

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

N.S.E.

PHOTOPLAY

August

25 cents



BETTY COMPSON

Drawn by TEMPEST INMAN

IS BOBBED HAIR AN EXTRAVAGANCE?



Polo—and the fashionable throngs at Cannes

A. H. S.
Co., 1924

Cannes, Fashion's Rendezvous, sends word of today's Perfume Mode

POLO AT CANNES! The King of Spain plays. England sends her cleverest horsemen. Royalty attends—and the smartest of the *Parisiennes*. Here, in Fashion's rendezvous, may one not hope to learn the approved *mode des parfums*?

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TOILET WATER • VEGETALE • SACHET • ROUGE
CREAMS • LIP ROUGE • BRILLIANTINE

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and Creams—blended here with pure Djer-Kiss
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French, French Talc—Talc Djer-Kiss! So smooth, so fine, so delicately fragrant in France with *Parfum Djer-Kiss*.

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Now *Madame* may carry in her handbag, loose Djer-Kiss Face Powder (so incomparably fine) as easily, as safely, as she would a Compact.



DJER-KISS FACE POWDER

TALC DJER-KISS

DJER-KISS LOOSE POWDER
VANITY

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O known and unknown

Write, if you can, a story as fascinating, as thrilling, as entertaining as the life story of

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

NOW at last comes a motion picture that touches every emotion; that tingle every heart string. "Abraham Lincoln" is the miracle of entertainment. Its love story is a living poem; its drama a succession of thundering climaxes.

Once in a century does a human soul live through such drama and adventure. Once in a decade does the screen offer such unusual entertainment. Ask your local theatre when you will see "Abraham Lincoln."

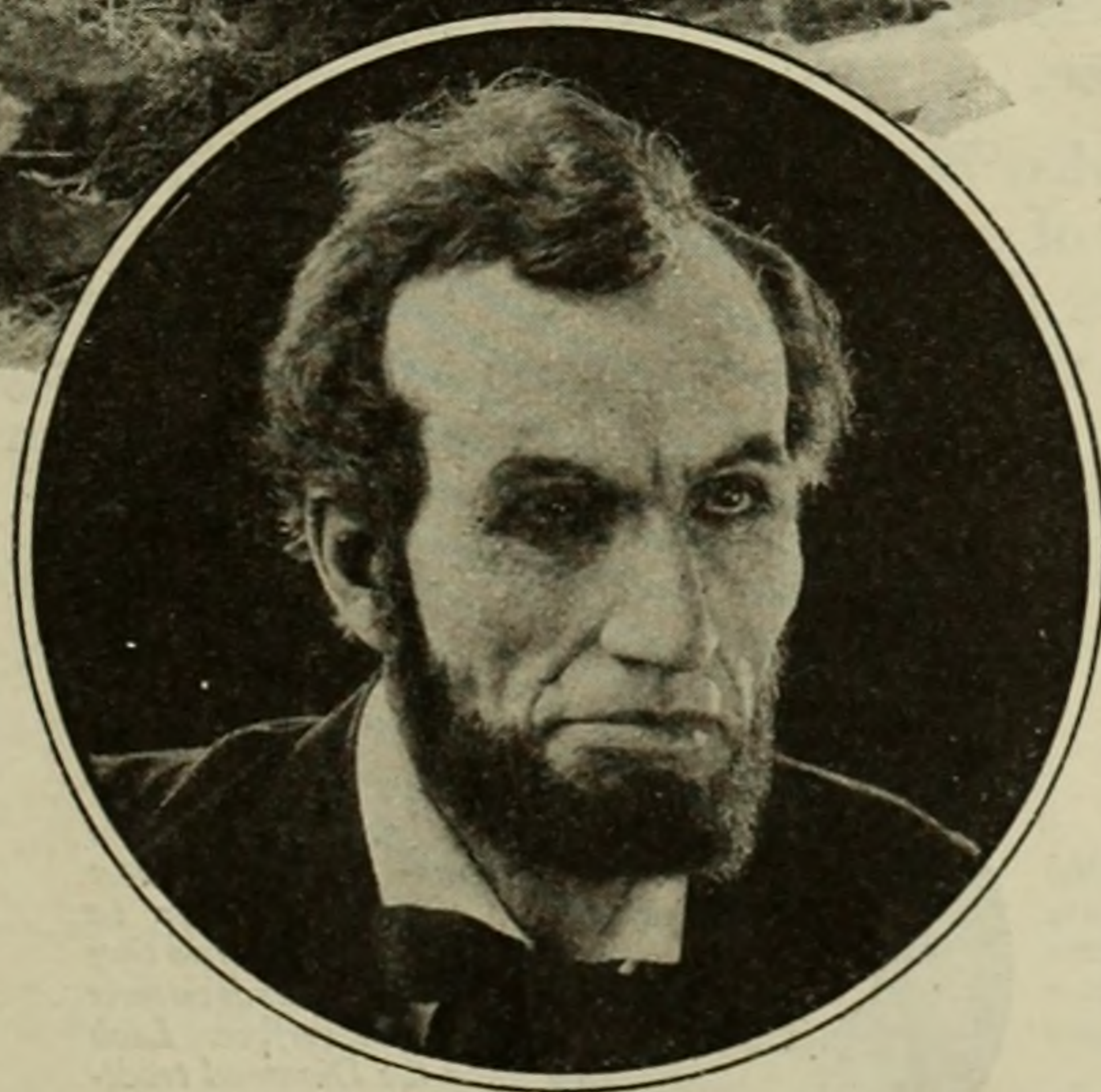
Produced by

Al and Ray Rockett

Scenario by FRANCES MARION

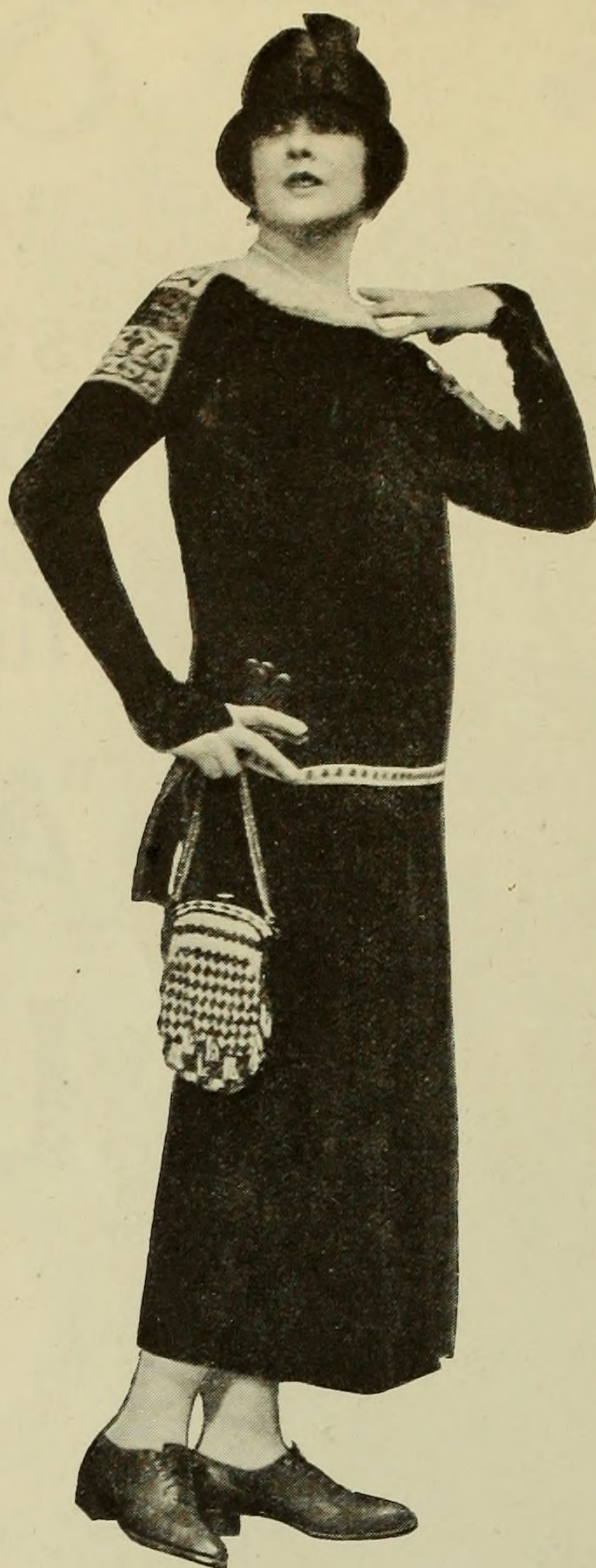
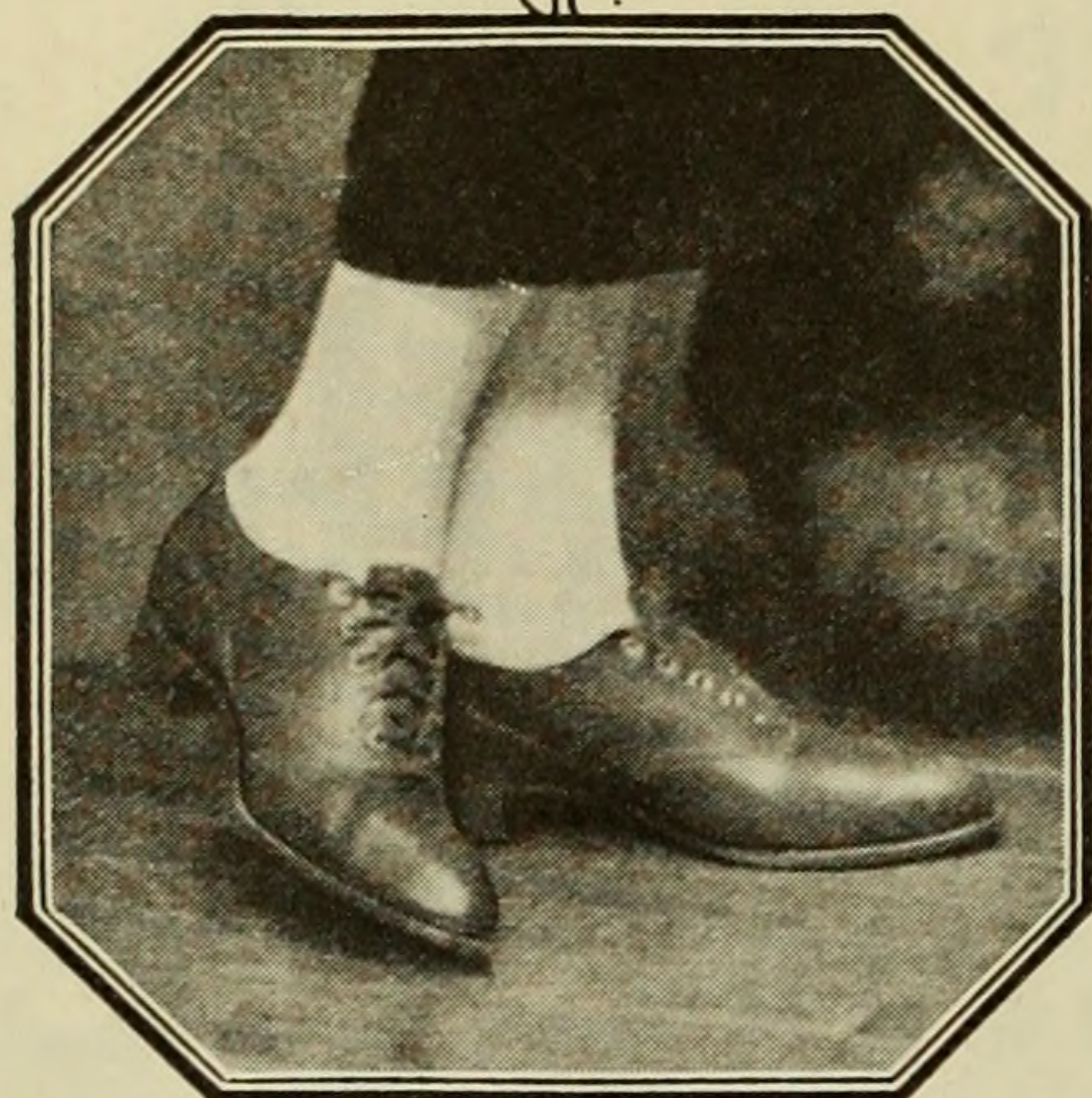
Directed by PHILIP ROSEN

"The episode of the love of Lincoln for Ann Rutledge is one of the most beautiful romances of American history," said Photoplay magazine in reviewing this picture. George Billings plays Lincoln and Ruth Clifford is Ann.



A First National Picture



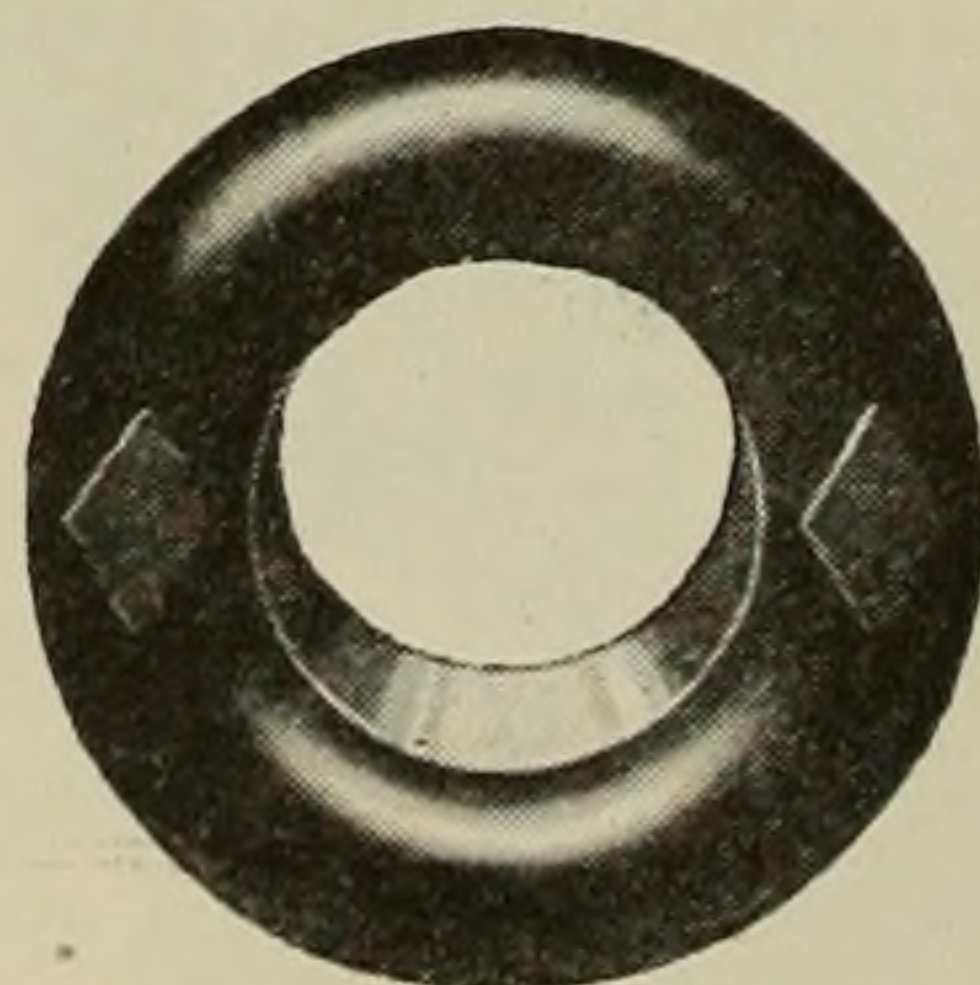


Beautiful Betty Blythe

The exquisite artlessness of Miss Blythe's costume, which so effectively emphasizes her beauty, is achieved only by the absolute correctness and perfection of even the minutest details of her attire.

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The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R QUIRK, EDITOR

IVAN ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXVI

No. 3

Contents

August, 1924

Cover Design	Betty Compson	
From a Pastel Portrait by Tempest Inman		
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures		10
In Tabloid Form for Ready Reference		
Brickbats and Bouquets		12
Frank Letters from Readers		
Rotogravure: New Pictures:		19
Nita Naldi, Mae Marsh Arms, Ronald Colman, Anita Stewart, Richard Dix, Irene Rich, Lucy Fox		
Speaking of Pictures (Editorials)	James R. Quirk	27
Bebe Daniels Shows You How to Wear the New Scarfs		28
Photographs That Offer a Wealth of Suggestions for All Who Follow the Deauville Fashion		
The Enchanted Cottage of Dick, Mary, and Mary II Barthelmess (Photographs)		30
A Retreat of Beauty and Charm at Orienta Point, Long Island		
It Isn't the Original Cost of "Bobbed Hair"—But There Are Ways to Keep Down the "Overhead"		32
"The Legend of Hollywood" on the Screen		34
This Curious Tradition, Made Famous by PHOTOPLAY, Is Brought to Life in Pictures		
Presenting Mildred Gloria Lloyd (Photograph)		35
The New Heiress of Harold and Mildred		
The Story Without A Name (Fiction)	Arthur Stringer	36
Chapters III and IV Carry You Halfway to Winning Your Share of the \$5,000	Illustrated by Douglas Duer	
Rules for the Great Cash-Radio Contest		38

(Contents continued on next page)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

Page 48

The Sea Hawk..... First National
The Signal Tower..... Universal
Those Who Dance..... First National

Page 49

Wanderer of the Wasteland..... Paramount
Broadway After Dark..... Warner
The Bedroom Window..... Paramount

Page 50

The Turmoil..... Universal
The White Moth..... First National
Miami..... Hodkinson
Why Men Leave Home..... First National
Hold Your Breath..... Hodkinson
The Fire Patrol..... Chadwick

Page 51

The Gaiety Girl..... Universal
The Reckless Age..... Universal
Fighting American..... Universal
The Printer's Devil..... Warner Brothers
Daughters of Pleasure..... Principal
Woman on the Jury..... First National

Page 88

The White Shadow..... Selznick
High Speed..... Universal
Between Friends..... Vitagraph
Missing Daughters..... Selznick
When a Girl Loves..... Associated Exhibitors
Pal O' Mine..... C. B. C.
Wandering Husbands..... Hodkinson
Racing Luck..... Associated Exhibitors
What Three Men Wanted..... Apollo
Don't Doubt Your Husband..... Metro
Venus of the South Seas..... Lee Bradford
The Sword of Valor..... Capitol
After a Million..... Aywon
The Good Bad Boy..... Principal

Page 89

In Fast Company..... Truart
Napoleon and Josephine..... F. B. O.
Spirit of the U. S. A..... F. B. O.
The Dangerous Coward..... F. B. O.
Broadway or Bust..... Universal
Western Luck..... Fox
Son of the Sahara..... First National

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Contents—Continued

The Prize Story in the Making (Photographs) Giving You Some Idea of How This Gripping Romance Will Look on the Screen	41
Favorite Footwear of the Stars (Photographs) A Glimpse of Some of the Most Recent Styles	42
Odds and Ends the Camera Caught (Photographs) Scenes from Hollywood's Curiosity Shop	44
Close-Ups and Long Shots Witty Comment on Screen Personalities	Herbert Howe 46
What Tom's Pal Thinks of Him An Appreciation of the Man by a Great Writer <i>Drawing by James Montgomery Flagg</i>	Booth Tarkington 47
The Shadow Stage The Department of Practical Screen Criticism	48
The Discovery of Jobyna Ralston Harold Lloyd's Leading Lady Furnishes an Unusual Kind of Interview	Herbert Howe 52
Mary and Doug (Photograph) You Seldom See a Picture Like This Five Years After the Honey- moon	53
Studio News and Gossip What the Film Folk Are Doing	Cal York 54
PHOTOPLAY Finds Mary Fuller A Long, Long Chase in Search of a Vanished Star Is Finally Suc- cessful	Frederick James Smith 58
Rotogravure: Mary Fuller, Thelma Hill, Cecille Evans, Florence Vidor	59
Why Has Florence Vidor Become the Toast of Hollywood? She Reveals a New Personality That Brings the Homage of Men	Adela Rogers St. Johns 63
The Cookie-Pushers (Fiction) In Which Is Demonstrated That Hollywood May Learn Some- thing from Flappers <i>Illustrated by J. Henry</i>	Octavus Roy Cohen 64
Announcing Grace Corson, Fashion Authority The Screen Versions of Dress Are Often Incorrect. Here You Will Find the Right Styles <i>Drawings by Grace Corson</i>	66
The Romantic History of the Motion Picture Drama, the Color of Life—Another Chapter in the Great Epic of the Film	Terry Ramsaye 68
Before and After Helen Ferguson's Nose Operation (Photographs)	70
A Sonnet Impression of Corinne Griffith (Verse) Margaret Sangster	71
The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor Here Is Your Chance to Vote for Better Pictures	72
Conway Tearle's Home (Photographs) One of the Charming Spots of the West Coast Film Center	73
You Can't Kid an Actor! (Photographs) Ben Turpin in Some Splendidly Romantic Postures	74
A Leading Man Whose Ambition Is to Have Long Pants Ben Alexander Proves Himself to Be a Real Boy	Ivan St. Johns 76
Hollywood Writes Home Reports from the Battleground in Word and Picture <i>Drawings by H. W. Haenigsen</i>	78
Questions and Answers Pictures? Oh, Pshaw! Said O. Shaw But He Has Proved Himself a Good Film, as Well as Stage, Actor	The Answer Man 81 Sally Benson 84
Where the Screen Stars Train (Photographs) They Keep Fit in the Hollywood Athletic Club	86
Friendly Advice The Department of Personal Service	Carolyn Van Wyck 104
Casts of Current Photoplays Complete for Every Picture Reviewed in This Issue <i>Addresses of the leading motion picture studios will be found on page 116</i>	121

Photoplay's Fashion Authority

Don't miss pages 66 and 67 in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. It's merely an announcement, but it's one of tremendous interest to every woman interested in motion pictures and interested in good taste in clothes.

Miss Grace Corson, one of America's few real fashion authorities, will conduct a department on clothes that are worn in motion pictures, beginning next month. It will be something entirely new as a fashion service.

The Great Title Contest

has created a tremendous interest, amounting almost to a sensation, and if you have not yet started it, you should do so in this issue. You have as much chance as anyone else to get the cash prizes or a radio set.

**Order Your
Next Issue
in Advance**

Interesting news!

Listerine Throat Tablets, containing the antiseptic oils of Listerine, are now available . . . While we frankly admit that *no* tablet or candy lozenge can deodorize the breath, the Listerine antiseptic oils in these tablets are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations.

They are 25 cents a package



Maybe you don't believe this —then try it yourself



As a perspiration deodorant simply douse on clear Listerine with a towel or washcloth. It evaporates quickly and does what you desire.

YOU have doubtless read a great many advertisements recommending the use of Listerine as a deodorant—as for instance, Listerine for halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath).

But do you really appreciate just how unusual Listerine's deodorizing properties are? Make this test yourself:

Rub a bit of fresh onion on your hand. Douse on a little Listerine. The onion odor immediately disappears.

It will be a revelation to you. And then you will appreciate all the more why Listerine enjoys so widespread a popularity as a deodorant.

Women lately have developed a new use for Listerine. They wanted a perspiration deodorant—one absolutely safe, non-irritating, and one that would not stain garments.

They found it in Listerine—which is, after all, the ideal deodorant. Thousands of men and women will be grateful to us for passing this suggestion along. Try Listerine this way some day when you don't have time for a tub or shower. See how clean and refreshed it makes you feel.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A. * * * * Makers also of Listerine Tooth Paste and Listerine Throat Tablets.*

LISTERINE



—The safe antiseptic

40 Paramount Pictures

a whole nation's entertainment
released to
11,000
theatres!

PARAMOUNT cuts another deep notch in entertainment records by announcing 40 great Paramount Pictures at one stroke for the nation's entertainment this Fall and Winter!

Public demand on a tremendous scale, not competition, has ever been Paramount's greatest pacemaker, and millions will find overflowing diversion in this gigantic program.

Here are the outstanding hits of the season, full of the pith and juice of the most modern screen art. See and enjoy them as soon as you can.

And don't forget that any Paramount Picture you haven't seen is a gold-mine of pleasure in store for you at any time. The numerous great successes of the past created Paramount's great name, and they are your guarantee of equal delights to come.

Thrills, joys, and laughs are here aplenty, lighting the flame of merriment and hope where only the ashes of monotony were before!

If it's a Paramount Picture

Tell your Theatre Manager
you want to see them ALL! He wants
to show what you want to see!

"The TEN COMMANDMENTS"

Produced by CECIL B. DE MILLE. To be played at legitimate theatres during season 1924-25.

"MANHANDLED"

Starring GLORIA SWANSON, ALLAN DWAN Production. By Arthur Stringer. Adapted by Frank Tuttle.

ZANE GREY'S

"Wanderer of the Wasteland"

IRVIN WILLAT Production. Jack Holt, Kathlyn Williams, Noah Beery, Billie Dove. Adapted by G. C. Hull and Victor Irvin.

"CHANGING HUSBANDS"

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

"Monsieur Beaucaire"

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

"WORLDLY GOODS"

Starring AGNES AYRES. By Sophie Kerr. Directed by Paul Bern.

"THE ENEMY SEX"

JAMES CRUZE Production. With Betty Compson. Owen Johnson's novel. Adapted by Walter Woods and Harvey Thew.

"The Passionate Journey"

Starring POLA NEGRI. DIMITRI BUCHOWETZKI Production. From a story by Suderman and play by Edward Sheldon. Adapted by Paul Bern.

"THE SIDE-SHOW OF LIFE"

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

"The COVERED WAGON"

JAMES CRUZE Production. By Emerson Hough. Adapted by Jack Cunningham.

"SINNERS IN HEAVEN"

ALAN CROSLAND Production. Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix. By Clive Arden. Screen play by James Creelman.

REX BEACH'S

"A SAINTED DEVIL"

Starring RUDOLPH VALENTINO with Nita Naldi. JOSEPH HENABERY Production. From "Rope's End." Screen play by Forrest Halsey

"The Man Who Fights Alone"

Starring WILLIAM FARNUM. WALLACE WORSLEY Production. With Lois Wilson. By Wm. Blacke and J. S. Hamilton. Screen play by Jack Cunningham.

"FEET OF CLAY"

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

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD'S

"The ALASKAN"

Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. HERBERT BRENON Production. Screen play by Willis Goldbeck.

"OPEN ALL NIGHT"

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

"HER LOVE STORY"

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

"EMPTY HANDS"

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

"THE FEMALE"

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

"THE FAST SET"

WILLIAM DE MILLE Production. Betty Compson, Adolphe Menjou, Milton Sills, Zasu Pitts, Elliott Dexter. Screen play by Clara Beranger from Frederick Lonsdale's play, "Spring Cleaning."

"DANGEROUS MONEY"

Starring BEBE DANIELS. Adapted from "Clark's Field," by Robert Herrick.

"The Story Without a Name"

IRVIN WILLAT Production. Agnes Ayres, Antonio Moreno. By Arthur Stringer. Adapted by Victor Irvin.

"FORBIDDEN PARADISE"

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

"Merton of the Movies"

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

"WHISPERING MEN"

Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. By Booth Tarkington. Adapted by Paul Sloane.

"UNGUARDED WOMEN"

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

"THE GOLDEN BED"

CECILE B. DE MILLE Production. Rod LaRocque, Vera Reynolds, Victor Varconi. Screen play by Jeanie Macpherson. From Wallace Irwin's novel.

"MANHATTAN"

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

"ARGENTINE LOVE"

ALLAN DWAN Production. Bebe Daniels, Ricardo Cortez. By Vicente Blasco Ibanez.

"The Cafe of Fallen Angels"

JAMES CRUZE Production. By LeRoy Scott. Adapted by Anthony Coldway and Walter Woods.

"The Beautiful Adventuress"

A JAMES CRUZE Production. Starring BETTY COMPSON.

"HEADLINES"

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

"PETER PAN"

HERBERT BRENON Production. Assisted by Roy Pomeroy. From Sir J. M. Barrie's famous story.

ZANE GREY'S

"THE BORDER LEGION"

VICTOR FLEMING Production with Antonio Moreno.

"TONGUES OF FLAME"

Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. By Peter Clark Macfarlane. Directed by Victor Fleming.

"NORTH OF 36"

IRVIN WILLAT Production. Jack Holt, Ernest Torrence, Noah Beery, Tully Marshall. By Emerson Hough.

"MISS BLUEBEARD"

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

"A WOMAN SCORNED"

Starring POLA NEGRI. DIMITRI BUCHOWETZKI Production. From "Those Who Walk in Darkness," by Perley P. Sheehan and the play by Owen Davis.

"PLAYTHINGS OF FIRE"

Starring AGNES AYRES. Directed by Frank Urson and Paul Iribe. By Forrest Halsey.

"WAGES OF VIRTUE"

By Percival Wren. Starring GLORIA SWANSON. ALLAN DWAN Production. Adapted by Forrest Halsey.

"A BROADWAY BUTTERFLY"

WILLIAM DE MILLE Production. By Clara Beranger.

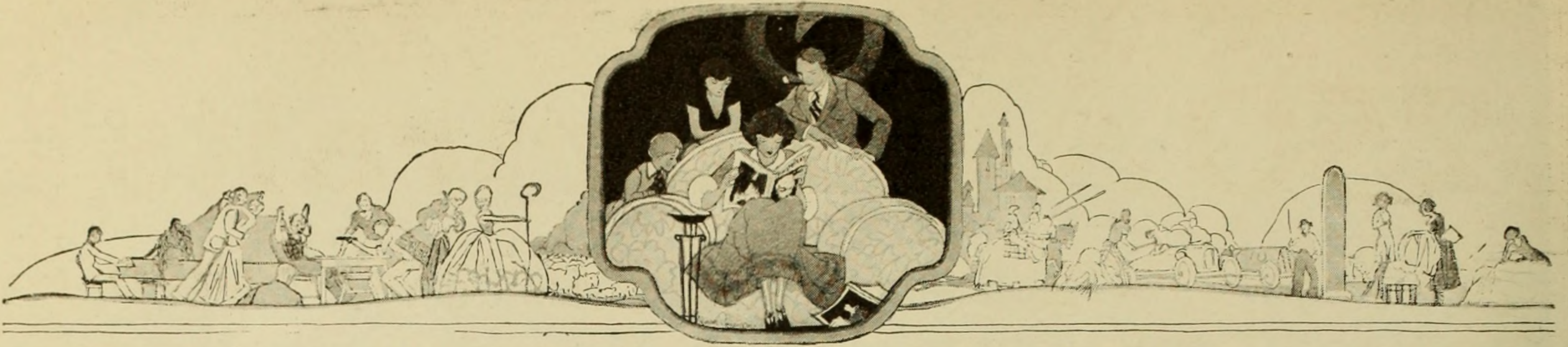
TRADE MARK



FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.
ADOLPH ZUKOR—PRESIDENT
NEW YORK CITY

it's the best

show in town



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

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

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

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

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

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

AROUND THE WORLD IN THE SPEEJACKS—Paramount.—A remarkably fine travel picture. (February.)

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

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

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

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

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

BIG BROTHER—Paramount.—A really big, human picture, made by Allan Dwan. And with a new kid, Mickey Bennett, who is a find. (February.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CALL OF THE CANYON, THE—Paramount.—A semi-Western, with fine acting, beautiful scenery and nearly flawless direction. Don't miss it. (Feb.)

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

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

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

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

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

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.

CUPID'S FIREMAN—Fox.—Charles Jones heroically dashes through flames, saving imperiled women. (February.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

DANGEROUS HOUR, THE—Johnnie Walker.—Eddie Polo's fall from an airplane through a roof is the feature. (February.)

DANGEROUS MAID, A—First National.—Good story and entertainment, but not worthy of Constance Talmadge's powers. (February.)

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

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

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

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

DAY OF FAITH, THE—Goldwyn.—Made of impossible situations; rather silly in spots. (Feb.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ENEMIES OF CHILDREN—Mammoth.—Conventional story of a waif, tiresomely told. (Feb.)

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

EXTRA GIRL, THE—Sennett.—Chiefly notable because Mabel Normand heads the cast and her pictures are always worth while. (February.)

FASHIONABLE FAKERS—F. B. O.—You know all about this one after the first five minutes. (Feb.)

FASHION ROW—Metro.—The best Mae Murray picture in a long time. She has a dual role. (Feb.)

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

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

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

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

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

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]

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"Hokum"

Hazleton, Penn.

Please print this letter in your magazine to let the movie directors know that they are positively overlooking the drama in one respect. Why do they insist upon having pictures broken in a crash as a sign of death upon the screen? To see a photo of the patient drop off the wall for no good reason is silly. That great director, Victor Seastrom, certainly went the limit in "Name the Man." To convey the idea of the old man's death, he spoiled a good piece of stationery with a splotch of ink; then for no reason whatever, had a vase of flowers fall over and finally an old portrait that had hung on the wall for twenty years without accident, fell to the floor.

I was waiting for the chairs to fall apart.

CARL L. KRAUS.

The Most Responsible Preachers

San Francisco, Cal.

For years I looked upon the motion picture industry as the vestibule to perdition and treated it as such—keeping my distance. I do not know what was responsible for the change but in some unguarded moment, when my nerves were in a perilous condition, I yielded to the enemy and went into a play house on Market Street to see Harold Lloyd in "Dr. Jack."

Instead of feeling condemned, I left the place with rested nerves, and a determination to face the problems confronting me like any true soldier, worthy of the name. Then a new thought came to me: If a clean play had that effect upon me what was to hinder it from having the same effect upon others? I began to think of actors and actresses as really human instead of emissaries of evil. In thinking more about them have come to the conclusion that the calling of a movie man or woman is a noble one, and should be considered as such.

The movie folk are the most responsible preachers of the day!

ZADA BELL.

Goodbye and Good Luck

Manning, S. C.

I have been a reader of PHOTOPLAY for years. While I am not a subscriber, I always buy it at a newsstand and they always save it for me. I have always been an ardent defender of movie people when anyone intimated that they were not as good as other folks. But frankly, I am through with PHOTOPLAY if it is going to publish, uncriticized, such statements as appeared recently under the head, "Gossip—East and West," by Cal York, in regard to Mabel Normand. If Mr. York thinks he can stuff the public on Mabel Normand's virtues he is very much mistaken.

H. G. NELSON.

Helping Corinne Decide

Sacramento, Cal.

In the article, "Great Lovers of the Screen," I see that Corinne Griffith could not choose between Frank Mayo and Conway Tearle. I think that as a helpmate and lover Frank Mayo is the best for her. In "Six Days," in which they played together, they were very congenial. I am not saying Conway Tearle is not a good actor, but for Corinne I'd pick Frank Mayo all the time.

JAMES BUCK.

For the "Dependables"

Northampton, Mass.

Why not a few words in PHOTOPLAY occasionally for a few of the "dependables"? I mean those who have set a standard and in each picture give a sterling performance, like

Brickbats & Bouquets

LETTERS FROM READERS

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

Anna Q. Nilsson, Myrtle Stedman, Enid Bennett, Mary Alden, Huntly Gordon, Lew Cody, Alec Francis, David Powell and several others.

And won't someone give George Hackathorne a chance to do a romantic leading rôle? Speaking of "dependables," that boy certainly deserves the best a producer and a director can give him. I like your terse criticisms in your reviews. They help immensely

GLADYCE MILLAR.

A Friend of Pola's

Yakima, Wash.

Of all the stars, my choice is Pola Negri.

There are several reasons. One is that she is beautifully striking, another that she is dashing and has fine technique, and puts her whole heart and soul into her playing; and still another that her pictures are always very thrilling and have plenty of action. There can be no argument as to her supremacy among movie stars.

MURIEL M. CORPE

Self-Appointed Guardians

Fredericksburg, Texas.

Isn't there some way to rid moving picture patrons of that pest (the censor), the self-appointed guardian?

Is it possible to get a law passed, one that will let the people be the judge as to what they want in the moving picture? Federal control would be a calamity. Please, won't some one save us from this octopus?

R. L. RODMAN.

The Handsomest of All

Keysed, West Virginia.

I notice in PHOTOPLAY recently that some one is raving about George Walsh, someone

else about Valentino, someone else about Thomas Meighan, which is *exactly* right! But I want to rave about John Gilbert.

He's my favorite. I think he's the handsomest of them all. No, I don't think that. I know it! Besides being the handsomest, *he can act!*

ADA B. OATES.

The Real Culprit

East Orange, N. J.

Theodore Roberts himself might be able, by sheer force of personality, to redeem a poor story, but I do not think anyone else could. I do not think it is the fault of the players but of the scenarios and their writers when a production fails to please the fans.

Permit me to bring to the attention of the readers of this magazine that excellent and little known actor, Rockcliffe Fellowes. In my personal opinion Mr. Fellowes is among the best, and all his work that I have seen has been admirable. For some unknown reason he receives little or no recognition. Let us see more of such actors who really portray their parts and less of the so-called "sheiks."

FREDERICK A. SOUTHMAYD.

The Line of Common Decency

Norwich, Conn.

I notice from time to time that you bewail the fact of censorship. What produced it? Why do we have to have it? Simply because the producers of pictures overstepped "The Line of Common Decency."

Picture producers are not the only ones who err. The same applies to the theatrical producers. Only recently the police of New York had to step in to keep some clothes on the women in a *revue*. And next is the press. Some magazines I have read, print stories that should not be allowed to go through the mails. They, theater and press, overstep "The Line of Common Decency," and sooner or later they too will "enjoy" censorship.

STEPHEN M. WALSH

We Stand Corrected

Copenhagen, Denmark.

In your PHOTOPLAY No. 4 of January, 1924, I have read your commendatory mention about the film of "David Copperfield" from the novel of Dickens. I see you point out the film as a Swedish production, which occasions this letter, because the production is fully Danish, directed and got up by the Danish stage manager, Mr. H. W. Laudberg, and performed by Danish actors, with exception of the German Mr. Martin Herzberg, alias "The little David Copperfield."

A DANE

Extravagant Modernism

New York City

Gloria has changed much since her bathing girl days, as the pictures in a recent issue of PHOTOPLAY testify. She has learned to wear her gorgeous gowns and act at the same time. Above all else, she stands, along with Mae Murray, as the epitome of extravagant modernism. The other stars may do tiresome historical films but we can always depend on Gloria and Mae to give us clever modern plays, each one better than the one before. Both these actresses have been unjustly criticized and all but condemned, yet they continue to reign supreme among their fans.

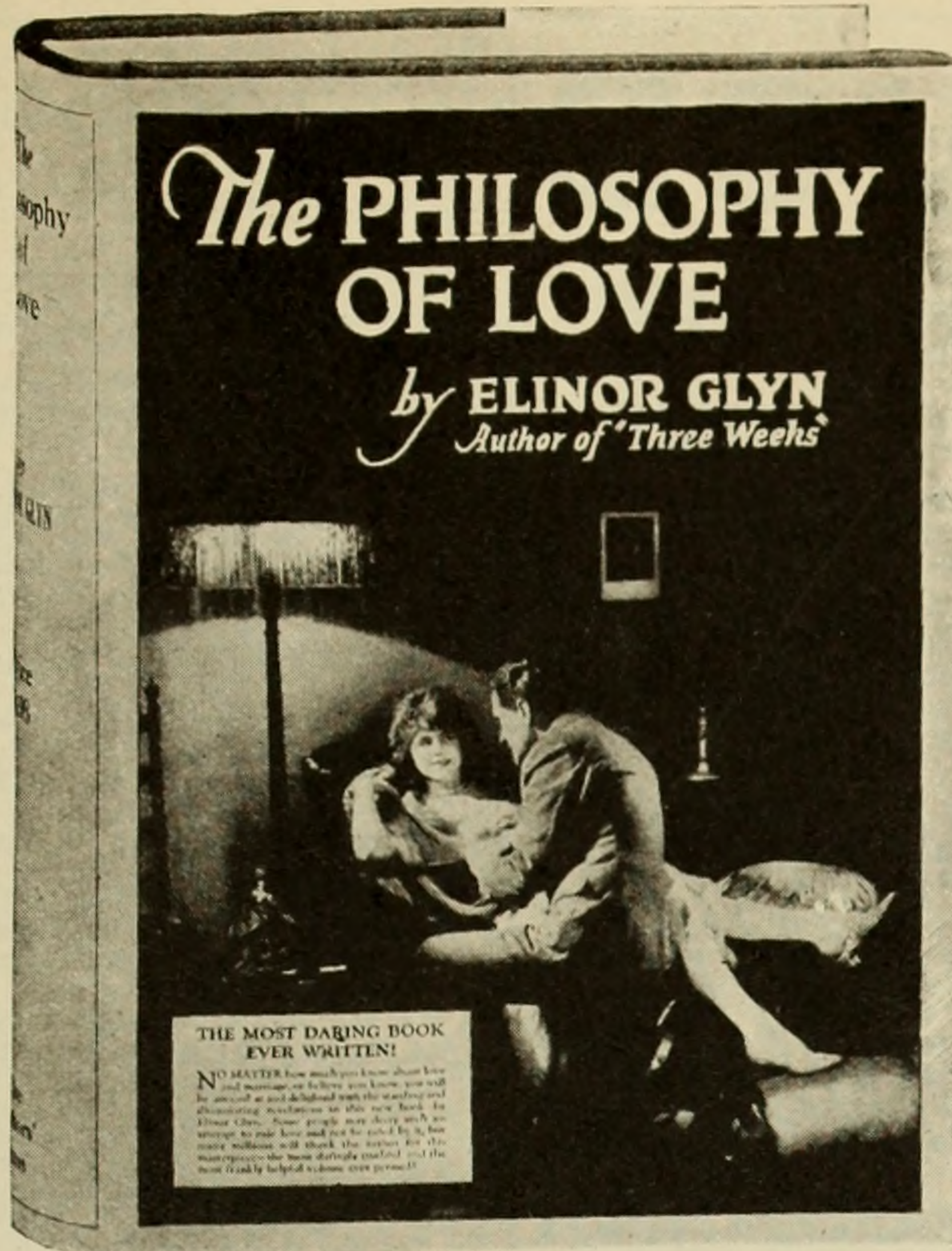
TRIX MACKENZIE.

For a Director

St. Joseph, Mo.

I am going to send a brickbat this time. Not for your magazine but for the director of "The Call of the Canyon." Why, oh why, couldn't he have left it as the book?

MRS. LOIS W. BROWN.



What Every Man and Woman Should Know

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Do you know how to make people like you?

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

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

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

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

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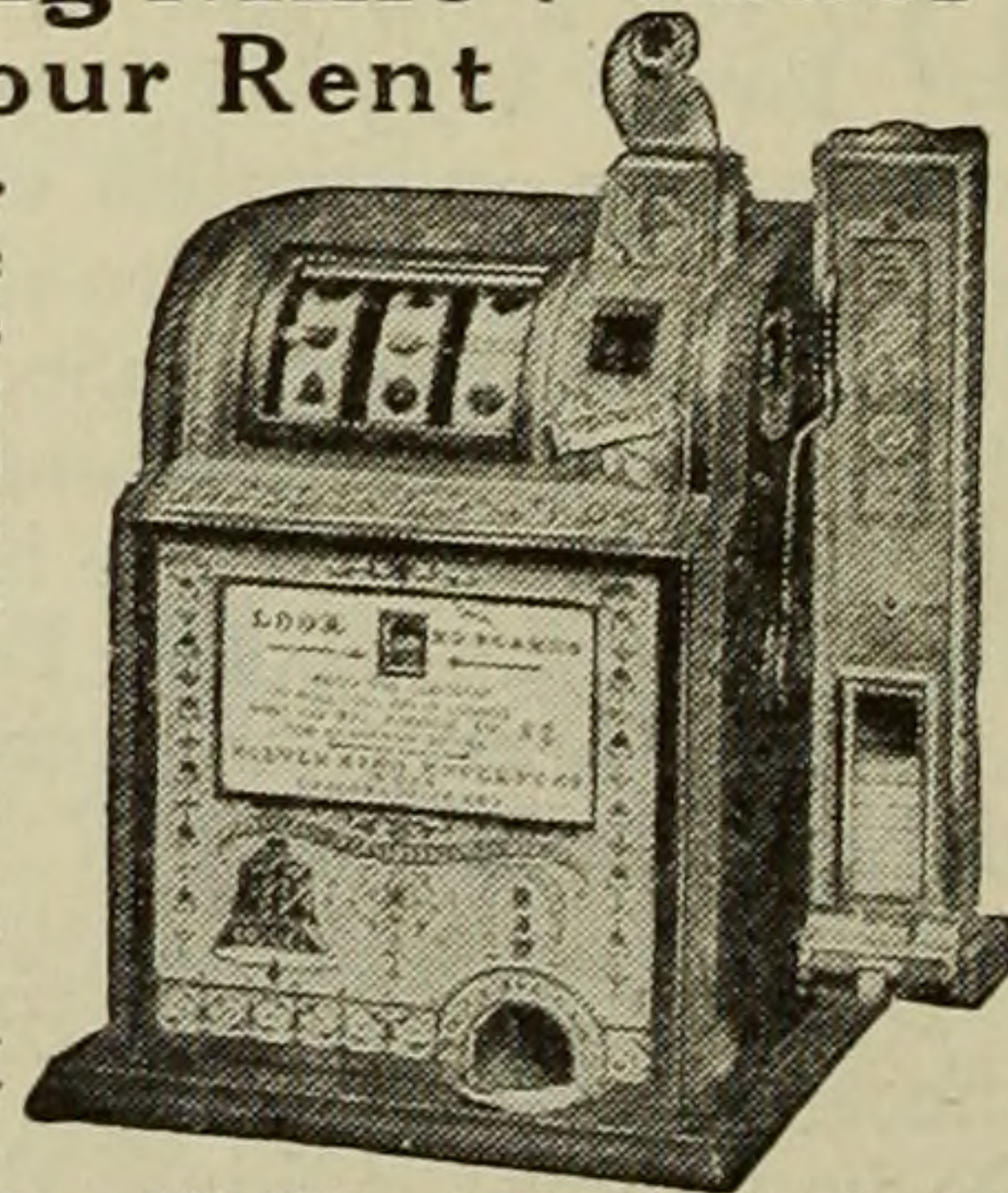
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HALF-A-DOLLAR BILL—Metro.—Interesting and well played story of waif adopted by a sea captain. (February.)

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

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

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

HER TEMPORARY HUSBAND—First National.—A riotous comedy, full of laughs. (February.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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HIGHEST IN MERIT
LOWEST IN PRICE

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

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

IN THE PALACE OF THE KING—Goldwyn.—A good story, beautifully mounted but carelessly told. Direction not good. (February.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LADY OF QUALITY, A—Universal.—A charming story, excellently played by Virginia Valli and capable cast. (February.)

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

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

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

LIGHT THAT FAILED, THE—Paramount.—In spite of the liberties taken with Kipling, a good picture, excellently acted. (February.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MAILMAN, THE—F. B. O.—More propaganda for the letter carrier. Interesting and very much for the family. (February.)

MAN FROM BRODNEY'S, THE—Vitagraph.—Wildly improbable, but also wildly exciting and, therefore, good entertainment. (February.)

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

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

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

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

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

MASK OF LOPEZ, THE—Monogram.—Another Western of the usual type. (February.)

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

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

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

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

MIRACLE MAKERS, THE—Asso. Exhibitors.—The pure-heroine-and-Chinese-den formula. (Feb.)

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

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

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

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

NAME THE MAN—Goldwyn.—A Hall Caine story with the long arm of coincidence stretched out of shape. (February.)

NEAR LADY, THE—Universal.—Poor comedy, with the titles the poorest. (February.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

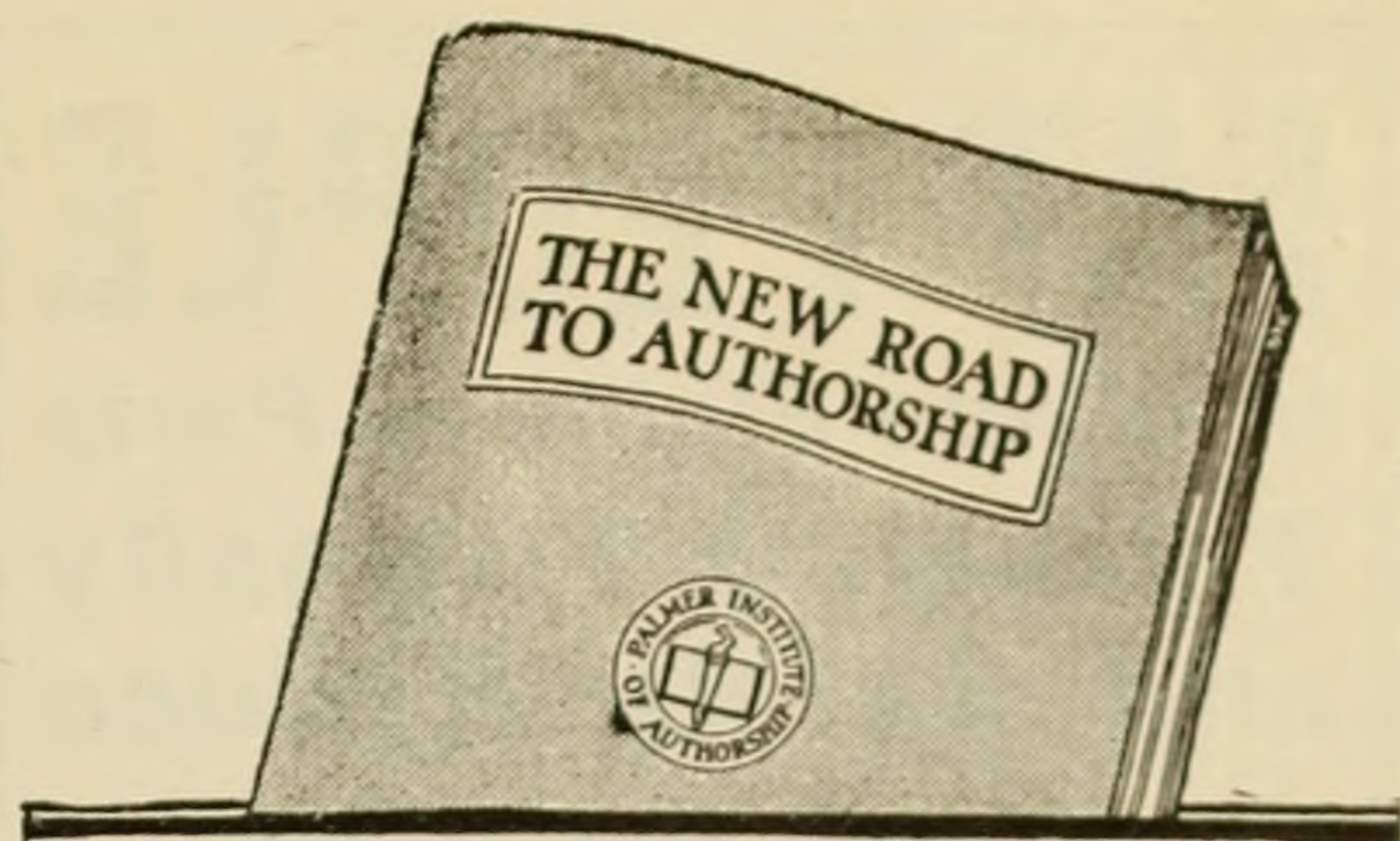
PIED PIPER MALONE—Paramount.—Tom Meighan's new one and as likable as Tom himself. Simple and charming. (April.)

PIONEER TRAILS—Vitagraph.—Imitation of "The Covered Wagon" without the virtues of that record-breaker. (February.)

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

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

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



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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

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

RED WARNING, THE—Universal.—Even Jack Hoxie gets out of breath keeping up with the story in this thriller. (February.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SATIN GIRL, THE—Apollo.—Lady crook fools the whole police force, as usual. (February.)

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

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

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

SHEPHERD KING, THE—Fox.—An interesting story of David the Psalmist, done by a capable Italian company. (February.)

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

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

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

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

SIX-CYLINDER LOVE—Fox.—A light and amusing comedy, well handled, with Ernest Truex doing excellent work. (February.)

SLAVE OF DESIRE—Goldwyn.—Balzac's "The Magic Skin" in celluloid. Rather vague, but Bessie Love and Carmel Myers are good. (February.)

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

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

SOUTH SEA LOVE—Fox.—Shirley Mason is good in a mediocre and unconvincing story. (Feb.)

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

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

STEPHEN STEPS OUT—Paramount.—The first and only picture of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., for Paramount. And pretty good at that. (February.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TEN COMMANDMENTS, THE—Paramount.—One of the greatest pictures ever made. A wonderful entertainment and a marvelous sermon. The color prologue wondrously fine. (February.)

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

THIS FREEDOM—Fox.—An English company, headed by Fay Compton, makes the Hutchinson story fairly entertaining. (February.)

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

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

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

THRILL CHASER, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson goes to Hollywood and thence to Arabia, becoming a sheik. (February.)

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

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

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

TIGER ROSE—Warner Brothers.—Excellent adaptation of the stage play, with Lenore Ulric in her original role. (February.)

TO THE LADIES—Paramount.—A joyous entertainment and—incidentally—Director James Cruze's fourth successive hit. (February.)

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

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

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

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

TWENTY-ONE—First National.—The 1924 model of Richard Barthelmess in an interesting, but not great, picture. (February.)

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

UNCENSORED MOVIES—Pathe.—Will Rogers impersonates stars and isn't very funny. (February.)

UNKNOWN PURPLE, THE—Truart.—Less thrilling than the stage version but nevertheless worth seeing if you like suspense. (February.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WHEN ODDS ARE EVEN—Fox.—William Russell wins the mine and the pretty girl again. (Feb.)

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

WHIPPING BOSS, THE—Monogram.—Based on the peonage system. Tells brutal truths but is unpleasant. (February.)

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

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

WHITE TIGER—Universal.—A crook story with plenty of thrills and a conventional ending. (Feb.)

WHY ELEPHANTS LEAVE HOME—Pathe.—Interesting film of trapping of elephants. (February.)

WILD BILL HICKOK—Paramount. W. S. Hart's return to the screen in a picture filled with gunplay and other stunts his admirers like. (Feb.)

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

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

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

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

WOMAN TO WOMAN—Selznick.—Betty Compson, always charming, in a picture that grown-ups will like. (February.)

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

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

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

YESTERDAY'S WIFE—Apollo.—Conventional triangle story with nothing new. (February.)

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

To her husband a woman must be a well stocked furniture store: at times a door-mat, a sofa-cushion, a step-ladder or a looking-glass.—*Town Topics.*

Yours truly,
John Smith

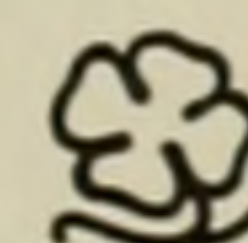
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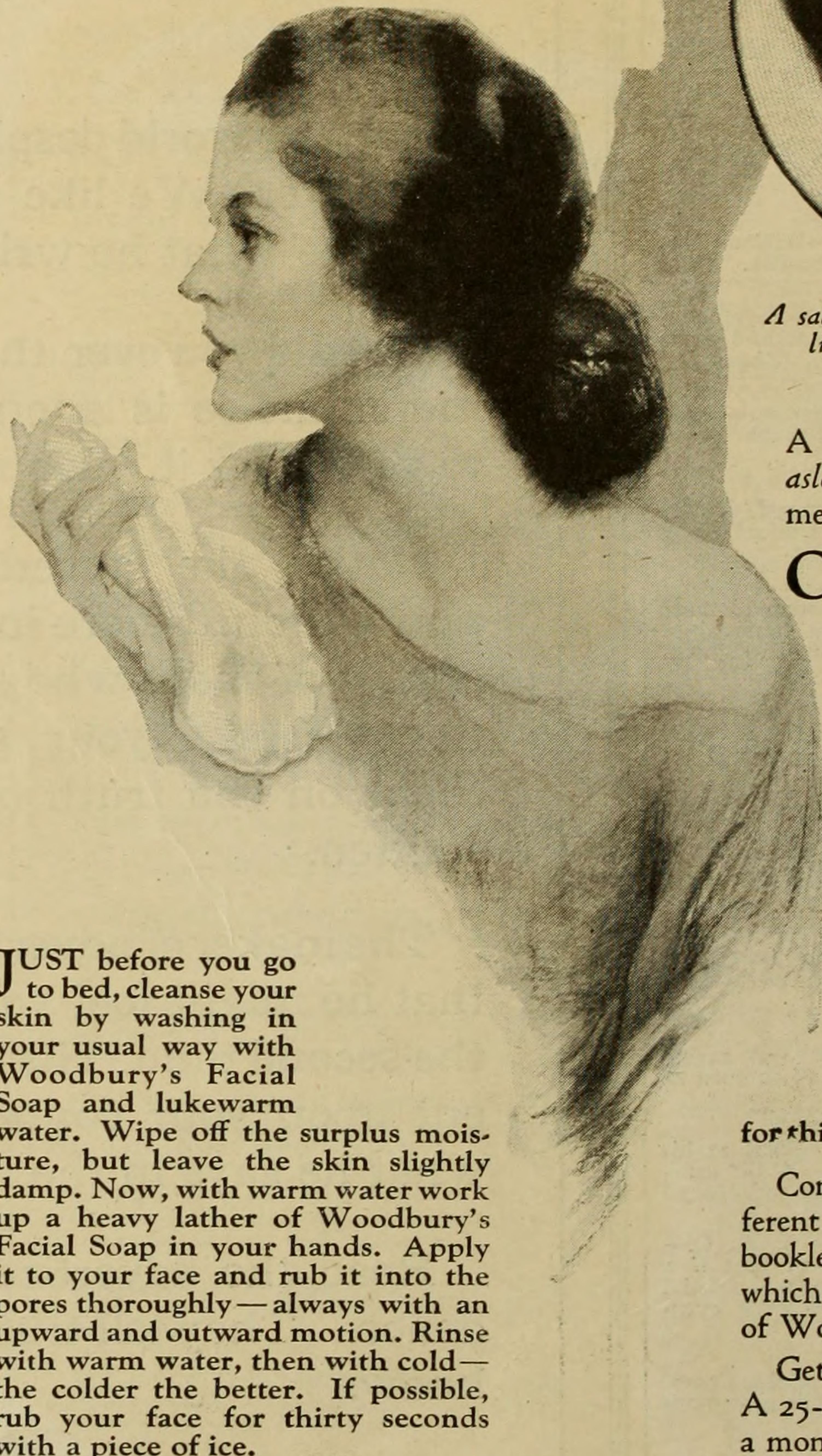
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Edwin Bower Hesser

THIS little miss is the daughter of one of the screen's first heroines who retired to marry shortly after making a bid for immortality in "The Birth of a Nation" and has recently returned. Who? Mae Marsh, of course! And her vest pocket edition is Mae Marsh Arms



Russell Ball

A COMPARATIVE newcomer, Ronald Colman's work in "The White Sister" and "Romola" recommended him for a leading role in "Tarnish." He is young, handsome and accomplished—a formidable bidder for supremacy among the heroes of the screen



Edward Bower Hesser

THE personification of friendliness, Anita Stewart has held the hearts of her devotees since movies cost a nickel. After a period spent in mediocre pictures, she scored again in "The Great White Way" and is now making "Never the Twain Shall Meet"



Wm. Eglinton

WHEN a man as handsome as Richard Dix is popularly voted a "regular fellow" by the male portion of a moving picture audience, he is sitting firmly on his pedestal. For his fine performance in "The Ten Commandments" he is being starred by Paramount



Apeda

"WOMANLY" is the word that suggests itself when we seek to describe Irene Rich. "The kind of girl every man dreams of as his wife" is what one admirer said of her. Her recent intelligent interpretation of "Fanny" in "Cytherea" has won her fresh laurels



Pach Bros.

LUCY FOX, an intelligent young actress, who after a long series of "bits" has arrived and is expected to go much farther in the next year. She has recently completed "Miami" in support of Betty Compson, and will be seen soon in "The Wise Virgin"



"She is gloriously paintable, Mrs. Jollyco. I've never seen a more beautiful complexion!"

Let this simple truth guide you to natural beauty

EVERY woman should rightly make a special effort to maintain a beautiful complexion. But this effort may cause you to overlook one simple truth—soap's function is to cleanse, not to cure or to transform.

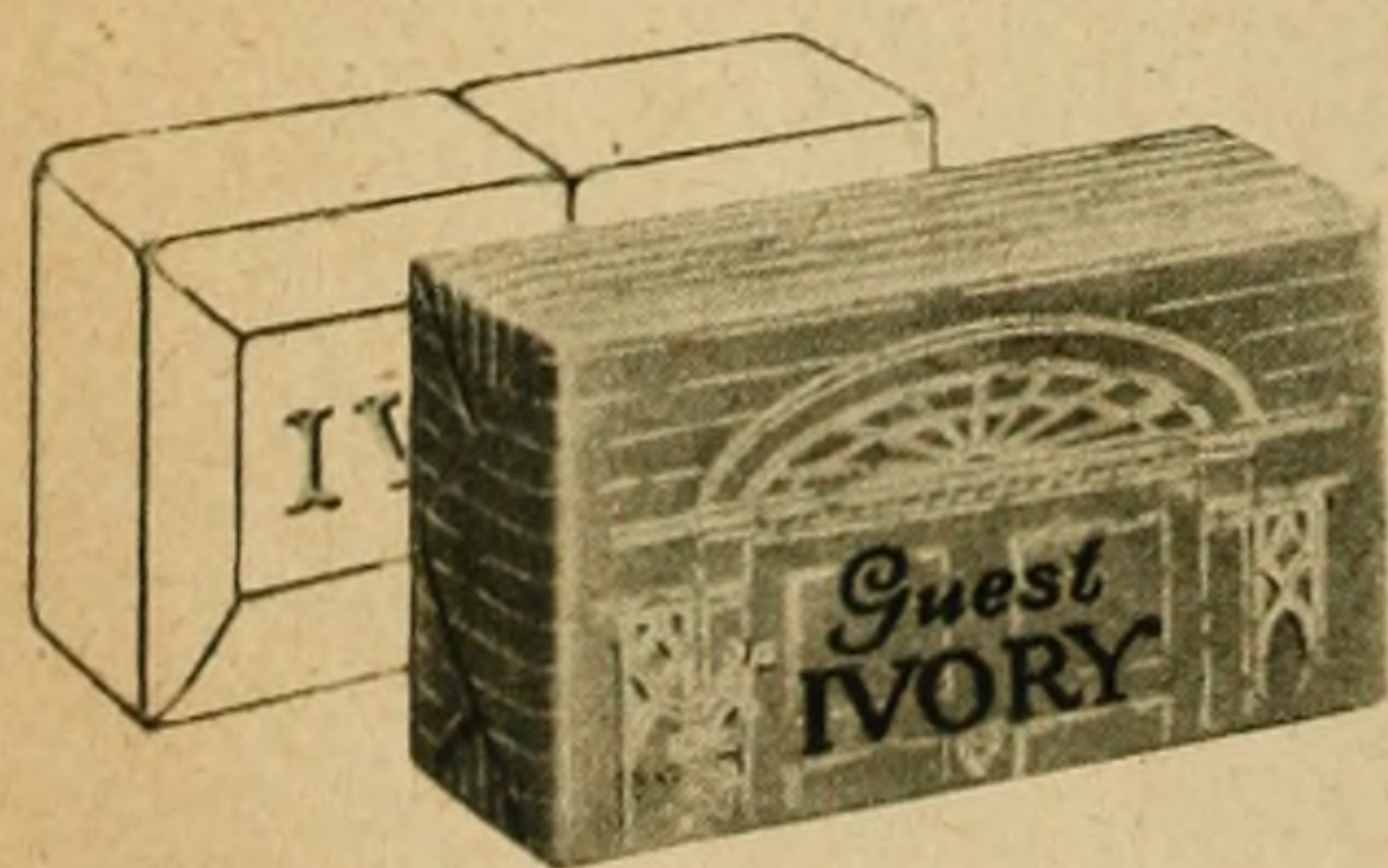
Dermatologists agree on this important point: Only by cleansing the skin thoroughly, yet gently and safely, can any soap help to promote beauty. And only pure soap can cleanse thoroughly and safely.

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PROCTER & GAMBLE

PHOTOPLAY

August, 1924



Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

THE theory that sex attraction is the key to success on the screen must have originated with producers who managed "The Streets of Cairo" shows in carnival days. It may get fly-by-night money but it does not make for durable success. On the contrary, it is a boomerang. When Theda Bara vamped sensationally out from the Sahara she stopped traffic everywhere. Francis X. Bushman arose at much the sky-rocket rate of Valentino. Both Theda and Francis are now in eclipse, while Lillian Gish, Mary Pickford, Chaplin, Lloyd, Meighan and Fairbanks glow resplendently on. PHOTOPLAY'S recent canvass of five thousand exhibitors to determine the eight greatest box-office attractions for PHOTOPLAY resulted unconsciously in an explosion of the sex-attraction theory. The winning eight were Thomas Meighan, Norma Talmadge, Harold Lloyd, Tom Mix, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri. Not one of them holds the screen by virtue of sex appeal. They may possess it but they don't flaunt it. Instead of attempting to emulate *Bella Fatima*, the canny player might learn of Duse, who, decrepit and on the verge of death, was a boxoffice sensation of this era.

A HIGHLY respected bootlegger of Hollywood, having amassed a fortune, is going in for producing pictures. His first will be a patriotic film.

THERE'S nothing that will kill a young actor more quickly outside of heart trouble than personal appearances. The youth arrives at the studio with a dress suit, a bottle of stacomb and a profile. After three pictures he is an artist. Even he can be persuaded into believing it. The next thing is the personal appearance at an opening night, a benefit or most any other old excuse. The master of ceremonies introduces him from the wings, atomizing him with such flowery phrases that by the time he gets on to the stage the daisies are sprouting out of his chest and the audience is ready to applaud anything from a cop to a burglar. He bows, bleats and bungles off. And the Tillies down front resume their chewing gum with a mumbled, "For Gossakes, I never knew he was like that, didcha see his Adam's apple?"

HAROLD LLOYD never makes personal appearances. Harold Lloyd is the shrewdest showman in the business; no mere actor is Harold. He once gave his analysis to me. "The fans don't like us at all," he said. "They like the idea they invent around us. They doll us all up with black eyes, golden hair, six feet of brawn and a voice like Caruso's. Then we come out with red hair, green eyes, freckles and a squeak in

the upper register. But if we turned out to be Apollo some one would be disappointed; some one would have expected Adonis or Hercules."

Only the actor who is fading in screen popularity can afford to take the stage and fracture illusions. I advance the following axiom—The first sign of a star's disappearance: his personal appearance.

TAKE your choice: "Island Wives," "Single Wives," "Gambling Wives," "Foolish Wives," "Daytime Wives," "Restless Wives."

No wonder we have "Wandering Husbands" and "Week-end Husbands." The wonder is that we have any at all.

WHERE Art Is Born: It was Corinne Griffith's set in the United studios. Miss Griffith and her players were patiently awaiting the director's word to turn on the emotion.

Carpenters are hammering all around.

"Lights!" bawls the director.

An assistant blows a whistle.

The lights blare on, madly spluttering.

A gong and a whistle sound, the signal for the hammering to cease. The hammering continues.

"Camera!" howls the director.

The camera grinds, the hammers pound, the players act.

The actors finish, a whistle, the lights splutter out, a gong for the hammers to start again, the hammers blandly continue.

And so all over again, again, and again, howls, whistles, gongs, splutter and hammers. But if the world could be created out of chaos I suppose art can too.

AN advertisement which explains why censors have shears: "Famous Murders of History—Julius Caesar, Thomas a Beckett, Abraham Lincoln, Jack de Saulles, Joseph Elwood, Jacques Lebaudy, Dorothy King—and—The Shooting of Dan McGrew."

If the alignment of Abraham Lincoln with such an unsavory crew as de Saulles, Lebaudy and Dorothy King is not enough to incite to murder I don't know what is. The author of that advertisement deserves to be murdered and buried without rites.

THE following subjects are listed as Educational Films:

Getting Gertie's Goat.

Dizzy Daisy.

Tootsie Wootsie.

And here I had an education all the time and didn't know it. I shall immediately ask for a college man's salary.

Bebe Daniels

shows you how to wear the

New Scarfs

Scarfs by courtesy of Jay-Thorpe, New York

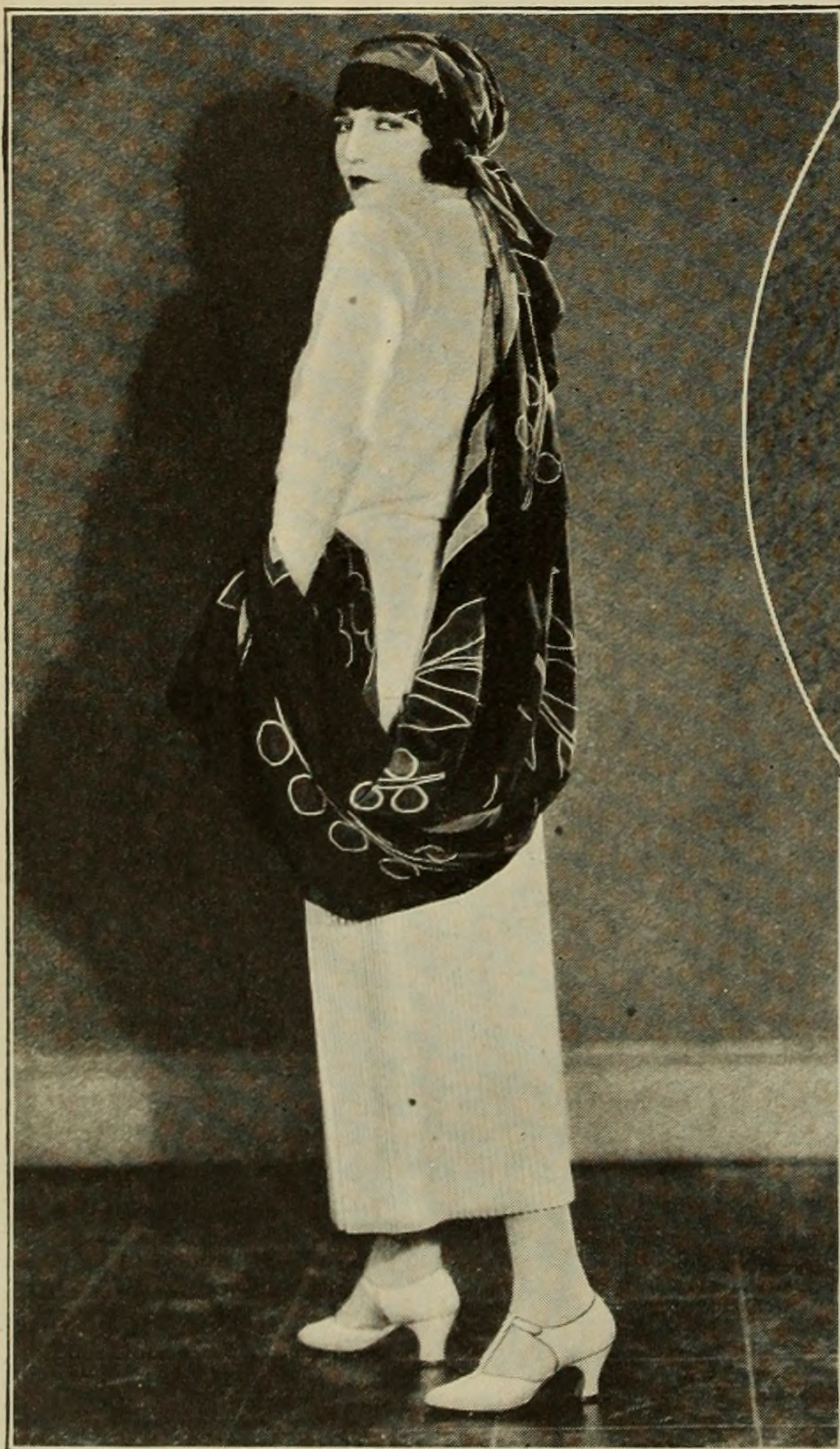
ORIGINATED by the smart Frenchwomen at Deauville, the fashionable watering resort, the popularity of the scarf which has been named after that place has spread all over the world.

Every color of the rainbow is being used. They are made up in silks, batiks, crepes and chiffons in many styles, from the long muffler effect with fringe to the handkerchief style which Miss Daniels, who has always been fond of them, wears in these illustrations. When she was told that the readers of PHOTOPLAY would appreciate her aid in demonstrating how she wears them, she graciously spent hours of her time to assist them. Just like Bebe.

"No matter how plain or simple your costume," she says, "wrap a jaunty scarf about you, and you're all dressed up."

We must admit a great admiration for the gypsy-like effect produced below by tying one end of the long scarf around the head and letting the scarf fall down in back to be caught over one arm, but unless you have Bebe's dark eyes and dusky hair we wouldn't recommend it for popular usage

At right—For the polo game or to wear as a spectator at a golf tournament, Miss Daniels selects a set of white flannel trimmed with green kid. The scarf is doubled and the trimming is on both sides so it can be thrown over the shoulder or worn straight. The front of the hat is of kid, the back of flannel



Bebe says that in this picture she "wears a good game of golf." If you don't think she plays—look at the glove. The scarf is square, folded into a triangle and then knotted over one shoulder. It is painted yellow on white to match the yellow flannel sleeveless jacket and skirt. The hat is yellow milan



At extreme left—For tennis, Miss Daniels ties a handkerchief scarf of batik in cerise and white around her hair and, after the game, throws a long painted scarf loosely over her shoulders

At left—The same long scarf may be worn this way for general sport wear, crossed in front and hung unevenly over each shoulder

The bizarre note below is effected by winding one end of the scarf around one arm and wearing the other side loosely over the other shoulder. The sport hat is blue and white milan and the foundation of the costume the correct, conservative white angora sweater and pleated silk skirt



This variation is obtained by crossing the ends of the scarf in front, bringing the longest side around the waist and tying the ends in a knot at the side. The effect is a pleasing impression of completeness and finish. And if you wear it this way you won't be in danger of losing your handsome scarf

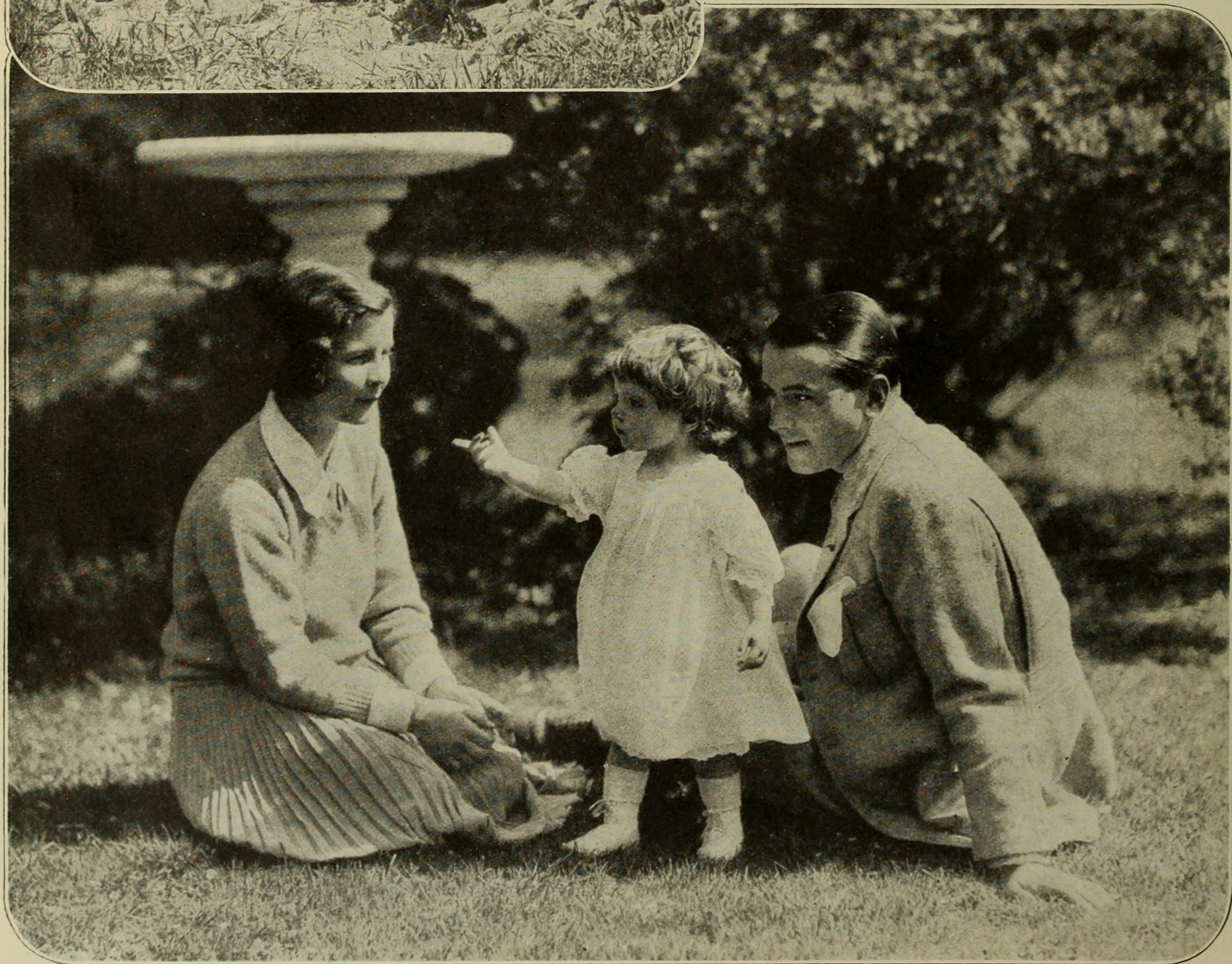


The Enchanted Cottage of Dick,



Out at Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y., close to the Griffith studio, Richard Barthelmess is making a home. Indeed, the place is almost within the shadow of the Griffith "lot," where Dick portrayed the hero of "'Way Down East." It was while playing this role that Dick married Mary Hay, who also had a part in the production. At the left, Dick and Mary may be observed on the beach close to "D. W.'s" famous studio

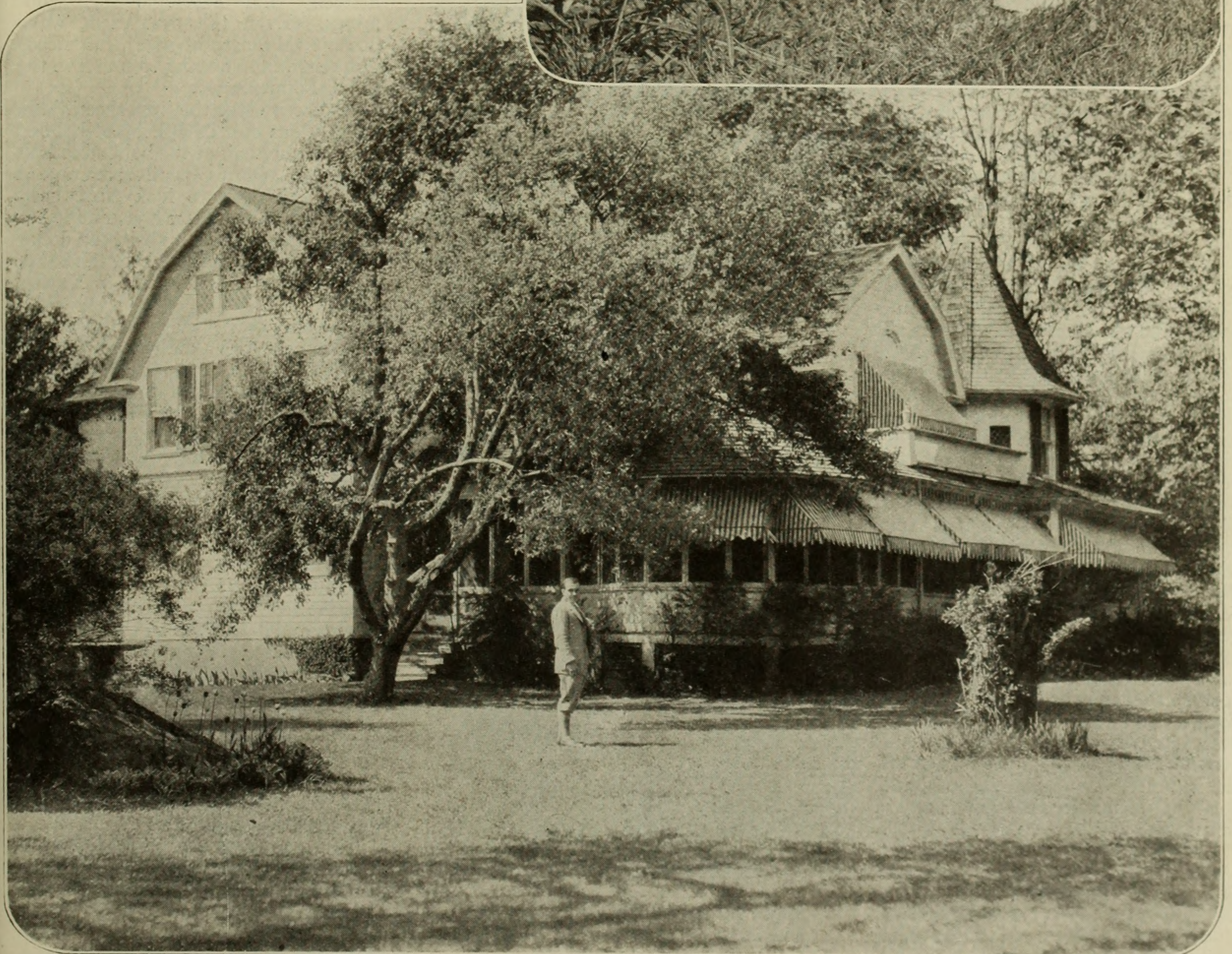
Photographs by Russell Ball



Mary, and Mary II Barthelmess

At the right is a brand new portrait of Mary Hay Barthelmess, otherwise Mary II. Below is the house, built originally for Helen Gould. It is a picturesque old residence of twelve rooms and is surrounded by an estate of three acres. Long Island Sound is close by, within sight of the house. Barthelmess has been spending the past few months of absence from the screen to good purpose in the enjoyable task of putting the estate in shape

Photographs by Russell Ball



It Isn't the Original Cost of



Bobbed Hair Adds a New Item of

IF it costs a man \$25 a year to maintain a \$5 derby, how much does it cost a woman to support a \$5 bob?

The answer is anywhere from \$2 a week up, mostly "up." Estimates vary, but film stars and beauty experts agree that bobbed hair has introduced the item of "overhead" into the feminine budget.

But while a few, like Billie Burke, are sorry they did it, most of them wouldn't go back to long hair, in spite of the trouble and expense. Even those who bobbed in haste and are repenting at leisure aren't letting it grow. Anita Stewart is, but she is one of the rare exceptions.

Seven million American women had bobbed hair when this was written. The number will be nearer eight million by the time it is printed, so fast is the vogue spreading. Expert hairdressers who specialize in the fashionable bobs are booked for days or weeks ahead; women are shunning the ordinary barber's clumsy efforts and seeking the specialists. Some of the famous New York artists have customers come from as far as Chicago, to be sure that they get the particular kind of bob, Dutch, boyish or clubbed, which will set off their individuality to best advantage.

Whoever does the bobbing, that is only the first cost. When it comes to maintenance, even the girl with naturally curly hair finds that she has to spend either time or money, or usually both, every week or two, to look her best. And the straight-haired girl—O, pity her! Especially at the seashore in the summer, when heat and humidity combine to make the daily marcel imperative and twice-a-day desirable.

Lucky is the straight-haired girl whose face is best set off by the simple Dutch bob. She merely has to have the ends trimmed every week or two. But few have this type of features, fewer still have curly hair. With the



Fifteen dollars a day—that's the penalty Norma Talmadge must pay for her bobbed hair charm



Anita Stewart is letting it grow again. She has not found freedom from hair bondage, she intimates

great majority of the bobbed-hair sisterhood it's a choice between learning how to use the iron and the tight curlers every night, or spending money for the daily, semi-weekly or weekly marcelle and accompanying trimmings. Even the permanent wave doesn't take care of itself, but needs frequent water-waving to preserve the natural appearance.

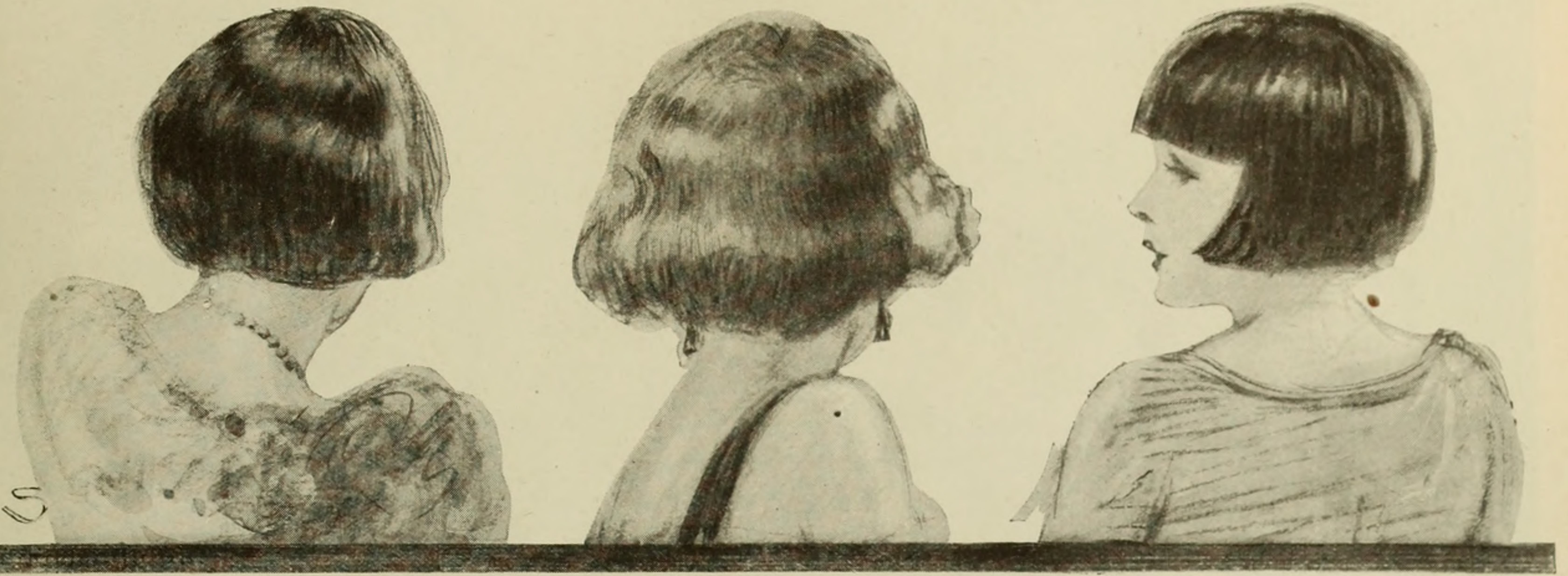
And so we face the "overhead," the tremendous cost of upkeep of bobbed hair. If only half of the bobbed-haired women of America spend an average of \$5 a week each to look their best, there's a billion dollars a year added to the annual feminine budget! In dollar bills, that's enough to carpet the Santa Fe tracks from Hollywood to Kansas City!

