

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

N.S.E.

# PHOTOPLAY

January

25 cents



BETTY BRONSON

***MEN I LOVE!***

*By Harriette Underhill*

***Who Gets The \$5,000?***

*Title Contest Prize Winners on Page 32*





## Every little mouthful has a message all its own

The message, ladies and gentlemen, is one of warning to your gums.

For it is the food that we eat, three times a day, that is to blame for the troubles we have with our gums.

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Throughout the wilderness lands of North America, generations of hunters and trappers have sought the elusive silver fox.

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# You can always get DX at the Movies ~



## Tonight's a Paramount Night!

The Movies and Radio are the entertainment twins.

One gets you Music and Wisdom from afar, and the other brings Romance and Adventure to your gaze.

You can always get DX with Paramount, the distance that is caught by the heart-strings, not the ear-drum.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation welcomes the radio because it deepens your zest for first-class entertainment, and *that* same longing says Paramount, always "the best show in town!"



# Paramount Pictures

## 10 Current Paramount Pictures

Produced by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation

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### "THE GOLDEN BED" A CECIL B. DE MILLE PRODUCTION

Screen Play by Jeanie Macpherson. With Rod La Rocque, Vera Reynolds, Lillian Rich, Warner Baxter, Theodore Kosloff and Julia Faye. From the book entitled "The Golden Bed" by Wallace Irwin.

J. M. Barrie's

### "PETER PAN"

A HERBERT BRENON PRODUCTION

Assisted by Roy Pomeroy. From the immortal story and play. Screen play by Willis Goldbeck.

### "ARGENTINE LOVE"

AN ALLAN DWAN PRODUCTION

With BEBE DANIELS, Ricardo Cortez. From the novel of the same name by Vicente Blasco Ibanez.

### "TONGUES OF FLAME"

STARRING THOMAS MEIGHAN

A JOSEPH HENABERY PRODUCTION  
From the story by Peter Clark Macfarlane.  
Screen play by Townsend Martin.

### "FORBIDDEN PARADISE"

STARRING POLA NEGRI

AN ERNEST LUBITSCH PRODUCTION  
With Rod La Rocque, Adolphe Menjou, Pauline Starke. From "The Czarina" by Biro and Lengyel. Screen play by Agnes Christine Johnson and Hans Kraly.

Rex Beach's

### "A SAINTED DEVIL"

STARRING  
RUDOLPH VALENTINO

A JOSEPH HENABERY PRODUCTION  
Adapted by Forrest Halsey. From the Rex Beach novel "Rope's End".

### "NORTH OF 36"

AN IRVIN WILLAT PRODUCTION  
With Jack Holt, Lois Wilson, Ernest Torrence, Noah Beery. From the story by Emerson Hough.

### "MANHATTAN"

Starring RICHARD DIX

Based on "The Definite Object" by Jeffery Farnol.  
Directed by R. H. Burnside.

### "MERTON OF THE MOVIES"

A JAMES CRUZE PRODUCTION

Starring GLENN HUNTER. With Viola Dana. From Harry Leon Wilson's novel and the play by Kaufman and Connelly. Screen play by Walter Woods.

### "LOCKED DOORS"

A WM. de MILLE PRODUCTION

With Betty Compson, Theodore Roberts, Kathlyn Williams, Theodore Von Eltz and Robert Edeson. Screen play by Clara Beranger.





The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

IVAN ST. JOHNS  
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXVII

No. 2

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## Why Men Fall in Love with Actresses

*By Constance Talmadge*  
in the next issue of  
**Photoplay**

Constance is one of our most famous heartbreakers, and she ought to know.

The actress sees all kinds of men and acquires a certain amount of knowledge of why men fall in love. "Most men," Constance says, "see the actress on an elevation (the stage) and to them she generally remains on an elevation. They never see their actress doing the human things other women are found doing. They never see her in an old wrapper. They never see her struggling with house work. She doesn't seem quite human, and that is one of the reasons they fall in love with her. They don't want a heart. They want to be stepped on."

Constance has written a really remarkable article on this subject, and although she treats it with her usual vein of humor, the facts she sets forth can hardly be denied.

Incidentally, there are some mighty good tips in it for the average woman whose love affairs have not been running smoothly, or for the girl who sits in the picture show with her beau, and who is secretly broken-hearted because he is going into ecstasies over one of the beauties of the screen.

If she only knew, she needn't have much fear of the competition.

## Tom Mix Tells It Himself

His own life story will be another of the striking features of the February **PHOTOPLAY**. Tom Mix is true to the type of Westerner he so realistically depicts in his pictures. His earliest recollections are those of rude frontier days—life in a log cabin in Texas, battles with prowling beasts of the forest, the excitement and zest of contact with nature and its dangers. He will tell his screen admirers of some of the striking episodes in his more than full life.

*His story starts in the  
February*

**PHOTOPLAY**

On all Newsstands  
January 15th



# News of First National Pictures



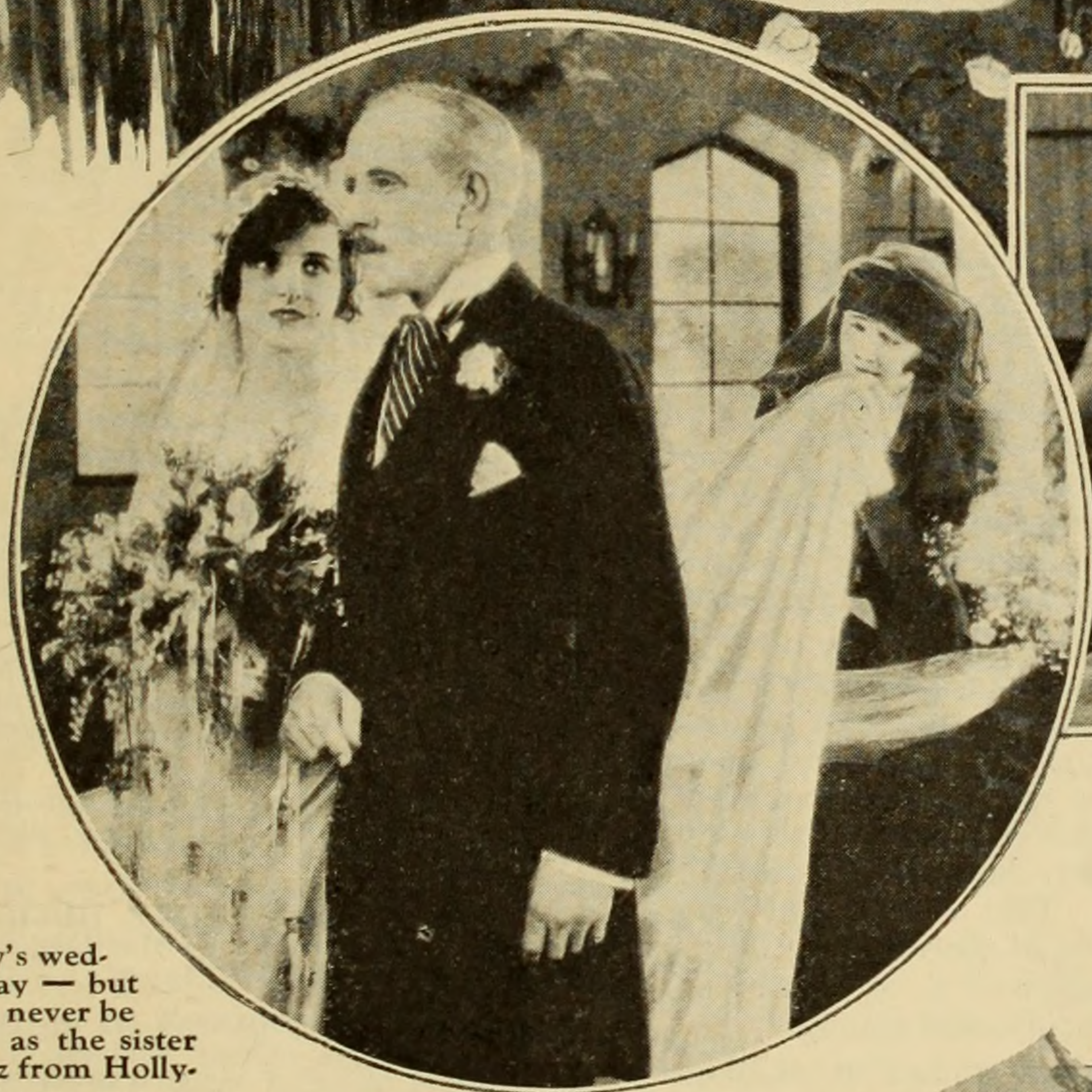
## Introducing "Inez from Hollywood"

ARE movie stars regular folks? Are their lives all tinsel; always artificial? You won't think so after you see "Inez from Hollywood," Sam Rork's new photoplay. It is a sincere and human drama of studioland and an actress whose real self is a strange contrast to her carefully manufactured reputation as "Hollywood's heartless heartbreaker."

You'll like Anna Q. Nilsson (left) as the vivacious Inez. Lewis Stone and Mary Astor are other principals.

Below—

Innocent little Fay shows her gifts from the man who had once offered Inez gifts.



Right—

It is Fay's wedding day — but she can never be known as the sister of "Inez from Hollywood."

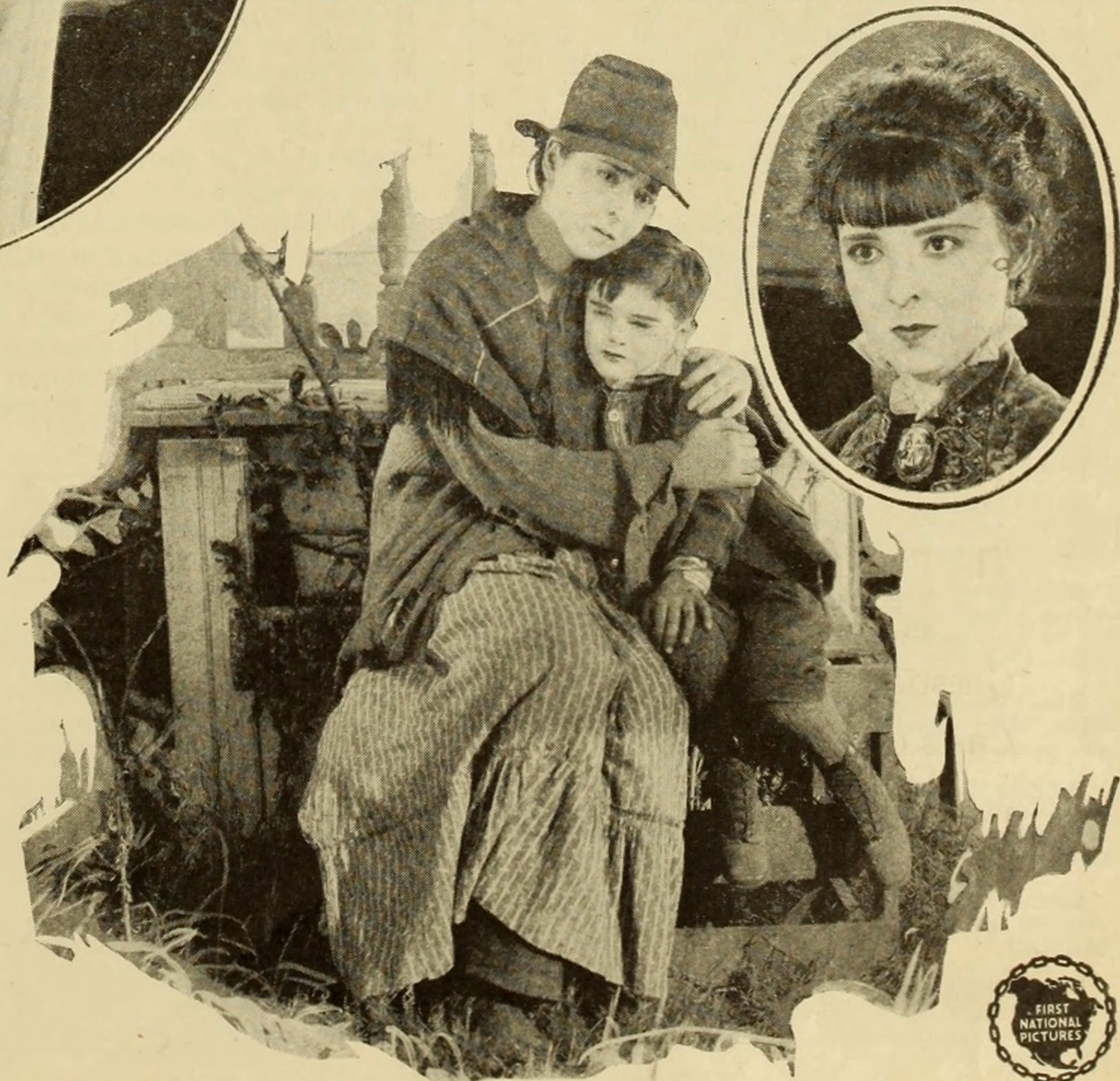


## Miss Moore's Greatest Role

THANKS to Edna Ferber, Colleen Moore has her most wonderful role in "So Big." And thanks to Miss Moore herself, *Selina Peake*, the central figure of Miss Ferber's popular novel, will be remembered as one of the most real, vivid, and sympathetic screen characters of all time.

In the oval on the right is Colleen as the banged-haired, lace-collared belle of yesteryear. In strange contrast is the scene below the oval. The piquant little schoolma'am of ten years past has become a battered, strained soul fighting for her boy.

"So Big" will be in many theatres during and immediately after Christmas week.







# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**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.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 10 ]





# “Now It’s My Turn To Laugh at Him!”

**W**E were dancing together to a beautiful, lilting melody. I led her gracefully around the room, keeping perfect harmony with the music. We were thoroughly enjoying ourselves.

And then, suddenly, I saw Jim standing near the door. He was watching us. But he wasn’t laughing this time! His eyes followed us around the room, wondering, curious. He seemed a little lonesome standing there in the doorway, and I just couldn’t help drawing it to Jeanne’s attention. “Now it’s my turn to laugh at him!” I said.

She grinned up at me. “He’ll never laugh at *you* again!” she whispered.

**“I’ll be there,” I said,  
“and I’ll dance”**

I remembered that other night, a month ago, and was glad. Jim had invited me to a dancing party, although knowing very well that I hardly knew one step from another. And he urged me to ask Jeanne for a dance, knowing that she was the most graceful and talented dancer in the room. I was horribly self-conscious, clumsy as a boor, stepping all over her toes and leading her right into other couples. It was torture. And then I saw Jim standing in the doorway, laughing. Other couples had stopped dancing to watch us, and were laughing too. I was the goat!

It was a humiliating experience, and the next time Jim invited me to a dance I re-

fused. “Tired of dancing already?” he asked, laughing slyly. That laugh, somehow, irritated me. “I’ll be there!” I said grimly—“and I’ll dance!”

### I sent for the five free lessons

That evening I sent off a coupon to Arthur Murray asking him for the five lessons that he offered free. I would show Jim—I would show all of them! They’d never make me the goat again. I’d become a good dancer, as popular as any of them.

Arthur Murray’s five free dancing lessons arrived just the evening before the dance. It was fun to follow the simple diagrams and instructions. I practiced before a mirror. I quickly mastered a fascinating new fox-trot step. I learned how to lead, how to dance in harmony with the music. I acquired a wonderful new sense of ease and poise. I could hardly wait for Jim’s dance.

And then—that wonderful dance with Jeanne! She had hesitated when I asked her, but she was too polite to refuse. The orchestra was playing a fox-trot, and I swung her gracefully into the rhythm. She was an exquisite dancer, and we interpreted the dance like professionals. It was a triumph. Everyone was amazed, and especially Jim. He stood in the doorway watching us—the very doorway where only a short time ago he had stood and laughed. Laughed! Well, it was my turn to laugh now!

Jeanne and I finished the dance together. Others stopped to watch us. Jeanne was smiling—others were smiling—soon everyone was smiling, and applauding. I was popular!

*I never dreamed that knowing how to dance well could make anyone popular so quickly.*

You, too, can quickly learn dancing at home, without music and without a partner. More than 200,000 men and women have become accomplished dancers through Arthur Murray’s remarkable new method.

### I found it great fun

Send today for the five free lessons. They will tell you more than anything we could possibly say. These five lessons will tell you the secret of leading, how to follow successfully, how to gain confidence, how to fox-trot and how to waltz. These complete five lessons are yours to keep, without obligation. Arthur Murray wants you to send for them at once, today—so that you can see for yourself how quickly and easily dancing can be mastered at home. You will find it fun to follow the simple diagrams and instructions.

Clip and mail this special coupon NOW for the five free lessons. There is no obligation. Please include 25c to cover the cost of handling, mailing and printing. ARTHUR MURRAY, Studio 380, 290 Broadway, New York.

**ARTHUR MURRAY, Studio 380  
290 Broadway, New York**

To prove that I can learn to dance at home in one evening you may send me the FIVE FREE LESSONS by Arthur Murray. I enclose 25c to pay for the postage, printing, etc. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....



# Short Stories and Photoplays Wanted

Magazine editors and motion picture producers are searching as never before for stories that are gripping and new and are offering thousands of dollars in prizes to encourage new writers.

If you have the precious gift of a creative imagination, there is no reason why you cannot learn the technique of writing and sell your stories.

As Eleanor Gates, the author of *The Poor Little Rich Girl* puts it: "The rules of writing can be learned by the street-car driver, the plowman, the stenographer, the girl in the mill.

"But as to the degree of the gift, the size of the germ—that, as the Malay says, is on the knees of the Gods. You have it, or you haven't."

## Let us tell you if you can succeed as a writer

The Palmer Institute of Authorship is co-operating with magazine editors and motion picture producers in the development of new talent. In the last seven years it has helped scores of writers to win recognition on the screen and in the magazine field. It teaches the technique of magazine and photoplay writing. It maintains a Story Sales Department in Hollywood, with representatives in New York and Chicago, thus insuring the author of a direct contact with all story markets. Fifty Free Scholarships are awarded annually to deserving students.

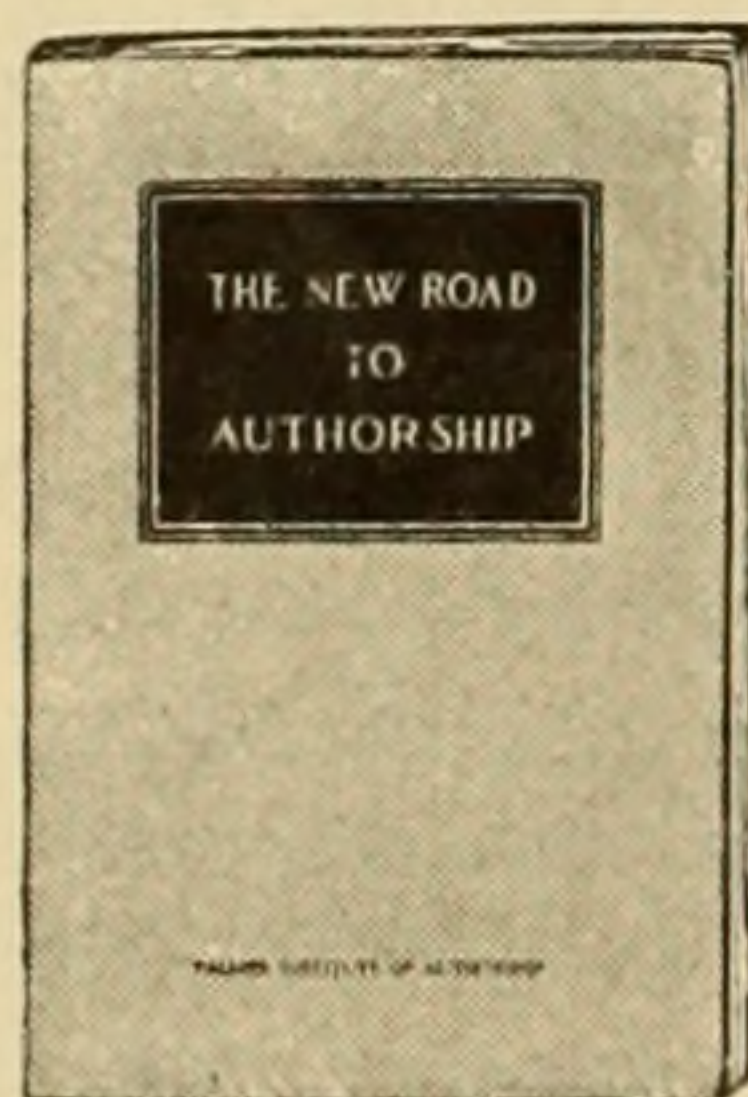
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Serving on the Institute's Advisory Council are the following distinguished men: Frederick Palmer, Author and Educator; Clayton Hamilton, formerly of the Faculty of Columbia University, author, dramatist and educator; Russell Doubleday, publisher; Brian Hooker, formerly of the Faculty of Columbia and Yale Universities, author, dramatist and critic; Frederick Taber Cooper, author, educator and critic; C. Gardner Sullivan, screen writer and director; Rob Wagner, author and motion picture director; James R. Quirk, editor and publisher of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

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The Palmer Institute is unique among educational institutions because it accepts only a limited number of students for its home-study courses and seeks only those who have natural creative ability and can profit by its instruction.

To enable you to find out quickly if you possess this ability, the Palmer Institute will gladly send you its Creative Test—the most novel means ever devised for discovering latent writing talent. Our Board of Examiners will study your replies to this test and give you a frank analysis of your abilities. The filling out of this Creative Test, our analysis and subsequent training, have enabled scores of Palmer students to sell stories and photoplays. There is no charge for this test and you incur no obligation in sending for it. It is simply an expression of the sincerity of our search for new writers.



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Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your Creative Test, your 96-page book, "The New Road to Authorship," and full details of the Palmer Scholarship Foundation, which awards 50 Free Scholarships annually. I am most interested in

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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]



# Could She Love Him Were He Bald ?

ON what a slender thread hangs interest—Affection—*Love!*

She notices, for the first time, some tell-tale specks of dandruff on his coat, and that his hair is getting thin on top. What if he should lose it! Could she love him then—if he were bald—bald as Uncle Charley?

The very thought is a severe shock to her, for she has always been so proud of his personal appearance—and her own. Wherever they have gone together, the verdict of their friends has been, "What a good-looking couple."

But if he should lose his hair—if he had a shiny, bald head—she just couldn't stand it. Anything but that. She wouldn't mind a sweetheart or a husband, whose hair was gray, or even one with a red head—but a bald head . . .

Could any girl's romance survive *that* blow?

## New Hair for You In 30 Days —Or No Cost!

Don't let thin, scanty hair ruin *your* personal appearance. It isn't necessary.

If you are worried over the conditions of your hair

—if it is falling out

—if it is getting thin on top

—if your bald spot is growing larger every day

send at once for our free booklet, which gives you full particulars of an easy, simple home treatment that has grown new hair in one month's time for hundreds of people.

Don't say "It's too good to be true." Don't be skeptical. Don't doubt. Investigate. That's the only wise thing to do. It costs you nothing to find out what this treatment has done for others—what it can do for *you*.

So, mail the coupon now. Learn all about this marvelous, new treatment that produces such amazing results.

### Proof of Success

You are not asked to take our word in this important matter. We can refer you to hundreds of delighted people for whom we have grown new hair, after all other remedies failed. Read these brief extracts from a few of the hundreds of grateful letters, which are on file in our offices, open to your personal inspection:

"Your treatment so far is nothing short of wonderful. New growth started after three weeks. My fears of baldness are gone forever."—Angus McKenzie, Lakeview, N. J.

"The top of my head is almost covered with new hair. I have been trying for last five years, but never could find anything that could make hair grow until I used your treatment, and now my hair is coming back."—Tom Carson, Ohio.

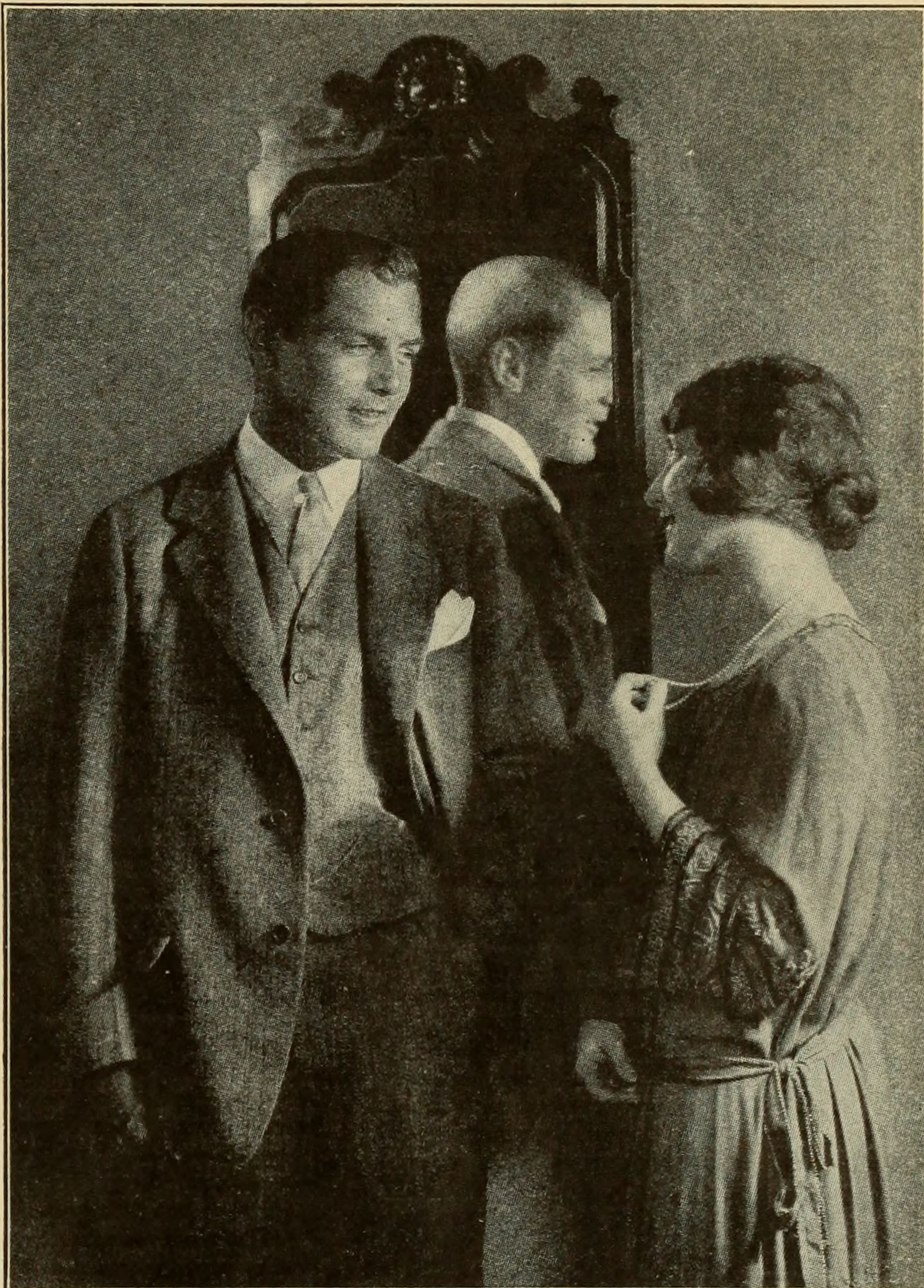
"Hair stopped falling out and quite a lot of fine new hair is coming in where my head was bald. Can highly recommend it."—F. L. W., San Francisco, Cal.

"Lots of hair is growing where I was bald. It was just as bare as the palm of my hands. New hair is coming again."—C. Fitzgerald, New York.

"I have gained remarkable results. My scalp now is all full of fine new hair. I am well pleased with results."—A. W. B., Maywood, Ill.

"A new growth of hair has shown on each side of temple where I have been bald for years."—Chas. Barr, New York.

If you want just such results as these people are getting—if you want to stop your falling hair—cover up your bald spots—improve your personal appearance—let us hear from you at once.



### Free Booklet Tells All

All you need do, to obtain full details of this easy, pleasant, home treatment, that grows new hair in thirty days or costs you nothing, is to sign and mail the coupon at the bottom of this page.

This interesting, 32-page booklet, not only fully explains our simple, scientific system of growing new hair, but it gives you positive proof of what we have done for others, together with photographs showing what can be accomplished.

Act promptly. The sooner you get this informative little book, the sooner you can stop your hair from falling out—start to cover up the bald spots—begin to improve your personal appearance.

**ALLIED MERKE INSTITUTES, Inc., Dept. 391, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York.**

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**ALLIED MERKE INSTITUTES, Inc.**  
**Dept. 391, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York.**

You may send me, in plain wrapper, *without cost or obligation*, a copy of your new booklet telling all about the Merke Institute Home Treatment for stopping hair from falling out, growing new hair and improving one's personal appearance.

Name.....  
(State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

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



## If Peggy, Why Not Roscoe?

Bennington, Vt.

It is announced that Peggy Joyce is going into pictures. I have no desire to stop her nor curiosity to see her.

But if this woman who has never been seen on the screen, whose performances on the stage and off have never been illustrious, and who was barred from pictures two years ago because she has been involved in so many scandals, can now become a film star, what good reason is there for any further suppression of the clean, joyous pictures of Roscoe Arbuckle?

His fame as a creator of wholesome and refreshing comedies is world wide. His films are said to have made him a member of the Chinese hierarchy, while in this country, in a popularity contest in 1922, he received more votes than Douglas Fairbanks, John Barrymore, Harold Lloyd, Eugene O'Brien, Wm. S. Hart and others.

With every vaudeville theater in which Roscoe Arbuckle now appears crowded to the doors with friendly throngs, it is the height of absurdity for anyone to say that the public doesn't want him.

M. E. K.

## An Artist Protests

It will be a crime against filmdom and the memory of Gen. Lew Wallace if Ramon Novarro is allowed to play *Ben Hur*.

As an artist and a movie fan I protest.

The Wallace *Ben Hur* was a young blond giant. The very nature of the tasks to be performed demands a man of magnificent physique.

I can assure Mr. A. L. Erlanger that "when all's said and done" he is not going to like that picture. Even with Mr. Niblo's incomparable direction.

Believe me, and I say it with deepest sincerity, I cannot visualize Novarro struggling to fit his small feet into the huge sandals of *Ben Hur* and straining his slender shoulders with the weight of the play.

M. STOCKING.

## Claire Windsor's Mother Writes

1042 Third Ave.,  
Los Angeles, Calif.

I have a clipping from the October number of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, written by "A Fan," saying that she has sent quarters to several stars for their photographs and has not so far received one. Claire Windsor was named as one of the stars.

Miss Windsor is very sorry if someone has not received a photograph and has, besides, lost her quarter. She would like to know the name and address of the writer so that she may send her a picture. The letter was written from Missoula, Mont., signed merely "Another Fan."

I wish to state that Claire Windsor's maiden name was Claire Viola Cronk.

CLAIRE WINDSOR'S MOTHER  
(MRS. G. E. CRONK).

## Girls That Boys Are Proud to Escort

Just a few words in admiration of Bebe Daniels and Norma Shearer.

They are, above all others, my favorite actresses because they are such normal, wholesome girls. Not only are they exquisitely beautiful but they are aristocratic. They are the sweet, wellbred, conservative type of girl that boys are proud to take to their fraternity dances and introduce to "the brothers."

# 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.*

Never have I seen either of these girls act as though they were acting. Both are natural and unaffected, the way real girls of good family are in real life. What a relief from long-eyed vampires! And from too petite ingenues.

Also since seeing Rudolph Valentino in "Monsieur Beaucaire," I am more fervently than ever his admirer. He is now more than a mere heart-thrilling sheik. He has become a personage. Men laugh at us women for loving "Rudy," but it always sounds like "sour grapes" to me.

LEAH B. DRAKE.

## Holiday Greetings from the South

Knoxville, Tenn.

Here's Christmas greetings from afar,  
To every motion picture star,  
And all the lesser "satellites"  
That labor for us day and nights.  
I wish them every one success  
And worlds of future happiness,  
And only wish that I could meet  
Each one on Christmas Day, and greet  
Them with a gift, a wish, a smile,  
Or something that would be worth while.  
But as I'm not a millionaire  
And cannot be both here and there,  
My wish will have to do, I guess,  
So here's to you, and happiness.

NELLIE DINSNEY.

## Old Favorites and New

Jamaica, N. Y.

I notice that you have assured your readers of the return to the screen of Mary Fuller. That makes me very happy. I have often wondered what had become of her, for she was

one of my favorites. Thanks to PHOTOPLAY for bringing Mary Fuller back. I hope we will have a chance to see her very soon. I hope you will find William Powell and bring him back. I saw him last in "Under the Red Robe," a year or more ago.

I think the motion picture public, if it is really fond of a star, is interested in him or her ever after. I have always liked William Farnum and will welcome him back to the screen. I have missed Lillian Walker. I should like to see her again and often.

I am not an "old timer." I have my new favorites.

F. C. B.

## High Brow—Low Brow

Vineyard Haven, Mass.

Of course I go to the Movies, everybody does, high brow, low brow, and just us common people. We go because we expect to get out of them something we want, something we need, some amusement, and—consciously or unconsciously—for inspiration.

Do you think we audiences feel that the price of our ticket covers our obligation in the transaction? We don't, the proof being that we remember happily the stars and plays that please us, days and years after the show—like some book read and enjoyed, discussed and appreciated years later.

MARION GUERIN.

## A Soldier's Praise

Roosevelt American Legion Hospital,  
Battle Creek, Mich.

I am a constant reader of PHOTOPLAY. I can hardly wait for the next copy.

I want to pay my compliments for the collection of ideas about "What Is Love?" in the November issue. Miss Lois Wilson has written the best letter. May I extend to her my compliments through your magazine?

The greatest love is that of a mother for her child.

CARL ARMHEITER.

## Petrova and England

London, S. W., England.

You were so very kind as to publish a letter from myself in your splendid magazine. As this one concerns a matter very near my heart I hope you will treat me with the same kindness.

I wish to refer to the letter from Eloise Atkins, of Brooklyn, N. Y., in the October number of PHOTOPLAY. The theme of the letter was "Why Madame Petrova No Longer Appears in Pictures." I should so much like to say that Madame Petrova has a very large and extremely loyal following in this country. Although it is a long time since any of her pictures have been shown here one is constantly hearing, "If only we could see Mme. Petrova and Pauline Frederick again." We all like the dear old favorites, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Douglas Fairbanks, and we are growing attached to Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri and others amongst the newer favorites. I believe we English are fairly loyal and we cannot forget those we admired and loved in days past, and now see no more.

MRS. NESTA HARRIS.

## Another Petrova Advocate

Baldwinsville, L. I.

After reading Eloise Atkins' letter in your October number, concerning our beloved Petrova, I want to say it expresses my sentiments. I have watched and admired her for years on both screen and stage. I think none can surpass and few can equal her.

MAE L. SAWYER.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]



# Make Your Dreams of a Stage Career Come True!



**Ned Wayburn**

**Ned Wayburn—The Leading Authority on Stage Dancing—The Man Who Staged The Best Editions of "The Follies," including the "Follies of 1923" Now on Tour and Over 500 Other Musical Comedies, Revues and Vaudeville Acts—Will Develop Your Talents by Exactly the Same Methods He Used to Develop Ann Pennington, Evelyn Law, Marilyn Miller, Gilda Gray and Many Other Internationally Famous Stars.**



**Ada May (Weeks)**  
Starring in "Lollipop"

**T**HINK of it! A chance to train for a stage career under the *personal* supervision of Ned Wayburn—master of stagecraft—maker of stars—recognized genius of the modern theatre!

What a fascinating vista of success, wealth, fame, this wonderful opportunity opens up to you!

Imagine the joyous thrill—the tingling sense of achievement and power—that comes to those who, night after night, win the applause and praise of the multitudes!

Think what it means to be popular, sought after, feted, admired! To be honored in a thousand ways by public, press and friends! To have money! To travel—to see the world! To know the refinements of ease and comfort!

## Great Demand for Dancers — Salaries Were Never Higher

Yet to the boy or girl—the young man or young woman—who has the ambition and the proper training—none of these things is impossible.

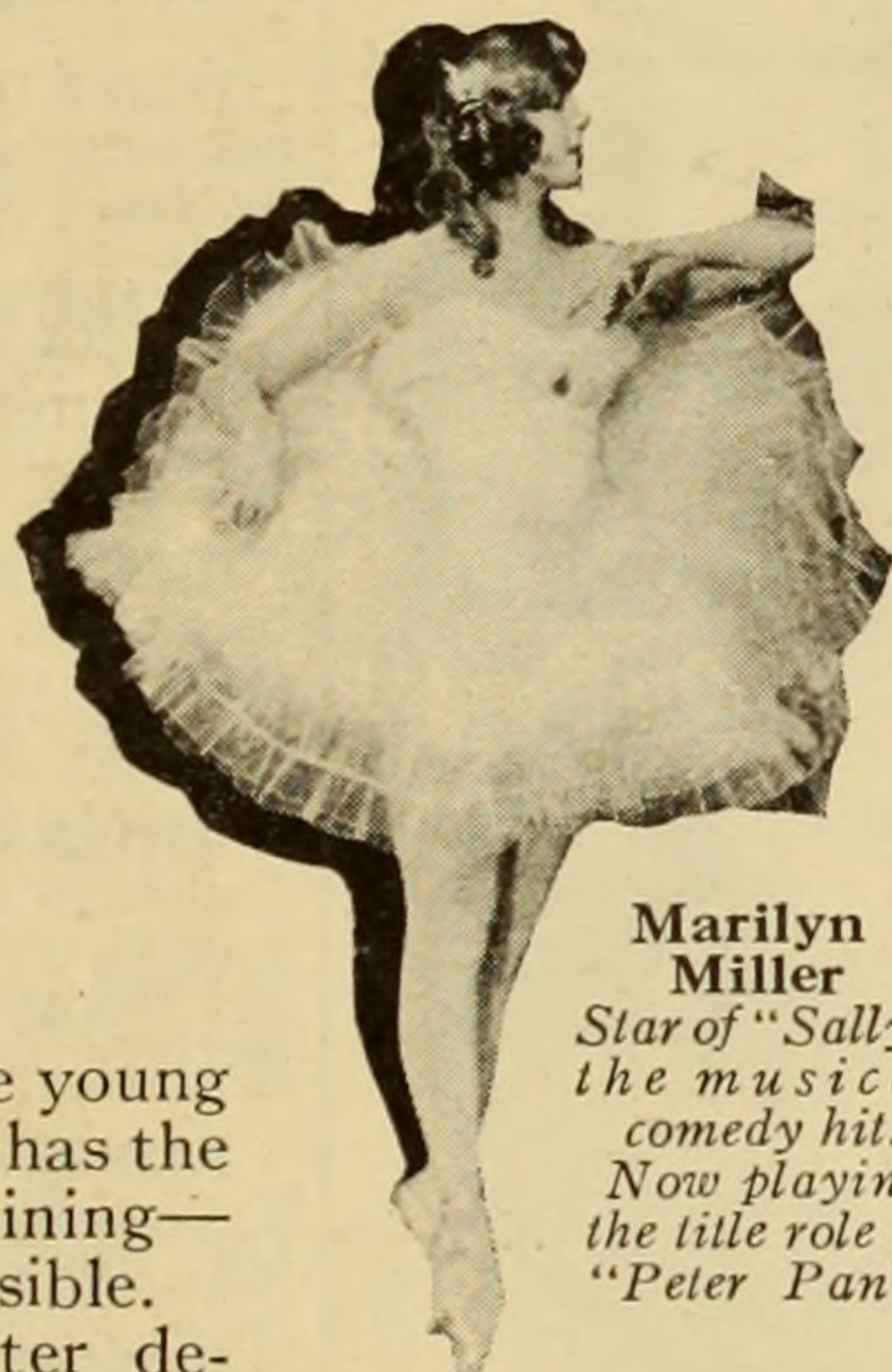
Never was there a greater demand in the theatrical profession for well-trained dancers. Never were the financial rewards higher than they are today. Producers of new musical comedies, revues, vaudeville acts and motion picture productions are constantly seeking for *new* talent—young men and women who have been developed to the point where they are *ready* for success on the stage.

It was to help meet this great demand that Ned Wayburn, who has discovered and developed more dancing stars than any other man in the world, opened his now famous Studios in New York. Out of his many years' experience as a producer

and theatrical director, Mr. Wayburn has evolved a method of developing stage dancers that is regarded as one of the wonders of the modern theatre.

## The Ned Wayburn Method

Mr. Wayburn wastes no time with old worn out theories of training dancers for the stage. He doesn't require his pupils to spend years in acquiring a fundamental technique that can be mastered in a short time. He *does*, of course, require his pupils to perfect themselves in foundation technique. But the method is his own—complete, yet marvelously simple. Knowing exactly what he and other producers want, he knows how to develop his pupils to meet these requirements in the quickest, easiest way.



**Marilyn Miller**  
Star of "Sally"  
the musical comedy hit.  
Now playing the title role in "Peter Pan"

*That is why so many dancers in "The Follies" and other Broadway productions are from the Ned Wayburn Studios. So high is the value placed on Ned Wayburn-trained dancers, that many pupils earn extremely high salaries, even in their first engagements!*

## Famous Stars Developed by the Ned Wayburn Method

The best proof of the soundness of Mr. Wayburn's method is seen in the long list of *celebrated stars whom he has discovered and developed.* Ann Pennington, Evelyn Law, Marilyn Miller, Gilda Gray, Fannie Brice, Ada May (Weeks), Charlotte Greenwood, Dorothy Dickson, Ray Dooley, Oscar Shaw, Elizabeth Hines and the Fairbanks Twins are only a few of the many internationally known stars who have had the benefit of Ned Wayburn's genius.

## Your Big Opportunity

If you long for the glory, the fame, the financial rewards that come

**Ann Pennington,**  
remarkably  
successful dancing star.  
Principal dancer  
in "The Follies"

with success on the stage, you should grasp this big opportunity offered by the Ned Wayburn Studios—*now.*

## Previous Experience is Not Necessary

No matter who you are—whether you have had professional training or don't know one step from another—whether you actually aspire to a stage career—whether you wish to fit yourself to teach—or simply want the glowing health and strength, the beauty of figure, the winning charm and grace that stage dancing gives—the Ned Wayburn courses will help you realize your fondest dreams.

*Remember, every type of stage dancing is taught at the Ned Wayburn Studios. Every secret of this fascinating art is made so simple, so easy to grasp, that you will be amazed at how rapidly you progress.*

## Send for FREE Book

It is impossible, of course, in this limited space to do more than hint at the many marvelous features of the Ned Wayburn Method. But in our new, illustrated booklet entitled "Your Career," the entire story of our method and courses is covered with a wealth of fascinating detail. This booklet is *free* to those who mail the coupon below.

If you are ambitious—if you long for a career on the stage—or for the health, strength and perfection of bodily beauty that stage dancing gives—you should have a copy of this booklet. Mailing the coupon places you under no obligation whatever. So fill in and mail the coupon now—*right away.*

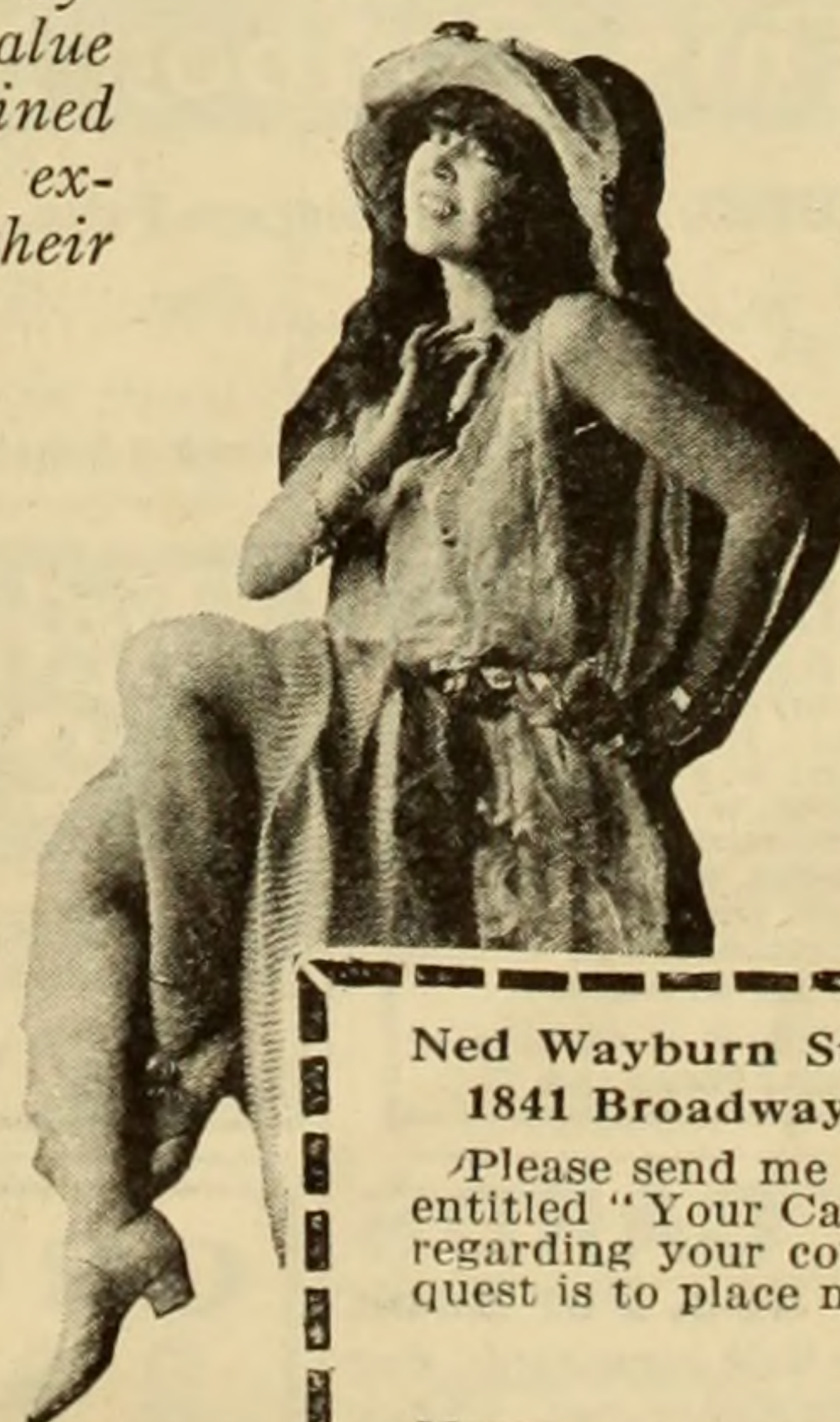
*New classes for adults start January 5th and February 2nd. Private instruction may be arranged to begin at any time. Children's classes every Saturday morning.*

## NED WAYBURN Studios of Stage Dancing Inc.

1841 Broadway  
(Entrance on 60th St.)  
New York City

Open  
9 A.M. to 10 P.M.  
Except Saturday Evenings and Sundays)

Telephone:  
Columbus 3500



**Evelyn Law**  
Sensational hit  
with the "Follies  
of 1924"

**Ned Wayburn Studios of Stage Dancing, Inc.,**  
1841 Broadway, Studio UA, New York City.

Please send me a copy of your illustrated booklet entitled "Your Career," giving complete information regarding your courses in Stage Dancing. This request is to place me under no obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

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



## Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10 ]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**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.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

**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.)

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

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

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



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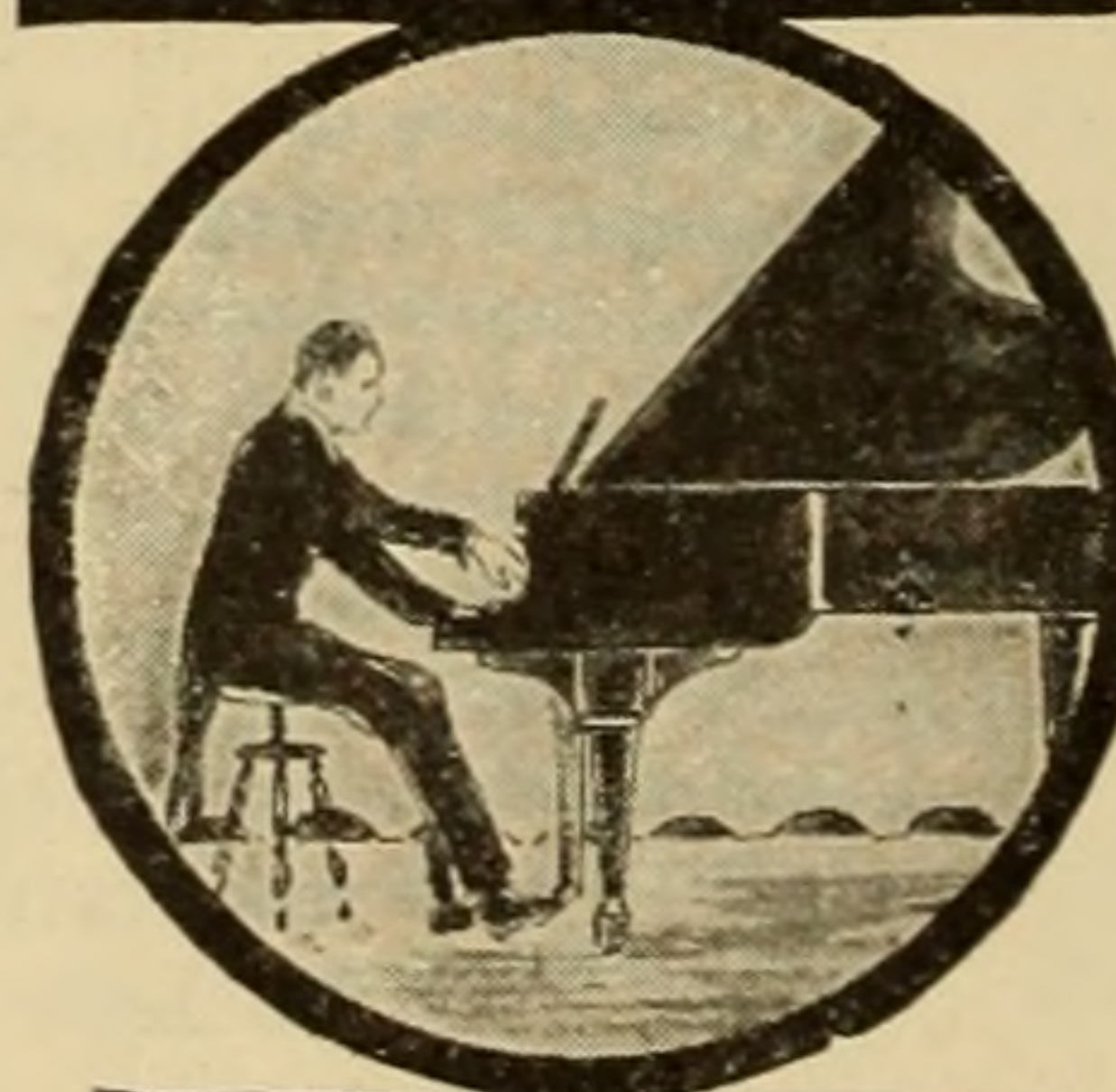
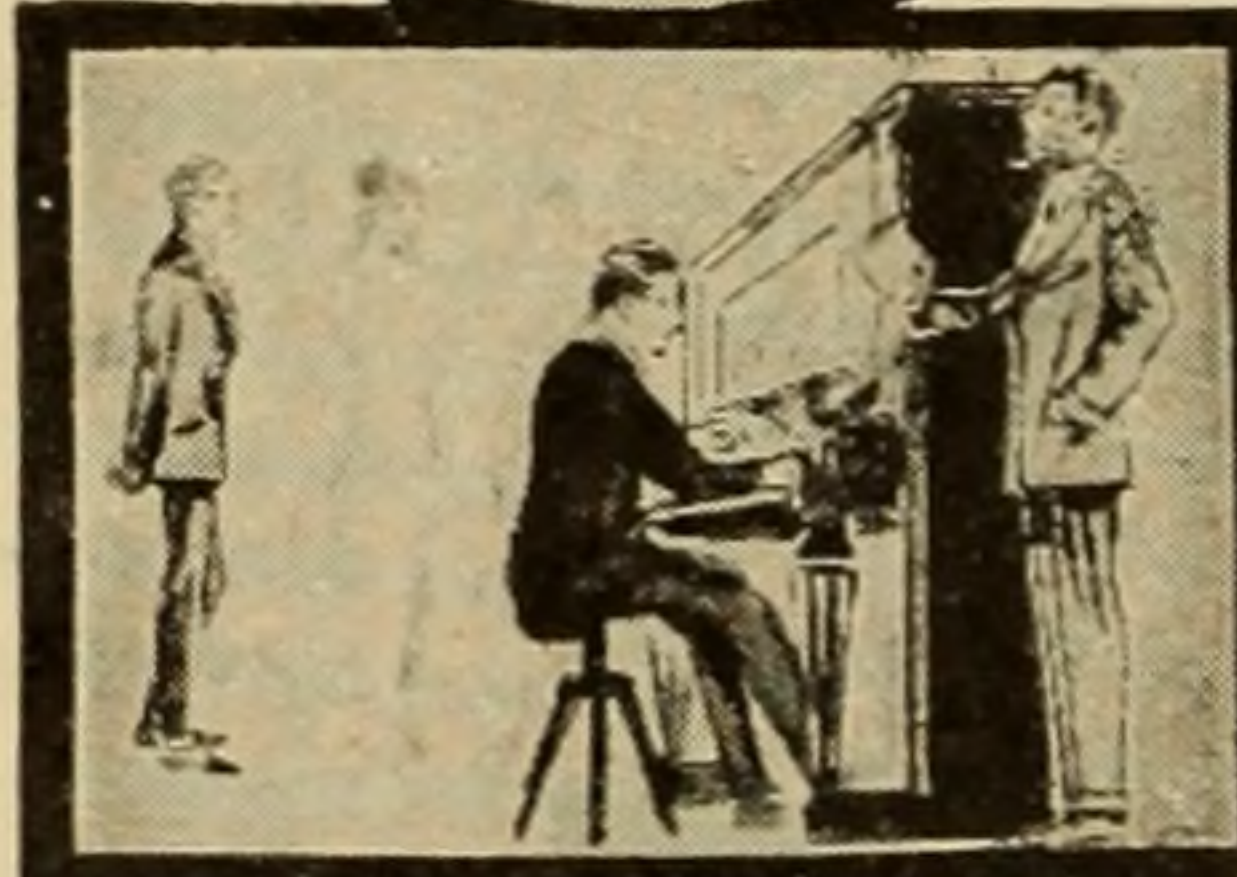
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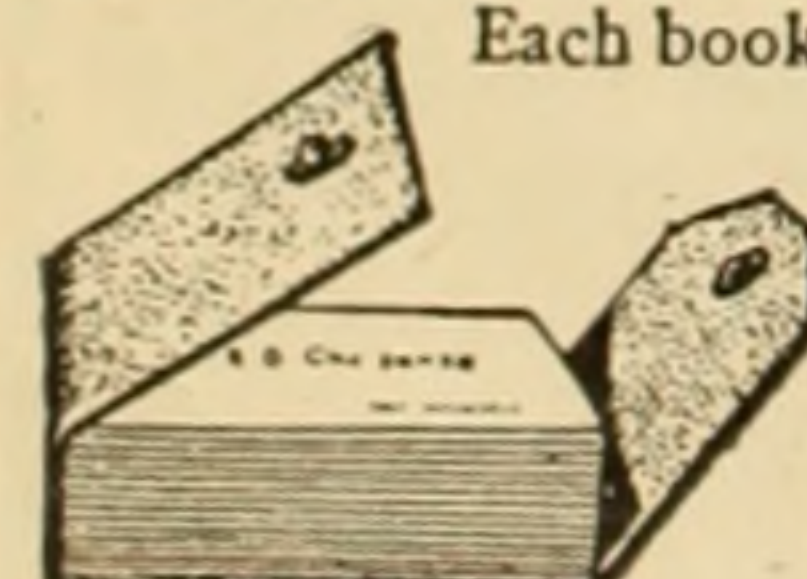
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**SINGLE WIVES**—First National.—Story of a wife neglected by business-mad husband. Saved by Corinne Griffith's acting. (October.)

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

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

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

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

**STORY WITHOUT A NAME, THE**—Paramount.—There is enough action crowded into six reels to make at least several exciting scenes. Taken from PHOTOPLAY'S prize contest story. (December.)

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

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

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

**TELEPHONE GIRL, 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.)

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

**TESS OF THE D'UBERVILLES**—Metro.—Reaches the screen minus most of its vitality. Both leading characters poorly done. (October.)

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

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

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

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

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

**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.)

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

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

**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.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 16 ]

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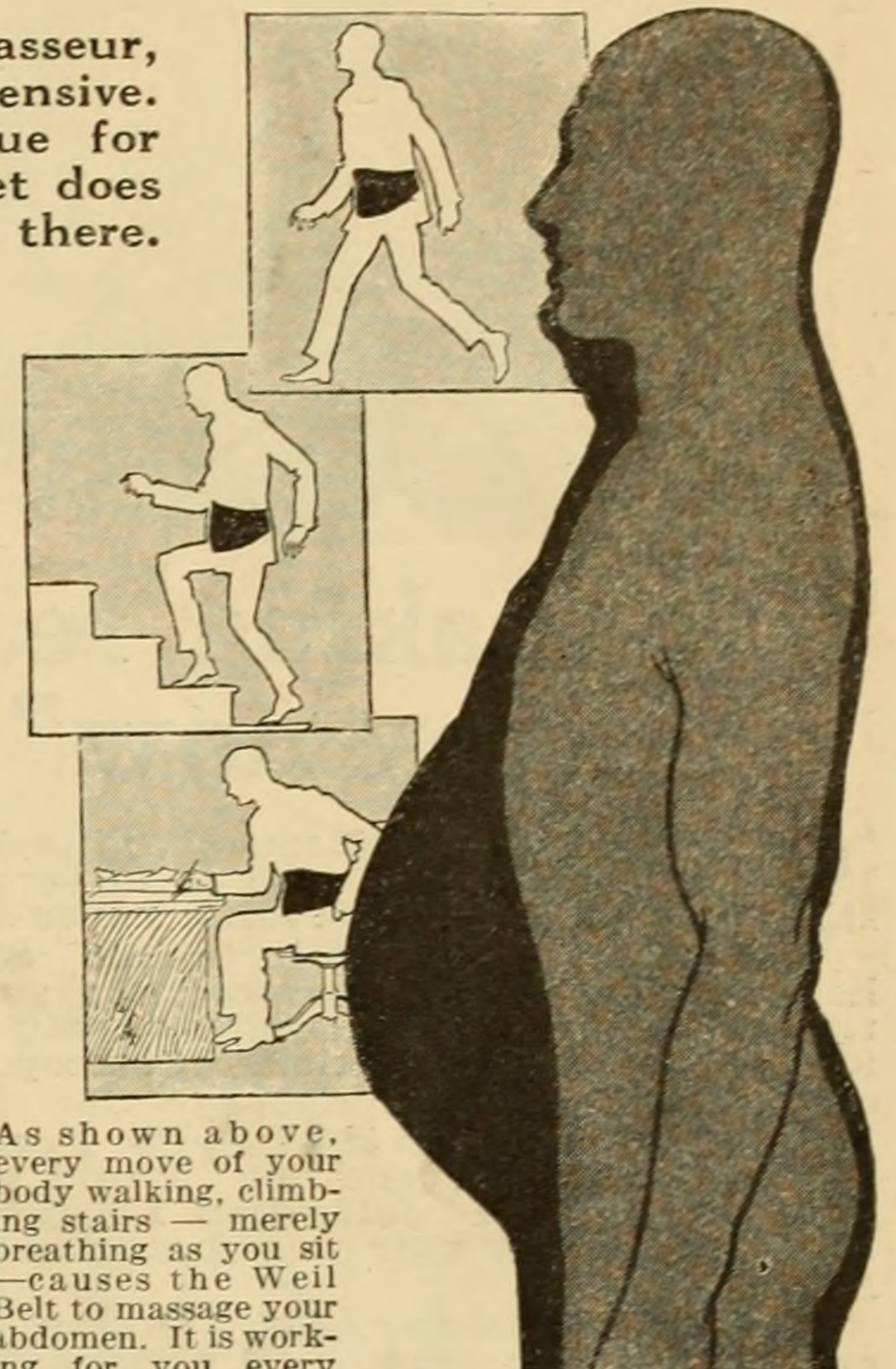
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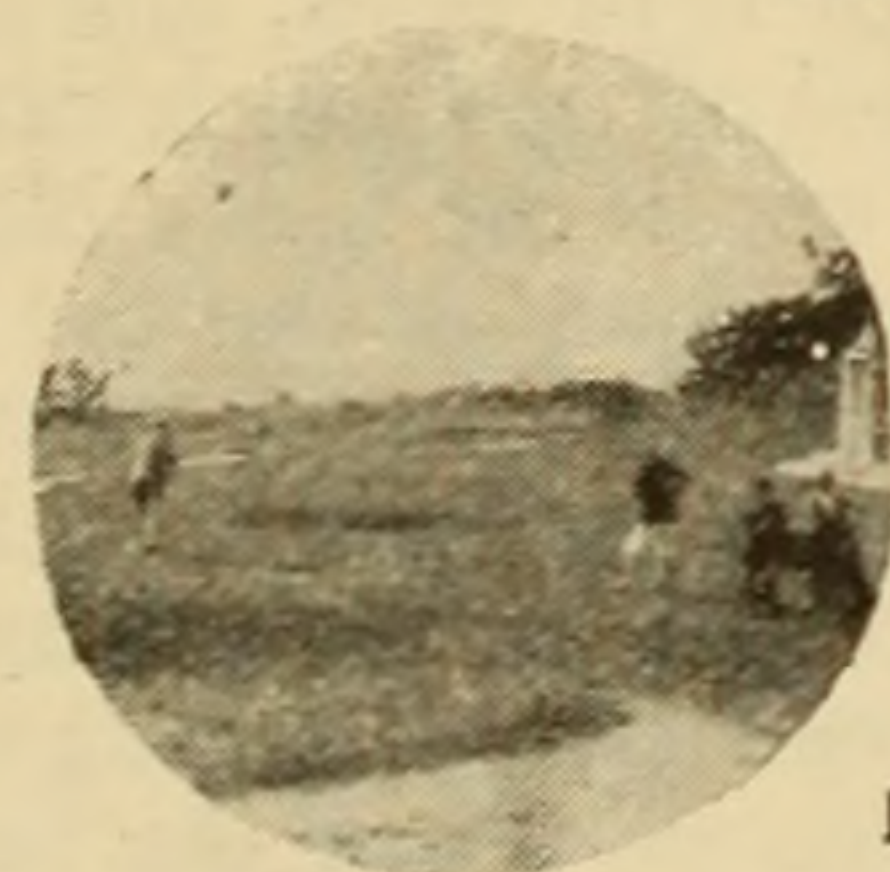
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## Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15 ]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12 ]

### The Finest Title

Topeka, Kan.

I have just read in an autumn issue of PHOTOPLAY the letter signed "An English-woman," in which the writer declares that no comparison can be made between "royalty" and a screen actress. I quite agree with her, for I know no title that means half as much as the Yankee phrase "America's Sweetheart," which Mary Pickford holds.

ROY T. FRAZIER

### When Nurse Meets Nurse

Kansas City, Mo.

Within the last week I have seen the screen version of Mary Roberts Rinehart's "K," and it caused within me a great desire for expressing my opinion on a matter which seems rather important from my immature and inexperienced viewpoint. I have noticed lately a tendency on the part of the directors to hurriedly slur over the details of their pictures, and the two outstanding examples of this which came before my eyes in "K" were: the fancy high-heeled slippers worn by the nurses, and the fly which persistently and quite visibly crawls over Miss Valli's uniform while she is within the hospital. The author was a trained nurse. Now I may be a bit provincial, but during the last fifteen or twenty years my home has been in Baltimore, Washington, D. C., Pittsburgh, New York City, and Kansas City, Mo., and within the rules and regulations of none of the hospitals in these cities have I found provisions made for dress-slippers or flies, unless it be for the strict prohibition of both! Perhaps an effort to get a little wider and more thorough knowledge of the field which they happen to be depicting would not be amiss!

A. L. S.

### Regarding the Change of Ben Hurs

Hartford, Conn.

The substitution of Ramon Novarro for George Walsh in the title rôle of "Ben Hur" is a piece of colossal stupidity on the part of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Mr. Walsh is, in every respect, suited to the rôle. He is the only actor on the screen who possesses the almost superhuman strength and muscularity that belonged to the *Ben Hur* of Lew Wallace's novel. That he is sufficiently handsome no one will deny. As for the acting, *Ben Hur* does not make great demands on an actor. It is, after all, a straight "hero" part,

and falls easily within the scope of Mr. Walsh's powers.

Now let us look at Mr. Novarro. A stripling as *Ben Hur*! His physique is absurdly inadequate for the hero of the slave galley and the chariot race. He is of barely medium height, his face is delicate and boyish, his personality is anything but virile—in short Mr. Novarro is, in every detail, the exact opposite of *Ben Hur*.

Unless PHOTOPLAY has misinformed its readers, Mr. Walsh has been treated dishonorably. I wish I could convince him that he has lost nothing in public esteem, through this action of his employers; and I wish I could make him know how many there are who still believe that Miss Mathis' faith in him, and our faith in him, will yet be justified.

IRIS DE LA MARR.

### A Voice from the Vast Majority

Holbrook, Mass.

I am one from that "vast majority" of families whose income is under \$2,500, of whom you write. We support the motion picture industry. Neither I nor any of my associates knows life as the scenarists write of it. Either they have never lived as a family must live on forty-five dollars a week or they have conveniently forgotten the true circumstances. It is true that a picture exact in every detail of actual occurrence would be flat, but it contains its strongest appeal when we discover that it is probable within ourselves and our own environment. I believe he is the most worthy scenario writer who adapts true life to the studio equipment. Him I hail as a genuine artist.

As has been said, the public is fickle and probably at most times does not know what it really wants in regard to pictures or to picture players. There is an audience for "better pictures," another for the movies as they are, and still another that always craves something more daring or novel in naughtiness. No doubt there are producers for each of these classes. But efforts towards betterment seem to be decidedly limited. Possibly the most feasible plan suggested is that of an organized cooperative plan among writers, producers, exhibitors and advertising mediums.

Theaters playing two feature pictures to a program could, it seems to me, offer entirely different types of story without injuring their box office receipts.

It may help a little if those in the motion picture business know what some of us are thinking.

JAY WINFIELD



**Thanks, Florence**

Lexington, Mo.

I have been taking PHOTOPLAY for several years and I think it gets better all the time. I wouldn't want to miss a single copy. It certainly saves time and expense for one who only wants to see the best pictures. I depend wholly on your magazine in my choice of pictures and I nearly always agree with your criticisms.

Thomas Meighan is by far my favorite actor. When his pictures are shown here or in Kansas City one must hurry through dinner and go early to get a seat. Sometimes his story is not good, but his acting is always fine.

FLORENCE LANKFORD.

**A Clerk at a Thousand a Week**

Boston, Mass.

I like the idea that the lady from Boston expressed in this department of having little articles in PHOTOPLAY, by old-time stars like Marguerite Clark and Edith Story, about what they are now doing and what they think of the movies of today.

I wonder why so many people criticize the life movie stars lead. Give the average office clerk a thousand a week and popularity and see what happens to his otherwise spotless life. As long as a person has beauty, money and popularity his efforts to enjoy himself are going to be criticized. While most of us criticize, we secretly envy others their good times. That is why you never heard of anybody ever turning down a chance to get into the movies.

A. HALLAM.

**Varying Views**

New York, N. Y.

To critics all:

You may as well put away your little hammers. Rudy is back and we shall see that he stays. Don't worry about his losing his fascination for women. We are all at the feet of the graceful, sparkling, appealing "Beaucaire."

He is not "trying to act." He is doing subtle and compelling acting. No other person on the screen except John Barrymore is capable of even one of the clever and expressive gestures with which Valentino conveys so much.

M. L. S.

St. Louis, Mo.

Why the endless discussion of the respective merits of Rudolph Valentino and Ramon Novarro? Why not let me end it by the order of seniority? Valentino is the king of sheiks and Novarro is the prince.

MAUD FILKINS.

Rutland, Vt.

I believe that Rudolph Valentino's fans want to see him in his original kind of rôles. The wicked glance, the passionate manner, which he conveys in such a delectable way. Some actors need costumes of a romantic period to put them across. Rudy needs only what nature gave him, a wonderful smile and those eyes. Give us back our old sheik and let us be happy.

MADGE RICHARDS.

Shreveport, La.

Still people flock to see Valentino. I suppose it is because he is a good dancer. And because he was one of the first of his type on the screen. He is my idea of nothing at all. Just to see him on the screen irritates me. He certainly can't act. His face is practically expressionless.

SHIRLEY MORROW.

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**B**EAUTY means something more than bright eyes — a beautiful skin —

But it is through things like these that beauty speaks; without them, beauty is imprisoned — dumb.

Haven't you known some woman whose gay, charming spirit was hidden forever from the world behind a dull, unattractive exterior — dull eyes, dull hair, a dull, faded complexion?

**Y**OUR skin was meant to be bright and beautiful. If you haven't a complexion you can be proud of — clear, smooth, flawless — begin today to make it so! Each day your skin is changing; old skin

*For ten cents,  
a guest-size set  
of three famous  
Woodbury skin  
preparations!*

dies and new takes its place. Give this new skin, as it forms, the right care, and you can transform your complexion.

Blackheads, blemishes, will vanish. Your skin will have a fresh, clear color, instead of looking sallow and faded. The texture will become smooth, firm, velvety.

Do you know just the right method of taking care of your particular type of skin?

Look in the booklet that comes

around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and there you will find the famous Woodbury skin treatments for each different skin need. These treatments are based on the best scientific knowledge of the day, and are clear and simple to follow.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin tonight the right treatment for your skin. You will be surprised and delighted at the improvement that will follow.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts a month or six weeks. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

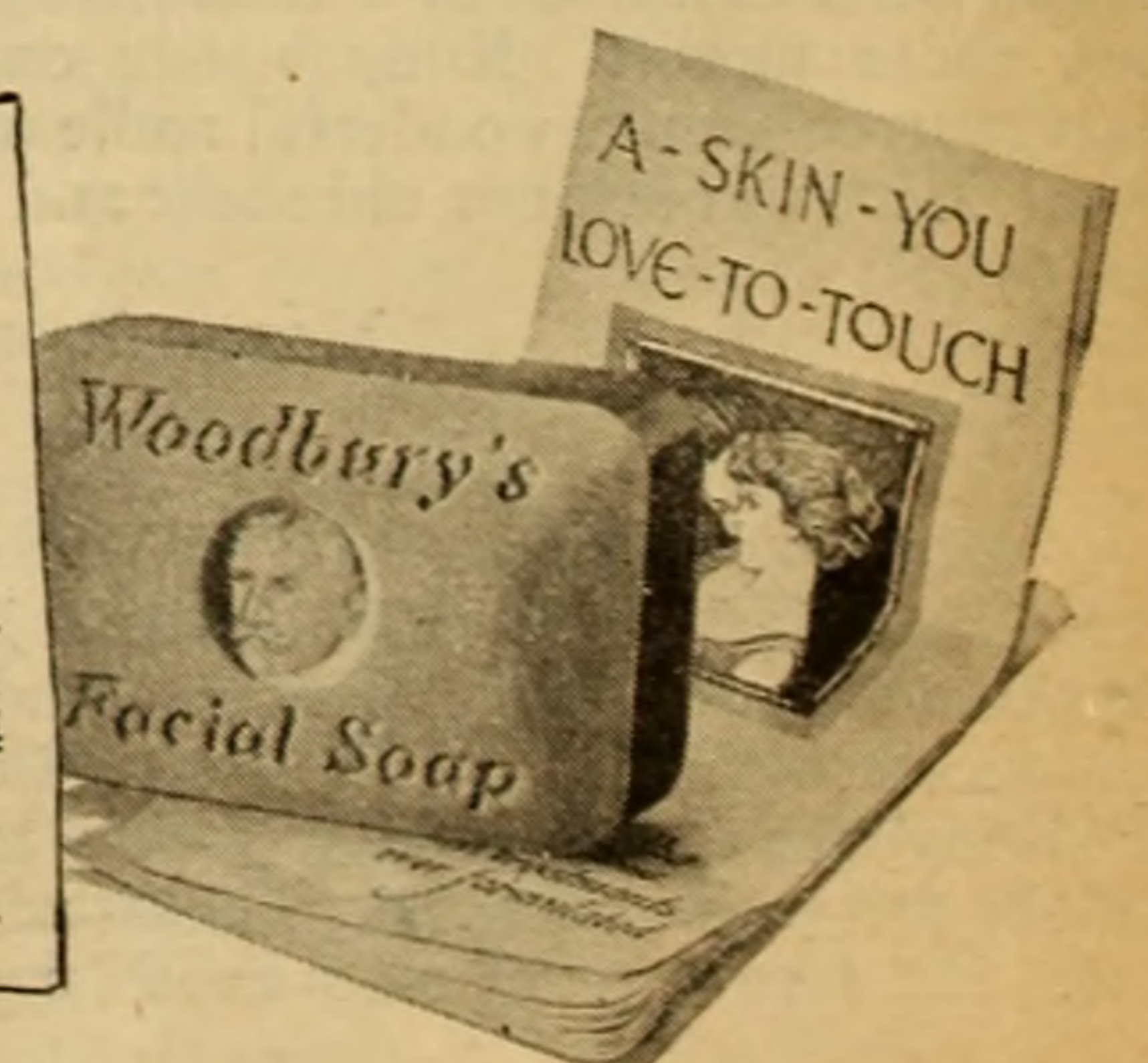
*Cut out this coupon and send it to us today!*

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.,  
501 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio  
For the enclosed 10 cents — Please send me —

A trial-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap,  
samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and  
Facial Powder and the treatment booklet,  
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If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited,  
501 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. English Agents:  
H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4

Name ..... Street .....  
City ..... State .....







## *New Pictures*

FRANCES TEAGUE'S grandfather was a railroad fireman, her father is a prominent railroad official and Frances won a long-time contract by her work in a railroad picture, "The Iron Horse." She was featured in four of her first five pictures. We don't believe that grandpa ever speeded the old locomotive that fast





Russell Ball

JOSEPH TALMADGE KEATON was looking straight into the camera—poor picture work. But Aunt Connie Talmadge was smiling at the “little birdie,” which shows she’s had experience before the camera. She is using it at present in making “Learning to Love”





Russell Ball

**N**OT Nazimova but Colleen Moore claims your attention on this page. Her continued upward progress makes her one of the screen's most intriguing personalities. In "So Big" she eclipses her previous record. Just about what she does in each succeeding picture





Edwin Bower Hesser

CONSTANCE WILSON, Lois' sister, is becoming one of the most talked of younger screen actresses. Constance didn't wait for press agents. She did a bit in "The Covered Wagon" and a little bit more in "Fair Week." Then she married Ensign C. C. Lewis, Jr.





Pach Brothers

**A**LICE JOYCE announced that she would retire from the screen after she had completed "White Man" for B. P. Schulberg. She wanted to devote all of her time to her children. But along came Metro-Goldwyn and signed her to star in "A Man's World"





Edwin Bower Hesser

**B**ESSIE LOVE has one of the prettiest bobs we've ever seen and we've seen lots of them. She is now playing opposite Tommie Meighan in "Tongues of Flame" and how she is playing! When you see the picture you'll understand why it's easy to rhapsodize over Bessie

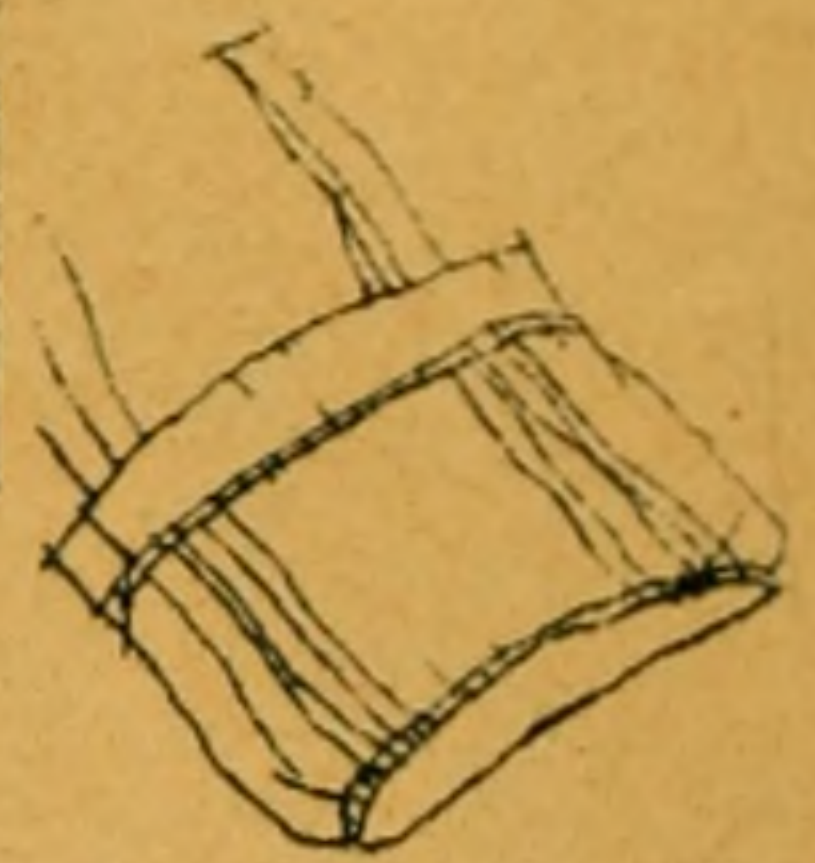
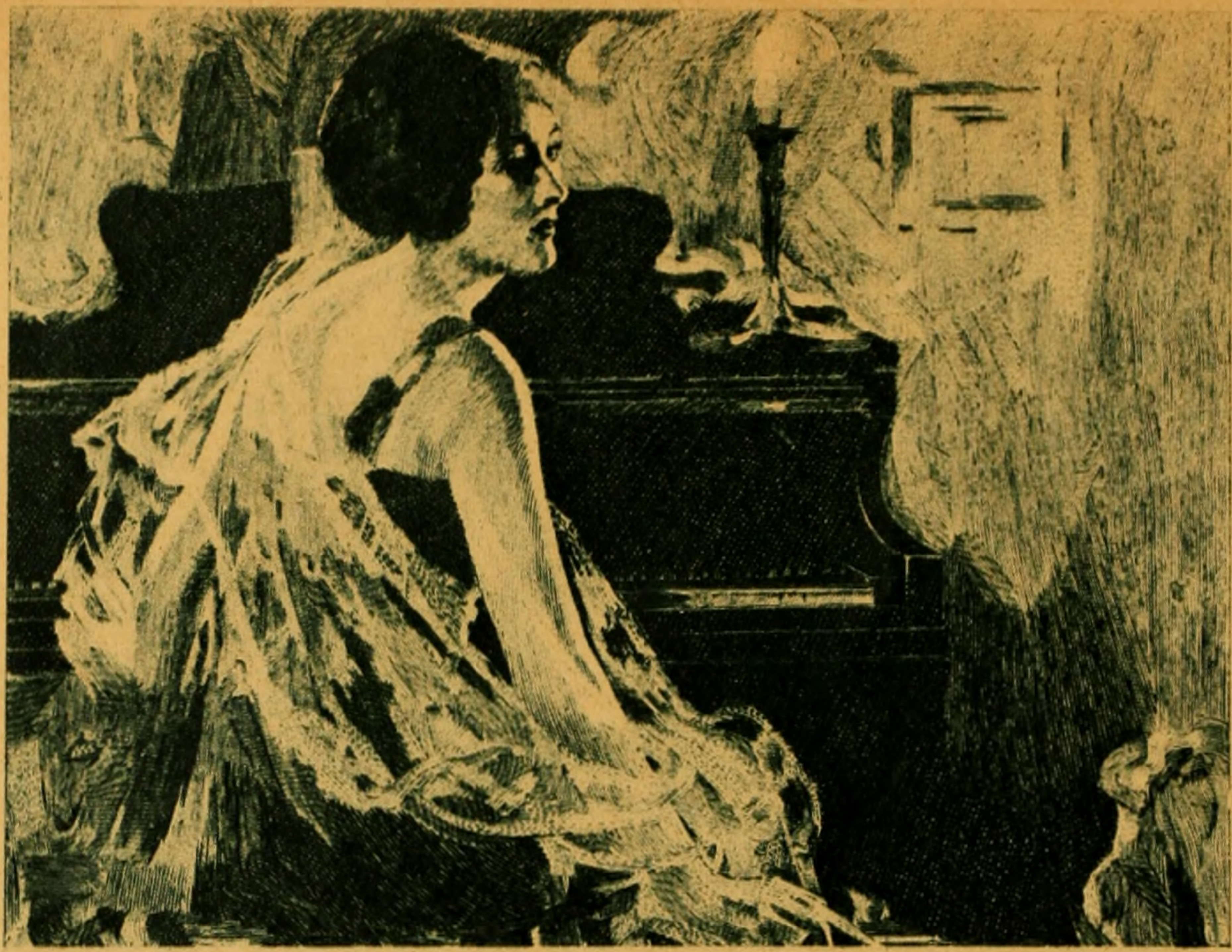
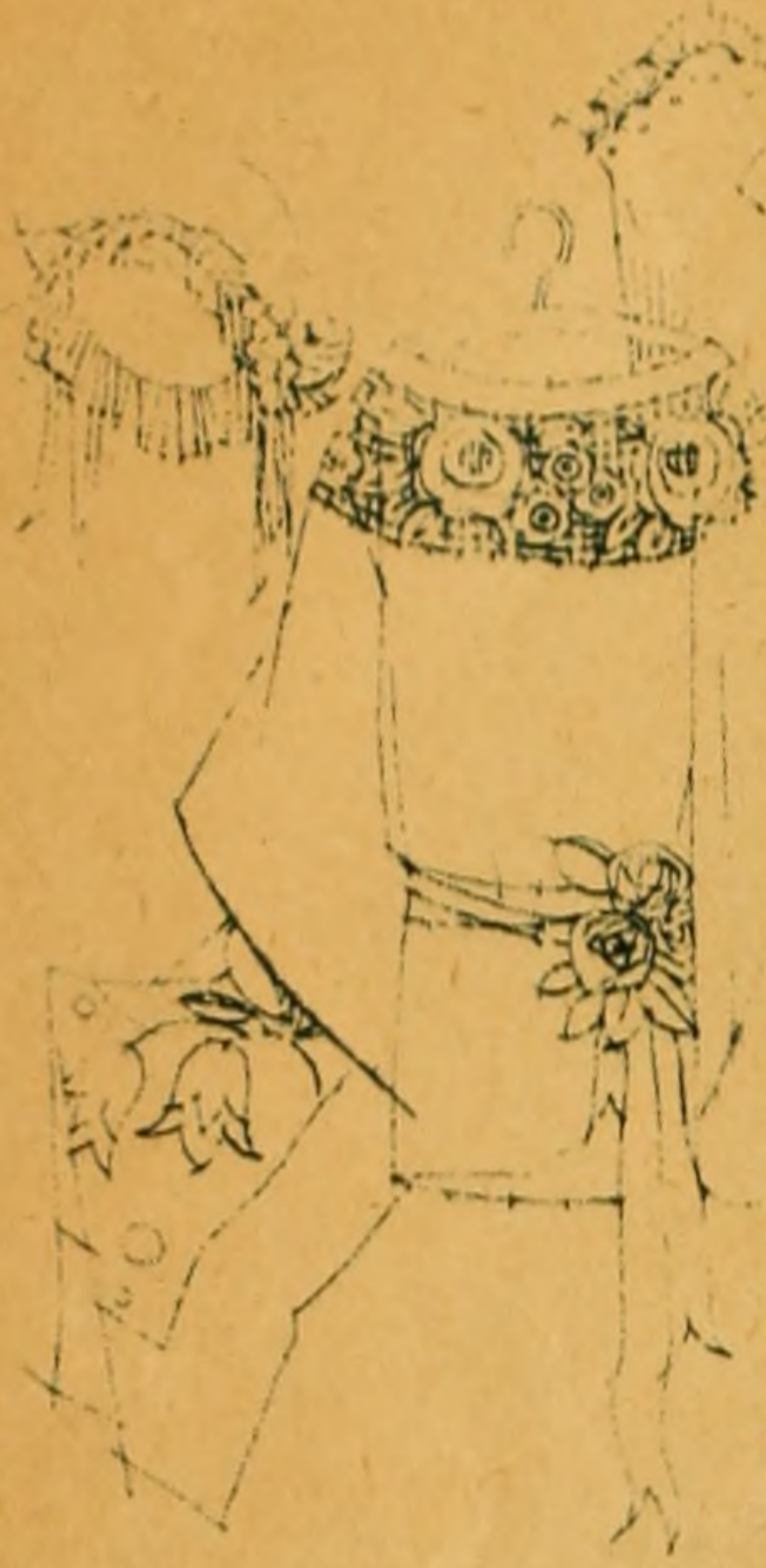




Melbourne Spurr

**T**HIS is the first picture we've printed of Mary Pickford for several months and the fans have written letters about our negligence. Well, they'll never see a sweeter picture of her than this one. And, we ask you, wouldn't it be a shame to bob that wonderful hair?





## Never let silk garments lie damp and soiled in a hamper

**T**HE delicate, filmy silk things that fashion requires today will soon become streaked and faded if treated like the cottons of the general wash.

Though worn but once and apparently unsoiled, silk blouses, undergarments, stockings, are sure to contain impurities which are ruinous to both colors and fabrics if allowed to remain even for a day.

Each garment should, therefore, be washed in gentle Ivory suds as soon as possible after being worn.

No, this is not a heavy task. Ivory suds, instantly made from Ivory Flakes or Ivory cake soap, cleanses fine things quickly—in just a few moments of dipping and squeezing.

Stockings need no ironing. If you cannot iron at once the things that do need ironing, they should

be laid away, fresh and clean, until ironing day comes. What a difference this treatment will make in their appearance and lasting qualities!

It is scarcely necessary to remind you that Ivory suds is safe for the finest things you own—harmless as pure water itself, for you already know that Ivory is the first choice of millions of women for the cleansing and protection of lovely complexions.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Let us send you a free sample of **IVORY FLAKES**

It will give us great pleasure to send you without charge a generous sample of Ivory Flakes, together with our beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," a veritable encyclopaedia of laundering information. A request by mail will bring a prompt response. Address Procter & Gamble, Dept. 45-AF, Cincinnati, Ohio.

### Helpful suggestions for the care of your lovely garments

To wash black silk, use salt in the suds, and tea or blue the last *rins*e very dark. Press first between thin black cloths, then again on wrong side of silk.

Woolen garments should be washed in *lukewarm* Ivory suds only, and rinsed in water of the same temperature. Extremes of heat or cold will shrink wool.

To wash lace, soak a few minutes in cold water, then drop into a two-quart Mason jar containing one-fourth package Ivory Flakes and one quart boiling water. Shake jar briskly until lace is clean, then put fresh suds in jar, place it on a block of wood in a kettle half full of hot water and boil for fifteen minutes.

### A conclusive safety test for garment soaps

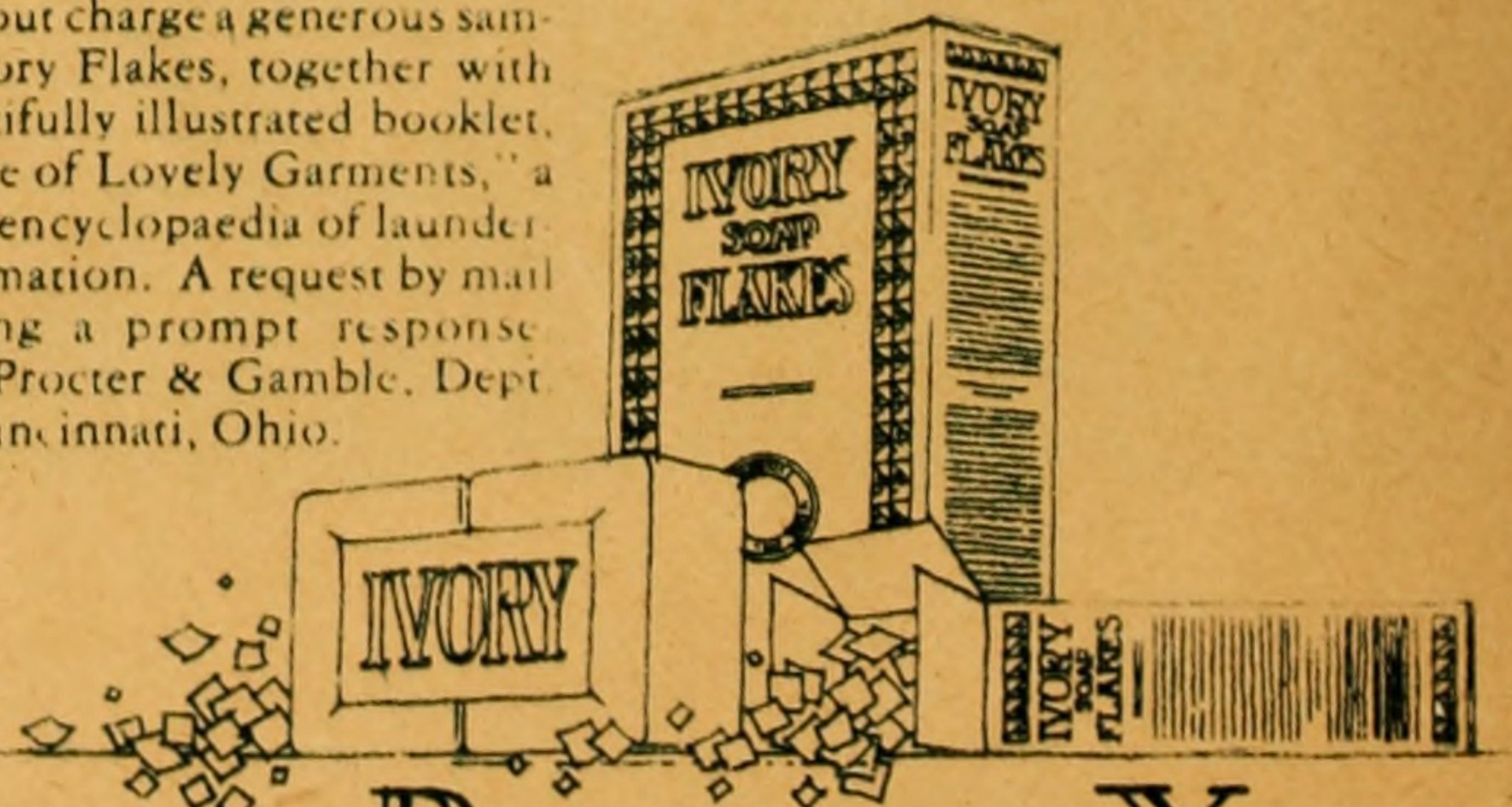
It is easy to determine whether or not a soap is gentle enough to be used for delicate garments.

Simply ask yourself this question:

"Would I use this soap on my face?"

