

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

N.S.E.

PHOTOPLAY

May

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That Terrible Thorne Girl
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YOUR GUMS are dormant. They are asleep because the food you eat gives them no stimulation, no exercise, no life. These they need and you can give to them if you will—you can keep your gums firm and healthy with Ipana Tooth Paste in a minute or two a day.

* * *

To care for the gums, the dentists will tell you, is just as necessary as to care for the surface of the teeth—even more so.

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Otherwise, under a modern diet of soft food and creamy sauces, the gums are cheated of the natural stimulation that rough, coarse food once gave.

The cause of weak gums is soft food

"No item in our modern diet," says one widely known authority, "is capable of giving our jaws more than an insignificant amount of exercise. Certainly there is nothing about the mastication of the average meal to produce stimulation and growth of the cellular elements of the gum tissue. Were we to depend upon the natural agencies for the health of the oral tissues, we might well despair of ever controlling dental degeneration and infection."

That's a pretty strong statement. But the writer by no means exaggerates the case, for



soft food and hasty eating cheat the gums of exercise and bring about these gum troubles so difficult to master.

Dental authorities everywhere are making great progress in combating troubles of the *gingiva* (gum structure).

How Ipana helps the dentists in healing bleeding gums

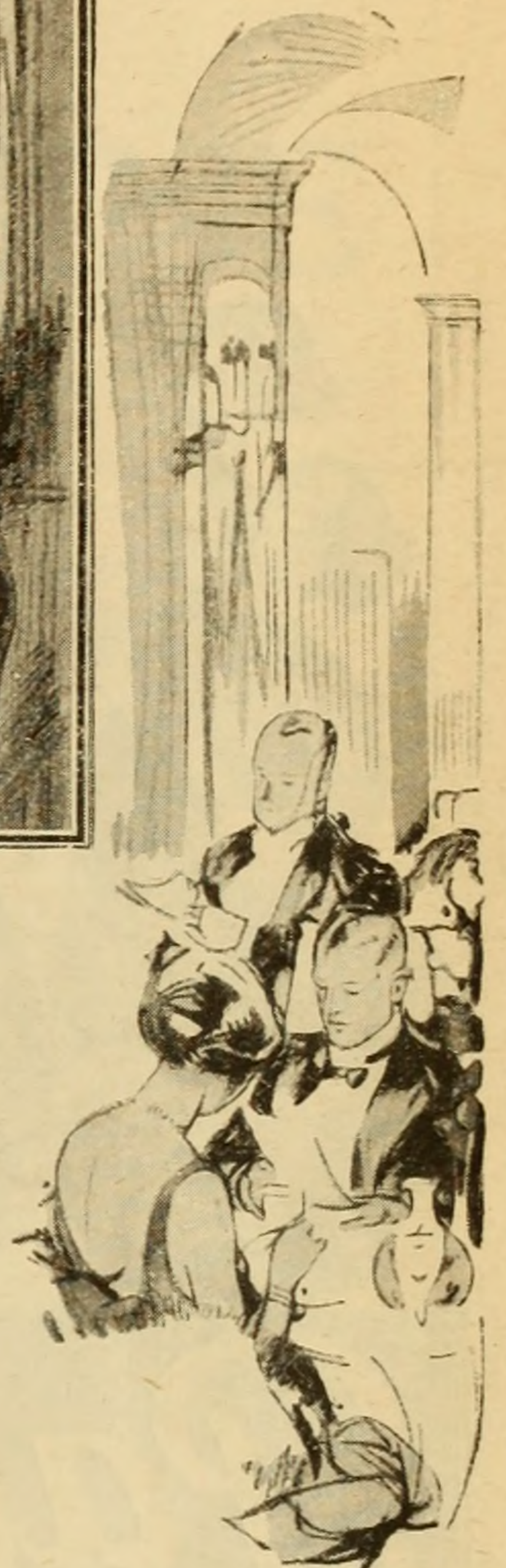
Thousands of dentists to whom Ipana has been demonstrated recommend it strongly. Many of them order a daily massage with Ipana after the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana not only cleanses teeth safely but tones and strengthens under-stimulated gum tissues. This it can do because of the presence of ziratol, an antiseptic hemostatic used by the profession

to allay bleeding and to restore gum tissue to its normal tonicity.

Make a trial of Ipana for one month

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

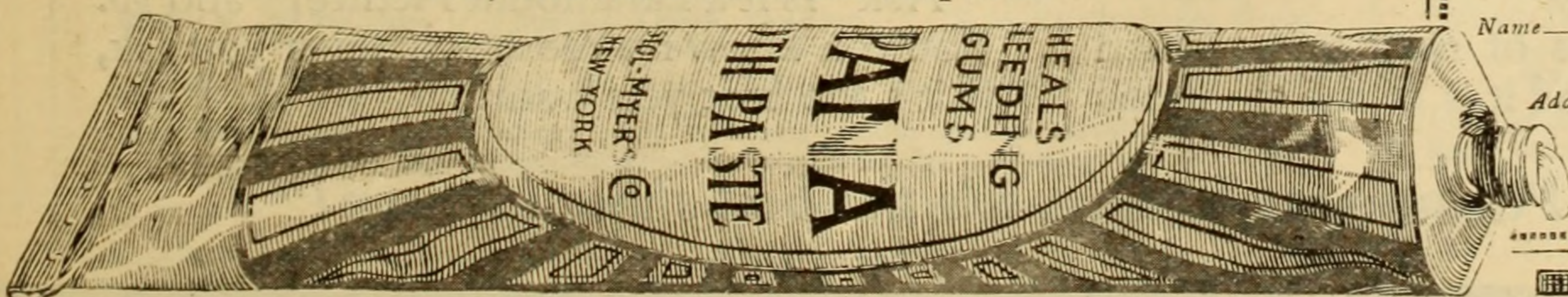
Despite the coupon on this page, the best thing to do is to get a large tube at your nearest drug store. The ten-day tube can only start the good work. A full-size tube, which will last for a hundred brushings, will show you the start of firmer, harder, healthier gums, and a clean, sweet and wholesome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



Perhaps your own tooth-brush seldom "shows pink"—perhaps it never does. Still, you can build no better foundation for the health—present and future—of your gums and teeth than to brush them twice daily with this delicious dentifrice.

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Personalities of Paramount

Pola Negri

DO not attempt to solve the enigma of Pola Negri's personality in cold daylight.

She is of the theatre, theatrical, and the logic of her magnetism is the divine logic of art, as potent as the perfume of the tuberose which sways the senses.

People who saw her first picture, "Passion," left the theatre feeling that they had experienced an electric storm, yet this was but Pola Negri's first attempt.

With her first American productions this extraordinary Polish girl swiftly picked up all the threads of American screen technique and in the same gesture inflamed ten thousand audiences with the determination to miss no Paramount Picture she ever made.

If you did not see her in the "Spanish Dancer," "Shadows of Paris," "Forbidden Paradise" and "The Charmer" you have hours of intense excitement in store.

Joseph Hergesheimer, famous author, is now at work on an original story for Pola Negri's next Paramount Picture.



Paramount Pictures

A Party Everyone Can Enjoy

If you had a great big group of friends of all ages and conditions, from grandparents to school children, and from rich families to poor, what kind of entertainment could you all enjoy together in a party?

A photoplay—the pictures and accompanying music of the screen. The reason is that the movies contain something for everyone, sentiment and merriment, adventure and romance.

It is the emotions of men and women that are universal, and it is of the emotions

that the photoplay tells, starting gasps, sighs, tears and laughter.

Paramount Pictures make life brighter and gayer and more exciting, touching the greyest of days with a little color of rose.

You thoughtful people appreciate the influence of the screen today, and you see that no competent judge of entertainment values can deny that Paramount's long leadership has been earned season by season.

Ask "Is it a Paramount Picture?" and go. You can know no more, whatever you ask, if it's the best you want.

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



The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

IVAN ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXVII

No. 6

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the criticisms before you pick out
your evening's entertainment.
Make this your reference list.

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\$5,000

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in the

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Issue

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Out

May 15

News of First National Pictures

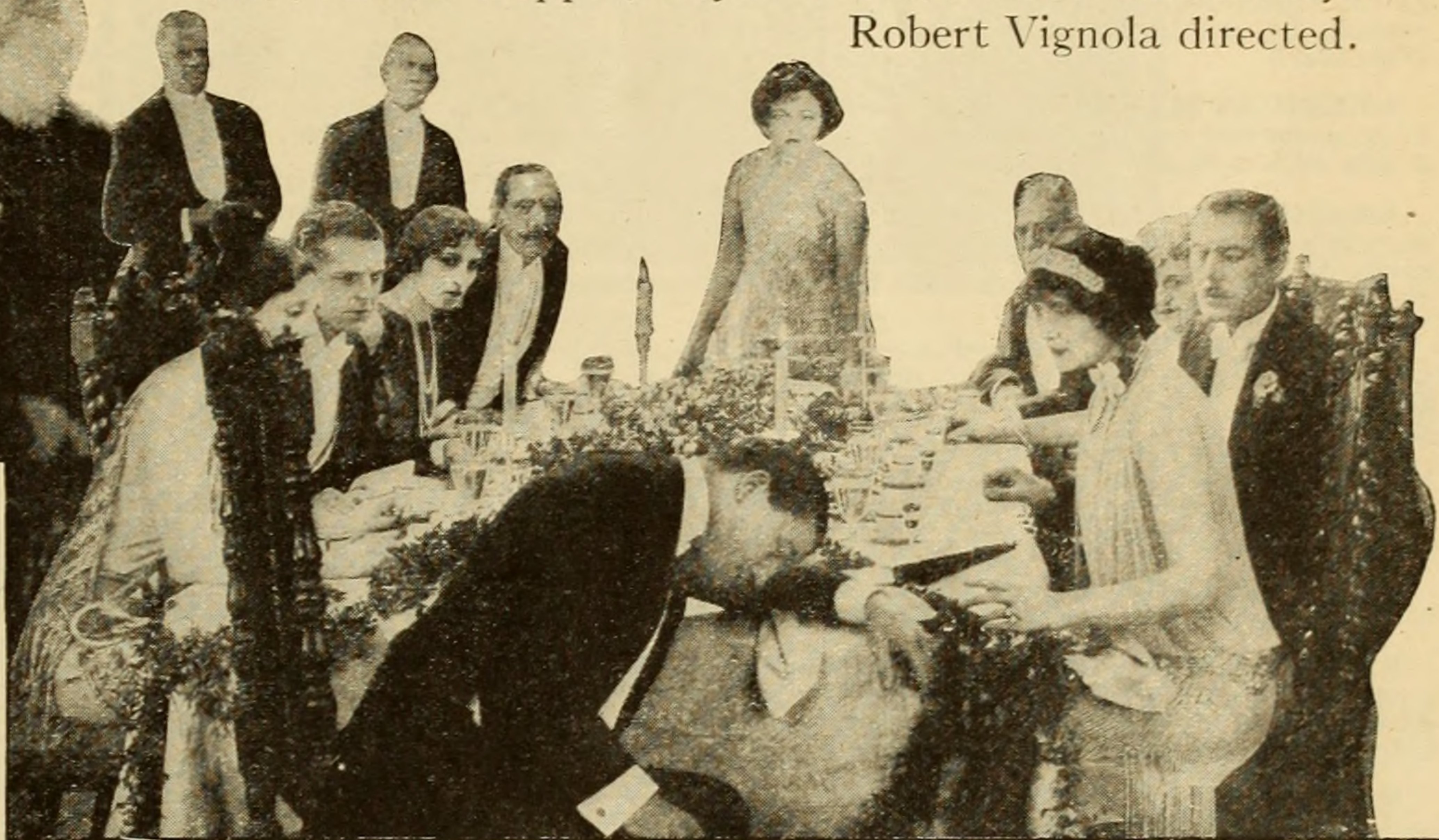


Corinne Griffith in "Declasse"

BEAUTIFUL Corinne Griffith has Ethel Barrymore's famous role in the screen version of "Declasse," Zoe Akins' stage success.

The picture tells the story of an English noblewoman, her name whispered among all the scandalmongers of London, who comes to America—"the land of second chance." Her adventures, and how her sense of honor and the traditions of her family save her from destruction, make this one of the fascinating of all Miss Griffith's pictures. The all-star supporting cast includes Lloyd Hughes, Clive Brook, Louise Fazenda, Rockliffe Fellows, Hedda Hopper, Lilyan Tashman and Gale Henry.

Robert Vignola directed.



The Best in Entertainment

New Toys—Richard Barthelmess in a comedy drama of newlywed life with Mary Hay (Mrs. Barthelmess) in the leading feminine role. You will be delighted with Dick in this light role. A John S. Robertson production.

Playing with Souls—A drama of an American boy in Paris, and his quest for happiness. In the featured cast are Jacqueline Logan, "Buster" Collier, Mary Astor, and Clive Brook.

One Year to Live—A story of after-the-war Paris, alive again to the quest of thrills and excitement. A powerful story enacted by Aileen Pringle, Antonio Moreno, Dorothy Mackaill and other favorites.

I Want My Man—Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills are co-featured in this picturization of Struthers Burt's novel, "The Interpreter's House."

Sally—She's in the movies now—the sprightly heroine of Florenz Ziegfeld's famous Broadway success. Colleen Moore plays the title role; Lloyd Hughes appears opposite her, and Leon Errol repeats in his original stage role.

One Way Street—An American boy (Ben Lyon) goes adventuring in London society and an English social leader (Anna Q. Nilsson) and an American girl (Marjorie Daw) fight for his love.

"My Son"

NAZIMOVA has the featured role in a picturization of Martha Stanley's recent Broadway stage success, "My Son."

It is a story of intense drama, laid in a Portuguese fishing village, and the famous Russian emotional actress has reached—as one critic put it—"the pinnacle of a career that has never known a failure." Jack Pickford plays the son—the boy who, in his mother's eyes, could never do wrong. In the supporting cast are Hobart Bosworth, Ian Keith, Charles A. Murray, Mary Akin, Constance Bennett and Dot Farley. Edwin Carewe, one of First National's leading producers, directed "My Son".

On the right is Nazimova and Ian Keith in a scene from the production.





Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

ALASKAN, THE—Paramount.—This story of heroism 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.)

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

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

ARIZONA ROMEO, THE—Fox.—The story is weak and silly but you'll enjoy it because of Buck Jones. (April.)

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

AS MAN DESIRES—First National.—A colorful, romantic melodrama of South Sea Isles. (April.)

BAD COMPANY—Associated Exhibitors.—A poor story saved from a complete wreck by Madge Kennedy and Conway Tearle. Not for children. (March.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BROKEN LAWS—F. B. O.—Mrs. Wallace Reid's new picture sounds a caution to indulgent mothers. For parents and children alike. (April.)

CAFE IN CAIRO, A—Hunt Stromberg.—In which Priscilla Dean plays the part of an English girl who grows up in the belief that she is the daughter of an Arabian tribal chieftain. Nothing to rave about.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT—Preferred.—A propaganda picture against capital punishment with George Hackathorne excellent in the leading role. Depressing. (April.)

CAPTAIN BLOOD—Vitagraph.—Of the old roistering days of 17th century and revolves around a series of sea fights. Splendid entertainment. (Nov.)

CHAMPION OF LOST CAUSES—Fox.—A story of a clever crook. Sad entertainment. (April.)

CHARLEY'S AUNT—Producers Dist.—Don't miss this. Syd Chaplin becomes a perfect screen comedienne. (April.)

CHEAPER TO MARRY—Metro-Goldwyn.—A matrimonial drama along the gold-digger type. Amusing. (April.)

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

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

CHU CHIN CHOW—Metro-Goldwyn.—Another spectacular production that doesn't amount to a row of pins. (April.)

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.

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

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

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

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

CLOUD RIDER, THE—F. B. O.—Dandy real-honest-to-goodness aeroplane stunts in this picture. Entertaining. (April.)

COMING THROUGH—Paramount.—A pleasing Tom Meighan vehicle. Cast good, action splendid. (April.)

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE—Hepworth.—You'll enjoy this picture better if you stay at home. It's the world's worst. (March.)

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

CURLYTOP—Fox.—Shirley Mason frets through a goody-goody role in London's wicked Limehouse district. Tiresome. (March.)

DANCERS, THE—Fox.—Nothing out of the ordinary. An Englishman returns to his childhood sweetheart only to find her a victim of the jazz craze. (March.)

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

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

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

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

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

DEADWOOD COACH, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix shoots, rides, climbs, leaps and loves his way through this rousing melodrama. You'll like it. (April.)

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

DEVIL'S CARGO, THE—Paramount.—One of the finest pictures we've seen in some time. It is sprinkled with good comedy relief. (March.)

DICK TURPIN—Fox.—By far the best thing that Tom Mix ever did. (April.)

DIXIE HANDICAP, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—The old racing thrills moulded into a melo-racer-thriller intended to stimulate the most blase. (March.)

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

EAST OF SUEZ—Paramount.—Pola Negri does not measure up to her previous screen effort. An intriguing story, splendid sets, good cast and excellent characterization. Not a family picture. (March.)

ENTICEMENT—First National.—Be sure to leave the children home. A story of a girl's trust in man. (April.)

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

EXCUSE ME—Metro-Goldwyn.—A rollicking comedy filled with plenty of good laughs in a novel setting—a transcontinental railroad. (April.)

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

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

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

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 10]

Watch Harold Lloyd, the famous Pathe star, in his great picture "Hot Water." How "crazy" he seems. Far from it! In private life and in his preparation for his successes he is one of the best read young men in America.



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- CONRAD NAGEL
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- CONSTANCE TALMADGE
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SEE HAROLD LLOYD in one of his big, wholesome, side-splitting comedies, and you will say:

"Thousands of young men had as good a chance as he had. How has he become America's favorite? What is his secret?" You will find the answer when you know what Harold Lloyd does in his spare time. Visit him and look at the books he reads! In his private library, for one thing, is Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics).

Books of this kind, wisely selected, have made Lloyd's mind as agile as his body. Take stars like Rudolph Valentino, Constance Talmadge, May McAvoy, Clara Kimball Young. Was it by accident that they reached the heights they now occupy? What makes *them* stand out from the crowd?

The secret is this—they have spent their spare time in making themselves *interesting* people. In *their* libraries, too, you will find Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

And they are only a few of the screen favorites who have discovered this great secret of personality. Glance through the names at the left!

Why not decide to-day to profit from your reading hours? Why not say: "From now on, I will give my mind a fair chance to grow, I will read only the books that will build me into a successful man or woman—the books that have proved their building power in other lives."

You can do it if you will. Your reading problem has been solved; the solution is contained in a free booklet that every ambitious man and woman should own. It is called "Fifteen

Minutes a Day" and it tells the whole story of

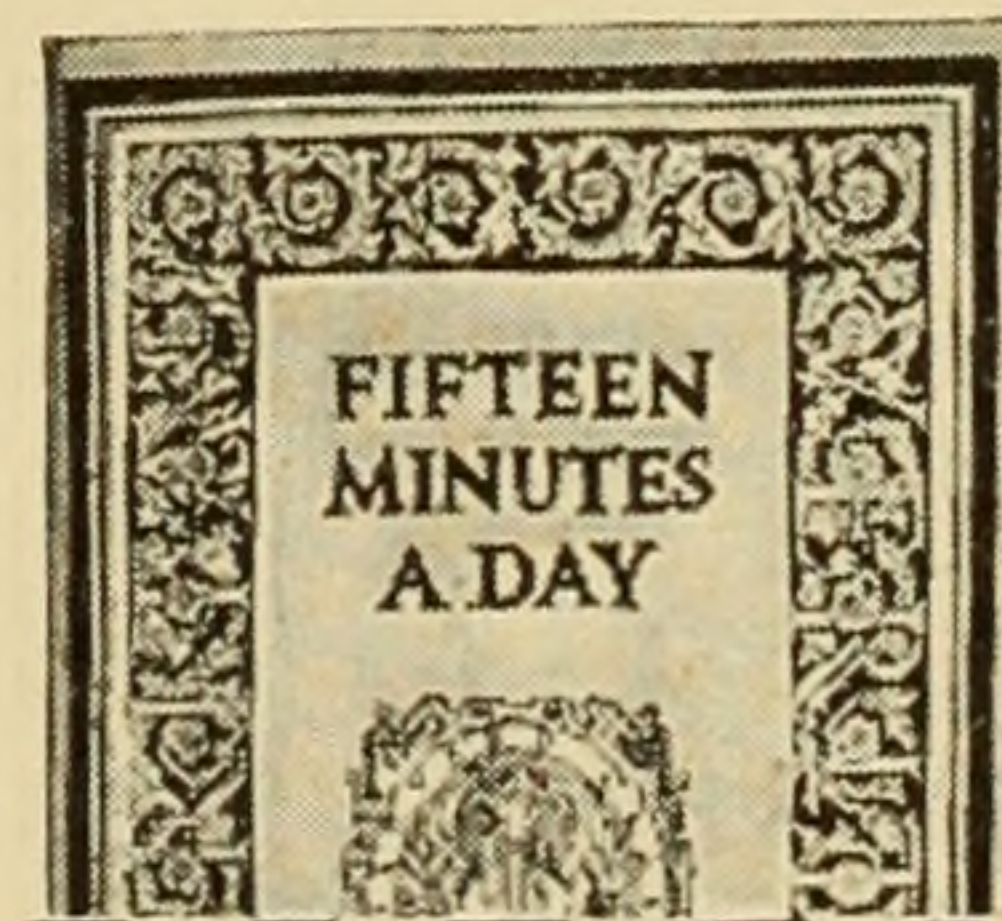
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step forward, and it showed me besides the way to a vast new world of pleasure."