The only way a man can dodge the upkeep cost of his derby is to park it under his chair or lunch where there isn't a hat-check girl to tip. There isn't any way for the bobbed-haired woman to dodge the upkeep cost except to stick around the house in a boudoir cap. And there you are.

In the course of its investigation into the cost of maintaining a head of bobbed hair, of each of the distinctive types currently affected by American woman today, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE interviewed film favorites, business women and hairdressing experts. Some of them solve the problem one way, some another. Out of their combined experience and observations as recorded here, the young woman of any age from fifteen to fifty who is contemplating bobbery should find some helpful suggestions as to what to do after the fatal "snip!" has made her decision irrevocable.

The problem of the business girl, to keep her bobbed locks up to their utmost of *chic* attractiveness, is nothing compared with that of one working in front of the camera. Two or three times the cost of long hair is the least a

"Bobbed Hair"—It's the Upkeep



"Overhead Charges" to Feminine Budgets

bobbed hair film actress can get away with; some spend ten times what they did when they wore it *au naturel*.

Viola Dana says she never spent a dollar in her life for a curl until after she had her hair bobbed. But even her naturally curly hair has to be re-curled every two weeks, now that it is short, besides being trimmed. An inch or two at the end of a braid doesn't show in the pictures, but imagine an inch or two difference in the length of a bob!

Corinne Griffith said that it costs her twenty dollars a week to keep her hair properly arranged, since she had it cut. Before that the cost was nothing at all, as she dressed it herself, or had her maid do it. "Now I have a hairdresser come to my house every morning, whether I am working or not, and when I am working that cost is doubled, because I have to have someone come to the studio about noon to go over my hair again."

Mae Murray has a hairdresser on the set all the time, since she bobbed her hair, at a cost of eighteen dollars a day! "I always cared for it myself, with the help of my maid, when it was long," Miss Murray said. "Now even when I am not working it costs me about fifteen dollars a week."

Estelle Taylor says it costs her fifteen dollars a week to keep her bobbed hair in order when she isn't working, and Betty Compson figures her "overhead" at about the same, although both of these young women are exempt from the extra cost of maintaining their bobs on the set. Being Paramount stars their hair is cared for by the studio hairdressing department for screen appearance. But, O, what a difference in that department since the bob came in! Once "Hattie," the colored hairdressing expert of Paramount, singlehanded, looked after the hairdressing of Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Agnes Ayres, Betty Compson,



Gloria Swanson is one of the lucky ones who look their best in the straight boyish bob as here depicted



Billie Burke wishes she'd never done it. Dressing shorn locks takes too much of her time, she says

Mary Miles Minter and Dorothy Dalton; now there are four experts to keep the bobs in condition. And Estelle Taylor says that somehow she always has to pay the taxi fare of the hairdresser when she has her bob attended to at home, which also runs up the "overhead."

Colleen Moore, with her straight or at least semi-straight bob, gets off comparatively easy. It has to be cut oftener than the others, but it doesn't take so much curling. She figures the cost at about five dollars a week. And like all the other film stars, she believes that the hair should be trimmed whenever it is marcelled, to keep the line perfect. Miss Moore's is one of the few straight bobs in Hollywood.

May McAvoy is another lucky one. Her hair is naturally curly and does not have to be marcelled. Once a week to the barber shop: two dollars—that's all.

Viola Dana says of her naturally curly hair: "I have my hair water-waved, which takes as much time and costs as much money as to have it marcelled and I like it better that way."

According to Alice Terry, you can't escape the cost of upkeep of bobbed hair even by going to Africa. The expense is as great in Tunis as in Hollywood, or an average of about fifteen to eighteen dollars a week. "They have just as many expert beauty shops in Tunis as anywhere," said Miss Terry, "and they can charge just as high prices." Whether a missionary should have bobbed hair was a question, for it is a missionary part Miss Terry plays in her Tunisian picture. But Rex Ingram came across some genuine missionaries with bobbed hair, though they didn't wear it curled.

Since the permanent wave is not popular with Hollywood screen people, hairdressers have to be taken on location frequently. Phyllis Haver has

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 100]



"I have gambled with life and lost," said the hero of Photoplay's short story—and here is Percy Marmont in this moment of the film version—ZaSu Pitts on the right



"The Legend of Hollywood" on the Screen

IS it true—part true—or all hokum? Did he ever exist? Will he be found?

These are the questions around which centers the gossip of Hollywood today. On everyone's tongue—at the studios, in the old folks' homes, at the beach and during supper dances—is speculation about the old yarn which has been going the rounds of Hollywood for years and which Frank Condon investigated and traced and wrote into story form as "The Legend of Hollywood."

The March issue of PHOTOPLAY contained the story. Coupled with it was offered a thousand dollar reward for solution of the mystery and discovery of the missing writer about whom the mystery of fate revolves.

Mr. Condon graphically related his tale of a desperate writer who, face to face with starvation and failure, filled seven glasses with wine, putting poison in one of them. Then he shifted the glasses about and began drinking their contents, one glass a day. Finally he reached the seventh glass. Obviously that must contain the deadly potion. The gamble with death was over. Just as he drank the contents came a check for a thousand dollars in payment for an accepted story. Fate seemed to

have won, when the boarding house slavey, in love with him, came to tell him that she had overturned and broken one of the glasses. Without telling anyone she had purchased a new one and refilled it with wine.

The publication of this legend started fresh and serious speculation. Many of our picture producers today are ex-writers. Many still grind out a story for the public. And most of them knew the legend of Hollywood by heart. For it is one of those rare stories that, once heard, can never be forgotten. But it took Renaud Hoffman to discover one way to get something out of the story. He hasn't found the man and claimed the award offered by PHOTOPLAY, but he has had another idea on how to profit by "The Legend of Hollywood." He is making a picture of it.

Percy Marmont is the struggling and despairing young writer. ZaSu Pitts, whom Eric Von Stroheim considers the greatest character actress of Hollywood, is the girl of the romance. Molly Davenport, a stage favorite of a generation ago, and for years with Mack Sennett, emerges from retirement to portray the landlady. Cameo, the human dog, completes this small cast.

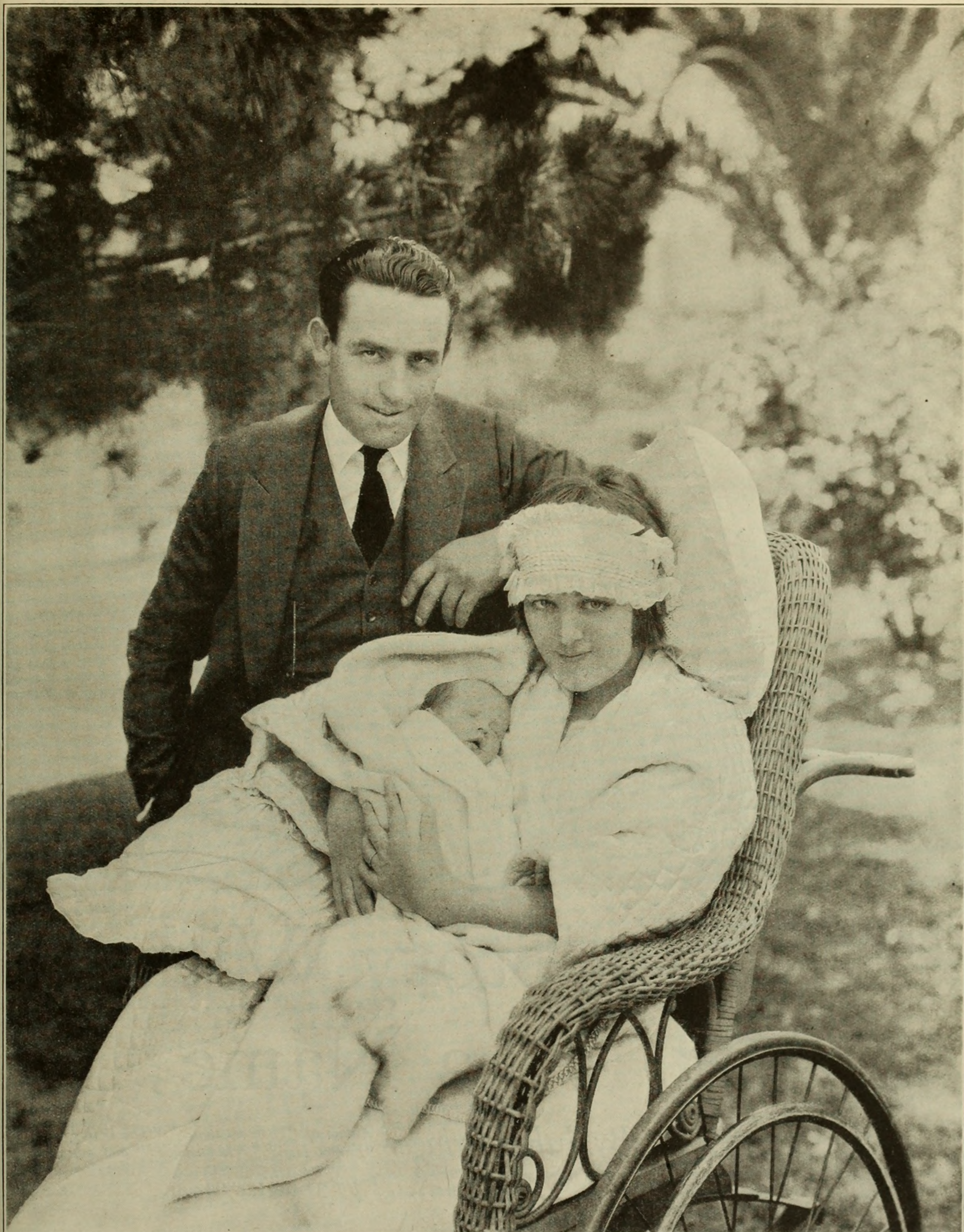


Photo taken by Gene Kornman especially for PHOTOPLAY

Presenting Mildred Gloria Lloyd

THE whole Lloyd family, including the center of all Hollywood's interest, the six-pound daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd. The proud parents have seen to it that little Miss Lloyd starts life with the loveliest wardrobe and nursery in celluloidia. Incidentally, Harold announces, Mildred is to return to the screen in "Alice in Wonderland." Details will be found in the news columns of this issue.



A synopsis of preceding chapters of "The Story Without a Name" will be found at the end of this instalment

Chapter III

ALAN HOLT lay back in the plane cock-pit, the wash of cool air hardening the blood on his forehead and clearing the fog from his brain. He saw, when lucid thought returned to him, that he was bound and trussed there with wires hastily caught up from his own tower. And he further saw, on looking as carefully about as his cramped position would allow, that his captors had made a good job of it. His legs were tied together and his hands were even more closely hooped to his side.

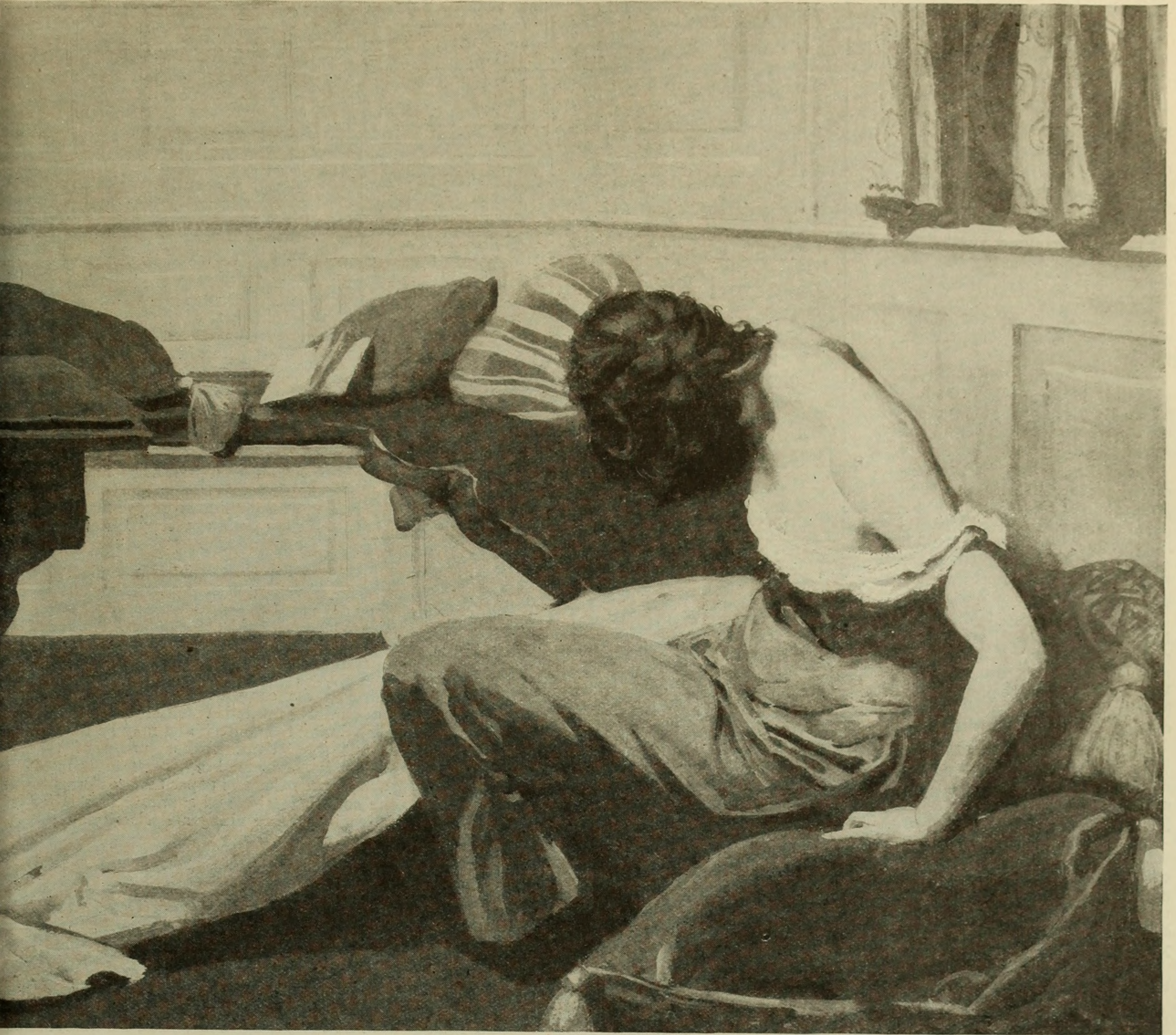
Yet as he studied these constricting hoops he noticed that the end of one wire protruded from the coil about his arms. And on that inch of protruding metal, he felt, hinged his hopes. By shifting his body in its cramped quarters he was able to hook this wire-end under a fuselage-brace. Then by twisting his torso he was able to free an additional two or three inches of the metal. He repeated the operation, as the pit-floor vibrated and rose and fell in its flight, until a foot of wire hung loose from

The Story Without a Name

By Arthur Stringer *Author of "Phantom Wires," "The Wire Tappers," "Empty Hands," "Manhandled" and other stories.*

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

his aching biceps. By writhing on this he loosened a second strand, which he was able to snag over a protruding bolt-head, where, bracing himself, he pulled with all his weight. The wire finally broke under the strain. He repeated the operation, until the pressure about his arms was relaxed. He found, by expanding his lungs and straining his muscles, he could still further expand the coils holding him in. He could even shift the position of his right arm a little, so that his liberated fingers were finally able to pick at the metal threads about his wrists.



\$5,000 in Cash for a Title

Read the conditions on the following page

But he had to break half a dozen of these, by patiently working them back and forth, before his arm was entirely free.

With that arm free, however, the rest was merely a matter of time. He lay back, when the last wire had been removed, letting the blood once more flow through his cramped limbs and resting his aching body. Then, slowly raising himself in the cock-pit, he studied the preoccupied back of the pilot in front of him and the surface of the water beneath him. They were flying, he concluded, somewhere over the lower Chesapeake.

downward impulse. He felt the counter-tug from the startled pilot, but the latter's awakening came too late. The sea swam up to them. They were within two thousand feet of the surface before the leather-coated figure swung about and saw the source of his trouble. For one frantic moment they fought and tugged on their contending controls, one fighting for altitude and the other fighting to force a landing. That struggle did not end until the pilot, suddenly unbuckling his seat-strap, twisted about, with a revolver in his hand. And the same moment

Alan catapulted his pinioned body against Drakma, who sent him falling backward with a blow to the jaw. Drakma caught the girl and sent her reeling into the corner, where she lay stunned

But it was a flight which he had no intention of seeing prolonged.

His first impulse was to leap bodily on the back of the pilot. But he remembered, on second thought, that all such planes had a dual control. So he dropped quietly back in his seat and seized the control levers. And with his first tug on the "stick" the old habits and the old exhilaration came back to him, although it had been four long years since he had sat in a plane and sensed it dip to that

Rules for the Great Cash-Radio Contest

DO you want \$2,500? Do you want one of the finest radio receiving sets made?

Thousands of photoplay and radio fans do.

They have entered the great \$5,000 radio contest by submitting titles for the story and sub-titles for the first installment of Arthur Stringer's absorbing mystery romance, "The Story Without a Name."

The second installment of this great adventure tale appears in this issue.

Somebody will receive one of the splendid De Forest D-12 Radiophone Receiving Sets for submitting the best sub-title for it. It might as well be you.

Remember, this is the latest receiving radio set manufactured and is complete in every detail, including batteries and loud speaker. Its inventors and designers have left nothing undone to make it the finest of the instruments on the market.

Irvin Willat, noted director for Famous Players-Lasky, is busily engaged with a wonderful cast filming this story of love and adventure. Antonio Moreno, Agnes Ayres, Louis Wolheim, Dagmar Godowsky, Tyrone Power, Maurice Costello and Jack Bohn are only a few of the greatest film favorites taking part.

Moreno and Miss Ayres are doing the best work of their careers and Jesse Lasky has ordered that no expense be spared to make it one of the greatest screen productions of the year.

A wonderful story, a wonderful picture, a wonderful cast, a wonderful offer of \$5,000 in cash and four wonderful radio receiving sets make this contest the most talked of, most enticing and most popular of any ever conducted. It is a remarkable opportunity for you.

Read this installment of the story and then send in your title and sub-title.

Send in your suggestions as early as possible. Send as many as you want, but send them one at a time.

The Prizes

Here are the prizes for Photoplay Magazine Radio Contest.

First Prize \$2,500.00
 Second Prize 1,000.00
 Third Prize 500.00

Five \$100 prizes, five \$50 prizes and ten \$25 prizes—all cash. Four De Forest Reflex Radiophone Receiving Sets, complete with batteries and loud speaker

second prize will be \$1,000; the third \$500; \$100 will be given to each of five persons submitting the next five best titles and sub-titles; \$50 will be given to each of the five persons submitting the ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth best titles and sub-titles, and \$25 will be given to each of the ten persons submitting the next best ten titles and sub-titles.

3. To each of the persons submitting the best sub-titles for the installments of the story, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will give a De Forest Reflex Radiophone Receiving Set complete with batteries and loud speaker.

4. Cleverness of ideas, accuracy, conciseness, originality and neatness will be considered in the awards for the titles and sub-titles. No title will be considered that duplicates or conflicts with the title of any copyrighted story or photoplay.

5. Contestants may submit as many suggestions as they desire.

They are urged to send them as early as possible to facilitate work of the judges. The name and address of the contestant must be on each suggestion submitted.

6. For the convenience of contestants a coupon will be printed in each issue of the Magazine during the contest, and may be used to submit suggestions. Although use of this coupon is not compulsory, contestants must submit suggestions on paper that conforms to the coupon in size and shape. This is for convenience in handling and classifying the suggestions.

7. The judges of the contest will be James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and Jesse Lasky of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. In selecting titles and sub-titles for cash awards, the judges will be at liberty to disregard sub-titles for which radio sets have been awarded. Their judgment in all awards will be final.

8. If more than one person submits the same titles and sub-titles for the story and installments which win cash prizes, and gives reasons for selecting them in an equally clever, accurate, concise, original and neat manner, a duplicate prize will be given to each such person. If more than one person submits the same sub-titles for which radio sets are awarded, in an equally clever, accurate, concise, original and neat manner, a duplicate radio set will be given in every instance to each such person.

9. All awards will be announced in December PHOTOPLAY.

10. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE reserves the right to use the titles submitted as it sees fit. If a suggestion offered as a sub-title is better, in the opinion of the judges, than any title submitted for the story, the judges are at liberty to use it as a title for the story and award the person who submitted it the first cash prize.

11. All suggestions submitted are to become the exclusive property of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

12. The contest will close at midnight, October 15, 1924, and no suggestions received after that hour will be considered.

13. All suggestions must be mailed to Radio Contest Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

Conditions of Contest

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE wants a title for a story written by Arthur Stringer, which started last month in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. It will be known as "The Story Without a Name" in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Radio Contest. Suggestions are invited for a title and \$5,000 in cash and four radio receiving sets will be given away under the following rules:

1. Any person, except an employee of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, or members of their families, may enter the contest. By submitting a suggestion a person becomes a contestant and as such agrees to abide by these rules.

2. To the person submitting the best title for the story and best sub-titles for the installments of the story, together with his, or her, reason why such titles and sub-titles are best suited to the story and installments, and expressed in 100 words or less, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will give \$2,500 in cash. The

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

This coupon may be used to submit suggestions in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Radio Contest for which \$5,000 in cash and four De Forest Reflex Radiophone Receiving Sets will be given away. Read the conditions carefully and then send all suggestions to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Radio Contest Editor, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

Title for Story.....

Sub-Title for August Installment.....

Name of Contestant.....

Street Number.....

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

Reason for selecting title and sub-title.....

.....

.....

.....

.....



Alan saw that weapon he leaped on his enemy.

They fought there in mid-air, with the wind tearing at their panting bodies and the plane tilting with their movements. They fought hand to hand, until the revolver fell from the pilot's bruised fingers into the sea, until Alan had his panting opponent pinned down by the throat, until he was able to switch off his engine as the careening winged thing sloped down and struck the water and rebounded and struck again, canting and quivering as it heeled along the ruptured surface. Before Alan could turn back from his controls his forgotten enemy had caught up a wrench from the pit-floor. Alan dodged the descending blow, captured and twisted the murderous weapon from his enemy—and suddenly beheld that enemy snatch up a life-buoy and leap overboard.

Alan caught sight of the bobbing head of the swimmer along the water at the same time that he caught sight of a cabin

"It can't be for long, Alan," said the girl, "and we're doing it for a flag that these men daren't even fly"

cruiser bearing down on him. But he gave scant thought to either of them, for he had other things on his mind. He snatched

up the head-set of the plane-radio in front of him, turned the tuning-dial, listened to first one voice and then another traversing the evening air, and was suddenly startled to pick up a broadcast message announcing that the daughter of Admiral Walsworth had been mysteriously abducted.

That ended any indecision that may have remained with him. He flung himself into the pilot's seat, snapped on the straps, and struggled with the mechanism of the unfamiliar plane. He was able, at last, to start the engine and hear the consoling whirr of the propeller-blades. But before he could rise from the water the cabined motor-boat to which he had paid so little attention swung about in a smother of spray and came head-on into his drifting gondola. There was a crash and grind of metal against wood, a stunning sense of shock, and the clutch of

rough hands on his body before he could recover himself and fend off his assailants. He found himself jerked and dragged about the narrow deck of the boat and thrust into the low-roofed cabin, where two burly seamen held him against the wall while a third man bound him hand and foot with a coil of ship rope. Nor did it add to Alan's peace of mind to discern the water-soaked pilot from the wrecked sea-plane come and stand above him with a smile of triumph on his face. He could ask for nothing but violence, he knew, from the uncouth quartette confronting him. But he was touched with perplexity, as the launch backed away and took up her course across the dusky water, by both their silence and their passivity. They let him lie in his cushioned seat-corner, without so much as a spoken word to him. And as they searched the twilight water and sped on their way a sense of still darker things impending took possession of the helpless man in the cabin-corner.

He did not, however, remain long in doubt as to the nature of those eventualities. For, after half an hour's speeding over an oily swell, he found the power suddenly shut off and the craft in which he rode nosing up beside a sea-going yacht that lay low in the water, as sleek and long and narrow as an otter.

Alan could hear the exchange of muttered greetings as they drifted alongside, the thump of a thrown rope-end, the authoritative call of a deeper voice from the yacht deck. He was seized bodily, the next moment, and thrust unceremoniously up over the burnished deck-rail, where still other hands grasped him and half-hauled and half-carried him into a spacious enough cabin where he stood blinking under the brilliance of the clustered electric lights.

The first thing that impressed him was the luxuriousness of his surroundings. And the second thing that came home to him, as one of the seamen cut away the ropes binding his legs, was the knowledge that he was being studied by a thick-shouldered man seated behind a highly polished hardwood table. Alan, as he heard the cabin door close behind him, turned and inspected this man, inspected him with a stare as intent as his own. He saw a swarthy and black-bearded face in which were set a pair of equally dark and slightly reptilian eyes. These eyes, during the silence that ensued, continued to study the newcomer, to study him with a slight but sustained air of mockery.

"You don't remember me?" finally said the deep voiced man behind the table. His position behind the table, oddly enough, tended to give him a juridical air, like that of a magistrate on his bench.

"Quite well," retorted his prisoner, a flash of defiance on his fatigue-hollowed face.

"Go on!" prompted the other, with his curtly ironic laugh.

"You're Mark Drakma, the spy who slinks about Washington posing as a wealthy planter," cried out Alan Holt, burning with the indignities to which he had that day been subjected, "the spy who's ready to traffic in the military secrets of my country or any other country."

"Go on!" again prompted the man at the table.

"And if I'm not greatly mistaken you're the head of one of the widest and rottenest aggregations of rum-runners along all our Atlantic coast."

"I can't deny the soft impeachment," assented the man with the one-sided smile. "And I find it a very profitable occupation, as you may judge by the comfort of this craft which you are honoring with your presence."

"It will be a very brief visit," asserted Alan.

"On the contrary, I'm afraid it may prove a very prolonged one. For we may as well get down to cases, Alan Holt, and find out how we stand here. You are not so thick-headed, I assume, as not to have an inkling of why I have arranged this little meeting."

The suavity went out of his face as his narrowed gaze met and locked with the gaze of the other man.

"I know why I was brought here, just as I know, now, you were the man who stole my first triangulator model," was Alan's deliberated retort. "But before we go into that, I want to know just what you have done with Mary Walsworth."

The smile returned to the dark and thoughtful face.

"We'll come to that at the fit and proper time," was Drakma's answer. "I see you have no desire to beat about the bush, so we may as well get down to facts. You have made a radio-wave converger which you proposed to present to your country. But a republic, I must remind you, is a notoriously ungrateful form of government. And as things now stand it will be profitable for you to present that instrument to Mark Drakma!"

Alan's laugh was both bitter and defiant.

"You'll never get it," he cried, with his hands clenched.

"I already have it," countered the other, with carefully maintained patience. "But there is apparently one final part which it will be necessary for you to fit into the apparatus."

"That, too, you'll never get," asserted the grim-jawed youth.

Drakma's face darkened at that, but he still held himself in.

"Let's not be foolish about this," he said with an achieved quietness of voice. "I want that apparatus and I'm going to have it. I've risked too much to trifle over this thing much longer. I've got you here in my power, and here you stay until you listen to reason. You can be sure of that."

It was Alan Holt's face that darkened, this time, as he advanced on his enemy.

"Do you suppose you can pull stuff like that today and get away with it?" he demanded. "I have friends, and those friends will make it their business to find out where I am. What's more, I have all the forces of the American government behind me, and when those wheels get in motion, Drakma, they will grind a little of the thievery out of you."

"Don't count too much on those government forces," was the other's quick retort. "You're already pretty well discredited with that government. And now that they are being presented with definite evidence you are trading with an enemy power, you'll find"—

"So that's a part of your dirty programme!" cried the man with the pinioned arms, leaning forward across the polished table-top. And as he did so the swarthier man rose from

his chair, the last of his suaveness deserting him.

"That's only the overture to what you're going to get before I'm through with you," he barked out with his first look of open hate. "I've got you where I want you and I'll get what I want out of you!"

"I'll squeeze it out of your sullen head," cried Drakma, with mounting rage. "I'll get it out of you if I have to burn it out with a hot iron or pound it out with a club."

"You can't!" countered the white-faced man confronting him.

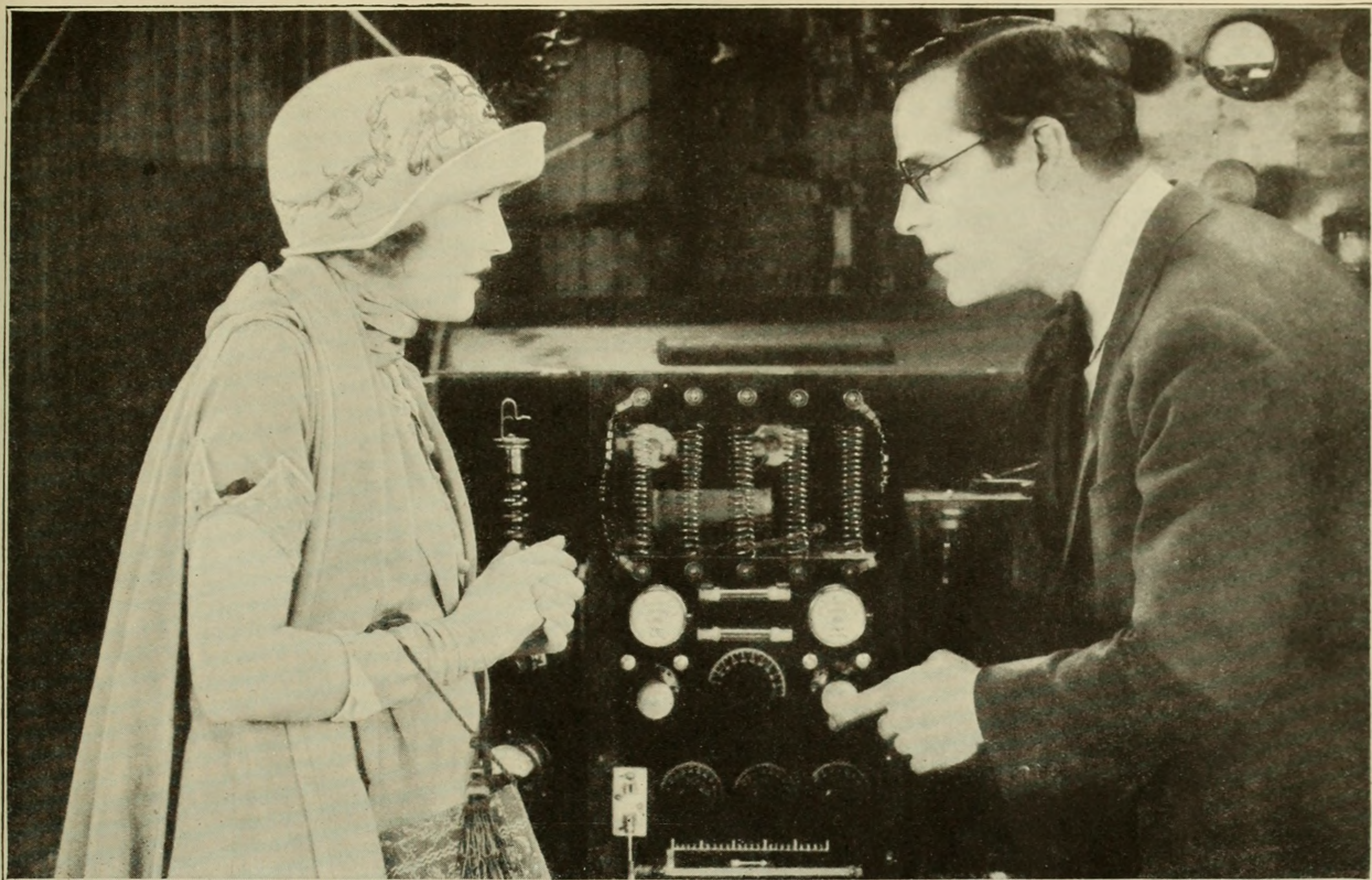
"Can't I?" thundered the other, with a sudden eruption of anger. "Can't I?" he repeated as his great fist struck the defiant white face. Then he seized his pinioned prisoner and thrust him back until he held him by the throat, skewered against the cabin-wall. There the huge fist again drew back and descended on the helpless face, leaving a small trickle of blood along the clenched jaw. Then in an increasing ecstasy of rage he flailed the trussed body from side to side, clutching it by the throat again and pinning it flat against the wall. He stood there panting, staring into the discolored face so close to his own, studying the blood-stained skull housing the secret which he suddenly realized could not be forced out of it by violence.

"God, but I'd like to kill you!" he gasped as his fingers relaxed from the bruised throat. "I'd like to throttle the life out of you! But that would make it too easy for you. And before I get through you'll probably wish I had. So we'll see if there isn't a better way of getting your precious secret out of your hide."

He pulled himself together and strode back to his table, where his shaking finger touched a bell-button. His eyes glowed ominously as he watched his captive, still tight-lipped and obdurate, in spite of the brutal treatment, with his back against the wall.

"Bring in that woman," was Drakma's curt command to the seaman who answered the bell call. "We'll see who's master of this situation. I may [CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]

The Prize Story in the Making

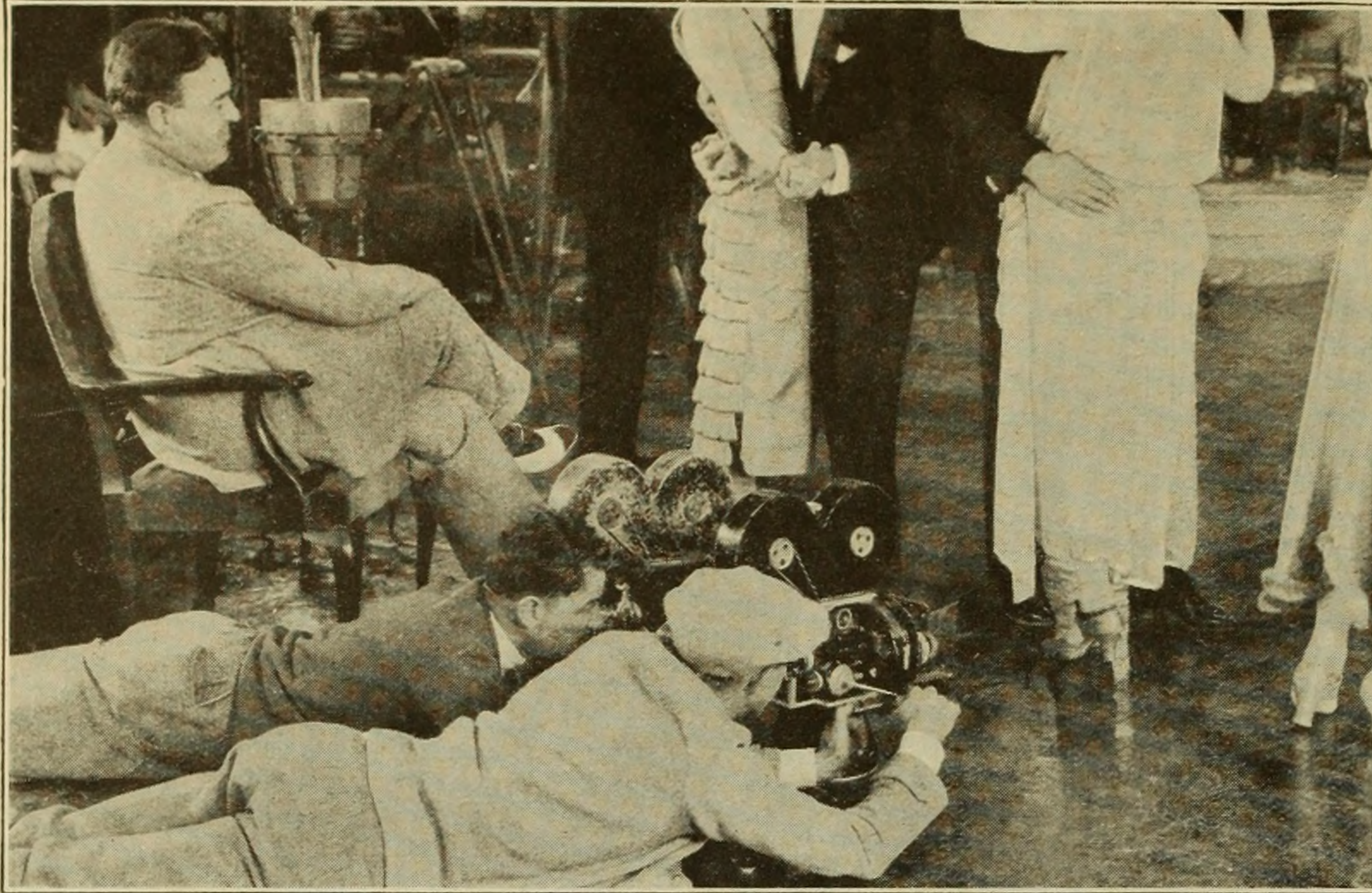


"Smash it rather than let it fall into the hands of enemies!" Alan Holt, played by Antonio Moreno, is telling Mary Walsworth (Agnes Ayres) in one of the stirring scenes of "The Story Without a Name" which is being filmed at Famous Players-Lasky studio on Long Island



"I wish you'd make some sort of love amplifier so those who care for you would be heard by you," Mary tells Alan in one of the beautiful love scenes of the great radio romance

Style, Comfort, and Durability in



Not machine gun action, but cameramen taking a picture of Mae Busch's dancing feet for the forthcoming production, "Bread"



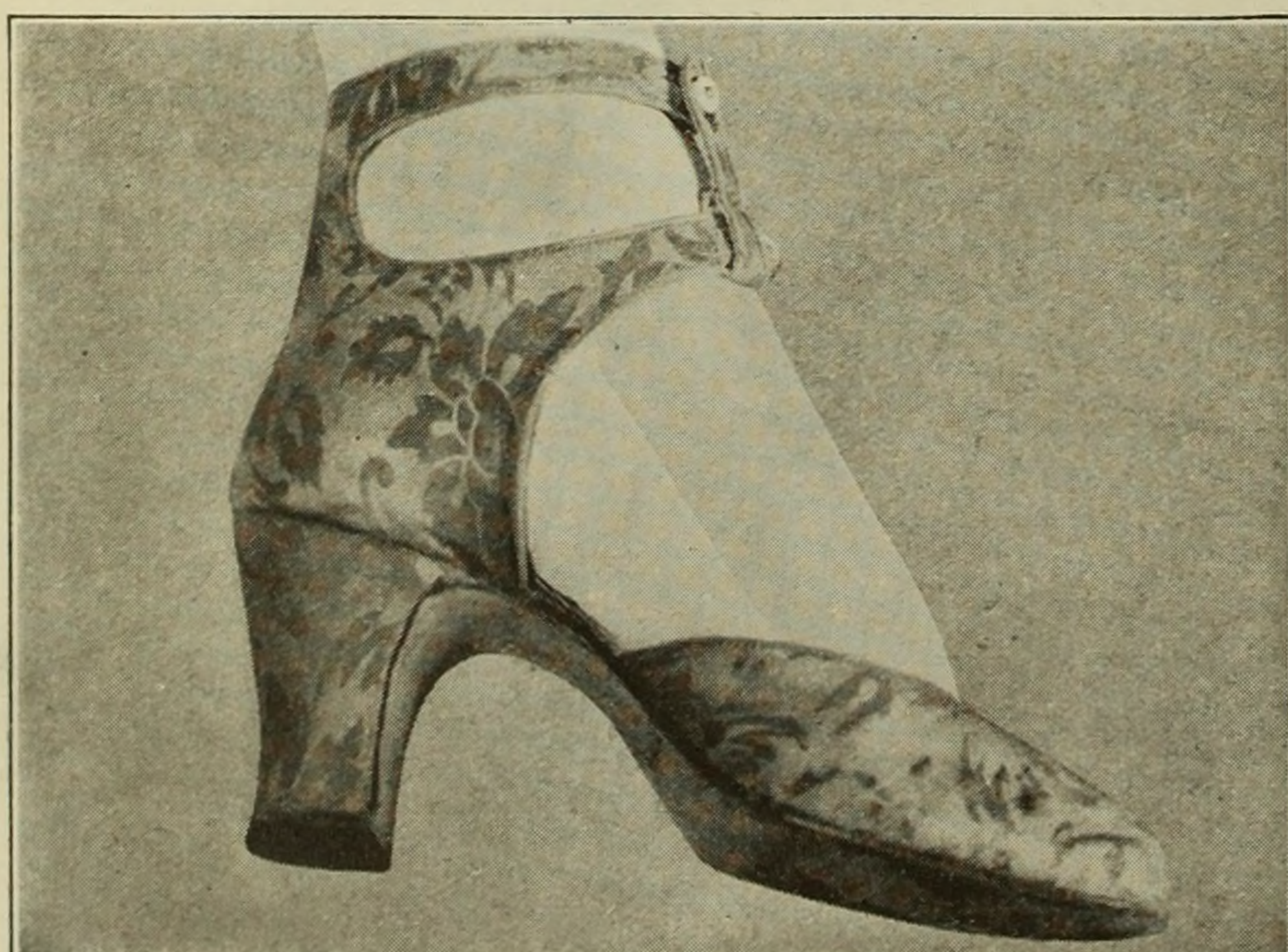
Gertrude Olmsted's evening slippers — simple sandal lines, cut low at arch, high French heels, simplicity and comfort



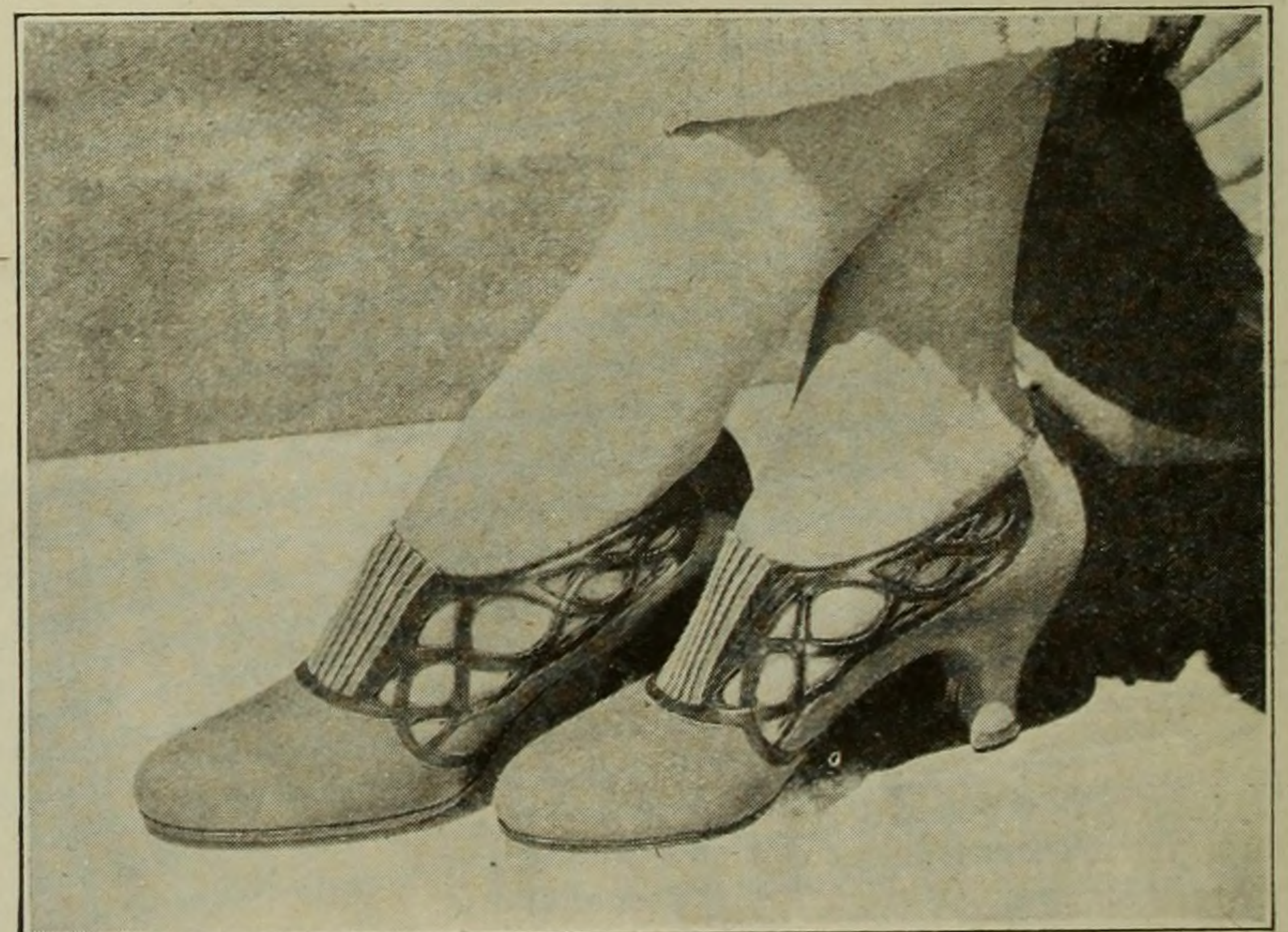
Formal evening slippers of brocaded silver cloth adorn the feet of Cecille Evans' "one hundred thousand dollar legs"

WHEN King Solomon remarked in an outburst of enthusiasm, "How beautiful are thy feet, O queen!" the lady in question must have been wearing an unusually attractive pair of sandals that evening. It takes pretty feet, of course, to give distinction to pretty shoes, but the right shoe can add charm to a foot which, if improperly shod, might pass unnoticed.

The photographer has caught some of the twinkling feet of the stars at rest, and PHOTOPLAY presents these pictures to guide and govern your choice in making your selection of footwear. They show individuality, style and beauty—and, above all, taste and careful thought. An otherwise perfect toilet may be marred by an inharmonious slipper. And while style is essential, there must be comfort, too. Note how carefully these factors have here been kept in mind.



This evening slipper of rose and brocade was made especially for Mae Murray. Not only is it stylish but Miss Murray finds it comfortable, too



And here are Constance Talmadge's grey suede walking pumps, with dark brown leather straps. Elastic inset holds the shoe tight across the instep

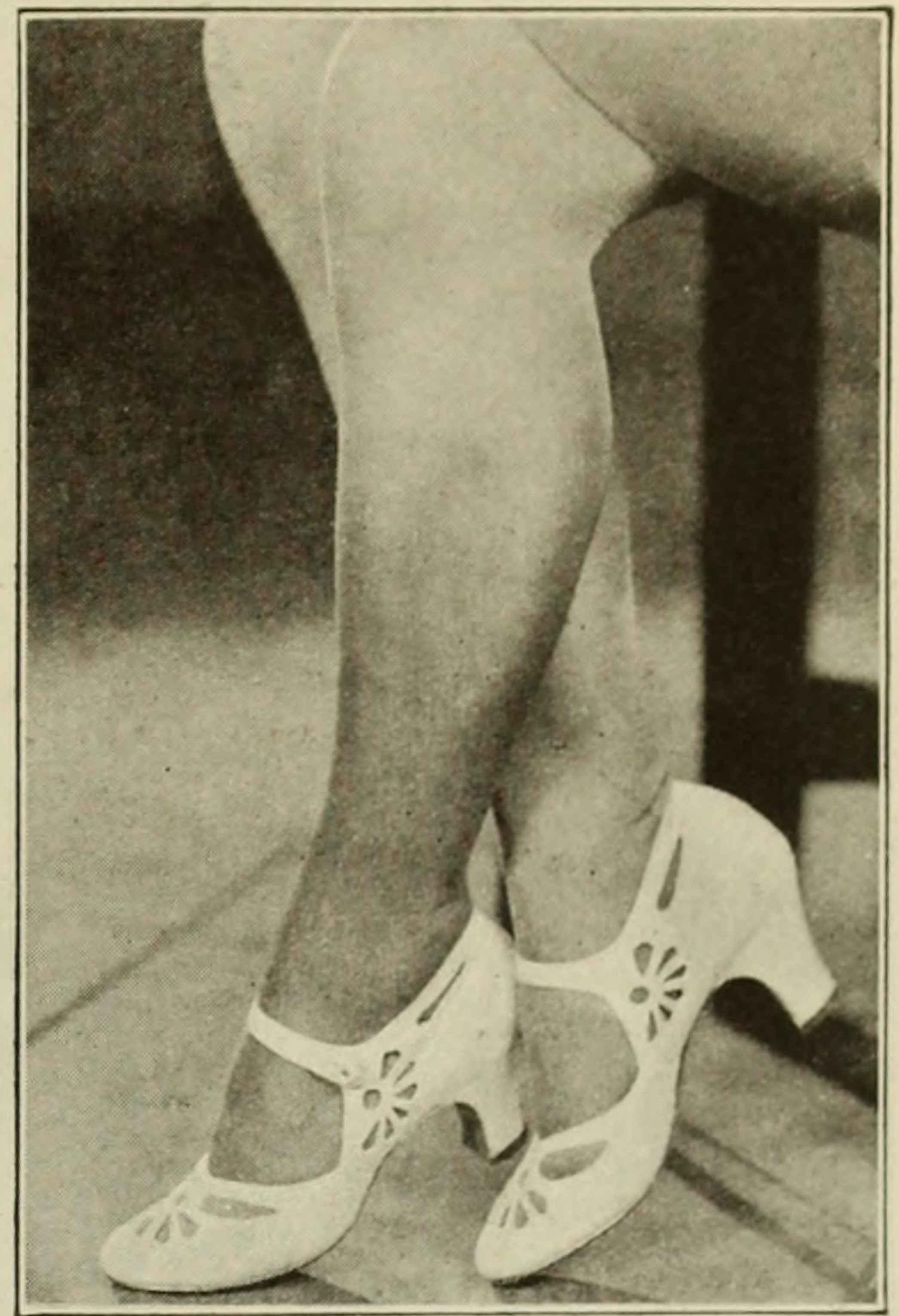
Favorite Footwear of the Stars



Julia Faye's cinnamon brown kids are finished with the fashionable cut steel buckle and champagne heels



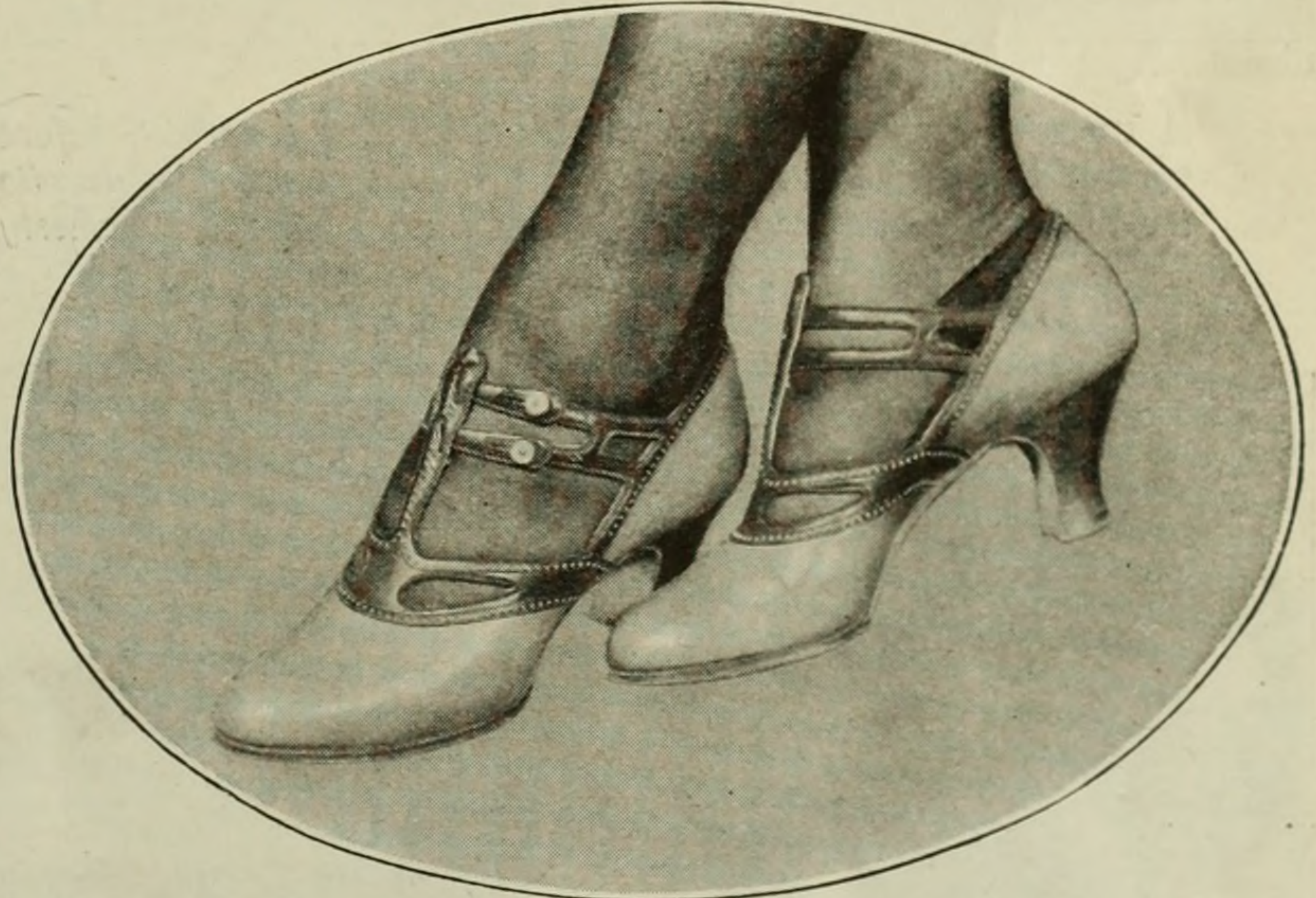
For Estelle Taylor: Black patent leather pumps, round French toes, medium French heel



White kid, with conventional flower outwork and low French heel—Viola Dana's street shoes



Colleen Moore's favorite "comfort" shoe—brown suede sandal with medium heels



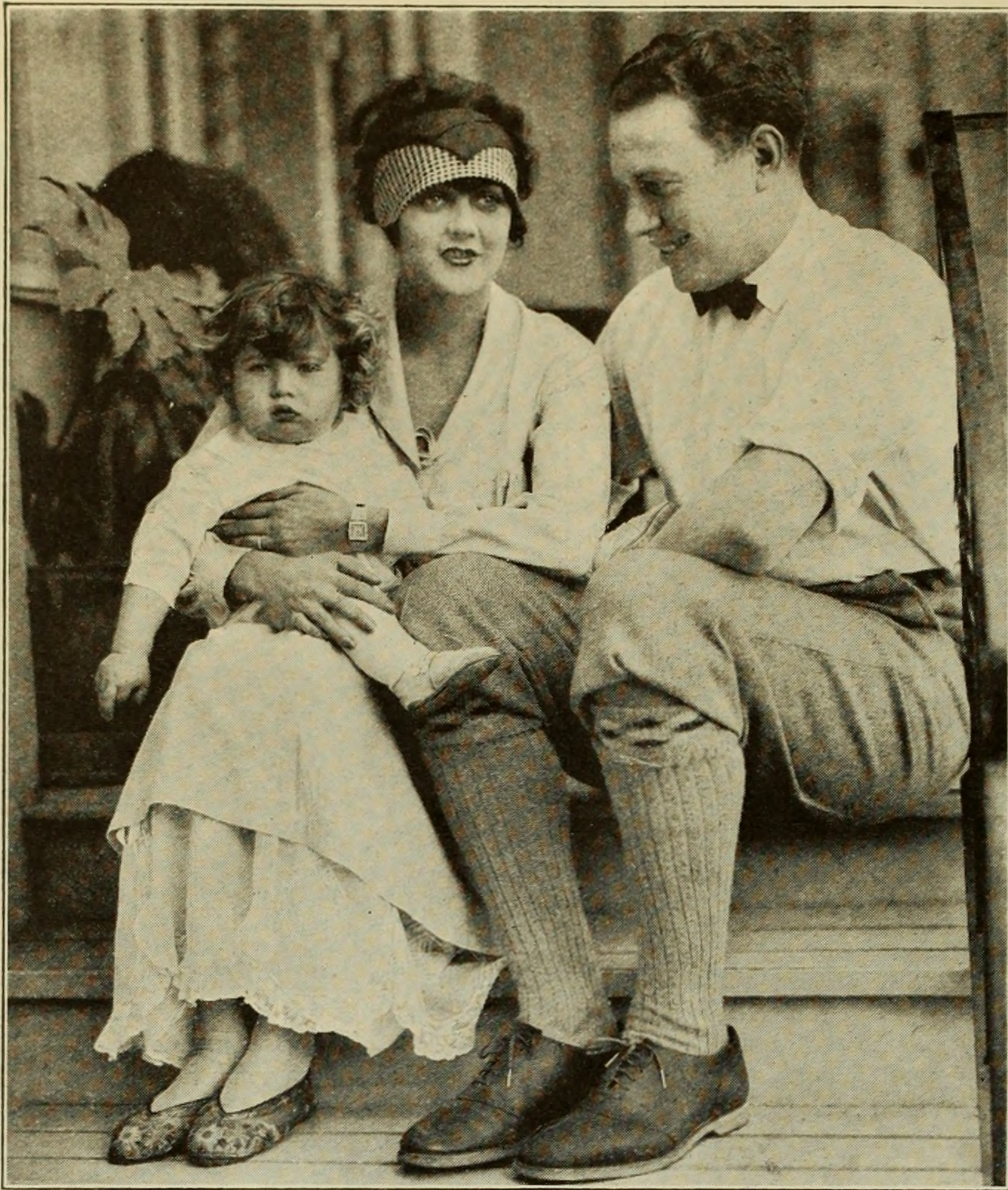
French walking slippers for Lois Wilson; beige kid, trimmed with straps of coffee kid



Smart black patent leather pumps made especially for Corinne Griffith's dainty feet. Simple but perfect lines and cut steel buckles suggest distinction



Pearl grey suede walking shoes with French heels and art perforations—this is the first choice of the petite and diminutive Vera Reynolds



Russell Ball

A very interesting family picture! But they separated before we could publish it. Barbara LaMarr, still provocative, despite the house dress and baby, and her last husband, Jack Dougherty

Odds & Ends the Camera Caught

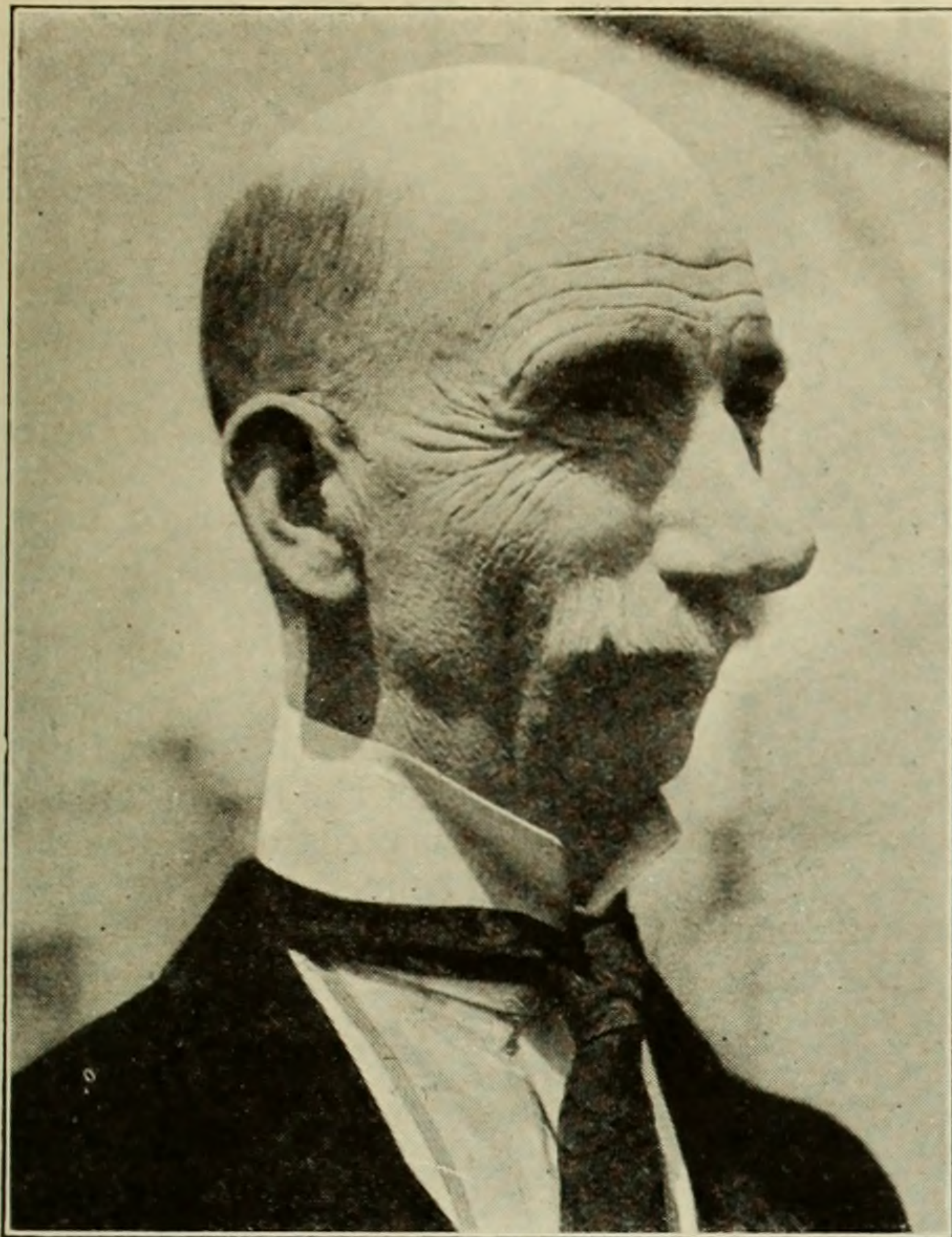
It's a busy life and a varied one for the man who turns the crank. If his brain registers all the impressions the lens does it must be a veritable museum of the unusual and the bizarre, with some nooks of beauty and sentiment, also. These photographs show some of the cameraman's recent observations in Hollywood's Curiosity Shop.



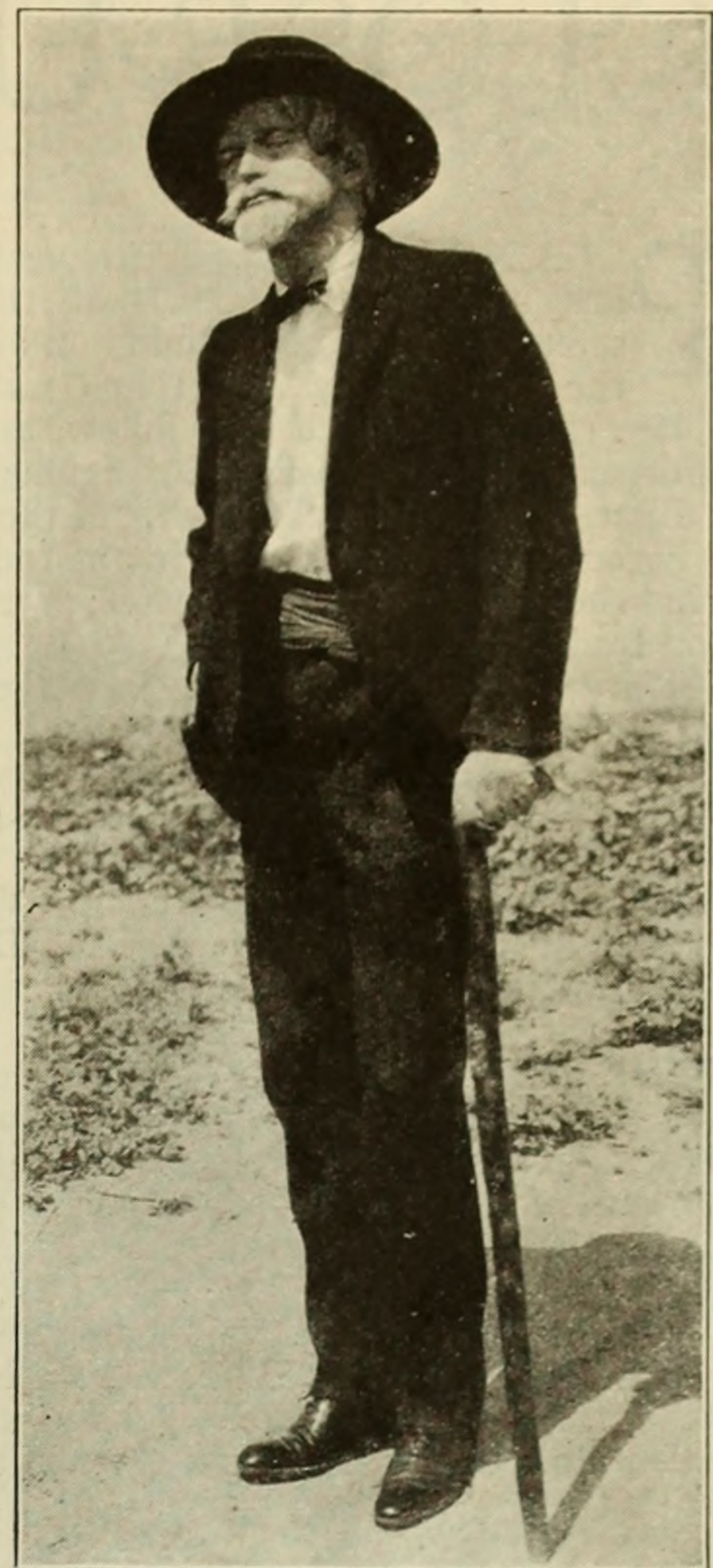
Here we have Jacqueline Logan completely baffled. She has "May" the baby camel born on the Lasky ranch—aged just three days—on her hands and not a darn thing in Dr. Holt's book on the feeding of children to tell her what to do. However Jackie has fallen back on the well known milk bottle and "May" seems to be "doing nicely"

Hoot Gibson's smile is shown with "two good reasons why!" In the background is his pretty home in Beverly Hills, and the gleaming machine is his specially built eight-cylinder roadster—both bought with Western "shoot 'em up" pictures



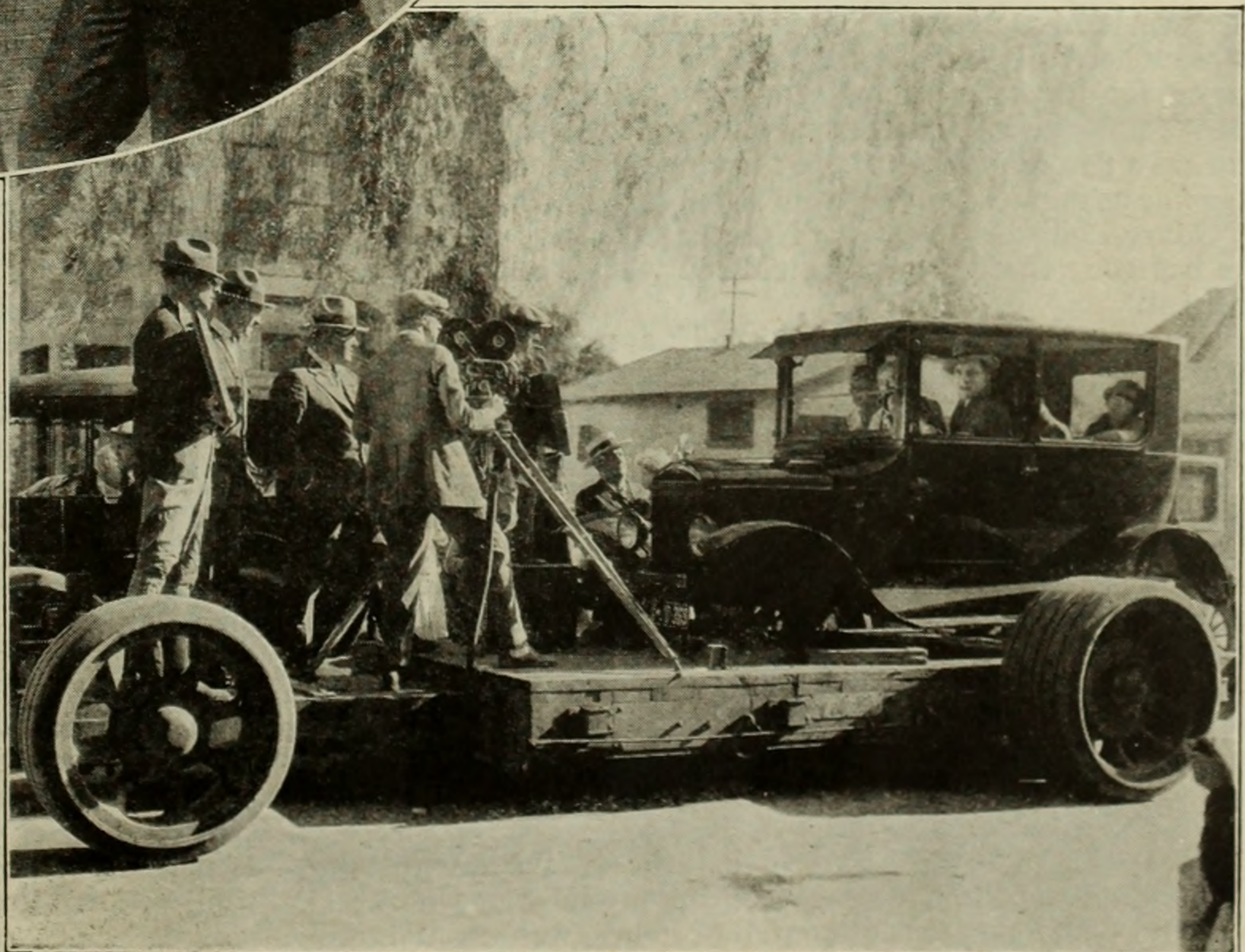


The chinless wonder, Mr. Andrew Gump, transferred to the screen in the person of Joe Murphy. Think of having to model that putty nose every morning!



Now, if this were a guessing contest, we believe that there would be few who could correctly name the two elderly person-ages shown above. They are none other than Madge Bellamy and Wallace MacDonald—no fooling! They are made up to play the last part of "Love and Glory"—but, dry those tears!—they start young!

Jackie Coogan and the Boy Scouts of Los Angeles had quite a job overseeing the loading of the million dollar cargo of milk that Jackie's "Mercy Ship" will bring to the children of the near East, late this summer. But Mayor George K. Cryer helped them out and they got it all ready for shipment



Usually the camera is lashed on the hood of the machine for such work, but here we have the entire car and the camera on a huge truck. Pat O'Malley is giving the cast of "Bread" a joy ride. Victor Schertzinger, author of many song hits, is directing

CLOSE-UPS & LONG SHOTS

By Herbert Howe

POLA NEGRI, by special request, has selected the artists of the screen who in her opinion merit the exclamatory adjective *Great!*

Her citations, which here follow, are impressive for three particular reasons:

First, there is no greater critic of the art of acting than Pola.

Second, she is one person in the industry who dares to say what she thinks without prejudice, pettiness or regard for policy and tradition.

Third, her ukase offers a continental estimate of our American art stock.

POLA'S Legion of Honor comprises the following:

Lillian Gish, Norma Talmadge, Mary Philbin, Ramon Novarro, John Barrymore, Rodolph Valentino, Charlie Chaplin, Ernst Lubitsch, Rex Ingram, D. W. Griffith, Dimitri Buchowetski and Cecil B. De Mille.

THE vivid Negri makes several sharp observations.

She says that a critic is one who can detect an artist on sight. An artist may develop to greatness or he may deteriorate for want of ambition or opportunity, says Pola, but if he has the given gift he can be instantly recognized as an artist by the eye.

She could not be prevailed upon to name more than six artists among players: Lillian Gish, Norma Talmadge, Mary Philbin, Ramon Novarro, John Barrymore and Rodolph Valentino. So far as she is concerned there are no more. And that's that.

CHAPLIN she classifies strictly as a director, the greatest director. His ability as an actor she contends is but a minor note in his creative soul.

Lubitsch she describes as a genius by instinct, Rex Ingram a genius of cultivation. "Rex," says Pola, "is a glass of champagne."

D. W. Griffith is the great picture story-teller with a fixed, patent formula.

Buchowetski has a quality similar to Ingram. He has a cultivated and intuitive mind.

De Mille achieved the heights with "The Whispering Chorus" and recaptured them with the first part of "The Ten Commandments."

Lillian Gish has the sincerity and the emotional depth, necessitous to the great artist, combined with the most brilliant technique of any American actress. "Not versatile—but sublime in her *genre*."

IREALIZED Norma Talmadge was an artist when first I saw her," observes Pola, "but I could not understand the reason for her tremendous reputation until I saw 'Secrets.' Miss Talmadge is a character actress of rare dramatic power. She has a personality that invests any part with charm, but she is so fine as an artist that she should play only character roles."

"Mary Philbin is an artist. Not a great actress yet, but when she has gone through experiences she will be one of the very greatest.

"Ramon Novarro showed himself a marvelous artist in 'Scaramouche.' He has inspired moments in any picture. Spontaneous, instinctive, impulsive, he has not yet had time or experience enough to gain technical mastery of his power. He is the great romantic comedian, with a continental sense of humor like Lubitsch.

"John Barrymore is the great technician. He is adroit, subtle, plastic, achieving brilliant nuances by expression and gesture, but he is never impulsive or spontaneous.

"Rodolph Valentino hasn't so much technique as he has feeling. He is a personality first, an artist second. He has sex appeal, personal magnetism, emotional warmth. His merit as an artist rests in his ability to project emotion sincerely and with subtlety."

RECENTLY I was asked to list the twelve greatest individuals I had encountered during my interviewing years in Hollywood. My list, unlike that of Pola's, was selected from

the standpoint of personality first, artistic worth second. My Legion of Great Individuals is:

Pola Negri, Mabel Normand, Lillian Gish, Alla Nazimova, Mary Pickford,

Rex Ingram, Ernst Lubitsch, Rodolph Valentino, Eric Von Stroheim, Ramon Novarro, Charlie Chaplin, and Jackie Coogan.

THE Wampas is the holy order of Hollywood, composed of press agents who nobly dedicate their lives to celebrating the wonders of others. Each year they select the baby stars of the screen. These worthy and saintly men recognize only one gender, the feminine. So far as they are concerned male baby stars are of no consequence and should be slaughtered. I'm inclined to side with them, but, inasmuch as Heaven forces them upon us, why not consider them as equals of women? Let's do away with the double standard. Accordingly, I propose recognition of the following baby stars: Wallace Beery, Jack Dempsey, Theodore Roberts, Ernest Torrence and Bull Montana.

They may not be as cute, but they are just as young and pretty as some of the Wampas babies.

ELINOR GLYN says that it is not so much her art that holds the public as her great personal magnetism. Elinor sleeps with her feet to the north and her head to the south, or vice versa, so as to be in harmony with the magnetic currents. She says that if a compass is placed in her sleeping chamber it will for a time point to the north but that eventually it will swing around and point toward her. I am willing to admit that Elinor may be more attractive than the North Pole, but I'm wondering just what the compass would do in, let us say, Corinne Griffith's chamber. Poor, mad little compass!

THE other day I asked the publicity *aide-de-camp* to Chaplin, how Charlie was getting along with his new comedy. "He's finished it," said the P. A. D. C. "Now he's writing it."

AT a social affair in the East, Elinor Glyn so embarrassed a young man by asking him if he were passionate that he had to leave the table to cool his blushes. She tried the line at a Hollywood party, directing the question, "Are you of a passionate nature?" at a hard-boiled director. He looked her straight in the eye and said, "Not now."

THE actors' favorite golf club in Hollywood has been closed on account of the hoof and mouth disease. No reflection upon Rex, the king of wild horses. He isn't even a member.

MOTORING out to the Goldwyn studio recently I was shocked to behold a banner across the street, in front of the studio, announcing "Fools' Highway." The Goldwyn people explained that it was an advertisement of a Universal picture. But I suspect Universal of a deep, ironic intent.

WHILE the Metro officials were tearing their hair over Rex Ingram's decision to quit the screen, Rex was busily engaged in learning to play the ukulele.

Alice Terry, his wife, called him by long distance from Hollywood to ask him what he intended to do. There were rumors that he might do "Ben Hur."

"For the love of Mike!" shouted Rex. "Listen, Alice dear. I want you to hear me play chords on the ukulele. I wish you could see it; it's a beautiful instrument."

The next evening Alice called him again on matters of business.

"Listen, Alice," shouted Rex. "I can play 'When the Lights Are Low.'"

Alice protested. "It's so silly and extravagant, Rex, to be playing a ukulele over long distance."

"Don't you want to hear me play?" wailed Rex in an aggrieved tone, whereupon he dropped the receiver and commenced thrumming laboriously. Central cut in every little while to ask Miss Terry if she had her party. Alice, becoming indignant, demanded to know if [CONTINUED ON PAGE 103]

What Tom's Pal Thinks of Him



George Ade was once heard to say, "If I was in a tight place I'd rather have Tommie Meighan by my side than any man alive," and John McCormack chipped in and said, "He's my favorite audience. God bless him." There is no man in pictures who has so many men friends. Statesmen, bankers, novelists, world-famous artists, waiters—all swear by him—and his loyalty to them is so deep and unswerving that it is a tribute to human nature

Above—Booth Tarkington, one of his most intimate friends, and Tom. Taken just before a golf battle. At right—A sketch of Tom in "The Alaskan," his next and, from reports, one of his best, pictures, drawn from life by James Montgomery Flagg—THE EDITOR

By Booth Tarkington

NOT long ago I walked across the exercise ground in Sing Sing prison with the warden and Thomas Meighan. There were shouts from the men who couldn't pass outside the walls, as we three fortunately could. "Hello, Tom!" they called, voluminously; and the voices were hearty and cordial, for they were greeting a man who had proved himself their friend. Meighan smiled and colored a little, pleased but shy. A little later, that afternoon, he was entreated "just to show himself" to a party of other visitors, and, blushing painfully and stammering, he declined the honor. The entreaty was urgently emphasized. The visitors knew he was present in the flesh and would be sorely disappointed if they didn't "even get a look at him." He literally ran away.

Of course that's one reason why we all like him so much. He is in the midst of one of the most conspicuously successful careers in the world today and his attitude, in reference to his success, is so little vainglorious that it might be called apologetic. And yet no one takes his work more seriously than he does; no one could work harder, more earnestly, or with a sharper anxiety to make his work worthy of the "best public favor."

Various manifestations have shown that he has indeed won, and holds securely, that "best public favor." He is more than a "vastly popular movie actor" and this is because his enormous public sees the *man* that he is as well as it sees the actor that he is.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



THE SIGNAL TOWER—Universal

THIS tale, by Wadsworth Camp, of an isolated signal tower in a desolate section of a mountain railroad, might easily be trite melodrama. In the hands of Director Clarence Brown it becomes a compelling story. Brown has given vitality to his characters through carefully built incident. They live and consequently their movements become real and holding. The director has touched upon the home life of a young towerman and his wife with keen insight. Then there is a derelict telegrapher, who comes to board with them. This man is no out and out scoundrel. He is just a happy-go-lucky oaf. Wallace Beery gives a striking characterization of this hulking wanderer, Rockcliffe Fellowes is excellent as the towerman-husband and Virginia Valli gives a compelling performance of his young wife.



THOSE WHO DANCE—First National

HERE is a compelling topical melodrama, moving through a maze of bootleggers, hijackers, police pursuit, gats and jazz. George Kibbe Turner's story has been developed into a thriller that holds, being well directed and admirably played, with almost the best cast of the year. It is the story of a young girl who sets out to save her young brother from the electric chair. He has been "framed" by bootleggers and the girl masquerades as a woman of the underworld to get the real evidence. Director Lambert Hillyer has developed his melodrama with consistency and a regard for the probabilities. Blanche Sweet is emotionally excellent as the girl who poses as a denizen of the half world. Even better is Bessie Love in a superb characterization of the bootlegging gang leader's flapper wife.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



THE SEA HAWK—First National

THIS romantic yarn by Rafael Sabatini—of the corsairs who swept the seven seas in the good old Elizabethan days—has reached the screen with considerable more vitality than most costume efforts of the silversheet. Indeed, "The Sea Hawk" achieves some genuinely fine moments.

The story itself is of conventional fibre. *Sir Oliver Tressilian* is kidnapped from his home and sweetheart through the machinations of his weak younger brother. He is sold as a galley slave, comes through many adventures, returns to kidnap his loved one just as she is being forced into a loveless marriage and becomes the terror of the Barbary Coast as the "hawk of the seas." Of course, he returns to England finally and to vindication and happiness. "The Sea Hawk" achieves its novelty through its maritime element. The hand-to-hand combats between the fighting ships of the day are done with spirit and skill by Director Frank Lloyd. These moments, in fact, seem to be the best he has given the screen since he made "The Tale of Two Cities."

These galley moments are remarkable. The huge battle craft with their masses of almost naked humanity chained to the oars, sweltering under the hot Mediterranean sun, are graphic in their realism. Here Milton Sills is at his best as *Sir Oliver*, a helpless prisoner chained to his task.

"The Sea Hawk" has varying qualities. It is too long. The sea battles tend to lose through repetition. But the picture has strength and holds the interest. Mr. Sills has the fattest rôle of the screen year as the *Hawk* and he probably does as well as any one in the films could with the part. It never falls below being adequate, anyway. There are times when Wallace Beery comes very close to stealing the picture in the serio-comic rôle of a freebooting scoundrel.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

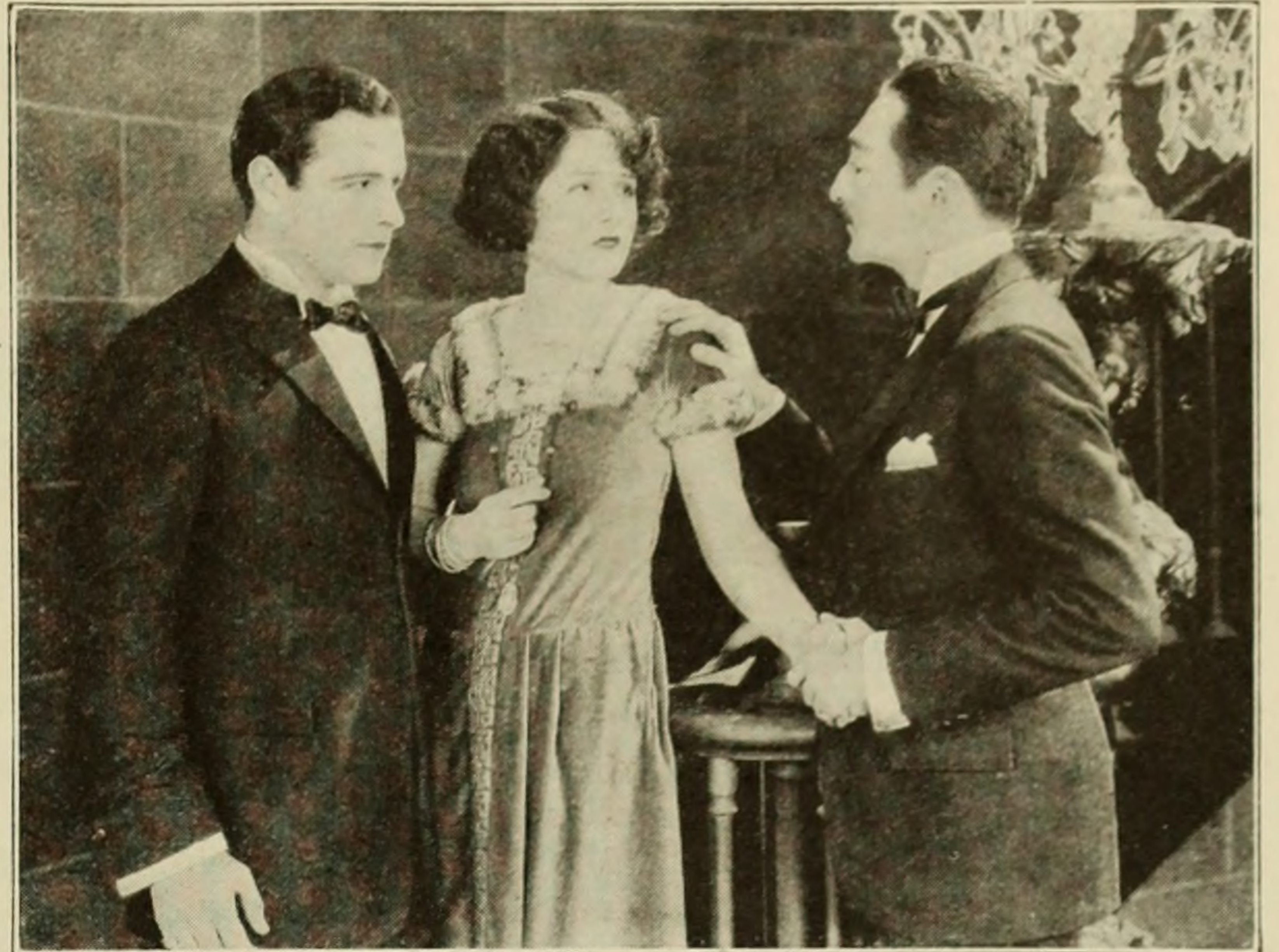
The Six Best Pictures of the Month

THE SEA HAWK THE SIGNAL TOWER
WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND
THOSE WHO DANCE THE BEDROOM WINDOW
BROADWAY AFTER DARK

The Six Best Performances of the Month

NOAH BEERY in "Wanderer of the Wasteland"
BESSIE LOVE in "Those Who Dance"
MILTON SILLS in "The Sea Hawk"
ADOLPHE MENJOU in "Broadway After Dark"
WALLACE BEERY in "The Signal Tower"
WILLARD LEWIS in "Broadway After Dark"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 121



BROADWAY AFTER DARK—Warner

ANOTHER humanized melodrama reflecting the effect of "A Woman of Paris." Indeed, this old timer by Owen Davis was filmed by Monta Bell, who was Chaplin's directorial assistant. Just the story of a bored and jaded boulevardier of Broadway who seeks a new thrill by introducing a theatrical boarding house slavey to his strata of gay society. Bell has carefully detailed his characters. They are all varyingly good and bad by turns, each with his or her foibles. Between Bell and Adolphe Menjou, who plays him, the bachelor boulevardier becomes an absorbing character. Menjou invests him with his usual poise and finesse. Norma Shearer does her best work thus far as the slavey who dons fine feathers, and Willard Lewis again makes a subordinate figure, of a down-and-out actor, stand out.