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

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I V O R Y  
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# PHOTOPLAY

January, 1925



Gibson Gowland  
and Zasu Pitts  
as Dr. and Mrs.  
McTeague in  
"Greed"

## My Estimate of Eric Von Stroheim

By James R. Quirk

FRANKLY, I used to consider Eric Von Stroheim a foreign upstart, who when he had pleaded with Carl Laemmle for an opportunity and was given it, rewarded his benefactor with ingratitude. I resented his "Foolish Wives," and still do. I resented his insistence on giving us his continental viewpoint of the sex relationships. I resented the stark brutality of his screen treatments. I thought he was trying to glorify himself at the expense of the producers who entrusted him with their money. I considered him a *poseur* of the first water, a forty-five calibre egotist. But I have changed my opinion of the man. I must give the Von Stroheim his due.

Now I see that through it all the man has been fighting the whole motion picture business in an effort to express himself. His severest critic, and I have been called that, could never accuse him of any ambition to make himself solid with the producers as a good "commercial director." He wanted to make pictures for the sake of making them—"art for art's sake" in the finest sense of the word.

AN egotist, yes, I haven't changed my opinion on that, for egotism in one form or another is the driving impulse of every great accomplishment. But I think I have misjudged Von Stroheim's motives. Certainly his motive was not the accumulation of money, for today he is flat broke, without a swimming pool or a silver-plated megaphone to his name, living from picture to picture, without a studio to lay his head. He is the artist, living in the garret of the motion picture Latin quarter.

Only a man of this type would have essayed the translation of "McTeague" to the screen, and if the producers who financed him have any complaint because of the length of time he took to make the picture, or the

expense, they should realize that unwittingly they have become patrons of the arts. Much as it may hurt they will probably accept with motion picture modesty whatever praise is forthcoming on that score.

I HAVE not had the opportunity to see his "Greed," made from Frank Norris' great novel, "McTeague," because Metro-Goldwyn are trying frantically to cut it from thirty miles of film down to an evening's entertainment of ten miles or less, but those who have seen it proclaim it a masterpiece. Rex Ingram, in whose judgment I place confidence, tells me it is the greatest translation of life to the screen ever produced.

"McTeague" is a great novel though never a best seller. It is a grewsome story of life in one square block of tenements in the poorer sections of San Francisco. It is a large painting of drab color in which there are few spots of the sunlight of human kindness. Von Stroheim has chosen his screen title well, for it is a sermon on the futility of the lives of little people who spend their whole existence in a miserly anticipation of the "rainy day," shutting out every human emotion but greed.

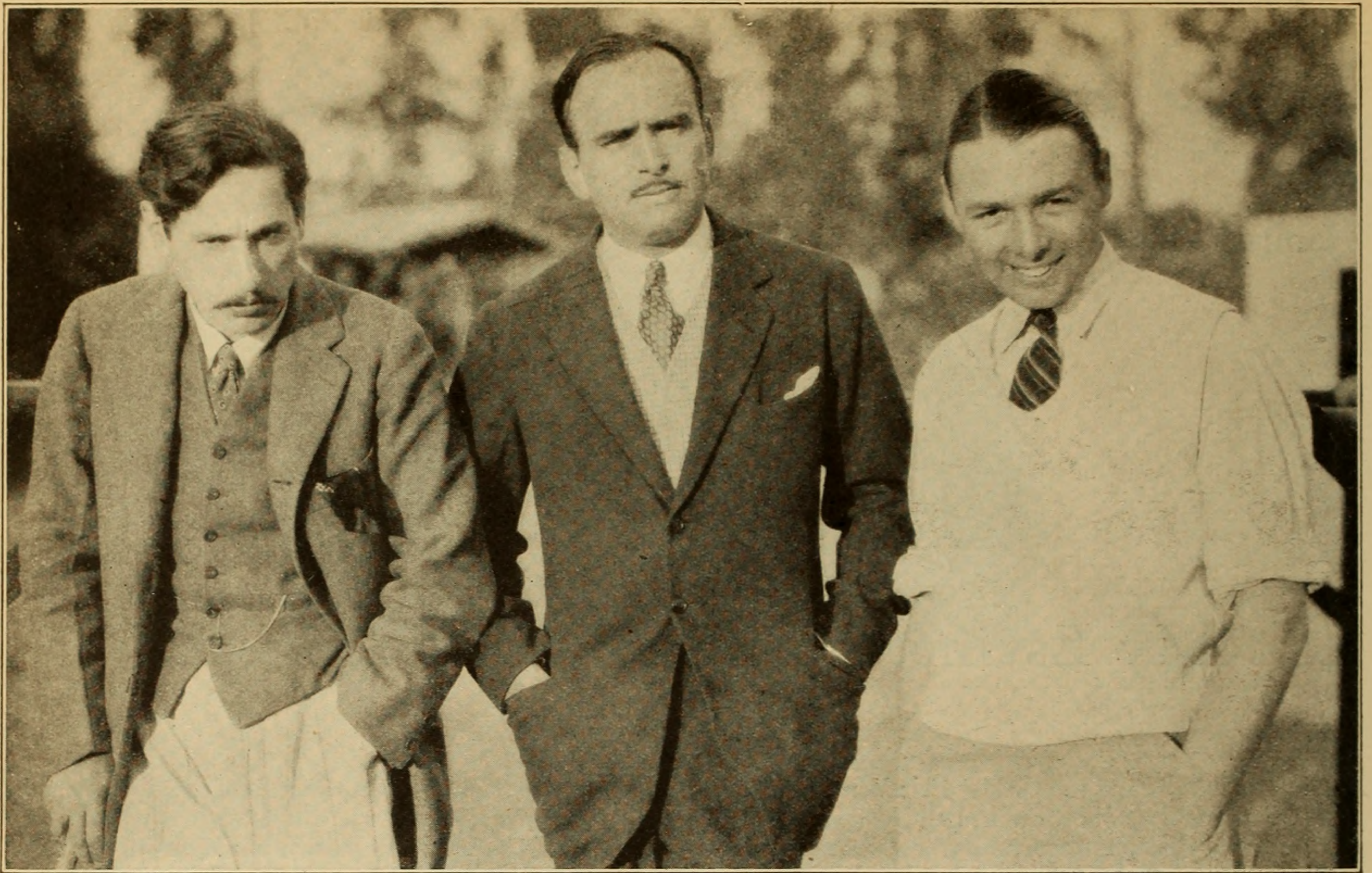
I am awaiting his "Greed" with more anticipation than is compatible with one who has seen almost every motion picture of consequence ever made, and who by this time should view "masterpieces" with the blasé air of a *boulevardier* surveying the ankles of a pretty shopgirl.

Von Stroheim will probably shock us again with the brutality of his picturizations. He will probably attempt to show us in detail the throat-cutting episode in which the money-mad Polish junkman kills his demented wife. I will not see it anticipating a delightful evening's entertainment. I will go prepared. But after all I do not have to see it unless I want to, do I?



Eric Von Stroheim





Three men who took a chance on a picture—Josef Von Sternberg wrote the scenario, Douglas Fairbanks bought an interest in the film, and George Arthur scoured around and raised the money to make "The Salvation Hunters"

# The Three Gamblers

*And such gamblers as Hollywood has never seen before*

IT is a true tale they tell in Hollywood when the sun is down and the lights are low. It concerns a young Austrian director with a streak of genius who made a picture called "The Salvation Hunters" for forty-five hundred dollars that bids fair to be the sensation of the year. It also concerns a young English actor named George Arthur who plays in pictures as a vocation, but who proved himself a financial wizard by avocation. He it was who raised the forty-five hundred dollars. It also concerns Douglas Fairbanks, as a patron of the arts.

George Arthur had struck a bad vein of luck. He conceived the idea of writing his own story and playing the lead in it for the very good reason that he could get no other work. He approached his friend, Josef Von Sternberg, the director of "The Salvation Hunters," and asked him to write the scenario for his picture, which George called, "Just Plain Buggs."

Now, Von Sternberg is the friend of Arthur Schnitzler and many other brilliant men, so naturally he thought that George Arthur was just plain bugs to submit such a story to him. He decided that he did not want to write the scenario for the story, and, as an alternative, said to George five days later, "I have a story that I have just written. It centers around a mud-dredger in San Pedro harbor, twenty miles from here."

Von Sternberg managed to get George to go with him to the harbor and there in the mud-bespattered atmosphere they watched with intense fascination a huge dredge with a bucket weighing nine tons taking mud from the bottom of a shallow river. Many derelicts of life gathered about and watched the

*By Jim Tully*

workmen also. The bucket went up and down, up and down at the eternal vigil of removing earth from earth, and always there was more mud, more mud, more mud.

The mud of life was everywhere, in the creased faces of the workmen, in the faces of the wharf loungers who watched—everywhere. Mud had permeated the souls of the men and it gave this young Austrian Jew his great theme. Arthur may have been just plain bugs in writing "Just Plain Buggs," but he was smart enough to meet high talent on a low highway that was about to lead him on to fame and fortune. He consented to raise forty-five hundred for Von Sternberg's idea, and not his own.

Indeed he was wise, for this sardonic young Jew knew what he was about. He was getting ready to place the ladder of fame against the house of life. And let it be recorded here that Von Sternberg, though very young, is old in the ways of pictures. He had climbed a long jagged road. He had assisted many a director far inferior to himself. A young Napoleon, he was obeying the orders of moron sergeants.

The Austrian looked about and found a young woman to play the lead. She had been an extra girl, one of those footsore and high-hearted and beautiful young wanderers, in and out of the tinsel of Yessirland. Her name is Georgia Hale. And she is a very great actress. She has the beginning and the end of acting at her finger tips. She does not act at all. She has poise, beauty, a subdued something, a pathos, that divine flair that one either has or has not, that evanescent thing known by the hackneyed word called Soul.

I watched her work in the picture. Charlie Chaplin and





*George Arthur in a scene from "The Salvation Hunters," which all critics say is a knockout. Forty-five hundred dollars is all it cost to produce it*

the wife of a director sat near me. The director's wife said to me, "She reminds me of Betty Compson." My rejoinder was, "She's a thousand times greater than Betty Compson." Chaplin overheard and said, "Yes, yes, she's very much greater."

Several casting directors should resign when they are given the opportunity of seeing Miss Hale's work. Perhaps Von Sternberg had something to do with it. But then, one cannot make a granite statue out of clay.

The story of "The Salvation Hunters" is that of a boy, and a girl, and a little child, and a male lizard of life and his woman. The boy is George Arthur, the girl is Georgia Hale, and the little child is Baby Bruce Guerin. The lizard's woman is played by Nellie Bly Baker, who did so well in Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris." And the lizard himself is portrayed by Otto Matieson, a Danish player of rare skill. A sinister man walks in and out of the picture and does his work with women, as sinister men always do, without regret. His name is Stuart Holmes.

Von Sternberg was ready with his embryo film masterpiece, but the money to produce film masterpieces always lags behind. Enters George Arthur. It was his job to raise nearly five thousand dollars. He portioned this amount into sixteen shares of two hundred and eighty-one dollars each, or four thousand four hundred and ninety-six dollars. He portioned out the sixteen shares all right, but he couldn't portion out sixteen people from the Hollywood population to buy the shares.

By a stroke of genius, he actually convinced Robert McIntyre, casting director for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, to buy a share. Everybody else ridiculed the idea of making a picture for five thousand dollars.

The young gamblers leased a studio for five days, used old sets which they

dressed themselves; and for this five days it cost them seventy-six dollars. They paid extra for the electricians and the light. The forty-five hundred, which eventually was raised by George Arthur, was only raised in small dribs. They could only buy four hundred feet of film at a time.

It came time for Stuart Holmes to enter the picture. The young gamblers wanted a NAME. Stuart Holmes worked all day, and through Arthur's friendliness with him, he consented to show his sinister countenance in the picture C. O. S. (cash on the spot). They gave him the hundred in silver dollars.

They couldn't hire him for the next evening, not having the next hundred, so they put his shadow through its paces in a way that only a pictorial genius like Von Sternberg could understand. Stuart Holmes may want to collect if he reads this, but perhaps Stuart also has a kindly feeling for art.

To make matters worse, Von Sternberg became ill with neuritis. Now, the young director of a wild dream has a hard time getting respect in Hollywood. It is the way of the world that even genius must prove over and over again before the leading citizens of Moronia will recognize it.

The Austrian Jew, brain on fire with a big idea, body worn from neuritis, groped his way about the sets and instructed the players, who, with but few exceptions, had no respect at all for him. Genius being a rare commodity in Hollywood, moving picture people should not be censored for not seeing it. The loudest and most blatant publicity horn

gathers in the ducats at the box-office. It is a huge circus.

There was five hundred dollars to raise, and Arthur had one more trump card to play. He went to the manager of a bank. He asked that mighty man to loan him five hundred, or buy two shares of him with which to finish the picture. The banker asked him to come to his house in Beverly Hills and see him after he, the banker, had come from [CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]



*Mary Pickford was so delighted with the picture that she has asked Von Sternberg to direct her next production*



# Just a few Little 1925 Resolutions



CONWAY TEARLE

## May Allison

I have sworn during 1925 that I will play a "bad woman." I am sure that I can be as bad as our *baddest* (on the screen) and I intend to live up to this resolution or die in the attempt.

## Betty Blythe

During 1925 I am going to swear off: playing bridge with quarrelsome partners, dancing later than the midnight hour, and swimming in imitation salt water swimming pools. Hereafter if I want my water salt I will go into the Pacific Ocean.

## Betty Bronson (Peter Pan)

It's only three years ago that I made my first New Year's resolution. It was a promise I made myself that I was never to say anything which could possibly be harmful to anyone. I think I meant then that I wouldn't repeat gossip, but each year since, when I have renewed my resolution, I have added a bigger meaning to it. So that's my resolution for 1925—not to say anything—or even look anything—which will make people less likeable than they were before.

## Lew Cody

I need more sleep and in 1925 I am going to make an exhaustive study of radio bed-time stories. This will get me to bed about nine o'clock. How-



NORMA SHEARER

ever, I think the broadcasting for the "sand man" should be extended to nine-thirty on Saturdays and every third Wednesday, as I will probably have the usual number of screen homes to ruin during that time in the next twelve months. Late hours and heaving go hand in hand in Hollywood.

## Bebe Daniels

To stop betting on my own golf game.

## Richard Dix

Resolved that during 1925 I will see more interviewers and make less pictures. I like what the writers have to say about me much more than I like myself on the screen.

## Jack Gilbert

Resolved: That I will never pick up a golf ball lost by another player until it has stopped rolling. The last time this happened the other fellow was much annoyed and I was greatly embarrassed.

## Julanne Johnston

*Via cable, Isle of Malta.* I have resolved to stay in America during 1925. Making pictures in Paris, Berlin, London and Constantinople is all very fascinating but I will be the happiest girl in the world when I see the old statue of Liberty in the offing and realize that sunny California is only a few days more to the west.



ADOLPHE MENJOU

## Barbara LaMarr

I hope to make resolutions as situations demanding them arise. A generalized resolution is like a wild colt—both are meant to be broken!

## Rod La Rocque

My business is to please the public and I'm hoping for the New Year that I can so perform on the screen as to make friends of those who still do not like me.

## Harold Lloyd

I hereby resolve not to get into Hot Water by being Girl Shy unless it is a question of Safety Last. New Year's resolutions are made to be broken, anyway, so Why Worry about making a list that will be laughed at by Grandma's Boy and Dr. Jack.

## Bessie Love

So far as I am able to learn I am the only girl in pictures who has never been reported engaged. I am resolved that I'll get a press agent who will have me married at least once a week in 1925.

## Ben Lyon

I'm going to shoot every reporter who reports me engaged until I send out the engraved announcement. I have only been reported engaged to twenty or thirty girls this year and if I don't stop these reports now I am afraid I won't be able to keep up my average in 1925.



JULANNE JOHNSTON



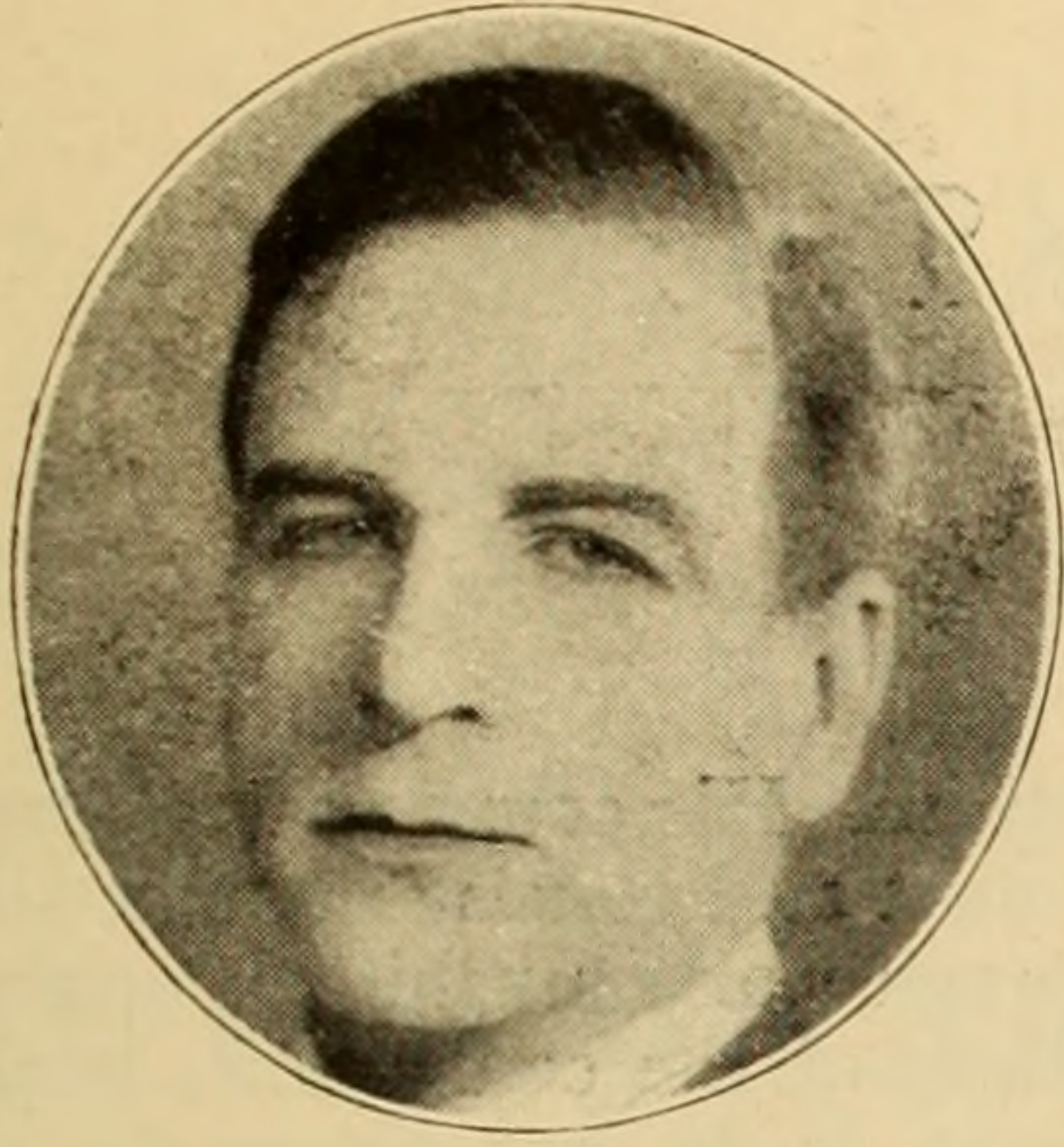
COLLEEN MOORE



BETTY BRONSON



# That Will be Kept—Perhaps



MILTON SILLS

## *Dorothy Mackaill*

Not to read any more signs on the backs of Fords. My sense of humor has degenerated into a horse-laugh. Besides, the darn things move too fast anyway.

Not to pose for eccentric photographers, I want some pictures that I can have reproduced without tremors, blushes, or the wrath of the Anti-Nudity Society.

## *Adolphe Menjou*

I hereby resolve during the year of 1925 to marry at least one girl in one of my pictures!

## *Colleen Moore*

Resolved not to announce my retirement from the screen for an operatic career. I like motion pictures too well and can only sing in English—if you can call it singing.

To withhold no longer the fact that I am desperately in love with a man by the name of John E. McCormick. . . . He happens to be my husband.

## *Antonio Moreno*

I have resolved not to scowl any more at the numerous waitresses who suggest "Spanish omelette" because they know my nationality. It doesn't do any good.



BEBE DANIELS

## *Pola Negri*

For 1925, I have made up my mind to carry on my work of becoming intimate with the people of my adopted country.

This year, I took out my first citizenship papers and the feeling that gave me was one of great satisfaction and contentment. I intend to do everything in my power to make 1925 a year of real friendship between myself and the people of my new country.

## *Norma Shearer*

I resolve not to get married during the coming year—unless the right man comes along.

Not to get arrested for speeding—unless I am in a hurry to reach the studio for an early call.

Not to buy real estate nor any cars. Not to insure my face or hands or feet with Lloyds.

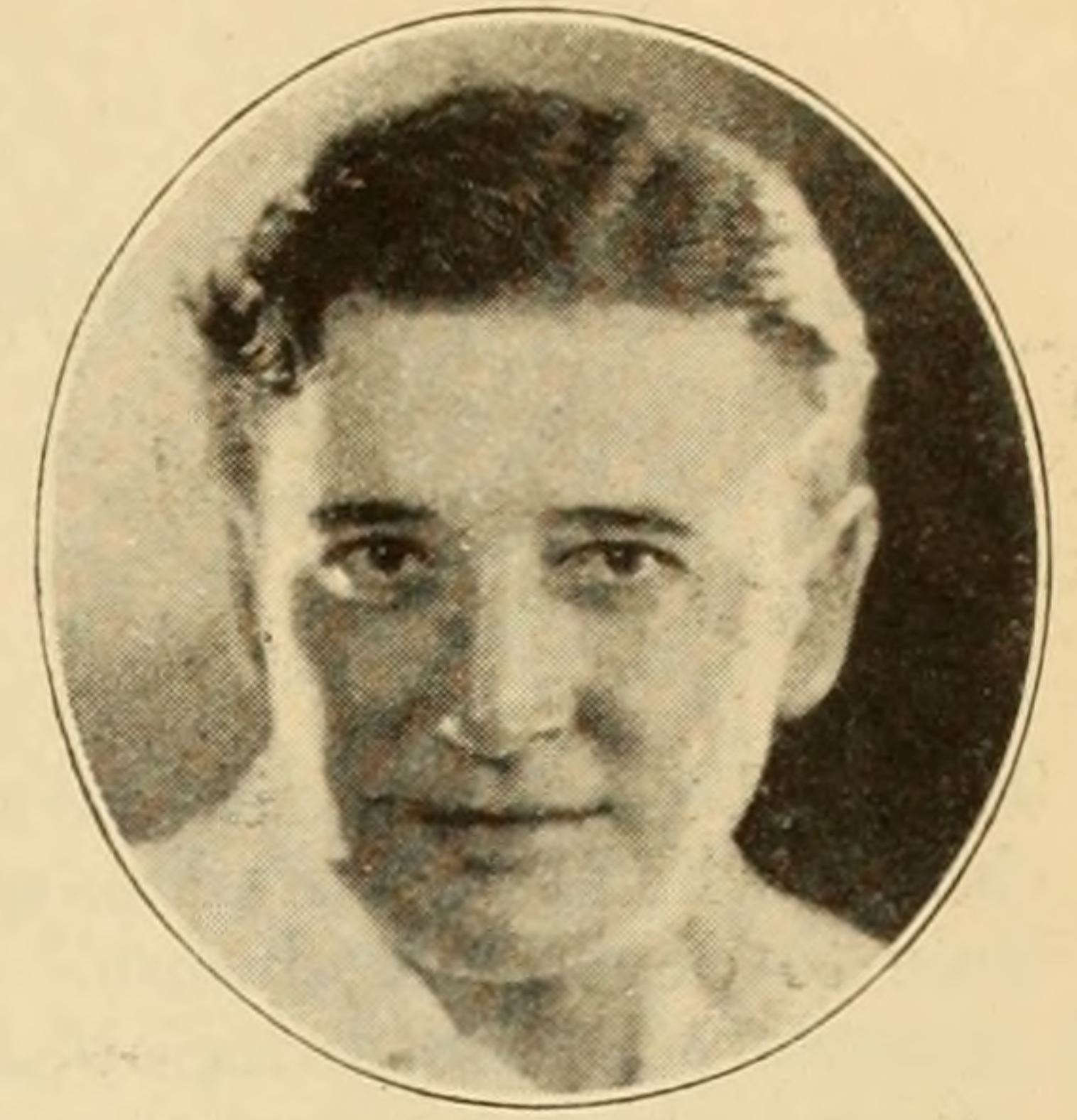
Not to be kidnapped and not to buy the world's most pedigreed dog, cat or elephant.

## *Milton Sills*

Not to tell my young daughter any more fairy tales. She has accused me of being a "fibber."

## *Constance Talmadge*

I quit making resolutions several years ago, but, if you insist, I'll resolve



RICHARD DIX

to keep on doing just what I've always resolved—to make bigger and better pictures.

## *Estelle Taylor*

I hereby declare that I will not allow the counsellor of public relations to announce my engagement to a well known world's pugilistic champion more than ten times nor to deny it more than nine during the coming year.

## *Conway Tearle*

To employ more than two fingers in scenes where I am called upon to use the typewriter.

To kick like a steer when the director wants to take more close-ups of me—but to yield gracefully upon second request.

## *Rudolph Valentino*

I had made a resolution not to make any New Year's resolution, but now that PHOTOPLAY has asked me for one, I shall have to treat my pledge as most other people treat theirs—break it. I, therefore, resolve to make two good pictures this year. If I don't, remember that I didn't want to make a resolution, anyway.

## *Lois Wilson*

I will not make any New Year's resolutions. I never have made any and I'm not going to in 1925. To me the making of resolutions is a sign of weakness. Resolving not to do a thing would not prevent me from doing it.



BETTY BLYTHE



LOIS WILSON



MAY ALLISON



# The Lucky Ones who Won

## Young Detroit Machinist Submits the Title that Wins \$2,500 Prize

**A** TWENTY-ONE year old machinist, who has devoted his spare time to developing himself as a writer, has won the first prize of \$2500 in the contest which has just closed, in which PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE offered \$5000 for a title for "The Story Without a Name," which was written for PHOTOPLAY by Arthur Stringer.

His name is Laverne Caron, and he lives at 19181 Danbury Ave., Detroit, Michigan.

The winning title is "Without Warning," and it will immediately take the place of the title under which the picture is being released throughout the country by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation—"The Story Without a Name."

Mr. Caron's reason for selecting this title was: "Because Alan's invention strikes its victims without warning; because foreign spies have conspired against Alan and the American Government."

To Miss Pauline Pogue of Uvalde, Texas, goes the second prize of \$1000 for her title, "Phantom Powers."

Her reason for selecting this title was: "In this story there are two powers—the power of radio, and the power of love, both of which are phantom."

Asked what he intended to do with the prize money, Mr. Caron wired the editor of PHOTOPLAY the following:

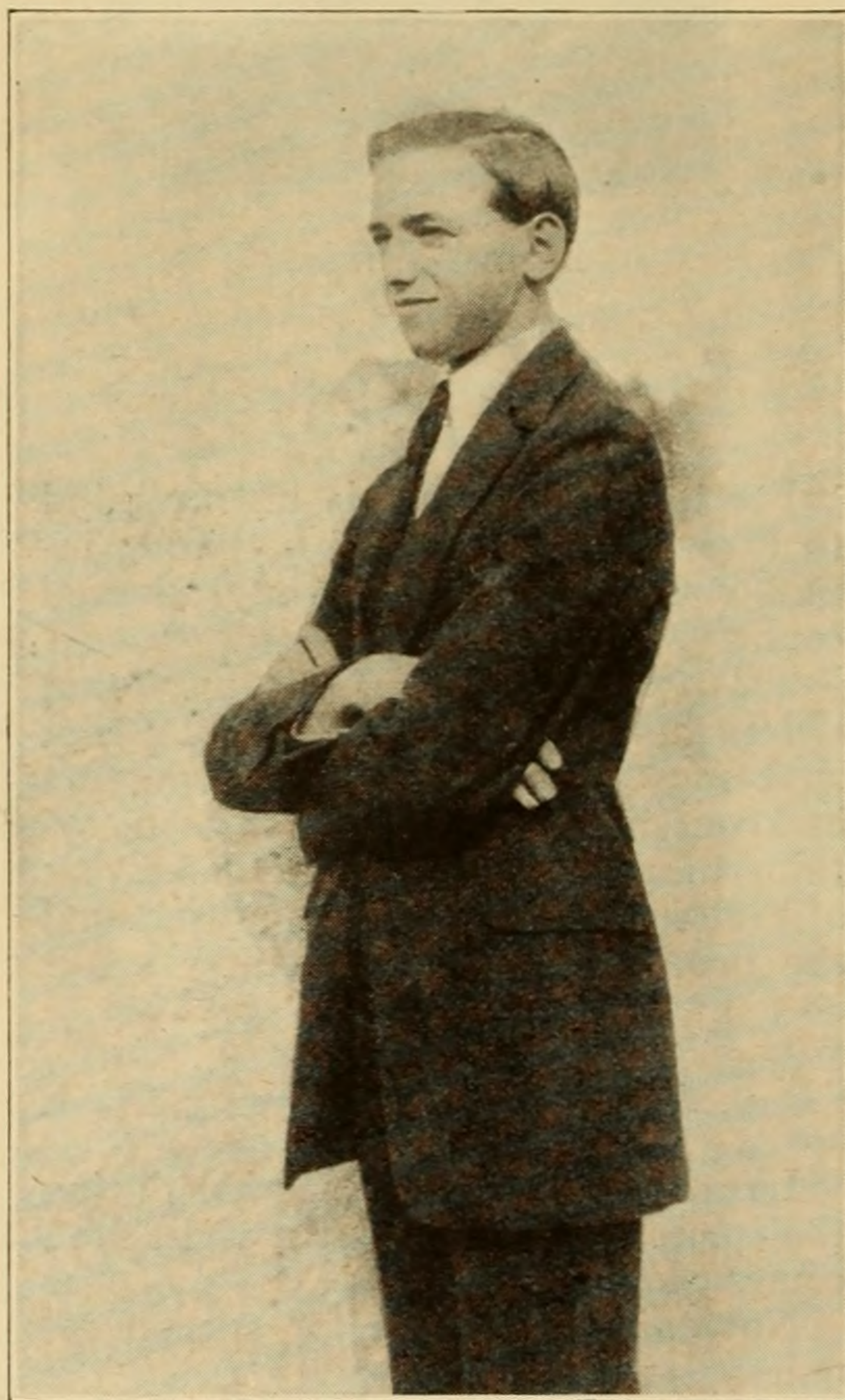
"Success in this contest makes it possible for me to discontinue factory work on a boring machine, and devote myself to the task of developing whatever writing ability I have."

In spite of his youth, Mr. Caron has already won a prize in an Author's League contest. He used the money won in that contest to take a course with the Palmer Institute of Authorship.

His ambition is to obtain a position as a staff scenarist, and make picture-writing his life work.

He admits that he likes jazz music, but prefers classical, and considers Elman and Rachmaninoff the greatest living musicians. He never misses their recitals when they appear in Detroit.

Mr. Caron was an indefatigable worker all through the contest. He submitted many titles and



*Laverne Caron, 19181 Danbury Ave., Detroit, who took first prize, says he will use the money to develop his writing talent*



*Antonio Moreno, who played the hero, at one of the prize-winning De Forrest D-12 Reflex radiophones*

sub-titles. His coupons were prepared in a neat and concise manner showing thorough workmanship throughout.

Many of the contestants sent their answers in an extremely artistic manner, but this had no bearing on the decision of the judges. The decision was based entirely on the titles and reasons given.

It was the thrill and dash of the story, as much as the prospect of the prizes, that lent a peculiar zest for readers of PHOTOPLAY to this contest. The narrative had a compelling and forceful dramatic power that fascinated every one who started it. Arthur Stringer conceived his plot with great brilliancy and then told his story with a terse directness that won the admiration of the most jaded of novel readers. The narrative was keyed to a constantly higher intensity, until it swept to its conclusion in a smashing climax.

The task of the judges was most arduous. Their final selections were based on the strict rules of the contest. They endeavored to arrive at fair and just verdicts, and when there were duplications in titles, their task was that much harder.

Under the rules of the contest, it would have been permissible to award all of the radio sets to one person, or, for that matter, one person could have

won every prize offered. From the number of titles submitted by some of the contestants, that is what they evidently aimed at. The fact that there was not such an outcome was due to the keen competition offered by more than 50,000 film and radio fans.

Before closing this article, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE wishes to thank all who took part whether they won a prize or not. To those who won, go congratulations. To those who lost, go best wishes for success the next time they try.

Just another word. PHOTOPLAY regrets that it is unable to tell its readers more about its prize winners. The work of the judges consumed a great deal more time than was expected, making it impossible to receive word from the winners in time to tell about them in this issue.



# the \$5,000 and Radio Sets

These Get the Big Checks and Radios  
on Christmas Eve

## Prize Winners in Photoplay Radio Contest

The first prize, \$2,500, was awarded to MR. LAVERNE CARON, 19181 Danbury Avenue, Detroit, Michigan, for his title "Without Warning"

The second prize, \$1,000, was won by PAULINE POGUE, Uvalde, Texas. Her title was "Phantom Powers"

The third prize, \$500, was awarded to VICTOR CARLYLE SPIES, of Barrett, California. His title was "The Love Dial"

The five who won \$100 and their titles were as follows:

"Tuning In"—MRS. EDWARD FRANK, 247 Madison St., Waukesha, Wis.

"The Power Invincible"—MRS. JOSAYLE R. HUNT, 137 Peterboro St., Boston, Mass.

"Master of the World"—MRS. H. W. FELLOWS, 105 Grandin Road, Roanoke, Virginia.

"Flying Words"—ALICE L. DUNN, E1704 Marietta Ave., Spokane, Wash.

"The Wave of Destiny"—ODIN MACCRICKART, 6456 Aurelia St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

The next five prize winners, to whom were awarded \$50 each, follow:

"Conquering Powers"—S. N. ERICKSON, 316 North 5th Ave., Virginia, Minnesota.

"A Tool of Mars"—MRS. R. C. WHITE, 10 Compton Ave., Ferguson, Missouri.

"Waves of Silence"—MRS. E. R. BURTON, 1417 25th St., S. E., Washington, D. C.

"Wings of Peace"—V. E. DAVID, 322 North Main St., Crookston, Minn.

"The Universal Voice"—H. W. ASHTON, 2026 N. 19th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The ten \$25 prizes were awarded to the following:

"A Voice from the Air"—MRS. LORENZO S. GUTHRIE, 1525 M St., N. W., Washington, D. C. Apt. 2.

"The Courage of Alan Holt"—SARAH JANE SWAIN, North Wayne Ave., Wayne, Pa.

"Silent Death"—W. H. BEESLEY, 1035 Haines Ave., Dallas, Texas.

"The Secret of Alan Holt"—LEE W. LAZELLE, 1064 H St., San Bernardino, Calif.

"The Great Radio Plot"—MRS. F. C. CHEKAL, 511 N. Jefferson St., Bay City, Michigan.

"Rays of Death"—THOMAS M. MALLOY, 63 St. Michael St., Quebec, Canada.

"The Unseen Destroyer"—MRS. J. W. WOODMAN, Frederick, S. Dak.

"The Death Beam"—MAE K. BAUDER, 423 East Third St., Hutchinson, Kansas.

"The Radio Mystery"—MAY NEVILLE, Box 1459, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

"The Adventures of Alan Holt"—MISS CLARA LANGE, 581 Elizabeth St., Fond du Lac, Wis.

The four De Forrest D-12 Radiophones for the best monthly subtitles were awarded as follows:

July—"The Coveted Secret"—JACK DILLON, 25 West Michigan Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

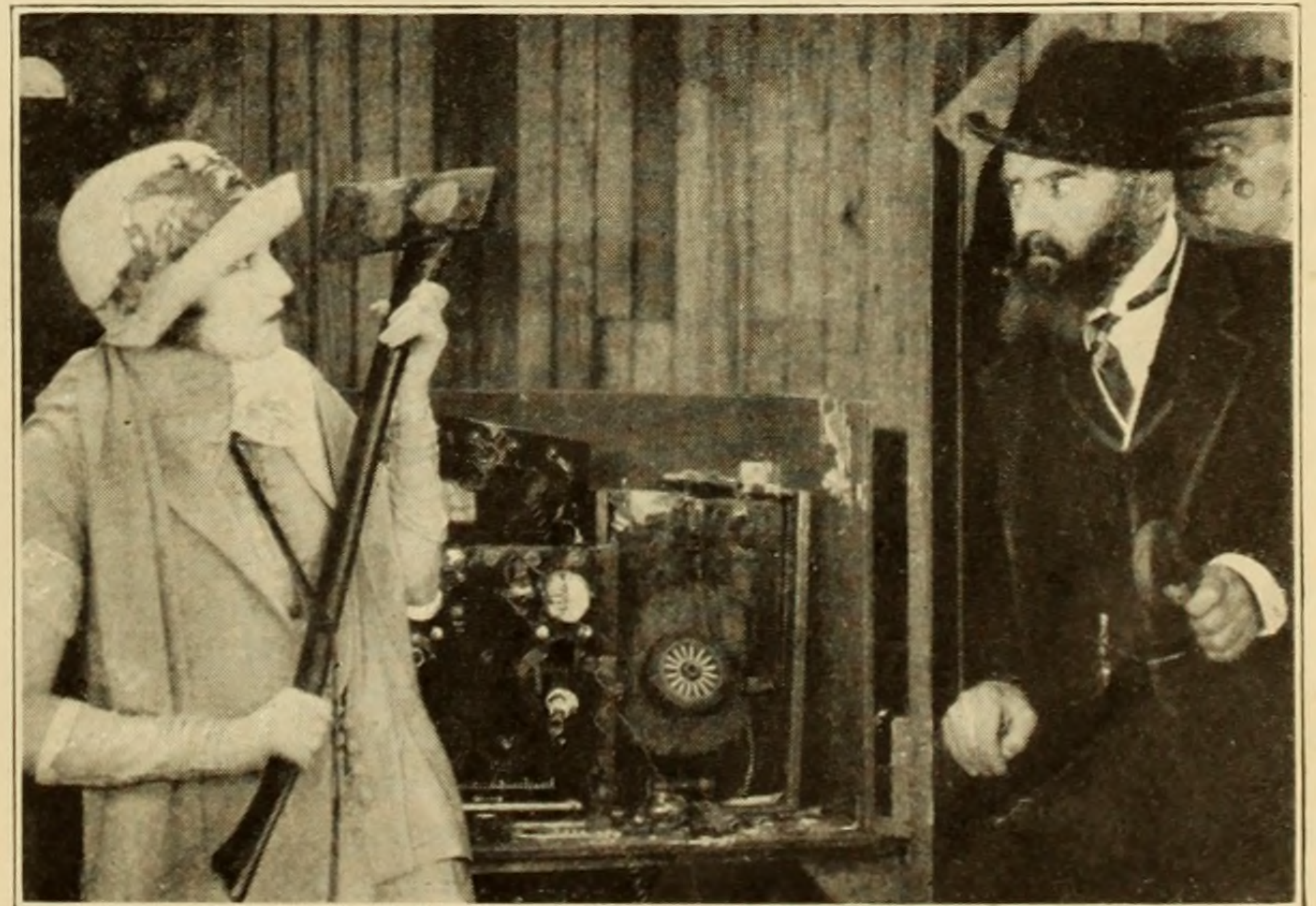
August—"In the Enemies' Claws"—MAY NEVILLE, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

September—"A Phantom Message"—WILLIAM J. McDONELL, 421 Madison Street, Waukesha, Wisconsin.

October—"Radio's Triumph"—RUDOLPH LOHRENZ, 3224 Halliday Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.



Louis Wolheim and Agnes Ayres in "The Story Without a Name," hereafter to be known as "Without Warning"



Mary, the heroine, protects the "Death Ray" machine—Agnes Ayres and Tyrone Powers





"I could leave the others and fly with Eric von Stroheim"



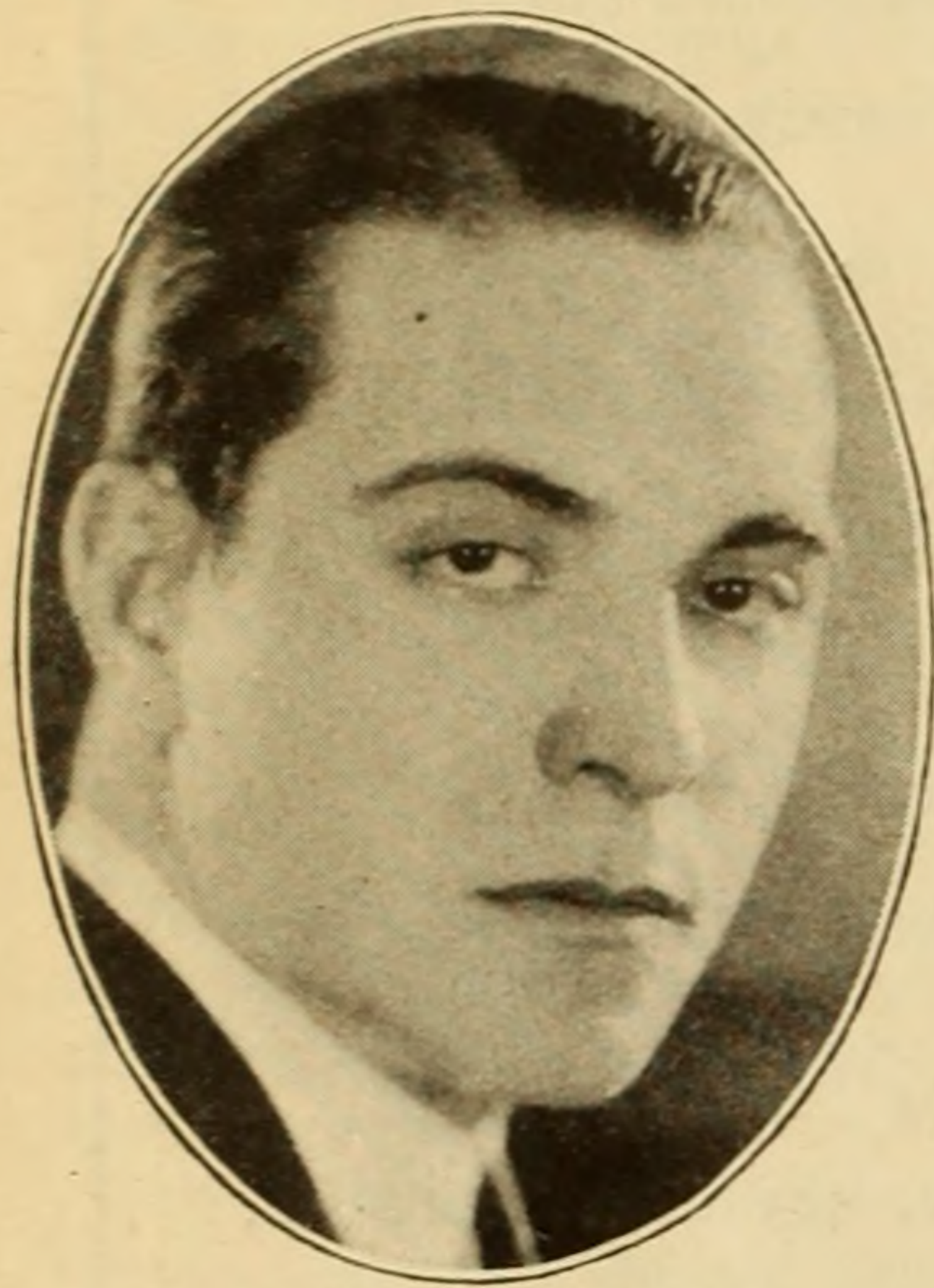
"I never see Valentino without becoming his heroine"



"I could trust my best friend to Tommy Meighan"



"I want nobody but Charles de Roche for 'Mon Homme'"



"Ricardo Cortez would give me a tremendous thrill"

# Men I Love

*Famous motion picture writer and critic tells of her screen reactions to the heroes of the films*

Harriette Underhill is the motion picture critic of the New York Herald Tribune. She has interviewed everybody of prominence in the screen world and in her paper she never hesitates to tell what she thinks. Oh, yes, critics sometimes do that.

JAMES R. QUIRK



"Ramon Novarro, too, could tear this heart to tatters"

A CONSERVATIVE editor said to me the other day, "Please write a story and call it 'Men I Like.' Tell the truth about the screen personalities and your reactions to them." I agreed, little knowing how serious would be the outcome. For now that the time limit has expired and I must write the story if I want to get it in this issue of PHOTOPLAY, it is borne upon me that "Men I Like" is no name for what I am about to set down. Ah no! My burning confessions never can be segregated around that mild verb "like." If I am to write of the men I like I might say, "I like Claude Gillingwater because he has a fine sense of humor, and George Fawcett because he has an interesting mind, or Tully Marshall because he was once my kind and helpful stage director when I was an actress. Yet where is the woman who dares to come out boldly and write of "The Men I Love"? Now, I possess not only convictions but also courage, but it sounds much more decorous to write of "Men I should love to love if I were a heroine of fiction." Of course, no woman thoroughly enjoys a picture, unless she can fancy herself the heroine of the tale she is watching on the screen, and being a critic does not dull a woman's capacity for the vicarious thrill.

Beauty is a relative term but charm is not. Everyone recognizes personality, though few can define it. I have decided that personality is merely right thinking—or possibly wrong thinking, but anyway thinking of some sort—and the ability to project that thought to each person in the audience. It is only this ability which has given Eric von Stroheim the most compelling personality of any man on the screen. How I could love Eric von Stroheim—if I were the heroine of an original screen story, written and directed by Eric von Stroheim with Eric von Stroheim as the hero. As, say for instance, the Countess Olga Petrovich I should cheerfully leave my devoted

*By Harriette Underhill*

British fiance, Wyndham Standing, or even David Powell, and fly with Eric von Stroheim. I doubt if I should ever tire of him—if I were a lady of the screen; but

if I did it would be because Rudolph Valentino had laid siege to my heart.

As a matter of fact I am not quite sure which one of these two gentlemen the lady on the screen loves best to love. In the everyday world which mortals call the real world, though I think that our dreams and aspirations are the realest things of all, in this world Rudolph Valentino is but an ordinary man. Much nicer than many people think he is, but not in the least like his joyous shadow on the screen. Yet, knowing him as I do, I never see him in a picture without immediately becoming the heroine of that story. It is even more sure, this transition, than by the old method of rubbing the magic lamp. And when we reach the happy ending I would cheerfully annihilate the censor who dared to lift his desecrating shears and clip away a single foot of that kiss.

And when I have finished with the frivolities of the world, there is Tommy Meighan. He is one of those reliable men! As a screen wife I feel I could trust him in the hands of my best friend. Screen sub-title "My husband is a dear, and I want you, Aline, to look after him while I am in Paris." When I, as the lady of the screen, am in a faithful mood, I love Tommy Meighan. He is so strong and handsome and good. No dear old white-haired mother of the screen ever would regret having married her daughter to Tommy. But if I felt too lonely and dull when he went away on his business trips, I should choose Adolphe Menjou to play around with while my fireside companion was away.

I should love to go out with Adolphe to some of those De Mille cabaret places and dance and toss balloons in the air and drink nice light wines. If, in one of those night clubs, I



should meet Ricardo Cortez, it would give me a tremendous thrill but I should dance with him only once. Because as the lady of the screen, I think I could recognize that fact that Ricardo is dangerous. Handsome and fascinating but of no use whatsoever, if one is thinking of celebrating a "safe and sane" Fourth. But even if I, as the heroine, lost my heart to Adolphe Menjou, it would not be serious; for he would receive it with graceful banter and toss it back to me with a smile and a bow. Adolphe Menjou of the screen is a gay cavalier who is looking for pleasure, not trouble.

When I find myself a screen apache, I want nobody but Charles de Roche for "Mon Homme." How I love him when he strangles me, hurls me to the ground, and then drags me into the embrace of that mad, mad dance! And once, when I was a gypsy maid, defending myself with a dagger from the advances of all the nomad squires, it was de Roche who tamed me and made me his humble and adoring slave. Why, even *Rameses* in all his glory of "The Ten Commandments" can tear my heart to tatters.

Somehow, when I see Ramon Novarro on the screen, I automatically find myself in the role of friendly adviser but

never in the role of heroine. Ramon, too, can tear this heart to tatters but only in sympathy for his sorrows if he has them, and he so often has them in his pictures. I longed to comfort him in "Where the Pavement Ends" and in "Trifling Women" and "Thy Name Is Woman." They say that even the most persistently detached woman has the maternal instinct latent in her. And probably it is this which Ramon arouses in me. Though I never yet have known a conscious desire to become one of those grand old ladies of the screen who go over the hill to the poorhouse.

While the majority of these aforementioned male sirens are dark, still I always have felt that there is far greater lure in blue eyes than in black. The only trouble is that a blue-eyed hero is apt to gaze at you from the screen with apparently no eyes at all. Unfortunately blue photographs white; and no soul stiring glance ever emanated from a pair of white eyes.

Of all the beautiful Nordic heroes Kenneth Harlan was once my choice. No handsomer man than was Kenneth six years ago ever cast a shadow on the screen, and even three years ago when I saw him in that marvelous colored film, "Toll of the Sea," I voted him my favorite [CONTINUED ON PAGE 95]

## Two Peter Pans Bid for Film Fame



Mary Hay appears in this "Peter Pan" costume in "New Toys," which she is making with her husband, Richard Barthelmess. The picture is an adaptation of a stage play of the same name, produced last year



Betty Bronson, comparatively unknown seventeen-year-old screen actress, is as anxious as any film fan for the release of "Peter Pan." Upon her success in that picture depends her future. She believes that the fairies will be kind



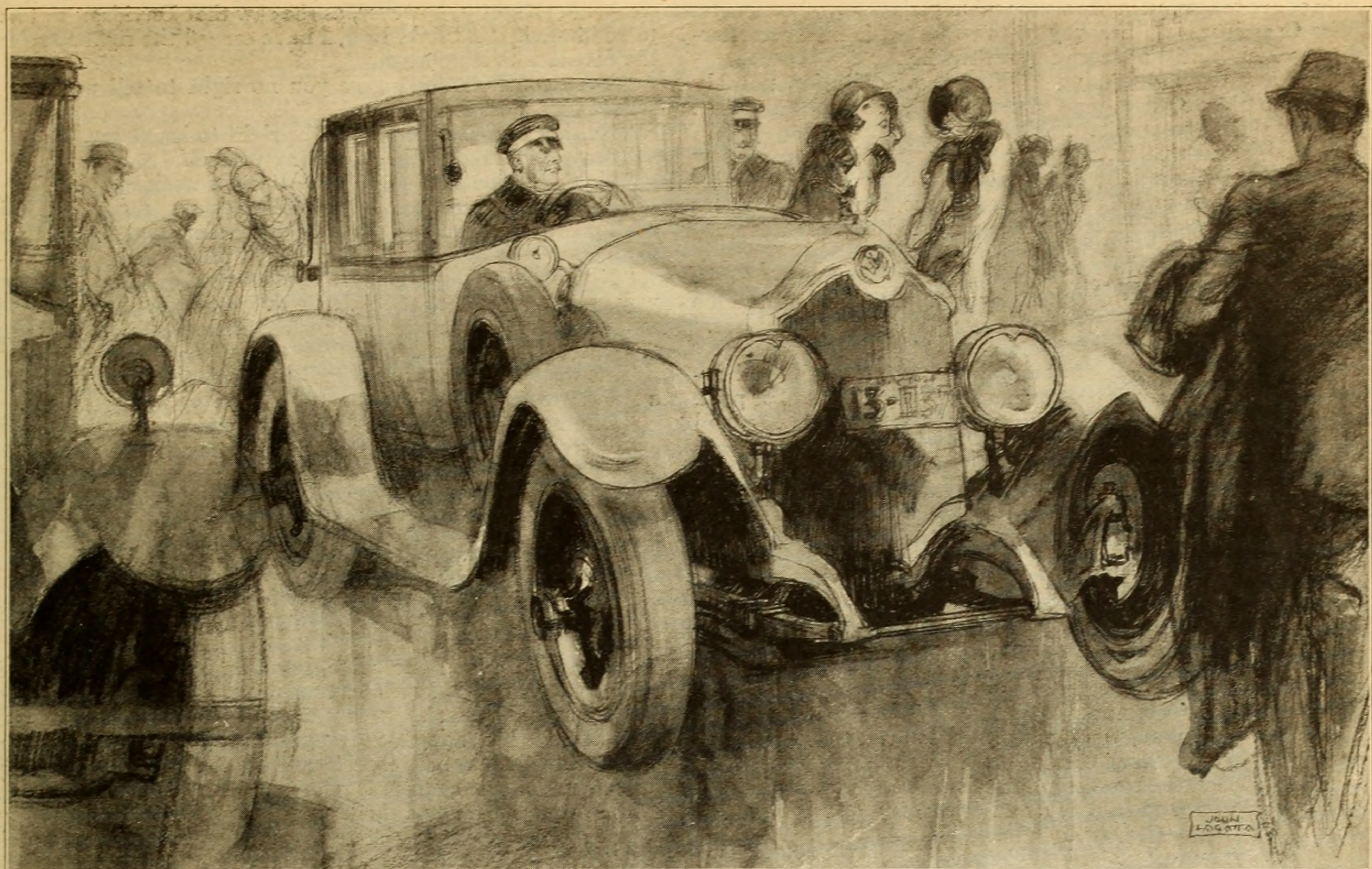


### Their First "At Home" Picture

THEY WERE MARRIED IN 1917

THE first day that Mr. and Mrs. James Cruze spent together after their marriage. She, of course, is known to millions of fans as Betty Compson. They are standing here in the patio of the Cruze estate in the mountains near Hollywood, and the setting has an appropriate romantic touch





"Come along," Alice urged, as her man opened the car door. "I want to hear all the scandal of the studio." Jane laughed and got in

# It Can't Be Done

The greatest Studio Story  
ever written

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

Illustrated by John La Gatta

## PART III—Chapter XIII

**T**HE blow across the mouth with which Alice Carroll terminated the first—and last—scene she ever played with Irene Shirley, might have been followed by others, had not Tony promptly interfered. Everyone regretted the lamentable scene—everyone, that is, except Irene, who had deliberately provoked it. In her small but exceedingly cunning brain she was delighted, because now she knew that the issue between Miss Carroll and herself was fairly joined.

Unless the star was ready to apologize, to eat humble pie, to allow Irene to dress and act as she pleased, any chance of their working together was totally destroyed. And Irene had not the least idea that Miss Carroll would so humble herself. On the contrary, she would in all probability make a definite issue of the matter with Mr. Davidson, would assert that either herself or Irene would have to go, relying, of course, on her belief in her importance to bring Mr. Davidson to terms.

It would be a fight to a finish, then, with Davidson forced to decide between them. Irene smiled as she thought of the outcome of that fight. Davidson would do as she wished.

These thoughts danced through her mind as she was half led, half carried, to her dressing room. The blood, from a very small cut made by

one of her teeth against her upper lip, smeared her face in a manner quite ghastly. A very few drops of blood, judiciously spread, will give the appearance of a frightful injury.

One of the extra girls, at sight of her, promptly fainted. The woman who had helped her to dress, a motherly woman of thirty, laid her out in a deep chair as though she were in extremis, and began to bathe her swollen lips with ice water. Mr. Spellman, who had been a stupefied witness of the affair, brought it in himself, trembling with excitement.

As for Miss Carroll, she swept white-lipped to her dressing room, indulged in a violent fit of hysterics, put on her street clothes and ordered her car. She could work no more that day, she informed Mr. Spellman, who had gone to her room in the hope of pacifying her—her nerves were too brutally shaken. She would drive to town, see Mr. Davidson, at once. Would Mr. Spellman please let him know that she was coming?

Mr. Spellman did, giving an account of the affair which, while entirely neutral, put Lew in a towering rage. He damned Spellman, damned Miss Carroll, would have damned Irene, no doubt, had it not seemed clear that Alice was the aggressor.

Mr. Spellman, during the telephone conversation, had touched lightly on Irene's injuries, had said nothing about any loss of blood, had merely said that Alice had slapped her in the face, but there was a

Start reading this story now

Synopsis of previous installments on page 38



note of apprehension in the studio manager's voice, when he said Miss Carroll was on her way to town for an immediate interview, which hinted at more serious trouble.

Lew awaited her coming in a state of agitation notably foreign to him. Orders were given that Miss Carroll, when she arrived, should be admitted at once.

When she swirled in, still pale with anger, Davidson knew that he was in for a fight to a finish. It occurred to him, as he gazed at his high-priced star's agitated face, that she had never appeared to less advantage. Rage distorted her features until she seemed actually old.

"Look here, Lew!" she exclaimed, hurling herself into a chair, "I refuse to work with that Shirley girl. She has insulted me shamefully. If she stays in the picture, you can count me out."

"What's she done?" Davidson asked bluntly.

Alice gave her version of the affair. Irene, she said, had appeared in an outrageous costume, not in keeping with her part. When she, Miss Carroll, had objected, Miss Shirley had insulted her grossly before the entire company by asking if she was so poor an actress that she was afraid to appear before the camera unless surrounded by frumps. No woman, Alice declared, could endure such insults from a second-rate actress and retain her self-respect. She had quite properly resented the girl's ill-tempered and insulting remarks by slapping her face.

Davidson listened with mounting wrath. Damn these women, he thought—why couldn't they keep their tempers?

"I think you both better apologize," he said coldly, "and go on with the picture. Losing time like this ain't helping me to pay no dividends."

"I certainly shall not apologize," Alice retorted quickly. "As an artist of note, who has worked for you for nearly five years, I must insist that the persons who support me treat me with the respect, the courtesy, due to one in my position. I am accustomed to work with ladies and gentlemen, and no common little upstart can—"

"Wait a minute." Mr. Davidson raised a protesting hand. "You both got to forget all this, see, and go on with your work."

"Never. I've said I won't have that girl in my company, and I mean it."

"If you don't, you understand—" Mr. Davidson's face was growing dangerously red—"you'll be breaking your contract."

"Very well. I'll break it, then, before I'll let any unknown little—"

Again Mr. Davidson interrupted. These references to Irene were beginning to undermine his normally placid temper. His finger sought a push button on the desk.

"It won't get you anywhere, Alice," he warned, "making them cracks about Miss Shirley." He turned, as his secretary, a dark young man with a shrewd, sallow face, came into the room. "Irving, I want you should be a witness to this conversation I'm having with Miss Carroll. Once more, Alice, I ask you—will you, or will you not go ahead with your contract and finish that picture?"

"Not if that Shirley girl is to be in it," Miss Carroll said,

weakening slightly, however, as she saw that Davidson was not to be bluffed. "I think, Lew, I have earned the right to select the people who support me."

"Your contract don't give you no right to tell me who I should hire, does it?"

"Neither does it give people the right to insult me."

"Maybe you did a little insulting yourself."

"No doubt she says so. Well—I won't work with her."

"All right. Then we go ahead without you. And for what it costs me to make them scenes over, you understand, I got a right to sue you—"

"Nonsense. You're going to make most of them over anyway, just to please that Shirley girl. If anybody were to ask me, Lew, I'd say she was just a cheap little gold-digger, trying to play you for a sucker."

This was the last straw. Mr. Davidson's temper exploded in a shower of expletives.

"Himmel!" he shouted. "Ain't it enough you insult this girl at the studio this morning, saying I was buying her clothes for her? Now you got to come and insult *me*. Well—I'm through."

He turned to his secretary. "Irving, you can go on the witness stand and testify she broke her contract with me herself, refusing to work in that picture?"

The young man nodded.

"I heard her say it," he replied.

"That's all, Miss Carroll. Now you got to excuse me. I'm busy."

Alice sailed out of the office, her chin in the air. She had suspected that Davidson meant to terminate her contract, in any event, as soon as the five-year period had expired. It was far better for her reputation in the screen world, she argued, to resign, than be dropped, especially since she would thus be able, by bringing a suit against Davidson for breach of contract, to secure some extremely valuable publicity.

The moment Lew was alone he called up Irene at her hotel. A very weak little voice answered him.

"Oh, Mr. Davidson," it said, "I'm *so* sorry to have caused you all this trouble. I'll leave the company, at once, if you wish it. Pardon me if I don't talk any more now. I—I'm too weak."

"Weak?"

"Yes. From the shock, and everything. I'm in bed. If I only could see you for a moment—"

"I'll be right around," Mr. Davidson told her, and slammed down the receiver.

#### CHAPTER XIV

IRENE, after first aid had been administered by Mr. Spellman and the extra woman, drove back to town in Mr. Davidson's car. There was nothing whatever the matter with her, beyond an almost microscopic cut on her lip, but the studio manager was most solicitous. He had no liking for Irene, but neither did he wish to risk Mr. Davidson's displeasure by any lack of attention to her, in her nervous and shaken condition. It was a condition almost wholly pretended. Irene was delighted to see that her lip had become noticeably swollen, and that there was a

## Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

JANE DARE, of the Davidson Productions Company, has hopes of advancement, because the picture concern's star, Alice Carroll, is admittedly slipping. Lew Davidson, who seldom lets sentiment interfere with business, notices the aging appearance of Miss Carroll, and is already looking about for some one to take her place. Tony Hull, a likable director, secretly loves Jane and believes that her acting ability should eventually make her the star's successor. While matters are thus hanging fire, Irene Shirley, a girl from Broadway, with a past that might not bear too close investigation, but who cleverly feigns unsophistication, succeeds in fascinating Lew Davidson, and he takes her under contract. Irene goes to New York with



Davidson, where she is to work in the company's studios, and there continues her subtly elusive campaign to ensnare the producer. Garbed in a filmy gown she pretends to be surprised by him in her apartment, and the revelation of her charms completes her conquest over the picture producer. Jane has had hopes of playing an important rôle in a new photoplay that the Davidson company is about to make, but Irene Shirley secures it. Rivalry between Irene and the star, Alice Carroll, at once develops, the latter recognizing the situation, and her jealousy is further inflamed when Irene comes on the set in a costume which pales her own. Angry words follow, and Alice strikes her rival a savage blow in the face.





*"Coming from you—from a big, strong, successful man like you—that makes me happier than anything in the world. I—I'm all well again." She gave a joyous little laugh. "You mustn't stay, now, Mr. Davidson"*

slight red welt across her white cheek. These scars of battle, properly displayed, would prove of value, she reflected.

Her first act on reaching her room at the hotel was to eat a hearty luncheon. Her next was to don a filmy night-dress, a becoming boudoir cap, unlock her door and get into bed. Here, with a hand mirror and her make-up box, she improved considerably the angry appearance of her injured face, adding a deep purple bruise to the welt on her cheek, inflaming the tiny cut on her lip by the artistic use of a lip-stick. A rose-shaded lamp, which stood along with a telephone instrument on the table beside her bed, bathed her in a soft and tender light; she seemed a pitiful little figure indeed, and one well calculated to

arouse sympathy in the most stony of masculine breasts.

When Mr. Davidson arrived, which he did within fifteen minutes after his call, she reached her bare arms out to him eagerly from among the pillows.

"Oh—I'm so glad to see you," she murmured, tears glistening on her long lashes. "It was sweet of you to come."

Mr. Davidson gave one horrified glance at her face, then sat down on the bed and clasped her two hands in his.

"The low-lifer!" he groaned. "To hit a poor little girl like that. Spellman didn't tell me you was hurt so bad. You got to have a doctor." He reached for the telephone.

"No," Irene protested vigorously, clutching his hands. It



would never do to have a physician discover that her bruises were largely grease-paint. "I don't need one—really I don't. It's—it's nothing. I'll bathe my face in hot water tonight, and be all right in the morning."

"I discharged her," Davidson went on, his mind on Miss Carroll. "If I'd known she hurt you like this, I would have had her arrested. It ain't too late yet."

"You couldn't do that, dear. Don't you see, if there is any publicity given to the matter, your wife will hear of it, and then I—we might not be able to see each other. And I couldn't stand that, after—after we've been such good friends. All I want to do is forget, and go ahead with the picture."

"You shall. And I'll see that you don't lose anything, either, by the way you're taking this. You are just about the finest little woman I ever met."

She clung to his hands at this, clutching them eagerly, trembling a bit, too, as though his touch thrilled her.

"Coming from you—from a big, strong, successful man like you—that makes me happier than anything in the world. I—I'm all well again." She gave a joyous little laugh. "You mustn't stay, now, Mr. Davidson. The hotel people might think it queer. And we don't want anyone to talk about us, do we?"

"Why should they? Ain't you got a parlor in this here suite, to receive your guests in?"

"I know—but I—I'm in bed."

It was quite unnecessary for her to emphasize the fact—Mr. Davidson had been vividly conscious of it, ever since his arrival in the room. The gauzy night-dress, with its tiny bows of ribbon, her bare arms and throat, the whole pink loveliness of her against the white pillows, smote him with the flaming rod of desire. He tried to convince himself that it was sympathy for her which moved him—a vast yearning to help one so small, so weak, so helpless—and in his breast a great plan began to take form, although he did not tell her of it. "I guess maybe you're right I should go now," he said. "You got to rest."

"Yes. It was a terrible shock, of course—the whole experience. My nerves are all upset."

Davidson rose at once, put out his hand.

"Sure. I understand. You should be asleep right now. I'll come around again, in the morning. In the meantime, don't you think you better have somebody with you—a nurse?"

"Oh, no. The maid who takes care of the rooms has been very nice. She'll get anything I want. Run along, now. I'll be ready for work tomorrow—or whenever you get somebody to take Miss Carroll's place." She pressed his hand, then suddenly kissed it. "You—you're so good," she whispered. It seemed to Mr. Davidson that the moisture of tears lay upon the back of his hand as he drew it away; the action touched his heart.

At the florist's shop in the lobby of the hotel he bought huge bunches of roses, violets, orchids, hoping thus prodigally to happen upon her favorite flower. A fruit store on Broadway yielded a marvelous golden basket, filled with impossibly perfect peaches, plums, nectarines, Hamburg grapes. Then he went back to his office and telephoned Tony that he would like to see him at once.

## CHAPTER XV

JANE DARE, after the smoke caused by Alice Carroll's explosion had cleared away, after the star had departed for New York, and Irene, her injuries duly bathed and dressed, had followed, went to her dressing room and sat down to consider the situation which now confronted her. It had been a strange, an amazing day. The entire studio force, from stage carpenters and extra people to Mr. Spellman himself, hummed with gossip. Opinions concerning the merits of the case were about equally

divided. The adherents of Miss Carroll—and she had many—held that in resenting Irene's stinging remarks she had been perfectly right. Others sympathized with Miss Shirley, claiming that she had suffered both insult and physical injury. The judicious, however, realizing that an upheaval of some sort was imminent, expressed no opinion at all—openly, that is—but the whole studio was in a turmoil.

It was to keep out of the controversy, so far as possible, that Jane went to her room. She might have gone home; Tony had sent word that work on the Carroll picture would be discontinued for the day—but she preferred to wait, and thus drive back to town with him, possibly discuss on the way the effect of Miss Carroll's action on the picture's future, and her own. It was clear that there would have to be drastic changes in the cast—two women hating each other as Alice and Irene did could

not possibly continue to work together harmoniously in the same company. So much, she felt, was clear, although what action Mr. Davidson would take was anything else. While considering the matter she sent out for some lunch.

At half-past four Tony came to her door.

"If you're ready to go up to town," he said, "come along. I'm just leaving."

"Righto!" Jane seized her coat, jammed on her small straw turban. "Rather early, isn't it?"

"Davidson wants to see me," he explained, with a whimsical smile. "There's something doing, Jane."

"What?"

"Well, for one thing, Alice Carroll is out—permanently."

"Really?" Jane was almost breathless as they got into the car. "How do you know?"

"Irving, Lew's private secretary, called up Abe Spellman about an hour ago and told him she'd broken her contract rather than play in the same company with Miss Shirley. So that's that."

"H—m." Jane's eyes grew thoughtful. "That would seem to narrow the fight down to Miss

Shirley and me, wouldn't it?"

"Exactly. And if you take the lead in 'Saints and Sinners,' as I expect you will, I hope you'll let her wear anything she pleases, down to a one-piece bathing suit or a fig-leaf, rather than get into a row with her. She can't possibly hurt you any, either in looks or in acting—especially in acting. But she *can* hurt you, I'm afraid, by dragging you into a quarrel, and I haven't a doubt she'll try it. That whole rotten affair this morning was premeditated."

"You think so?"

"I'm certain of it. That woman would sacrifice her own mother if she thought"—he hesitated for a moment—"well, take my advice and be on your guard."

"I shall—if I'm in the picture at all. But how do you know what Davidson intends to do?"

"I don't, of course. In fact I doubt if he knows himself yet. He's sent for me to talk things over. Naturally, I shall urge him to give you Miss Carroll's place—that is, to let you play the lead in this picture. It's the sensible, logical thing to do. You couldn't expect to be starred at once, of course."

"Of course not. Oh—Tony—I *do* hope he'll agree. I hate to boast, but I could simply eat that part up."

"Don't you suppose I know it, young woman? Have I been watching you and your work all these months for nothing? If Lew hasn't lost his head completely, he'll give you the part at once, both because you will do it superbly, and because there isn't anyone else."

"There's Miss Shirley."

"That's nonsense. It was bad enough giving her a tryout in the second part. But the lead—that would be sheer absurdity. I don't believe Morgan Sherman would be willing to support her."

"Well, Tony, I hope you're right," Jane told him quietly, "but I prefer not to count my chickens before they're hatched."





*"You're some little mermaid," said Tony admiringly. "I didn't realize it when we were doing that college picture"*

Tony, eager for his conference with Davidson, drove rapidly, and Jane, sensing his eagerness, sharing it, insisted that he leave her at Forty-second Street. She had some shopping to do, she said, and would take a bus home.

"Call me up about six," she cried, with her hand upraised in farewell. "Good luck." Tony's eyes grew tender as he watched her slip into the Broadway crowd.

Lew Davidson, with the picture of Irene fresh in his mind, was quite as eager as Tony to settle the matter in hand. Contrary to his usual habit, he was nervous, and rather startled his stenographer by the irritability he showed over a trifling error in one of her letters. Even Irving, smoking endless cigarettes in his outer office, decided the Old Man's trip to Hollywood had not improved his temper. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]



# Hollywood's New Heart Breaker



Off the screen  
he's got Valentino gasping  
for breath

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

A year ago, no one had ever heard of this Irish juvenile from Georgia and Baltimore, with his black hair and his blue eyes and his vibrating, Southern voice. But at a dinner party not long ago, I almost ruined my social standing by asking suddenly, "Who is this Ben Lyon I hear so much about?"

There was one of those horrified silences—you know, the kind that follow some social indiscretion such as eating with the knife or admiring Harold Bell Wright novels.

Now, it was a very nice dinner party—quite highbrow and rather spiffy, if you know what I mean. Plainly, only people had been asked who would in one way or another lend lustre to the scene.

It was given by one of the really big directors, whose wife is the most brilliant and charming lady I know. A former great editor was on my left and a famous comedian on my right, with his French doll of a wife across the table. And a reigning Hollywood beauty was there, and the critic of one of the biggest newspapers in the country.

My host's daughter, a pretty thing with curly dark hair who writes essays on things I don't even know the meaning of, gazed at me in deepest amazement. "Don't you know who

Ben Lyon is?" she gasped.

I felt suddenly horribly conspicuous. I was glad I had worn my very best dinner gown, which is really quite effective. Otherwise I am sure I should have sunk beneath the load of my abysmal ignorance.

"Why," said the young collegian, "why, Ben Lyon is the boy Barbara La Marr was so crazy about. They say she left her last husband, Jack Dougherty, on account of Ben Lyon. Anyway, she used to call him up three times a day long distance from New York and cry over the telephone because she was so

lonely for him. Imagine Barbara lonely! Well, anyway, he finally followed Barbara to New York, and he and Barbara were always together and were supposed to be just madly devoted and all that, and then Gloria Swanson got him for her leading man in 'The Wages of Virtue' and she fell in love with him, too. And then she and Barbara are supposed to have had a regular battle to see who'd win him and—well, then the first thing you know, Ben and Gloria were having a grand romance. And

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]



Ashamed of his record as a sheik he is very boyish about it, is Ben Lyon. In fact, ready to punch the head of any man who dared to suggest such a thing in his presence

In "So Big," with Colleen Moore, he can't escape the women entirely. Here he is with Rosemary Theby. They seem to be engaged in holding hands

THE most discussed man in Hollywood today is Ben Lyon.

I don't think there can be any question about that. I know my Hollywood fairly well and I have discovered that wherever two or three women are gathered together, sooner or later Ben Lyon's name becomes a topic of conversation.

Partly, it is a matter of curiosity—Hollywood has its share of that quality. They want to know why at least two of the screen's most beautiful and famous stars have fallen so openly and violently in love with him. Partly, of course, it is the tremendous need for young leading men and young male stars—the greatest need in the picture game today. Partly it is because they don't know him very well and mystery is always attractive.

## Vampires I Have Known

Next month Ben Lyon, Hollywood's most romantic figure of today, will appear as an author.

Ben is a mighty decent sort of a chap, and if the women insist on falling in love with him, you can't blame him much.

He has written a delightful, humorous story that will show you the human and womanly side of some of the stars more than anything that you have ever read.

THE EDITOR.





Eugene Robert Richee

**G**IRLS, Ben Lyon looks harmless but we have reliable information that he's irresistible, so watch your step. Besides he's a mighty fine actor and if the ladies must fall in love with him he can't help it. Just now he's making "The One Way Street" for First National





Russell Ball

**F**EW cameramen have ever caught Harold Lloyd smiling but this picture proves that it is possible. It isn't that Harold doesn't smile a lot—off screen. Why shouldn't he smile? The whole world loves him. If you don't believe it try and get a seat on a first night





Edwin Bower Hesser

**J**UST like a little girl! Our words when we saw this picture of Marguerite Snow who is making her first film—"Chalk Marks"—in more than two years. She recently separated from James Cruze, both of whom became famous in "The Million Dollar Mystery"





Edwin Bower Hesser

**W**HENEVER anyone can get Norman Kerry to attend a party all Hollywood wants to be there. His true Irish wit sparkles like vintage champagne and leaves just as pleasant a taste. He's making "The Phantom of the Opera" with Mary Philbin



# CLOSE-UPS & LONG SHOTS

LEGHORN, ITALY:

As the old year kicks out and the new fades in the oracle of this page is piously urged to assume his vestments and prophesy the bellringers of the 1925 screen. I am strategically situated.

A prophet is not without honor save in his own country. I am not in mine own country, so I proceed to stroke my long white beard and gaze into the crystal of a champagne bottle from which prophetic visions spring. Everything looks rosy.

Perhaps distance lends enchantment, or perhaps the bottle does, but it seems to me that during the past twelve months the crap-shooters of the Hollywood art center have shown a sudden gameness toward taking chances. Several have broken line to hike into unexplored paths on their own. Formulas still abound but they are not regarded with the same veneration as of old.

Charles Eyton, manager of the Lasky *atelier*, tells me that it is now the policy of his company to hand the reins to the director, and I hear Ernst Lubitsch has the power to ban the producer from the projection room when rushes are being run.

In a word, the tendency is to pass the buck in advance to star and director instead of afterward, as the custom has been.

OF the directors Lubitsch looms high above the mass. He can sway a mob or an individual with subtlety and effect. He has dramatic sense combined with the rarest thing in Hollywood, the gift of humor.

Others whose performances of the past year augur well for the coming season are Victor Seastrom, Monta Bell, Sidney Olcott, Paul Bern.

D. W. Griffith invites new attention now that Paramount promises to free him from the banshees of financial woe.

Among the steady providers who have rung the bell with individual successes recently are: Frank Lloyd, James Cruze, Frank Borzage, Allan Dwan, John Stahl, and King Vidor, while Fred Niblo with "Ben Hur" and Herbert Brenon with "Peter Pan" will hold the most spectacular spotlights during the next season.

FEW players have shown sufficient distinction to merit stardom. Ten years ago there was an onrush of striking individualities. Today few dare to be different. And the requirements of stardom are sterner. A star to endure these days must be not only an artist of genuine creative gift but he must also be a hardy battler to ward off punk stories and quack directors that producers are ever ready to foist upon him.

The most spectacular figures of the New Year screen are Valentino and Novarro, totally unlike despite all efforts at comparison.

After a Napoleonic battle Valentino fought off such trash as "The Young Rajah" which threatened to overwhelm him and came back with a glorious picture for which he and Natacha must be given considerable credit, for they undoubtedly fought for the best story, director and cast available. I look for the Valentino vogue to abate somewhat in favor of a more stable popularity based on Valentino's legitimate ability as an artist. I believe he will qualify as a creator of pictures, thus evading the fate that lurked like a serpent amid the roses on the path of sex attraction.

Novarro is an actor of swiftly increasing power, a versatile and subtle artist. The chariot of "Ben Hur" promises to carry him to a triumph achieved by few in the romantic history of the motion picture. But like Valentino and every other star of this era who hopes to endure he must deliver not only great performances but fine pictures. He has the creative gift, but he must also have the opportunity to employ it, and I am mindful that for this Valentino, Barthelmess, Negri and many others have had to use their gats.

GLORIA SWANSON has made the swiftest ascent of the feminine bevy. She has contrived with well-chosen aides to achieve a high prestige. Beneath those cuckoo coiffures at which we jeered there lurked a keen and determined mind.

Pola Negri has sailed a stormy sea, but she's still fighting.

By Herbert Howe

With Lubitsch directing "The Czarina" she may overcome the reputation of being a lady and prove again the fire-breathing wonder of Carmen and Du Barry.

I for one can believe while viewing Janice Meredith that Marion Davies won the American revolution. She triumphed over greater odds in becoming a star. Personally I have always preferred Marion to the campus pageants in which she was wont to romp. She needs the simple setting of light comedy contrived by experts with the whimsical touch, if such there be.

Ronald Colman is the latest to be ensphered among the stars. He's an agreeable personality but I don't look for him to blaze with the candle power of a Valentino, Novarro or Barrymore. Ben Lyon will, in all probability, become one of the most popular men next year.

According to all reports Alice Terry has knocked them dizzy with her work in "The Great Divide." Alice belonged to the cynic crowd who believed she was mere clay in the hands of sculptor Ingram. I did not belong to that gang, so I am not surprised by her efflorescence. It will be interesting to observe this brilliant young woman under the direction of Victor Seastrom.

Of the old reliables I predict that Harold Lloyd within the next year or two will have cornered the world's gold supply. Doug, Mary and Charlie, as well as the Talmadges, Lillian Gish, Meighan and Barthelmess, will hold their own because they have the power of producers as well as performers.

Charles Ray and Nazimova failed as stars because they were not qualified by natural bent as producers, but, like Pauline Frederick, who also has abdicated stardom, they command attention.

Other progressives upon whom I advise you to keep an eye are: Mary Philbin, Colleen Moore, Bessie Love, Blanche Sweet, Florence Vidor, Virginia Valli, Norma Shearer, Fred Thomson, Raymond Griffith, Milton Sills, Malcolm McGregor, and of course little Ernie Torrence.

Scenario writers are also coming out of the gloom into the bright lights, notably Frances Marion, who gets ten thousand dollars not only for writing script but for putting over the director and star, Forrest Halsey, who has scenarioized Gloria Swanson into a triumphant position, and Willis Goldbeck, adapter of "Scaramouche," "Peter Pan" and now "Mare Nostrum."

If you have studied the foregoing treatise you will arrive at the conclusion which producers are achieving with the aid of the public, namely, that it is not the story, nor the star, nor the director, nor even the producer who matters . . . The picture's the thing.

REX INGRAM has quit sculpture for the screen. Ever since completing "The Arab," Rex has been thrumming the ukulele and chanting his decision to quit pictures for sculpture. He arrived in Paris recently and repeated the announcement, adding with Gaelic consistency, "I am now starting work on 'Mare Nostrum,' the greatest thing I've ever done." Lest there be confusion I hasten to explain that "Mare Nostrum" will be a picture, not a statue.

FRANK CURRIER in the classic rôle of *Arrius* in "Ben Hur" fell off a raft for the tenth time, and after blowing out a goodly share of the Mediterranean announced in dignified puffs that from now on he would only play bankers.

FRED NIBLO and his wife Enid Bennett visited a little restaurant at the Castel Gondolfo near Rome.

"Funny thing," said Fred. "They were playing Neapolitan songs when we came in but as soon as they noticed us they started playing 'Yes, We Have No Bananas.' I don't know how they knew we were Americans."

"Did you speak Italian?" asked Ramon Novarro.

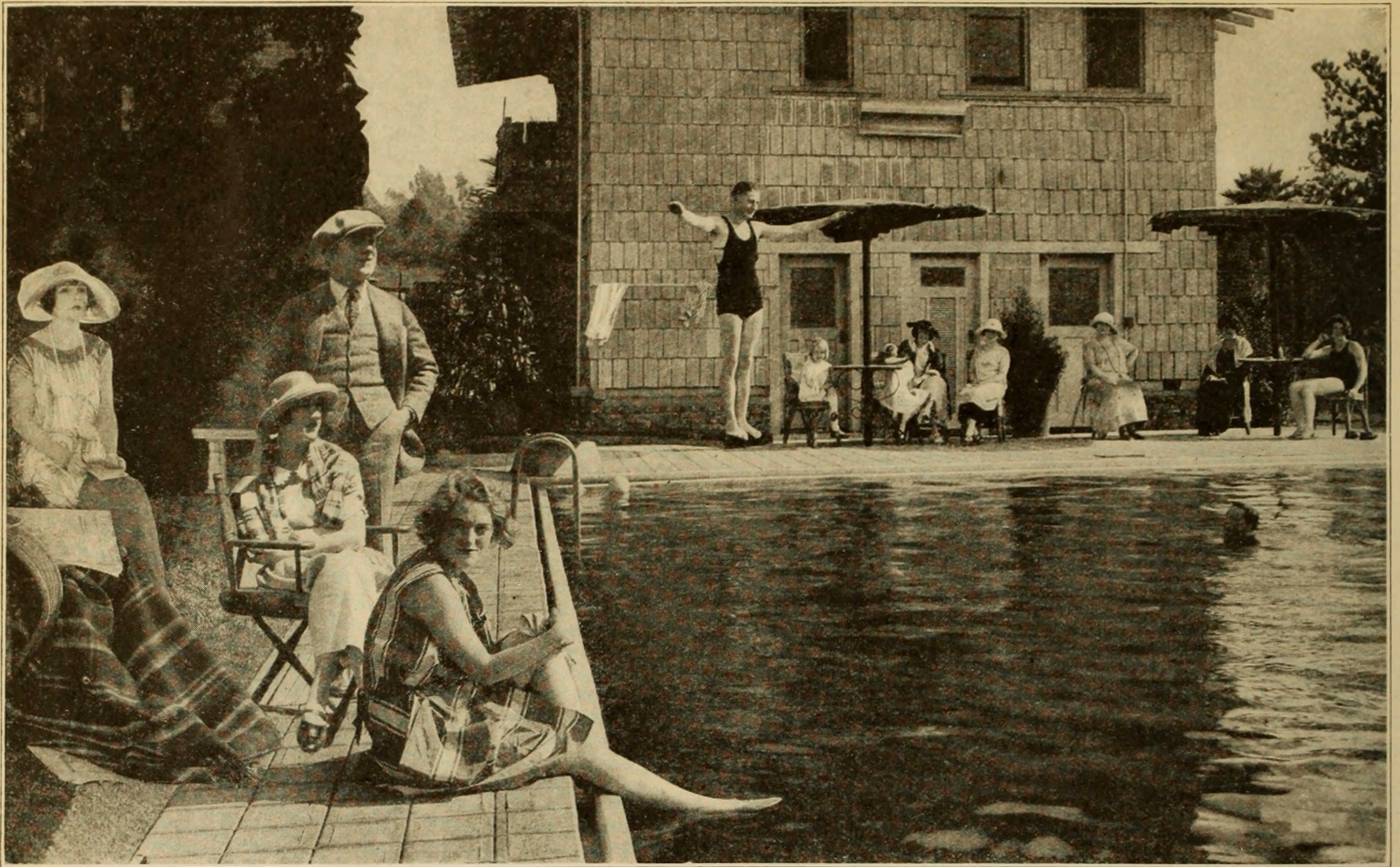
"Yes."

"Oh well," said the subtle Ramon, "that's the reason."

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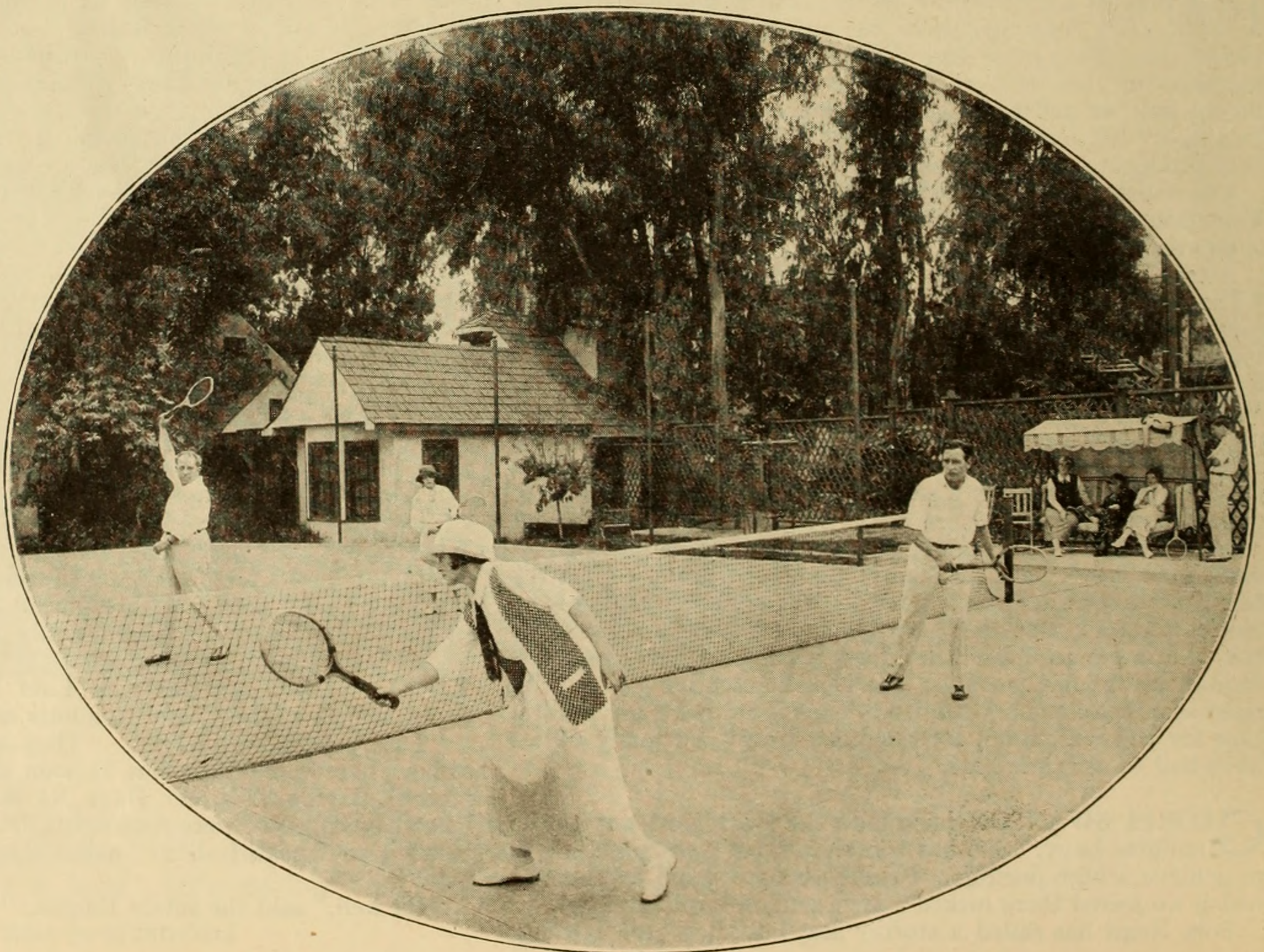


# These Hollywood Movie Stars



*Marion Davies gives a swimming party. Those present, left to right, are Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Jack Mulhall, Marion Davies. Sid Chaplin (on spring board), Mrs. Douras, Marion's mother; Mrs. Owens, Seena's mother, and Miss Lederer, Marion's niece. Buster Collier is in the pool. The children belong to Seena and her sister*

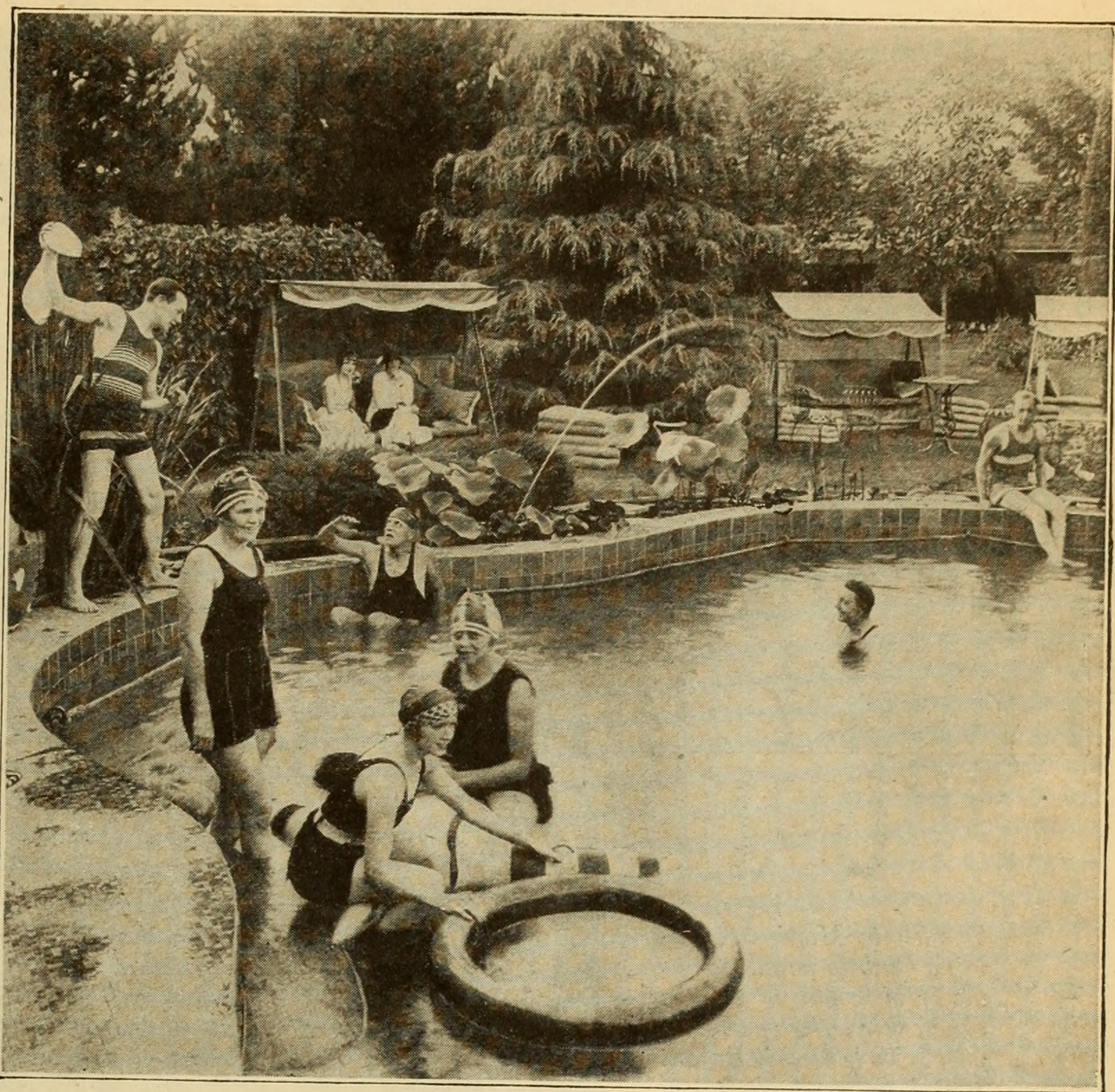
*Florence Vidor entertains at tennis. From left to right on the court are George Archinbaud, her director; Mrs. Archinbaud, Florence and Conway Tearle. In the audience are Adela Rogers St. Johns, Mrs. Bennett, Katherine Bennett and Harry Gibbons*





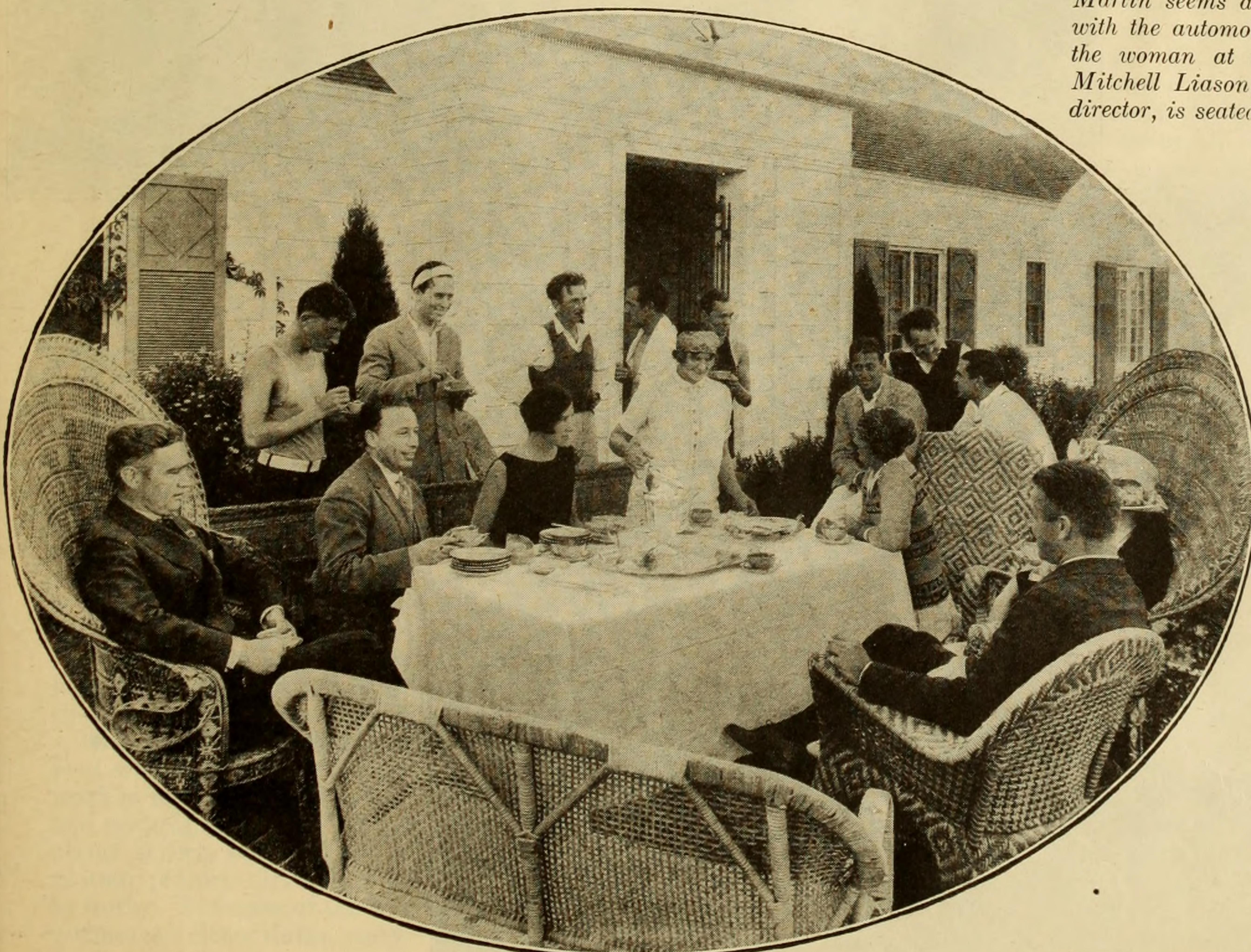
# Certainly Lead a Hard Life

**PITY** the poor, hard-working film stars. They are torn from home to go on location in the desert or frozen north; they must be at the studios at nine o'clock in the morning, and they work until late at night. But when they play, they play. That's all. And what wonderful places they have to play in. Yes, it's a hard life the movie people lead. So does the Prince of Wales.