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\$50,000 In Cash For An Idea

"LIBERTY" Magazine is offering \$50,000 for a story suitable for publication in "Liberty" and as a motion picture to be produced by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

"Liberty" will pay \$25,000 for the best bare synopsis of such a story and \$25,000 for the best idea submitted in complete story form. The contest closes June 1. We will send you full details on request, together with a pamphlet showing how to prepare a story synopsis in the form most acceptable to editors and motion picture directors.

Can you win this prize?

This offer is just one of many similar offers that are being made by magazine editors and motion picture producers to help develop new writers.

In every section of the country, in crowded cities and on isolated farms, there are men and women who long to write for the magazines and the motion pictures, and yet do not know just how to begin.

They have the precious gift of imagination and the latent ability to write that are conferred as a priceless heritage upon a fortunate few. They see things that other people do not see. They dream dreams that other people do not dream.

Are you the "One in a Hundred"?

If you are one of these fortunate men or women who has the urge to write—if you have been longing for years for some way to learn how to make your stories sell—we have a message for you today that will be the means of changing your entire life.

It is simply that there *is* a way for you to master the technique of story telling right at home in spare time through the Palmer Institute of Authorship.

Let us tell you if you can succeed as a writer

The Palmer Institute of Authorship was founded seven years ago to co-operate with motion picture producers and magazine editors in the development of new writers.

The Palmer Institute holds a unique place among educational institutions because it enrolls only those who can pass its Creative Test and who show that they can profit by its instruction.

Send for the Palmer Creative Test and full details of the \$50,000 offer

If you believe that you have the natural ability to succeed as a writer, you are cordially invited to send for the Palmer Creative Test, fill it out and return it to us for analysis. Our Board of Examiners will study your reply and send you a frank report on your indicated abilities. There is no charge for this service and you incur no obligation. We will send you full details of the \$50,000 "Liberty" Contest.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

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

FIFTH AVENUE MODELS—Universal.—An interesting picture with Mary Philbin splendid in the leading role. (April.)

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

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

FLASHING SPURS—F. B. O.—A ranger is the hero. Lots of fighting and shooting if you like that sort of stuff. (March.)

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.)

FOLLY OF VANITY—Fox.—A fantastic trip through Neptune's realm. Stupid. (April.)

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

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

FORTY WINKS—Paramount.—Don't miss this picture. There is more entertainment in it than the title implies. Story hinges on the recovery of coast defense plans. A garter is the only clue. (March.)

FRIVOLOUS SAL—First National.—Good cast, wonderful scenery and two dandy fights. The action centers around a girl and a small boy who help a man find himself. (March.)

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

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

GOLDEN BED, THE—Paramount.—A lavishly stupid spectacle. A trite story of a faithless, extravagant woman who kills two men and drives another to prison. (March.)

GOLD HEELS—Fox.—A trite horse racing story. The racing shots are the only redeeming feature. (April.)

GOOSE HANGS HIGH, THE—Paramount.—A perfect screen comedy with a perfect cast. Bring the whole family. (April.)

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

GREAT DIVIDE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A pleasing romance with a colorful background and splendid cast. (April.)

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

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

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 HUSBAND'S SECRET—First National.—Beautifully photographed but drearily developed. (April.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

IF I MARRY AGAIN—First National.—Doris Kenyon and Lloyd Hughes make this romantic hodgepodge worth seeing. (April.)

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

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

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

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

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

JIMMIE'S MILLIONS—F. B. O.—A tiresome picture. Richard Talmadge fights, runs and climbs buildings throughout. (April.)

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

LADY, THE—First National.—This mother-love story proves Norma Talmadge to be a great emotional actress. Be sure to see this! (April.)

LAST LAUGH, THE—U. F. A.—One of the greatest character studies ever produced. (April.)

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

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

LEARNING TO LOVE—First National.—Constance Talmadge endeavors to show modern girls the various ways to capture a husband. Good comedy. (April.)

LET 'ER BUCK—Universal.—Hoot Gibson swaggers through this as a he-man of the great outdoors and the hero of the hour. (March.)

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.)

LIGHTHOUSE BY THE SEA, THE—Warner Brothers.—Rum runners plot to frustrate U. S. Revenue officers by subduing the keeper and his aids. Enter Rin-Tin-Tin and all is saved. (March.)

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

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

LOST CHORD, THE—Arrow.—A sobbing melodrama based on the song by Sir Arthur Sullivan. (March.)

LOST LADY, THE—Warner Bros.—A drab story. Irene Rich gives one of the finest performances of her career. (April.)

LOST WORLD, THE—First National.—A spectacular production introducing pre-historic animals. Cleverly done. (April.)

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

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

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

MADONNA OF THE STREETS—First National. Marking the return of Nazimova but otherwise a draggy and sordid tale. Not for children. (January.)

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

MAN IN BLUE, THE—Universal.—An impossible plot with Madge Bellamy and Herbert Rawlinson doing their utmost to put it over. (April.)

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

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

MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY, THE—Fox.—The famous Edward Everett Hale story of the young army officer who cursed his country. Adequately enough done but too long. (March.)

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.)

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

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

MIDNIGHT MOLLY—F. B. O.—Evelyn Brent in a dual crook role proves to be rather interesting. (April.)

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

MISS BLUEBEARD—Paramount.—Plenty of laughs can be obtained from the love affairs of a French actress. Bebe Daniels plays the lead. (April.)

MONSTER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A real thriller with lots of mystery. (April.)

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

NARROW STREET, THE—Warner Brothers.—You'll get plenty of entertainment and good clean fun out of this story of a simple office clerk who rose to general manager and husband of the magnate's daughter. (March.)

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

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.)

NEW LIVES FOR OLD—Paramount.—Fine entertainment. Well cast, well directed and fine photography. (April.)

NEW TOYS—First National.—A comedy of married life. Dick Barthelmess and Mary Hay (Mrs. Barthelmess) are the married couple. (April.)

NO GUN MAN, THE—F. B. O.—Lefty Flynn is the only redeeming feature. It will please the young boys, though. (March.)

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

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

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

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

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]



How Much Do Artists Earn?

WOULD you like to earn \$100 a week as a commercial artist? If you like to draw, you should develop your talent, for well-trained artists earn \$75, \$100, \$150 a week and sometimes even more. Beginners who can do practical work soon command \$50 a week.

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America's Foremost School of Commercial Art

Would immortalize Wallace Reid

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Your fitting tribute to Wallace Reid in the March issue of PHOTOPLAY was indeed touchingly sincere. The familiar caption, "Lest We Forget," had a deeper significance than ever before. Although I am but a high school student Wallace Reid has been my favorite ever since his "Firefly of France" and "Valley of the Giants" and his other early successes (which I saw in England) right up to his last pitifully humorous "Thirty Days." Judging from the many letters to "Brickbats and Bouquets" the plea of thousands has been granted.

Mr. Lasky, himself, said that the screen is the medium through which Wally would remain immortal. But is it so? Two years have passed since his death and since any of his pictures have been shown anywhere in the United States. While the fans have not forgotten, it seems that the exhibitors have. I feel sure that there must be many who would give anything for the chance to live the beautiful, gossamer-like "Forever," and the delightful whimsicality of "Clarence" over again.

Is Wally to be lost, indeed, to the actual screen? Would not an occasional revival be a worth while dedication to his memory, as well as a medium to gladden the hearts of his followers of old? Is there nobody who can make Mr. Exhibitor know how we feel about it? I hope something can be done about the matter.

JOHN MCANDREW.

Wants Us Oftener

Chicago, Ill.

I wish you would publish PHOTOPLAY every week, or at least twice a month. I am through reading it and now I must wait a whole month for the next.

I am a photoplay fan and always follow your judgment of a picture.

May I say a word about my favorites? Glenn Hunter is positively marvelous. His acting couldn't be better. Ronald Colman is very good. Pola is superb. Rudy was wonderful in "A Sainted Devil." He did fine acting but he will never come up to "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Something is lacking in the Shiek. Why don't we see more of Ricardo Cortez? John Gilbert cannot be beaten in a movie race.

NORMA A.

Some Thoughts on "Greed"

Coronado, Calif.

Without having seen Mr. Von Stroheim's production of "Greed" (and there's a doubt if I ever see it, as few, if any, Metro-Goldwyn pictures are shown in Coronado or San Diego) I am offering an objection to your criticism on this production in the February number of your magazine. You say the picture is sordid, depressing, brutal, shocking, almost repulsive. Surely it must be if it has followed the story as written by Frank Norris. Was not the whole story as written by Norris, entitled "McTeague," the same you have described Von Stroheim's production? There was hardly a cheerful chapter in the novel. I heartily agree with your statement on another page that it would be much better if Von Stroheim showed us a few morning glories opening to the sun instead of dead cats, but how much better it is to film a story as an author has really written it than to hand the long suffering public stories written by favorite and popular authors mutilated beyond recognition.

However, I sincerely trust there is no offense in this letter. I only wonder if those in the motion picture industry, those higher up, ever realize what the public puts up with in some pictures.

With all good wishes to PHOTOPLAY.

CLARA P. LINDEN.

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.

Praise from Hawaii

Wapakee, Hawaii.

I have been a constant reader of your interesting publication—have not missed a copy of it for six years. In my opinion the "Shadow Stage" is the best feature in your publication. I think that your reviews are more than reliable.

"The Romantic History of the Motion Picture," by Terry Ramsaye, is another illuminating article.

You have been publishing lately many articles about love by the stars. I agree with Mrs. T. B. Foreman who asked in your February issue what some of the stars know about love. Still, they have a right to express their opinion.

HARRY HANZAKA.

Rosemary for Remembrance

Springfield, Mass.

What a splendid surprise when I opened my new PHOTOPLAY and there was the picture of our beloved Wally. My whole family are ardent admirers of Mr. Reid's acting. After his passing out I couldn't bear to go to a motion picture for a year. For me there will never be another picture to compare with "Forever" and never another player to take Wally's place, although there are many whom I admire.

Mrs. Reid's article, "The Real Wally," is surely appreciated in this family. I, for one, wish to thank her and I am sure there are millions of the same mind. For of all the people, young and old, who have spoken of him in my presence, there has never been a dissenting voice.

I hope I have been able to express my sincere thanks to Mrs. Reid and the magazine for the picture and article. I hope that from time to time you will publish more of his pictures.

MRS. F. E. GORHAM.

Likes Conway Tearle's View of Love

Chaffee, Mo.

To me the definitions of love by the twelve wise men of the screen in your February issue were very interesting. I especially liked the one given by Rudolph Valentino. I also liked Conway Tearle's explanation that "Love is L-O-V-E." It remains for us to make the best of it.

But who could help being interested in every one of them? I can say that I greatly enjoyed reading every opinion.

MRS. H. B. TOMLINSON.

Perhaps They Needed Kleig Lights to Help the Sunshine

New York, N. Y.

I have just finished reading your very interesting article entitled "My Estimate of Eric Von Stroheim." It is one of the best articles I have ever read. Please accept my compliments.

I am moved to write you about a little picture which appeared in the January issue of PHOTOPLAY. I have studied the picture again and again and have finally become convinced that California is the most astounding place in the world. The picture referred to contains four figures. Helene Chadwick is reclining on a beach. Standing near her is Bryant Washburn and near him stand Viola Dana and Shirley Mason. The queer part of the picture is that Miss Chadwick's shadow goes off toward the east, that of Viola and Shirley to the west and Bryant has no shadow whatever except a little smudge beneath his nose. Can you, please, inform me what kind of sunshine they have out in California?

Hoping to see more articles in PHOTOPLAY of the type of yours on Eric Von Stroheim, I am
Yours fraternally,

DICK J. KENNEDY

Indianapolis Salutes

Indianapolis, Ind.

I wish to express my thanks and appreciation of the article and picture of Wally Reid. It was something all movie fans had wished for. He will never be forgotten. I hope that some day his best movie works will be reissued.

H. W. ROBERT.

Spare Our Blushes, Pansy

Buffalo, N. Y.

You don't remember Pansy, do you? Of course not, for it has been so long ago, as life runs away, since she wrote her first appreciation of your efforts to make PHOTOPLAY a constantly better and better magazine. I have been following it for years and rejoiced to see its steady improvement.

I enjoyed very much your dissertation on "Greed." How I laughed at your back somersault, as you termed it. I love the way you express your meaning. There's always a laugh near the surface. And how right you are about Von Stroheim! If he could only get rid of that mental twist that inspires him to show "dead cats instead of morning glories." What a perfectly stunning simile. How did you ever think of it? That's Mr. "Von" to a T.

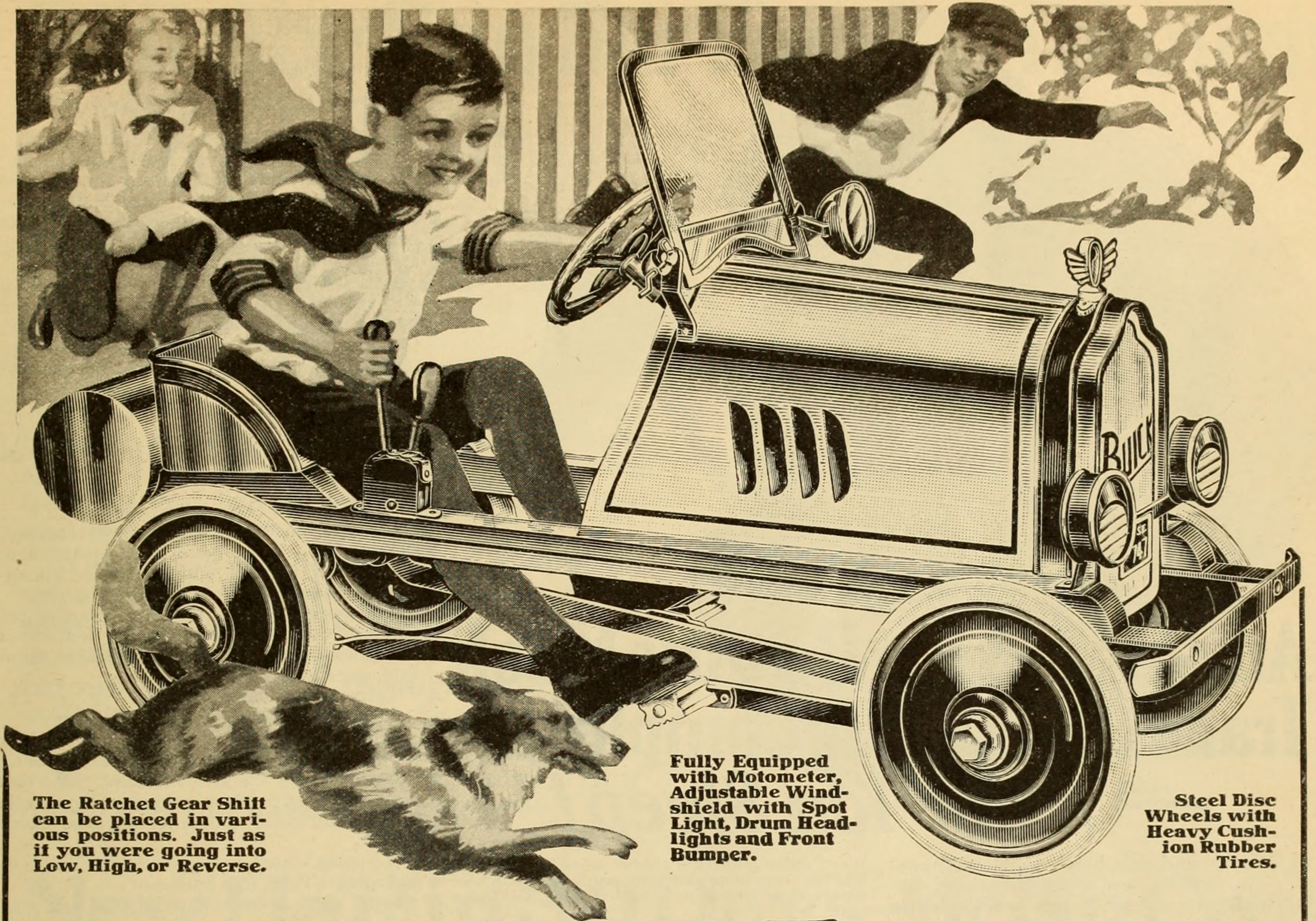
If he only had a touch of Cecil De Mille and a little touch of Harold Lloyd, wouldn't he be a corker? I loved "The Merry Go Round" and always thought it was "Von's" until now I learn it was really R. Julian's.

"Foolish Wives" was frightful and I suspect "Greed" was too. What will he do to Mae Murray?

Faithfully yours,

PANSY.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]



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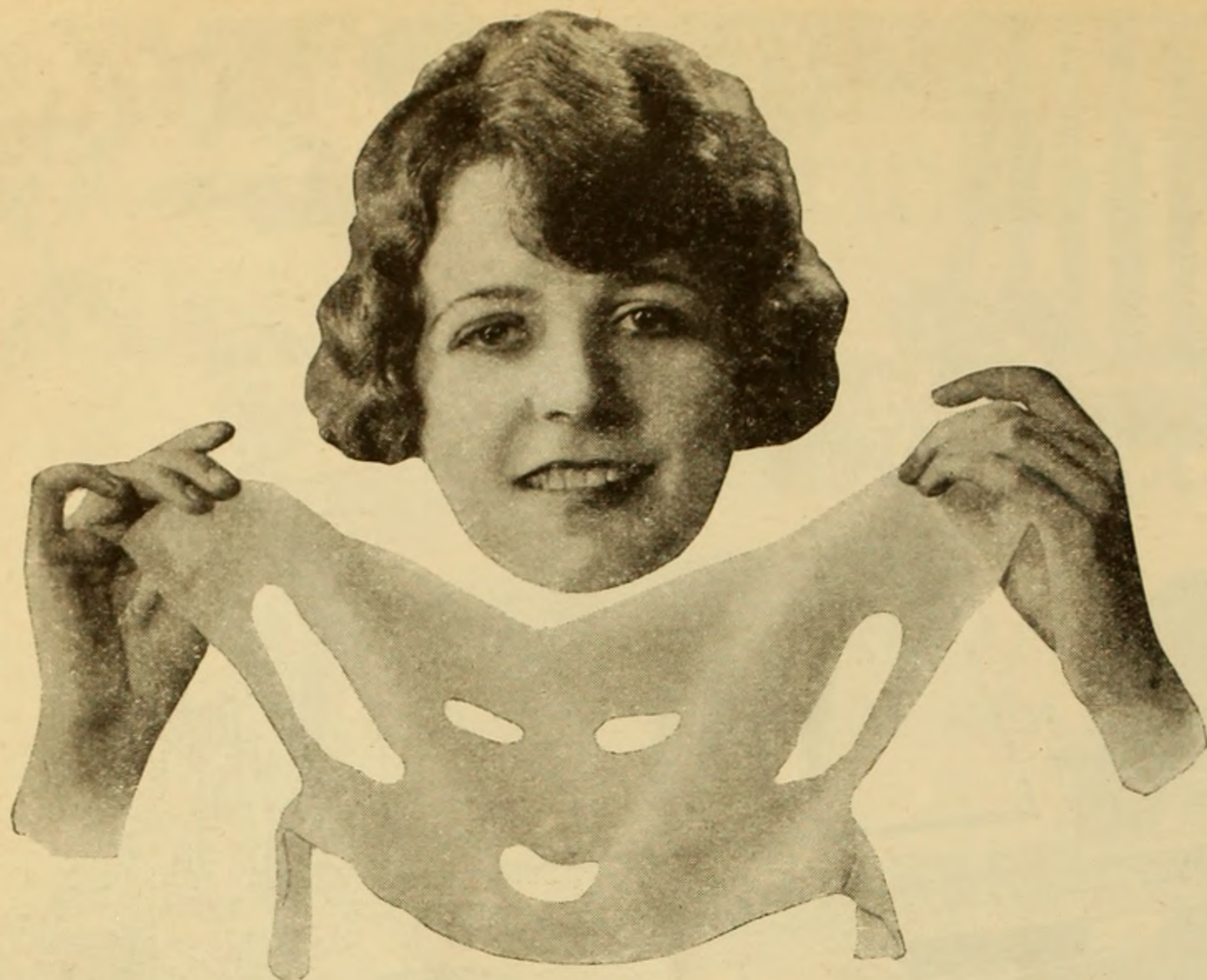
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Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

Drifting with Richard Dix

Terre Haute, Ind.