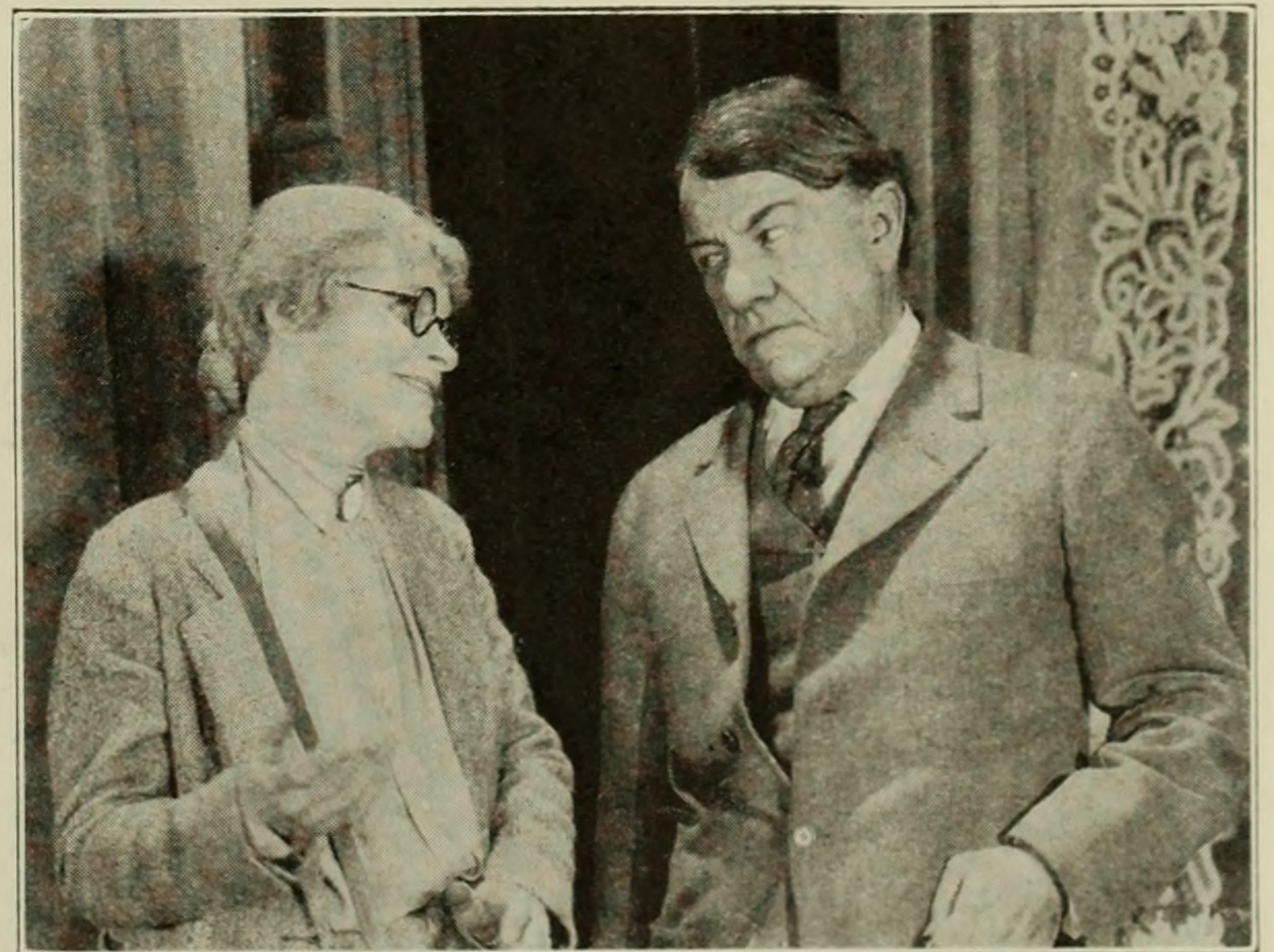
WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND—Paramount

THIS visualization of Zane Grey's romance, filmed in natural colors in and about Death Valley, is of unusual significance. Not that the making of photoplays in colors has arrived—yet. But "Wanderer of the Wasteland" is the most interesting step away from the black-and-white.

This film, done by the Technicolor process, catches the remarkable natural colorings of the arid American desert in a way that is, at times, breath taking in its beauty. There are scores of dazzling camera shots, notably one of the characters with a background of drifting sands and blue skies. Color photography—if it is perfected—is likely to bring about a complete readjustment of values, in photography, in make-up, and so on.

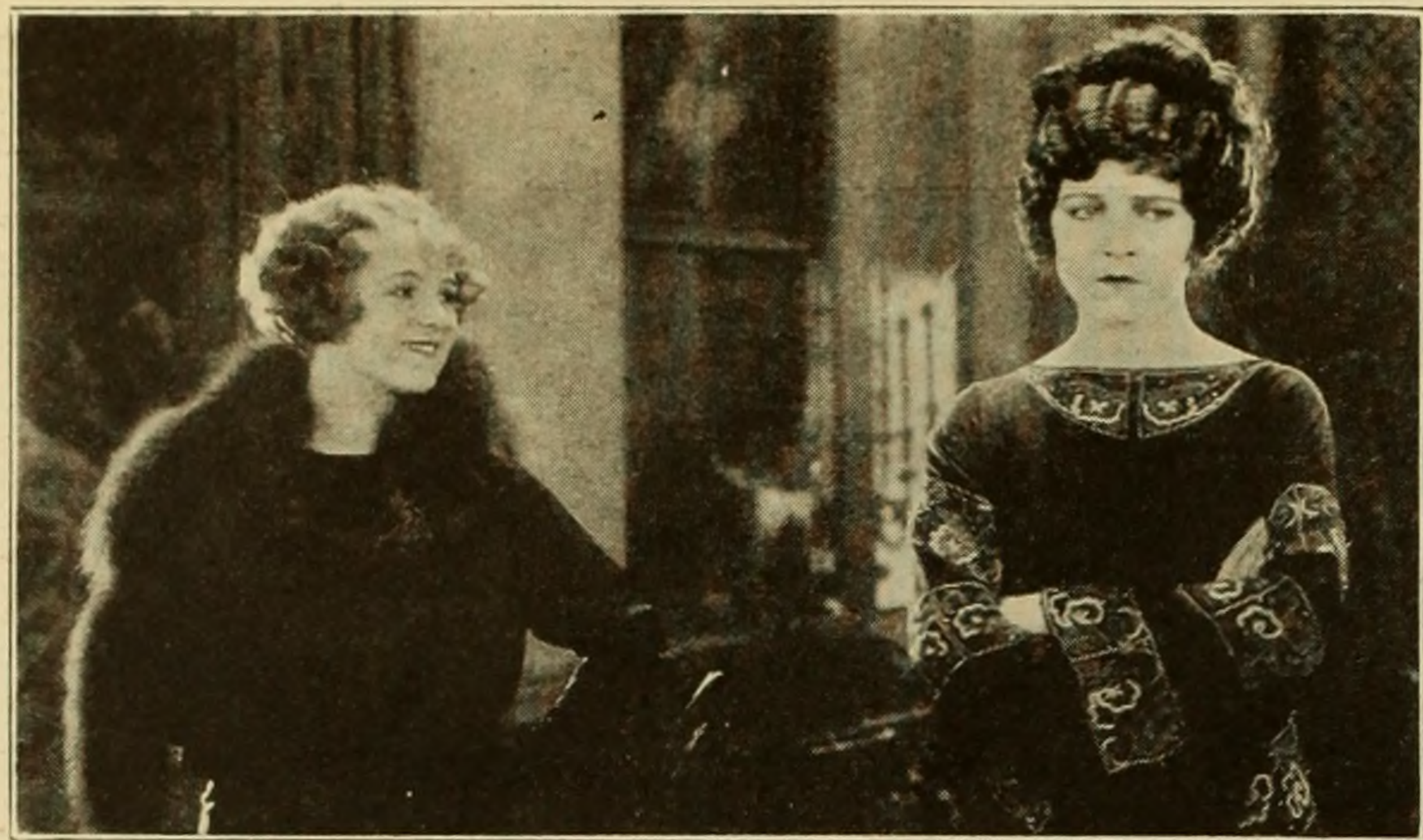
This story of Zane Grey is more or less indifferent. Adam Larey, a young pioneer prospector, becomes involved in a fight with his ne'er-do-well brother and accidentally kills him, or so it seems at the moment. Larey flees into the desert, has many narrow escapes and finally comes to live with an old miner. Still believing himself a hunted man, he pushes on to California. There Larey finds the girl he has loved and decides to go back to face the authorities. But a return discloses the fact that the old settlement has passed away. Then, too, his brother is still alive. So Larey pushes on again to California—and the girl.

"Wanderer of the Wasteland" is directed in a workmanlike way by Irvin Willat, who deserves great credit. It is well played, particularly by Noah Beery, who makes the figure of the happy-go-lucky old prospector a graphic one. Here is a pioneer to take his place beside Ernest Torrence's famous old guide of the plains. It is a fine performance in every way. Jack Holt is excellent, too.



THE BEDROOM WINDOW—Paramount

A WEALTHY old man is found dead in his apartment. Close to an open window is the revolver used by the murderer. The servants swear no one has left the room. There seems to have been no way to gain entrance by the window. That is the mystery upon which the story is based. "The Bedroom Window," by the way, is strongly reminiscent of "Grumpy," also done in celluloid by William de Mille. In place of the testy old criminal lawyer who ferrets out the crime is a quaint old maid author of detective stories who solves the mystery. Mr. de Mille has told his story in an interesting way, adroitly shifting suspicion from one character to another for three-quarters of the way. Ethel Wales steals the picture as the maiden writer of mystery yarns. A pretty adequate cast.



THE TURMOIL—Universal

THIS Booth Tarkington story of family relationship in a small middle Western town had interesting possibilities. The family is dominated by a self made captain of industry and comes to disintegration through the corrosion typical of an ill-adjusted household. Director Hobart Henley succeeds passably. He has one big scene, where the head of the house enters the barber shop oblivious to the tragic death of his son.



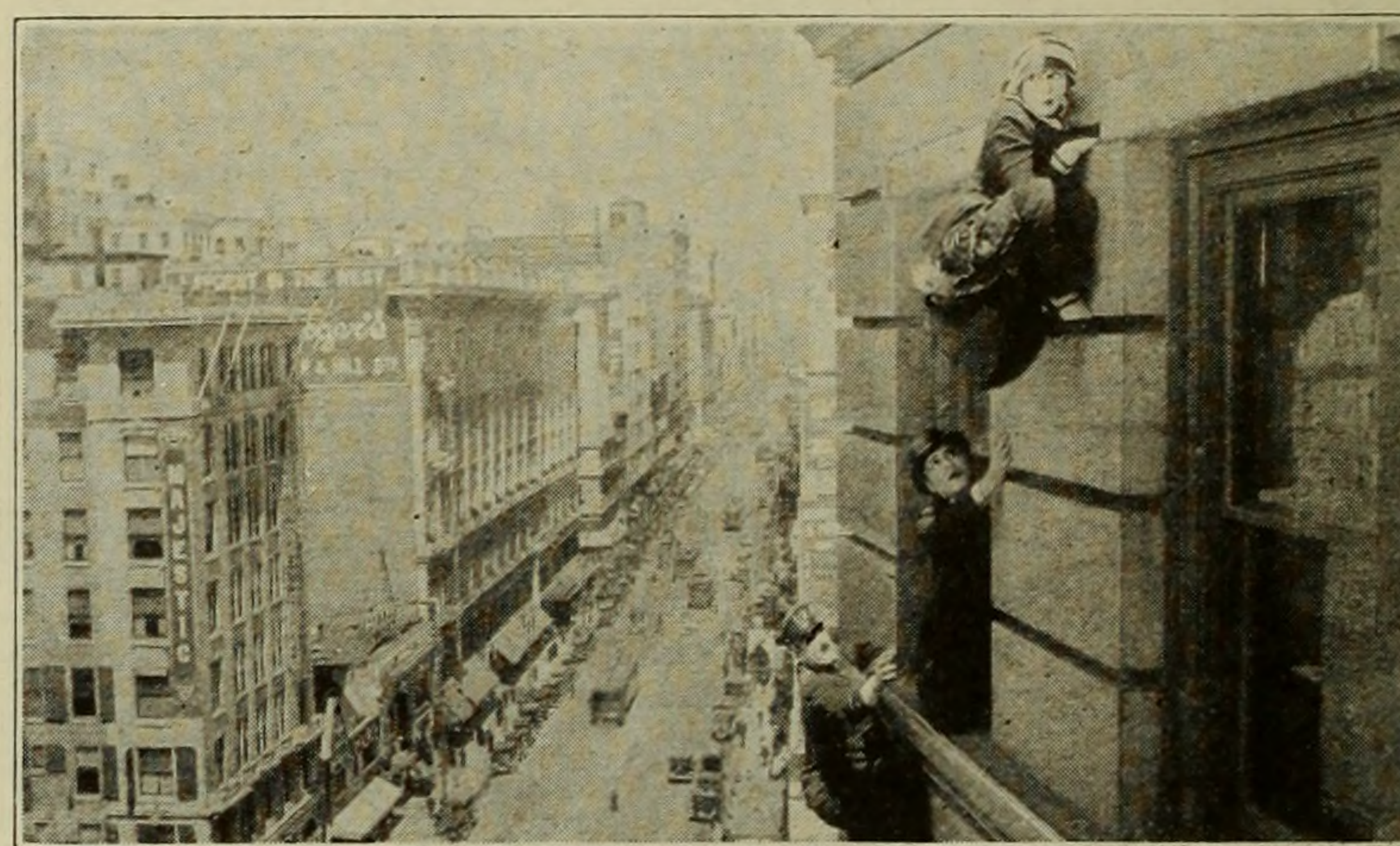
WHY MEN LEAVE HOME—First National

AN Avery Hopwood farce done seriously. A man, who has just re-married, finds himself quarantined in a house with his ex-wife, whom he still loves. He finds his way out of his emotional predicament considerably wiser. Lewis Stone is again the recreant husband and again gives a fine performance. Helene Chadwick is likable as the ex-wife and Alma Bennett is the garish siren-stenog. Title is a bait.



THE WHITE MOTH—First National

THIS story, written by Izola Forrester and directed by Maurice Tourneur, is both garish and tawdry. Another hero tries to save his younger brother from a footlight vamp, only to lose his own heart to the gal, who, after all, is true and fine. Dull with frequent directorial lapses of good taste and some bad acting by Barbara La Marr as the *White Moth* of the Paris music halls.



HOLD YOUR BREATH—Hodkinson

DOROTHY DEVORE impersonates the human fly *a la* Harold Lloyd. You remember the human fly—he used to scale walls, climb up sides of hotels, apartment houses and skyscrapers. With Walter Hiers as a corpulent foil, Dorothy certainly does keep us guessing, and laughing. It is an amusing film—this sort usually is. Al Christie and Scott Sidney have contrived funny situations.



MIAMI—Hodkinson

ANOTHER flapper who jeopardizes her future with jazz, flicker on the hip and playful philandering with the villain. Betty Compson is the gal who dares in a one-piece bathing suit—but finally comes through unscathed, although it takes a squad of revenue officers to get the scoundrel and his gang of bootleggers. The story doesn't stand analysis and Miss Compson's work isn't particularly good.



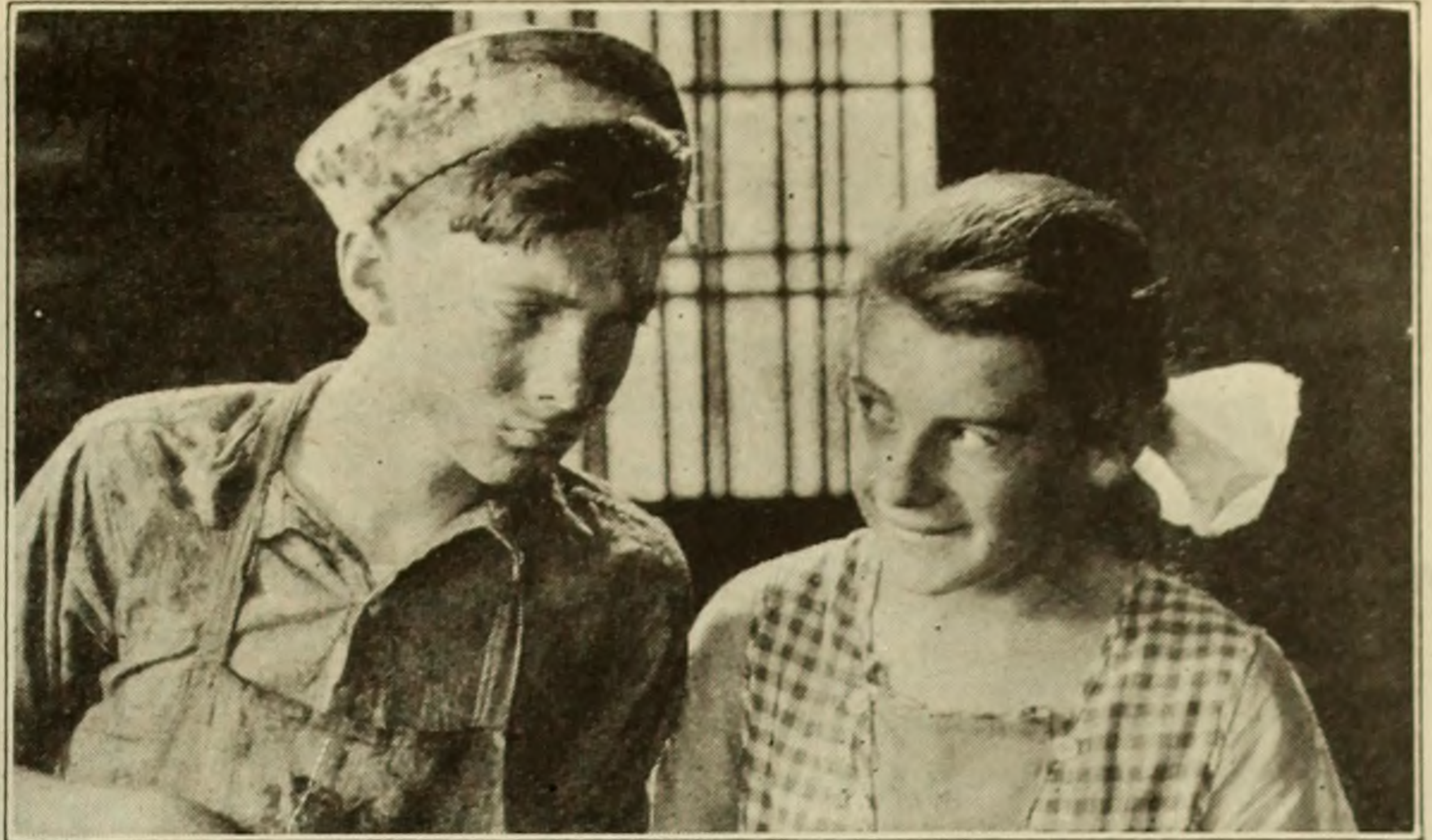
THE FIRE PATROL—Chadwick

CALCULATED to stampede the smaller theaters where Chokum is accepted on face value. Not the romance of a fireman, as you might expect, but the story of a coast guard. An old time melodrama with an effort at every sort of film thrill crowded in—and then some. A cast of well known players with Madge Bellamy as the persecuted heroine and Helen Jerome Eddy giving the outstanding performance.



THE GAIETY GIRL—Universal

ONE of these English pictures with the old castle and proud people strangely mixed with the hoi polloi. Mary Philbin is charming, as always, but has little chance to display any real acting ability. The action is slow and the plot poorly constructed. Story revolves about the efforts to keep the old castle in the family. The noble hero, the villain who weds the heroine, the unknissed bride—all are here.



THE PRINTER'S DEVIL—Warner Brothers

WESLEY BARRY, "the little boy with freckles," is growing up, but he is still irresistible. Wesley here proves himself somewhat of a hero after a number of misunderstandings and accusations. The lives of small boys, like the course of true love, never runs smoothly on or off the screen. Harry Myers supplies comedy, and with the likable Wesley, this is worth an evening at your local theater.



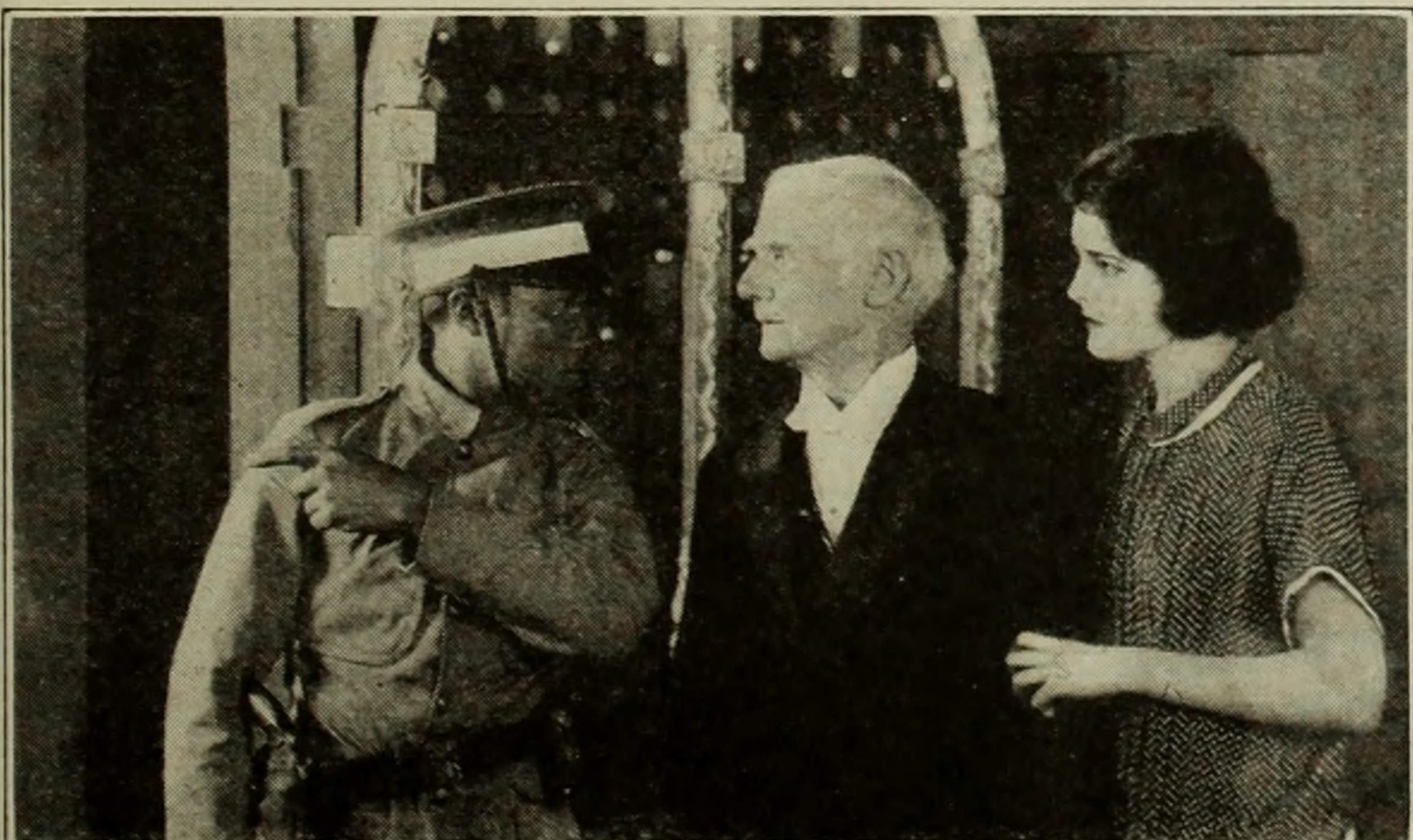
THE RECKLESS AGE—Universal

SLAPSTICK in Harry Pollard's best manner. Built on impossible situations but amusing in spite of it all. Reginald Denny is very much in evidence as an insurance man who falls in love with his firm's client, thereby threatening a breach of honor. It is all a lot of fun though inconsequential, and granted you are not a highbrow you won't be bored. Ruth Dwyer is the little gal.



DAUGHTERS OF PLEASURE—Principal

HARDLY for the family audience. Father, if you please, takes to giving pearl necklaces to his daughter's school chum. Give these middle aged philanderers an inch—and you know what happens. Daughter hands him a fine going over, and it is embarrassing for every one. The cast is excellent: Marie Prevost the daughter, Monte Blue her best beau, Clara Bow the chum, and Wilfred Lucas the gay papa.



FIGHTING AMERICAN—Universal

CARL LAEMMLE begs you not to take this seriously. You won't! It is a comedy born of sheer nonsense and if you happened to be temperamentally inclined for lively entertainment here it is. This is a prize-winning story about a youth whose college record arouses parental ire and who lands himself in China. Pat O'Malley is the hero, Mary Astor, the girl, and Warner Oland a magnificent Chinaman.



WOMAN ON THE JURY—First National

HERE is Lew Cody as a gay philanderer yclept Peter Pan. One of his victims kills him. On the jury is another victim who has kept silent. And, on the jury, too, is this girl's sweetheart. The prisoner is about to be convicted when the other girl tells her story to her fellow jurymen, even though it may kill her happiness. Verdict: not guilty! Hardly for the whole family. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 88]



Though she doesn't know who Hedda Gabler is, and would like to get a glimpse of Pola Negri, Jobyna Ralston has certainly arrived in pictures



"Not good for little girls," says the physical instructor of the above exercise. But Jobyna isn't deterred by that

The Discovery of Jobyna Ralston

Out of the Tennessee hills, the direct lineal descendant of an Easter rabbit, says—

Herbert Howe

HAROLD LLOYD may be girl shy but he's some picker. That's the general sentiment of male observers of Miss Jobyna Ralston, the latest pupil to blossom under Prof. Lloyd's spectacled tutelage.

A man with an eye like the Professor's doesn't need any glass in his horn rims.

His charm school is more exclusive than Prof. Sennett's, hence it has not graduated as many damsels, but everyone has been a winner.

There was Bebe Daniels. She was so good De Mille featured her.

Then Mildred Davis. She was so good the Professor married her.

Now Jobyna.

Jobyna is from South Pittsburg, Tennessee, suh! Town of eight hundred inhabitants, suh!

Jobyna is just eighteen. I suspect she's fibbing about her age. She must be all of twelve.

She's a *demi-tasse*, a *bon bon*, a direct lineal descendant of an Easter rabbit, a twitchy, sensitive midget who plays hand ball with her hair flying, rides to location on a motorcycle with the cop, belongs to "Our Club" and gets pop-eyed thrills out of matinees.

"Oh, I was goin' to dress for you. Oh, oh!" she gasped, looking at the press agent in a timorous panic. "I was just goin' to. Maybe I better had now. I could. Of course, I hate dressin' up like a church, but I could . . . I was goin' to."

She was in a middy outfit, duck trousers, white sweater, a ribbon around her head and a hand-ball mitt on one hand.

She fluttered around her dressing room and finally alighted on a straight mahogany chair, her hands thrust determinedly

between her knees, as if to picket herself down. "Goodness, I should have dressed!"

We assured her that the outfit suited the Tennessean accent and personality. Her eyelashes fluttered hopefully. She smiled. She hitched her feet under her and clutched the toes of her tennis shoes.

I complimented her upon her work in "Girl Shy."

"Glad you liked it," she breathed. "I cried all through the picture. I was scared. They wanted me to act. Always, before, I had just run around and been myself. But they wanted me to act. I thought they were making an awful mistake. Now the papers say I'm better when I'm serious. Funny. I'm not naturally serious."

She unfurled herself and let her feet dangle from the chair, her hands under her. Suddenly she shot me a startled glance.

"Who is Hedda Ga—a-bler—Hedda Gabler?" she asked. "Some reviewer said I was like her. Who is she?"

I explained that she was a character in an Ibsen play, a neurasthenic lady who drove her lover to suicide and then shot herself.

"O—O—Oh!" gulped Jobyna. "I'm not like that!" Then pathetically, "Oh, I reckon they were making fun of me! Wern't they?"

"How in the world did you ever happen to leave South Pittsburg?" I asked suddenly of the incredible bunny-like person.

"Oh, I dunno," replied the bunny-person, "I always wanted to 'mount to somethin'. Mother was a good sport. She was willin', so we went to New York and I went on the stage. I couldn't do anything," she flashed apologetically, "'cept dance a little, but not good. I went to Ned Wayburn's school and he put me in 'Two Little Girls in Blue.'" [CONT'D ON PAGE 120]

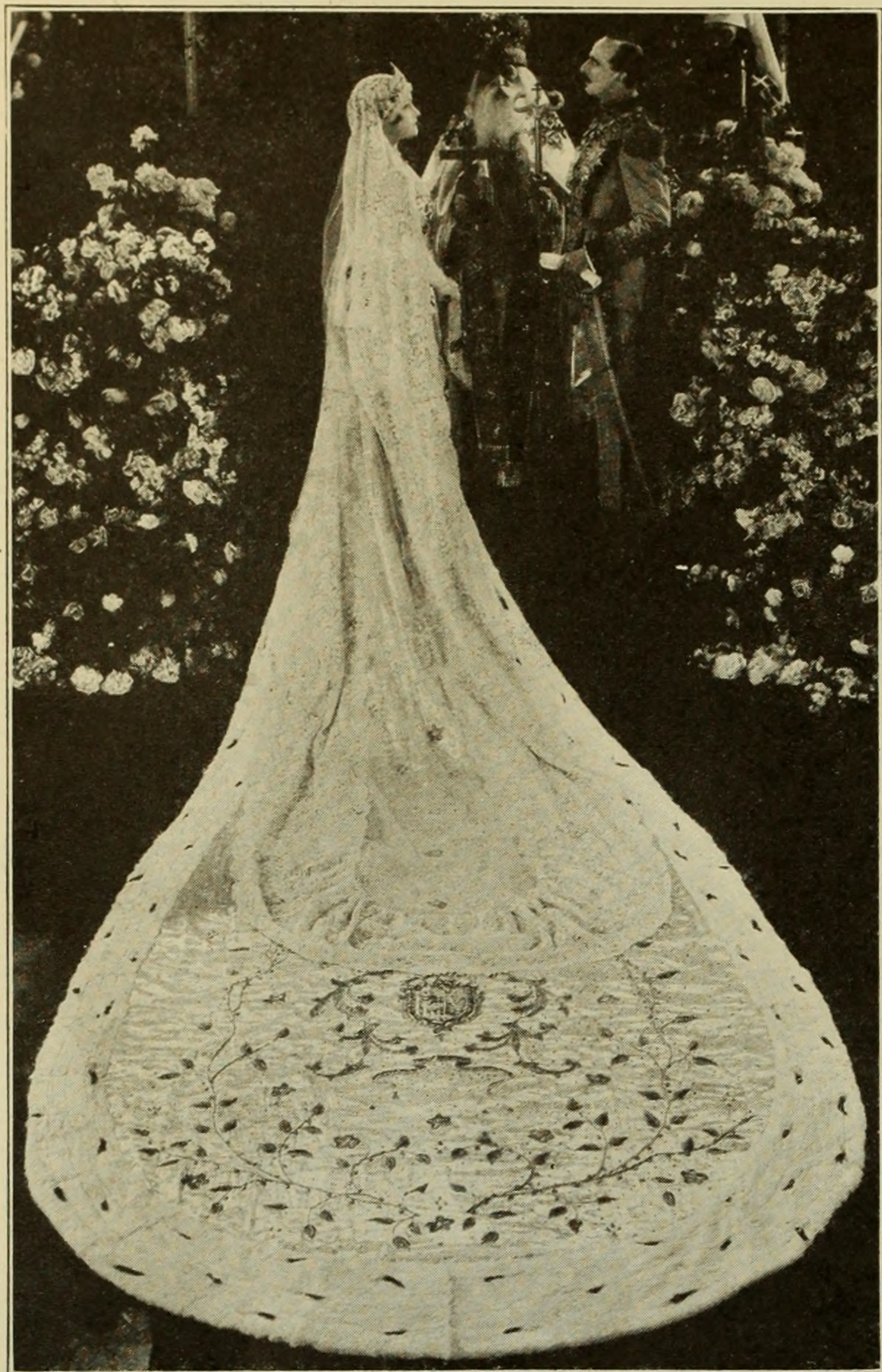


A PPEARANCES are often deceiving, but if Doug isn't saying something sweet right in Mary's ear, what in the world is she smiling for? Looks as if the perennial honeymooners are still honeymooning. And just think! They've been married more than five years. Who said matrimony is the end of romance! The photograph was posed especially for PHOTOPLAY.

Studio News

By Cal York

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



When a queen marries. Gloria Swanson wears this \$100,000 wedding outfit—gold, jewels, coronet—in "Her Love Story"

THE first day that Agnes Ayres appeared at the Famous Players-Lasky studio on Long Island to play her part in "The Story Without a Name," which is running serially in PHOTOPLAY, she created a sensation. It was her first appearance in New York after a long sojourn in California and never had any seen her look so radiantly beautiful. The little leading woman of the great radio romance at once became the center of interest. Word passed from set to set, in the mysterious way that words do pass around in a huge studio, that "Agnes looks simply stunning." Everybody had to "have a look," and "everybody" included all in the studio from messenger boys to stars of the first magnitude. Those who know her rushed up to welcome her and express their admiration. Others simply revealed their good wishes by admiring glances cast in her direction. It was a triumph for the dainty beauty and a tribute that could be expected from movie people to one of their own. All of which goes to prove that they are a pretty human, kindly lot of individuals after all.

HERE is a secret that will surprise the "hard-boiled." Antonio Moreno suffers from stage fright. The leading man of "The Story Without a Name," the \$5,000 PHOTOPLAY radio romance, was the unhappiest man on the entire Atlantic Coast the first day of filming the picture at the Famous Players-

Lasky studio in Astoria, L. I. He was game, though, and waited through a long day until the set was ready for the camera.

"It seems that I'll never get over it," confided the dashing hero of the screen. "It never lasts longer than the first 'take,' but that is long enough. In every picture I have ever made I always suffer on the first day. Then I forget it. Look at my hands."

He held them out for inspection, and they were almost purple. They trembled from cold. And it was a rare, warm spring day. But he didn't display any prima donna temperament. He, as his friends know, is too much of a real he-man for that. He had arrived at the studio ready for work at nine A. M., but it was not until five in the afternoon that the first "shot" was taken. Moreno sat around watching radio experts, electricians, carpenters and mechanics altering and perfecting the tower scene under Director Irvin Willat. Despite the long, irksome wait he was patient even if stage fright did grip him.

"If somebody could only invent a way to dodge the first day and start making the picture on the second he would confer a great boon on me," said Moreno.

IRVIN WILLAT, director of "The Story Without A Name" which is in the making by Famous Players-Lasky for early fall release, got a pleasant surprise on the very first



All the privacy of a goldfish! Enid Bennett penning a few words to husband Fred Niblo between the scenes of "The Sea Hawk." Milton Sills and Wallace Beery have a few suggestions to offer

and Gossip East and West

day of making the picture. Antonio Moreno, who plays the hero, furnished the surprise. Willat was directing a small army of radio experts, electricians and carpenters in completing the set in the tower scene where the hero perfects his great radio device for Uncle Sam.

Moreno was all eyes and ears. Every time a wire was changed Moreno wanted to know all about it. Finally Willat noticed Moreno's deep interest. Few stars show any concern in the pure mechanics of a set, but Moreno was different, and Willat asked for an explanation.

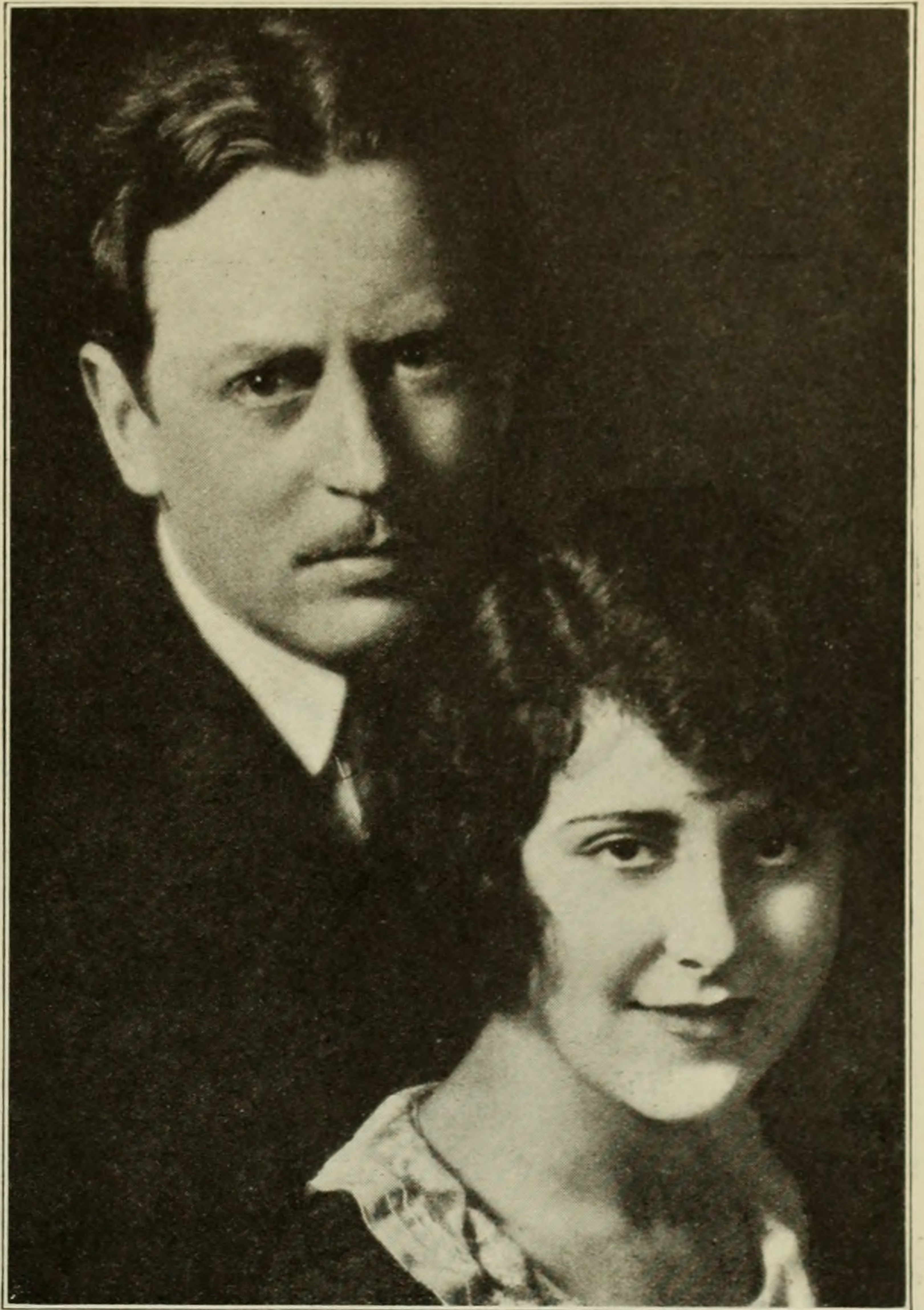
"Well, I have a house on a hill a thousand feet high in Hollywood," said Moreno. "I installed a radio set in my bedroom and figured from that height I could get any station anywhere at any time. I fool with it every night I am there but sometimes I can't get the station I want. I've called in experts to help me out but you can bet your life after I'm through with this picture I won't have to."

And Willat was tickled to know that he had a real radio fan to play the part of a reel radio fan.

THERE isn't anything right now in Hollywood more delightful than Florence Vidor's tennis teas. Florence's new court, surrounded by eucalyptus trees and looking out across the lovely Hollywood hills, is a joy in itself. But Florence gets together the most delightful crowds of tennis enthusiasts, and a lot of equally enthusiastic watchers who know how to applaud good play, and afterward gives them tea in her big, cool dining room.

On Sundays, you will usually find Fred Niblo and Enid Bennett, and her beautiful blonde sister, Kath Bennett, there, and they all play corking tennis. In competition, they have Howard and Kenneth Hawks, both tournament players of note, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Meredith, Irving Thalberg, Douglas MacLean, Laurette Taylor and Jack McDermott.

The other afternoon Florence had a delightful tennis tea, and those who played were: Mrs. Thomas H. Ince, ZaSu Pitts, Enid Bennett, Mrs. Charles Meredith, Mrs. Douglas MacLean, Ann May, and a number of others.



A married looking picture! However, they're not, but Matt Moore and Patsy Ruth Miller are reported engaged



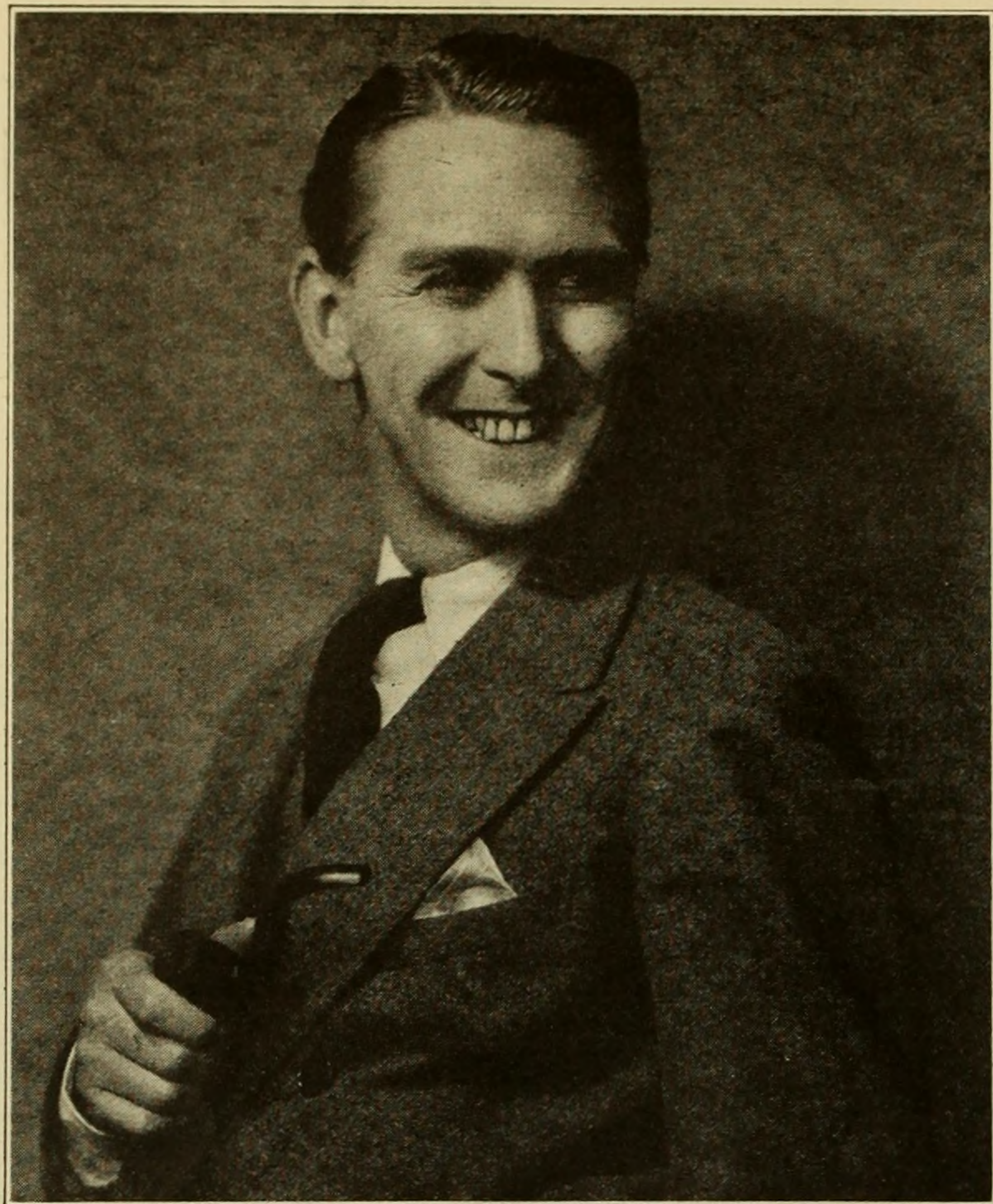
"You wretch!" says Merton Pettingill—otherwise Glenn Hunter—registering scorn for the dummy "villain." He now steps from his stage triumph, "Merton of the Movies," to the screen version

TRAGEDY, in its most dramatic guise, stalked into the theater of The Writers Club in Hollywood on a recent night and, while behind the footlights make-believe joys and sorrows were being enacted, wrote in stark reality a drama more amazing and more heart-breaking than any ever conceived by the world-famous playwrights who sat in the audience.

On the stage, Frank Keenan, great character actor of stage and screen, presented a strange little comedy in which he portrayed the rôle of a drunken newspaperman. During the progress of the piece there was a slight disturbance in the audience, but none paid any attention to it, so engrossed were they in the story unfolding upon the stage. The play moved on to its climax where Keenan, having just heard that his play had at last been accepted by a great New York manager, looks at the picture of his dead wife and says, "What's the use? What does any of it amount to—fame or money—without her?"

He came off the stage, the applause of the crowd still ringing in his ears, those words scarcely off his lips, to be met by a white-faced friend, to be led to the dressing-room where his beloved wife, whom he had left happy and laughing in the audience, lay dying. He came just in time to kneel down beside her, his grease-paint still on his face, and hear her whispered words of farewell before she passed away.

Mrs. Keenan had been taken ill during the



This happy picture of Percy Marmont is offered as a novelty. Since he played the tragedy of Mark Sabre in "If Winter Comes" the photographers have kept him brooding and sad



What motor cop could do his duty here? Miss Anita Stewart, from a scene in "Celebritytypes," the new picture series showing "Famous People as You Seldom See Them"

performance of her husband's little play. She had gone to the club, attended a dinner party, and sat through the comedies that preceded her husband's act in the best of spirits. The audience was a brilliant and elegantly dressed one. Norma Talmadge and her mother, with a party of guests, were there. Jeanie MacPherson, a special friend of the Keenans, had a party which included a number of well known authors. Mary O'Connor was entertaining a party of celebrities. When Mrs. Keenan, feeling suddenly faint, asked her escort to help her out, she did it quietly, not to disturb anyone. As they walked along the aisle, she suddenly collapsed. Death was due to cerebral hemorrhage.

DOUBLY weird was the coincidence of the following play. A play of horror, translated from the French, its theme the attempt of a girl's father, a famous scientist, to revive her after death by means of electrical currents. The audience was shocked several times as the supposedly dead woman lay on the table on the stage, beneath a ghastly light, while the father and lover tried to bring her back, to hear terrible groans that filled the theater. They seemed actually to strike terror to every heart, and one woman fainted.

No one knew until the next day that those groans came from the dying woman in the dressing room just outside the auditorium.

The Keenans had been married for many years, and Mrs. Keenan leaves two daughters, one the wife of an army officer, the other married to Ed Wynne, famous Broadway comedian. Their devotion to each other was proverbial in the theater and all Hollywood mourns the passing of the motherly, wise, happy little Irish woman. They called her "Mother Keenan," many of them, and went to her for advice and comfort.

Expressions of deepest sympathy have gone to Frank Keenan from the entire theatrical profession.

FIVE years ago they fired her because they thought fifteen dollars a week was too much money.

The other day she sat in the same office, in the same chair, and signed a contract that called for twenty-five hundred dollars a week for her services on the same lot where they had once refused her fifteen.

That's what happened to Alice Terry, of Hollywood.

When the Goldwyn studios were the Triangle studios, at Culver City, there was a little girl named Alice Taafe who



They say that seats are reserved along the beach at Venice, California, for Alberta Vaughan's daily stroll. Her girlish figure, 'tis whispered, is insured. She is the young comedienne of "The Telephone Series"

worked as an extra for fifteen dollars a week. But retrenchment was in order and the powers that be of the Triangle organization decided that fifteen dollars a week for Alice Taafe was too much money. So they called her in and told her she was through.

Now, Miss Alice Terry has been signed by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company for the lead in "The Great Divide," and they didn't think it too much to pay her for a single week what the old salary wouldn't have brought her in four years.

That's the way things sometimes happen in the pictures.

It's funny to remember what possibilities existed in the extra ranks of the old Triangle lot. If they had been developed or realized by the men in charge, a fortune would have been theirs. Gloria Swanson was a comedy girl at twenty-five a week, Alice Terry at fifteen, Alma Rubens wasn't getting so much, though she was a star, Ann Forrest was in stock at twenty-five a week, Rudy Valentino was trying to get work there in a picture of Texas Guinan's, but they couldn't see him. And these are but a few instances.

RESEMBLANCES are amusing things, and sometimes one person will see them where another can't.

But one of the most striking likenesses that has ever been seen in Hollywood is that of Estelle Taylor to Mabel Normand, and everybody who knew Mabel a few years ago agrees upon it. To sit and talk with Estelle for an hour is a startling experience to anyone who knew Mabel Normand in the old days. Estelle has the same sparkling black eyes, the same coloring and contour, the same black curls and many of the same mannerisms.

Mabel says it makes her feel funny to look at Estelle.

HOLLYWOOD, at least the feminine portion of it, is much excited over a new leading man who has recently arrived. Ronald Coleman, who played opposite Lillian Gish in "The White Sister," may be credited with causing more thrills in the blase bosoms of Hollywood's beauties and stars than any other man has done for years. He is now working in "Tarnish" with May McAvoy, and he is certainly vying with Jack Dempsey as a target for the fair sex.

One well known scenario writer told me that she sat through "The White Sister" three times in a row just to see Coleman's love scenes.

Naturally, producers are watching all this with interested eyes and are clamoring for his services. The funny part of it is that young Coleman came out to Hollywood from New York several years ago and tried to break into pictures. He made the rounds and offered his excellent record as a stage actor, and everybody politely yawned and told him he wasn't a screen type



Is there anybody in this world who, at some time in his life, never stuck his tongue out in derisive fashion? Farina is doing a mighty good job of this ancient pastime.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has been sued for \$50,000 by Leo Loeb, a soldier in the marine barracks at Fort Misslin, Pennsylvania, on the grounds that Chaplin's great comedy, "Shoulder Arms," was based upon [CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]



Catherine Bennett is worthy of note, for she has no ambitions to emulate her older sister, Enid, and be a moving picture celebrity. She has time, though, to change her mind.



Young and sweet and appealing, Gloria, the chameleon-like, takes on another personality in "Her Love Story," and a new leading man in Ian Keith.

Photoplay Finds Mary Fuller

Eight years ago she deliberately disappeared. Photoplay found her living in seclusion, and now she's coming back to the screen

By Frederick James Smith

IT required exactly three months of continuous search to locate Mary Fuller. For eight years, since 1916, she has been living in seclusion, cut off from the thousands of motion picture followers who had loved her from the early Edison pioneer days.

It was no easy task to find Miss Fuller. She had covered every possible clue to her whereabouts. Yet the hundreds of letters inquiring about the ex-star, which had come to PHOTOPLAY in the last few years, made James R. Quirk, the editor, more anxious than ever to locate her.

During my search for the pathfinding stars, related in the last issue of PHOTOPLAY, I maintained a careful watch for any clues about the one time Edison star. Finally, in California, a player, once a member of her company, said that he believed Miss Fuller to be living in Washington, D. C.

There was nothing to verify this, however. A search of the District of Columbia directories and city telephone books for years failed to reveal her. The industry itself, carefully combed, could not verify this, nor, indeed, could it give up a single clue. Mary Fuller was forgotten—except by the fans.

So I went to Washington. "If she's there, find her," were the final editorial instructions.

In Washington I first searched the newspaper files and records but these gave no mention of Miss Fuller. Nor could any of the Washington newspaper men recall her, save one. An old copy desk man on *The Star* remembered that, years before, Miss Fuller had a relative who was a head of a business school on the southwest corner of 11th and New York avenue. This, at least, was something. Miss Fuller had lived in Washington, anyway.

But the business school had long ceased to exist and a public building now stood on the corner. No one in the district could recall the school and a visit to other business schools was equally futile.

This clue exhausted, I turned to the local film exchanges. Most of these officials, however, did not even remember Miss Fuller. Then I tried the Washington exhibitors. In the office of Tom Moore I learned again that Miss Fuller had lived in Washington, at the home of her mother, then residing at Vermont avenue and Q street, N. W. Also I learned that her mother was a widow and that the Fullers were of Irish antecedents, both important clues, as it developed.

A visit to the old home revealed that it was now in the heart of a negro district. Moreover, no one remembered the Fullers in the neighborhood. So I turned back to the District of Columbia directory.

I decided to try all the seemingly likely Fullers in Washington, selecting as far as I could widows with Christian names of a Celtic flavor.

Second on my list was
Nora M. Fuller (wid. Miles)
h. 4933 Conduit Road, N. W.

A visit to this address, located in the remote reaches of the city, required a search of over an hour, even for an experienced capital taxi driver. It was evening, about 9:30 o'clock, and very dark.

Finally, I found the place. It is an old fashioned house, located some distance from the road, on a high bank and reached by a long flight of stone steps. The property, of con-

siderable size, overlooks the city reservoir ravine.

I knocked at the door and a woman of middle age responded. When I saw her I knew my search was ended. She resembled Mary Fuller remarkably. Across, on a small table, I noted a velvet tam, such as Miss Fuller used to wear in motion pictures.

I stated my errand—that PHOTOPLAY was seeking Mary Fuller—and Mrs. Fuller admitted that she was the ex-star's mother.

"How did you find us?" she asked in amazement. "Mary has been so careful to cover every avenue of search. Even her bankers and lawyers, in New York, were instructed to keep her address a secret."

I was ushered into the living room, where two portraits of Miss Fuller, taken in the Edison days, alone revealed the fact of the presence of the actress.

Still, even the telling of my three months' search failed to move Mrs. Fuller. It would be impossible to see Miss Fuller that night. She had not revealed her identity to anyone in years. Tomorrow, maybe. Would I telephone at 9:30 in the morning?

Fearing that Miss Fuller would probably decline to see me, I taxied to the house the next morning.

"That wasn't fair," Mrs. Fuller expostulated in greeting me. "Mary was going to talk to you over the 'phone. Still, you've earned an interview. I'll find out if she will see you."

While I waited I gazed about. Gardeners were at work in the big yard. The old house, with its big rose trellised porch, was a quaint haven of seclusion. It seemed cruel to tear Miss Fuller away from all this.

After what seemed an interminable delay, I heard someone coming down stairs. Turning, I saw

Mary Fuller for the first time in ten years, for the first time since I had interviewed her at the old Edison studios.

She was very little changed. I felt that time had passed her by, until I stopped to realize that she is still in her early thirties, thirty-three to be exact.

Ten years had passed—and yet there she was before me almost exactly as I had last seen her. She was even wearing a wide ribbon about her hair just as I last remembered her. Exactly as before, too, it accentuated her brown eyes—large and untroubled. Somehow she seemed to fit the strangely old fashioned room. Even the roses outside the windows oddly fitted the picture.

"I should be angry with you," she began. "You have destroyed the barrier I have built up so carefully."

"When I left pictures, back in 1916, I felt that I had gone as far as I could, with my knowledge and viewpoint of that time. I didn't want to go backward—so I quit! I never intended it as a definite withdrawal. I have always planned to come back and, now that you have found me, I can tell you that my return to films will be soon."

"Why did you hide yourself away so carefully?" I asked.

"I wanted to rest, forget and study. I was very fortunate in the old days. Salaries were not like those of today, but I invested all my money—and invested it carefully. I am comfortably fixed—financially, at least—for the rest of my life. I never need worry on that score.

"I have made several trips about [CONTINUED ON PAGE 125]



Campbell

THIS new portrait of Mary Fuller verifies what Mr. Smith says on the opposite page:
"Years had passed, and yet there she was before me almost exactly as I last saw her"



Waxman

THIS piquant young lady, Miss Thelma Hill, illustrates two good reasons why she is in the movies. The Mah Jongg costume is just the photographer's idea of painting the lily. She is occupied in improving the scenery around a Mack Sennett bathing beach



MAKE-UP has made beauties out of plain women but Cecille Evans, Mack Sennett bathing beauty, stands squarely on her own claims to fame. She is the owner of the "\$100,000 legs" that are frequently substituted



Waxman

WHEN Director Frank Lloyd made his classic, "A Tale of Two Cities," five years ago, PHOTOPLAY glimpsed her in a little scene with William Farnum, and proclaimed her a future star. As Adela Rogers St. John points out, she's more than arrived

Why Has Florence Vidor Become the Toast of Hollywood?

A YEAR ago Florence Vidor was a wallflower beauty. Today she is the toast of Hollywood.

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

But for a screen beauty, it might be serious. There was no lure in Florence's eyes, no false promise in her smile, no sense-stirring provocation in the lines of

And everybody wants to know how it happened.

Is it because of some deep, vital change in Florence herself? Is it because she has freed herself from an incompatible husband? Or is it that the day of the sensuous vamp and the pert flapper is waning and the womanly woman is coming into her own again?

Personally, I think it is a little of all three.

Be that as it may, the most talked of event in Hollywood today, and one of its greatest surprises, is the transformation of placid, reserved Florence Vidor into the most sought after beauty in the film colony.

It had become part of Hollywood tradition that Florence Vidor had none of the so-called screen sex appeal. A nice, lovely, fine little woman — which in this day and age is the acme of damning with faint praise. The men admitted her beauty, in a luke-warm, half-hearted sort of way. But there was no real enthusiasm back of it. It was the same kind of admiration they admitted for Dickens' novels. Yes, she was exquisite. Yes, she was awfully sweet. Yes, she was extremely intelligent. Whereupon they disappeared on the trail of someone who was neither exquisite, nor sweet, nor intelligent.

Her reputation was a credit to the industry. Everybody liked her. You never heard a word against her. She was looked up to, respected, admired. She had a circle of friends, mostly women and their husbands, who swore by her. A great many people agreed that she was actually the greatest beauty in pictures. But—but—well, you just couldn't imagine the men raving over her as they raved over Corinne Griffith, or Bebe Daniels, or Connie Talmadge. Nobody ever switched place cards to sit next to her at dinner. Nobody ever compromised her by a misplaced madness of devotion. She didn't even collect that adoring circle of younger girls that worships at the feet of Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge.

On the screen it was the same story. Her great beauty, her consistently fine acting, her rare good breeding, her taste and intelligence, won her a quiet measure of appreciation and security. But she never caught the popular fancy. Women with so much less swept by her to hectic acclaim from the multitudes.

When Jim Abbe, one of the greatest of modern photographers, came to Hollywood, I took him to photograph Mrs. Vidor. As we drove up before her stately house, I told him that I considered her the most beautiful woman I knew.

I remember how she looked, too, in a frock of apricot pink satin, with her madonna coiffure of shining brown hair, and her gardenia skin.

As we drove away, I said, "Well, isn't she perfectly beautiful?"

Jim Abbe finished lighting a cigarette, and then, with great indifference, he answered, "Yes, but what of it?"

That remark crystallized the general feeling of men about Florence Vidor.

She just had no lure, that was all.

Now for Minnie Smith or Susie Jones, here, there, and everywhere about these United States, that may not matter so much.

her perfect face. Beside the startling allurements offered by the favorites just then sweeping into power, Florence lingered in the background.

And then, overnight, she emerged as the rage of the Boulevard and our best screen lovers and wisest producers button-holed you on the street corners to tell you that Helen of Troy was a piker beside Florence Vidor, and that one of her slow, soft smiles was worth a week of any other woman's laughter.

They say that at the height of Lily Langtry's career the people stood on boxes and climbed telegraph poles to catch a glimpse of her as she drove by. And when the lovely Gunnings reigned over London, the police had to be called out to protect them when they went walking in the park.

If it weren't for the police and the fear of a cell right where there is nothing to do but bounce back and forth, as Ring Lardner says. I think something like that might happen to Florence Vidor right now.

Her vogue is enormous. Men who have just met her swear instantly that she is the long adored and never realized ideal of their dreams. Corinne Griffith, and Barbara La Marr, and even Pola herself, have had to play second fiddle to Florence more than once these days. The greatest treat bestowed upon visiting celebrities is to be asked to meet her. She is always placed on the right hand of the guest of honor now, even when the heart-breaking Constance is present. Her drawing room looks like a flower shop. On Easter morning, she counted the one hundred and seventeen lilies that her adorers had sent her and then collapsed

with a giggle. "It looks like they think I'm dead," she said. "I could have such a gorgeous funeral with these."

She is more than a toast. She is a cult. Men ascend into a sort of spiritual ecstasy when they mention her name. One middle-aged gentleman who shall necessarily be nameless, but who has known and admired many beautiful women, not without some measure of success, in his day, said recently to a large gathering, "She makes men feel like burning candles to her." Some of them have even reformed for her sake. And I caught one juvenile who prides himself upon his ways with women, putting a rose she had worn tenderly away in his pocket.

A well-known director—a European—was talking to me about the sudden "Vidor craze," as he called it, that had hit Hollywood. And he said a poignantly descriptive thing, "It is as though someone had just turned on a light within a beautiful lamp." Of course someone had to answer cynically, "Ah, yes, but who was it?"

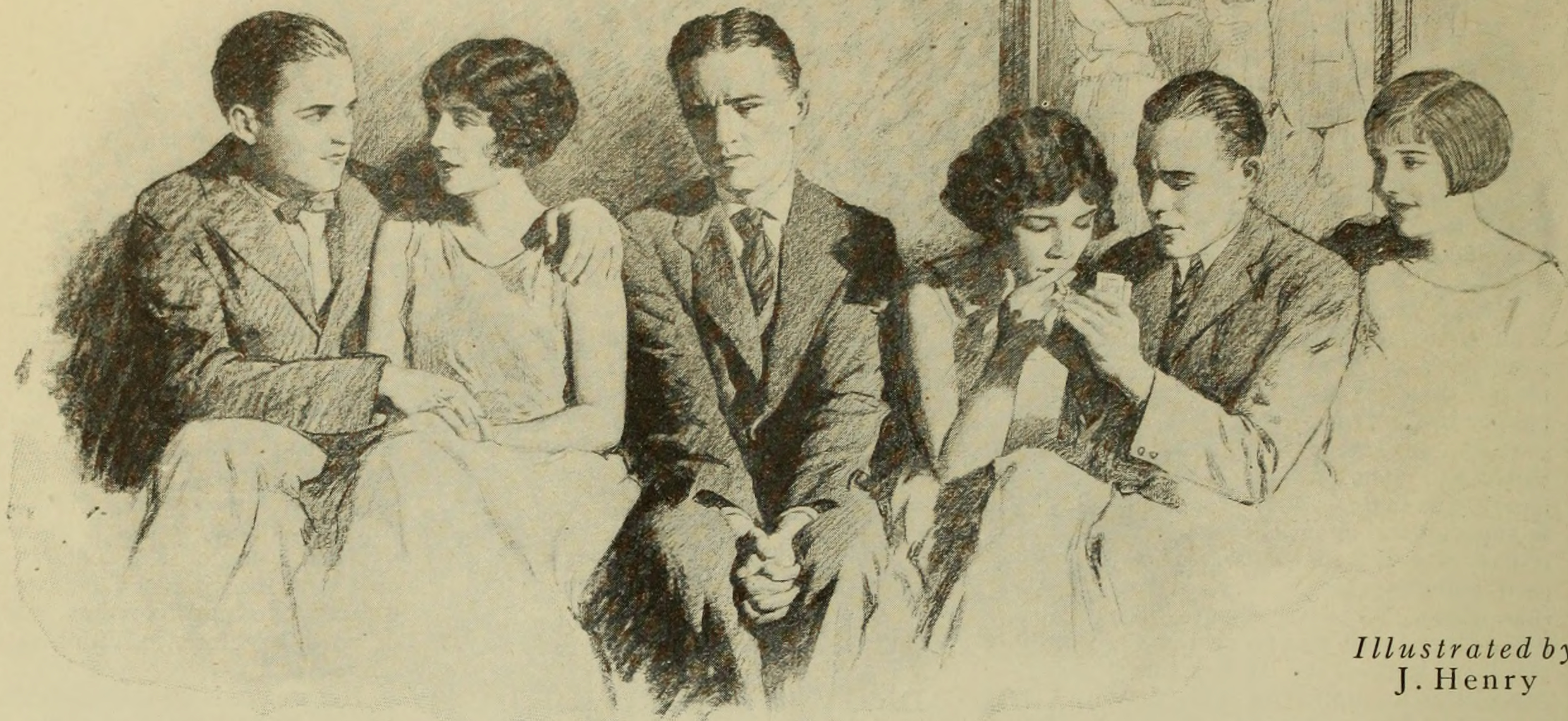
That isn't the answer. Mrs. Vidor's popularity is general. Her name is never connected with any man's. She has managed to become the most sought after woman in Hollywood, and still maintain an unassailable reputation. Only women don't leave her alone with their husbands in the confident way they used to. Wives don't particularly desire that their men shall be consumed by even the purest fire of devotion. Yet she encourages nobody, and she says the frankest and least complimentary things I have ever heard handed to admiring males. She laughs at them all, and quite

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]

A remarkable Personality Story of a remarkable woman by a remarkable writer. PHOTOPLAY always takes pride in the fact that it discovered Florence Vidor playing in a tiny bit in Fox's splendid version of "The Tale of Two Cities" and proclaimed her boldly as star material.

(Photograph on opposite page)

He wanted to learn first-hand about cookie-pushers, but his thirty years banned him — instead of petting them they gave him respect



*Illustrated by
J. Henry*

The Cookie-Pushers

A peek into the ways of cake-eaters, cookie-pushers and cocktail flappers

JOHN WARRINGTON SIMS disguised himself by the simple expedient of parting his name in the middle instead of on the side. The guests at Shady Rest did not suspect that the simple and unassuming John W. Sims was none other than J. Warrington Sims, director of "Desert Heart" and other moderately successful program features.

J. Warrington Sims possessed youth, aggressiveness, ambition, opportunity—and an idea. The idea had been with him for three years and he had created the opportunity. It was a combination of the two which brought him to this big, rambling hotel in the mountains, where it seemed to him that all the flappers and jellybeans in creation had congregated.

Los Angeles knew J. Warrington Sims by sight and reputation; Shady Rest knew J. Warrington Sims by reputation but not by sight . . . which was the reason that his incognito remained unpenetrated. And Mr. Sims, lounging against the rail of the huge veranda, puffing reflectively upon a cigarette, permitted a puzzled frown to dwell upon his forehead as he pondered upon the difficulties of the task which he had set for himself.

It had been a long and tedious campaign to impress the powers-that-be in The Exclusive Film Corporation with the belief that his idea would prove a money-maker. Not that they disagreed *per se*, but they were somewhat chary of entrusting to so young a director the license to spend nearly a half-million dollars of their cherished money. But he had fought doggedly . . . and now was definitely embarked upon what he hoped would prove one of the greatest photoplays of all time—an epic of the jazz age; a classic of flapperdom.

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Already he had his story and one of the best continuity men in the country was at work upon the script. Once converted to the idea, the company officials

were giving him free rein; he had completed arrangements with a camera man who was a particular pet of his; a superfine technical director had been engaged. And when all of that had been done Mr. J. Warrington Sims awakened to the fact that he was distinctly out of touch with the very persons whom he proposed to picturize.

Sims was thirty years old—young as age goes in these days of protracted existence, but far older than the young men and women whose frolics and foibles he planned to perpetuate on the screen. At eighteen years of age the girls of Johnny Sims' crowd had not been overly prone to permit hand-holding; he confessed frankly that he knew nothing whatever—at first hand anyway—of cigarette-smoking young ladies who privileged their masculine companions to pet them freely upon casual acquaintance.

Wherefore, as an indication of his painstaking nature, he hied eastward in search of a large and isolated hotel where flappers were in the habit of gathering in the summer, that he might study them at first hand and with great intimacy. Shady Rest was ideal . . . he was satisfied of that the day he arrived—a big, rambling structure framed against the mountainside, a tiny river silvering through the valley below . . . and girls—thousands of girls it seemed to him that first evening in the capacious dining room—girls from here, there and everywhere—young girls with bobbed hair and fresh, eager, pretty faces— . . . girls who looked for all the world as though they had been poured from the same mould.

And so he set steadfastly about making their acquaintance. His reception amazed and appalled him. They conferred upon him the one thing in the world which he did not desire—respect. He was nonplussed at this attitude—for the first time in his brilliant career he felt like an old man where a meager fortnight before he had patted himself on the back because Hollywood referred to him as the kid wonder. The flappers whom he met were very polite—too confoundedly polite. In his society they were merely extremely nice young girls, urgent with life and fun—but they were identical with the girls of his own generation.

Yet immediately as they turned to their loose-jointed, slick-haired, young-man friends, their entire demeanor altered. It was in the association of these boys and girls with each other that he saw the atmosphere which he was seeking. He wasn't particularly interested in their attitude toward the older generation—it was their own inter-relation which interested him. Yet he struggled futilely to penetrate the armor of respect which they displayed toward him.

It was a staggering situation. John W. Sims was extremely world-wise for his age. Someone on the coast had even gone so far as to hint that he was by way of being hard-boiled. Certainly he was wise enough to take adequate care of himself. Women he knew as well as any man of thirty can know them—and a great deal better than most men ever do. Until now he had fancied that he would cut considerable ice in a hotel overflowing with flappers. That idea had fled. He was frankly worried as to the immediate future. He was getting nowhere, accomplishing nothing. It was essential that he cease being a spectator of flapperdom; it was his task to project himself into that atmosphere and to absorb it in such huge quantities that his picture should have an unmistakable verisimilitude.

Even Dot Mason was polite to him and with her he had tried his very best to break down the barrier of years. Dot was a vivid little thing; full of life and gaiety—free and thoughtless and brainy and deliciously irresponsible. He had singled her out the night he arrived as a perfect example of the type he sought to understand. She was pretty and blonde and slender . . . and the only time she had lost any of her respect for him was the day he made the mistake of inviting her out on the tennis court. It was there that he learned there was something in the life of the average flapper other than the seeking of ribald diversion; it was there that he learned she had muscles of steel, a quick eye and perfect coordination. She trounced him soundly—and in the few minutes of conversation following his disastrous excursion onto the courts she was herself with him—joshing him unmercifully about his lack of dexterity with a racket, and he fancied that she accepted him as one of her crowd until he escorted her back to the hotel and she parted from him with a formal—

"Thank you so much for a delightful afternoon, Mr. Sims. I do hope I shall see you later."

He groaned. His fleeting glimpse of the unreserve and naturalness beneath her theretofore formal exterior had been intriguing and refreshing. It was that which he sought to know and understand, but his best attempts since then to break down her reserve had met with a chilling lack of response. She paid respectful heed to what he said, agreed with everything—then became her effervescent, ebullient self the minute some callow youth strolled languidly up to claim her society.

Sims found himself in the annoying rôle of in-between—he was too ancient for the youngsters and entirely too young for the sedate parents who danced heavily, played bridge and Mah Jongg constantly, and golf habitually. They seemed aghast at the diversions of the younger crowd—and helpless to do anything about it. Sims realized that he would get no help from them—he came to the conclusion that he must convert himself into a jellybean unless he was to fail ignobly.

Wherefore he sought Dot Mason late one afternoon as she descended to the hotel veranda, ravishingly attractive in a filmy summer gown which made no pretense of concealing her budding maturity. She was frankly glad to talk with him, for, after all, he was an attractive man and single. They chatted for awhile of nothing in particular and then, quite suddenly, he came to the point.

"Miss Mason," he said earnestly, "I want to ask you a very personal question."

Before his eyes a metamorphosis occurred: the flapper fled and a woman supplanted her: a clear-eyed, radiantly happy woman, who put her arms around his neck and offered him her lips



"Shoot!" she invited—then flushed with embarrassment. "What is it, Mr. Sims?"

He leaned forward and held her eyes. "Miss Mason, have you ever been on a petting party?"

Her eyes opened—she gasped. "Have I—*what?*"

"Have you ever been on a petting party?"

She saw that he was very serious indeed, but in spite of that she giggled. "Certainly."

He gulped. "I want to ask you a favor—a great favor. I have reasons . . . well, anyway . . . Miss Mason, do you trust me?"

"Why, yes."

"You believe that I am a gentleman?"

"I don't believe anything else."

"Miss Mason . . . I wonder if you . . . that is . . . Miss Mason, will you take me with you on a petting party?"

The girl blinked—her first thought was that the man had gone suddenly insane. "A petting party!" she exclaimed. "With you?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"But—" her eyes twinkled—"you couldn't pet."

"Hmph! Try me. Really, this isn't idle curiosity. I have a very valid reason for this—er—peculiar request. And I *could* pet—really I could."

"No. You're too old."

"I'm only thirty."

"Only!"

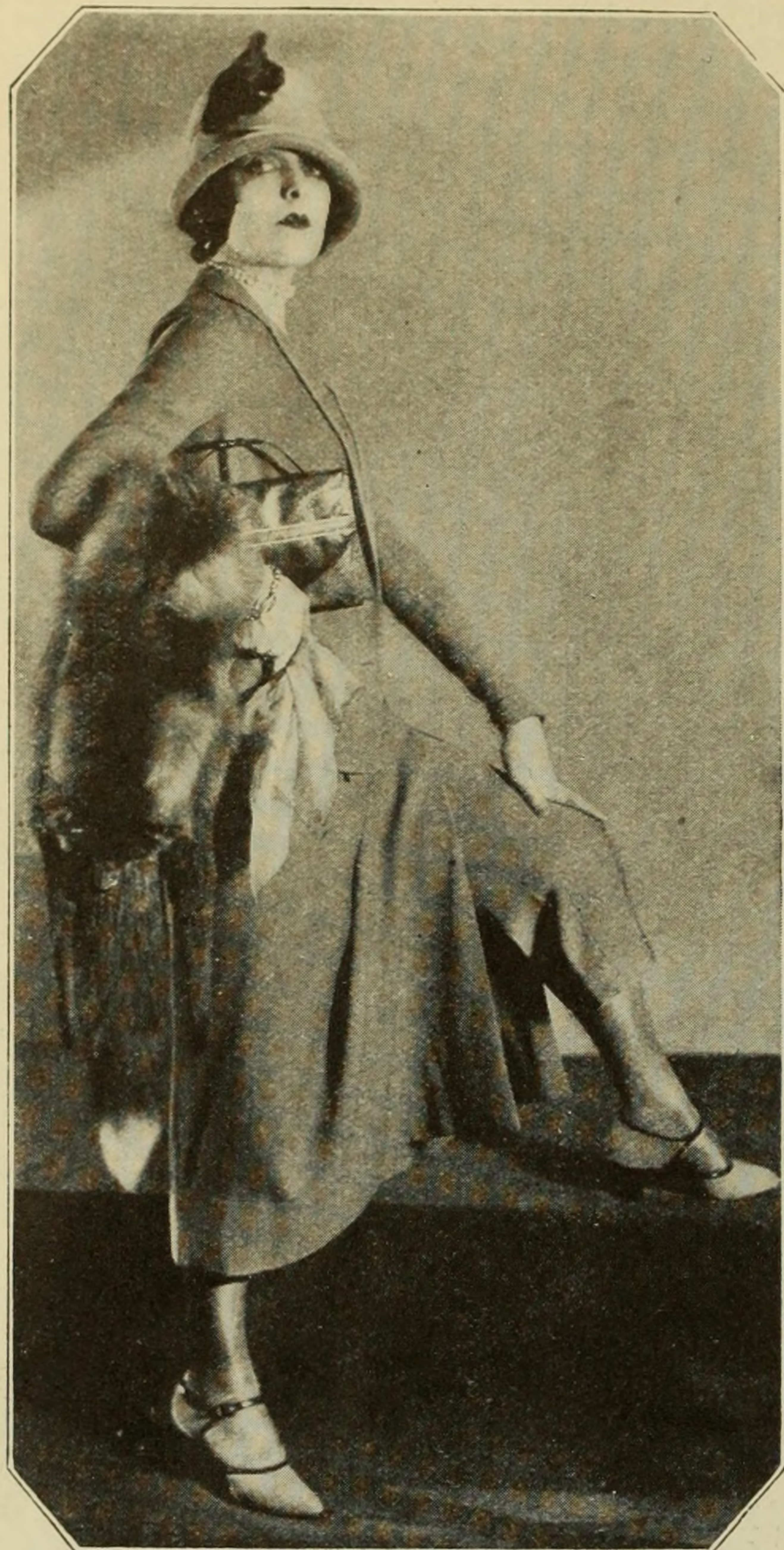
"Do you call that old?"

"Well," judicially, "it isn't as old as mother and dad, but it's a darned sight older than I. I'm nineteen."

"Old enough to be safe with me. And if you will grant me this favor, Miss Mason, I'm sure you'll never regret it. Some day I'll explain. You see, I am anxious to learn at first hand something about this terrifying new generation which has sprung up since the war. And the only way I can learn is by personal contact—"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 109]

Announcing GRACE CORSON, Fashion



Suit from ROMEO DE LALLA

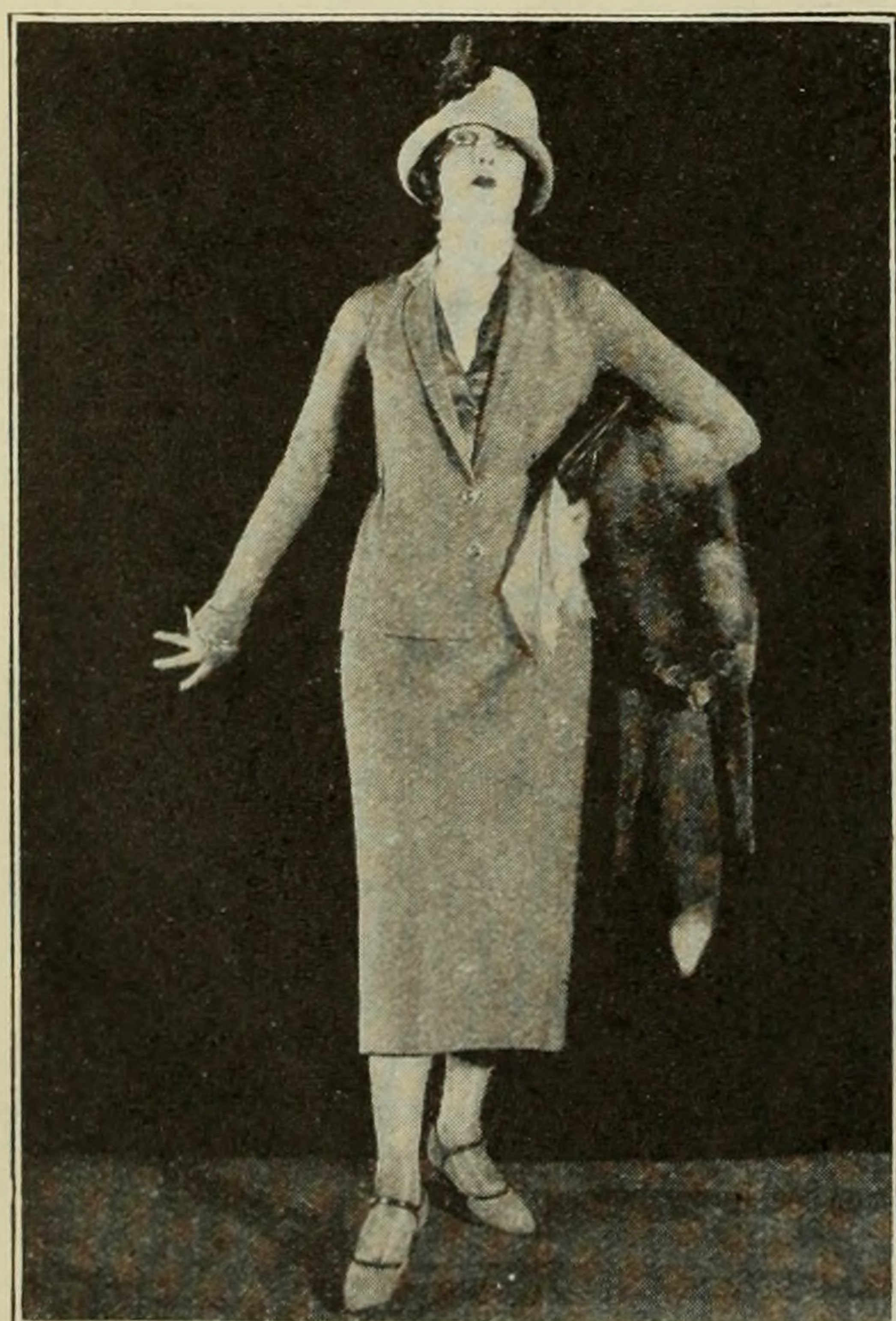
This close-fitting walking suit of beige twill, with wrap-around skirt and straight trousers of the same cloth, is especially good for town. With it Miss Corson, who has just become associated with Photoplay as its fashion authority, carries a cross-fox, and scarlet pinseal envelope purse. The high-crowned beige felt hat with cock's head and plain shoes of beige suede with dark brown heels and straps complete the costume

What Miss Corson says about this gown

"This costume, worn by Carmel Myers in 'Broadway After Dark,' is more than extreme. It is ridiculous. There is not a redeeming feature in this design. The lavish use of fur on gowns is never a good idea. An almost entire absence of accessories would have helped. But instead, earrings, necklace, bracelet, rings, tiara, have all been used. Brocaded slippers of a different design of brocade used in the train add still another discordant note"



Drawings by Grace Corson



Fur from JAECKEL

This view of the beige tailleur shows the unusual revers, the nipped-in waistline, satin vest and crystal buttons

IT has been the habit of fashion authorities of New York and Paris to deride the clothes of the screen. In years past many extravagant and atrocious ideas in design have been shown. Notwithstanding a sincere effort on the part of producers, some of the greatest stars have persisted in concocting and wearing clothes such as no well informed American woman would dare to wear in public. Some of our greatest directors have been equally guilty. Frankly, as far as style is concerned, the American screen has been a joke, but with the development of the picture, there has been a development of the stars and directors, and we read daily of trans-continental and trans-Atlantic trips made by stars and studio costumers in a sincere effort to secure for the screen, clothes such as are worn by the smart women of New York and Paris.

PHOTOPLAY, for years, has been trying to show the American public, through the medium of photography, the new clothes designed for actresses in New York and Paris. There is no doubt that today the screen is the greatest single style influence in America. But it has been a difficult, well nigh impossible problem, to translate it to magazine pages. We believe that PHOTOPLAY has now solved it.