*Helen Ferguson and Eddie Phillips are polite. They don't make a sound while Douglas MacLean tries for an eight-foot putt at the California Country Club*

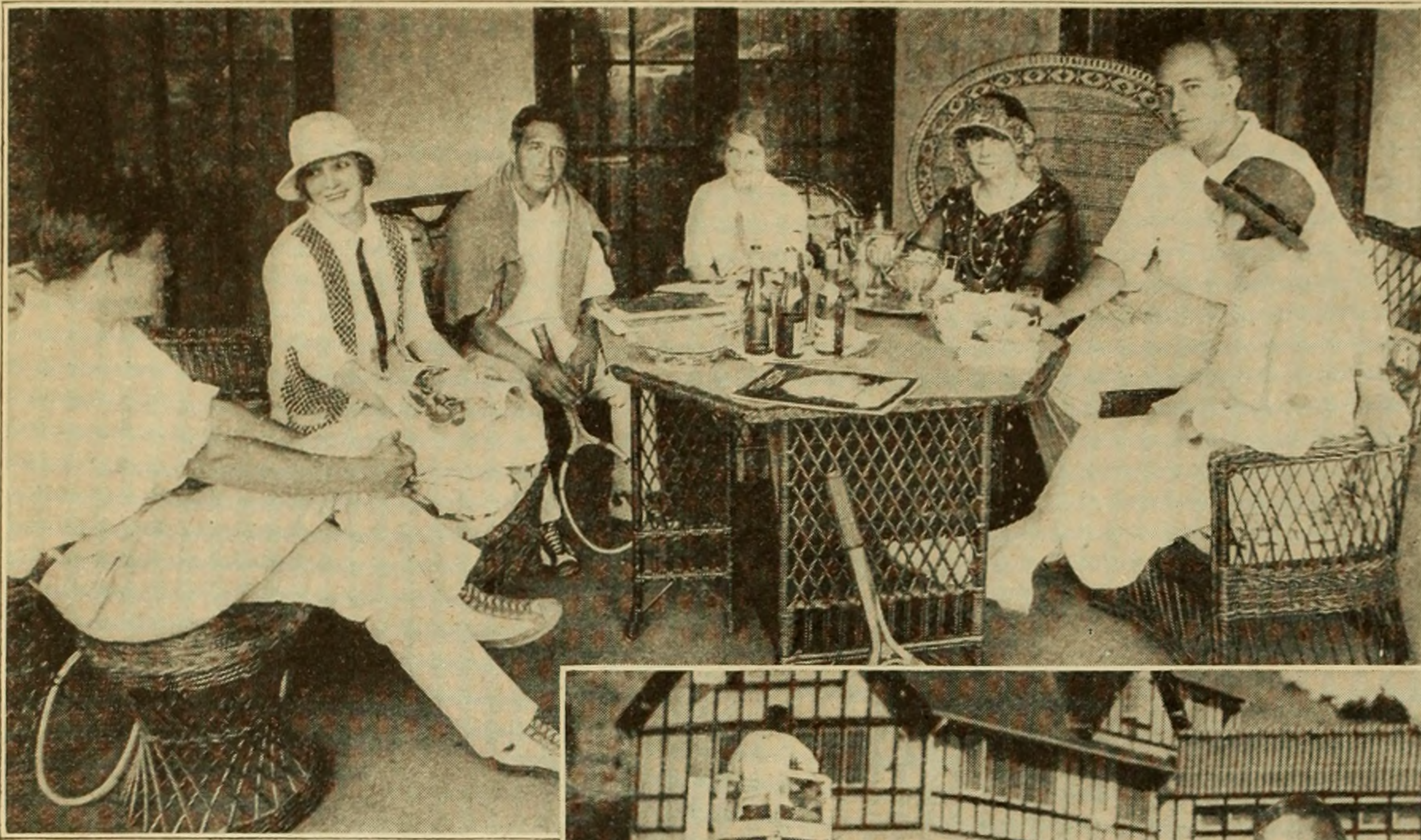
*Charlie Ray puts a little pep into his swimming parties. He seems about ready to lambaste Ramsey Wallace with the water wings. Mrs. Wallace, unconscious of her husband's danger, is just stepping into the pool, while Vivian Martin seems about ready to shove off with the automobile tire. Mrs. Ray is the woman at the left in the swing. Mitchell Liason, C. B. De Mille's art director, is seated on the edge of the pool*



*Tennis starts with a "t" but tea follows the game at Priscilla Dean's home. Left to right (standing) are Alec Bennett, brother of Enid; Ben Lyon, Wheeler Oakman, Robert Ellis, Judgie Johnson and David Backus. Seated are Lieut. Nelson, brother of Erick, one of the around-the-world-stiers; Joseph Diskay, Hungarian tenor; Mrs. C. C. Mosley, Priscilla pouring the tea, Norrine Johnson with Chuck Emory on arm of her chair; Lieut. C. C. Mosley with cigaret in hand*

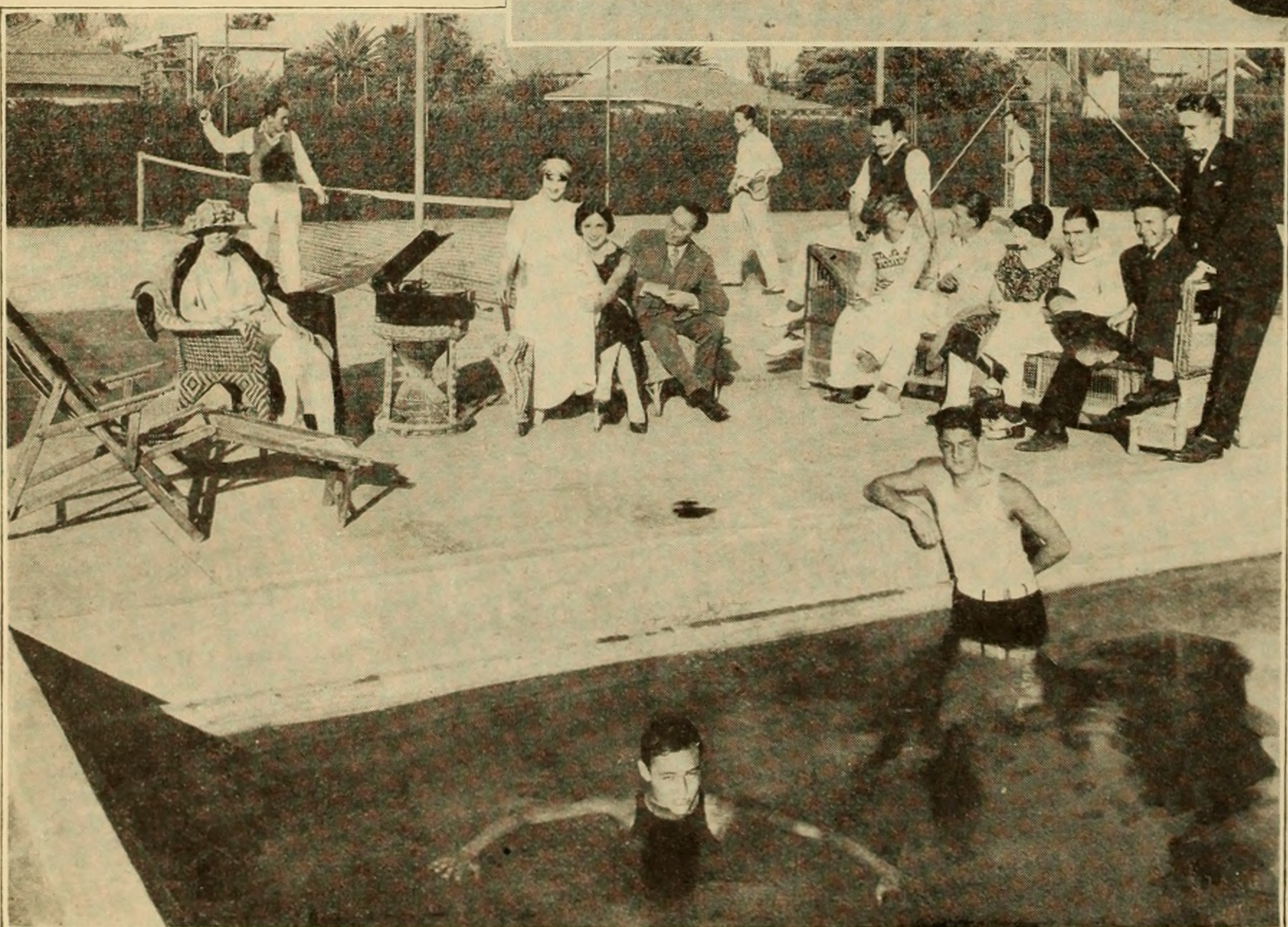


Here we are together again. Just a happy crowd



After the battle on the tennis courts, the boys and girls engage in a tea fight at Florence Vidor's home. From left to right: Harry Gibbons, brother of Cedric Gibbons; Florence Vidor, Conway Tearle, Kath Bennett and Mrs. Bennett, sister and mother of Enid; Mr. and Mrs. George Archinbaud

The Santa Monica Swimming Club is popular with the film colony. In the sand chair is Helene Chadwick. To her left is Bryant Washburn, who has taken his new mustache out for a swim along with Viola Dana and Shirley Mason, who both wear the same kind of a hat, not because it's cheaper but because they like them

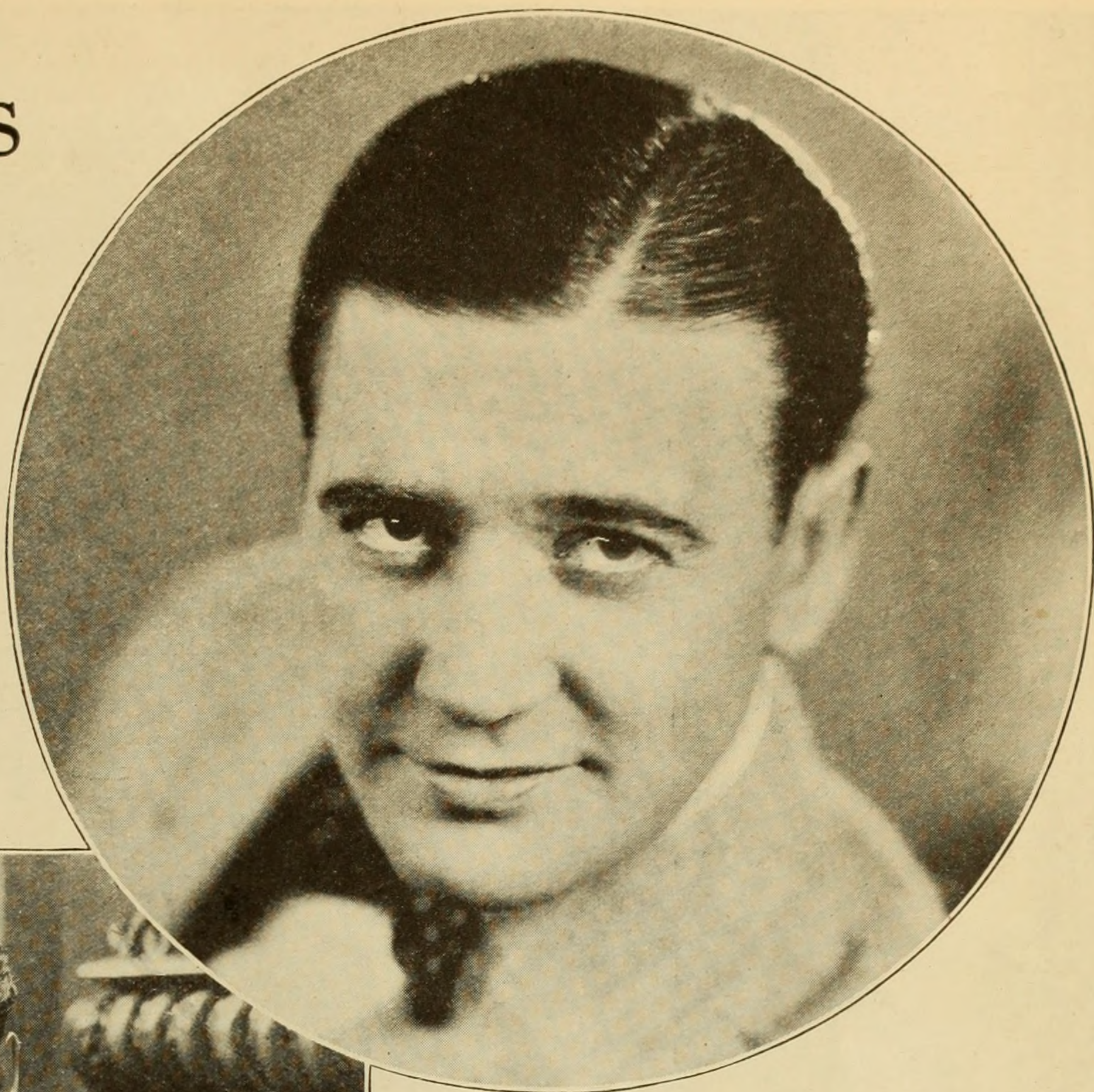


Playing tennis are Wheeler Oakman, Ben Lyon and Robert Ellis. Others are Mrs. Johnson, Priscilla Dean, Mrs. C. C. Mosley, Joseph Kiskay, David Backus, Norinne Johnson, Chuck Emory, skip the next two and you reach Lieut. C. C. Mosley and Lieut. Nelson. In the pool are Judgie Johnson and Alec Bennett



# How it Feels to Become a Star

By  
Richard Dix



*Learning ventriloquism "in five easy lessons" gave Richard opportunity for good comedy work in his first starring vehicle, "Manhattan," and he didn't overlook it*

*"Well, I'm in for it anyhow," said the young star. "From now on my pictures will bear my label. If they are good I get the credit. If bad, I get all the blame." He doesn't seem worried over the prospect*

I desired, of course, to be in good pictures. But they were not of such vital or real importance as to keep me awake nights.

Now, all that is changed. And when I sit down as I now am and estimate what faces me, I realize that being a star is one of the hardest jobs in the whole world. It is surrounded by dangers, forbidden fruits, instabilities, responsibilities of all kinds. And yet would I not give it up for any man.

First of all, there is my reputation. The day of the morality clause is not so active as it was. But a star, especially one of my type, must realize what it means to have anything happen to his reputation. I tremble when I think of the things that can happen to a man's

reputation, and that quite without any fault on his part. For example, suppose some jealous husband should get annoyed because his wife cut my picture out of a fan magazine and should name me as correspondent, in spite of the fact that I had never even seen or heard of his wife. It has happened to other actors. Suppose the scrub lady should be taken with a violent pain in her tummy and be called to the Great Beyond while mopping my kitchen floor. Suppose—the list is endless.

I feel rather like you do in a nightmare, when you suddenly find yourself wandering about in crowded places with nothing on but a dinner jacket. I have always been rather shy and retiring. I become all hands and feet when I am presented to strange ladies. Yet I shall be expected now to attend balls and openings and people will stare and say, "Is that Richard Dix? Why, he looks like cousin Will, or the iceman, or Aunt Sarah's first husband."

First of all, now that I am actually a star, I must avoid getting the swell head. All my friends have warned me that that often happens to people when they become stars.

I am a lucky stiff to be a star. Anybody will tell you that. I got all the breaks. I am lucky because I happened to be with Lasky when they [CONTINUED ON PAGE 125]

**T**HERE'S no doubt this should be the happiest day of my life. And yet it is not. I have just been made a Paramount star. And next to birth, marriage, and death, the most important thing that can possibly happen to a young man in the movies is to be made a star.

I do rejoice. But at the same time I am somewhat weighted down by a consciousness of all the responsibilities such good fortune involves and I feel that I may never again be quite as care-free as I have been in the past. I am not, in truth, unlike a bridegroom upon his wedding morning—tingling with delight and yet trembling with fear, looking ahead eagerly to his new life and yet casting an occasional lingering glance behind, hoping to carry his new estate well and yet somewhat fearful that he may disgrace himself at the altar.

Hitherto, I have been an obscure young leading man, very glad when I got a good part and striving always to do good work in my chosen profession. I have attempted to be simple and natural and to put into practice what little I have learned about acting, both on the stage and under some of the fine motion picture directors with whom I have been privileged to work. But none of the worrying has been mine. Schedules, estimates, release dates, story—in a vague way, they mattered.





*Ruth can be a flapper in one picture and a matron in the next, and convincingly. . . . They have risen  
A perfume has been named for Ruth and a motor car*

As everyone knows, especially the diligent ones who follow the film magazines, there is a new star blazing in Hollywood, coming from the land of nowhere and skyrocketing up to fame and fortune in a brief year or two. I mean the astonishing little lady with the brown eyes and the wistful smile, who acts without seeming to act, and though I conceal her under the name of Ruth Hedeem, you will guess her identity in a flash. If you do not, it merely proves that you are not a thoroughgoing film lover.

Her obscurity, until Mr. Neal Hyler began to direct her in motion pictures, was utter and complete. No one had ever heard of her, and for excellent reasons. Her past life was a closed book. She was not even a Follies girl, a conventional start for so many of the doll-faced climbers of Hollywood.

# Rain or

*By Frank Condon*

*Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers*





together, Neal Hyler and Ruth Hedeem, like twin meteors, and society people ask them to dinner. company gave Neal a limousine for the advertising

# Shine

*A Romantic Phase of the Wet  
or Dry Question*

There is a great deal of unsatisfied curiosity about Ruth Hedeem's true age. How old is this girl? It is a matter of speculation, because Ruth can be a flapper in one picture and a matron in the next, and convincingly. I am able to inform a palpitating public that Ruth is twenty-six, and will be twenty-seven on the fourth of next July.

Neal Hyler, likewise, is a name that is moving into larger type, day by day, and powers that be in the picture world agree that he will become one of the towering figures in the industry before he finishes. He has struck his stride, after discouragement, after knocking about in Hollywood for years, directing for this and that company, and never quite, as they say, ringing the bell.

His former pictures were just fair. Until a year ago, if you





*That was the beginning and scheming old Karl Wecht stood by and observed. They had breakfast together the following morning*

walked out on a Neal Hyler five-reeler, you didn't miss much. Curious thing how the quality of a man's work will suddenly improve. There are other directors, too, who have come unheralded, out of their lowly cocoons. Look at James Cruze, the collarless young man, who spent years fabricating inconsequential things for the screen and finally broke into the big league.

Hyler is now forty, and the tide has definitely turned for him. Office boys barring the gate in some second-class studio will never scorn him again and his salary is two thousand a week. A year ago it was two hundred, and irregular.

They have risen together, Neal Hyler and Ruth Hedeem, like twin meteors, and society people ask them to dinner. A perfume has been named for Ruth and a motor car company gave Neal a limousine for the advertising. Mr. Hyler now resides in a bungalow, hidden away in a small park with trees and fountains. Two years ago he occupied rooms in the Atlas Hotel in a Hollywood back street, a modest inn presided over by Karl Wecht, who is whiskered, fifty and German, and Karl Wecht is the man who had much to do with the success of Neal Hyler and Miss Hedeem. Really, the reason for this chronicle is to show in what a curious way luck, or fortune, or fate takes a hand in the affairs of floundering mortals.

It goes back a long way, ten years, in fact, to a frowsy little Arkansas town, and a man standing on the train platform ready to leave for the West, bags at his feet and a friend or two to say good-by. The man was Scott Barricklow and his doctor had given him three months to live if he remained in Arkansas, and six if he started immediately for Arizona. Scott elected to fight for the extra three months. He arrived, white-faced and shaky,

in Yuma, hired a team and started for the desert, winding up in a tent under a joshua tree, seven miles from the town known as Joe City. The heat of the desert rose up and smote him, and he began his battle.

He had what people always have when they go to Arizona. Six months drifted by and the sick man lived and was improved. A round-faced doctor named Bill Sweeney called on him weekly and told him the newest city jokes. Six years followed and the wasted lungs continued to heal. One day Bill Sweeney stopped in his ruined automobile and they talked it over.

"You're going to beat this thing," the doctor said.

"Say, Doc," said Scott wistfully, "am I going to get well enough to leave this country some day?"

"In time, yes. The day is coming when you'll be able to live anywhere on top of the footstool."

"Good," Scott laughed. "And would you like to know where I'm going?"

"Where?"

"You'll snicker when I tell you. . . . I'm going to a town called Pokomondolong."

"Say it again," Doc Sweeney asked. "I don't think I got it."

"Pokomondolong. It's a real town, six thousand miles away in the Pacific Ocean, on the island of Celebes, which, if you don't happen to know it, is in the Malay Archipelago, on the back porch of the world."

Doc Sweeney sat on a soap box and lighted his pipe, and Mr. Barricklow paced to and fro and unbosomed himself, with the blazing Arizona sunshine beating upon him. He hated Arizona with a hatred that rarely comes to a man, though it had cured him.



"Sunshine," he snorted. "Look at that sun. Look at that sky. Blue and nothing but blue and never anything else. Never a cloud. For six years I have blistered in the heat and looked at the sun come up and cross the sky and descend. Do you realize, Doc, that for six years I have never seen it rain—not once? In six years I can scarcely recall a cloud, except little fleecy devils on the horizon."

It was true and the doctor knew it.

"And mighty blamed lucky for you," he grunted.

"Yes, lucky for me, but I'm a parched hombre and I long for moisture. I crave rain-water something terrible. I want to see the heavens open up and pour on me. I can actually get a feeling of ecstatic bliss just thinking of myself as soaked to the skin, sitting out like I am now, with a torrential downpour drenching me. And look at this!"

He pointed to the sapphire sky.

"Why this Poko—this Pokalong town, you have just named? What is there about it that ensnares you?"

"My dear Doc," said Scott, "it rains in Pokomondolong every day in the year from two to four in the afternoon. I have looked it up in the encyclopedia. Pokomondolong is the wettest spot on the known globe. Consequently, when my sentence here is up, I am going where I can get some real rain, and spend the rest of my life with water dripping on me."

Doc Sweeney reflected. He spat accurately towards a startled lizard.

"You are certainly one funny bird," he remarked, glancing at Scott and noting the healthy, tanned jaws.

"I'm not funny at all. I'm just dry. I am the driest thing in the world, but watch me the day you tell me I am ready to start."

\* \* \*

Scott Barricklow grinned at his medical adviser. He was halfway through his thirties, but there was a boyish heartiness to his laugh and a boyish gusto to his gestures. The desert had cooked him and the upper part of his face was a peach red. His eyes were blue and glinted mischief. Women would call him an interesting type to look at, but not handsome. He was

still lean, but the meat was slowly coming back upon his bone and Doc Sweeney noted certain changes with inward approval.

For two more slow years Doc held his patient under the Joshua tree and the ceaseless blue of the Arizona sky, and they had many a talk, while the medical man attempted to explain Scott's yearnings for dampness.

"You've got a complex," he said cheerfully, "or what the Freudians call a libido."

"Maybe," agreed Scott. "That's one thing I got. Another thing I'm going to have is a railway ticket to Los Angeles, and after that a steamer ticket to Pokomondolong, the blessed. I'm going so far from Arizona that it will take five dollars to mail me a postcard, showing the Phoenix city hall."

The facts were perfectly clear to Scott, because he had looked them up in thick books. Pokomondolong is largely a mud hole, a dab of damp earth, against which the Pacific Ocean has been hurling itself since time began. Steamers drop anchor off Pokomondolong when they have to, and not otherwise. The equator is a stone's throw away. At two in the afternoon the heavens open and the rain falls. There are palm trees waving in the tropic heat and half-naked people with slightly tinted skins, queer diseases, Britishers wearing basket hats, mud streets, straw houses, no sidewalks, mangoes, guavas, monsoons and nothing to do. In other words, it is a typical tropic spot, in the far South Seas, such as the movie people imitate cheerfully on Catalina Island with the aid of the research department, expert carpenters and four dozen palm trees made of Oregon pine.

In the course of time Scott Barricklow, a restored man, shook hands with Doc Sweeney for the last time. In his pocket was a time-table and an English guide book, with complete information concerning the Malay Archipelago.

"So long, Doc," Scott said. "You've been a good friend to me and I won't forget it. I am now heading for a spot where it rains, and where I will forget this blue sky and sunshine. Every afternoon, about two, you can picture me walking out into the main street of Pokomondolong and letting the monsoon douse me."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 100]

*"Ruth," Scott said, "this may seem strange of me to say it, but you're going away from me and I've got to say it before you go. I love you"*





# The Little Brown Wren

*Bessie Love has developed a personality that is delightful and unique*

*By Ivan St. Johns*



*Bessie Love began as a kid on the Griffith lot, disappeared into minor pictures for a while, and is now very much in demand*

**O**UTSIDE, the wind whined along the range and then came sweeping down upon the little brown tent with one of those full-throated shrieks that make you believe in ghosts. It blew the thickly falling snowflakes in whirlpools of white, and smashed them high and hard upon the endless piles of packed and glittering snow banks. When it died down for a moment, there was the distant, hair-raising note of a coyote's howl in the vastness.

The Texas range on a very bad winter night.

Inside the little tent, the fire burned bravely in the drum stove and fought back the creeping, bitter cold. The kerosene lanterns sputtered and gave out a sickly light and a sicklier smell.

There were eight or ten of us in that tent and we

were none of us very happy. Two or three newspapermen, a big executive of First National, the director and cameraman, Charlie Murray, a couple of cowboys in off the range, a middle-aged woman dozing over a week-old newspaper and—the girl.

A slender, brown wren of a girl, in the ordinary and rather awkward khaki riding habit of the district. A mouse-like little person. Brown hair, sleek and smooth about her small head. Brown eyes, peering out from a smoothly brown face, clear but colorless. A sweet, humorous, timid mouth. Nobody was paying much attention to her.

You see, we had all ridden miles in an automobile in the face of that snowstorm, to get to the "Sundown" location, seventy miles north of

El Paso. We were, with the exception of the cowboys, city-bred, and used to our comforts. We were not habituated to roughing it. It was very cold and dismal, and the endless, uninhabited prairie outside depressed us.

And then the girl, sort of casually, picked up her ukulele—dread instrument of torture as a rule—and holding it cockily under her left arm, began to sing.

I am not poetic as a rule, being a very average, ordinary sort of citizen, but the thought that came to me then and still comes to my memory of that evening, is "A brown wren turned into a nightingale."

And so she did.

Bessie Love sang for us—all sorts of songs, funny little character songs that she had picked up, heaven alone knows where!—jazzy, daring, tantalizing little songs; tender, crooning things that have outlived the centuries—and we forgot the snow outside, and the penetrating cold, and the wind itself paused to listen, and the tent became a happy, con-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 107]



*"Polly Ann," one of her first pictures*



*Bessie today in one of her New York gowns*



# Our Gang Went on Strike For Christmas

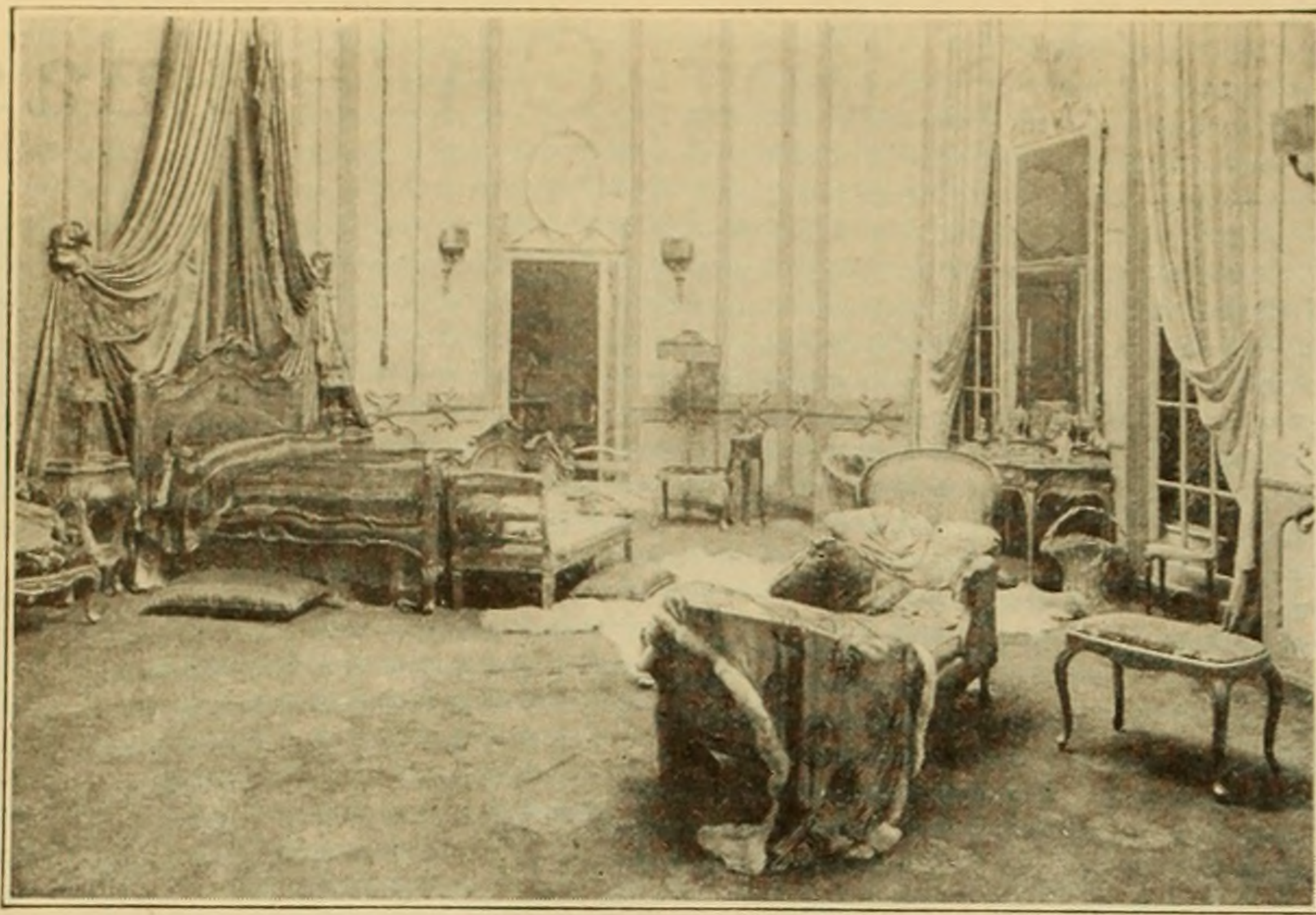


*Claiming the inalienable right of all children who believe in Santa Claus to celebrate his annual festival, Our Gang walked out on the job, quickly bringing Director McGowan to terms. Then they had some pictures taken a whole month ahead of Christmas*

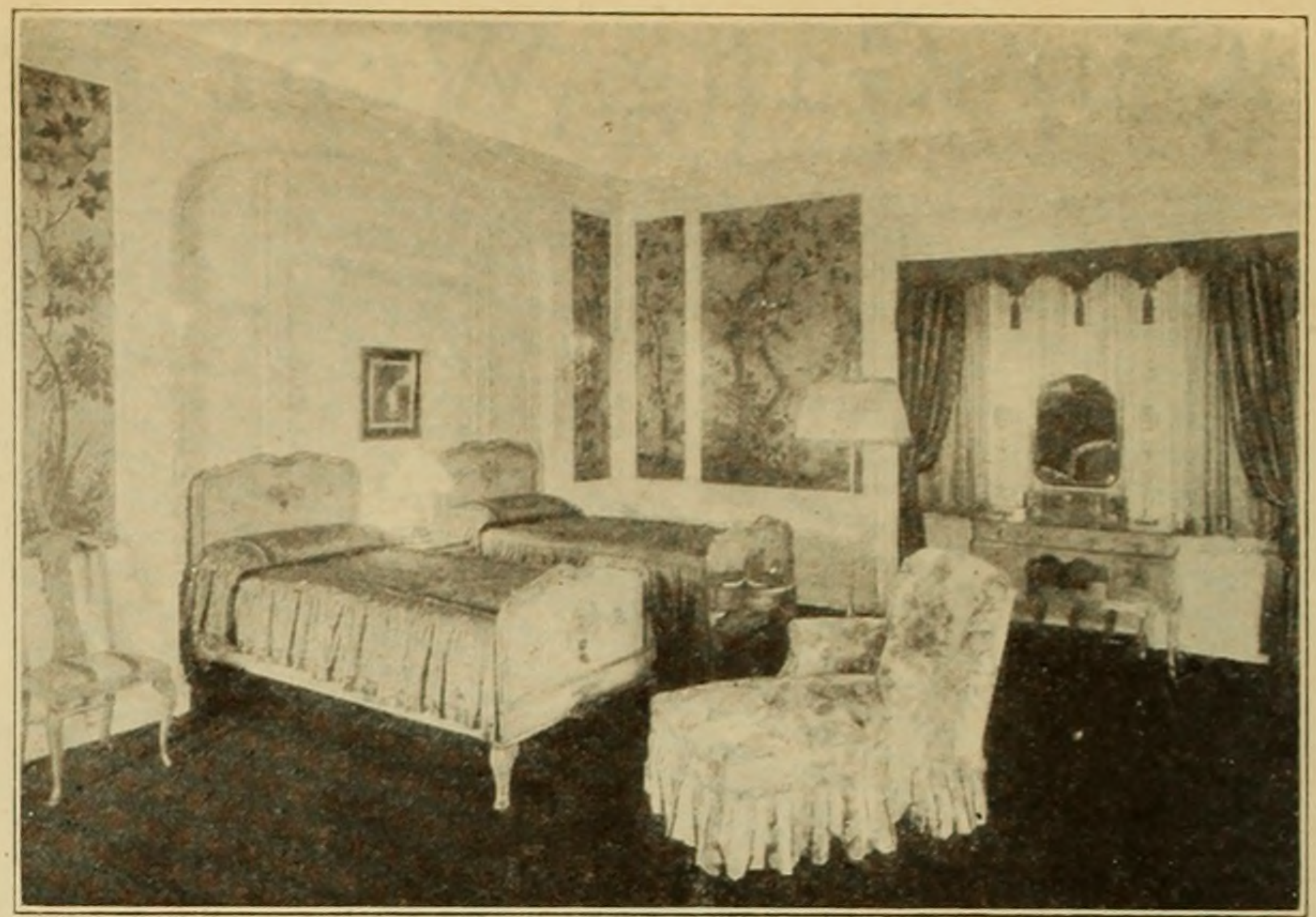


*It was Farina's idea, as shown in the upper photo, that they would get more presents if they caught Santa in a bear trap. In the lower picture is the Gang's conception of the kind of set they ought to stage their revels on Christmas morning. The right spirit, we'll say*





*Dramatic effect is sought above everything else in this bedroom set from Cecil B. DeMille's "Feet of Clay." It does not suggest a real bedroom—one for a lover of home life*



*A bedroom scheme shown in the recent exhibition of the Art-in-Trades Club, New York City. Refinement is its keynote. It abounds in practical suggestions*

# Good and Bad in Movie Interiors

**I**S there a chance for better settings in the movies?

The home, and by it I mean the environment with which our homelife is surrounded, plays today, probably more than at any time in the history of modern civilization, a vital part in the moulding of character and the shaping of the destinies of our people. As a consequence, there is a far greater interest in the planning, the decorations and the furnishings of the homes of all classes of people than ever before.

This interest has quite naturally brought about a desire, especially amongst the middle classes, for education in those things which lead to better and more attractive homes, a condition of affairs to which anyone in any of the several branches of the interior decoration and furnishing business will readily testify. Most every home today has its ideal to which it aims. Not only is character built and inspiration attained in the home itself, but the home further becomes a real expression of the ideals of those that live within its walls.

The educational value of the moving pictures has long been appreciated and taken advantage of in many different ways. In the pictures which take us on travel trips to the remotest corners of the world, and show us accurately the characteristics of all peoples, they are educative in the fullest sense of the word; in the pictures of plant and animal life, they are highly instructive; and in many of the stories which they tell, the value of right over wrong is so emphasized that the minds of the younger generation, especially, are bound to take note of it and ponder over its application.

But with all due respect to these and many other of their features, the settings of most of the motion pictures which depict interior views of our modern home life are neither educational, inspirational, nor truthful. Isn't there a great chance here for educational service for the moving pictures to perform which they seem to overlook?

Far be it from me to criticize the movies. I get too much solid enjoyment out of them for that. And, besides, I know little, if anything, of the technicalities of studio stage setting or of motion picture photography so that I could not qualify as a critic if I would. A critic should know actual con-

*By R. W. Sexton*

ditions under which the thing that he criticizes was developed. Without that knowledge, he is not fit to criticize.

Therefore, as I say, I am not attempting to criticize the movies. But I am to make a suggestion or two. I am, by profession, an interior architect. As such, I do appreciate the ideal home interior, and also see the inspiration to character which is bound to be derived therefrom. But I realize fully that the studio scenic artist cannot play the same game as the architect. My cards are on the table face up. I deal with realities, for my work is constructive. The studio scenic stage setter, however, must, as accurately as possible, represent the reality, and do so under very extraordinary and limited conditions. In the game he is playing, his cards all are face down. In contrast to both, the theatrical stage artist must obtain only an effect of the reality. The conditions under which he works eliminate realities entirely.

The average motion picture audiences look to the settings of the movies for suggestions and ideas in interior decoration and furnishing of the house, just as they do to see right always win out over wrong. But they must often be disappointed. The sets either represent interiors of homes that are so beyond their limited means that they dare not admire them, or so beneath their ideals that they are ashamed to show interest.

In pictures that are based on historical anecdotes, where the settings are authentic, as, for example, the scenes laid in Haddon Hall, in Mary Pickford's picture, "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," the decorations and furnishings are entirely beyond reproach. They are reproduced, no doubt, from actual photographs of the old castle, and are perfectly in accord with the times. And yet they offer

no inspiration to the average motion picture audience, for rooms such as those could never be a part of their homes. But the value of these authentic sets to me now are in the fact that they prove conclusively that bad settings cannot be laid to the conditions under which the scenic artist operates. We tried to overlook their mediocrity at one time on that account. But a good set, now and then, takes the blame off those shoulders.

Let us, for instance, recall some film laid in modern times and notice the settings. We

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 124 ]

**T**HIS is the first of a series of articles prepared for Photoplay readers on furnishing and decorating the home. Mr. Sexton is editor of interior architecture for *The American Architect* and a recognized authority in his field. His articles are along lines that will be helpful to the average householder, showing how artistic ideas may be embraced in decorating the simplest home. Be sure to read his articles if you are interested in beautifying your home.



An Impression of

# Marion Davies

Beauty, talent, charm, and iron  
determination characterize  
this still rising star

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

**D**O you ever think that certain people *belong* in certain places and nowhere else?

I mean, you know, there are certain women who just naturally *belong* in kitchens, and there are certain other women who belong in these lacy and scented boudoirs, and still others who belong on golf courses, in knickers and close fitting sport hats.

Marion Davies belongs in a garden.

She does, really.

And it's rather funny, because she isn't at all an outdoor person. Not outdoors in the general sense—at the mountains or on the tennis court or down by the bounding billows. But in a garden—perfect. I should prefer her to be wearing one of those pretend-to-be-simple-and-rural frocks, of pale pink chiffon, with narrow black ribbons at the wrists and waist, and bare-headed, of course, and knee-deep in roses.

It is not every woman who can stand a California garden on a September morning, with the still little ocean breeze blowing her hair and the hot golden sun bringing out every line and detail of her skin and color.

I first began to be interested in Marion Davies when she made "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Up to that time my feeling about her had found sufficient expression in a very few words, "Yes, she *is* pretty." A very limited vocabulary would have done me very well where Marion Davies was concerned.

And I have seen a good many pretty women in my day and—to another woman at least—prettiness palls in time. The only woman I have ever known whose beauty is always fresh to me, and whom I continue to love to just look at, is Florence Vidor. Otherwise, after about so long, I cease to remember or to think about whether they're pretty or not. You get like that in Hollywood.

To myself, I said, "This Marion Davies is just another one of those 'my face is my fortune, sir, she said' girls. She will never be any different than she is now until she gets a wrinkle or two and the chin begins to sag. Then she will be through. Having seen her in one series of very charming portraits cleverly strung together by a good director and a good continuity writer, I have seen all her pictures from now henceforth and forever more and I will spare myself a lot of boredom by not going to see any more of them."

So I put her away in my mental cubby-hole under the label, "Just another pretty blonde," and went my way.

Then social obligations necessitated my going to see "Knighthood." I was invited to a dinner party by a lady who has a very good cook, and when I was there and already deep in my hostess's caviar, I discovered that I was expected afterwards to attend the opening of Marion Davies in "When Knighthood



Marion Davies, though she isn't what might be called an outdoor person, belongs in a garden, knee-deep in roses

Was in Flower." And, of course, I could hardly do less.

And I found that my effort was rewarded. Marion Davies had become an actress. I know of none save Mary Pickford herself who could have equalled her performance as *Princess Mary*. It had delightful shadings. It had real characterization. It had comedy—oh, delicious comedy. It had power and breadth.

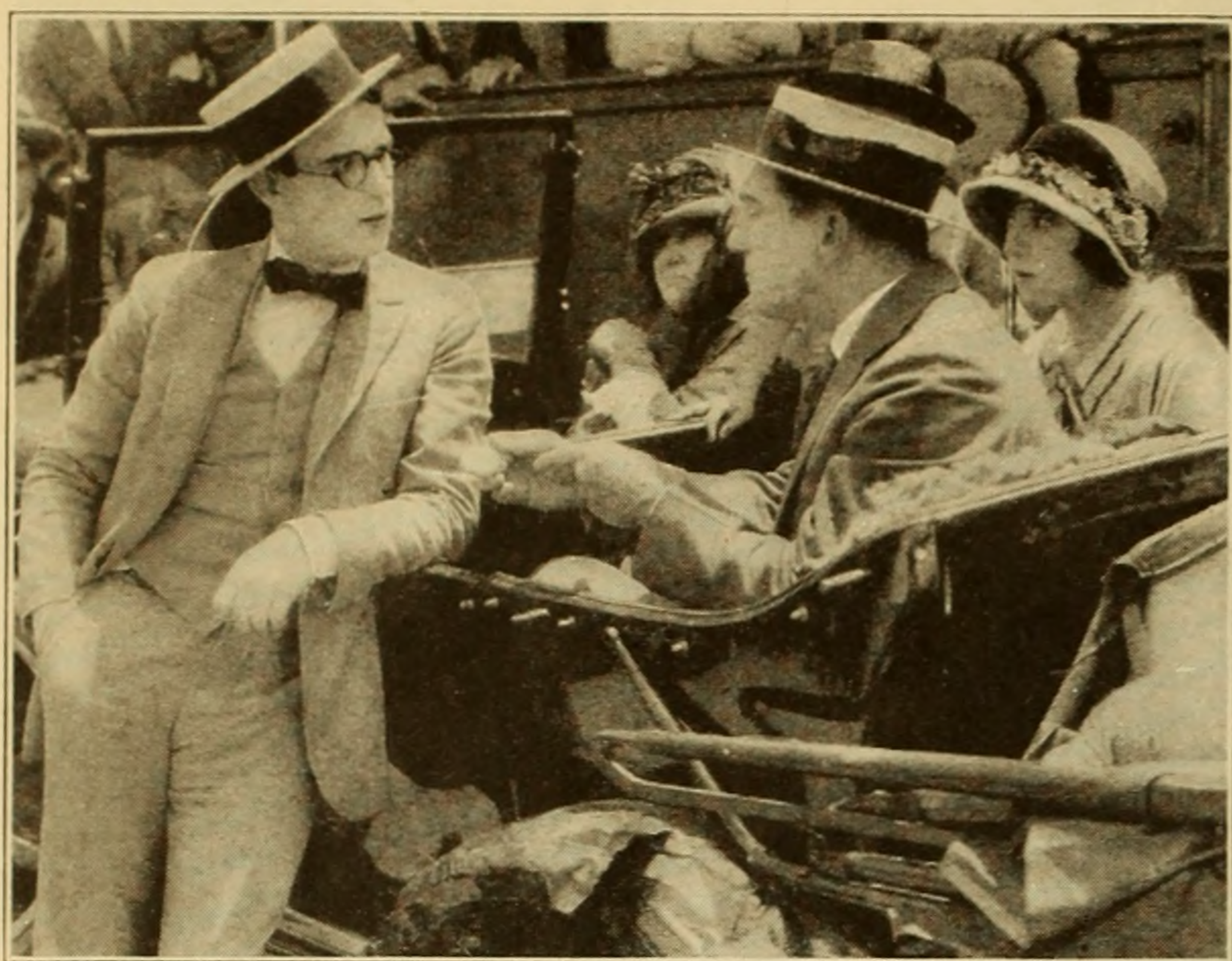
It sent me out of the theater talking to myself. No one likes to have settled and preconceived notions rudely jarred like that. We rather like to conceive ourselves infallible. I am no different than the rest of the world on that point—in fact I am a little more so. But as we rode home I quietly took Marion Davies out of the pigeon hole and placed her in another marked, "Beautiful and can act. Don't miss any of her pictures." And I haven't.

Achievement is always fascinating to me. And I wondered just how and why Marion Davies had developed as she had.

Beauty is a rare and enviable thing, as we women know who don't possess it. But it can be a handicap, too, as I have often seen. If you are pretty enough, nothing else seems to matter. It doesn't matter what you say if you say it charmingly enough. It doesn't matter how rotten your disposition is, if you look adorable enough when you're in a temper or have the sulks. It doesn't matter whether you have any brains inside your head if you have golden curls out.

In my childhood I remember reading a classic work entitled "Emmy Lou." There was a little girl in that book whose name, I think, was Harriet. Maybe not. But it seems to me that it was Harriet. And Harriet, to whom the gods had not been kind in the matter of personal adornment, once stated a great truth to Emmy Lou—"If you're not [CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]



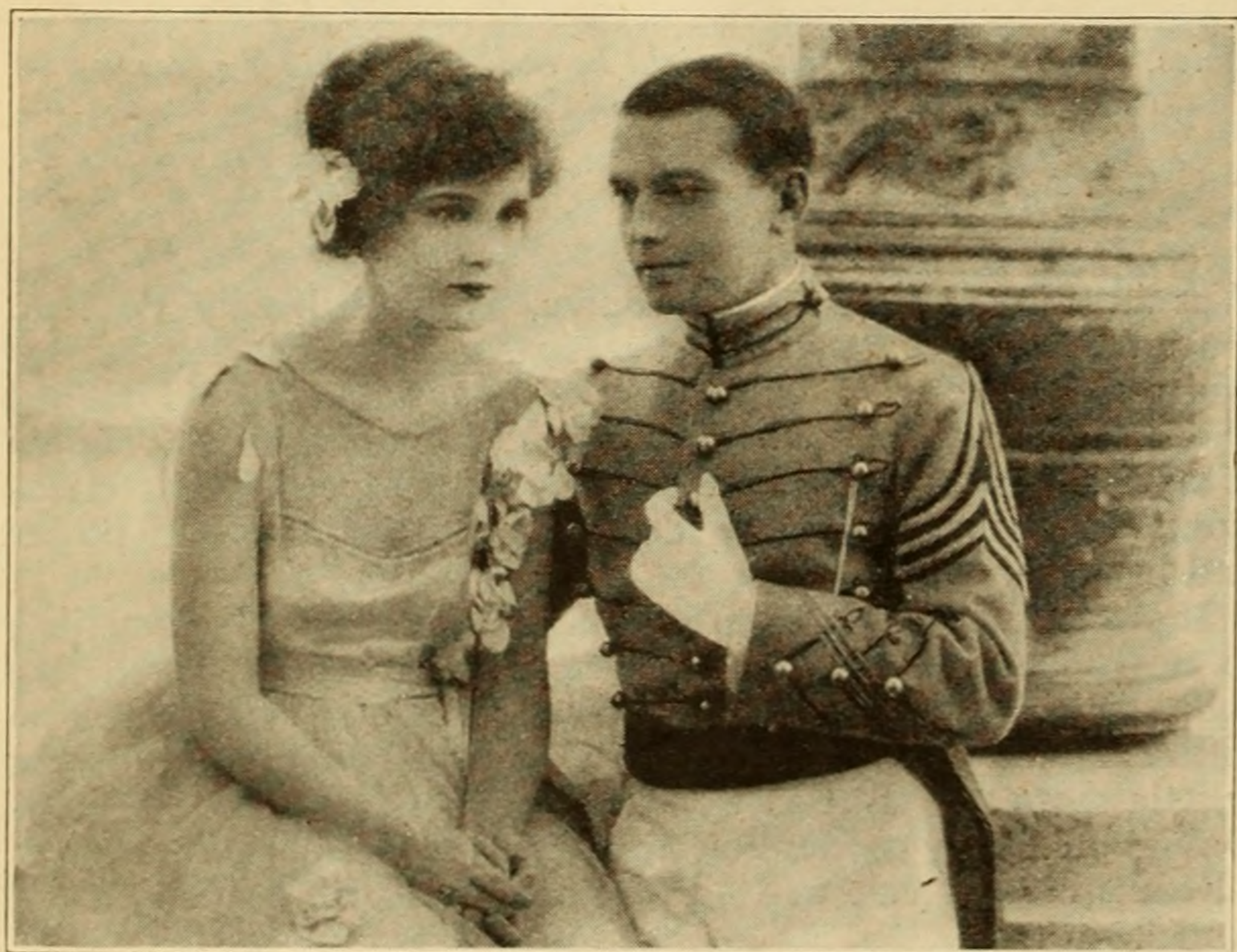


*HOT WATER—Pathe*

**H**AROLD LLOYD is at the crossroads of comedy. He can go on presenting variations of the old farcical themes or he can venture further into the field of comic characterization. He can go ahead with adroitly developed farcical incident or he can humanize and mellow his humor.

"Hot Water" isn't a particularly impressive indication of what he can do. Surely it follows the path of least resistance. It is brimful of hokum, with a complete revue of the mother-in-law wheeze, the comedy automobile, the commuter with the bundles and the frightened-by-a-ghost episodes so familiar to celluloid farce.

Right here let us explain that "Hot Water" is funny. It has many laughs. But it is old stuff, nevertheless. Jobyna Ralston is pleasant enough, if rather colorless here.



*CLASSMATES—First National*

**P**UTTING West Point into pictures seems like a sure bid for popularity and the result, taken all in all, is satisfactory. This is a film that the average follower of the screen will like. The setting is impressive—it could hardly be otherwise, with real cadets going through their maneuvers on the historic spot up the Hudson. The action takes us from the U. S. A. to the tropics.

And Richard Barthelmess shines through the story with a lovable, magnetic personality that wins sympathy. Perhaps there is too much of a suggestion, at times, of Barthelmess, rather than that of the rôle he portrays,—a fault, however, that by no means detracts from the interest of the plot.

The story is an adaptation of William C. de Mille's stage play of the same name, first produced ten years ago.

# The Shadow Stage

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

*A Review of the New Pictures*



*FORBIDDEN PARADISE—Paramount*

**O**NE of the really great pictures of the year. Taken from the play "The Czarina," it forms itself, in the hands of a capable cast and director, into a demonstration of the best that can be done in motion pictures. It is a story of a queen who loved not wisely but too well. Pola Negri plays the queen and gives one of the finest, if not the finest, performances of her career.

Adolphe Menjou as the *Lord Chamberlain* gives more than his usual artistic touch to the film. The dashing lieutenant, whom the queen loved, condemned to death and then pardoned, leaving him free to marry his sweetheart, was well handled by Rod La Rocque.

Ernst Lubitsch never gave a finer exhibition of directing than he did in this picture. He has at command all his old wizardry.

May Pola always have him as a director and may he always have Pola to direct. The combination develops the best dramatic talent in both. If you like pictures of this description don't miss the film.

The picture will please the more or less worldly-wise audience without any doubt, and the unsophisticated ones will not be entirely ruined morally by it.

However it is not as suited as most Westerns for the juvenile audience.

Just a few more words about Pola's *Catherine*. She is what one might call a good bad woman. But her wickedness is done gorgeously and regally. And her goodly actions are done in humanly and womanly fashion. The combination cloaks her with a rare quality of diplomacy that leaves her always in command of any situation that arises. And that trait denotes genius.



# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Six Best Pictures of the Month

FORBIDDEN PARADISE  
HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

HOT WATER CLASSMATES  
SIREN OF SEVILLE MANHATTAN

## The Six Best Performances of the Month

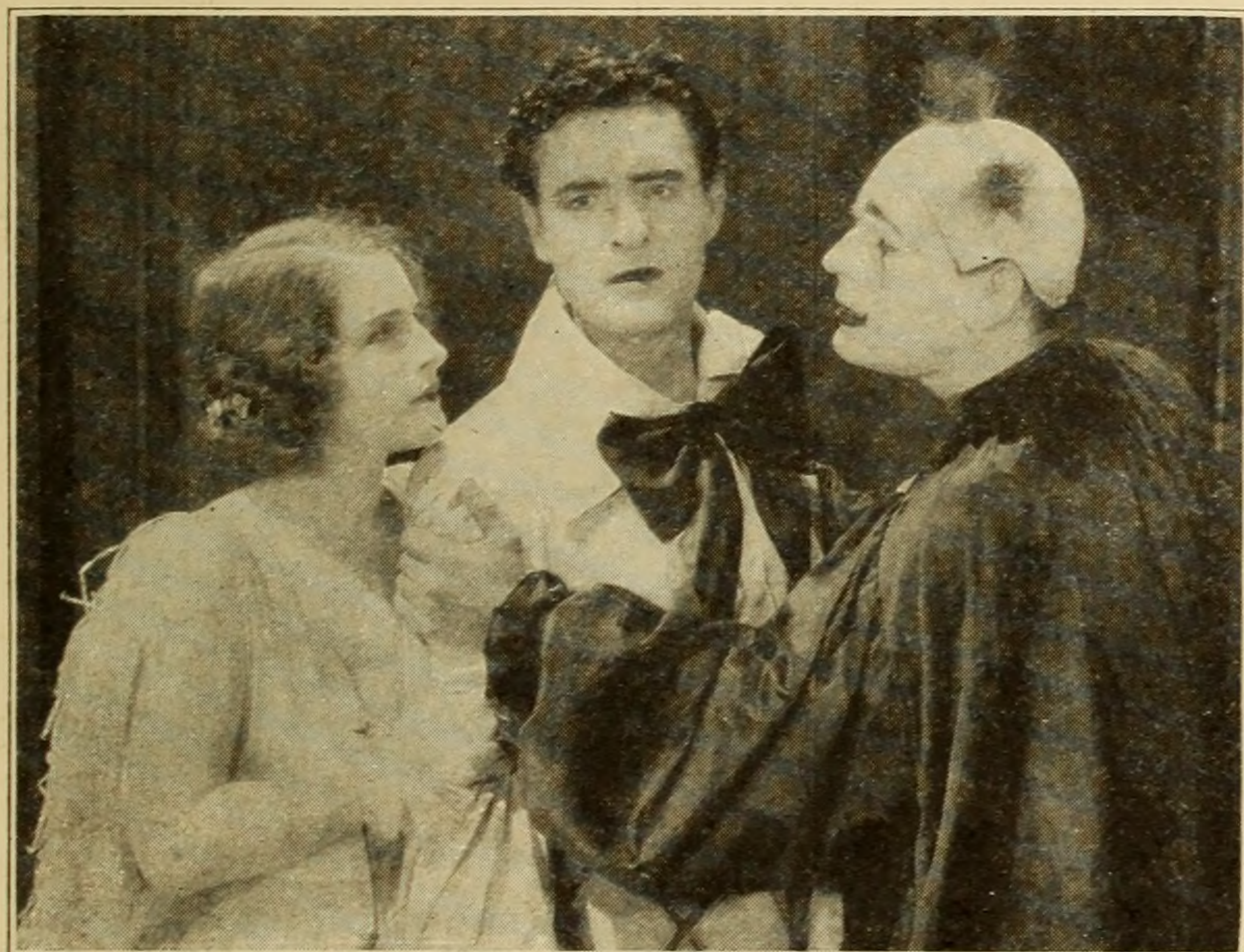
POLA NEGRI in "Forbidden Paradise"  
ADOLPHE MENJOU in "Forbidden Paradise"  
RICHARD BARTHELMESS in "Classmates"  
JOSEPHINE CROWELL in "Hot Water"  
LON CHANEY in "He Who Gets Slapped"  
RICHARD DIX in "Manhattan"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 114



**THE SIREN OF SEVILLE**—Producers Distributing Corp.

YOU will enjoy this picture of old Seville with its romances, jealousies, bull fights, man fights and woman fights. Priscilla Dean proves herself one of the screen's best actresses by her fascinating portrayal of *Dolores*, the peasant girl who takes her rural and boyish sweetheart, *Gallito*, to Seville to make him one of the country's greatest matadors. After he wins the honors, his head is turned and he forsakes her for the white lights. The deserted *Dolores* hides her sorrow and becomes a famous dancer in the city's leading cabaret where she discovers a plot to kill *Gallito*. His rival drugs him just before he enters the bull ring and *Dolores* saves his life by rushing to the arena and killing the bull before it goes the dazed matador. The picture is well directed, well acted and splendidly photographed.



**HE WHO GETS SLAPPED**—Metro-Goldwyn

WHEN Victor Seastrom presented his version of Hall Caine's "Name the Man" we were disappointed. He failed to rise much above the level of a fourth rate novel. But this adaptation of Leonid Andreyev's "He Who Gets Slapped" is a superb thing—and it lifts Seastrom to the very front rank of directors.

This fatalistic Russian drama is a bizarre thing; of a scientist who, wrecked by a faithless wife, seeks to forget as a clown in a small traveling circus. He becomes the famous and mysterious "he who gets slapped." In the same circus is a pretty little rider, daughter of a derelict count. He comes to love the girl, *Consuelo*, but he masks his longing behind his grotesquely painted face. *Consuelo* loves a young rider. The count tries to sell his daughter to another but *He* saves her for her lover, and gives his life that she may live on and be happy.

All this is unfolded in a series of beautiful camera pictures, technically faultless. It is told clearly and directly in pantomime, as is the right function of the photoplay. True, there are subtitles, but in the main they are philosophic (and well written) comments upon the action. Andreyev's play was elusive behind the footlights. Enmeshed in celluloid by Seastrom, it gains immeasurably in clarity. The director has taken liberties with the original story, but they seem to us logical and in the spirit of the Russian dramatist's original theme.

The acting is remarkably fine. Lon Chaney does the best work of his career. Here his performance has breadth, force and imagination. Tully Marshall, as usual, gives an outstanding performance, and Norma Shearer and Jack Gilbert, as the lovers, are delightful.



**MANHATTAN**—Paramount

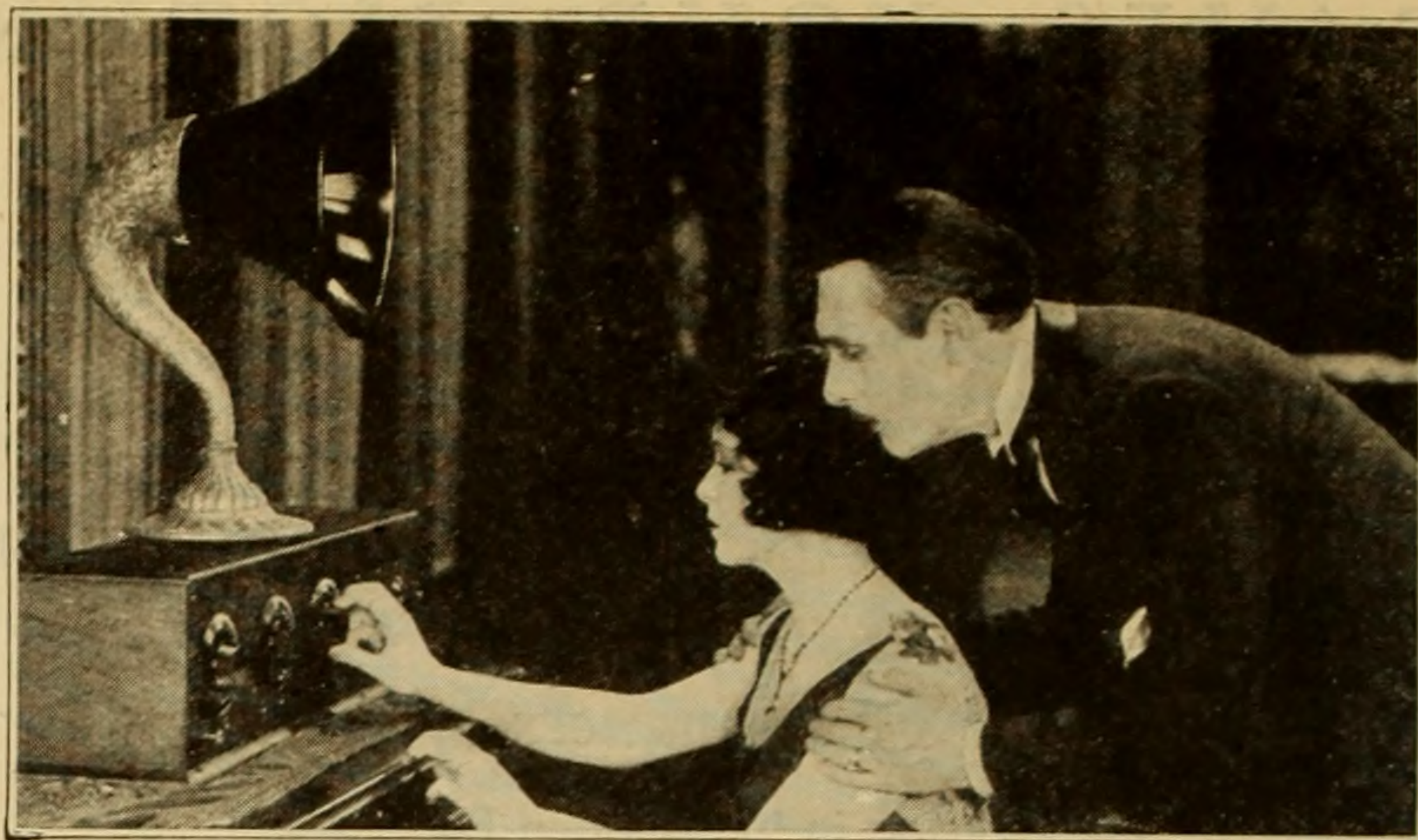
WE congratulate Richard Dix on his first starring vehicle. We had some fears for the result when we heard that R. H. Burnside, one of our best stage directors, but wholly unfamiliar with the camera, was to wield the megaphone on Richard's first star picture, but Mr. Burnside has done a good job and produced one of the liveliest comedy crook melodramas we have seen in a long time. The star plays a blase young son of an old Knickerbocker family who cannot get a thrill even out of his cellar any more, and seeks adventure among the crooks of the East Side. Does he get it? Plenty. And to rescue the sister of one of the crooks he has to put up a fight that uses the whole screen arsenal, fists, chairs, knives, revolvers, teeth, and a flight of stairs. It is fine entertainment.





**SANDRA—First National**

**A**DUAL personality rôle is played in this picture by Barbara La Marr. As *Sandra* she is a wild spirit seeking adventure. As *Rusty* she is the home-loving, husband-comforting wife. It is hard to tell which she plays worse. The weak story is wretchedly told. Our disappointment on viewing this picture was the greatest we have ever felt while sitting before a screen. Great expectations were shattered.



**HUSBANDS AND LOVERS—First National**

**T**HE intimate domestic drama seems to be the thing these days. This one has its good and bad points—and the bad ones come all at the end. For three-quarters of its length "Husbands and Lovers" is a deft little study of a married couple, directed with a good measure of humaneness by John M. Stahl. The couple is superbly done by Lewis Stone and Florence Vidor.



**THE GARDEN OF WEEDS—Paramount**

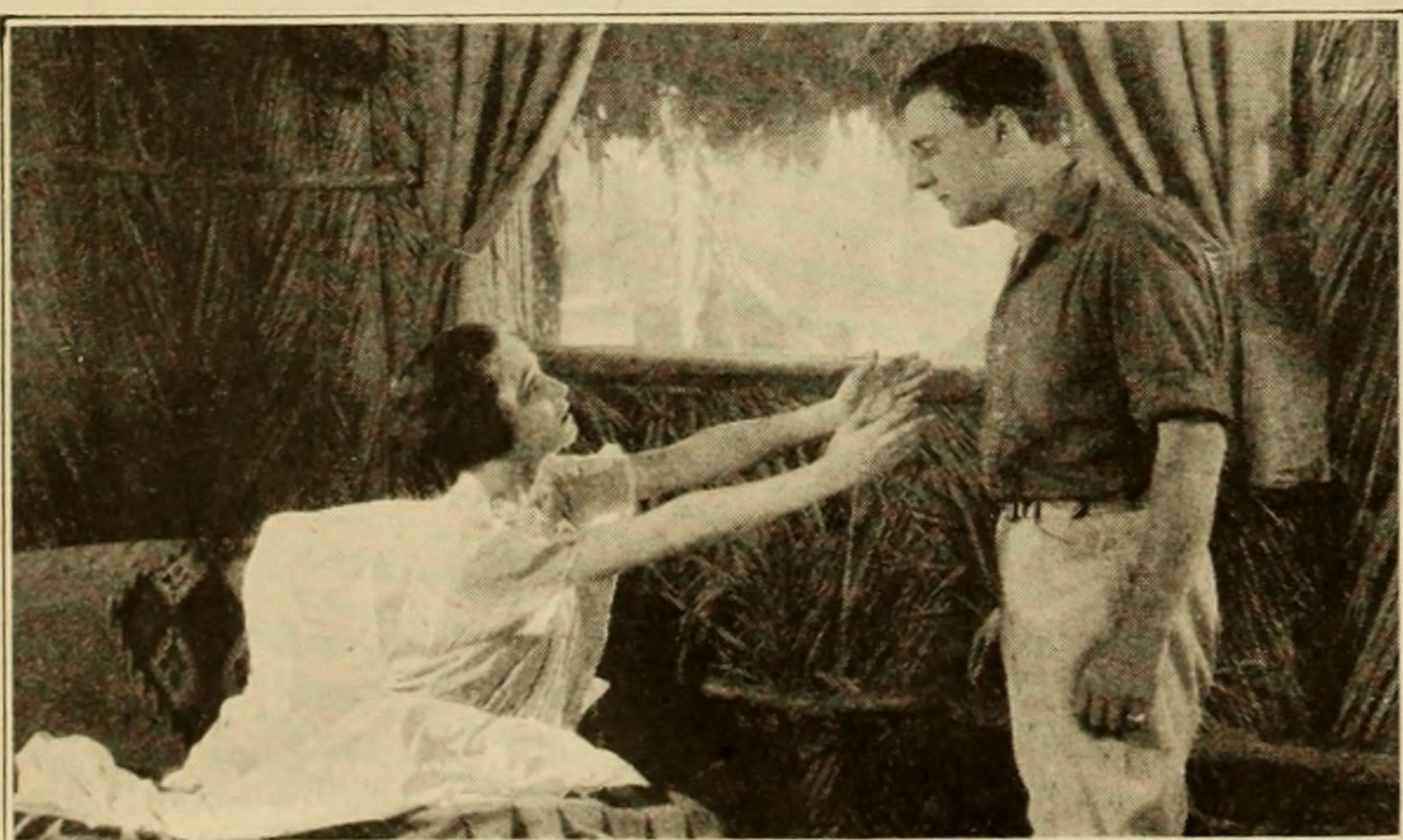
**B**ETTY COMPSON depicts in "The Garden of Weeds" the type role she has made her own; that of a chorus girl who goes wrong, but is saved by true love.

Director James Cruze (Betty's husband) has brushed the rather drab story with colorful human interest touches, and Betty Compson is ably assisted by Warner Baxter and Rockcliffe Fellowes. This is not a picture for children.



**WORLDLY GOODS—Paramount**

**"W**ORLDLY GOODS" is a youthful edition of "Babbitt," with Agnes Ayres stepping into the star limelight and doing the best work of her screen career. A young husband endeavors to show her how to live on braggadocio and an empty pocketbook, the wolf scratching at their door, but she wearies of his idle talk and a divorce threatens until, in the end, he makes good and she returns to his arms.



**WHITE MAN—B. P. Schulberg**

**T**HE return to the screen of Alice Joyce after an absence of one year, along with the entertainment value, makes this picture doubly interesting. It deals mainly with three characters whom Director Gasnier has deftly handled. The action chiefly concerns a man's honor and respect for a woman, in spite of their hostile relations. An excellent cast—Alice Joyce, Kenneth Harlan and Walter Long.



**WINNER TAKE ALL—Fox**

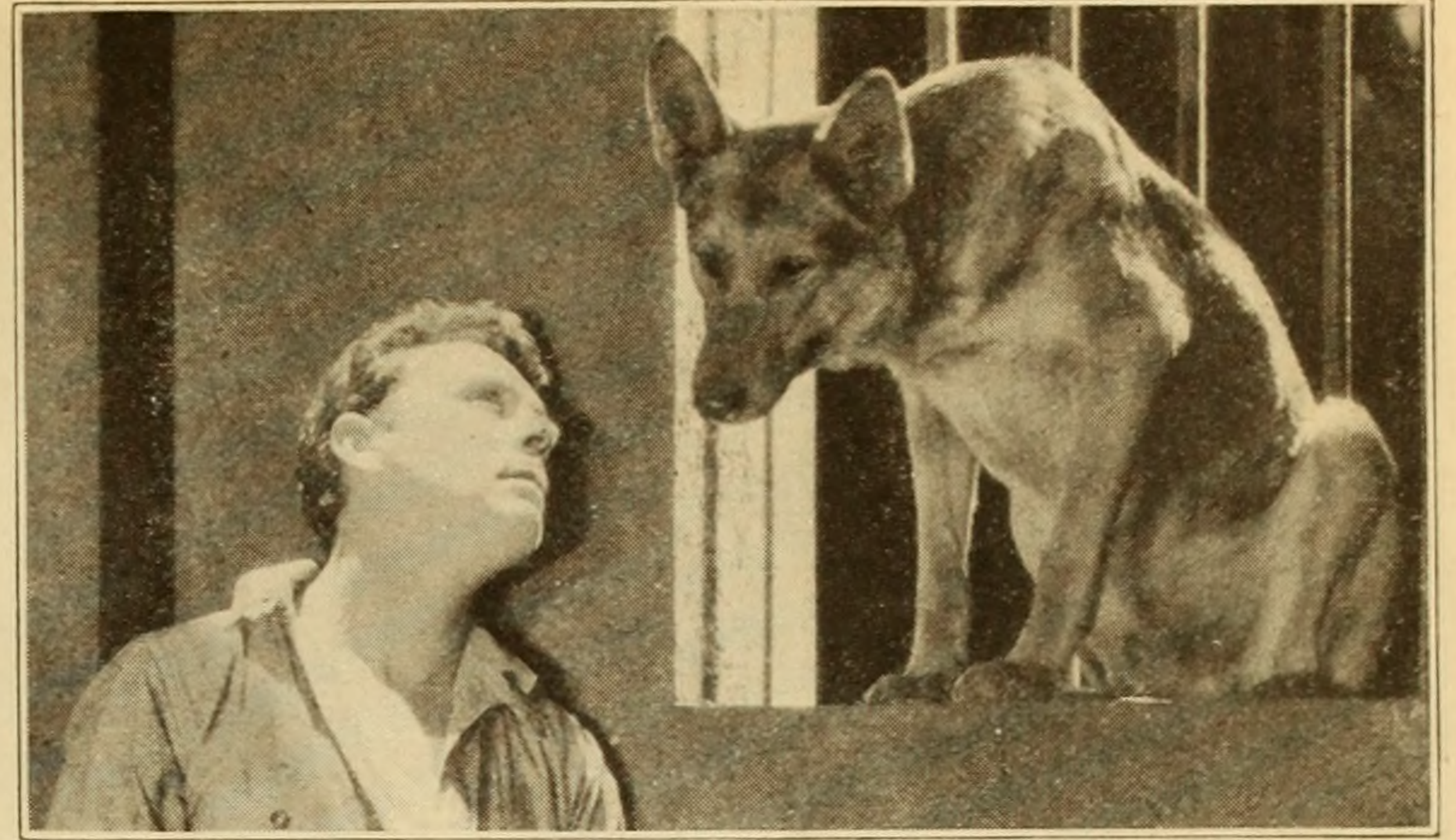
**T**HIS is different from the usual cowboy story featuring Charles Jones. It is full of snappy action and a lively climax. A cowboy becomes a prizefighter but refuses to play the game crooked. He returns to the ranch but enters the ring again under the stipulation that winner take all. He wins the fight and of course the girl. Jones looks like a real fighter and seemingly packs away a good wallop.





**THE LOVER OF CAMILLE—Warner**

SACHA GUITRY'S drama of a famous pantomimic clown and his unhappy love for "the lady of the Camélias" made a theatrically effective footlight offering as David Belasco produced it. In the films it somehow borders upon saccharine sentimentality. We put most of the blame to the story. Monte Blue's playing of *Jean Gaspard Deburau*, the clown, is singularly weak.



**THE SILENT ACCUSER—Metro-Goldwyn**

MELODRAMA with a dog, yclept *Peter the Great*, as the star. The hero is unjustly sent to prison for the murder of his sweetheart's grandfather. The dog worms his way into prison, aids the boy's escape, helps track down the real murderer and finds time to act as Cupid, too. The dog's acting is its one saving grace. Even the canine's work is a bit too involved for the probabilities.



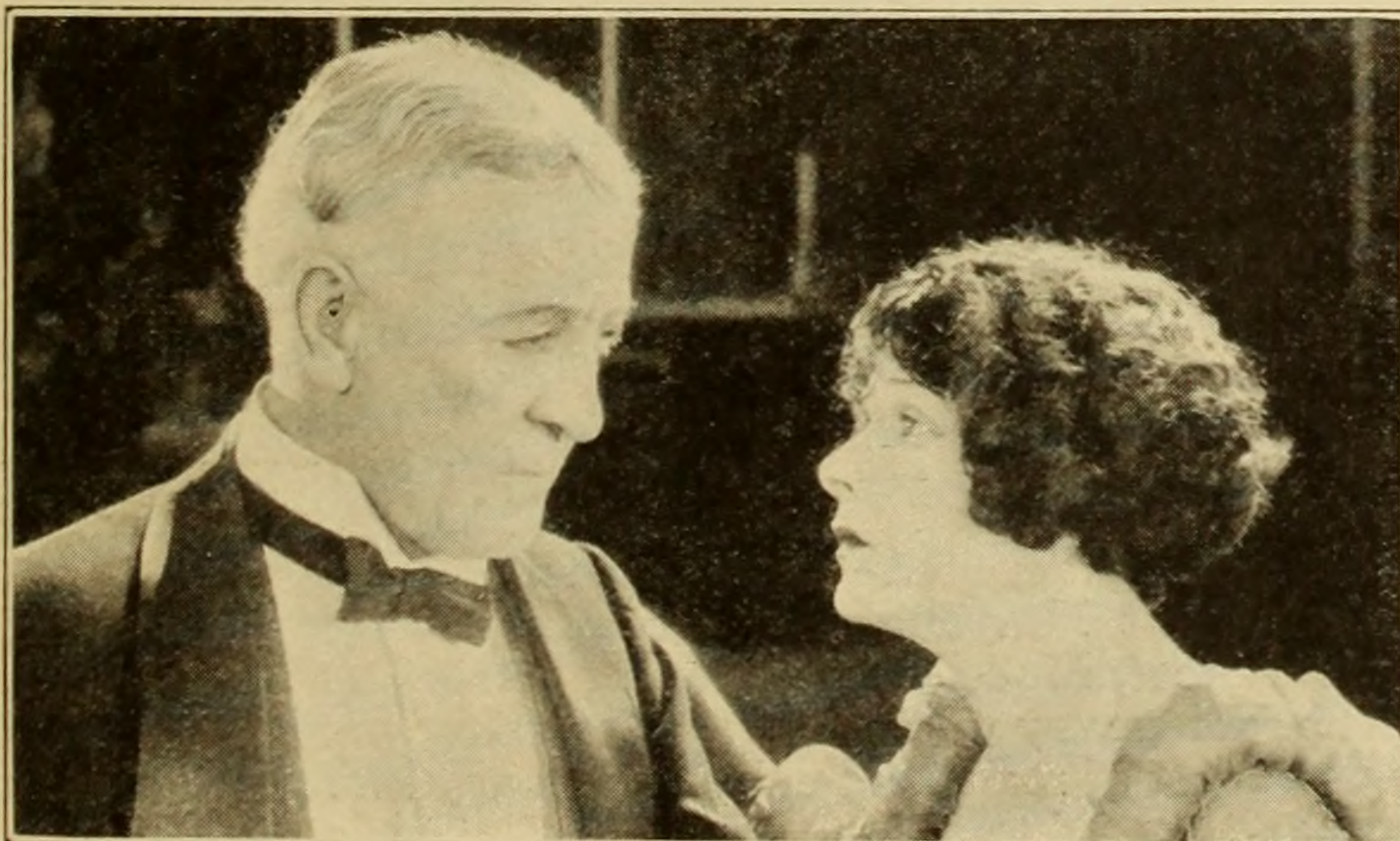
**THE SNOB—Metro-Goldwyn**

CHECK a hit down to the promising Monta Bell, who first revealed his possibilities in "Broadway After Dark." Bell has developed his dramatic story with fine freshness and originality. "The Snob" is a Helen R. Martin story and there is a Mennonite background. John Gilbert is excellent as the professor and the cast is admirable, particularly Norma Shearer as his wife.



**THE BORDER LEGION—Paramount**

THIS melodrama of the great open places, adapted from a Zane Grey novel, will not stand minute inspection, but is a mighty good entertainment. Perhaps we are a little surfeited with the regeneration of bad men before the calm gaze of pure celluloid cuties. Still, this has lots of action, rugged backgrounds and a performance by Rockcliffe Fellowes, as the wicked, hard riding *Kells*, that runs away with the film.



**THE ONLY WOMAN—First National**

ATRITE story, greatly padded. The usual father tottering on the edge of disgrace forces his dutiful daughter into a mercenary marriage with a young waster. Eventually, in a shipwreck, the scapegrace proves himself and the girl comes to love him. Director Sidney Olcott's handling of the situations is workmanlike. Norma Talmadge's acting is adequate and her gowns are an eye-ful.



**MY HUSBAND'S WIVES—Fox**

THE original story was written by Barbara La Marr—and what better authority on husbands can we find than Barbara? Shirley Mason appears as *Vale Harvey*, a sweet young thing, who, unknowingly, marries her school-chum's ex-husband. *Vale* induces her friend to visit her and of course there's bound to be trouble. Take a tip—never invite an ex-wife to visit you. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 97]





Who Says  
**Vampires**  
 are  
**Through?**

*Madeline Hurlock is a new  
 kind, that's all*

*Says Ivan St. Johns*

*"The day of the vamp is just beginning. Madeline Hurlock starts where the rest of the girls left off"*

**L**ATELY, there has been a rumor around Hollywood, a rather persistent rumor, that the day of the vamp is over. I suppose those rumors will bob up now and again. Probably the Egyptian ladies spoke somewhat thusly when the asp got in his dirty work with Cleopatra.

When the rumor was again circulated along the Boulevard, I admit I wondered if there might not be something in it. The wise ones shook their heads and remarked deeply:

"You know, the pendulum always swings back. The vamp is passing. Her day is all but done. It's a long lane that has no turning"—and so on.

I harkened. It seemed reasonable enough, after all. I almost believed.

And then I met Madeline Hurlock. So far as I am concerned, the day of the vamp is just beginning. Madeline starts where the rest of the girls left off. Allow me to state that as long as a girl like Madeline shows up every few centuries, the day of the vamp will flourish like the well known green bay tree. Don't let anybody tell you different.

I have one qualm about writing this story. It has troubled me for days. It concerns Madeline's figure. Any story about Madeline must begin by mentioning her figure. Otherwise it doesn't give you an honest portrait.

It isn't that I have any old-fashioned scruples about discussing the human form divine. The ladies of the present day have removed any sense of false modesty about that. I am not overcome with blushes in attempting to describe what everyone concedes to be Hollywood's most beautiful figure. It is merely a sense of my own inadequacy that overpowers me. Being neither an artist nor a male dressmaker, I shall never be able to do justice to Madeline's figure.

I can only say in passing that if they had an ancient Greek contest of living statues at the Olympic games, America could have added another first to her score by sending Madeline Hurlock.



*"Madeline could have taken first prize if the ancient Greek Olympic games had featured living statues"*

Three things, says Madeline, were directly responsible for her chance in pictures. A new style of hairdress, a string of beads—don't get excited—and a black dress.

Having left Maryland and arrived in Hollywood via the Century Roof, Madeline was playing extras on the Lasky lot, and not doing very well at that. Week after week she plodded that weariest of roads and nobody paid any more attention to her than they did to anyone else.

Now the girls who play at Lasky's are dressed by the wardrobe department. And Madeline couldn't seem to get the right clothes. They usually presented her with some of Mary Miles Minter's old frocks or something like that and Madeline's personality was completely buried.