Occasionally you meet a movie fan who does not like Gloria Swanson. I think she has more cinema art than any other female star. She and Rod La Rocque together are perfect. No other picture pair compares with them. They are the perfect lovers of the screen.

And may I add to my list the name of Richard Dix? He is a wonderful actor. When you see him in a picture you drift off with him. One who wants to forget old trouble should go to see Gloria Swanson, Rod La Rocque and Richard Dix.

B. M.

A Plea for Reverent Handling of Fantasies

Los Angeles, Calif.

I possess many Oz books, well thumbed, showing many happy hours spent with them in my childhood. With delight I hailed the advent of "The Wizard of Oz" on the screen.

After seeing it I was disgusted, disappointed and disillusioned. The beautiful fantasy of childhood degenerated into a miserable, third rate, slapstick comedy.

Larry Semon, how could you?

Frank Baum, what are you thinking of?

Would Frank Baum, Sr., were he alive, allow his wonderful fairyland to be populated thus by silly, scheming, slangy politicians, the whole film over-dosed by the usual Larry Semon mule kicks, mud spills, and other obvious, cheap gags?

A woman seated next to me said, "This is as bad as that Peter Pan business."

Why, there is no comparison. Those who have read and love Barrie's immortal fantasy realize how closely Mr. Brenon clung to the original story. He didn't, as did Larry Semon, murder a marvelous myth.

Hats off to Herbert Brenon.

WILMA C.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

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

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

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.)

PAMPERED YOUTH—Vitagraph.—A main street story of a spoiled, snobbish, high handed young man. Not so good. (April.)

PARASITE, THE—B. P. Schulberg.—A society drama of a divorced woman who tries to regain her husband's love. Not much. (April.)

PETER PAN—Paramount.—A perfect picture of a perfect story, with a perfect cast. Everybody in America should see it. (March.)

PRICE OF A PARTY, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—Another story of Manhattan's night life. Fairly good entertainment of its kind. (December.)

QUO VADIS—First National.—A picture dealing with the martyrdom of the Christians during the reign of Nero. (April.)

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

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]

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By Alois Merke

Founder of the Famous Merke Institute, Fifth Ave., New York

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Will your friends begin to class you as old—and not a few call you “baldy”?

If your hair is thinning now, how much will you have when you're 40?



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You can grow hair on that bald spot, you can have a new growth of hair in 30 days or it will cost you nothing! If you don't see new hair coming—if you fail to get results—it won't cost you a cent! That's my guarantee, and I stand back of it. If you aren't satisfied with results, just tell me. You are the sole judge.

Wake Up Those Dormant Hair Roots

I've proved that in most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead—but merely dormant, temporarily asleep. Ordinary methods fail because they treat only the surface skin, not the roots.

You can't make hair grow by massaging the scalp with a tonic any more than you can make a tree grow by rubbing the bark with growing fluid. You've got to get to the very roots themselves. You've got to stimulate action and life by stimulating the dormant roots that contain the life.

And that's what my system does. It wakes up the cells that have been sleeping and inactive. It gives them the nourishment they need and stimulates hair growth. My system gets right down into the roots, right

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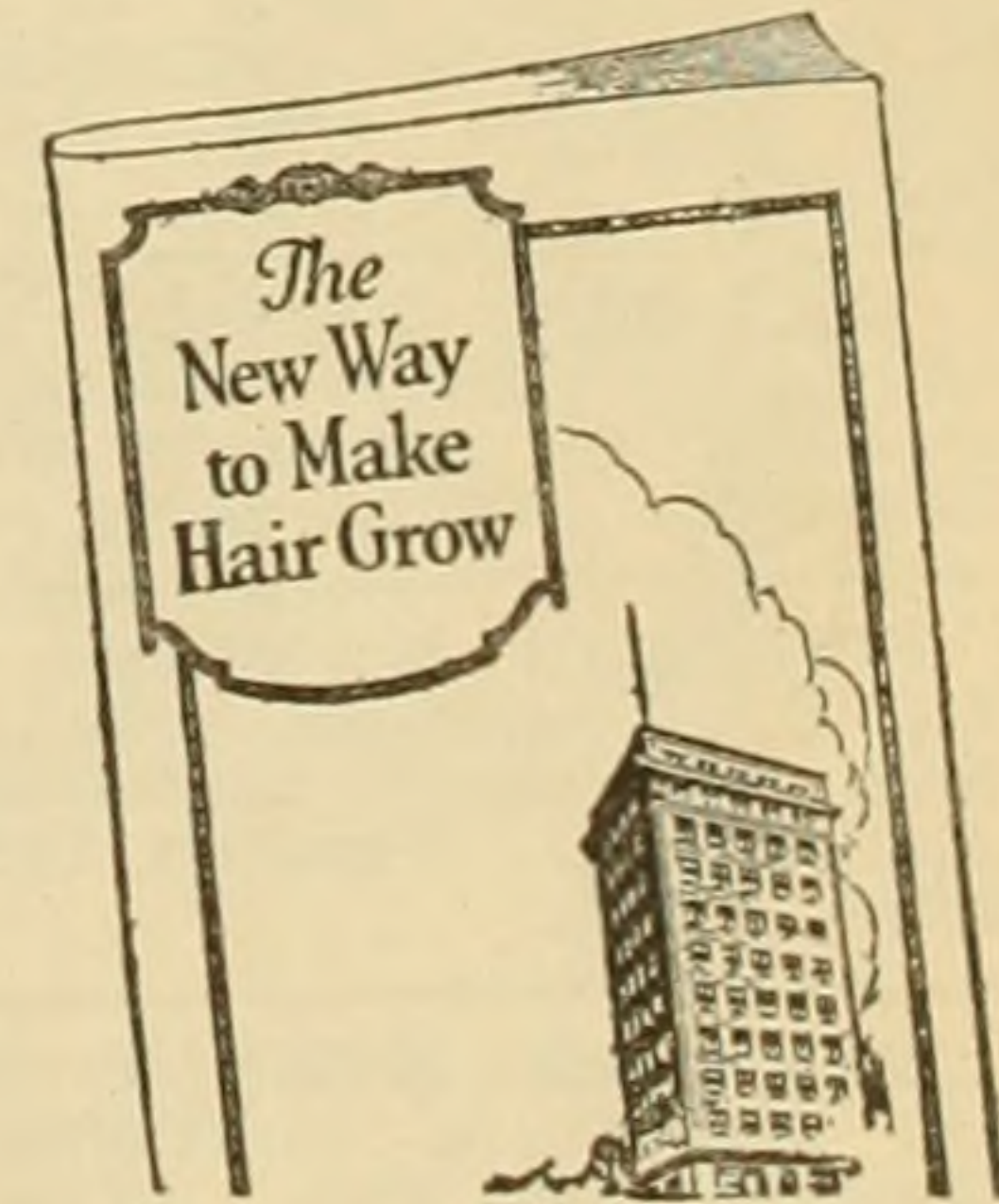
Already my method has given new hair to hundreds of others. Men and women who were fast losing their hair—many who

has not done what I said it would. And the 30-day trial won't cost you a cent!

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

REDEEMING SIN, THE—Vitagraph—Nazimova romping through the role of an Apache can't be handed much. (April.)

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

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

RIDIN' PRETTY—Universal.—Just another Western—no better—no worse than the average. (March.)

ROARING ADVENTURE—Universal.—Another Jack Hoxie western—no better—no worse. (April.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

SIGN OF THE CACTUS, THE—Universal.—Jack Hoxie becomes a Robin Hood of the West. Nothing to get excited about. (March.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

SLEEPING CUTIE, THE—F. B. O.—Two pals substitute in a basketball game. They know nothing about the game and their manoeuvres are a scream. (March.)

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

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

SO BIG—First National.—A thoroughly enjoyable picture. Colleen Moore steps before the public as a real actress in this story of mother-love and sacrifice. (March.)

SO THIS IS MARRIAGE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A scoundrel endeavors to win the wife by means of a story, told de millishly in colored flashbacks. (March.)

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

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

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

SUPER SPEED—Rayart.—All the hokum of the old melodramas piled into this picture. Hard on the eyes. (April.)

SWAN, THE—Paramount.—Without Adolphe Menjou in the cast, all that is left is a lot of beautiful and expensive scenery. Dull. (April.)

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.)

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

THIEF IN PARADISE, A—First National.—The hero masquerades as another man, falls in love with one girl and is loved by another. A splendid picture with no dull moments. Not for the children. (March.)

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

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

THUNDERING HERD, THE—Paramount.—Equally as good as "The Covered Wagon." Plenty of action, good cast and beautiful photograph. (April.)

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

TOMORROW'S LOVE—Paramount.—An amusing comedy-drama of youthful married life, strengthened by a smashing finish. (March.)

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

TOP OF THE WORLD, THE—Paramount.—Nothing to rave about. James Kirkwood appears in a dual role. (April.)

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

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

UP THE LADDER—Universal.—Fair. A man becomes a successful inventor and then forgets those who helped him. But he comes down off his perch in the end. (April.)

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

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

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

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

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

WIFE OF THE CENTAUR, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A racy and spicy entertainment with Jack Gilbert, Aileen Pringle and Eleanor Boardman. Not for children. (March.)

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

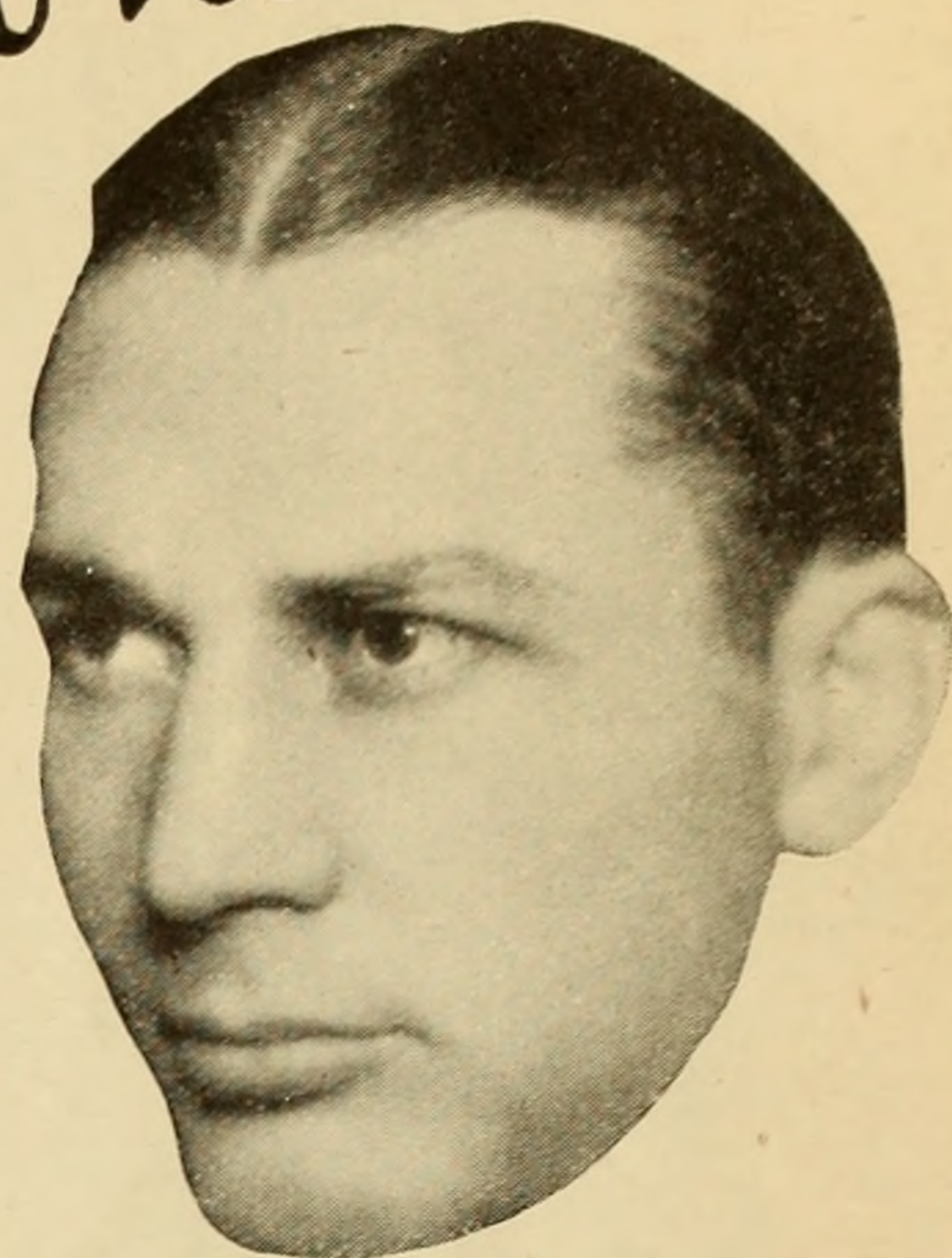
WITHOUT WARNING—Paramount.—This title won the \$2,500 prize in PHOTOPLAY's \$5,000 contest. It supersedes "The Story Without a Name," under which title the picture was first released. See above under original title for Brief Review of this film.

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

YOUTH AND ADVENTURE—F. B. O.—Richard Talmadge battles his way through a heroic picture that will delight the youngsters. (March.)

I am now at your personal service

Benny Leonard



I HAVE retired from the ring, the undefeated lightweight champion of the world. Through clean living, clean fighting, clean training, I have won the esteem of a host of people, and, believe me, I don't purpose to lose that esteem. In fact, I am elated beyond words that I am now in a position to make a contribution for the benefit of the public—the same public which has been so good and so affectionate to me.

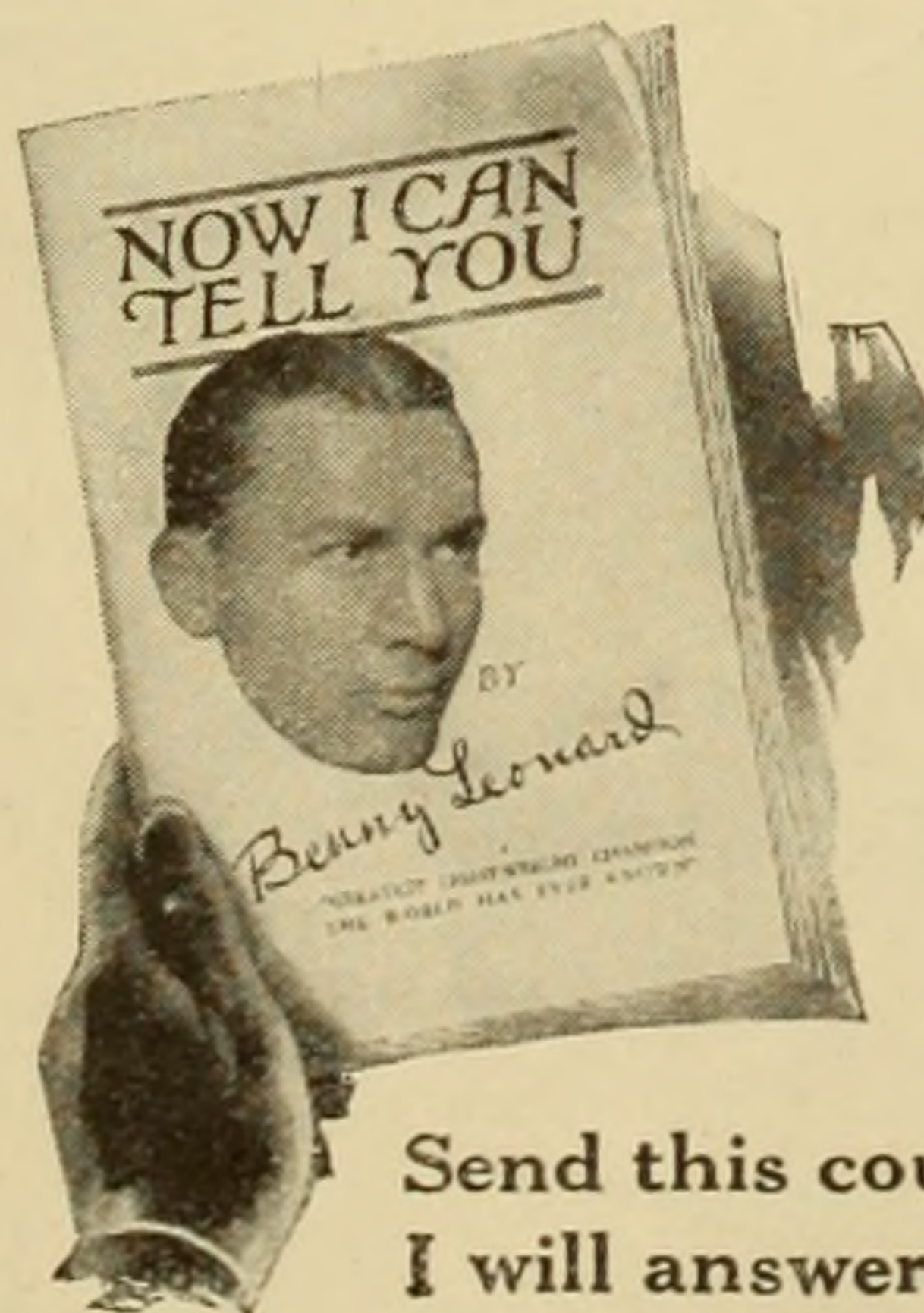
All through the years of my intensive preparation and training, first for winning the world's championship and then for holding it against all contenders, I employed, in addition to physical workouts, another policy which the world has never been told of. I can tell it now. It is this: I resorted to scientific study of the human anatomy through books. I don't know if ever a professional boxer did that before. The combination of all these things, the study of the body, the exceptional methods I myself discovered and perfected as a result of my own experimenting, the invaluable experience and opportunity for observation which was mine when I trained thousands upon thousands of Uncle Sam's Dough-boys in the war, has enabled me to get at the bottom of this whole subject of physical fitness and culture. And I am going to pass on to the public the results of my findings in the shape of "THE BENNY LEONARD SYSTEM OF PROMOTING PHYSICAL FITNESS."