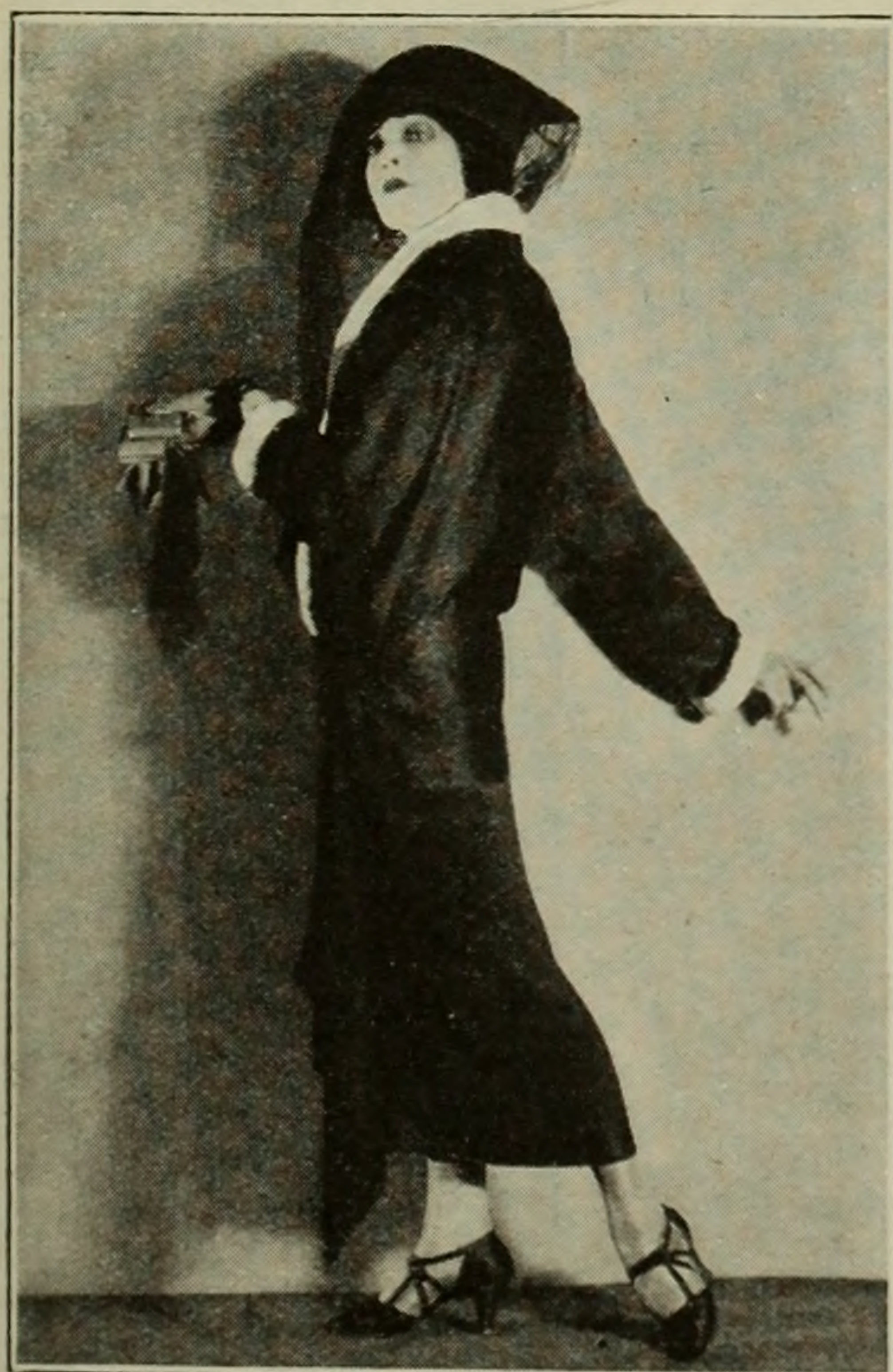
There are not more than three or four recognized fashion authorities in this country, and PHOTOPLAY considers itself very fortunate in being able to introduce to its readers one of these very few in the person of Miss [CONTINUED ON PAGE 99]

Authority



Grace
Corson

Nothing short of a coronation would justify this gown worn by Leatrice Joy in "Triumph," says Miss Corson. The use of ermine, brocade, tiaras, enormous jewels, would only be acceptable on such an extremely formal occasion. Miss Joy at least attempts to simplify her costume by plain slippers and a total lack of jewelry



Cloak from JAECKEL

Smart black satin and ermine afternoon cloak with novel close-fitting hip lines and loose back. Long hip sash



Informal evening gown of gold crepe; metal gardenias at shoulder. A smart costume for the supper club



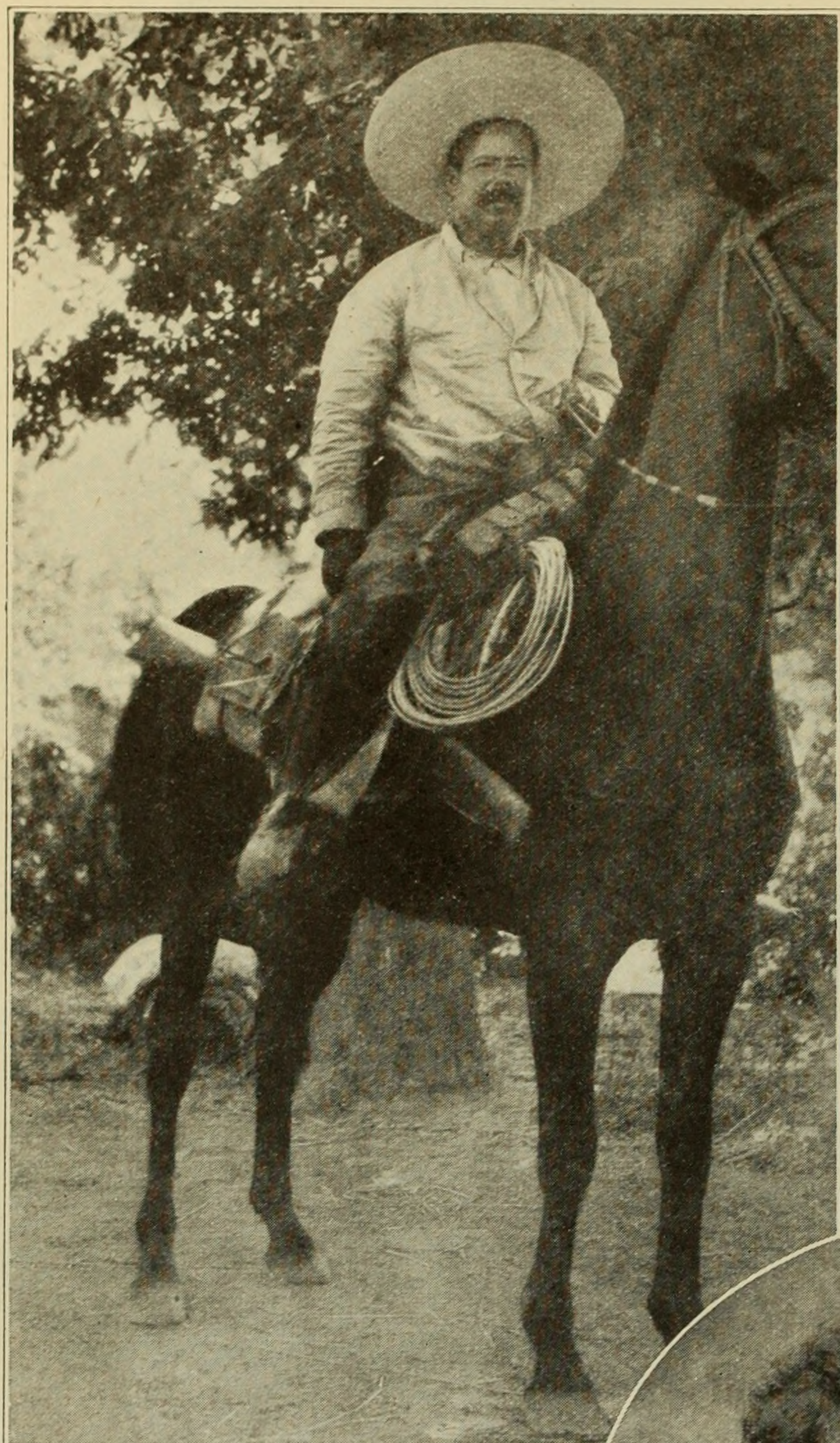
Fur from JAECKEL

Black alpaca suit. Mannish waistcoat, crystal buttons. Jacket lining, waistcoat and Japanese marten fur of vivid yellow

Most Complete and Authoritative

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

By Terry Ramsaye



© Underwood & Underwood

Pancho Villa insisted that he always be shown riding at the head of a column of soldiers—his idea of glory in the movies

Chapter XXIX

PANCHO VILLA, Mexico's "man on horseback," bandit, rebel and patriot, was riding, silver spurred and merry with conquest and sin, at the head of his tatterdemalion legions on to Juarez.

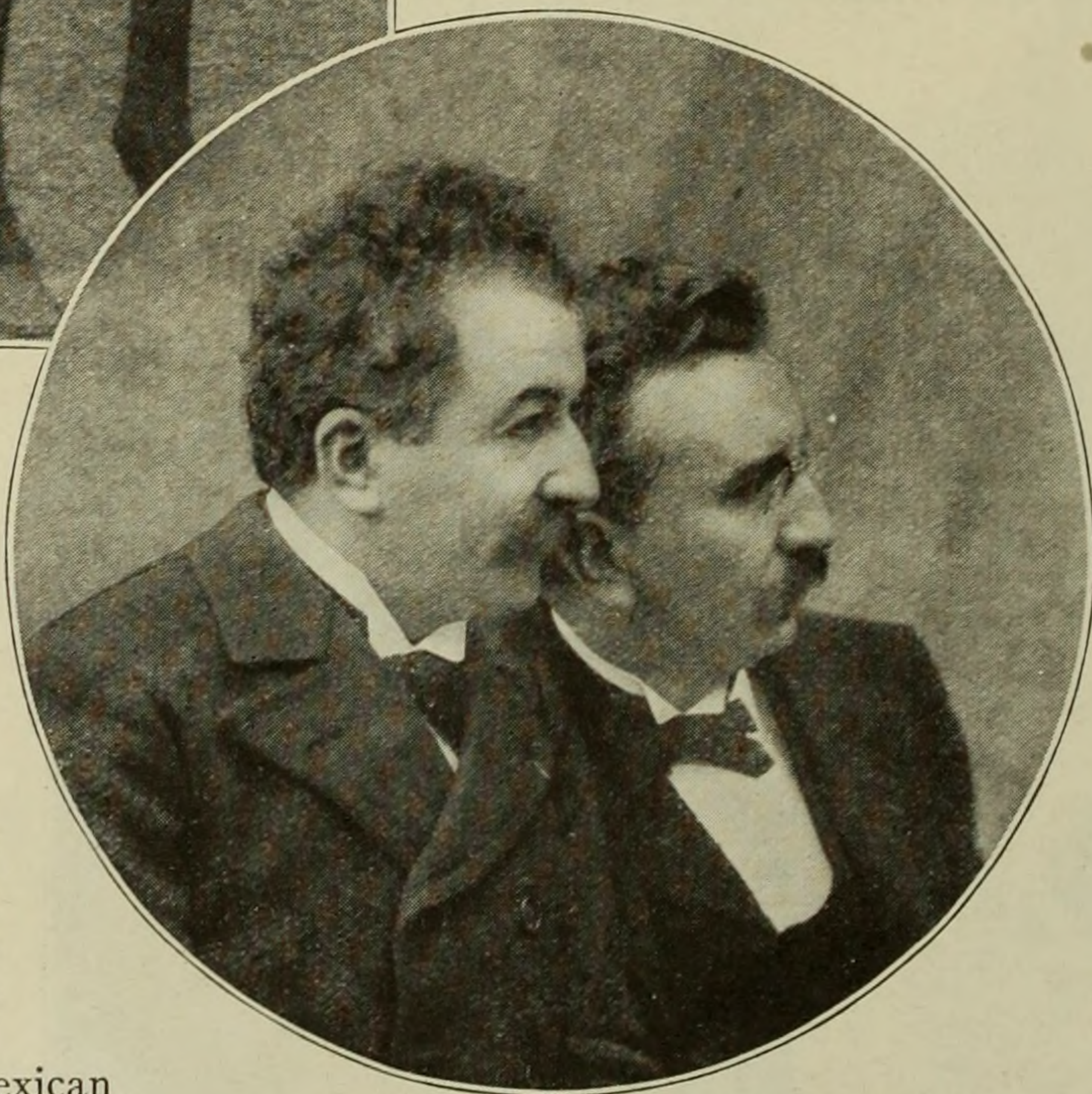
There was a hint of the coming of the Mexican springtime in the air. The yuccas were greening in promise of the spires of white bell blossoms that would soon dance above the bayonet leaves of the thickets of La Mula Pass.

The dream of glory that ever rides ahead of the "man on horseback" rode with the bold, brave Pancho, friend of the people, military heir-apparent to the kingdom of oil and gold and tobacco.

"Viva, Viva Panchito!"

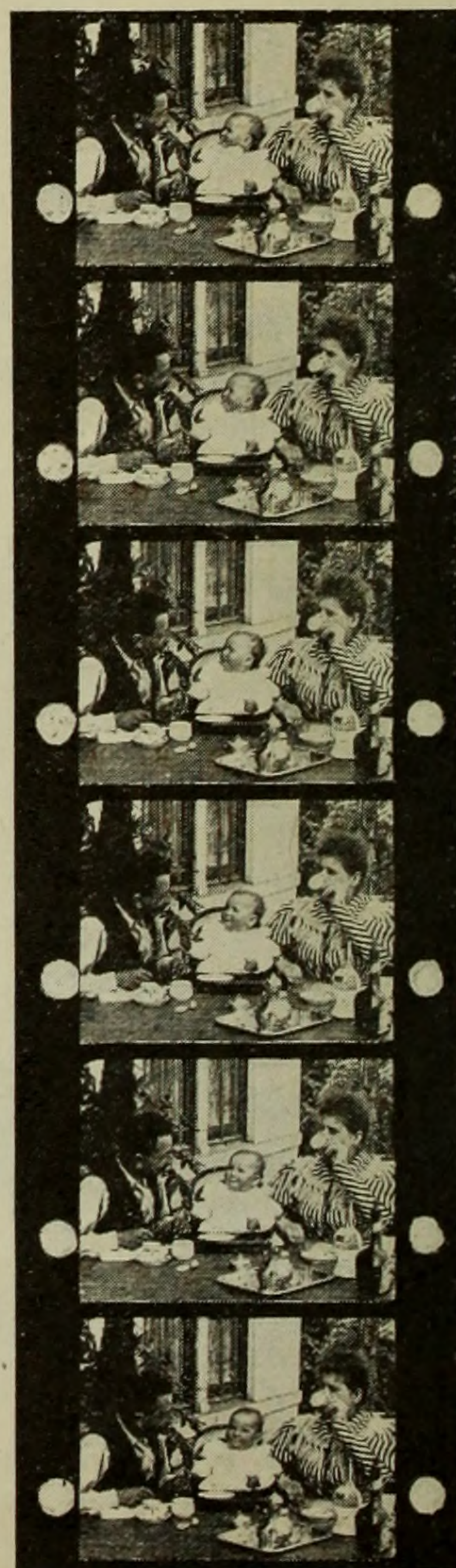
It was a day of triumph, drunk with the ardor of the Mexican sun and—*aguardiente*.

With Villa rode Ortega and Rodriguez, he that was known as "the butcher." Natera and Monclovio Herrera were on the way. Wondrous names of romance, these, the lieutenants and compatriots of Pancho, the rebel chief.



Louis and Auguste Lumiere, two Frenchmen, gave their name to the film of their invention, and it has long been a dominating one throughout the motion picture world

At right—a strip of the first Lumiere film ever taken—M. and Mme. Auguste Lumiere and their little girl



Story of Pictures Ever Written

HERE is a chapter of revelations, telling now for the first time how world events, sensations in their day and only for a day, came to play their parts in the building of the empire of the screen.

More and more as this history goes on tracing the thread of motion picture development do we see that all of us, the whole public, are the true makers of the motion picture. The men and women who strive at desk and studio and theater are just our agents.

After all, the motion picture is not merely the affair of the few who live upon it. The screen is the real property of the whole people. There is much in these pages to show this. We can read here how the picture has been made in its day to serve every idea, regardless of who had the idea.

And here are flashes of dramatic moments in many lives, tales of adventure and millions, of luck and chance and foresight, one as richly rewarded as another. It is a chapter rich in personalities—Villa of Mexico, Rev. Hannibal Goodwin, Rex Beach, Eddie Weigle, Kitty Kelly, Mary Pickford, de la Perrier—names that are familiar and names that are strange flit through the sequences of history.

JAMES R. QUIRK.

And Villa ahorseback, in consequence of his propaganda of glory, became a figure of striking dramatic interest in the motion picture. Never of the slightest importance to the screen, he lighted it for a moment with the flare of his ambition. He did not, after all, tell the world of the glories of the great Pancho, but he tried.

The year of 1914 had just dawned when agents of Villa in El Paso on the border let it be known that the conquistador could be approached for the motion picture rights of his war.

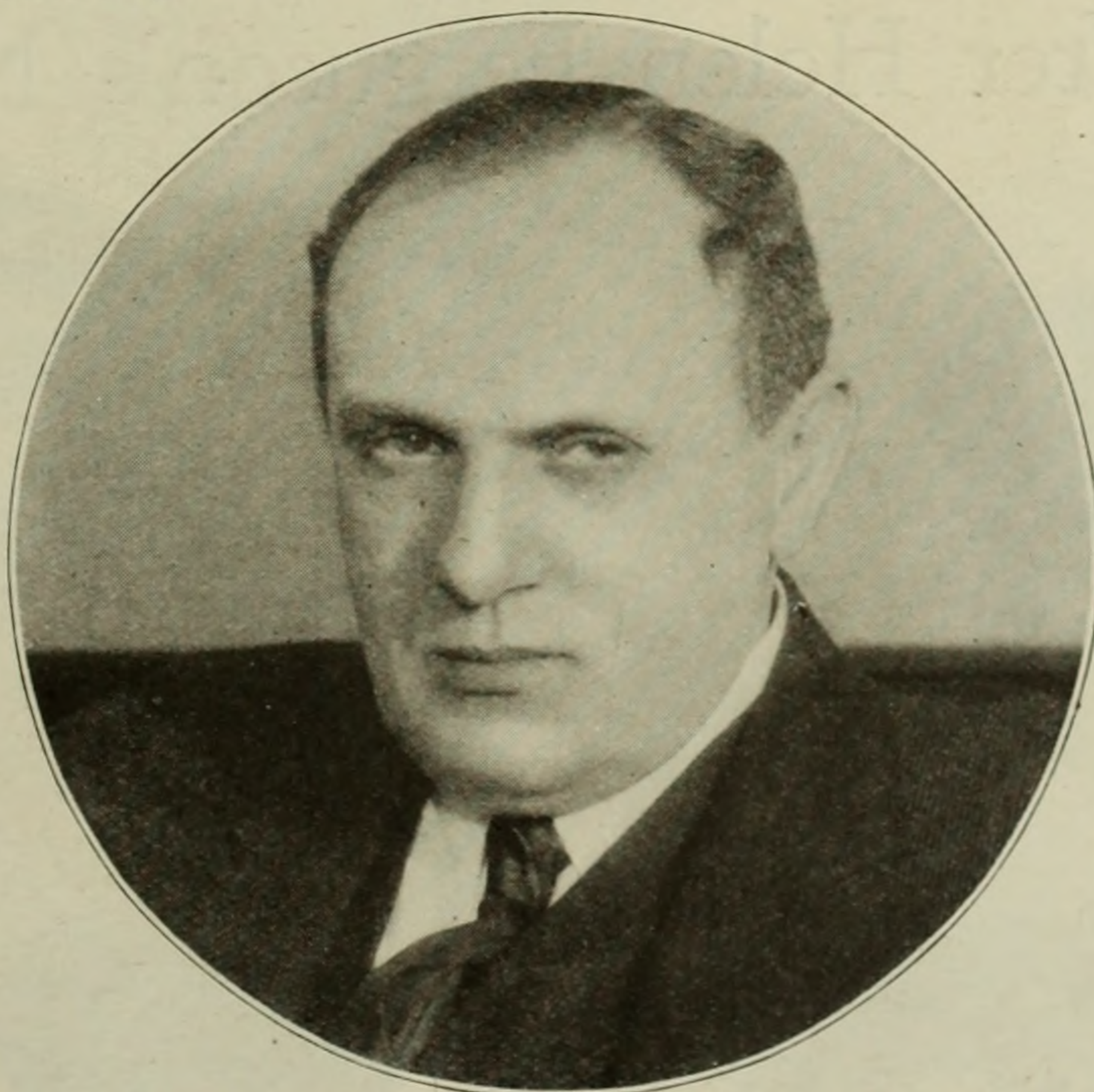
The Kings of Babylon graved their conquest of the Hittites in tablets of stone. Trajan had his column, and Pancho Villa would inscribe his glories in the living shadows of the screen and let the theater proscenium be his Arc de Triomphe. Meanwhile, in an immediately practical sense, pictures of the success of Villa would make Villa more powerful in laying tribute of those foreign interests which could use the friendship of any Mexican government whatsoever.

The El Paso representatives of a number of motion picture concerns sent wires away to their home offices in New York. New York home offices in the motion picture industry usually let telegrams from such inconsequential persons as El Paso branch exchange managers ripen on the desk. Fate, however, entered.

And Harry E. Aitken, president of the Mutual Film Corporation, read his mail and messages that morning. There was an appeal to the ever-glowing imagination of Aitken in this daring idea. Saturday, January 3, 1914, Frank M. Thayer, acting for the Mutual Film Corporation, signed a contract with



Lottie Pickford took the lead in "The Diamond from the Sky," which Sister Mary turned down. But Mary rightly figured that serial stunts weren't conducive to enduring film fame. Besides, she got a big raise by refusing



Samuel Rothafel made motion picture theaters a place for flowers, music and art instead of an auditorium with a screen and rows of seats

Villa in Juarez, taking over the screen rights to the Villa version of the salvation of Mexico by torch and Mauser. It was agreed that Villa was to fight his battles as much by photographic daylight as possible. He was to share on a percentage basis on the earnings of his pictures. He received in hand, paid in most excellent gringo money, \$5,000.

The story leaked by way of the bars and keno parlors of Juarez across the Rio Grande to the hotel bars of El Paso where the correspondents were covering the Mexican civil war in comfort.

The story clicked into the office of the New York Times at midnight within the week of the contract making, and at one o'clock in the morning a reporter got H. E. Aitken on the telephone at his apartment at 130 West 57th Street. Aitken was solemn, dignified and surprised, according to his statement quoted in the Times. It seems also that he was perturbed at having gone into a sort of partnership with Villa, the outlaw—this despite the fact that

Aitken had been in the motion picture business several years.

The Villa story went around the world in the newspapers and excited interested, though whimsical, comment on the part of many staid journals which had never heard of the cinema on the editorial page before.

Villa delayed his projected attack on the city of Ojinaga until

the Mutual could bring up its photographic artillery. When the cameras had consolidated their position the offensive swept forward and Ojinaga fell to Villa and film.

When the pictures reached New York they were found to contain too much Villa and not enough war. The films were shown in the Mutual Film Corporation's projection room to various officials. Francisco Madero, Sr., the aged father of the murdered president of Mexico, was in the audience that January 22, 1914, exiled from his home.

When the victorious Villa rode, close-up, through the streets of Ojinaga, a handsome young officer was at his side. The elder Madero leaped to his feet and shouted his name, "Raoul! Raoul!" The motion picture had discovered for him his missing son. Raoul Madero was now riding to vengeance for the family, in the rebel army.

Down through Mexico with Villa the Mutual's special camera cars traveled on the military trains, bearing to the peons the trademark message, "Mutual Movies Make Time Fly." Villa became one of the worst of that genus described in camera vernacular as a "lens louse." He had to be photographed riding at the head of a column every little while whether he needed it or not. Villa was not one of those controlled souls who can take it or let it alone. This waste of film annoyed one member of the camera staff into an expedient of cranking an empty machine.

GLINTS OF ROMANCE IN THIS CHAPTER

HOW Pancho Villa, the Mexican rebel chief, became the first star-producer, fighting for conquest and Mutual Pictures in 1914.

HOW a job she did not take raised Mary Pickford's salary, when they wanted her to star in a great serial, "The Diamond from the Sky," to \$4,000 a week.

HOW a diamond ring, nerve and luck made an obscure newspaper photographer a famous war correspondent, with adventures from Tampico to Antwerp.

HOW a German propaganda picture uncovered a romance of two wars in the career of Lt. Armand de la Perrier, commander of the U-35, who kept his log in film records.

HOW little Kitty Kelly of Chicago started the new profession of motion picture editor for the newspapers in her job as the first reviewer for the Chicago Tribune.

"I fooled the greaser that time—there's no film in the old box," he remarked to his assistant. He was overheard by a Mexican who understood Americanese. The cameraman was put over the border with a blessing and advice that afternoon.

It probably would have been pleasanter to Villa to have shot the cameraman, but Villa was interested in the film business now. Business forces many good men into compromises like that.

For the benefit of the films Villa staged an excellent shelling scene with a battery of light field guns. The picture went from close-ups of the guns to telephoto long shots of the hillside under fire, with bodies of men flying in the air after the shell bursts. The ugly rumor got about that the hillside had been planted with otherwise useless prisoners as properties.

But the evidence of the films is not to be accepted entirely for that. After the battle of Torreon it became apparent that the war needed a director and a scenario writer. H. E. Aitken discovered then what others have spent a great deal to learn since, that the best place to make war

pictures is on the studio lot. Aitken went south, and on March 10 returned from Juarez with a new contract for the making of "The Life of Villa," as per a good snappy New York scenario.

A staff was sent into Mexico to get the atmosphere, data and certain important scenes of Villa in action and close-ups to match into the continuity. Then the picture making of the Mexican war was transplanted to [CONTINUED ON PAGE 113]

Before and After Helen Ferguson's Nose Operation



As noses go, this isn't a bad looking nose. But the fact that this is the only profile picture ever taken of Helen Ferguson before her nose operation proves that all directors fought shy of showing it on the screen. They contended it marred her beauty in pictures



And this adorable, though slightly altered, nose proves that Miss Ferguson can have as many profiles taken as she wishes. Also without reflecting on her beauty. The change is so slight that only beauty experts, film directors—and Miss Ferguson—can tell it. But it is there



A SONNET IMPRESSION OF CORINNE GRIFFITH

A book of verses bound in scarlet leather,
A satin ribbon lying in the snow;
The poise and lightness of an eagle feather,
The vivid crimson of the sunset glow.
Hair that is like the wind in forest places,
Eyes that are deep and cool as mountain lakes;
Mirrors reflecting back a hundred faces,
Throb of a heart that sings before it breaks!

Ice that is thinner than it seems, that glistens
Like a warm jewel, when dawn is in the sky—
A flowing stream that laughs, and never listens;
Echoes that call and lure and sometimes cry.
Velvet of royal purple, candle light,
And the swift darkness of a summer night!

Margaret Sangster

The Photoplay Medal of Honor

For the best picture released in 1923



Winners of Photoplay Medal

1920

William Randolph Hearst
for "HUMORESQUE"

1921

Inspiration Pictures, Inc.
for "TOL'ABLE DAVID"

1922

Douglas Fairbanks
for "ROBIN HOOD"



What was the best motion picture of 1923?

THE two and a half million readers of PHOTOPLAY are again invited to award the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Medal of Honor. Their votes will decide to which picture of 1923 shall be awarded the trophy that is conceded to be the mark of supreme distinction in the world of motion pictures.

The ballot boxes are now open. They will close October 1. All readers of PHOTOPLAY are urged, in the interest of better pictures, to cast a ballot for the one which, in their estimation, was the best picture released in 1923.

This is the fourth of these medals offered by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. The first Medal of Honor, for 1920, was awarded to William Randolph Hearst, whose "Humoresque," a Cosmopolitan production, was voted the best photoplay of that year. The Medal of Honor for 1921 went to Inspiration Pictures, Inc., for "Tol'able David," in which Richard Barthelmess starred. The third, for 1922, was awarded to Douglas Fairbanks for his wonderful production of "Robin Hood." Who will get the fourth?

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE wishes again to call attention to the fact that the Medal of Honor is the first annual commemoration of distinction in the making of motion pictures. Voters should bear in mind that the award should go to that picture which most nearly approaches perfection in the matters of theme, story, direction, acting, continuity, settings and photography. The decision rests entirely in the hands of the readers of PHOTOPLAY.

As has been the case for the past three years, the voting is delayed six months after the close of the year so that pictures released at the end of the year may have the opportunity of being seen in all parts of the country. Thus, all photoplays are given an equal chance.

Below will be found a list of fifty pictures released in 1923. They are printed in order to refresh your memory. You are not limited to them but may cast your ballot for any picture released in 1923.

PHOTOPLAY is proud of the selections made by its readers for the past three years. "Humoresque," the first winner, was a remarkably touching story of mother love. "Tol'able David" was a beautiful presentation of the spiritual development of an American boy. And "Robin Hood" was a magnificent spectacle in which, while the story was absorbingly interesting, it was overshadowed by the marvelous scenic effects.

The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor is worth winning. It is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights, and is two and one-half inches in diameter. It is being made, as were the other medals, by Tiffany and Company, of New York.

To register your vote in this contest, fill out the coupon on this page, printing plainly the name of the photoplay which, after careful thought, you consider the best picture of 1923, and mail it to PHOTOPLAY'S editorial offices, No. 221 West 57th street, New York City, so that it will reach its destination not later than October 1, 1924. If you wish to send a brief letter, explaining your choice, do so.

This announcement, with the coupons, will appear in one more issue, having started with the July number.

Here is your chance to do something towards securing better pictures. It is your duty, if you desire better pictures, to cast your vote in this contest. By so doing you honor the best in motion pictures and you encourage producers to put vision, faith and organization behind their product. Don't delay and thereby give yourself an opportunity to forget to vote.

If, by chance, there should be a tie, equal awards will be made to each one of the winners.

Fifty Pictures Released in 1923

Abraham Lincoln	His Children's Children	Spanish Dancer
Acquittal	Hollywood	Spoilers
Anna Christie	Hottentot	The Ten Commandments
Ashes of Vengeance	Human Wreckage	To the Ladies
Bad Man	Hunchback of Notre Dame	To the Last Man
Big Brother	If Winter Comes	Trilby
Bright Shawl	Light that Failed	Twenty-One
Christian	Little Old New York	Vanity Fair
Covered Wagon	Long Live the King	Virginian
Down to the Sea in Ships	Merry-Go-Round	Voice from the Minaret
Enemies of Women	Only 38	West of the Water Tower
Eternal City	Penrod and Sam	Where the Pavement Ends
Fighting Blade	Potash and Perlmutter	White Rose
Flaming Youth	Richard the Lion-Hearted	White Sister
Girl I Loved	Rosita	Why Worry?
Green Goddess	Ruggles of Red Gap	Woman of Paris
Grumpy	Scaramouche	Zaza

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

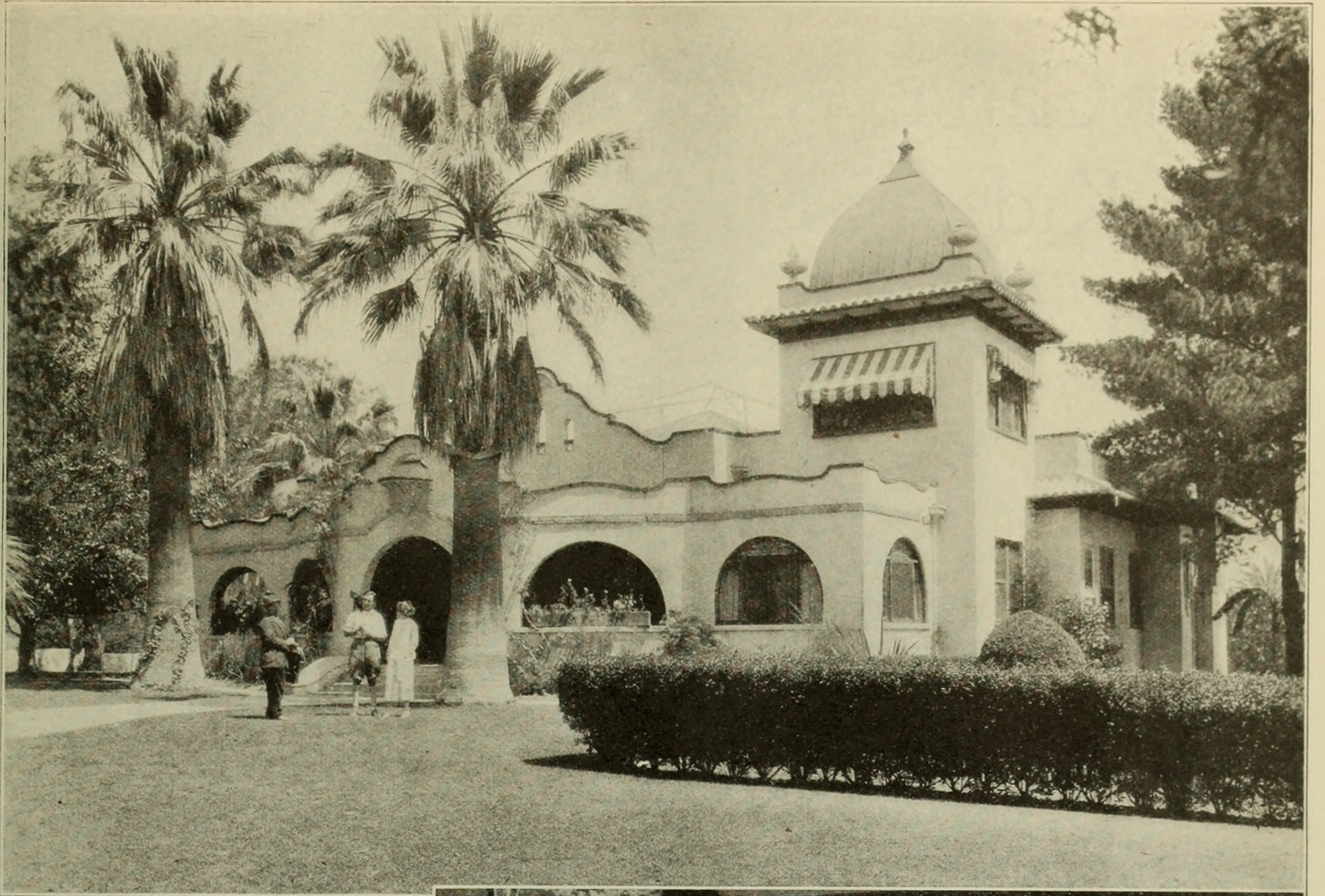
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1923.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

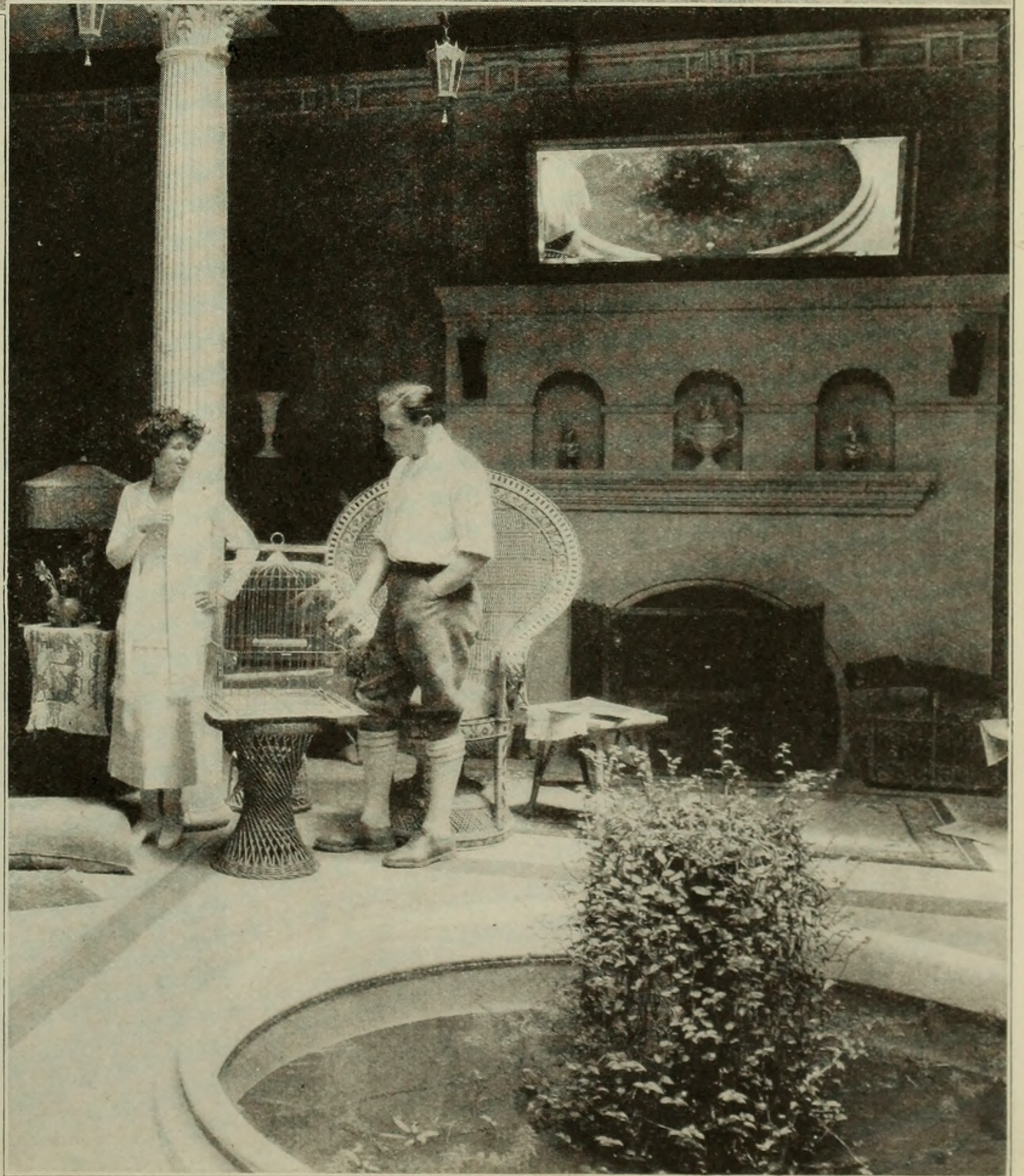
Address _____



Conway Tearle and his wife, who is well known to theater-goers as Adele Rowland, in a setting of well-clipped hedges and lawns, delightfully suggestive of cool, rich verdure

Conway Tearle's Home

The living room of their home is distinctive in that the goldfish are not obliged to confine their activities to swimming around a bowl but are furnished a large marble pond with seaweed and castles. And since the Tearle marriage is famously successful, there is no significance in the fact that they built the goldfish right into the house, to have them handy



You Can't Kid an Actor!

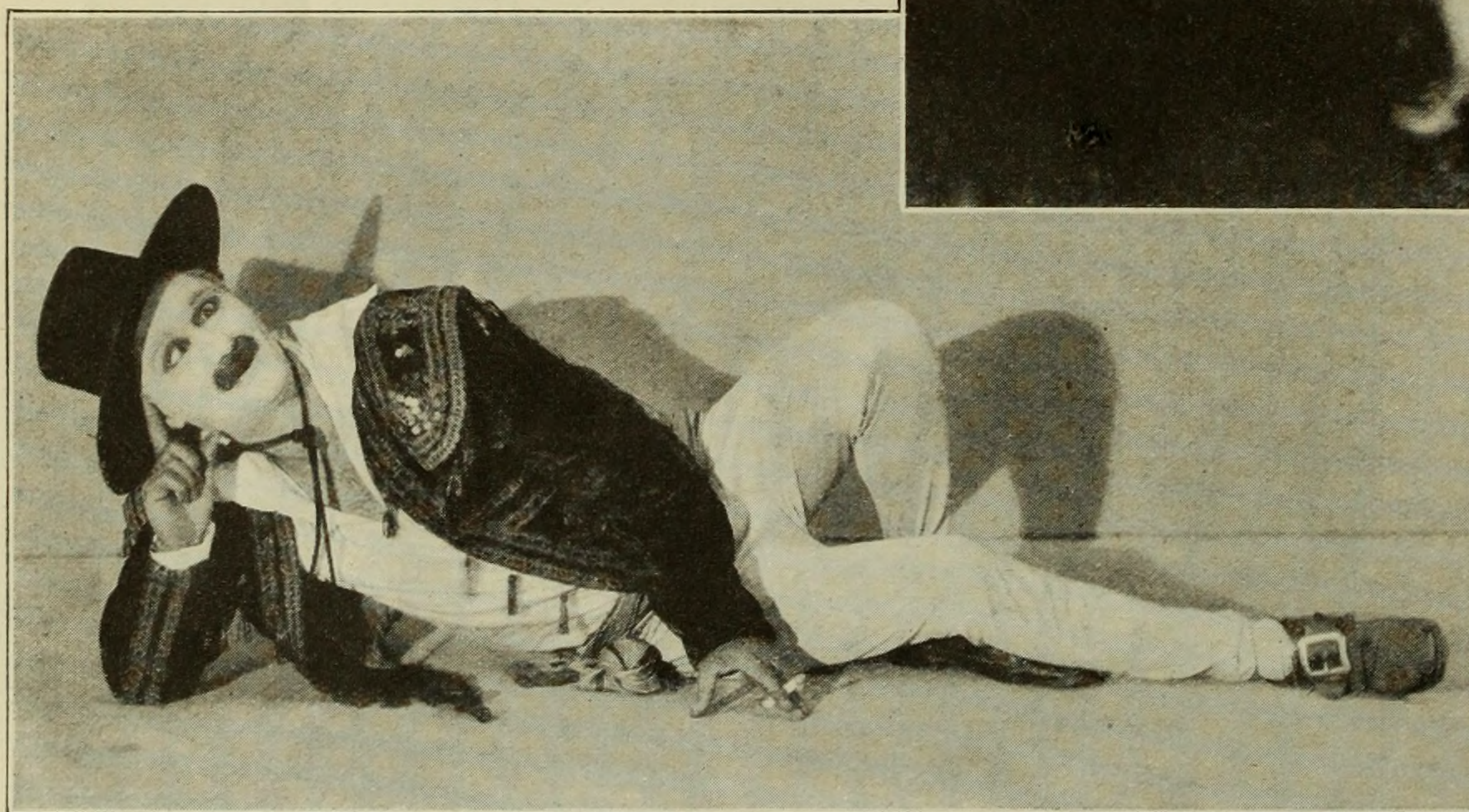
BENEATH all the wit—spontaneous and slow combustion—lies the serious side that makes an actor an actor. Here we have Ben Turpin, the inimitable, showing what he would do if given "his chance."

Every comedian desires to play serious rôles. Every tragedian would essay the frivolous.

Most comedians want to portray *Hamlet*. But Mr. Turpin is different. He's too modern for that. The pictures on this page reveal the inner urge, beating its embryonic wings within his histrionic shell.

Ben would be nothing less than a sheik, a thinker, an aesthetic dancer.

And he would if he were not restrained.

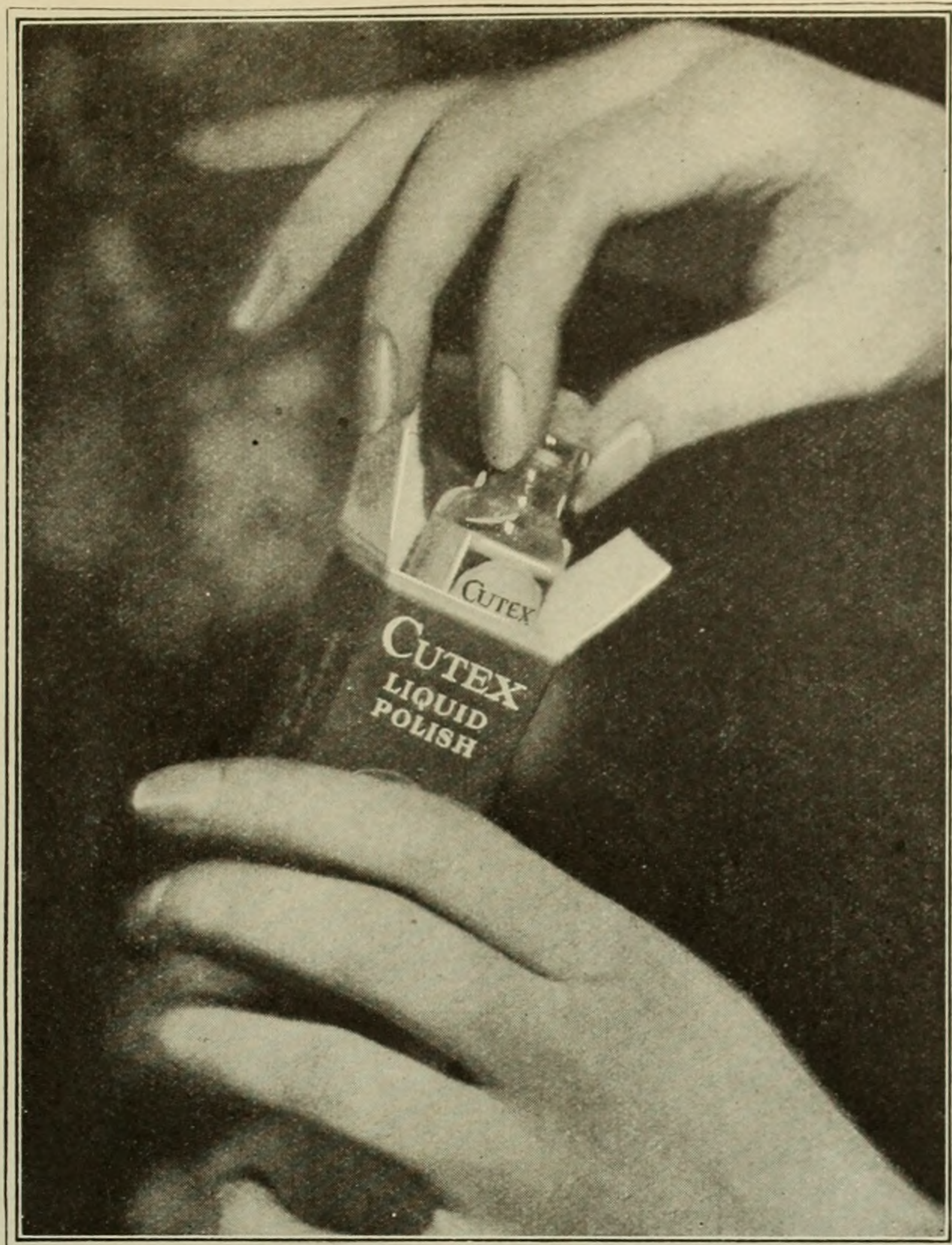


"THE THINKER": While "The Thinker" of the great French sculptor, M. Rodin, seems to think, Mr. Turpin's "The Thinker" only thinks he thinks. Merely a minor difference, of course

"THE SHEIK": The repose expressed by Mr. Turpin is both artistic and comfortable. If the cigarette were held parallel to the floor, then the artist's mouth would have to take the same position, which would prevent the haughty poise of the head, and a sheik must be haughty at all times

"THE FAUN": Here we have the true artist. His appealing, triumphant smile, just as he embraces the nymph, is exactly what one would expect of a faun. The young woman, who is Lois Boyd, Sennett beauty, has thrown up her hands in token of surrender, thus completing the illusion that beauty surrenders when it has nothing else to do





It gives the nails a lovely rose brilliance

This Liquid Polish needs no separate polish remover.

WHAT a joy not to have to use a separate polish remover! To save you this bother, Cutex has put up their wonderful new liquid polish in the simplest way, without any separate polish remover.

When you are ready for a fresh manicure it is just as easy to take off the old polish as it is to give the nails their fresh rosy lustre. A drop of the polish itself, spread over the nail and wiped off before it

dries, removes every trace of polish.

And how convenient it is to put on. The tiny brush holds just the drop needed to spread smooth and evenly over one nail. It leaves a velvet smooth rosy surface that is bewitching. Yet it is so thin the nails look naturally pink and glistening — not artificial or varnished, as some liquids make them.

And this lovely surface lasts and lasts without cracking or splitting around the edges. The nails

keep the charming rose color of the smart Parisian manicure for a whole week. And besides all this never the fear of wanting a fresh manicure and finding yourself lost because you can't take off last week's liquid polish.

Cutex Liquid Polish and other Cutex preparations are 35c at all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England. It comes in two of the complete manicure sets. Sets are 60c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$3.00.

THE COMPLETE MANICURE —

Send 12c for Introductory Set

First shape the nails with the Cutex emery board. Then soften and remove the dead cuticle with Cutex Cuticle Remover and a Cutex orange stick. Then comes Cutex Liquid Polish or the new Powder Polish. Between manicures keep the nails healthy with Cuticle Cream. Send the coupon below with 12c today for the special Introductory Set containing trial sizes of all these things. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. Q-8, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. Q-8
114 West 17th Street, New York

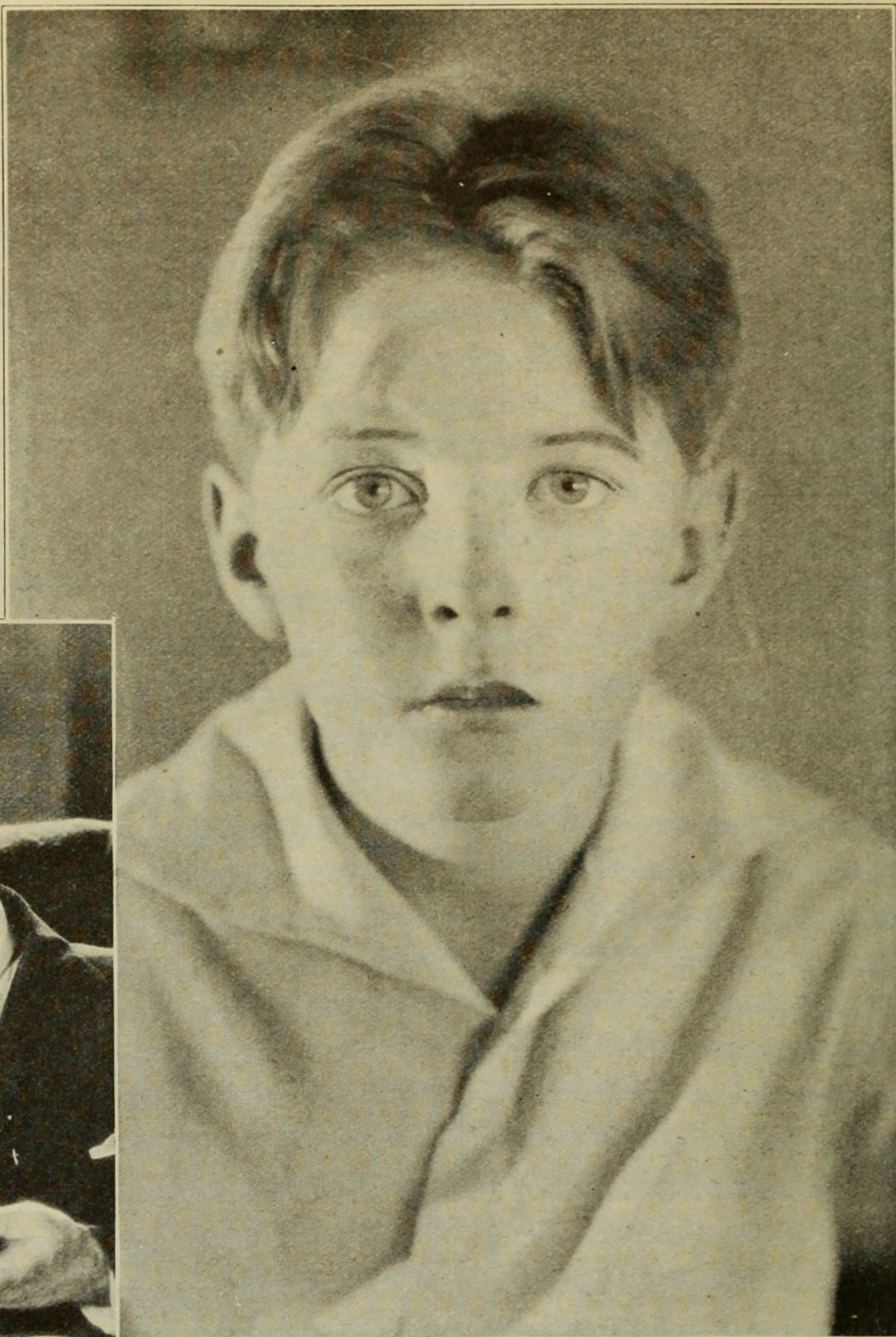
I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set including a trial size of the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

Name _____

Street _____
(or P. O. box)

City _____ State _____

A Leading Man whose Ambition is to have Long Pants



He's only thirteen, is Ben Alexander, but "Boy of Mine" proved that age alone does not make an actor. At left, with Henry Walthall in a scene from that picture.

IT is difficult to talk to a leading man when his heart is broken. You feel it, as it were, bleeding all over the conversation.

But he was very nice about it. When I heard about the disaster and knew that he hadn't eaten anything for two days—that is anything to speak of—I suggested postponing our little talk. But he wouldn't have it. I suppose actors learn to go ahead with their rôles no matter what their internal feelings may be—to laugh and jest when their souls are torn.

Besides, he is my favorite leading man and I was really sympathetic. I think he needed sympathy. The world doesn't always understand.

Of course it was a woman—a siren. She had black, bobbed hair, and she wore a red ribbon in it. He admitted that the red ribbon had something to do with it.

"It—it all happened on account of my insisting in realism in my work," he told me, man-to-man, and trying hard to be careless and *blase* about it, as though one's heart is broken every day. "Can't expect girls to understand about a fellow's work, I suppose."

"Well, hardly," I said, feelingly.

"Well—we were playing 'The Barber of Seville.' I was the barber. And now I ask you if a barber doesn't have to have some hair to cut, doesn't he? She had a doll—just a plain, ordinary old doll, 'sfar as I could see. Had long, yellow hair

By Ivan St. Johns

down its back. When I had to barber, why, I just cut off its hair. I was the barber of Seville, wasn't I? Well, she got sore then and went home and said she'd never

speak to me again and she hasn't. I don't *care*, of course, whether she does speak to me or not. But did you ever hear anything so silly—about an old doll, too?"

For the hero of this newest Hollywood heart-tragedy was Ben Alexander, never to be forgotten for the exquisite poignancy of his childhood performance in Griffith's "Hearts of the World" and now at 13 years, arrived at the dignity of a contract with First National. He had a part in "Boy of Mine," and it was a fine piece of dramatic work.

The best way to describe Ben Alexander at the present moment is to say that his voice is changing. He starts a sentence way down in the bass, and before he's finished it shoots up like a sky-rocket and becomes pure tenor.

The unreliability of his vocal chords annoys Ben profoundly. "Bye and bye I won't talk like this," he explained apologetically. "Maybe you better wait until it—settles before you interview me."

I assured him that his vocal eccentricities wouldn't register on paper and he gave me a sheepish but relieved grin. He confided to me that he thought he ought to have long pants pretty soon. "Mother says not until I'm in high school," he said, "but it's awful hard to know what to do with all your legs."



He knew he was lucky to have her for this last dance of the evening—she looked as sweet and fresh as when she arrived. She was one of those women who know how to retain their subtle charm of complexion

Do you use the wrong shade of powder?

By MME. JEANNETTE

YOU wouldn't think of wearing two different shades of stockings at one time—yet how often we see women with one shade of skin wearing an entirely different shade of face powder!

This is one of the very important considerations in using powder effectively—it must match the tone of your skin. Pompeian Beauty Powder is found in four shades, one for each of the typical skins.

The following general description will be a guide in deciding your shade of skin:

The Medium skin is found with almost any shade of eyes or hair, but the actual tone of the skin makes the type!

These skins need the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder. So many American women should use this particular shade, and it is so perfected in the Pompeian Beauty Powder that I would almost persuade any woman who hasn't a striking blonde or a brunette skin to try this powder in this shade!

The White skin appears in very blonde types, and occasionally in the very black-haired Irish type, but most frequently with red hair. If you are sure your skin is chalk-white, you may use White powder that is found in the Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The Pink skin is a skin that can be turned into a definite asset of beauty if it is properly treated. Women with pink or flushed-looking skins often make the mistake of using a white or a dark powder. This only accents the pinkness—but they should always use the pink tone of powder—the Flesh shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The Olive skin is rich in color tones, though the average person may believe the contrary; for few olive-skinned women have much red or pink in their cheeks. The shade of powder for this rich skin is Rachel Pompeian Beauty Powder. This powder shade on an olive skin accentuates the color of the eyes, the red of the lips, and the whiteness of the teeth.

All shades, at toilet goods counters, 60c per box (Canada, 65c). The very thin-model compact, \$1.00 (Canada, \$1.10).

After reading my descriptions of skin-tones, and the shades of powder they require, you probably will be able to go directly to your favorite shop and buy the shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder your skin needs. If you are in doubt between two shades, check them on the coupon below and I will send you, without charge, a sample of each.

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, CLEVELAND, OHIO

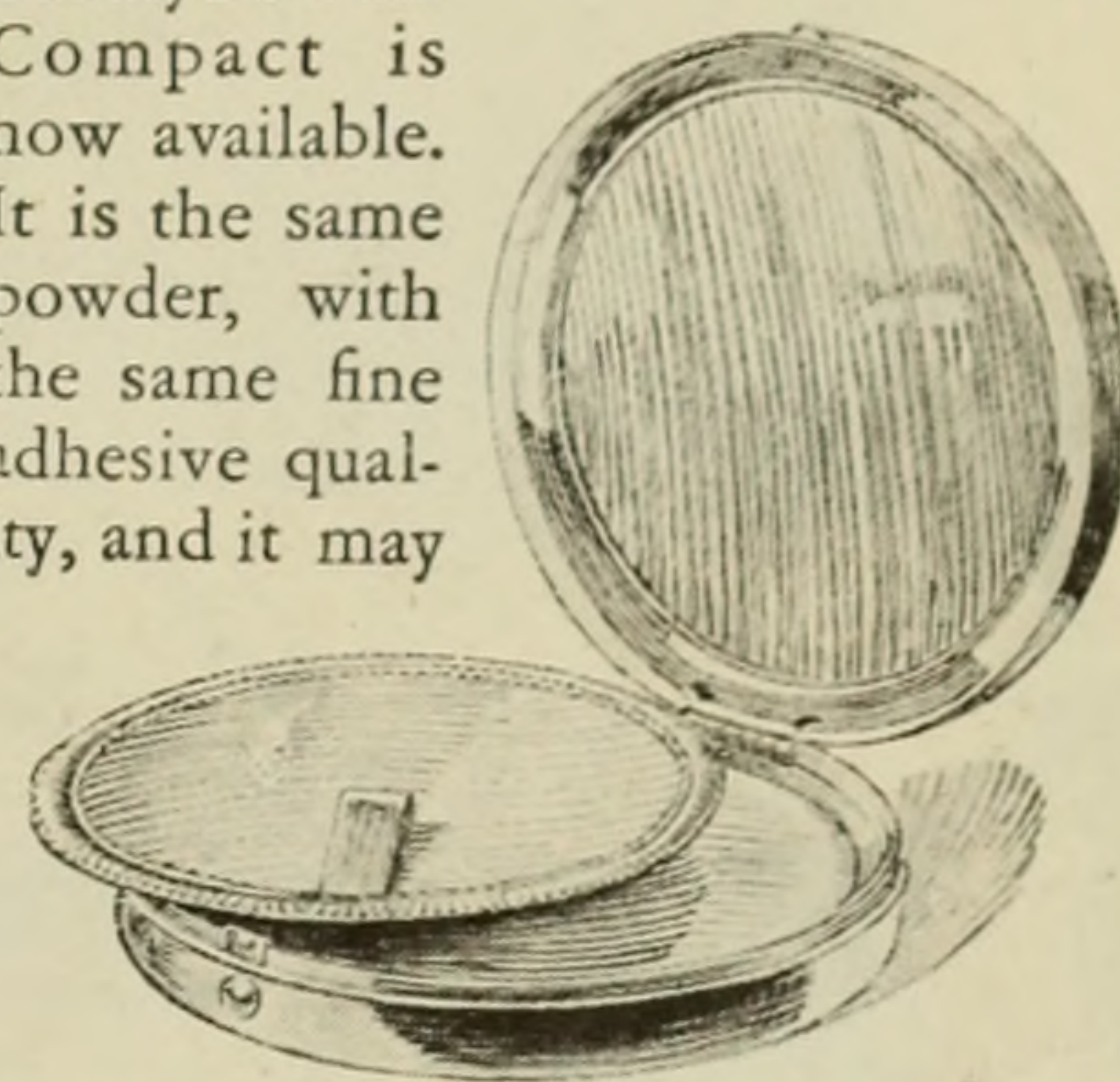
Also Made in Canada

POMPEIAN
Beauty Powder



The new
POMPEIAN
POWDER COMPACT
— a thin model —

Every woman who uses Pompeian Beauty Powder and is a devotee of its superior qualities will welcome the fact that the new Pompeian Beauty Powder Compact is now available. It is the same powder, with the same fine adhesive quality, and it may



be had in the four shades—Naturelle, Rachel, Flesh, and White.

It comes in a gilt lacquered case with a tracery of violet-covered enamel in delicate design on the top.

This is an exceptionally thin model—the correct compact for the smart bags—and it fits easily in the pocket of suit or wrap. It is sufficiently large in circumference to permit of good expanse of powder—and has a generous mirror in the top. The compact itself is covered with a satin-backed puff.

Examine this new compact at the same store where you buy your Pompeian Beauty Powder—you will find it as de luxe as a model from an exclusive jeweler's. Be sure to get your correct shade of powder according to directions given on this page. Pompeian Beauty Powder Compact, \$1.00.

Mme. Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté

MADAME JEANNETTE,
Pompeian Laboratories,
Dept. 611, Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Madame: Not being entirely certain which shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder is best suited to my skin tone, I wish to test the two shades checked below.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

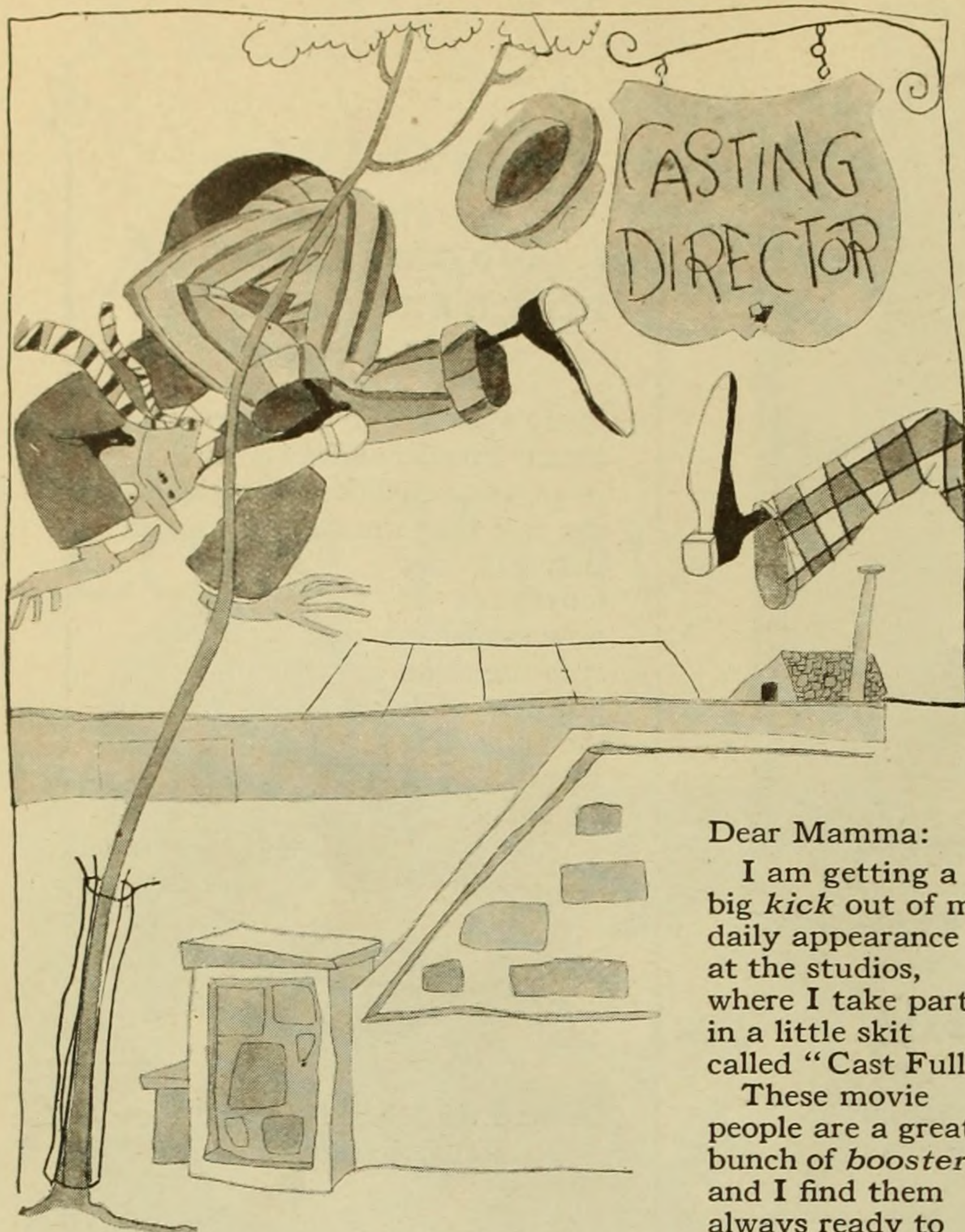
Please check the two shades desired for test

Naturelle Rachel Flesh White

Hollywood Writes Home

Old folks get reports
of progress from rising stars
on movie frontier!

By H. W. Haenigsen

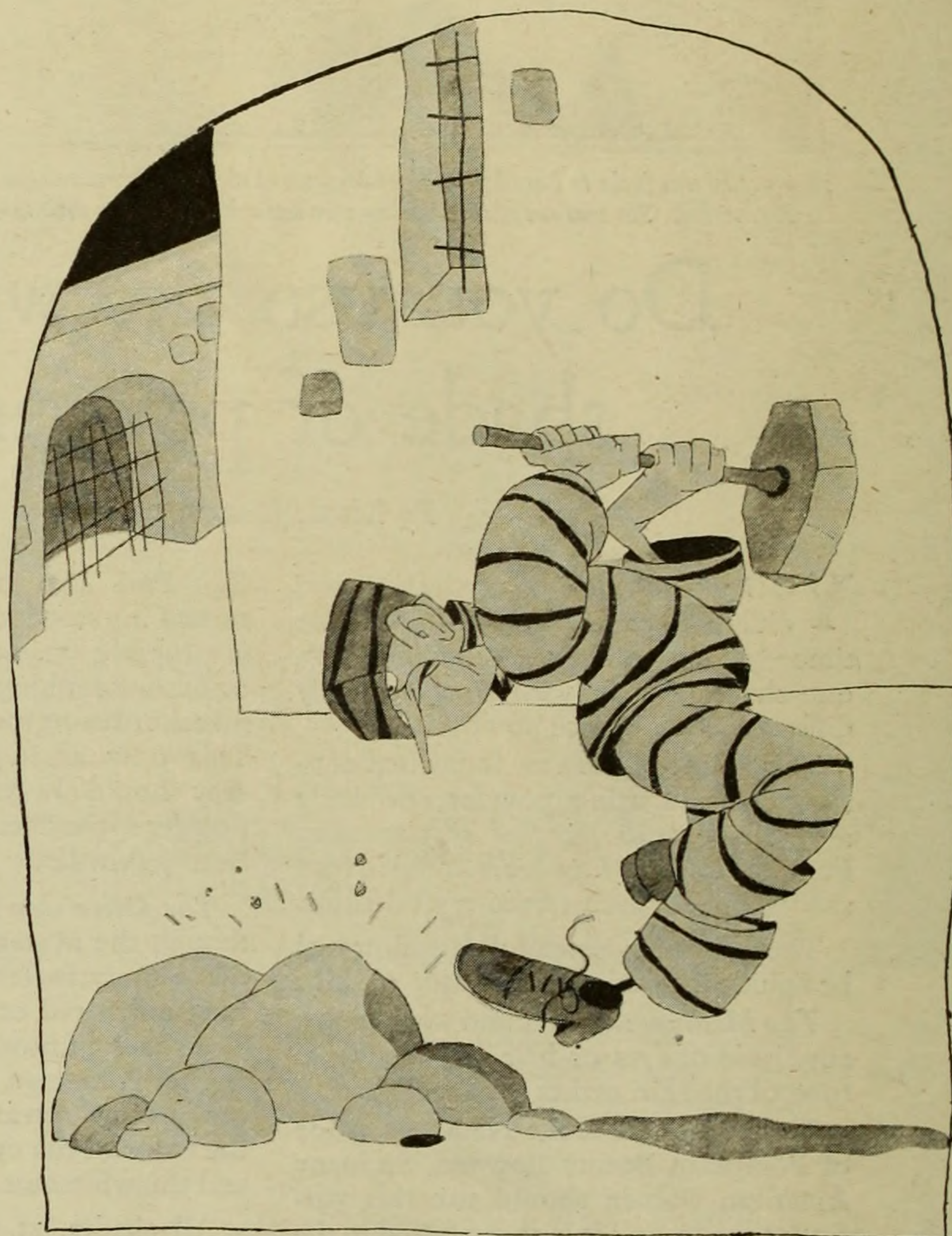
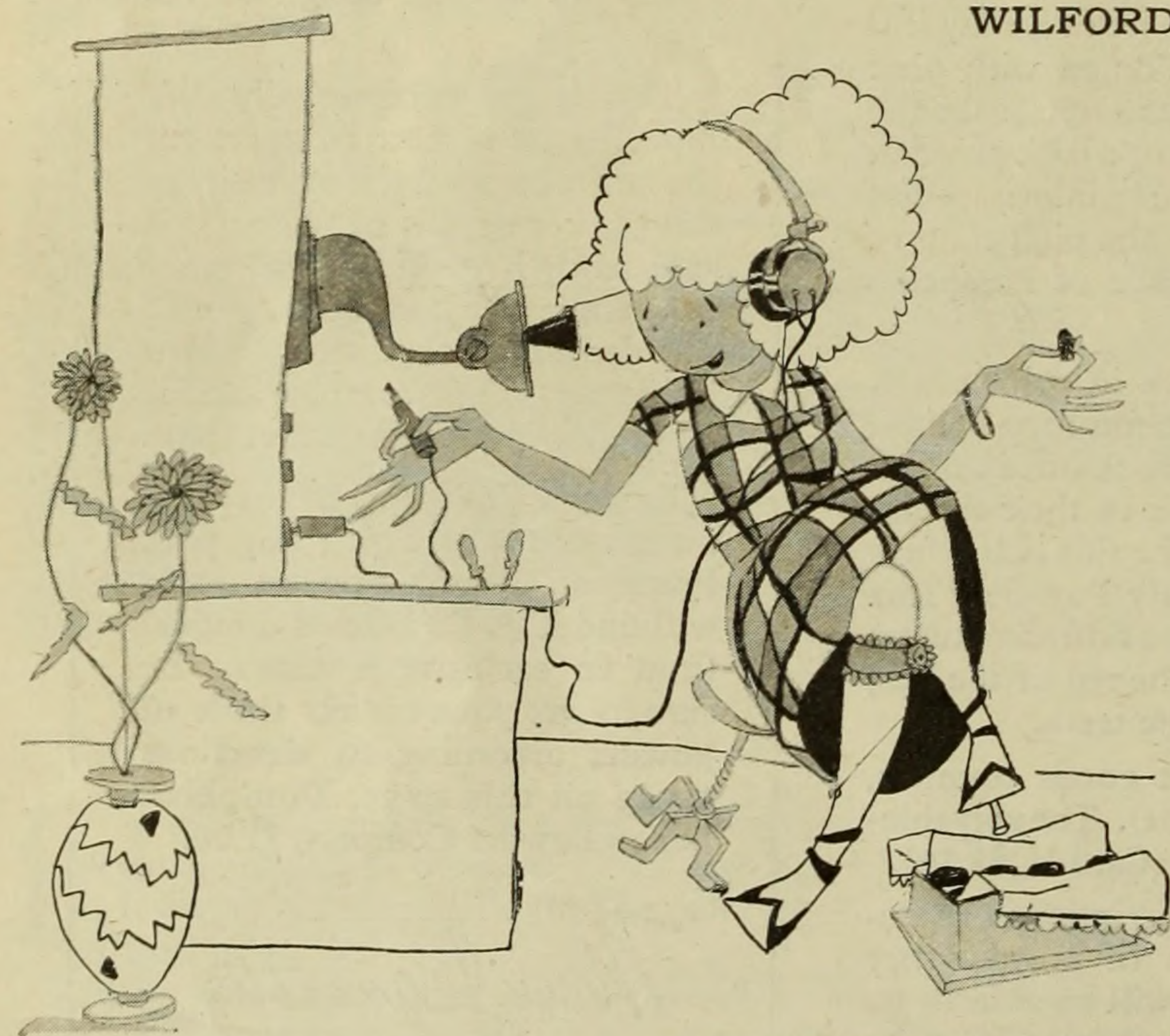


Dear Mamma:

I am getting a big *kick* out of my daily appearance at the studios, where I take part in a little skit called "Cast Full."

These movie people are a great bunch of *boosters*, and I find them always ready to give a fellow a *lift*.

Your loving son,
WILFORD.



Dear Parents:

Lack of money made it hard going at first, but things are *breaking* for me now.

I managed to *raise* a check for \$5,000, which accounts for my being where I am today.

My present work is very confining but my forthcoming *release* will bring much needed rest and freedom.

Your loving son, JOHN.

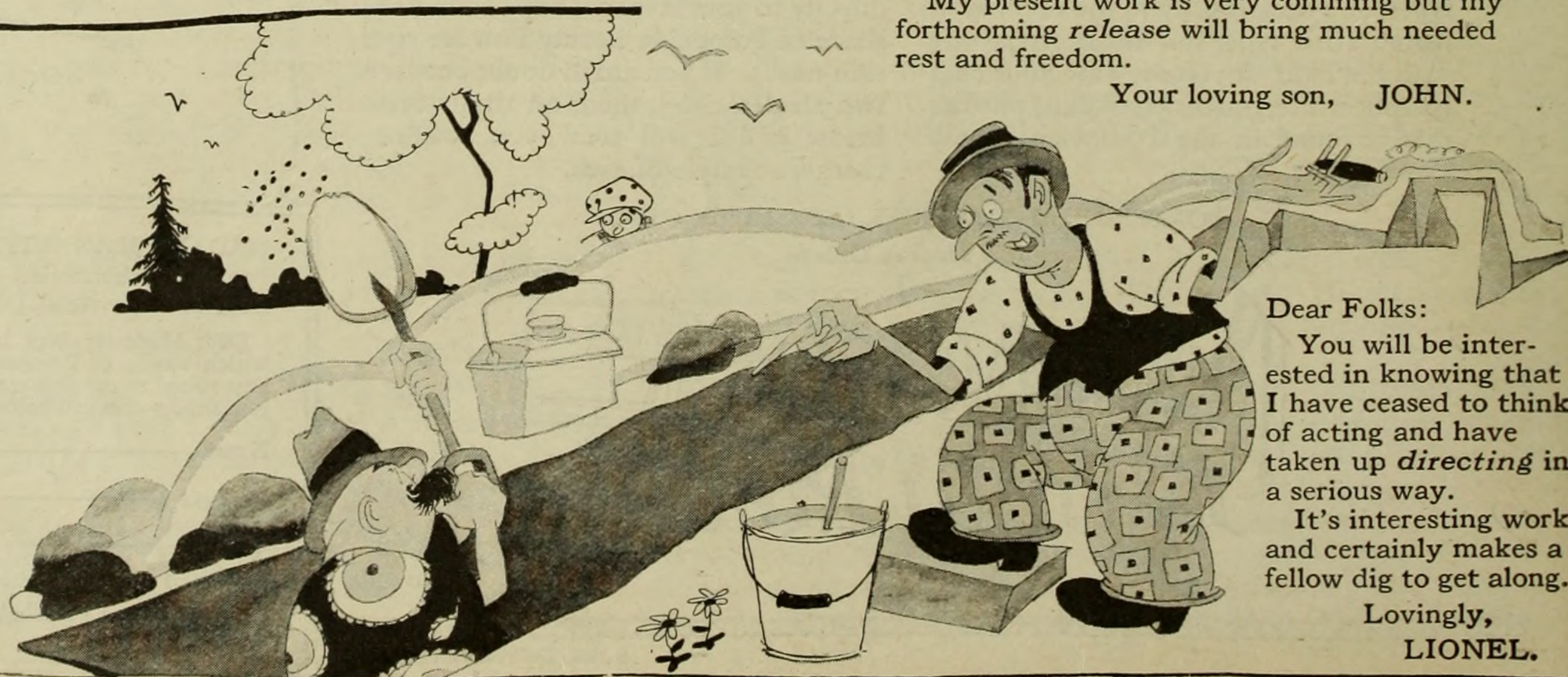
Dear Maw & Paw:

By constant *plugging* I have made *connections* with the biggest people in the movie game.

Every director in town has asked for my services.

In this short time I have become one of the *central* figures in Hollywood.

Love,
BEBE.



Dear Folks:

You will be interested in knowing that I have ceased to think of acting and have taken up *directing* in a serious way.

It's interesting work and certainly makes a fellow dig to get along.

Lovingly,
LIONEL.

"Who is she?"

asks the stag line



Learn now the simple secret of her charm;
THEN—attain it in this way

We study her, this girl who seems to make wallflowers of us all. Is she clever? Is she brilliant? We feign indifference to hide the envy we feel. Yet—to be in her place if only for an hour!

WHEREVER we go, there is always such a girl. She is no prettier, no wittier than hundreds of others that we've known. But hers the simple wisdom of attaining, then *keeping* that schoolgirl complexion—the charm that never fails.

The means are simple, as millions will tell you, just soap and water; the balmy lather of palm and olive oils as scientifically saponified in Palmolive.

Do this just to see what a single week will do

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But *never leave them on over night*. If you do, they clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. *Then repeat both the washing and rinsing*. If your skin is inclined to dryness, apply just a touch of good cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and particularly before retiring. Watch the results.

The world's most simple beauty treatment

Thus in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty and charm.

No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day's accumulations of dirt, oil and perspiration, cleanse the pores, and Nature will be kind to you. Your skin will be of fine texture. Your color will be good. Wrinkles will not be the problem as the years advance.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. The Palmolive habit will keep that schoolgirl complexion.

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. Note the difference just one week makes.

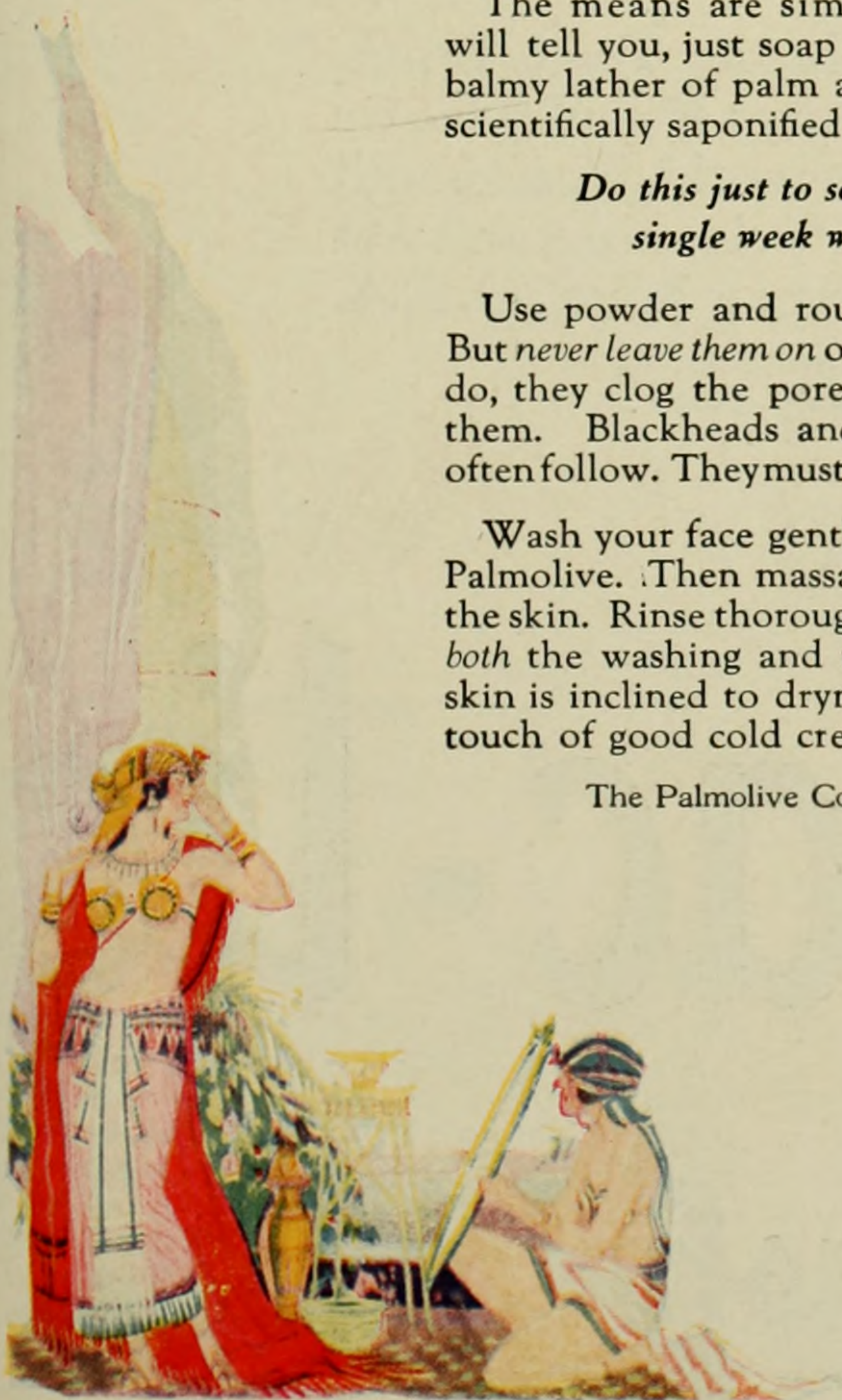
Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only

10c

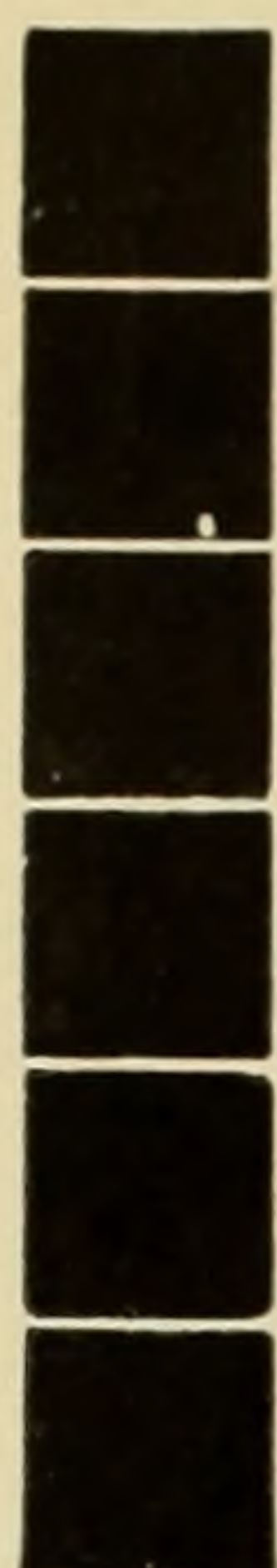
The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 360 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Note carefully the name and wrapper. Palmolive Soap is never sold unwrapped.



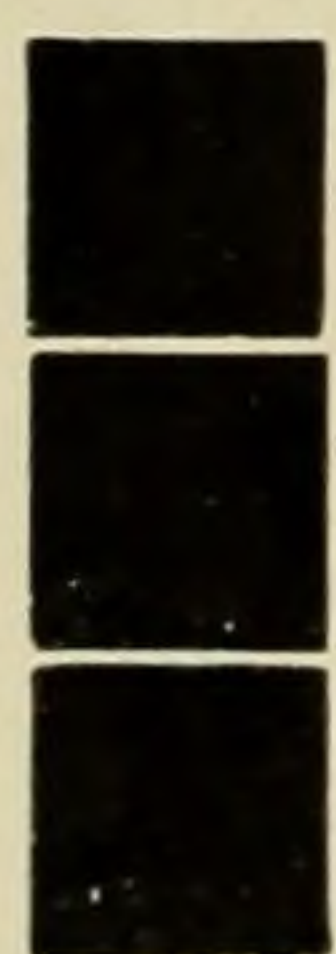


The correct brush



Look at this Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. First, notice the hole in the handle. A hook is furnished with every Pro-phy-lac-tic, to hang the brush upon. Second, each brush is marked with a symbol, so that you always know your own individual Pro-phy-lac-tic. Third, the handle is curved, and the end tapered and beveled, so that it will reach behind all teeth. Fourth, each brush is marked hard, medium, or soft, so you can always get the kind of bristles you want. Fifth, bristle tufts are arranged to fit the curve of the jaw—the Pro-phy-lac-tic shape. Sixth, the large end tuft reaches and cleans the backs of the back teeth and the inner surfaces of all teeth. Seventh, remember

the famous yellow box



These features were originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. Made in America by Americans. You can now buy a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush in any civilized community in the world. You should use a Pro-phy-lac-tic. It saves your teeth by really cleaning, and not merely brushing them. Florence Mfg. Co., Florence, Mass., U. S. A.

Prices in the United States are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult 50c;
Pro-phy-lac-tic Small 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby 25c.

The name-world known

Pro-phy-lac-tic

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Tooth Brush

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. As a further aid, a complete list of studio addresses is printed elsewhere in this Magazine every month. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

FLORENCE, LOS ANGELES.—In other words, you don't care much for Monte Blue, do you? You just think he's the best actor on the stage or screen; that he has wonderful eyes, so frank and honest; that no one can make love like he can and that all a picture needs to make it a success is his presence therein. Well, Florence, you're a fan worth having! His next picture will be "Deburau." He has just completed "How to Educate a Wife."

CHERIE OF SUNNY FRANCE.—Can any woman who sees Ramon Novarro but once help to fall in love with him forever? Well, now, Cherie, you wouldn't want to break up all the happy homes in Christendom just to add up conquests for your favorite, would you? I am very sure if you wrote him such a fervent letter as you wrote me, that he would send you a picture. He has recently completed "The Arab" under Rex Ingram's direction, but because of the director's illness, is now working under Fred Niblo in "The Red Lily."

"CONNIE TALMADGE FAN," SUNDERLAND, ENGLAND.—Glad you like us, Britannia. And we accept without comment your guess that we are a topping young editor—not the old man that most of our correspondents think us. Well, after all, a hundred years isn't long to have lived if your heart's young. Constance Talmadge is twenty-four years old and has blonde hair and brown eyes; Antonio Moreno is thirty-six.

PEGGY W., FLINT, MICH.—A "movie fiend," you say? That's the way to do things, Peggy, with enthusiasm! Corinne Griffith was married a few months ago to Walter Morosco, son of the theatrical producer. And I'm afraid she meant it when she said she intended to retire from the screen after a few more pictures. Milton Sills' wife is still living and his daughter is thirteen years old. I am sure he's quite as "nice and sensible" in real life as he seems on the screen.

CHI LAMBDA ZETA, WEST CHESTER, PA.—The picture you refer to was "Saturday Night." Don't you remember the bathing scene? Conrad Nagel and Leatrice Joy played leading rôles.

POLLYANNA, WILKESBARRE, PA.—When some pictures come along, we wish that were our name! So you're the girl that likes Ramon Novarro! And, liking him, you're interested to know all about him. Well, he's five feet ten inches in height, Mexican by birth, and he has dark brown hair and eyes, as you probably know, since you've seen "every single picture he's ever, ever played in." His next picture will be "The Red Lily." George Hackathorne is twenty-eight and American. Ivor Novello is an Englishman and twenty-nine years old. Mae Marsh and Ivor Novello played in "The White Rose."

"BLONDIE," FORT WAYNE, IND.—I'd tell a blonde anything—whether she was anxious or not! But it pains me to relate that Lloyd Hughes is married to pretty Gloria Hope. He is twenty-seven and Richard Dix is twenty-nine.