But one bright day Mr. Greer, the designer, originated a long, narrow black gown. It was so narrow that nobody could wear it. Possibly the seamstress left out one breadth or something. Anyway, it was Mr. Greer's pet gown for a fashion revue which George Fitzmaurice was using in [CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]





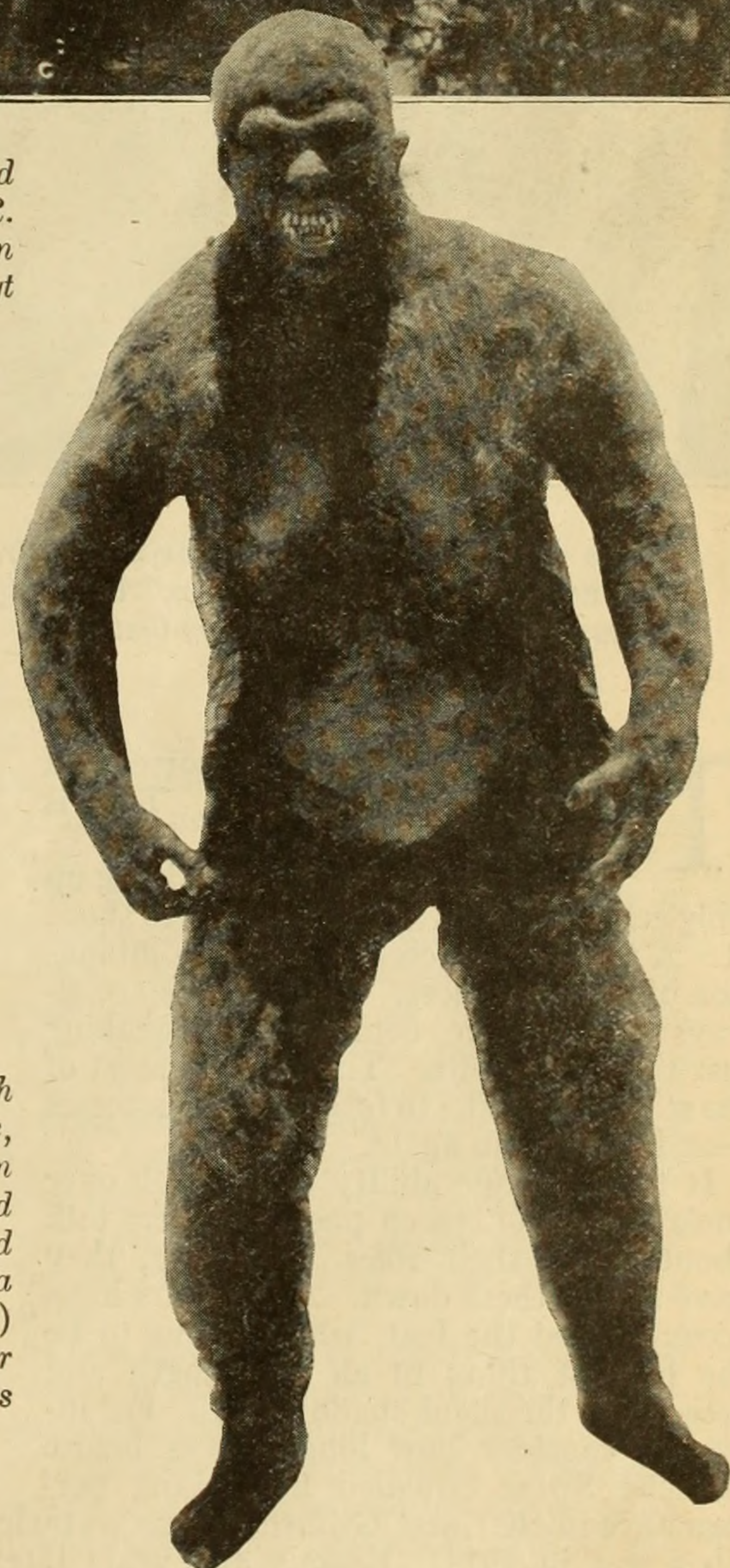
What do they see that inspires such fear? The very existence of all mankind is depicted in the struggle these four are facing in "The Lost World," produced by Watterson R. Rothacker, the secrets of which First National is jealously guarding until its release in January. From left to right are Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, Bessie Love and Arthur Hoyt

## When a World Was Lost

*Dinosaurs roamed the land and battled man*



Down in a South American jungle, with extinction facing them, Edward Malone (Lloyd Hughes) and Paula White (Bessie Love) find their love greater through the dangers they face



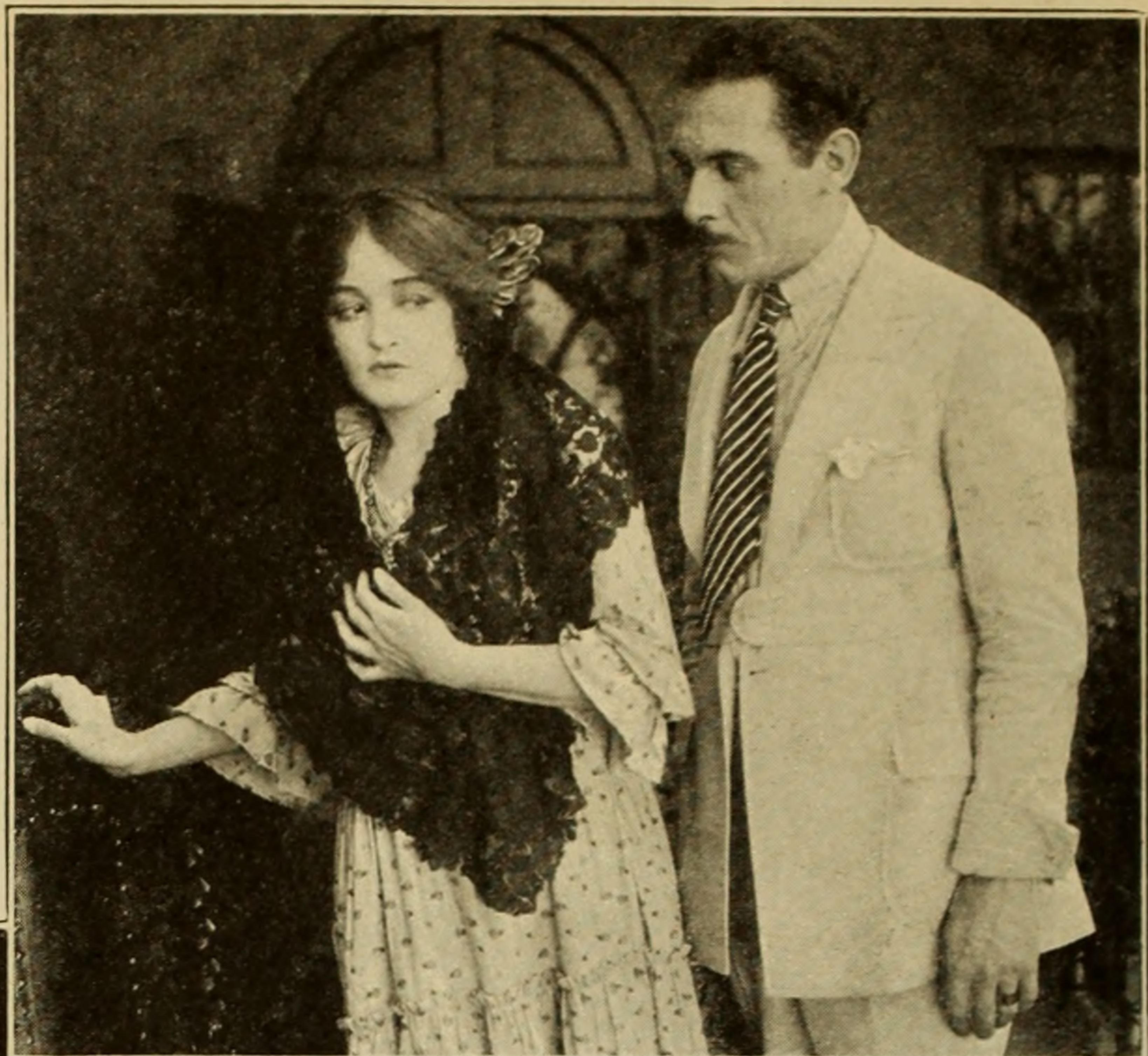
"The Lost World" is filled with dinosaurs, great apes and all the prehistoric animals that roamed the earth before man's ascendancy. Here is Bull Montana playing one of the most fearsome roles of his career



# Things They Want to Forget

*Stars find it not always best to recall past achievements*

*By Frederick James Smith*



*It took a long time for Lew Cody—and the public—to forget his indiscreet billing as a “he-vamp”*



*Thomas Meighan survived his powerful characterization in “The Miracle Man,” but Betty Compson is best remembered by that play*



*Below—Nazimova rose to heights in “Revelation” and then failed to sustain the reputation in later productions*

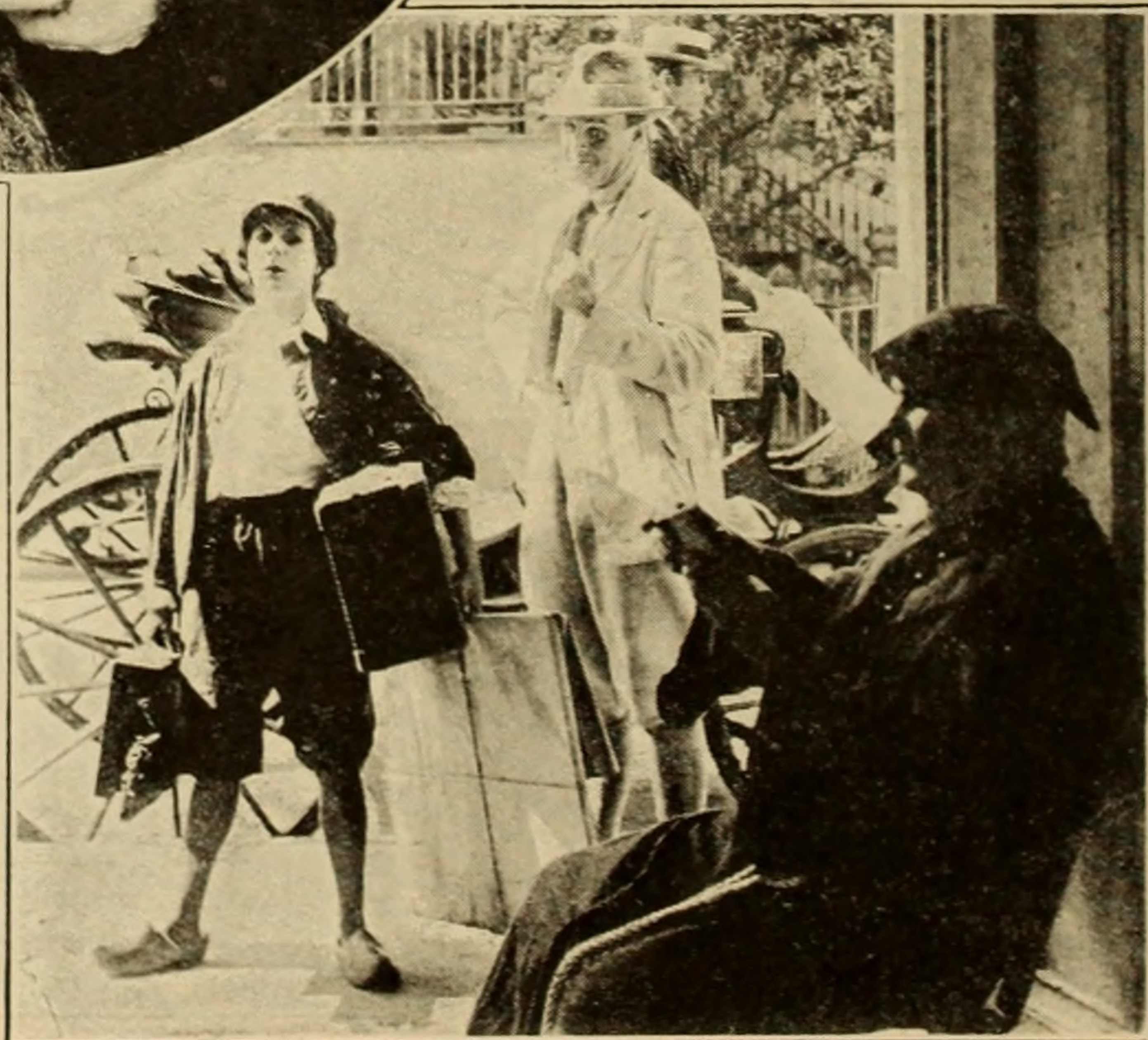
**T**HERE is just one thing worse than failing with a screen rôle. That is succeeding!

It is a dangerous thing to hang up a big celluloid hit as a shining mark to shoot at. A film hit is merely a happy combination of circumstances. The chances are always against the combination breaking just that way again. That is why most of the stars would like to forget their successes—and start fresh again.

It takes unique ability to triumph over one's successful screen past. Players talk about living their rôles. Actually, they have to live them down. A few stars have accomplished the feat, which seems to be the hardest thing in all the length and breadth of the silent shadow land. For instance, consider how long it was before Blanche Sweet equalled her telling performance in that first Griffith super-spectacle, “Judith of Bethulia.” That was in 1914. Exactly ten years later she scored in “Anna Christie.” Ten long years to live down a success!

There are those who have gone on to greater success, using their menacing hits as stepping stones. No one can forget Thomas Meighan in “The Miracle Man,” despite his steady success since. Meighan has never equalled that rôle, and yet his ingratiating personality and production sense has carried him along to consistently growing popu-

*Publicity claims that she was a daughter of the Sahara gave Theda Bara a false atmosphere*







*Richard Barthelmess set a mark for himself in "Tol'able David" that is hard to surpass*

the player is ready. A thorough training is essential to enduring success in the films, as anywhere else. An early hit, too, has often caught a young player off balance, destroying his perspective and bringing his success toppling about his ears.

Another penalty of a hit is that it inevitably boosts a player's salary. This salary increase often makes prohibitive the ideal conditions that existed before success came. Productions must be built around a big pay envelope. Thus lucky combinations are broken and productions must suffer. Gone are the opportunities to characterize a rôle in a good story.

Just what makes a screen hit, anyway? The

*It proved difficult for Lila Lee—shown below in "Puppy Love"—to forget her premature venture into stardom*



*Mae Murray exhausted the possibilities of "jazz" when she made a sensation in the picture, "On With the Dance"*

above-mentioned circumstances are the time, the place and the rôle. The characterization must come at the right moment. Miss Sweet's *Judith* was the heroic forerunner of all the hordes of historic women—mythical and actual—to invade the films. Today such a performance would mean little or not'ing.

The hit must be in a picture getting wide distribution. Today that means it must be in a big production of a prominent company. And most of all, the rôle must have either lovable or highly colored qualities. It must be a *Little Colonel*, a *Madame Du Barry* or a tango dancing *Julio*.

Let us look back at the dangerously successful hits of the past. Dorothy Gish, for instance, never encountered another rôle like that of the piquant, harem-scarem *Little Disturber* of "Hearts of the World." Henry B. Walthall never quite came within reaching distance of the lovable *Little Colonel* of "The Birth of a Nation." Perhaps there will never be another male rôle quite so compelling in its sympathetic appeal. Alla Nazimova never approached the electric spark of her "Revelation," achieved right at the start of her silver-



*Below—After ten years Blanche Sweet lived down her telling performance in "Judith of Bethulia."*

screen career. Nazimova dissipated her remarkable abilities for a mess of ego. Bryant Washburn never again touched the brash Americanism of "Skinner's Dress Suit."

The hand of Griffith shadows many of the successes that later swallowed up their players. Mary Alden never again was so compelling as she was as the mulatto in "The Birth of a Nation," nor did Walter Long ever do anything quite so sinister as his renegade in that film classic. And Mae Marsh, despite her commendable effort in "The White Rose," never touched the dramatic heights of the pathetically tragic little sister depicted in "The Birth of a Nation."

At first glance it may appear strange that so many prominent players of today developed under the guidance of Griffith. Actually, this is easy of explanation. There was no star, and Griffith, with his well balanced organization of non-stars, was able to cast his players in the rôles they best fitted without distorting the characters or the theme. Hence their frequent personal hits.

There are mistakes of business and publicity studding the celluloid way. Mary Miles Minter would doubtless like to forget that she was ever designed to succeed Mary Pickford. Theda Bara probably hopes to forget her ill-judged "born-in-the-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 93]



# STUDIO NEWS & GOSSIP—



*Marriage has its compensations after all. This picture was taken the day Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost were married. They both said it was the best picture either had ever had taken and now they are glad they got married. Well, we confess the photographer had two very attractive subjects. And judging by where his eyes are resting Kenneth is sure that one of them is*

AFTER witnessing "Dante's Inferno" we are convinced that only good-looking women go to hell. In all the hundreds who writhed in agony there wasn't a fat one, skinny one or ugly one. Besides, we didn't see a Japanese, Chinese, African or Indian. They probably all went to heaven.

WELL, Betty Compson and Jimmy Cruze have gone and fooled the wise guys along the boulevard who were betting it was just "a Hollywood engagement" and that no wedding bells would ring out. And even Betty didn't know the time and place of her own wedding until one hour before it took place.

But Jimmy Cruze and Betty slipped quietly away one afternoon, after the great director had finished work, hunted up a judge (Cruze already had the marriage license) and the knot was tied in the living room of the beautiful Cruze home at Flintridge.

Although the date of the wedding had been set for several days before it actually occurred, and was to have been celebrated in Frisco, Utah, where Miss Compson was born, the pressure of work prevented the couple from carrying out their plan.

In honor of the occasion Cruze donned the first pair of long trousers and the first tie he has worn in five years. Miss Compson wore a salmon pink silk afternoon gown and still had on the make-up she wore on a studio set before the wedding.

She was given no time for preparation for somewhere around two o'clock in the afternoon, about an hour before it happened, Jim decided to get married at once. He didn't want to bother Miss Compson so he just drove down to the marriage license bureau and through a special arrangement obtained a license without her appearance, then stopped at the studio for Betty.

"Come on, dear, we're going out to my house and get married," said Jimmy. And they did.

DURING the past few months May Allison has rejected five distinct offers to play sweet young thing rôles on the screen. May has a lovely sunshiny disposition but had a difficult time keeping it recently when a theatrical manager who had never met her called upon her to discuss a new stage play, the leading rôle of which was a pretty blonde French girl of the gamin type, sort of a Kiki. Miss Allison

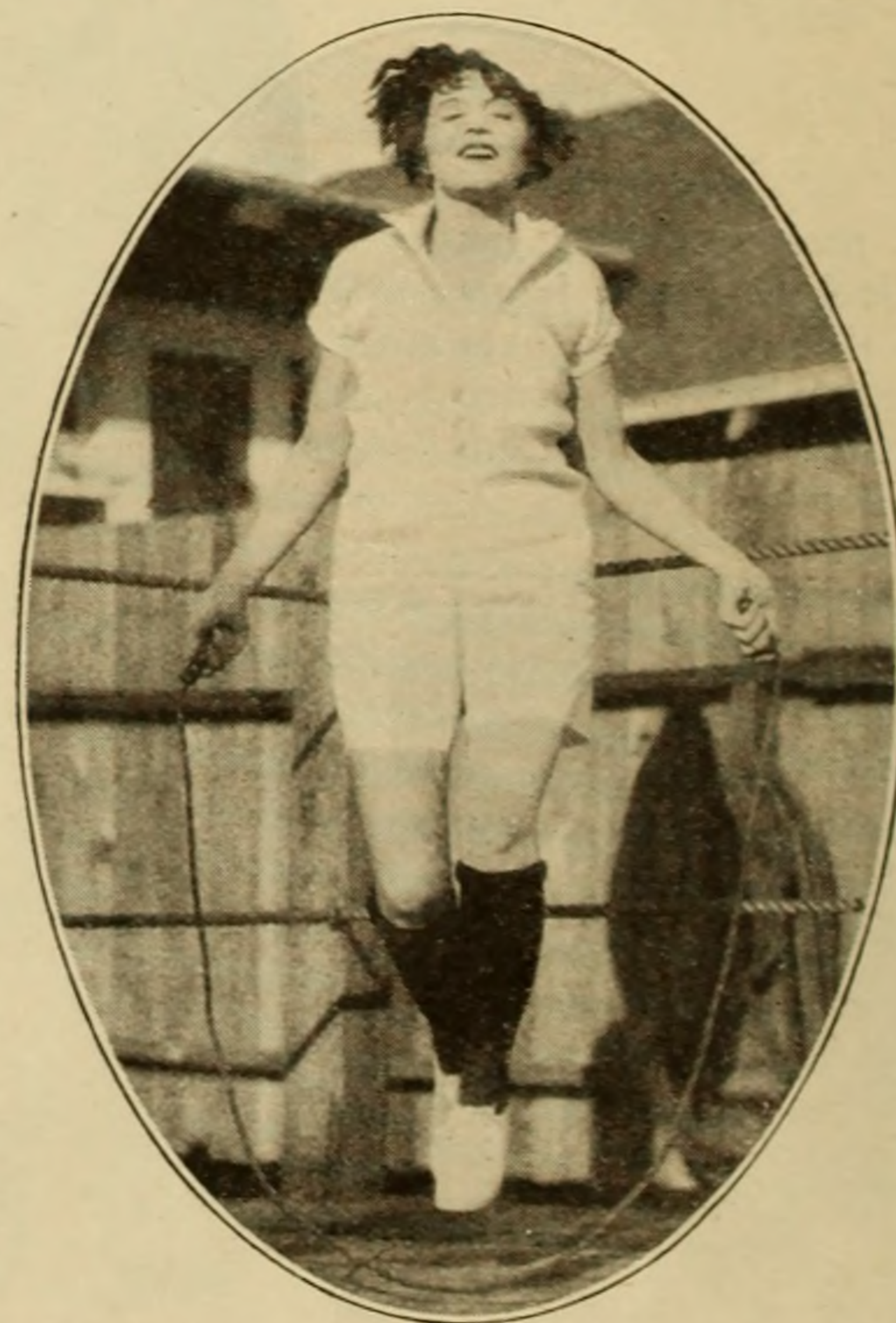
liked the play, as it gave her a chance for emotional and character work. Imagine her disgust then when the manager said, "Oh, Miss Allison, you are far too beautiful for this part," and tried to argue her into accepting the star rôle of a musical comedy—for be it known that May has a splendidly trained voice—in which she would be a lovely persecuted heroine.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO gave a party to New York newspaper and magazine writers before leaving for the coast, and it was a most enjoyable affair. Rudy had to stand a great deal of chaffing about his whiskers but took it good-naturedly—probably because he had not yet heard that the master barbers of Chicago had passed a resolution binding themselves to stay away from his pictures until he shaved off the offending beard. Favors at the dinner were false whiskers for the men and safety razors for the women, which, in view of the barbers' action, may have been premeditated by Rudy in anticipation of some such resolution. But the most fun at the party was the manner in which Nita Naldi, much thinner, put on her best Ritz manners. Anyhow, she looked fascinating in a gown cut low—quite low—in the back. Mrs. Valentino was fairly radiant in a gown of gold cloth, while Dagmar Godowsky scintillated in white. Ruby De Remer was there with her millionaire husband and looked quite as wonderful as in the days when she was one of the most beautiful women on the screen.

AILEEN PRINGLE is appearing with George Fitzmaurice in his latest production "A Thief in Paradise," and let me tell you when that picture is released Mae Murray will no longer hold a corner upon dancing, nor upon figures, nor upon how few beads can be worn on the screen and get by the censors.

Miss Pringle has certainly no apparent reason for not wearing as few beads as possible. And she does. And she can dance, exquisitely and enticingly, which is rather surprising because she always seems a little stiff and overdignified.

The whole United lot was finding innumer-



*Illness has kept Louise Glaum away from the screen for two years now. But she has been putting herself in condition to return once more before the Klieg lights. Pretty vigorous training, too, it looks*



# EAST AND WEST

By Cal York

able excuses for visiting Fitz' set during the days when he was working with Miss Pringle in the beads and handsome young leading men galore were offering to act as prop boys or assistant cameramen. The day I was there Miss Pringle and Mr. Fitzmaurice were having an argument about the color of makeup on her knees.

And it seems that in this costume Miss Pringle has to wear a complete make-up, which takes hours to put on.

TO come back to more personal matters, there still seems to be some doubt as to Miss Pringle's choice between her two devoted suitors—Cedric Gibbons, art director for Metro-Goldwyn, and Matt Moore, well known leading man. Someone saw Matt buying heaps of new neckties in a fashionable haberdashers the other day, very gala and gay neckties they were, too, and instantly the rumor spread that the fair Aileen had broken with "Gibby" and once more smiled upon Matt.

To date there seems to be nothing very definite to go on.

And still there may be another side to the story for Matt was seen at the opening of the Writers Revue all alone and the sole possessor of three seats. One held his hat, one his overcoat and the third Matt.

Maybe "Gibby" stole a march on him that time.

FROM Paris comes word that Gloria Swanson has been offered the heart and hand of an honest-to-goodness marquis, none other than Marquis de Falaise than which there is no other bluer blooded scion of the old French aristocracy. Of course, that doesn't mean that Gloria will marry him. Many others have offered their hearts and hand and cash and estates to Gloria unavailingly. But it appears that the Marquis has a very bad case. Wherever Gloria appears, the Marquis appears beside her. If the glorious Gloria is at a loss for a French word, the Marquis supplies it. But that doesn't mean anything extraordinary. Other men have done it before him and Gloria



Pacific and Atlantic Photo

*"Rudy the Red" is liable to be a nickname that will fasten on Rudolph Valentino while he is making "The Scarlet Power," for the Sheik arrived in New York from Europe wearing a beard of reddish tinge. He will play the part of a 14th century Moor. He was accompanied home from Europe by Mrs. Valentino. A week after their arrival they left for the coast*



*Milton Sills is becoming nearly as famous a horticulturist as he is an actor. He has taken a number of prizes at flower shows. "I give them lots of sunshine and lots of water, and that's all," he explains*

didn't marry them. Besides, Gloria is too busy shopping apparently to take matrimony seriously. Gowns and jewels, hats and all the dainty things that appeal to the feminine taste are cutting inroads on the Swanson purse in lavish manner.

However, the purse is a large one and when Gloria returns she'll probably get a new one in New York.

"I HAVE never yet made a resolution at New Year's that did not seem, somehow, inadequate, before the ensuing year was over," said Pola Negri at a dinner party the other night.

"I remember the first time I made a New Year's resolution. It was while I was attending the school of the Countess Platen in Poland.

"All the girls were trying to see which could evolve the most startling resolution so I naturally fell in with the idea and puzzled my brain to think of one which would astonish the school.

"It was agreed that we were to wait until midnight of the last day and then tell each other what we had resolved. I was only about ten years of age and I recall those last minutes

before we were to tell our resolutions as among the most dramatic of my life.

"When my turn came I was very nervous. All the others had signified their intention to abandon innumerable little things like shirking lessons, making fun of our instructors, telling white lies and that sort of thing. Then I cast my bomb.

"I sat up in bed and said.

"I am going to assassinate the Czar!"

"I shall never forget the horrified silence which followed. At that time, Poland was still under the rule of Russia and all good patriots considered the Czar as the head of Poland's enemies.

"It wasn't very long after, that I had good cause to remember my resolution, for my father was sent to Siberia and my mother and I were turned out into the snow one winter's night while our home was burned by Cossacks.

"Every time New Year's comes around and I hear people making resolutions, I think of that night in the dormitory.

"When I make resolutions myself, I wonder if the year's events will bring them home to me in the same dramatic fashion."





Ever since Betty Bronson surprised the world by being selected for "Peter Pan" Famous Players decided there must be other unknowns with ability. Hence the new sign, "supported by" Jesse Lasky at right—and his casting director, Tom White



Hot stuff, this. In fact nothing cooler than "Tongues of Flame," the Paramount picture which Tommie Meighan and Bessie Love have been making on Long Island. They seem thoughtful. You'll know why after you see the picture

**WILLIAM BRUSH**, back in Hollywood from Florida with some wonderful underwater stuff for "Water Babies", was trying to explain why he had not finished his picture in Florida.

"Gosh knows that the water in Florida, being Florida water, is just as good as the water in California but-but—"

His helpful audience, a moron came gusher, swiftly to his rescue. "I see," she gurgled. "In Florida they ain't got no babies."

**QUITE** a controversy was started by a Chicago newspaper over the date of Harold Lloyd's entrance into pictures. According to the story printed in that paper in November, Harold had been in pictures just ten years, his first one being "Just Nuts." Readers of *PHOTOPLAY* will recall that Harold stated in his autobiography, which ran in *PHOTOPLAY* in May, June and July, that he moved to San Diego in 1911 and "I made my first appearance in a motion picture in San Diego about a year later, and I played an Indian."

**JULANNE JOHNSTON** didn't get a chance to make a picture in Constantinople in November. Internal disturbances in the old Ottoman empire were responsible. Instead she went to Berlin where interiors were made on "The City of Temptation." Later she planned to go to Constantinople to make the exteriors if conditions were such that the visit could be made safely. While in London and Berlin she attended the opening performances of "The Thief of Bagdad" in which she played the leading lady opposite Douglas Fairbanks.

**AN** editor always has an out. This time it is a perfectly good alibi. In the November issue we said that Marion Davies had rented the Norman Kerry home which had been left vacant by the separation of Mr. and Mrs. Kerry. Well, we wrote it in perfectly good faith but, land sakes, we never meant it the way it sounded. If anybody besides Norman got the idea that we meant the Kerrys had separated because of marital infelicity we hasten to assure them that the Kerrys have never had a rift in their household that would even make them think of parting. What we meant by that word separation was that Norman's work had temporarily taken him away from his beloved better half and during the interim Marion had rented their home. One thing you may be sure of—if we ever make a mistake we will acknowledge it.

**ALL** of which reminds us that Norman Kerry is one of the best bits of "copy" in Hollywood. You all remember the story about an editor who was trying to explain news value to a cub reporter. He said that if a dog bit a man it wasn't news but that if the man bit the dog it was. Well, one day Norman was walking along the street, near the Universal Studio where he is making "The Phantom of the Opera," when a little puppy dog came running out barking. It nipped Norman on the leg. Instead of kicking it, Norman picked it up and pinched it slightly on the neck, saying, "There, darn you, how do you like it?"



Here is a pretty oriental playing an oriental vampire. She is Anna May Wong and is making a hit in her first vampire role as Annabelle Wu in "Lord Chumley," a Paramount production

**NOW** you can turn to the rotogravure section and take a good look at him. The editor gave me a call for that item, and then said, "Well, I've got to make good with Norman—bring me his latest pictures." Seems to me a lot of film folks would like to have similar mistakes made about them.

**AGAIN** beautiful Barbara LaMarr seems to be in the mazes of another love puzzle and the question is whether she is a married woman or has a right to announce her engagement.

Waiting in the offing is Ben Finney, wealthy young Floridian, who went into the movies for fun and who is about to play opposite Barbara in "Her Second Chance," a picture that certainly wins the prize for appropriate titles.

Barbara, now in New York, won't say whether or not she is engaged to Finney. She says she doesn't know what she is going to do.

It depends principally on what the courts eventually decide about her marriage to Ben Deely, who died recently. If that marriage was a regular one, then her subsequent marriage to Jack Daugherty before Deely's death wasn't. And if she never were legally Mrs. Ben Deely, then she is unquestionably Mrs. Jack Daugherty.

**YOUNG** Ben Lyon certainly believes in preparedness!

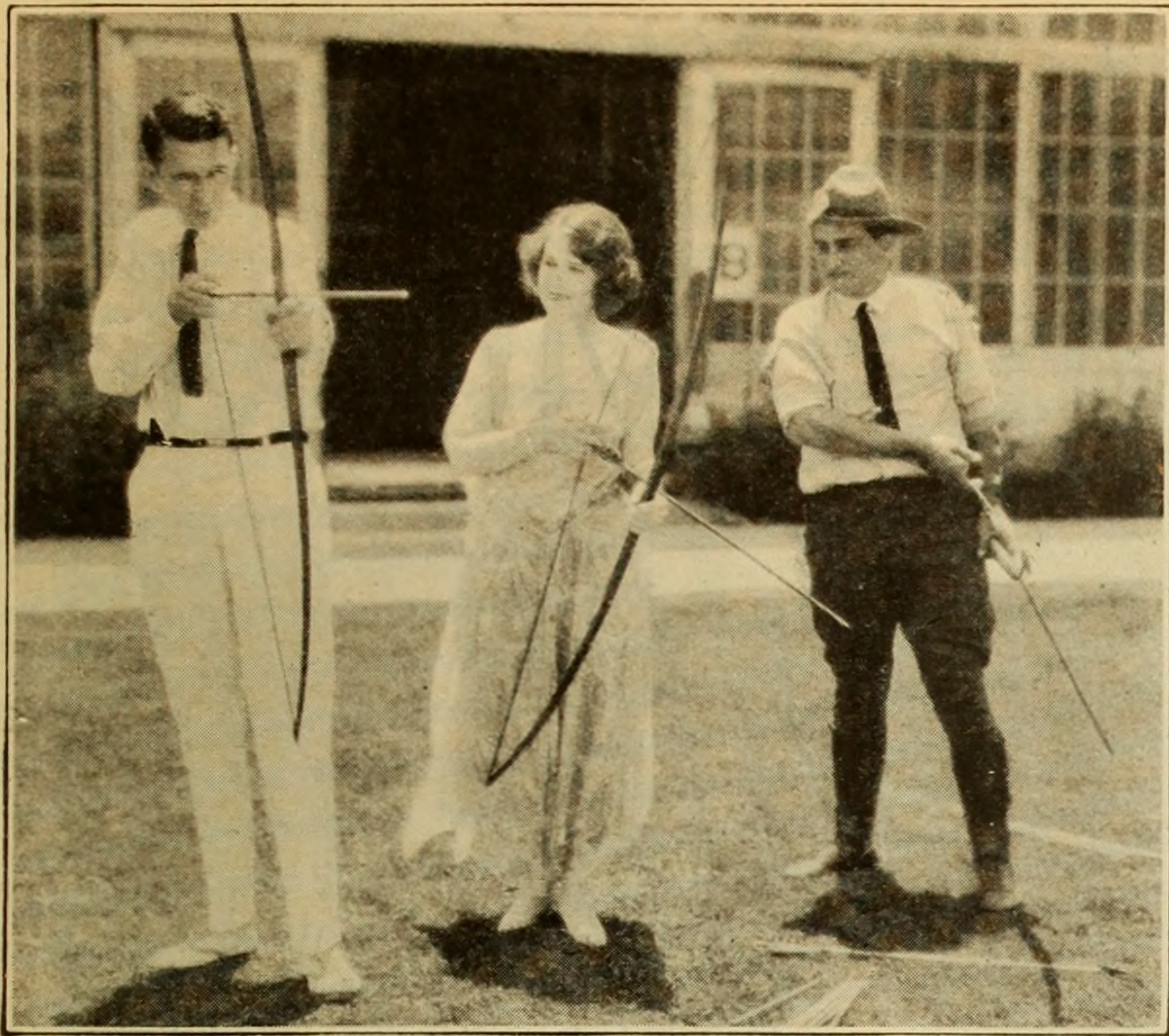
Before leaving Hollywood for New York, where he is to do his next picture, Ben paid a visit to the Federal building in Los Angeles, not about his income tax but to secure passports for Europe.

No, he isn't exactly planning a trip abroad. That is, he hasn't set any fixed time for such a trip, but Ben admits that he misses Gloria Swanson terribly, in spite of the almost daily cable he is said to receive while that adorable star is in France making "Madame Sans-Gene," and if he has a few days between pictures while in New York, well—he just might be drawn aboard a liner by the desire to see Gloria again.

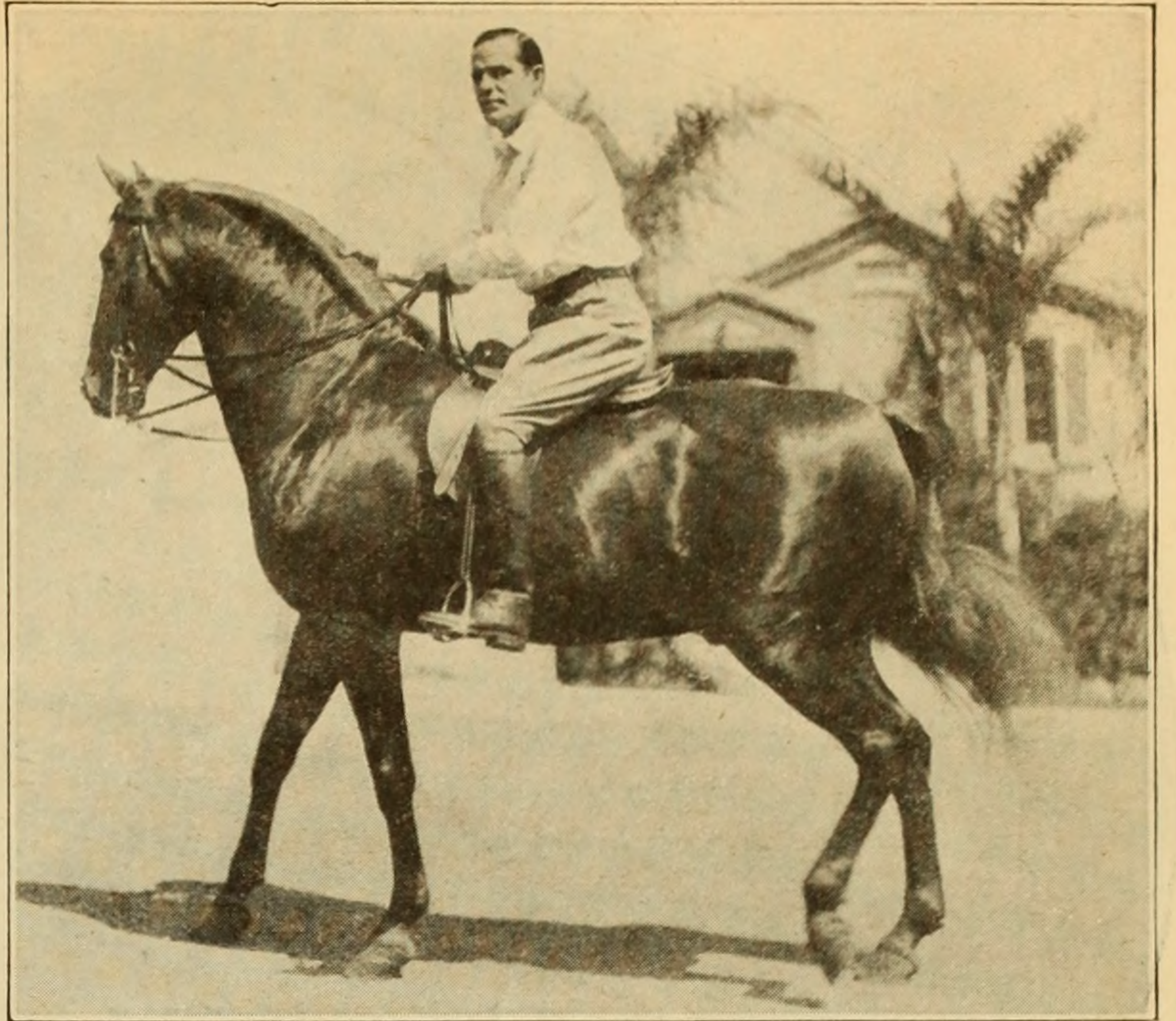
And in case of a hurried sailing Ben isn't going to be turned back over such a little thing as passports. He's got 'em now and always carries them with him.

**COLLEEN MOORE** has finished "So Big," the film made from Edna Ferber's great novel. I have seen some of the rushes, and though I don't know yet what the picture will be like, I want to tell you here and now that Colleen's individual performance is a thing of





One's life is hardly safe in Hollywood these days with arrows flying in all directions since the archery craze arrived. Director Monta Bell and Norma Shearer are latest victims. Paul Powell, American archery champion, is instructing



No wonder Tony Moreno likes riding. Who wouldn't if he had anything as beautiful as Solano to mount? Tony has taken him to Paris and London to enter him in horse shows and to appear in Rex Ingram's picture "Mare Nostrum"

such beauty and poignancy that it is wholly indescribable.

Here is a girl—a young girl, the very essence of youth—who for over two-thirds of the picture plays a woman with a grown son—and Colleen does it so marvelously that she is unrecognizable. Her scenes where she saves her son from the results of a dramatic and startling love affair equal anything ever done on the screen. And these same scenes will establish Ben Lyon's right to be called an actor of power and pathos instead of merely a handsome juvenile.

Colleen had to hold her mouth and her whole face in different position for this part, and she says she's got the habit and finds herself going around off the set with her mouth held like an old lady's and her hand curled a little and even finds herself walking like an old lady.

She's gone up to Arrowhead for a vacation, to get used to being young again.

**FRANK MAYO** is another of these violent radio bugs and when he goes on location his radio set goes with him.

He had it out in the wilds near the Mexican border a short time ago but couldn't tune in on a single darn thing.

Around the faithless instrument were grouped fifteen or twenty lonely members of the company, who had gathered at Mayo's tent expecting to spend a pleasant evening listening to Hastings, Neb., et al.

Solicitously they watched Frank wrestle with the silent (all too silent) speaker and at last one of them piped up:

"Maybe, Mr. Mayo, when you left Hollywood you forgot something."

"I sure did," exploded Mayo. "I forgot to throw this damn thing away." And suiting his actions to his words he walked to the door and pitched the radio out into the inky black night.

**MEMBERS** of the New York film colony received a shock when they learned that Texas Guinan was to desert the El Fey club to become social hostess for The Arabian Club, which Jack Kearns, manager of Jack Dempsey, and Bill La Hiff, owner of The Tavern, were to open in December. Texas, the two-gun girl of the movies, has been hostess of the El Fey for nearly a year and through her efforts it proved to be one of the most popular in New York.

The Arabian Club will be one of the most beautiful in the big city on the Hudson, Norman Bel-Geddes having been selected to provide the interior decorations. Those who have

seen "Feet of Clay" and "The Miracle" will remember the marvelous sets he arranged in those productions.

**ALMOST** immediately after pretty Marie Prevost had been freed from previous marital bonds by her husband, H. L. (Sunny) Gerke, being granted a final decree of divorce in the Los Angeles courts, Marie and Kenneth Harlan were married at the Wilshire Presbyterian Church by Dr. John A. Eby and left for a brief honeymoon at Del Monte. This was the culmination of a three-year studio romance.

Harlan has also been married once before,

having been divorced from Flo Hart, a dancer and former Follies beauty.

They had planned a Honolulu honeymoon but this had to be cancelled because of Harlan being cast for the leading rôle in Harold Bell Wright's "The Re-creation of Brian Kent." Miss Prevost is one of the Warner Brothers' stars.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Canfield were best man and matron of honor for the wedding. Besides Mrs. M. Prevost and Miss Peggy Prevost, mother and sister of the bride, and Mrs. Rita Harlan, mother of the bridegroom, there were a number of intimate friends from the film colony present.

**I AM** really going to give up in despair if they don't stop having these magnificent openings in Los Angeles. I have long ago run out of adjectives. I can't make them sound more and more wonderful because my vocabulary fails me. But I will do my best with "Janice Meredith," which opened with a lot of excitement the other day.

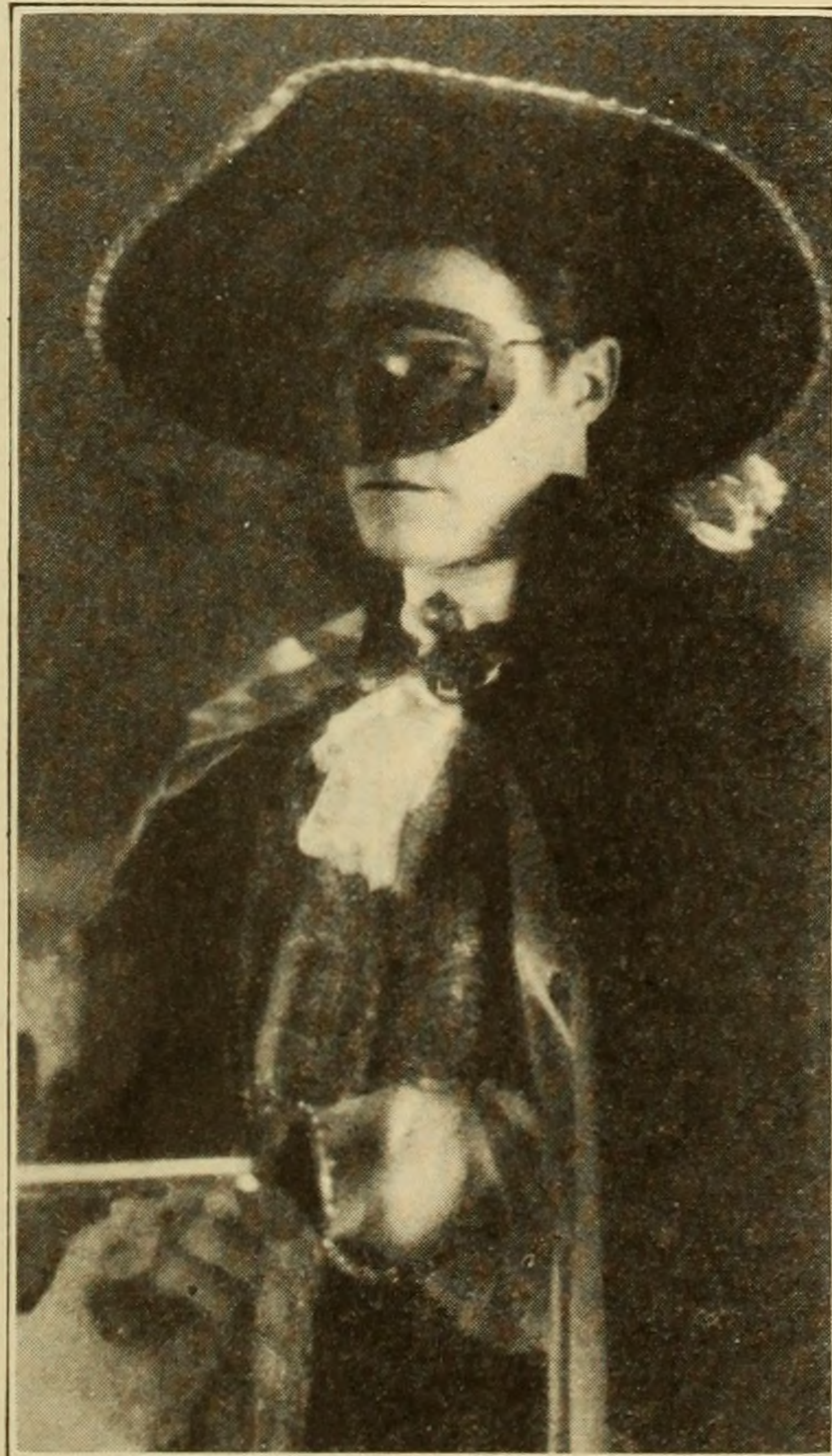
Miss Davies, who is still in the West making "Zander," was present, which added much to the occasion. She wore a frock of flesh-colored chiffon and a band of silver and diamonds in her fair hair.

Charles Chaplin, for the first time in the history of man, acted as master of ceremonies. He made a brief little talk, after being greeted by the crowd with positive howls of enthusiasm, and then introduced Miss Davies and the other members of the cast present, Harrison Ford, Joseph Kilgour and Holbrook Blinn. Chaplin, you know, is a great admirer of Miss Davies, both as an artist, as he stated from the stage that evening, and as a friend.

In the audience were Norma Talmadge, who looked her very loveliest, wearing filmy white. She was accompanied by Eugene O'Brien, her husband being absent in New York. Mrs. Talmadge was with them, and in the party were also Constance Talmadge, in white chiffon beaded with rhinestones; John Considine and Theda Bara. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Ince also were in Miss Davies' party, and Mrs. Ince wore the most adorable gown of dawn-colored georgette, trimmed with silken flowers raised in various colors all about her shoulders, and edged with gleaming pearls. Madame Elinor Glyn was there also, very stately and Parisian in black satin and emeralds.

Lois Wilson looked prettier than I have ever

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 82 ]



Tom Mix as "Dick Turpin," England's gentleman highwayman. This is Tom's first costume picture since becoming a star; also the first starring vehicle in which he has not played a cowboy



# The Romantic Motion

By Terry Ramsaye



Constance Talmadge and Tom Moore — a scene from "The Lesson"

Gleichman. This concern, plus Selznick's ideas, needed now only the third ingredient of capital. When Selznick wants anything he has the remarkable common sense to go looking for it where it is. He went to Wall Street looking for money. He found the motion pictures unknown there, but in disrepute just the same. Other men had gone to Wall Street and quit with the first rebuff. Not Selznick. He decided they needed a sample of the goods.

Selznick acquired, through his importing concern, the American rights on a

THIS chapter takes us into the star chamber sessions of Broadway and Fifth Avenue for glimpses of the sensational personal drama of magnates and stars, in the war of millions, which we call the motion picture industry. Many facts never told before, and never meant to be told, are revealed in the swift movement of screen events here unfolded. They are told now because they have played a vital part in the creation of the world's greatest art—and because they have exerted influences that reach right down to the screen where you will see the pictures tonight, no matter whether you live in Paris, France, or Paris, Kentucky, Broadway, New York, or Main Street in Junction City.

Here we come to the events which seem but yesterday in the race of film progress. Our history has reached the early hours of the morning of today.

JAMES R. QUIRK.

## Chapter XXXIV

THE scenario of motion picture history for the season of 1916-17 gets its punch from Lewis J. Selznick, supported by Clara Kimball Young.

Four years had now elapsed since Selznick invaded Broadway to sell diamonds to Pat Powers and Carl Laemmle and lingered to appoint himself general manager of the Universal concern.

Now "L. J.," as he was becoming known, had appointed himself the general disturbance of the motion picture industry. He was building his fame by preachment in pungent and pithy advertisements published at the expense of the World Film Corporation.

Officially Selznick was vice president and general manager of the World Film Corporation. Practically he was the corporation, which, however, included some other minor annoyances like bankers and theatrical producers.

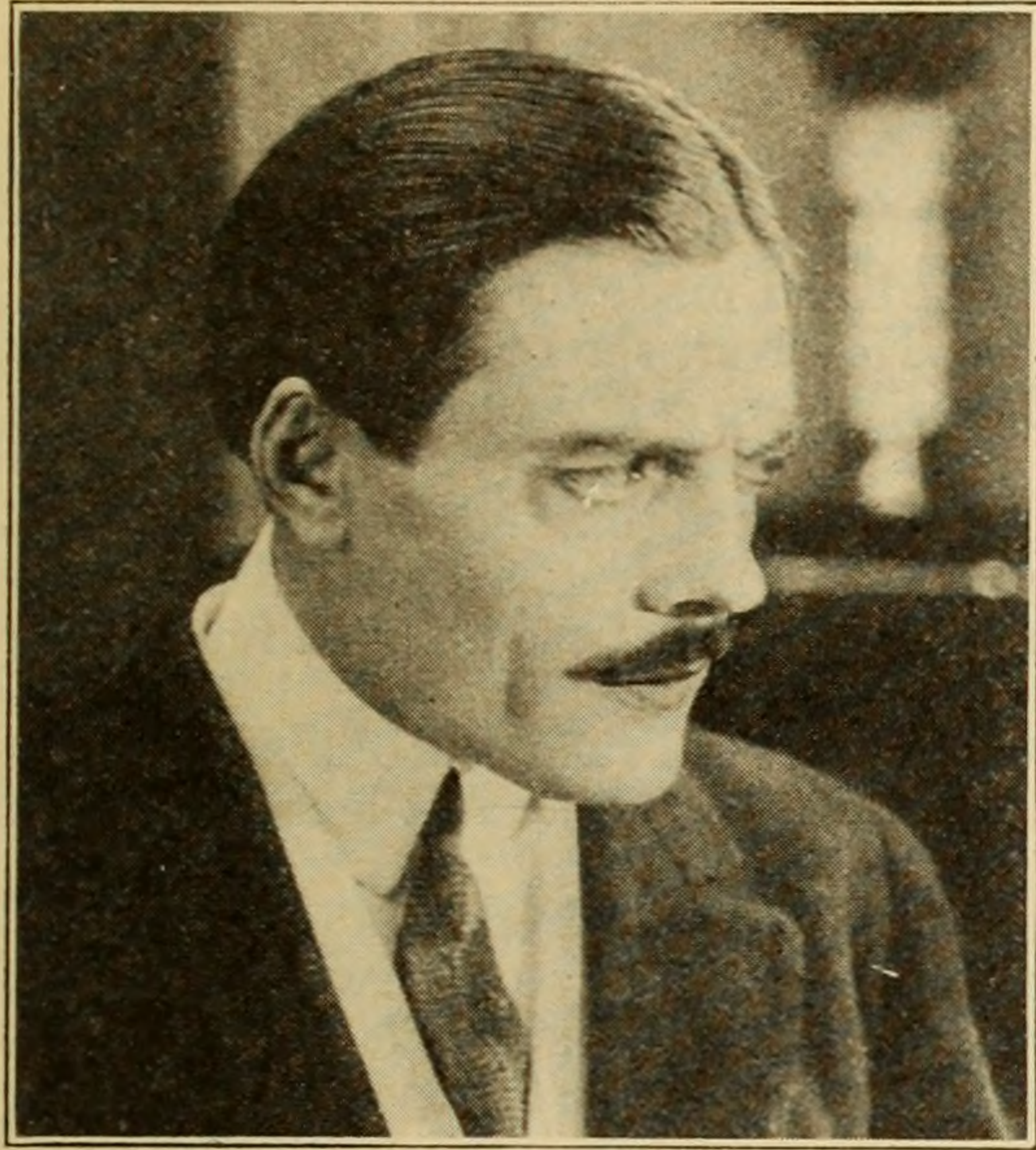
The bankers were in the World because of a charming piece of Selznicking. Early in the history of that concern, some two or three years before Selznick found himself in possession of the World Special Films Corporation, an importing concern acquired by him from Emanuel Mandelbaum and Phillip



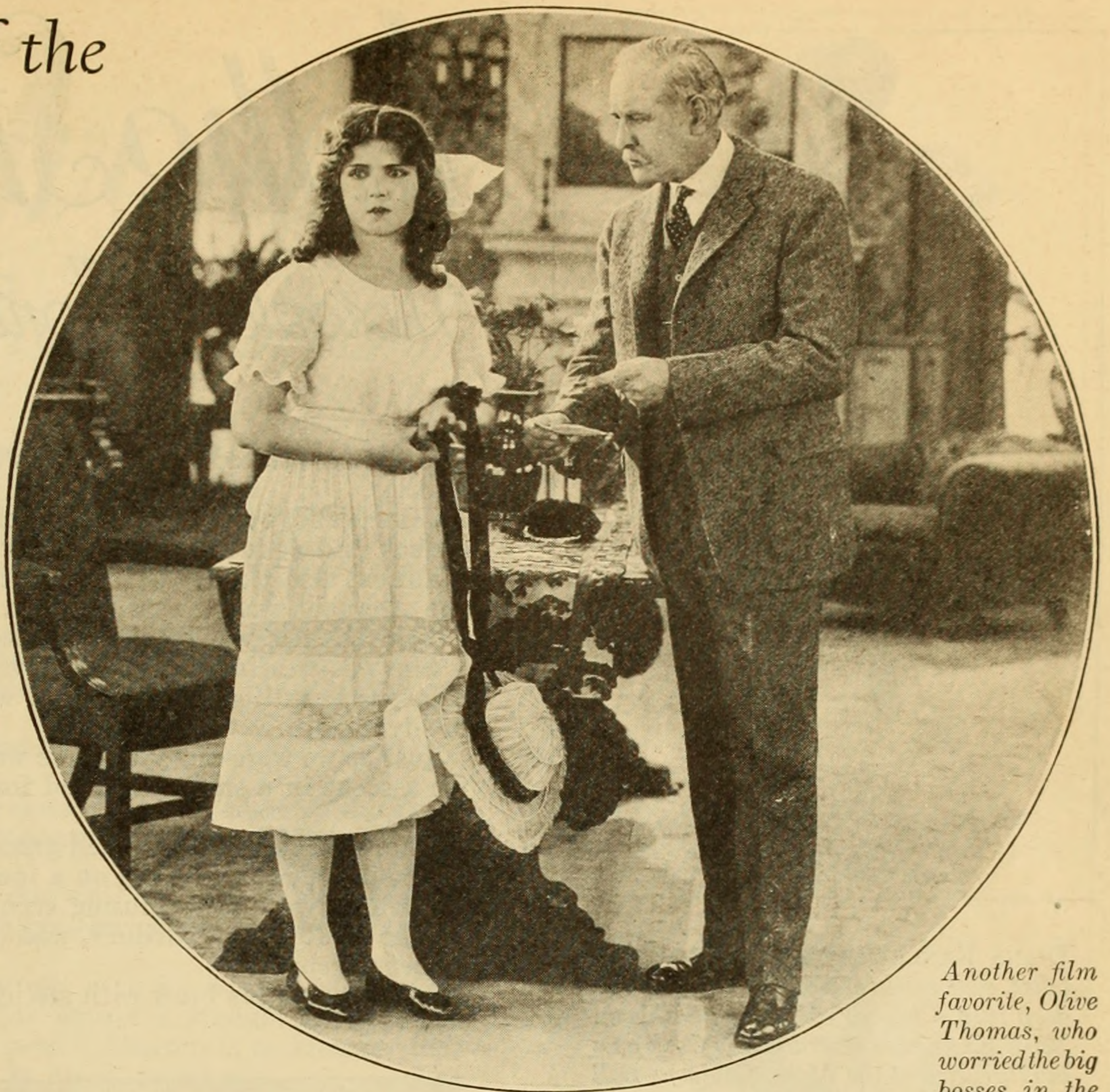
Lewis J. Selznick took Clara Kimball Young and made her a storm center in motion picture politics



# History of the Picture



*Essanay imported Max Linder to offset Chaplin's popularity—an expensive experiment*



*Another film favorite, Olive Thomas, who worried the big bosses in the film war*

so-called feature picture entitled "Whom the Gods Would Destroy." The title may have been prophetic, but it was accidental. The picture cost \$4,250, or rather was going to cost that when it was paid for. Selznick went back to Wall Street and personally solicited investment in the sum of \$42.50 from ninety-nine bankers. He kept one share for himself. It was easy for him to find ninety-nine bankers so busy and impatient that they would rather write a check for \$42.50 than spend the week arguing with this persistent person. They were also intrigued a bit with his salesmanship and the novelty of a proposition in which they were not permitted to invest except in the definite sum of \$42.50. The ninety-nine bought and, to be sure, received a profit. Out of this ninety-nine came a hand picked few who went into the financing of World Film Corporation, with figures that eventually ran up to a matter of a million or so.

With similar diligence Selznick built on the Famous Players' idea by drawing William A. Brady and the Shubert stage producing interests into the concern. William A. Brady became a "supervising producer" with duties which obligated him to visit the Peerless Studio in Fort Lee now and then and to draw a salary.

In this period of the ascendancy of the World Film Corporation, Selznick inaugurated the ornate special pre-view idea of film promotion with showings extraordinary and elaborate in connection with a typical Broadway "party." The Astor Hotel was the scene of these operations intended to stimulate beneficial conversation in the trade about the wonders of the film under treatment. These screenings, which continue in vogue today, now moved over to the Ritz-Carlton, and were ornamented by cut flowers, dancing, food and the assorted juices of corn and grape.

One of the earliest of these exploitation functions accidentally made a star. Selznick had invited the who's who and what's what of Broadway to a Roman holiday in honor of a production entitled "The Seats of the Mighty," a Canadian screening of a Sir Gilbert Parker story. When the hour of the showing arrived the print of the picture was missing. As a last moment substitute the only available World picture was hastily requisitioned and screened. It chanced to be "The Wishing Ring," with Vivian Martin, produced by Maurice Tourneur. The picture, which had been considered a program commonplace, made a pronounced impression. Miss Martin got a star contract and the fame of Tourneur began to grow.

Miss Martin had been in musical comedy with Lou Fields, her first picture engagement was with World Films for a part in "Old Dutch," where her work sufficiently impressed Tourneur to lead to casting her for "The Wishing Ring."

This accidental instance is the only one in which one of these promotional frivols exerted a beneficial influence on either players or pictures. But it became a precedent.

The ballroom screening party has become an institution. The motion picture peddlers of Broadway adopted it into their practice with the simple faith of the great commonality taking patent medicines and listening to political promises. A recent Ritz-Carlton party involved the expenditure of \$5,000 to launch a picture costing \$40,000 and worth half of it. Everybody remembered the headache and forgot the picture, which never got to a Broadway screen.

The flamboyancy of Selznick was the exciting cause of many curious displays of motion picture rivalries in vanity in the days of 1916-17. Many of the seeming

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 119]

## Have You Ever Heard That

Mrs. D. W. Griffith made another version of "Intolerance" in New York, while her husband was producing his masterpiece in California?

Clara Kimball Young helped upset all the plans of all the big bosses of the film world, just when the bossing began to be good?

Lewis J. Selznick got so successful with a private revolution in film selling that his bitterest opponent offered him \$5,000 a week to go to China and stay there?

Max Linder was imported especially to show Charlie Chaplin where he got off in the funny business—which cost Essanay a fortune for a joke that missed fire?

Olive Thomas, a shop girl beauty prize winner, took Broadway by storm and then became one of the important pieces on the checker board of film politics?



# In the Studios and Photoplay's Monthly Fashion Review



DIANA KANE, wearing an ivory colored velvet, elaborately embroidered in beads in deep rose, Chinese red, blue and black. MISS KANE was awarded this frock as a beauty prize at the Metro-Goldwyn Ball

I SPENT a most interesting afternoon when I paid a visit to the Famous Players Studio at Astoria, L. I. After picking our way ever so carefully through a chaos of broken scenery, etc., we came to the sets where they were shooting "Miss Bluebeard," starring Bebe Daniels, with Robert Frazer playing the lead. Frank Tuttle is directing this picture—a most nonchalant young person.

Just here I might say I would not have been able to know just who was directing the picture, had I not previously met Mr. Tuttle at a dinner—because I simply could not find any man in breeches and puttees with soft shirt opened at the throat, without which costume no real director is supposed to be able to direct.

While this is almost the uniform costume of directors in Hollywood, it is quite different in the east, eastern directors being content to appear on the set in regulation business suits.

When we arrived they were shooting a scene wherein our debonair friend Raymond Griffith is chased about a room amidst a perfect deluge of breaking crockery, some of which is aided in the breaking process by coming in contact with his head. This proved very amusing, so much so, that even the workmen clustered about the set were forced to laugh.

There were several retakes of this scene and one wondered if the Famous Players had a crockery factory.

Diana Kane was sitting on the side lines together with Thomas Meighan, watching the scene.

She was dressed in a smart day or street frock of navy twill in Eton effect. From the slashed sleeves trimmed with henna and blue braid and silver buttons peeped an under-sleeve of cream colored organdy.

A henna colored sash, which was deeply fringed, added the proper dash of color.

Miss Kane, by the way, had been dressed and made up for work since nine o'clock and at four had not been called. However, she together with Martha Madison, also playing in "Miss Bluebeard," were called upstairs for stills, so the afternoon was not entirely lost.

Bebe Daniels, who had just finished a scene, stopped to watch for a few minutes.

She was wearing a delightful evening gown of rose colored marquisette, and this was beautifully embroidered with crystal beads, posed over a foundation of silver cloth.

Just as we were ready to leave we caught sight of Francesca Billings, dressed for a scene in a slightly draped frock of black satin with soft lace collar and cuffs.

The loose side panels added grace to the lines of the dress.

Could not resist staying on a few moments longer to see her work, and was rewarded by a most amusing scene wherein Miss Billings falls in a faint, is caught by Raymond Griffith, who drags her across the set, depositing her on a carpet sweeper.

After wiping his brow with meticulous care, he trundles her to an exit.



DIANA KANE, FRANCES BILLINGS, and BEBE DANIELS, seen between scenes on the set. They are wearing blue twill and organdie, black satin and lace, and rose beaded gauze over silver



# On Fifth Avenue

by Grace Corson.

THIS past month has been such a very busy one, because a part of it had to be spent in shopping for my winter wardrobe.

I chose a coat from H. Jaeckel & Sons, of heavy lustreless ottoman silk in black, collared, cuffed and bordered in a most unusual manner with skunk fur. The fur is applied to the bottom of the coat in sections, creating the new circular effect, and is lined with black satin.

In connection with this a note of color is introduced by bunches of flowers in flannel appliqued to the lining with gold thread. This type of coat is very smart for lunch and afternoon wear, and is quite dressy enough to be used over an informal theater frock.

Then there is my new fur scarf. I chose red fox, because red fox and silver fox are the really smart furs for winter.

The new thing about it is the use of double skins instead of single skins. This use of double skins greatly enhances the luxuriance of the fur, adding, also, a touch of distinction.

Milgrim created the most fascinating hat for me. An ever so close-fitting shape combining black velvet and satin. The greatest chic in hats lies in their perfect simplicity.

You will note that this hat combines beautifully with my black coat, as well as with the straight little frock which Milgrim is making for me in black crepe satin.

The straight line no longer is paramount, but is broken in this instance by a circular flare of velvet. The sleeves are long and tight.

The rounded neck is low cut in front, and the back closing is effectively fastened with groups of tiny velvet buttons and with silk loops.

For evening wear the sophisticated simplicity of a beautifully draped white satin intrigued me beyond resistance. Here are some of its characteristics.

It is long—quite in reverse to what Fashion has decreed correct—but in this instance the beauty of the gown depends solely upon the length of line and grace of draping.

Just here I might say the decrees of fashion are not to be followed blindly, and though a gown may be a bit exotic, daring in color, or unusual in design, if it has beauty of line and grace it can always be worn with a consciousness of being dressed in good taste. You can feel entirely at ease under these conditions.

For wear with this gown I chose a single strand of smoky pearls to enhance the lustre of the rose pearls in my three strand necklace.

On my arms I wind strands of the smoked pearls together with the rose pearls.

For color I carry a fan of silver gauze with paillettes of steel, silver, scarlet and black.

Although it is not illustrated in this article, I also add a large scarlet chiffon handkerchief to complete the effect.



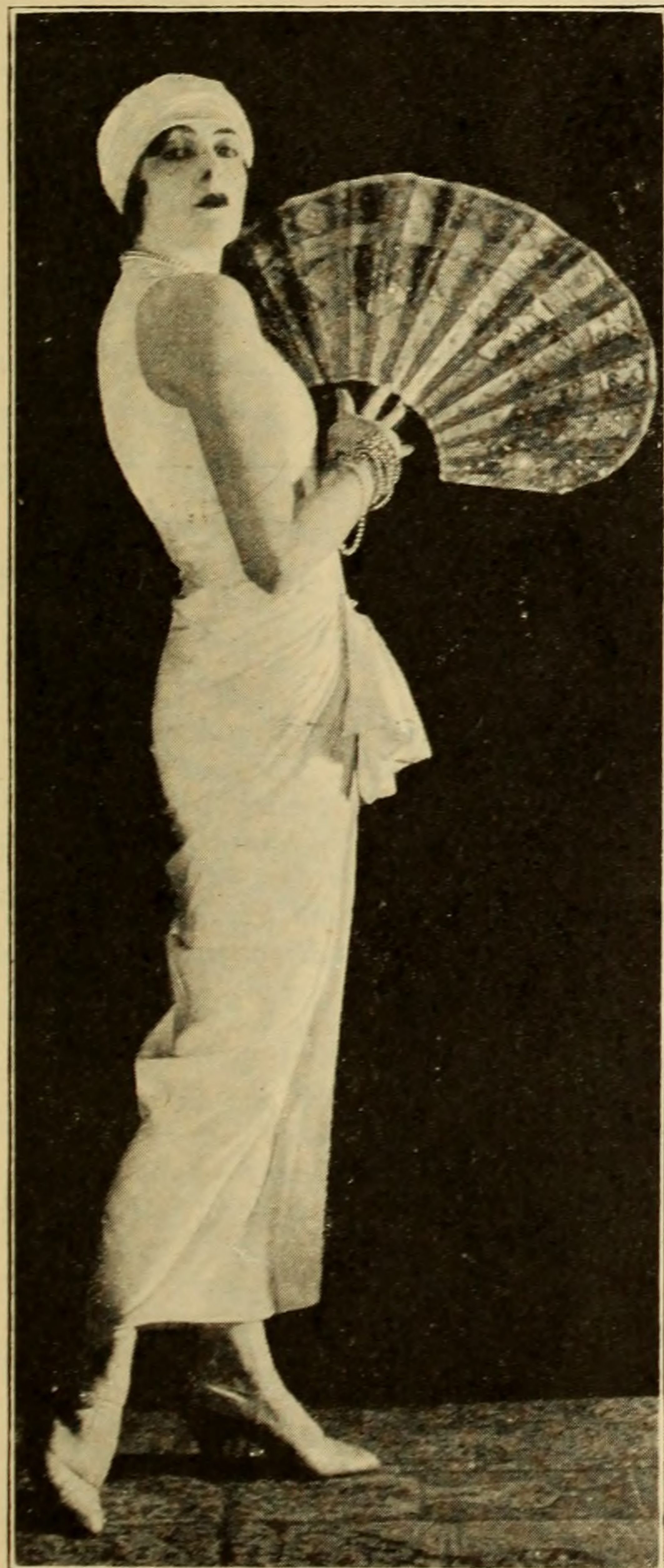
Coat, from H. Jaeckel and Sons, of black silk ottoman, trimmed with skunk fur and lined with black satin



Beret hat of velvet and satin—worn with double skin scarf of red fox fur, from H. Jaeckel and Sons Co.



Milgrim day frock of black crepe satin with velvet flare, matching scarf of satin and with back tie for a finishing effect



White draped satin evening gown worn by Miss Corson, smoked and rose pearls—silver tinsel head dress. From Milgrim





Beverly Bayne  
in a delicate—  
three street  
costume of  
fur and sat-  
in.

Edith Roberts  
wears a charm-  
ing fur wrap



Four costumes from "The Age of Innocence" —

Beverly Bayne  
is perfectly  
suited for  
evening. Her  
accessories  
are exquisite



Edith Roberts  
in an utterly  
simple neg-  
ligeé - which  
dresses grace-  
fully -



## Age of Innocence

BEVERLY BAYNE looks very chic in an ensemble for afternoon wear consisting of a three-quarter length wrap-around coat of silver gray satin deeply banded and collared in taupe fox, and slim one-piece frock of satin crepe having narrow trim band of reverse self-material. A novel sleeve design is introduced in coat by a puff attached to sleeve below the elbow, and caught at wrist with narrow band. With this costume MISS BAYNE wears a close fitting velvet hat, brim sharply up-turned, trimmed with a cocarde of pleated ribbon held with double crystal pins. The completing note is a strand of black and white pearls.

The effectiveness of beading and simplicity of line are admirably portrayed in the formal evening gown selected by BEVERLY BAYNE for wear in the "Age of Innocence." This gown of gold tissue elaborately beaded in an original Peacock design is slightly fitted to the figure and has a train. The filigree band of gold and pearls, enhancing her close-cut uncurled hair, completes her jewel effect created by a choker of pearls, and long pendant pearl earrings. A gorgeous color note is introduced by a large fan of uncurled ostrich and coque feathers in ombre, shading from the most delicate pink to deepest scarlet.

WHILE the costumes already mentioned from the "Age of Innocence" were in perfect taste, some of the gowns worn by MISS BAYNE in this picture were in very bad taste. As example, the black velvet dinner gown beaded in pearls in a barbaric design and a huge cluster of gardenias on the shoulder. Her ensemble costume of navy bengaline and rust crepe had smart lines, but the effect was somewhat marred by ribbon

The beauty of beige caracul combined with matching fox is stressed in the wrap model worn by EDITH ROBERTS. The coat has a large fox collar and narrow bands of fox fur as sleeve trim, while double bands of the fox separated by a band of caracul trim the bottom and create a circular effect at closing. With this coat MISS ROBERTS wears a smart hat of beige felt with an upright trim of two saucy feathers that are placed directly in front. A costume, which is most harmonious in every respect, is completed by blonde satin opera pumps and beige suede gloves

One's indoor hours are made more delightful if one is wearing a negligee of ombre chiffon in the yellow to gold tones with wing sleeves edged with the most delicate of chantilly lace falling from the shoulder to the floor. It will be noted that the front panel effect is broken at the waistline by a cluster of flowers. Such a negligee as the one described is worn by EDITH ROBERTS. With this negligee she wears gold brocaded slippers and nude hose of sheerest chiffon. The whole lends a delightful charm and grace to the wearer and is very effective

rosette worn on lapel and by a faddish walking stick. The use of an embroidered Spanish shawl over a long sleeve, almost tailored type frock, was decidedly out of place. Another costume worn by Miss Bayne lost its effectiveness by being over-elaborately trimmed. This was a gown of gold brocaded satin draped in front with panel and train of lace and satin edged with chinchilla fur.



# The GREATEST AUTHORITY on the manicure perfected this *Liquid Polish*

- Spreads evenly and smoothly
- Won't peel off
- Gives a deep natural polish  
water will not dull
- Is just the rose color of the  
smart Parisian manicure
- Lasts a whole week
- Needs no separate polish  
remover



NORTHAM WARREN revolutionized the manicuring habits of the world.

By years of study he perfected the scientific Cutex Cuticle Remover which for the first time made it possible for everyone to have lovely well-groomed nails, graceful finger tips.

Its fame spread around the world until today more women use Cutex than all other manicure preparations together.

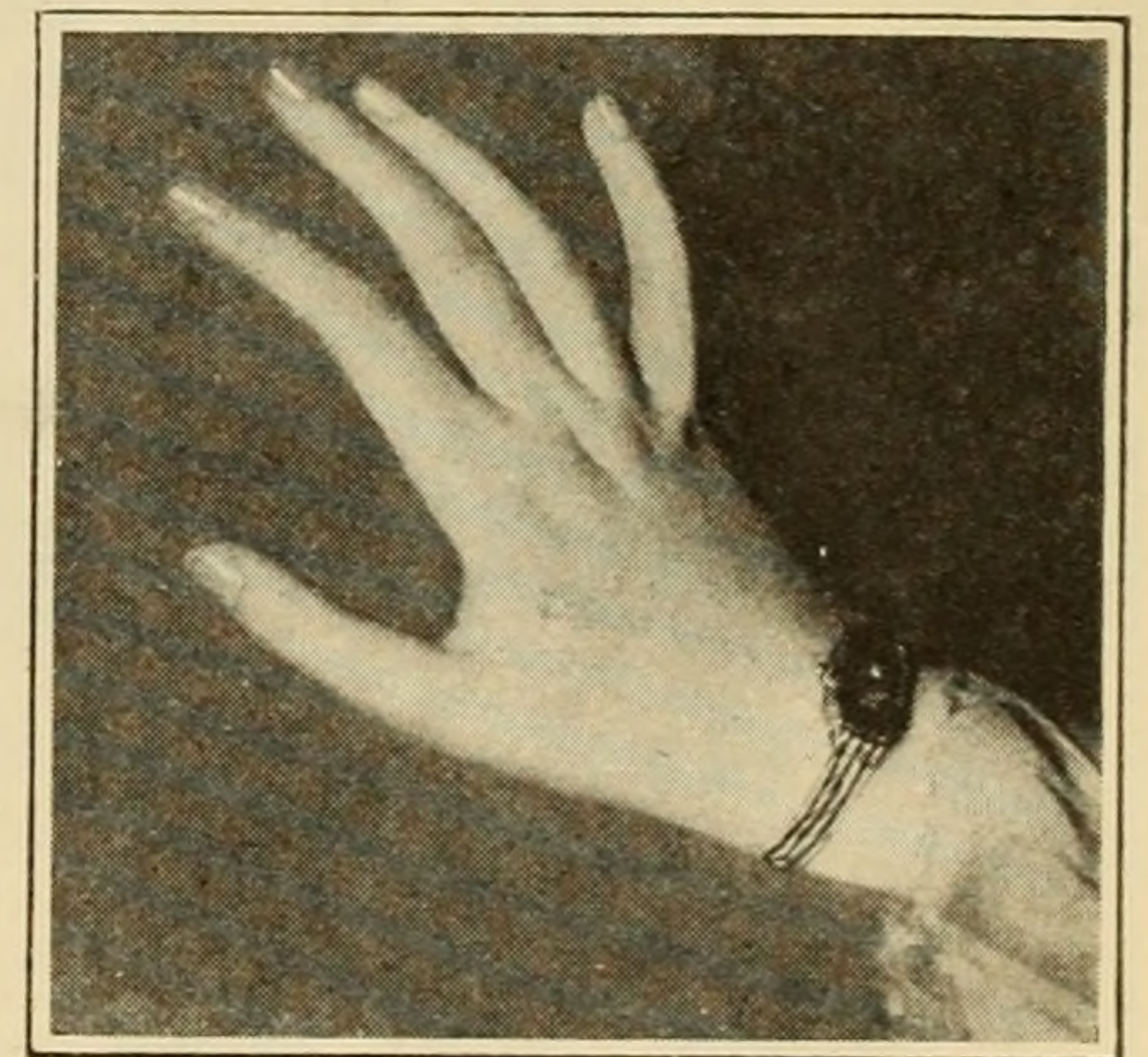
Now he has perfected a wonderful new finish for his famous Cutex manicure—a liquid polish so perfect that in Paris, the home of sophisticated toiletries for lovely women, this American product, Cutex Liquid Polish, is sold more than any other liquid polish. You

can depend on it as you have always depended on all the other lovely Cutex preparations to make your nails exquisite.

Cutex Liquid Polish is quicker and easier to use. It won't crack or peel off and is so thin it won't dry in ridges, leave brush streaks, or gummy places.

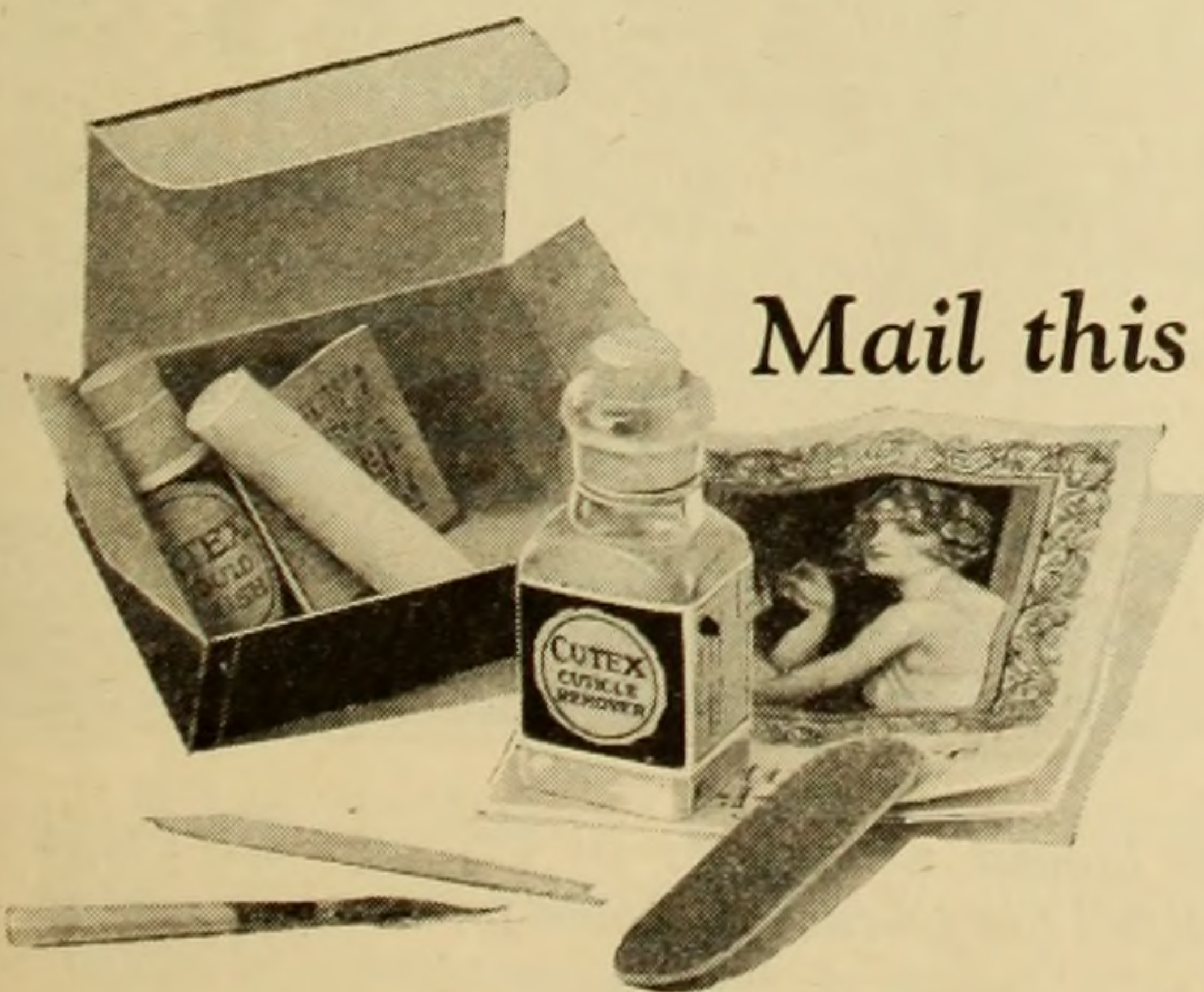
For a whole week the lovely smooth lustre lasts, keeping the nails just the rose petal shade of this season's smartest Parisian manicure.

You can get a full sized bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish for 35c or it comes in three of the complete manicure sets. Sets are 60c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.50, and \$3.00 at any drug or department store in the United States and Canada and at chemist shops in England.



### What we send in 6c package

This 6c Package contains the wonderful Cutex Liquid Polish, the famous Cutex Cuticle Remover—enough of both for 6 manicures—a brush, an emery board, orange stick and cotton and the helpful booklet "How to have Lovely Nails." Address Northam Warren, 114 W. 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada Dept. Q 1, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.



**Mail this coupon today—**

with 6c for this wonderful Liquid Polish and the famous Cutex Cuticle Remover.

I ENCLOSE 6c in stamps or coin for the Cutex Introductory Package containing enough Liquid Polish and Cuticle Remover for 6 manicures. (Clip here)

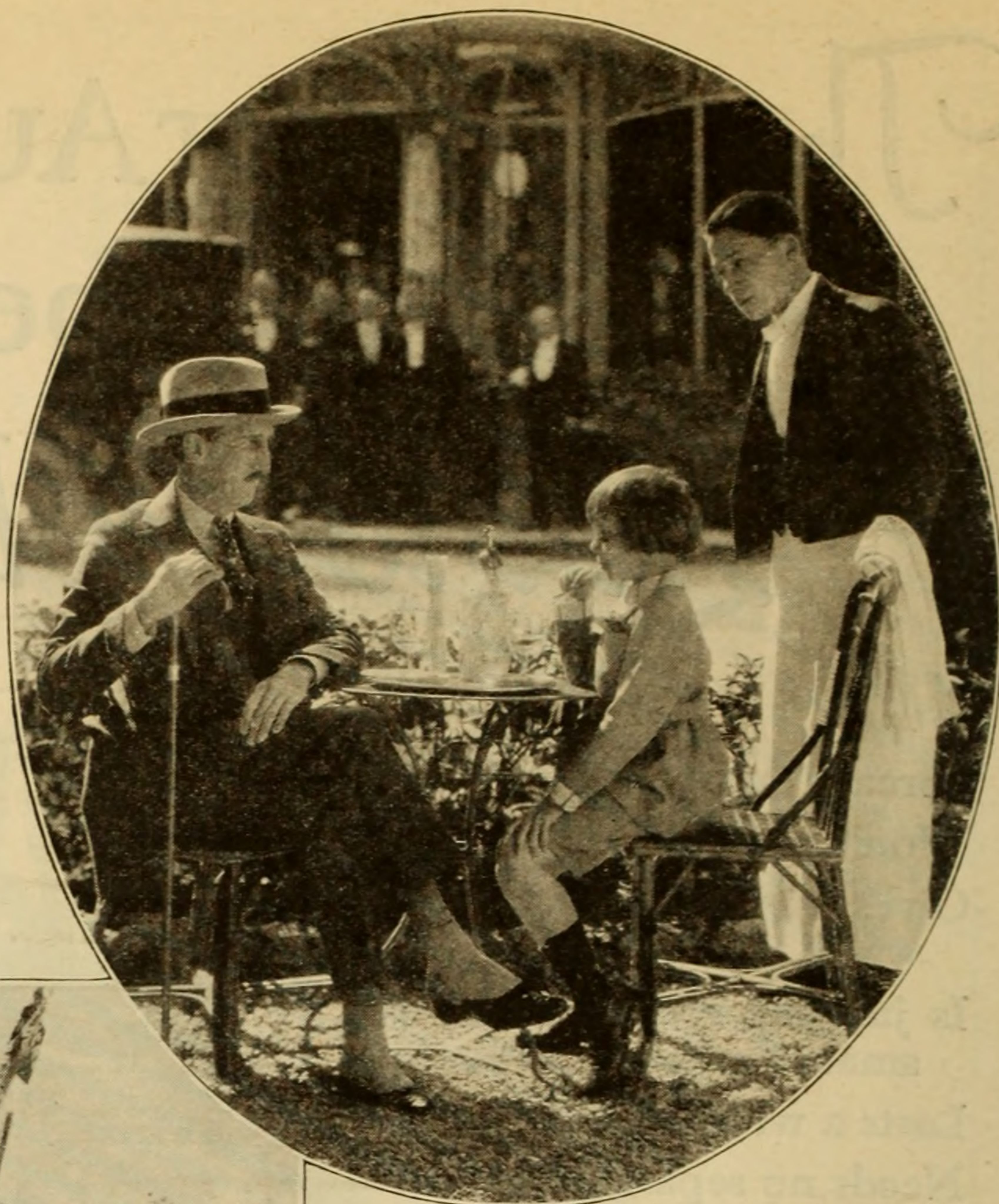
NORTHAM WARREN, DEPT. Q1  
114 West 17th Street, New York

State \_\_\_\_\_



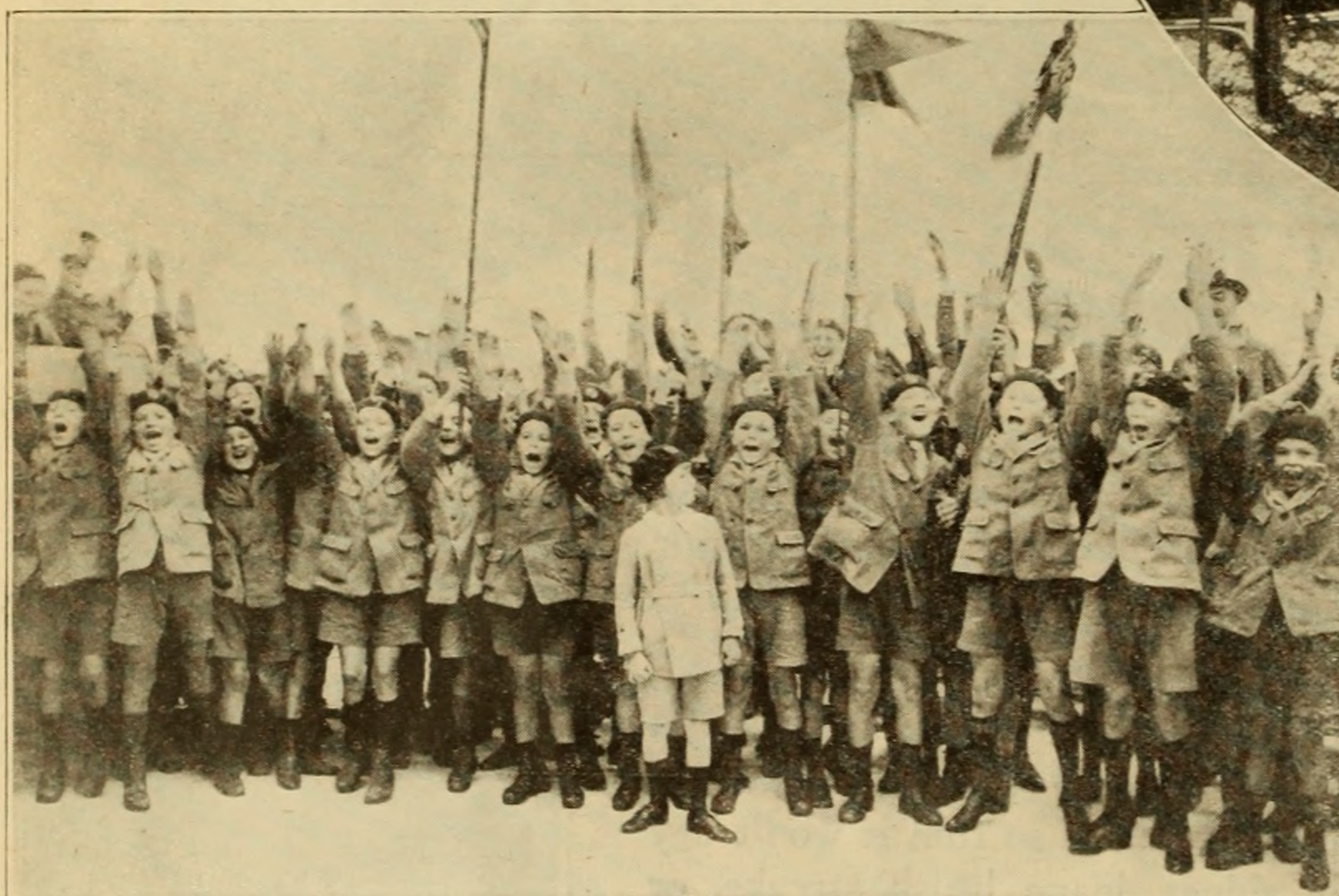
# The Second Installment of Jackie's European Diary

*He narrates exclusively for Photoplay  
what befell him in Paris*



*"What'll you have?" asked Coogan, Sr. "Oh, same as usual I guess," said Coogan, Jr.*

*They know a good scout when they see one, and so the Boy Scouts of Paris took Jackie into their organization and gave him a Blue Devil cap*



**A**FTER we left London we rode on the train for three hours before we reached Dover, where we were to take the boat to Calais. Everybody on the train was talking about the weather and they all said they hoped that the Channel would not be rough. One man said that he was on the Channel once and the sea was so rough and the fog so thick that they were lost for five hours and all the people on board thought they would never reach land. My tutor told me that the reason the channel was most always rough was because the North Sea and the Atlantic Ocean met there, but Mr. Dreyfus, the manager of the Savoy hotel in London, who came with us, said not to worry, and told us that he was never sea sick when he crossed over to France.

When we reached Dover we went on board the boat, and the water was terribly rough. Everybody ran for the top deck, but mother and daddy and I went down to lunch as soon as the boat started. The dining room was empty. The sea was so high that everyone was hanging on to their chairs and the water swept over the deck and the boat rocked just like my boat does when I put it in the bath tub and make great big waves. I thought it was lots of fun, and everybody in our party was well except Mr. Dreyfus who had told us that he never was sick but he was awfully sick this time. We arrived in Calais on time and were in France. Everything looked so different than it did in England, and we were only four hours from London.

The Paris train arrived at the [CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]



*The editor of the biggest newspaper in France—La Petite Parisienne—gratified his journalistic nose for news by posing with Jackie in this picture*



# The DUCHESSÉ de RICHELIEU tells how to have A Lovely Skin



*"The woman whose life is given not only to Society but to concert-singing must always appear with a complexion fresh and radiant.*

*"Care of her skin, second only in importance to the care of her voice, can best be obtained by the daily use of Pond's Two Creams. They keep the skin exquisitely soft and lovely."*

*Duchesse de Richelieu*

**H**AIR full of golden lights, shadowy blue eyes and a cream-and-white complexion which makes everybody turn to look, women with envy, men with delight. The charm of a nature gay, generous and sincere.

These make the Duchesse de Richelieu a woman everybody loves to see—and to know. And to hear, too, for she has a lovely soprano voice of limpid tone.

In the exclusive social set of Baltimore—always famous for its "Baltimore belles"—she spent her gay girlhood. But since her marriage to the head of one of the oldest titled families of France, she is oftener seen in the smart circles of Paris. And in New York, too, where her home, "The House on the River" is the scene of many gatherings of the socially elect.

Among its lovely old furniture, books and *objets d'art* from France—many of them handed straight down from the great Cardinal de Richelieu, himself—she moves, a hostess full of grace and charm.

The Duchesse de Richelieu was determined that her cream-and-white skin should remain always as fresh and youthful as it is today. For, she said, "the woman whose life is given not only to society but to concert-singing is compelled to appear fresh and radiant."

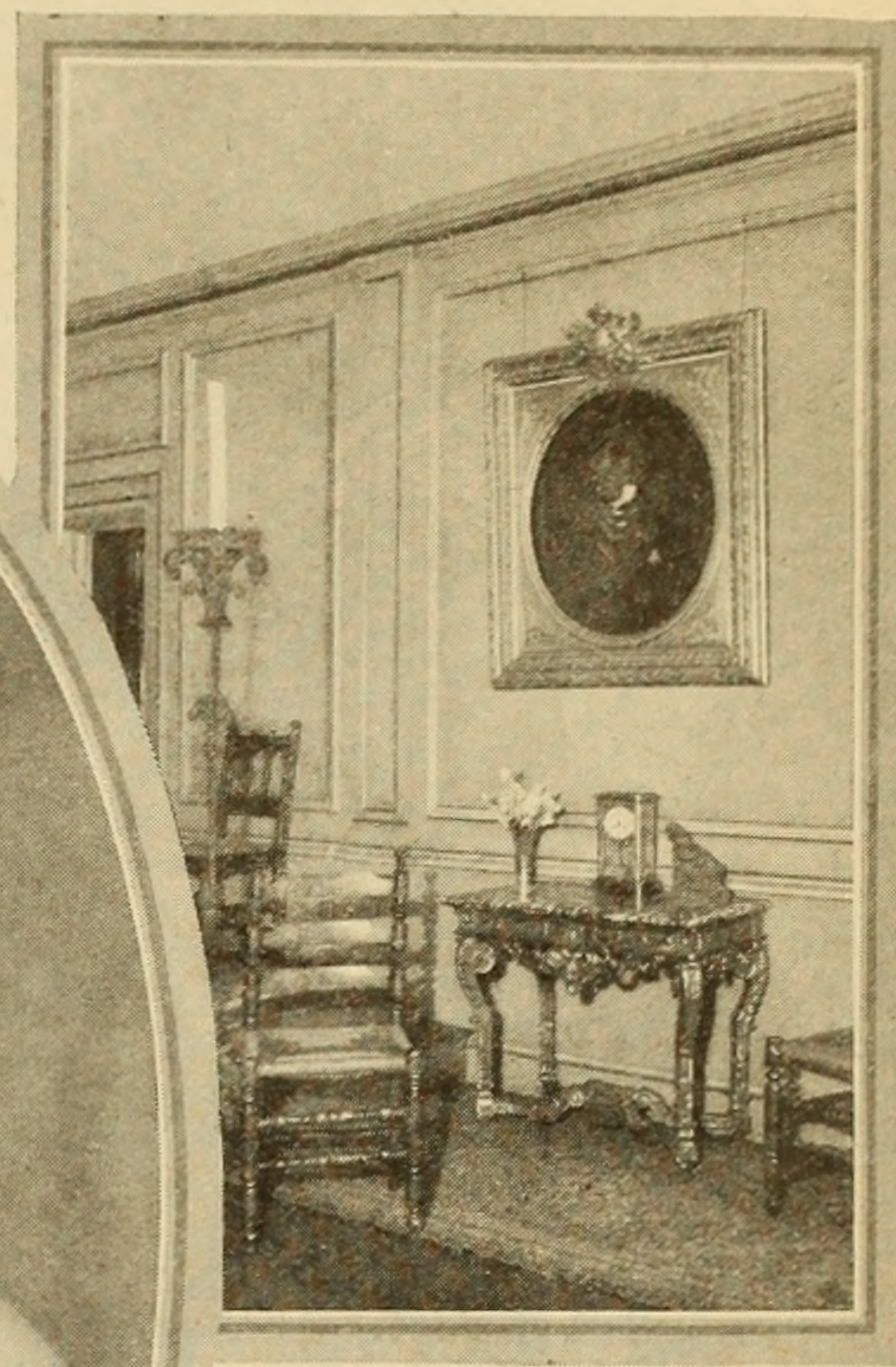
When she learned of the Two Creams that beautiful women everywhere depend upon to cleanse and protect the skin, she

declared: "They keep the skin exquisitely soft and lovely." This is the method the Duchesse approves:

*Pond's Cold Cream for Cleansing.* At least once a day, always after any exposure, smooth the cream liberally over your face and neck. Let its pure oils bring to the surface dust, powder and excess oil. Now wipe off all the cream with a soft cloth. Repeat the process. Just look at your skin now—as refreshed as rose-petals washed with dew!