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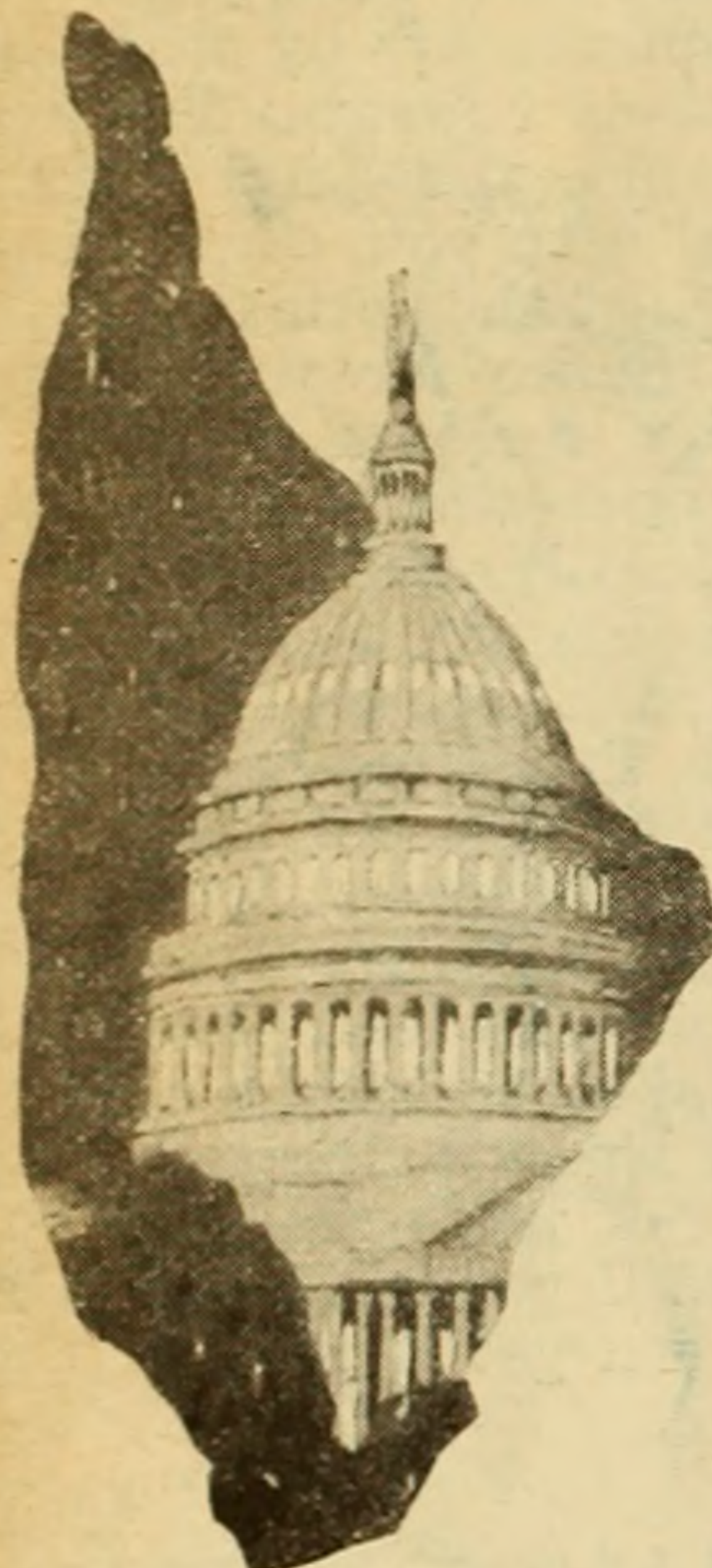
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To FREE YOUR SKIN FROM BLEMISHES—use the famous Woodbury treatment given below

Sixty Two percent of Washington and Baltimore Debutantes find this soap the best for their skin



LAST month we published a report on 224 New York and Boston debutantes, showing the very large extent to which Woodbury's Facial Soap is preferred above all other toilet soaps by these two groups of young society girls.

In order to make our survey more complete, we followed our New York and Boston investigations with a similar inquiry among Washington and Baltimore debutantes.

The results are fully as interesting as those of our previous investigation.

Woodbury's six times as popular as any other soap

Among the entire number of Washington and Baltimore debutantes presented this season, 62 per cent were regular users of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

The Woodbury users numbered six times as many as the users of any other soap.

Among Baltimore debutantes alone, Woodbury's was nearly eight times as popular as any other soap.

There are more than 500 different brands of toilet soap on the market today.

The Famous Woodbury Treatment for Blemishes

JUST before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap and then dry your face. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this soap cream and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully with clear hot water, then with cold.

Why is it that, with this bewildering assortment to choose from, the majority of society debutantes in New York, Boston, Washington, and Baltimore are overwhelmingly in favor of Woodbury's Facial Soap?

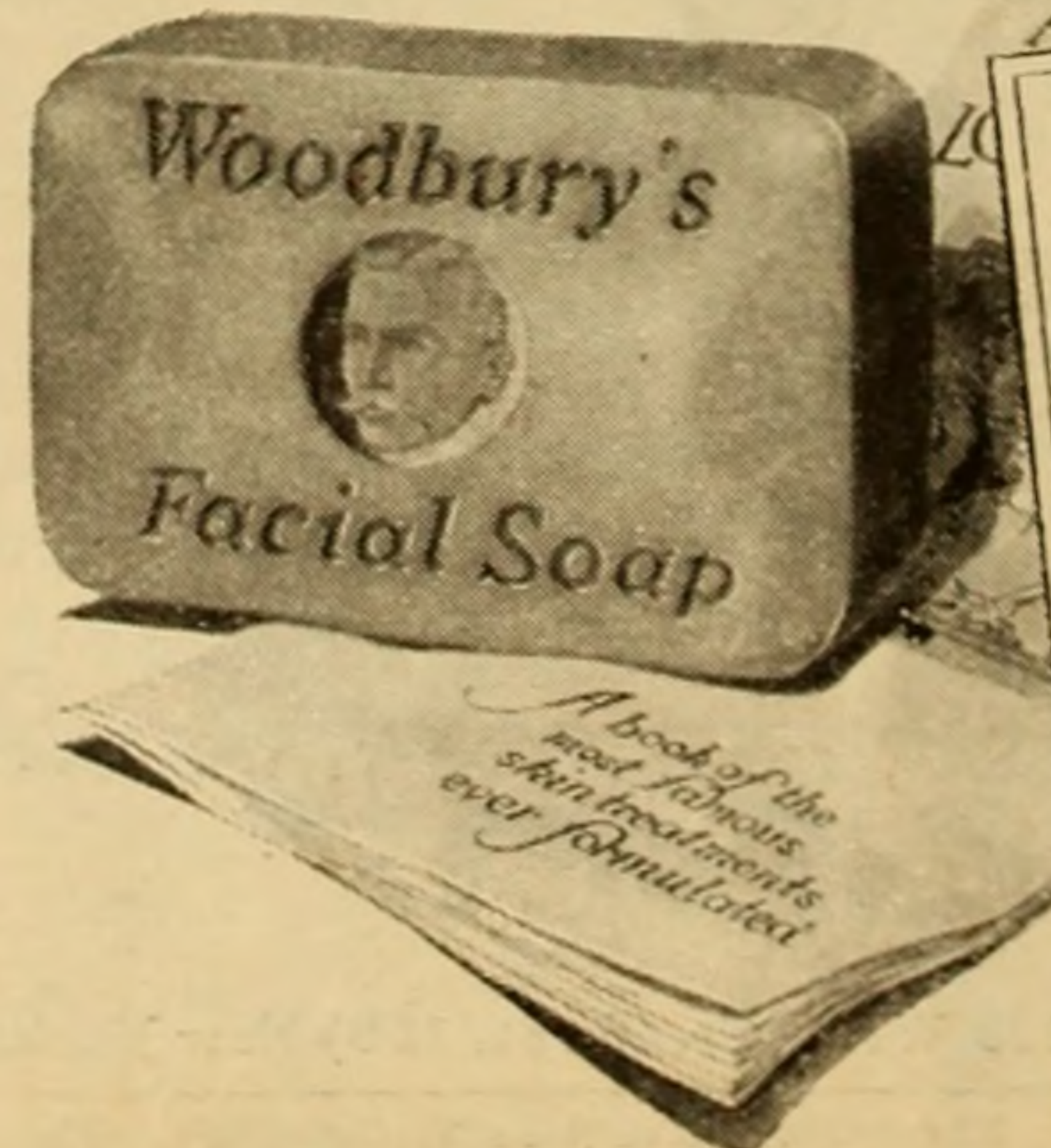
Why these society girls use Woodbury's Facial Soap

The answer is two-fold:—because with a society girl the care of her skin is a matter of primary importance; and because of the wonderful efficacy of Woodbury's Facial Soap and the famous Woodbury treatments in helping women to overcome common skin defects, and to keep their complexion smooth, clear and flawless.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special treatments for each type of skin. Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter and begin the treatment your skin needs!

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special treatments. For convenience—get Woodbury's in 3- or 12-cake boxes.

FREE OFFER!—Send today for the free guest-size set of three famous Woodbury skin preparations with new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.



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

Please send me free your guest-size set containing:
The new, large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder, and the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 505 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name.....
Address.....

Cut out this coupon and mail it today



Murray

New Pictures

BEHOLD Greta Nissen, late of Norway, who startled Broadway first-nighters when her blonde beauty and figure were first revealed a year ago in "Beggar On Horseback." Paramount saw her first and she will decorate "In The Name Of Love."



Henry Waxman

KEEPING track of Seena Owen is no easy task because of the way she flits from picture to picture and coast to coast but a camera man caught up with her in Hollywood the other day and here is the result. We like it, don't you?



Monroe

AH, OUR BEBE, the pride and joy of the Paramount studios. If there's a girl who is more universally popular than Senorita Daniels or more willing to do her share of the day's work, she hasn't been detected as yet.



Richey

ONE GUESS why Billie Dove was one of Ziegfeld's Follies best bets before she became a leading woman in pictures. Right you are. The fair Billie still is in the ascent. Wasn't she beautiful in "The Wanderer of the Wasteland"?



Wide World Studio

MARY BRIAN flashed into film fame in the cinema version of "Peter Pan." For her brilliant portrayal of Wendy in that delightful fantasy, Paramount rewarded her with a long term contract. She now is playing in "The Little French Girl."



Richey

THIS seems to be Norway's month in our art gallery of beauty. Dorothy Seastrom is one of the glorified mannequins of "The Dressmaker From Paris." They call her "the Venus of the Snows" for short. Not difficult to gaze upon—what?



Alexander

WHEN this picture of Dorothy Gish came to our desk we recalled the little ragamuffin in "Hearts of the World" and wondered if this beautiful cherub could possibly ever have been that little hoyden. She is making "Night Life in New York."

To prevent "laundry and dishpan hands"

*Women who do their own work
find this method keeps the
skin soft and white*



How often have you asked yourself this question?

"Oh, isn't there some way I can do my washing and dishes and yet keep my hands looking nice?"

Millions of other women have answered "yes." Let them tell you how they do it.

One of them says:

"I never use anything but Ivory either in the laundry or kitchen work and for a very good reason. People have often said to me, 'Why do you always use Ivory Soap? Do you not think it extravagant?' And my answer is, 'I find it most beneficial to my skin.'"

MRS. A. J. L., *Toronto*

Another says:

"All these years I've been using Ivory, not having it used, and my hands are the constant source of envy from my friends. They've said to me, 'How on earth do you keep your hands so white and so soft?' My answer is 'Ivory.'"

MRS. G. M. B., *Dallas*

A man writes:

"This winter has been the first in many years that my mother's hands have not become painfully chapped from housework, and she attributes her good fortune entirely to the fact that she used Ivory Soap exclusively for all purposes—even for scrubbing."

W. J. G., *Philadelphia*

Your *personal* laundry

BELOW are listed the washable articles in the wardrobe of the modern woman.

Every one of these garments requires the care and protection provided by Ivory (cake or flakes).

silk stockings *	scarves
silk lingerie *	dresses
silk nightgowns *	handkerchiefs
silk blouses *	ties
silk negligées	sports skirts
sweaters	cuffs and collars

* The garments indicated thus should be tubbed in Ivory suds as soon as possible after they are worn.

Ivory Flakes for Shampoo

IVORY has of course been used for shampooing ever since it was first made 46 years ago. Now many women have found that the instant, rich suds from Ivory Flakes does the work quicker and leaves the hair smooth and soft and fluffy.

Ivory Flakes
For a very special need
a sample—FREE

IF you have a particularly precious garment that will stand the touch of pure water, let us send you a sample of Ivory Flakes to wash it with. With the sample will come also a beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," which is a veritable encyclopaedia of laundering information. Address a postcard or letter to Section 45-EF, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IF you have thought of Ivory Soap and Ivory Flakes as made only for toilet, bath and *fine* laundry, perhaps you will be a little surprised at the suggestion to use them for the *general* laundry and other heavier household tasks.

But Ivory has the distinction of being so pure that it cannot injure even the most delicate skin, yet so wonderfully cleansing and so economical that it can be used for *everything*.

In any soap, it is the *suds* that cleanse, and you know what marvelous suds Ivory makes. So you can be sure it will cleanse perfectly and yet keep your hands and your clothes in excellent condition. Just try it, and see.

Procter & Gamble

I V O R Y

Flakes

Cake

99.44% PURE

IT FLOATS



PHOTOPLAY

May, 1925

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

RUDY has had another battle with his producers. Hand in hand with *Natacha* he walked out of the studio when the head of the Ritz Carlton company had the temerity to differ with them on the choice of a director.

We are getting a little weary. Money in itself is not artistic, but it is hardly more than a year ago that a few yellow backs looked as beautiful as Titian paintings to the Valentinos. Even Michael Angelo and Benvenuto Cellini, if we may mention these has beens in the same paragraph without any offense, had rich patrons.

IHAVE noticed that when the artist thinks he is the better business man, the business man proves to be the better artist.

NO one person is greater than motion pictures, and the public that bestows a million dollar wreath one year may replace it with a garland of garlic the next.

ALL of which reminds me of the story of Mike Gore and Sol Lesser, that ideal combination of ancestry that hold the California franchise in First National. Sol, who is a delightfully pleasant and good natured chap, was starting east for an annual franchise-holders' conference.

"Kick about everything," advised Mike, as his partner put on his hat.

"Everything is fine—what'll I kick about?" asked Sol.

"Just kick," said Mike. "Remember it's the wheels that squeak that get the grease."

Sol looked thoughtful a moment. "Yes, Mike," he said, "you're right. But they use grease on skids also."

OUR Adela (Rogers St. Johns) has just published a novel based on life in the studios. The title is "The Skyrocket." Adela knows more about Hollywood and the motion picture colony than any person in the world, and if ever the anthology of that city of tragedy and comedy is written I hope she writes it. At her delightful home many of the so-called "cat parties," tea-sipping gatherings of the younger set, are held. In a letter she wrote me recently, she says:

"It makes me so darn (printer, get that right) mad when I hear people panning our whole crowd. This afternoon the gang was over to gab and tea and mess up a few rubbers of bridge, but they got so het up in a dis-

cussion of babies that they ruined the game just when I had a hand that looked like a grand slam in no trumps. Leatrice Joy, Mildred Lloyd and Florence Vidor got going about their babies and I quit in disgust. You'd think Leatrice knew everything just because she had read Dr. Holt's baby almanac, and Mildred talked as though she had as much experience as Mary Carr. They certainly are a tough gang of hell raisers, home wreckers and abandoned women."

AS I left the theater after viewing "Sally," that delightful screen version of Florenz Ziegfeld's musical comedy I overheard a dignified and matronly looking lady remark, "Delightful, but no punch—no thrill." No, and no precipice wrestling, no fistic battle, no scarlet love scene, no western bar-room shooting affray, no brutal attack on the heroine.

Just a wonderful evening's entertainment, worth anybody's time and money.

But ladies must talk, and she is probably the same one who won't miss a sex thriller, but will sign any petition for censorship.

NEW YORK is agog with the problem of immoral stage plays. Motion picture producers as a whole are so well committed to the making of pictures that will not offend public taste that we hear few complaints nowadays.

But the theater—whew! They've given the reformers real ammunition.

Channing Pollock, author of "The Fool," and other plays, put the whole question in a few wise words when he said recently:

"An immoral play is a play that is meant to be immoral. Nothing can be immoral that is seriously intended. The subject matter is nothing and the intention everything. An immoral play is one in which as much as possible is made of the opportunity to be immoral instead of as little as possible. I have never yet heard of an excuse for producing a salacious play that wasn't just as good an excuse for running a brothel."

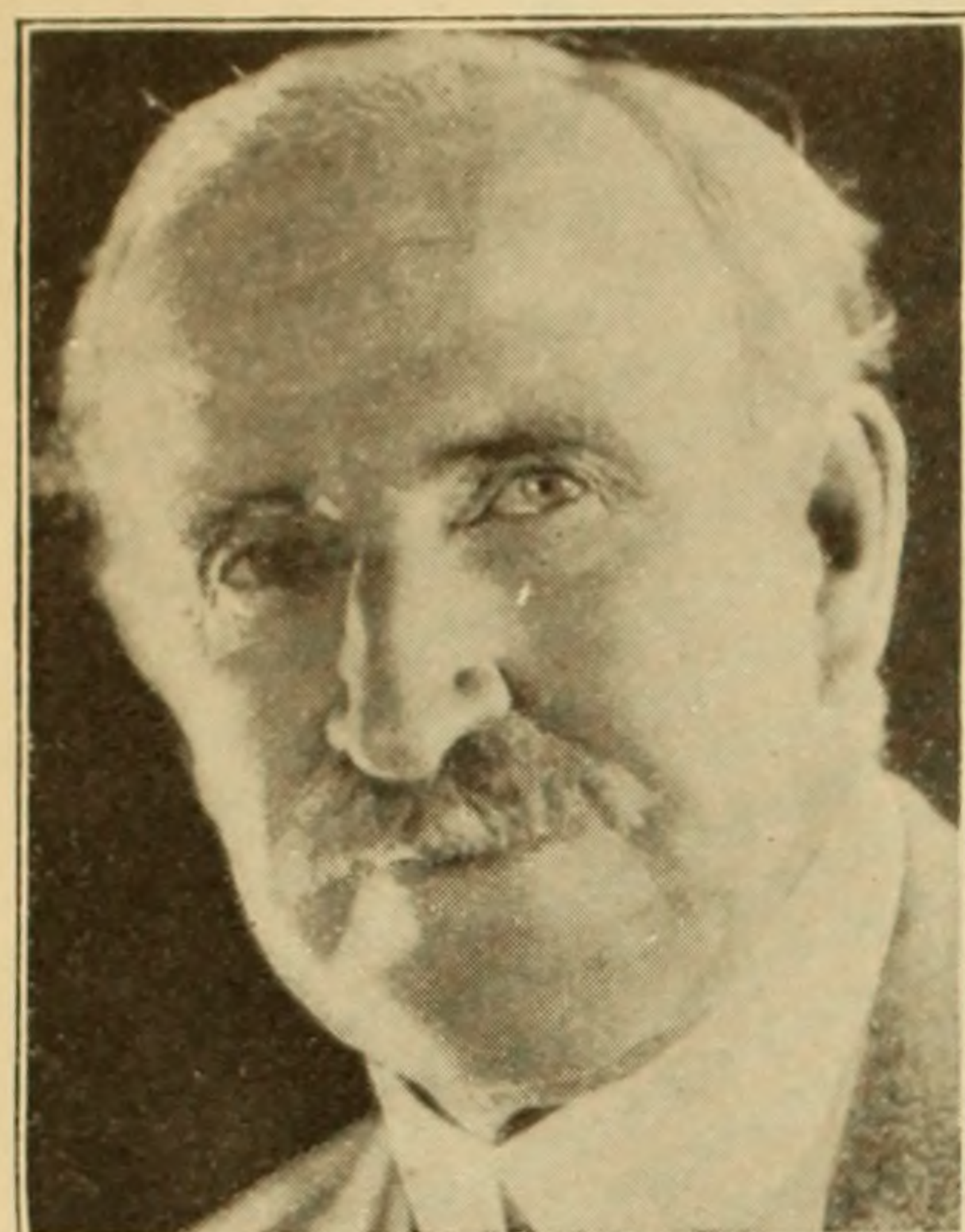
Well said, Mr. Pollock. We thank you.

Mr. Hays, that conscientious guardian of the motion picture, tells his producers that he has no formulas for what they should do, and only one formula for what they shall not do: that they shall not offend common decency.

An hour's speech in a few words.

What is Love?

Our Romantic Actors
and Beautiful Stars
Have Told Us, BUT



Theodore Roberts

WHO should know what love is? Youth never knows—it can only feel. Love is so close, so tragic or so glorious, to youth. Youth cannot stand back and judge the whole, see the results.

The young men and the young women of the screen, stars of beauty and men of charm, heroes and heroines of many a romance, have answered the question "What is love?" for PHOTOPLAY.

Now I have some new answers for you—startling answers they are, too, perhaps, for this age to hear. But so beautiful some of them that I am going to admit to you right here that I had tears in my eyes half a dozen times while I listened.

The grand character actors and actresses of the screen, men and women who have known life in all its phases, who stand now a little apart and say, "I know." Now that the heat of life's battle is over—love's battle, maybe—they can tell us so much.

And do you know something? I started out with just a list of the most famous character men and women—regardless of their personal background. As a matter of fact, in some cases I didn't know whether they were happily married or unhappily married, or what. And I found among them the most beautiful—but I'll let them tell you themselves.

Theodore Roberts was sunning himself in his own backyard. A glorified backyard, full of California flowers and dogs, from which he can look out across Hollywood to the sheet of silver sea beyond. Yes, the cigar was present. So was Mrs. Roberts, distinguished, gentle, bright of eye and voice.