EVA, EL MONTE, CALIF.—Do I not think Renee Adoree adorable? Her height is five feet, two inches, her weight one hundred and five pounds. Her eyes are gray, her hair black. Conway Tearle's height is five feet, eleven inches. His hair and eyes are dark, matching each other in color, an unusual combination.

B. F. M., OKLAHOMA.—My humble thanks, Belle dear. Your vote for the handsomest man on the screen would be Jack Gilbert. He was born in Logan, Utah, in 1895. He attended the Hitchcock Military Academy, San Rafael, Calif. Coming of a stage family, he had considerable stage experience before going into pictures. Before becoming a Fox star he was an actor and director for Tourneur. His height is five feet, eleven inches. His weight the scales record at one hundred and forty-five pounds. As to hair and eyes—brown.

A. L., ENGLEWOOD, N. J.—Tut! Tut! You confess to a keen interest in Frank Mayo and Johnny Harron. Johnny Harron was born in New York twenty years ago. He has brown hair and dark blue eyes. His weight is one hundred and sixty pounds. He is not married. Frank Mayo was born in the same city, June 28, 1886. His height is five feet, eleven inches, his weight one hundred and sixty-five pounds.

MYRA OF CHICAGO, ILL.—I wish there were someone to plead for me as you do. Would that I were among those you "like so much"! Gladys Brockwell's birthplace was Brooklyn, her birthdate Sept. 26, 1894. Her parents were professional players. She began her stage career when a child. Luke Cosgrave was born in County Mayo, Ireland. He came to America while a child and lived in Zanesville, Ohio. He was on the stage several years before appearing in pictures.

A. F. B., YAKIMA, WASH.—Pleased am I that PHOTOPLAY has inspired a family in the northwest corner of what you patriotically call "These good United States." Particularly a family that lives twenty miles from a town. Your two little daughters, Bertha and Laura, whose pictures you send me, are equal, featurally, to most of our stars. If they want to be actresses at three and five you will have to tie them to keep them off the screen in fifteen years.

PEARL, SWEET SPRINGS, MO.—I trust you and your town are as charming as the names you give. Thomas Meighan's surname is pronounced as though spelled. "Me-an." Was that your stand in the "twenty disputes about it"? I hope so, I like to see a nice girl win.

W. M., HALEDON, N. J.—Delighted to add to your fund of information, Walter. Richard Talmadge is not a relative of Norma's. So he is not a kinsman of either Constance or Natalie. Norma Talmadge's age is twenty-eight. Billie Burke's plans for her return to the stage have not yet materialized. Her home is at Hastings-on-the-Hudson. Colleen Moore is neither kith nor kin to the brothers, Tom, Owen and Matt of that name.

J. Z., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Your interest is limited to one actor. How rare! I am glad to encourage constancy in your sex. Conrad Nagel's advent into this world occurred March 16, 1896. His height is six feet, his weight one hundred and sixty-five pounds. Blond hair and blue eyes. What is the month of weddings? Right. He was married in June. He married Ruth Helm, a non-professional.

V. D., LIMA, OHIO.—A new name for me. I'm an "astronomer." Quite apt, for I do a lot of star-gazing. Stars usually acknowledge letters from their admirers.

E. G., WOODBINE, OHIO.—Fred Stone, who played in "The Wizard of Oz," and is the father of the lovely Dorothy, who at seventeen has joined his company in musical comedy, once made an excursion into movie-land. He figures largely in "The Duke of Chimney Butte," "Billy Jim" and "The Goat."

NAT, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Tell me something, Nat. I suspect that the reason you girls are so keen to know the height and weight of your favorite actresses is that you want to compare them with your own. Am I right? Mae Murray, five feet, three inches; Marion Davis, five feet, four and one-half inches.

WALTER, AKRON, OHIO.—Write Miss Dana again, thank her for the photograph, and enclose the delinquent quarter. She was born June 28, 1898.

EARNEST BOY, WICHITA FALLS, KAN.—Colleen Moore, though lovely, is human. It is human to enjoy praise. Write her what you think of her art and beauty.

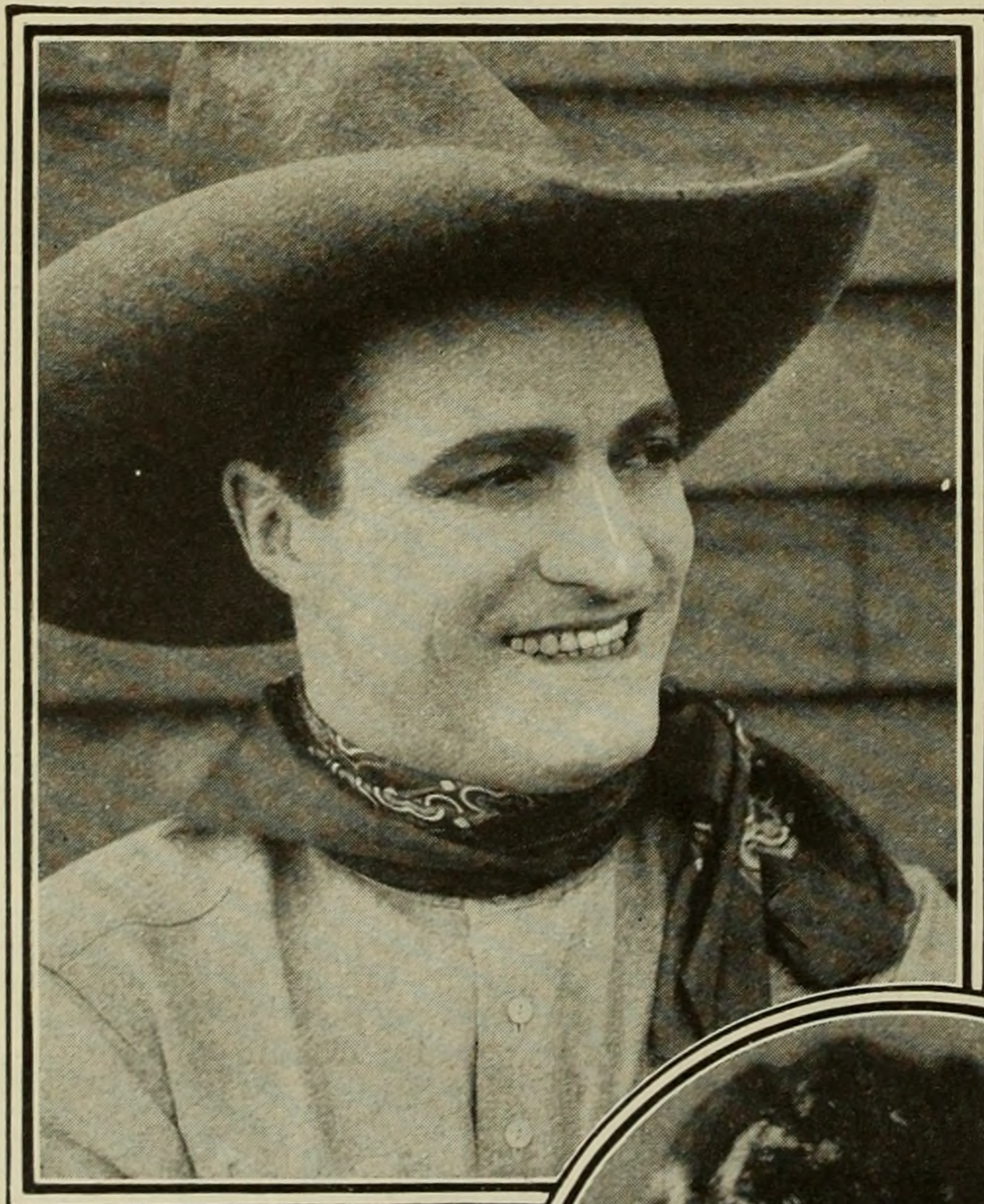
M. F. M., LACKAWANA, N. J.—Charles Jones and Buck Jones are the same person. I hope you win the bet, Maggie. The age of the two-named young man is thirty-four. Norma Talmadge's age is twenty-eight, Anita Stewart's twenty-six, Lillian Gish's twenty-seven and her sister, Dorothy Gish's twenty-five. Mae Murray's is thirty-seven.

L. A. G., PITTSBURGH, PA.—Being in a good humor today, I will be generous. It pleases me to tell you that Ben Lyon is not married. But give him time. He is only twenty-one. It is customary to enclose twenty-five cents to cover the expense of the photograph and postage. Wouldn't it be worth that to be gazed at by Ben all day? [CONTINUED ON PAGE 112]

**COLLEEN MOORE says:**

I learned about it several years ago, this idea of combating film on teeth. Results are really astonishing. The public is surprisingly critical of teeth and I am very careful to keep mine in good condition. On the advice of my dentist I use Pepsodent exclusively—I've never found any old-fashioned method, or morning and night brushing, with nearly the same effect. To any girl who seeks gleaming, whiter teeth, I say "Pepsodent"—one never knows what pretty teeth she has until she attacks the film.

Colleen Moore

**TOM MIX says:**

White teeth?—in my profession they must be so. Nothing can spoil a film smile like unattractive teeth. Using Pepsodent before "going on," as well as several other times during the day, is an important part of my make-up. Gloria Swanson first told me about it. I know of no other method that has so remarkable an effect.

Tom Mix

**BEBE DANIELS says:**

It's a strange thing, but of the thousands of letters I receive from "fans" a great majority speak of my teeth. Many ask me what I do to keep them so brilliant. Yet, as a matter of fact, not so very long ago my director hesitatingly told me my teeth did not seem as white as they might be. Then Agnes Ayres told me about Pepsodent, which a famous dental surgeon in the East had advised her to use—and she, as you know, is noted for her wonderful teeth. In less than 10 days I had the glistening teeth people ask me about today.

Bebe Daniels

Those \$100,000 a year

How motion pictures' famous stars gain the gleaming, pearly teeth that make smiles worth fortunes—how you can clear your own teeth in the same way. A simple test that reveals the most amazing of tooth methods—a new method urged by leading dental authorities of the world.

Dull teeth made bright and gleaming—cloudy, discolored teeth given new luster! These famous stars of the moving picture world now tell us how they gain them. You, too, can have them if you wish.

Smiles in the cinema world sell for thousands—that is, some smiles. Gleaming teeth are essential. Otherwise a smile can have no value. So these people follow the method here explained not only for the satisfaction and beauty they gain, but as a matter of cold business.

The amazing effect of combating the film which forms on teeth. Dull teeth, dingy, discolored. How they are made whiter, more appealing.

THERE is a film on your teeth, a film that becomes discolored, that hides their natural luster. Under it is the tooth gleam and sheen that you envy in others. Run your tongue across your teeth and you can feel this film.

It is the principal cause of dull and dingy teeth. The principal cause, too, of most tooth troubles. No ordinary tooth paste can successfully combat it.

No excuse today for dingy teeth

Film is a viscous coat that clings to teeth. It gets into crevices and stays. It clouds teeth; it keeps people from showing the natural luster that is there.

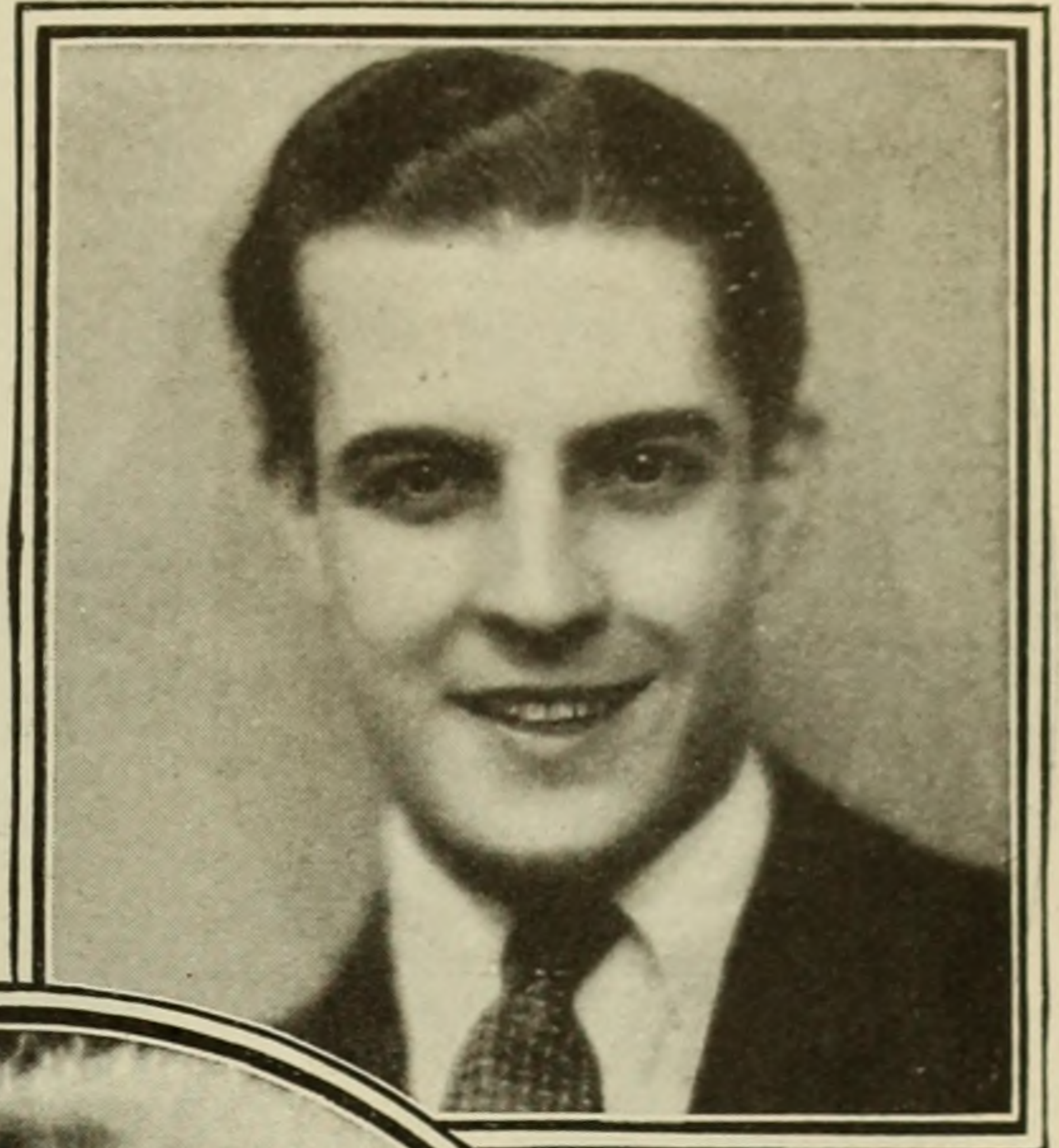
It also holds food substance which ferments and causes acid. And in contact with teeth, this acid invites decay. Millions of germs breed and multiply in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

RAMON NOVARRO says:

I never go on a set without first looking to my teeth. I've done this for years, or rather since I discovered Pepsodent. It removes that cloudy film, which, before strong lights and a camera shows up so unkindly. A noted dentist told me about this method and I've never stopped thanking him—it makes a very great difference. I make it a practice to use Pepsodent four or five times daily and think most of the people before the camera do the same.

10-day test FREE
Mail the coupon

Ramon Novarro



smiles in the Movies

Combat that film and your teeth gleam. Your mirror tells a story that seems almost incredible. Having dingy teeth today simply rests with the individual. On every side you see wonderful, gleaming teeth. This new way is largely responsible.

Now modern science offers a new way that works wonders on your teeth

For years men of science have given their best in seeking an effective combatant of that film.

Ordinary tooth pastes do not cope with it adequately. Gritty substances were discarded as dangerous to enamel. Numerous methods have been tested and found wanting.

Now modern dental science has found two new combatants and embodied them in the modern tooth paste called Pepsodent.

Its action is to curdle the film. Then, harmlessly, to remove it. A scientific method different in formula, action and effect from any other dentifrice.

* * * *

Throughout the civilized world leading dentists urge this new method.

To millions it has proved the folly of dull and dingy teeth. To millions it offers daily a better protection against pyorrhea, tooth troubles and decay. For it does more than combat the film.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. It neutralizes mouth acids. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva to better digest starch deposits, which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

If you want whiter teeth you will mail this coupon

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube free. Then note results yourself. Note how your teeth become whiter after a short time.

You will note a difference. Your friends will note it, so remarkably apparent it will be.

Millions have made this test. Men and women famous on the stage, prominent leaders of social and diplomatic life, have found results beyond their hopes.

Now make the test. It will cost you nothing. You'll thank yourself many times in years to come for the new conception of the more beautiful and healthier teeth it will bring.



MAE MURRAY says:

In the silent drama small details are more essential, I believe, than in the spoken. That's because the whole appeal is to the eye. So pretty teeth are tremendously important, and formerly a great problem. Today Pepsodent is regarded as important as, if not more so, than any other part of "make-up." There is no doubt that it gives a delightful glisten to one's teeth. How much so, one never knows till using it after ordinary, old-fashioned methods.

Mae Murray

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Pictures?

Oh, Pshaw!

said O. SHAW

But Oscar has been converted and, being a good actor, a lover of stunts and an athlete, is making good on the screen as he did on the stage

By Sally Benson



Oscar Shaw, featuring his famous grin, and, at right, with Anita Stewart in "The Great White Way"

DOES he dance and does he sing? Does he do a little bit of everything? Does he? I'll say he does.

He does the dancing and singing in "One Kiss," although if it were not that it would be in something else, and he does the little bit of everything in Cosmopolitan's picture, "The Great White Way."

Perhaps you noticed him as the new face in that production. He never worked in a picture before, and he always said he never would. He wouldn't even go to look at a motion picture. Not this boy. The stage for him. But he's been converted. And, judging from his success in his first picture, he's going to be in demand hereafter.

His name is Oscar Shaw, he was born in Philadelphia, and that's that.

After all, not many an ambitious boy, no matter how good a tenor he may be, can take a leading part in one of the best pictures of the year without arousing a few, "Well, for goodness sakes!" Of course the real explanation is, he's a baritone.

He wore a dressing gown when I saw him. It was one of the kind that looks as though it were made of old, tired, bath towels. He had a skull cap, usually worn by small boys when they are training their hair to lie flat, and a pair of old golf shoes. Almost anyone can tell you what an old golf shoe looks like. Nothing else ever gets to look that old.

He didn't begin telling me, I had to ask him.

"I suppose, Mr. Shaw, that you left college, without your parents' consent, and went on the stage?"

He looked puzzled.

"Well, not exactly that," he said. "It was more like this.



I quit school when I was seventeen, and peddled soap."

"What kind of soap?"

"Just laundry soap. One ordinary cake that we could buy at the grocery made three cakes of our soap. We put ours in fancy wrappers."

"How did you learn your screen technique?"

"I don't know how you could explain that. Except maybe the time I worked in that barrel factory in Cincinnati might have helped me."

"What I mean to say is, Mr. Shaw, where did you learn to display those emotions? You do display them, you know."

"Once a friend of mine and I took care of a carload of horses on the way to Columbus, Ohio. You can learn a lot that way. We were fired when we got there. The time I worked in that all-night restaurant in Denver must have helped too."

"But your insight into the character you played; how do you account for being able to know that?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120



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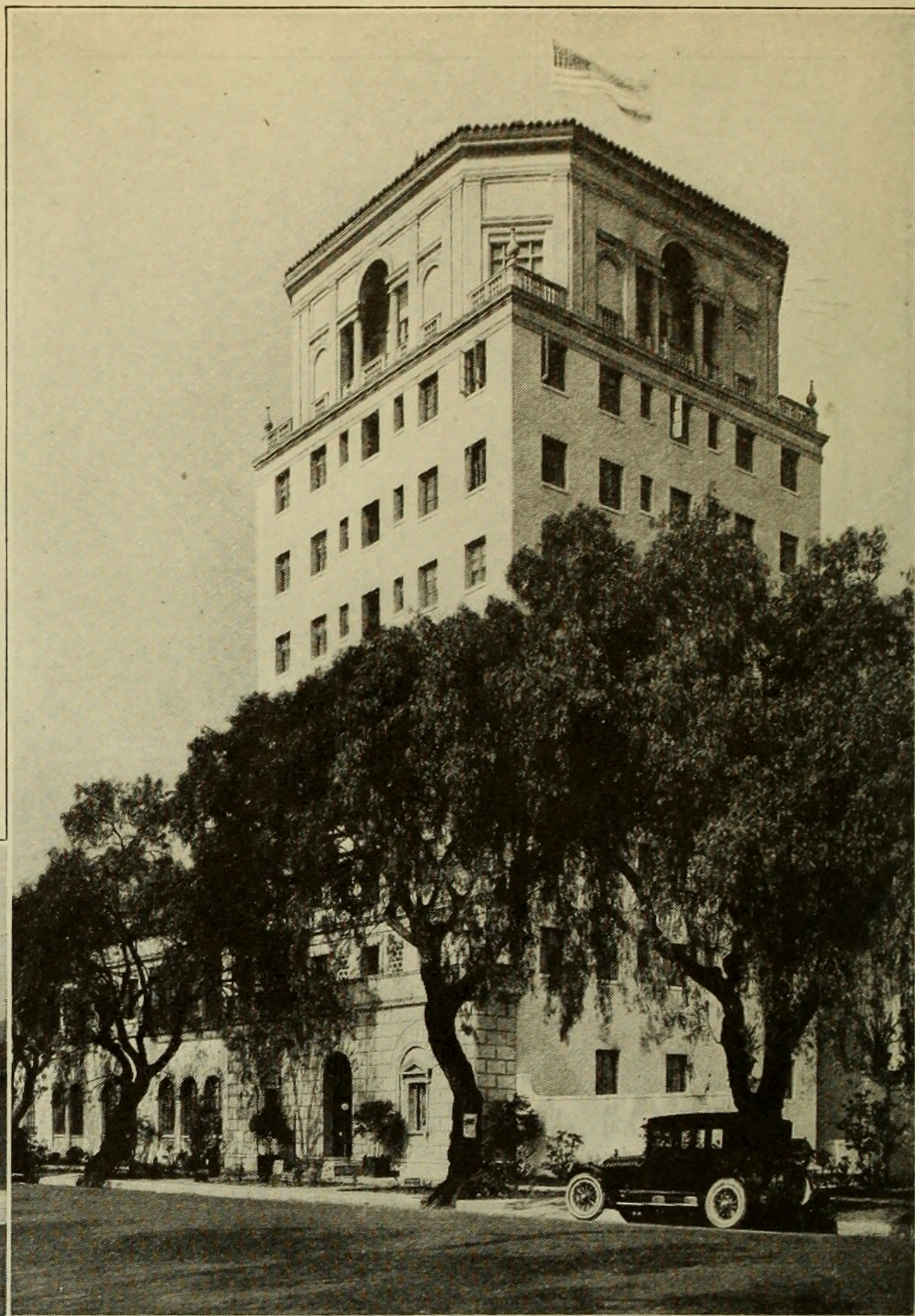
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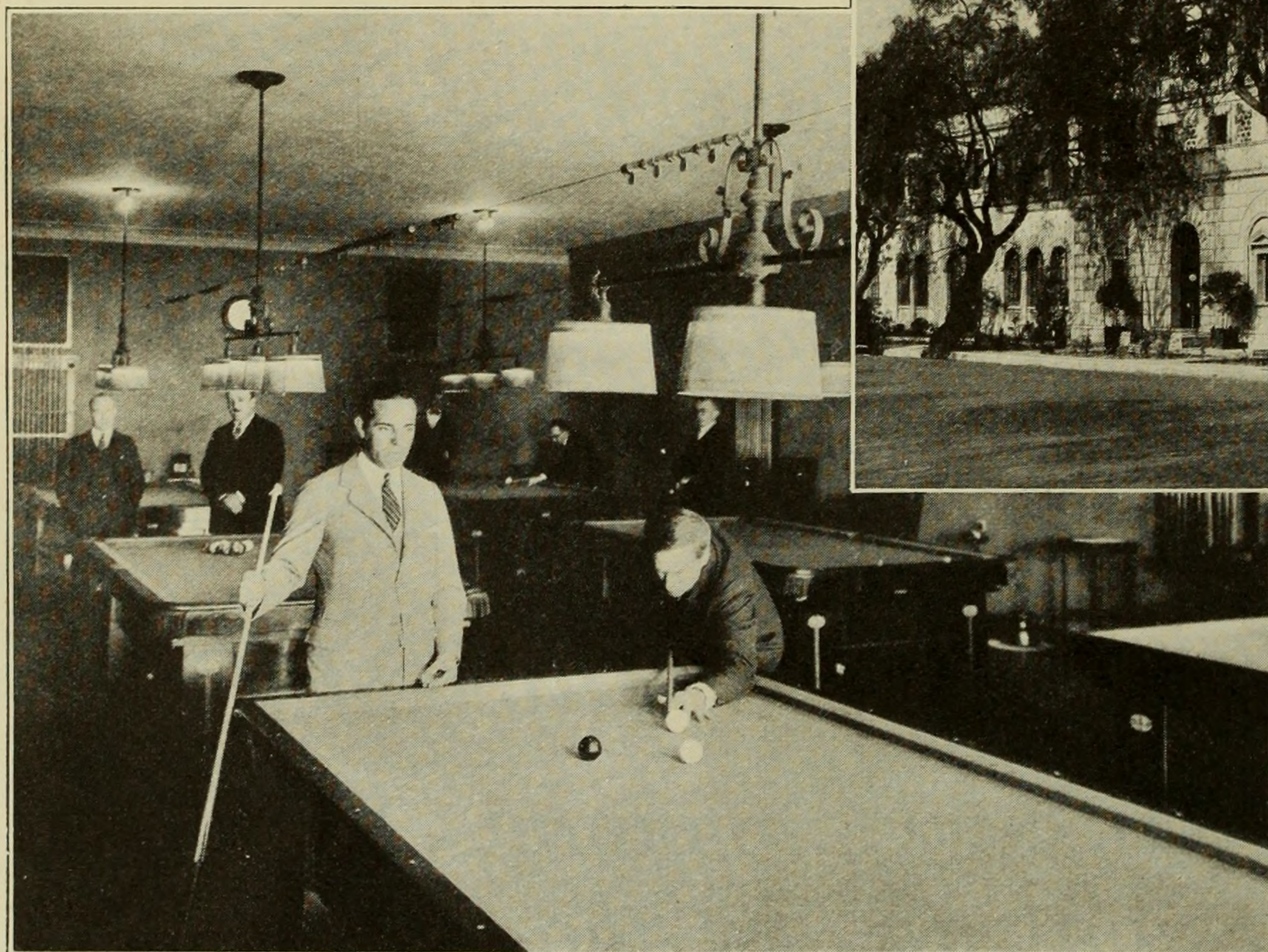
Where the Screen Stars Train

Members of the profession form large percentage of membership of the Hollywood Athletic Club

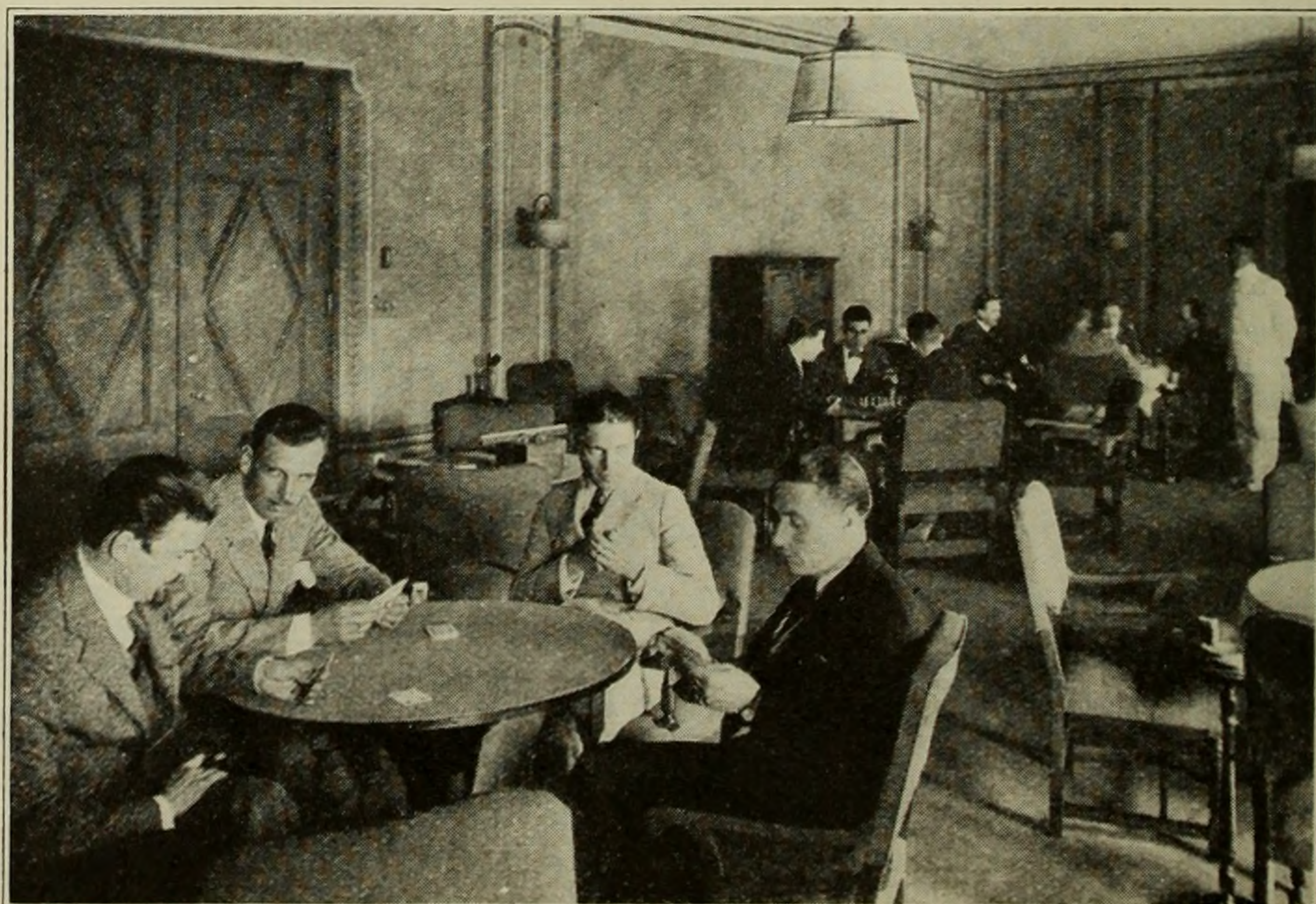
IT must be apparent to all who see on the screen the stunts that picture actors are called upon to do that considerable athletic training is necessary to most of them. So they have a place of their own in Hollywood now in which to keep themselves in condition. This is the Hollywood Athletic Club, located in the heart of Hollywood, and comprising in its membership almost every actor and director of note in the picture world. Quite a number of the present members of the Hollywood club were formerly in the Los Angeles Athletic Club, but there seemed to be something about the new organization that attracted the members of the acting profession.



The beautiful building of the Hollywood Athletic Club is one of the best appointed on the Pacific Coast. It is an imposing structure and contains every accessory for social as well as athletic affairs. It has spacious banquet rooms, a fine gymnasium, an enormous swimming pool, private dining rooms and fifty-five bedrooms



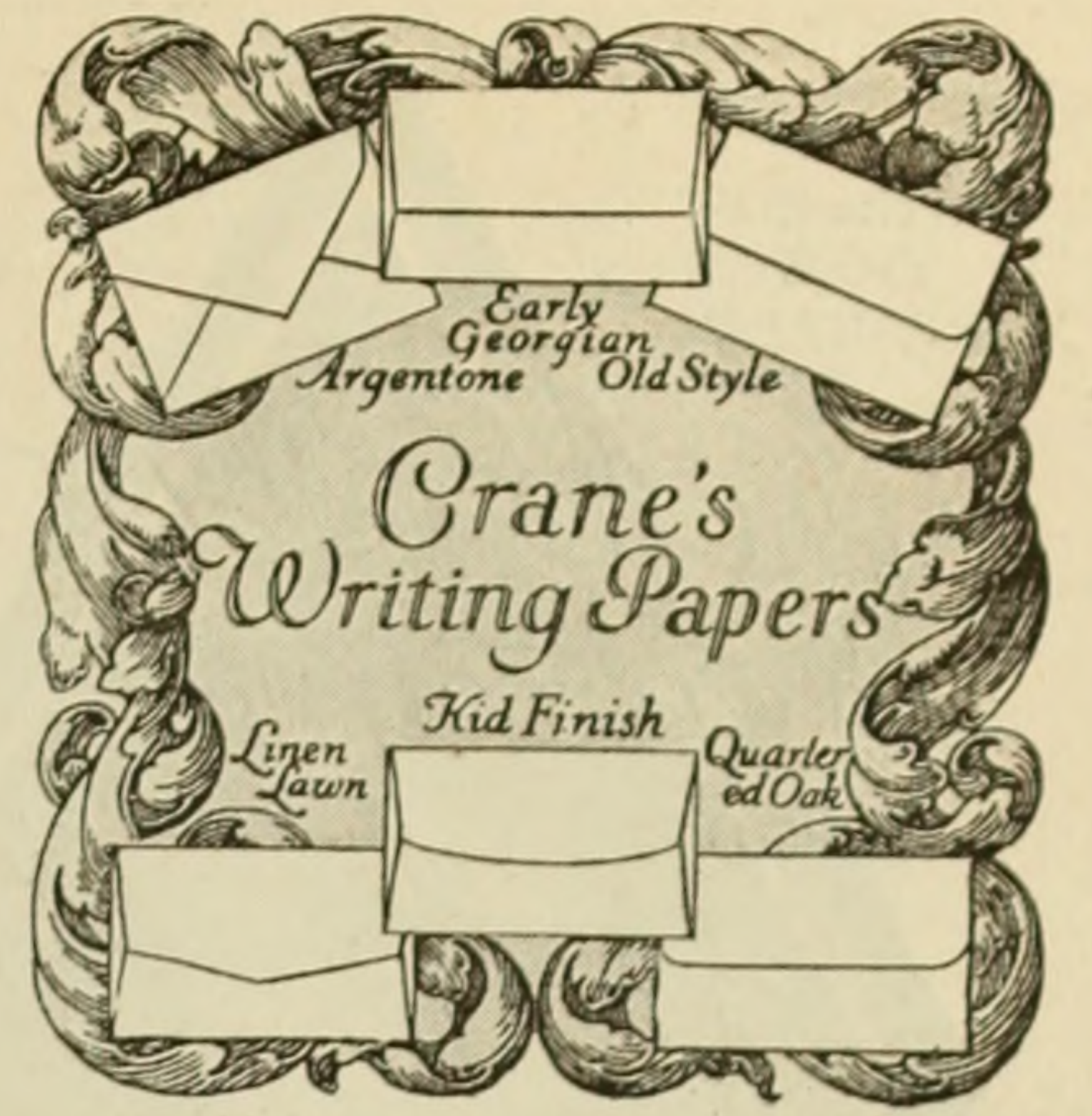
One of the favorite hang-outs in the club is the billiard room, which has both billiard and pool tables. At the time this photograph was taken William S. Hart and Tony Moreno were playing at the table in the foreground



Here is the card room, with its walls and carpets of restful shade and its deep, comfortable armchairs. The participants in the engrossing game going on are—from left to right—Wallace MacDonald, Emory Johnson, Malcolm MacGregor and Sidney Chaplin



*She wrote a letter of introduction
for a friend and sealed it!*



If you asked a friend for a letter of introduction and she handed it to you sealed, you would put her down as either deliberately rude or inexcusably ill-bred. Such a letter, of course, is never sealed by the writer, but is always sealed by the recipient, in the writer's presence.

If, on the other hand, *you* wrote such a letter on a cheap, shoddy paper or used a misfit envelope, wouldn't your friend think the same of you?

Undoubtedly—and rightly.

The letter paper you use reflects your good taste or lack of it as surely as do your manners.

It is worth any girl's effort to be paper conscious—to realize what smart, stylish, modern stationery means—the standing it gives her and the even greater feeling of self satisfaction.

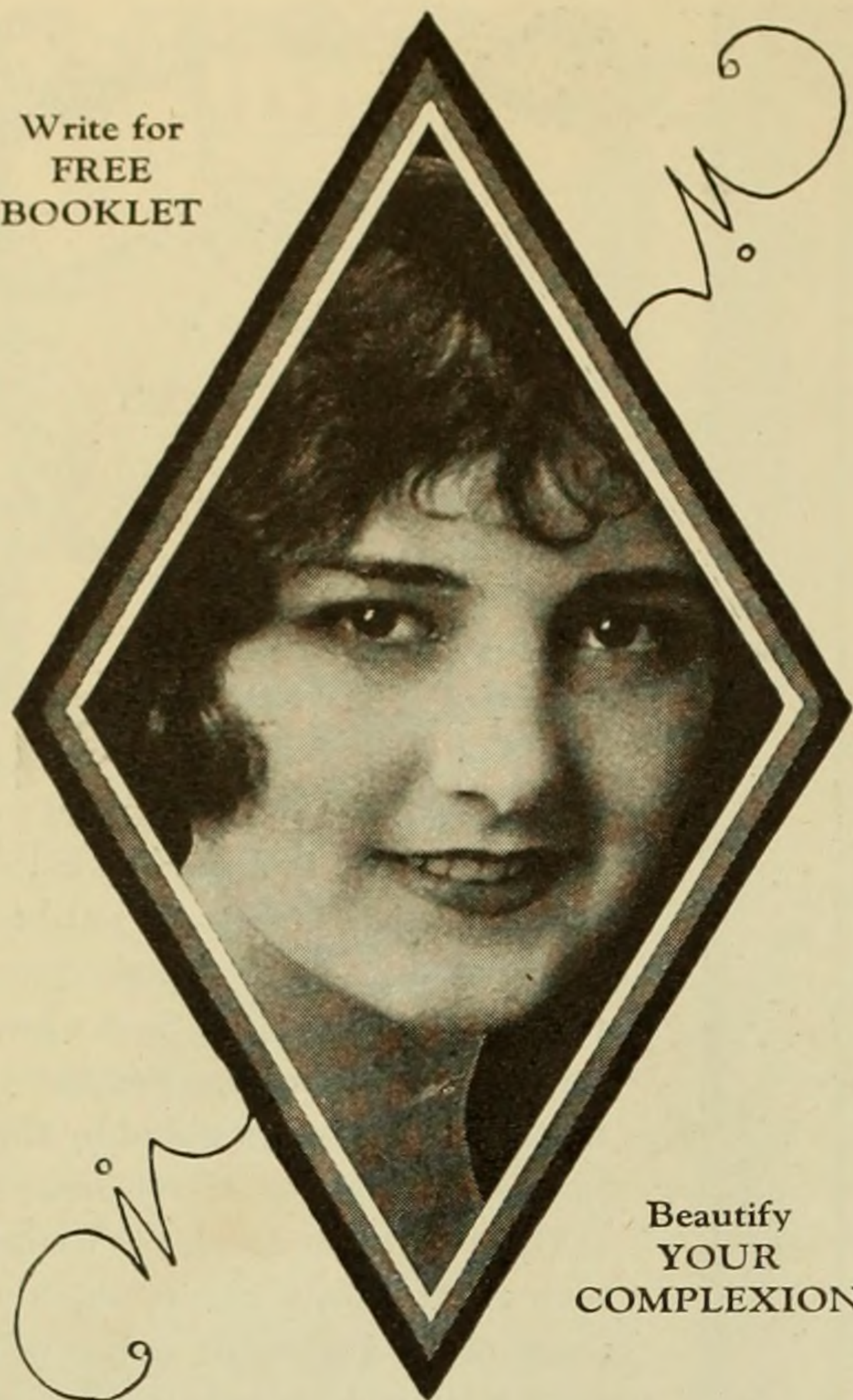
The selection of stationery is as important as the selection of a hat or a gown—and much simpler. At any store where good stationery is sold you will find Crane's Writing Papers, known everywhere for their quality, smartness and authoritative style, and Eaton's Highland Linen, less in price, but none the less correct in shapes, sizes and colorings.

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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

THE WHITE SHADOW—Selznick

WONDERFUL story dealing with twin sisters. Betty Compson plays both sisters, giving an opportunity for clever photography. One sister is of willful type while other is normal English girl. Latter finally dies, and as she passes away her soul—the white shadow—passes into her sister, transforming her to normalcy. Puzzling situations arise, especially in reference to sweetheart who is unable to tell girls apart. The story is worthy of better handling. Miss Compson does good work but better directing would have made the picture one of the best of the year. As it is, it intrigues from the start and carries the interest almost to the end where it is unnecessarily carried on to thwart a scheming lawyer. It was filmed in England.

HIGH SPEED—Universal

HERBERT RAWLINSON, whose popularity never fails him, in another conventional rôle, that of the athlete who loves the bank president's daughter. Rawlinson is always debonair and likeable, and Carmelita Geraghty makes a heroine worth fighting for. There's a fight thrown into the proceedings for good measure, so there is one portion of an audience which will be pleased.

BETWEEN FRIENDS—Vitagraph

AREMADE version of an old Robert Chambers triangle story once done with Alice Joyce in the lead. The best friend wins away the wife, who commits suicide. The husband fails to discover the truth and the old friendship continues. A sordid tale told in pretty ordinary fashion. Anna Q. Nilsson and Norman Kerry are the best of the cast, with Lou Tellegen overacting his part. Stuart Blackton's direction is but fair.

MISSING DAUGHTERS—Selznick

THRILLER dealing with white slave traffic. Based on the old style melodramas where they first give you a tear and then a laugh. Cabarets, bathing beaches and airplanes furnish the thrills. Four pretty girls, Eva Novak, Eileen Percy, Pauline Starke and Claire Adams, form an unusual cast in commendable manner. Rockcliffe Fellowes plays the hero in his usual commendable way. The rest of the cast is good.

WHEN A GIRL LOVES—Associated Exhibitors

ALL the way from Russia to Long Island—but then love is love the world over. In spite of some improbabilities, this is entertaining, but *la grande passion* is never dull. Agnes Ayres, Percy Marmont, Robert McKim, Kathleen Williams and Mary Alden are among those who conspire to see that romance comes to its logical climax, the final close-up.

PAL O' MINE—C. B. C.

A HUMAN story about a wife who feels the urge to take up her career and does it. She prefers singing across the footlights to humming over the kitchen sink. Hubby's discontent is rampant, and when wife realizes that she is about to lose him, she decides that lullabies are preferable to operatic arias after all. There is a pleasing blend of human interest and comedy. Irene Rich, Pauline Garon, Willard Louis and Joseph Swickard head the cast.

WANDERING HUSBANDS—Hodkinson

YOU will be surprised at Lila Lee. She has become beautiful and willowy—yes, the same chubby girl of the old days has suddenly

developed into one of our best leading women, and a delightful actress too. She plays a young wife whose husband falls for the assiduous attentions of a jazzy will o' the wisp. Many of the situations are mawkish and oversentimental, but Lila makes it all possible by her sincerity and poise, though James Kirkwood leaves much to be desired.

RACING LUCK—Associated Exhibitors

MONTY BANKS appears as a winner in one of the funniest pictures we have ever beheld. Pardon our enthusiasm, if we call it a riot! It is guaranteed to put a confirmed cynic in good humor. Banks is a born comedian and this sympathetic and hilarious tale suits him to a "T."

WHAT THREE MEN WANTED—Apollo

ANOTHER title supposed to get your money. Here we have a mystery story with Miss Dupont who, as a young lady with a rich uncle, is confronted with three impostors, one of whom turns out to be "the man in her life." It may put you to sleep, but at any rate it will make no demands on your intelligence. It certainly does not on the actors nor on any one else connected with the picture.

DON'T DOUBT YOUR HUSBAND—Metro

JEALOUSY threatens for the requisite number of reels to break up a happy home—nothing new, but Viola Dana is the wife and Alan Forest the husband—a good combination. Viola has made marked strides as a comedienne and she carries the comedy situations to a successful conclusion.

VENUS OF THE SOUTH SEAS—Lee Bradford

ANNETTE KELLERMANN, the girl that made the one-piece bathing suit famous, comes back to her old time form. She is wonderful in the water, but when she attempts the emotional scenes devised by an ambitious scenario writer—well, you know what Sherman said about war. However, this romance of the South Seas gives her an opportunity to perform numerous aquatic feats, which she does with her accustomed grace and skill.

THE SWORD OF VALOR—Capitol

ANOTHER one of those interfering fathers who prolong our tamest film romances. The story purports to be laid in sunny Spain, where the requisite fights, lovers' sighs, and fitting suspense have a picturesque background. It argues once more that clean, young American manhood can accomplish anything in any clime.

AFTER A MILLION—Aywon

RUSSIA is responsible for this story of a Cossack's trick will. It is all rather intricate and amazing, and scarcely worth a reserved seat. Kenneth McDonald is the star of a series of unimportant happenings and he pilots the love motif to its satisfactory climax. Ruth Dwyer is the object of his celluloid affections, and if you can follow the ramifications of their romance you are smarter than we are.

THE GOOD BAD BOY—Principal

THE story of the worst boy in the village who is good at heart done once more, this time with the Boy Scouts to bring it up to date. A production mainly for children, the principals are youngsters, and the theme is aimed at the juvenile portion of the audience. The big moment, and dramatic, too, comes when the scouts congregate to right a wrong. The children are amusing at all times.

IN FAST COMPANY—Truart

THIS is all very well for the devotees of Richard Talmadge. If you are one of them you will probably not balk at the incongruities, and may even go so far as to find the situations comic. They are supposed to be. Some good moments for prize fight fans, otherwise—quick. Sister Ann, the smelling salts!

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE—F. B. O.

COULD there be a more dramatic subject? This tells of the lives of these great historical characters from the time of Josephine's meeting with the Emperor to his final defeat at Waterloo and his subsequent exile. There are battle scenes and picturesque backgrounds effectively presented. Made by a European producer. The picture lacks vitality despite its thrilling subject.

SPIRIT OF THE U. S. A.—F. B. O.

KEEP away from this and discourage use of the flag to get your nickels. It puts undue demands on your patriotism as well as your time with the flag and mother *motif* all dressed up anew for Madame Box Office. This would make even George Cohan blush. The photography is of ante-bellum vintage and Mary Carr struggles valiantly to do right by our national spirit.

THE DANGEROUS COWARD—F. B. O.

THE pugilist hero, believing he has maimed a man, flees to a ranch where he becomes a cowboy. There, through his refusal to fight, he is dubbed "yellow." Naturally, he proves himself finally and gets the girl. Fred Thomson is the cowboy from the squared circle. The cast is mediocre. Poor entertainment all around. Nothing to recommend it unless it is Thomson's horse, Silver King.

BROADWAY OR BUST—Universal

AHOOT GIBSON vehicle, below that Western star's average. This story had comic qualities overlooked by both the director and scenario writer. The millionaire cowboy hero drives his pony to New York and puts up at a big hotel, with his horse in the adjoining room. And, of course, he saves the heroine from a wicked count. Melodramatic stuff with society glimpses palpably far from the real thing.

WESTERN LUCK—Fox

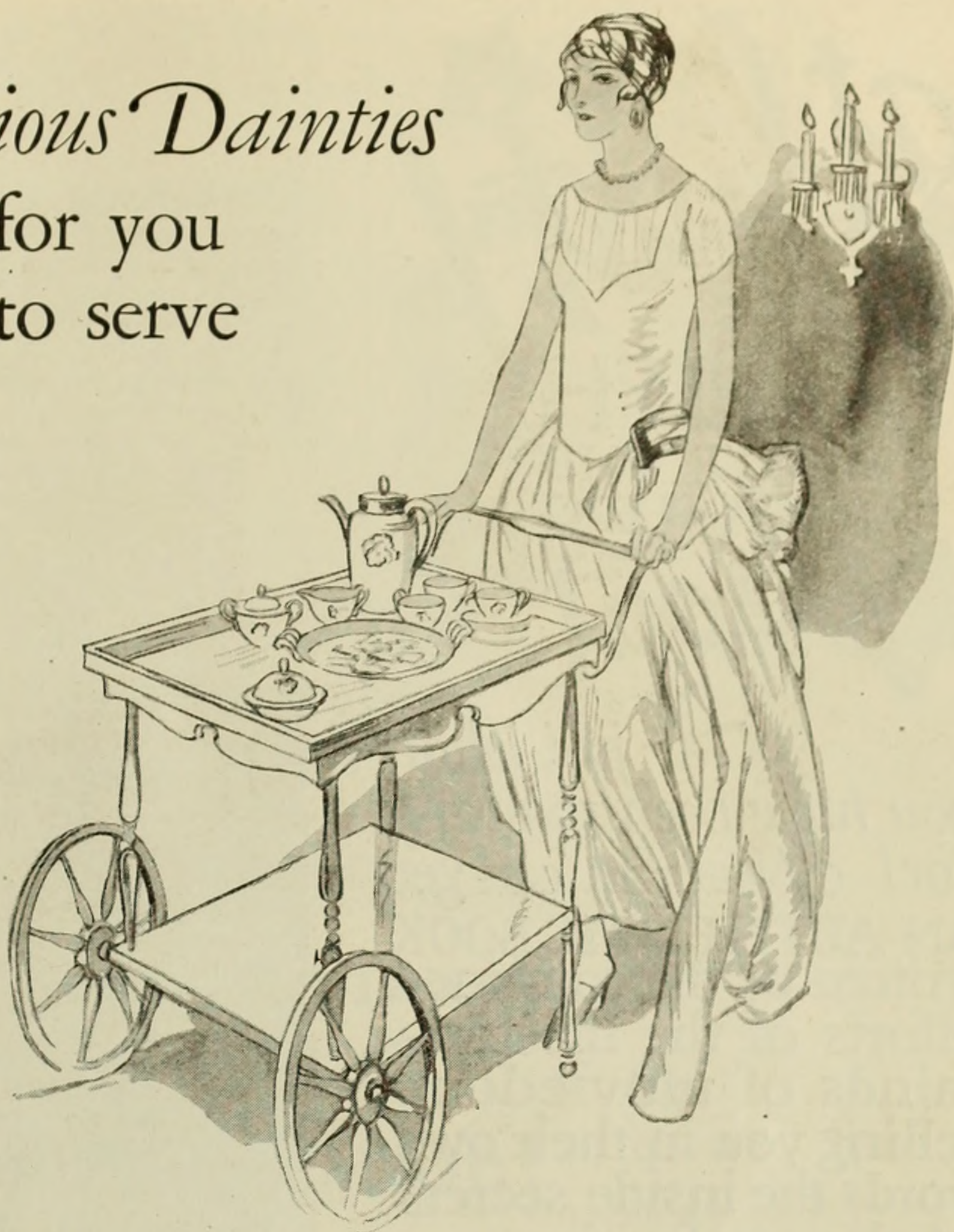
LIVES up to its name in exciting fashion without a thrill left out. Story revolves about a baby left in a burning shack by distracted father in anxiety to get his wife to hospital. Baby is rescued by rancher and grows up to save foster father's property from scheming real estate man and other son of real father. Usual happy ending. Charles Jones, as the abandoned son, does some fine and fancy Western hero stuff in approved style. Rest of cast good.

SON OF THE SAHARA—First National

THOSE who like "The Sheik" will like "A Son of the Sahara." Bert Lytell, as the *Sheik*, and Claire Windsor do the best work of their careers. The picture intrigues the imagination, haunts the brain and thrills the love-sick. It's just that kind of a picture. It is filled with dusky Arabs, exotic girls and lumbering camels, and is representative of the simon pure African life of fact and fiction. Claire Windsor is the daughter of an English captain. She is made captive and taken to the *Sheik's* harem. Of course she falls in love with the *Sheik* and, of course, the *Sheik* turns out to be a white man, so nobody's feelings are hurt, least of all the *Sheik's*. Rosemary Theby, Montagu Love and Walter McGrail are entitled to praise for their acting.

(The position of this review is no indication of the merit of this picture. The review was written just as the magazine was going to press.)

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<i>Harold Lloyd</i>	<i>Mary Pickford</i>
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The only bones of contention in the John Gilbert household. Jack maintains the claims of his wire-haired terrier to superiority, while his wife, Leatrice Joy, insists that her Sealyham alone is entitled to the blue ribbon. But in spite of this ground for difference, evidently the four make a very happy family

Studio News and Gossip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

a story written by Loeb and submitted to Chaplin.

Loeb's suit, filed in the United States District Court of New York, asks \$50,000 damages and an accounting of the profits of "Shoulder Arms." According to his complaint, he wrote in 1918 a story called "The Rookie." He alleges that he submitted this story to Chaplin and that it was returned by Melville Brown, with the explanation that Chaplin would produce nothing that ridiculed the American army.

Later on, however, Loeb claims that he recognized much of his story in "Shoulder Arms."

Chaplin's defense is that a motion-picture star and director who never uses a scenario can't steal one. He and his brother, Sidney, and his leading woman, Edna Purviance, and others who worked on the story state that it was unfolded day by day as they worked, and that Chaplin was inspired overnight with the things they did the next day.

"I never use a scenario," says Chaplin. "I am inspired overnight and the next morning I put that idea into the picture. I never saw Loeb's scenario."

Chaplin isn't the only person who works without a scenario. Harold Lloyd never uses one, and on occasion Mickey Neilan has worked minus a script.

THE Playhouse, the new Los Angeles theater, is to recapture two famous motion picture stars for brief returns to the speaking drama.

Pauline Frederick, who has just completed what is said to be the greatest work of her screen career in a picture with Ernst Lubitsch, will open there shortly in the leading rôle of "Spring Cleaning," a comedy still playing in New York with Violet Heming in the same rôle.

It is the first time Miss Frederick has ever done a special starring engagement in Los Angeles, and the advance sale has been a great indication of Polly's enormous popularity here.

Following Miss Frederick, Nazimova is to star in one of her old-time favorites, and also to present a new play. The old play has not been selected, but Madame is considering "A Doll's House," "Bella Donna" and "Hedda Gabler."

ELINOR GLYN, who wrote "Three Weeks," "Six Days," and many other successful novels, has incorporated herself. The famous authoress is now Elinor Glyn, Ltd., with offices at 19 Berkeley Street, London.

Mme. Glyn declares she was forced to take this step to free herself from business cares.

The officers of the corporation include Sir Rhys Williams, Bart., K. C., D. S. O.; Col. Geoffrey Glyn, C., D. S. O., director; Captain Wilfred Gough, late of the Welsh Guards,

secretary in America. Geoffrey Glyn is a cousin of the authoress and Sir Rhys is Mme. Glyn's son-in-law.

Sir Rhys and Lady Williams, also Captain Gough, are now with Mme. Glyn at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, where they are screening "His Hour," with Aileen Pringle in the lead.

FATTY ARBUCKLE, the rotund erstwhile film comedian, will return to vaudeville, from which pictures claimed him, and under the same management as before. He has just signed a year's contract with Alexander Pantages and opens his engagement in San Francisco.

Fatty will appear in the same one-act monologue which he used when he broke into the theatrical business under Pantages in Seattle twenty-one years ago. It's an old act, but Pantages still believes it one of the best in the business.

MRS. TOM MIX has just returned to Hollywood after a vacation trip to Europe. Tom Mix makes a very sad bachelor. He is known as the most devoted husband in Hollywood, and he certainly didn't seem to take any pleasure in the fact that his wife was away.

Mrs. Mix brought back a lot of very stunning new clothes, which Hollywood is waiting breathlessly to see.

JUST now the Boulevard is pretty largely interested in the entries and possible results of the "Jack Dempsey Sweepstakes."

Somebody in Hollywood is certainly going to marry the champ if he doesn't watch out. And right now it looks as though it would be Estelle Taylor.

Jack has certainly come into his own in Hollywood.

If he has had some bitter experiences in the past, and hasn't been as popular as his fighting ability and clean living should have made him, Hollywood is making it up to him. The film colony has made an idol of the big boy. The greatest of the men stars and directors take an afternoon off to spend them at Jack's training quarters on the Universal lot and watch him work, and the women vie with each other in trying to win his attentions.

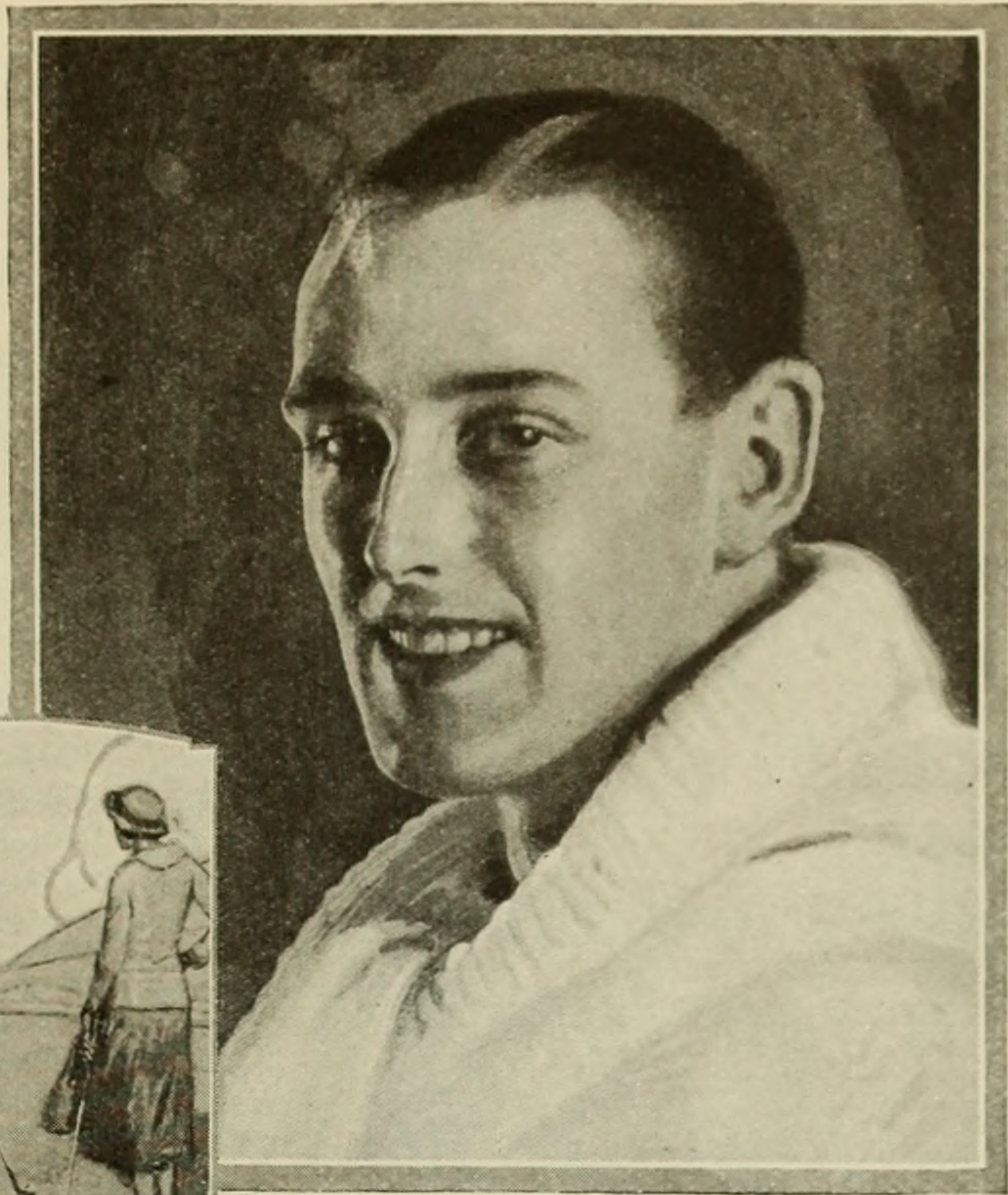
He takes pretty Carmelita Geraghty—the most fascinating of the 1924 baby stars—to openings, dines and dances with Esther Ralston and Helen Ferguson, rides with Clara Bow, the last word in screen flappers, in his big new Rolls-Royce, and visits on his set with Ruth Clifford and Julianne Johnston.

But of late Estelle seems to be making a runaway race of it, and all Hollywood is cheering her on. Anybody who knows Estelle can readily understand Dempsey's devotion. There may be more beautiful girls in Hollywood, but I don't know where. More than that, Estelle has a gorgeous sense of humor, dances divinely and is an altogether regular fellow. Jack certainly took the count when she left Hollywood to spend a month on location in Alaska with Tommie Meighan.

NEITHER Dempsey nor Miss Taylor will deny an engagement. They admit they are very fond of each other, have known each other for years—before either of them was successful—and that anything might happen.

Anyway, Hollywood, which has smiled with a good deal of amusement over the champion's sudden appearance in the rôle of a matinee idol, is hoping to see Estelle carry off the honors.

But a few of the wise fight experts are wondering if Dempsey's picture work and social popularity are likely to interfere with his training as a fighter. Jack has always been a consistent trainer, and has kept himself in wonderful condition, even when not in training. Making pictures all day, and attending fashionable functions in the evening—even though they are proper as can be—must cut in on his time to keep in trim.



Remember— Your teeth get no vacation!

So guard them by the "Wash—Don't Scour" method

It's the same old grind, grind, grind, every day in the year, so far as your teeth are concerned. You may rest or play at the lakes, the woods or the shore, but your teeth must keep right on doing their daily work—and doing it well.

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Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, because it contains no grit, "washes" teeth and polishes them gently and safely—keeps them thoroughly clean. It brings out all the natural beauty of tooth enamel without the slightest danger of scratching it, or wearing it away. Colgate's is a common sense dentifrice, based on soap and precipitated chalk—the two substances which authorities approve. No "cure-all" claims are made for Colgate's. Its only function is to keep teeth clean. A Dentist, not a dentifrice, corrects and cures unhealthy mouth conditions.

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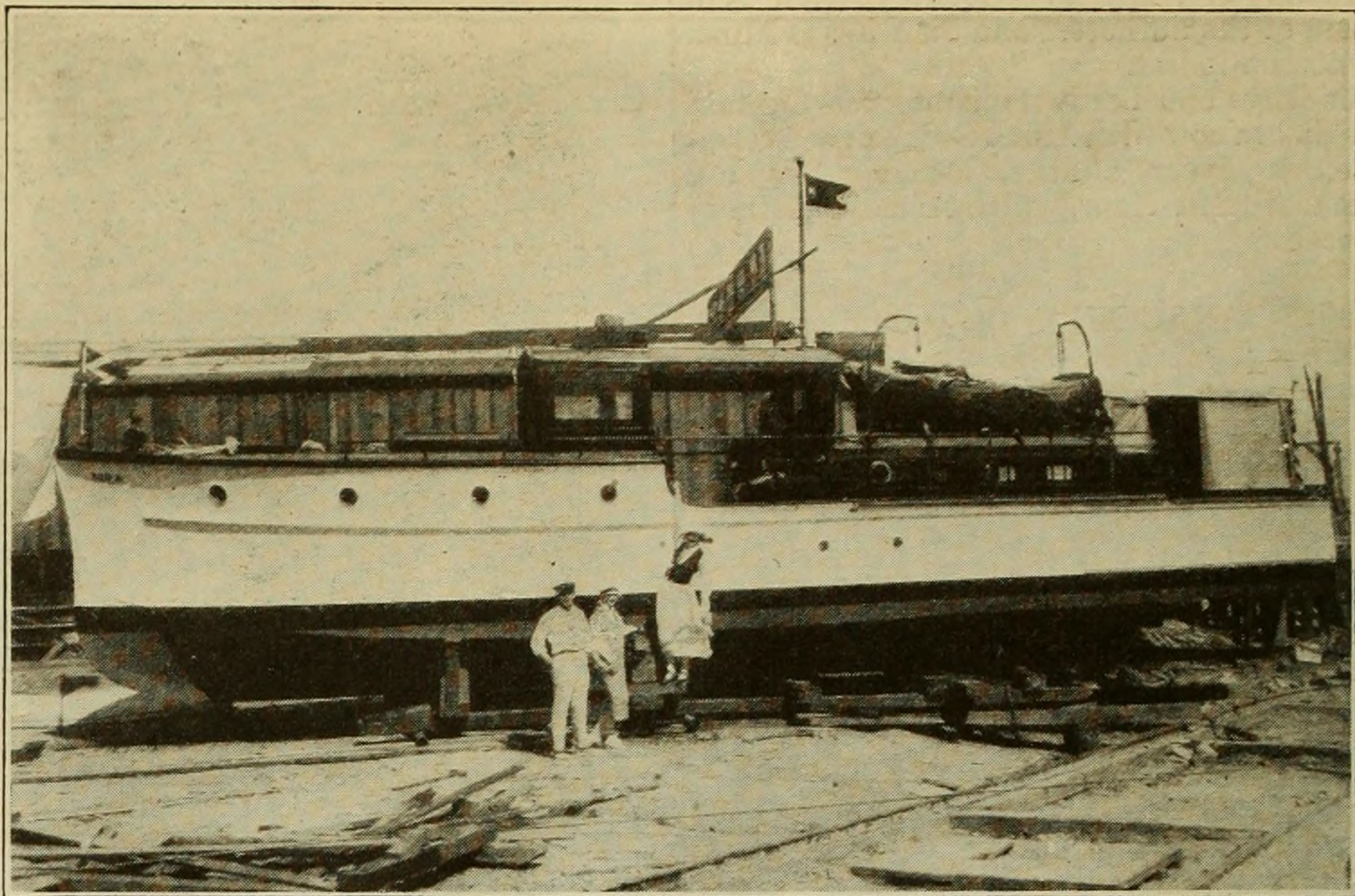
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keen — its
daily use is

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This natty cruiser, the "Apache," is the joint handiwork of Al Christie and Bobby Vernon. Here we have a picture of Bobby and his wife and Vera Stedman about ready for the ceremony of launching the craft

HOLLYWOOD has a new thrill. She is Jetta Goudal, the French actress, who has just arrived to play a featured part in Paul Bern's first picture as a Lasky director, "Open All Night." Jetta admits she is just "craze" about the picture colony and wants to stay here "forever." However, it isn't perfect, for she objected most strenuously to the hotel in which Bern so kindly planted her. Jetta was found less than an hour later waiting for some kind friend to move her. "This hotel is too much old lady," she vehemently protested. And perhaps she was right. Anyway she moved at once.

MILDRED GLORIA LLOYD has arrived in Hollywood. And, believe me, she's the most important arrival that we could possibly have.

Gloria—that's what they're going to call her—is the beautiful six-pound daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, and as such she belongs in the very first rank of filmdom's royalty. Her father, as a leading comedian of the screen, and her mother, as a screen star and beauty, are among Hollywood's most beloved citizens, to say nothing of the way they are regarded by the rest of the world.

Gloria certainly started life with a royal trousseau. Never was there a baby with such adorable and dainty wardrobe received from Storkland. Mildred had arranged the loveliest nursery, and had filled it with everything beautiful that could be found. It is whispered that all the trimmings were pink and that an heir was hoped for. But the small heiress has rapidly made her mother and daddy forget about such trifles as that.

Anyway, the tiny announcement cards were beautifully bordered in baby blue.

Both mother and baby are doing extremely well.

Now that this important event is safely over, Harold announces that Mildred will return to the screen under his banner. He will produce and supervise a series of pictures, starring her, and the first one will probably be "Alice in Wonderland." Little blonde Mildred looks exactly like the picture of Alice in my favorite copy, and Harold has been planning some gorgeous photography that will make all the magic of "Wonderland" come to life on the screen. Nobody in the motion picture business today knows as much about certain kinds of photographic effects as Harold, and he should make a classic of the already classic "Alice."

Harold certainly is a proud father. And his devotion to his new daughter and her mother is lovely.

After all, the nicest thing about Harold is

that he is so exactly like all the other nice, normal, decent young Americans you know.

AT last Theda Bara, one of the great film stars and the woman who put the "vamp" on the screen, has selected the vehicle in which she will return to the films after several years absence. It is Zoe Akin's "Declasse," in which Ethel Barrymore played upon the stage for more than two years.

"Declasse," one of the most widely discussed plays of recent years, runs the gamut of emotions and offers a wealth of romance, love and tragedy for Miss Bara's talents.

Among Miss Bara's greatest rôles upon the screen were "Du Barry," "A Fool There Was," "Cleopatra" and "Salome."

In writing this an old, old story of the early days of the screen comes to our mind.

Some of the wiser heads of the organization which was to launch the young woman destined to be the first and greatest of "screen vamps" were casting about for a really striking name for their proposed star.

After much discussion they are said to have seized upon the word "Arab" and spelled it backwards. And this is supposed to be the way Miss Bara got her name.

Anyway spell Bara backwards and see what you get.

FRED NIBLO, who through his recent contract to direct Norma Talmadge at \$4,000 per week became the highest salaried director in the Hollywood colony, is the latest victim of a "death threat."

During the run of his latest picture, "Thy Name Is Woman," at a Los Angeles theater, an unsigned letter was left at the box office in which the great director was given just ten days to live.

The author of the letter, evidently a crank or maniac, gave no reason why Niblo's life was forfeit, nor did he make good, for a great many more than ten days have passed and Niblo is still alive.

For several days the director kept the death letter secret, not wishing to worry his wife, Enid Bennett, but when he did confide in an intimate friend, he was finally persuaded to turn the missive over to the district attorney's office.

The letter was traced to a bell boy at a downtown hotel, who furnished a description of the man who had given it to him for delivery and the authorities are now seeking the author.

There was no attempt at blackmail indicated in the letter, which seemed to be inspired by some fancied grievance against the picture industry in general, with Niblo picked as the

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man whose death would atone for the fancied wrong.

THE "Casiana," the world's largest yacht and known in almost every civilized port, has been loaned by its owner, E. L. Doheney, the oil magnate, to C. B. DeMille for scenes in his latest picture, "Feet of Clay." The "Casiana" is as large as many ocean liners and is one of the finest looking craft sailing the seas. Most of the exterior scenes for "Feet of Clay," in which Rod La Rocque, Vera Reynolds and Julia Faye are among the featured players, will be taken at Wrigley's wonderful pleasure resort, Catalina Island.

AFTER a critical illness, during which his life was despaired of at one time, Charles De Roche, who played *Pharaoh* in "The Ten Commandments," is out of danger and making a speedy recovery. De Roche was stricken while at work on a picture. He had just completed a scene when he collapsed and was rushed by ambulance to his home, where physicians diagnosed his case as double pneumonia. His collapse came as a surprise to the director and the entire company for not one word of complaint regarding his illness had the actor uttered. Rather than hold up the production, he had remained at his post when he should have been in bed.

"MARRY a Movie Actress and Get Five Hundred Dollars."

This is the slogan of the latest club to be formed among the younger screen actresses of the Hollywood colony. It is The Leap Year Club with a membership of Ann May, Madge Bellamy, Ruth Clifford, Marian Nixon and Alberta Vaughn.

Each member of the new club has paid in one hundred dollars as an initiation fee, and the total of five hundred dollars now in the treasury will be used to purchase a wedding gift for the first of the five members to marry in 1924. If, fifteen days before Christmas, all remain single, the money is to be turned over to some charity.

The first meeting was held at the home of Miss Nixon and Miss Bellamy was appointed treasurer.

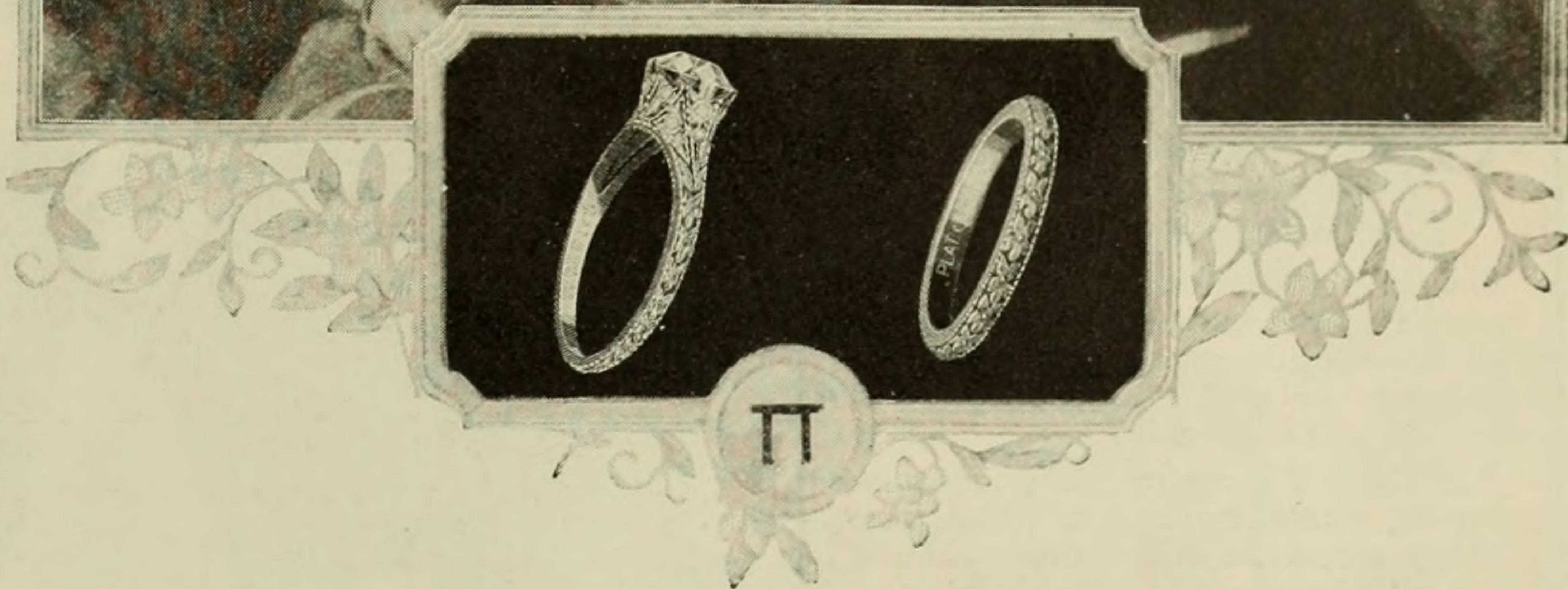
None of the members are engaged at the present time, all of them solemnly vouching for this fact and starting even. All are young, beautiful and determined. This is leap year and—well, five hundred dollars isn't to be sneezed at.

Perhaps Miss Clifford has a slight edge for one reason—she is the only blonde of the five. Ann May is the tiniest—only five feet and weighing less than one hundred pounds.

BETTY BLYTHE is back in Hollywood after nearly two years' absence, spent mostly abroad where she made several pictures, and the girl whose beauty of face and form caused such a stir in "The Queen of Sheba" has been signed by Samuel Goldwyn for "Potash and Perlmutter." She will wear a black wig and Betty in her wig bears a striking resemblance to Barbara La Marr.

VIOLA DANA and Lefty Williams have "made up." They have buried the hatchet and are again seen together constantly and now that Lefty is a free man there is considerable speculation as to whether the wedding bells may ring out. Their romance started while Viola was with Metro and Flynn with Fox. Then came the quarrel, and Viola found a new interest. When Miss Dana was signed for "Merton of the Movies" by Lasky, she and her former suitor were working on the same lot. It was hard to keep from meeting, and the next thing Hollywood knew it had something to talk about, for Viola and Lefty were seen together again at the Santa Monica Swimming Club, their old haunt, and things were just as friendly as ever.

WHILE we know you've seldom heard of a young man named Ramon Samaniegos, it's a cinch you all know our talented young



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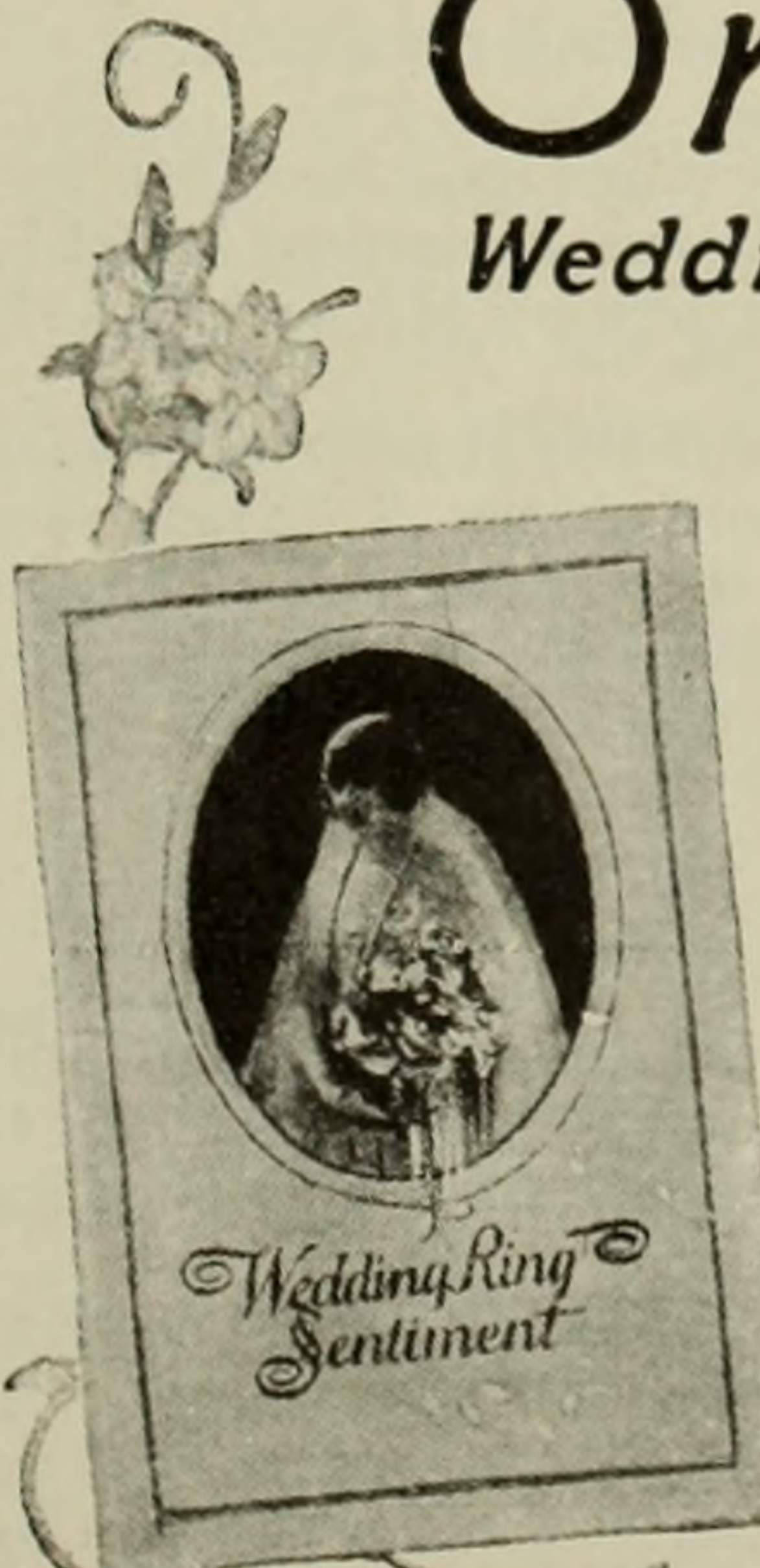
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Mr. Kerry seems to be one of our busiest young actors. Here he is as Kronski, the violinist hero of Kathleen Norris' "Butterfly," filmed by Universal. Mr. Kerry has contributed a remarkably wide variety of parts to the screen, not the least of which was his performance in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"

friend Ramon Novarro. However, the full name is now Ramon Novarro Samaniegos, for Ramon recently appeared in the superior court and was granted permission to make the legal change, adding Novarro to the name he was christened under. When Ramon first began his career, people around the studios found it almost impossible to pronounce his last name, and you really can't blame them greatly. So he chose Novarro for a screen name. Not only easier to pronounce but much more romantic, don't you think?

THE most exclusive sorority or club in the Hollywood colony has just initiated its third member, little Kathleen O'Malley.

The reason there are but three members is no doubt due to the rigid requirements for nomination to membership.

First, the girl must have red hair.

Second, large blue eyes.

Third, the family name must be O'Malley.

Fourth, the Christian name must be Irish.

The club is sponsored by Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Malley.

Meetings are held daily. Eileen is president, Sheila vice-president, Mary Kathleen secretary and, pending the arrival at the O'Malley home of Nora, Patricia or Shirley, Papa O'Malley is acting as treasurer, when not engaged in making pictures.

ALOT of people have been busy again picking the "geniuses" the screen has produced. They seemed divided between Lillian Gish, Mabel Normand and ZaSu Pitts, for the women, and Charles Chaplin and Raymond Griffith for the men.

We will be able to tell a lot more about ZaSu if Eric von Stroheim's "Greed" is ever released. It is a great picture, and a great performance, so great that it justifies all that those

who have seen it can possibly say of ZaSu. Her work is amazing in its tremendous dramatic force, its delicacy and—oddly enough—its clinging appeal. ZaSu is not a beauty, but in "Greed" she can tie a lot of the vampires when it comes to the well known quality usually referred to as "sex appeal."

But the picture is still hanging around the lot, and nobody seems to know quite what its fate will be. It has finally been cut to twenty-four reels, and they say you can't take another foot out of it. There has been some talk of releasing it—serially—in twenty-four reels. But this hardly seems practical. It is to be hoped that it will be put into shape and presented to the public, if only that they may see this new ZaSu.

It is definitely settled that von Stroheim is to direct the "Merry Widow" and that Mae Murray is to play it. That seems to be an intelligent and reasonable choice. Von Stroheim knows the locale and the atmosphere of the "Merry Widow" better than any other director in pictures—he always knows the tempo and the touches that should go with it. And Mae Murray should be quite perfect in that great part.

THE opening of The Playhouse, a beautiful new theater in the heart of Los Angeles' most fashionable district, was the most recent occasion for the complete turn-out of the motion picture celebrities.

The theater, one of the finest in Los Angeles, was opened by Doris Keane in a revival of her greatest success, "Romance." Both the play and the star were received with tremendous enthusiasm. Louis O. McLoon, New York theatrical producer, and his wife, Lillian Albertson, are producing and directing at the new theater.

In the audience that night were:

Norma Talmadge, in white satin, with an ermine cloak.

Mae Murray, a low-cut dinner gown of white satin, heavily embroidered in silver, with a graceful drape of tulle.

Enid Bennett (accompanied by her husband, Fred Niblo), a softly draped gown of Alice blue georgette.

May McAvoy, blue satin, under a wrap of seal with a kolinsky collar.

Ruth Roland, a French gown of ecru lace, with a gorgeous colored sash and a Spanish shawl of royal blue.

Pauline Frederick, white crepe beaded with pearls, and a gorgeous sable coat.

Lois Wilson, apricot colored chiffon, with a blue evening turban and a cape of dull blue to match.

Corinne Griffith, an embroidered shawl of deep flame color, with a gown of flame colored georgette in very simple, straight lines.

Colleen Moore, a short white ermine jacket over a pale yellow georgette frock, lined with orange.

Mae Busch, straight-line black satin, trimmed in blue and silver brocade, with shawl to match.

Laurette Taylor, lipstick red gown, with a gorgeously embroidered red shawl and red silken poppies over each ear.

Alice Terry, pale pink georgette, embroidered in pearls, with a fringe of pink ostrich feathers.

Pola Negri, black velvet and pearls, with an ermine cape.

It was the first time that May McAvoy and Corinne Griffith had appeared with their new bobbed hair, which caused much excitement.

Charlie Chaplin and Sam Goldwyn sauntered down the aisle together just as the curtain was going up, and Will Rogers made a speech to christen the new theater.

HOLLYWOOD has decided to believe "Ben Hur" only when they see it on the screen. Just now we are again torn asunder by all sorts of conflicting stories, which are denied generally by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, but which still persist.

The two latest are that Charles Brabin resigned as director, that George Walsh has resigned as leading man, and that either Fred Niblo or Rex Ingram is to make it, with Ramon Novarro playing "Ben."

This started over Fred Niblo's very sudden trip abroad, which came quite unexpectedly and which his reasons don't seem to justify in the Hollywood mind. Fred says that he is going to do some French exteriors for his own picture, "The Red Lily," and to Monte Carlo to take some for Norma's next picture, which he is to direct. He doesn't say whether he is also going to direct "Ben Hur" or not.

Personally, I am beginning to feel that "Ben Hur" will have to be an awfully good picture to justify all the trouble and worry it's caused. I'm getting just a little tired of trying to guess the answer.

As some wit recently said, "'Ben Hur' isn't a picture. It's a riddle."

THE fans have been wanting a real, old-fashioned Marshall Neilan picture for a long time. They were happy to see the wonderful combination of Marshall and Mary Pickford together again in "Dorothy Vernon." But they want a picture of Marshall's to follow that.

And they're going to get it. "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" is Marshall at his best. Its drama is so moving that it leaves you utterly exhausted at the end. It is a great picture, and it brings back Blanche Sweet to her rightful place as one of the finest dramatic artists the screen has ever had.

FRED THOMSON and Frances Marion—who are married to each other—are just starting to build a wonderful new home in Beverly Hills. They have bought the top of a hill adjoining the Thomas Ince estate, and the tennis court and swimming pool are in process



When love is young
why worry about hair?

BEFORE those little particles of dandruff appear on his dinner jacket, before your hair loses its charm—then is the easiest and safest time for him to insure against baldness, and for you to make sure that your hair will stay attractive.

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any fear of dandruff. In fact, millions of women use Wildroot simply to keep their scalp healthy and to make their hair soft, wavy, silky, and attractive.