*Next, Pond's Vanishing Cream for a Delicate Finish and Protection.* Smooth on just as much as your skin will instantly absorb. Now see how soft and even the surface looks—transparently lovely. How well this cream takes your powder, too—holding it in a velvet grip long and evenly—and how perfectly it protects you from soot, wind and cold.

Try for yourself, today, this method which all the world's lovely women are pursuing. You will find that Pond's Creams will keep your skin as creamy-white, as soft and fine as the Duchesse de Richelieu's own. The Pond's Extract Company.



**THE DUCHESSÉ de RICHELIEU**  
*Twice an aristocrat. Before her marriage to the head of one of the oldest houses in France she was a "Baltimore belle" of one of the first families. Today she is a social leader in France and the United States. Above, a glimpse of the music-room of her New York home, "The House on the River."*

- THE PRINCESSE MARIE DE BOURBON
- THE PRINCESSE MATCHABELLI
- THE VICOMTESSE DE FRISE
- LADY DIANA MANNERS
- MRS. MARSHALL FIELD, SR.
- MRS. CONDÉ NAST
- MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT
- MRS. JULIA HOYT
- MRS. GLORIA GOULD BISHOP
- MRS. CORDELIA BIDDLE DUKE

are among the women of distinguished taste and high position who approve Pond's Method of caring for the skin.

**FREE OFFER:** Mail the coupon and we will send you free tubes of these two famous creams and an attractive little folder telling how to use them.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. A  
147 Hudson Street, New York.

Please send me your free tubes, one each of  
Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Name.....

Street.....

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





What threatened to be a big fight scene in this picture of Frank Condon and Frederic Arnold Kummer turned out to be a love feast episode. "Battling" Kummer on the right and "Kid" Condon on the left. They may be great writers, but they don't know how to make up to the camera, hence its foggy presentation

# The Fight's Off

"Kid" Condon and "Battling" Kummer call it a draw

SIX months ago there appeared in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE a story called "The Legend of Hollywood." It was written by Frank Condon, and it has since been made into a picture. And it's a very good picture. A few months later, this story was brought to the attention of Mr. Frederic Arnold Kummer, another of PHOTOPLAY's brilliant fiction writers. Mr. Kummer didn't know Mr. Condon, and, naturally, he hit the ceiling when he saw in it the plot of a story of a somewhat similar nature that he wrote ten years ago.

Well, there was an awful fuss about it for a few weeks. Mr. Kummer was mad clear through, and Mr. Condon was just as indignant. It looked like pistols and coffee for a few days. Instead of meeting on the greensward at daybreak, they got together in my office at New York City, Mr. Kummer coming up from his home at Catonsville, Maryland, and Mr. Condon from Los Angeles. There were quite a few thousand dollars involved. Short story writers get big money for their brain children, and even more money when they write a story that is good enough for the screen. They had never met before. Inside of ten minutes, they were fast friends and everything was rosy. They both wrote short statements, which appear on this page, had their photographs taken, and smoked several Fatimas of peace.

It just goes to show that no editor or writer can keep in touch with everything that has been written—not even Bob Davis, editor of *Munsey's*, or Ray Long of *Cosmopolitan*. We gave that up years ago.

Condon is a husky little chap, who keeps in training by eighteen holes of golf a day, and the friend who told him the yarn as original had better hit for the mountains when Frank arrives home in Hollywood. Now read their own statements. It's the first thing either of them ever made for me for nothing.

THE EDITOR.

## The Unforgettable Plot

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

THE life of a writer is full of shocks, from the income tax to hearing what the critics have to say about his latest play, but rarely does it fall to an author's lot to read one of his own stories under another man's name.

Last summer, while pounding away at the trusty Underwood, the wife breezed in and laid a magazine on the desk.

"Read that and weep!" she said.

Inspiration having done a nose-dive, there seemed nothing to do but obey. And there, in the August number of PHOTOPLAY, was a notice of the filming of a story called "The Legend of Hollywood" by Frank Condon, with a synopsis of same showing it to be identical in plot with my own story, "The Seventh Glass," published in *Century Magazine* for June, 1914.

Not having read "The Legend of Hollywood," which appeared in PHOTOPLAY for March, a copy was secured, whereupon it at once became evident that the two yarns were as alike as two peas in a pod.

What to do? A writer's affection for his brain children is akin to that of the ring-tailed gazinkus for its young. Somebody had been guilty of infringement—of plagiarism. Off with their heads! The picture producers must be boiled in oil. The entire staff of PHOTOPLAY, if they could be waked that early, must be shot at sunrise. As for the author—

But it did not take long to find out that the author in question was a charming and entirely honest fellow-writer who would rather commit *haru-kiri* than steal anybody's plots. He, too, had been victimized, by a friend who told him the story—as a real incident—something it was not.

There are plots so ingenious, so unusual in quality, as to be, as the editor of PHOTOPLAY put it, "unforgettable." Such plots are certain to be told and retold until the source of their origin is lost. Any writer, listening to the wonderful ideas constantly being offered him by well-meaning friends is in danger of doing what Mr. Condon did—of becoming an unconscious plagiarist through no fault of his own. Like the Greeks bearing gifts, it is a good idea to beware of friends bearing plots—especially good ones told as real happenings. They are apt to be too good to be true.

## The Curse of Liquor

By Frank Condon

I HAVE slowly come to the conclusion, especially since writing "The Legend of Hollywood" for this same eminently respectable magazine you are now reading, that it will be just as well if I confine myself to writing stories not written before.

Of course, it is a much simpler matter to sit down in a comfortable arm-chair, with one's feet up, read an interesting story in some good magazine, and then write it all over again, giving it those deft little touches which the original author has omitted. This method relieves a person of considerable mental wear and tear, eliminates the struggle to find a good plot and leads to copious production, as well as providing the ambitious author with a southern exposure cell in a steam-heated jail.

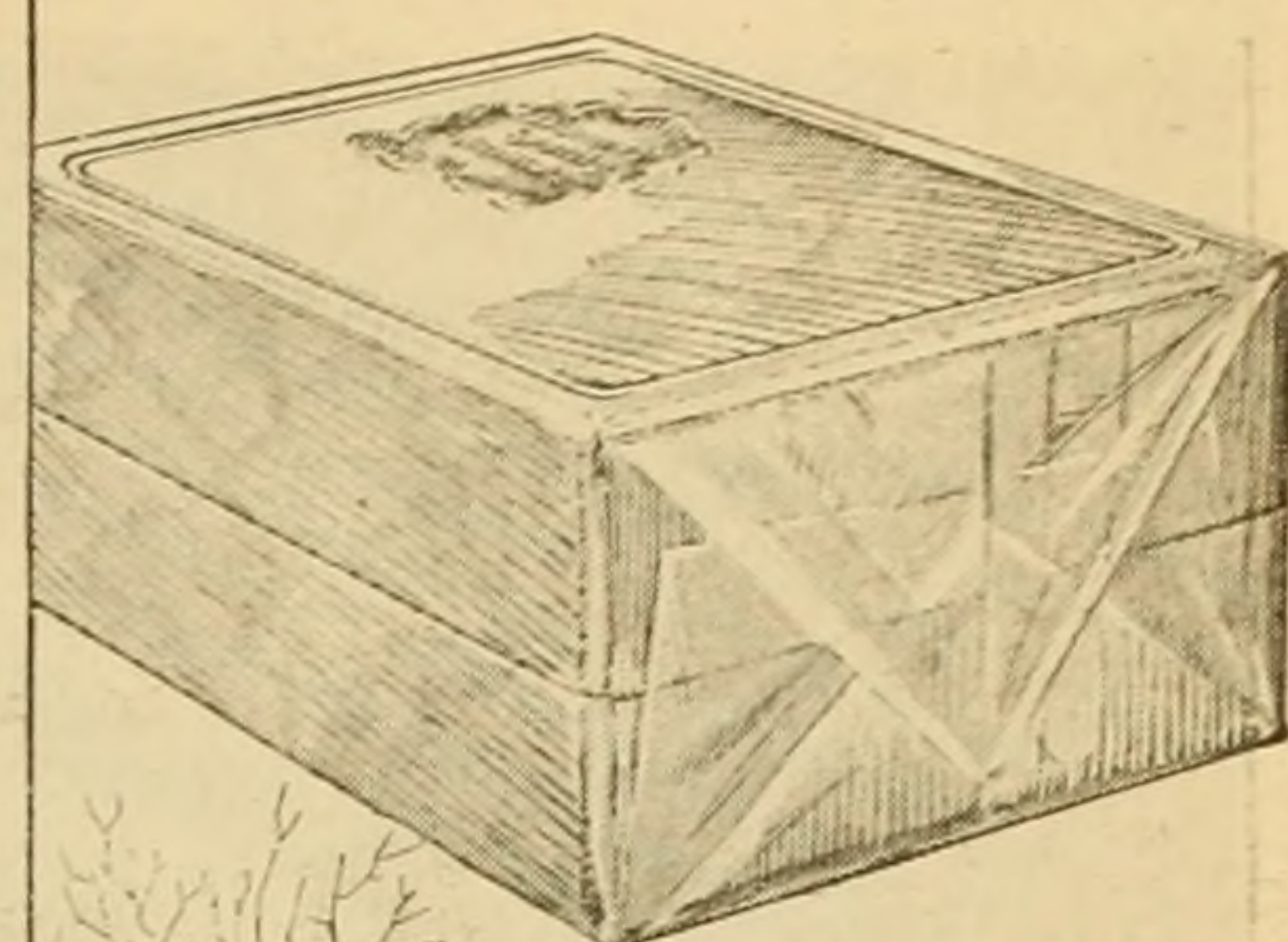
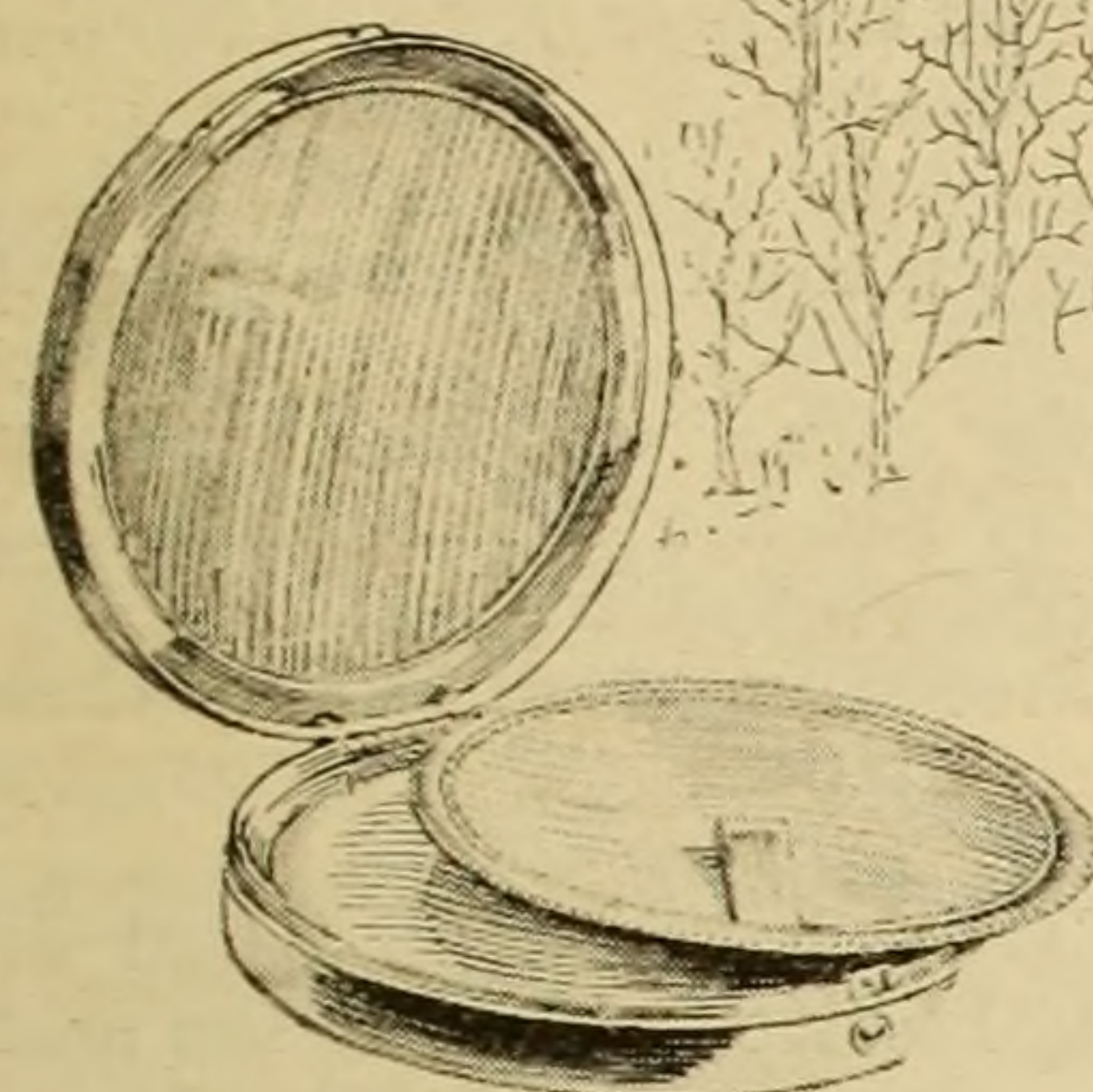
Mr. Kummer's story was a work of considerable artistic excellence and the plot was what we professional persons call a sockdolager. The well-meaning individual who, in the true kindness of his heart, told me the story, had never read the Kummer tale, I know, because he is not a book-worm, and his literary browsings take him only to the *Police Gazette*, the telephone book and Sears-Roebuck's admirable manual. He had heard the story somewhere, probably leaning over a bar, and all he forgot to tell me was that he *had* heard it somewhere.

I will be able, in future, to give a written guarantee, printed on one side of the paper only, that all fiction matter coming off old iron-sides, has *not* been narrated to me by a kind-hearted acquaintance. I am forevermore off these things that someone declaims aloud at a jolly dinner party, with appropriate gestures, and while I question no man's integrity, or his veracity, still and all, as we say in Hollywood, never again.

Another discouraging thing about doing one of Mr. Kummer's plots after he has done it is, that one is in the position of socking Mr. Dempsey in the eye after Mr. Dempsey has had the first sock. One's effort is likely to be a bit futile.

Between us, we have supplied the motion picture industry with an interesting photoplay, which you should certainly go to see. When "The Legend of Hollywood" comes to your town, don't have any prior engagements, because if you miss it, you miss something. If you don't say it is a genuinely meritorious movie, we will both eat your hat.





Although one of these women has light hair and the other has dark hair, they both have medium skins—so they are both buying the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder

# Do you know how to choose your powder—and how to use it?

Women who get the best effects from their powder are as careful to choose the right shade of powder as they are to select becoming clothes.

MME. JEANNETTE

**C**LEVER women are clever in the way they use powder. They realize that the more they can make powder appear to be the natural finish of their skin, the more effective it becomes.

Powder must be applied with complete uniformity so that it looks like the delicate little finish we often see on the skin of beautiful children—it must be put on evenly. Also, it is of greatest importance to use the shade of powder that best matches your skin.

Pompeian Beauty Powder comes in the four shades that most nearly match the four typical skin tones of the women of America. These shades of powder are—Naturelle, Rachel, Flesh, and White. These are the four essential shades to obtain natural effects. In a general way, there are four distinct tones of skin found among American women—the medium, the very dark, the white, and the pink or flushed-looking skin. The following simplified explanation of typical skin-tones will prove a guide to women who are aware that their powder has always been too obvious.

## Skin-tones—and shades of powder

**The Medium skin** varies in values and is sometimes hard to determine, for it is found with many combinations of hair and eye colorings. It is pleasantly warm in tone, with faint suggestions of old ivory, and fleeting suggestions of sun-kissed russet. The correct shade of

Pompeian Beauty Powder for this type of skin is the Naturelle shade.

**The Milk White skin** is quite without a trace of color except where the little blue veins show. Few American women have this very white, colorless skin, but these few are the only ones who should ever use white powder.

**The Pink skin** is most often found with blonde or reddish hair. As a woman grows older it is apt to deepen into a flushed-looking skin, and the result is a too-high coloring.

Women with this type of skin often make the mistake of using a white or dark powder, thinking to hide the pinkness. Pink or flesh-colored powder, however, should *always* be used on this skin—the flesh shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder will tone in with your skin and at the same time will tone down the pinkness.

**The Olive skin** is rich in its own color-tone, though it rarely shows much red or pink in the cheeks.

Women with this exquisite coloring should not try to disguise it with White or Flesh powder, but should enrich its beauty with the Rachel shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

Pompeian Beauty Powder has a quality of fineness that is due to its being sifted through silk. Its delicate consistency is a caress to a woman's skin. Its odor is delicate and elusive.

It is made in the Pompeian Laboratories—

“Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian”

**POMPEIAN**  
Beauty Powder

© 1925, The Pompeian Co.

the most hygienic and modern laboratories possible to build. Pompeian Beauty Powder, 60c (slightly higher in Canada).

**The New Pompeian Powder Compact.** This gracefully proportioned compact is a slender disc of beauty—a size and shape that smart women approve and adopt for constant use.

Thousands of women will welcome the news that there is now available this delightful powder compacted in a new, smart refillable case. It is gold-finished with a delicate design traced in violet enamel. It is round, and fascinatingly thin. The mirror in the top covers the entire space to give ample reflection—and its lamb's wool puff has a satin top. Beauty Powder Compact, \$1.00. Pompeian Refills, 50c (slightly higher in Canada). At all toilet counters.

## GET 1925 POMPEIAN PANEL AND FOUR SAMPLES

This new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, “Beauty Gained is Love Retained,” size 28 x 7½. Done in color by a famous artist; worth at least 50c. We send it with samples of Pompeian Beauty Powder, Bloom, Day Cream and Night Cream for only 10c. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Use coupon now.



(Top part shown)

Pompeian Laboratories,  
2131 Payne Ave., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (dime preferred) for the new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, “Beauty Gained is Love Retained,” and the four samples.

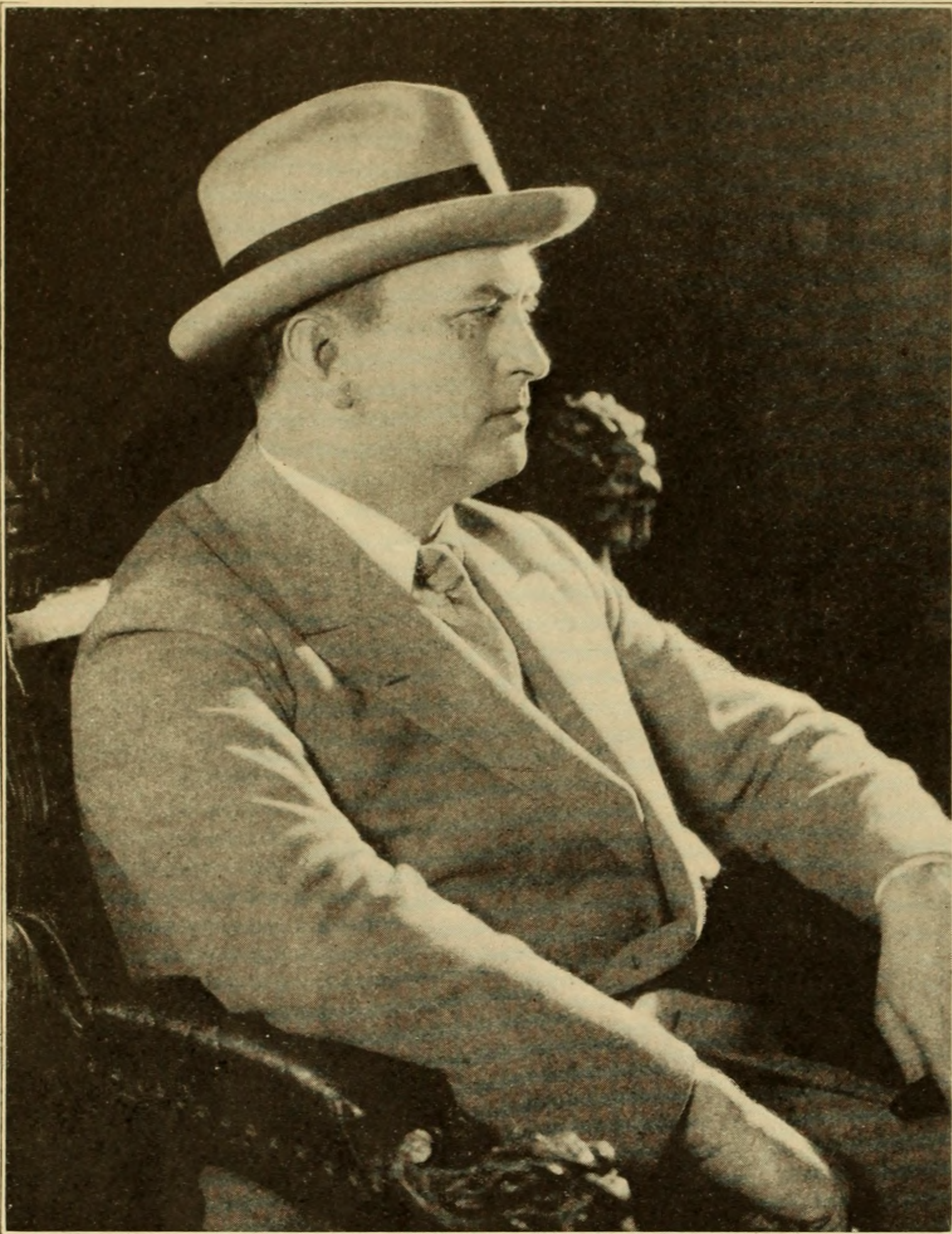
Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

Shade of face powder wanted? \_\_\_\_\_





*Thomas H. Ince, who rose from a song and dance man in vaudeville to one of the greatest motion picture producers, died suddenly in his California home on November 19th. He was known as a star discoverer and included in the list are Charles Ray, William S. Hart, Dorothy Dalton, Enid Bennett, Bessie Barriscale, Douglas MacLean, Florence Vidor, Frank Keenan and Mary Astor. Although a veteran producer he was only forty-two years old. He leaves a wife and three sons, besides his brothers, Ralph and John, both directors*

seen her—everyone commented upon it—and she wore a frock that she bought in Paris when she was over not so long ago—the palest shade of pink, with little flat satin panels, heavily embroidered in pearls. In her hair was twisted a rope of georgette and pearls to match, and she wore a huge corsage of orchids. Mae Murray was wrapped in a stunning evening coat of gold and rose and black, with an enormous collar of ermine. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix were given a tremendous ovation by crowds in the street, and Mrs. Mix wore a cloak of pale gray georgette trimmed with chinchilla, over a frothy orchid evening gown. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean had a large party, and Mrs. MacLean looked stunning in a low cut gown of black velvet.

Florence Vidor wore pale yellow satin, straight of line and low cut in the back, and very heavily embroidered in beads of a topaz yellow. Her evening wrap was white velvet, delicately shirred so that it fitted close to her figure, and with collar and trimmings of monkey fur. Mrs. George Archainbaud, wife of the well known director, wore bright jade green, with trimmings of silver beads, and a cloak of gray chiffon with a gorgeous collar of

ostrich. Carmelita Geraghty, accompanied by Bobby Agnew, was in flame-colored chiffon, very frilly, with flat scarlet poppies in her black hair.

Hedda Hopper, who is fast acquiring the reputation of being the best dressed woman in Hollywood as she has long been called the best dressed woman in New York, wore a delicious creation of mauve satin, with tiny, pleated panels of turquoise blue chiffon down the sides. Alice Terry looked unusually lovely in black velvet, with little slashes here and there revealing narrowly pleated cloth of silver. Jack Gilbert and Lew Cody were among those present.

**B**ERT LYTELL and Claire Windsor are to be married just as soon as the law allows, according to their mutual announcement, made when Lytell landed in America after several months spent in Tahiti filming "Never the Twain Shall Meet."

The first news Bert received was that his wife, Evelyn Vaughn, had been granted a divorce from him, and immediately Bert and Claire began a search to find out just how soon they can be legally married.

The engagement has been expected for some time.

Lytell gives as the reason for his split with his first wife the long separations which the difference in their work made necessary and he and Miss Windsor both state that they hope to work in as many pictures together as possible.

**R**OD LE ROCQUE was doing the boasting. Robert Edeson was listening. Rod was telling about calling on Leatrice Joy and holding her tiny baby in his arms.

"And what do you think?" asked Rod. "She went to sleep while I was holding her in my arms."

"Probably very true," replied Edeson. "You undoubtedly had the same effect on her that you have upon your audiences."

And it took three strong men to keep them apart.

**H**AROLD LLOYD has just presented his wife, Mildred Davis Lloyd, with the most gorgeous new Rolls-Royce town car that Hollywood has ever seen. It was a present to celebrate the arrival of Mildred Gloria.

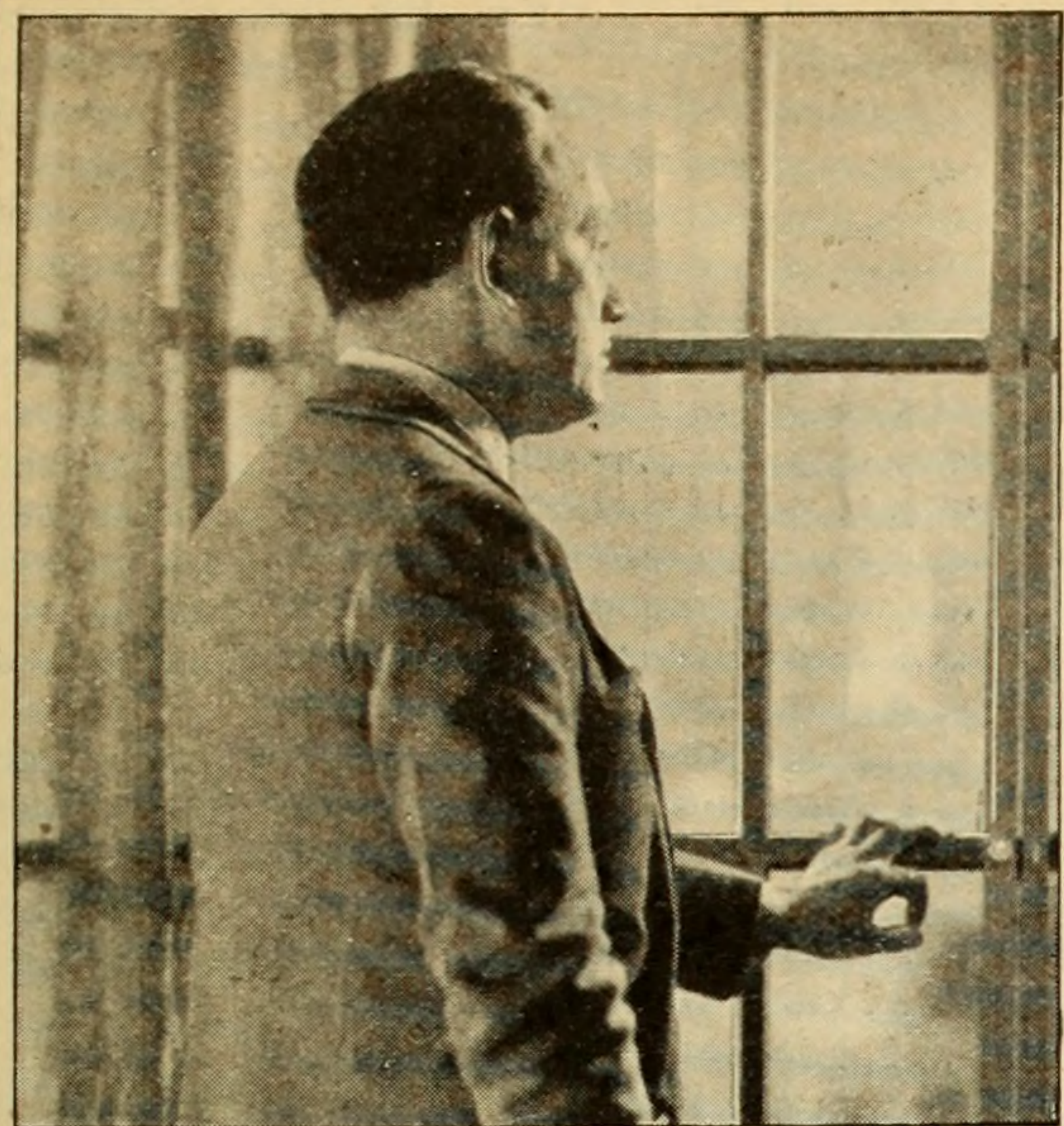
And Mid, who is one of those women who are naturally cunning and adorable, is a scream about it. I've never seen anyone get such a kick out of things as Mildred does, anyway, and this is the climax. She makes all sorts of arrangements so that she can make effective entrances in and out of the car, even to making Harold and her guests wait in the lobby while the car draws up properly. And she says she has had to buy all sorts of new clothes to go with it, because you have to have certain kinds of clothes to go with a Rolls-Royce town car. It is a very dark royal blue, which is particularly becoming to Mildred's blonde beauty.

Incidentally, Harold never told her a thing



*Carmel Myers, who has been making a picture in Europe, is here shown enjoying the beauties of Vienna. This scene is laid in a hillside park overlooking the famous capital of culture*





"A physical wreck—I was irritable, nervous, debilitated. I tried nearly every curative treatment known to science, but to no avail. I was simply depleted of nervous energy. When I heard of Fleischmann's Yeast I was skeptical of the wonderful results attributed to it. After using the yeast, my digestion became better, my complexion brighter, and I slowly regained lost vitality."

(Clair C. Cook, Los Angeles, Calif.)

"We restaurant eaters must force greasy, quickly fried food into our stomachs in a hurry. And our next move is 'take one of these pills each night!' Even the best stomach cannot stand such treatment. On the advice of a friend I ate my first yeast cake. Now I feel like the man who puts coal on a fire. He gets heat units, while today I'm enjoying health and vigor units, and am glad to be out of the 'glass of water and pill' class."

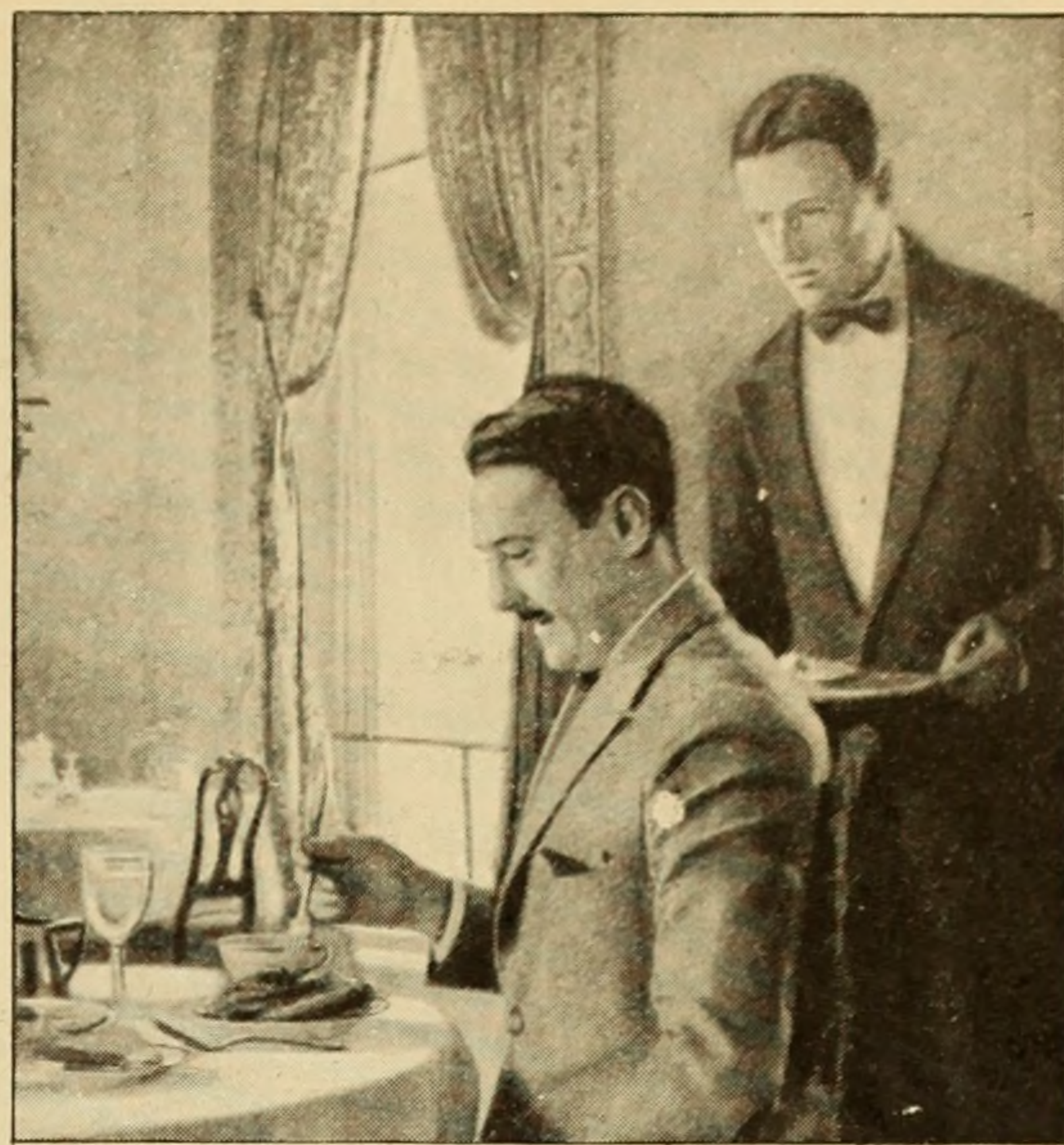
(Thomas Leyden, Elizabeth, N. J.)

"I knew my headaches and unwholesome complexion were caused by constipation. To take frequent cathartics was my regular program and even by doing this I was tired and dopey. 'I like what yeast does for me' said one of my customers and asked if I had ever tried it. I began to drink yeast in milk regularly. Soon people began to comment on how well I was looking—my husband said I grew younger—the mirror told me my complexion and eyes were clear and bright. Cathartics are now a thing of the past."

(Mabelle Conomikes, Marathon, N. Y.)

"'And my Fleischmann's Yeast cakes as usual.' For almost three years I have given this order to my grocer several times each week and will continue indefinitely. As a young mother in a run-down condition, with boils rendering me almost helpless, I felt that the end of my endurance had been reached. In desperation I sent for Fleischmann's Yeast cakes. The boils began to dry up. I slept better—had a keener appetite, felt better and regained my strength and vivacity."

(H. M. Raup, Linthicum Heights, Md.)



# FOUR KINDRED ILLS . . .

*Lowered Vitality - Stomach Troubles  
Constipation - - Skin Disorders*

*One simple food to banish them . . .*

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active.

At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active.

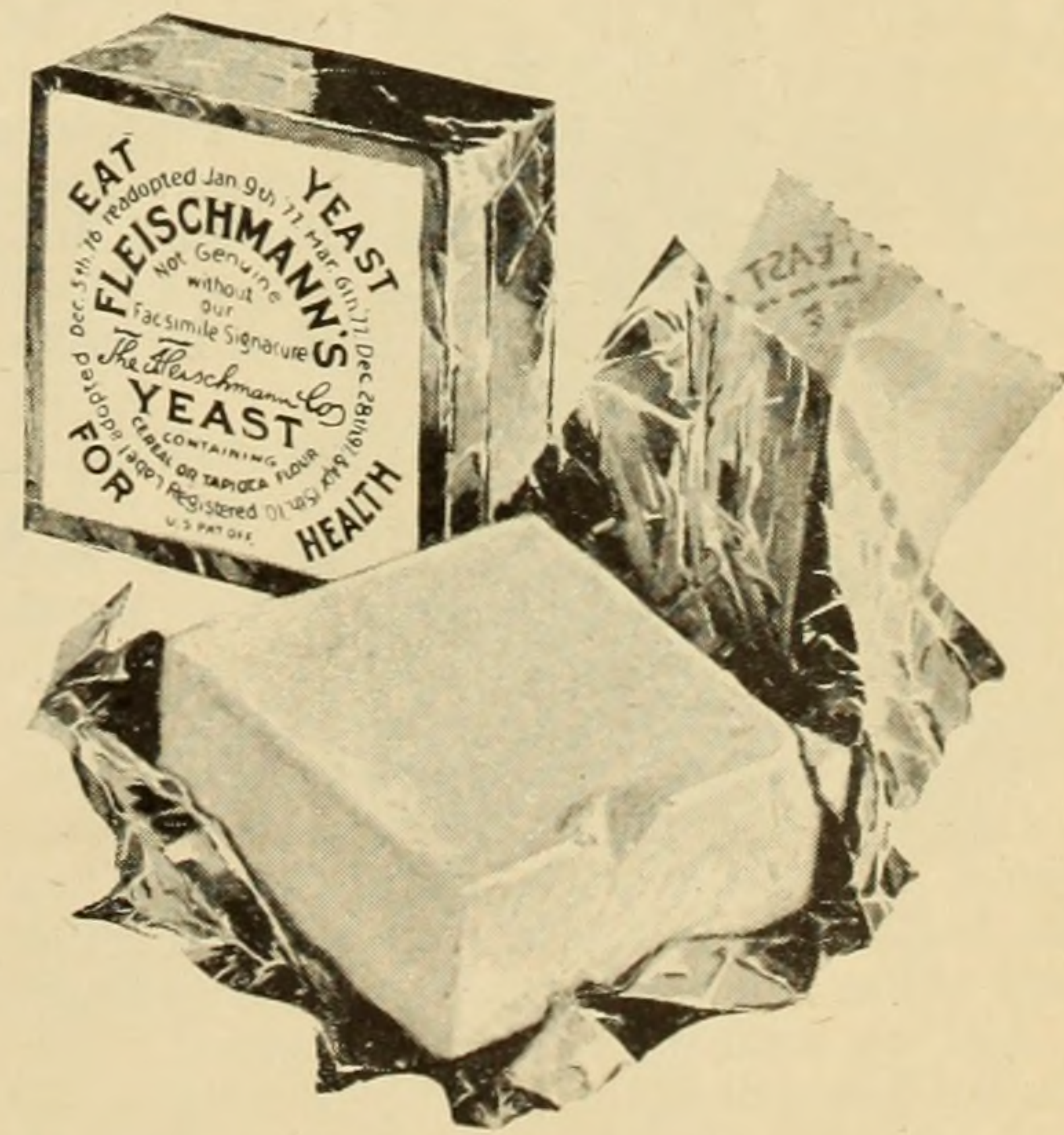
Fleischmann's Yeast for Health

comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for Yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.

**Dissolve one cake in a glass of water**  
(just hot enough to drink)

before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast when taken this way is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation. Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Write us for further information, or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. 1. The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.







*One of the strangest and sweetest romances of Hollywood or anywhere. When Mrs. B. B. Hampton lay dying she asked her husband, the producer, to marry her dearest friend, Claire Adams. The wedding was quietly celebrated in Hollywood recently*

about it, until one day it drew up before the door and the chauffeur simply announced that her car was there.

Somebody gave Harold a tiger skin rug the other day, too. And he doesn't know what to do with it. He's tried it in every room in the house but he can't quite arrange it to suit him.

"Somehow tiger skins don't just go with me, do they?" he says a little dubiously.

**M**ARION DAVIES is entertaining as her house guest the Princess Marie de Bourbon, heiress of the famous house that once ruled France, and cousin of the present King of Spain. The Princess is a most charming little person, who speaks English as only a Frenchwoman can, and is vastly interested in Hollywood and all its people.

Miss Davies has given a number of charming dinner parties for the Princess and among those asked to meet this titled lady have been Douglas and Mary, Florence Vidor, Joseph Urban and his daughter, Gretl Urban, Charlie Chaplin, Luther Reed, Norma and Constance Talmadge, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Ince.

One evening Miss Davies gave a dinner dance, among the guests being Charlie Chaplin, Anita Loos, John Emerson, Hedda Hopper, Jack Gilbert and Mr. and Mrs. Norman Kerry.

And an amusing situation occurred. Miss Davies has rented the home belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Norman Kerry. Finding that the dining room was not big enough for her to entertain in, Marion calmly turned the terrace

into a most gorgeous dining room, filled it with ferns and flowers and was delighted with it. Suddenly, on the very eve of the dinner party, she realized that it was Mrs. Kerry's house, that Mrs. Kerry was coming to dinner, and that she didn't know a word about the fact that she had a new dining room which she might or might not approve of.

Marion was in a chill of nervous fear until after Mrs. Kerry, who is a very charming and very pretty woman, arrived and greeted the addition with warm enthusiasm.

**F**OR the first time since becoming a star, Tom Mix, greatest of all Western heroes on the screen today, will be seen by his public without his cowboy togs. Mix is making his first costume picture of his starring career and the chaps and six-guns have been discarded for the silks, brocades, sword and plumed hat of the early eighteenth century, for he is now making the story of the life of Dick Turpin, that greatest of all gentlemen highwaymen, who was such a romantic and daring figure in the public eye of England at a time when a gentleman of the highroad was looked upon more as a brave adventurer than as a road agent. Dick Turpin and his horse are a part of English history. In fable and song he is almost a modern Robin Hood, freeing ladies in distress and robbing the rich to feed the poor. This new picture presents Tom as a handsome and dashing cavalier and still gives ample opportunity for him to show off his horsemanship.

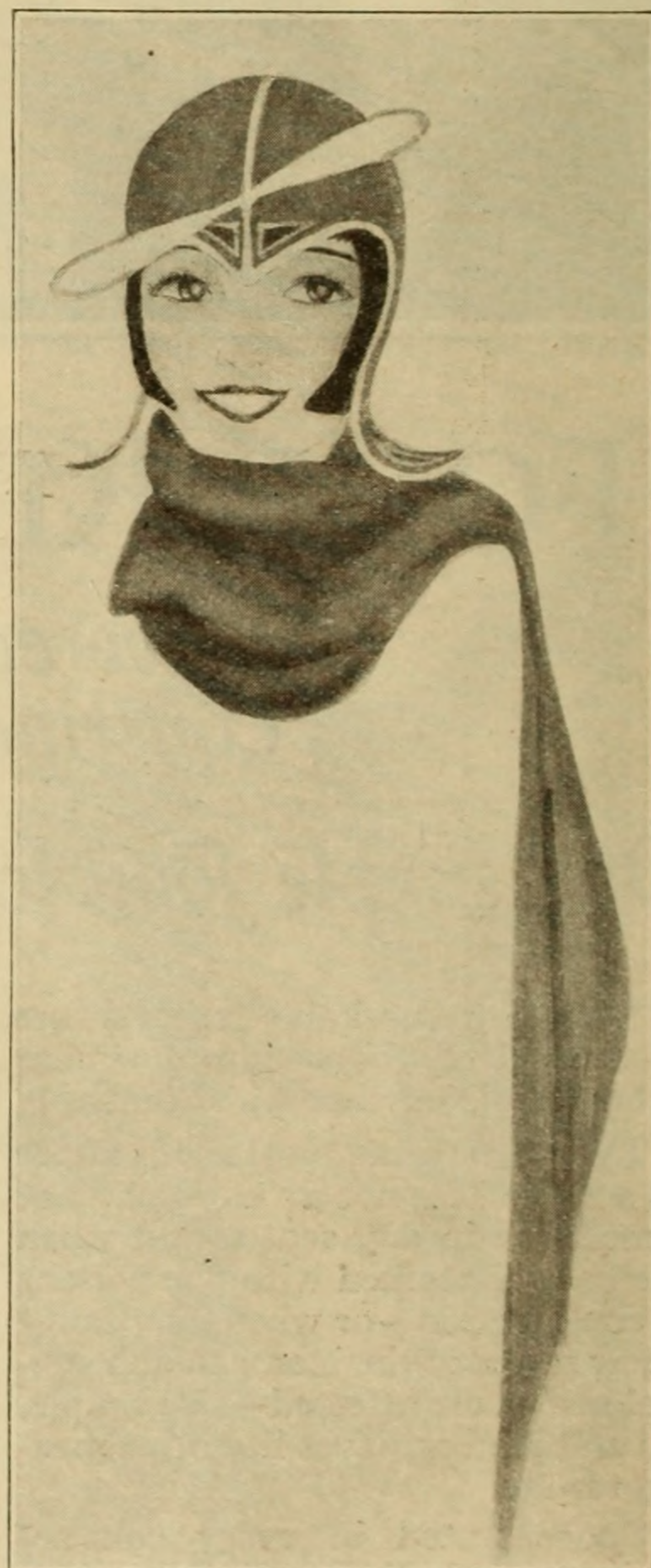
**S**YLVIA BREAMER, the little Australian actress who played in such First National attractions as "Bavu," "The Girl of the Golden West" and "The Woman on the Jury," and who has just completed the leading rôle with Frank Mayo in a James Hogan production, has signed a new starring contract which may keep her off the screen the rest of her life.

Quietly slipping away to the historic Greenwood Inn at Riverside, Miss Breamer "signed for life" with Dr. Harry W. Martin, prominent Lo. Angeles physician. Their engagement was only recently announced and the wedding was set for next June, so the marriage came as a great surprise to the film colony.

Miss Breamer came to Hollywood from Australia, where her father was a commander in the British Royal Navy. Dr. Martin practiced medicine in Chicago until the World War, when he joined the service, and upon his discharge came to Los Angeles.

**N**OTHING could be more enjoyable for a motion picture fan than to drop in at the Biltmore in Los Angeles on a Saturday night, if it happens to be the right Saturday night, and see the galaxy of famous movie stars and beauties enjoying themselves.

The other Saturday evening, for instance, was a particularly fortunate occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Loew were entertaining a big party of their official family. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Neilan (Blanche Sweet) were with



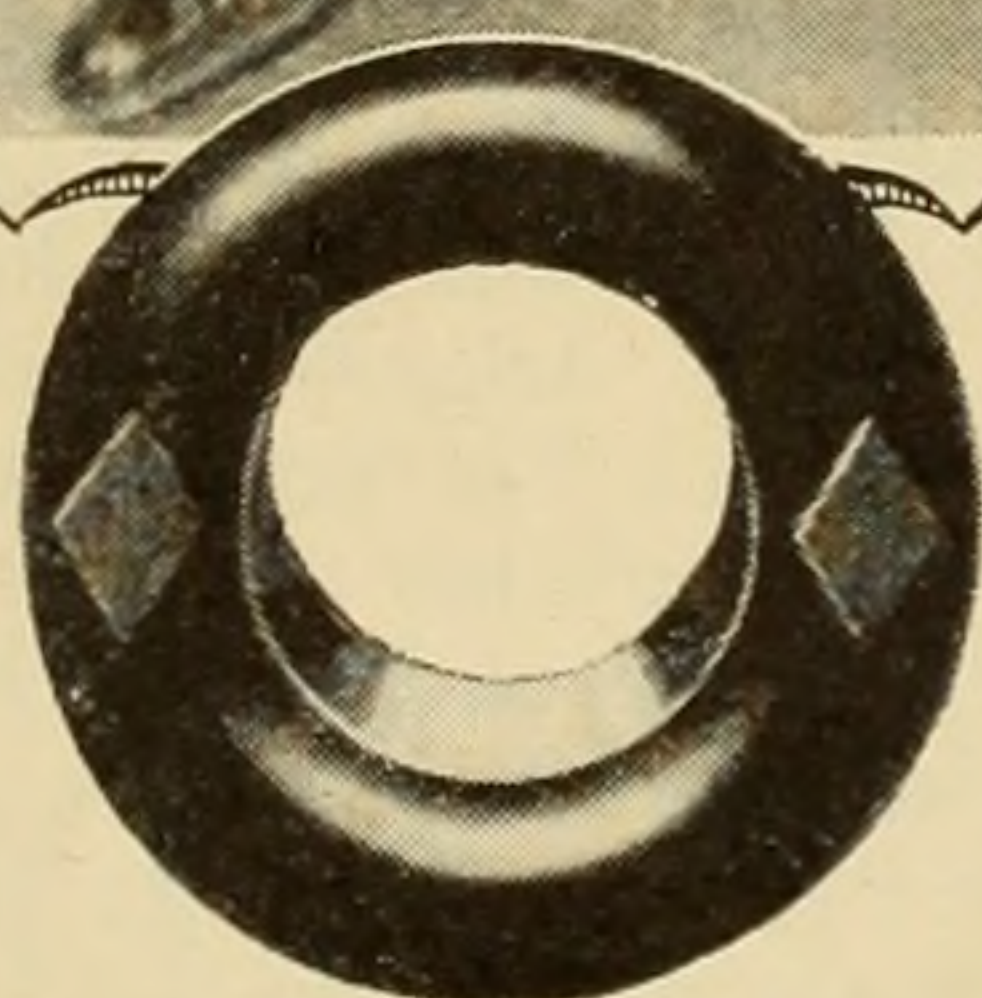
*Colleen Moore got excited over aviation this year, with the army aviators flying around the world and the ZR3 crossing the Atlantic, so she designed the Dirigible Derby. It is made of black felt with orange felt trimming, silver tissue lining and a propeller of rhinestones. An orange scarf sets it off*





*Only the Genuine  
Have the Diamond*

TRADE  MARK



*Diamond Brand (Visible) Fast Color Eyelets preserve the smooth lines of the upper and promote easy, snug lacing. They have genuine celluloid tops that retain their original finish indefinitely and actually outwear the shoe.*

## May Allison

**T**HE lace oxford is undeniably simple—but there lies the secret of its smartness, its allure, its true Parisian charm! Lace oxfords are very popular among screen stars this year who are wearing them whenever possible, on and off the screen, with street and sport attire.

The very simplicity of the lace oxford gives emphasis to the small details of its construction and finish. For this reason May Allison, talented and beautiful star now appearing in "The River Road," an Earnest Shipman Production, wears lace oxfords that are finished with visible eyelets. Visible eyelets are practical, decorative and fashionable—they are among those niceties of footwear construction that mark the shoe of quality and good taste. Without visible eyelets no lace shoe is entirely complete and correct in appearance.

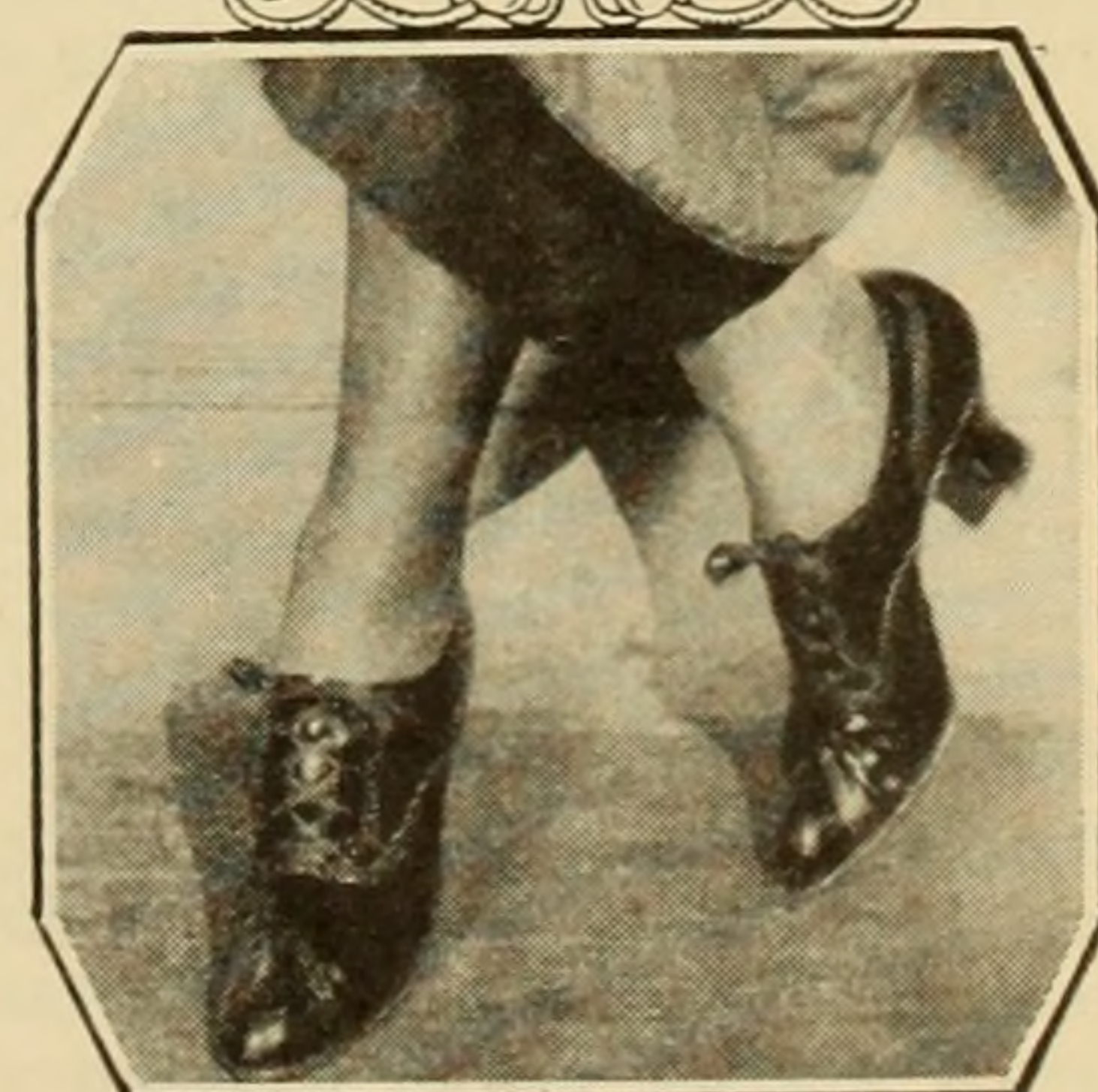
*Always insist on Goodyear Welt shoes with  
Diamond Brand (Visible) Fast Color Eyelets.*

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY

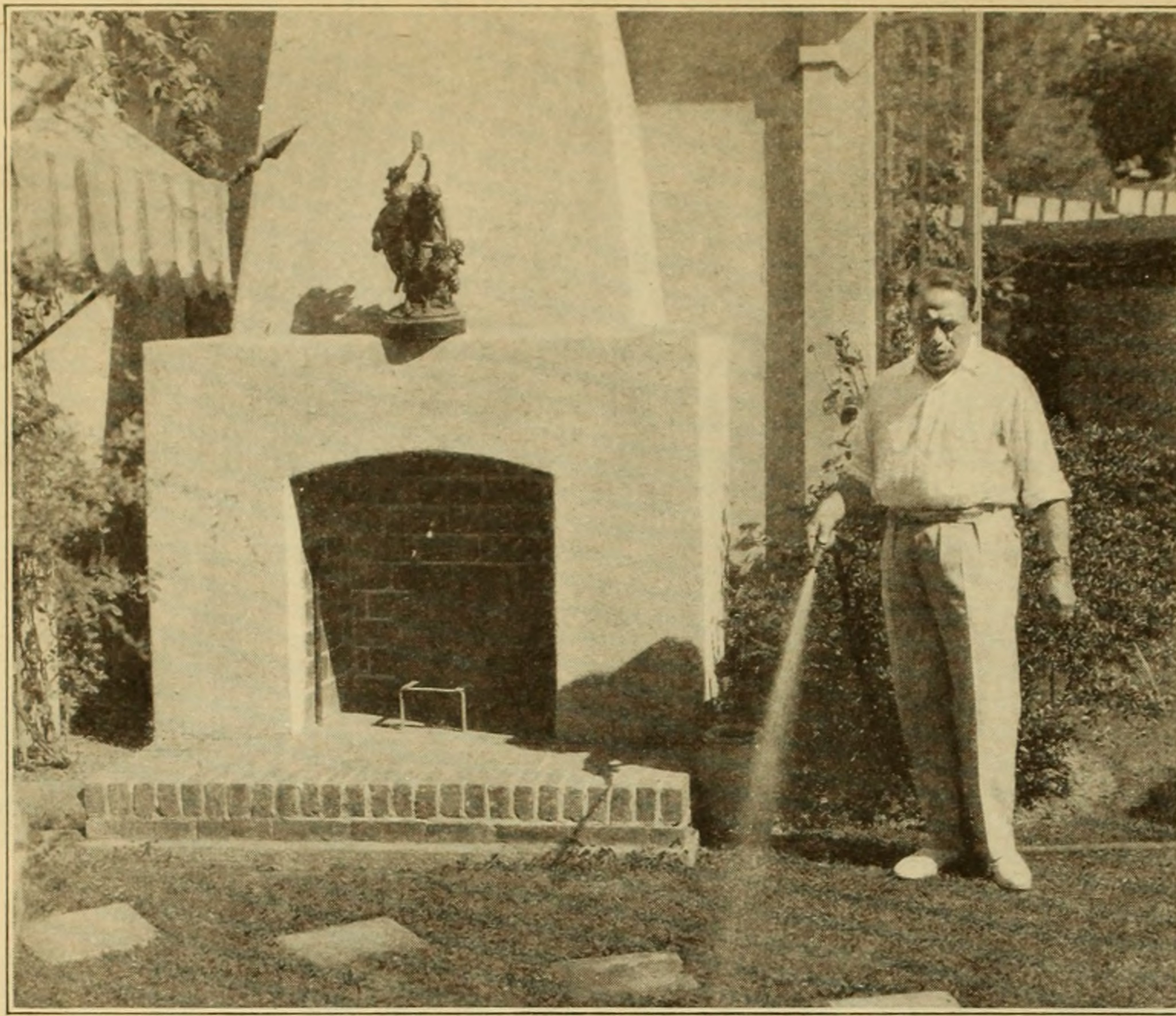
*Manufacturers of*

DIAMOND BRAND (VISIBLE) FAST COLOR EYELETS

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.







*Robert G. Vignola, the director who is credited with Marion Davies' greatest screen work, has bought himself a home, situated on the highest knoll in Hollywood. There this lovable Italian-American can have the time of his life watering the lawn and such wild Hollywood pastimes*

them, and Blanche had on the loveliest frock that she brought back from Paris, crystal beads over palest pink and made in a straight line that fitted in close to her lovely figure. By the way, she's wearing her hair straight, and it's fascinating. Alice Terry was in that party, too, in a very low gown of orchid, with her favorite trimming of ostrich plumes. And King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman, wrapped in a many colored Spanish shawl, and Hobart Henley and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rapf and Irving Thalberg and his pretty, dark-eyed sister.

Agnes Ayres and her new husband, Manuel Riachi, were there, the first time they've appeared in public since their marriage became known. Agnes wore heavy, close-fitting black satin, with a plain, tight turban of black satin, her only ornaments some satiny gardenias on the shoulder and a string of exquisite pearls. And Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel had a big party in which were the Jack Holts, and Lois Wilson and Ronald Colman. Lois was really gorgeous, in that new flame pink, with a great cluster of orchids pinned on one shoulder. Certainly she held the much heralded Mr. Colman in devoted subjection all evening. And Mae Murray and her husband, Bob Leonard, had a big party. Mae was wearing her hair straight too, but that short, wild straight that Paris is just declaring so fashionable. She was all in white. And Dorothy Phillips, whom I haven't seen out since her husband, Allen Holubar, died. She wore the softest white, with a tiny, black lace dinner hat, caught with a diamond arrow, and black satin slippers with arrows to match. And Leatrice Joy was with some friends, in black and white, very severe, with a flat wreath of gardenias in her hair. And of course one of the loveliest women in the room was Daisy Moreno, who with Antonio was entertaining some very important New York social leaders. Mrs. Moreno wore a French gown of the new shutter green, and a silver dinner hat. Claire Windsor was there, all in white as usual, with a very elaborate rhinestone headdress, escorted by Herbert Somborn, who used to be Gloria Swanson's husband. And Harold and Mildred Lloyd—Mildred looking more beautiful than ever since the advent of young Mildred Gloria. She wore a satin frock

of golden-brown, trimmed with some soft fur. Young Ben Lyon was in their party and Harold and Marcus Loew were exchanging golf stories between tables. And Seena Owen, with Howard Hawks. Seena looked very lovely, in a bright blue frock, with a panel of ostrich plumes down the front and a swaggering little plume in her lovely blonde hair.

**T**HEY should be a little more careful. The marital woes of Frank Mayo have been reopened in the Los Angeles courts with the application of Joyce Eleanor Mayo for \$2500 attorney fees to permit her to appear in connection with a suit between her and Mayo over a property settlement entered into before Mayo was granted a divorce two years ago.

During the arguments in the new case it developed that a final decree of divorce had never been entered, although it was reported some time ago that Mayo had married Dagmar Godowsky, a film actress and the daughter of the famous pianist, Leopold Godowsky.

Mrs. Mayo was said to be in England and without means to come to this country and appear in the suit over the contract under which Mayo was to pay her \$150 a week alimony.

Mrs. Mayo also filed a motion after the interlocutory decree was entered, asking her default be set aside on the ground that she had been unable to come to this country and fight the divorce suit. She was said to have been working at the time in Paris, France, as a chorus girl at a salary of \$25 a week.

**M**ONTE BLUE, one of my very favorite actors, is the latest victim of Cupid in the screen colony, his bride being a Seattle girl, Miss Tove Janson, a former Harrison Fisher model. They are now on their honeymoon and are expected back in Hollywood in a short time. The marriage took place in Seattle.

Miss Janson attended the Forestride Convent in Seattle and four years ago her mother, once a famous Norwegian actress, took her to New York, where her beauty soon won her fame as an artist's model. Later Miss Janson appeared with Elsie Janis and did a little picture work.

It is understood that the bride will give up her professional work under the terms of her "new starring contract," for Monte believes one actor is enough for any family.

This is Monte Blue's second matrimonial venture. He was divorced last year from Erma Gladys Blue.

**S**OMEBODY was talking to Colleen Moore about an actor in a cast of a certain picture. "Why in the world did you have him?" said the critic.

"I don't know," said Colleen. "Why did his mother have him?"

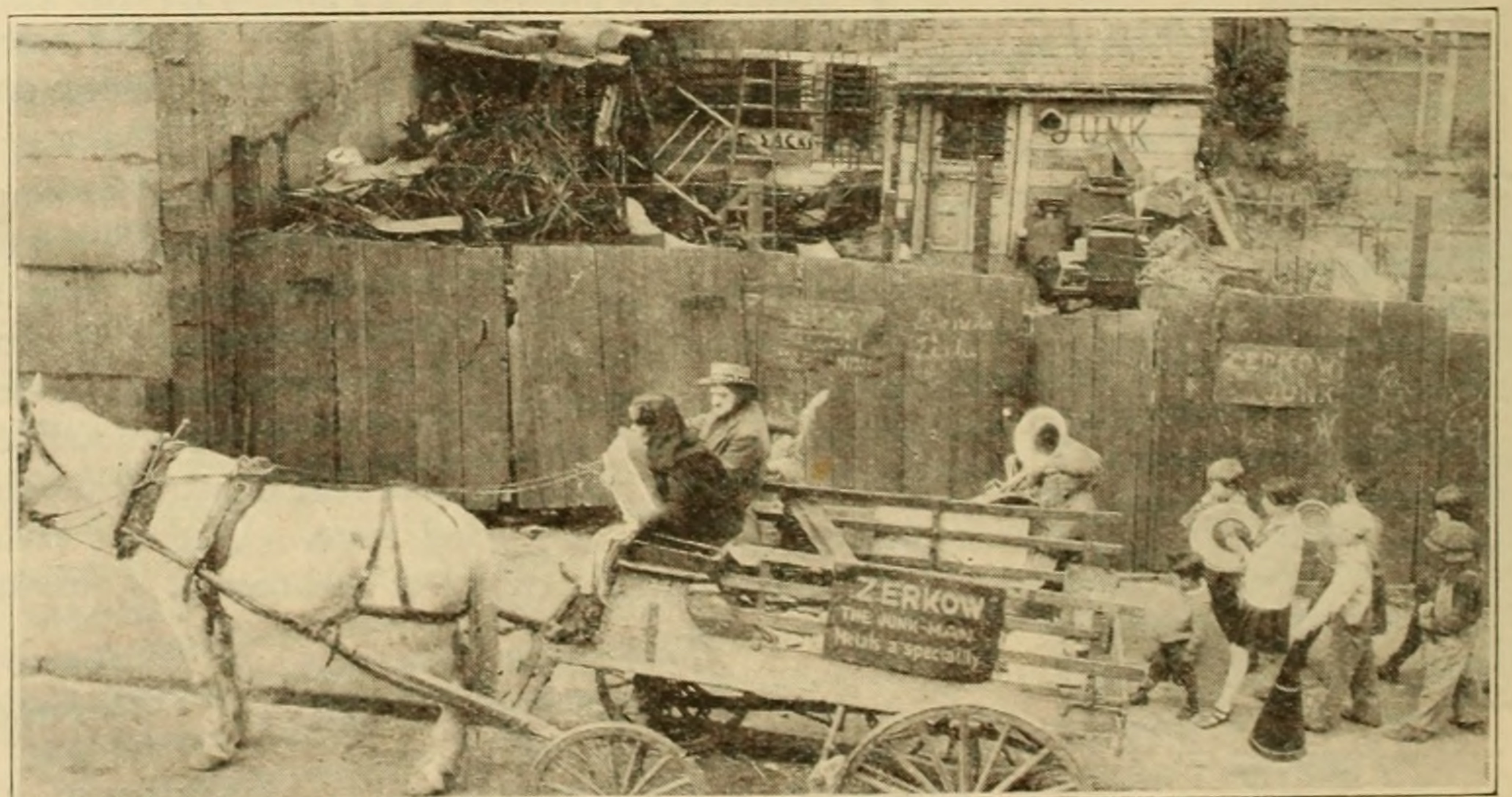
Which has now become the classic Hollywood phrase for an actor who isn't popular.

**T**RUE to her threat—"They've gotta' stop kicking my reputation around"—Miss Mabel Normand has brought suit for \$500,000 damages against Mrs. Georgia Church, Los Angeles woman who named that petite comedienne in her sensational divorce complaint against her wealthy clubman husband, Norman W. Church.

Miss Normand denies any intimacy with Church and says they were simply friends and fellow sufferers introduced by their physician while they were both confined in a Los Angeles hospital, and never saw him again when he left there.

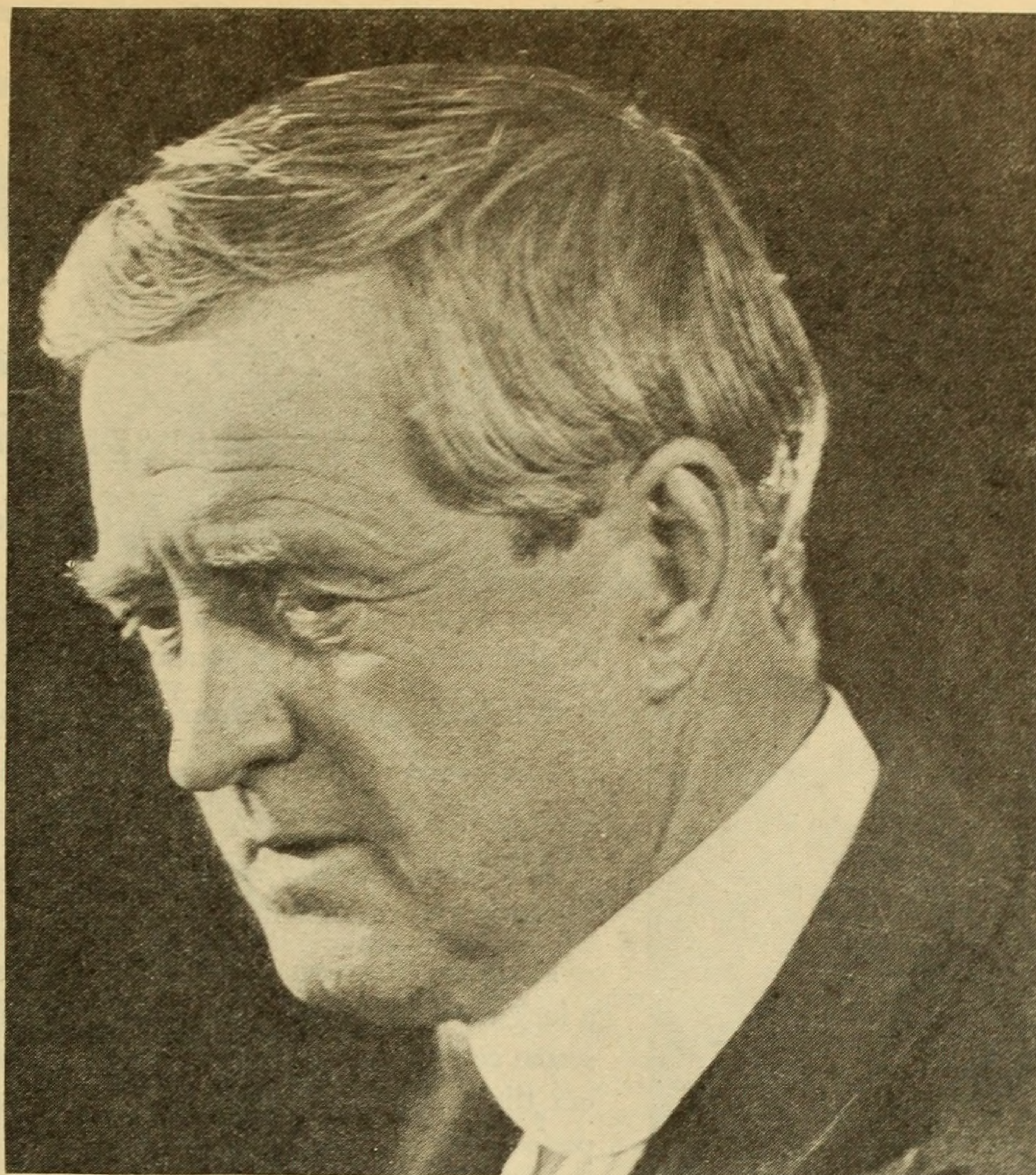
In her \$500,000 damage suit Miss Normand declares, that because of being pictured as a "vamp" in the Church divorce, she has not found it "profitable" to undertake the production of new films.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 92 ]



*A scene from "Greed"—Von Stroheim's picturization of Frank Norris' novel of San Francisco slum life. Here we see Zerkow and Trina taking away for burial their baby in the old wagon used daily to collect junk. In making this picture Von Stroheim is said to have produced a masterpiece*





## It set him thinking

**H**ERE, right in the prime of his business career, he had fumbled the biggest deal he ever had undertaken. It was the great disappointment of his life. And now he was putting himself through a rigorous self-examination, trying to fathom the reason for his failure.

Just then he stumbled across a peculiarly frank magazine advertisement that seemed to hint at the possible reason. It made him do some hard thinking.

\* \* \* \*

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that re-

quires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

Test the remarkable deodorizing effects of Listerine this way: Rub a little onion on your fingers. Then apply Listerine and note how quickly the onion odor disappears.

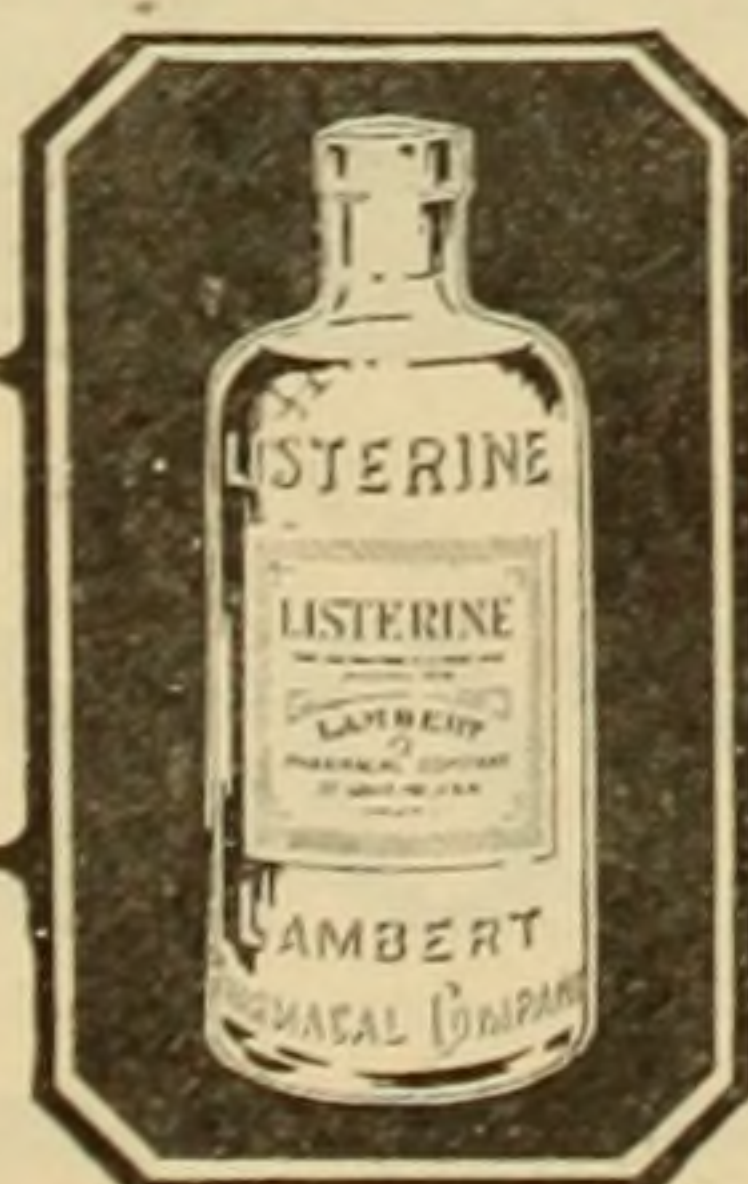
Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic. There are three sizes: 3 ounce, 7 ounce and 14 ounce bottles.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

### 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 correct halitosis, the Listerine antiseptic oils in these tablets are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations.

*They are 25 cents a package*

For  
HALITOSIS



use  
LISTERINE



ADOLPH ZUKOR AND JESSE L. LASKY PRESENT

# J. M. BARRIE'S "PETER PAN"

A HERBERT BRENON Production  
ASSISTED BY ROY POMEROY  
Screen play by Willis Goldbeck



Let Peter Pan  
give you the youthful way  
of looking at life once more!

"Peter Pan", J. M. Barrie's immortal play picturized at last! A glorious celebration of youth, adventure and lyrical mischief!

Whole train-loads of "Peter Pan" as a book have been bought!

Thousands of theatres have been jammed to the aisles in a score of countries to enjoy "Peter Pan" as a stage play!

In England the play is revived every year and puts most of the current attractions in the shade!

Paramount has owned the picture rights to "Peter Pan" for a long time, but refused to produce it until the technique of the screen could beat the stage productions completely in bringing out the magic and mystery of Peter's adventures, and until a perfect type to play Peter was discovered.

Well, the magic's there all right, and so is Betty Bronson, chosen by J. M. Barrie himself as the ideal artiste for the part; and Ernest Torrence is Hook the Pirate.

"Peter Pan" is the greatest family movie the world ever saw. Nobody is too young to enjoy it, and nobody's too old to feel like a happy kid when he sees it.

See the Dec. 27th Saturday Evening Post for list of theatres showing "Peter Pan" New Year's Week. Ask your theatre manager when he will show it.

## It's a Paramount Picture



# 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.

**LENORE, BEDFORD, IND.**—Nice little Lenore. I thank you for the "dearest." Ben Lyon uses his real name in his screen work. He was born in Atlanta, Ga., February 6, 1901. He is Ben Lyon, Jr. Not married.

**FLORENCE, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.**—A confidence from a woman of fascinating age, written while she is propped up in bed at a quarter of twelve. How romantic! You admire the love fires that burn in Monte Blue's eyes, and you recall that his grandmother said that anyone with a full upper lip is good humored. You advise Monte Blue "to keep on climbing clear to the top. That that is where he belongs." I forward your advice to him through this column, gracious midnight lady. His recent work was in "Her Marriage Vow" and "The Dark Swan."

**SCOTT, STRATFORD, ONT.**—Any star, however busy, will appreciate a letter from one who has sat in his audience. Whether he has time to answer, save in an interval between pictures, is problematical. At all events that is the kind of letters stars most appreciate and are most liable to answer. May McAvoy is twenty-three. Robert Agnew twenty-five.

**D. M., CHICAGO, ILL.**—"Give you as brief a biography as I can of Lon Chaney?" Here's a record one. Born, Colorado Springs, Colo., April, 1883. Married. Want other particulars? I thought so. Height, five feet, ten inches. Weight, one hundred fifty-five pounds.

**CLARA, NEW PHILADELPHIA, OHIO.**—Your favorite actress, Bebe Daniels, was born on one of Texas' many acres. Strictly speaking, Dallas. She is a decided brunette, with black hair and brown eyes. Not engaged. She is at the Paramount Studio when not on location or in Hollywood, or in Europe or Africa. More definite I cannot be.

**L. R., CHISHOLM, MINN.**—The initials are enough for publication. I wouldn't have you "razed" for your comments about Ralph Graves, so the secret of your identity will die with me. "Crazy about all blondes." Like the Sunshine Brothers, do you? There is no record of Gloria Swanson being a member of any fraternity except the sisterhood of women. I have no information that she was a college girl. John Barrymore belongs to the sportive Lambs Club in New York.

**CATHERINE B., WEST NEW YORK, N. Y.**—Back issues of *PHOTOPLAY* MAGAZINE that contained articles or photographs or both of Olive Thomas were September, November and December, 1917; January, March, June, October and December, 1918; May, 1919, and February, July, August, November and December, 1920. To secure back numbers of the magazine write to *PHOTOPLAY* Publishing Co., 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago Ill. Send twenty-five cents for each copy.

**BOBBY A., CHICAGO, ILL.**—"A hot argument about the age, height and weight of Marie Prevost?" This from undisputed authorities will, I hope, lower the temperature of the argument. She was born in 1898. Her height is five feet, four inches, and her weight one hundred twenty-three pounds.

**R. A., CUMBERLAND, MD.**—Certainly, Ruth. I will in this instance be your Naomi. Pittsburgh proudly claims to be Lois Wilson's birthplace. It maintains its claim. The pleasing event occurred June 28, 1896. Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, Minn., eleven months before Miss Wilson appeared before the world's Kleigs. J. W. Kerrigan is of the state that is noted for "fine women and fine horses." I never could learn why they don't say "and fine men"—Kentucky. Neither Helen Jerome Eddy, Marion Davies, nor George O'Hara is married. Miss Davies' latest picture is "Zander the Great."

**ANGIE, LAKEVIEW, MICH.**—Your favorite star since Wallace Reid's death is Thomas Meighan and you "want to know a lot about him." Is this a lot? He was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., April 9, 1879. "The Alaskan" followed "The Confidence Man." He is a blue-eyed boy. He was married in 1914. Am I "Mr., Mrs. or Miss", Angie? How could you omit "Master"?

**RAMOLA, WINNIPEG, CAN.**—Pola Negri's age is—well, what is it since she was born in 1897? Height, five feet, four inches. Weight, one hundred twenty pounds. Her outstanding characteristic? Let us say candor, especially when she discusses her heart and Charlie Chaplin. Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, February 6, 1899. He is two inches less than six feet tall and weighs forty less than two hundred pounds. Dark brown hair and eyes. His outstanding characteristic, as you well put it, is at present his complete absorption in his work.

**U. R., APPLETON, WIS.**—What piquant initials! Puts one on the defensive. Want to say, "Well, I am what?" Edith Johnson and William Duncan are married. A son was born to them Sept. 9, 1924. Send your congratulations to them through Universal.

**DUCHESS, CHICAGO, ILL.**—Glad you like me, Duchess. Even if only because I am "mysterious." I like you because of your girlish candor, your feminine but legible handwriting, and your robin-egg blue notepaper. Why don't you try the Paramount for a photograph of Richard Dix?

**K. K., ARLINGTON, N. J.**—Evangeline Adams, the astrologer, was married last year but retains her maiden name in her professional life. She uses that name on the door of her studio at Carnegie Hall, New York. Glad you enjoyed the horoscopes she cast for stars, published in *PHOTOPLAY*.

**PEGGY, AKRON, OHIO.**—Of course I agree with you that May McAvoy is "cute" and that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is "a fine looking lad." Master Fairbanks has signed a contract with the Famous Players-Lasky Co. to play boy characters. Yes, Peggy, Corinne Griffith is "dainty and delicate" if you like, and has other charming traits.

**ELLA, MIDLAND, ONT.**—The "only thing in the world you want to know is where Mabel Normand is at present engaged." That's easy, Ella. She is not making any pictures.

**B. L., ATLANTA, GA.**—John Barrymore's club is that of the light-hearted actors. Because they gambol it is called the Lambs. No, dear, I didn't spell it gamble. The annual benefit that they give for themselves they call the Gambol. Richard Barthelmess was born May 9, 1897. His mother was an actress. He is a college man. Height, five feet, seven inches. Much discussed weight, one hundred forty pounds. His eyes and hair are dark brown. Ramon Novarro's oft asked about place of nativity is Durango, Mexico. His much curiosity stirring weight is one hundred sixty pounds. His controversy provoking height is five feet, ten inches. Marion Morgan "discovered" him and made him one of her dancers. He was the only boy in the fascinating aggregation. His eyes and hair are brown.

**A. L. P., FARGO, N. DAK.**—Sweet of you to say you "enjoy my work or play," Anna. Ramon Novarro is a serious student of his art. He is of the Latin race which has produced many artists. He was born in Durango, Mexico, February 6, 1899. His height is five feet, ten inches. His weight one hundred sixty pounds. Dark brown eyes and hair. Not married, thank you, save to his art. But I promise nothing. Who knows what capers Cupid may cut in the short while before this goes to press? There's no insurance against that tricky meddler.

**EDA, BROOKLYN, N. Y.**—Just leaving for the other side and sending me a letter by pilot, eh? You are indeed interested since you want your reply to queries about Huntly Gordon to follow you to Europe. You are sure you won't even forget him in the Paris cafes? Mr. Gordon is about thirty-five. He is not married. Gladys Brockwell's connection with the United Studios continues. She is not now married but has been twice divorced.

**JIMMIE, NEW YORK, N. Y.**—You "adore Edith Johnson and are bursting with certain questions about her." And they say that the fair are antagonistic to each other. Miss Johnson was married in 1920 to William Duncan. They have one child, born September 9, 1924. Mrs. Duncan is six inches shorter than her spouse, whose height is five feet, ten inches. Her hair is blonde. The other question must be sent to the Universal Studio.



# What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

## WEST COAST

(Unless otherwise specified studios are at Hollywood)

**BUSTER KEATON STUDIO**, 1025 Lillian Way.  
Buster Keaton directing himself in "Seven Chances" with Ruth Dwyer, Snitz Edwards and T. Roy Barnes.

**C. B. C. FILM SALES CO.**, 6070 Sunset Blvd.  
Earl Kenton directing "A Fool and His Money" with Madge Bellamy, William Haines and Stuart Holmes.  
Henry MacRae has completed "Tainted Money" with Eva Novak and William Fairbanks.

**CENTURY FILM CORP.**, 6100 Sunset Blvd.  
Jess Robbins directing "Looking Down" with Wanda Wiley.  
Charley La Mont directing "Sailing Along" with Buddy Messenger.  
Edward Luddy directing "Broadway Beauties" with Edna Marion.

**CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIO**, 1416 La Brea Ave.  
Inactive.

**CHRISTIE COMEDIES**, 6101 Sunset Blvd.  
Harold Beaudine directing Jimmy Adams in two-reel comedy.  
Gil Pratt directing Neal Burns in an untitled comedy.

**F. B. O. STUDIO**, Melrose and Gower Sts.  
Del Andrews directing "The Go-Getters" with Alberta Vaughn and George O'Hara.  
**Harry Garson Prod.** Harry Garson directing "The No-Gun Man" with "Lefty" Flynn and Gloria Grey.  
**Gothic Prod.** Tod Browning directing "Silk Stocking Sal" with Evelyn Brent and Robert Ellis.  
**Douglas MacLean Prod.** George J. Crone directing "Sky High" with Douglas MacLean and Ann Cornwall.  
**B. P. Schulberg Prod.** Louis Gasnier has just completed "White Man" with Alice Joyce and Kenneth Harlan.  
Louis Gasnier directing "The Triflers" with Mae Busch, Frank Mayo, Elliott Dexter and Wanda Hawley.  
Production will soon commence on "Capital Punishment" with Clara Bow and Owen Moore.  
**Larry Semon Prod.** Larry Semon directing himself in "The Wizard of Oz" with Bryant Washburn, Dorothy Dwan and Wanda Hawley.  
**Tiffany Prod.** James Horne directing "Hail the Hero" with Richard Talmadge and Eva Novak.

**FOX STUDIO**, 1401 N. Western Ave.  
Jack Conway directing "The Hunted Woman" with Seena Owen.  
Emmett Flynn directing "The Dancers" with George O'Brien, Madge Bellamy and Alma Rubens.  
George Marshall directing the "Van Bibber's" series with Earle Fox and Florence Gilbert.  
Edmund Mortimer directing "The Man Who Knew Women" with Buck Jones and Lucy Fox.  
Lynn Reynolds directing "Riders of the Purple Sage" with Tom Mix and Mabel Ballin.

**FIRST NATIONAL PROD.**, United Studios.  
Al Green directing "Sally" with Colleen Moore and Lloyd Hughes.  
**Samuel Goldwyn Prod.** Inactive.  
**Frank Lloyd Prod.** Frank Lloyd directing "Judgment" with Patsy Ruth Miller and Antonio Moreno.  
**Ritz-Carlton Prod.** Joseph Henaberry directing "The Scarlet Power" with Rudolph Valentino and Nita Naldi.  
**Joseph M. Schenck Prod.**  
Norma Talmadge Prod. Inactive.  
Constance Talmadge Prod. Inactive.

**HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS**, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd.  
**James P. Hogan Prod.** James P. Hogan directing "Women and Gold" with Frank Mayo and Sylvia Breamer.  
**Harold Lloyd Prod.** Production has commenced on an untitled comedy with Harold Lloyd and Jobyna Ralston.  
**Renaud Hoffman Prod.** Renaud Hoffman directing "On the Threshold" with Henry Walthall.

**INCE STUDIO**, Culver City, Cal.  
**Thomas H. Ince Prod.** James W. Horne directing "The Desert Fiddler" with Charles Ray, Barbara Bedford and Betty Blythe.

**LASKY STUDIO**, 1520 Vine Street.  
Paul Bern directing "Tomorrow's Love" with Agnes Ayres and Pat O'Malley.  
Clarence Badger directing "New Wives for Old" with Betty Compson.  
Raoul Walsh directing "East of Suez" with Pola Negri, Edmund Lowe, Pat O'Malley and Rockliffe Fellowes.  
James Cruze directing "The Goose Hangs High" with Constance Bennett, Myrtle Stedman and Esther Ralston.  
Alan Crosland directing "Contraband" with Lois Wilson, Raymond McKee and Noah Beery.  
Production will soon commence on the following: Alan Crosland will direct "The Little French Girl" with Betty Bronson.

**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO**, Culver City, Cal.

Robert Vignola directing "The Summons" with Eleanor Boardman, William Russell and Matt Moore.  
Hobart Henley directing "The Square Peg" with Claire Windsor, William Haines and Emily Fitzroy.  
Eric Von Stroheim directing "The Merry Widow" with Mae Murray, John Gilbert and Tully Marshall.  
Rupert Hughes directing "Excuse Me" with Conrad Nagel, Norma Shearer and Walter Hiers.  
Marshall Neilan directing "The Sporting Venus" with Blanche Sweet, Lew Cody and Ronald Colman.  
Reginald Barker directing "Dixie" with Frank Keenan, Claire Windsor and Lloyd Hughes.  
Victor Seastrom directing "Kings in Exile" with Alice Terry and John Bowers.

**PICKFORD-FAIRBANKS STUDIO**, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd.  
Inactive.

**PRINCIPAL PICTURES CORP.**, 7250 Santa Monica Blvd.  
Sam Wood directing "The Re-Creation of Brian Kent" with Kenneth Harlan, Za Su Pitts and Mary Carr.

**HAL ROACH STUDIOS**, Culver City, Cal.  
The Spats: Sidney D'Albrook, Frank Butler and Maura Roessing in "Laugh That Off."  
Arthur Stone in an untitled comedy.  
The Gang in an untitled comedy.  
Glenn Tryon and Blanche Mehaffey in an untitled comedy.  
Colin Chase in an untitled comedy.

**UNIVERSAL STUDIO**, Universal City, Cal.  
Rupert Julian directing "The Phantom of the Opera" with Mary Philbin, Lon Chaney, Norman Kerry and Arthur Edmund Carewe.  
Edward Sloman directing "Up the Ladder" with Virginia Valli, Forrest Stanley and Holmes E. Herbert.  
Edward Laemmle directing "Red Clay" with William Desmond and Lola Todd.  
William Seiter directing "Dangerous Innocence" with Laura La Plante and Eugene O'Brien.  
Clifford Smith directing "Don Daredevil" with Jack Hoxie and Cathleen Calhoun.  
King Baggott directing "Raffles" with House Peters and Carmelita Geraghty.

**VITAGRAPH STUDIO**, 1708 Talmadge St.  
J. Stuart Blackton directing "The Redeeming Sin" with Nazimova, Lou Tellegen and Edward Burns.  
David Smith directing "Pampered Youth" with Alice Calhoun, Cullen Landis, Ben Alexander and Wallace MacDonald.

**WARNER BROS. STUDIO**, 5842 Sunset Blvd.  
William Beaudine directing "The Broadway Butterfly" with Lilyan Tashman, John Roche, Louise Fazenda and Willard Louis.  
Mal St. Clair directing "Thin Ice" with Tom Moore, William Russell and Edith Roberts.  
Phil Rosen directing "The Bridge of Sighs" with Dorothy Mackaill, Creighton Hale and Alec Francis.  
James Flood directing "The Man Without a Conscience" with Willard Louis, Irene Rich, John Patrick and Bobby Agnew.

**FRANK E. WOODS PROD.**, San Mateo Studios, San Francisco, Cal.  
Paul Powell has just completed "On the Shelf" with Pat O'Malley, Wanda Hawley and Wallace Beery.

## EAST COAST

**BIOGRAPH STUDIO**, 807 East 175th St., New York City.  
"The Interpreter's House" with Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills.  
"The One Way Street" with Anna Q. Nilsson and Ben Lyon.

**PARAMOUNT STUDIO**, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.  
Frank Tuttle directing "Miss Bluebeard" with Bebe Daniels, Robert Frazer and Raymond Griffith.  
Dimitri Buchowetzki directing "The Swan" with Frances Howard, Adolphe Menjou and Ricardo Cortez.  
Sidney Olcott directing "Salome of the Tenelements" with Jetta Goudal and Godfrey Tearle.  
Edward Sutherland directing "Bed Rock" with Thomas Meighan and Lila Lee.