"Love?" said Theodore Roberts looking at me from under his eyebrows "Funny thing to ask me. If any heart ever gave an extra flop on my appear-

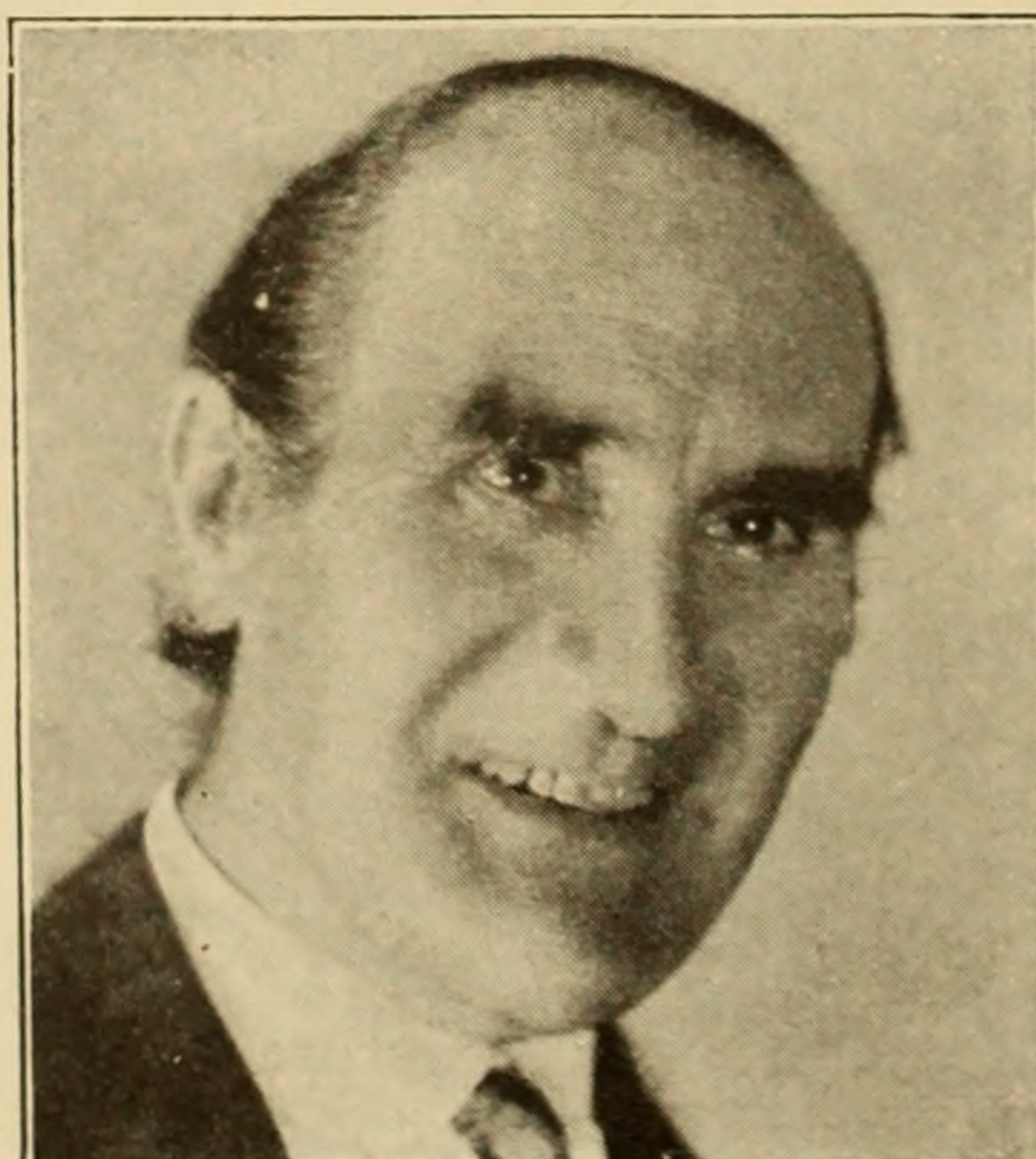
As told to
Adela Rogers St. Johns

"**L**OVE is as delicate as a butterfly's wing, and yet it is as strong as a bolt of lightning. It can make a frail little woman accomplish miracles, go into the world and conquer great forces And it can make a strong man a little child. The moment of supreme love is when that little, downy head rests upon your arm for the first time. When you have experienced that emotion you have experienced love." —MARY CARR.

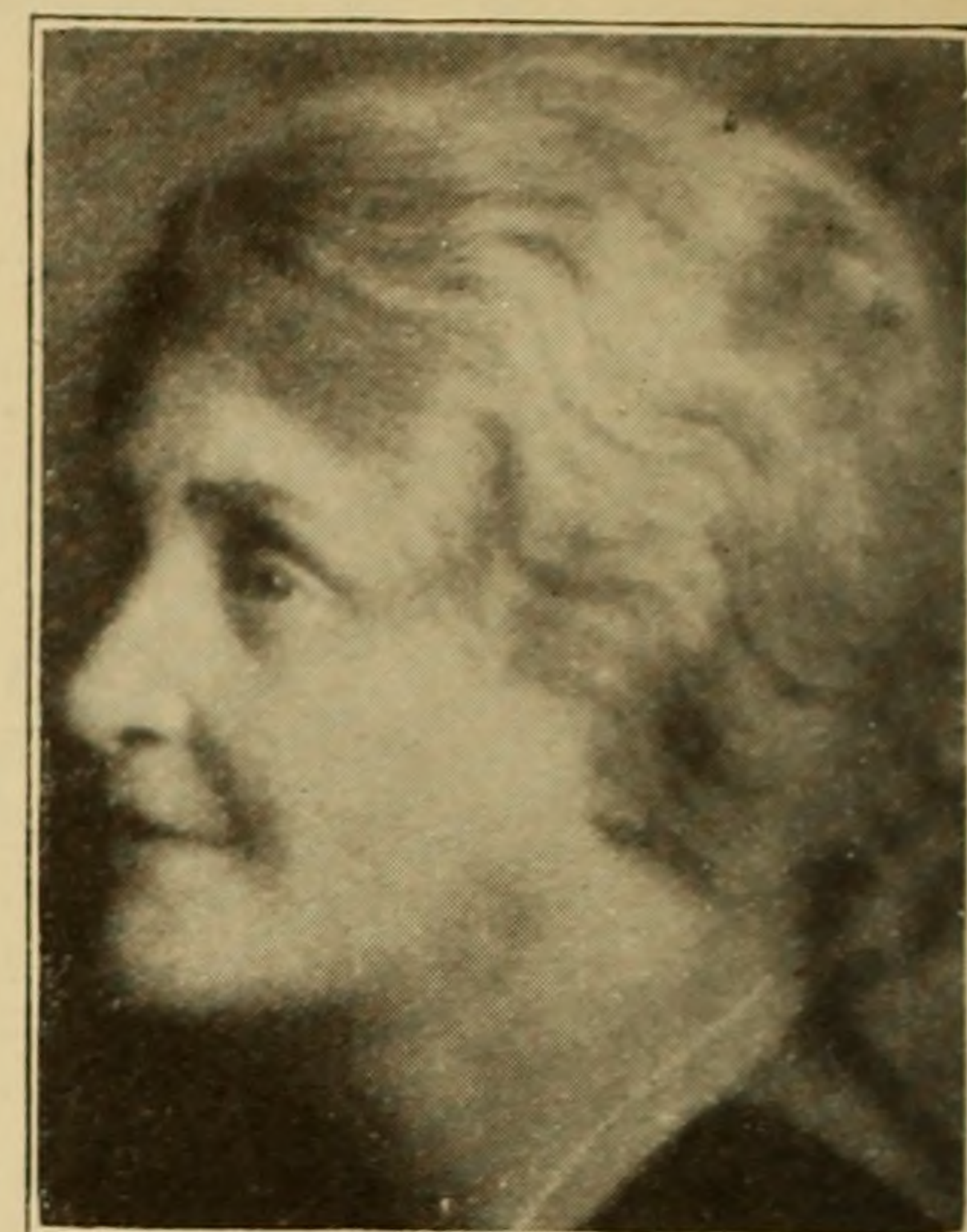
"**A**LL I know of love is that welding and molding of two personalities—who grow to think alike, who react identically to any happening, who need each other's presence and are lost and adrift when either partner is away. That love blooms and burgeons slowly, but it is worth waiting for, because, like the oak in its maturity, it defies the storm. And it is the only thing I believe worthy to be dignified by the name of love." —THEODORE ROBERTS.

"**J**IM and I have been married twenty-seven years, and we've only been separated ten days in those twenty-seven years. I sometimes think we have become one—actually. You see, in the beginning love is just an emotion. You can keep it or you can destroy it. Love, such as ours, is founded upon kindness, upon gentle courtesy. In those years, whether on location or in a studio cafeteria, Jim has never failed to seat me at the table as though I were a queen." —EDYTHE CHAPMAN

"**T**HE blossoming and developing of love into one of the most exquisite and inspiring instincts of life is just the history of civilization. It used to be that men and women lived together for mutual benefit derived. They continued together because of enemies to be fought—such as cold, and hunger, and wild beasts. They knew nothing of the soul-love which is founded on unselfishness and a united desire to find the best and most beautiful in life." —ERNEST TORRENCE.



Ernest Torrence



Mary Carr

ance, I never was told about it. Why, those questions belong to the youthful era. Why don't you ask some of these young—what is it they call 'em—sheiks?"

"We have," I said, "but we want to know what you think. You've lived longer than they have. What's your decision, with all you know of life and love?"

He contemplated the bright sky for a moment, and the twinkle went out of his eye, and was replaced by a something—I don't know just what.

"All I know of love," he said, slowly, "is that welding and molding of two personalities—who grow to think alike, who react identically to any happening, who need each other's presence and are lost and adrift when either partner is away. That love blooms and burgeons slowly, but it is worth waiting for, because like the oak in its maturity, it defies the storm. And it is the only thing I believe worthy to be dignified by the name of Love. The other little loves

fade as fireflies fade, but that love, like the sun, gives warmth and light always."

I got to Mary Carr's house sometime in the middle of the morning—every housewife knows that middle-of-the-morning time, before anything's been done but the breakfast dishes and the ordering. But Mary Carr's home shone, just the same. As I came down the hall, through the open door I spied a handsome lad with a dark, curly mop of hair, in pajamas and flannel bathrobe, attacking a huge plate of pancakes.

"Love?" said Mary Carr, when she had come in with that little air of bustle that women always have in the morning. "Oh, dear, that's like trying to define electricity. Edison himself doesn't know what that is. We know love is a great and elemental force,

Here is the Final Answer

probably the greatest force the world has ever known, but we don't know 'whence it cometh.'"

We were both startled then by a flash of color through the air—and a very pretty girl of eighteen or so, in a bright colored kimono, slid down the banister and into the room, her hair flying.

"Mother—" she said, and then, seeing me, "Oh, excuse me." She vanished. Mrs. Carr smiled and shrugged.

"The house is like that," she said.

"You know—love is as delicate as a butterfly's wing, and yet it is as strong as a bolt of lightning. It can make a frail little woman accomplish miracles, go into the world and conquer great forces. And it can make a strong man a little child."

"Mother," came from upstairs somewhere.

"Yes, John."

"Mother, where's that blue shirt you said you'd sew the buttons on for me?"

The matter of the shirt being settled, the little "mother of the movies" who in "Over the Hill" made herself beloved by a nation, went on, as though she had not been interrupted.

"I have had seven children. Six of them are right here in this house with me. One—I lost. And this much I know. The moment of supreme love is when that little, downy head rests upon your arm for the first time. When you have experienced that emotion, you have experienced love. You *know* love, in your heart. As I look back over my life, that is what, above everything, means love to me.

"Above all, I who have known life and love for years enough to turn my hair snowy, I would beg the youth of today not to confuse love with sex. That is a fatal error. Love, like a prism of light, is composed of many colors. Many strands make up its whole. But the things of love that endure, that are like tough fibres that will stand any strain life puts upon them, are constancy and purity.

"All real love has elements of the material; we are of earth.

"You recall the words of the song, don't you?—

'If I were hanged on the highest hill,
I know whose love would follow me
still,

Mother o' Mine.'

"That is love. It is found in many hearts, in many places, not always with mothers—that love. But it is the one love that is eternal, unchanging, divine."

The home of James Neill and Edythe Chapman is one of those California bungalows that you dream about. And "Edy" Neill came to the door with that smile of hers that made her seem so different from the mother in the "Ten Commandments."

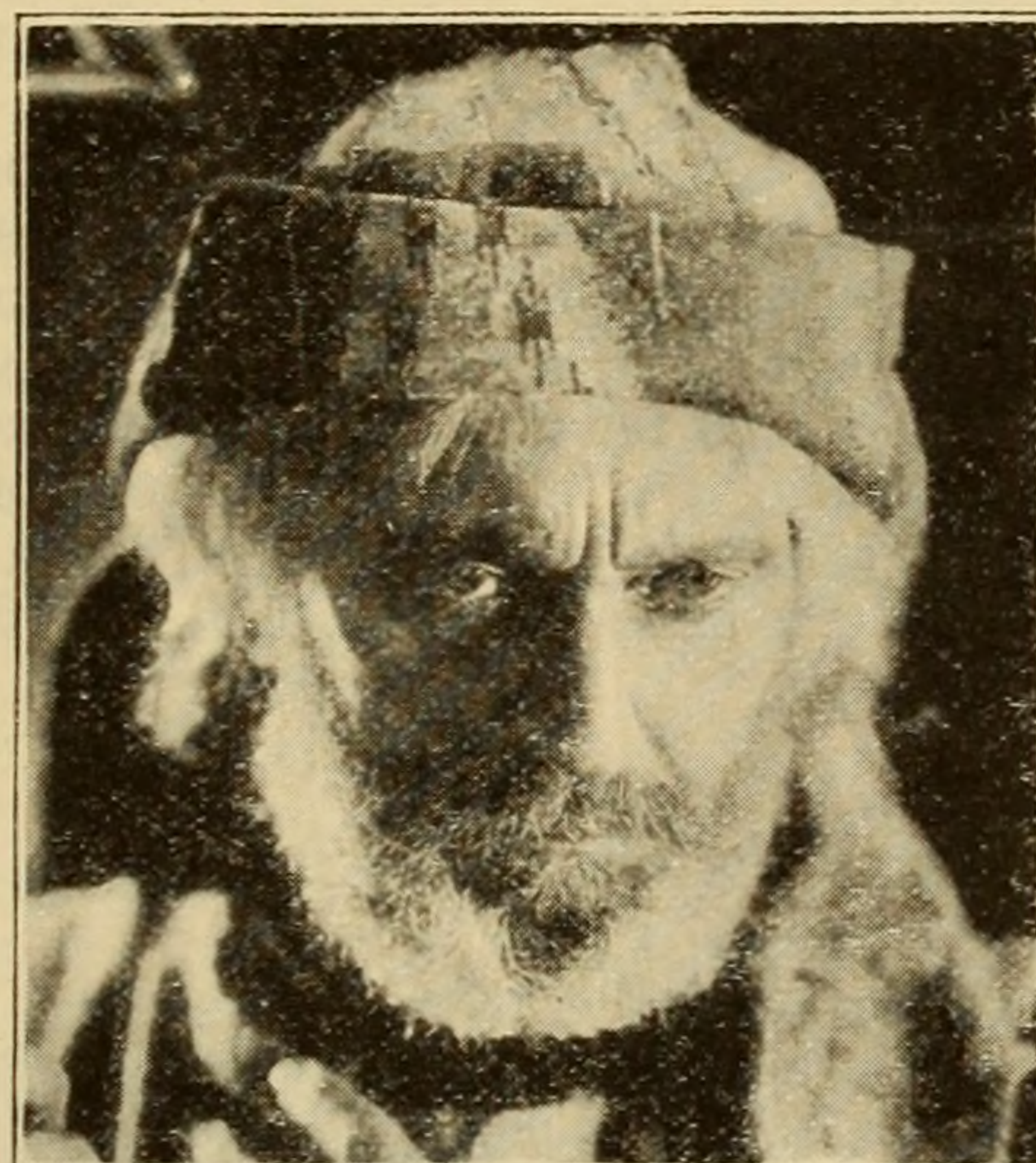
"Come in, Adela," she said. "How are you, child?"

(You see, I've known them since I was a kid and since they were the most popular young stage stars of the day.)

And when I told her why I had come, an expression came over her face that made me suddenly want to cry, it was so sweet.



Ruby LaFayette



James Neill



Edythe Chapman

"Why—I don't know," she said, softly, "maybe my definition won't mean much to you. But to myself I'd just say, 'Fifty-fifty for twenty-seven years.'"

"Jim and I have been married for twenty-seven years, and we've only been separated ten days in those twenty-seven years. For fifteen years, when we were co-starred on the speaking stage, we went to rehearsal together every morning, played together at night, and came home and heard each other's new parts afterwards. And we love each other more today than we did twenty-seven years ago.

"I sometimes think we have become one—actually. You see, dear, in the beginning love is just an emotion. You can keep it, or you can destroy it. Love, such as ours, is founded upon kindness, upon tender consideration, upon gentle courtesy. In twenty-seven years, whether on location or in a studio cafeteria, Jim has never failed to seat me at the table as though I were a queen.

"Love that survives brutality is a tragic, terrible thing.

"We have never allowed ourselves the freedom nor the terrible familiarity of today. We would never dream of treating each other discourteously. Don't you see, those are the outward signs of an inward grace?

"Kindness, courtesy, unselfishness, meekness, consideration, good temper, appreciation—those are the elements of love."

She went to the window and called James Neill, and he came from his garden. She told him what I had asked, and he went over and put his arm about her and looked down at me benignly.

"To grow old together, and not to mind that you grow old, because you are together—that is love," he said. "To feel each day that youth's brief years need not be regretted, because in their ashes you have found the gold of true love—that is love.

"I do not know whether love comes to us as a gift from heaven, perfect and beautiful at birth, for which we must care tenderly, within a warm and watchful heart; or whether love is built up from our own hearts, by the mutual melting of qualities in man and woman which complement each other.

"But either way, after twenty-seven years of perfect happiness with the woman I love, I can say that it is the one thing that makes life worth while. I can say it is the one thing, as a man goes down the years, that makes life still radiant and shining.

"Strive to keep love. Make the same efforts to keep it that you would to keep an honored guest. Protect it from everything evil, even from the evil within yourself. Guard it from restlessness, from discontent, from fag and worry. Seek in it your happiness and your strength. Sacrifice everything for it, for when you have grown old you will find it is the one thing that never grows old.

"And love is a circle—it perpetuates itself. Love begets love. It is eternal."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 123]

Returning to Hollywood

Old Dr. Howe, of Rome and the Riviera, feels the pulse of the film colony, fills out a few prescriptions, and advises a little tincture of sense of humor for all hands

By Herbert Howe

I DON'T know a happy person in Hollywood. In a land where there is every earthly reason for happiness the blue bird seems unable to peep.

In all the history of the world there was never a place where youth was so lavished with fame and fortune.

That's the chief trouble.

Hollywood is an Aladdin's dream. Penniless youth rubs a lamp and becomes rich and famous over night, only to discover that it's all a dream—the gold of no value and the fame a monster, treacherous and enslaving.

It is a city of disillusionment and futility.

It is life condensed. In the ordinary scheme of things a man does not behold the emptiness of wealth and glory until he is sixty or seventy; here youth penetrates the illusion of success—standards at thirty and, for the most part, is at a loss for a substitute.

"You feel you should have a good time, but you don't," observed a famous young actress of unusually keen insight.