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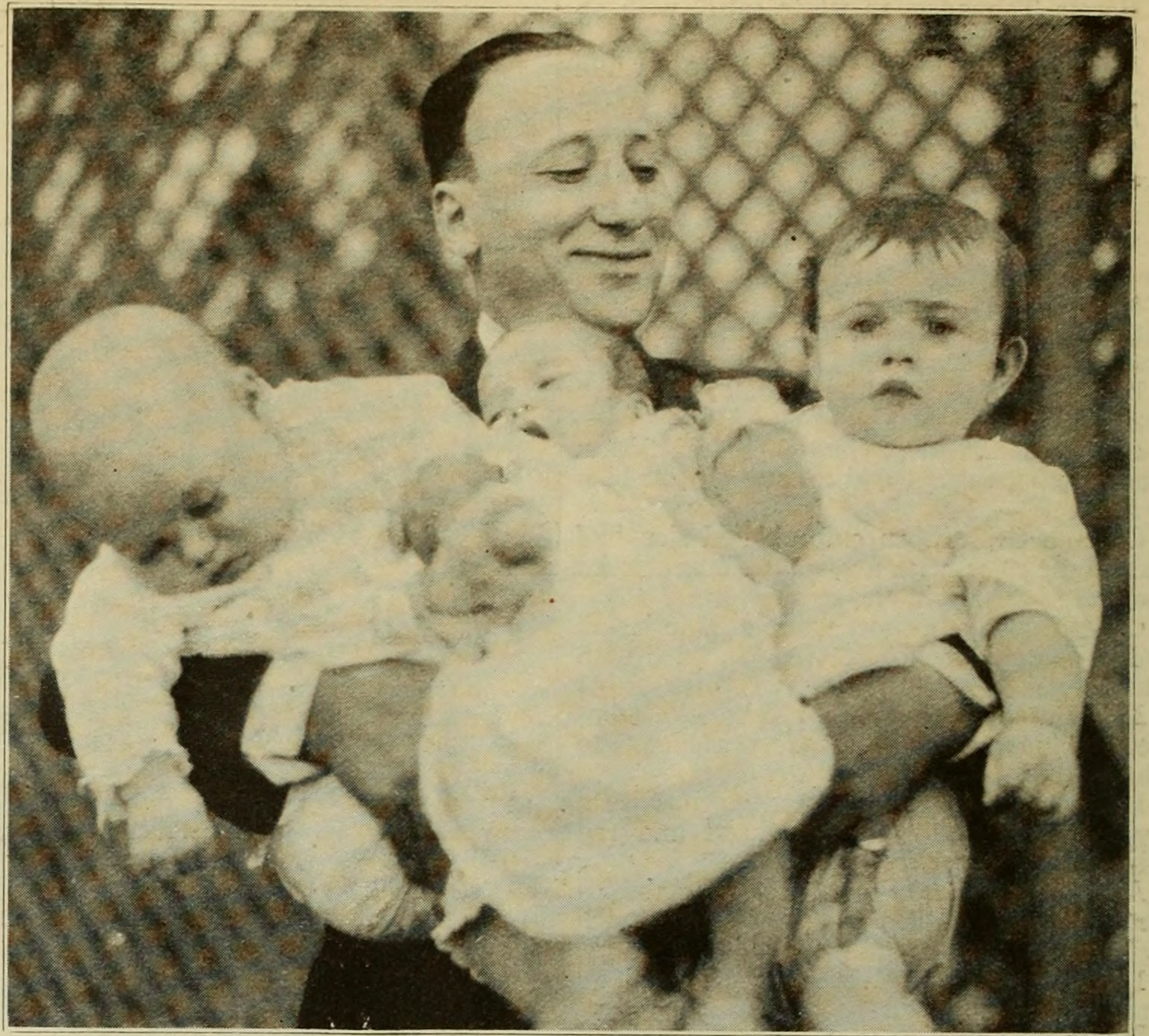
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A casting director with his hands full! These young citizens were applicants for roles in Frank E. Woods' "What Shall I do?" featuring Dorothy Mackaill. The casting director looks here as if he were enacting the title role

of construction so that Fred and Frances can entertain with outdoor parties this summer. The house will be started as soon as Frances finds some satisfactory plans.

Fred Thomson, in the meantime, has just signed a wonderful new contract for a series of Western starring pictures for F. B. O. His popularity has been increasing enormously and Hollywood is rather expecting him to join up with Bill Hart and Tom Mix as a Western hero. Thomson held the all-around athletic championship of the world for eleven years and was a football sensation at Princeton. They still tell tales about Fred's football experiences at Princeton. He had already played four years as the star of a Western college and so wasn't eligible for the varsity at Princeton. But he played on the second team, to keep in condition, and the second team trimmed the varsity in almost every game that season, due entirely to Fred's marvelous playing.

Frances, meantime, is receiving congratulations on her work in adapting "Cytherea" for the screen. It was one of those things they said couldn't be done, and the wise ones had to be shown before they would believe it.

IS Charlie Chaplin nursing some secret sorrow? Does he regret the fiery and beautiful Pola? Or is it just that he's in the middle of a new comedy?

Anyway, every time I see him at lunch at the Montmartre, or in the evening watching the dancers there, or even down at the Swimming Club with that smart-looking Thelma Morgan Converse, he looks unfathomably sad—sunk in deepest gloom.

In spite of that, above the walls of his studio gleam beautiful high hills, covered with gleaming snow (salt-snow), which testify that the new Chaplin comedy may be ready for release some day this year.

Making comedies is a very serious business.

TWO new scenario writers are dawning with great prominence upon the horizon of the motion picture industry, and certainly there is great need for them. More than anything else, even stories and new faces, the game needs scenario writers with a talent for screen adaptation of famous stories.

The two who shine so promisingly are Willis Goldbeck, hailed as a real genius by the entire moving picture world, and Dorothy Farnum, a young lady with red hair who did the continuity on "Beau Brummel."

Goldbeck did "Scaramouche" and it is understood is to do "Peter Pan" for Lasky.

REX INGRAM'S retirement now seems a definite thing. When Ingram returned recently from his brief rest in Florida, his physicians informed him that it would be dangerous for him to attempt another motion picture production. They insisted that he must rest, warning him that any consistent work would bring on a breakdown. So Ingram has been engaged for weeks in adjusting his affairs, preparatory to leaving for Tunis.

Ingram, it will be recalled, bought a house there when he was in Africa shooting "The Arab," and he intends to go back with his wife, Alice Terry, leaving America shortly. Mrs. Ingram has been in California closing the Ingram house, packing furniture and adjusting her husband's extended real estate holdings. Ingram declares that, while he will rest for some time, his wife probably will reappear on the screen shortly, having several interesting offers from European producers. Rex, however, will take a long rest, breaking the monotony now and then with sculpturing in a special studio he is building close to his Tunis residence.

THEY'RE telling an amusing story of a motion picture director who has been out of work for some time. The director recently came to New York in quest of work and met a friend on Broadway.

"I'm between productions," he explained.

"What productions?" demanded the friend, curiously.

"Er—'Cabiria' and 'Ben Hur'!" responded the director, who has a sense of humor, if he has little else just now.

JUST as these lines are being written Marion Davies is rushing her production of "Janice Meredith" to a conclusion. It now seems definite that her next picture will be a version of "Zander the Great," the stage success util-

ized a season ago by Alice Brady. After that will probably come Barrie's "Quality Street." It is likely that Sidney Olcott will return to direct the Barrie play but the director for "Zander the Great" has not been chosen yet.

Incidentally, we hear that Anita Stewart will soon start work at the New York Cosmopolitan studios in "Never the Twain Shall Meet," Peter B. Kyne's story of the South Seas.

D. W. GRIFFITH'S plans are still indefinite. Representatives of the Italian capitalists recently visited by Griffith in Rome have been in this country, discussing further details with the director. They want D. W. to come to Rome for two years and make several pictures, which would practically be government backed. The Italian government wants to bring the motion picture back to its old position of importance in Italy and they think Griffith is the man to do the regenerating.

Griffith, however, is undecided. Meanwhile, his huge studio at Mamaroneck lies idle save for a few caretakers. We strolled about the grounds with Dick Barthelmess recently and the place looked desolate. Here and there were storm-battered remains of Lexington, Paris, and the old farm of "Way Down East," reminders of the past glories of the Griffith regime. But the huge plant lay silent and desolate.

JOHN ROBERTSON, the director, thinks that it is only a matter of time before the motion picture and radio are linked.

"Think of the possibilities," remarks Robertson. "Imagine the universal appeal of a title like 'The Hunchback of Neutrodyne!'"

A GROUP of "insiders" of the industry were discussing the relative financial returns now enjoyed by film stars. Harold Lloyd, it is said, is getting between thirty and fifty thousand dollars a week from his pictures. He is unquestionably making the most of anyone in the industry. Mary and Doug have invested such terrific amounts in their pictures that they cannot reap a great gain. Chaplin is taking his time and not worrying particularly about immediate profit. But, just the same, "The Woman of Paris," which was supposed to lack popular appeal, has already brought in close to seven hundred thousand and will easily go the million mark. It was an inexpensive production, as the players worked for much under their usual salaries in order to get the opportunity with Chaplin. Menjou was the highest-salaried, and he only took five hundred a week. Chaplin voluntarily gave Edna Purviance a percentage of the profits in recognition of her long service as his leading woman.

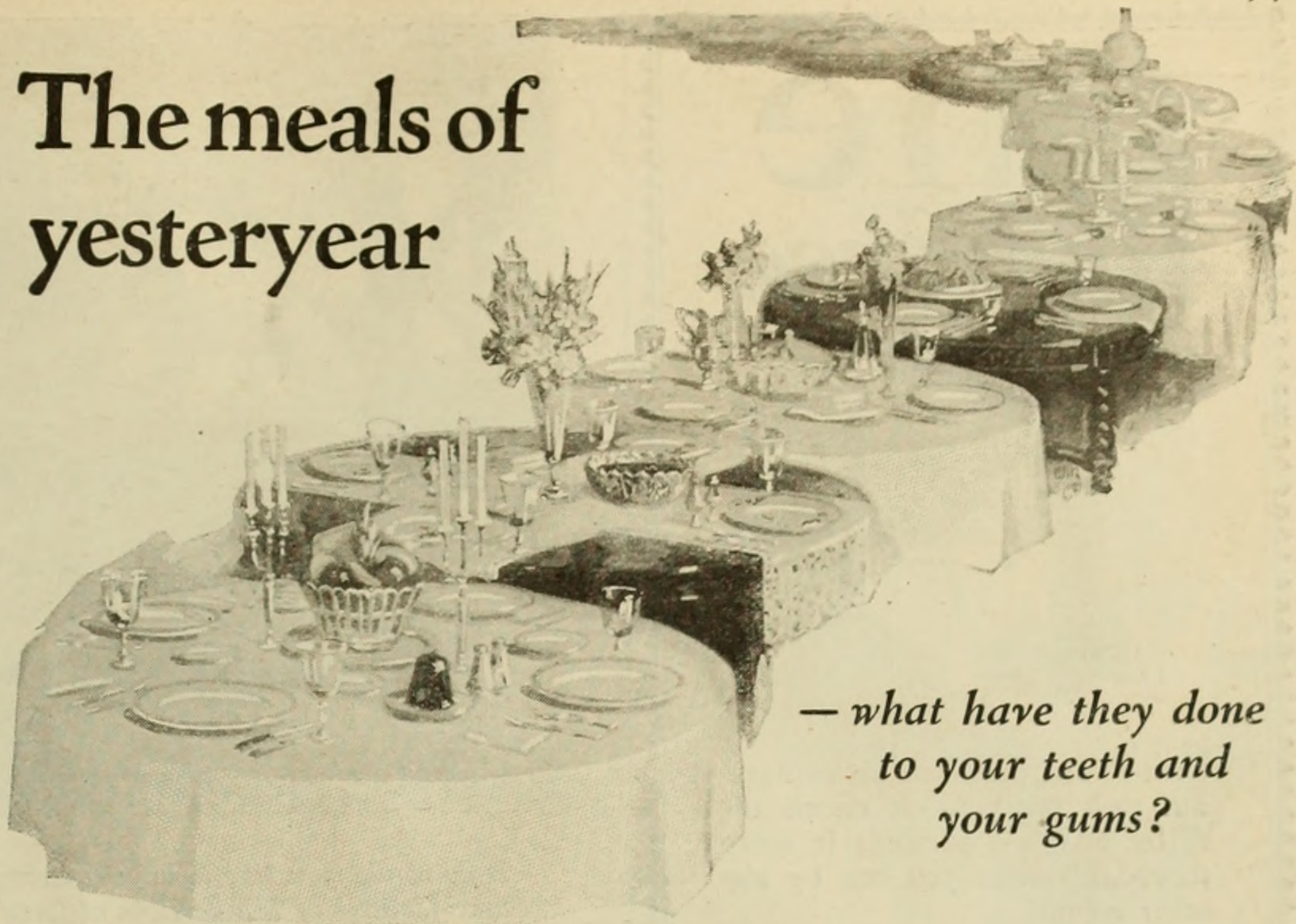
MARSHALL NEILAN was looking for a story. Gerald Beaumont submitted one with the action laid in Deauville, Biarritz, Monte Carlo and Paris—in the height of the season for each place. Mickey made a leaping acceptance of it, and is now off for Europe with wife, Blanche Sweet. Here's a tip to ambitious authors—plot your story on holiday locales. Incidentally, it looks as though Mickey had wrought a great masterpiece in "Tess of the d'Ubervilles."

THE fact that \$100,000 was paid for the Southern rights of "Abraham Lincoln" indicates that all trace of feeling has died between North and South. Were a picture to be made of that gallant general and gentleman, General Robert E. Lee, it would be just as popular, no doubt, with all of us.

CORINNE GRIFFITH has had a new song written in her honor. The boys of the orchestra at the Montmartre are the composers, and it was sung there the other evening, when Miss Griffith was present. Later in the evening Corinne judged a dancing contest and presented the cup, which was won by Lew Cody and May McAvoy.

Corinne looked unusually lovely in a white silk suit, on rather severe lines, and a big, black

The meals of yesteryear



— what have they done to your teeth and your gums?

THE FOOD we eat has a great effect upon the condition of our teeth. But it is even more definitely responsible for the trouble that some of us have with our gums.

For this soft, creamy food of civilization, eaten over a long period of time, and eaten too often in haste, has robbed the gums of the stimulation, of the work and massage, which coarse food and slow mastication should give.

As a result, we are experiencing trouble with our gums. Even teeth

which have been well preserved by good care and frequent cleaning are not immune from troubles due to a weakened gum structure.

Does your toothbrush "show pink"?

Many people find that their gums are tender. They report to their dentists that their gums have a tendency to bleed. And the dentist will tell them that this appearance of "pink toothbrush" is a sign that their gums need stimulation and exercise.

How Ipana Tooth Paste stimulates your gums

More than three thousand dentists, in cases of this kind, now recommend Ipana Tooth Paste and prescribe it to their patients. In stubborn cases of bleeding gums, many dentists direct a gum massage with Ipana after the regular cleaning with the brush.

For one of the important ingredients of Ipana is ziratol—an anti-septic and hemostatic well known to the profession the country over. It is used to allay the bleeding of the wound after extraction, and to help

restore to the gums their normal tonicity. The presence of ziratol gives Ipana the power to aid in the healing of bleeding gums, and to help to build firm, sound, healthy gum tissue.

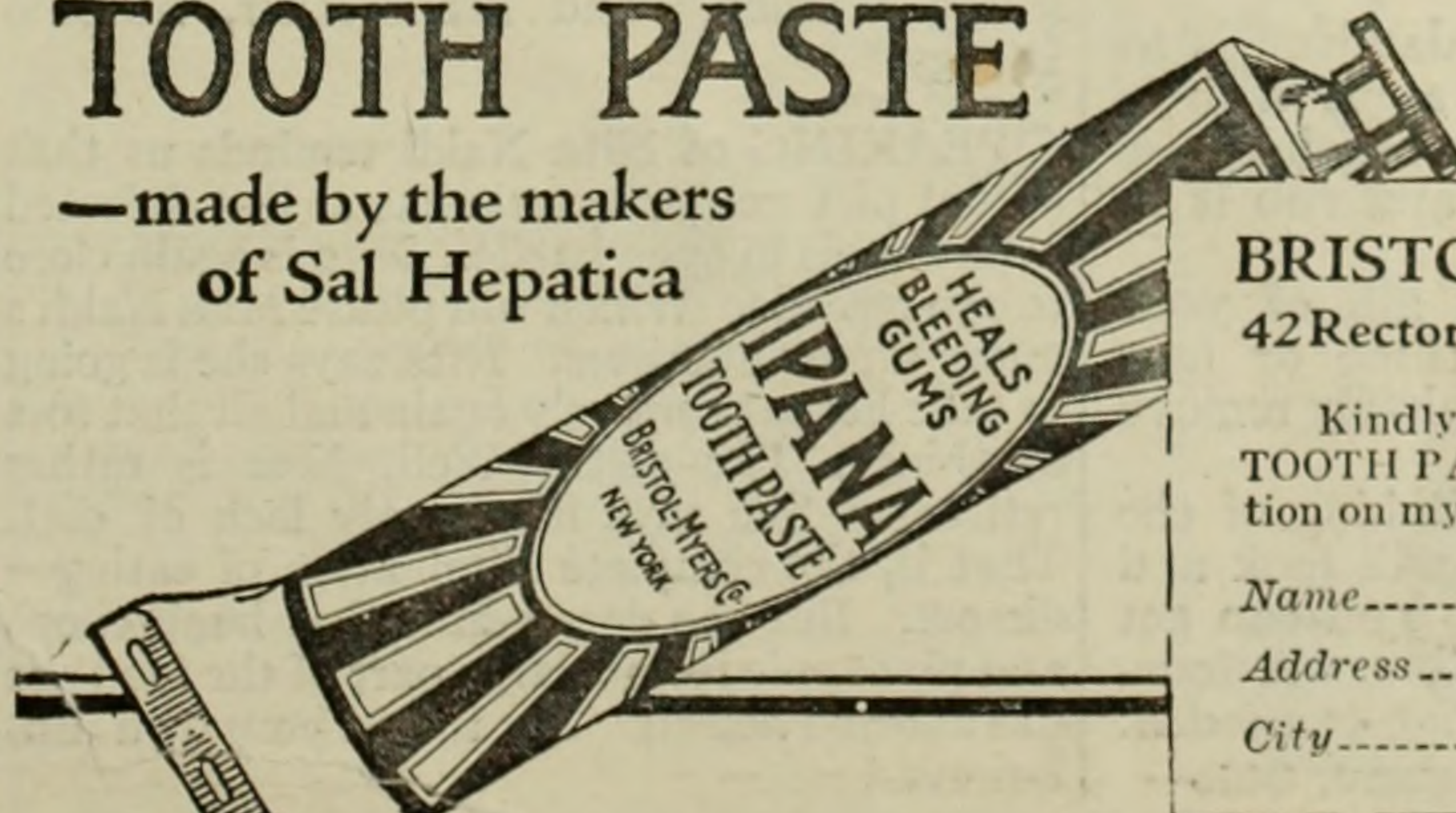
Try a tube of Ipana today

If your gums are tender, if they have a tendency to be soft or to bleed, go to the drug store today and buy your first tube of Ipana. Before you have finished using it you cannot fail to note the difference. You will be delighted with its grit-free consistency, its delicious flavor and its clean taste.

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SANI-FLUSH performs an unpleasant task for you—it cleans the toilet bowl—and does it more thoroughly than you can by any other means.

Sani-Flush removes all marks, stains and incrustations—leaving the bowl white and shining. It cleans the hidden, unhealthy trap—makes it sanitary—destroys all foul odors.

Simply sprinkle a little Sani-Flush into the bowl—follow directions on the can—and flush. It will not harm plumbing connections. Always keep a can handy in the bathroom.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-size can.

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An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

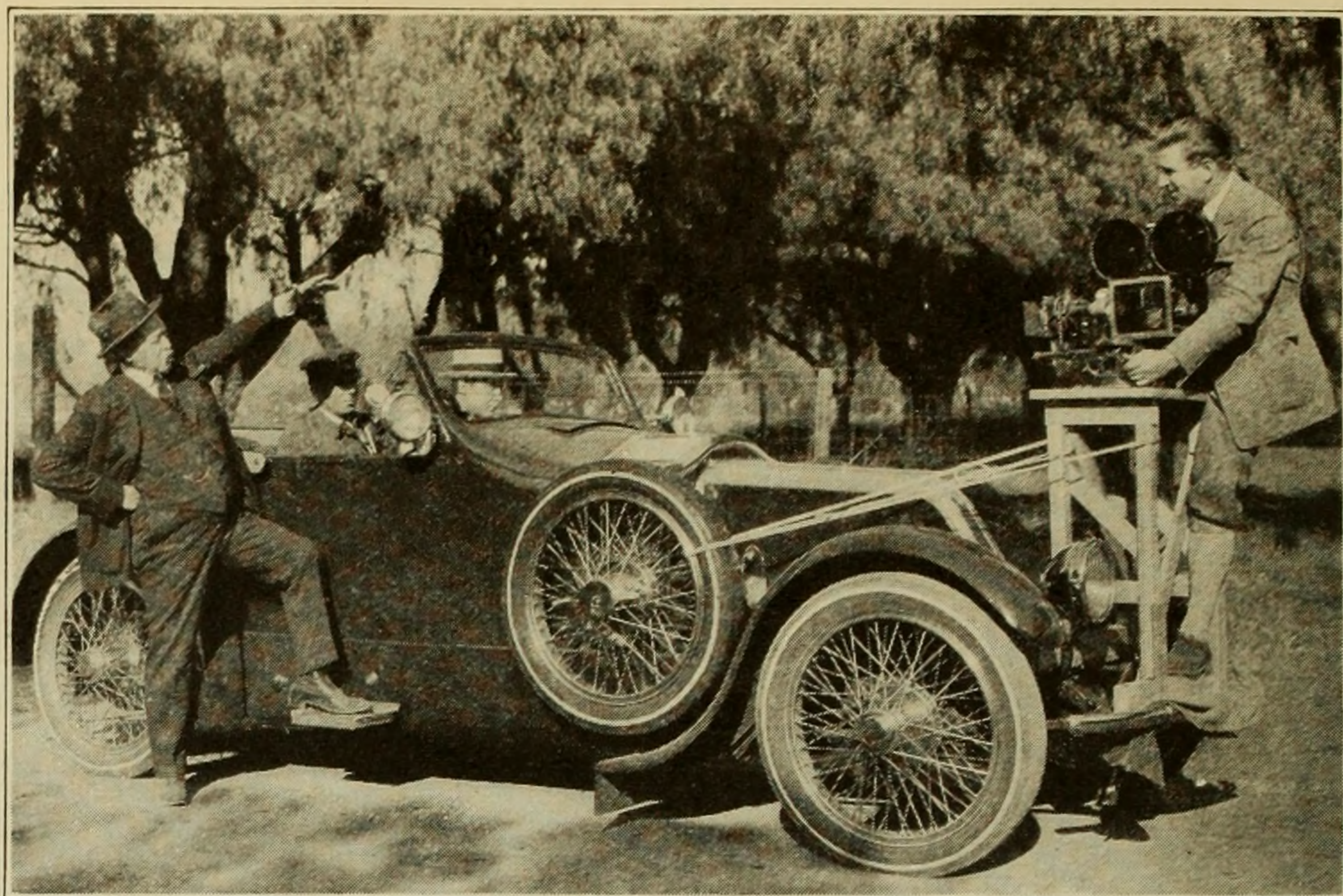
If you want plenty of thick beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. 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 the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio



How would you like to be a cameraman? Here's John Arnold getting set to take pictures of Monte Blue at forty miles an hour. Perhaps the rush of air will hold him on there—perhaps

maline hat with a sweeping brim. Her new husband, Walter Morosco, was in attendance.

By the way, we would like to know whether there is anything serious in Lew Cody's attentions to a pretty blonde widow who is not in the picture business. They've been seen together in public enough so that it seems fair to make inquiries into the matter.

THOMAS H. INCE has become so busy with his big productions that he doesn't often have time for personal direction of scenes. But he hasn't lost any of the old fire and dramatic appeal that once made him a great director.

The other day he was consulting with a director and scenario writer over a difficult ending to a story. He began to tell them his idea of the ending, and as he got enthused about it, he acted out the most dramatic scene. When he was through both the director and the author were wiping away tears, and there wasn't any more question about the ending.

Mr. Ince was responsible for a lot of the direction of "Anna Christie," for he took the megaphone himself on many of the big scenes.

THE motion picture future of Rodolph Valentino is still a matter of conjecture as this issue of PHOTOPLAY goes to press. The terms of Rudy's readjustment with Famous called for the making of two productions. Now, with the second, "The Sainted Devil," based upon a Rex Beach story, nearly completed, everyone is wondering who will release his future pictures and where they will be made.

Rudy's next production, and his first independent release, will be a Spanish story with Valentino as a gay Castillian. The title and the name of the author are a secret. Nita Naldi, by the way, has been back playing with Valentino again in "The Sainted Devil." Also in the cast are Helena D'Algy, the young Spanish girl who first was seen in "The Rejected Woman," and her brother, Antonio D'Algy.

SPEAKING of Nita Naldi reminds us that that picturesque actress has at last defeated avoirdupois in open battle. Nita is again close to 130 pounds. Which will please Miss Naldi's many screen admirers. Nita says she is going to take her art seriously again and all that sort of thing. The diet? Well, Nita is rather reticent. She says it's mostly lack of diet. That is, the complete elimination of eating—almost. But she does admit that lamb chops and pineapple form a large part of the food she has allowed herself. Try this at your own risk, however.

YOU may be interested to know that Valentino and his wife, Natacha Rambova, have their luncheons sent by motor car to the Astoria, Long Island, Famous Players studios from an Italian restaurant in West 51st Street, close to the Capitol Theater. Rudy loves his native cooking. And in the same small and unknown restaurant you will find the Valentinos dining almost any night of the week.

THE making of "Ben Hur" in Italy seems to have hit upon the rocks. For some time Charles Brabin, the director, and June Mathis have been at work upon the production of the late General Lew Wallace's famous story in and about Rome. George Walsh and other members of the cast have been hard at work. But the production appears to have encountered various vicissitudes. Bad weather held up work, for one thing. The limitations of technical equipment in the Italian studios has been another handicap, too.

Anyway, early in June, Marcus Loew, head of the newly combined Metro and Goldwyn interests, decided to call at least a temporary halt. As this issue goes to press Mr. Loew is starting for Rome, accompanied by Directors Marshall Neilan and Fred Niblo. It is probable that Charles Brabin will be withdrawn as director and that Miss Mathis may also withdraw. Rumor has it that a brand new start will be made with an entirely new cast. We hear that Ramon Novarro is now to be the *Ben Hur* and that either Mr. Niblo or Mr. Neilan, or both, will handle the directorial end. It appears that the work to date, costing some \$200,000 or more, will be discarded. So much for the mysteries of motion picture making!

GLORIA SWANSON has purchased a fine estate at Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y., in an exclusive section where many players, literary folk and artists reside. In fact, in her immediate neighborhood will be Holbrook Blinn, Margaret Mayo, Edgar Selwyn, Boardman Robinson, Crosby Gage, Bayard Veiller and Margaret Wycherly. Miss Swanson's new estate consists of forty acres and includes the top of Kitchawan Mountain, commanding a fifty-mile view up and down the Hudson River Valley. The house itself is of Colonial architecture.

PHOTOPLAY'S convention on the bobbed hair question has created turmoil in Hollywood. Some are running for the shears, while others are going to let their hair grow. After reading the various emphatic, even warlike statements, pro and con, Alice Terry clapped her blond wig over her elegantly bobbed

tresses. "I'm taking no chances!" said Alice. "In 'The Arab' I had bobbed hair, in 'The Great Divide' I'm going back to the longest of long hair. I aim to please."

That reminds me of a remark Agnes Smith made when I met her after I had visited the tailor.

"What kind of suits are you having made?" asked Agnes.

"A blue and a grey," I replied.

"You're not taking sides, are you?" said Agnes.

THE New York Astor Theater premier of "The Sea Hawk" was the one recent event of screen importance in the metropolis. The opening drew a representative audience, including such celluloid notables as Richard Barthelmess, Mary Hay, Claire Windsor, Barbara La Marr, Agness Ayres, Bert Lytell, Carmel Meyers, Allan Dwan, John Robertson, Josephine Lovett, George Melford, Irvin Willat, Billie Dove, Emmett J. Flynn, Lloyd Hamilton, Joseph Hergesheimer, Marcus Loew, Jesse Lasky, Nicholas Schenck, F. J. Godsol, Elmer Clifton, Helene Chadwick, Cullen Landis and Edmund Loew. Incidentally, Frank Lloyd, the director of "The Sea Hawk," watched his production from a top gallery, unobserved by the famous folk of the audience. Hence, he missed a curtain speech.

FOR the first time the big William Fox studio in New York is inactive, at least as far as the Fox interests are concerned. Space is being rented to other companies and George Melford is at work there on "Sandra," with Barbara La Marr in the stellar rôle. The script is by Ouida Bergere and Peter Milne and is a sort of feminine variation of the "Cytherea" theme. Miss La Marr will play the wife who becomes bored with home life.

MARSHALL NEILAN was an interesting New York visitor recently, when he came to town en route to the other side. Neilan is to see a prominent London surgeon regarding stomach trouble which has been giving him serious annoyance recently, and he will likely

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 126]

Announcing Grace Corson, Fashion Authority

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

Grace Corson, whose fashion drawings and designs have adorned the pages of Harper's Bazar for several years.

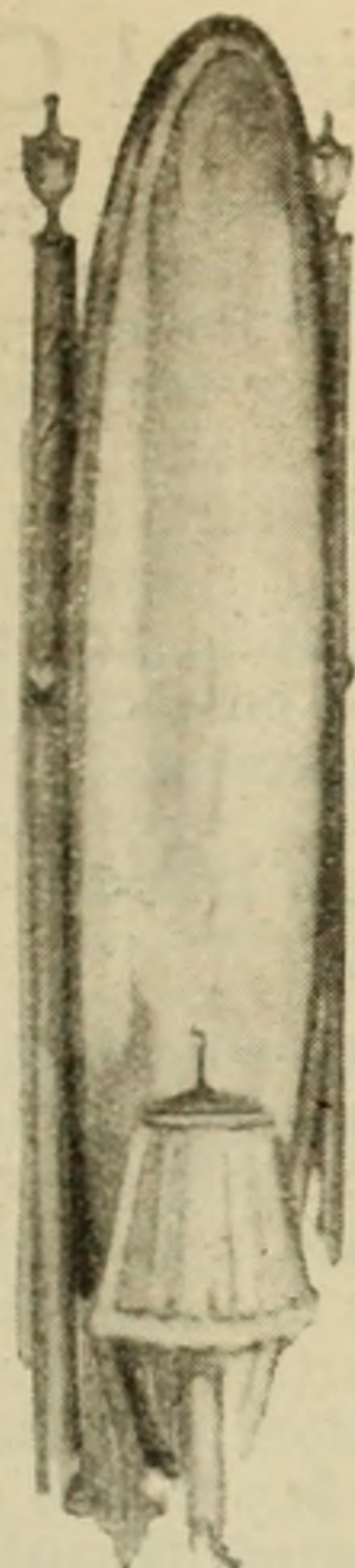
Beginning next month, Miss Corson will illustrate and edit a department of new clothes worn in current releases of motion pictures.

Her work will be of tremendous value to motion pictures as well as to the readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. The screen being a great influence for good taste, it can be equally guilty of exerting the opposite influence, for it is natural for women to feel that with the large sums of money that prominent actresses are spending on their clothes, they should be the last word on what is proper and up-to-date.

This month Miss Corson has taken two examples of poor taste from current pictures, for she believes that she can be of service in this way as well as to point out the good things shown on the screen.

She is not by any means a severe critic, but she believes that the motion picture producers and stars should realize their responsibility, and will let no glaring example of poor taste go without challenge. No woman in the country is in a better position to keep in touch with everything that is new in clothes than Miss Corson, and she, herself, is considered one of the best dressed women in New York City.

So that you may know her, PHOTOPLAY requested her to show you some of her own wardrobe and she graciously consented. All of the photographs on pages sixty-six and sixty-seven were posed by her just before this issue of PHOTOPLAY went to press.



A growing frequency of blackheads and blemishes—

A slight coarsening of texture—

An oiliness that demands every day more and more powder.

Evidence of what daily life is draining from your skin

NO MATTER how clear or lovely your complexion may be, it needs constant and proper care to offset the ravaging effect of harsh, dry winds, of dust and soot, and the general conditions of modern life. A skin unprotected against these elements or subjected to indiscriminate treatment sooner or later gives evidence of the fact—blackheads, oiliness, sallowness and a coarsening of the texture result.

To preserve a good complexion

and keep the skin healthy, thousands of women have adopted the daily use of Resinol Soap. First, because it gives perfect cleansing—searching the depths of each tiny pore without removing the natural oil so necessary to keep the skin soft and smooth. It quickens the circulation in the thousands of tiny blood vessels that nourish the skin and it builds a real resistance to germ development.

Get a cake of Resinol Soap from your druggist today and give it the whole responsibility of keeping your skin clear, smooth and lovely.

Should blemishes appear

apply a touch of Resinol Ointment, after bathing with Resinol Soap, and smooth it in very gently with the fingers. If possible leave it on overnight. Then in the morning wash off again with Resinol Soap.

Within a week you will begin to notice the difference in your skin—a finer, softer texture—a ruddier glow—a clearing of the ugly little blemishes.

Resinol Ointment also for more serious affections

Not only is Resinol Ointment used by women everywhere for clearing away minor skin blemishes, but its soothing, healing properties have for years been successful in relieving more stubborn skin affections. Rashes and eczema—often itching, unpleasant and embarrassing—will in many cases vanish in a few days. Resinol is absolutely harmless. It will not irritate even the delicate texture of an infant's skin.

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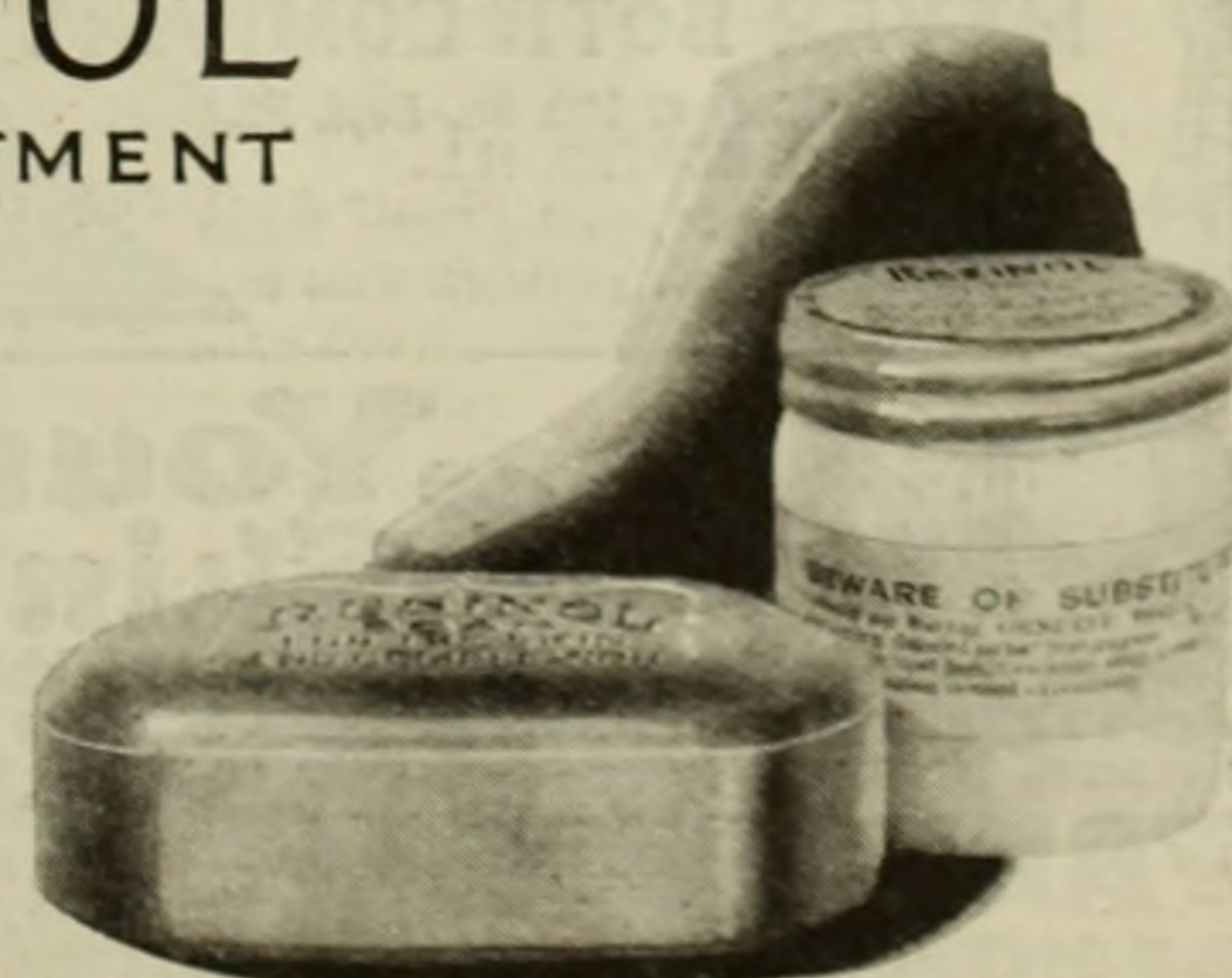
Send this coupon or a postal card today
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Please send me, without charge, a trial size cake of Resinol Soap and a sample of Resinol Ointment—enough for several days' ordinary use.

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Street

City State



It Isn't the Original Cost of "Bobbed Hair"—

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]



After Sun, Wind and Dust—Murine

In summer the EYES frequently become blood-shot from the irritating effects of wind and dust. *Murine* relieves this unattractive condition almost immediately, as well as eye-strain caused by the glare of the sun.

If used night and morning, *Murine* keeps the EYES in a clear, bright and healthy condition. Contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

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run the cost of maintaining her bob up to \$150 a week on two occasions, counting the hairdresser's salary, traveling expenses and hotel bills. Estelle Taylor took a hairdresser to Alaska with her recently. It is not surprising that Florence Vidor, whose beautiful hair is still long, feels she has something on the rest. She has it marcelled once in two weeks.

Norma Talmadge's "Bob" Costs Her \$15 a Day!

That's when she's working, other times the upkeep is \$15 a week. Miss Talmadge used to attend to her own hair, with the help of her personal maid. Since she has had it bobbed, an expert man hairdresser comes to the studio to marcel her hair before she starts work, and he "stands by" all day to restore any disarrangement. This costs from \$15 to \$18 a day. And this in spite of her naturally curly hair! But the curl which arranged itself just right when her hair was long, wasn't the sort to give the *chic* appearance necessary for bobbed hair to look well.

Gloria Swanson's Economical Boyish Bob

"Am I fortunate?" asks Gloria Swanson, "or am I simply audacious?" For Miss Swanson is one of the lucky ones who look their best in the straight boyish bob. She used to wear it differently marcelled and waterwaved and netted, and the upkeep was enormous. It looked well, but doesn't the straight bob look better with her strikingly individual features? "There is nothing to do to this sort of bob but to have it trimmed every week or ten days. That costs me about \$5 a month." Lucky Gloria!

Anita Stewart Tired of Her Bob

She was one of the first of the film stars to cut it off, too. "I am letting my hair grow long," says Miss Stewart. It's her back hair she's talking about, for she has always kept it the usual length around her face. "It was such a pleasant relief to be rid of the mass of hair at the back. I felt as though a friendly breeze was constantly blowing on the back of my head. But the need of weekly trimmings to keep it just so became a nuisance. I had to quarrel with hairdressers for appointments and finally had to arrange to have the work done at home. I didn't mind the eight or ten dollars a week it cost me in money, but the strain on my nerves was too expensive."

It's a Bother and Expense, But Constance Likes It

"Bobbed hair may be a drawback to a tragedy queen, but it is no handicap to a fun-maker," was the way Miss Talmadge expressed her sentiments to PHOTOPLAY. It's easy to agree with her that a shake of a short-haired head gives more emphasis to a comedy point than would the shake of three feet of permanently waved hair! Constance's hair is very thick, very fine, and naturally lies in just the right position. And it costs her five dollars a week—two hundred and sixty dollars a year. "It is worth that to me," she said, "though it is a bother. I save energy by having my clipping and curling done at home."

"I Wish I Hadn't Bobbed It," Says Billie Burke

"I am suffering from remorse." What a confession when it looks so becoming, with the natural ripple that gives a piquant effect no hairdresser could ever achieve. For one thing, bobbed hair doesn't look so well with evening costume, Miss Burke told PHOTOPLAY's representative. "A switch of one's own hair, of course, is a solution of that problem, but that is a huge and variable expense," she said. "A becoming bandeau is another solution." The

time it takes to keep bobbed hair just so is what Miss Burke objects to more than the money cost, which in her case runs to only eight or ten dollars a month. It's the full morning at the hairdresser's once a week, when she has a big house and little daughter to look after, besides all her other activities. "Still," she says, philosophically, "it's an individual problem, like marriage or Sunday dinner. Every woman must decide it for herself."

Marion Davies Knows

"Is bobbed-hair economical for the average woman? Count the number of hairdressing establishments that have set up in business in the last year. Obviously somebody is paying for the upkeep. I suppose the average woman whose hair is bobbed spends from a dollar and a half to five dollars a week at the hairdressers. Before you bob, you must consider several things about the expense of upkeep. If under thirty, slim and youthful, and if your face and head are well shaped, you have nothing to worry about. Your bob need only cost you the fifty or seventy-five cents for the clip. You can shampoo it at home and wear it straight.

"If you are over thirty and your hair is straight, your bob will require more care. You will need the services of a hairdresser once a week to have it waved and shaped. But few women over thirty can wear the boyish cut and get away with it. The most becoming bob is the conservative one with the hair shaped so as to give the effect of a flat hairdress, loosely waved and with the hair fluffed softly.

"Frankly, it is expensive. A heavy fog or a little rain will ruin the most elaborate loose wave. As for the frizzy tight wave, it has gone out of fashion, fortunately. Even the woman who hopes to save money by having a permanent wave is obliged to keep it in trim by having frequent water waves, if she wants to look her best.

"Personally, I cannot speak from experience. My bob doesn't cost me a cent. My maid shampoos my hair once a week or oftener as the occasion requires. I wear the straight boyish cut. In a way I was forced to adopt it as I had to play the rôle of a girl masquerading as a boy in 'Little Old New York.' And that started the boyish cut. For formal wear, I sometimes have my hair waved as it looks better under a large hat or with a formal headdress. Waving is one of the duties of my maid at the studio.

"But even if your bobbed hair is an expense, I should not call it a foolish extravagance. Not only is it a becoming fashion but it is a healthful and sensible one. It has forced women to take proper care of their hair. If this seems a needless expense for women, why not have men return to the age of flowing whiskers?"

How Mary Solved the Problem

Naturally, the host of young women one sees in business offices with bobbed hair aren't spending anything like the amount of money for "overhead" that the screen actresses do, even when they are not working. Fifteen or eighteen dollars a week makes a good-sized hole in any business salary. But they manage it somehow, so PHOTOPLAY's representative asked Mary how she did it.

Mary is a real person. She is the secretary to the vice-president of one of the big railroads. She takes pride in looking as trim, as business-like and as attractive as she can. So Mary, of course, bobbed her hair when the vogue had become firmly established.

"I used to buy hairpins, nets, shampoos and an occasional wave," said Mary. "I thought the bob would relieve me of the nets and hairpins and enable me to shampoo it myself, and so would be a saving of money, if not of time. But my hair is straight, and mere waving won't do; it has to be curled. The straight bob doesn't fit my type of face at all. Bobbed hair.

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beautifully

—in 5 minutes—at home!

An alluring wave guaranteed, bobbed or unbobbed
And the cost is but half-a-penny!
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THE loveliness of softly waved hair—chic, alluring!—may always be yours, now. No more times, between waves, when the curl has gone—when hair is not as pretty as it might be—when it is hard to arrange.

For now you can do as thousands of other attractive girls and women do—whether your hair is bobbed or long. Every day, if you wish, have a fresh marcel. Right at home—in five minutes! And the cost is actually about half a cent. It is a new method, approved by hair specialists.

The coupon below offers you an oppor-

tunity to try it, without cost, for 10 days. Send no money—simply clip the coupon.

An exquisite wave

This new way to keep your hair beautifully dressed was perfected to do two things: First, to give you a really professional wave in a very few minutes at home; and second, to reduce the cost.

You use the Gold Seal Marcel Waver to do it. Specially designed to impart an exquisitely soft, but very distinct wave.

Simply attach it to an ordinary electric light socket, as you would an old-style "curling iron." But the Gold Seal does what no "curling iron" could ever do.

First of all, it uses less heat. So cannot possibly burn or injure the life and lustre of your hair in any way. And this heat is applied by a new principle, to **all** parts of **all** hair.

So it does not matter whether your hair is dry and brittle, or whether it is very oily. The Gold Seal Marcel Waver gives a perfectly charming wave to **any** hair. Not a round curl, but a **real, professional-looking** Marcel wave!

In five minutes your hair is beautifully waved. How nice to have this help, for instance, when going to the theater some evening—with little time to get ready. What a comfort not having to bother with hair-dressers' appointments and waiting!

**Buy several \$20 hats
with what it saves!**

In twelve months The Gold Seal Marcel Waver will actually save you from \$40 to \$50 over and above its slight cost! And it will last for a lifetime. We guarantee it against defective workmanship or material, you know. Remember, too, that you take no risk at all in testing it for ten days.

Then, too, it saves you a great deal of money! More than ten times enough to pay for itself, in twelve months. The cost for electric current, each time you use it, is less than **half of a penny**.

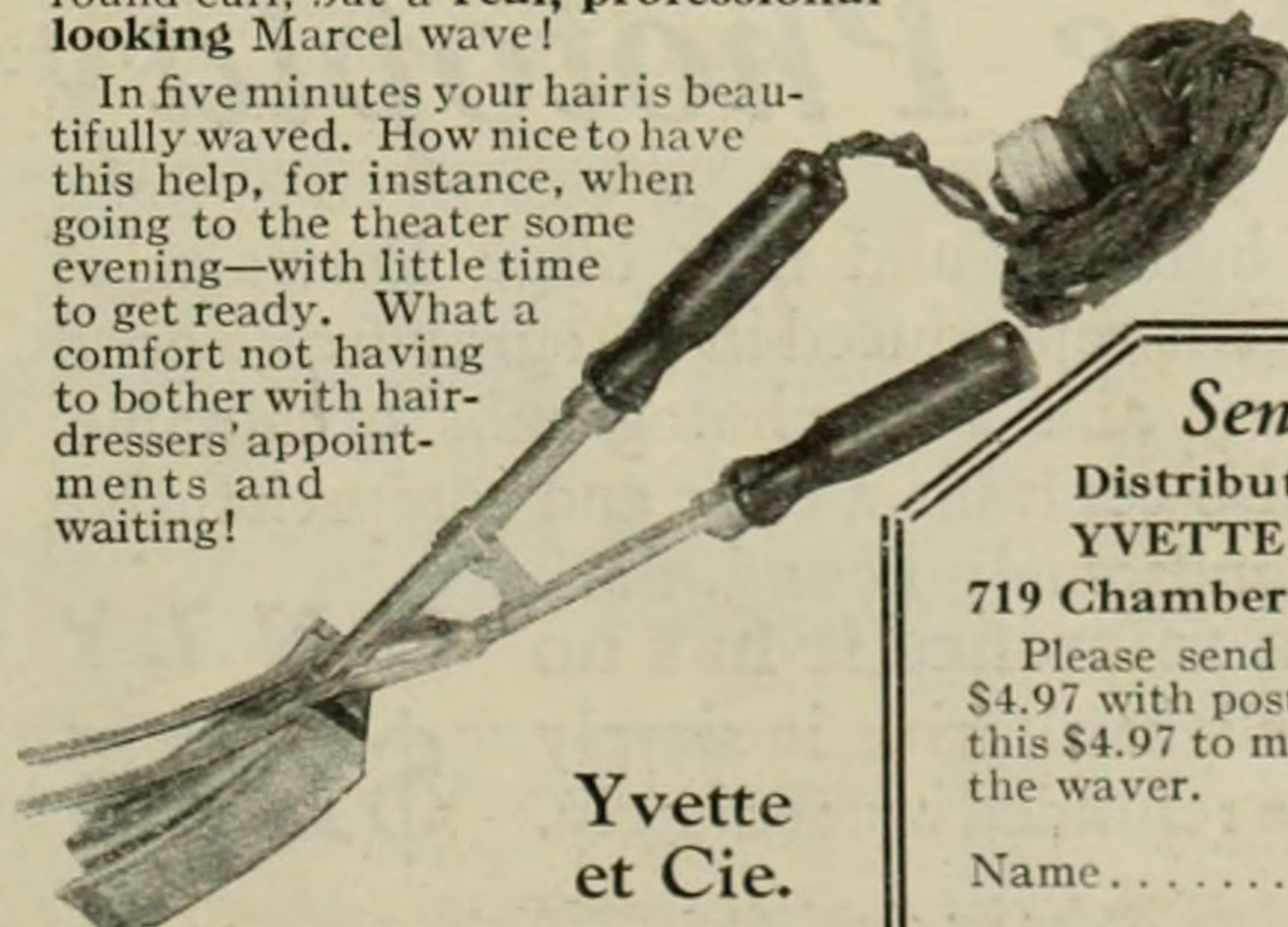
A remarkable offer

This unusual, new waver will delight you as it has thousands of others. It was originally made to sell at \$10—which is really a low price, when you consider the time and money to be saved. But we have determined to **reduce** the price—and, by selling still greater numbers, have just as large a business as ever. So we make this amazingly generous offer.

Simply clip, fill in and mail the coupon below. Don't send any money, unless you particularly wish to. We will immediately send you a Beauty Marcel Waver. When the postman delivers it to your door, give him \$4.97, plus a few pennies postage, the new, reduced price. But—note this:

Keep and use the Waver for ten days. Test it in any way you see fit. Then, if you are not entirely and completely delighted with what it does for your hair, with the saving in time and money, just send it back to us. Immediately, and without the slightest questioning, we will mail back your \$4.97. Isn't that fair?

Just think what a pleasure it's going to be, having your hair freshly and beautifully waved **all** the time! And with enough money saved to pay for several very lovely hats, a new suit, or frock! Clip your coupon now. Mail it today, sure.



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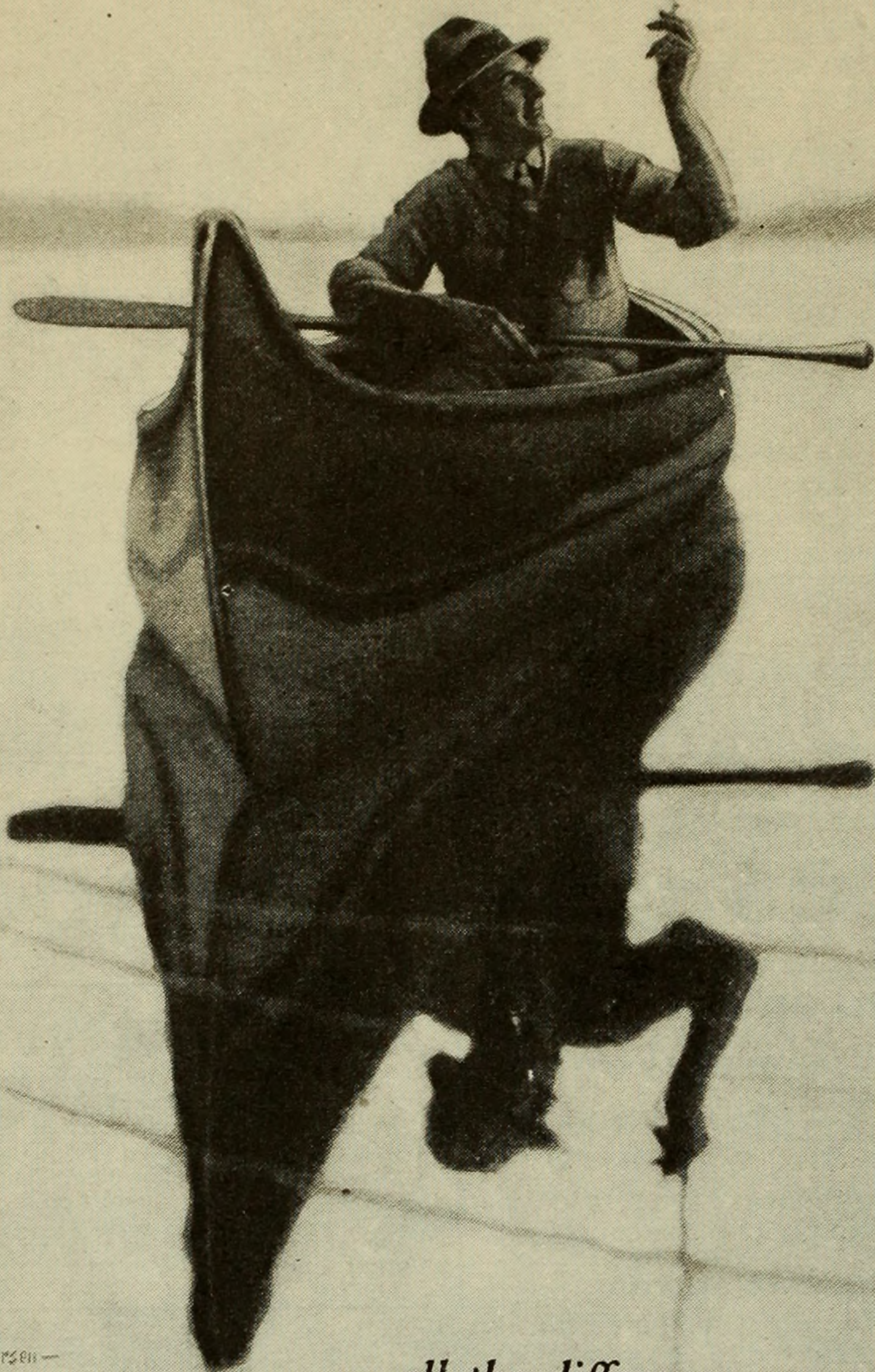
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I found, doesn't hold the curls half as long as long hair does. Then it has to be trimmed, for my hair grows more than half an inch a month. It cost me from one dollar to three dollars for a wave and a curl, which wouldn't last more than a week.

“To have a permanent wave done properly would cost me around twenty-five dollars. I was spending twelve dollars a month on my hair, and I resolved that I would not spend more than that. A permanent wave that would last six months would be a cheap investment even if I did have to have it water-waved occasionally. But I wasn't going to spend that money until I had saved it on my hairdressing.

“I began by putting it up on curlers every night. I found that I could do this and get a tight curl that lasted for days. To get more of a wave, and a round curl, I tried using an iron. To my surprise, I found in a short time I was getting a better effect than the hairdressers had given me, at a cost of only fifteen or twenty minutes of time every day. Once a month I have half an inch trimmed off; the rest I do myself. It costs me more to have bobbed hair even doing it myself, for my time and energy are my capital, but I like it.”

Waves, Permanent or Otherwise, Essential

Bobbed hair experts agree that a wave of some kind is absolutely essential except for the rare exceptions who look best in a straight bob. What sort of waves, and how often waving is necessary, and how to keep the waved bob in shape, were things which PHOTOPLAY asked many of these experts about.

Said A. Charles, of the Plaza and the Ritz-Carlton, “I bobbed the hair of a woman of ninety-eight the other day. Ninety-eight! And when it was done she didn't look fifty. Women don't need to be convinced of its desirability. Their problem is the upkeep.

“I think every professional will recommend the permanent wave. I do. It is aesthetic, it is durable and it is economical. I charge from thirty-five to forty-five dollars, but it will last six months. Without it, the woman with bobbed hair needs a marcelle at least once a week, and if she would always look her best, once a day or even oftener. It costs a dollar and a half or two dollars every time, and the hot irons do not benefit the hair. Once a day is ten and a half dollars a week. At the seashore, twice a day is not too often. The naturally curly hair needs a water wave occasionally, at a cost of a dollar and a half.

“All bobbed hair needs clipping once a week. Another dollar and a half. If it grows fast, it needs a net. Two, three, four nets a week; perhaps the gold mesh net, the latest from Paris, or the large-meshed silver net; one dollar. Ordinary nets, twenty-five cents each.

“That is why I maintain that the permanent wave is cheaper in the long run, though no woman can look her best in bobbed hair without an expense of ten dollars a month or more.”

Jessica Ogilvie is one of New York's beauty specialists who does not approve of the bob, but if her patrons insist upon it her experts will do it in the style best suited to the individual. “One thing I never tell a patron, for it is not true—I never tell her it will be cheaper to have her hair bobbed,” said Miss Ogilvie. “The only way the bobbed hair girl can save expense is to do everything except clipping, herself. If she will do her own shampooing, let her hair go straight (for she can rarely get the waves and curls right unaided), and be content with a monthly clipping, she may get through the summer for five dollars. But few girls will be satisfied with the results.”

For the woman who wishes always to look her best and who can afford it, C. Nestle estimates the upkeep cost of bobbed hair at not less than fourteen dollars a week, or sixty dollars a month. “The permanent wave, even as high as sixty dollars, is more economical.”

“To bob or not to bob?” It costs more, it takes more time, you'll be sorry you did it, but—if you haven't yet—you will!

Close-Ups and Long Shots

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46]

she couldn't hear the concert. "That's my husband playing," said Alice proudly. "He's a musician now."

Rex apparently has lost interest in the screen. He wants to broadcast.

RUPERT HUGHES assumed the rôle of critic following the premiere of D. W. Griffith's "America" in Los Angeles. That he made good is attested by the fact that Mr. Griffith printed the criticism in advertisements. I quote a part:

"... The whole sequence in which the son is brought to the bedside of the wounded father by that divine deceiver, the daughter, overwhelmed me as one of the greatest achievements by any of the arts from the Greek tragedy on.

"The extraordinary tangled skein of Miss Dempster's acting, with every thread sincere and distinct and unlike anybody else's, also quite conquered me."

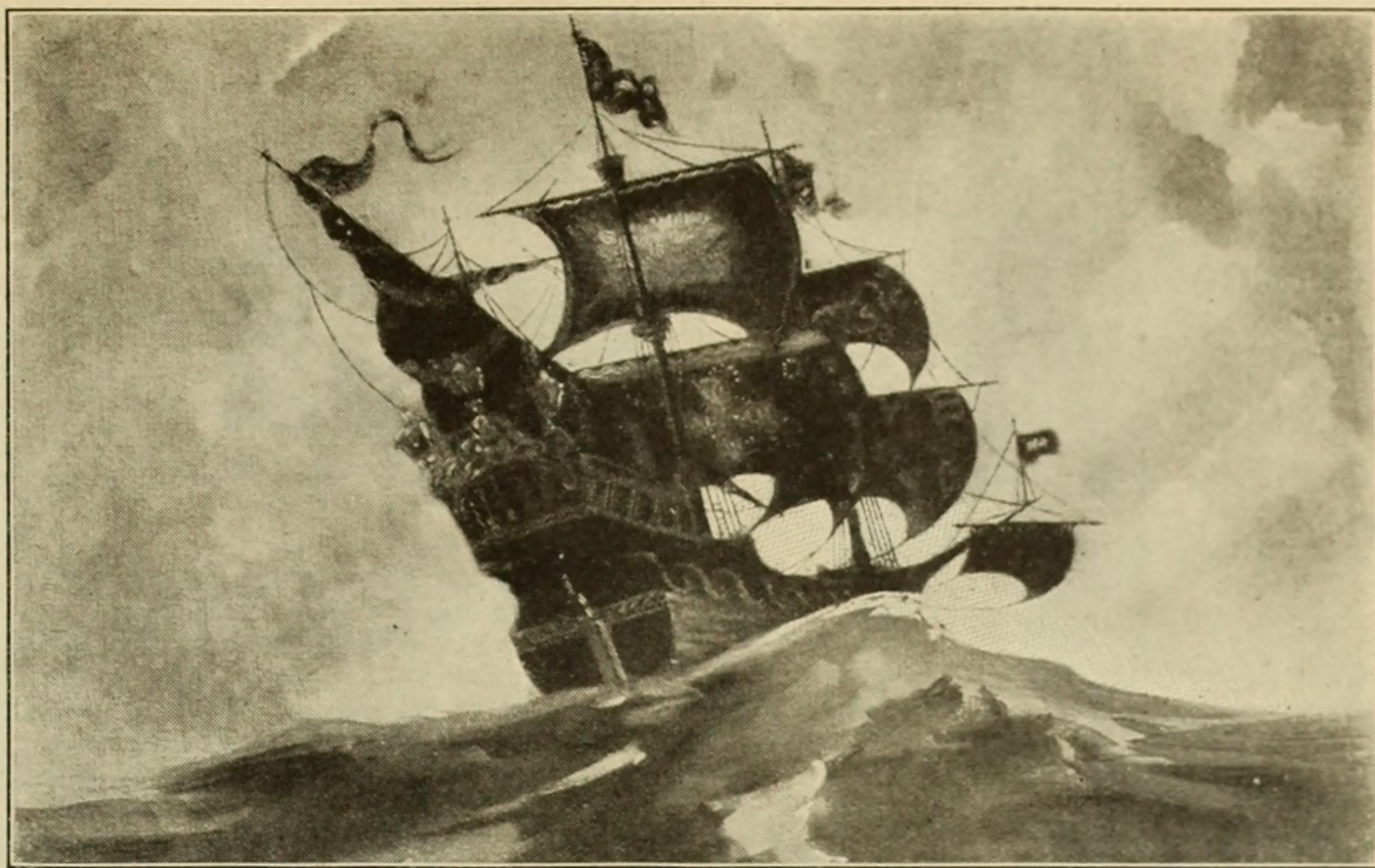
It is bruited that the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer concern wishes Mr. Hughes to abandon his directorial duties and confine himself to writing. Personally I feel his feature is his versatility, just as it is Gertrude Hoffman's. I have been a regular patron of Gertie's acts for many years without being able to decide whether she is better at the drums or the fiddle, at juggling or leg-tossing.

AS for Miss Dempster's tangled skein of acting, it has never conquered me quite, though it has bewildered me. I have never discerned the least charm or talent in her dervish delineations. She isn't even a good imitator of Miss Lillian Gish. No picture can interest unless its players interest. The player is the director's most important pigment. Mr. Griffith's decline as a director commenced simultaneously with his decline as a discoverer. Has he forever lost the discerning vision that brought forth the glory of the incomparable Lillian and the excellence of Richard Barthelmess?

I TAKE more pride in my predictions than auntie did in her pickles, grandma in her petunia bed, and the undertaker in his ability to achieve a life likeness. Thus I'm taking off my hat and wringing my hand for the sound advice I gave as to the casting of Ramon Novarro in the rôle of *Ben Hur*. By following my tip the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization has qualified as a power and achieved my official recognition. Being impartial in my charitable deeds I would now like to help out Paramount in the casting of "Peter Pan." I would like to secure for them the services of the true Peter Pan, Mr. Jackie Coogan. I refuse to make a prediction because the colored sleuth on the Lasky lot has tipped me off that a female will get it. Still I contend that Jackie Coogan could do it so well that even I could understand what Barrie had in mind when he wrote it.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER having shown a real desire to make good by accepting my casting tip for "Ben Hur," I propose to help the young company along a little further by casting the leading rôles in Papini's "The Life of Christ," which Monte Bell is to direct for them. I assign Conrad Nagel the rôle of The Christ, Florence Vidor the rôle of Mary (presuming, of course, that that Sanzio Madonna, Lillian Gish, is not available), and Pauline Frederick for Mary Magdalene.

RAPHAEL SANZIO painted Lillian Gish when he painted his madonnas, so did Botticelli, so did Pintirrichio, so did all the early Italian masters. Why doesn't some screen painter do likewise? I have seen nothing closer to the divine than Lillian Gish's *White Sister*. It is a radiance of soul.



The Spirit of Pioneering

Impatience with present facilities, a restless searching for perfect things—these have driven men to discovery and invention. They possessed the early voyagers who turned their backs on the security of home to test opportunity in an unknown land. They explain the march westward that resulted in this settled, united country. And they have inspired the activities of the Bell System since the invention of the telephone.

The history of the Bell System records impatience with anything less than the best known way of doing a job. It records a steady and continuous search to find an even better way. In every department of telephone activity improvement has been the goal—new methods of construction and operation, refinement in equipment, discoveries in science that might aid in advancing the telephone art. Always the road has been kept open for an unhampered and economic development of the telephone.

Increased capacity for service has been the result. Instead of rudimentary telephones connecting two rooms in 1876, to-day finds 15,000,000 telephones serving a whole people. Instead of speech through a partition, there is speech across a continent. Instead of a few subscribers who regarded the telephone as an uncertain toy, a nation recognizes it as a vital force in the business of living.

Thus has the Bell System set its own high standards of service. By to-day's striving it is still seeking to make possible the greater service of to-morrow.



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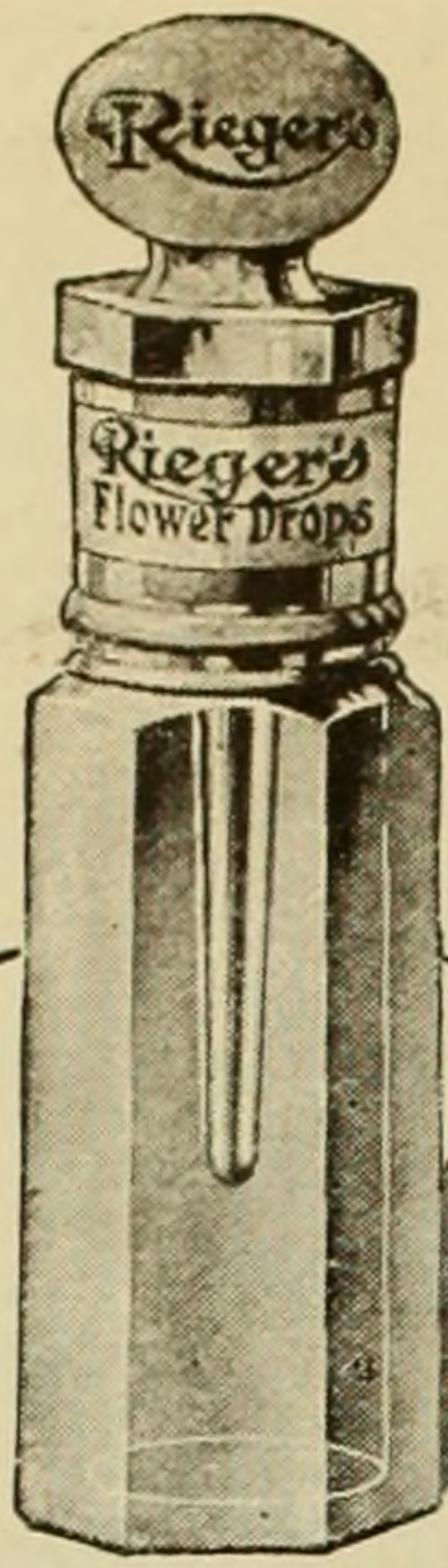
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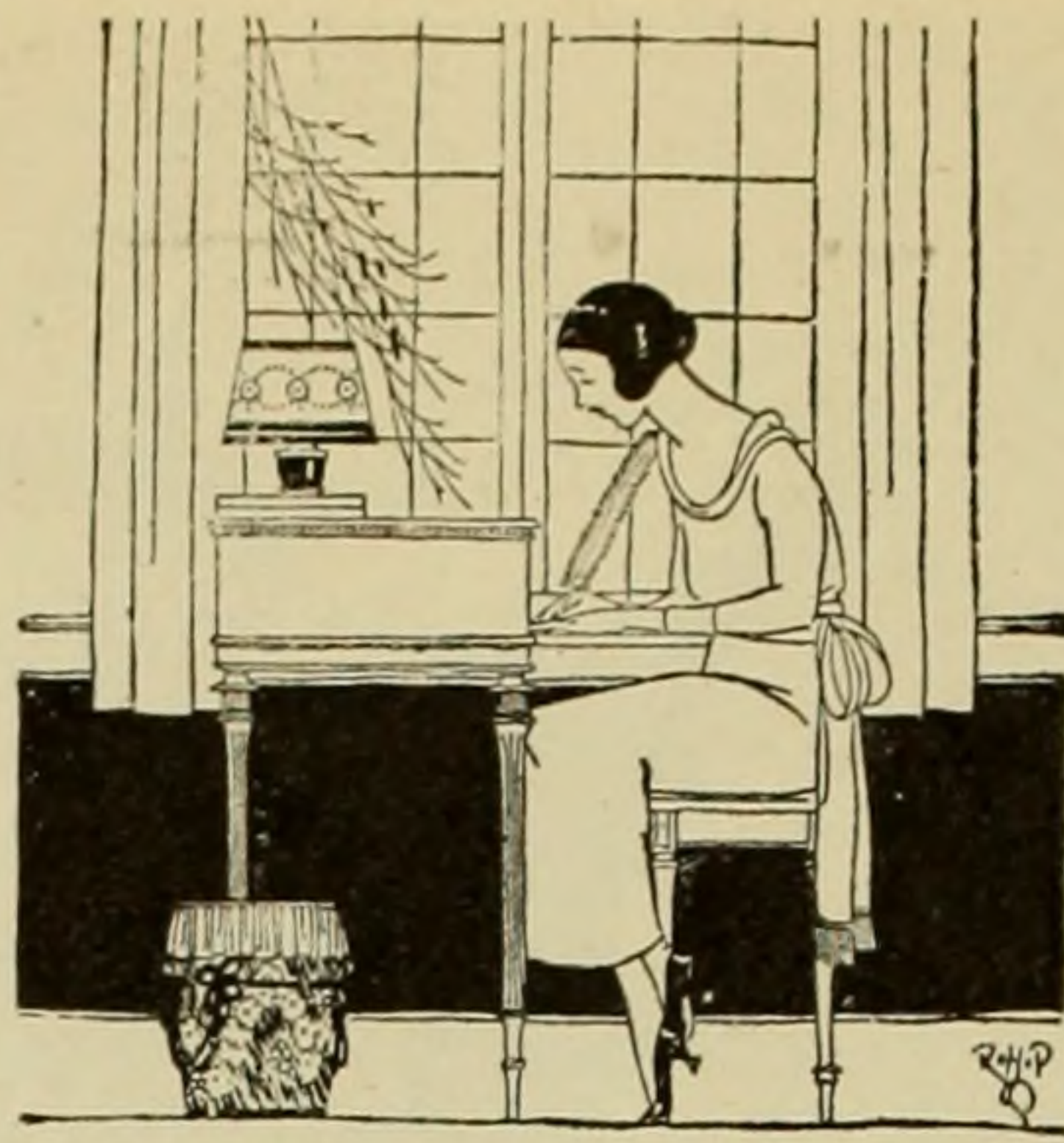
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FRIENDLY ADVICE

From
Carolyn Van Wyck

CORINNE L. A., CAL.

You are so young and you are so busy, with your school work and your music, that I can see your parents' point of view in forbidding you to have callers. There is plenty of time for that sort of thing later, when the school work is done, and you have progressed farther in your music. It is a pity that you are not permitted to take up the study of classic dancing, but, as your parents are paying for your education, I am afraid that you must abide by their wishes. When you are older and earning your own living, you can perhaps take up the study of dancing.

"UNHAPPY," STOCKTON, CAL.

It is only natural that a girl should want pretty clothes and a lovely home in which to entertain her friends. But it's hard to earn the money for those things, at home, unless one has some special talent that may be cultivated. Or some special ability that one may capitalize. For instance, many writers and artists do their work at home. And many girls who have a gift for needlework do dress-making for their neighbors. Often there is typing to be done—if one is a good typist. And sometimes quite a market for home-made pies, cakes and candies may be built up. What can you do? Write and tell me and perhaps then I can advise you.

R. H., WHEATON, ILL.

You are only fifteen years old—much younger than most of my pen and ink friends. And you mustn't worry about being tall and thin—you are not too tall and you are thin because you have grown rapidly. In a year or two you will fill out and be just the proper proportion, I am sure. Often girls of your age are too stout, rather than too thin. And that is much less pleasant. Yes, you may use a bit of powder—but no rouge, as yet. Use flesh color, or *naturelle*. I prefer *naturelle*, myself, for the blonde—unless her skin is very pink, indeed.

H. C. M., MASS.

If you are in love with the young man—who, from his record, military and otherwise, sounds very worth while—you will know it. Love does not ask questions. It is sure. The fact that you say you "have another in mind" shows me that you do not sincerely care for the man about whom you ask my advice. You had better wait, before marrying, until you are so sure that no advice is necessary. That is the safe way.

MARGARETHE, JAVA, D. E. T.

Living in the Orient, it is too hot for much violent exercise. I think that you should reduce through diet, rather than in a more strenuous way. Try to go without starchy foods, do not drink milk or cream, and forego pastry and sweets. And then, I am sure, you will lose weight. Freckle cream will be useful to you, I am sure, in the removal of the freckles. Several creams of this kind are to be found in the advertising columns of PHOTOPLAY. I do hope that you will write to me, whenever you need advice. Please remember that I will always be ready to help you.

MRS. L. B., CAL.

I so dislike to disagree with your good husband. But you are overweight. Quite a great deal overweight! One hundred and forty pounds is far too much for a woman who is only five feet, two inches tall, to weigh. You should exercise and diet at once—before the surplus pounds have become a fixture. And—again to disagree with your husband—you will look far better in long skirts than in the shorter ones. The long skirts will give you height and will make you seem more slim. Short skirts tend to make a short plump woman appear dumpy.

MANON, MONTREAL, CANADA.

With medium brown hair (with reddish glints in it) greenish brown eyes and a creamy complexion, you can look very lovely—in the right colors.

In the first place you should wear no rouge. Your color should be centered in your lips—the best lip stick obtainable in a brunette shade. Then you should use powder in the shade *naturelle*—never flesh or white. And you should wear greens, browns, yellows and old gold shades, with an occasional violet, or orchid, touch. Choose several colors, and wear them always—varying the combinations, if they weary you. Black will be charming, also, with your hair and eyes

"BEWILDERED," BAHAMAS.

So often is trust betrayed—so often are fond hopes blasted! And, when this happens there is so little for the on-looker to say; so little advice to give. If the man who promised to marry you has deserted you for another, there is little that you can do—save appeal to his honor and his sense of fairness. If he has neither, you are better off without him, *under all circumstances*. But this, I know, is cold comfort to give you.

Let Carolyn Van Wyck be your confidante She will also be your friend

CAROLYN VAN WYCK is a society matron, well known in New York's smartest and most exclusive inner circle. She is still young enough fully to appreciate the problems of the girl—she is experienced enough to give sound advice to those in need of it; be they flappers, business women, or wives and mothers. She invites your confidences—she will respect them—on any subject. Clothes, charm and beauty, love, marriage, the dreams and hopes that come to every one, the heartbreaks and the victories—who has not wished to talk them over with some woman who would be tolerant and just, sympathetic and filled with human understanding? Here is the opportunity to do so.

—The Editor

MICKEY, MERCED, CALIFORNIA.

I am so sorry that your lovely lashes are falling out. If vaseline doesn't help, perhaps lukewarm olive oil, applied very carefully, will do away with the trouble. I have known many people to use this treatment successfully.

NORA, GLENWOOD LODGE, NEW YORK.

No, you are not one bit overweight. One hundred and twelve pounds is a small amount for a girl who is five feet, three inches tall, to weigh. You can, if you feel it necessary, reduce your hips and waist by a very simple exercise. Place your hands upon your hips, and your heels together. And then, slowly, turn your body as far to the side as possible, without moving the feet. Do this twelve times, in each direction.

"GYPSIE," SPERRYVILLE, VA.

I do think that a school girl should refrain from using cosmetics—especially if she is as young as you are. Possibly a dust of face powder—but nothing more, if you would be in good taste.

With a very high forehead you will find a bang more becoming than almost any other manner of hair arrangement.

You can wear, successfully, the colors that I have recommended to the young lady whose letter I have answered just above your own.

The Toast of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

frankly is infinitely amused by them. I asked one of our greatest screen lovers, who had just been dancing with her and was in a speechless haze of glory, what it was all about.

"She's not shopworn," he said brutally, "she hasn't that pawed-over look that modern women are getting."

"But she was always like that," I protested.

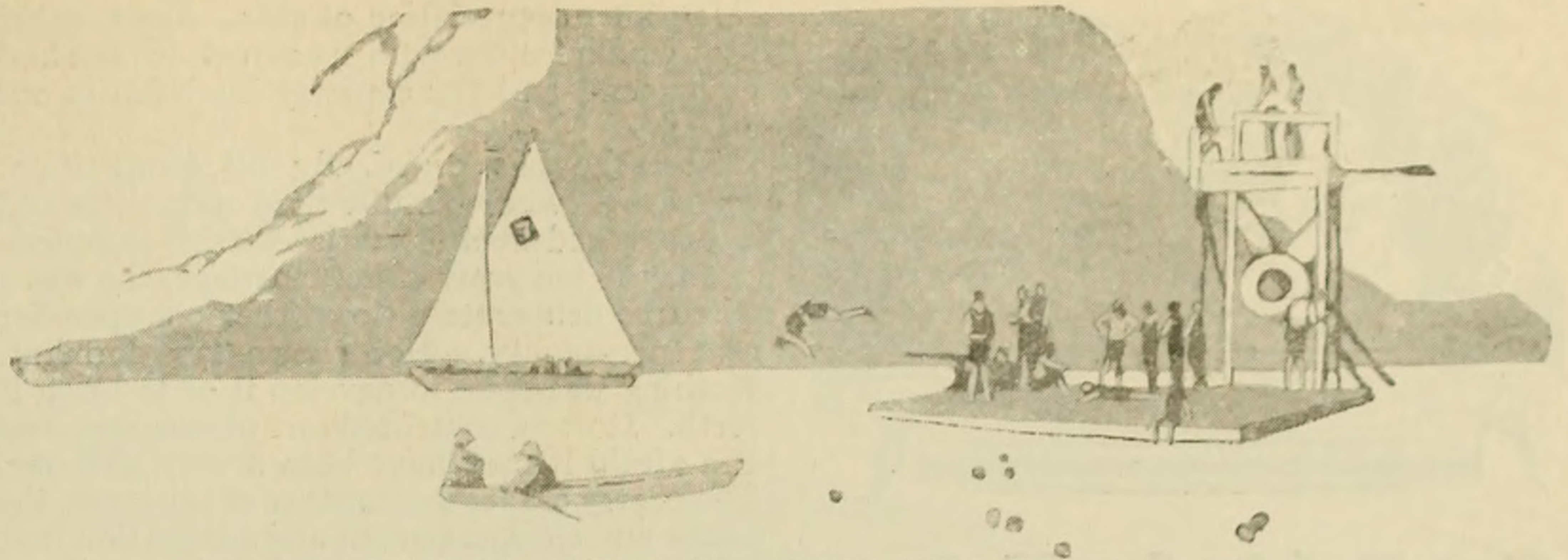
"Yes," he said, "but nobody realized then that a man might very readily trade his immortal soul if she ever did happen to look at him. She won't. She's cold as ice, outwardly. Besides, we're just beginning to get horribly fed up with vamps and flappers. I hate chickens. As for women who sling sex in your face all the time, it's becoming nauseating. The reaction has set in. Frankness, daring, used to be a novelty. Now it's a bore. Why, I haven't danced with a beautiful woman—just a beautiful woman—in years. And I haven't been afraid of a woman—I mean afraid of offending, or annoying, her—since I can remember."

A polished—and slightly professional—cynic shrugged when I questioned him and said, "Men are optimists. They have just remembered, after five years of madness, that the unattainable is also the desirable. The only woman worth having is the woman you can't get. We've been hideously common in our enthusiasm lately. We've forgotten that it's the game itself, not the stakes that matter. Mrs. Vidor is simply a hopeful sign that we are once more becoming epicurean in our tastes."

A LONG time ago Cecil De Mille, who knows more about women than any man I have ever met, told me that if anybody could break down that strange wall of reserve behind which the real Florence Vidor was hiding, she could accomplish anything in the world, as an actress and as a woman.

And the wall is broken down at last.

From behind it has stepped the real Florence Vidor, a woman wearing a fresh and lovely beauty, full of the joy of life and the desire to live, glamorous with sweetness and piquant with humor, sparkling with an innocent and delicious coquetry. She has all the poise, all the manner, of a woman of the world, all the ripeness of beauty and mind of a woman at the height of her charm. And yet she is like a girl in her responsiveness, her warm delight in



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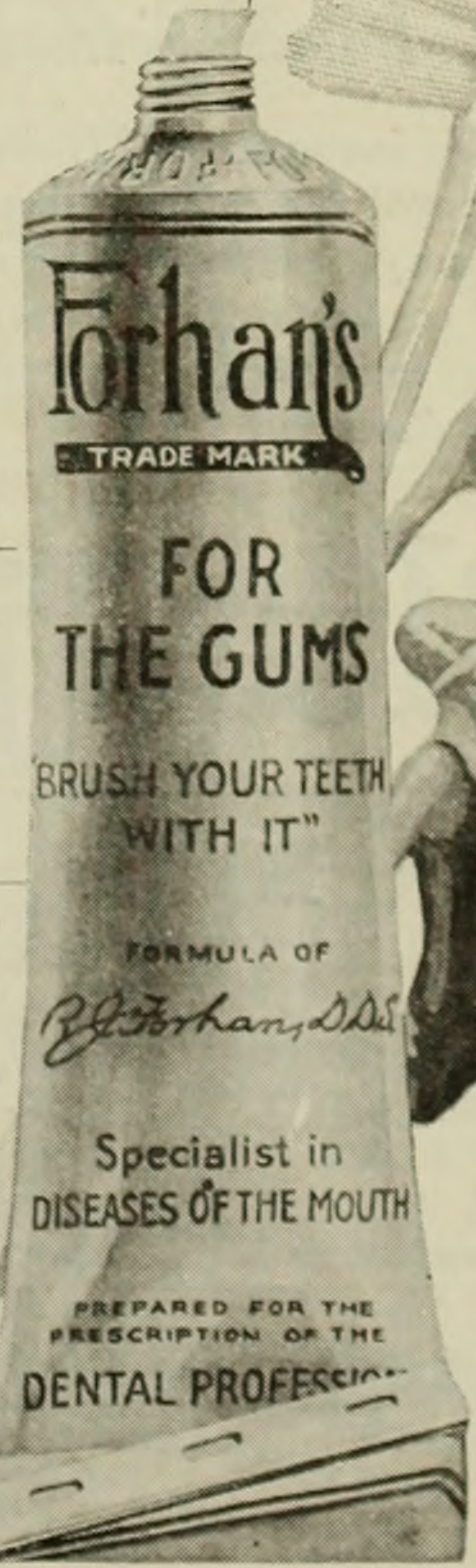
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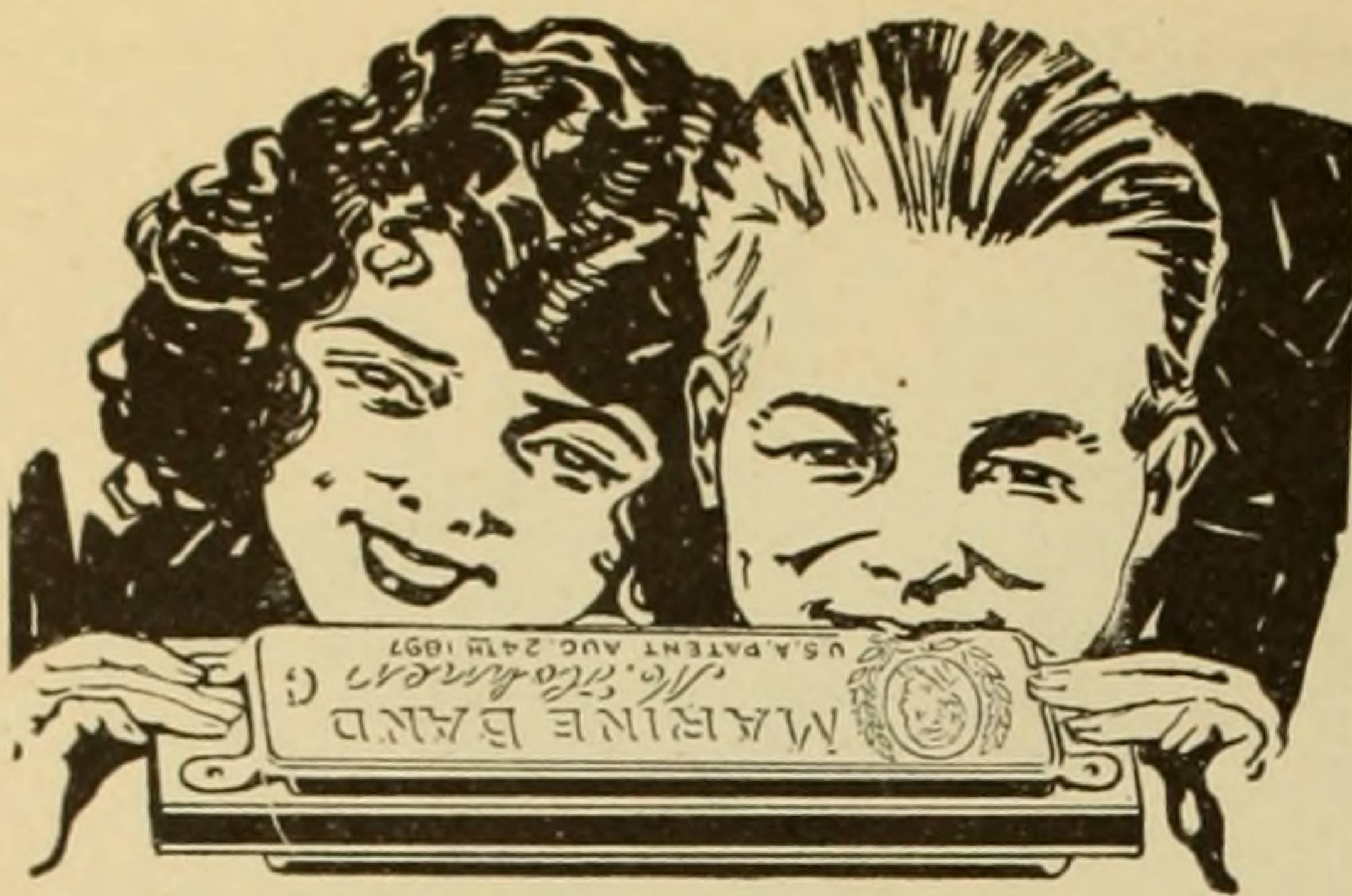


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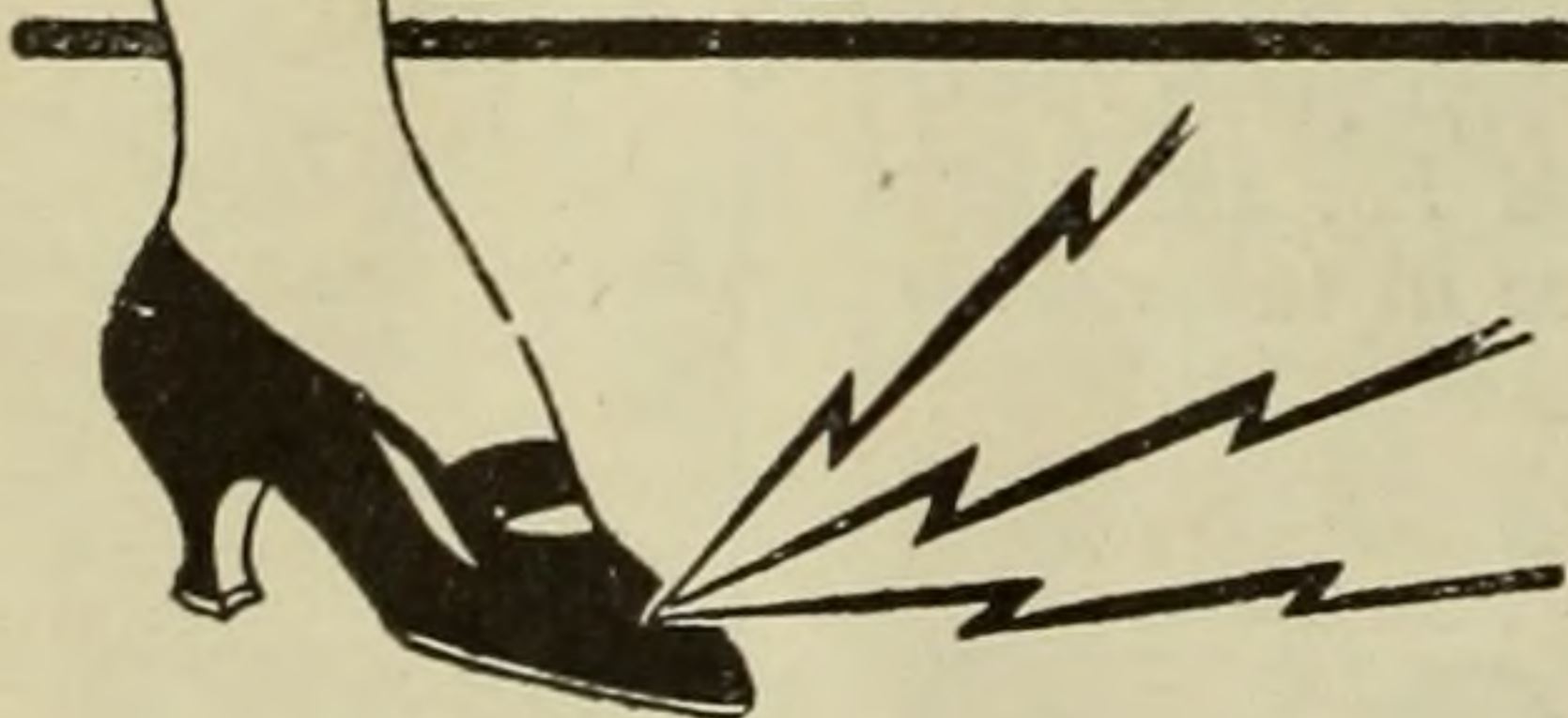
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things, her appreciation of gifts. She is eager for friendliness, for human contact, for fun and enjoyment, and her capacity for them is not dulled.