**TEC-ART STUDIO**, 318 East 48th St., New York City.  
**Associated Exhibitors Prod.** Howard Estabrook directing "The Adventurous Sex" with Herbert Rawlinson, Clara Bow and Earle Williams.  
**Inspiration Pictures.** John Robertson directing "New Toys" with Richard Barthelmess, Mary Hay and Clifton Webb.  
**St. Regis Prod.** E. H. Griffith directing "The Ultimate Good" with Madge Kennedy, Conway Tearle and Lucille Lee Stewart.

**UNIVERSAL STUDIO**, Fort Lee, N. J.  
George B. Seitz directing "Galloping Hoofs" with Aliene Ray and Johnnie Walker.

**WHITMAN BENNETT STUDIO**, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.  
**Jan Prod.** Burton King directing "Playthings of Desire" with Estelle Taylor, Mahlon Hamilton and Mary Thurman

## IN EUROPE

**FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.**, in France.  
Allan Dwan directing "The Coast of Folly" with Gloria Swanson.

**METRO-GOLDWYN CORP.**, in Rome.  
Fred Niblo directing "Ben Hur" with Ramon Novarro, May McAvoy, Francis X. Bushman, Carmel Myers, Kathleen Key, Nigel de Brulier, Claire McDowell, Frank Currier and Anders Randolph.  
In France. Production will soon commence on "Mare Nostrum" Rex Ingram directing with Antonio Moreno and Alice Terry.

## CHANGES IN TITLES

**F. B. O. PROD.**  
**Harry Garson Prod.** The picture originally titled "The Forgotten City" and later changed to "The Stranger From Nowhere" will be released as "The Millionaire Cowboy."

**FIRST NATIONAL PROD.**  
**Corinne Griffith Prod.** "Wilderness" will be released as "Love's Wilderness."  
**J. K. McDonald Prod.** "Wife No. 2" is the new title for "Frisolous Sal."  
**Constance Talmadge Prod.** The working titles "Heart Trouble" and "One Night" will be changed to "Her One Night of Romance."

**FOX PRODUCTIONS.**  
"Purchased Woman" has been changed to "Gerald Cranston's Lady."

**METRO PRODUCTIONS.**  
"Mrs. Paramour" will be released as "Married Flirts."

**PARAMOUNT PRODUCTIONS.**  
"The River Boat" has been changed to "The Devil's Cargo."

**UNITED ARTISTS PRODUCTIONS.**  
**D. W. Griffith Prod.** "Isn't Life Wonderful" is the release title for "Dawn."

**UNIVERSAL PRODUCTIONS.**  
"Nightcap" is now changed to "Secrets of the Night."  
"Jazz Parents" will be released as "The Mad Whirl."  
"The Great Miracle" will be known as "Eyes of Fools."  
"The Flower of Napoli" is now "The Fighting Cop."  
"The Best of Life" has been changed to "Fifth Avenue Models."  
"Ann's an Idiot" will be released as "Dangerous Innocence."

## BUSINESS OFFICES

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 West 45th St., New York City.  
Associated First National Pictures, 383 Madison Ave., New York City. Richard Barthelmess Prod., Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.  
Distinctive Pictures Corporation, 366 Madison Ave., New York City.  
Educational Film Corporation, 370 Seventh Ave., New York City.  
Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (Paramount), 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.  
Film Booking Offices of Amer., Inc., 723 Seventh Ave., New York City.  
Fox Film Corporation, 723 Seventh Ave., New York City.  
Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City.  
Palmer Photoplay Corporation, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.  
Pathe Exchange, 35 West 45th St., New York City.  
Principal Pictures Corporation, 1540 Broadway, New York City.  
Producers Distributing Corporation, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City.  
Rothacker Film Mfg. Company, 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.  
B. P. Schulberg Prod., 1650 Broadway, New York City.  
United Artists Corporation, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. D. W. Griffith Prod., 1476 Broadway, New York City.  
Universal Film Mfg. Company, Heckscher Building, 5th Ave. and 57th St., New York City.  
Vitagraph Company of America, 1600 Broadway, New York City.  
Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York City.



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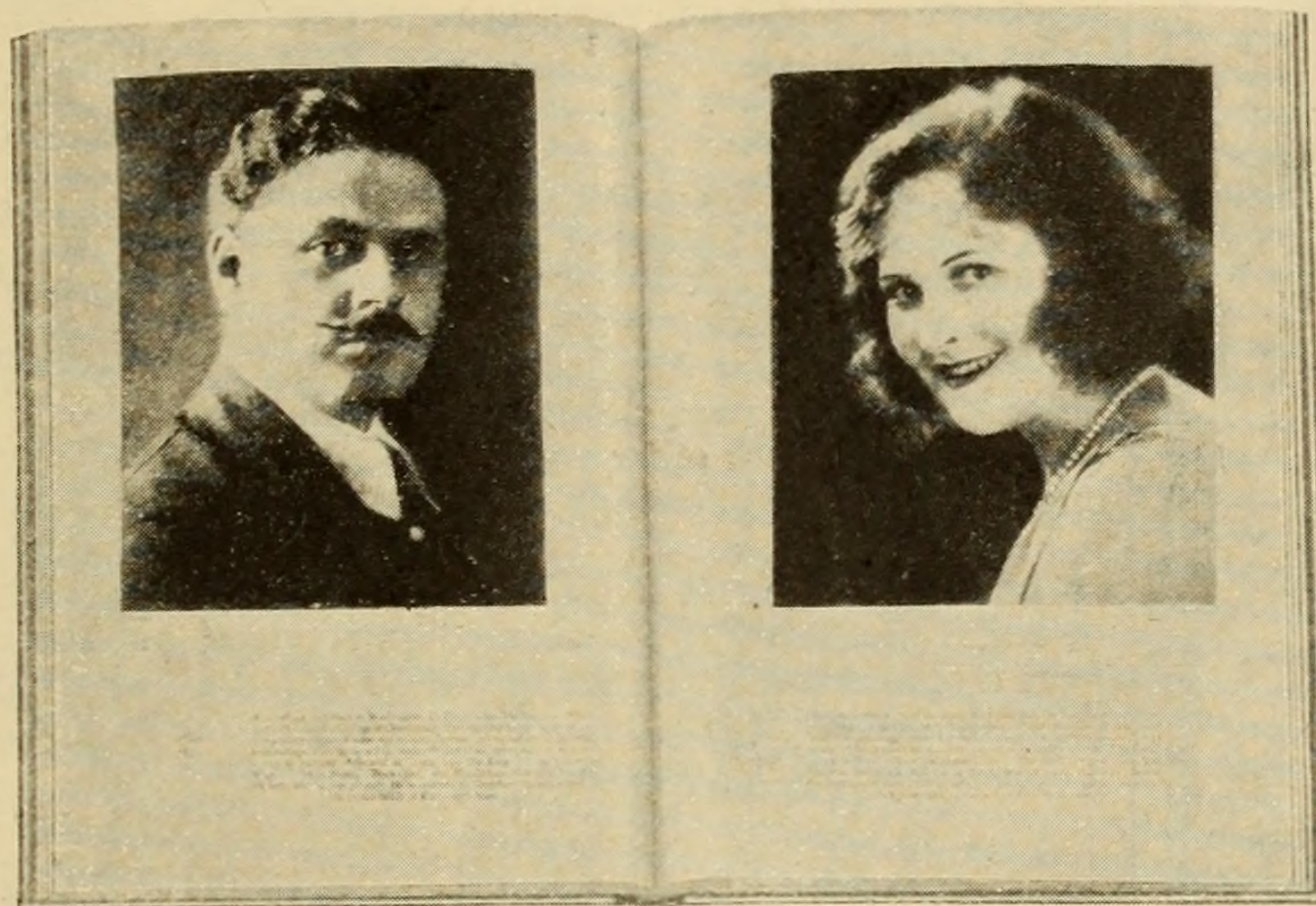
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## Studio News and Gossip

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86 ]

Before the Church divorce suit became a matter of public gossip, the complaint asserts, Miss Normand earned more than \$150,000 a year in her screen work.

AT last Metro-Goldwyn have made a statement explaining why George Walsh was supplanted by Ramon Novarro after he had been sent to Rome to play the title rôle in "Ben Hur." PHOTOPLAY called attention to the rather brusque methods used with Mr. Walsh and insisted that some sort of explanation was due him, and now, so late that the act is done with poor grace and savors of an agreement in a legal settlement, the company issues a statement explaining that the merger of the Metro and Goldwyn interests made the change of players necessary, as they had Mr. Novarro under contract and it was good business to play him in the important rôle to build up his value as an attraction.

There is unconscious humor in the conclusion of the statement. Mr. Loew, the president of the company, explains why they felt constrained to annihilate Walsh, and then wishes him good luck. But what we wonder is whether they paid his salary for the duration of his contract, or gave him a small part of it with the well wishes thrown in for good measure, and whether Mr. Walsh will deposit the good wishes in his bank.

A strange business this.

LET'S bring out and kill the fatted calf for the Prodigal who was lost and he has been found. Richard Dix is back in Hollywood after ten months in New York, where he has been making pictures at the Paramount Long Island studios, and the gang around the Boulevard welcomed him with open arms, for Richard is one of Hollywood's favorite sons.

THE laugh seems to be on Walter Hiers, as a result of a letter the fat comedian received from a school teacher in the Middle West. In part, the letter reads:

"... Last week I was enrolling pupils in my

class, when there came before me a freckled-faced lad of about ten years. I asked him his name.

"Walter Hiers," he replied.

"Walter Hiers!" I repeated, "why, that's the name of a movie comedian."

"Yes'm," returned the freckled-faced lad, "but I ain't him."

ESTELLE TAYLOR and Jack Dempsey, whose recent reported engagement was followed by a divorce suit filed by Miss Taylor's chivalrous and accommodating young husband, may be co-starred.

An offer, satisfactory from a money viewpoint and doubly enticing to the two celebrities because of their intimacy, is said to have been made to them by an independent producing company.

WALLACE MACDONALD recently entertained a friend and his very young daughter in Hollywood, showing them through the studios. The child was greatly impressed by the knee pants worn by numerous assistant directors.

Later they went out to Wally's country club for luncheon, served on the veranda.

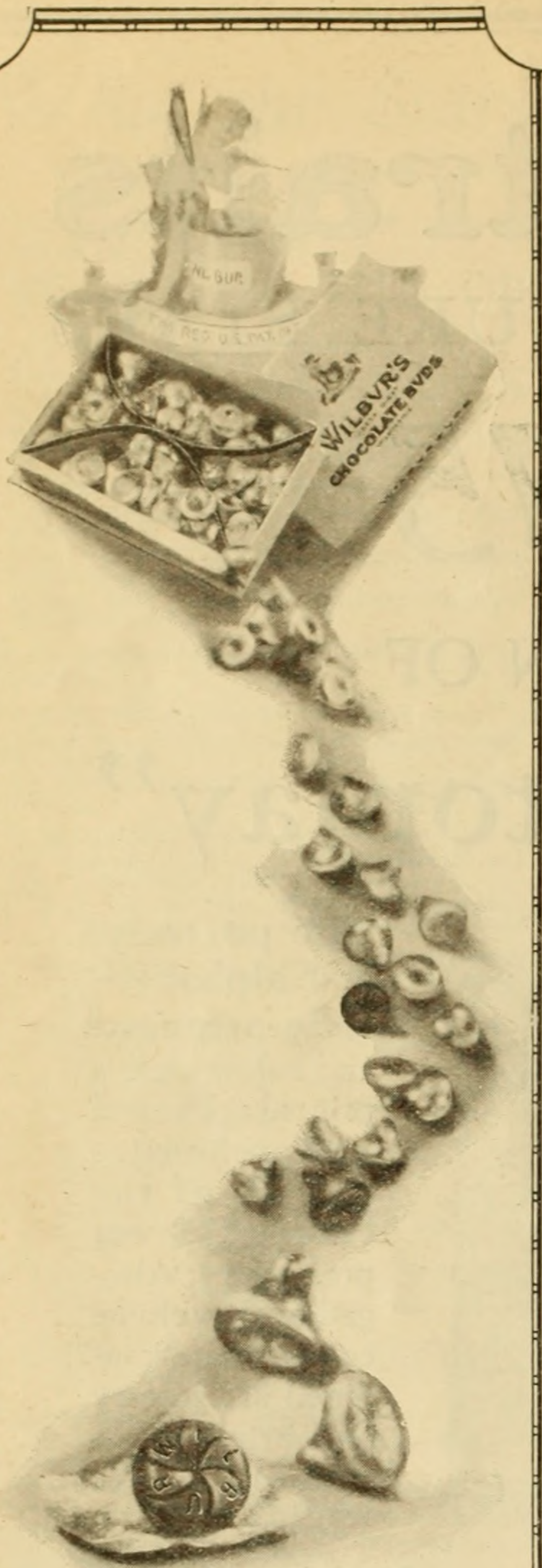
Here there was a magnificent view of the golf course, dotted with players.

"Have you ever seen a finer course?" MacDonald asked.

Before his friend could reply, however, the child seized her father's arm, pointed toward the course, and cried:

"Oh, daddy! Just look at all the assistant directors."

THE newest member of the "Hollywood Mothers Club" is beautiful Katherine MacDonald, in private life the wife of Charles Johnson, Pasadena millionaire, who is rejoicing in the arrival of a five and a half pound son. Miss MacDonald announced her retirement from the screen when she became Mrs. Johnson.



EXQUISITE MORSELS of Vanilla Chocolate, wrapped in pure tin foil. Delicious as sun-ripened fruit. A delightful food-confection for the entire family. Tempting to the last piece.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send \$1.00 for a pound box.

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## Have You Ever Been Jealous of a Shadow?

GIRLS! Have you ever sat in a picture show, and just bit your lips, and tried to look pleasant while your escort raved about the charms of Pola Negri, or Gloria Swanson, or Constance Talmadge, or any of the other beauties of the screen? Have you ever felt that you would like to commit a nice lady-like murder when he exclaimed, "Oh, isn't she the most beautiful thing you ever saw?"

Or, when his enthusiasm ran away with him and he exclaimed, "My, what a woman!"

If you have, you must not fail to read the explanation of it in the February PHOTOPLAY. Constance Talmadge, herself, tells "Why Men Fall in Love With Actresses"—and she ought to know. There's more than plain beauty to it. Any woman can have a man fall in love with her, but it takes brains to keep him in love if she wants him that way.

"Most men do fall in love with actresses," says Constance in her article, "because, after all, what woman is not an actress?"

This is just one of the features in the February issue of PHOTOPLAY—on the newsstands January 15th

It may be gone before you get there, so ask your newsdealer in advance to save you a copy.



**A**DOLPHE MENJOU has bands with his name printed on them encircling his cigars, and Gloria Swanson has a literary adviser.

**O**NE of the real thrills of a recent convention of motion picture folks did not appear on the program—it was an added event and was missed by the great majority of exhibitors present. Efe Asher, of the Corinne Griffith company, who was the impresario and one of the principals, is now being accused of poor showmanship, having pulled his little attraction in the lobby of the hotel with only a few spectators when he might have had a larger audience.

It happened thusly:

During the convention Samuel Goldwyn was accused by Efe Asher of trying to lure Miss Griffith from the Asher banner to that of Sammy Goldwyn. The lie was passed and there were hot words but the two rivals were seemingly cooled down by friends.

Before I go farther let me explain that Goldwyn is at least twenty pounds heavier, to say nothing of a much longer reach. He looked the winner if they came to blows.

With the adjournment of the business session for the day, Asher slipped quietly over to the lobby of Mr. Goldwyn's hotel and recklessly giving away said twenty pounds advantage, met his friend Sammy with a right hook to the nose. Now this may be a tender spot with Sammy. Anyway the chroniclers have it that Goldwyn took the blow on the nose and the elevator in the same jump, leaving Efe in undisputed possession of the field of battle.

**I**F your house ever catches on fire send for Tommie Meighan, also Bessie Love. They may not be able to save the house but they sure can fight fire. In making "Tongues of Flame" it was necessary for Famous Players-Lasky to build a town and then burn it. There were warehouses and houses, stores and shops and everything else that goes to make a town. The torch was applied and Tommie at the head of 100 Indians and 350 white men and women, battled valiantly but vainly to save the structures. Even when augmented by Bessie, the heroine of the picture, Tommie and his fire-fighting brigade couldn't quench the blaze and the town was a complete ruin. The little town of Astoria got an awful kick out of the fire but Tommie said that if it had been a real town he'd saved it. If he had accomplished that at the fake fire he'd have ruined the picture.

**T**HE Los Angeles bill boards the other day carried, in twenty four-sheets and giant letters, the following announcement, "Marguerite Snow comes back in 'The Chalk-Mark.'"

A lot of people got a thrill out of that and  
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]

## Things They Want to Forget

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

shadows-of-the-pyramids" publicity which accompanied the William Fox bead spectacles of a few years ago. Charles Ray would like, no doubt, to let his recent effort to make epic pictures, such as "Miles Standish," slip his memory. His first hit, in "The Coward," is still a specter haunting his dreams. It took a long time for Lew Cody—and the public—to forget his indiscreet billing as the "he-vamp."

Look ahead twelve years or so—and conjure up a picture of John Coogan, 3rd, trying to forget his meteoric career as Jackie following his hit in "The Kid." There is a great barrier to the duplication of a hit. The public never views a familiar player with the interest it watches a newcomer. The zest of a new face and the color of a new personality are gone. Hence, it is more than twice as hard for a well known player to score than it is for a budding



# Join for Ten Days

## The millions who fight film on teeth

**A**CCCEPT this offer of a ten-day test. Learn the way that millions found to whiter, cleaner teeth.

It means new beauty, new protection—things you and yours desire. You should not go without them.

### Combat the film

That viscous film you feel on teeth is what clouds and ruins them. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it, so much of it clings and stays.

Soon that film discolors, then forms dingy coats. That is how teeth lose their beauty.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

You are almost sure of trouble if you don't combat that film on teeth.

Dental science has in late years found ways to fight that film. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Many careful tests have proved these methods effective. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

That new-type tooth paste is now used by careful people of some 50 nations, and largely by dental advice.

### Some unique effects

Pepsodent differs widely from the tooth pastes of the past. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, multiplies its starch digestant. Those are Nature's agents for fighting mouth acids and starch on the teeth.

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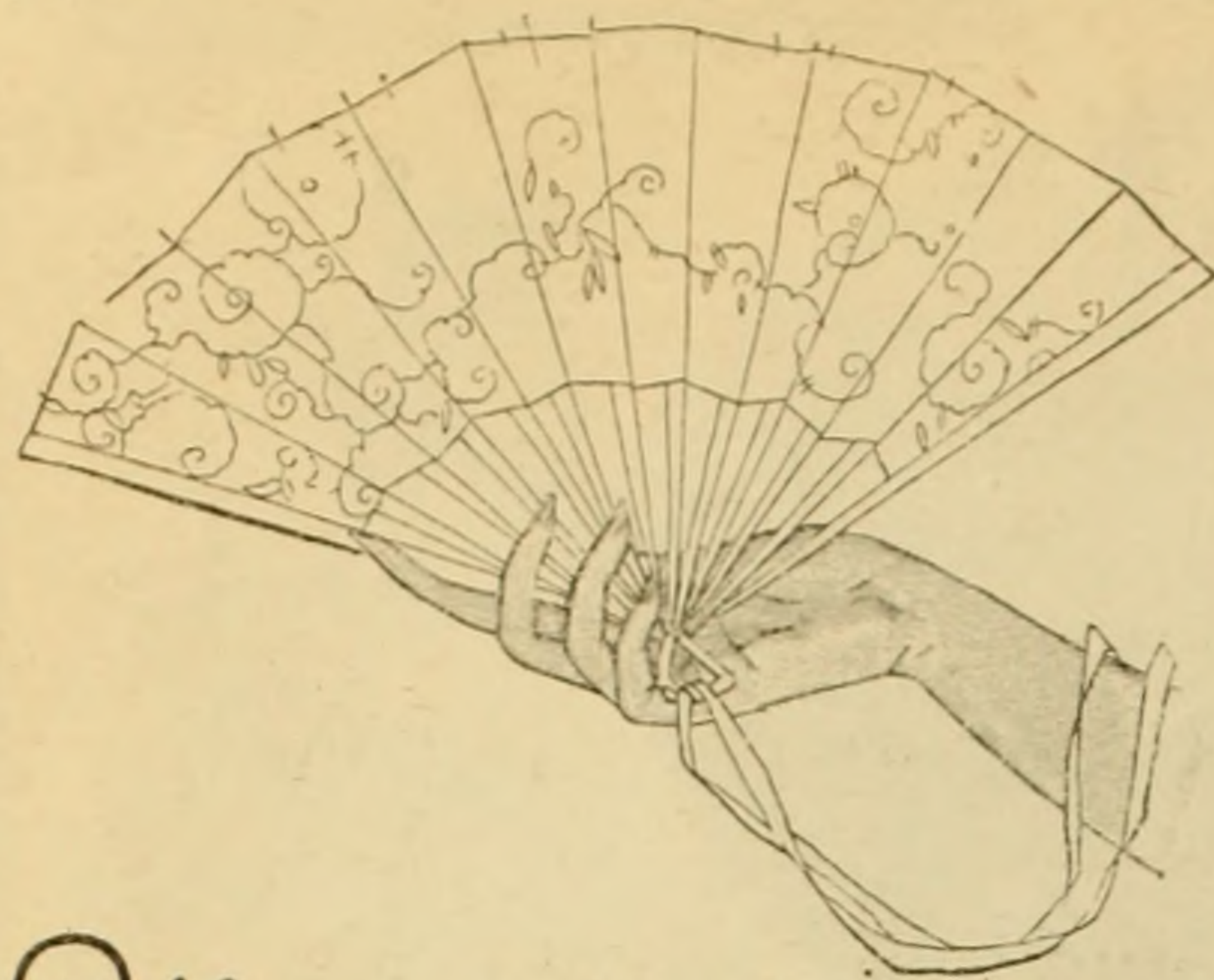
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youngster. Moreover, the public likes to see its favorites go along in the familiar groove. It resents changes.

Consider the directors. Griffith put up the highest target with "The Birth of a Nation," thereby making at once a film classic, a technique and a tradition. He has gone along courageously. Yet "The Birth of a Nation" was such a milestone that it is possible to understand how the public may forget that he has been marching right along with "Intolerance," "Broken Blossoms," and "America." It is safe to wager that, at least now and then, Griffith regrets "The Birth of a Nation." Rex Ingram has not yet topped "The Four Horsemen." Frank Borzage never did anything since to equal his "Humoresque." Perhaps the combination of Borzage and Frances Marion had something to do with it. Maurice Tourneur has never approached his "Barbary Sheep" and his "Prunella," drifting away on the shoals of trying to give the public what it wants. Fred Niblo has not approached within hailing distance of his "Blood and Sand." Marshall Neilan never came up to "Stella Maris," nor, for that matter, has Mary Pickford. The combination had the correct electric ingredients at that moment. Frank Lloyd appeared unable to duplicate his "Les Miserables," done with William Farnum, until his recent "The Sea Hawk." Lloyd can now snap his fingers at his past.

Emmet J. Flynn never again touched his "Yankee in King Arthur's Court," and it is possible to consider that Ralph Spence's aid in that production of Mark Twain's humorous classic may have had a lot to do about it.

Ernst Lubitsch has not equalled his "Passion" because he hasn't had a star pliable, anxious and on the threshold of a career to work with, nor has he since been wholly untrammelled by the shadows of exhibitors and censors. Pola, herself, hasn't been able to forget Lubitsch's direction.

King Vidor never touched the gentle humaneness of his "The Jack-Knife Man." Fate has dealt the cards so that he has never been able to afford another flyer in the face of "what the public wants." Hobart Henley has not approached his "The Gay Old Dog," because he never again drew the lucky combination of circumstances, one of which was the co-operation of Mrs. Sidney Drew.

It took James Cruze eight years to forget his early serial career as an actor at old Thanhouser before the chance came to direct "The

Covered Wagon." Before doing the Emerson Hough tale of the west, however, he had given indication of hitting his past over the ear with the now almost forgotten Wallie Reid racing pictures.

Every new production of Doug Fairbanks is a shining target, a little higher than the previous one. Doug is steadily making marksmanship more difficult for everyone, including himself. And yet, with all his showmanship, I doubt if the public will let him forget "The Mark of Zorro."

TO return to the players. Histrionic hits carry the elements of immediate disaster to one's career in various ways. Eugene O'Brien scored opposite Norma Talmadge and, in the public mind, he never could be anything but that star's leading man.

Lila Lee has been spending most of her career trying to live down her ill devised early starring experience. Mary Thurman never could quite down her physical revelations as a bathing girl on the Sennett lot. It was never quite possible to take one's mind off that vaccination mark regardless of Miss Thurman's subsequent dressed-up emotionalism. Mae Murray would probably like to forget her "On with the Dance," since it led her to exhaust the jazz possibilities of the photoplay. Until "The Enchanted Cottage" it seemed that May McAvoy would keep right on trying to erase memories of "Sentimental Tommy."

Pearl White never could get away from her first serial success. Nor has Louise Fazenda ever been able to make people forget her eccentric comedy on the Sennett lot.

There are more recent hits, hung in place in the past year or so. Ernest Torrence replaced his mountaineer in "Tol'able David" with his old guide in "The Covered Wagon." Torrence need not worry for awhile, anyway. But what of Mary Philbin, who chalked up a hit in "The Merry-Go-Round," and hasn't done anything since?

There are other things to be forgotten. Samuel Goldwyn has devoted years to forgetting Mary Garden as a film actress and Maurice Maeterlinck as an eminent author. Carl Laemmle has been trying to forget Eric Von Stroheim and, let me add, Von Stroheim has been trying to forget Laemmle. And Adolph Zukor is still doing his best to discard memories of Enrico Caruso as a filmer, along with that other non-filming vocalist, Lina Cavalieri.

## Tom Mix's Own Life Story

HIS first recollection is of his mother shooting a mountain lion that was paying too much attention to their log cabin in Texas. His mother was part Scotch and part Cherokee Indian.

His life has been plumb full of action—cowboy, soldier, football player, scout, sheriff, U. S. Marshal, a Texas ranger, lumberjack and bicycle racer. Tom really lived a lot of the lives shown in his pictures. He learned to ride and rope almost as soon as he learned to walk.

His ambition as a boy was to become a knife-thrower in a circus, and when he was a little fellow, his father came home one day and found his sister tied to the cellar door with the precocious Tom practicing knife throwing on her with a couple of jackknives and a butcher knife he swiped from the kitchen.

The first installment of this remarkable life story tells about his parents, his birth and boyhood, all through his service in the Spanish war.

Tom Mix has millions of followers in this country, and they will be delighted with this human story that he has written in his own language. It starts in the

February issue — on all newsstands January 15th



## Men I Love

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 ]

hero. But Kenneth must watch his girth control. Nobody loves a fat man and Kenneth confided to me that if he sniffed at a bowl of rice pudding he put on ten pounds.

However, causes never interest me, only effects.

Now of course you are thinking that Conrad Nagel is blond and that he is also slender, but I never have the slightest desire to be the girl on the screen in the pictures Conrad appears in. He never seems to be having a good time! If he isn't painfully renouncing the flesh he is denouncing someone for not doing so, and I have not yet forgiven him for the part he played in sending Blanche Sweet to the gallows in "Tess of the Durbervilles." There is about Mr. Nagel an air of conscious virtue which forbids any familiarity even in the land of make-believe.

Lewis Stone always had seemed to me to come under the head of "Sterling Actor" until Rex Ingram discovered that he was a romantic actor and cast him in the "Prisoner of Zenda." Here the usual process was reversed. Instead of the actor bringing something to the part, the part brought something to the actor—something which he never has lost. It crowned him with a halo of romanticism; and, unlike most critics, I find that my emotions are not so very different from those of the women who go to the theater to escape from the prosaic realities of life.

**H**AVING chosen to write about the theater because we needed the money, I find that life has become one long vacation. It is like marrying for mercenary motives and finding that you're in love with the man.

But, speaking of sterling actors, I find a number of screen heroes who could be grouped nicely under this head. That is where I used to put Bert Lytell: and when I would read of the thousands of fan letters which Bert received, I marvelled, and then one day I landed in Hollywood and came face to face with this "Sterling Actor." The impression Bert Lytell made on me never has been eradicated. So that I am able to help out all of his screen appearances with memories of what he really is like.

In short, if I am to play heroine to Mr. Lytell's hero let it be on the stage rather than the screen.

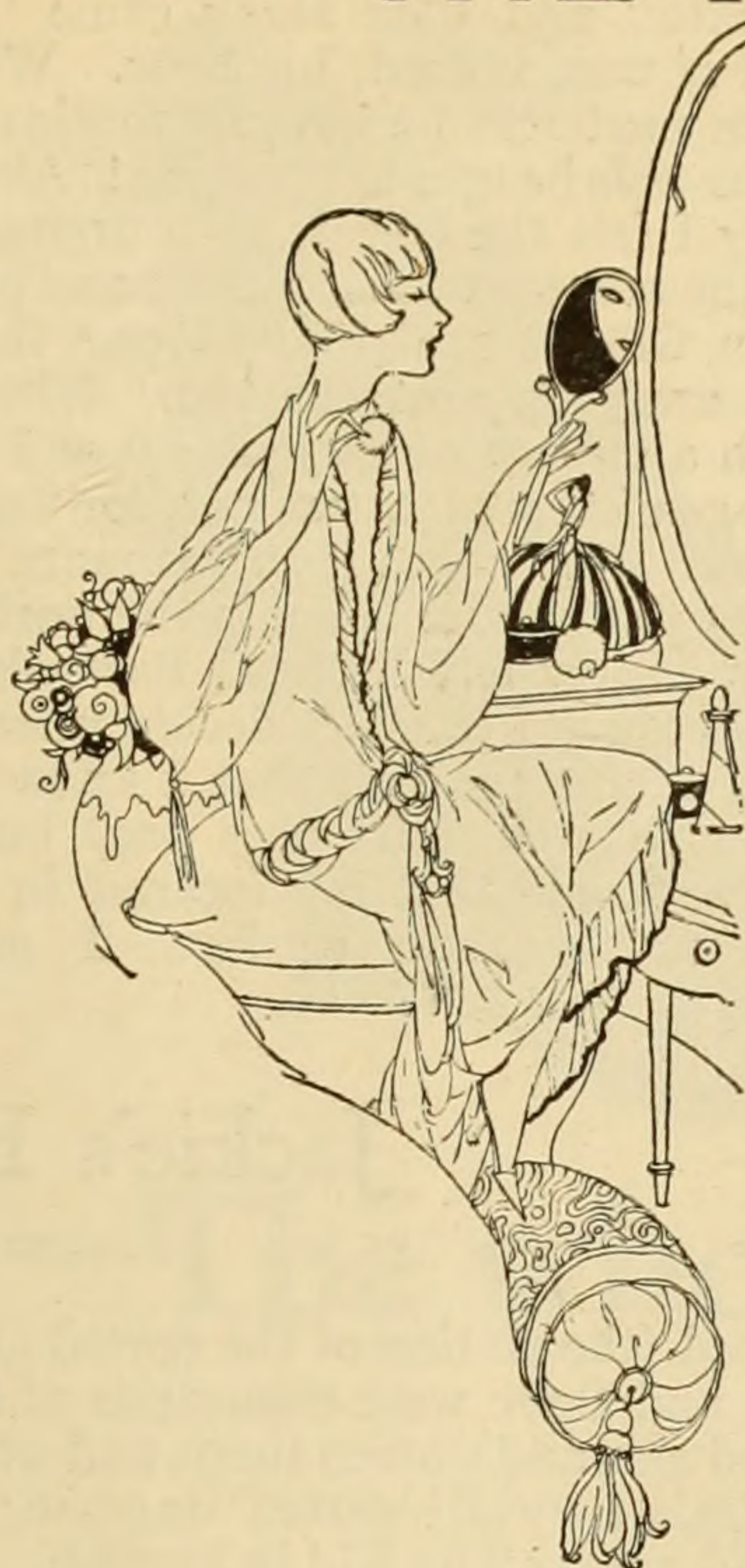
I am quite ready to concede that, as a rule, screen people are far more attractive on the screen than on the earth. But there are exceptions and Bert Lytell is one of them. So if he is enshrined in your heart as your screen hero I wonder what you will think of him when you see him in the flesh!

Another case of this sort is Richard Dix. No wild desire to be his leading lady leaped into being when I saw him on the screen. He, too, wore an air of conscious virtue which was, to say the least, discouraging. And then Richard came to New York! I dined with him one night and the hat check girl said enviously as she toyed with his grey Fedora, "Ain't he swell off the screen, though! Would you ever a thought it?" And I agreed that I wouldn't ever have.

One of the first people I knew in pictures was Rod La Rocque. He had just made a picture for the then new Goldwyn Company and he reminded me recently that when I had reviewed the picture I had written, "Spare the Rod, spoil the film." In those days, however, I remember that his personality was much like that of Charles Ray—aggressively bucolic. So who could have dreamed that Rod would develop into the male charmer he has since become. In spite of this fact, however, it is not difficult for me to understand the demand that has made him a star. Yes, decidedly, Rod goes into the list of men I could love.

In writing of Lewis Stone, I said that a part does sometimes invest a man with an entirely

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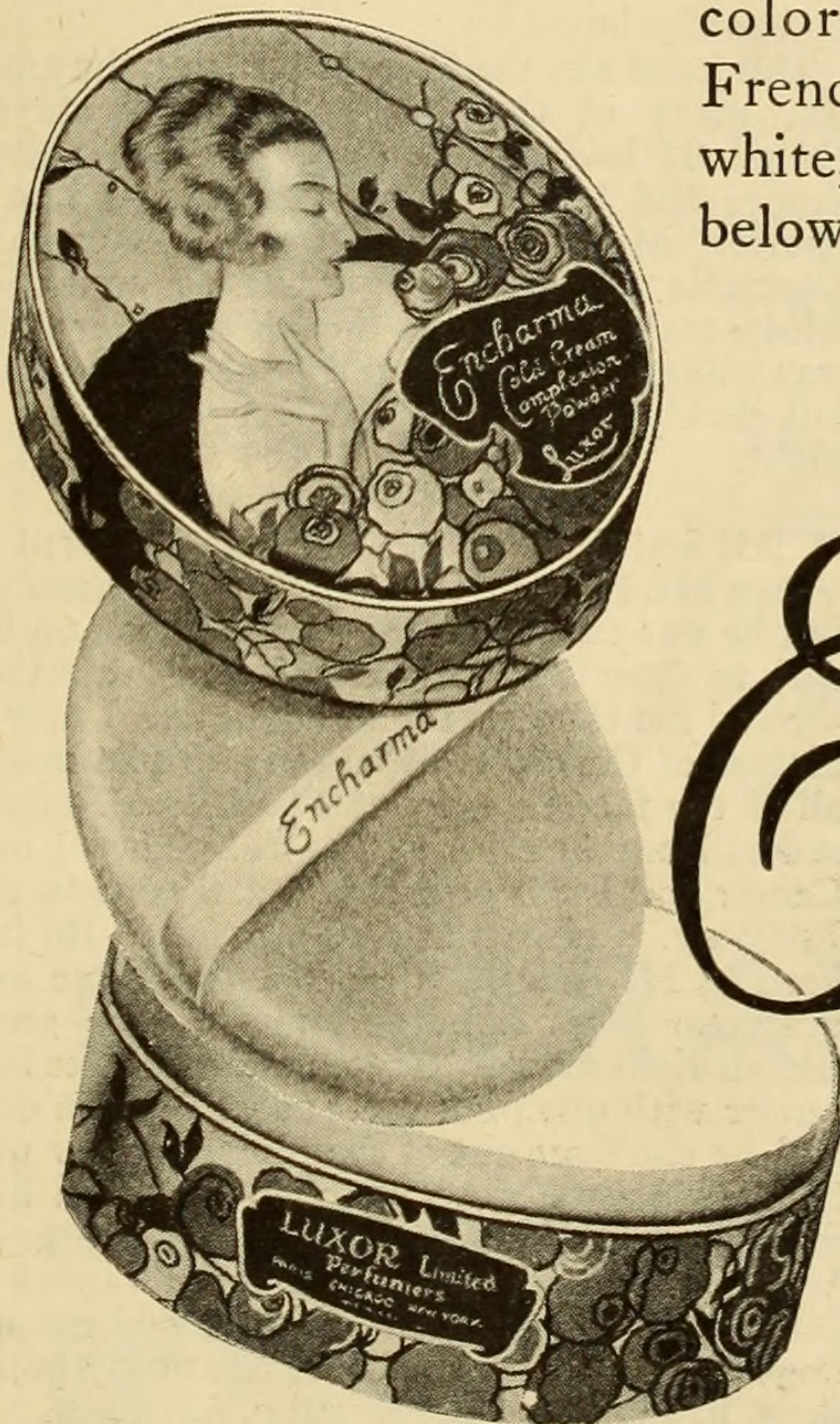


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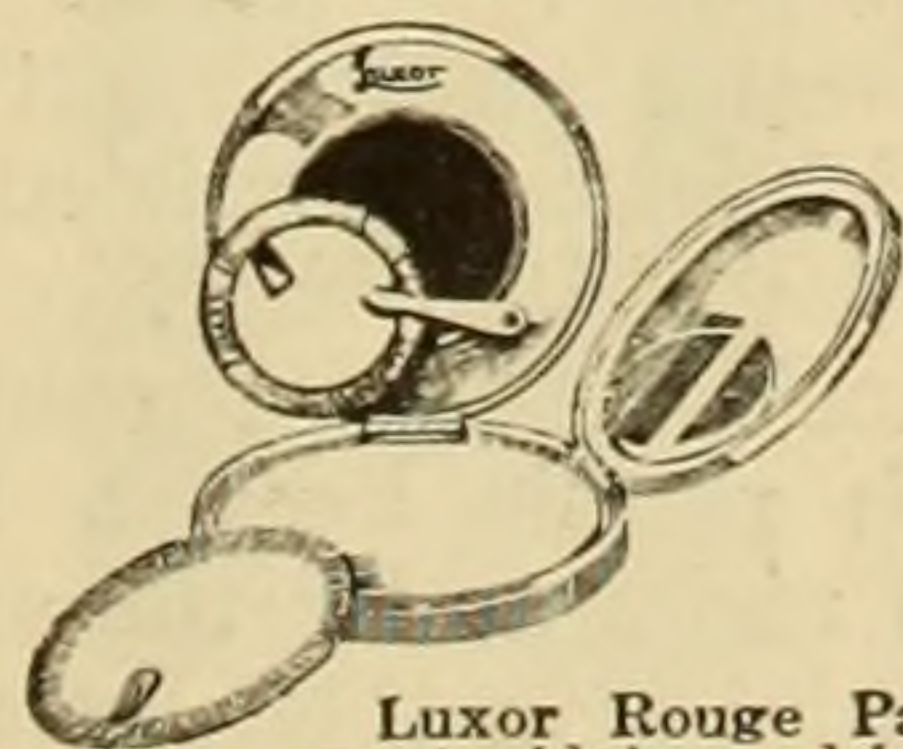
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new personality. This is true of John Gilbert in a greater degree than even I had dreamed was possible. When viewed in the guise of Monte Cristo, and a half dozen other noble characters of fiction, he left me cold, almost to the freezing point. In the scale of screen lovers I should have marked Mr. Gilbert "less than adequate" and then along came "His Hour" and it was, indeed, his hour. Where he had been mediocre he became fascinating and from passable he rose to stunning! Almost immediately I felt the cosmic urge urging me to become the heroine of that picture and irrevocably John Gilbert has gone in our list of irresistibles away up near the top. Whether he met with a change of personality or I met with a change of heart matters not, for "nothing is but thinking makes it so" is more true of love than of any other thing in the world.

I have purposely left Richard Barthelmess to the last because I couldn't decide where to put him. Perhaps the fact that I know Mr. Barthelmess so well influences me, but it always seems to me that my interest in him is cerebral rather than cardiac. I might

suffer with the hero but never for him. The only time Richard appeared to me in a romantic light was in "The Fighting Blade." His most beautiful performance, however, was in "The Enchanted Cottage." Still I remember that the feelings it aroused in me were not of the earth earthy. Instead of a desire to be the girl on the screen and Richard's leading lady, I was animated with philanthropic purposes to such an extent that I haven't yet been able to get caught up in the things I gave away the day I viewed that picture. But if I loved the hero of "The Enchanted Cottage" it was only with that love which is akin to pity. And if this be treason, make the most of it.

Since writing this I have discovered Rockcliffe Fellowes. Not that I hadn't seen him many a time and oft in the Rialto. But I never had seen him in "The Border Legion." Now he can pinch hit for Eric von Stroheim any time. And Robert Frazer's charms are ingratiating too; so much so that I have about decided that he might alternate with Rod La Rocque without spoiling my pleasure.

## Jackie's European Diary

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

Gare du Nord (the station of the north) about five o'clock and there were thousands of boys and girls and men and women there, and when I got off the train they all shouted "le gosse," "le gosse," which means The Kid in English. The gendarmes who dress like soldiers could hardly keep the crowd away from our automobile. French people are very different from the English and much more affectionate, and all the men wanted to kiss me just like the ladies did, it seemed kind of funny and I'd much rather shake hands, because kissing is for girls and not for boys.

Our hotel was the Crillon. During the great war many of the American officers stayed there. It had marble stairs and red velvet drapes and beautiful decorations just like a palace. My room looked over the Place de la Concorde and from my window I could see Cleopatra's Needle and the Eiffel Tower and I was willing to go up in the Tower right away, but daddy didn't like the idea especially at night.

**T**HE first thing the next morning we went to see Mr. Herrick, the American ambassador, but he was away and I signed the book on his desk to show that I had called. His secretary showed me through the building and I saw a picture of George Washington and pictures of all of the famous men who had been Ambassadors from America to France. Then I met Caesar and I was glad that I had gone to the Embassy. Caesar was certainly fine. He has been in Mr. Herrick's office a long time and everyone loves him, and we became great friends right away. Caesar is a big white bull terrier with one pink eye and one brown one, and he can't see out of the pink one very well but he's a good dog. I loved to watch him waggle his stub tail with the brown spot on it. When I was ready to leave, Caesar wanted to come with me, but daddy said I had enough dogs at home, because Olga, one of my police dogs, has just had ten puppies.

After we left Caesar we took a drive out on the Champs Elysees, which is one of Paris' most beautiful boulevards. We visited the Arc de Triomphe, where France's unknown soldier is buried. The French people keep a fire burning all day and all night under the arch in memory of the boys who gave their lives in the great war. After that we drove out the Bois de Boulogne, which is one of the big parks in Paris. I had some pictures taken at the duck pond and fed the bread crumbs to the big white ducks.

The Bois, that's what they call it for short, is full of lovely trees and flowers and playgrounds where the boys play football, but the best things in the park are the Punch and Judy

shows, which we don't have in America. For twenty five centimes, that's less than a half penny in our money, you can sit all afternoon and watch Punch and Judy. I saw all of them, and at one place they had a manikin dressed up like Charlie Chaplin and all of the children laughed very loud, but he wasn't half as funny as the real Charlie.

In the afternoon the French newspaper men came to take my photographs, and not one of them spoke English, but pictures are the same in all languages, and that's why the movies are so popular all over the world.

The third day in Paris I gave a special matinee at the Madelon theatre for the orphans of the heroes of the French Legion of Honor, which is the most wonderful decoration that France can give to her brave men. The theatre was packed with boys and girls of my own age, and they were all little ladies and gentlemen, and it made me very happy to think that I was their host, because they were having so much fun, and most of the time they don't have any fun. First they showed some scenes of my pictures, "Little Robinson Crusoe" and "A Boy of Flanders," and I wished that I had brought some scenes from my newest picture, "The Rag Man," because I like that one best of all. Then they showed some scenes from Buster Keaton's new picture and Tom Mix and his horse Tony. The kids all liked my films the best, but I like Buster and wild west pictures.

**O**N Sunday we went to church at the Notre Dame Cathedral. It's one of the most historical churches in the world and all of the French Kings and noblemen used to go there to worship before the French Revolution. On Monday Mrs. Newell took me into the Tuilleries, and I sailed my boat on the pond with the other boys.

Mrs. Newell and mother were very anxious to have me go through the Louvre and the Luxembourg, but we only had a few days left, and mother said that she wanted me to have plenty of time to see the paintings so that Mrs. Newell could explain them to me. So when we return to Paris from Athens we will have a week all to ourselves to see the paintings and other wonderful things in the art galleries. We wanted to visit Versailles, too, but it rained so much that we are going to see it on our way home.

The next day mother went shopping, and daddy and I went shopping, too, and bought some things for mother and for my little friends in Los Angeles. We bought some gifts on the Rue de la Paix, and all of the shop girls came out and wanted to kiss me, but I wouldn't let them. I guess girls and ladies are the same



all over the world. Then we walked over on the left bank of the Seine where all of the artists live and visited some of the studios.

THE day before we left for Rome l'Intransigeant (Mrs. Newell spelled that for me), one of the newspapers in Paris, gave me a big party, and had a big crowd of French boy scouts with a band and everything to greet me. I was made a French scout and they gave me one of the caps without a visor like all French boys wear and like the Blue Devils wore during the war. I was glad to become a French scout because I have to wait until I'm twelve to become a scout in America.

Paris has the finest food in the world. Every day we went to a different place to eat. The French people don't eat much breakfast, most of them don't eat until noon, and at first when I ordered a ham omelet for breakfast the waiter didn't know what it was. While we were in Paris Mr. Gordon Berry, head of the Near East Relief in Europe, came up from Athens to see me and he is going to travel with us to Greece. I'm anxious to see the Acropolis and the Parthenon. We'll be in Athens a week from today.

When we left Paris there were a great many people there to see me off. I waved my hand to them and said Au Revoir, which means good-bye in French.

(Jackie will tell of his visit to Rome, where he saw the Pope, in the next installment of his diary which will appear in February PHOTOPLAY.)



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# GENERAL ELECTRIC

## The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63 ]

### CHEAP KISSES—F. B. O.

THIS marks the advent of C. Gardner Sullivan into the cinema world as a producer. The tale—a good little chorus girl elopes with a wealthy man's son. His father stages a wild week-end party and naturally the newly-married-son falls for the charms of a woman of the world. Cocktail shakers and a floating bar are present—but what would a movie party be without these? All in all, it is amusing and enjoyable, but nothing very special.

### TEETH—Fox

A NEW member has been added to the Mix organization—Duke, the dog. There is not much romance but plenty of thrills and action. It is a Western story in which the prospector, through the aid of his horse and dog, escapes from jail after being arrested for murder. He rescues a girl from a forest fire and wins vindication when the villain gives a dying confession.

### MADONNA OF THE STREETS —First National

MARKING the return of Nazimova but otherwise a draggy and sordid tale. A wife deserts her home and slips to the dregs of Limehouse, finally to find redemption in a refuge directed by her deserted minister-husband. The opportunities to make this a poignant story are missed both by the director and the players. The spark is lacking, even in Nazimova's acting. Not a story to be recommended for the whole family.

### CHRISTINE OF THE HUNGRY HEART—First National

A DULL and episodic treatment of the neglected wife theme. In this version of Kathleen Norris' novel, the bored wife has three amours, two involving matrimony. After the third, a runaway with a playwright, she returns to her child and forgiveness. No amount of exaggerating the neglect can gain sympathy for the wife, played as well as possible by Florence Vidor. Clive Brook is excellent as hubby No. 2.



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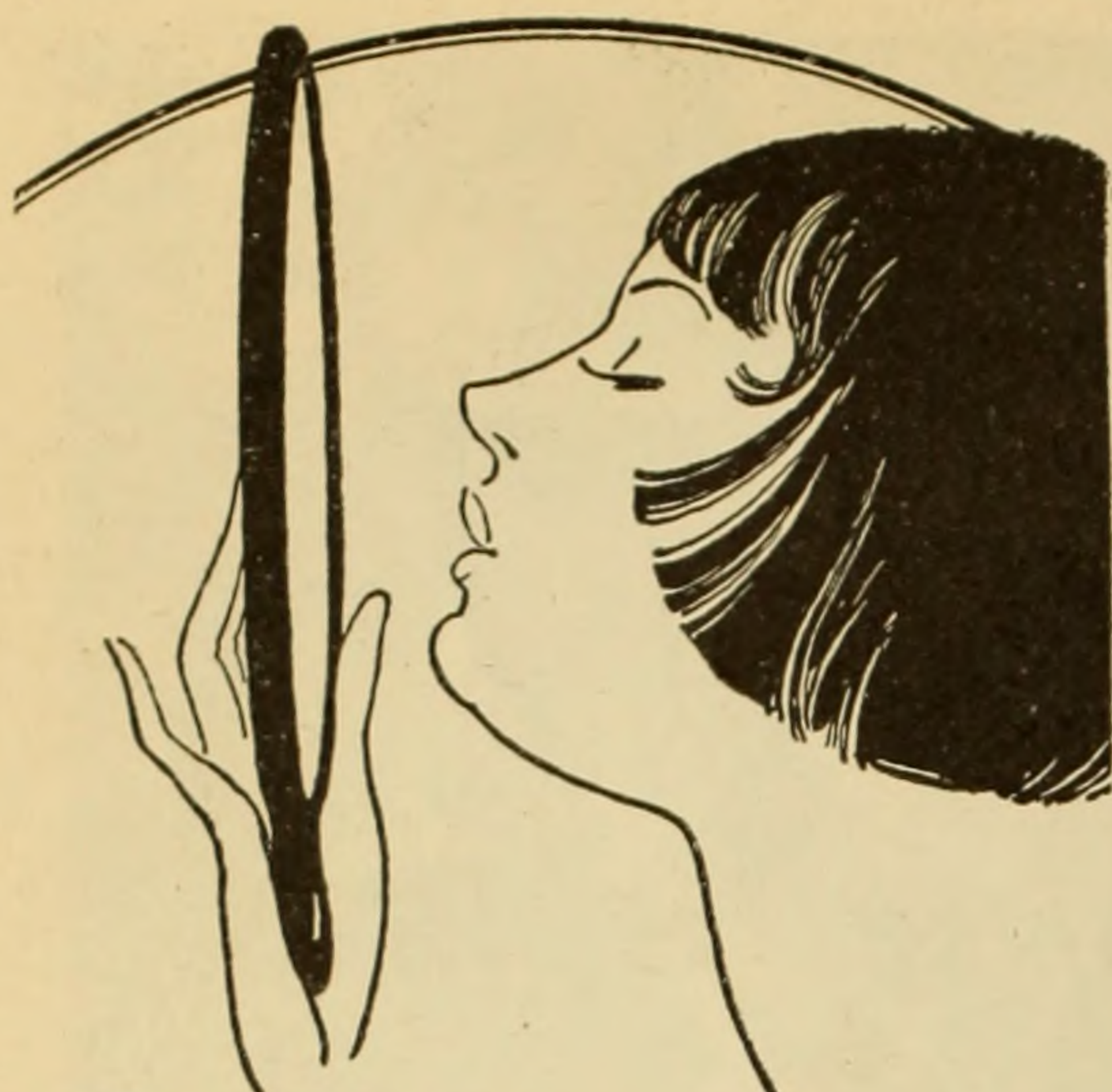
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PRONOUNCED VÔVE

## THE BATTLING ORIOLES—Pathe

SOUNDS like a baseball story but really has very little of the national game. A club of grouchy old fellows, all members of a team of the '70s, discovers the son of one of the members in a small town. The club proceeds to adopt him—and things begin to happen. Finally, the old boys have to rescue him from a tough dive, and they do it in a rollickingly funny fight. Brisk, amusing in many places but a bit tiresome.

## ANOTHER SCANDAL—Hodkinson

THIS silverscreen version of a Cosmo Hamilton story is daring as things go on the screen. A reckless grass widow tries to steal away a husband—and she goes to the extent of trying to “frame” him plus negligee, a bed and heaps of detectives. Sophisticated or cheap, it all depends upon the viewpoint. Anyway, Flora La Breton runs away with the picture as the cute and daring widow who stops at nothing. Leave the children at home.

## THE RIDDLE RIDER—Universal

A NEW serial, with a hero who is a hardfisted newspaper editor by day and the mysterious “Riddle Rider,” righting the wrongs of the downtrodden, by night. And there is a heroine on the verge of losing her mortgaged ranch to a lot of scoundrels who have found oil on the place. The usual serial stuff with action galore. William Desmond is the hero with the ten-ton eyebrows, Eileen Sedgwick is the super-blonde heroine and Helen Holmes plays a naughty schemer.

## THE GREAT DIAMOND MYSTERY— Fox

A SLENDER mystery tale in which a young girl writer of murder tales saves her sweetheart from the electric chair. The boy is unjustly accused of murder but the girl dopes out the crime and pins it upon the real culprit. This is loosely developed and the illogical gaps are not covered. Shirley Mason has little opportunity as the mystery writer and Buster Collier is the innocent young lover. Passable stuff.

## THIS WOMAN—Warner

THIS almost wins the brown derby for lack of plausibility. Full of movie machinations. A young and innocent singer is sent to prison after a cafe is raided and the blot clings even when a famous impresario happens to hear her sing and aids her to success. Unfortunate that Irene Rich's first starring vehicle should be so weak. Actually, the long arm of coincidence deserves to be starred here.

## THE GREATEST LOVE OF ALL— Selznick

JOE THE ICEMAN comes into his own at last in George Beban's quaint “Italian Main Street” production, “The Greatest Love of All,” wherein in the last part the screen actors are to be seen for a few minutes in a scene on the stage duplicating the courtroom scene in the picture. Joe (George Beban) brings his seventy-six year young mother over from the “old country.” She becomes embroiled in a theft charge and is sentenced to the penitentiary for three years, but through a series of dashing revelations, her innocence is proven and she is released.

## THE SPEED SPOOK—C. C. Burr

THERE is speed, action and excitement in Johnny Hines' latest comedy. Hines reveals his ability as a comedian to the fullest extent. He drives for laughs and never misses a point. The story concerns a racing driver and the publicity stunt he uses to put the girl's father on his feet. The stunt involves the speeding of a driverless car through the highways and byways. But is it driverless? Go see the picture and find out.

## THE RIDIN' KID FROM POWDER RIVER—Universal

THE latest entry of Hoot Gibson. A conventional Western melodrama revolving around the feud between cattlemen and nestors—with the central character avenging death of aged benefactor and winning vindication after being chased by sheriff and posse. Hoot, who does some hard ridin', is supported by Tully Marshall, Walter Long and Gladys Hulette. The time of the story is around 1870. There is too much mystery for a conventional plot.

## THE BELOVED BRUTE—Vitagraph

THE circus strong man is anaemic compared to Victor McLaglen in the title rôle of “The Beloved Brute.” Here's a combination Jack Dempsey and “Strangler” Lewis western melodrama, concerning the widespread exploits of the hero whose strength so fascinates the girl he loves that she capitulates. There's a sob-touch of brother meeting brother and the younger proving himself stronger than the “beloved brute,” but in the end, of course, everybody in the picture is happily cared for.

## THE MILLIONAIRE COWBOY— F. B. O.

THE first of a series of Westerns starring Lefty Flynn gives promise of some good screen entertainment of the outdoor type. The picture is filled with pep, thrilling situations and a wow of a climax. The story deals with the adventures of a youth taken from the gay white way to a deserted town which he cleans of bandits and makes famous by putting a chemical discovery on the market.

## OH, DOCTOR—Universal

SUPPOSE you were brought up to consider yourself a hopeless invalid and you suddenly began to feel yourself slipping for a beautiful nurse, you'd certainly try to make every sort of an impression on nurse that you were a game sport and dare-devil—wouldn't you? Well, that's just what Reginald Denny did in this case and we sure did enjoy his reckless and successful efforts to become “a man” and win Mary Astor, the nurse.

## THE BRASS BOWL—Fox

AN international crook tries to victimize a wealthy bachelor because of their marked resemblance. This is the beginning of a series of mysterious adventures interwoven with a fascinating romance. Edmund Lowe plays the dual rôle and is supported by pretty Claire Adams. One of the most gripping mystery stories in some time. There is plenty of action from the beginning to the very end. Taken from the popular novel by Louis Joseph Vance.

## THUNDERING HOOFS—F. B. O.

A PEACH of a western, starring Fred Thomson. Filled with all the thrills one can think of and a few more besides. Beautiful photography, beautiful settings and worth anybody's money. The comedy may be a trifle overdone but there is so much good about this story of a rancher who wins the heart of a fair Mexican maid and thwarts the villain about to marry her, that one doesn't feel like being critical.

## FIRE WHEN READY—F. B. O.

THIS is the fifth episode in “The Getters” and is just like the rest of those nonsensical things that you chuckle over and wonder what it is all about. There isn't anybody on the screen we like better than Alberta Vaughan and if she doesn't make a big star some day we'll be awfully disappointed. When you stop to figure that she has George O'Hara, Kit Guard, Albert Cooke and Stanley Taylor to help in the funmaking you can feel reasonably sure you will laugh.



## Close-Up and Long Shots

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47 ]

**K**ATHLEEN KEY has also found difficulties in Italy. At the Villa D'Este on Lake Como she asked the waiter to bring her mail with the breakfast. The waiter beamed and returned with a quart of whiskey. Well, what better news from home could you want?

**N**O one ever achieved fame, at least not in pictures, without being compared to some one else. The idea prevails that stars, like knights of old, are in constant rivalry. Thus the "rivalry" of Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson, the early comparisons of Chaplin and Lloyd and the recent ones of Novarro and Valentino. The only explanation that seems reasonable is advanced by Alice Terry. "I don't know why they compare them," says Alice, "unless it's because they're so different."

Incredible as it may seem in the days of the standardized movie there are individuals who cannot be classified.

**I**N company with Novarro I recently visited the lace shop of Olga Asta in Venice. On the wall was an autographed picture of Mary Pickford.

"I think you also are some one famous," said *Signora Asta*, observing Ramon with shrewd eyes. "I do not think you are in pictures. I think you are an artist."

Ramon was wearing a beard at the time for the galley scenes in "Ben Hur."

"You remind me of some very well-known person," continued the *signora*, studying his features. Then, triumphantly, "I know—you remind me of Christ!"

Then she added that Douglas Fairbanks also came there. I asked if he also reminded her of the Lord. "No, he reminded me of the devil," replied the *signora*.

**I**NCIDENTALLY, some one made the observation, after seeing Novarro in his beard, that he should play *Christ* in Papini's "The Life of Christ."

"Never!" interrupted a practical person. "It would kill him at the boxoffice."

Which reminds me of the famous actor who was offered the rôle of *Abraham Lincoln*. "I should say not," rejected the actor indignantly. "I couldn't afford to play it—not with that ending."

Oh, would that producers ran this earth so we all could have happy endings!

**I**F pictures are unduly sentimental it is not because of the people making them. I was watching the galley scenes being filmed in the bay of Leghorn for "Ben Hur" when I noted a deep sea diver walking the deck.

"I see you are taking every precaution against accident to the players," I observed to one of the assistants.

"Yes," said he. "We have a diver on hand so that if any of them fall overboard he can dive in and get their costumes."

**A**RT Note on Siena: I recently visited Siena, famed as an art center during the middle ages. I found it filled with 14th Century virgins and posters of Viola Dana. I spent the day with the madonnas and the evening with Viola. I feel the evening was profitably spent.

## Badly Afflicted

**I**N a Hollywood studio a group of executives were discussing the wisdom of engaging a certain actor whose ability is almost as great as his thirst.

"Ain't he the feller," asked one of them, "ain't he the feller whose cattle out on his ranch have got it the foot and mouth disease?"

"He ain't," another explained. "The one we got in mind is a feller that all by hisself has got it the mouth and hip disease."

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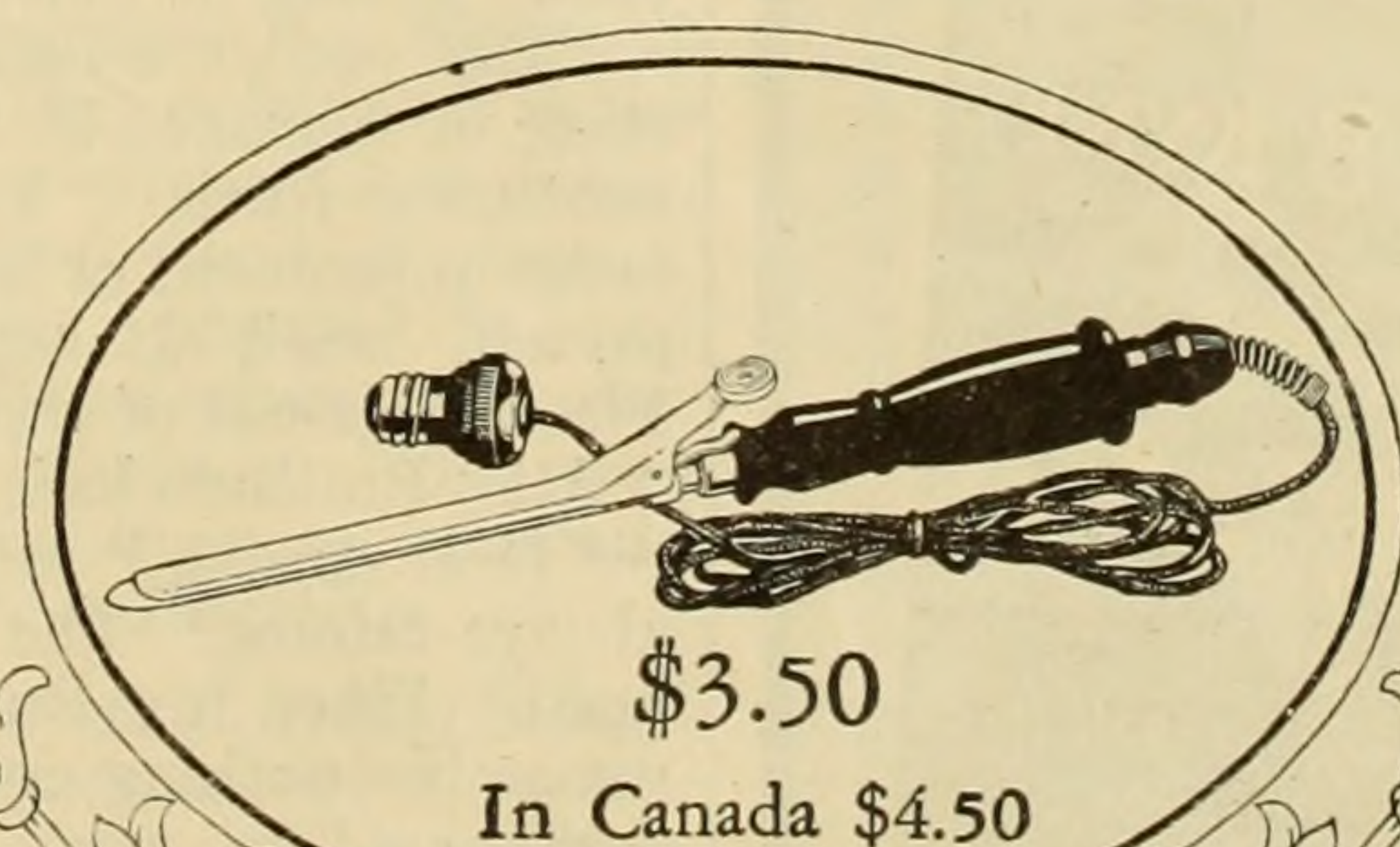
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## Rain or Shine

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55 ]

He grinned and picked up his suitcase.

"You're a queer duck," said Sweeney. "Something unusual will probably happen to you."

\* \* \* \*

WE leave Mr. Scott Barricklow in the smoking car of a rusty local train, bound for the Pacific coast, and jump ahead of him to the land where it rains every afternoon at two. There was a woman in Pokomondolong, a white woman, a young woman, who had been teaching their letters to a crowd of inky young citizens. The principal, or head mistress, in the solitary school, was an English maiden lady named Miss Prothero, a sprightly creature of fifty, and her staff consisted of five natives, some of them half-breeds, and one rebel. For seven years the rebel had been teaching school in order to pay her board, and that unhappy school teacher in faraway Malay was—Ruth Hedeem, the same Ruth Hedeem that has so recently set the movie world afire and started moguls bidding against each other.

She was born on the island of Celebes, and had been adopted by an English family and fostered by them until she became old enough to earn a few pounds a month. Then she taught school, and looked at the map of the world with longing eyes. Years before her mother had come ashore, with sixteen frightened Lascars, in a small boat, after their steamer had gone down under them; and this daughter, Ruth, had been born three months later. Her parents were Americans, the father long since dead, and her mother died five years after Ruth came, leaving the child to the friendly guidance of the English family.

Ruth struggled with the black-skinned little devils for what would be six or seven dollars a week in American money, and stuck to her job, because there was nothing else to do. It dawned upon her that there were other places in the world besides Pokomondolong, with its mud streets and straw houses, and she coveted these other places, longed for release, thought of nothing else, year by year, and planned release from her moist prison. One day she walked into the grim office of Miss Prothero, the head lady.

"You will have to get a new teacher," Ruth said. "I am going away."

Miss Prothero stared at her uncomprehendingly. No one ever went away from Pokomondolong.

"Where?" she asked.

"I am going," said Miss Hedeem calmly, "to the only place in the world where it never rains."

The head mistress stared harder than ever, convinced that her young subordinate was either jesting or touched by the fever.

"Did you ever hear of a small town in the state of Arizona, U. S. A., called Joe City?" continued Ruth. "You probably did not. It is not prominent or large. I never heard of it myself, until I began my investigations. Please look out of the window."

Miss Prothero looked.

"It is raining," said Ruth bitterly. "It is always raining. The clouds are forever overhead. Since my earliest recollections I can remember nothing except this—this damnable dampness."

"Miss Hedeem!" said the principal, stiffening.

"Very well. For six months I have been hunting through the sources of information and I have found Joe City, Arizona. It is the one spot on the globe where it never rains. The sky is always blue. The sun forever shines."

"I gather," said her superior, "that you dislike our rains."

"You gather correctly. I hate them. I detest them beyond everything else in existence. It has been raining on me since childhood, soaking me, making me miserable. And for three years I have been saving every penny

to escape. Now I have enough, and so I am going to take the steamer for America."

Miss Prothero coughed gently.

"What an eccentric one you are," she said. "I should never have suspected it. However, you are a free agent, and if you are bound to leave us, I shall look about for an instructor."

Scott Barricklow paused in California on his way to the Orient, intending to have a look at the sights. He noticed in the newspaper the modest advertisement of the Atlas Hotel, in Hollywood, "rates reasonable." He went directly there from the railway station and was greeted by Karl Wecht and shown to Room 18, which is on the second floor, looking out upon the garden. Hollywood interested him. There were numberless things to see and he met a man who built furniture for one of the studios and who offered to take Scott through.

While Mr. Barricklow loitered in the land of the film, an H. & B. liner nosed its way into Los Angeles harbor, crept into its wharf and tied up, and the first person ashore was a slender, bright-eyed young woman, whose eagerness was manifest to one and all. Miss Ruth Hedeem arrived in America on a sunny morning and the blue sky pleased her beyond words. Not knowing precisely where to go, she went to Hollywood, deciding that she would like to see Charlie, or the famous Mary. Her steps, too, were directed to the Atlas Hotel and she was given Room 24, which is on the third floor, looking into the garden, and there she settled for a brief stay. The first man in the hotel to observe the newcomer and wonder about her was Scott Barricklow. He was coming down the steps as Ruth signed her name in the book.

"WHO is the lady?" he asked Karl, with whom he had become friends.

"That," said Karl, "is a stranger from a far land. Her name is Hedeem. She looks nice, hey?"

"Very," Scott agreed.

Neal Hyler, the director, who had been a familiar at the Atlas for three years, encountered Miss Hedeem at lunch, or rather observed her enter the dining room. He was sprawled, at the moment, in an arm chair, chatting with Karl Wecht, and the sight of Ruth Hedeem seemed instantly to petrify him.

"How long has that girl been in the hotel?" he demanded, sitting up and knocking the fire from his cigarette in his perturbation.

"She came today," Karl answered.

"Who is she?"

"Her name is Ruth Hedeem."

"Where's she from?"

"Pokomondolong." Karl grinned a Teutonic grin.

"What is it? Where is it?"

"The lady," Karl continued amiably, "is a school teacher, from the far east. That is all I know at the present."

"A school teacher!" Hyler snorted. "What a waste of good material. Karl, there's the girl I've been waiting for—the girl I have needed for five years."

"Sentimentality," replied Mr. Wecht, puffing his pipe, "in a man of your age is absurd."

"Sentimentality your hat!" exclaimed Hyler.

"I can make that girl famous and rich, and I don't care whether she's intelligent or not, though I think she is. Have I been studying women for ten years without knowing what I want? I have needed a certain, rare type of young woman, and this girl is it. Find out what you can about her, or, better still, introduce me to her."

"Of course," said Karl. "But let us go slowly. My guests have a way of taking me into their confidence, and perhaps Miss Hedeem—"

Three days later, Neal Hyler's Teutonic friend reported.

"It is no use," he said smilingly. "Your



dream is gone bust. Miss Hedeem has, in her little bag, a ticket to Joe City, Arizona, and there she is going. She is a determined soul, if ever was one."

"Ticket," snapped the director. "What's that got to do with it?"

"You do not understand," Karl explained. "I have had two talks with my guest. She comes from the Malay Archipelago, where she was born, though her people were Americans, and where, as she says, for many years she has been almost a prisoner. It rains, I gather, in Pokomondolong. It rains hugely, continuously, viciously, almost. The lady has a detestation of rain. She seeks, now, the driest, sunniest place, and it is Joe City. Odd, is it not?"

"Odd! It's crazy. It's all bosh. I'll talk to her."

"Do," said Karl, smiling. "I am merely telling you what I have learned. I shall be glad to introduce you to her."

AND thus were the two people brought together through the good offices of Karl Wecht, a hotel keeper—the two who apparently needed each other to achieve what they have achieved. A second-class movie director shook hands solemnly with an obscure school teacher from Pokomondolong, Celebes, Malay Archipelago, and history was made, at least film history.

"Miss Hedeem," said Hyler earnestly, "I am a motion picture director of considerable experience, and a student of human nature. A new company has been formed to produce pictures directed by me, and it is my first big chance. I have been looking for a star, a young woman whom I can mould and build to genuine greatness. The moment I saw you, I knew you to be the woman I have been searching for."

Ruth Hedeem looked astonished.

"I don't know whether you are joking or not," she said. "I am a school teacher, and this is my first time in America."

"That is of no importance. Nothing matters except this—you have the singular personal qualities that fit you for a splendid career on the screen. You have a rare gift, which you do not suspect. In a year or two I can make you famous, and if money matters in your affairs, I can assure you a fortune."

Miss Hedeem smiled.

"I am not rich," she said. "What you tell me is interesting and surprising, but I am afraid it cannot be, Mr. Hyler."

"Why?"

"Tell me this—if I were to accept your offer, would I have to remain in California?"

"Of course. Almost all pictures are made here."

"Then I cannot accept."

She spoke pleasantly, but decidedly. Hyler looked puzzled.

"You prefer some other place?" he said. "California is a very fine land."

"I am going to Joe City, Arizona, there to stop, and nothing can swerve me, not even this generous offer. For a great many years I have planned and saved, looking forward to it, and it is not now to be put aside."

"Joe City is a frightful place," Neal said. "I've been there—once. It isn't even a town."

"Does it rain?" inquired the lady.

"It never rains."

"I thought so. That is why I am going there."

"Do you mean to say you would push aside the opportunity to become a famous actress, and bury yourself in Joe City, Arizona?"

She nodded.

"And pass by a salary of, say, five hundred dollars a week?"

Again she nodded and the director stared at her in dismay. His disappointment was plain on his face.

"We will have to talk of this again," he said, as Ruth rose. "I wish you would think it over. I have waited five years for you to come along and I cannot let you escape, at least without a battle."

# Chapped Hands?

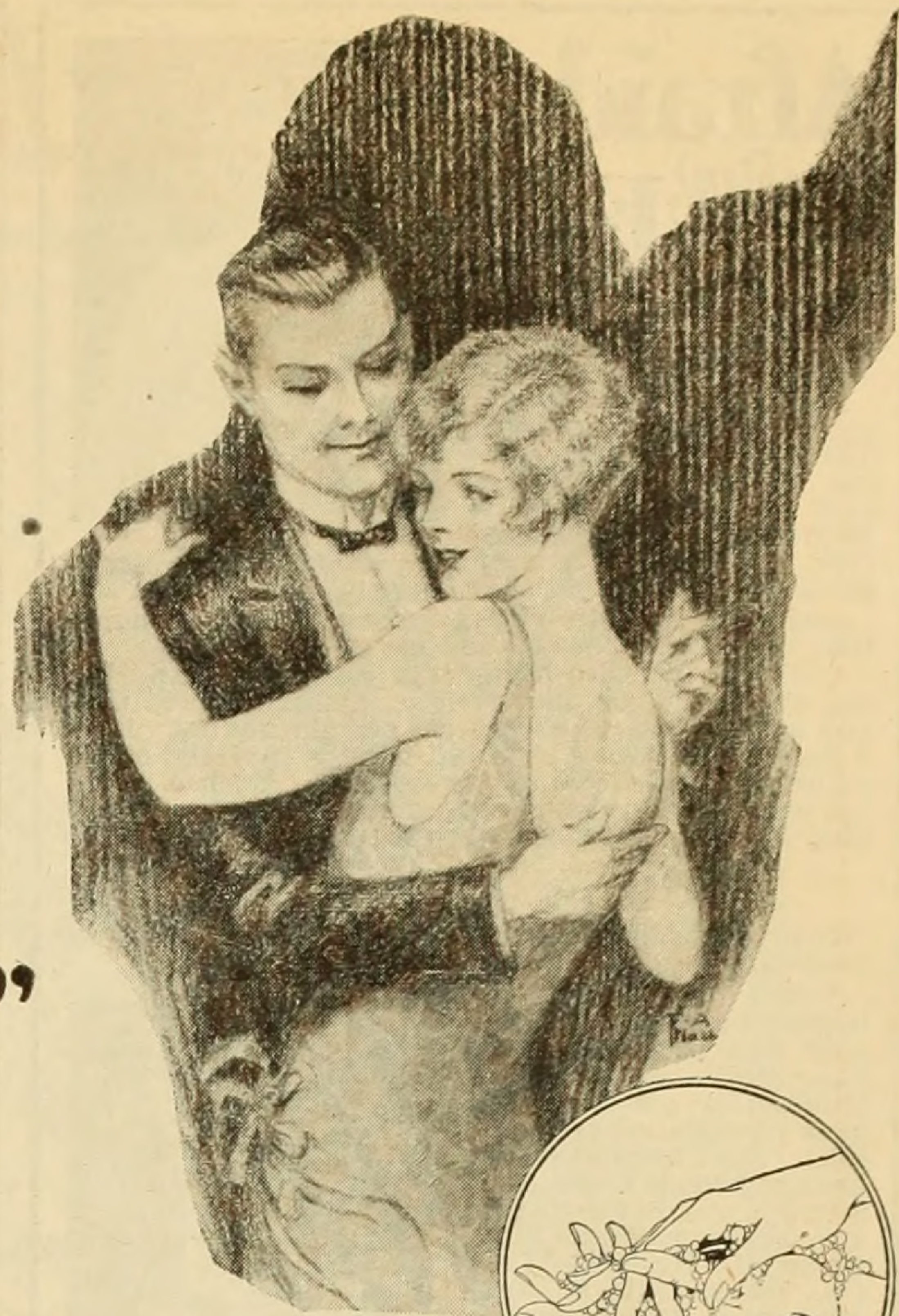
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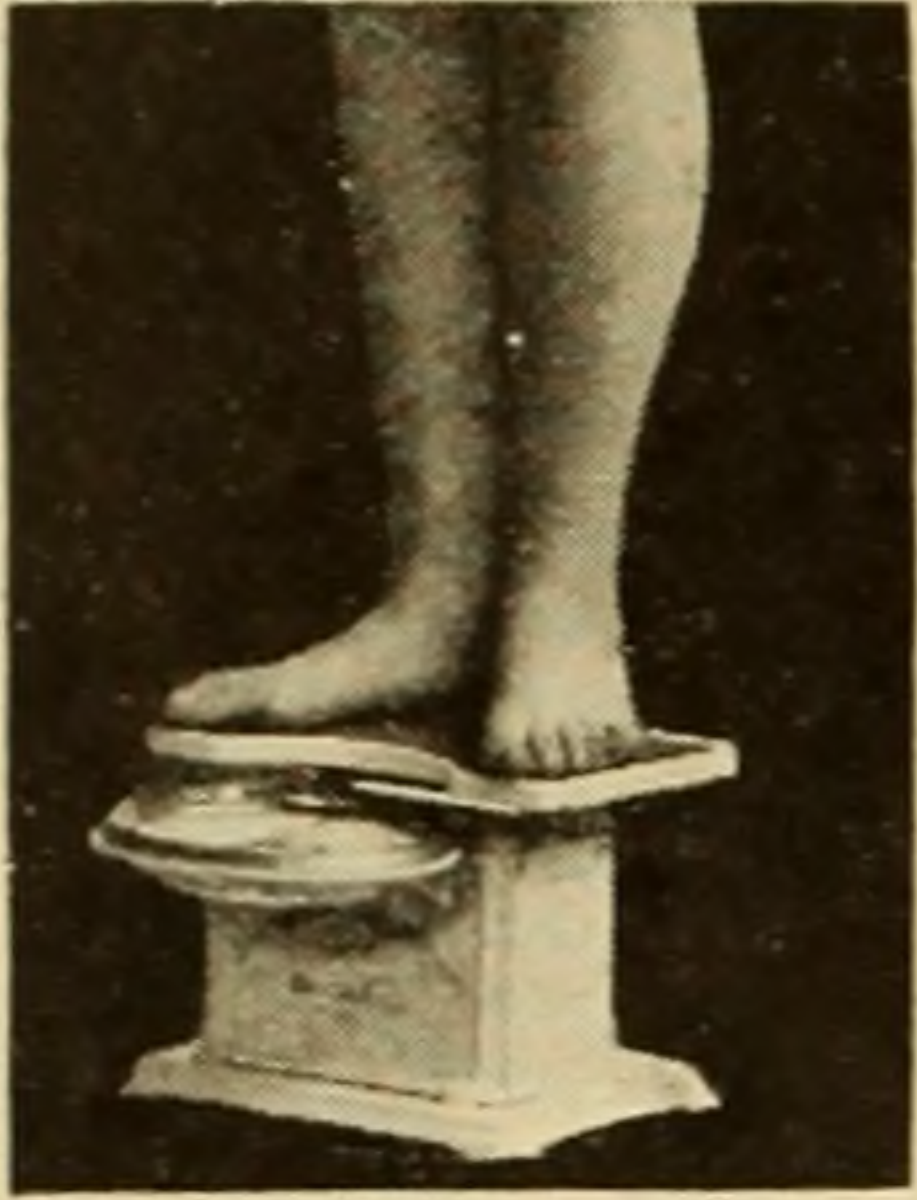
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**Health-o-Meter**  
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She smiled serenely. "It will do no good," she said. "I started for Arizona and I am going to end up in Arizona."

\* \* \*

Later in the evening, the disgruntled Mr. Hyler talked with Karl Wecht, in his little office behind the telephones.

"I told you so," said Karl. "Women are headstrong, sometimes."

"Yes, but was anything ever more ridiculous? This girl is poor and I can make her rich. She is unknown and I can make her the idol of millions, yet she calmly refuses, and speaks of Joe City, which is a desolate hole out among the sage brush and cactus. She is hell-bent for Joe City. Why? What in heaven's name is there about Joe City?"

"The sky is blue," Karl answered.

He reflected for a moment and pulled slowly at his pipe.

"Neal," he said, "I am an old friend of yours and I like you, which I have proved many times by lending you money and giving you food and lodgings when times were hard. True?"

Hyler nodded.

"I will again do you a good turn, if I can. A little scheme is in my mind. It may be that you are right this time, and that the young woman is needful for your success. Perhaps you can make a star of her, though you have guessed wrong before now. But you cannot make a star of a girl who is bound to live in Arizona. Very good. We will try to keep her permanently in California, and how?"

"Yes," echoed Neal. "How?"

"Marry her," Karl chuckled.

"Marry her! Who? Me?"

"You? No. You are a doddering old man of forty, far beyond romance and marriage. But there is here a youngish man named Barricklow, with whom I have become friends. It is my intention to bring the two together and we will then pray that they fall in love, because that, and that alone, solves your problem."

"How and why?" Hyler demanded. "In the first place, I object, because I don't want a married star. Marriage is bad."

"Better a married star than no star at all," said Karl. "I guarantee nothing. Miss Hedeem may dislike Barricklow. He likes her. That I already know."

"Why this particular man?" Neal asked.

"Reasons of my own," answered Karl. "It will be an amusing experiment."

AT dinner time, the following evening, Miss Hedeem sat alone in the dining room. Scott Barricklow, in new tweeds that would have surprised Doc Sweeney, smoked in front of the lounge fireplace, and Karl Wecht surveyed them. He strolled into the dining room and sat down with his guest, smiling a friendly greeting.

"There is here, Miss Ruth," he said, meditatively, "a man whom I would like you to meet."

The school teacher glanced at him and waited.

"He is interesting to me and might be to you. For many years he has led a lonely life on the desert of Arizona, a life almost of exile, barred away from his fellow men."

"From Arizona," remarked Miss Hedeem.

"Perhaps he would know of Joe City."

"He comes from there," Karl said calmly.

That was enough. As for Scott Barricklow, there was no need to pave the way. Twice he had asked Karl about the lady in Room 24.

"I will introduce you," Karl said to Scott. "I have learned something of Miss Hedeem. She comes from another land—a queer place called Pokomondolong."

Scott looked up in astonishment.

"Is that so?" he said. "That's interesting."

When Ruth finished her dinner, Karl led her to the recumbent Barricklow, who rose and greeted her warmly. Karl moved away at once, and the two of them observed each other, dropped into chairs before the fire and began the pleasant business of getting acquainted.

It was eight o'clock. At midnight other guests began to disappear, but the travelers talked on and on and Karl had his porter put fresh logs into the fireplace.

There is no record of what they said, but it is not difficult to fancy the general tenor of that first conversation between the man who was going to Pokomondolong in search of eternal rain, and the girl who was journeying to Joe City, where there is never a cloud in the sky. They asked each other polite questions. Each was profoundly astonished with the other. At two in the morning Scott glanced at his watch and Miss Hedeem announced that it must be quite late.

That was the beginning, and scheming old Karl Wecht stood by and observed. They had breakfast together the following morning on the veranda, surrounded by flowers, with one California sun tracing patterns upon the tablecloth. It was Miss Hedeem's intention to depart on Saturday. Scott pleaded for delay.

"Put it off for a week," he implored. "I hate to see you start for Arizona. You don't know what you're going into."

"And I don't like to see you on your way to Pokomondolong," she said.

SO they compromised and postponed their dates of departure, Scott cancelling his steamer tickets and reserving space on a later boat. Karl Wecht, from a distance, surveyed the budding romance, making encouraging reports to Neal Hyler, who forbore to speak further to Ruth about a career. Day by day the wayfarers were together, seeing the sights of southern California, and as the postponed day of departure again approached, Scott's courage grew.

"You don't realize," he said to Ruth, "what the desert means. It's maddening. The sunshine burns its way into your soul and you get to hate the blue of the sky. I ought to know."

She laughed.

"Perhaps, but what you don't know is the unending misery of a land where the rain never stops, where you wake up damp and go to sleep damp, and where you'd sell your whole future for a week of steady sunshine."

There was a pause. They had gone for an afternoon at one of the beaches and idled the hours away on the sand.

"Ruth," Scott said, "this may seem strange of me to say it, but you're going away from me and I've got to say it before you go. I love you. I don't want you to go away from me and I particularly don't want you to go to Joe City, Arizona."

She remained silent, poking at the sand with a parasol.

"I'm not much of a fellow," he continued, "but my accidental meeting with you has sort of stirred parts of me that were dead, and put new ambition into me. I feel like doing something with the rest of my life, but if you step out of my little world I'll probably drop back into the old rut."

"I like you, Scott," she answered. "I knew I would, before I even met you."

"Do you like me well enough to marry me?" he asked, and the girl reflected, looking out at the sea.

"If I married you," she said, "there would be a problem. Where would we live?"

"Why," he said, "I'm going to Pokomondolong—"

She shook her head.

"Joe City," she interrupted.

"I could never go back to Joe City," said Scott. "You wouldn't want me to die, would you?"

"Nor could I return to Pokomondolong."

"That," he announced, "is not the important thing. The important thing is whether you and I will be happy with each other, and if we are sure of that, we will certainly find a way to settle the lesser problems. I would go anywhere in the world with you except—Joe City."

"And I would be willing to live anywhere, except Pokomondolong."



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They returned to Hollywood and Karl Wecht observed them at dinner and knew that his job was done and done well. He encountered Hyler.

"It is accomplished," he said, smiling. "They are in love. If you do not believe me, look at them. I watched him hand her a napkin. There are many ways of handing a woman a napkin, but only one way when the man loves the woman."

The days fled rapidly. A steamer crept out of the harbor, bound for the south seas, and another man occupied Scott Barricklow's berth. Train after train rumbled eastward towards Arizona, and Ruth was on board none of them.

"You have done me a great favor," Scott said to old Karl Wecht one morning at breakfast. "Greater than you know. Miss Hedeem is going to do me the honor of marrying me."

Karl chuckled softly.

"Then you surely have a knot to untie. The Malay land is very wet, and she hates it. Arizona is what it is and you hate it."

Scott nodded.

"We will settle that."

"Hollywood," continued Karl thoughtfully, "is a rare spot and beautiful. It rains here often and enough, but not too much. The sunshine is glorious. The skies are blue for weeks on end, and then the pleasant rains come. It might be that Hollywood is the solution of your problems. Think it over, my boy. Half of America would come to California, if it knew what you and I know."

A true Californian, Karl Wecht, an advertiser, almost a native son.

They were married in the red brick church on the boulevard and Neal Hyler was the best man, while old Karl gave the bride away, and a prettier bride never fussed with a veil. In Neal's pocket, at the moment of the wedding, was a contract and that contract has already made movie history and will make more.

ALL this was two years ago, and you know what Ruth Hedeem has done in that short time. Hyler was right. The new star has personality, and personality is what stars require. Together Hyler and Ruth have produced six pictures and the public has welcomed Ruth and proclaimed Hyler a great man. Scott Barricklow is more than a mere husband. Besides being the business manager of his wife's affairs, he has gone in for a hobby that occupies a good deal of his time. He swims. He swims almost with fanatic zeal. Down at Santa Monica you can see a lean, tanned man ploughing through the water any afternoon. It is Scott Barricklow, cheated of Pokomondolong, but apparently happy with an ocean to play in.

The home of Ruth and Scott is one of the finest in Hollywood, and although Ruth detests the smell of tobacco, there is one friend who comes regularly to dinner, and afterwards smokes his pipe before the great fireplace. I refer to Karl Wecht, the curious old German, who enjoys the confidence of his guests to a most remarkable degree.

MICKEY NEILAN—to Harry Rapf and Irving Thalberg, two of the moving spirits in the Metro-Goldwyn concern: "Did you hear how Marcus Loew almost saved a million dollars ten minutes after he got off the train from New York?"

Rapf and Thalberg, with visions of some great financial coup: "No."

Mickey: "Well, he did. Von Stroheim went to the station to meet him and he almost got run over by a truck."

Von Stroheim, however, is going happily ahead with his preparations to produce the "Merry Widow" for Mr. Loew, and he says it isn't going to cost a million—he hopes. Even if it doesn't, Von will still hold the record with "Foolish Wives" and "Greed."

However, I saw "Greed" the other night in ten reels, and it is a great picture.

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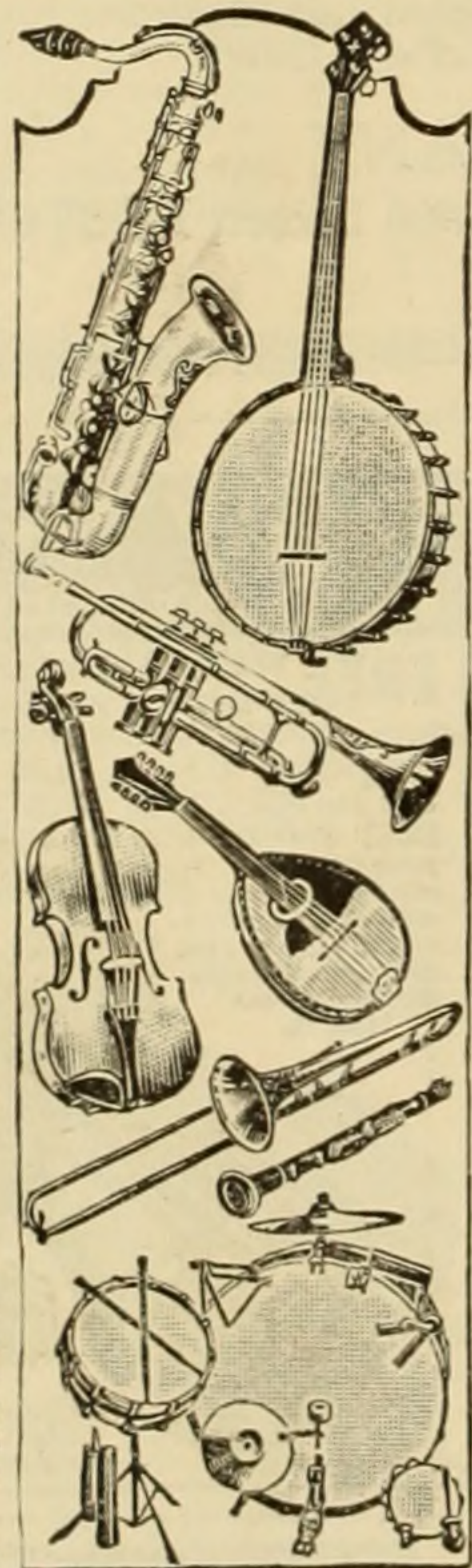
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## An Impression of Marion Davies

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59 ]

pretty, Emmy Lou," said Harriet, "you've got to be smart." I recommend that book for all plain little girls. But for the pretty ones—no.

Perhaps Marion's desire to be an actress—her determination to prove that she could and would act—came partly from the fact that she was a very plain little girl who only blossomed into a beauty when she had gone through all the hurts and slights of a plain little girl.

For she grew up to be one of the prettiest girls who ever graced the Follies. But the girls who worked with her there tell me she was still terribly shy, and quiet, but generous to a fault. And big-hearted.

"You could always get anything she had," said one of them, reminiscently, "she'd lend you anything from cold cream to her last dollar. Marion was a good kid."

First of all, I realized how little the public has seen of the real Marion Davies. Less, I believe, than of any other star on the screen. She has done so many costume pictures that Marion, just as she actually is, has been kept a good deal in the background. Which is as she would have it, I discovered. She feels better when she is buried beneath manners and clothes and settings of other times. It is one of the things she is striving now to overcome.

And as she walked down the flower bordered path to the big shaded terrace, I discovered many things about this slim, pretty, young girl.

In the first place, she still has the freckles. You'd never suspect the creamy, lotus-like Marion of them, would you? But there they are. Little sprinklings of golden brown dusted across her nose and peeping at you through the pink of her cheeks. Whole flocks of them scattering down her bare, white arms and dancing in the little hollow of her throat. Now, personally, I adore freckles. The right kind of freckles, with a golden sheen. They look so companionable and natural and human. I religiously cultivate seven on my nose every summer. I would have more, but that's all there ever seem to be. When I looked at Marion Davies, I was consumed with envy.