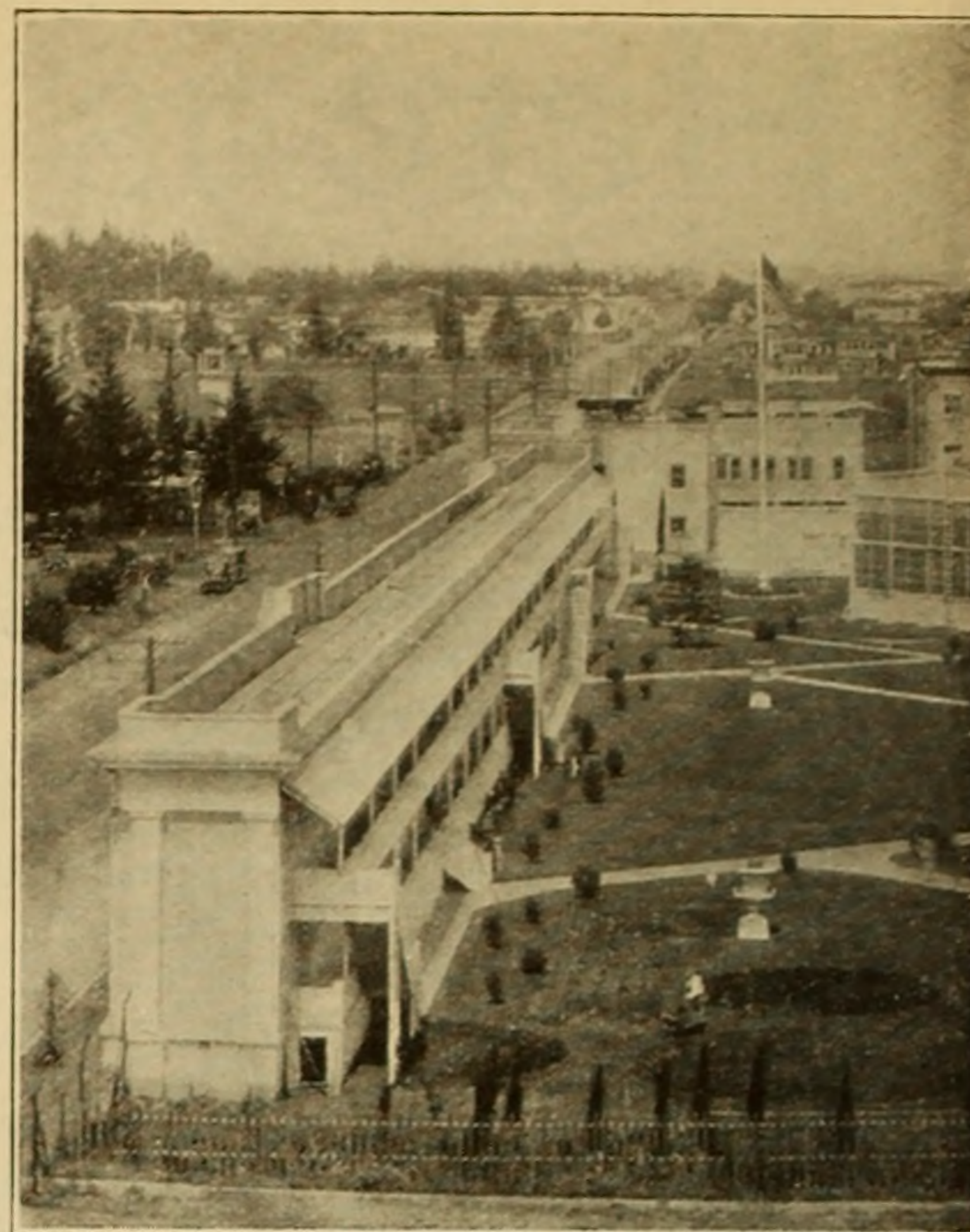
"The trouble is that there is no real friendship and little sense of humor."

A deeper diagnosis reveals Hollywood to be suffering with a malignant, cancerous complex—Envy.

The foreigners, Buchowetzki and Lubitsch, observed this instantly.

Although not everyone is personally afflicted, the air is charged with the germs.

Hollywood socially has ceased to exist. I mean as a movie colony; an individual. It is segregated into groups. There are no longer big parties encompassing all celebrities such as given in the days when Roscoe Arbuckle was a society leader. This, of course, is an encouraging sign. So much for Hollywood socially. I find it interesting only professionally.



Herbert Howe, after an absence of some duration abroad, brings back a critical eye to Hollywood

The Revolution of 1925

RETURNING to Hollywood after eight months abroad I find it in chaos. A revolution is on. It has been on for some time, but its effect is particularly striking to one who has been an absentee.

For years the pioneers held the claims—Mary Pickford, Mabel Normand, Douglas Fairbanks, Chaplin, the Talmadges, Nazimova, Anita Stewart, along with directors with "names."

This old order is rapidly fading, and the past year has seen the greatest shake-down.

Mary Pickford now acknowledges that the crown has passed to Gloria Swanson. It's the popular decree written in the indisputable letters of the boxoffice.

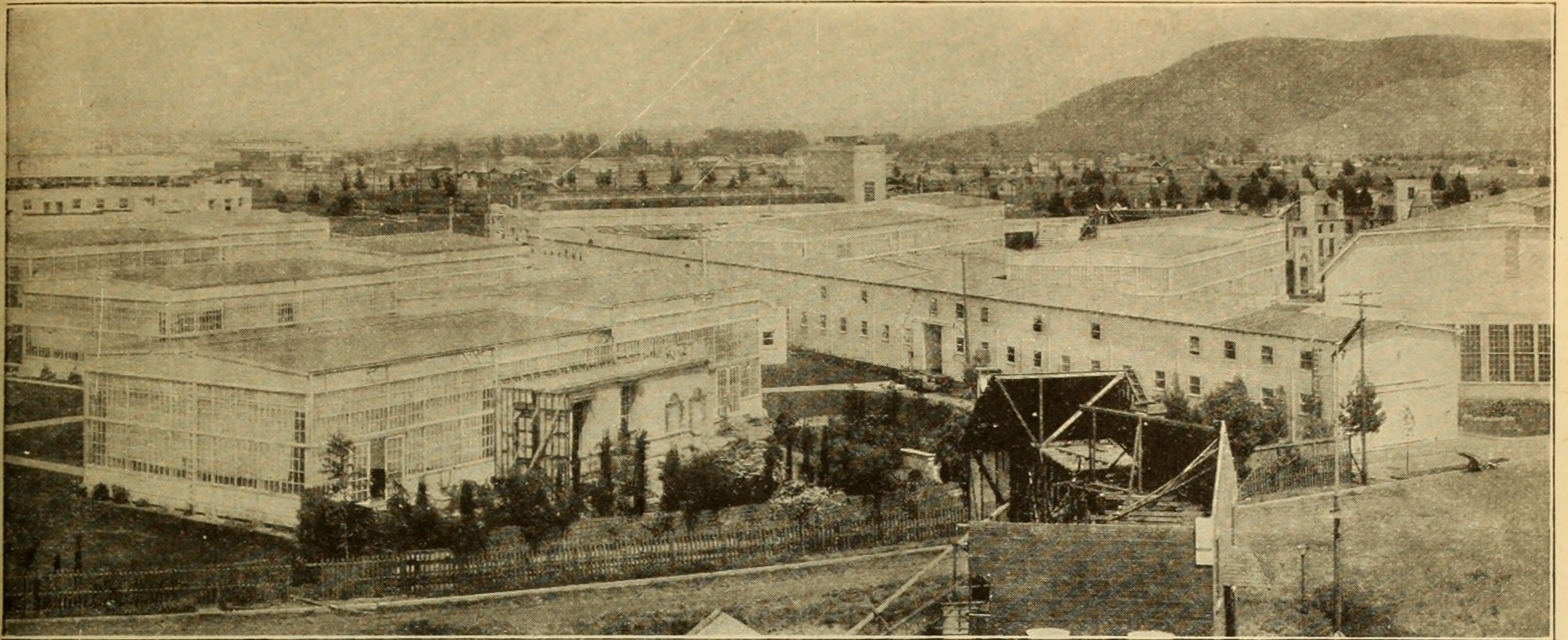
Of the men, Harold Lloyd is the acknowledged champion with an income of around forty thousand a week paid by the people through the boxoffice.

Lloyd and Novarro

HARRY CARR in the Los Angeles Times quotes a big exhibitor in reply to the question, "Who else do the exhibitors look upon besides Gloria Swanson and Harold Lloyd as a meal ticket?"

The reply is an interesting analysis. The exhibitor says:

"Well, among the men, we are looking forward to the future work of Ramon Novarro as being



The studios of the Metro-Goldwyn Company at Culver City, just outside Los Angeles

the biggest 'puller' that has ever been known to the boxoffice.

"There again is the proof of what I have been telling you about sex and the American public," continued the exhibitor. "This young Novarro is a clean-minded, upright, idealistic boy. Somehow, he doesn't seem to be quite of this world. He is a sort of modern Sir Galahad—Women like that, but, strange to say, men like it still better.

"As we figure it, Novarro is going to be for the drama what Harold Lloyd is to comedies.

"When they see these two boys in pictures, the old gentlemen in the audience blow their noses and sort of mentally clap them on the shoulders; women in the audience mentally sort of mother them; girls vision themselves sailing away on sunlit seas of high romance driven by perfumed winds to the Never-Never lands—along with the handsome Ramon.

"I'll tell you this: The one thing that the American public likes better than anything else in the world is pure-minded cleanness. That's why Ramon Novarro is going to be the greatest sensation the screen has ever known."

The fulfillment of this exhibitor's prediction depends entirely upon the quality of pictures which Novarro is permitted to make. Others of great promise have been crushed beneath the get-rich-quick whip of the local Legrees.

Valentino's Position

AS I predicted, Valentino's frenzied vogue has subsided, but if he can make good pictures he will hold a position near the top as profitable and substantial as he could desire.

Fairbanks has kept going only by the Herculean effort of endeavoring to make each picture better than the preceding. He has passed beyond close-ups, and he realizes that his place in the sun can be maintained only as a producer.

Chaplin appears only at long intervals. He will not contribute more than a picture a year in the future, if he does that. He will make plenty of money, as much as he wants, but his popularity as a personality must bow before his more active competitors.

Money unquestionably is

the greatest incentive in the world. That incentive no longer grips Chaplin, Fairbanks, Miss Pickford and the Talmadges. They are all multi-millionaires.

Thomas Meighan, also well fixed with a long career at high salary, has certainly reached his crest.

The wealthy Anita Stewart is finding satisfaction in playing whatever parts she chooses without star honors.

Charles Ray after a severe slump is now producing on a smaller scale.

Lillian and Pola

THE Gishes have been in precarious position because of unhappy contracts. As soon as Lillian Gish is free she can just about make her own terms. I happen to have seen a few telegraphic bids for her services.

Miss Gish holds a peculiar position. She has never been a great box office star, but she has gained tremendously in the last two years. Her claim for popularity rests entirely upon her ability as an artist. The public is slow to appreciate great art.

Duse at her best found no audience here. It was only when she had become a tradition—a celebrity whom it was fashionable to see—that she returned, a wraith of herself, to the acclaim of the multitudes. I predict a longer screen life for Lillian Gish than for any other actress of today.

Pola Negri is another great actress, of magnetic personality, who has been handicapped because of a lack of understanding, both on her part and the company's, as to the type of stories and direction she should have. Mr. Lasky is authority for saying that her boxoffice rise has been phenomenal since "Forbidden Paradise," directed by Lubitsch.

Recruits and Regulars

RICHARD DIX is the most promising cavalier by far under the Paramount banner. Given good stories, he is the sure-fire, reliable program star.

Jack Gilbert has come out of the abyss of trash in which

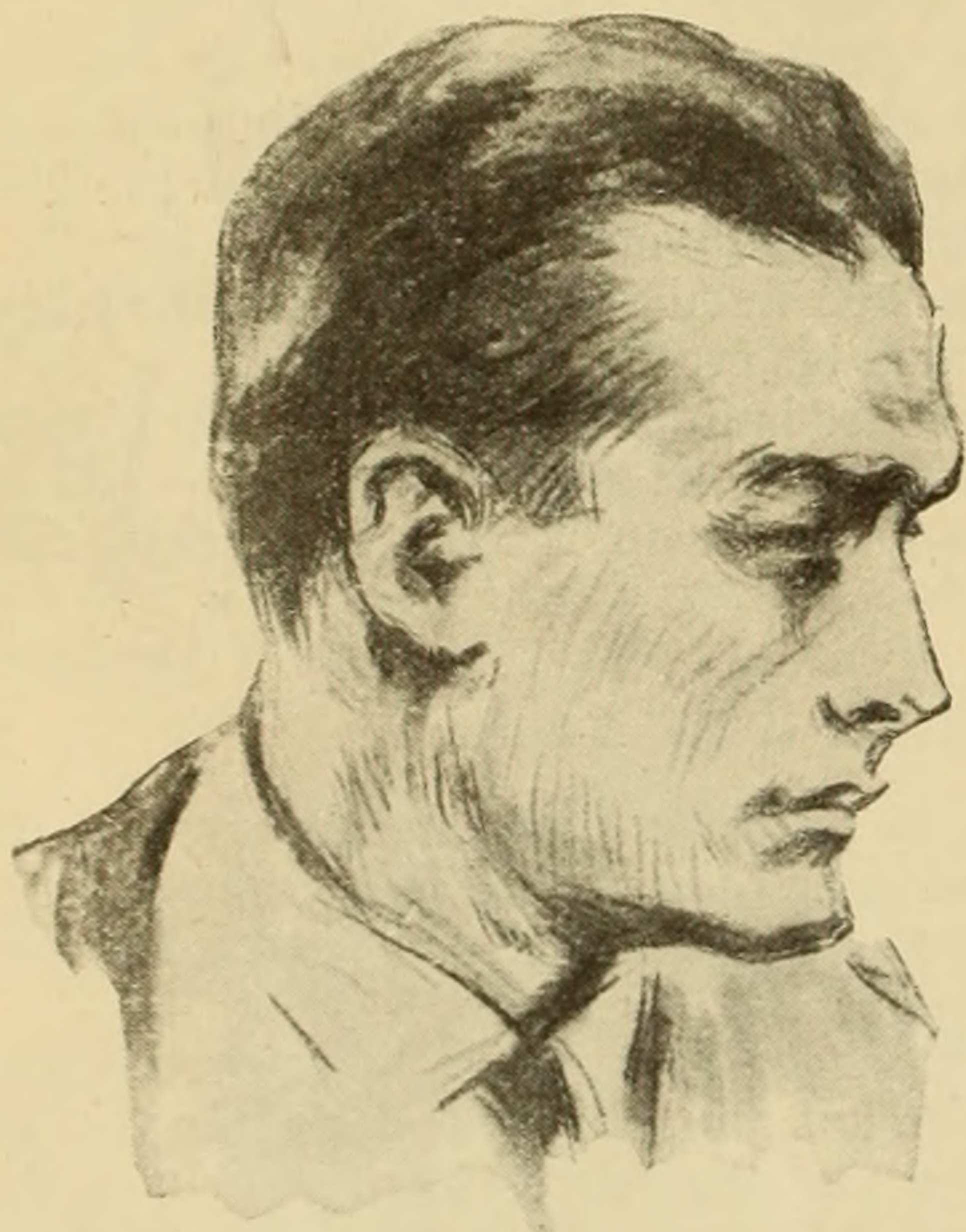
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]



Renee Adoree isn't taking any chances with hold-up men these days. She leaves her jewels locked up when she goes to the studio. If the scene calls for jewelry she just has them painted on. Yes, it's the latest Hollywood craze



Sylvia Thorne had risen from an extra girl to \$200 a week



The writer-man of mystery whom you will meet next month



Isobel Harmon would stand for so much—then the fireworks



That Terrible Thorne Girl

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

Part I—Chapter I

AS Sylvia Thorne came down the hallway leading to the casting director's office she passed a girl walking nervously up and down, an older woman at her side. She was a thin, dark-eyed, sophisticated looking girl, with too much makeup on her hard little face.

"My Gawd, mom!" Sylvia heard her say as she passed. "I hope when they get ready to make that test they'll ask me to cry. I could bust out into tears now."

Sylvia gave the girl a quick look of sympathy. She, too, in the past, had had her hours and days of waiting, of pacing to and fro until every nerve in her body was raw with weariness and she was ready to drop from fatigue.

Well, the picture business was like that. So many, so pitifully many aspirants pouring into the hoppers of Hollywood each day—so many struggling in, so few to come out, successful, on the other side. Sylvia shivered a bit as she thought of her own modest place in the screen world; she would work with all the strength at her command to hold on to it.



"After all," she reflected with a queer little grin, "there was no real reason why all angels should have golden hair, like Jean's"

Is your home town purer than Hollywood? Main Street and Studio Boulevard are brothers under the asphalt. Start this remarkable new Kummer serial now.

Illustrated by Ray Van Buren

At the battered door which gave entrance to the waiting room another girl joined her—a small, pert girl with narrow, jade-green eyes and a shock of flame-colored hair. Jean Martin and Sylvia played at housekeeping in a tiny bungalow over on Sunset Boulevard.

"Any idea what old Rain-in-the-Face wants with us?" Jean asked, as they entered the waiting room.

"Not even a suspicion," Sylvia laughed. "But it must be something important," she added as her eyes swept over the crowd of girls which filled the place—girls of all sizes, colors and previous conditions of pulchritude, but possessing one quality in common—youth. "Looks like he'd sent for all the would-be stars in Hollywood."

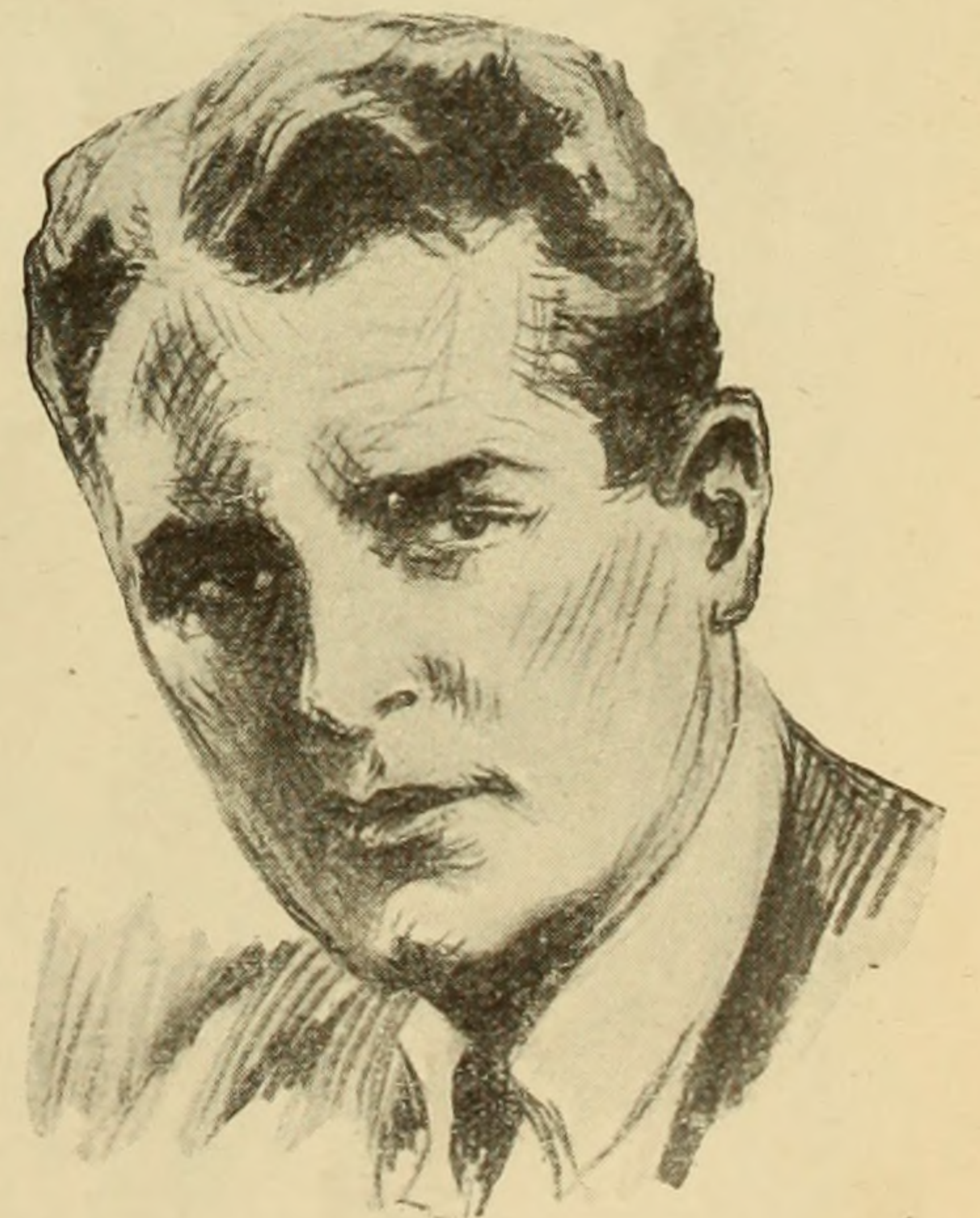
As she spoke a heavy-jawed, middle-aged man with greying hair and tired, sophisticated eyes appeared in the doorway leading to the casting director's private office. He stood for a moment gazing at the sea of eager young faces before him with an ironic smile. Then, with a glance at his watch he spoke.



Every woman to Sydney Harmon was the only woman he ever loved



Jean Martin was sufficiently angelic to play school girl parts



Howard Bennett had proposed to Sylvia but Millersburg, Pa., was too small

LOVE, ROMANCE, THRILLS—AND A

"Ladies," he said, in a cool, incisive voice, "if you will be quiet for a few moments I will explain why I have sent for you."