And she has practically no competition. Men are growing woefully tired of chickens and flappers, and woefully satiated with vampires.

For the ten years of her marriage, she was a wife who deliberately closed the door upon her own personality. Her charm lay dormant. Nothing was done to develop it or to bring it forth. It was a contented sort of marriage, but I'm afraid it may have been a very dull one. The poetry of life, the romance of existence, the praise and encouragement and admiration that every woman needs so terribly, weren't there. Like a lovely mirror, Florence Vidor reflected what lay about her. Her heritage from that grandmother who had been a famous belle and beauty down South, was stifled, smothered.

Yet all the time she was developing a tremendously forceful and definite personality. One thing about the new Florence Vidor who has so conquered Hollywood, is that she has lost that saccharine sweetness that practically always denies character. Florence is very much herself now, a very strong and vital woman, not obnoxiously intellectual, but capable of sustained and interesting conversation.

All the Southern-ness of her has come out, too. It's an odd coincidence that she and

Corinne Griffith and Bebe Daniels were all born in Texas. Her voice is—it is really—the loveliest thing I have ever heard. And she can be vivacious without losing one iota of that tantalizing aloofness.

A lot of Florence's charm lies in the things she doesn't do.

She doesn't make wise cracks—and Hollywood is so tired of women who make wise cracks all the time.

She doesn't talk about herself and the parts she's going to play.

She doesn't continually use a lipstick and a vanity case in public.

She doesn't talk all the time.

She isn't always thinking about the effect she is producing.

And her beauty has taken on a new flame-like quality, a white fire, burning very brightly, but very purely in the muggy atmosphere of our day.

Balzac says somewhere that a virtuous woman has in her heart a fibre more or a fibre less than other women—she is either stupid or sublime.

The thing that has made Florence Vidor the toast of Hollywood is that she has awakened in the hearts of men ideals they thought they had forgotten, dreams they thought would never come again. And when a woman can do that, Cleopatra herself can't compete with her.

The Story Without a Name

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

have had my disappointments, but this, after all, hasn't proved such a bad night for me."

Alan gave little thought to that boast, for the door opened, the next moment, and his startled eyes fell on Mary Walsworth. She was thrust into the room by two seamen, who, at a sign from their master, withdrew and closed the door after them.

The first thing he noticed about her was the disquieting pallor of her face. But her mouth was resolute as she stood, with her arms pinioned to her side, facing her tormentor. That tormentor seemed to expect some outburst of emotion from her as her gaze fell on Alan. But after one quick yet comprehensive glance at the man she loved she stood with her luminous eyes fixed only on her captor, who laughed raucously and uneasily, out of the silence that ensued.

"You two young people don't seem overjoyed at getting together again!" he said with venomous mirth. Then his face hardened, at a gasp of defiance from the girl, as he swung back to the man against the wall. "Well, if you want to stay together, you know the answer. If you want to go back to your own country, a free man, and carry this girl out of harm's way, all you have to do is fit out that little instrument for me. That's my final offer, and I want your final answer."

"SO you include helpless women in your warfare!" was the cry from the man with the pinioned arms.

"I'm ready to include anything, until I get what I'm after," was the other's equally passionate cry. "And death'll probably seem sweet to this girl, when she wakes up to what's ahead of her, if you're fool enough to force my hand. I've some sweet specimens in my working crews off the islands out there. You'd rather see her thrown into a cage of tigers, I fancy, than passed on to one of those gangs of rum-swilling cut-throats. But as sure as you're standing there I'll put her aboard the foulest schooner I own and leave her there until even you wouldn't want what's left of her!"

A dewing of moisture showed on Alan Holt's blood-streaked face.

"You wouldn't, you couldn't do a thing like that!" he cried with a gasp of horror.

"I'll do it," proclaimed the other, "and when you see it done you'll sweat harder than you're doing at this moment. So take your choice."

The helpless youth raised his stricken eyes to the face of the woman he loved. In that face he saw pride and purity. She impressed him as something flowerlike and fragile, something to be sheltered and cherished and kept inviolate, something to die for, if need be, before gross hands should reach grossly out for her.

"All right," panted the prisoner. "I give up. There's a price I can't pay."

"And I get a completed triangulator?" demanded Drakma, taking a deep breath.

But the answer to that question did not come from Alan Holt. It came, low-toned and unexpected, from the white-faced girl on the other side of the room.

"You do not," she said, in a voice slightly tremulous with passion. "I'll die before I'll see that surrendered to you or to any other enemy of my country. Don't you see, Alan, what this beast is trying to do? He's trying to club your secret out of you with threats he daren't carry out. He's trying to torture you into being a traitor—for my sake. He's asking you to betray your country, to give away something that no longer belongs to you, but to the land you love. He thinks he can force you into that because of our love for each other, but I wouldn't let love be used for an end like that. And I won't be a part in any such bargaining—no matter what it costs."

ALAN'S drawn face seemed to catch fire from her words. He stared at her with widened eyes, moving forward a step or two. His shoulders were back and his head erect as he next spoke.

"You're right," he said with a newer ring in his voice. "I carry that secret, thank God, shut up in my own head. And it will stay in my head. And in the end this man who is as low as an animal will prove that he has only the mind of an animal. He can boast as he likes and try what he likes, but before he goes far with this he'll find himself defeated by his own evil."

His swarthy-faced enemy did not seem to hear him. That enemy's narrowed gaze, in fact, was centered only on the white-faced girl directly in front of him. He continued to study her as he rose, with mottled face, and crossed slowly over to where she stood.

"So this is your second trump!" he said with a hiss of hate in his voice as he suddenly caught at her shoulder and twisted her about. "Well,

we'll see how long you can swallow this sort of thing," he continued with his malignant laugh as he ripped the clothing from her slender shoulders. He reached out for her still again, but before he could act Alan Holt had catapulted his pinioned body against the startled Drakma, who turned sharply about, and sent his assailant falling back into a corner of the cabin with a blow on the jaw. With what was practically a continuation of the same movement he caught the girl and sent her reeling into the same corner, where she lay stunned beside the huddled figure already there.

Drakma, purple-faced, strode to the table and rang his bell.

"Take these two fools to their quarters below deck," he said to the attendants who answered his call. "And see to it that they're properly penned up. For we're going to have considerable use for them, before this game's played out!"

CHAPTER FOUR

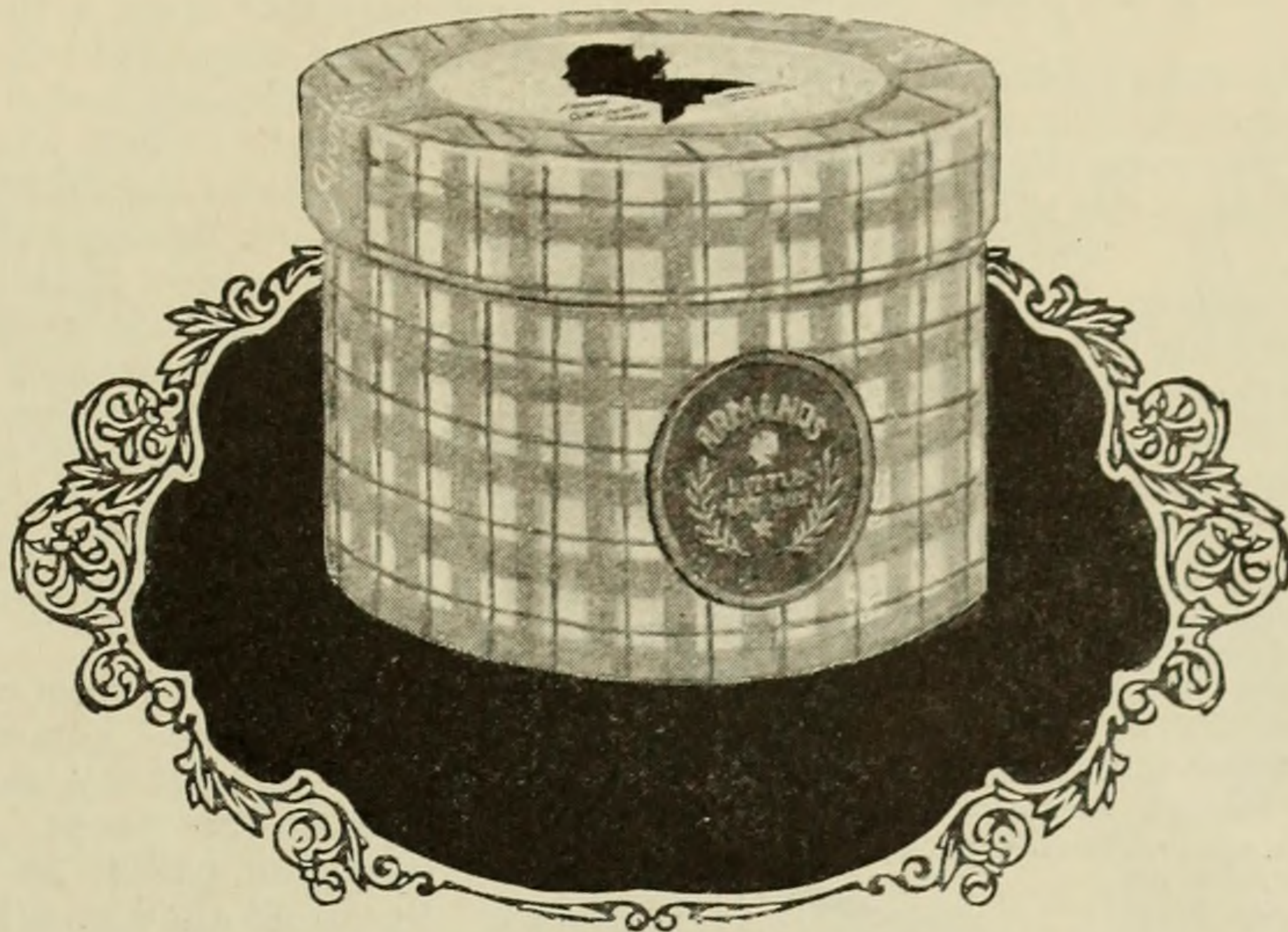
MARK DRAKMA was in a much better position to carry out his threats than his two prisoners imagined. And once he stood convinced of the fixed opposition of those prisoners he went on with his plans, without scruple and without hesitation. Too much was at stake, he knew, to have a failure. A king's ransom awaited him, once he came into possession of the Holt triangulator. And even though it should prove his last *coup* in the New World, he intended to possess that instrument.

The situation, it is true, presented its difficulties. He could not, as his primal instincts prompted, do away with this sullen-minded Alan Holt. He could not batter in the head that held the secret essential to his reward—that would be too blindly killing the goose that must lay the golden egg. But he could take this youth and the woman he loved and so place them, Drakma remembered, that his prisoner's will would crumble and he would cry out for mercy, for mercy at any cost.

For Drakma, as the master-mind among the Atlantic Coast rum-runners, maintained along the fringe of the Bahamas an unsavory organization that was as efficient as it was lawless. Under him, in an unkempt fleet of luggers and sloops and power-boats, worked a drunken and care-free army of outlaws, the riff-raff of a thousand miles of coast-line and the scum of half-a-hundred sea ports. On Jack Ketch Cay, one of the hundreds of small coral islands fringing the Bahamas, he maintained a secret radio-station for directing the movements of these ships of mystery. And on his liaison craft *The Martingale*, a cutter-rigged sloop with an auxiliary engine, disguised as a copra-carrier from the lower Windwards, he maintained a second sending-station for communication with his stealthy units as they dodged their coast-patrol enemies and returned to their mastery for newer cargoes and instructions. The method of this communication was ingenious, for instead of broadcasting open messages or a code which would have promptly excited suspicion, Drakma had resorted to a more harmless-appearing exercise, that of innocently disseminating the popular songs of the day on various and varying instruments, the type of instrument and the precise time of sending determining the nature of the message behind the tune.

It was not, however, until they hove-to beside *The Martingale*, riding at anchor in a quiet sea, that Drakma confronted his two captives with what was actually ahead of them. And they arrived at an opportune moment, for when Alan and Mary were brought up on deck they were able to gaze across a lazy turquoise sea and inspect a dirty sloop-deck overhung with stained canvas under which rough men brawled and idled and sang their drunken songs. Even as they looked a game of cards on one of the hatch-covers ended in a dispute which sharpened into a fight where oaths were flung back and forth and knives were drawn. This resulted in the appearance of the master of the craft from his chart-room, with a revolver at his belt and a marlinspike in his

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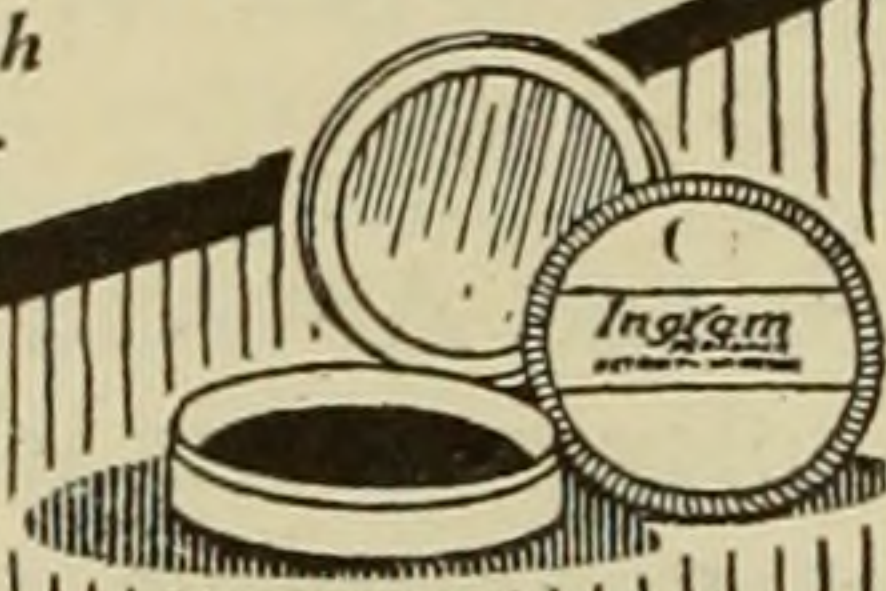
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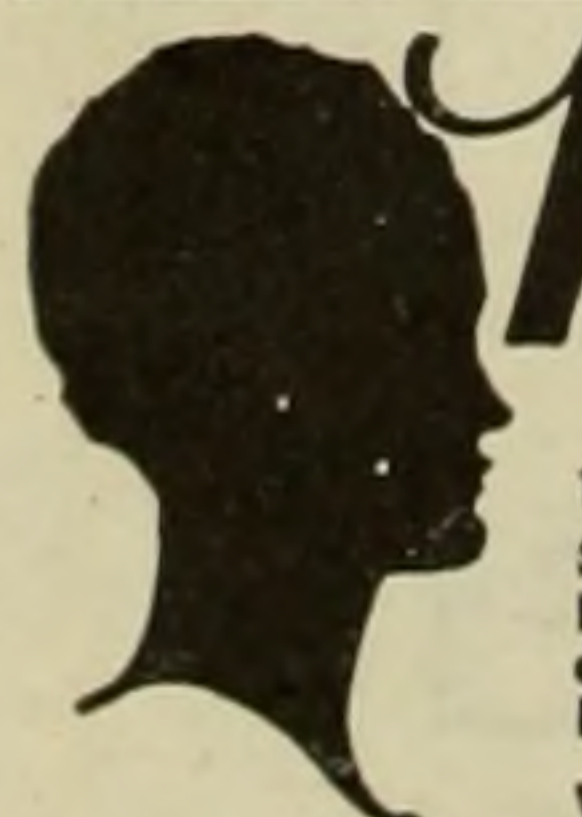
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hand, a lank and ungainly giant with a crooked nose and a stubble of russet hair along his tobacco-stained jaw. He scattered the fighting group and sent the last defier of his authority reeling across the unclean deck-boards, proclaiming that the next yellow dog who broached a keg of his rum would be thrown into the briny. Then, taking a chew from his plug of black-jack, he turned and spat into the sea.

As he did so he caught sight of the yacht alongside. He stood regarding it, swaying slightly in his tracks, his pale eyes squinting against the strong light that beat on his face. And over that face crept a slow smile as he beheld the white-skinned girl in the torn waist, standing within a biscuit-toss of him, studying him as closely as he in turn was studying her. He must have noticed the shudder that passed through the slender figure of the girl, for the loose lips over the yellow teeth broadened into a laugh and the bony big hand made an uncouth gesture of appreciation to Drakma, who stood at the burnished rail with a quiet smile on his own saturnine face.

HE walked slowly over to where the young inventor stood tight-lipped against the deck-house.

"You said you didn't ask for another chance, but I'm giving it to you," announced Drakma, grim of face. "Do I get my instrument, or do I leave the girl on that sloop?"

Alan's face was pallid, as his gaze met Mary's. But from that gaze he was able to drink resolution as the thirsty drink from a cup.

"You've had our answer," was the younger man's quiet-noted reply.

Drakma stood silent a moment. Then he swung about with a gesture of finality.

"All right," he said, laughing his sinister laugh. "You two love-birds will do your cooing in a different way. You're going to have three weeks to think this over. I won't be here to see you do that thinking, for I've got the round of my cays to make and a fresh shipment to scatter among my boats. But Sig Kurder over there will take care of your Mary. Sig's the master of that sloop. And that's Sig there with the crooked beak and the tobacco-stains on his sandy beard."

"O God!" gasped the pallid-faced man with the pinioned arms.

"Sig, as I said, will look after your lady," continued the mocking-eyed Drakma. "But you, my friend, are coming on with me to Jack Ketch Cay. That's a coral and sand spit ten or twelve miles further out. I'm going to put you ashore there, and in my radio shack you'll find all the tools you want to work with, tools and

[END OF SECOND INSTALLMENT]

material enough to wire a battleship, if you have the inclination. And right in front of your bunk in that little shack you'll have a low-powered radio set, a set for sending and receiving, the same as the lady will have in her mate's cabin aboard this sloop. I'm not leaving you together, remember. That would make it too soft. But I'm being considerate. I'm giving your lady friend the privilege of calling on you when she's in trouble. And as time goes on, I'm afraid, her troubles may grow worse."

He stopped short in his talk to watch the haggard face of his prisoner. Then, smiling his one-sided smile, he turned and called out to his sloop-master: "Send your boat over for this woman."

Alan, at that, made an effort to break away from the sinewy brown hands holding him back.

"No; no!" he cried. "It can't be done. It's not human. You can't put a woman on a floating hell like that. It's—it's worse than putting a bullet through her head!"

"Of course it is," conceded Drakma as he watched his prisoner's frantic and futile efforts to free himself. "And I'm glad you're beginning to understand the situation. It'll give you something to think of when you're at your island work-bench. You'll realize what a nice refrigerator I've put your flower in to keep it fresh for you!"

"Mary! Don't go!" screamed the unhappy youth, straining forward. "I'll give him what he asks for. But I can't see you go."

The girl studied him for a moment of silence, studied him with proud but pitiful eyes.

"You can't stop me," she said with quiet determination. "I believe in you and I believe in God—and I'm not afraid."

"But you don't understand," cried the man fighting to reach her side. "They'll keep you in that hellish"—

"It can't be for long, Alan," broke in the girl, her head poised high and her hands clenched hard as she was seized and thrust towards the rail-opening. "And we're doing it for a flag, dear, that men like this daren't even fly!"

"Haul him back!" commanded Drakma as the unclean dingey bumped against the yacht-side and unclean hands reached up for her.

"It can't be for long," repeated the girl as she was thrust down over the side.

"Perhaps not," cried Drakma, his gorilla-like face thrust close to Alan's. "But it's going to be until you get that finished instrument of yours in my hands. And that, my cringing hero, is final!"

SYNOPSIS OF JULY INSTALMENT

ALAN HOLT has just perfected his triangulator, or death ray machine, while experimenting for the government at a federal reservation in Virginia. While chatting with his fiancée, Mary Walsworth, daughter of Admiral Walsworth, an attempt is made by an international spy, Mark Drakma, and his cohorts to steal the radio machine which is so zealously guarded.

A few minutes before, Alan had demonstrated the wonderful and deadly instrument to his chum, Don Powell, by dropping a hen-hawk, hovering over the chicken yard of Sam Carter just as the farmer is about to shoot it. His daughter Ruth, who is Don's sweetheart, joins her father in amazement at the uncanny death of the bird. It is inexplicable to them.

To Drakma and his crowd of spies and kidnapers, however, the fact that the government possesses such an instrument is known. They have centered their search for it on the old tower in which Alan and Don have worked secretly for weeks. To distract the attention of the guards, they set fire to an auxiliary tower, several hundred feet distant.

As the fire rages, two of Drakma aides force their way into the tower where Alan has already packed the instrument to forward it to Washington. He hides the enflaming key, without which the instrument is impotent, in his cigarette case.

Alan is overcome and carried away, bound and unconscious, in an airplane. Mary, who makes a valiant fight, is also taken captive by the invaders who carry her off in an automobile while her father is basking under the seductive charms of Claire Lacasse.

The Cookie-Pusher

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

"You can sure get that with our crowd," she chuckled.

"I—I don't mean just that way. I plead ignorance of everything, particularly your—er—code. I would put myself in your hands absolutely. You would have to teach me how to pet . . . impersonally, as it were. I am afraid I sound like a colossal idiot—"

"Yes, I believe you do."

"It is really important—vital, I might say. Now, please don't laugh—"

"I can't help it. Fancy you as a cookie-pusher!"

"A what?"

"A cookie-pusher—a glorified cake-eater! Golly . . ."

He begged and pleaded, and finally the idea percolated through her head that this would indeed be a lark—going out with a man thirty years of age as petting instructress—why, the thing was simply the cat's meow and no mistake. And so she agreed and their date was set for eight o'clock that night. Whereupon, much perturbed, he left her and proceeded to the village garage where he hired a touring car for the evening, and at eight o'clock she calmly left the hotel and joined him in the front seat.

HE turned into a broad, winding highway which zigzagged down the moon-drenched valley and lost itself in the forest fastnesses miles ahead. He was very carefully garbed for the adventure in white flannels . . . she was a bewitching girlish picture in her light summer gown and with a Japanese shawl tossed carelessly over her gleaming shoulders.

They had very little to say as they drove along—both were victimized by embarrassment. She confessed hers—and told him quite frankly that if he were ten or twelve years younger she'd be chattering away like a magpie, while he informed her that with six more years added to her nineteen he'd be making violent and serious love. They both laughed at that—and then silence once more settled between them. Frankly, they were both more than a trifle frightened.

Suddenly she grabbed his arm. "Stop!" she whispered.

He slammed on the brakes. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Here's the turn off." She designated a little-used trail which rambled away aimlessly under the trees. "Slide in."

Obediently he turned his car, pulled two-score yards from the road, halted and cut off his motor.

"And now," she ordered, "douse the lights."

"Turn out the lights?"

"Sure. You're not trying to advertise something, are you?"

He did as bidden. Hollywood seemed a million miles removed—he, J. Warrington Sims, the kid genius, being ordered about by a pretty irresponsible nineteen-year-old. He sighed deeply and settled back in his seat. After all, this was a sacrifice to the Gods of Art. It was his pilgrimage to the shrine of accuracy. He stared off into the shadowy woodland and wondered desperately what to do next.

The silence was appalling, and finally her voice came to him as though from a great distance.

"Well?"

"Well—what?"

"Begin."

He inhaled deeply. Confound these flappers! Confound Art! "I—I don't know how."

"You are a dumbbell. Haven't you ever made love to a girl before?"

"Why, yes . . . but . . ."

"You're not in love with me, eh?"

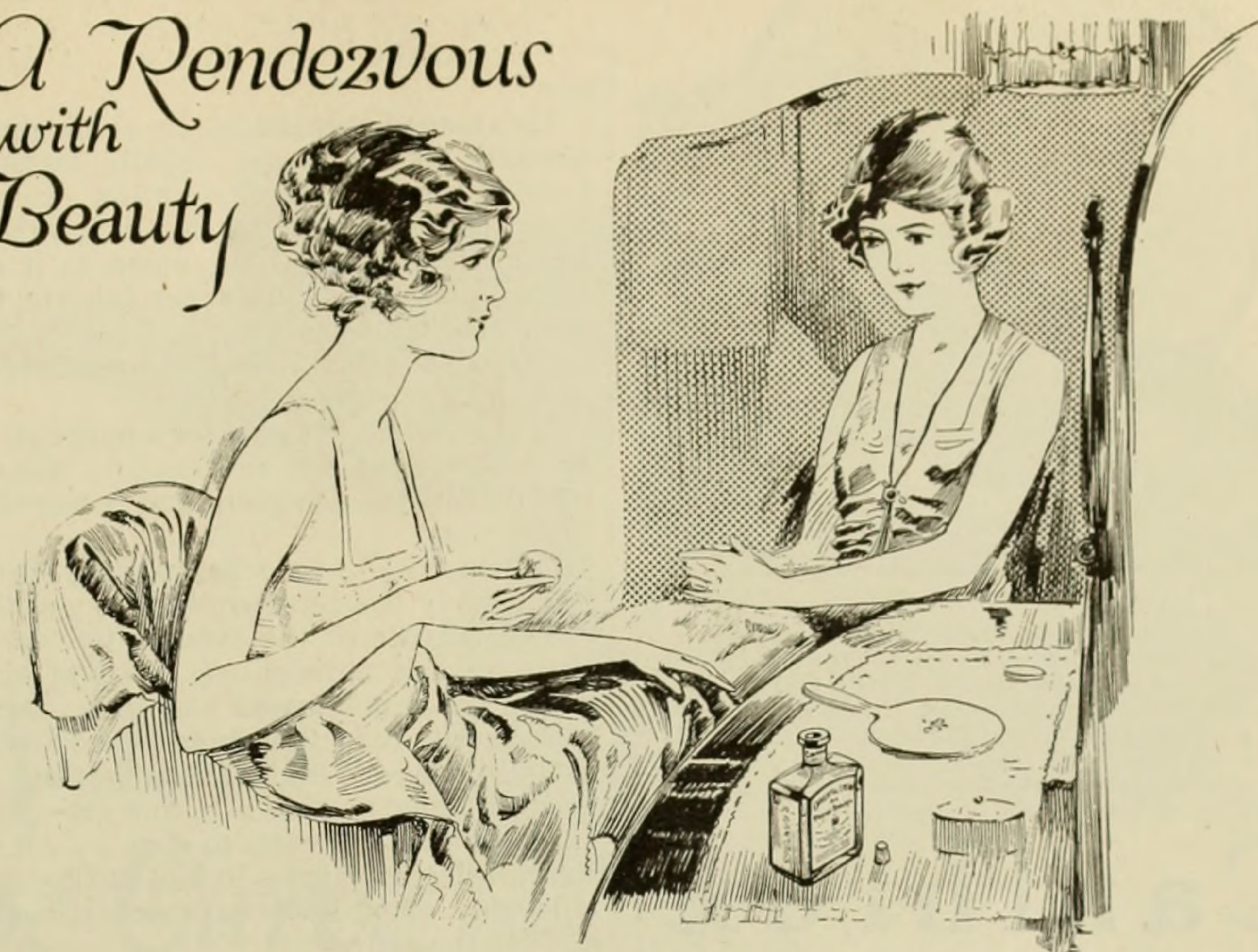
"No. That is—"

"You're positively delicious! When you made love to a girl, what did you usually do?"

"I—I suppose I held her hand."

"Hmm! That'll do for a starter." A warm, firm little hand slipped into his, and he was

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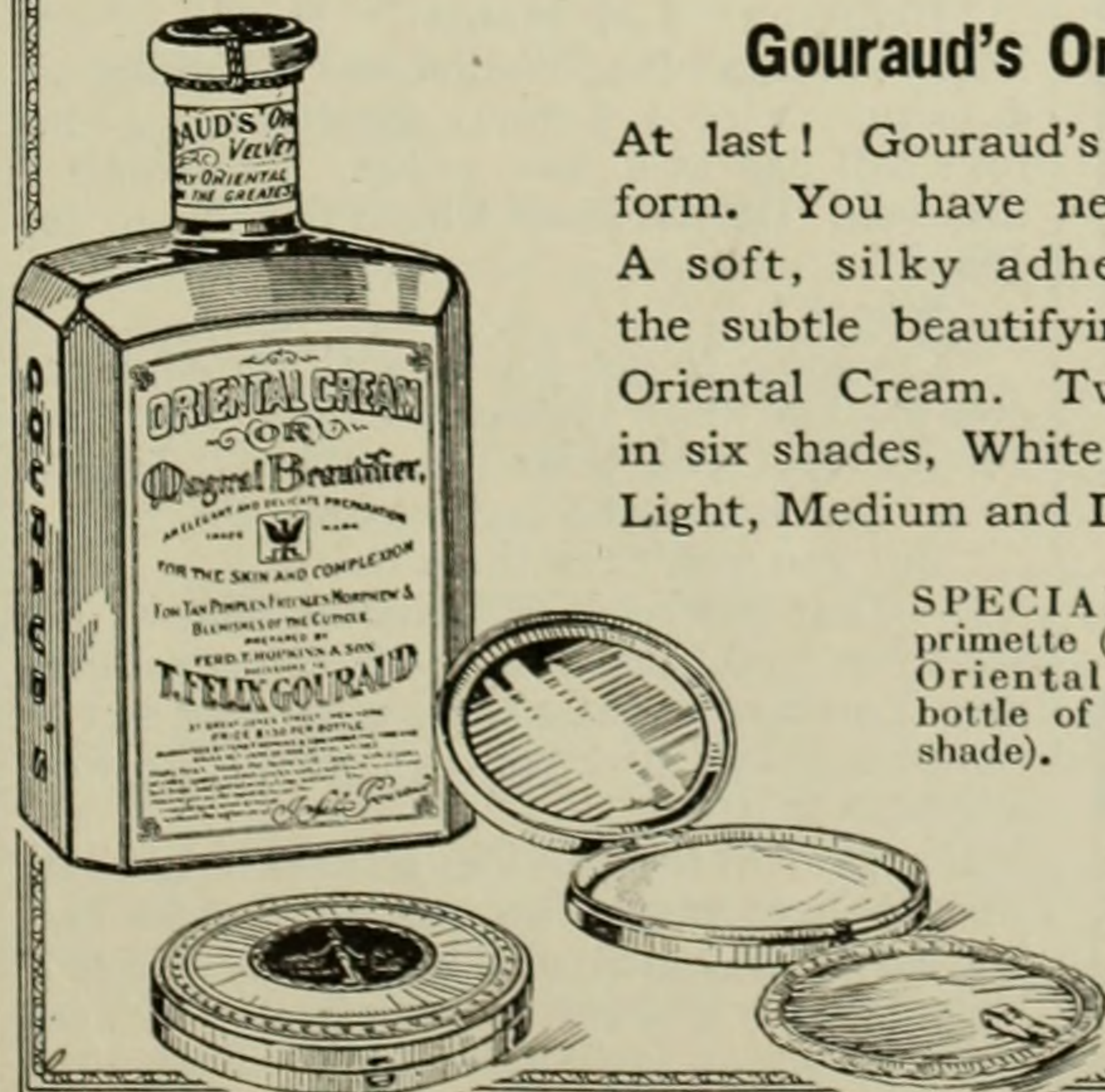
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amazed at the queer thrill which swept over him.

"And then?" It was Dot speaking.

"I—er—put my arm about her."

"Eventually," she invited. "Why not now?"

He groaned apprehensively as his right arm quested for her waist. Quite frankly she assisted and snuggled against him. Her warm, pliant figure was like an electric contact, and in the silver glow of the moon as it filtered through the pines he saw her delicate, flushed face lifted temptingly to his.

"Goodness, Mr. Sims," she pouted, "don't you know anything?"

He hesitated, but only for a moment. Then he dropped his lips to hers . . . they clung breathlessly for a moment and it was she who broke away.

"Goodness!" she said, patting her hair. "Somebody has certainly taught you that."

The balance of the evening was far easier than he had anticipated. One of the first orders she promulgated was that, since they were flapper and jellybean together, first names should be used. And there were things to be learned about petting as a fine art—just how far to go and just where to stop . . . it was an exhilarating experience to him and one entirely enjoyable, albeit there was more than a hint of guilt in the enjoyment.

He was amazed to discover that she was a very intelligent little girl beneath her irresponsible exterior . . . they arranged to repeat the petting party the following night, and when they did it was he who instructed her a good bit, so much so that she pronounced him a horribly apt pupil. And it was when their second petting party was nearly at an end that a sudden constraint came between them. She pulled away and looked at him peculiarly and her voice was that of a woman and not a little girl. He was rather glad of that, because his thoughts during that day had been vaguely disturbing . . . he was afraid that she interested him in a manner which was far from impersonal.

"John," she asked levelly, "why are we doing this?"

"Doing what?"

"Petting."

"Why—because . . . well, because I asked you . . ."

"Why did you ask me?"

HE met her gaze, and suddenly there came upon him the urge for frankness. And so he told her of himself and his ambition and his opportunity. Her cheeks flamed when she learned his identity.

"J. Warrington Sims!" she gasped. "You?"

"Yes . . ."

"Oh! What a wallop! And I've been teaching . . . Say, is this Hollywood stuff all bunk?"

"Most of it. You see . . . well, I've never before met a girl like you. I don't know your generation—and I liked you and thought you'd help me . . ."

"Help you! Kiss Mama!" He did. "I'll help you. Isn't it splendid? Working on a picture with a famous director . . . who isn't half bad as a man, either. Just won't I help you. Do you know what I'm going to do, John?"

"What?"

"I'm going to get you in with the younger crowd. You know some of the ropes . . . and I'll see that you learn the others. They'll accept you for what I say you are—"

"But you won't tell them that—"

"—That you're J. Warrington Sims? I'll say I won't. That's a seacrab between you and me. You can pet these other girls—and sort of compare notes—and you can watch the wild jellybean in action . . ."

He did all of that, and found that he liked it. The younger generation was all that he had fancied it, and a great deal he had not expected. They were free and untrammelled, but they were governed by an ineluctable code. They were unashamed in their enjoyment of caresses, but

demanding that these caresses be impersonal—which was why, perhaps, that he saw the young girls responding to striplings with far greater ardor than they exhibited toward his timid advances.

He was matrimonial timber—these youths were not; that seemed to mark the difference.

With the development of his knowledge concerning this new and wild crowd, enthusiasm for his picture grew apace. Enormous potentialities were unfolded before him—the picture would be freedom propaganda: an epic explaining the flapper rather than excoriating her. He studied her in all her phases—on joy rides, petting parties, dances, at dinners, moonlight picnics, bathing parties and even at unsavory roadhouses. He found her—as a type—independent, wise in the way of the world, well able to take care of herself and freer and healthier for the emancipation from the veil of false modesty with which young womanhood has for generations been clothed.

Two weeks sped past. John Sims tasted deeply of experience in his chosen subject—he felt that he had probed sufficiently beneath the surface to qualify as an expert, but he experienced no slightest desire to leave Shady Rest. He knew that he ought to go—but he didn't. And, being a frank and introspective young man, he sought the answer within himself.

He found it.

IT was vastly disturbing, particularly so since he had no desire whatever to be in love with Dot Mason or any other girl. But the stark fact confronted him—he *was* in love with Dot. The thing was unthinkable, impossible—but it was so. He experienced horrid qualms of jealousy at sight of youngsters with their arms around the waist of the girl when they went on their woodland picnics; he resented the brevity of the bathing suit which exposed her exquisite little figure to the plaudits of the score of youths who flocked about her. And, worst of all, she was entirely too unresponsive when she was with him.

That was the thing which he could not understand. So long as they were with a crowd she was content to snuggle against him and chat animatedly of himself and his work—and of his progress with the other girls. But the minute they found themselves alone together she became frigid and distant; and while she permitted an occasional caress he was conscious of an uncomfortable feeling which imbued the occasion with a totally unnecessary and embarrassing restraint. And at times when he was paired off with someone else he fancied that her hazel eyes followed reproachfully.

Besides, he was quite convinced that Dot was utterly different from these other girls. She was livelier and prettier and sweeter and more intelligent and deeper and—confound it! He loved her!

He was in a quandary. He wanted to declare his love, but she refused to allow him to become serious. He could not penetrate the armor of her continual bantering. He wondered how in the world he would ever make her believe that he was serious when she had labored to teach him the art of love-making; how could she know he was pleading love when he was using the very language which she had taught him was innocuous?

Yet the day of their separation could not be postponed forever—much as he would have liked to continue this blissful relationship. Hollywood and work beckoned imperiously and he dreaded the inevitable moment when he must say goodbye. He wished that she could know of his love for her—he tried to make her understand, and could not, and in a way he was just as glad, for he knew that she could not requite his affection. He felt that he was making a fool of himself. He loved the girl—and—well, that was sufficient.

And then one brilliant night he took her out on the Valley Road with him in a long, low, high-powered car which he had rented for the occasion. A gentle breeze sighed softly through the trees as they turned in on the very spot where their initial petting party had been

staged. She had been silent during the ride—sitting on the edge of the seat with a peculiarly mature expression on her childish face—and then, as they extinguished the lights, he imprisoned her hand and wondered why it was so cold . . . "I'm going away pretty soon, Dot."

She nodded. "Yes—I know."

"You've been wonderful . . . I want to thank you . . . You've taught me a heap of things—made it possible for me to do this picture as I want to do it. I—I—Oh! darn it! I just can't tell you . . ."

"Then don't."

He moved closer to her. His arm went out and closed about her waist. He fancied a bit of resistance before the complete relaxation—but that, perhaps, was a mere figment of his imagination. And then he determined to kiss her. He felt horribly guilty as he bent his lips to hers and his vision was momentarily blurred, but, after all, she did not know that he loved her and certainly she would not object, because this kiss meant so very, very much to him.

Their lips met—and clung. And then she tore herself away and pillowed her head on crossed arms and he felt her figure shaken by great, body-racking sobs. He tried to draw her against him but she resisted with surprising strength and her voice came to him through the darkness—

"Don't!"

"Why, Dot . . ."

"Take your hands away."

"I didn't mean . . ."

"Of course you didn't . . . Go away! I won't have it!"

He withdrew to his side of the seat and stared at her sobbing figure with puzzled and offended eyes. Of all the strange, unaccountable phenomena . . . "Won't you kiss me, Dot?"

"No!"

"Why?"

"I won't—that's why."

"There must be a reason," he persisted.

She nodded. "Yes . . ."

"What is it?"

"You kissed me just now." She flung around and faced him defiantly. "That kiss was different!"

"Wh—what do you mean—different?"

"I don't know."

"You must mean—"

"Oh! John . . . it seemed too real!"

AND now he was not to be stopped. His arms were about her and he crushed her to him. "It *was* real, Dot. It was the realest kiss I've ever given. I meant it to be real . . . I wanted you to know it was real . . . I've been trying for a week to tell you that they were all real—the caresses, the kisses . . . I love you, Dot!"

She held him at arm's length, and he noticed that there were tears in her eyes. "You love me?"

"Yes."

"Really truly love?"

"I want to marry you."

Before his eyes a metamorphosis occurred—the flapper fled and a woman supplanted her: a clear-eyed, radiantly happy woman who put her arms about his neck and offered him her lips—

"I love you, John. And—and I've always wanted to know what a real, sure-'nuff kiss was like."

A long silence, and then—

"Oh . . ."

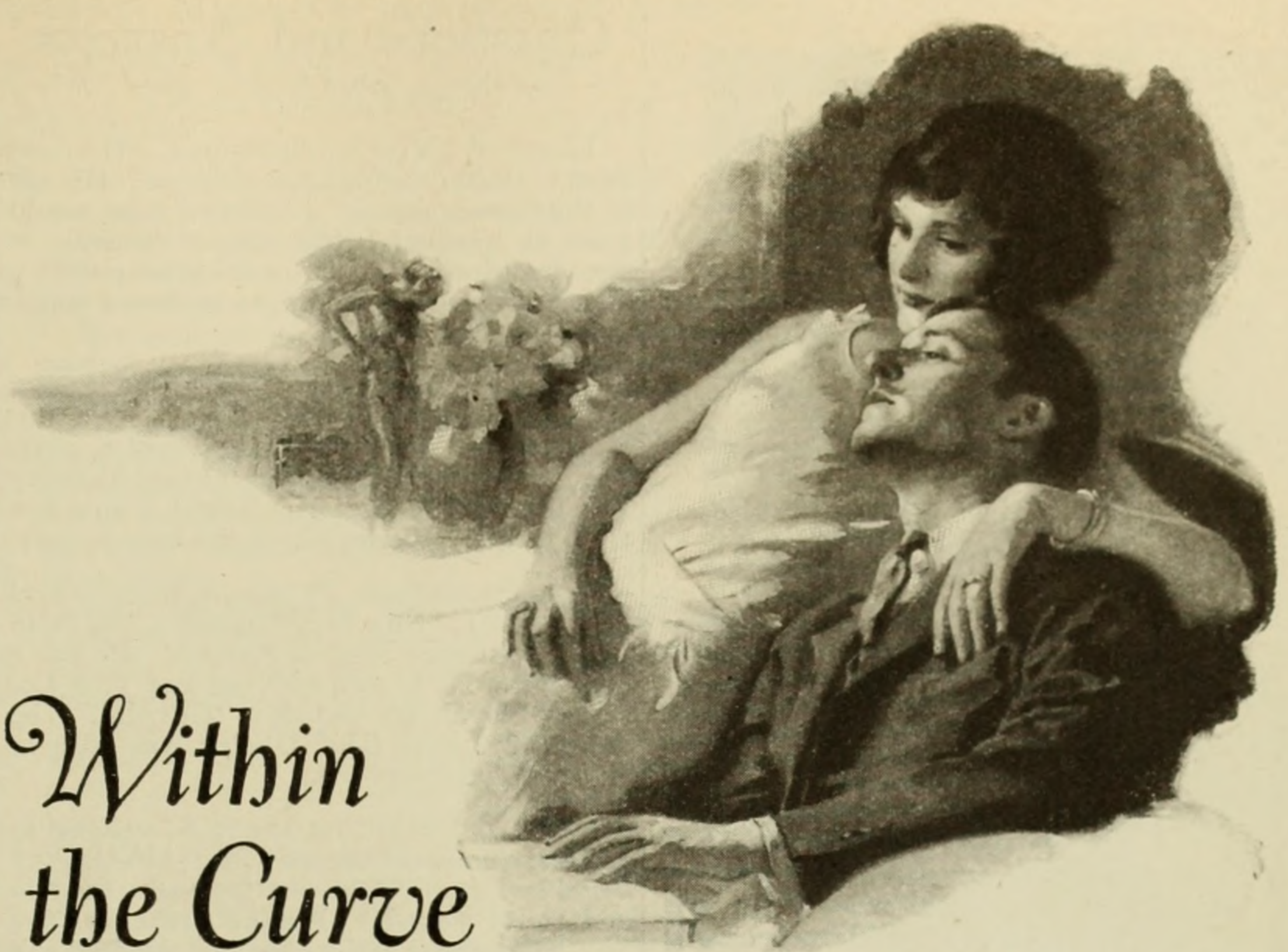
"Will you marry me, Dot?"

"When?"

"Now. Tomorrow. And you'll go to Hollywood with me and help me with that picture . . .?"

She thought it over for a moment, then sighed as she nestled contentedly against his shoulder.

"Yes, dear—I think I'd better. I'd like to be around while you're directing. There are a heap of things about flappers you don't quite know yet—and I want to be there to see you don't learn them—except from me."



Within the Curve of a Woman's Arm

A woman's arm! Poets have sung of its grace; artists have painted its beauty. It should be the daintiest, sweetest thing in the world. And yet, unfortunately, it isn't, always.

Many a woman says, "No, I am never bothered with perspiration."

But though there may be no *apparent* moisture, the little shut-in hollow of the underarm is the source of a very disagreeable odor—odor of which we ourselves may be quite unconscious.

The great mistake which so many women make is to think that because they are fastidious about daily bathing they cannot offend with the disagreeable odor of perspiration.

But soap and water alone cannot protect you. Women who best know the secrets of appeal care for the underarm as regularly as for the teeth and fingernails. And 3,000,000 of them have found their one *sure* dependence in Odorono, the Underarm Toilette.

A physician formulated Odorono to be a scientific corrective of both perspiration moisture and odor. It is a clear, clean liquid, antiseptic in action. Doctors and nurses make constant use of it in hospitals.

Twice a week is often enough to use Odorono. Each application assures perfect freedom from unsightly, uncomfortable moisture and from that repellent odor which is so deadly

to feminine daintiness. Odorono keeps your lingerie and blouses dry, fresh and unstained.

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If you do not need a corrective for perspiration moisture but simply a safeguard against odor, try Creme Odorono. It is a soft, smooth, non-greasy cream, which disappears at once, is instantly effective and gives all day protection. Large tube, 25c.

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For 10c I will send you 3 generous samples for the complete underarm toilette—Odorono, Creme Odorono, and Odorono Depilatory, together with booklet of complete information. Or, sample of any one for 5c. Mail the coupon today.



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Enclosed 10c. Send me, please, samples of Odorono, Creme Odorono and Odorono Depilatory. Also booklet.

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Address.....

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Del-a-tone will free you from unwanted hair—in a few minutes. It is perfectly harmless; a reliable, scientific preparation used by hundreds of thousands of fastidious women.

Just apply in soft paste, wash off, and marvel at the difference a smooth, hairless skin makes.

Don't experiment with your beauty—be sure of perfect results. For fourteen years dainty women have preferred Del-a-tone. Reputable physicians recommend it; careful beauty specialists find it satisfies the most discriminating clientele.

The Depilatory for Delicate Skin
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ELIZABETH ARDEN announces a new cream—her Waterproof Cream. Smooth it on the face, neck, arms and hands under powder. It gives the skin a lovely silken finish—a waterproof finish! It keeps the skin fresh and attractive for hours of swimming and sports. Prevents sunburn, roughness, peeling, freckles. Also gives the skin a superb finish for evening. \$3.

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Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 81]

TRIXIE D., YUKON, OKLAHOMA.—Harrison Ford is single, having been divorced. His age is thirty-one years. A crooked nose would have an unequal battle with a camera. It would not interfere with several other pursuits. If the screen fails, you might become a stenographer.

CATHRINE, LANCASTER, N. Y.—Congratulations on your clear as print chirography, Cathrine. Mary Pickford was born April 8, 1893. She is five feet tall. Madge Evans' birthday was August 1, 1909. Her height is five feet three inches. Wesley Barry was born in 1907.

KIM, PITTSBURGH, PENN.—A many named person am I. Now it is "Solomon, All Wise King." Charles Jones is married. He has a daughter. He is still with the Fox Film Co. Harold Lloyd's new picture is "Girl Shy." The record says that Bebe Daniels was born in 1901. So you were right.

PEGGY OF ORANGEBURG, S. C.—Going to build a structure of human bodies, Miss Peggy? Priscilla Dean, height five feet, one hundred and thirty pounds. Pauline Frederick, five feet, three and a half inches, one hundred and twenty-five pounds. May Allison, five feet, three inches, one hundred and twenty-seven pounds. Vera Reynolds, five feet, three inches, one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Pola Negri, five feet, six and a half inches, one hundred and twenty-eight pounds.

BROWN EYES, ORANGEBURG, S. C.—Ah ha! They're brown this month. A few months ago I had a run of blue-eyed, inquiring maids in this department. The heights and weights you wish to know follow: Jacqueline Logan, five feet, four inches, one hundred and twenty-two pounds. Dorothy Dalton, five feet, three inches, one hundred and twenty-seven pounds. Nearly the height and weight of the Venus de Milo. Lois Wilson, five feet, five and a half inches, one hundred and thirty pounds. Natacha Rambova (Mrs. Rodolph Valentino), five feet, five and a half inches, one hundred and twenty pounds. Anna Q. Nilsson, five feet, seven inches, one hundred and thirty-five pounds.

TOOTSIE, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—What do you suppose a certain distinguished actress would say if I told her that you "think she looks worn out and dissipated and looks like your rag doll after you used to wring it out of hot water." No, I won't tell her. You are a discriminating little miss, for you have discovered that Florence Vidor and Pauline Garon are "fascinating and different," and that Barbara La Marr, beside her beauty, possesses the quality of "being different." You are right, too, in your conclusion that another well known player makes up so much as to seem a shade artificial.

LONELY BABS, NEWPORT, R. I.—You would like to visit Hollywood but wouldn't like to be an actress. You want to be different from other girls. In one respect your wish is fulfilled. Norma Talmadge's age is twenty-eight. It was Mabel Ballin who played *Becky Sharp*.

VERA, PITTSBURGH, PA.—Claire Windsor is a prairie flower, born at Cawker City, Kan. Try to find it on the map. Pauline Frederick was born in the city of Boston. Claire has blonde hair, just about the color of the wig she usually wears when she's before the camera. Pauline's hair is brown. She's an old-fashioned girl; wears her own hair, wears it long and keeps it the color provided by Nature. Constance Wilson's hair is golden brown.

S. J., JERSEY CITY, N. J.—I gather that you think Claire Windsor is beautiful. You're right and you haven't over-stated the case. Jane and Eva Novak are sisters and Jane is five years older than Eva.



Eyes as Bright as the Flashing Spray

EVEN when you swim, you owe it to yourself to be beautiful. Darken your lashes with Winx—it will increase the loveliness of your eyes. Winx is waterproof and its glossy blackness will remain unmarred by the waves.

Apply Winx with the glass rod attached to the stopper of the bottle. It will make your lashes appear longer and heavier. Dries instantly, invisibly, and lasts for days. Absolutely harmless.

Winx may be had in black or brown. 75c.

Send a dime today for a sample of WINX. For another dime you will receive a sample of PERT, the waterproof rouge.

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Freckles



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WHY allow freckles to spoil your whole appearance? Domino Freckle Cream will erase freckles quickly. Yes—almost overnight. This exquisitely perfumed cream is merely applied with the finger tips before retiring. Note how gently it dissolves each freckle, revealing a wonderfully clear, fresh, youthful skin. A \$10,000 deposit in a Philadelphia bank insures return of money by dealer if not completely satisfied. Get Domino Freckle Cream at your favorite store today. If they haven't it in stock, send \$1.00 to Domino House, Dept. F268, 269 S. 9th St., Phila., Pa.

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All men, women, boys, girls, 17 to 65, willing to accept Government Positions, \$117-\$250, stationary, at or near home, or traveling. Write Mr. Ozment, 233, St. Louis, Mo. immediately.

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

Los Angeles, where it could have the masterful supervision of D. W. Griffith. For screen purposes D. W. Griffith can make much better war than all of the generals from Cyrus to Foch. Real war is drab, sodden, bloody routine. The public wants ornamental, romantic war.

"The Life of Villa" did not live into any conspicuous success on the screen. It became a mere incident in the busy affairs of Aitken and in the rapid moves of motion picture wars soon to come, it went on the shelf. Ownership of the negative fell into dispute and the picture vanished, save for a few scattering bits of prints about the Mutual Film Corporation's home office in New York. It is to be hoped that somewhere the negatives have been preserved.

This same March 10, 1914, memorable for the Villa contract, is a landmark date in the final peace of the twelve-year patent war between the Rev. Hannibal Goodwin and George Eastman, maker of film. In May, 1887, Goodwin, then a minister in Newark, New Jersey, made application for a patent on his process of producing a sensitized film for photographic use. Eastman, it seems, was conducting in his laboratories of the Eastman Kodak Company, at Rochester, N. Y., experiments of a similar purpose. An interfering application was made at the Patent Office and endless disputes arose.

Goodwin's Heirs Triumph in \$3,000,000 Decision

Finally, September 13, 1898, a patent was issued to Goodwin. This was merely the beginning of litigation. Goodwin died December 31, 1900, leaving his patent and his litigation to the Goodwin Camera & Film Company, in which his heirs held shares, while the control reposed with the concern now known as the Ansco Company, previously named as the owners of the motion picture projection machine patents of Woodville Latham.

Ansco let the Latham patent sleep after ten thousand dollars had been spent on it, conserving resources to fight for the film claims of Goodwin.

Now on March 10, the United States Circuit Court of Appeals handed down a decision sustaining the contentions of Goodwin against Eastman. Twenty-seven years had passed since Goodwin's invention. In that period the motion picture had been born and had risen to greatness. Hundreds of thousands were spent in the legal battles. Millions had been made in the making of film. The sum that would have been involved in a retroactive accounting would have run into many, many millions. March 27, 1914, a settlement was announced. The sum of that settlement has been a secret ever since. The rumor at the time placed it at \$3,000,000.

This settlement covered the life of the patent, which was to expire the following year, September 13, 1915.

No effort has been made in connection with the present work to trace the tortuous course of the Goodwin-Eastman litigations. The final decision in court is without a careful technical consideration of the facts to be accepted merely as a court decision. Court decisions in highly technical matters are interesting speculations, often of a somewhat inexpert character.

Film Made Pictures Possible

It will be remembered from the beginning of this history that Edison sent Dickson to Rochester for a sample when he learned that Eastman was making a sensitized, flexible celluloid film. Later specimens of film from the Ansco concern were tried by Edison and later by other experimenters. The election of Eastman film was a laboratory choice, uninfluenced by commercial considerations which have since come in to affect the raw film stock industry.

The most important fact is that the basic raw material of the motion picture has been available throughout the history of the art. The question of supply after the first few years has not been a factor in its development.

The early months of 1914 found the motion picture beginning to claim a real share of Broadway as a real competitor of the stage, with the establishment of actual screen theaters. The pictures which had come to Broadway in the first twenty years of the screen were trespassers on the strongholds of the spoken drama, with screens upon a foot-worn stage.

When the Vitagraph Theater, the adopted Criterion rechristened, opened on the night of February 27, 1914, the motion picture had come to Broadway in its own house. It was as profound an occasion as the Vitagraph Company could make it. The stage setting was a replica of the drawing room window in the home of Albert E. Smith of Vitagraph on Riverside Drive, New York, and the panorama unfolded there was his view from that window of the great Hudson River and its shipping. J. Stuart Blackton made an address. The audience was filled with notables, and all of the famous and near-famous of screenland.

The Rise of Three Millionaires

It was the high tide in the fortunes of Vitagraph. Eighteen years before Jimmy Blackton, the cartoonist feature writer of the New York Evening World, went over to Orange on his assignment to interview Edison on the marvels of the Vitascope. Now Blackton, Albert E. Smith, his prestidigitator friend from the lyceum stage, and "Pop" Rock, the billiard hall magnate of the '90s, were millionaires, with the name of their company in the white lights of the Great White Way.

The Vitagraph Theater was, however, hardly to be called a commercial invasion of Broadway. Vitagraph was seeking to keep pace with the new movement in pictures with the rise of the feature era and it sought to maintain prestige with this theater. Also the theater was something of a personal symbol to the men who had built the great name of Vitagraph.

Two weeks later, April 11, 1914, the Strand Theater opened on the other side of Broadway, an independent motion picture theater without producer connections and meeting the stage on its own ground. The Strand Theater was the project of Mitchell Mark of Buffalo, New York. For ten years it has continued in uninterrupted operation.

Broadway's First Famous Picture Theater

To trace the ancestry of the Strand, Broadway's first famous picture theater, one must turn back the pages into the days of the remote beginnings before the screen when the motion picture was still awaiting the liberation from the Edison peep show kinoscope. In the stained old daybook of the Kinetoscope Company, reposing in the safe of Norman C. Rafi at Canton, Ohio, is an entry noting the shipment of a battery of the peep show machines in 1895 to Estelle B. Mark of Buffalo. There the Marks had a phonograph parlor. In time Mark came to New York and the firm of Mark and Wagner opened a penny arcade in Fourteenth Street, the classic avenue to fame for Adolph Zukor and the street where D. W. Griffith began his rise.

The Strand Theater opened with all of the pleasant pomp and cordial ceremony characteristic of the divertissements presented by S. L. Rothafel, then Rothapfel, now famed in the cinema world as "Roxy."

Broadway has been Roxy's alley ever since. Rothafel began, as we have told, that day long before when he tired of being a footsore book agent and dropped anchor at an inn in



The Care Your Skin Needs without "time taking frills"

MANY women believe that to give their skin really adequate care they must spend hours of valuable time treating it with this preparation and with that. So they become discouraged at the start and neglect their complexions, letting dust, wind and tiredness do their damage.

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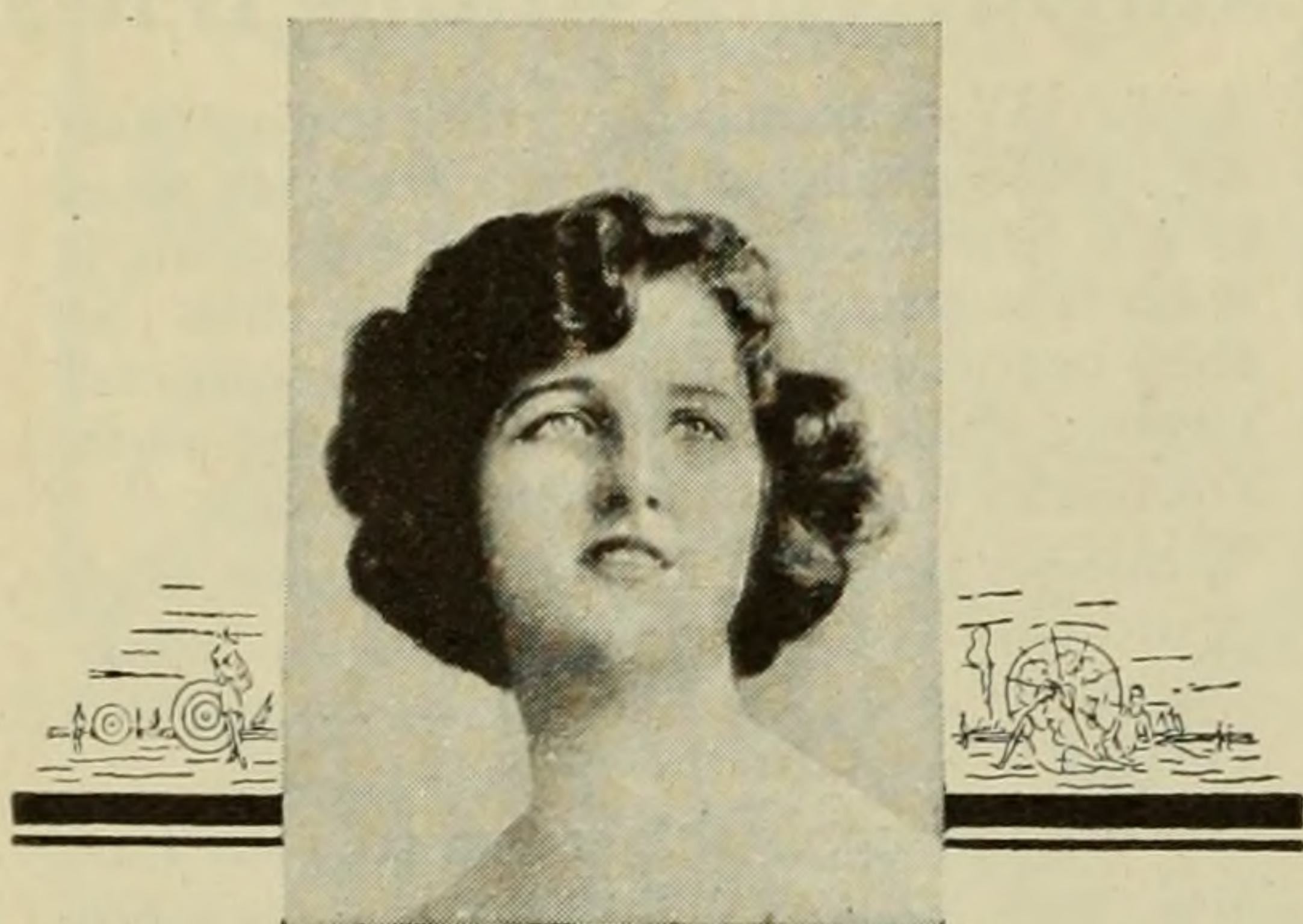
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Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.


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Forest City, Pa., where he tended bar and presently opened an upstairs picture show Saturday nights. He had come a long, long way to Broadway, with a career of remarkable successes in the exhibition of pictures in the Middle West, notably in Milwaukee and Minneapolis, where he made films both respectable and fashionable at the old Lyric Theater. A year before the opening of the Strand, Rothafel came to New York from Philadelphia with an appointment to see Marcus Loew, who was becoming something of a chain theater magnate. While Rothafel sat in the reception room at the Loew offices a somewhat ardent conversation was going on in the Loew sanctum within. Some of the large jagged chunks of the debate filtered through the door. Rothafel listened a moment and reached for his hat. He did not wait to meet Loew. In the street he ran most abruptly into the engagement which held him in New York for the bigger opportunity to come. He opened the Regent Theater in One Hundred and Sixteenth Street, one of the most pretentious motion picture theaters of the pre-Broadway period. There he remained until the coming of the Strand.

Rothafel is marked for attention as one of the most important contributors to the art of the motion picture theater. The art of the motion picture and the art of the screen theater are not identical. What the theater presents is a hybrid art product, made of pictures, lights, color and music, variously manipulated.

The Rise of the Modern Picture House

The motion picture industry of today is supported by the patrons of this same hybrid art. In a very accurate sense the motion picture studio is merely a contributor of only one of the major components of the art of the screen theater. To be satisfied of this one has only to view any picture, no matter how great a picture, with a typical group on a cold screen, that is, without the presentation accompaniments, including music. It is relatively similar to reading the lines of a play in your library as compared with seeing and hearing that same play performed on stage.

The presentation factors which create, supplement and intensify the emotional appeal of the picture have made the motion picture industry of today. These same factors are the guaranty that the motion picture theater will stand forever against the increasing competition of the motion picture in the home, school and church. Rothafel is the chief exponent of the art of super-added appeal in picture presentation. His personal stamp is on every important motion picture theater on Broadway. He successively opened the Rialto, the Rivoli, and swung the giant Capitol Theater from an initial disappointment in other hands into a profitable success.

Presentation of "The Spoilers"

The Strand opened with "The Spoilers," a nine-reel production of the Rex Beach story from the Selig studios, and the Pathe news reel. "The Spoilers" has proved to be one of the significant productions of the motion picture. It was somewhat overshadowed in fame by "The Birth of a Nation," which came a few months after. The methods of theater exploitation and road showing adopted for "The Birth of a Nation" were calculated to bring more impressive attention from high places. But if the box office totals of both pictures were available for comparison it is probable "The Spoilers" would make a much stronger comparative showing than is generally suspected. "The Spoilers" has since been sold to the state's rights markets for redistribution three times, each time for large sums.

The original distribution of "The Spoilers," although made by the Selig concern of the General Film Company group, went out to the independent state's rights market because the old licensed concern, still committed to pro-

gram film, did not have the merchandising machinery to handle so great a picture. The control of the top of the market was swiftly passing from the men who were masters of the screen in 1908. Their art had outgrown them and now it was taking the business along with it.

The cast of "The Spoilers" includes some names of celebrity, among them William Farnum, Kathlyn Williams, Bessie Eyton, Wheeler Oakman and Thomas Santchi. It was Rex Beach who chose Farnum for the rôle of Roy Glennister. The great fight scene of "The Spoilers" conferred a screen fame on Farnum far greater than his years of stage successes. It set a fashion both in screen fights and scenarios. It was followed by a long sequence of pictures of Alaskan setting, most notable among them "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," with Edmund Breese.

Rex Beach, as Author, Gets First Film Royalties Contract

"The Spoilers" was remade by Jesse D. Hampton in 1923, with Milton Sills in the fighting rôle of Roy Glennister.

The making of "The Spoilers" must be attributed in part to Rex Beach. Beach dealt often with John Pribyl, the literary buyer for Selig. They dickered over the story for months. Beach was being most canny. He demanded \$2,500 for "The Spoilers." It was an appalling figure. Pribyl and Selig were shocked. Authors were going to get expensive. Beach was firm and insistent. Presently they compromised and gave Beach a royalty arrangement. This brought Beach something close to a fortune for his story. It is the first instance in motion picture annals of a royalty arrangement with an author. It has remained as probably the only one that proved entirely satisfactory to the author. It is only when the motion picture is an independent special product with a selling and an accounting of its own that such an arrangement is practical. The tendency toward royalty payment is making progress as the motion picture outgrows some aspects of the old program selling days. But in 1924 only a negligible number of purchases were made on a royalty basis. In old program days it was as impossible to calculate royalty on a picture as it would be for a magazine publisher to figure royalties on individual stories. Until the royalty payment is reached the author must be content to have his remuneration fixed by competitive conditions in a market which tries ever to buy at a blind but safe minimum.

This rising significance of the motion picture theater, becoming conspicuous in the early months of 1914, was accompanied by a new recognition of the motion picture in the newspapers.

Metropolitan Daily Starts Serious Reviews

The same Walter Howey, city editor of the Chicago Tribune, and Max Annenberg, circulation manager, who had in the year before become interesting agencies in the newspaper-screen development of the serial picture, were for related reasons responsible for the Tribune's beginning the first serious motion picture column in a metropolitan daily.

Jack Lawson, a re-write man on Howey's staff, was assigned to the business of starting a motion picture department. It began with a merely narrative and news treatment of the films appearing at Madison Street theaters. It soon became apparent that one person could not possibly cover the large number of pictures pouring out in the program flood. Miss Audrie Alspaugh became Lawson's assistant, and when a few months later he came to a tragic death in an accident at the Chicago Press Club, she succeeded to the charge of the department. Miss Alspaugh wrote under the pseudonym of Kitty Kelly, because the new popular idea of the Tribune seemed to demand

a name likely to be accepted in homely comfort by the great common people.

But Kitty Kelly remained most insistently Audrie Alsbaugh at heart. Instead of being a mere reviewer she became an actual critic of the pictures, and one of the first acute students of the picture outside of the industry. She was incurably intelligent and independent. Her reviews out there a thousand miles from Times Square could rather make or break a picture in the second city of the nation and affect its bookings in a wide circle around Chicago with a population of perhaps forty millions.

Little Kitty Kelly became a frequently annoying fact in the consciousness of motion picture offices in New York. Bonbons and the dynamite of threats made through the advertising department of the film companies were of no avail.

The motion picture makers had been accustomed to the adulations of trade press notices. This newspaper copy with ideas and teeth in it was distressing.

A New Type of Picture Criticism Appears

After some years the Tribune discovered that the motion picture public was after all not especially interested in analytical judgments of pictures. This public was looking for printed rehearsals and gossip that would give a tinge of the same emotions enjoyed in the theater.

Whereupon Kitty Kelly resigned, to be succeeded by a much more emotional young woman writing under the name of Mae Tinee. Mae Tinee seldom let the edge of a sharp mind interrupt the flow of the pabulum that the fans desire.

The Chicago Tribune's motion picture department set a pace and pattern to be followed slowly by aggressive journals in all parts of the country. Within two years there were more than a hundred motion picture editors following the profession founded by Jack Lawson and Kitty Kelly. The list in 1924 had reached nearly four hundred.

The motion picture serial, which in this same period did so much to make the newspaper aware of the screen, operated by an interesting commercial reaction to make the newspapers slow to give the motion picture attention. The little local theaters which made up the backbone of the industry were not advertisers. Meanwhile in the promotion of serials, which came in a flood after the triumphs of "The Million Dollar Mystery" and "The Perils of Pauline," the picture makers began to make lavish expenditures in city newspapers to impress the exhibitor and to influence the newspapers toward publishing the serial stories synchronously with the screen presentation. This developed a situation in which many newspapers declined to be interested in news or critical notices of the motion picture unless it were represented in the advertising columns—at amusement rates.

The Big Dailies Go in for Screen Serials

The Chicago Tribune, which had launched the serial wave with "The Adventures of Kathlyn," followed by the sweeping success of "The Million Dollar Mystery," now in 1914 became a party to an even more ambitious serial effort.

A ten thousand dollar contest for a scenario was announced by the Tribune, open to any one who could write a sentence. The North American Film Corporation was formed for the production of the picture, with John R. Freuler and Samuel S. Hutchinson of the American and Mutual Film Corporation as the film executives. This vast serial was to have no less than thirty chapters of two reels each and a sequel of two chapters more, a grand total of sixty-eight reels.

The North American Film Corporation was out to beat the world's record for serials. Its first ambitious step was to seek negotiation with Mary Pickford to star in the production.



To Enjoy Vacation Most

Take Kotex with you—indispensable for summer daintiness

SUMMER daintiness may now be yours—this new sure way. Now wear your filmiest frocks with peace-of-mind. Play tennis, golf—ride horseback—dance, without worry, fear.

While traveling, too, Kotex gives security, freedom from embarrassment, women have never known before. A protection which today has been adopted by eight out of ten women in the better walks of life.

Kotex makes vacation *all* vacation. Enjoy every day, carefree, untroubled.

Kotex absorbs 16 times its weight in moisture, instantly. It is 5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton, yet light-weight, cool. And discarded as easily as tissue. Now recommended by doctors and used in every hospital.

Kotex can be bought at all drug and department stores. Comes 12 to a package in two sizes—Regular and Kotex-Super.

KOTEX

LOFTIS

BROS. & CO. ESTD 1858

DIAMONDS WATCHES

CASH OR CREDIT

DIAMOND IMPORTERS

We import Diamonds direct from Europe and sell direct by mail—a great saving to you. Our Diamonds are "quality" gems, blue white, perfect-cut, personally inspected by our expert buyers.



NO. 27
Dazzling, Blue White perfect-cut Diamond, Solid 18-k \$100 White Gold. **ALSO AT \$75, \$150.**

SEND FOR CATALOG

Over 2,000 illustrations of Diamond-set Jewelry, Watches, Pearls, Mesh Bags, Silverware, etc. Sent prepaid for your Free Examination.

TERMS: All orders delivered on first payment of one-tenth of purchase price; balance in equal amounts within eight months, as suits your convenience. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded



NO. 16—Wrist Watch, Solid 18-k White Gold, 17-Jewels, guaranteed, \$29.75; 15 Jewels, 14-k, \$24.85.

WEDDING RINGS

All Platinum, \$25 up. With Diamonds: Three Diamonds, \$65; five Diamonds, \$80; seven Diamonds, \$95; nine Diamonds, \$110; surrounded by Diamonds, \$225. Solid White or Green Gold, \$5 up.

Railroad Watches—Guaranteed to Pass Inspection

HAMILTON NO. 992, 21 Jewels, Adjusted to 6 Positions, Gold filled 25-Year Case \$55
ILLINOIS "BUNN SPECIAL," 21 Jewels, Adjusted to 6 Positions, Gold filled 25-Year Case \$50
ELGIN'S LATEST RAYMOND, 21 Jewels; 8 Adj. Runs 40 hours one winding. Gold filled 20-Yr. Case \$55

LOFTIS

BROS. & CO. ESTD 1858

THE NATIONAL JEWELERS
DEPT. C-502
108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Stores in Leading Cities



HOW TO BEAUTIFY THE EYELASHES

Every girl can now have those long, thick, lustrous, sweeping eyelashes which add so much to beauty, if she wants them.

All she has to do is to apply a new liquid make-up which darkens them instantly, making them look nearly twice as long and heavy as they really are. This liquid is waterproof and will not rub off or smear. It is applied in an instant and is beneficial to the lashes, as it contains a natural oil which stimulates their growth. This new make-up, which is used by society women and screen favorites everywhere, is called Lashbrow Liquid.

FREE TRIAL

For introductory purposes we will send you free a generous supply of Lashbrow Liquid. And we will include a trial size of another Lashbrow product, Lashbrow Pomade, which quickly stimulates the growth of the brows and lashes. Clip this announcement, enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and shipping, and send it at once to Lashbrow Laboratories, Dept. 28, 417 Canal St., New York City. On sale at all good toilet goods counters everywhere.

Crème Damascus

prevents and removes Sunburn and Tan, Wrinkles, Rough Skin, Enlarged Pores, and improves all Skin Surfaces. Used by prominent society, theatrical and musical people throughout the country.

\$1 a jar by mail

Madame Marie Shields
162 W. 48th St., N. Y. C.

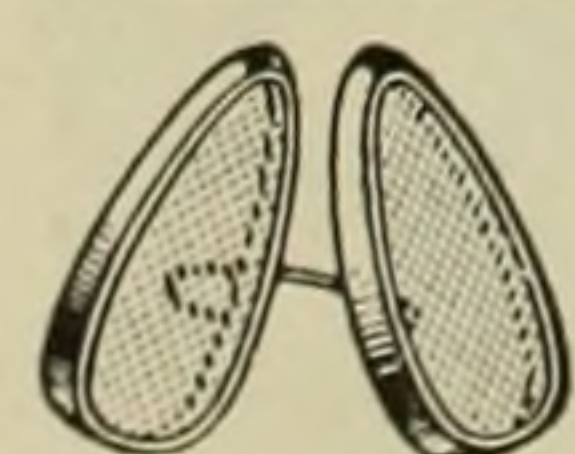


"LOSE A POUND A DAY"

Without Drugs, Dieting or Exercising

Yet-eat-drink-sleep—This new way. No drugs, no diet, no exercises—safe and sure. Dissolve FLO-RA-ZO-NA in warm water. Get in and relax—fat melts away like magic. Contains no alum—no Fpsom salts. Box of 14 treatments \$3.25 at your druggists or direct. (\$4 in Canada). Satisfaction guaranteed.

FLO-RA-ZO-NA CORP. Dept. R-10 100 5th Ave., N. Y.



HAY FEVER LOGIC

If pollen sets your nose on fire why not keep pollen out? Tiny Nasal Filter—Aids breathing—comfortable—hardly noticeable—It's being done. Postpaid \$1.00.

NASALFILTER CO., Dept. C
Saint Paul, Minn.

Wise Miss Mary knew better. The serial picture could do nothing for her. She was the famous player of Famous Players. But the serial offers gave Adolph Zukor some anxious hours and raised the salary of Miss Pickford to \$4,000 a week.

Meanwhile the serial makers were bent on having the name of Pickford for their advertising anyway. They made at last a contract with Lottie Pickford, Mary's sister.

A Successful Scenario Contest

The scenario contest brought in exactly 19,003 alleged scenario offerings. They filled a room in the Tribune building and kept two filing clerks busy for two months. The first nineteen thousand of the stories offered did not contain an idea. The contest was all but at an end, with no possible material in sight, when from the last mail bag before the fatal closing tick of the clock at the appointed hour, came a most curiously decorated envelope. It was large and most corpulent. The corners were diagonally smeared with red barn paint. A despairing editor seized upon it and tore it open. The script was from the volatile typewriter of Roy L. McCardell, author of the Jarr Family, an interminable feature appearing in the New York World. McCardell's scenario was the only professional offering in the contest.

McCardell won the ten thousand dollars.

The scenario which he offered was expanded and variously reconstructed by him into a full sixty reels of continuity with thirty assorted punches occurring at the end of each of the thirty installments. The scenario was a remarkable piece of literary endurance.

It is interesting to recall from the early chapter of this history, that back in the peep show days of 1897, this same Roy McCardell became perhaps the first scenario writer, with his contribution of plot for the little one-minute episodes produced by the American Mutoscope & Biograph Company. McCardell is the author of the shortest and the longest scenarios in the history of the art.

Long and weighty counsels were held over the title of this mighty serial. "The Great Stanley Secret" looked like the winner for a long time, but in the end Max Annenberg, the circulation manager of the Tribune, triumphed as usual. His choice was "The Diamond from the Sky."

The picture went into production at the American Film Company's studio at Santa Barbara, California, with Irving Cummings in the hero rôle playing opposite Lottie Pickford.

An Astonishing Sick Bed Recovery

Every one on the lot developed considerable temperament and about midway of the serial Cummings took to his bed with a temperature and a delicate inference that he would not be better until things went more to his liking.

It was an *impasse*. The hero had deadlocked the production.

McCardell, busy at the studio trying to keep the working script one lap ahead of the director, came to the rescue.

The author called on Cummings to offer sympathy in his illness.

"And, by the way," he remarked, "I've had to change the story a little. In the next installment there will be a picture of a tombstone and a new made grave. The name of your part will be on the stone."

Cummings recovered rapidly.

"The Diamond from the Sky" was directed by William D. Tanner, also known as Taylor, the picturesque and curious English adventurer who became the victim of the great unsolved murder mystery of Hollywood in 1921.

When the World War broke August 2, 1914, this motion picture industry, just risen to the heights of a career on Broadway, was not even slightly shocked. The industry was not yet closely enough organized to have a well-related nervous system. The motion picture was only slightly aware of the war from minor incidental

Studio Directory

For readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones. The first is the business office; (s) indicates studio; in some cases both are at one address.

ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS, INC., 35 West 45th Street, New York City.

Douglas MacLean, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Mack Sennett Productions, 1712 Grendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

ASSOCIATED FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES, 383 Madison Ave., New York City.

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

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

Samuel Goldwyn Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

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

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

Maurice Tourneur Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

DISTINCTIVE PICTURES CORP., 366 Madison Ave., New York City; (s) 807 East 175th St., New York City.

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

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

Hamilton Comedies, Lloyd Hamilton Corp., 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

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

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

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

(s) Lasky, Hollywood, Calif.

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

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

F. B. O. of AMER., INC., 723 Seventh Avenue New York City; (s) Corner Gower and Melrose Streets, Hollywood, Calif.

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

GOLDWYN PICTURES, 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Calif. King Vidor Productions and Hugo Ballin Productions.

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

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

METRO PICTURES 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Calif.

Tiffany Productions, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Buster Keaton Productions, Keaton Studio, 1205 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Calif.

Jackie Coogan, Productions, (s) Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Calif.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif., Producing at Thos. H. Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.

PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th Street, New York City.

Harold Lloyd Corporation, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Hal. E. Roach Studios, Inc., Culver City, Calif.

Mack Sennett Comedy Productions, Los Angeles, Calif.

PREFERRED PICTURES, 1650 Broadway, New York City; (s) 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. B. P. Schulberg, Victor Schertzinger and Louis J. Gasnier Productions.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood. Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Jack Pickford.

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

Century Comedies, Circle Blvd., Hollywood.

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

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

effects. The United States was probably nearly 75 per cent of the motion picture industry of the world. Export and import were not considerable in relation to the whole.

Foreign export contracts, especially those for the Teuton territories, were cancelled rather promptly. The motion picture turned unconsciously and automatically to an intensive exploitation of the home field. When Europe came to buy munitions the wage earners became temporarily, always temporarily, rich and extravagant supporters of the motion picture theater. This served as a tremendous stimulus to the art. The price scale began to climb from the studio to the box office. In 1915 we find Adolph Zukor of Famous Players seeking to limit the showing of his pictures to theaters charging a minimum of twenty-five cents admission, which was another way of saying that the theaters must pay more for his pictures. Competition was making the prices for the best materials of the motion picture costly, conspicuously among them Mary Pickford's services.

It is typical of the motion picture world that its first considerable sensation derived from the war was an annoyance and alarm at the immediate shortage of Hauff's metol, a coal tar derivative developing agent of German manufacture. Metol was an excellent developer and the laboratories had settled to a routine orthodox use of it. Other developers just as efficient in the hands of expert photo-chemists were available in ample quantities, but the price of German metol went skyrocketing. Some hysterical laboratories paid its weight in gold for the precious, gray-powered crystals, and sales at from \$80 to \$100 a pound were common.

The Avalanche of War Films

In August the motion picture screen had little indeed to say for the war. In September came a flood of titles: "War is Hell," "With Serb and Austrian," "The Battling British," "The Tyranny of the Mad Czar," "The War of Wars," "The Last Volunteer," "A Born Warrior," "The Kaiser Challenges," "The Great War of Europe," "European Armies in Action," "Kaiser Wilhelm," "Germania," "England's Menace." Largely these pictures were assemblies of scenes taken in military parades and maneuvers of the pre-war days. Old subjects, anything with a military flavor, were resurrected from the film vaults, among them Lubin's "The Battle of Shiloh," and an antique drama entitled "The Strife Eternal," a version of the War of the Roses. "Under Fire in Mexico" came out of the mothballs.

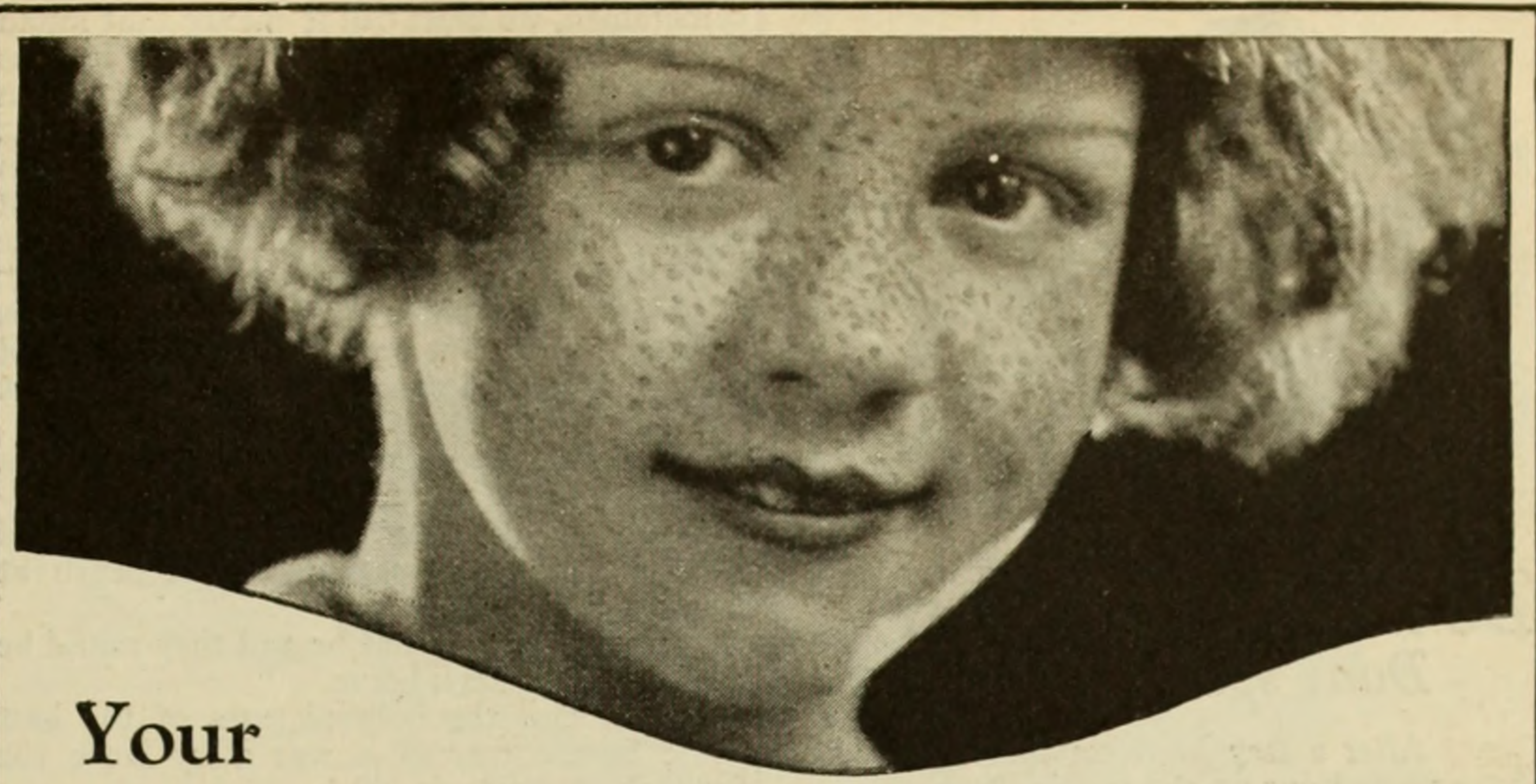
The warlords of Europe had not yet discovered the necessity of the means of making the screen a propaganda servant of Mars. That was soon to come, but meanwhile the military censorship lid went on the camera rapidly.