AND then—she stutters. Oh, yes, she does. Just a little bit. And she does it better than anyone I have ever met. I suspected her at first—it was too entrancing to be real. In fact, it's the most irresistible thing I've ever encountered. She looks up at you with those big, soft, blue eyes, and then she stammers, and the dimples dance with her determination not to, and the color floods into her cheeks and—well, girls have been made heroines of modern novels for much less. If I were five years younger and two shades blonder, I'd cultivate it myself. As it is, I recommend it highly to all young girls who wish to have their front door mobbed by the opposite sex.

As for the dimples, you know them on the screen and they are just the same off, only a little more so.

It took me all afternoon to find out what I came for. And then I didn't find it from Marion, who simply and positively cannot talk about herself or her work. So we talked about everything and everybody under heaven and eventually I ran against this strange, deep, passionate determination of hers to become an actress.

Why, she had it when she was playing with her dolls. She had it when she was suffering agonies of shyness in a New York grammar school. She had it when she was driving herself to be herself behind the footlights of the Follies. She had it when she was being panned by the critics all over America as a doll.

But her shyness has held her back, just as reserve has held Florence Vidor back. She couldn't, she simply couldn't, break through the wall of her self-consciousness to allow herself to do the very things she wanted to do. She would conceive a scene, alone, at night, and go out to the studio the next day deter-

mined to do it just that way. And then—she couldn't. She would be overpowered with a rush of shyness and go dumbly, prettily, sweetly, through a scene.

But there is an iron will there somewhere, and a temper. Oh, I dare guarantee you the temper.

She admits what Robert Vignola did to aid her in winning through at last, to be able to play the Princess Mary as she wanted to play her. She gives Vignola immense credit. Her friendship for him is a very fine thing, and her gratitude.

But I believe that she carried her desire for years, never losing sight of it, never allowing her success as a star to overshadow it or make her forget it. I believe she cared much more about it than she cared about success, or about fame, or about money, and I think she was grateful for her success more because it gave her a chance to have the finest directors and the best training and time to work and work and work at things until they began to come right.

Frances Marion, who wrote her scripts for some time and who had her share in developing the star, says Marion Davies is the hardest worker of any actress she has ever known.

"Nothing was ever too much trouble," Frances told me once, "if Marion thought it might better a scene. She would actually do a scene hundreds of times, to try and get it right. She was never satisfied. She was never lukewarm or careless about her work. She could have been. She was a star. Her beauty was carrying her pictures. She had everything done for her. But for all that, she slaved and studied and strove in every possible way, to become the fine actress she has become. And she's just as far from satisfied with herself now as she ever was. She seems to be happy only when she can see something higher ahead to strive for in her work."

But the thing I liked best about Marion Davies—and I defy anyone in the world who meets her to help liking her—is a rather unusual and special quality of humility. It isn't simply that she hasn't let her pretty face and her good fortune turn her head. It isn't only that she has remained as simple and natural as Norma Talmadge—and she is the only star I have met who could equal Norma in naturalness, although she has a shyness that does not characterize Norma in any way.

But Marion Davies has actual humility, which is the greatest of all human qualities, the most essential to good creative work, and—combined with will and determination—the most powerful.

I THINK she might be "easy" for people. I think she might be apt to let little things take their course. I think she might feel herself incapable of being harsh ever, or of judging. It wouldn't be difficult for her in some things to follow the line of least resistance.

But she has wit—more than she uses. Her shyness folds her lips still over many of the things you can see sparkling in her eyes. She has the ability to appreciate and enjoy. She is never bored with life—never. She has loyalty—everyone in her organization vouches for that.

I was surprised to unearth a mania for clothes. And yet she does not wear her clothes particularly well. She hasn't that smart elegance, that groomed to the last word look that distinguishes Gloria Swanson and Aileen Pringle—the mannequin look. But she adores them.

"I don't have to see them," she said, wrinkling her nose, "I can feel them, blocks away. It's my besetting sin. And they can sell me anything—good or bad. I have rotten taste."

She looked sidewise, and grinned at me. There is a touch of the gamin—that proved so useful in "Little Old New York"—a touch of the vixen, that has come out in "Janice."



# Who Says Vampires Are Through?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64 ]

"The Cheat." Greer tried it on a lot of people and finally on Madeline Hurlock.

That was the answer. Madeline apparently was made to wear it. Hips are not in her vocabulary.

And while she is as slim as a willow wand she hasn't a bone showing.

As she went by Gloria Swanson's dressing bungalow on her way to the set, the great star happened to glance out and see her.

Now it may be that Gloria, who is a very real person, remembered the days when she was an extra girl. Maybe she remembered what trials she had gone through to evolve the dazzling and distinguished personality that makes her now the greatest woman star on the screen.

Anyway, Gloria called to the little extra girl. "Come here," she said. "What a divine figure. What a gown. Now—your hair is wrong. Come here and let me show you." With the help of her maid, Miss Swanson took down the long black hair and re-dressed it into the newest and smartest of Parisian coiffures. Then she stood back and viewed her work.

"U—mm," said the great Miss Swanson, "something is lacking. I know."

FROM her jewel case she took a rope of pearls and flung them about the girl's neck. "Perfect."

And as Madeline protested, she said, "No, wear them. I like to see such a perfect picture."

It was so successful—that picture—that Mr. Fitzmaurice increased her bit to quite a fair part.

And that part won her a strange opportunity and one that many people have wondered just why Madeline accepted.

A few days later Mack Sennett called up the Lasky casting office asking for suggestions for a vamp type to play opposite Ben Turpin. He had made tests of thirty girls and none of them suited. Instantly the casting director said:

"We had a girl here the other day playing with Fitz. I think she's what you want. I'll send her over."

Madeline got the part in "Where is My Wandering Boy This Evening."

At the end of it, Sennett offered her a long term contract, and the girl from Maryland signed it.

Her friends protested. When she'd just gotten a start on the Lasky lot, in drama, why slip back to comedy? But Madeline quietly said:

"The greatest stars in the business have come from comedy. Charlie Chaplin, Mabel Normand, Gloria Swanson, Marie Prevost, Raymond Griffith—all great artists—were trained in comedy. I have heard everyone say it is the finest training school in the world. I have heard that Mary Pickford thinks Mr. Sennett has genius for translating thought into action and that she would like some day to have him direct her in a picture. I'm young. It's the experience and training I want."

So now Madeline is playing featured roles and leads on the Sennett lot and is being talked about by Hollywood as the next great dramatic star who will arrive from the comedies.

Madeline Hurlock, by the way, is her real name, though it doesn't seem possible. Her mother must have guessed she was going to be a movie star. She was born in Federalsburg, Maryland, and there is a town in the same state, Hurlock, named for her family. The Italian ancestry, of which she is proud, shows in her coloring and in her great soft brown eyes.

Anyway, she is my answer to that silly rumor about the day of the vamp being on the wane.



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## Hollywood's New Heart Breaker

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42 ]



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they say, that when he played opposite Pola Negri in 'Lily of the Dust,' Pola was just awfully intrigued by him, and if she hadn't already been so much in love with Rod La Rocque—"

"Goodness," gasped her brilliant mother, "where do you learn such things, child?"

"I can read, can't I, mother," said her daughter calmly, "even if I am supposed to be an ingenue. It was all in the newspapers, you know. Personally, I think he's divine on the screen, but I don't suppose I shall ever be allowed to meet him off. Mother will think he's too dangerous."

"I should think so," said her mother, a little breathlessly, "but the papers are apt to exaggerate such personalities."

"He does sound rather a sheik, dear," I said, a little overwhelmed by such a record, "I remember about him now, of course. I'd just forgotten his name. But—doesn't he ever do anything beside causing stars to fall in love with him? What's he like personally?"

The reigning beauty closed her topaz eyes until only the magnolia lids were visible. "Well," she said, "I've only seen him in the theater with Gloria in New York. But—I can see—he's sort of—oh, you know."

"But—" said I, knowing and not seeing any necessity for going into that old story again, "after all, he's supposed to be an actor, isn't he? Can he act?"

**T**HE critic spoke then. A hard-boiled critic. Press agents cut out his caustic comments and paste them on the walls beside their own futile blurbs in order that their stars may not lose all sense of proportion.

"You bet your life he can act," he said briskly. "He has real talent. If the fool women don't ruin him, he'll show us something worth while."

"What's he got, really?" asked the great director, who has lately been intrusted with the most difficult task of the year, "what makes him so attractive? Is he intelligent? First National's grooming him for stardom as fast as they can, that's sure. He could work in eight pictures at once, the demand for him is so heavy. I wanted him for a picture, but there didn't seem to be a chance of getting him. He's the only youngster looming up who seems to amount to a darn."

Now it just happened that only a few days later I met Ben Lyon. We discovered, to my infinite astonishment, that we had a mania in common—tennis. The descriptions I had heard of him hadn't suggested tennis. We've met on the court rather often, since then.

And I have found myself more and more amazed by this young Ben Lyon, who, in Hollywood, is so much discussed.

I didn't find in him any of the things I had been led to expect. Nothing suggested a new edition of Valentino. And, though he photographs so amazingly well, off the screen he has no startling amount of good looks. A big, well-built, well-featured youngster, with a suggestion of the traditional football hero about him. Dark blue eyes, under heavy, dark brows that meet in a frown when he is interested and that have Wally's old trick of creeping pathetically upward when he is bored. A strong mouth that is apt to be a little sulky when he isn't smiling.

I am quite frank to admit that he captivated me. Rather against my will. I don't like juveniles—nor ingenues, for that matter. For the most part, they have no conversation. Ben Lyon has. He is almost instantly responsive to mental stimulation. He has a terrific admiration for intellectual genius—spends as much time with such men as Paul Bern and Charles Brabin as he can.

And yet, he is very boyish about it all. So thoroughly ashamed of his reputation as a sheik. Quite capable, I can see plainly, of punching the head of any man who so much

as suggested such a thing in his presence. Just as much disgusted with his suddenly acquired fame as a heart-breaker, as any other clean-cut, well-bred young American would be.

Typically a man's man, I soon discovered that he is the favorite of every grip, electrician and cameraman in the studio. A fighter, if there is anything to be told from the jaw line and the wide-set, alert eyes.

His sense of humor is his chief characteristic, I think. He absolutely refuses to take himself seriously. And a sense of humor is a rare trait in actors.

But above all, he has charm, this young Ben Lyon. Indefinable always, is charm. Particularly indefinable in Ben Lyon. Because he has a quality of sweetness, of clean sweetness, that doesn't seem to belong with his strength and his obvious passion. He has youth, of course, and manliness and a most appealing shyness, and rather more than a bit of nasty temper, and a hot young pride, and extreme sensitiveness and—miracle of miracles in these days—extremely good manners. You get a conviction of a fine mother somewhere in the background, with Ben Lyon.

But, combining the whole thing, you can only call it charm.

It isn't difficult to understand why Barbara and Gloria both fell in love with him. To women of the world who have been much buffeted about by life, his very chivalry, his respect for women, his innate decency—imbred by a Southern mother and two adored sisters—must have been new and delightful.

He was born in Atlanta, Georgia, and brought up and educated in Baltimore, Maryland, where he went to college. He made his stage debut some years ago in "Seventeen" and his first stage hit as the hero of "Mary the Third." Colleen Moore brought him to pictures to play the college boy sweetheart in "Flaming Youth." And his latest—and greatest—performance is as Colleen's son in "So Big."

When anyone asks me about Ben Lyon nowadays I always see a series of little pictures—those flashing, illuminating little episodes of life that paint character and portraits so much better than the finest words can do.

**O**N the tennis court—swift-moving, hitting a ball that is like a shot from a cannon, but his sportsmanship always perfect, his courtesy always to be counted upon.

Eating plates of spaghetti at a Sunday night supper and in the midst of his struggles with it—and we have all had our struggles with spaghetti—murmuring vindictively, "This is the first time I ever wished I was a Latin actor."

At the Hollywood American Legion fights, in a pal's corner, giving him everything he has of enthusiasm and support.

Flat on the floor playing checkers with seven year old Bill Reid, who is rather a chum of his, the two surrounded by an audience of four or five other youngsters watching the game with ardent eyes.

Oh, I don't mean to indicate by all this that he hasn't great attraction for women. I should think a love affair with Ben Lyon would be tremendously exciting, because for all his youth, it is plain enough that he would be master—he would dominate always, and none too gently at that. I think he understands that a woman can be happy only with a man who is her superior. Being in love with Ben Lyon would be like Oscar Wilde's description of life, "A bad quarter of an hour made up of exquisite moments."

The thing I'd like to bring out is that Ben has the same sort of attraction as I've known West Point football heroes to have. The sort that other men understand, and don't resent or object to. Just a good-looking, chivalrous American youth with a lot of charm—that's Ben Lyon as I know him.



# The Little Brown Wren

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56 ]

genial, friendly place where a man would rather be than almost any place else he could think of.

It takes personality to "put over" a song across the footlights. It takes more to put over a song in a drawing room. But it takes personality plus to put over a song in a tent surrounded by snow and wind and filled with hungry, cold and slightly disgruntled men.

I REMEMBER one night at a party given by Marshall and Blanche Sweet Neilan. Alan Hale was there, and though he is more often villainous upon the screen than anything else, off the screen he is the most sparkling of humorists and the most entertaining of companions. He is also by way of being one of the best trick dancers I have ever seen. On the night of this party he had a lot of new steps, and needed a partner to do them with. Now there were at the party, though I will mention no names, two or three screen stars who are famous for their dancing. At least one of them is more famous for it than for anything else. Two of them had been great stage dancers, musical comedy and Follies favorites. They all fell down on the job, though they tried hard enough.

And then the first thing you know, while Max Fisher's orchestra played seductively, there was little Bessie Love, quietly and unpretentiously, following Alan through all the mazes, light as a feather and graceful as a flower in a summer breeze. She never made a mistake nor a misstep, and she gained suddenly as she danced a pert little personality, an impudent little boyishness that is one of her chief attractions.

It is the same way on the screen. Though she was a failure as a star, and though often her rôle is not a featured one in big productions, Hollywood has a tradition that Bessie Love will steal any picture she is in; that she has, in fact, stolen more pictures from the people supposed to be starred in them than anyone else on the screen. It isn't quite fair to enumerate them, but if you will stop and think I'm sure you will remember half a dozen pictures from which you took away most poignantly the memory of something Bessie Love did.

She was born in Texas but went to Los Angeles when she was only a baby. She went to public school there and to Los Angeles High School. She was training herself to be a school teacher, as her mother had been before her, when pictures crept upon her horizon. She was still in high school when D. W. Griffith picked her from a mob of applicants to play a part in "Intolerance."

He was so sure of her ability that he gave her a five-year contract, and she did some pictures with Bill Hart and was leading lady for Douglas Fairbanks.

After that, for almost three years, she was practically an outcast. She couldn't get a job. She had made a mistaken starring venture, had failed, and it seemed as though her picture career might end with that. She fought against it, and finally decided to come back to the screen in any sort of parts, even "kid stuff," which she hoped she had abandoned forever. Her first picture was "Forget-Me-Not"—a child rôle.

But the breaks began to come her way after that and today she works in as many as three pictures at once.

And during those three years she seems to have distilled the sweetness within her, so that she can project it upon the screen. She seems to have developed a new and very telling personality. There is a measure of understanding and of depth to her that I, personally, find in no other screen actress. And then, she's such a little thing. And so bright and sweet and kindly.

So far she's never been married.

## Trial Bottle FREE GRAY HAIR OUT-OF-STYLE —and you needn't have it



No up-to-date, fashionable woman lets her hair turn gray—she stops it when the first gray streaks appear.

How?—very easily, as you can prove. Just let me explain my safe, simple way.

Fill out and mail me the coupon—by return mail I will send a free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. Test it, as directed, on a single lock, and let results tell their own story.

### I Used It First

I perfected my scientific preparation to get back the original color in my own hair, which was prematurely gray. I have used it many years, and my hair has always been admired for its beauty.

My restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water and as dainty. Apply it by combing through the hair, simply and easily. No help required.

### What It Does

Brings back the original color to your hair quickly and surely. Restored color even and perfectly natural in all lights—never any artificial "dyed" look.

No interference with shampooing, nothing to wash or rub off. Just soft, silky, fluffy hair, ready to wave and dress.

All this is proved by the free trial bottle, which you should send for without delay.

### Just Mail the Coupon

Fill it out carefully, stating the natural color of your hair. If possible enclose a lock in your letter.

By return mail, postage prepaid, comes my special patented free trial outfit, containing a trial bottle and full instructions. (All absolutely free.)

When you have learned what Mary T. Goldman's is and what it will do, get a full-sized bottle from your druggist or order direct from me.

Mary T. Goldman's  
Hair Color Restorer  
Over 10,000,000 Bottles Sold

Please print your name and address

Mary T. Goldman, 470-A Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.  
Please send me FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is:  
Black..... dark brown..... medium brown.....  
auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn  
(light red)..... blonde.....

Name .....

Address .....

## DIAMONDS

FOR A FEW CENTS A DAY

Don't send a single penny. Ten days Free Trial. When the ring comes, examine it—if you are not convinced it is the Greatest Bargain in America, send it back at our expense. Only if pleased, pay 20% as first payment—then send \$1.50 weekly at rate of a few cents a day. This bargain Cluster Ring with 7 Blue-White Perfect Cut Diamonds can be yours. No Red Tape. No Risk.

Million Dollar Bargain Book FREE Send for it today. It pictures thousands of Bargains. Address Dept. 1721.

**J.M. LYON & CO.**  
2-4 Maiden Lane N.Y.

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RADIUM DIAL

\$5.83

### A Real Wrist Watch for MEN

A Mighty Bargain (Regular price \$10). Because of a fortunate purchase we are able to offer for a limited time only this good looking Men's Watch for only \$5.83, just about 1-2 the regular price. Due to their greater convenience, Strap Watches are fast replacing the old fashioned pocket watch. Latest fashionable Tonneau shape White Gold finish Solid Nickel Case and Buckle, heavy detachable sewed Leather Strap, splendid small "0" size jeweled movement that will give years of dependable service. Strongly built to withstand hard usage. A watch you can be proud to own and wear everywhere. Makes a Splendid and Useful Gift.

FREE Send at once and we will equip your watch with genuine RADIUM DIAL and HANDS absolutely FREE, enabling you to tell time in the dark. Others charge \$2.00 extra. SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman only \$5.83 plus postage on arrival. If you are not fully satisfied send it back and your money will be immediately refunded under the terms of our binding legal Money Back Guarantee. Send Today.

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### 200 SHEETS and 100 ENVELOPES \$1.00

Printed with your Name and Address

Clear, white bond paper, with envelopes to match. Your name and address printed in beautiful, rich blue ink, on both paper and envelopes, and sent to you postpaid for only \$1.00. (West of Mississippi river and outside of U. S. \$1.10.) If inconvenient to send the money, we will ship C. O. D. Money returned if you are not more than satisfied. Order today. Write name and address plainly.

**AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY** taking orders for us. Write us today for our agent's proposition.

**ELITE STATIONERY COMPANY**  
5080 Main Street Smethport, Pa.

## DON'T WEAR A TRUSS

### BE COMFORTABLE—

Wear the Brooks Appliance, the modern scientific invention which gives rupture sufferers immediate relief. It has no obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions bind and draw together the broken parts. No salves or plasters. Durable. Cheap. Sent on trial to prove its worth. Beware of imitations. Look for trade-mark bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appears on every Appliance. None other genuine. Full information and booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelope.

**BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 214-A State St., Marshall, Mich.**

### Crystal Gazing Balls

An interesting, illustrated treatise on the amazing phenomena of crystal gazing, together with prices of balls and lists of books on psychic phenomena, will be forwarded to any address for 10c. This charge will be refunded on any purchase.

**WEST QUARTZ CO., Box 501, ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

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My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture. 25 years in business.

**D. J. MAHLER,**  
26-C Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.



## Don't neglect a Cold

Dangerous sickness often starts with a cold. Ward off your colds with Musterole before pneumonia starts.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It has all the healing properties of the old-fashioned mustard plaster but none of the unpleasant features.

Musterole is not messy to apply and does not blister.

At the first sneeze or snuffle take the little white jar of Musterole from the bathroom shelf and rub the ointment gently over the congested spot.

With a tingling warmth it penetrates the skin and goes right down to the seat of the trouble.

Rheumatism, tonsillitis, lumbago, coughs and colds are all symptoms that call for Musterole.

**To Mothers:** Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

35c and 65c jars and tubes; hospital size, \$3.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio



BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



### How to care for Dull Hair

You cannot expect hair which is naturally devoid of lustre to look brilliant or exceptionally bright after an ordinary shampoo. You must use a shampoo that is different—a shampoo that will add real beauty to your hair—GOLDEN GLINT Shampoo. This shampoo will make your hair look so much prettier, so much more attractive, that you will just love to fuss with it. In addition to the clean freshness any good shampoo gives, it offers something unusual, something new, something more than a promise. This "something" is a secret you'll discover with your first Golden Glint shampoo. 25 cents a package at toilet counters or direct. \* J. W. KOBI CO., 616 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

## Golden Glint SHAMPOO

## EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can earn \$1 to \$2 an hour in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph System, supply you with work and pay you cash each week. Write today for full particulars and free booklet.

WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE LIMITED  
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### Youth-Ami Skin Peel A New Scientific Discovery

which painlessly and harmlessly replaces the old skin with a new and removes all Surface Blemishes, Pimples, Blackheads, Discolorations, Tan, Eczema, Acne, Large Pores, etc. A non-acid, invisible liquid. Produces a healthy new skin, beautiful as a baby's. Results astounding. Booklet "The Magic of a New Skin" free in plain sealed envelope.

Youth-Ami Laboratories, Dept. CB, 30 E. 20th St., New York

## It Can't Be Done

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41 ]

"Looks like this dame from the Coast has thrown a monkey-wrench into the works," he grinned, as Tony came in. "Lew's waiting for you, sore as a new boil. Better make it snappy."

"Hello, Tony," Davidson growled as the latter entered the room. "Miss Carroll is out, but we should worry. Glad to get rid of her. What we need is young blood."

This sounded promising. Jane was even younger than Irene.

"I'm with you, Lew," Tony agreed. "What do you say if we give that part to Jane Dare? Nobody could do it better."

Davidson glanced up, sudden suspicion in his eyes. He had not forgotten Irene's intimation, the day before, that Tony held more than a professional interest in Jane and her career.

"I got other plans," he announced coldly, yet with a certain hesitation, as though not entirely sure of his ground.

"I'm sorry to hear it, Lew." Tony made no effort to hide his disappointment. "I've watched Miss Dare pretty carefully this past year and, take it from me, that girl has star material in her."

"Miss Dare's a fine actress," he conceded, the suspicion in his eyes deepening, "but I got someone else I want to see play the lead in that picture."

"Who?"

"Miss Shirley."

Tony, even yet, was not prepared for Davidson's words. He leaned forward in his chair, his face drawn with anger.

"Irene Shirley?" he gasped. "Why—Lew—you can't mean—"

"Why can't I?" Davidson brought his fist down on the desk. "I mean that I want Miss Shirley to play the lead in 'Saints and Sinners,' and I want you to direct her in it. I'm going to make that girl a star."

"It can't be done," Tony flared out angrily.

"It's going to be done"—Davidson banged the desk again, this time even more loudly. "If not by you, then by somebody else. Take your choice!"

### CHAPTER XVI

FOR a moment Tony Hull was stunned by the suddenness of Lew Davidson's words, by the ultimatum contained in them, but he managed to keep his temper. His first impulse, of course, was to accept the challenge, refuse to direct Irene in the part, and thus automatically terminate his connection with Davidson Productions. The thought of wasting his time, trying to force into prominence a woman whom he knew to be incompetent, was distasteful to him in the highest degree. And there were other reasons for his distaste—reasons he had hoped would permanently remain buried in the obscurity of a decent oblivion. So the little fraud had been clever enough to pull the wool over Davidson's eyes—to convince him that she was as sweet, as guileless, as innocent as she pretended? Tony knew better. Cost what it might, he felt a momentary impulse to open Davidson's eyes—tell him the truth.

"I don't know what Miss Shirley has told you about herself, Lew," he said, "but I happen to know something about her, and I can tell you—"

He got no further. Davidson raised his hand with an exclamation of anger.

"I ain't asked you to tell me anything about Miss Shirley," he roared. "Anything I want to know I can find out myself. All I asked you to do is to carry out my orders."

Tony's cheeks grew suddenly crimson. Never before had Lew Davidson treated him as a mere employee. Their relations had always been those of two good friends, working together for the best results. It hurt him immeasurably—hurt his pride. An angry retort came to his lips, but thoughts of Jane Dare caused him to repress it. If he left the Davidson company, he would leave Jane—would no

longer be at her side to guide and help her. After all, why not humor Davidson in his madness; Irene would prove quickly enough, by her own deficiencies, the folly of trying to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Let the Old Man learn his lesson.

"Very well, Mr. Davidson," he said quietly. "I don't think that Miss Shirley is equal to the part, but if you do, I'll give her every opportunity to prove it—to confirm your judgment." He rose, now thoroughly in command of himself. "Do you want me to put Miss Dare back in her old part?"

"Sure I do. And I'm mighty glad, Tony, to hear you talking sense. No reason why you and me should quarrel." He took a box of cigars from a drawer and passed it across the desk. "Maybe I'm wrong about this Miss Shirley. I ain't claiming to be God, you understand. Sometimes I make a mistake, maybe. But, as I told Sam Kessler, don't forget I picked Alice Carroll off the Royal lot when everybody said she was apple sauce, you understand, and made a star of her, didn't I? A fellow has got to back his own judgment in business, and I'm backing mine. If I lose, it's my money I'm losing—don't forget that. Now this girl Miss Shirley is hurt, see, a big cut and bruise on the face where that hell-cat hit her, and I can't say for sure whether she's going to be in shape to act tomorrow or not. If she is, I'll send her down. If she isn't, go ahead with them exteriors you got to make with Miss Dare. Get busy now, boy"—he slapped Tony on the shoulder with all his old camaraderie—"we fooled away enough time already on this picture. Let's have some results."

"All right, Lew." Tony went to the door. "It won't be my fault if we don't get them."

Jane, whom he telephoned later, took the news with her habitual good nature.

"Well," she laughed, "so I got fired and hired again all in one day, and now I'm just where I was before. In this business one of the first things to learn, I guess, is to keep right on smiling."

"Atta girl!" Tony told her. "And don't forget you're not by any means just where you were before. You're a whole lot better off, bucking this little false alarm, than you were trying to outshine an actress like Alice Carroll. Don't weaken."

"Never," she replied. "Good-bye."

He did not tell her what price in humiliation he had paid to remain at her side.

### CHAPTER XVII

LEW DAVIDSON, during the days and weeks that followed the installation of Irene Shirley as leading woman in "Saints and Sinners," devoted much of his time and energy to launching the publicity campaign of his proposed new star.

One of his first steps was to discharge Ted Grimes, the middle-aged newspaper man who had for years handled the company's press work, and replace him by a younger and much higher priced man named Benny Evans.

Mr. Evans scorned the title of press agent, and styled himself a "personality builder," in the manner of morticians, and realtors. He went about the business of making Irene's name a household word as methodically, as scientifically as though he had been promoting a new brand of shaving soap. He held the theory, and experience proved it to be correct, that the public will buy anything which is sufficiently advertised, from an automobile to an author, a piano-player to a grand opera star, and usually without regard for merit. Propaganda was, in his school, the chief requisite for success. "Mute inglorious Miltons" might die in the poorhouse, but the men and women whose names appeared sufficiently often in print, whose faces stared at you with sufficient frequency from the illustrated pages of magazines and newspapers, could be "sold" to the public with ease, to the great profit of all con-



cerned. It now became Mr. Evans' business in life to "sell" Irene Shirley.

Such campaigns cost a great deal of money, and are therefore quite beyond the reach of the poor, the struggling. Mr. Evans made it clear to Davidson, before he undertook the contract, that Irene's new backer would be obliged to open his purse both frequently and wide. The money would all come back, he explained, later on, but in preparing the field for this golden harvest the plowing must be done thoroughly, the seed scattered with a lavish hand. Under the magical spell of Irene's charms, Davidson loosened his purse strings, gave Mr. Evans *carte blanche*.

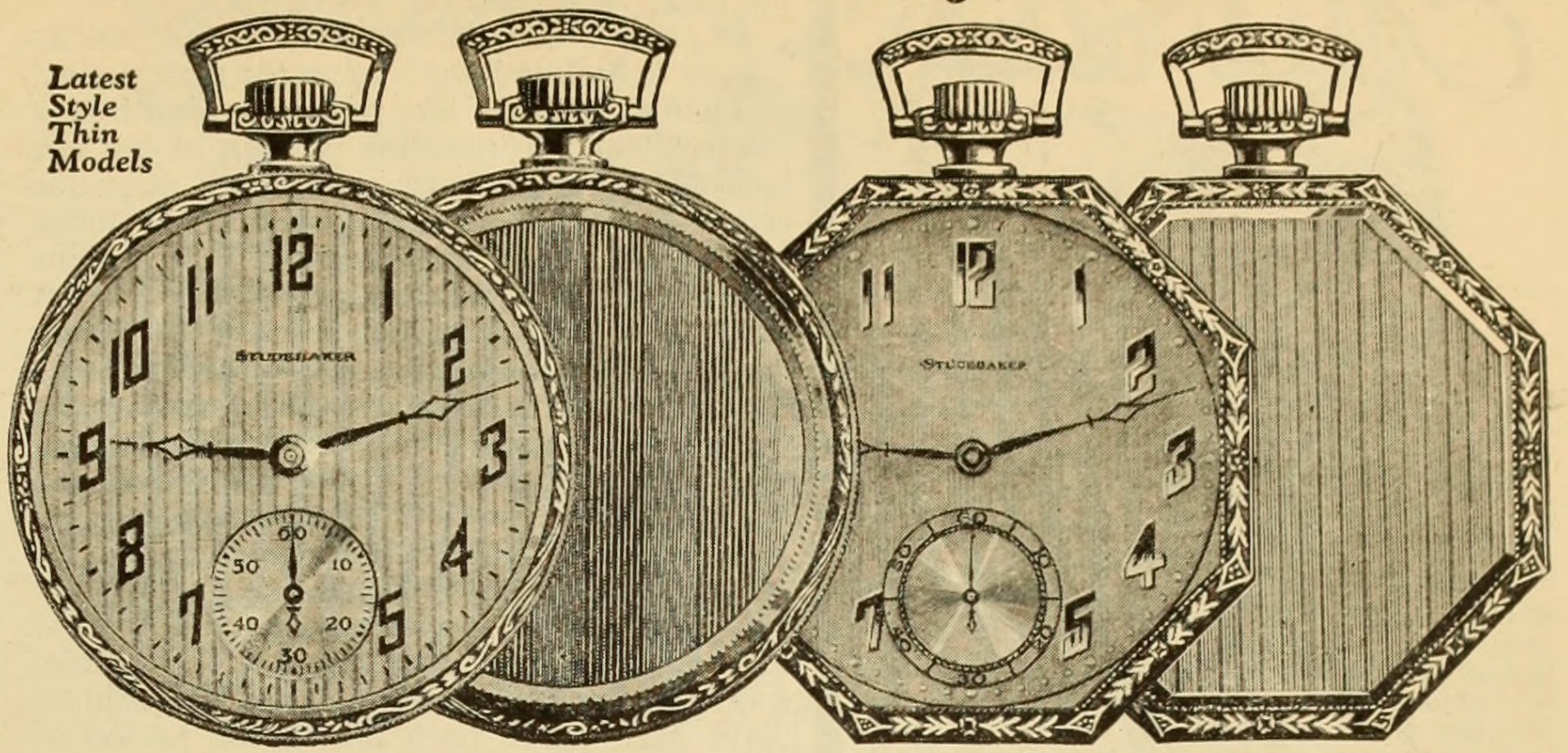
Modern methods of gaining publicity are infinitely more subtle than those which prevailed a decade or two ago. Then, before the great war had shown the public what propaganda can do, matters were handled crudely. A stolen necklace, a divorce scandal, an elopement, might give the real or imaginary victims a front page spread for a day, but the effect was not lasting. In a week the whole matter was forgotten. Nowadays, publicity agents recognize the tremendous power of repetition—the countless drops of water wearing away the stone. A dozen minor notices, properly placed, may be far more efficacious than a single big spread, because they are likely to be seen by more persons, and more often by the same persons. By approved "follow-up" methods, the name to be advertised is hammered everlastingly into the public's consciousness until it becomes subconscious—until mental reactions become automatic. And yet, in all this endless hammering, propaganda must still be news. Newspaper men are anything but gullible. They have an abnormally developed ability to scent mere self-advertising, and unless the material presented to them possesses news value, will have none of it. Mr. Evans was an expert in the art of cleverly combining the two.

**H**IS first move was to have Mr. Davidson asked, through the proper channels, to express in the pages of a Sunday newspaper his views on that burning question of the day, "What is wrong with the movies?" An article, cleverly prepared under Mr. Evans' supervision, appeared over Lew's signature within a few days. Mr. Davidson was one of the big men in the picture industry; his opinions carried weight. In the article in question he said, or was made to say, that the crying need of the hour in pictures was youth. This by no means original opinion he thundered forth for several columns, tilting with windmills, making a great deal of noise. Tucked away in an obscure paragraph was a statement by Mr. Davidson that in order to prove his theories he had recently replaced his erstwhile star, Alice Carroll, by a young woman named Irene Shirley, whom he had discovered in Hollywood, and who gave promise of rising, in a phenomenally short time, to the very highest stellar honors.

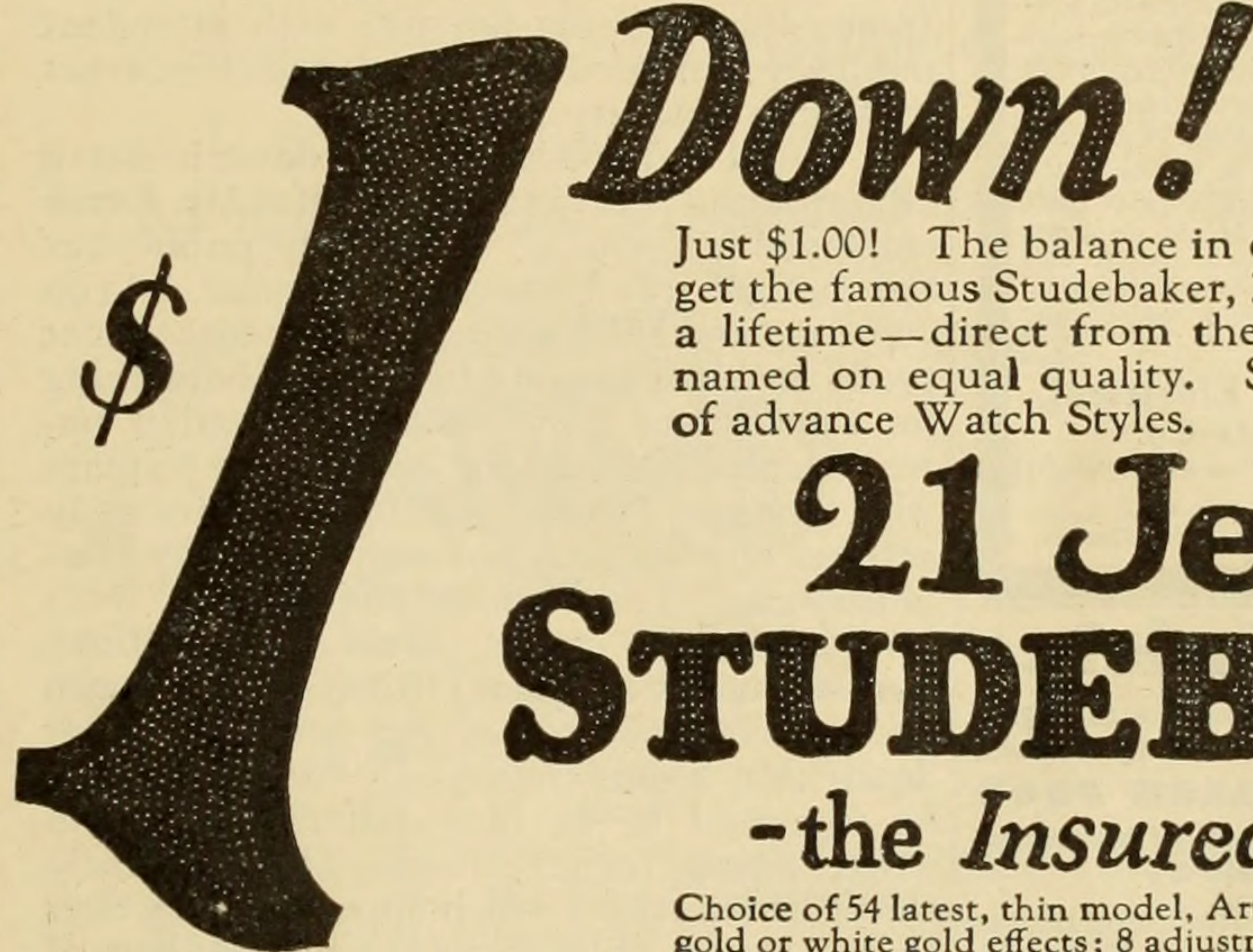
The purpose of this statement was twofold, first, to goad Alice Carroll into a lawsuit, which it did, and second, to launch Irene's publicity campaign in a dignified and effective manner. Insiders, knowing the game, smiled with their tongues in their cheeks, but the public took it at its face value.

To the reporters from the theatrical papers who presently came around to secure more information about this hitherto obscure actress, Mr. Evans handed out an array of superb photographs which no art editor, from a purely pictorial standpoint, could resist. A rarely beautiful woman is always news. He also was ready with a sheaf of biographical sketches, largely fictional, but for that very reason extremely interesting. The large and efficient staff employed by Mr. Evans sent out daily, to newspapers, magazines, trade journals, brief but spicy items concerning Miss Shirley's skill as a horsewoman—with photograph, her pet armadillo—with photograph, her favorite dish and recipe for making it—with photograph, her views on cubist art, child education, divorce, bobbed hair, birth control, prohibition—all with photographs, *ad nauseam*.

*"Buy a Studebaker Direct from the Maker"*



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**Down!**

Just \$1.00! The balance in easy monthly payments. You get the famous Studebaker, 21 Jewel Watch—Insured for a lifetime—direct from the maker at lowest prices ever named on equal quality. Send at once for FREE Book of advance Watch Styles.

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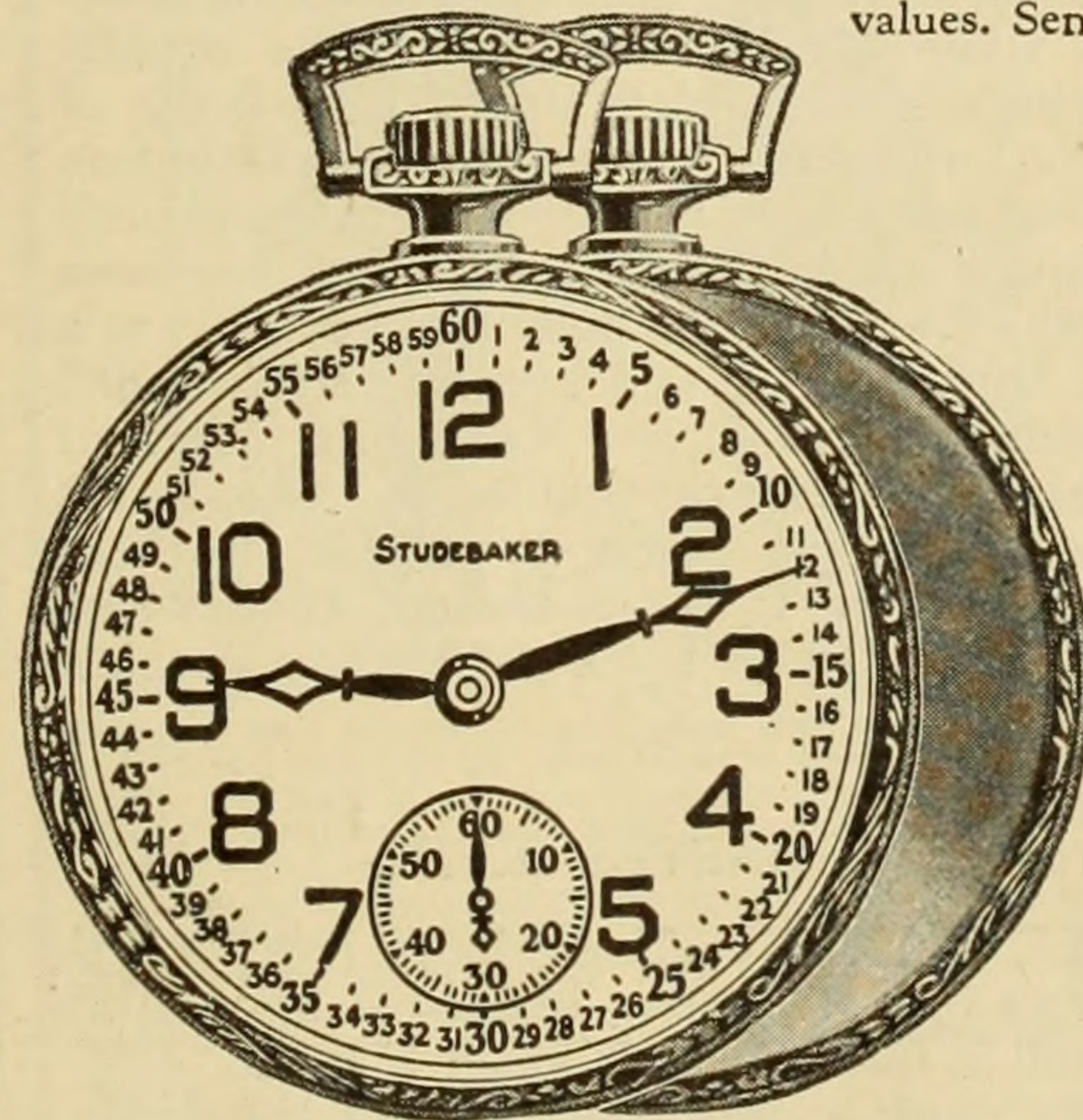
*-the Insured Watch*

Choice of 54 latest, thin model, Art Beauty Cases in yellow gold, green gold or white gold effects; 8 adjustments, including heat, cold, isochronism and 5 positions. Direct to you from the factory—the greatest watch value in America today!

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For a limited time we are offering a beautiful Watch Chain FREE. Write now while offer lasts.

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**Clear Your Skin**

Pimples can be cured. If you suffer from pimples, acne, blackheads, brown spots or eruptions I want to send you my simple home treatment under plain wrapper. It gave me a soft, velvety, smooth and radiant complexion, and cured thousands of men and women, after everything else failed. Simply send name for generous 10 day free trial offer of my secret home treatment.

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**EARN FROM \$50 TO \$150 PER WEEK** writing jokes, epigrams and humorous stories for publications. Tremendous demand for material. Our short course in Humor Writing teaches you to write humorous material that sells. Learn in your spare time—earn in your spare time. Complete marketing plan and markets furnished.

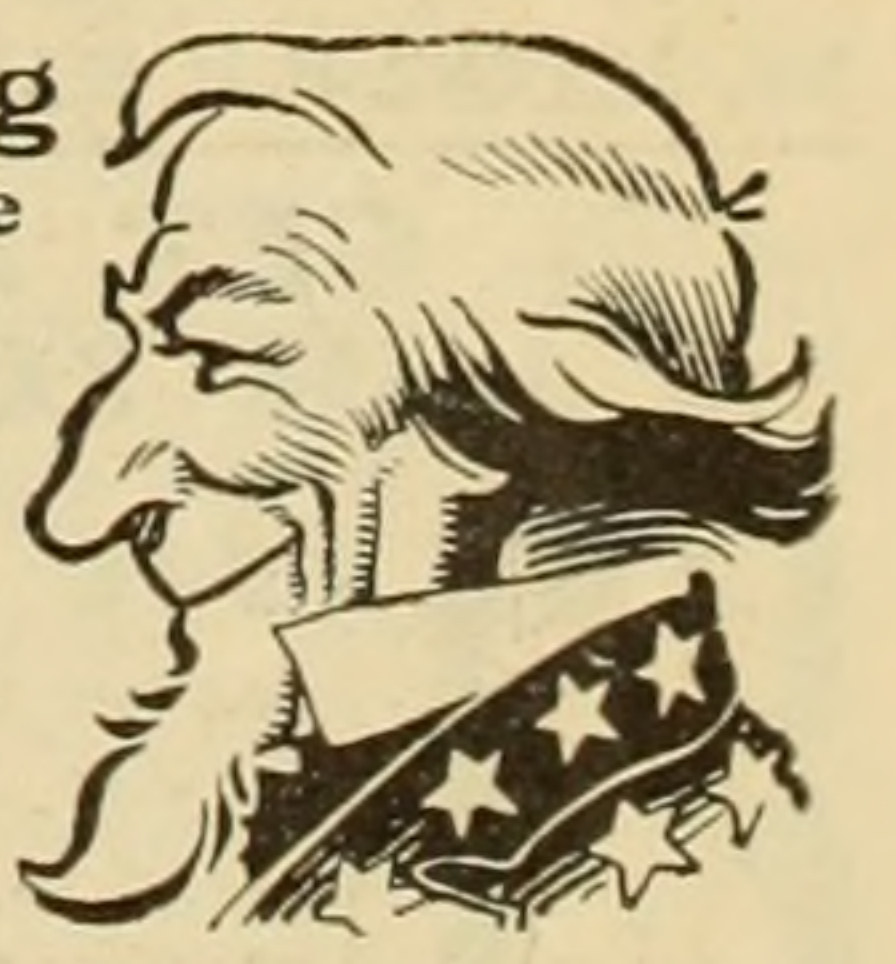
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to its natural color by **Gervaise Graham Hair Color**. A clear, dainty liquid, in use since 1888. Guaranteed harmless. Price \$1.50 at all druggists or by mail prepaid. Write for sample and booklet on the hair and complexion, **FREE**.  
**Mrs. GERVAISE GRAHAM, 35 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.**



**Guaranteed Two Years**

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**Have Beautiful Wavy Hair!**

Whether you have straight hair or curly hair, you can now do away with curling lotions, nightly crimpers and the old fashioned singeing iron. You can afford to own a good, *guaranteed* electric curler. With the Empress curler, you can have charming wavy hair—only a few minutes' effort does it. Take the curler with you on visiting trips—and you are sure to have beautiful wavy hair. You will know your appearance is right.

**Only \$1**  
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**An Ideal Gift Anytime**

One dollar enclosed with this advertisement, your name and address will bring you postpaid an Empress curler—*guaranteed for two years*. Or send your check, money order or pay the postman on delivery. If not satisfied, return it and your money will be refunded. *Order your curler now, large stock on hand. Prompt delivery.*

**Two Rivers Electrical Products Co.**  
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Ask for free booklet showing guaranteed electrical flat irons, grills, toasters, percolators and many other household appliances.

## No More Wrinkles



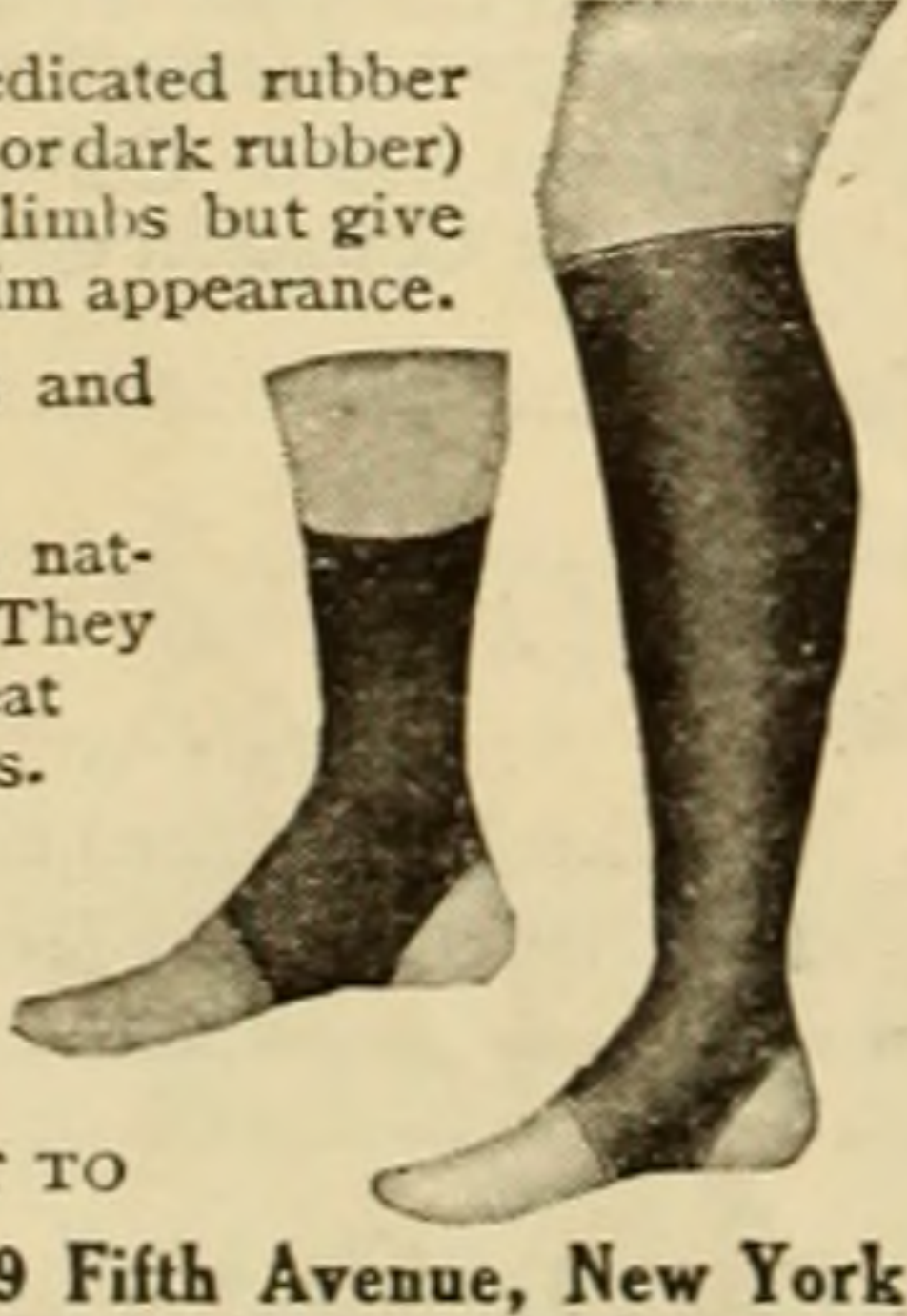
**You too can have a firm wrinkle-free complexion**

**PARISIAN FLESH FOOD**  
Makes Men and Women of 50 look 25

Restores youthful freshness, revives beauty marred by time, illness or neglect. A sure way to regain the charm of a clear, wholesomely girlish complexion. Amazing results in short time. Removes wrinkles, crowsfeet, frown lines, furrows. Restores elasticity to skin, and firmness to underlying tissues. Fills hollows of face, neck, and develops bust.

**FREE Remarkable Bust Developer**  
Renews youthful firmness. Makes skin smooth and soft. Most welcome discovery—not an experiment—thousands made happy during many years. Send name, address and 10 cents for trial sample and **FREE** Beauty Secrets. **Mme. Foulairé, 102 Parisian Bldg., Cleveland, O. Agents Wanted**

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The wearing of these wonderful medicated rubber anklets and stockings (in either light or dark rubber) will not only reduce and shape the limbs but give excellent support and a neat and trim appearance. They relieve swelling varicose veins and rheumatism promptly. Worn next to the skin they induce natural heat and keep it in the body. They stimulate the circulation and are a great protection against cold and dampness.

Anklets, per pair \$7.00  
Stockings, per pair \$12.00  
*Send ankle and calf measure*

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**DR. JEANNE P. H. WALTER, 389 Fifth Avenue, New York**

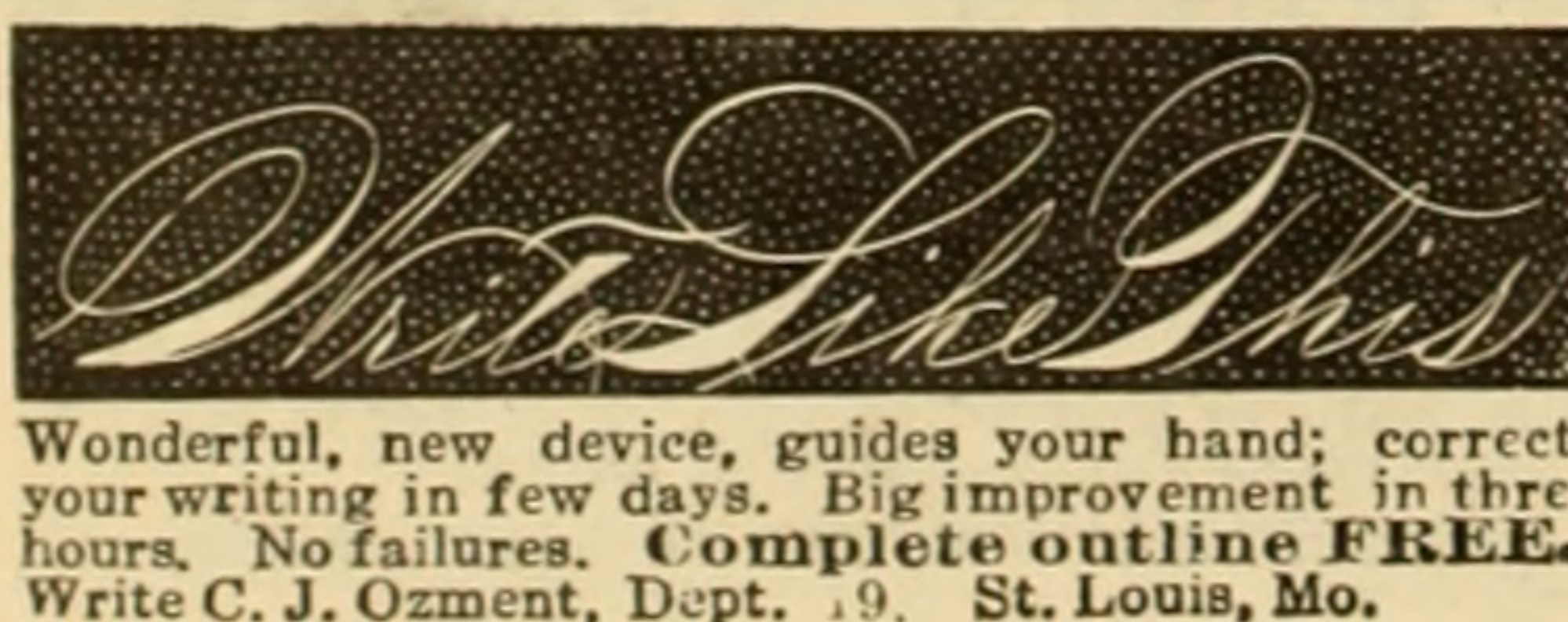


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Sent on request. Ask for my "pay-when-reduced" offer. I have successfully reduced thousands of persons, often at the rate of a pound a day, **without diet or exercise**. Let me send you proof at my expense.

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Wonderful, new device, guides your hand; corrects your writing in few days. Big improvement in three hours. No failures. **Complete outline FREE.** Write C. J. Ozment, Dept. 19, St. Louis, Mo.

A great part of this material perished in the editorial waste-basket, but enough was printed to make its sending out worth while.

A popular but commercial illustrator was induced to declare Irene's figure the most perfect he had ever seen. She posed for him, free of charge, and the resulting portrait of her was placed with a dramatic weekly as a magazine cover, in return for a fulsome reading notice inside, Mr. Davidson paying the bills. She "reviewed" a forthcoming novel, declaring it "the most wonderful love story she had ever read." In return, the publishers had the opinion of "Irene Shirley, the famous screen actress," reproduced in their advertisements of the book, and printed in large letters on its paper cover, or "jacket." She was assigned by a newspaper syndicate, for a consideration, to report a prize fight, and her naive comments—with photograph—appeared in dozens of newspapers throughout the country. A nude, exhibited by a well-known artist, was said to have been taken from life in the person of Irene—the following lawsuit, with attendant publicity, afforded both her and the artist profitable publicity.

It would be impossible to set down in detail all the devices which the resourceful Mr. Evans employed in "selling" Irene to the public, but the method was invariably the same. "You boost me and I'll boost you," with consequent profit to both persons involved. Something for something. Mr. Evans employed it unremittingly. Before long he was able to place with a woman's page syndicate a series of daily articles, of a few hundred words each, by Miss Shirley, on "The Perils of the Movies," with her photograph in one corner. The articles were written by a brilliant literary derelict, who might have been famous but for his love for liquor; Mr. Evans employed—"hired" him, as he expressed it—at fifty dollars a week, to write, among other things, the pungently clever little articles which appeared daily over Irene's name. She never saw any of them of course, in advance, but enjoyed reading them hugely, in print.

Mr. Evans' methods being efficient, systematic, continuous, produced the inevitable result. Irene's reputation, not as an actress, but as an individual, grew like the rolling snowball, while Mr. Davidson paid the equally growing bills. Insiders smiled knowingly, of course, but not too openly, since Lew Davidson was not a person to be laughed at, at least until his judgment, in the matter of Irene, had been tested. There was no denying that she was a very beautiful girl, and Lew, in the past, had picked very few failures. As a result, judgment was suspended, for the time being. The stories, however, which began to trickle to Mrs. Davidson's ears, vague though they necessarily were, caused her a good many sleepless nights.

### CHAPTER XVIII

JANE DARE, coming along Forty-fourth Street one afternoon, happened upon Alice Carroll in front of the Hudson Theater.

The matinee was just out, and the diminutive star was waiting impatiently for her car. When she saw Jane, she rushed up to her with outstretched hand. The two had always been friendly at the studio.

"My dear!" she cried, grasping Jane's arm, "I'm so glad to see you. What are you doing in town? You don't mean to say the picture's done?"

"Oh no. Not half. I wasn't needed this afternoon. Mr. Hull is working with Miss Shirley on some retakes—the bedroom scenes, you know, after the husband gets shot?"

Miss Carroll's eyes glittered like grey-green agates.

"Bedroom scenes!" she snapped. "I should think the creature ought to do them very well—she's had experience enough. That old fool Davidson evidently knows what he's about."

Jane made no comment, although she knew very well what her companion meant. Lew's visits to Irene at her hotel had not escaped the

eye of the public—the tongue of gossip; the elderly Mr. Davidson was too well known.

"Are you working?" she asked.

"No. But I've about made up my mind to accept an offer from the Continental. Rosenheim is crazy to have me star in 'Lucky People.' You remember the play, don't you?" As she spoke, her car, delayed in a traffic jam, rolled up. "If you aren't doing anything right now, my dear, why not toddle up to my shanty and have a pre-war cocktail and a nice long gossip before dinner?"

Jane hesitated. She had finished the shopping which had kept her downtown, and was headed for a bus on the Avenue.

"Come along," Alice urged, as her man opened the door of the car. "I want to hear all the scandal of the studio."

JANE laughed, and got in. A few moments later they were entering Miss Carroll's large and showy apartment on Park Avenue.

The little star loved color; Jane found herself in a perfect welter of Chinese rugs, Bakst hangings, brilliant porcelains, carved and gilded and painted furniture, vividly futuristic paintings and prints. The furnishings of the living and dining rooms, the library, had cost a miniature fortune. Miss Carroll tossed her motor coat on a chair, rang for a maid, then curled herself up among the flaming orange cushions of a black and green couch.

"Tell me about this Shirley woman," she asked. "Can she act? You know I'm suing Lew Davidson for breach of contract. He had the nerve to say, in the newspapers, that he had gotten rid of me because I was too old. Can you imagine such a thing?"

"I don't like to be catty," Jane laughed, "but Mr. Hill says she needs an awful lot of direction."

"Humph! She'll need more than direction before she gets through. I've made it my business to look into that young person's career. All this bunk your publicity department is putting out about her treats me to a good laugh. Do you know how she started?"

"No." Jane shook her head.

"As a dancer, on the Century Roof."

"Well—that's nothing against her. Miriam Valda started the same way."

"I know she did. But Miriam is a splendid actress—a genius, in her line. This woman isn't. The best she ever did was to show her legs in a musical comedy, and play a year in small time vaudeville. As an actress she's a wonderful song and dance artist. On the stage, that is. She must be a regular Bernhard off, judging by the way she's fooled Lew Davidson. Hard as nails, I hear, and they tell me he thinks her a saint. Pure plaster, my dear, and cheap at that. I understand she's married—got a husband in the background somewhere—but nobody seems to know who he is, or what has become of him."

"A husband?" Jane exclaimed. "Are you sure?"

"Well, I can't prove it. But I'm told that a few years ago she married some fellow out West—an actor, or stage director or something of the sort—and kept the marriage secret, for professional reasons. Whether they're still married, or whether there's been a divorce, I can't say. If I could, you bet I'd slip the glad tidings to Davidson. The only hold she has over him is his belief that she's pure as a pearl—a shrinking violet—never had a thrill in her life, and all that. I don't doubt he's thought, a hundred times, that if he could get rid of his dowdy old wife he'd marry her. It would be something of a shock, wouldn't it, to find that his precious baby doll has been through the divorce courts—is a married woman. Not that I give a rap, one way or the other. I almost wish he would marry her—he'd have such a rude awakening, the morning after."

Jane scarcely heard her. A queer jumble of thoughts filled her brain. She had known, from the beginning, that Tony and Irene were anything but strangers to each other. Married to an actor, or a stage director, Miss Carroll had said. Tony had been both, in the past.



Now he hated the girl—anyone would have been blind not to realize that—refused to speak of her—maintained a grim silence concerning his knowledge of her and her affairs. Was it possible that—? Jane did not finish the query, although the answer seemed fairly obvious. Miss Carroll was pressing a cocktail upon her.

“Not that a girl’s being married or divorced either,” she rattled on, “is any crime. If it were, I’d be shot at sunrise, I guess, for I’ve tossed at least one unnecessary husband in the discard. But I’m not making a secret of the fact—not posing as any unknissed virgin. Well—Lew will wake up some day, and when he does I hope I won’t choke to death laughing at him. They should have given you the lead in that picture, my dear. You were entitled to it.”

“I’ll get my chance, some day,” Jane said, reflectively sipping her cocktail.

“Not with Davidson’s company, if I’m any prophet. Look here—if I sign up with the Continental, I’ll put you next to Rosenheim. He’s a good old scout, and might be able to offer you something worth while.”

“Thanks,” Jane said, as she made ready to go. “I’ll let you know later. You don’t mind, do you, if I run along now? I have an engagement at half-past six.” As a matter of fact she had no engagement whatever, but merely a sudden desire to be alone.

CHAPTER XIX

IT was a hot Sunday morning, and Jane had just finished a very late breakfast. There was a sparkle of expectation in her eyes as she moved about the bedroom, adding some finishing touches to her toilette. Then, realizing that it would be over an hour yet before Tony arrived, she sat down to read the Sunday papers.

One of Jane Dare’s most delightful qualities, inherited, perhaps, from a French grandmother, was an ability to wear clothes. Not every woman, even every beautiful woman, possesses it. As she sat in an old-fashioned spool chair beside the window, she made a picture extremely satisfying to the eye. Even Irene Shirley, in that clear, thin sunlight, would have appeared less lovely and fresh.

Her sport costume of apple-green silk jersey with a dashing little turban to match, she had put on because Tony had quite unexpectedly asked her, the day before, to motor out with him to a bungalow he had rented for the summer near Whitestone Landing, on the south shore of Long Island. He had taken the place, he said, because it was within fairly easy driving distance of the studio, and would afford him an opportunity both for some swimming and sailing, of which he was extravagantly fond, and for doing some uninterrupted work on a scenario he was writing—a big new production called “The Lady of Shalott,” based on Tennyson’s poem of that name. He was to call for her at half-past twelve.

Jane was amusedly reading one of Mr. Benny Evans’ latest efforts, a Sunday story of the hobbies of famous stars of the stage and screen, with Irene Shirley on a superb Kentucky-bred mount representing the screen end of it, when the “honk-honk” of an automobile horn beneath her windows told her that Tony had arrived. Waving her hand to him to let him know that she had heard, she snatched up her polo-coat and ran down the stairs in a very cheerful frame of mind. Two days had passed since her meeting with Alice Carroll. She had mentioned the matter casually to Tony, without saying anything about the story Alice had told her concerning Irene; then had come his invitation to spend the day on Long Island. She could not resist the thought that Tony had suspected something, and meant to take advantage of this opportunity to explain just what his past relations with the girl had been.

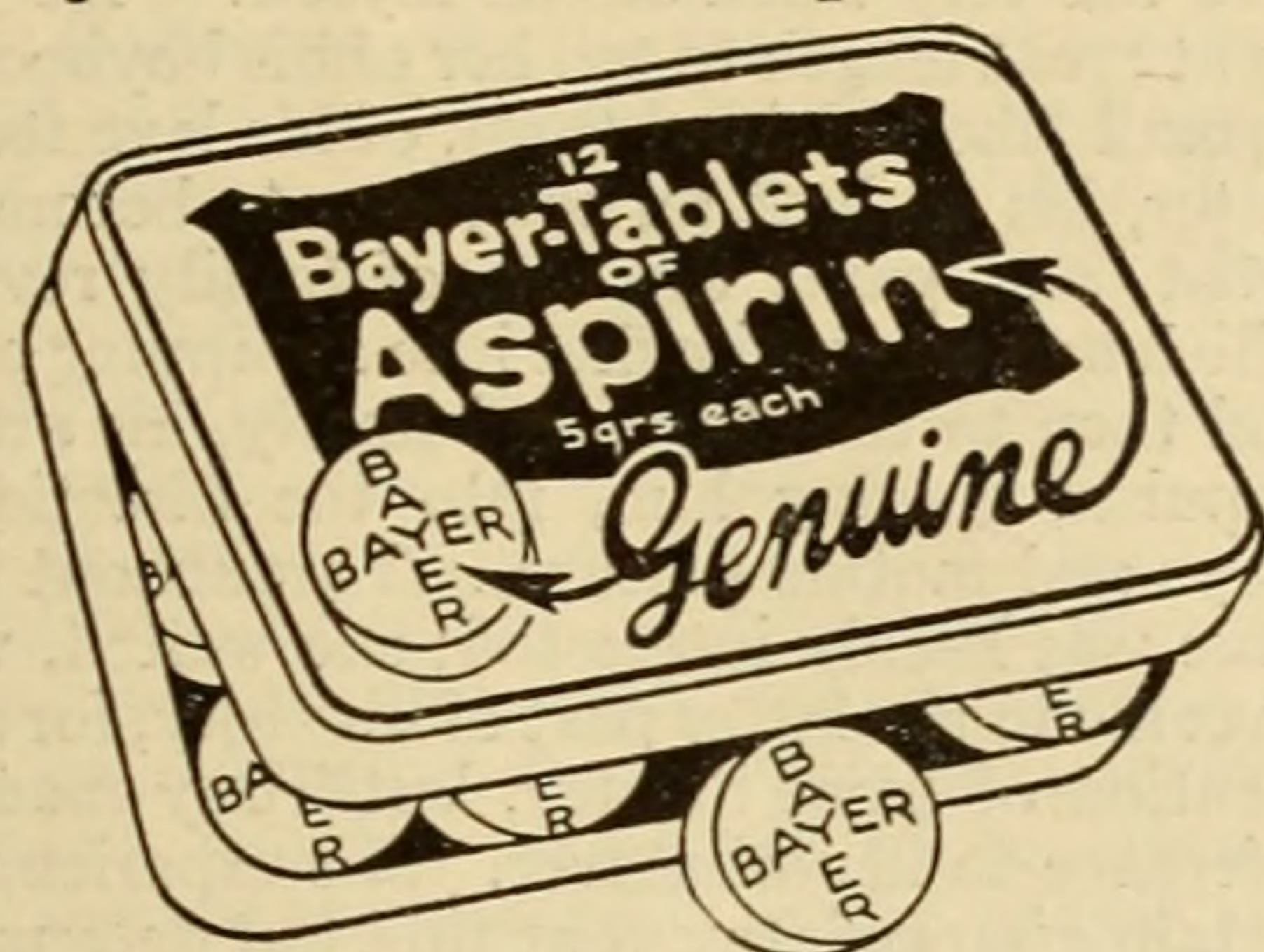
He, too, seemed in holiday mood, and expressed his eagerness to get down to the water as soon as possible for a swim.

“You brought your bathing suit, didn’t you, as I suggested?” he asked.

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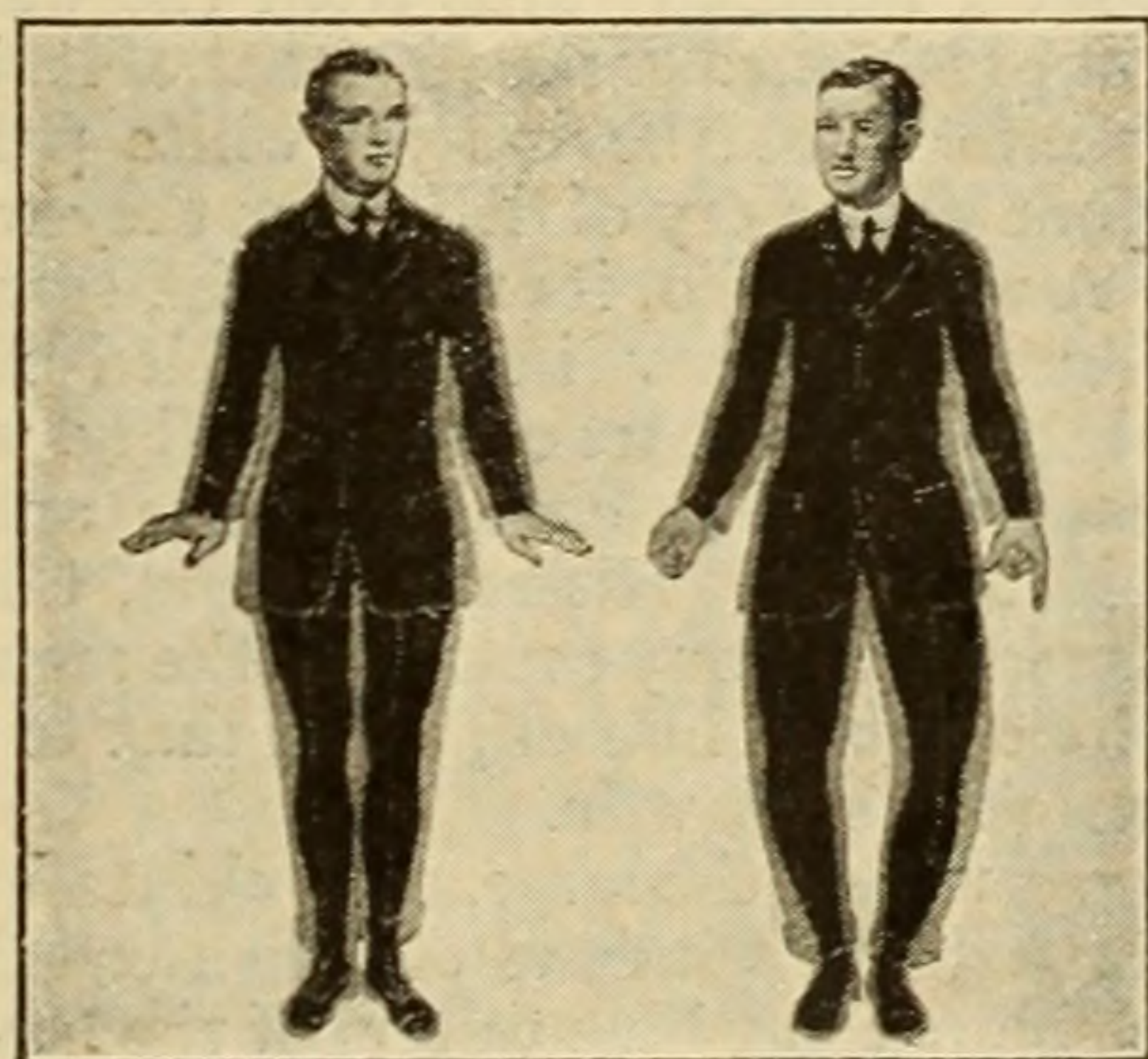
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Jane pointed to the tiny waterproof bag she had tossed into the car along with her coat.

"It's in there," she grinned. "And please don't look at that bag as though I were a huzzy. My suit's a swimming suit, not a bathing suit, and doesn't take up much room. I don't wear stockings, either, so I was even able to get in a brush and a comb."

"Suits me," Tony laughed. "I do most of my swimming in the water myself. You'll like this place of mine. I rented it, furnished, from an artist I know—Sam Galloway. He's gone to Europe for the summer, and let me have it for a song, just to keep it occupied. Right on the water, with its own beach and pier, and a corking little knockabout we might take a sail in, when we get tired of swimming."

"I'd love it." Jane thought agreeably how youthful his face seemed, whipped to color by the keen air. After all, a man of thirty-four was just in his prime. "I don't claim to be much of a sailor," she went on, "but I'll promise not to jump overboard if you put her rail under, and I do know how to get out of the way of the boom."

"You're all right," Tony said, smiling down at her. "From the way you speak, I guess you know more about a boat than you let on. I love the very smell of one myself." He went on at great length to tell her of his boyhood, in a small Rhode Island town, of his love for the water, his wish at an early age to become an artist, and paint the sea, of family reverses which had taken him first into a shipping office, and then to the stage, and finally, his artistic impulses guiding him, into the direction of plays and motion pictures. Throughout it all Jane was keenly interested; she waited, when he came to the latter part of his story, for some mention of Irene Shirley, but Tony made no reference to her whatever. She experienced a certain disappointment at this, but determined to put the matter out of her mind and enjoy the happiness of the moment. It was a happiness, she admitted, just to be with him.

The bungalow proved to be tiny, love-in-a-cottage sort of a place, set among some elm trees about a hundred yards from the water, with an old-fashioned garden in front of it, just bursting into bloom behind its white paling fence. Jane gave a cry of delight as they went inside. A wide studio, its north light coming from a great window in the gabled roof, occupied the central part of the building, with a bedroom and bath on either side and a kitchen in the rear. His artist friend, Galloway, was married, Tony explained; the room to the left he occupied himself, while that to the right belonged to his wife.

Jane peeped into the large, cool, chintz-hung room, through the windows of which could be seen the shimmering blue waters of the bay.

"Isn't it lovely!" she said. "May I go in?"

"Of course. It's mine, you know, for the time being. Get into your togs at once, and we'll have that swim. I'll wait for you down at the boat-landing."

HE did not, however, have to wait. Jane peeled off her things in a twinkling, slipped into her light blue swimming suit, and was racing down the tiny board-walk that led to the pier by the time Tony emerged from the house. He ran after her, calling out that there was only five feet of water off the end of the wharf, and not to dive too deep, but Jane, with a laugh, a wave of her hand, went on to the end of the springboard and stood there for an instant, poised like a swallow against the deep blue of the sky. Then, in a perfect dive, she flashed out of sight. By the time Tony reached the springboard she was fifty feet from shore, swimming easily with a slow, graceful sidestroke, daring him to catch her. Strong swimmer as he was, he found himself unable to do so; Jane had been swimming since childhood and was as much at home in the water as a fish; it accounted, no doubt, for her almost perfect figure.

They splashed about for half an hour like two children, and then threw themselves on the warm sand for a breathing spell.

"You're some little mermaid," said Tony admiringly. "I didn't realize it when we were doing that college picture."

"You hardly noticed me then," she laughed back at him, "in spite of the eyes I made at you."

"Liar. You were as demure as a church-mouse, and never made eyes at anyone, although I saw Gibbs, and Anderson, and a lot of others trying it on you. What do you say to a sail? That southwest breeze ought to hold till sundown." He pointed to the knockabout, moored a short distance off shore. "Shall we swim out? I've got some sweaters aboard, in case you should feel cold."

"Come along." She sprang to her feet and they plunged in. It was only when they reached the boat that Tony was able to assist her; the climb aboard, to a deck which seemed preposterously high when viewed from the water she could not quite manage, but Tony took her hand and hauled her over the rail with an ease that gave her a new opinion of his strength.

"Just sit down and be comfortable," he said, waving toward the cockpit. "This is a one-man craft, so I shan't need any help. And I'm not sure you're boat-broke, yet."

JANE laughed, watching him admiringly as he got up the mainsail, set the jib, cast the little craft off from her moorings. A moment later he was at her side, his hand on the tiller.

"Just stay as you are," he told her, "and you won't have any trouble with the boom when we come about. All you've got to do is to keep clear of the mainsheet." He brought the boat smartly into the wind and they headed southeast across the bay.

"You love it, don't you?" Jane said.

"Yes—it, and particularly being here, with you. Happy?" His eyes caught hers with one of those eager flashes which Jane had come to welcome, because they filled her with such a keen, delicious glow.

"Very. Happier than I've been since—since I came to New York."

"And—before that?"

"Before that I was just a gawky youngster who didn't know what happiness meant."

"Then you do know, now?" There was a quick seriousness in his voice which somehow made Jane tremble, but she met his look with eyes as smiling as the sparkling blue surface of the bay.

"Of course I do. Isn't this enough to make anyone happy?" She indicated with a sweep of her hand the brilliant perfection of the day.

Tony made no answer, but Jane thought he seemed a bit disappointed that she had thus so deftly turned the conversation from the particular to the general. Of course she might have said, "I'm happy because I'm with you," which was true enough, but Jane rather scorned such obvious and palpable methods. She was not sure, yet, that she loved Tony Hull nor had she any more assurance that he cared for her. At times, by a sudden look, a word, he seemed to imply it, but she could not resist the feeling that for some reason he was holding his emotions in check. What was this reason? Had Irene Shirley anything to do with it? Whatever the cause, it left Jane singularly disquieted, put her, in a measure, on guard. Tony was a man of the world, a dozen years and more older than herself—after all, it was a gulf. As a matter of fact, the rather sombre expression which now rested on her companion's face was caused very largely by a realization of that gulf.

It was after sundown when they once more reached the bungalow, and they were both hungry, and a little cold. When they had dressed, Tony took Jane to the kitchen and proudly exhibited his ice-box.

"Here's a steak I brought down, and some eggs and bacon, and lettuce and tomatoes, and peas and asparagus and new potatoes, and fruit. Can you do anything with them?"

"If you will find me an apron," Jane said, with a wrinkling little grin, "I'll show you. Handling a boat is all very well, but—" she



put on the apron he took from a dresser drawer—"where is the man who can live without dining?" You set the table—I'll do the rest. I didn't spend all those years on a Michigan farm for nothing."

It was over their strawberries that Tony made another of the remarks which filled Jane with such delightful thrills.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful," he said, with an almost boyish awkwardness, "if we—you and I—were—well—just going on—like this for always?"

"It would," Jane replied firmly, "if we didn't have to waste our young lives chasing the well-known dollar. And speaking of that, won't you tell me some more about that scenario you're working on? It sounds tremendously interesting."

Tony accepted the rebuff with his customary good nature, and led the way to the studio—they had eaten their meal in the large, spotless blue-and-white kitchen.

"This character of Elaine, and her love for Launcelot," he said, taking a sheaf of papers from the work table, "has always seemed to me to have wonderful possibilities for the screen. The story, as Tennyson gives it in his poem, was not original with him, of course. The 'Lily Maid of Astolat' is one of the heroines of Malory's 'King Arthur,' and goes back, I think, to an even earlier Welsh tale. I am modifying it somewhat, of course, for screen purposes, but I believe it will have a tremendous appeal. Everyone loves the old Round Table stories, and there couldn't be a more charming setting. I mentioned the matter to Davidson some months ago, and he thought of putting Alice Carroll in the part, as soon as he was ready to do a costume picture, but I never could see her in such a rôle. She's too—well—modern, if you get what I mean. Too pert. Do you know whom I had in mind?"

"Of course not."

"You."

"Not really?" Jane looked at him eagerly. "Tony, I simply love you for that. But Davidson would never agree."

"Luckily Davidson hasn't anything to do with this picture. I've written the scenario in my own time, and it belongs to me. Would you like to hear it?"

"I'd love to." Jane settled back comfortably in her chair, while her companion adjusted the lamp on the table and proceeded to read. Jane, as she watched him, could not help thinking how like a young and happy married couple they seemed, sitting here together in the lamp-light.

THE reading, the explanations, the frequent discussions which arose over this or that scene, fairly ate up the short evening. Before either of them realized it, midnight had come; the chimes of a clock over the fireplace sent Jane to her feet, just as Tony put down the last page of manuscript.

"Good Lord!" she asked—"do you know what time it is?"

"It seems to be twelve o'clock," Tony replied, glancing quizzically at the time-piece. "I should have set it back."

"And it will take us two hours, at least, to drive to town."

"I might do it in an hour and a half, if you don't mind breaking the speed laws." He rose, glanced through the open door. "No—there isn't any moon. And I could say the magneto was out of order, or the generator busted, or something."

"Look here, Tony Hull—what are you driving at?"

"This, Jane Dare. If there's anything in your name—your last name—you won't make me drive you all that distance just to satisfy Mrs. Grundy. Why not be comfortable, instead of conventional? There is Mrs. Galloway's charming apartment. I'm sure I can fish you out a pair of pajamas or something. And by your own confession you have a brush and comb. We've been playing at housekeeping all the evening, just like a pair of newlyweds. Why not continue the happy little

scene until morning?" He came up to Jane, looked deep into her eyes. "Please do."

Jane met his gaze quite steadily, although her heart was pounding away like mad. In that instant she was obliged to make a quick decision; it involved not only her own intense feelings, but her estimation of Tony Hull's character.

"Very well, Tony," she said easily. "I'll be glad to stay."

With what seemed to Jane an effort he took his eyes from hers and went into the bedroom in which she had put on her bathing suit. She heard a great opening and shutting of drawers; a moment later he re-entered the studio, smiling.

"I found some things belonging to Mrs. Galloway," he said awkwardly. "They're on the bed." Then, as he stood for an instant in the doorway he seized her two hands in a fierce, passionate grip. "Oh—Jane—my dear little Jane," he whispered, his eyes blazing down into hers.

"Thank you," said Jane, drawing her cold hands away from his. "Good-night." With a quick, half-frightened smile she closed the bedroom door. If he responded to her good-night wishes, she did not hear him. On the bed lay a suit of silk pajamas, very sheer and pink. Mrs. Galloway, she decided, must be both young and frivolous; she had pictured her an older woman. For an instant curious little doubts began to assail her. Was there really any such person as Mrs. Galloway at all, or had Tony invented her to suit the occasion? Angry with herself, she thrust the thoughts aside; even the momentary suspicion that her belief in his honesty might be misplaced gave her poignant pain. She would not even imply distrust by locking the door. With the soft silken garments clinging pleasantly to her smooth skin, she put out the lights and crept into bed.

For long, silent moments she lay thinking, listening to the low "plash—plash" of the waves along the beach. Why had Tony not said good-night to her? She was certain he had not, and all at once the fact assumed tremendous importance. Did he mean to come to her—to say good-night to her now? For a delicious moment she found herself hoping that he would—feeling, in her imagination, the pressure of his arms about her, the keen warmth of his kisses, and in that moment knew that she loved him. But—what were his feelings? Were they love, or merely the passion that so frequently aped it? Had their whole day together, their long evening, been just a clever trap to snare her into her present position; his offer of the lead in the new picture he was at work on, the tempting bait? Loving Tony, she felt that she would rather die than believe such a thing of him.

THE silence, to one accustomed to the noises of the city, was uncanny. With the exception of the murmur of the waves she could not hear a sound. From across the studio she fancied she heard someone cough, but could not be sure; a moment later she was laughing at herself.

No doubt he was already sound asleep.

Suddenly there came a sound that thrilled her, left her trembling—weak. The catch of a lock clicked sharply, followed by quick footsteps, the creak of a floor-board in front of her door. She held her breath. It was Tony, she realized, coming to her. What should she do—what could she do—now? If he loved her, then a good-night kiss—

A knock upon the panels of the door ended her thoughts.

It was repeated more loudly, when her emotions held her silent.

"Jane," said an eager voice outside. "Jane."

The beating of her heart almost smothered her. Love or passion—love or passion? The question rang incessantly in her brain. Well—he alone could answer it.

She raised up in bed.

"Come in," she whispered.

[ TO BE CONTINUED ]

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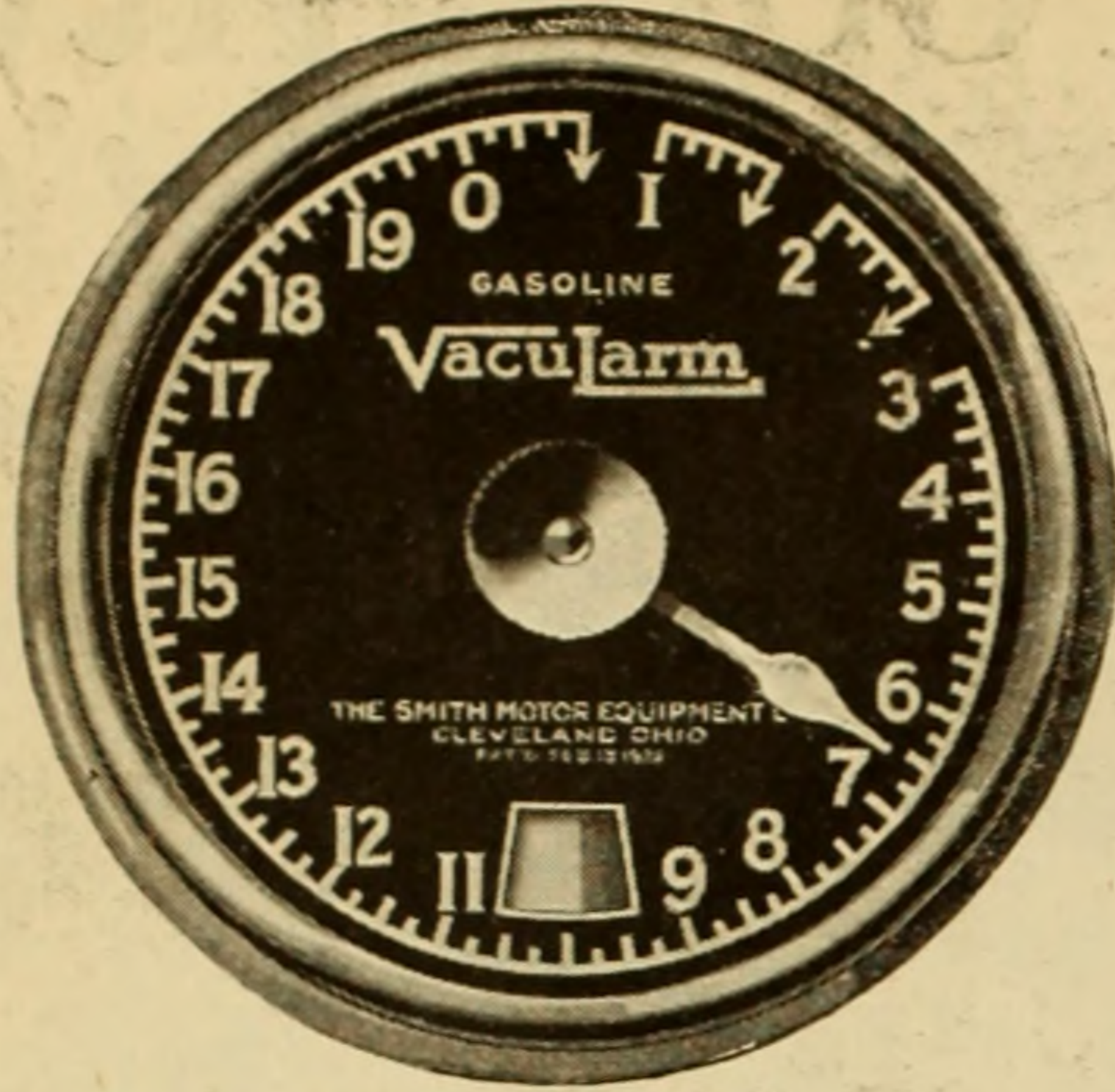
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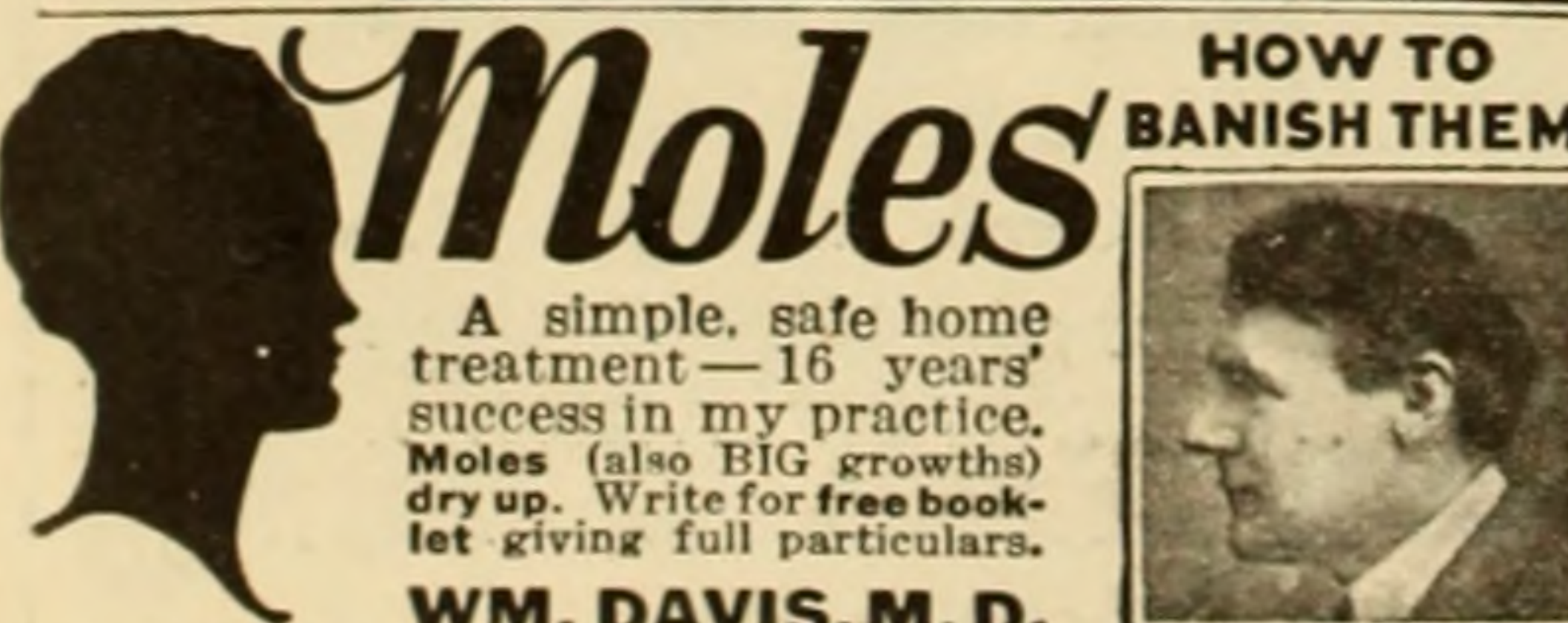
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# Casts of Current Photoplays

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"HE WHO GETS SLAPPED"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—From the stage play by Leonid Andreyev. Adapted by Carey Wilson. Directed by Victor Seastrom. Photography by Milton Moore. The cast: "He Who Gets Slapped," Lon Chaney; *Consuelo*, Norma Shearer; *Bezano*, John Gilbert; *Count Mancini*, Tully Marshall; *Baron Regnard*, Marc McDermott; *Tricaud*, Ford Sterling; *Clown*, Clyde Cook; *Briquet*, Harvey Clarke; *Zinida*, Paulette Duval; *He's Wife*, Ruth King; *Clown*, Brandon Hurst; *Clown*, George Davis.