The murmur of voices which had until now filled the room died away to an expectant silence. Mr. Saxton, the casting director, was not given to making speeches; when he spoke, he usually had something of importance to say.

"You have no doubt heard," he went on quietly, "that we are shortly to begin work on a new and very important production—the screen version of Francois Vernay's great masterpiece, 'The Miracle of Notre Dame.'"

There was a whisper, the merest breath, of assent. Every girl in the room knew, had known for months, that the International Players had bought the screen rights to this successful

French novel and play at an enormous figure. Speculation as to who would be given the leading role had torn Hollywood into a score of hostile camps. There had been more than the usual amount of gossip, of wire-pulling, of underground politics. And because the part was one of those rare prizes for which women—some women—will barter even their souls, a throbbing silence lay upon the room—a silence pregnant with amazing hopes. It was natural that they should be amazing, because to few, if any, of those present had such hopes presented themselves up to now.

Sylvia smiled whimsically, as was her habit when life seemed more than ordinarily fantastic and grotesque. Was Mr. Saxton trying to be humorous, attempting a little joke at their expense? If so, Sylvia thought, it was rather a drab and cruel form of humor.

"Those of you who are familiar with the story," the casting director continued, fully aware of the tenseness of his audience, "will remember that the character of *Celeste* is one of the loveliest, one of the most spirituelle in the history of the screen. To be selected to play the part would be an honor to any actress in America. Monsieur Vernay has decided to make that selection himself."

"Gee!" giggled a girl at Sylvia's side hysterically. "Me for gay Paree by the next boat."

"Since, however, Monsieur Vernay cannot leave France at this time," Mr. Saxton went on, "he has requested us to make a preliminary selection of those who might by any possibility be eligible for the part and submit their names to him. From this group of candidates Monsieur Vernay will choose the one he considers best qualified to assume the role. That, ladies, is why you are here today."

THE casting director made an impressive pause. It was evident from his manner that he was enjoying himself. Sylvia, now wide-eyed with excitement, did not yet quite see what he was driving at, but his next words enlightened her.

"Each candidate will be required to go through a scene in the play—the same scene in each case of course—as a test. The results will be forwarded to Monsieur Vernay in Paris, for his inspection. Owing to the importance of the matter, Mr. Paul Lamar, whom I need scarcely tell you is in general charge of the production, will direct these tests himself. One of his assistants, Mr. Simonson, and his secretary, Miss Ream, are now in my office. As your names are called you will please enter and arrange with Mr. Simonson concerning a definite day and hour for your test. Needless to say it will take several days to complete them. That is all."

Before the fluttering crowd of women had time to draw their breaths he had disappeared, closing the door behind him. The faint ripple of applause which had begun with his final words died a miserable death. The occasion, everyone realized, was far too important for any such commonplace expressions of emotion.

Jean Martin clutched Sylvia by the arm, her green eyes like two large gooseberries.

"Do you suppose it's some press-agent stunt, Sylvia?" she gasped. "It couldn't be on the level. I never knew one of these contest things yet that didn't have a catch in it, somewhere. Maybe they've got the woman for the part picked out already, and are just pulling this stunt to get a lot of free advertising. I wouldn't put it past Lee Solberg. He's a hound for publicity."

"You never can tell," Sylvia laughed, inspecting her nose in the mirror of her compact. "Anyway, if it is a lot of bunk, we'll get our names in the paper. That's something. And have a chance to do our stuff for the benefit of his highness, Paul Lamar. That alone ought to be worth the price of admission. You

*"If you don't get out
of here at once, I'll
call the police"*



HEROINE THAT WILL WIN YOUR HEART

might be able to vamp him. There goes Sheila Anderson. If they're going to call our names out alphabetically, we've got some wait ahead of us. Let's sit down while the sitting's good."

She dropped to a bench, worn glassy smooth by countless eager applicants for screen honors. With a sigh Jean joined her. There were sullen flares in her restless green eyes.

"Sheila Anderson's got about as much chance to play that part as Doug Fairbanks," she grumbled. "Wonder why on earth they sent for *her*."

"Well," Sylvia laughed, "I don't mind telling you I've been wondering the same thing about myself, but here I am. Perhaps they want to show that Frenchman all fifty-seven varieties. One man's sweetie is another man's poison, you know. There's no accounting for tastes. He might even pick you, or me."

JEAN turned and gave her companion a slow, critical stare. "We've got a *chance*," she said quickly. "Have you read the book?" "No. But I'm going to, before morning, if there's a copy left in Hollywood."

"Well—I have. Aileen Clayton lent it to me. This girl *Celeste* is young—very young—and sort of innocent, see? I mean she's been raised in the country somewhere, by her father, a queer sort of a nut—simple-minded, seemed to me, always reading books, telling her about fairies, and miracles—things like that. So when she comes to Paris she's different, see, from the smart bunch she meets—a knockout. What they want is somebody who looks as if she'd just stepped out of fairyland and checked her wings in the dressing room in order to play the part. And at the same time, when it comes down to the big scene, a real, honest-to-goodness woman with a real passionate heart. And while I don't want to throw any bouquets at myself, or you either, Sylvia, I think we both stand a whole lot better chance than a clothes-horse like Sheila Anderson. The only miracle she'd ever believe in would be if her bootlegger brought her a bottle of real pre-war gin."

In spite of the ill temper beneath her words there was a deal of truth in what Miss Martin said. When she cared to widen the habitual narrowness of her eyes into a baby stare—to relax the lines of sophistication about her mouth into an innocent smile, she was sufficiently angelic in appearance to play very successfully the schoolgirl parts in which she specialized. Of course one does not ordinarily think of angels as having green eyes, but that was a detail not registered by the camera so long as color photography was not in fashion. The same thing was true of the quite un-angelic tang of red in her bobbed gold hair. As for her figure, it was perhaps a trifle flat and modern for an angel of the accepted, Raphael-like type, but unless we assume that people have stopped going to Heaven in recent years, there is no reason why there should not be flapper angels, too. Miss Martin, regarding herself critically in her mirror, reflected that stranger things had happened than that she might be chosen.

Sylvia was by no means so self-confident. She was not blonde and pretty, like Jean, but wistful and dark, with the warm deep tones of autumn leaves against an October Sun. There was fire in her brown hair, her eyes, but it needed the sunlight to kindle it. After all, she reflected with a queer little grin, there was no real reason why all angels should have golden hair like Jean's.

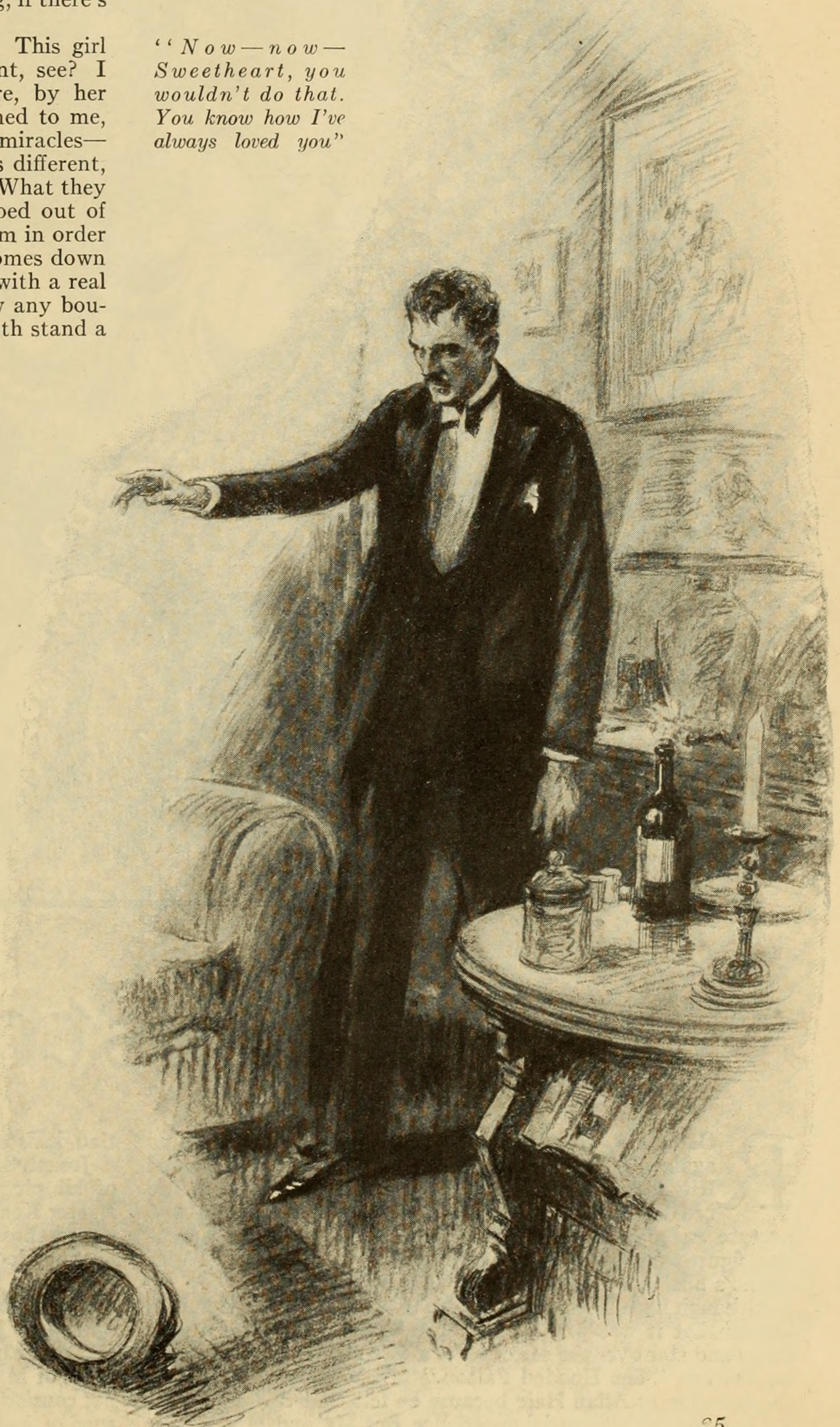
Sylvia knew she was good-looking, but she was not conceited, yet an unprejudiced observer might have detected a very rare and lovely quality in her shy, oval face, her slim, faun-like figure, which was not discernible in Miss Martin's budding beauty at all. Some, in fact, *had* discerned it, which was why Sylvia Thorne, at nineteen, was regularly and insistently called for by Aline Duvall, one of the International's most famous stars, to serve as a foil for her own blonde beauty in every picture she made.

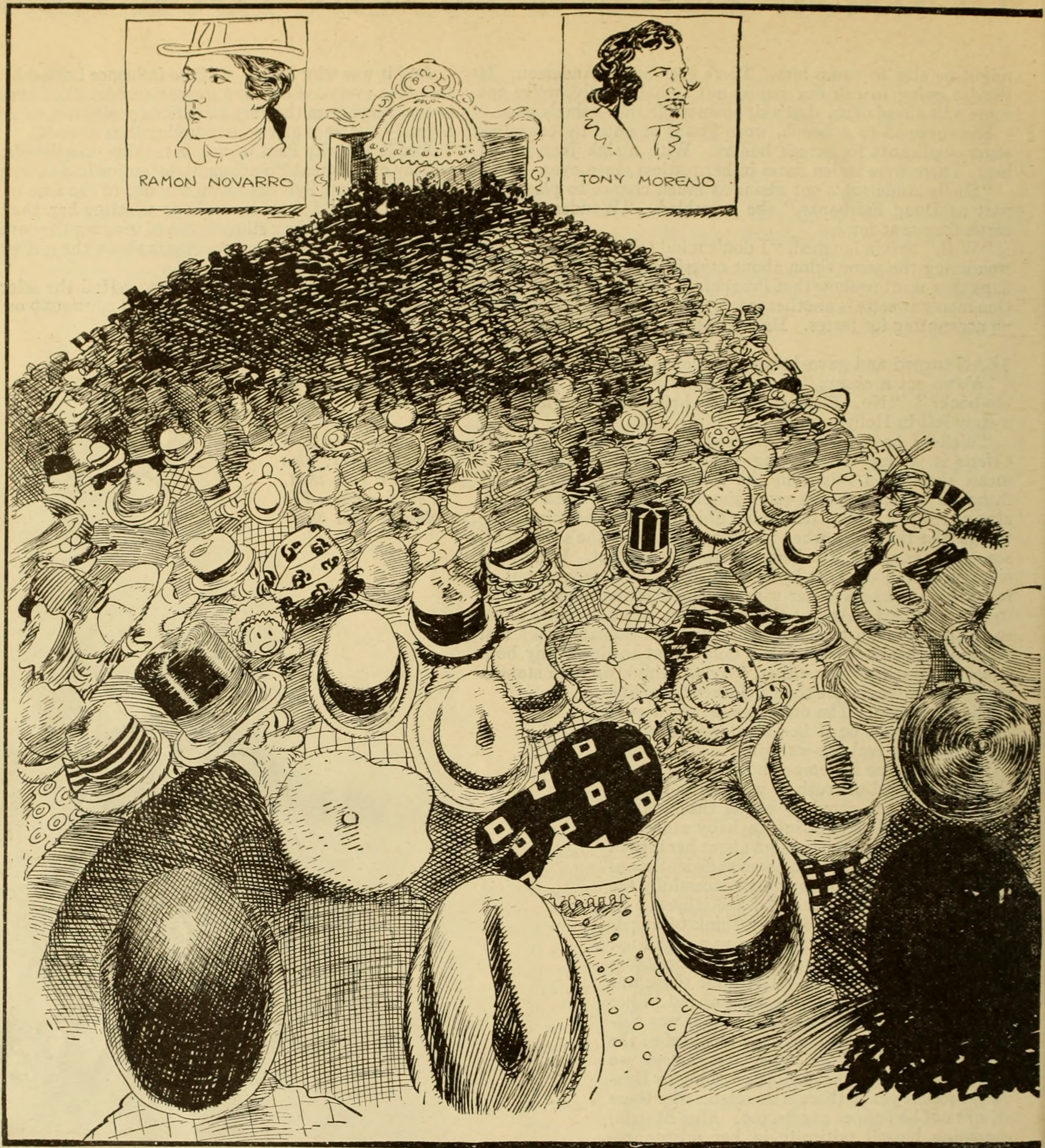
And it was why Sylvia, with no influence behind her save the fact that everyone on the International lot liked her, had risen in two years from the very precarious position of an extra girl to a yearly contract at two hundred dollars a week.

And it was why Paul Lemar, in making up a list of candidates worthy of the great Frenchman's attention had taken particular care to see that Sylvia's name was one of the first to be placed upon it. He did not assume, in so selecting her, that she stood any more than a very slim chance of winning the coveted prize, but there was a poignant sweetness about the girl which made him almost wish she would.

Of course there was Marcia Dane. Had the selection been left to him—but so far as Marcia [CONTINUED ON PAGE 128]

*"Now—now—
Sweetheart, you
wouldn't do that.
You know how I've
always loved you"*





Drawing by
R. L. Goldberg

Presto Chango

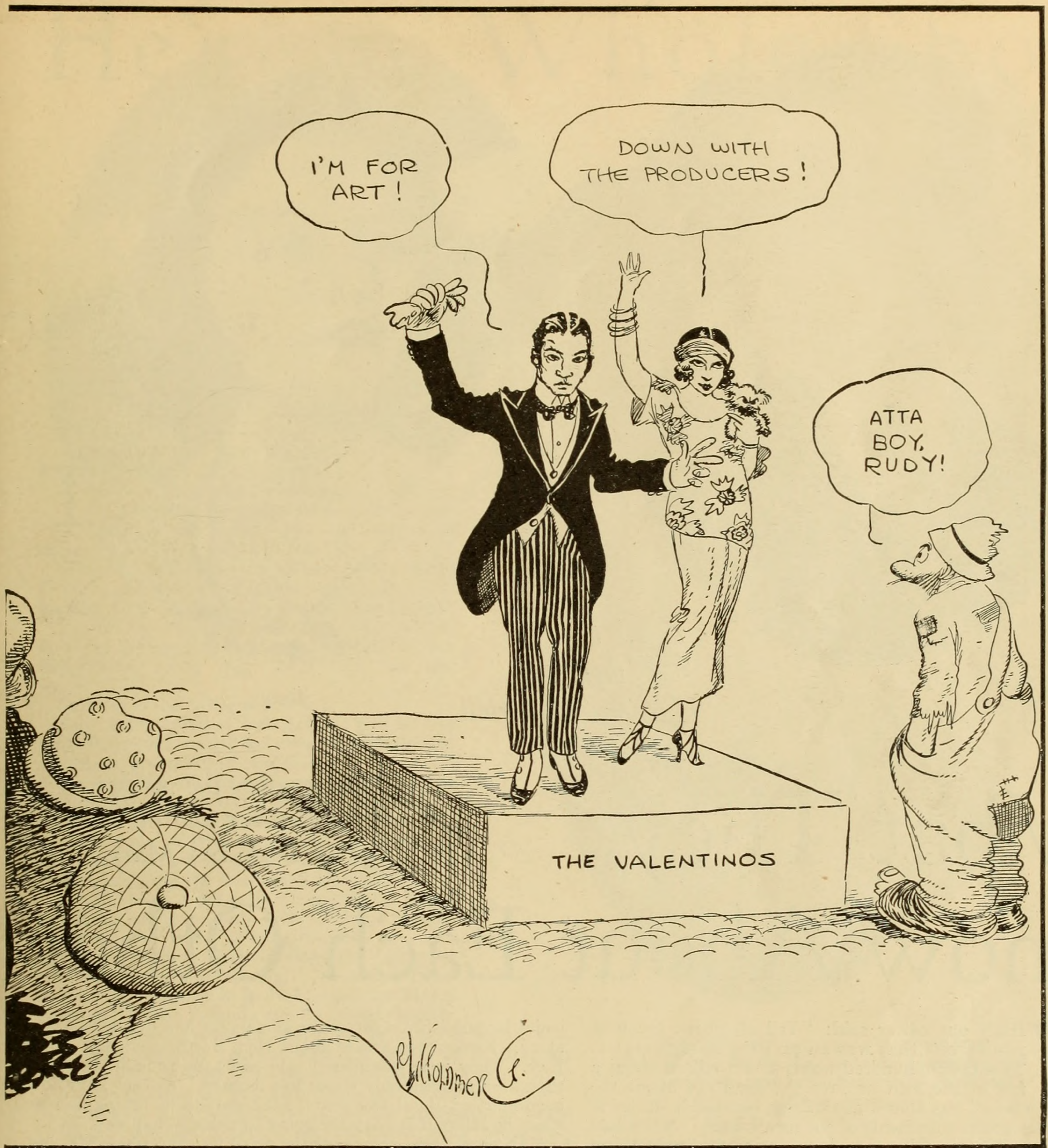
RODOLPH VALENTINO has broken with his producer again. This time it is with J. D. Williams, president of Ritz-Carlton Pictures. There was no litigation, as the break seemed to be mutually agreeable, although the rupture was accompanied by a little hard feeling. Mrs. Valentino figured prominently in this change, as she has in all Valentino's business affairs since their marriage.

Although both sides were reluctant to discuss the matter, it is known that it was precipitated by a difference between producer and star over the selection of a director for the forthcoming feature, "The Hooded Falcon." Mr. Williams objected to the selection of Allan Hale because he felt that this actor had not had enough directorial experience, but Mr. and Mrs. Valen-

tino insisted on their choice and walked out of the studio.

Joseph Schenck, husband of Norma Talmadge, and producer of all pictures made by Norma, her sister Constance, and Buster Keaton, will now manage Valentino's pictures, to be released through United Artists, and from statements which have been made it appears that Natacha will not be as conspicuous a figure at the studios as heretofore.

Although the influence of the talented Natacha will undoubtedly be felt in the production of "The Hooded Falcon" and other pictures, they probably feel that the widespread reports of Mrs. Valentino's strict management of her husband is not consistent with the career of a screen sheik, and that the picture of a devil-may-care Latin lover with a wife-manager is



Valentino!

By
James R. Quirk

rather inconsistent. The illusion must be maintained, and Natacha is probably good business woman enough to realize that Mr. Schenck is right.

"I want to make better pictures, artistic pictures," he said, when he walked out of the Paramount studio two years ago to ask the courts to declare the contract under which he was working invalid.

The courts upheld the contract but, Mr. and Mrs. Valentino upheld Valentino.

He may have been right—at that time. But I do not believe that he was right in his subsequent actions.

You remember the popular song, "They were all out of step but Jim." That seems to be Valentino's case.

He disagreed with the director who gave him his chance in "The Four Horsemen."

He disagreed with his producers when he became famous.