The first important, and importantly authentic, pictures of the war came through the combined enterprise of a news photographer and a newspaper, with a bit of romantic adventure that takes us again to Chicago.

Edwin F. Weigle was a newspaper photographer who had been employed on several Chicago papers. While in the service of the Chicago Tribune in 1913, when open and avowed war with Mexico seemed to impend, Weigle determined to go to the front, in the event there should be a front. He haunted the editors seeking an assignment. The Tribune did not take either Weigle or Mexico that seriously. But Weigle proved a person of resources. He had a large diamond ring, considerably too large for a Chicago newspaper photographer of 1913. Weigle parted company with the ring, borrowed a motion picture camera from a friend, Harold Brown, then connected with the Chicago Herald, took a leave of absence from the Tribune and headed south bearing such credentials as he could accumulate on the way. He was a war correspondent out looking for his war to happen.

"The Affair at Tampico"

Not understanding the science of the stars which guide the destinies of mankind and



Your FRECKLES ruin your appearance

Be free this summer from their embarrassment! Don't have freckles all over your nose again. If you do—goodbye to good looks!

Stillman's Freckle Cream is guaranteed to remove every freckle—or your money refunded. It has a double action. Freckles are dissolved away by this snowy, fragrant cream. Your skin is whitened, refined and softened at the same time.

Guaranteed to remove every freckle

You simply apply Stillman's at night like any ordinary cold cream. While you sleep its magical action takes place. Gradually the freckles fade from sight, and your complexion grows clear and milk white, beautiful as a baby's skin.

Freckles are caused by sunlight—which beats down as fiercely in America as in Italy or Africa. Unless you do something, your skin will constantly grow worse. The longer you wait, the harder it will be to remove them. So start now!

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets"

Women send for Stillman's Freckle Cream from the four corners of the earth. It is the most widely used preparation in the world for this purpose. All druggists carry it in 50c and \$1 sizes.

Send for "Beauty Parlor Secrets" and let us tell you what your particular type needs to look best. Crammed with make-up hints, skin and hair treatments. If you buy \$3 worth Stillman toilet articles in 1924 we will present you with beautiful, large size bottle perfume, free. You need our many preparations daily in your home. Get our booklet.



Given free if you buy \$3 worth Stillman toilet articles in 1924.

Stillman's Freckle cream

double action Removes Freckles Whitens the Skin

STILLMAN CO., 32 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.

Please send me free copy of "Beauty Parlor Secrets" and perfume offer.

Name

Address

Fine Photographs of Stars Only 25c Each

YOU can now secure exclusive photographs of your favorite players at a minimum cost. By arrangement with some of the best photographers in the country PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has inaugurated a new service by which you can purchase, at a low price REAL PHOTOGRAPHS of film favorites. These are the pick of all the photographs made during the month, the ones of such high quality that they are reproduced in the special rotogravure pages of the magazine.

You can secure the following portraits reproduced in the rotogravure pages of this issue: Mae Marsh Arms, Ronald Colman, Anita Stewart, Thelma Hill, and Florence Vidor. And these from last month's issue: Clara Bow, Gloria Swanson, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Pickford, Alma Rubens, and Julianne Johnston.

These photographs are fine prints on special heavy photographic paper, 8 by 10 inches in size. The price mailed is 25 cents for each photograph.

Address PHOTO EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 WEST 57TH ST., NEW YORK CITY



Do this for sunburn Don't spoil a good time!

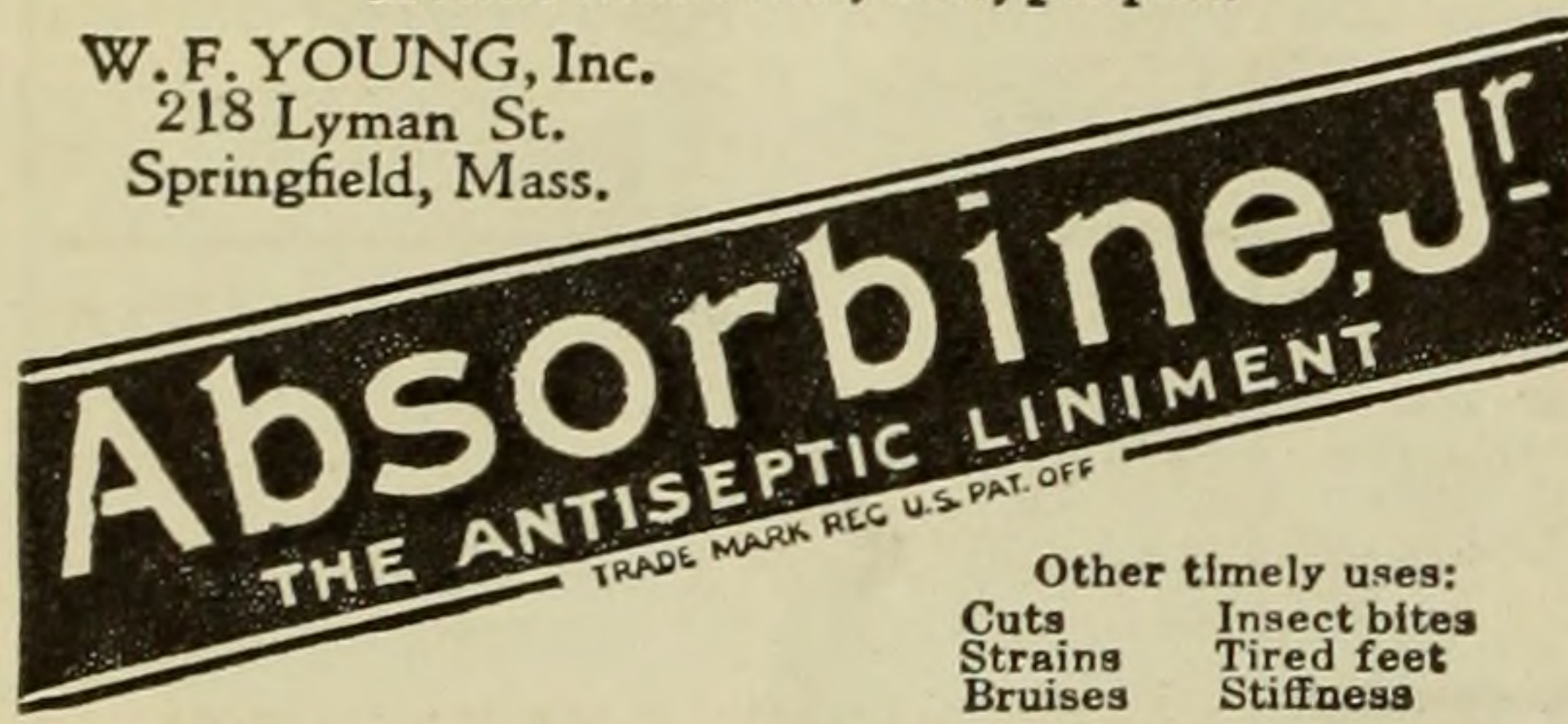
After a lazy hour on the beach, a speedy hour on the tennis court, or a round of golf, splash the burned skin freely with Absorbine, Jr. It cools and soothes instantly—takes out all the soreness and inflammation. And the next day only a slightly deeper coat of tan as a reminder of the day's sport.

Absorbine, Jr. is not greasy. It does not show. Its clean, agreeable odor quickly disappears. It may be used on the most delicate skin.

And for those troublesome insect bites Absorbine, Jr. almost instantly stops the pain, the inflammation and the swelling.

At all druggists', \$1.25, or postpaid
Liberal trial bottle, 10c., postpaid

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
218 Lyman St.
Springfield, Mass.



\$1.00 down!
Balance in easy monthly payments. The 21 Jewel

STUDEBAKER
—The Insured Watch

64 Different Art Beauty Cases. 8 adjustments. Buy direct—big savings. **FREE BOOK** Write today for Book of Studebaker Advance Watch Styles and \$1.00 down offer. Studebaker Watch Co., Dept. 338 South Bend, Indiana

Chain FREE!
With the Studebaker Watch. Limited offer. Write today.

Delica
Kissproof Lipstick

will make your lips more alluring, intriguing and lovely. The color is new and so indescribably natural it defies detection. It's

WATERPROOF! KISSPROOF! STAYS ON!

As you face your mirror and apply this latest creation, you will behold lips more beautiful than you ever knew were yours.

At all Toilet Counters or Direct 50c

FREE

DELICA LABORATORIES, INC.
Dept. 167, 4003 Broadway, CHICAGO

Send me a generous sample of Delica Kissproof Lipstick together with sample bottle of Delica-Brow, the original liquid dressing for darkening the lashes and brows. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

cameramen, we must call it chance that found Weigle shipbound at Tampico while he was determinedly trying to get to Vera Cruz, on that special and particular day when the United States Marines landed on the text of an insult to the American flag. There was a bit of street skirmishing and shooting, with some casualties and one marine from Chicago killed. Weigle photographed the proceedings in his calm matter of fact way. The Mexicans shot off some of his buttons, but Weigle was not worried about buttons.

He had come to photograph a war and this seemed to be it.

Weigle cabled the Tribune that he had pictures, still and motion, of the brush at Tampico.

He was informed that he and they would be most welcome back home.

Weigle had the only pictures of the best thing in the way of a war story since the Spanish-American in '98.

Emissaries of the competition met Weigle's ship at the dock in New Orleans with large offers for his story and pictures, especially the pictures, but the only idea in his mind was to get to the Tribune office, 7 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois, with his negatives.

Weigle prospered mightily with his pictures. He had left Chicago an obscure cameraman on a wild goose chase and he came home with fame, laurels and a scoop.

Weigle's Luck Brings Him to Fall of Antwerp

When, in 1914, things began to get a bit thick in Europe, Joseph Medill Patterson, one of the editor-owners of the Tribune, set sail for the continent, taking Weigle along. Eddie Weigle had become Mr. Weigle now. The stars were with Weigle again. He was in Antwerp when the city fell before the German advance. He made pictures in the streets between shell bursts and he set up his camera on the Dutch frontier, making pictures of the mad rout of the Belgian refugees pouring into Holland.

War was his dish and he was there with a spoon.

When Weigle went to Europe the second time he went into Germany. He visited relatives in the Fatherland, living over the Rhine, and made sundry motion pictures of war activities. Meanwhile came one Donald Thompson, formerly of Topeka, Kansas, and a great deal of elsewhere, an adventurer of the camera. Thompson went into Europe for a Montreal newspaper and came back for the Chicago Tribune, bearing some pictures that he had made and a great many more that he had bought or otherwise acquired while in Germany.

From these sources the Tribune in Chicago accumulated a considerable supply of war negative. It was edited into a show by all of the members of the Tribune staff and Paul R. Kuhn, the advertising man who had had a share in the Tribune's great serial screen success in "The Million Dollar Mystery."

"The German Side of the War"

The picture, entitled "The German Side of the War," opened September 20, 1915, at the Forty-fourth Street theater in New York. It was an opening with a bang. No attraction before or since has the record of such a sensation in so short a time. The lines awaiting the attention of the box office extended for four blocks.

The mad rush to the German war pictures was so impatiently tense that ticket scalpers, unable to renew their supply from the box office, went down the long lines selling strip soda checks to the unsuspecting.

It was the first chance that the German population of New York had to see anything on the screen that admitted there were two sides to the war.

It was also the last chance.

The pictures attained a similar success in Chicago.

The Germans began, somewhat belatedly, to plan for motion picture propaganda in the United States. The American Correspondent Film Co., of Bridgeport, Conn., a newly organized concern, in August of 1915 admitted a propaganda arrangement with Austria and Germany. Some few pictures were brought into America and offered for release. They were clumsily photographed and more clumsily edited. They attained no circulation of importance. They did, however, bring the concern under the attention of Allied agents in New York, and after the United States had gone into the war, in May, 1918, Felix Malitz, president, and Gustave Engler, secretary of the company, were sentenced to prison on conviction of violation of divers and sundry war laws. Other more craftily engineered projects escaped official attention, but none of them were of any important service to the German cause.

The French, with plans for the exploitation of loans on the American money market, were early in the field with films of the Allied side of the war, and Britain followed rather closely. None of the war pictures of this period or later are of any particular significance to the student of the art of the motion picture. The war pictures were all glorified topicals, embodying no technique beyond that of the everyday news reel. They were all bungles and makeshifts. The propaganda picture makers of the war, on every and all sides, were about as effective as Villa, but not so picturesque.

Ineffectual War Propaganda

A small and inconsequential amount of film propaganda work started in all of the neutral countries in 1915. Occasionally the opposed agents met and clashed. In Peking in September of that year, a band of Austrians raided an English theater in Peking and confiscated a copy of a picture based on the sinking of the Lusitania. In Peru, in August, 1915, a German theater was wrecked by a mob for censoring some aspects of a French film.

Allied and German propaganda met on the screen in Switzerland, which was, of course, thronged with the agents of every combatant and many of the neutrals. On a screen in Geneva the agents of the Allies first saw "The Cruise of the Moewe," a veracious account of the captures and sinkings of that famous sea-wolf. For more than three years spies, diplomatic agents and secret service men sought a print of this amazing picture. It had been made by deliberate plan of the Germans for use in internal propaganda, to give their own people courage by the sight of German triumphs at sea. The showing at Geneva was a mistake and the film was hastily recalled and secreted. Late in the spring of 1920, Ariel Vargas, a cameraman extraordinary for the Hearst International News reels and also a captain in the British army, by token of his agility, got the scent of a print of the Moewe picture in an obscure corner of a European capital. The picture was in the possession of a one-time German agent. The agent had an innamorata, fair but not without price. She had another gallant friend who was a chauffeur, and the chauffeur in turn had yet another friend. Vargas in his blandishing way tapped this line of friendships and drove his campaign on bearings of gold with champagne lubrication. One day in May, 1920, the diplomatic pouch received at the British consulate in New York included a considerable package under seal of Captain Ariel Vargas, addressed to Edgar B. Hatrick, general manager of the International Newsreel Corporation, 228 William Street, New York. "The Cruise of the Moewe" had arrived.

A Film That Should Have Made a Sensation

This picture should have been a screen sensation in the United States. Hearst insisted that its most dramatic portions be inserted in the International News reel, instead

of offering the picture for exploitation as a special feature. In the newsreel it was lost. The motion picture theater market views the newsreel as a mere filler on the program, nothing more.

The motion picture market is never aware of unproclaimed merit. "The Cruise of the Moewe" was not proclaimed.

Second only to the Moewe picture was "The Log of the U-35," a German propaganda picture also for internal use. Back of that cruel and beautiful one-reel gem of motion picture art is a real life plot of novel dimensions.

Back in 1870, in the Franco-Prussian war, one Captain de la Perrier of the French army was taken prisoner by the Germans and carried away to a camp in upper Lorraine. When the war was over he had forgotten the lilies of France for a German fraulein. They were wed and lived happily ever after in Germany. A son was born to them. He was christened Armand de la Perrier, French enough to be true, but reared a German on German soil. When the Austrian submarines put to sea in the Mediterranean, young Lieutenant Armand de la Perrier was in command of Unterseeboote 35.

The Grimmiest Realism Ever Known

One member of his staff was a motion picture cameraman equipped and assigned to a recording of the feats of the U-35. The magnificent and terrible record of war and destruction at sea, made under the direction of Lt. de la Perrier, is a screen memorial to this Franco-Prussian's artistry. The screen has seen no more capable handling of the pictorial possibilities of the sea. De la Perrier's log and his pictures show that he maneuvered for days to get an enemy sailing vessel under full canvas and satisfactorily backlighted. Then he sank her against the sun of the dawn, ensign flying at the forepeak as it settled into the sea, gilded by the streaming low angle light.

"The Log of the U-35" also came into the hands of the Allies, some months after the signing of the Armistice. One copy went to London and from the war office into the film trade through Sir William Jury. Copies came to the United States. A conflict of ownership of rights arose and complicated distribution. But it was of no consequence. The war was over and the motion picture industry and its public did not care about any story of yesterday.

In the next chapter we shall see how Charles Chaplin's growing fame became a force in picture evolution, and trace the curious tale of the motion picture sequel to the fight in Havana where Jack Johnson lost to the White Hope, Jess Willard.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Midnight Alarm

JOE SCHENCK, noted producer and husband of Norma Talmadge, is looking for a chance to get even with Mike Levee, who owns the United Studios and who also produces pictures.

Here's the story:

While lunching together one day the two decided they needed more exercise. So they resolved to walk home from the studio each night. They were to meet at six in Levee's office.

Schenck didn't appear at the appointed time and Levee found out from the gateman that he had left the studio by automobile.

Levee walked home and at midnight sent Schenck a telegram, which got both him and Norma out of bed at two in the morning.

"Will you be much later?" it read. "I am still waiting for you in my office but getting sleepy. What will I do?"

Schenck's answer can't be printed.



She caught her breath . . . thrilled through and through by his bold look of admiration as she poised her beautiful body for the next backward plunge.

Make Hearts Leap

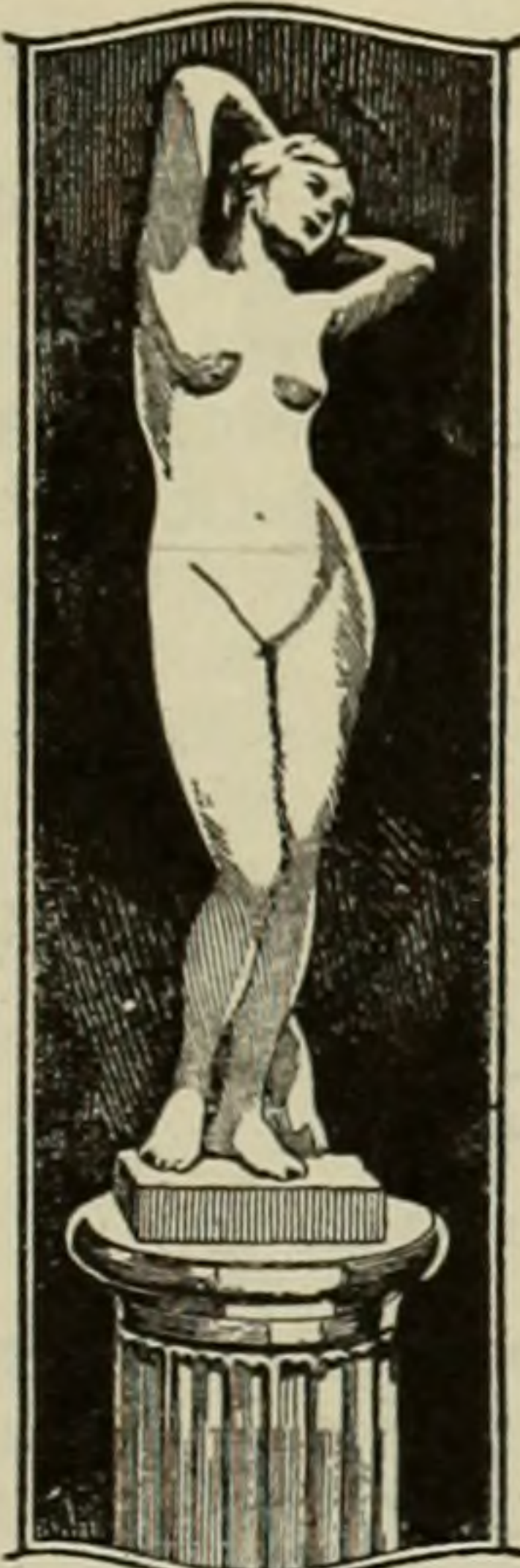
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Have skin that lures with its smoothness
Legs and arms others envy . . . Make this test now.

No longer hampered by old-fashioned conventions of sedateness and inactivity, the American girl is reviving the type of beauty admired by the ancient Greeks—the ideal of an active, supple body.

Today's vogue has decreed that women's arms shall be conspicuous and free, alike in the great outdoors and in the drawing room. Underarm hair has become a positive disfigurement, and many women promptly and thoughtlessly adopted shaving, without regard for the inconvenience and the fact that it brings in a quicker and harsher growth.

Neet, on the other hand, offers a safe, certain, pleasant and feminine method of keeping the armpits white, smooth and free from distressing hair. One application of this velvety fragrant cream enables you to rinse the hair away. No heating is necessary—no mixing—it is all ready just as you squeeze it from the tube. You apply NEET, then water, that's all. It's the simplest, quickest method known.



Galatea, by Marquette after the myth of Pygmalion and the statue, said by the Greeks to have come to life because of Pygmalion's great love of her.

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Go to any drug or department store—purchase the generous tube of Neet for only 50c, apply according to simple directions enclosed. So sure are we of what Neet can do for you that if you are not thrilled by the soft, hair-free loveliness of your skin, you may return the unused portion of the tube to the store and this will serve as the store's authority for cheerfully refunding you the full amount paid. We will refund the store the full retail price, plus postage necessary to return package to us. If you follow the simple directions you positively cannot fail. If your favorite drug or department store is, for the moment, out of Neet, send the coupon with 50c, and a generous tube will be mailed you at once.

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Pictures? Oh, Pshaw!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

"Oh, I had a string of weight guessing machines at Coney Island, and then, of course, I've tuned pianos."

"That explains everything. Why didn't you tell me that in the first place?"

"I didn't think I was getting experience at the time," he assured me.

"After a while, I worked my way to Liverpool on a horse boat, and worked my way back in the cook's room of the steamship Haverford. Then I went to Atlantic City."

"How did you happen to go on the stage?"

"I fell in love with a chorus girl. 'The Mimic World' was having a tryout in Atlantic City, and I saw her in it. After that I went every day and followed the show to Wilmington, and then to New York. By that time I knew every line in it, so when I applied for a job in the chorus, I got it. I met her then, and we were married. We live in Great Neck."

"Oscar is your real name, isn't it? You wouldn't joke about a thing like that?"

"Not for anything in the world."

Outside of all this, Mr. Shaw has other claims to fame. He is one of the best all-round athletes on the stage. He is an excellent golfer. His shoes looked it. He is a clever amateur boxer, and he proves that in "The Great White Way." He has played semi-professional baseball and he has been the billiard champion of the Lambs and Friars clubs.

He likes to do "stunts," and runs to the Fairbanks type of acting.

He sings a song in French, and doesn't mind admitting he doesn't speak a word, but just learned it off without knowing what it meant.

He likes pictures now and is going to make more of them. He is a friend of Jack Holt and Thomas Meighan. He belongs.

The Discovery of Jobyna Ralston

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

While with this show Jobyna had the most terrifying experience of her life. It was in Boston. She had just arrived and was to rehearse Sunday morning at the Tremont Theater. She made a mistake and got into the Tremont Temple. Going through the back door, thinking it was the stage entrance, she walked right out into the pulpit where the minister was preaching. The audience gasped at Jobyna's appearance, and the amazed divine blurted, "Who are you?"

"I'm—I'm a show girl," announced Jobyna nervously. "Aren't 'Two Little Girls in Blue' rehearsin' here?"

The pastor made it plain that "Two Little Girls in Blue" were *not*. And Jobyna tottered timidly out the back door into the alley.

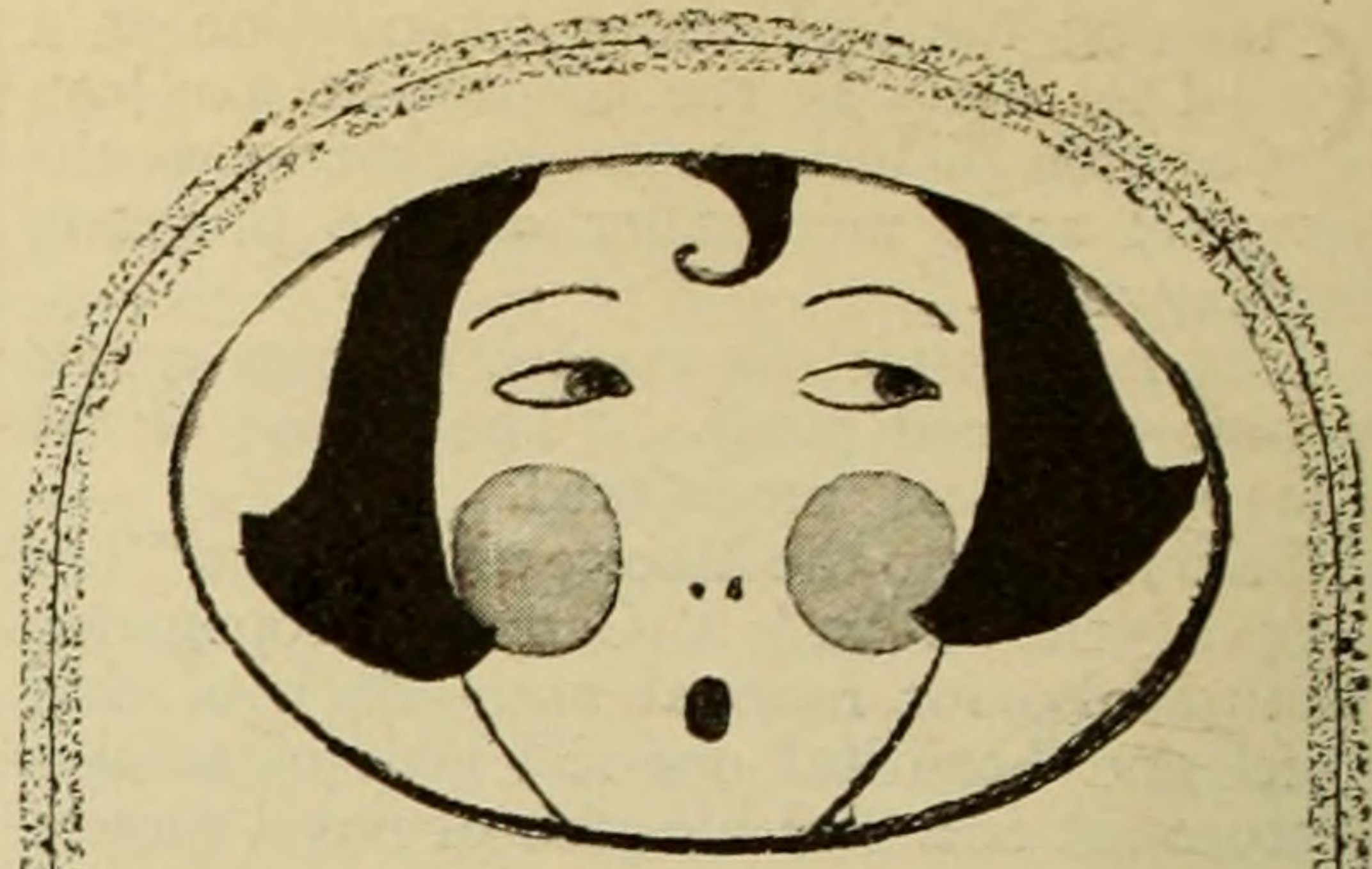
"I felt so sinful," confided Jobyna. "I nearly died."

I don't know what to predict about such a shy young adventuress as Jobyna, who at fifteen left the Tennessee mountains for a career in the wild city, who made good almost instantly in pictures and who now asks breathlessly, "Who is Hedda Gabler—and what is Pola Negri like?"

But she unquestionably has arrived. After a short period in one-reel comedies with Hal Roach she came under Lloyd's direction in "Why Worry?" scoring indelibly in "Girl Shy."

I have never seen a more sensitive face. Expressions flutter over it, one after another, like ripples in a pond. She's a bit of quick-silver. Never still for a moment. A shy, delicate little thing out of the Tennessee mountains, who acts entirely by impulse and instinct, and lives in a bungalow nest with her mother, father and brother.

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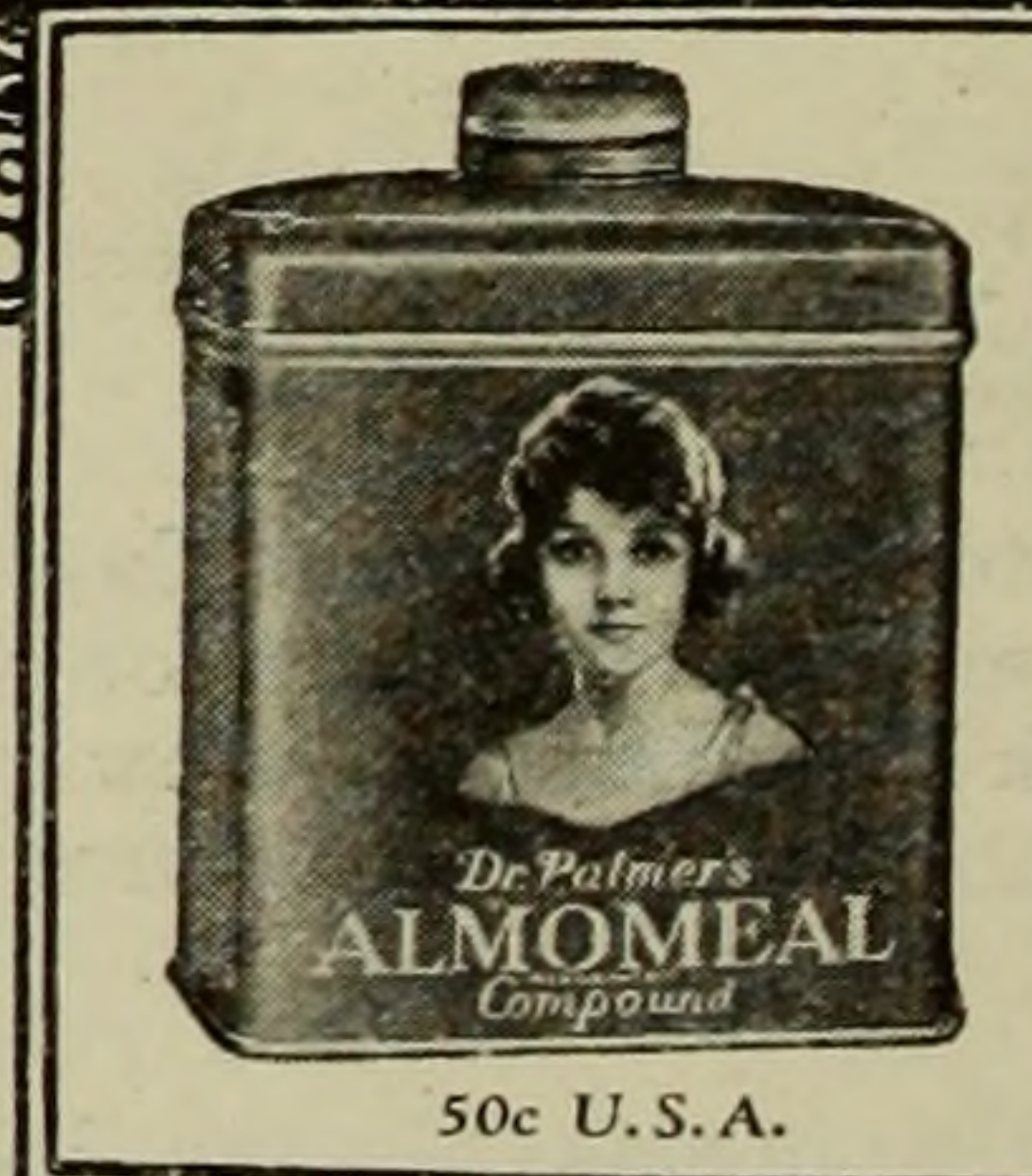
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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"THE SEA HAWK"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Rafael Sabatini. Directed by Frank Lloyd. Cast: *Sir Oliver Tressilian* and *Sakr-el-Bahr*, Milton Sills; *Rosamund Godolphin, his fiancee*, Enid Bennett; *Master Lionel Tressilian*, Lloyd Hughes; *Master Peter Godolphin*, Wallace MacDonald; *Sir John Killigrew*, *Rosamund's guardian*, Marc MacDermott; *Jasper Leigh, a freebooter*, Wallace Beery; *Asad-ed-Din, basha of Algiers*, Frank Currier; *Fenzileh, his wife*, Mme. Medea Radzina; *Marzak, her son*, William Collier, Jr.; *Justice Baine*, Lionel Belmore; *Ali, Asad's Lieutenant*, Fred de Silva; *Tsamanni, Asad's personal aide*, Rector V. Sarno; *Yusuf, a Moorish leader*, *Spanish Prisoner*, Albert Prisco; *Spanish Commander*, George E. Romain; *Infanta of Spain*, Christine Montt; *Aycub, Fenzileh's personal servant*, Robert Bolder; *Andalusian Slave Girl*, Kathleen Key; *Spanish Slave Girl*, Nancy Zann; *Inn Keeper*, Louis Morrison; *Inn Keeper's Wife*, Kate Price; *Captain of Asad's Guards*, Al Jennings; *Nick, Oliver's personal servant*, Bert Woodruff; *Oliver's young son*, Master Walter Wilkinson; *Bishop*, Henry Barrows; *Chief Justice of England*, Edwards Davis; *The Siren*, Claire Du Brey; *Boatswain*, Robert Spencer; *Turkish Merchant*, Theodore Lorch; *Sir Walter*, Andrew Johnston.

"WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Zane Grey. Scenario by George C. Hull and Victor Irvin. Directed by Irvin Willat. The cast: *Adam Larey*, Jack Holt; *Magdalene Virey*, Kathlyn Williams; *Mr. Virey*, George Irving; *Ruth Virey*, Billie Dove; *Dismukes*, Noah Beery; *Gurd Larey*, James Mason; *Colishaw*, Richard R. Neill; *Alex MacKay*, James Gordon; *Merryvale*, William Carroll; *Camp Doctor*, Williard Cooley.

"THE SIGNAL TOWER"—UNIVERSAL-SUPER-JEWEL.—From the story by Wadsworth Camp. Scenario by James O. Spearing. Directed by Clarence L. Brown. Photographed by Ben Reynolds. The cast: *Sally Tolliver*, Virginia Valli; *Dave Tolliver*, Rockliffe Fellowes; *Sonny Tolliver*, Frankie Darro; *Joe Standish*, Wallace Beery; *Old Bill*, James O. Barrows; *Pete*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Gertie*, Dot Farley.

"THOSE WHO DANCE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by George Kibbe Turner. Adapted by Arthur Statter. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. The cast: *Rose Karney*, Blanche Sweet; *Vida*, Bessie Love; *Bob Kane*, Warner Baxter; *Mac Karney*, Bobby Agnew; *Monahan*, John Sainpolis; *Ruth Kane*, Lucille Ricksen; *Joe the Greek*, Mathew Betz; *Mrs. Kane*, Lydia Knott; *Tom Andrus*, Charles Delaney; *Bob Kane's father*, W. S. McDonough; *Frank Church*, Jack Perrin.

"BROADWAY AFTER DARK"—WARNER BROTHERS.—Story based on the play by Owen Davis. Directed by Monta Bell. The cast: *Ralph Norton*, Adolphe Menjou; *Rose Dulane*, Norma Shearer; *Helen Tremaine*, Anna Q. Nilsson; *Jack Devlin*, Edward Burns; *Lenore Vance*, Carmel Myers; *Mrs. Smith (landlady)*, Vera Lewis; *"Slim" Scott*, Willard Louis; *Carl Fisher*, Mervyn Le Roy; *Ed. Fisher*, Jimmy Quinn; *The Old Actor*, Edgar Norton; *Vera*, Gladys Tennyson; *The Chorus Girl*, Ethel Miller; *Norton's Valet*, Otto Hoffman; *Tom Devery (the detective)*, Lew Harvey; *George Vance*, Michael Dark.

"THE BEDROOM WINDOW"—PARAMOUNT.—Story and scenario by Clara Beranger. Directed by William de Mille. Photography by L. Guy Wilky. The cast: *Ruth Martin*, May McAvoy; *Frank Armstrong*,

Malcolm McGregor; *Robert Delano*, Ricardo Cortez; *Frederick Hall*, Robert Edeson; *Silas Tucker*, George Fawcett; *Matilda Jones, alias Rufus Rome*, Ethel Wales; *Butler*, Charles Ogle; *Sonya Malisoff*, Medea Radzina; *Detective*, Guy Oliver; *Mammy*, Lillian Leighton; *Gun Salesman*, George Calliga.

"THE TURMOIL"—UNIVERSAL-JEWEL.—From the story by Booth Tarkington. Scenario by Edward T. Lowe. Directed by Hobart Henley. Photographed by Charles Stumar. The cast: *Bibbs Sheridan*, George Hackathorne; *James Sheridan, Sr.*, Emmet Corrigan; *Mary Vertrees*, Eleanor Boardman; *Mrs. Vertrees*, Kitty Bradbury; *Jim Sheridan, Jr.*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Roscoe Sheridan*, Edward Hearn; *Sybil Sheridan*, Eileen Percy; *Edith Sheridan*, Pauline Garon; *Mrs. Sheridan*, Victory Bateman.

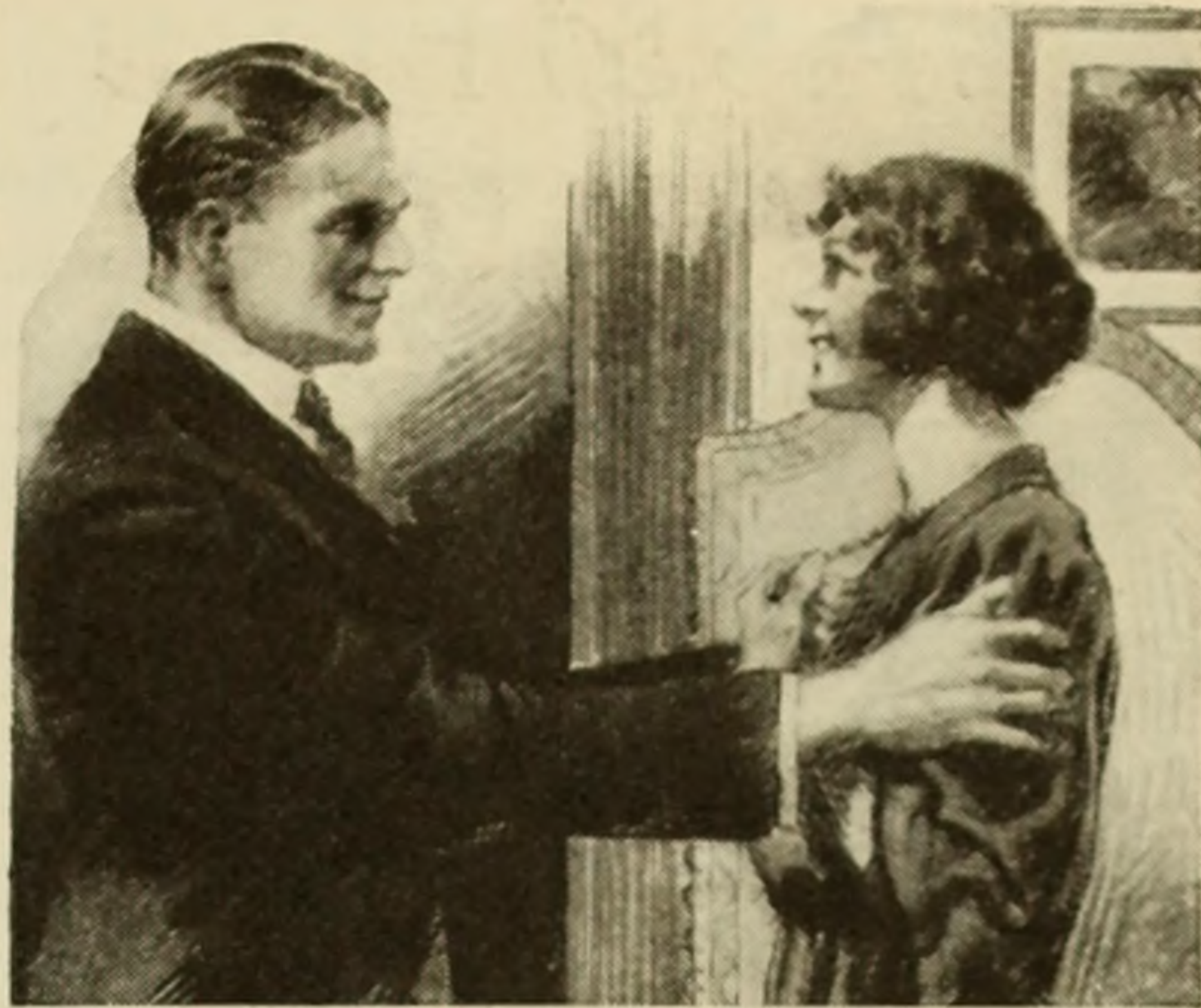
"THE WHITE MOTH"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Izola Forrester. Adapted by Albert Shelby Le Vino. Directed by Maurice Tourneur. Photography by Arthur L. Todd. The cast: *The White Moth*, Barbara La Marr; *Robert Vantine*, Conway Tearle; *Gonzalo Montrez*, Charles de Roche; *Douglas Vantine*, Ben Lyon; *Gwen*, Edna Murphy; *Ninon*, Josie Sedgwick; *Mrs. Delancey*, Kathleen Kirkham; *Tothnes*, William Orlamond.

"MIAMI"—HODKINSON.—From story by John Lynch. Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast: *Joan Bruce*, Betty Compson; *Ransom Tate*, Lawford Davidson; *Mary Tate*, Hedda Hopper; *David Forbes*, J. Barney Sherry; *Veronica Forbes*, Lucy Fox; *Grant North*, Benjamin F. Finney, Jr.

"WHY MEN LEAVE HOME"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the stage success by Avery Hopwood. Directed by John M. Stahl. The cast: *John Emerson*, Lewis Stone; *Irene Emerson*, Helene Chadwick; *Grandma Sutton*, Mary Carr; *Grandpa Sutton*, William V. Mong; *Jean Ralston*, Alma Bennett; *Nina Neilson*, Hedda Hopper; *Sam Neilson*, Sidney Bracy; *Betty Phillips*, Lila Leslie; *Arthur Phillips*, E. H. Calvert; *Dr. Bailey*, Howard Truesdell.

"HOLD YOUR BREATH"—W. W. HODKINSON CORP.—From the story by Frank Roland Conklin. Directed by Scott Sidney. Photographed by Gus Peterson and Alex Phillips. The cast: *The Girl*, Dorothy Devore; *Her Fiancee*, Walter Hiers; *The Eccentric Collector*, Tully Marshall; *Proprietor of Beauty Parlor*, Jimmie Adams; *The Sister*, Priscilla Bonner; *Her Husband*, Jimmie Harrison; *City Editor*, Lincoln Plumer; *The Hairdresser*, Patricia Palmer; *The Customer*, Rosa Gore; *Another Customer*, Jay Belasco; *The Mayor*, George Pierce; *Oil Salesman*, Victor Rodman; *Policeman*, Budd Fine; *Detective*, Eddie Baker; *Street Merchant*, Max Davidson; *Colored Boy*, Douglas Carter.

"THE FIRE PATROL"—CHADWICK PICTURES CORPORATION.—Adapted from the stage play by Harkins and Barber. Directed by Hunt Stromberg. The cast: In the Prologue—*Mary Ferguson*, Anna Q. Nilsson; *Captain John Ferguson*, William Jeffries; *Colin Ferguson*, Dicky Brandon; *"Butch" Anderson*, Jack Richardson. Eighteen years later—*Molly Thatcher*, Madge Bellamy; *Emma Thatcher*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Captain John Ferguson*, Spottiswoode Aitken; *Colin Ferguson*, Johnny Harron; *"Butch" Anderson*, Jack Richardson; *Alice Masters*, Gale Henry; *The Village Belle*, Frances Ross; *Members of the Fire Patrol*, Charles Murray, Chester Conklin, Bull Montana, Hank Mann, Bill Franey.



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"THE GAIETY GIRL"—UNIVERSAL-JEWEL.—From the novel by I. A. R. Wylie. Scenario by Frank Beresford. Directed by King Baggot. Photographed by Charles Stumar. The cast: *Eirein Rudut-Tudor*, Mary Philbin; *William Tudor* (Earl of Pencarreg), Joseph H. Dowling; *Owen Tudor*, William Haines; *Evan Evans*, Otto Hoffman; *Juckins*, James O. Barrows; *John Kershaw*, De Witt Jennings; *Christopher "Kit" Kershaw*, Freeman S. Wood; *Sammy Samuels*, George B. Williams; *The Duke*, Tom Ricketts; *Rayburn* (stage manager), Roy Laidlaw.

"THE RECKLESS AGE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Earl Derr Biggers. Directed by Harry Pollard. The cast: *Richard Minot*, Reginald Denny; *Cynthia Meyrick*, Ruth Dwyer; *Manuel Gonzalen*, Fred Malatesta; *Henry Timmers*, Hayden Stevenson; *Martin Wall*, Tom McGuire; *Lord Harrowby*, William Austin; *Spencer Meyrick*, John Stepping; *George Jenken*, Frank Leigh.

"THE FIGHTING AMERICAN"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by William Elwell Oliver. Scenario by Harvey Gates. Directed by Tom Foreman. Photographed by Harry Perry. The cast: *Bill Pendleton*, Pat O'Malley; *Mary O'Mallory*, Mary Astor; *Danny Daynes*, Raymond Hatton; *Fu Shing*, Warner Oland; *Quig Morley*, Edwin J. Brady; *W. F. Pendleton*, Taylor Carroll; *Wm. A. Pendleton*, Clarence Geldbert; *Mr. O'Mallory*, Alfred Fisher; *Alfred Rutland*, Jack Byron; *Lee Yong*, James Wang; *College Professor*, Emmett King; *Lizzie*, Jane Starr; *Harry March*, Frank Kingsley.

"THE PRINTER'S DEVIL"—WARNER BROS.—Scenario by Julien Josephson. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *Brick Hubbard*, Wesley Barry; *Sidney Fletcher*, Harry Myers; *Vivian Gates*, Katherine McGuire; *Lem Kirk*, Louis King; *Ira Gates*, George Pearce; *Alec Sperry*, Ray Cannon; *Dora Kirk*, Mary Halter; *Chet Quimby*, Harry Rottenburg.

"DAUGHTERS OF PLEASURE"—PRINCIPAL.—From the story by Caleb Proctor. Scenario by Eve Unsell. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *Marjory Hadley*, Marie Prevost; *Kent Merrill*, Monte Blue; *Lilla Millas*, Clara Bow; *Mrs. Hadley*, Edyth Chapman; *Mark Hadley*, Wilfred Lucas.


"THE WOMAN ON THE JURY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From stage play by Bernard K. Burns. Directed by Harry O. Hoyt. The cast: *Betty Brown*, Sylvia Breamer; *Fred Masters*, Frank Mayo; *George Wayne* and *George Montgomery*, Lew Cody; *Grace Pierce*, Bessie Love; *Mrs. Pierce*, Mary Carr; *Judge Davis*, Hobart Bosworth; *Marion Masters*, Myrtle Stedman; *Prosecuting Attorney*, Henry B. Walthall; *Defense Attorney*, Roy Stewart.

"THE WHITE SHADOW"—SELZNICK.—Story by Michael Morton. Directed by Graham Cutts. Photography by Claude L. McDonnell. The cast: *Nancy Brent*, Betty Compson; *Georgina Brent*, Betty Compson; *Robin Field*, Olive Brook; *Maurice Brent*, A. B. Imeson; *Elizabeth Brent*, Daisy Campbell; *Louis Chadwick*, Henry Victor.

"HIGH SPEED"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Fred Jackson. Scenario by Helen Broderick. Directed by Herbert Blache. Photography by Merritt Gersted. The cast: *Hi Moreland*, Herbert Rawlinson; *Marjory Holbrook*, Carmelita Geraghty; *Dick Farrell*, Bert Roach; *Daniel Holbrook*, Otto Hoffman; *Rev. Humphries*, Percy Challenger; *Burglar*, Jules Cowles; *Taxi Driver*, J. B. Russell.

"BETWEEN FRIENDS"—VITAGRAPH.—From the novel by Robert W. Chambers. Directed by J. Stuart Blackton. The cast: *David Drene*, Lou Tellegen; *Jessica Drene*, Anna Q. Nilsson; *Jack Greylock*, Norman Kerry; *Cecile White*, Alice Calhoun; *Quair*, Stuart Holmes; *Guilder*, Henry Barrows.

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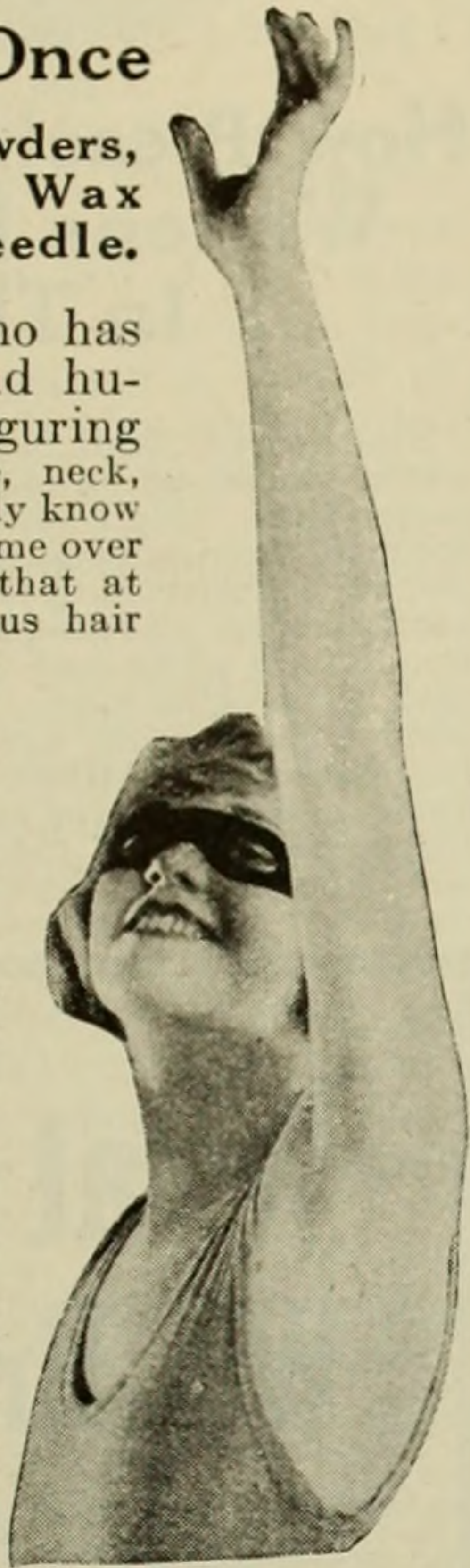
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"MISSING DAUGHTERS"—SELZNICK.—Story by William H. Clifford. Scenario by Charles F. Cochard. Directed by William H. Clifford. Photography by Ray June. The cast: *Eva Rivers, Eva Novak; Eileen Allen, Eileen Percy; Pauline Histon, Pauline Starke; Claire Mathers, Claire Adams; John Rogers, Rockcliffe Fellowes; Chief of U. S. Secret Service, Robert Edeson; Hawks, Sheldon Lewis; Guy Benson, Walter Long; The Hermit, Walt Whitman; Anthony Roche, Chester Bishop; Carl Linke, Frank Ridge; Office Boy, True Boardman.*

"WHEN A GIRL LOVES"—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.—Author and director, Victor Hugo Halperin. The cast: *Sasha Boroff, Agnes Ayres; Count Michael, Percy Marmont; Dr. Godfrey Luke, Robert McKim; Helen, Kathlyn Williams; The Czarina, Mary Alden; Rogojin, George Seigman; Grishka, John George; Fania, Ynez Seabury; Alexis, William Orlamond; Ferdova, Rosa Rosanova; Yussoff, Leo White; Peter, Otto Lederer.*

"PAL O' MINE"—C. B. C.—Story by Edith Kennedy. Directed by Edward J. Le Saint. The cast: *Madame Montfort, Irene Rich; Sam Herman, Willard Louis; Mrs. Herman, Pauline Garon; Frank Travers, Albert Roscoe; Mondoza, Jean de Briac.*

"WANDERING HUSBANDS"—HODKINSON.—Story by C. Gardner Sullivan. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *George Moreland, James Kirkwood; Diana Moreland, Lila Lee; Marilyn Foster, Margaret Livingston; Percy, Eugene Pallette; Rosemary Moreland, Muriel Frances Dana; Jim, Turner Savage; Bates, George Pearce; Butler, George French.*

"RACING LUCK"—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.—Story by Gene Havez and Lex Neal. Directed by Herman C. Raymaker. The cast: *Mario Bianca, Monty Banks; Rosina, Helen Ferguson; Luigi, Lionel Belmore; Tony Mora, Francis McDonald; Mrs. Bianca, Martha Franklin; Pietro Bianca, D. Metzoras; Cafe Owner, William Blaisdell.*

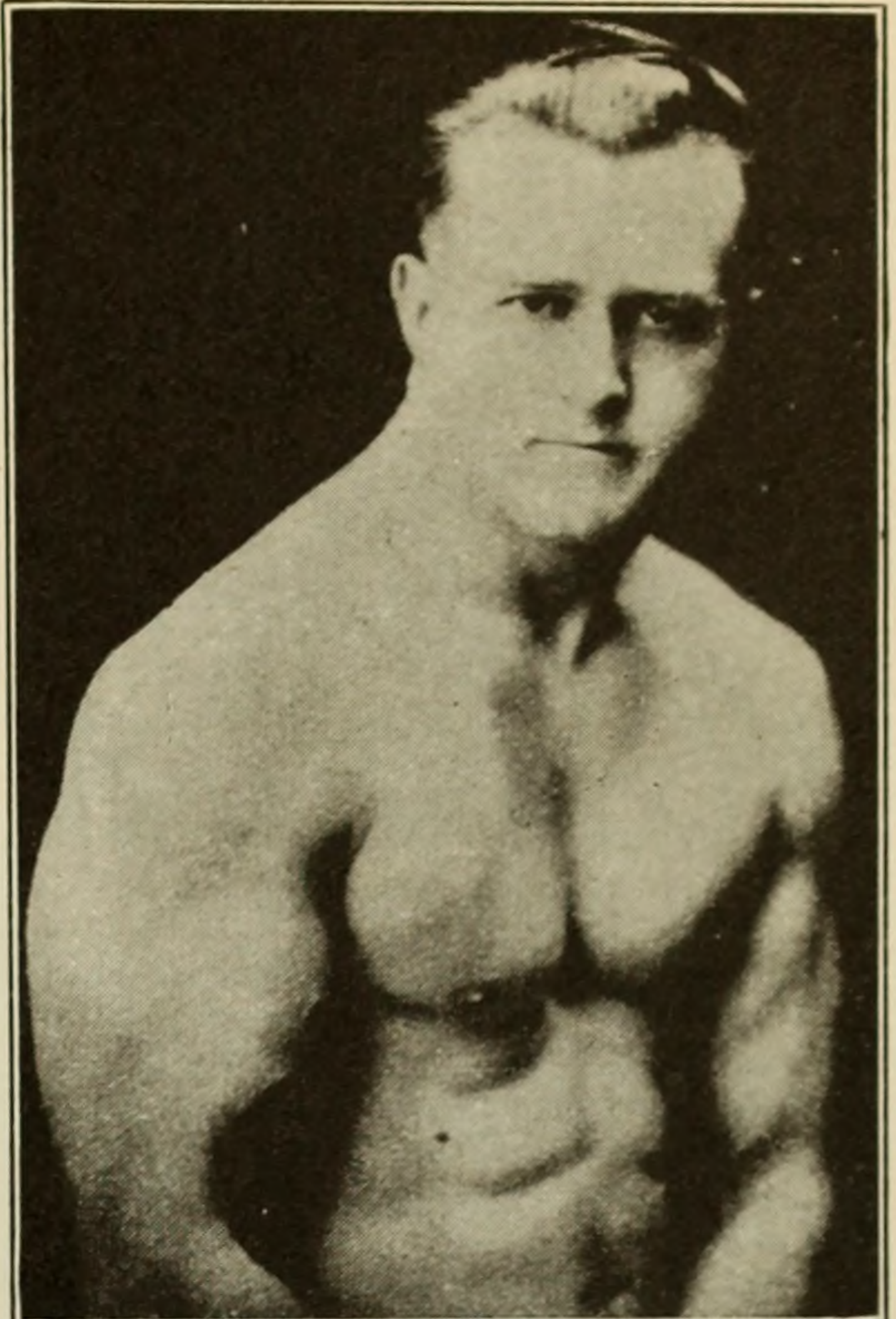
"WHAT THREE MEN WANTED"—INDEPENDENT PICTURES.—Story by G. A. Lambert. Directed by Paul Burns. The cast: *Harriet Lancaster, Miss Du Pont; Billy Lambert, Jack Livingston; Marion Fair, Catherine Murphy; Max Markham, Otto Lederer; Maurice Markham, J. Parks Jones; Landis Dugan, Frank Jonnason; Hackett, Albert McQuarrie; Sir Oliver, Robert Boulder.*

"DON'T DOUBT YOUR HUSBAND"—METRO.—Story by Sada Cowan and Howard Higgin. Directed by Harry Beaumont. Photography by John Arnold. The cast: *Helen Blake, Viola Dana; Richard Blake, Alan Forrest; Alma Lane, Winifred Bryson; Reginald Trevor, John Patrick; Mr. Ruggles, Willard Louis; Mrs. Ruggles, Adele Watson; Mr. Clinton, Robert Dunbar.*

"VENUS OF THE SOUTH SEAS"—LEE-BRADFORD.—Directed by James R. Sullivan. The cast: *Shona Royale, Annette Kellerman; John Royale, Roland Purdie; Robert Quane, Jr., Robert Ramsaye; John Drake, Norman French.*

"THE SWORD OF VALOR"—CAPITOL.—Scenario by Jefferson Moffit. Directed by Duke Worne. Photography by Roland Price. The cast: *Capt. Grant Lee Brooks, Snowy Baker; Ynez, Dorothy Revier; Don Guzman de Ruiz y Montejo, Otto Lederer; Henri di Laon, Fred Kavens; Ismid Matrouli, Edwin Cecil; Secretary, Percy Challenger; Madame Herman, Stella D'Lanti; Housekeeper, Eloise Hesse; Boomerang, by himself.*

"AFTER A MILLION"—AYWON.—Continuity by J. Inman Kane. Directed by Jack Nelson. Photography by Elmer Dyer. The cast: *Count Orloff and Gregory Maxim, Kenneth McDonald; Countess Olga, Ruth Dwyer; Alphonse Martell, Joe Girard, Stanley Bingham, J. Hunt, Ada Bell, Hal Craig.*



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I know you think you know all about it. Most everyone you meet tries to tell you how, but they can teach an oyster how to sing quicker than they can show you anything about muscle building. If you are in legal trouble, you seek a lawyer. If you are wise, you get the best, for they are the cheapest in the long run. Now, how about that body of yours? Do you realize it is the choicest possession you have on earth? Don't be a plain dumb Dora! Use your head. This is vital with you. Muscle building is one of the trickiest studies on earth. I've worked at it ever since the day I left College, so I ought to know. I've seen many a poor chap literally ruined by the wrong kind of guidance. On the other hand I've seen human wrecks transformed into human Hercules by being started in the right direction.

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"THE GOOD BAD BOY"—PRINCIPAL.—Scenario by Eve Unsell. Directed by Eddie Cline. The cast: *Billy Benson*, Joe Butterworth; *Judge Fawcett's Daughter*, Mary Jane Irving; *John Benson*, Forrest Robinson; *Mrs. Benson*, Lucy Beaumont; *Sidney Marvin*, Arthur Hull; *Walter Howe*, Richard Wayne; *Judge Fawcett*, Edwards Davis; *Brownie*, by himself.

"IN FAST COMPANY"—TRUART.—Story by Alfred A. Cohn. Scenario by Garrett Elsdon Fort. Directed by James W. Horne. Photography by William Marshall. The cast: *Perry Whitman, Jr.*, Richard Talmadge; *Barbara Beldon*, Mildred Harris; *Drexel Craig*, Sheldon Lewis; *Perry Whitman, Sr.*, Charles Clary; *Reginald Chichester*, Douglas Gerrard; *Big Mike*, Snitz Edwards; *The Bolivian Bull*, Jack Herrick; *The Maid*, Lydia Yeamans Titus.

"NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE"—F. B. O.—From the stage play by W. G. Wills and G. G. Collingham. Scenario by Walter Summers. Directed by Alexander Butler. The cast: *Napoleon Bonaparte*, Gwydym Evans; *Marie Louise*, Mary Dibley; *Stephanie De Beauharnais*, Lilian Hall-Davis; *Marquis de Talleyrand*, Minister of the Interior, Jerrald Robertshaw; *Marquis de Beaumont*, Gerald Ames; *Old Grimaud*, Tom Reynolds; *General Augerean*, Robert Lang; *Josephine*, Gertrude McCoy.

"THE SPIRIT OF THE U. S. A."—F. B. O.—Story and scenario by Mrs. Emilie Johnson. Directed by Emory Johnson. Photography by Ross Fisher and Leon Eycke. The cast: *Johnnie Gains*, Johnnie Walker; *Mary Gains*, Mary Carr; *Thomas Gains*, Carl Stockdale; *Jim Fuller*, Dave Kirby; *John J. Burrows*, Mark Fenton; *Zelda Burrows*, Rosemary Cooper; *Otto Schultz*, William S. Hooser; *Gretchen Schultz*, Gloria Grey; *Silas Gains*, Cuyler Supplee; *Little Johnnie*, Dickie Brandon; *Little Silas*, Newton House.

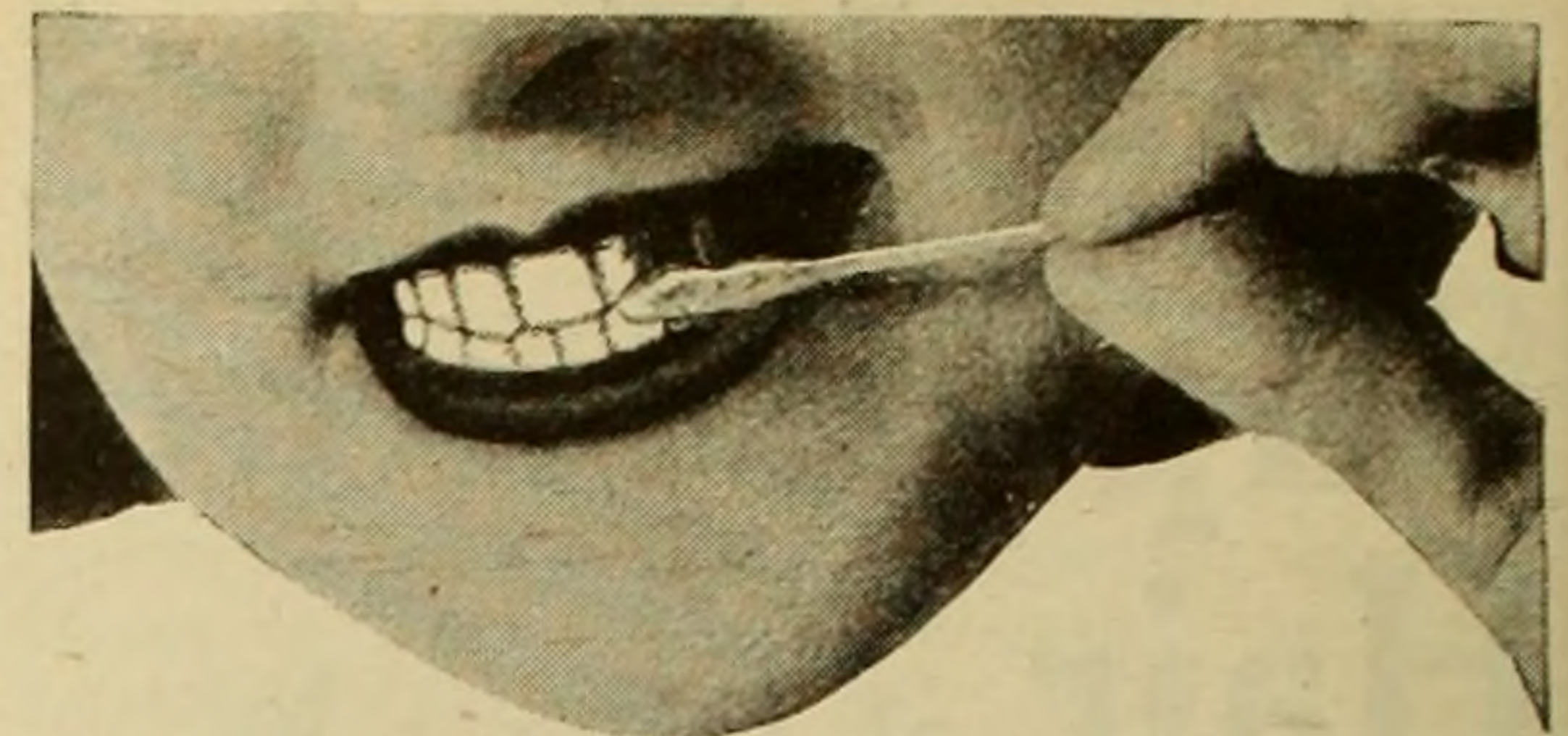
"THE DANGEROUS COWARD"—F. B. O.—Story and scenario by Marion Jackson. Directed by Albert Rogell. Photography by Ross Fisher. The cast: *Wildcat Rea*, Frank Hagney; *Conchita*, Lillian Adrian; *The Weazel*, Jim Corey; *David McGinn*, Andrew Arbuckle; *May McGinn*, Hazel Keener; *Red O'Hara*, David Kirby; *Battling Benson*, Al Kaufman; *Bob Trent*, Fred Thomson; *Silver King*, by himself.

"BROADWAY OR BUST"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Edward Sedgwick and R. L. Schrock. Scenario by Dorothy Yost. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: *Dave Holles*, Hoot Gibson; *Virginia Redding*, Ruth Dwyer; *Jeff Peters*, King Zany; *Mrs. Dean-Smythe*, Gertrude Astor; *Count Dardanella*, Fred Malatesta.

"A SON OF THE SAHARA"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Louise Gerard. Directed by Edwin Carewe. Cast: *Barbara*, Claire Windsor; *Raoul le Breton (Cassim Ammeh)*, Bert Lytell; *Capt. Jean Duval*, Walter McGrail; *Rayma*, Rosemary Theby; *Sultan Cassim Ammeh* and *Colonel Barbier*, Montagu Love; *Cassim Sr.'s Lieutenant*, *Cassim Jr.'s Lieutenant*, and *Auctioneer*, Paul Panzer; *Raoul as a boy*, Georges Chebat; *Annette le Breton*, Mlle. Maresi Dorval.

"WESTERN LUCK"—FOX.—Story and scenario by Robert Lee. Directed by George Beranger. The cast: *Larry Campbell*, Charles Jones; *Betty Gray*, Beatrice Burnham; *James Ewart*, Pat Hardigan; *Lem Pearson*, Tom Lingham; *"Chuck" Campbell*, J. Farrell McDonald; *Mrs. Pearson*, Edith Kennick; *Leonard Pearson*, Bruce Gordon.

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Photoplay Finds Mary Fuller

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

the world. I have studied. Particularly I have been interested in art and music. I think that I have broadened myself, at least in a measure. That's one reason why I feel that I would like to try pictures again.

"When I left the studios for the last time, I was tired. Terribly tired. Picture making then was a hard, driving thing. It wore you down and sapped your vitality. I felt I must rest—and that I would never get enough rest.

"Now that I have built up a reserve of vitality the old lure of the studios has returned to me. I know I shall miss the pioneer experimenting, the feeling out of a new entertainment, but I want to see what they hold for me now that I know something of the world. I may be disillusioned but I want to try."

Miss Fuller has never married. "I haven't found the right man yet," she explained.

Miss Fuller has kept in touch with pictures. She reads PHOTOPLAY and the various motion picture magazines and has laughed over many a reference to her strange disappearance. She goes steadily to the film theaters in Washington. Little did the capital fans know that a genuine film pioneer—an actress whose popularity rated with Mary Pickford's—was seated beside them.

MISS FULLER is serious about her plans for a celluloid return. *She is coming back.* That is positive. More definite details will follow very shortly.

There is no reason why Miss Fuller cannot achieve a successful come-back. She is younger than many of the popular stars of today. Her eyes are as striking as ever and her face is quite as youthful in its lines.

I can still recall the Mary Fuller of the old Edison days as a quiet, silent person who never seemed to talk. She joined the old Edison stock company in the late part of 1909 and remained there, one of screenland's most popular stars, until 1914. It was during this time that she appeared in the famous series, "What Happened to Mary." A prophetic title, indeed, considering the mystery that later grew up around the actress.

In those days there were no doubles and the stars did their own daring stunts. In making the "What Happened to Mary" series, for instance, I can remember how Miss Fuller slid down a rope from a seventh story window, badly blistering her hands.

From Edison, Miss Fuller went to Universal. She retired in 1916, only to return for a single Lasky production, "The Long Trail," in which Lou Tellegen appeared. Then she dropped from sight.

I asked Miss Fuller what she thought of the photoplay of today. "It seems to me that audiences do not take their films as seriously as in the old days," she replied. "And I put the blame for that to the picture folk themselves. They take their work lightly. You can't expect the public to take your work any more seriously than you yourself do.

"Much of the old mystery is gone," she went on. "A lot of that was inevitable. But here again the picture folk have been at fault. Players have paraded their personal lives, even their indiscretions, in the newspapers. Actresses pose for portraits with practically no attire save a smile. My, how things have changed! And personal appearances have been destructive to the *nth* degree.

"I always felt it was well to consider what the little girl in Concordia, Kansas, would think of you. Maybe she believes differently about her film idol's morals now. Maybe I'm old fashioned. Perhaps I shall have to develop some moral lapses and erect a lavender-hued reputation."

Somehow, however, I think that audiences will want the Mary Fuller of old.

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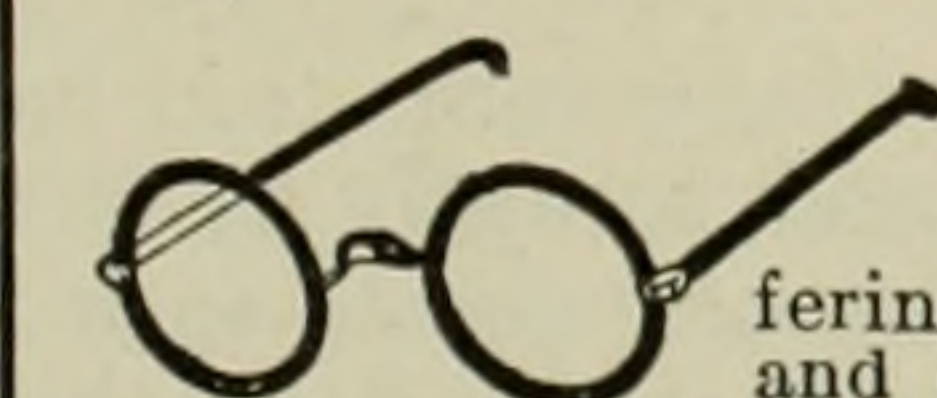
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Studio News and Gossip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99]

go on to Rome with Marcus Loew to consult upon the further "shooting" of "Ben-Hur."

Blanche Sweet preceded Mr. Neilan to New York and will accompany her husband-director abroad. While in New York Miss Sweet found time to look at an old print of her famous Griffith-Biograph production, "Judith of Bethulia." "I never had the courage to look at it again through all the years," she explains. "The critics have come to build a sort of legend around it and I have always feared to see it, believing that my work had been terribly overestimated. Now I know!"

"NOW," said Hobart Henley, the director. "Everyone on his toes. This is the big scene. In fact, this is the vortex of the picture."

A foreign lady who was lending atmosphere as a countess looked at him curiously.

"What's the matter?" Henley shouted.

"Don't you know what a vortex is?"

"Sure, now I know," she said with a bland smile. "I remember—it's the extra cent you pay for a ten-cent admission ticket."

IT is whispered in the colony that all is not well between Priscilla Dean and her husband, Wheeler Oakman. They are seldom, if ever, seen out together these days, and the filing of divorce proceedings by either would cause little surprise among their friends. Neither Wheeler or Priscilla is communicative on the subject, and both point out that they are still living under the same roof. Still, their home in Beverly Hills is big, very big, and they might spend the rest of their lives there without once encountering each other if it was their desire not to meet. And this is just the condition which rumor says exists.

JOSEPH SCHENCK, Norma Talmadge's husband, is known as "the invisible power" in motion pictures. He is interested directly or indirectly in nearly all the big film corporations. Mr. Schenck says that the producers are unable to meet the demand for pictures, and predicts tremendous activity during the immediate months. Louis B. Mayer, head of the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer combine, states that his company will spend over \$15,000,000 during the coming year in productions. This new organization has four stars: Ramon Novarro, Mae Murray, Jackie Coogan and Laurette Taylor. The directors under contract are: Rex Ingram, Frank Borzage, Marshall Neilan, Fred Niblo, Clarence Badger, Monte Bell, Reginald Barker, Charles Brabin, Chet Franklin, Elinor Glyn, Rupert Hughes, Robert Z. Leonard, Victor Seastrom, Victor Schertzinger, King Vidor, John M. Stahl, Hugo Ballin, Robert G. Vignola, and Eric von Stroheim.

ONE of the most interesting rumors that has circulated in Hollywood recently is that Monte Bell, the young director whose work is creating such a sensation in the colony just now, is to make a picture from Papini's "Life of Christ."

The only thing that might stand in the way is the producers' fear that such a picture might not be a box-office attraction. Critics seem to feel that it would and are encouraging Monte to go ahead with it. It would be interesting to know how the fans feel about it.

WILL ROGERS "covered" the Republican National Convention in Cleveland for the New York Times. According to the reporters present, Mr. Rogers had the most recognized face at the convention, second only to that of William Jennings Bryan. Rogers says he got the thrill of his life when some one rushed up and seized his hand, saying: "I want you to know that I've long been an admirer of your literary work!"

It was Rogers, by the way, who wired the

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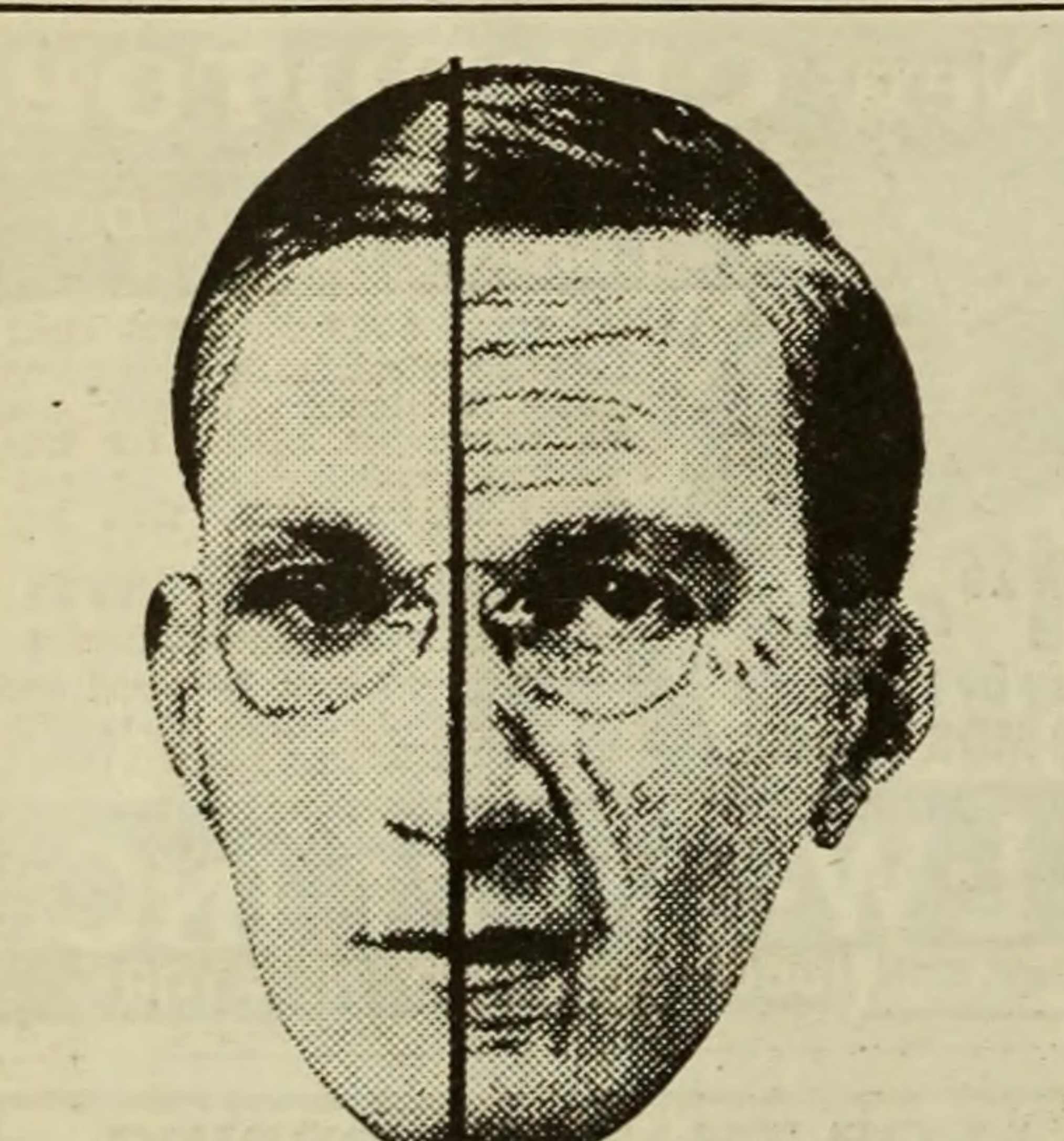
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THE SOCIAL AND DOLLAR VALUE OF A FACE—a new booklet just out—is a worthwhile story for every man and woman. It contains photographic proof showing how people up to 85 years of age have been restored to look 20 to 40 years younger. This booklet will be sent to those interested on request by the Gordon Co., 770 Tramway Bldg., Denver, Col.

now famous line back to his newspaper. It was: "This is the first vice-presidential convention ever held in the history of politics."

AN ambitious amateur sleuth and zealous dry squad chief poked their noses around Beverly Hills one day and found a "still" in Charlie Chaplin's home. Then they went away and went snooping some place else.

The amateur was really to blame. He saw a number of bottles of distilled water being delivered to Chaplin's home. He at once suspected something was wrong. Something usually is wrong when an amateur is around. He snooped about the premises until he got into the basement, where he saw the "still." Then he sat down and wrote a letter to the district attorney. The letter was turned over to the head of the district attorney's dry squad.

The latter went to the Chaplin home. Charlie was out but the Japanese boy showed them all over the house, including the "still." It turned out to be a device to soften water. The distilled water, the Japanese boy explained, was used to wash Chaplin's automobile. The machine had been repainted recently and required that kind of water. No booze was found. Good boy, Charlie!

POLA NEGRI and Rod La Rocque!

This is the latest Hollywood engagement to be rumored and then denied by both parties. "Pola love Rod?"

Maybe. In fact all women admire Rod, the screen actor, declared Pola Negri, when questioned about their rumored engagement, but the actress emphatically denied that she and the handsome leading man are to be married.

"Sure, we're together a great deal—but engaged? No! Never! Of course Mr. La Rocque is a wonderful man and I'm not the only woman who thinks that. But why should I have to marry him just because we like to go out and dance together? It is too ridiculous!"

And La Rocque also denied the engagement. "I have great respect for Pola's beauty, intelligence and charm. And she is frightfully fascinating—so traveled and everything. But—Marriage is a business and I have a lot of work to do on the screen. You can't hope to succeed in two businesses at the same time, so I'll have to forego the marriage thing for a while. No, it's all a mistake."

BEN TURPIN is scared—just plain scared. Recently, while the comedian and his wife were on a vacation in Canada, they attended church in St. Anne de Beaupre and Mrs. Turpin's hearing was restored.

They knelt for prayer and, arising, Mrs. Turpin declared she had regained her hearing.

Now Ben is more than a trifle worried. He is afraid someone will have faith enough to set his eyes straight and that would never do.

JACK HOXIE, the harem-scarem, "ride 'em cowboy" star, has picked up a protege. Her name is Little Genevieve and she is making a decided hit in the pictures.

But all of the sylph-like stars of the screen should worry. Little Genevieve doesn't want their jobs. They need not fear her rivalry and she certainly doesn't fear theirs.

Little Genevieve—the last name is Knapf—tips the scales at a scant 320 pounds and is proud of it. And she can kick higher than her head.

Jack Hoxie, who "found" Genevieve up at Lone Pine, where he and his director, Cliff Smith, were on location, took one look at her and declared he'd have her in his next picture if it took an entire baggage car to get her to Hollywood.

In spite of her 320 pounds, Little Genevieve is mighty active. She can—

Ride horse-back. That is, if the horse is good and strong.

Dance, swim, sing, skip rope, coon shout, cook, do housework, play the piano, make a flying dismount from her horse and run a hundred yards in 14 seconds.

She used to do all these little parlor tricks up

in the village of Lone Pine, where she was the life of the party, but she's doing them now for the Universal gang, where her audiences number such hardened first-nighters as Jack Hoxie, Mary Philbin, Reggie Denny, Norman Kerry, Shannon Day, Hoot Gibson, Jack Dempsey and Carmelita Geraghty.

THERE are many ways in which the picture folk differ from those of the theater. One of the most pronounced is in the matter of superstition. Superstition is traditional of the theater, but most of the movie celebrities deny they are superstitious. However—

Colleen Moore would walk a mile out of her way rather than pass under a ladder.

Pola Negri would turn right around and go home if a black cat crossed her path.

And if you want to hear Richard Dix holler just hand him a two dollar bill in his change.

Maurice Tourneur would rather eat ice cream at the north pole than start a production on Friday.

If some friend tried to give Eddie Horton a diamond scarf pin he would flatly decline it unless the friend allowed him to "buy" it for a dime or so.

Viola Dana would not think of returning for a forgotten article without first counting ten.

If you want to see Eddie Phillips turn into a maniac just whistle in his studio dressing room.

Conway Tearle would go without smoking rather than light three cigarettes from one match.

If you should happen to be directly behind Estelle Taylor when she spills salt, look out, for she is liable to throw it in your eyes. Her first act is to throw the salt over her left shoulder.

Certainly the picture folk aren't superstitious.

THE picture world will be happy to learn that the grand old actor, Theodore Roberts, is again strong enough to resume his screen work and that the public will see him in C. B. DeMille's next production, "Feet of Clay." Roberts, whose last appearance on the screen was in "The Ten Commandments," was given the part in the new DeMille production because he asked it as a special favor. He said he was tired of resting.

All Hollywood, artists and producers alike, recently united in a tribute to Roberts when he made his first public appearance since his illness in Pittsburgh. It was a testimonial performance for the great character actor at Grauman's Hollywood Egyptian Theater, where "The Ten Commandments" is playing.

Roberts was transported from his home in Hollywood to the theater in an ambulance and was wheeled on the stage in an invalid chair. He looked tired and sad as he sat back stage for a half hour and waited for his turn.

As he was wheeled on the stage, one caught the words—"Glad to be back—always thinking of friends here, no matter where I was, on the road or sick in Pittsburgh—" and then Roberts' voice was drowned by the cheers of his friends.

COLLEEN MOORE'S kid brother, Cleve Morrison, has quit the screen cold to seek fame as a fancy diver.

Cleve, who recently captured the Southern California championship for fancy diving, will not be in the cast of Colleen's next picture, as had been expected, but will spend all his time training for the Olympic tryouts.

Young Morrison has a big following in the film colony and there are always a few picture celebrities on hand at the Ambassador pool, where he is working out daily.

THE announcement of the engagement of Frank Keenan to Miss Margaret White, a music teacher of Los Angeles, has been made by Mr. Keenan's secretary, and Miss White confirms the statement, on the eve of sailing for Honolulu to join her fiance there. The marriage is to take place, it is understood, immediately upon her arrival in the Hawaiian capital. Miss White is twenty-four years old.



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Have You Wondered Why Some Toilet Goods Clerks So Persistently Push One Line?



REPRESENTATIVE of the Federal Trade Commission made an address at the last convention of the National Association of Toilet Goods Manufacturers calling their attention to a situation which threatens the good faith between department stores and their customers. Now that the spotlight has been turned on this evil practice which has grown up slowly, it must inevitably disappear.

Many women have, no doubt, been at a loss to understand the persistent and often adroit methods by which clerks at toilet goods counters in department stores attempt to make them take some brand other than the one they had intended. They are frequently irritated by this, but how completely they would resent it if they knew the real facts. The young woman who is trying to substitute is not an unbiased clerk of the store but, in truth, the employe of a manufacturer masquerading as a clerk.

In a great many department stores of this country the salaries of all the clerks at the toilet goods counter are paid by individual manufacturers. The advantage to the manufacturer is that the young woman so employed will divert to his brand all wavering or undecided customers, and within the limits laid down by the store rules switch from other brands.

There can be no objections to the open demonstrator. She often serves to perform a useful demonstrating and sampling job. But the hidden demonstrator—who masquerades as an unprejudiced clerk speaking in the interests of the store and with its authority—tends to break down the good will that is the greatest fundamental asset which the department store possesses.

As a result of the address a resolution was passed recommending that members of the association employing demonstrators identify them by means of a badge so that customers will know the girl is an employe of the manufacturer and not of the store and her opinion on products will be received in this light.

At present the only real protection the customer has is to know what she wants and insist upon getting it.

James R. Quirk
Editor.



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It tells the world what you are.

Wear your hair becomingly; always have it beautifully clean and well kept, and it will add more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck.

You, too, can have beautiful hair.

Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it. Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make

the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it. If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can, and finish by rubbing it with a

towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

*Splendid for children
—Fine for men.*

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