"HOT WATER"—PATHE.—Story by Sam Taylor, Thos. J. Gray, Tim Whelan and John Gray. Directed by Sam Taylor and Fred Newmeyer. The cast: *Hubby*, Harold Lloyd; *Wife*, Jobyna Ralston; *Her Mother*, Josephine Crowell; *Big Brother*, Charles Stevenson; *Little Brother*, Mickey McBan.

"THE SNOB"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—From the story by Helen R. Martin. Adapted by Monta Bell. Directed by Monta Bell. The cast: *Eugene Curry*, John Gilbert; *Nancy Claxton*, Norma Shearer; *Herrick Appleton*, Conrad Nagel; *Dorothy Rensheimer*, Phyllis Haver; *Mrs. Leiter*, Hedda Hopper; *Mrs. Curry*, Margaret Seddon; *Lottie*, Aileen Manning; *Florence*, Hazel Kennedy; *Sherwood Claxton*, Gordon Sackville; *Doctor*, Roy Laidlaw; *Maid*, Nellie Bly Baker; *Registrar*, Mabel Coleman.

"THE GARDEN OF WEEDS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the stage play by Leon Gordon and Doris Marquette. Scenario by Walter Woods and Anthony Coldeway. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: *Dorothy Dalbridge*, Betty Compson; *Douglas Crawford*, Warner Baxter; *Phillip Flagg*, Rockcliffe Fellowes; *Henry Poulson*, Charles Ogle; *Jack Lane*, King Zaney; *Archie*, William Austin; *Old Maid*, Lucille Thorndike; *Theater Manager*, William Turner; *Nick*, Toyo Fujita; *Hazel*, Lillian Tashman; *Nat Barlow*, Al St. John.

"HUSBANDS AND LOVERS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by John M. Stahl. Adapted by A. P. Younger. Directed by John M. Stahl. The cast: *James Livingston*, Lewis S. Stone; *Grace Livingston*, Florence Vidor; *Rex Phillips*, Lew Cody; *Marie*, Dale Fuller; *Robert Stanton*, Winter Hall; *Mrs. Stanton*, Edythe Yorke.

"MANHATTAN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Jeffery Farnol. Adapted by Paul Sloane and Frank W. Tuttle. Directed by R. H. Burnside. The cast: *Peter Minuit*, Richard Dix; *Mary*, Jacqueline Logan; *Spike*, Gregory Kelly; *Bud McGinnis*, George Seigmann; *Joe Madden*, Gunboat Smith; *Brimerton*, Oscar Figman; *Mrs. Trapes*, Edna Mae Oliver; *Housekeeper*, Alice Chapin.

"WORLDLY GOODS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Sophie Kerr. Scenario by A. P. Younger. Directed by Paul Bern. The cast: *Eleanor Lawson*, Agnes Ayres; *Fred Hopper*, Pat O'Malley; *Clifford Ramsay*, Victor Varconi; *Mrs. Lawson*, Edythe Chapman; *Mr. Lawson*, Bert Woodruff; *Letitia Calhoun*, Maude George; *Vivian Steel*, Cecille Evans; *Sol Shipik*, Otto Lederer.

"WINNER TAKE ALL"—FOX.—From the story by Larry Evans. Scenario by Ewart Adamson. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: *Perry Blair*, Buck Jones; *Cecil Manners*, Peggy Shaw; *Jack Hamilton*, Edward Hearn; *Felicity Brown*, Lilyan Tashman; *Jim Deveraux*, William Norton Bailey; *Charles Dunham*, Ben Deeley.

"TEETH"—FOX.—From the story by Clinton H. Stagg and Virginia Hudson Brightman. Scenario by Donald Lee. Directed by A. J. G. Blystone. The cast: *Dave Deering*, Tom Mix; *Paula Grayson*, Lucy Fox; *Dan Angus*, George Bancroft; *Sheriff*, Edward Piel; *Under Sheriff*, Lucien Littlefield; *Tony*, Tony, the horse; *Teeth*, Duke, the dog.

"CHEAP KISSES"—F. B. O.—Story and scenario by C. Gardner Sullivan. Directed by John Ince and Cullen Tate. The cast: *Ardell Kendall*, Lillian Rich; *Donald Dillingham*, Cullen Landis; *Kitty Dillingham*, Vera Reynolds; *George Wescott*, Phillips Smalley; *Jane Dillingham*, Louise Dresser; *Gustaf Borgstrom*, Jean Hersholt; *Maybelle Wescott*, Bessie Eyton; *Bill Kendall*, Lincoln Stedman; *Mignon de Lisle*, Kathleen Myers; *Henry Dillingham*, Sydney De Grey; *Butterworth Little*, Michael Dark; *The Old Man*, Tom Ricketts.

"THE LOVER OF CAMILLE"—WARNER BROS.—From the play by Sacha Guitry. Adapted by Dorothy Farnum. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Jean Gaspard Deburau*, Monte Blue; *Marie Duplessis*, Marie Prevost; *Robillard*, Willard Louis; *Charles Deburau (age 10)*, Terrence "Pat" Moore; *Charles Deburau (age 17)*, Pierre Gendron; *Madame Deburau*, Rose Dione; *Madame Rabour*, Rosa Rosanova; *Madame Rabard*, Trilby Clark; *Bertrand*, Brandon Hurst; *The Unknown Lady*, Winifred Bryson; *The Charwoman*, Rosita Marstini.

"THE BORDER LEGION"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Zane Grey. Adapted by George Hull. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: *Jim Cleve*, Antonio Moreno; *Joan Randle*, Helene Chadwick; *Kells*, Rockcliffe Fellowes; *Gulden*, Gibson Gowland; *Harvey Roberts*, Charles Ogle; *Pearce*, James Corey; *Blicky*, Edward Gribbon; *Bill Randle*, Luke Cosgrave.

"CHRISTINE OF THE HUNGRY HEART"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Kathleen Norris. Scenario by Bradley King. Directed by George Archibald. The cast: *Christine Madison*, Florence Vidor; *Dr. Alan Monteagle*, Clive Brook; *Ivan Vianney*, Ian Keith; *Stuart Knight*, Warner Baxter; *Dan Madison*, Walter Hiers; *Mrs. Michael Knight*, Lillian Lawrence; *"Jeffy"*, Dorothy Brock.

"THE ONLY WOMAN"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by C. Gardner Sullivan. Directed by Sidney Olcott. The cast: *Helen Brinsley*, Norma Talmadge; *Rex Herrington*, Eugene O'Brien; *"Fighting Jerry"*, Herrington, Edward Davis; *William Brinsley*, Winter Hall; *Ole Hanson*, Matthew Betz; *Rodney Blake*, E. H. Calvert; *Bingo*, Stella di Lanti; *Yacht Captain*, Murdock MacQuarrie; *Minister*, Rev. Neal Dodd.

"THE SILENT ACCUSER"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—From the story by Jack Boyle. Scenario by Chester Franklin and Frank O'Connor. Directed by Chester Franklin. The cast: *Barbara Jane*, Eleanor Boardman; *Jack*, Raymond McKee; *Phil*, Earl Metcalfe; *Stepfather*, Paul Weigel; *The Painted Lady*, Edna Tichnor; *Peter the Great*, Himself.

"MY HUSBAND'S WIVES"—FOX.—From the story by Barbara La Marr. Scenario by Dorothy Yost. Directed by Maurice Elvey. The cast: *Vale Harvey*, Shirley Mason; *William Harvey*, Bryant Washburn; *Marie Wynn*, Evelyn Brent; *Madam Corregio*, Paulette Duval.



**"MADONNA OF THE STREETS"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—Adapted from the novel by W. B. Maxwell. Directed by Edwin Carewe. The cast: *Mary Carlson, Mary Ainsleigh, Nazimova; Rev. John Morton, Milton Sills; Lord Patrinton, Claude Gillingwater; Dr. Colbeck, Courtenay Foote; Bill Smythe, Wallace Beery; "Bull" Morgan, Anders Randolph; "Slippery" Eddie Foster, John T. Murray; Lady Sarah Joyce, Vivian Oakland; Walter Bowman, Harold Goodwin; Mrs. Elyard, Rose Gore; Judy Smythe, May Beth Carr.*

**"THE BATTLING ORIOLES"**—PATHE.—Story and scenario by Hal Roach. Directed by Ted Wilde and Fred Guiol. Photography by Floyd Jackman and George Stevens. The cast: *Tommy Roosevelt Tucker, Glenn Tryon; Hope Stanton, Blanche Mehaffey; "Cappy" Wolfe, John T. Prince; Sid Stanton, Noah Young; "Jimmy the Mouse," Sam Lufkin; Inspector Joslin, Robert Page.*

**"ANOTHER SCANDAL"**—PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING CORP.—From the story by Cosmo Hamilton. Adapted by G. Marion Burton. Directed by E. H. Griffith. The cast: *Beatrice Franklin, Lois Wilson; Pelham Franklin, Holmes Herbert; Malcolm Fraser, Ralph Bunker; May Beamish, Flora Le Breton; Valentine Beamish, Ralph W. Chambers; Elizabeth Mackenzie, Hedda Hopper; Brownie, Zeffie Tilbury; Mitchell Burrows, Biglow Cooper; Alec Greenwood, Alan Simpson; "Arry" Arris, Harry Grippe.*

**"THE RIDDLE RIDER"**—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by William Wing and Arthur H. Dooden. Scenario by William Wing and Arthur H. Dooden. Directed by William Craft. The cast: *Randolph Parker, The Mysterious Horseman, William Desmond; Nan Madden, Eileen Sedgwick; Julia Dean, Helen Holmes; Victor Raymond, Claude Payton; Jack Archer, William N. Gould; Monte Slade, Ben Corbett; Willie, Hughie Mack.*

**"THE GREAT DIAMOND MYSTERY"**—FOX.—From the story by Shannon Fife. Scenario by Thomas Dixon. Directed by Denison Clift. The cast: *Ruth Winton, Shirley Mason; Phyllis, Jackie Saunders; Murdock, Harry von Meter; Graves, John Cossar; Mallison, Philo McCullough; Davis, Hector V. Sarno; Perry Standish, William Collier, Jr.; Diana, Eugenia Gilbert.*

**"THIS WOMAN"**—WARNER BROS.—From the story by Howard Rockey. Adapted by Hope Loring and Louis Leighton. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Carol Drayton, Irene Rich; Whitney Duane, Ricardo Cortez; Rose, Louise Fazenda; Gordon Duane, Frank Elliott; Bobby Blecker, Creighton Hale; Stratini, Marc McDermott; Mrs. Sturdevant, Helen Dunbar; Aline Sturdevant, Clara Bow; Judson, Otto Hoffman.*

**"THE RIDIN' KID FROM POWDER RIVER"**—UNIVERSAL.—Scenario by Raymond L. Schrock. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. Photography by Virgil Miller. The cast: *Bud Watkins, Hoot Gibson; "Miss," Gladys Hulette; "Kansas" Lou, Gertrude Astor; The Spider, Tully Marshall; Steve Lanning, Walter Long; "Buzzard" Davis, Sydney Jordan; "Lightning" Bill Smith, William A. Steele; "Pop" Watkins, Howard Truesdale; Cal Huxley, Frank Rice; Luke Meggary, Nelson McDowell; The Scorpion, Fred Hume; Manuel, Bowditch Turner; Bud (at 10), Newton House.*

**"THE SPEED SPOOK"**—C. C. BURR.—From the story by William Wallace Cook. Scenario by Raymond Harris. Directed by Charles Hines. The cast: *"Blue Streak" Billings, Johnny Hines; Betty West, Faire Binney; "Chuck," Edmund Breese; Jud Skerrit, Warner Richmond; Sheriff West, Frank Losee; Hiram Smith, Henry West.*

**"THE GREATEST LOVE OF ALL"**—SELZNICK.—From the story by George Beban. Directed by George Beban. The cast: *Dist. Atty. Kelland, J. W. Johnston; Mrs. Godfrey Kelland, Wanda Lyon; Their Daughter, Baby Evelyn; Trina, Helen Holcomb; Joe, the Ice-man, George Beban; His Mother, Maria Di Benedetta.*

**"THE BELOVED BRUTE"**—VITAGRAPH.—From the story by Kenneth Perkins. Scenario by Marion Constance. Directed by J. Stuart Blackton. The cast: *Jacinta, Marguerite de la Motte; Charles Hinges, Victor McLaglen; David Hinges, William Russell; Augustina, Mary Alden; China Jones, Stuart Holmes; Phil Beason, Frank Brownlee; Fat Mulligan, Wilfred North; Swink Tuckson, Ernie Adams.*

**"THE MILLIONAIRE COWBOY"**—F. B. O.—From the story by Darryl Francis Zanuck. Scenario by Frank S. Beresford. Directed by Harry Garson. The cast: *"Gallop" Meredyth, Jr., Lefty Flynn; Pauline Truce, Gloria Grey; Granville Truce, Charles Crockett; Graftor Torso, Frederick Peters; Buffalo Jones, Daddy Hoosier.*

**"CLASSMATES"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by William C. deMille and Margaret Turnbull. Directed by John S. Robertson. The cast: *Duncan Irving, Richard Barthelmess; Sylvia Randolph, Madge Evans; Bert Stafford, Reginald Sheffield; Mrs. Stafford, Charlotte Walker; Bobby Dumble, Beach Cooke; Jones, a West Pointer, Antrim Short; A drummer, Herbert Corthell; "Silent" Clay, James Bradbury, Jr.; Captain Lane, Major Henry B. Lewis (Adjutant of West Point); Halfbreed, leader of guides, Richard Harlan; Duncan Irving, Sr., Claude Brooke.*

**"FORBIDDEN PARADISE"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the stage play by Lajos Biro and Menyhert Lengyel. Adapted by Agnes Christine Johnston and Hans Kraly. Directed by Ernest Lubitsch. The cast: *The Czarina, Pola Negri; Alexei, Rod La Rocque; Chancellor, Adolphe Menjou; Anna, Pauline Starke; French Ambassador, Fred Malatesta; General, Nick De Ruiz; Lady-in-Waiting, Mme. D' Aumery.*

**"THE SIREN OF SEVILLE"**—PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING CORP.—From the story by H. H. Van Loan. Directed by Jerome Storm and Hunt Stromberg. The cast: *Dolores, Priscilla Dean; Gallito, Allan Forrest; Cavallo, Stuart Holmes; Ardita, Claire DeLorez; Palomino, Bert Woodruff; Pedro, Mathew Betz.*

**"SANDRA"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Pearl Doles Bell. Directed by George Melford. The cast: *Sandra, Barbara La Marr; David, Bert Lytell; Mate Stanley, Leila Hyams; Bobby Stanley, Augustin Sweeney; Eve Stanley, Maude Hill; Peter Stanley, Edgar Nelson; Stephen Winslow, Leon Gordon; Rev. William James Hapgood, Leslie Austin; Francois Molyneaux, Wallace Morgan; Henri La Flamme, Arthur Edmund Carewe; Mimi, Lillian Ten Eyck; La Flamme's Wife, Helen Gardner.*

**"WHITE MAN"**—B. P. SCHULBERG.—From the story by George Agnew Chamberlain. Adapted by Olga Printzlau and Eve Unsell. Directed by Louis Gasnier. The cast: *Lady Andrea Pellor, Alice Joyce; White Man, Kenneth Harlan; The River Thief, Walter Long.*

**"OH, DOCTOR"**—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Harry Leon Wilson. Adapted by Harvey Thew. Directed by Harry A. Pollard. The cast: *Rufus Billups, Jr., Reginald Denny; Dolores Hicks, Mary Astor; Mr. Clinch, Otis Harlan; Mr. McIntosh, William Mong; Mr. Peck, Tom Ricketts; Aunt Beulah Rush, Lucille Ward; Doctor Seaver, Clarence Geldert; Osteopath, Blanche Payson; Chang, George Kuwa; "Death Watch" Mary Schulta, Martha Mattox; Maid, Helen Lynch.*



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OLD MONEY WANTED. WILL PAY FIFTY DOL-lars for nickel of 1913 with Liberty Head (not Buf-falo). We pay cash premiums for all rare coins. Send 4c for large Coin Circular. May mean much profit to you. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 75, Fort Worth, Texas.

"THUNDERING HOOFS"—F. B. O.—Story and continuity by Marion Jackson. Directed by Albert Rogell. The cast: *Dave Marshall*, Fred Thomson; *John Marshall*, Fred Huntley; *Don Juan Estrada*, Charles Mailes; *Don Carlos*, Charles de Revenna; *Carmelita*, Ann May; *Duenna*, Carrie C. Ward; *Luke Severn*, Bill Lowery.

"FIRE WHEN READY"—F. B. O.—Story by George Marion, Jr. Scenario by George Marion, Jr. Directed by Del Andrews. The cast: *Peggy Davis*, Alberta Vaughn; *Ted Adams*, George O'Hara; *Tim Mooney*, Kit Guard; *Syl-vester Tomkins*, Albert Cooke; *Harold Van Cleve*, Stanley Taylor.

"THE BRASS BOWL"—Fox.—From the novel by Louis Joseph Vance. Scenario by Thomas Dixon, Jr. Directed by Jerome Storm. The cast: *Dan Mailland*, *Anisty*, Edmund Lowe; *Sylvia*, Claire Adams; *O'Hagen*, Jack Duffy; *Hickey*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Taxi-driver*, Leo White; *Bannerman*, Fred Butler.

## Studio News and Gossip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93]

none of them more of one than "Peggy" Snow herself. In fact, she admits that when she first found herself face to face with it as she drove down Hollywood Boulevard, she burst into tears.

Nothing more worth while or delightful could happen to the screen than to have Marguerite Snow really come back. She was always one of our best actresses and she looks more beautiful than ever.

Peggy has been devoting her time lately to her daughter, little Julie Cruze, whose father is James Cruze, the famous director. Peggy says that any modern mother who tried to follow a ten-year-old daughter is kept busy. Julie is developing real genius as a musician.

THIS is too good to keep, but we'll be fair and not mention names.

A very well known dramatic star gave a dinner party the other evening for some social lights from New York. She had to work, didn't get home until the last minute, and found that her studio maid, who was to have returned to dress her for dinner, had misunder-stood and wasn't on hand.

The dark-haired beauty dashed rapidly into bath and costume, took a hasty glance at her face and hair in the mirror, and rushed down stairs, where her guests were already assembled.

Her entrance was a decided success. It was greeted with intense silence, then with a roar of approval and a gasp of astonishment, which made her pause on the lowest step.

And when, seeing their eyes fastened upon her, she glanced down, she nearly fainted. The gown, of black satin with a filmy overdrape of priceless lace, was doing a Follies effect. The black satin underskirt had caught about her waist, and from the hips down she stood silhouetted in the daintiest of pink silk and real lace lingerie, with nothing over it but a film of rare black lace.

Fortunately, the picture was one of such beauty that the guests managed to reassure her and finally she consented to go in to her own dinner table, though she said afterwards that none of her heaviest dramatic rôles had ever called upon her for such heights of acting as that dinner party.

ALEC B. FRANCIS, in transporting his make-up paints from the United Studios to Warner Brothers studio, where he has the featured rôle in "The Bridge of Sighs," dropped the make-up case in the road, where it was run over by a heavy truck, smearing the paints all over the pavement.

As Francis was standing viewing the disaster, an old lady passed:

"Oh, the poor little dog," she mumbled.



## The Three Gamblers

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29 ]

the theater. George had just put in a sixteen-hour day on location. And while Art waited on money, Art went to sleep, as Art must often do before money will see it. When the banker came home, he shook George, and George knew not at all where he was. And then, life, laughing, made George sick. The banker thought that George was drunk and advised him on the evils of drinking—bad gin. And George never drinks a drop.

George had to go back and face electricians, carpenters, extra players, everybody, and tell them that he couldn't get the money.

They all raved. But something had to be done—and George did it. He politely wrote out checks to ease the surging mob, and they, with wise looks, as if to say, we knew you had the money right along, went next day to the bank to get their checks cashed. The bank gave them the N. S. F., and back they came to George again. George thought surely there must be some mistake and actually convinced them all to go back to the bank again. By the time they had all made several round trips, George had somehow or other manipulated enough money to buy them all ham and eggs and thus Art had again triumphed.

**T**HE miracle of the loaves and fishes would have been nothing to this youngster; he would have made the fishes whales and the loaves whole sacks of Eventually Why Not Nows.

Now the picture was done, and all was ready, and all George had to do was to get somebody to buy the picture, get a release for it, and eight or ten other things that must be skipped over here. George carried the film around for days. He talked to everybody but the Pope, and he was out of town. Alfred Reeves, Chaplin's business manager, is an Englishman, and George's friend. George finally talked Alfred into getting Charlie Chaplin to see the picture if they could catch the Emperor of Moods in the mood.

George pulled another miracle. He actually got the brilliant little comedian to unwind his film in his own projection room. The little comedian, hard and wise, told George not to hock the film around any more, as that would cheapen it. He told George that Von Sternberg had directed the greatest picture he had ever seen—that the Austrian Jew had managed to imprison on the screen that which he, Ernst Lubitsch, and Victor Seastrom had tried to get. He told George to get Douglas Fairbanks to see the picture.

Douglas soon promised George that he would see the picture. But this little miracle chap did not take a promise for an answer. They say he "got to" Fairbanks' secretary, his manager, his office boy, and Abdul the Turk, his athletic trainer. He even "got to" Fairbanks' butler, who also operates the films which Fairbanks shows at his house.

To make a long story shorter than short, Fairbanks returned one night, an athletic hunter in search of a new thrill. He says to his butler, he says, "What'll we see tonight, But?" And the But he answers, "I'd advise you to see 'The Salvation Hunters,' Sir. It's DIFFERENT."

Now, Fairbanks had heard the words, "The Salvation Hunters," until he thought it was a new branch of the Salvation Army. He did not realize that it was the picture that Chaplin had raved about. And he says, "Oh, well," he says, "put one reel of it on. I can stand that much." He did not know about Miss Pickford, who was with him. But at the end of the one reel, he ordered the other five unrolled, and together, he and Miss Pickford watched it with fascination. Fairbanks said at the end, "I watched it in perspiration and bewilderment."

At seven o'clock the next morning Douglas Fairbanks phoned George Arthur. He asked him to come over to his house immediately, and to bring Josef Von Sternberg with him.

The English actor and the Austrian director, both around thirty years of age, both players of parts in far parts of the world, were now to play another part. George, on the way to Beverly Hills, says to Josef, he says, "Let's not take less than five thousand cash if he wants anything at all." And Josef, he says, "Don't worry. He's not offering anything."

After a long wait, they came to Douglas Fairbanks. That chap did not wait for words. He just said quickly, "How would you fellows like so many thousand of dollars for a fourth interest in this picture. I think it's the greatest thing I've ever seen, a masterpiece."

Now, George had been thinking in terms of five thousand dollars and Josef Von Sternberg, sardonic with the utter weariness of young genius, had been thinking in no terms at all.

Von Sternberg knew the hard trail one blazes who tries to do an artistic thing in a commercial age. Fresh in his memory it was that The Writers' Club, the social mecca of Hollywood, had refused to let him preview the picture there. But, anyhow, to make a long story even shorter than short, he walked away from Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford with a check for more money than he knew was in the world at that time, and a contract to direct Mary Pickford's next picture. Also, the little miracle man of movie finance, George Arthur, walked quite close to him. George never gets very far from anybody who has a check.

And be it said right here, that little George Arthur has refused many, many thousands from Joe Schenck for his interest in the picture. George owns a quarter of the sixteen shares.

How a picture can fail that only cost forty-five hundred is beyond me. But I am only a writer, and not a juggler of finance.

I have heard that fifty thousand dollars has been offered for the English rights.

It has been shown in New York and editorials are being written about it. The most discriminating and artistic critics in America are loud in their praises of it. Each and every one of them has borne out the Fairbanks-Chaplin opinion, which would seem to prove that these chaps know a picture when they see it and are brave enough to get behind something that is above a mere "box-office attraction."

**T**HE picture itself is world old and ever new. It represents a struggle of getting away from environment. The environment that broods, that dwarfs, that rots, that pours its poison in every cranny of life.

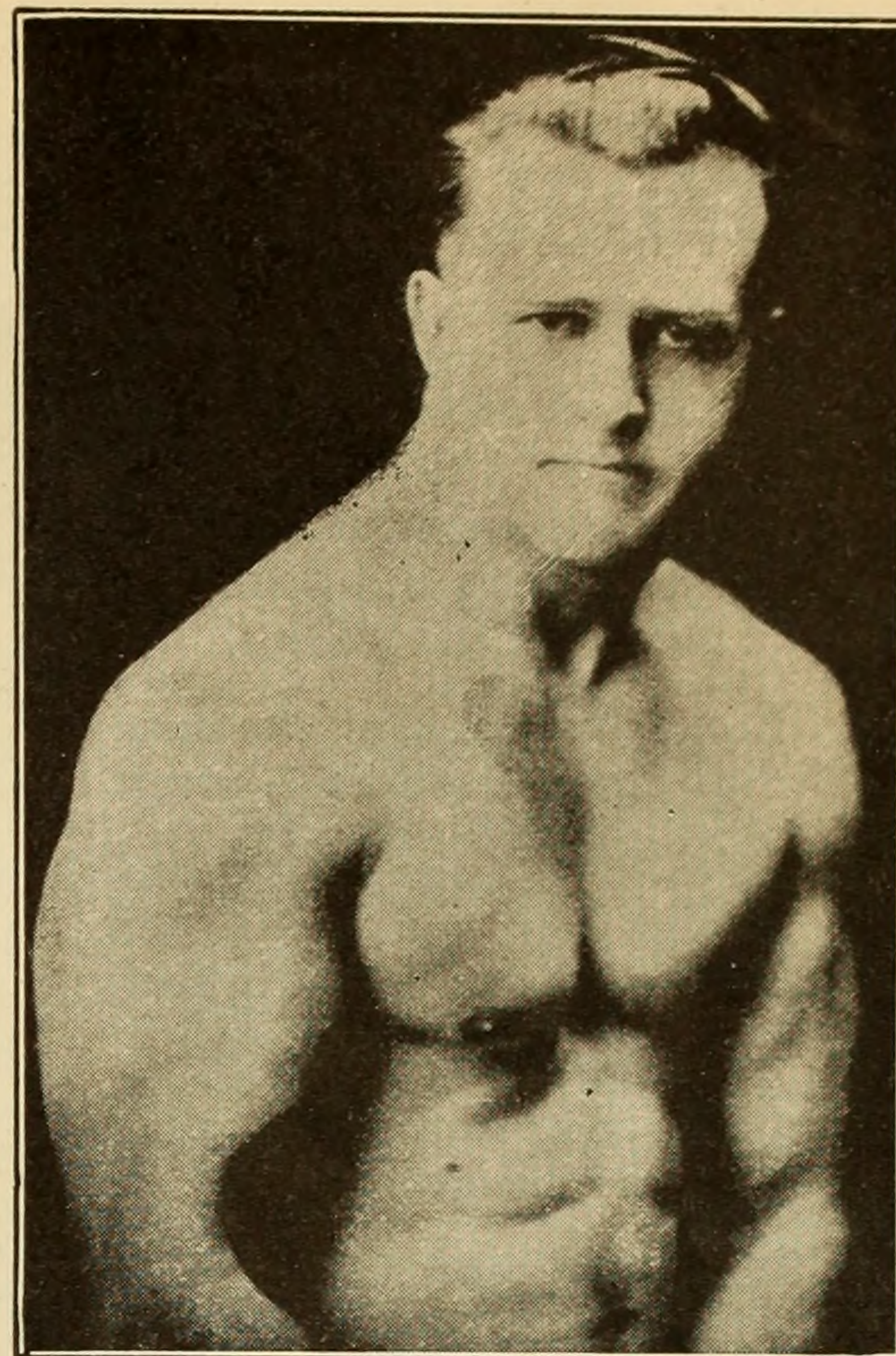
Von Sternberg's theme is MUD. The young man, the young woman, and the little child get away from *mud* and go into *more mud*. Life is that way—they who trudge their way out of vicious environments stumble from one mud puddle to another until they reach dry land whereon the warm sun shines.

There is one scene in the picture which, to me, is the biggest scene of all. The young woman is near the lizard of life who fain would tempt her. The little child, as if guessing by the miraculous intuition of children what it is all about, tugs at the skirts of the young woman who had mothered him.

The young woman listens not to the lizard. And all womanhood takes an upward sweep thereby.

This is the story the picture tells. First gropers, then creepers, then walkers, and at last runners, the principal characters become the breakers of beautiful dawn; just as the young director is the herald of a new and finer era in pictures.

Von Sternberg will be heard from and heard from greatly. He has the brain of a great novelist in the head of a young director. His smallest canvas is larger than the largest canvas of most other directors. He is the Salvation Hunter of pictures. He is more than that—he is the Salvation Finder for them.



EARLE E. LIEDERMAN  
The Muscle Builder

## "Thou Shalt Not Kill"

is the most gruesome commandment handed down to mankind. A man may lie, steal or break any other law and the public will eventually forgive and forget. But let him commit murder and the cry of everybody is to give him the full penalty—**Death!** And what is the common excuse of the murderer? **INSANITY!** Sure, he's crazy. Any man must be crazy to commit murder. But how about the fellow who slowly but surely kills his own body by neglect? He's the craziest one of all. Stop! Think this over! What are you doing with your own body? Surely you don't want to be put in this class. But if you are not doing everything possible to prolong your life and keep your body just as clean and healthy as your Maker intended, you are inviting death. You are slowly but surely killing yourself.

## A New Life

Have you ever enjoyed the pleasures of perfect health? Have you ever felt the thrills which accompany a strong robust body? If not, you have nature's biggest gift awaiting you. That is what I have to offer you. I don't promise to feed this to you in pill form. No, you have to work for it. You can't get anything in this life without effort. Don't let anyone fool you by telling you different. I'm going to make you work, but, oh boy! how you'll like it. After a few days you will feel the old pep shooting through your veins and you will crave your exercise like a kid wants his bread and sugar.

## Today Is Your Day

This is your birthday. Today you start a new life. I'm going to make a real, live, "rip-snortin'" go-getter out of you. I'm going to expand that chest so it will give your lungs a treat with life-giving oxygen. This will put real vim into your blood and shoot it throughout your entire system. I'm going to broaden your shoulders and strengthen your back. I'm going to put a ripple of muscle up and down your body that will make a big powerful he-man out of you. You will have the arms and legs of a modern Hercules. I'll clear your brain and pep up your entire system. You will be just bubbling over with vitality. You will stretch out your powerful body and shout for bigger and greater things to accomplish. Nothing will be too difficult for you to tackle. Sounds good, doesn't it? You can bet your Sunday hat it's good. It's wonderful. And it's no idle prattle either. I'm not promising these things. I guarantee them. Do you doubt me? Make me prove it. Come on. Atta boy. Let's go.

Send for my new 64-page book

## "MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It Is Free

It contains forty-three full page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now, and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. All I ask is 10 cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing and it is yours to keep. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off. Send today, right now, before you turn this page.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 101 305 Broadway New York City

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 101, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith 10 cents, for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

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# What \$1.25 Will Bring You

More than a thousand pictures of photoplayers and illustrations of their work and pastime.

Scores of interesting articles about the people you see on the screen.

Splendidly written short stories, some of which you will see acted at your moving picture theater.

The *truth* and nothing but the *truth*, about motion pictures, the stars, and the industry.

You have read this issue of Photoplay, so there is no necessity for telling you that it is one of the most superbly illustrated, the best written and most attractively printed magazines published today—and alone in its field of motion pictures.

Send a money order or check for \$1.25 addressed to

## PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Department 7-A  
750 N. Michigan Ave., CHICAGO

and receive the next issue and five issues thereafter.

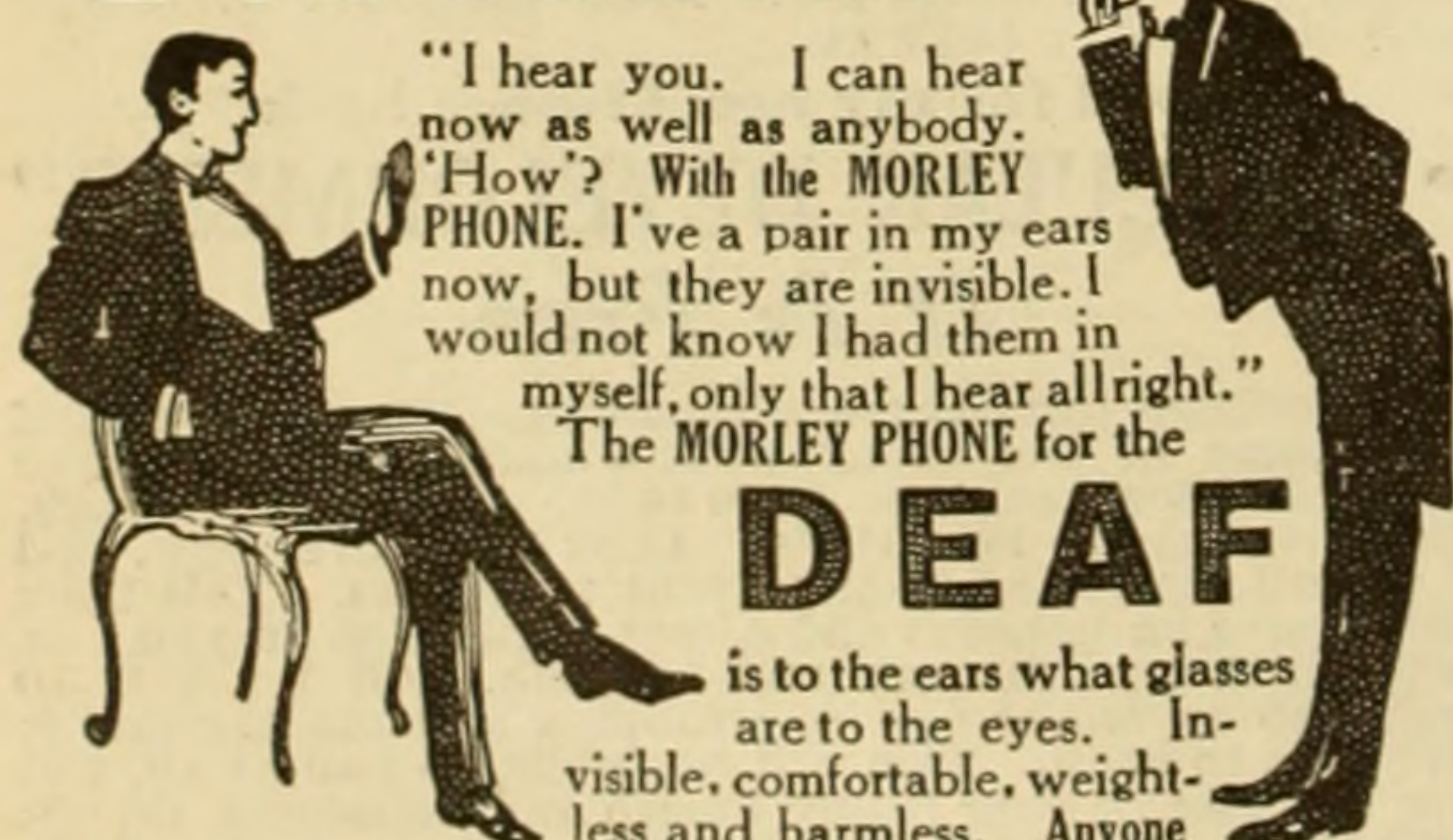
### PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Department 7-A  
750 N. Michigan Ave., CHICAGO

Gentlemen: I enclose herewith \$1.25 (Canada \$1.50), for which you will kindly enter my subscription for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for six months, effective with the next issue.

Send to.....  
.....  
Street Address.....  
City.....  
State.....

## "Don't Shout"



"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' With the MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in myself, only that I hear all right." The MORLEY PHONE for the

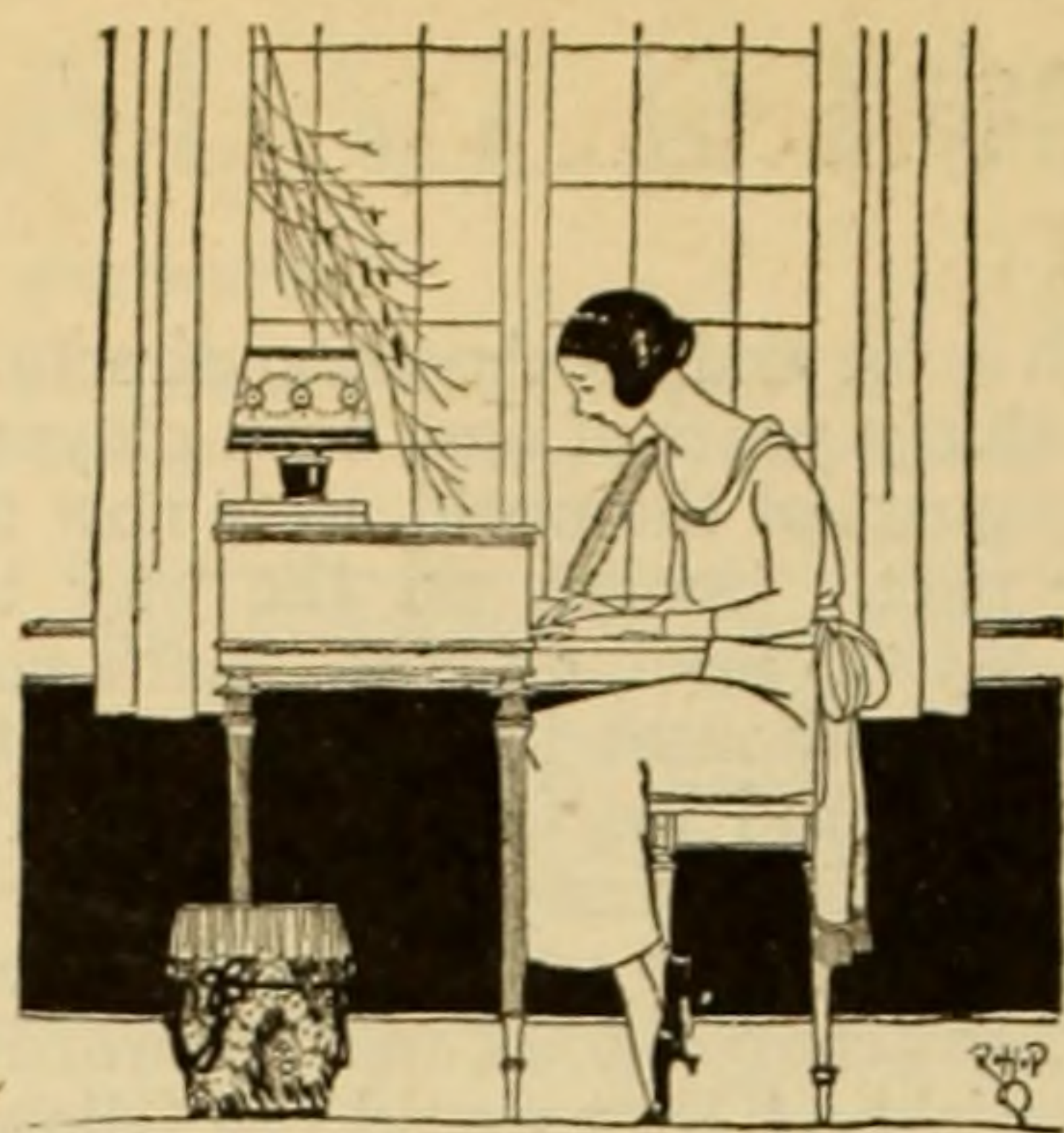
## DEAF

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone

can adjust it. Over 100,000 sold. Write for booklet and testimonials THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 789, 10 S. 18th St. Phila.

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

If you are thin and want to gain weight, weak and want to be strong, I will send you a sample of famous Alexander Vitamines absolutely Free. No money, just name and address for sample. Alexander Laboratories, 1061 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.



# FRIENDLY ADVICE

From  
Carolyn Van Wyck

WHILE I do not advise too close and too frequent communion with the mirror I recommend an occasional close scrutiny of ourselves—a relentless scrutiny.

Do not overvalue yourself. Nor place too high an estimate upon your charms. Look at your reflection as though it were that of someone else. See yourself with a stranger's eyes. As an expert in household efficiency advised us to view our homes, now and then, without prejudice, through the eyes of a disinterested caller.

The half-way house between what those who don't like us think of us and the opinion of those who like us, is close to the truth.

Study your mirror to see whether your skin and eyes are clear. Whether your muscles are firm or flaccid. Whether your mouth has the upward curve of mirth at the corners, or the droop of despondency, or the straight line of a too determined will. For the will can be too determined if it reaches the border line of a cruel resolve. Whether your hair has the soft lustre of tresses that are brushed enough, or the lifeless look of those that are neglected. Whether the lines from nostrils to lips are too deep, a too well worn pathway of the stronger emotions. Whether two perpendicular lines that tell of worry or anger or eyestrain appear between your eyebrows.

Inspect yourself in the mirror to be sure whether your hands shine from their ablutions and your nails are really and regularly well kept. Whether you can devise some plan to refine those hands.

Scrutinize your figure. Turn sidewise toward it to assure yourself whether your silhouette is slim and straight and strong.

An occasional severe study of yourself in the mirror may reveal faults you had not suspected. Look at yourself, not through the rosy glasses of illusion, but with the cool eyes of disinterested criticism.

Having discovered your faults set intelligently about correcting them.

LORRAINE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

There is only one sure cure for self consciousness. That is to be unconscious of self. A paradox, you think? I mean it. Stop thinking of yourself, Lorraine. This is a vast and generally beautiful world. Be interested in everything and every person you see. Let them crowd out thoughts of "Dear me. Whatever are people thinking of me?" They may not be

thinking of you. If you persevere in being interested in them by and by they will think of you and will say, "How sweet and unaffected she is!"

EVELYN, SAN JOSE, CALIF.

For the slight eczema you describe I should have medical advice. It is unbecoming and might become more unsightly. To train the hair forward over the ears and cheeks tie a veil or ribbon about the head at night.

GLORY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

The plumpness about the ankles should yield to rubber bandages. Rising on the toes and falling to the heels in rhythmic, regular movements for a half-dozen times at each of three daily exercises is practice that develops that part of the limbs. The condition is so persistent that I recommend that you ask the family physician for a prescription to clear your complexion. There are excellent creams that cleanse and clear the skin for less advanced cases than your own. Ask the physician to advise you as to the right diet. Steam baths are cleansing to the blood stream. Persevere in these agencies and your skin will reveal the new care you have given it.

MARION, HARTFORD, CONN.

I think if you continue to exercise vigorously you may grow until you are twenty-one. Or longer. I know a petite young woman whose stature increased until she was twenty-seven. This because, wanting to grow taller, she took bar exercises. She swung from rings in a little gymnasium she had fitted up at slight expense in her home. I knew a young man who grew taller after eighteen by using the same methods. The spine stretching exercises make the spine elastic and so develop height. You are both over weight. The French counsel to women to dress up to their eyes or their hair, is good. The complexion, too, should be taken into consideration. If your complexion is clear and fair I advise wearing much blue. Any of the blues should be especially becoming to you. Again, since your skin is fair, you may wear any shade of the reds or pinks. They who are sallow will have to be more careful in their choice of colors. A clear complexion is the index of a pure blood stream. You and my other friends who read this will pardon me if I say that skin eruptions are caused usually by a lack of inward cleanliness.

## 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



## The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73 ]

selling activities of the embattled picture companies were merely gestures of rival vanities. Tremendous advertising campaigns in the trade journals grew up as each producer-distributor tried to out-screen his competitors. They pretended to be advertising to the theater man, but in truth they were boasting to each other. This same rivalry extended to billboard campaigns centered in New York. The bill posting concerns, appreciating the situation, always concentrated the twenty-four sheet bulletins around the home office of the advertiser and along the route between his home and his office.

### Motion Picture Magnates Fail to Recognize Public

By this manner of advertising themselves to themselves some of the motion picture magnates managed to build up profound self-esteem. It is one of the greatest evidences of the value and power of advertising to discover its reaction on the advertiser. In this period, the motion picture industry had not discovered that its consumer is the public, not the theater, and so was slow to seek the national mediums which reach the people who buy pictures at the box office. Stupendous effort and large sums were wasted by the motion picture telling itself how good it was.

One of the less apparent but more potent purposes back of these high-pitched internal advertising campaigns was the building of personal positions in the politics of the screen industry. The chieftains were glorifying themselves in behalf of power as well as vanity. And the most ardent of these glorifications was the rosy spotlight on the assertive name of Selznick.

About this time, in 1916, both the bankers and the theatrical interests in the World Film decided they were being utterly Selznicked. They were.

Some hot controversies arose in directors' meetings.

"You don't pay any attention to me. You don't seem to be interested in anything but my money," one of the bankers protested.

"That's the first time you've been right this year," Selznick answered in his typically diplomatic manner.

"One or the other of us is going to get out," the banker replied.

"Your resignation is accepted," replied Lewis J.

### Selznick Parts Company with World Film

But presently Selznick was outside, dusting himself off and looking about. The next week, January 28, 1916, *Variety*, a trade journal, contained this item:

"Clara Kimball Young left Monday for Havana, accompanied by Mrs. Lewis J. Selznick. Mr. Selznick leaves next week for Jacksonville."

Accurately interpreted this meant that Selznick was "going South" with the World Film Corporation.

Clara Kimball Young was the vital part of the World Film Corporation's program. Broadly, her pictures sold the rest of the output.

Shortly Selznick announced the formation of the Clara Kimball Young Film Corporation, with himself as president and general manager. It was proclaimed that exhibitors would now be able to book the profitable Clara Kimball Young pictures without swallowing a program of less acceptable pictures. The Young pictures were to come at the rate of one a month beginning the approaching October.

Selznick operated from the Hotel Claridge as a base and proceeded to evangelize the film

industry with his new principle of star merchandising.

When, in August, the Mary Pickford Film Corporation, discussed in the last chapter, announced distribution through Arcraft Pictures Corporation, Selznick seized another handsome opportunity. In Arcraft, Adolph Zukor was operating behind a screen. His name did not appear in the slightest outward connection with the project, and the keynote was struck with the advertised line: "The Motion Picture's Supreme Star Heads Own Company." Walter E. Greene, of the Paramount group, was president of Arcraft, but not its master.

Selznick now punctured this screen with an open letter, published in the trade journals:

"I congratulate you, Mary. You are a pretty shrewd, as well as a pretty little girl.

"What stronger evidence could there be that the Clara Kimball Young Corporation is organized on the most progressive basis than your adoption in the Mary Pickford Film Corporation of the very idea and ideal that I have originated?"

"Will you please express to my friend, Mr. Adolph Zukor, my deep sense of obligation? It is indeed delightful to encounter among one's co-workers a man so broad-gauged that neither false pride nor shortsightedness can deter him from the adoption of an excellent plan, even though conceived by another.

"Faithfully,  
"LEWIS J. SELZNICK."

Miss Mary Pickford,  
270 Riverside Drive,  
New York City.

This letter served to make the friendship between Zukor and Selznick a great deal warmer but not much thicker.

### Electric Sign Puzzles Picture Theater Patrons

Meanwhile an electric sign, among the first to be used for general motion picture advertising purposes apart from a theater showing, blossomed at Forty-sixth street and Broadway, at large expense, announcing Clara Kimball Young in "The Common Law," to be distributed by Lewis J. Selznick Enterprises, Inc. The confused public, never having seen an electric picture sign except at theaters, tried to buy admissions to "The Common Law" at the drug store soda fountain below.

Selznick was busily and alarmingly financing his project by the selling of franchises on his product to leading exhibitors, including Jones, Linick & Schaefer of Chicago, A. H. Blank in Iowa, Stanley Mastbaum in Philadelphia and elsewhere.

This was making mighty inroads on the plans of his contemporaries. War started.

William A. Brady, who had taken up the leadership of the World Film Corporation, advanced to upstage, center, and addressed himself to the motion picture world with great feeling, warning exhibitors against, "adventurers, grafters and pettifoggers." He mentioned no names and he did not need to. Nothing could have served Selznick better. Publicity by denunciation is still publicity.

Adolph Zukor and others of the film trade were a shade more practical and direct. There was a conference with Selznick at the Hotel Astor. Efforts were made to dissuade him from the course which promised to upset the nice smoothly running arrangements which the masters of the industry contemplated. The boys had chosen up sides and started their game, and now came Lewis J. and appropriated the bat. They protested. It was to no avail.

Zukor was exasperated. He offered Selznick a salary of \$5,000 a week for life if he would go

# Beauty

## A Gleamy Mass of Hair

35c "Danderine" does Wonders for Any Girl's Hair



Girls! Try this! When combing and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair-brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! You can do your hair up immediately and it will appear twice as thick and heavy—a mass of gleamy hair, sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance.

While beautifying the hair "Danderine" is also toning and stimulating each single hair to grow thick, long and strong. Hair stops falling out and dandruff disappears. Get a bottle of "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter and just see how healthy and youthful your hair appears after this delightful, refreshing dressing.

**Print Your Own**  
Cards, stationery, circulars, labels. Presses \$12 up. Paper Cutters \$3 up. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write for catalog presses, type paper, etc. **THE PRESS CO., R-43, Meriden, Conn.**

**START AT \$110 per mo. POSITION GUARANTEED**

**BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR**

Earn up to \$250 per month and more, expenses paid; advancement rapid with experience. Interesting outdoor work; travel or remain near home. Meet big railway officials.

**Standard Business Training Institute Buffalo, N. Y.**

Standard Business Training Institute Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me, entirely free, Booklet No. D-136, giving full particulars about course in Railway Traffic Inspection.

Name .....

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



**JUST PUBLISHED**  
**PETER PAN**  
3-Color Decorative Art Panel



THIS beautiful panel containing photos of the Stars and atmospheric colored scenes from the photoplay, has been designed from the FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY production of "PETER PAN."

Actual size 14"x42". Reproduced in THREE COLORS with photographs of Betty Bronson as Peter Pan and Jack Murphy, Mary Brian, Philippe deLacy, Cyril Chadwick, Esther Ralston, Geo. Ali, Ernest Torrence, Virginia Brown Faire and Anna May Wong in a portrayal of the beloved characters of this famous story.

PETER PAN ART PANELS are printed on finest quality enamel paper with engraving and colored work of best craftsmanship money can obtain. It is suitable for framing and will be a beautiful and attractive addition to your set of Stars' photographs.

It will make an ideal Christmas gift for your friends.

On Sale at Department, Stationery, Art, Novelty and Picture Stores, or sent postpaid on receipt of only 50c.

**HOLLYWOOD PICTURE PANEL CO.**  
615A Taft Bldg. Hollywood, California

to China and stay there. This is the first and only evidence of a prejudice against the Chinese on the part of Adolph Zukor. Selznick made the mistake of his life. If he had accepted he would by now be emperor of China. Selznick went merrily on, inventing an advance deposit system by which exhibitors put up the money which Selznick used to make the pictures to earn that money. The farther he went the more strongly he tied himself to the box offices.

Some beneficial results accrued from his merchandising. He insisted on a minimum rental of \$100 a day for his pictures with Clara Kimball Young and demanded a contract which specified that they were to be run for at least two days. This, he appreciated, would let the theater get the benefit of the advertising created by the first showing, and it would also force the exhibitor into doing some selling on his own account. Most of the theaters outside of the dominant houses of the major or key cities had never paid more than \$25 a day for a feature picture before. Clara Kimball Young at \$100 put them to work, adding to her fame—and the profits of Lewis J. Selznick Enterprises, Inc.

One source of Selznick's strength was an apparently remote part of the background. This was the friendship of Marcus Loew. Loew appears to have mingled admiration and amusement in observing the exciting vibrations of the dynamic Selznick, busy playing battle-dore and shuttlecock with the annoyed film industry. Personal loans from Loew and aid in desperate moments often saved Selznick in crises.

It was this intimacy with Marcus Loew and the Loew institution which added the Talmadges to the Selznick array of stars.

**Selznick Actively Hunts Stars**

Selznick was in unavailing negotiation with Norma Talmadge, who had been a lesser star in the Triangle constellation. When Miss Talmadge married Joseph Schenck, booking manager for the Loew Circuit, things were different. A deal was made for the Talmadge pictures. The strength of the Loew theaters behind the deal gave Miss Talmadge the benefit of high pressure selling and publicity. Whereupon Clara Kimball Young became considerably displeased. The first Talmadge picture for Selznick was "Panthea," produced in the autumn of 1916, under the direction of Alan Dwan. It was a marked success and started Norma on the high tide of stardom.

Again the Selznick enterprises scored with Nazimova. She had been appearing with sensational success in "War Brides," an anti-war sketch on the Keith vaudeville circuit. She was employed to make a picture based on the sketch, under the direction of Herbert Brennon, now detached from Fox and rejoicing in the publicity of the "Herbert Brennon Corporation." Selznick organized a company for every star, on the Clara Kimball Young pattern, paying for services with tributes to vanity.

Nazimova received \$30,000 for her work in "War Brides" for the screen, which amounted to about \$1,000 a day. This figure, carefully broadcast, added to the discontent of other stars and helped to make things more expensive for Selznick's annoyed contemporaries. Richard Barthelmess, who had been with Nazimova in the Keith sketch, as the juvenile lead, appeared in the picture. It triumphantly swept the theater market and brought a gross of \$300,000.

The roaring success of Selznick was dazzling Broadway. At Universal, the scene of his first invasion of the film world, a new appreciation of Selznick arose. Only a few years before Carl Laemmle, the president of Universal, had rid himself of the self-assertive intruder by leaving a letter of dismissal and fleeing the scene on the Twentieth Century Limited.

Now for a moment Selznick and Laemmle became almost chummy. A temporary common interest drove them together. Both of

them wanted for their pictures a share of the glamour of Broadway. The two important theaters of the street were closed to them. The Strand, first of the great houses, was under contract and filled with the pictures of Paramount. The Rialto was playing Triangle pictures exclusively. These dominant first run theaters on the world's greatest amusement street was of large commercial value in prestige. In their joint quest of a place among the lights of the great white way Selznick and Laemmle joined in a lease of the Broadway theater, where their pictures were to be presented alternately. Neither of them could then maintain a continuous supply of feature pictures for a theater, but between them they could achieve a program. Meanwhile Selznick had so ably demonstrated the power of his salesmanship that Laemmle delivered his feature entitled "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" to Selznick for distribution in New York territory. Selznick appreciated the compliment and piled up an amazing total for the Laemmle picture.

While Selznick was rising up to claim a share in the grandeurs and profits of the now established feature era, other less acutely personal competition developed for the original feature group centered about the leadership of Adolph Zukor. A large number of ill-conceived and short-lived picture making concerns were born, each to produce a feeble picture or two and die.

**Stock Investors in Pictures Disappointed**

The result was a vast cluttering of the independent market with what the vernacular of the day called "homeless features." John Cecil Graham, then assistant to the president of the Mutual Film Corporation, compiled a list of feature pictures seeking distribution contracts totalling approximately a million negative feet. It was a million feet of lost hopes. The unsuccessful projects which they represented were the disillusionment of thousands of small stockholders and the sum total effect was a large damage to the status of the industry in the mind of the investing public.

Also in some manner all of these pictures achieved theater showings of small circulation and contributed their mite toward a reputation of incompetency for the screen. The motion picture industry was not aware then, and is hardly aware now, that a weak, bad or incompetent picture on the screen has always been its worst enemy. Death from starvation and the ravages of the vice of short-sighted avarice eliminated scores, perhaps hundreds of the incompetents in a period of about three years.

A richly pretentious invasion of the field now arose in the autumn of 1916 as an incident to Adolph Zukor's extension of domination over the producing units of the Paramount program. Samuel Goldfish, who had been general manager of the Lasky company and the business executive in charge of the studios in Hollywood, had, as has been recounted, been cast loose from the concern with about a million in cash.

**Goldwyn Picture Corporation Appears**

Goldfish headed east with a deep resolve to reassert himself. In affiliation with Edgar Selwyn of Selwyn & Company, dramatic producers, and Margaret Mayo, an author, Goldfish announced the formation of Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, Christmas week, 1916. Considerable debate attended the naming of the concern and it is one of the stock jokes of the industry to dally with the alleged suggestion that the concern be incorporated as Selfish Pictures.

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in an industry which sold promises for a living. Goldwyn's first line-up of stars included Mae Marsh, Maxine Elliott, Madge Kennedy and Mary Garden. There was a strong coloration of the influence of the old first idea of making the motion picture lean upon the stage. The Goldwyn concern by dint of extravagant publicity became well known within a few weeks.

There was no considerable gallantry in the exhibitors' choice of a nickname for Goldwyn Pictures when they called the concern "the old maid's home."

The Goldwyn concern ran through a complex history of re-organizations and manipulations. It failed to prosper because in a large sense it did not serve any new phase or need of the industry. It was most a reiteration of the thing already being competently done by Zukor and Lasky. Goldwyn brought to its service many able authors, players and directors and made many creditable pictures, but it had no new angle of attack. It was curiously close to the Famous Players-Lasky pattern. Maxine Elliott was the Goldwyn equivalent of Zukor's Bernhardt in "Queen Elizabeth," Mae Marsh wore some of the same glamour of Griffith that Pickford had taken to Famous Players, Mary Garden was the Goldwyn's operatic answer to Lasky's Geraldine Farrar, and Madge Kennedy represented stage fame of the sort which dominated the earlier Zukor program.

Incidental to the internal struggles of the Goldwyn organization Samuel Goldfish had his name legally changed to the more euphonious Goldwyn, but in spite of that his corporation ultimately found it possible to part with him.

### Duponts Interested in Goldwyn

For a time the Dupont interests, grown familiar with explosions in the powder and dynamite business, entered into the affairs of the Goldwyn concern, in one of the typical chapters of contract between big business and the screen. Somewhere interwoven into the mixture and connected by an attenuated thread was the political ambitions of Coleman T. Dupont, who might once have accepted the White House.

The only enduring mark of the Dupont film invasion is the great Capitol theater in Broadway. After various losing managerial experiments Samuel L. Rothafel was called to take over the administration of its program and the house under him became the leading motion picture theater of the nation.

Meanwhile the Duponts have been tentatively engaged in the manufacture of motion picture film, with an ever present possibility that their serious competition may be an influence on the screen industry by an important reduction of the cost of the basic material.

While the major movements in the main current of screen evolution in this period were in the drama of business and commercial aspects of the machinery of picture selling, D. W. Griffith made the year of 1916 memorable in film art with "Intolerance."

"Intolerance" is worthy of a monograph, but it can only be discussed as an incident of the time, here. Only eight years have passed since it came to the screen. Most screen efforts can be reasonably evaluated within the month of their presentation, but it is probable we shall not know the complete meaning of "Intolerance" for many more years to come. It may take half a century to decide whether "Intolerance" was merely one of the curious experimental divergences from type to be found among the fossils of every evolution, or if it is to be classified as a contribution to the direct line of progress toward forms of screen expression now not to be anticipated.

In any event "Intolerance" was extraordinary, and remains yet the most entirely remarkable expression of the screen art. The history of this production is most intimately integrated with the motion picture.

When Griffith returned to California from his terrific round of censorship struggles in

connection with the presentation of "The Birth of a Nation" his mind was occupied with reflections and calculations. Doubtless he was seeking, half-consciously, a solution of the problems presented. In these reveries of conflict he reviewed similar struggles down the course of history, the endless wars against intolerance, social, religious, economic. Nothing had ever availed, it seemed, but exposition and understanding. That much, he decided, the screen might do for itself.

Still with the idea half formed in mind, he cast about for a notion by which he might portray on the screen, visually to the millions, the thing as he saw it. There must be some way to fuse together into one argument all these diverse and distant evidences of history.

Then came to hand Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," and on a familiar page:

"... endlessly rocks the cradle,  
"Uniter of Here and Hereafter."

The metaphor of the poet supplied the literal pictorial suggestion that Griffith was seeking, a thread to join his tales of intolerance.

All through that night Griffith, abandoning sleep in the fervor of his conception, pondered and fitfully wrote piles of notes. By dawn he had outlined the skeleton of his screen preachment to be.

Griffith had in hand a modern melodrama suitable to his purpose. It was "The Mother and the Law" with Mae Marsh and Robert Harron in the leading roles. The story was laid on a capital and labor background with tinges of the plot influence from the Steilow case. This picture had been scheduled for release through the Mutual Film Corporation, only to be withdrawn at the time of the New York Motion Picture Corporation's secession and the formation of Triangle.

### Griffith Comes Forth with Big Ideas

His bigger idea, on the theme that he called "Love's struggle through the Ages," and which more actually was the villainy of hate through the ages, was now to use "The Mother and the Law" as the modern example in a composite review of historic intolerances.

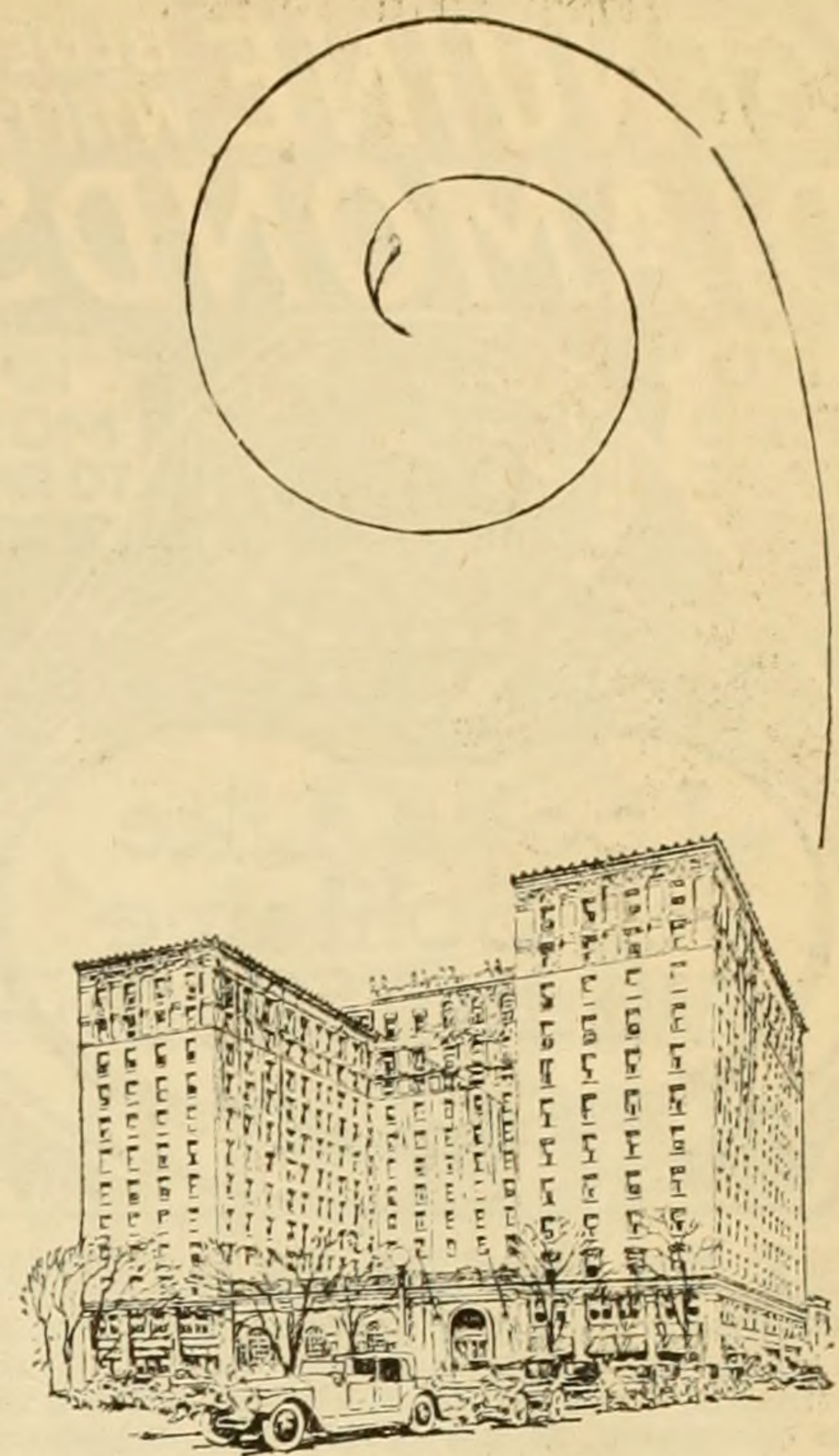
As the notes fell together the Griffith story moved like a Bach fugue, written in Wagnerian thunder, through Babylon of 539 B.C., through Judea in 27 A.D., and France of 1572. The transitions and interludes were to be filled with a picturization of the idea from Whitman, described by Griffith as "A golden thread, binds the four stories—a fairy girl with sun-lit hair—her hand on the cradle of humanity—eternally rocking—." This came to the screen with Lillian Gish photographed in mysterious half-lights.

So with zealous abandon the Griffith lot in Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, became a maelstrom of costly construction. There he built Babylon with its walls three hundred feet high, the architectural pretensions of mediaeval France, and the streets of ancient Judea. The most stupendous expenditures were incurred. There were weeks on end when the daily payroll of the literal armies of actors totalled \$12,000 a day. The banquet hall scene for the feast of Belshazzar cost just a quarter of a million dollars.

The cast included many famous screen names, among them, Sam de Grasse, Joseph Hennabery, Tully Marshall, Elmer Clifton, Signe Auen, Bessie Love, and Ralph Lewis. Count Eric von Stroheim played a Pharisee, and becoming a director since has developed a habit of shooting everything to the vast "Intolerance" scale, regardless. Constance Talmadge played "the Mountain Girl," a role which brought her first attention and opened the way to a star career, beginning under Selznick auspices soon after.

### "Intolerance" Costs \$1,900,000

When the totals were cast up at the end "Intolerance" had cost \$1,900,000. It was some thirteen thousand feet in length, cut from three hundred thousand feet of negative. Let



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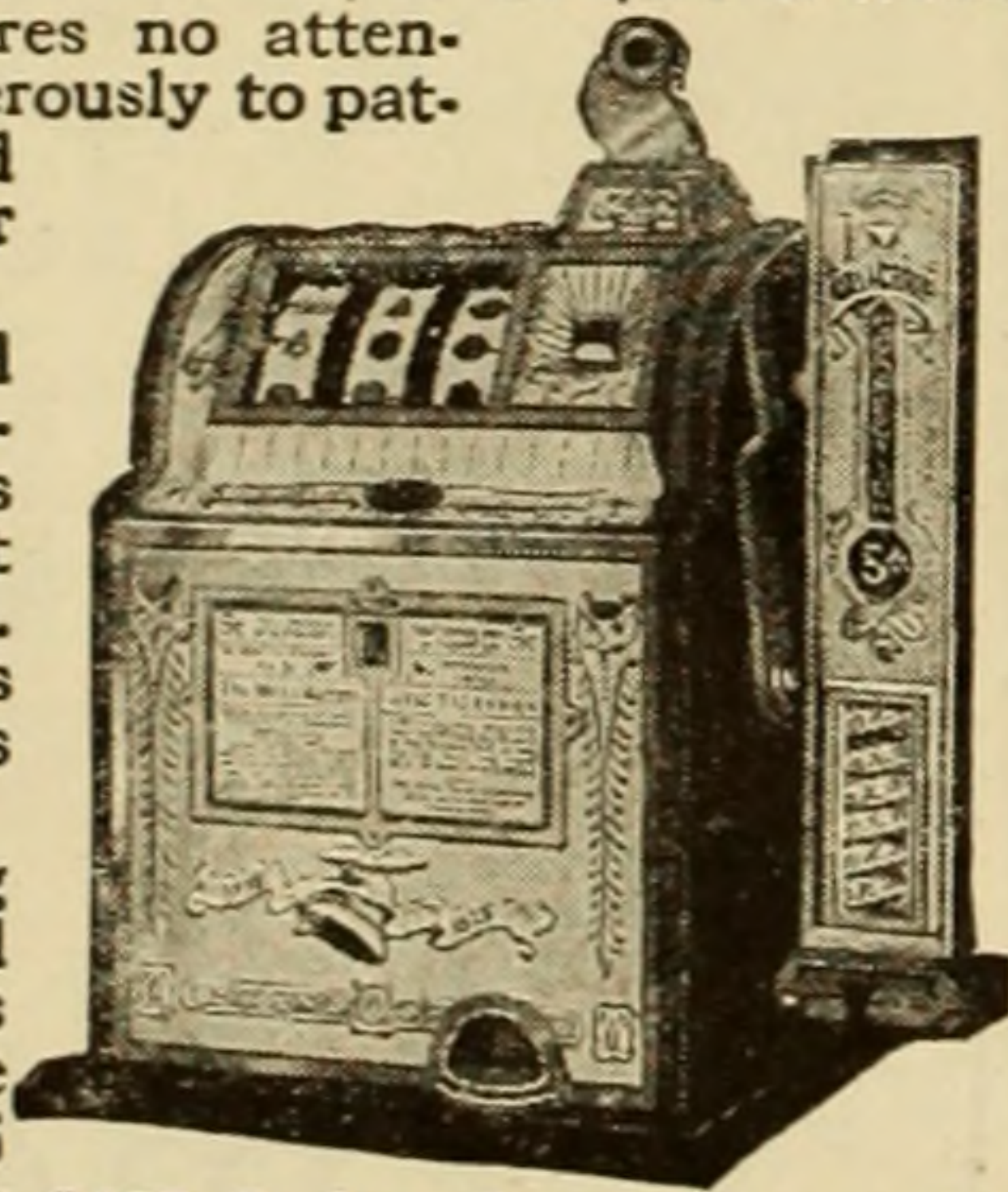
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us recall in contrast now that Edison spent \$24,000 inventing the motion picture, and that at the end of 1895, the first year of production, the total cost of all the motion pictures in the world to that date was \$1100. "Intolerance" in thirteen thousand feet was just twenty years after "Annabelle the Dancer" in thirty-five feet, the sensation of 1895.

"Intolerance" opened at the Liberty theater in New York, the scene of "The Birth of a Nation" triumph, on September 6, 1916. It played in legitimate theaters in all the major cities here and abroad. It was inevitably a sensation and the topic of considerable debate. Despite a considerable patronage it was unprofitable. The American audience of the motion picture then numbered probably some twenty millions. It would be a reasonably accurate estimate that less than half a million could know what "Intolerance" was about. Whole audiences came away from the theaters, awed and overwhelmed with the immensity of the spectacle and bewildered by the picture fugue treatment of the theme. Mostly the theme was lost. Griffith, who, above all others, had evolved a screen technique of close-up and cut-back to clarify plot movement and to make attention unconscious and automatic, had betrayed them. Here was a picture which required conscious attention, some thought and a reasonably capable memory. The public, measured in terms as represented by the average of the motion audience, does not go to the theater to intellectualize. That is no indictment of the motion picture and its following. The public never goes anywhere to intellectualize. Audiences are to be counted in thousands, students are solitaires, each in his niche, to be counted one at a time. There is no box office revenue in units of one. "Intolerance" told its real story to a few thousands, but it needed the patronage of millions to make it commercially rival "The Birth of a Nation" which it considerably surpassed as an expression of ideas. One may fancy that the Babylonian spectacles of "Intolerance" shown alone as a complete production would have done about as well at the box office as the whole potpourri composite.

### Backers of "Intolerance" Clamor for Dividends

Griffith's most dramatic gesture concerned with "Intolerance" has never become known to the public at all. His backers and investors in "Intolerance" put their money into the picture expecting another box office miracle like "The Birth of a Nation." When it did not materialize they grumbled and after grumbling a while began to roar. This was disturbing to Griffith on two counts. It pained his pride and it threatened, if the grumbings reached the public, to adversely affect the mystic glories summed up in the superman myth which named him "The Master."

Griffith engaged to buy the interests of his co-investors in "Intolerance," something in the vicinity of a million dollar item for "The Master." This single item, and others a little like it, exerted a determining influence on all of Griffith's subsequent productions, by raising the cost of capital for his later enterprises.

The month of the presentation of "Intolerance" brought an odd, faint echo of the name and fame of Griffith. With promises of an unsupported pretention a seven part picture entitled "Charity" was given a showing to the state's right market at Loew's Roof in New York. This picture was produced by Frank Powell, who had been a member of the old Biograph organization and who had brought Theda Bara to screen fame in "A Fool There Was," a Fox picture. "Charity" for a combination of reasons was a dismal thing. The scenario idea on which it was based was from Linda Arvidson Griffith, Mrs. D. W. Griffith, who had been living apart from her husband several years while he travelled the path to "The Master's" throne alone.

Now it may have been sheer coincidence that

Mrs. Griffith's picture drew a cold abstract title like "Charity" just when Mr. Griffith's picture attained the bald abstraction of "Intolerance." It may also have been a coincidence that the keynote of "The Mother and the Law" part of "Intolerance" was struck by the experiences of Mae Marsh in the heroine role as a victim of a corrupt orphanage, while "Charity" devoted itself to an alleged exposure of corrupt orphan asylums. If so, this thematic coincidence under the simultaneous presentations of the far separated Mr. and Mrs. Griffith seems most astonishing.

"Charity" was produced with the backing of a wealthy New York brewer, who presently withdrew from the project because of pressure from religious organizations who considered the production an attack.

The public heard a great deal of "Intolerance" but "Charity" remained in obscurity. It was drab and sordid, alarmingly faithful to the portrayal of slum life. The cast included Mrs. Griffith, Creighton Hale, Sheldon Lewis and others of equal ability and fame. Two years later the picture fell into the hands of the slowly decomposing Mutual Film Corporation. It had a Chicago premiere on Michigan avenue, opened with profound prayer by a bishop, and some incense. Even prayer was unavailing. In 1920 "Charity" re-edited and re-titled as a roaring and violent melodrama, shorn of propaganda, made a third equally insignificant sally on the state's right market. There was a curse upon it.

### The Funny Mr. Linder

The season of 1916-17 contributed yet another interesting chapter of failure to the annals of the screen. It seems that when George K. Spoor purposefully lost Chaplin so that he could reduce the cost of buying out G. M. Anderson's share in Essanay, it was done with considerable internal regrets. By mid-summer of 1916 the success of Mutual with the Chaplin comedies was becoming decidedly conspicuous. Spoor of Essanay had meanwhile joined in the K.E.S.E., distributing concern, which included Kleine, Edison, Selig and Essanay. This company like its predecessor, V.L.S.E., was a reignment of survivors of the Patents Company licensees endeavoring to maintain a hold on the market which the new feature era had taken from them. K.E.S.E. now announced, in terms none to well veiled, a rival for Chaplin, in the person of Max Linder.

M. Linder was reckoned to be very funny. His fame was greater within the industry than with the public. His day of greatness had been back almost ten years before when Pathe's foreign-made pictures invaded the American market with great success, but with no star campaigns to the public.

### Public Refuses to Recognize Linder as Chaplin's Rival

The advertising of the return of Linder, through Essanay, was shot directly at Chaplin and it was filled with innuendo. It contained inferential charges that Chaplin was sordid, sloppy and unclean on the screen. Whereas M. Linder in his comedies was to be a Beau Brummel of dress and a Chesterfield of manners. A good many thousands of dollars were poured into this propaganda in trade publications. It made little progress in the public prints. Despite the fact of Chaplin's British parentage he was, in screen terms, a creation of the American public. Linder was decidedly an alien. The inevitable reaction with the public was:

"So this is the guy that's come over to show Charlie Chaplin up. Well he'd better be pretty funny."

When the public gets into that attitude no one can be funny enough.

A considerable ripple in the tide of anti-Linder sentiment grew out of a fictitious tale from the Mutual's press department, which



announced that in the heat of their rivalry Linder had challenged Chaplin to a duel. Whereupon, it was stated, Chaplin as the challenged choose for the weapons—insect powder.

This story travelled and did its little bit. It is only fair to state that Chaplin knew nothing about it, and possibly does not yet. "Max Comes Across" was the title of the first Essanay Linder. It was a following on the old pattern. Remember that the first Essanay Chaplin had been "Charlie's New Job." Linder's re-debut went to the screen February 6, 1917. Nothing happened.

Two more Linder's were made with similar results. It was then announced that Linder had become dangerously ill, due to the after effects of patriotic service in the World War.

While Linder was nobly dying in the newspapers, he went to Hollywood to visit Chaplin. They shook hands under a lemon tree and Max headed for Paris.

Spoor wrote off a loss of \$87,000 on the Linder adventure, which was an item of no great moment to the wealth of Essanay.

Some years later Linder returned and suggested to Spoor a new line of pictures to recoup that loss. "No," Spoor responded, "the books are closed on that comedy."

The Linder episode is just another in the thousands of experiences which in that totality prove that after all the stars are made by the ticket buyers at the box-office. It is one of the problems of the screen industry that conditions make it necessary to spend thousands in production to poll that box-office vote.

### Zukor Allies with His Business Competitors

Through this period Lewis J. Selznick was building mightily upon his initial successes with Clara Kimball Young. With Talmadges on the high tide of star success, sold on star series contracts by themselves, Selznick was shooting considerable holes in the selling schedule of Famous Players-Lasky which held most of the other stars of major box-office importance. All this of course to the extreme annoyance of Adolph Zukor.

Now there is an old adage born of the game of practical politics, saying: "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em."

Zukor decided to join, and work from the inside.

On March 15, 1917, there was an inconspicuous paragraph in the trade journals announcing that Aaron Jones of Chicago had arrived in New York for a visit.

Now Chicago is a good town and the weather is just as good there in March as it is in New York. There were several facts back of that visit to Broadway.

Aaron Jones name was the first one in the celebrated triumvirate of Jones, Linick & Schaefer, Chicago theater magnates, proprietors of a local distribution system, known as the Central Film Company, and related enterprises. They had Selznick picture franchises.

It seems a bit roundabout, but Jones came from Chicago with messages from Adolph Zukor at 485 Fifth avenue to Lewis J. Selznick, 729 Seventh avenue, New York, N. Y.

Selznick has subsequently stated that Jones received a pleasant little \$50,000 for his services as messenger.

Conferences between Zukor and Selznick ensued. There were plans evolved which promised to make Selznick Pictures even more profitable, accompanied by the acquisition of an exact 50 per cent interest in the Selznick concern by Zukor. Selznick was to remain president. Their pictures were to be made at the Lasky studio of Famous Players-Lasky in Hollywood, with all of the vast facilities of that concern and sundry economies.

Also as a personal token, Myron Selznick, young son of Lewis J., now growing up to the maturity of almost seventeen years, was to go into the studio to become a production author-

ity, understudying Jesse Lasky and Cecil DeMille.

Of course there was to be no outward merging of interests. The Selznick concern was to continue in vigorous competition on the market after the pictures left the studios. The brand name was, however, to be changed to Select Pictures Corporation. This was the joker, and the source of much subsequent excitement.

The year before Zukor had offered Lewis J. \$5,000 a week to take himself and his name to China. Now he had become Selznick's partner and he moved to eliminate the painful sight of that irritating name from the electric lights of Broadway and all the billboards from there to Bird Center, Ia. It was, in a way, a city-beautiful movement.

Selznick discovered presently he had made a mistake. He had traded the effulgence of his name in the electric lights before the gaze of the world for a partnership with the man he knew to be the most powerful in the screen world, Zukor. But that partnership did not shine in the lights on Broadway.

A great silence and obscurity fell on the name of Selznick. It was swept off the signs and off the screen, with one single exception. Some months before when the Schenck interests set out to launch Constance Talmadge as a star with Selznick Pictures, Lewis J. was riding the crest of his wave. He was induced to lend the brilliance of the name in a line on each picture:

"Lewis J. Selznick presents Constance Talmadge," etc. It was presumed to help a bit in the period when the younger Talmadge was yet to be established.

Now it came about that the plan to have Myron Selznick go west to understudy Lasky and De Mille fell through. It was postponed and cancelled. Probably there never was any real notion of letting a scion of the house of Selznick penetrate the gates of the sacred city on Vine street in Hollywood.

Also, Lewis J. Selznick, sitting in the mahogany obscurity of his office as the mere president of Select Pictures, began to develop a positive red flannel itch on the anti-publicity phase of his position. Then came the last straw which made the camel buck.

A message came through from the west coast studio stating that the Talmadges wanted the line "Lewis J. Selznick presents" omitted from Constance's future pictures.

Selznick sleuths reported that this displeasing movement had really originated in messages from 485 Fifth avenue. These same reports indicated that the Talmadge contingent had been offered most any kind of a consideration or favor if they would subscribe to this request for the elimination of that Selznick name.

### Young Selznick Takes a Decisive Step

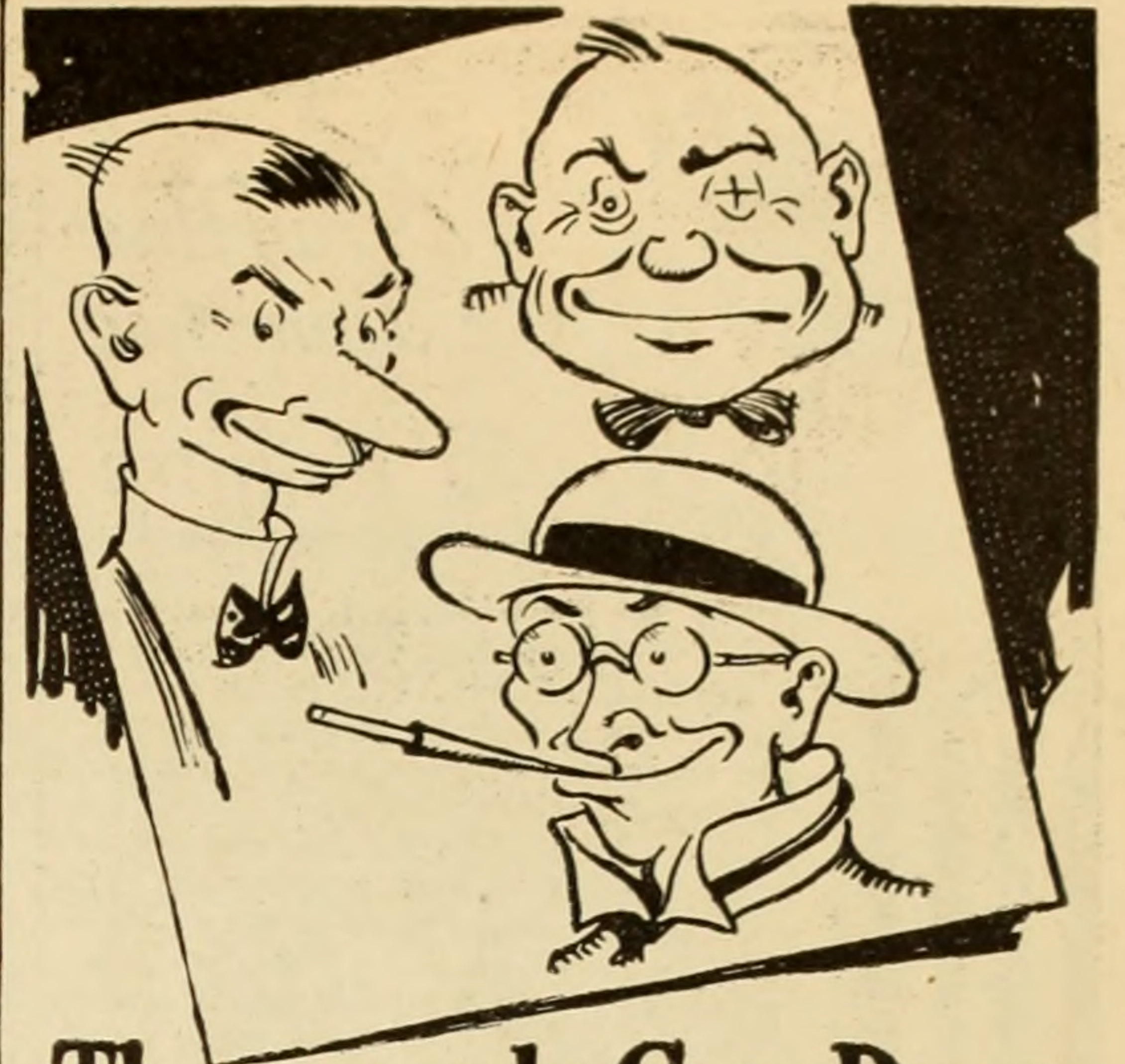
"If they're going to do that, I'll put my own name on some pictures, they can't stop that," Myron proclaimed in heat.

The young Selznick went shopping for stars and came back with a contract with Olive Thomas in his pocket.

It was a signal stroke for the youngster. He was yet a minor and his mother signed the contract as a measure of legal responsibility. Myron closed his contract with Miss Thomas at \$1,000 a week against competing offers from established concerns of twice that amount. Back of that apparently strange decision by the star is one of the countless sentimental and pathetic real life stories which fills the shadows back to the tinsel of stage and screen.

It was a clutching at romantic adventure and a touch of childish excitement which made Olive Thomas choose the Selznick contract. The boy Myron and his glowing plans made a youthful play appeal which was more to the star than the higher salaries bid by staid routine business.

Olive Thomas had had no girlhood. She was born as Oliveretta Duffy, and grew up in a depressing, smoky Pennsylvania industrial atmosphere. She married into that life of



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grime, labor and sweat—a life unbearable. That marriage was a desperately unhappy one. The girl fled to New York, taking refuge in a cousin's household in Harlem. She haunted the streets of uptown New York looking for work and found it at last behind a basement counter in a department store. She had escaped the grime of Pittsburgh for the grind of a shop-girl in an inferior market.

Then came one of those bits of Aladdin magic which are the lure of New York. A newspaper bidding for shop-girl circulation announced that Howard Chandler Christy, the famous artist, was holding a competition for a perfect model, the supreme New York beauty. There were prizes to be awarded, and the glory of having one's picture in the paper.

Oliveretta Duffy had recovered a bit from the depressions of Pittsburgh, and there was a radiant Irish beauty just back of her eyes, ready to bloom. She took a chance, reported sick at the store and in her pathetic best clothes went downtown to the Christy studio to sit waiting with the throng of ambitious. It was a convention of the piquant beauties of the New York shop girl. Every race of the metropolitan melting pot was represented in that array. Oliveretta Duffy won, the prize, the picture in the paper, the publicity, everything.

**The Rise of Olive Thomas**

Now over in Broadway Florenz Ziegfeld was engaged in his business of "glorifying the American girl" per the "Follies." His merchandise was and is feminine beauty, preferably famous beauty. Here was youth and beauty, with a brand new fame in the papers. Oliveretta Duffy went to the Follies and burst into fame as Olive Thomas. She was a sudden sensation, the toast of Broadway. Strong men grew dizzy under her eyes. She was overwhelmed with admiration and gifts of treasure, diamond necklaces, pendants, rings, parties, orchids, everything that the dreaming little shop girl might fancy on the screen of her imagination. It was even whispered about that the great Bernstorff, the German ambassador, had sent Miss Thomas a ten thousand dollar string of pearls.

On this wave of adulation Miss Thomas was signed by Triangle Pictures Corporation for the screen. Her screen appearances were successful enough with Triangle, but Triangle was driven more with promotion than performance, and its decline had set in when Miss Thomas' contract expired.

Olive Thomas had won the world, and still had not found happiness. Her triumphs were all in the desperate, hard, grownup world. The Myron Selznick contract was a chance to be a kid. She wanted to play, not with the thrill of millionaires and diamond necklaces, but the simple fun of a couple of youngsters breaking into business.

Master Myron Selznick was now launched

in redemption of the family name from obscurity. He took offices at 729 Seventh avenue, near the offices where his father presided as the suppressed head of Select Pictures. A new electric sign burst upon the gaze of Broadway: **SELZNICK PICTURES OLIVE THOMAS**

Now it was really a very good sign, as signs go. But Adolph Zukor did not like it. He had been to a lot of trouble, not to say expense, to obliterate that name. Now it was sprouting up again, as vigorously persistent as a dandelion on the front lawn.

Furthermore, it was reported at 485 Fifth avenue that over at 729 Seventh avenue the office of the president of Select was filled with posters, sketches and advertising matter pertaining to Myron Selznick's enterprise. The young man seems to have been getting considerable fatherly advice.

This led to an open discussion and an open letter from Adolph Zukor in the trade press discussing the president of Select. It had become a public fight. It was announced that there was going to be a definite issue to decide if Lewis J. Selznick, the head of Select, could devote his energies and attention to a competitive enterprise.

Selznick, holding half of the stock and being in office, successfully resisted efforts to dislodge him. Before long it was announced that he had purchased the Zukor interest in Select.

Some swift moves and developments came. The Selznick organization began to lose its stars, all of them through the usual paths of departure except Olive Thomas. Tragic death from poison ended her career in Paris, where she had gone in an interlude between pictures. Probably all of that story has not been told and never will be told. She had won success, as it is called, beyond measure. She had money, adoration, yet another marriage, and it all was nothing.

Outwardly the House of Selznick was still strong. It kept up a brave front of electric lights and the names of a second class line of stars. But the beginning of the end of the second phase of the striking career of the diamond merchant in screen land was in sight. While this chapter is written in the fall of '24 a new and third phase of the same career is forming, with results yet to be written in the electric lights of Broadway,—if they are written.

We have left Mary Pickford for the moment anchored to a contract with Zukor's Artcraft, still sharing the screen's highest honors with Chaplin and her pride saved against being "second" to him, after upsetting all the comfortable routines of the industry.

Now before the film world could fairly get its breath under the new arrangement yet other remarkable changes, pivoting about the names of Pickford and Chaplin, were to come, ushering in the screen era of the immediate Now.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

**Good and Bad in Movie Interiors**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

see the villain; he is very wealthy; he lives, or dwells, rather, in a palatial city apartment. He is seen there, surrounded by richly carved doorways, canopied beds, and furniture of the most elaborate details. In the first place, it is not expressive in any manner of the villain's character. The fussiness alone of the details are contrary to all his ideals. Instead of emphasizing his villainous character, as may have been the idea, the environment detracts and makes one rather want to praise the villain as a hero for living in such a place.

Besides all this, the setting does not even represent wealth. It may suggest a vulgar expenditure of money, but has no educational value nor inspirational qualities to any class of people. A little refinement in an even over-ornate setting would bring out the villain's character by contrast, would better suggest great wealth and the set would at the same time have an educational appeal.

The scene changes to the meagre home of the heroine. She is a country girl. She is shown "back home" before fleeing to the big city in quest of romance and riches. Shabbiness features her setting. That is inspiration for not even the most lowly! The ideals of the poor may be simple, but never shabby. Poverty can be just as well expressed by neat simplicity as riches can by refined ornamentation.

These are a few of the fine points of interior architecture that might creditably be applied to the settings of the movies. I again beg to draw the distinction to which I referred at the beginning of this article that I am making suggestions rather than offering criticism. I sincerely hope that something I have said may prove valuable to the moving picture scenic artist whom I respect on account of the difficulties under which he works. He is, anyhow, a magician, and I always was and always will be fascinated by sleight of hand.