He disagreed with the courts.

He disagreed with his lawyers.

He disagreed with his dancing tour managers.

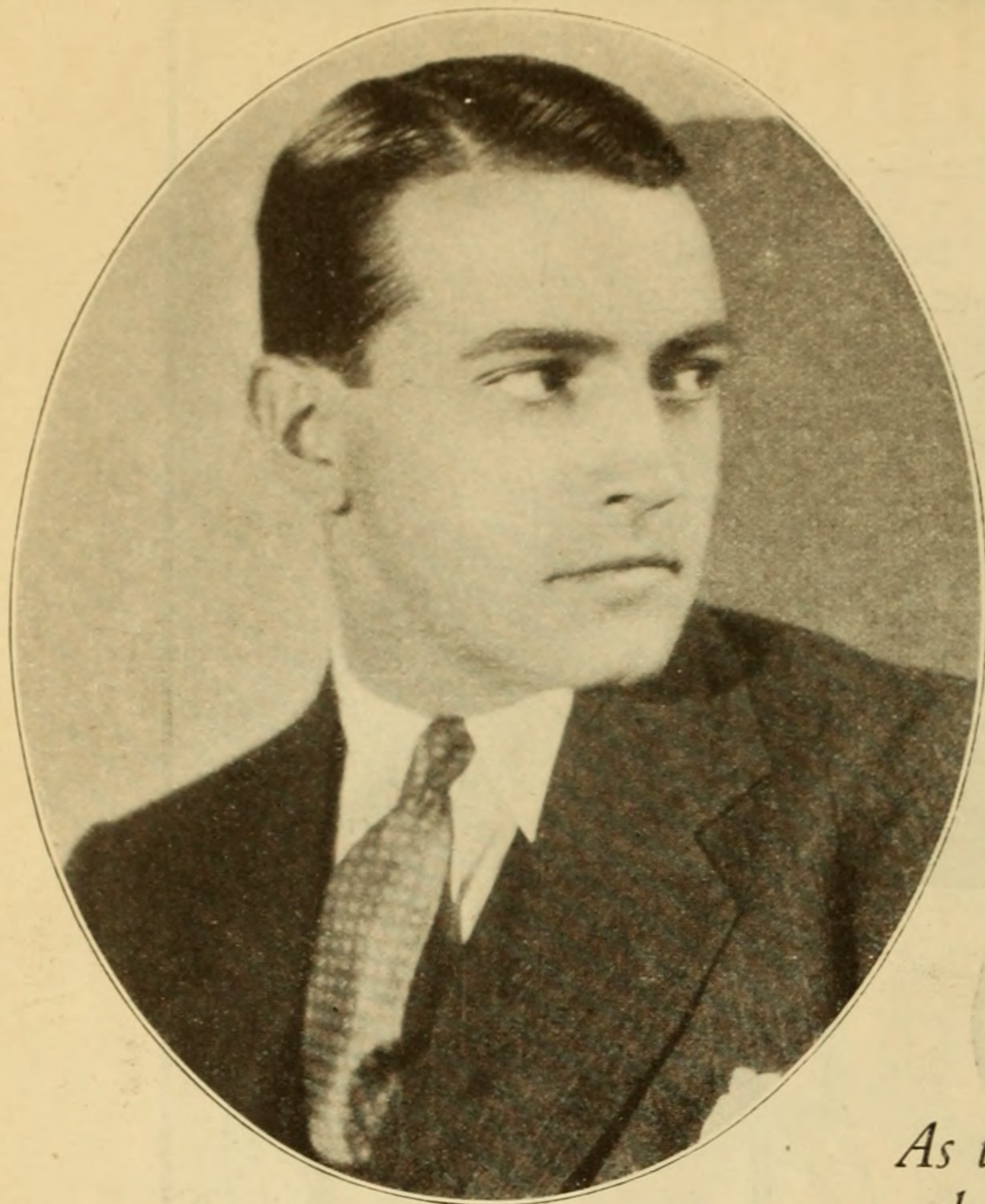
He disagreed with the concern whose beauty preparations he was exploiting on the tour.

He disagreed with his new producers, the Ritz-Carlton Company.

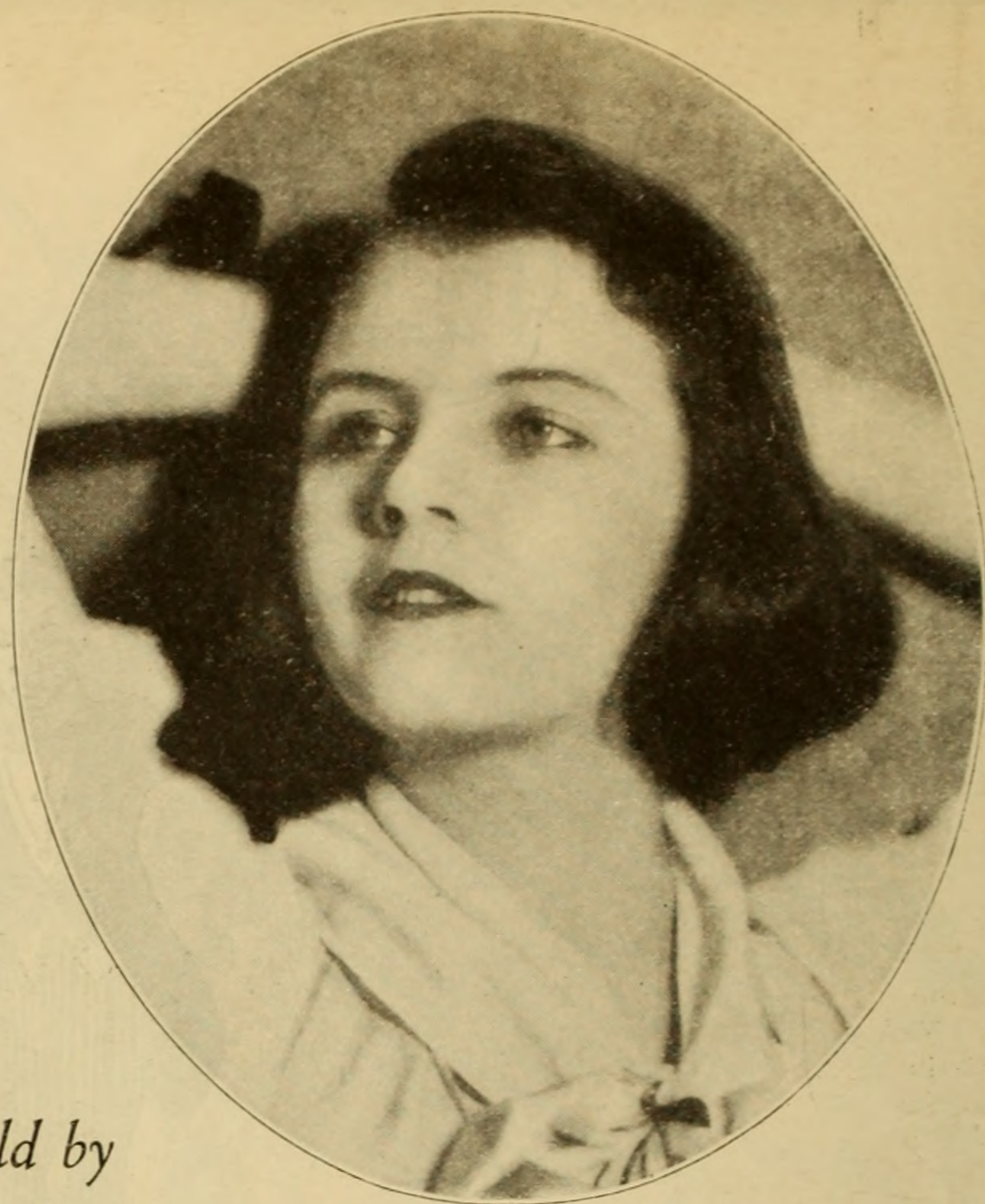
Were they all wrong?

Maybe.

Mr. Valentino was the greatest [CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]



Dick



Mary

As told by
them to
Harriette Underhill

What They Know About Each Other

Giving away the inside
facts of the romance and the married
life of Dick and Mary

WHEN our editor said: "Tell all about the men you love," that was an exciting assignment. Twenty-five hundred words would tell all about a few of the men we love. "Find out about the women men love" was almost as exciting, because it lets us in on the tastes and requirements of our men friends. Not a bad thing to know; and now that some inquiring editor says, "What do you think of a story called 'What a Man Should Know About His Wife' and 'What a Woman Should Know About Her Husband'?"

"Stars?"

"Oh, of course. Interesting screen people married to each other," replied the editor, which narrowed it down considerably.

"Before they are separated or after?" we asked.

"Don't be cynical," warning us against the great menace which he realizes has overtaken him in his early youth.

"If you ask me what a wife should know about her husband," we said, "my answer will be 'There's nothing she doesn't know!' And if you ask me what a man should know about his wife, my answer will be 'Nothing'."

"Well, I'm not asking you. I'm asking you to ask them."

"Who is 'them'?"

"You suggest someone. What two screen stars are married to each other and happy?"

PLENTY of them are married and happy, though not with each other. However, you mean happy while still married to each other! That makes it difficult. I was once ordered to do a series of reel romances; it's the truth that the editor had to cut the series short because he found that before the stories

could be published a lot of the romancers had decided to star alone. I wrote one article about Dick Barthelmess and Mary Hay. They were considered safe and sane though they had then been married only about five months. As they have now been married about five years, one seems to be taking no risk when he infers that they are going to remain that way."

"All right, then, as a reward of merit let's interview Mr. and Mrs. Barthelmess on the subject."

"But think what a 'swell' story we could get if you'd let us interview some of those who are separated. Not only could they tell what a man and wife should know about each other, but they could tell as well what they do know. Fancy a story about two well known separators with a caption 'What I KNOW About Howard' and 'What I Know About Emily.' Yes?"

"NO, I don't propose to be any final court of appeals. Neither is this a confessional. What I want is a story of what a husband should realize about his wife and what a wife should realize about her husband."

"Very well. Ask Dick—he knows."

Dick and Mary Barthelmess have a beautiful new home on East Ninety-Second Street. It is a four story brownstone house and Mary explained that they needed all the extra rooms on account of having a daughter. Now, what would happen if they should have a second daughter?

"As far as that is concerned," said Mrs. Barthelmess, "I shouldn't mind living in the Woolworth Building."

That is one thing that Mr. Barthelmess may realize about his wife, but we're willing to wager that the world would never suspect it. Mary the mother was a [CONTINUED ON PAGE 111]

He's the Whole Show

*After being crowned with
Sennett pies for five years,
Raymond Griffith emerges
with a silk hat*

By Herbert Howe

THIS is not a funny story.

It is not about a comedian.

I say this by special request of the subject of my article and the author of same. We wish to be taken seriously.

Stick up the label of comedian, says Raymond Griffith, and you're due for the come-back, "Comedian, huh? Well, just *try* and make us laugh!"

Put on the title of humorist, says the writer, and hear the egg-throwers squeal, "Bring on your wise-cracks, funny boy; we'll read 'em and weep!"

Surprise is the cream of the jest.

After being crowned with Sennett pies for five years Raymond Griffith has emerged a silk-hatted comedian, according to critiques.

He views the silk hat with as much alarm as he did the pies. He wants no crown of any kind.

He's an actor. Art is the expression of self, he reminds you. If what issues forth is funny, all well and good; but he doesn't want any advance notices to cramp the freedom of his style.

If you throw a pie at him expecting a laugh, he's liable to lay you low with a volume of Aristophanes, and then who's the comic?

I know nothing that develops the height of the brow like Father Sennett's custard. Three of the best-read people in Hollywood are Mabel Normand, Louise Fazenda and Raymond Griffith.

Griffith doesn't scorn the slapstick, he hangs it with laurel.

He says the four greatest slapstick artists of all time are Aristophanes, Moliere, Shakespeare and Mack Sennett.

And he glorifies the gag with classic references.

"The best slapstick gag was pulled by Aristophanes," says Griffith. "He depicted the celebrated Cleon riding through the air astride a dung-beetle as he went to consult the mountain oracle on important topics. As he flew along the beetle took vicious snaps at passing birds in such a way as to sicken the great man with fear until he could scarcely contain himself lest the beetle take a similar nip at him.

"When you recall that Cleon was a personage as important to his day as Calvin Coolidge is to ours, and commanding as much dignity, you find the humor emphasized.

"That's precisely the slapstick method employed by Sennett—the upsetting of dignity by satire. Only Sennett isn't conscious of his influence as Aristophanes was or as Moliere was."

Now I ask you, is that any way for a former Keystone cop to talk? . . . a slapstick comedian springing Aristophanes and Moliere on a public whose information concerning the gentlemen is limited to the vague impression that they are foreigners?

Little wonder that Mr. Griffith is deemed worthy of the highest crown the American public can bestow, namely the silk hat. Certainly a comedian who can collect laughs with all the suavity of a vestryman easing coins out of awed parishioners deserves the same insignia of rank.

To the eye Griffith is an inconspicuous young man, below medium height, brown eyes, slight moustache, neat but not "classy."



Raymond Griffith brings to "society drama" a vigorous humor that keeps the youngsters in an uproar, and that delights the sophisticated with its subtlety

He is elusive, as you might expect one to be who has been an artful dodger of Mr. Sennett's delicatessen objects.

It is only when you corner him and put the screws of the inquisition that his real size becomes apparent.

Louise Fazenda characterized him to me in a line worthy of Michael Arlen. "He's the kind of a man," said Louise, "who you know has a disreputable bath-robe. . . . Lives in a room all messed around with books and papers."

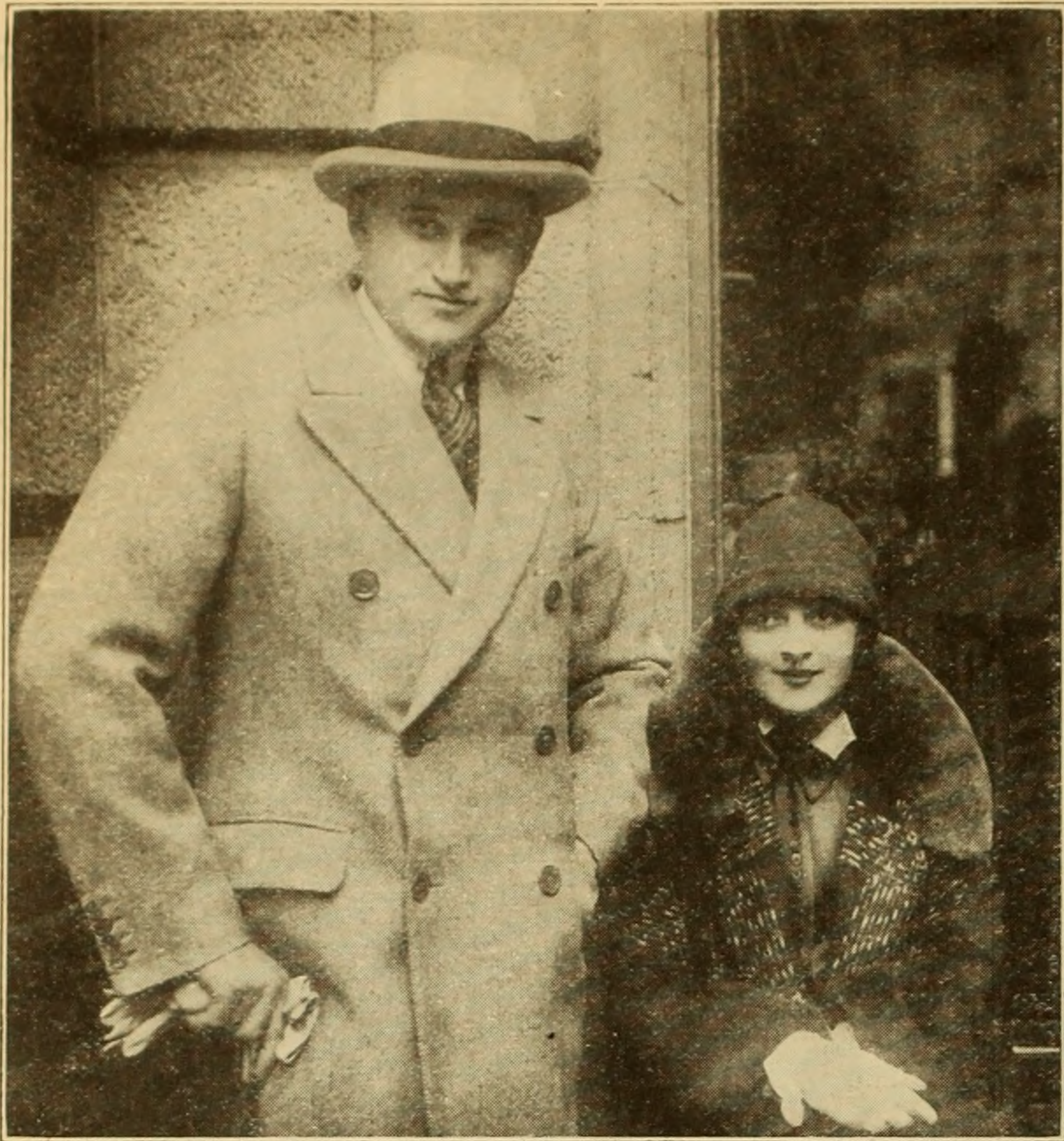
It is just about as inaccurate to label Griffith an actor as it is to target him a comedian. He has been a sailor, a dancer, a writer, a director and a world traveler with a reporter's eye.

He is a neat and compact research department. He can haul down information from the garret of his mind that the ordinary man, possessing the same, would have forgotten had ever been placed there.

His conversation ranges with interest from bugs to planets, from the gentle art of scalping to the barbaric one of designing women's gowns.

His attitude toward the art of screen comedy is that of the mathematician. There is no emotion about it, he will tell you; it is pure mathematics.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]



The shrinking violet of the "fillum" business and his importation, Lia de Putti, whom he modestly announces as "Germany's most popular screen star." Oh, yes, we almost forgot. The violet is Samuel Goldwyn, who hates publicity like a kitten loathes catnip



When Gloria Swanson earned (and she earned it) three dollars a day as an extra girl she thought it would be a swanky thing to have her picture taken in an auto, just then about as scarce as screen jobs so far as Gloria was concerned. So she had her picture taken and here it is, brand new again after ten years

STUDIO NEWS & GOSSIP

"I LIKE to climb trees and I love cocoanuts," said Betty Bronson mischievously as she looked over the shoulder of a gray-haired actor on the Paramount set where he was reading Darwin between scenes.

The actor, without looking up, continued to read aloud:

"Of all the races of animals the anthropoid apes are nearest man. Their divergence from the same stock must be comparatively recent. Man is the nomadic, the apes are the arboreal branch of the same great family."

Betty looked thoughtful for a moment.

"Do you believe we are descended from the monkeys?" she asked.

"Not when I look at you," he said. "You destroy my faith in the theory."

THE most interesting figure in Hollywood right now is young Colonel Tim McCoy whom Lasky hired to supply the Indians for "The Covered Wagon" and to direct them. Since that production Tim has appeared on the screen himself in "The Thundering Herd" for Paramount. He also staged prologues with the Indians for "The Covered Wagon" both here and abroad. Now he's staging one for "The Iron Horse" at the Egyptian theater in Hollywood. A big, handsome fellow, he has led a life more adventurous than any depicted on the screen. There are only two men alive today who can speak the Indian sign language, and McCoy is one of them. His Indian camp in the center of Hollywood is now the attraction for all sightseers. Although the braves cannot speak English their enthusiasm for the cinema is unmistakable. They are ever ready to pose for pictures. In fact, if you happen around there with a camera they demand the privilege.

Col. Tim has some hilarious and interesting stuff to tell about them for the next issue of PHOToplay.

THERE being nothing more exciting to do one rainy afternoon, we sat down and recalled a few of the stars' favorite sayings:

"Everything under control," comments Rod La Rocque on affairs in general. Or, in saying goodbye, he substitutes: "H'ors d'oeuvre."



That pretty little leading woman you saw in two of Jack Dempsey's pictures was Florence Lee, the wife of Teddy Hayes, who is Dempsey's secretary. She is known as one of the prettiest blondes in Hollywood

"She's a wonderful girl," Ben Lyon raves about the last pretty one he has met.

"That makes me a buttercup," Dorothy Mackaill retorts.

"STORIES, stories!" shriek the producers. "There are no stories."

Ernst Lubitsch is in a quandary. He would like to do "Kiki" with Marie Prevost, but Belasco wants it screened with Lenore Ulrich, the stage *Kiki*.

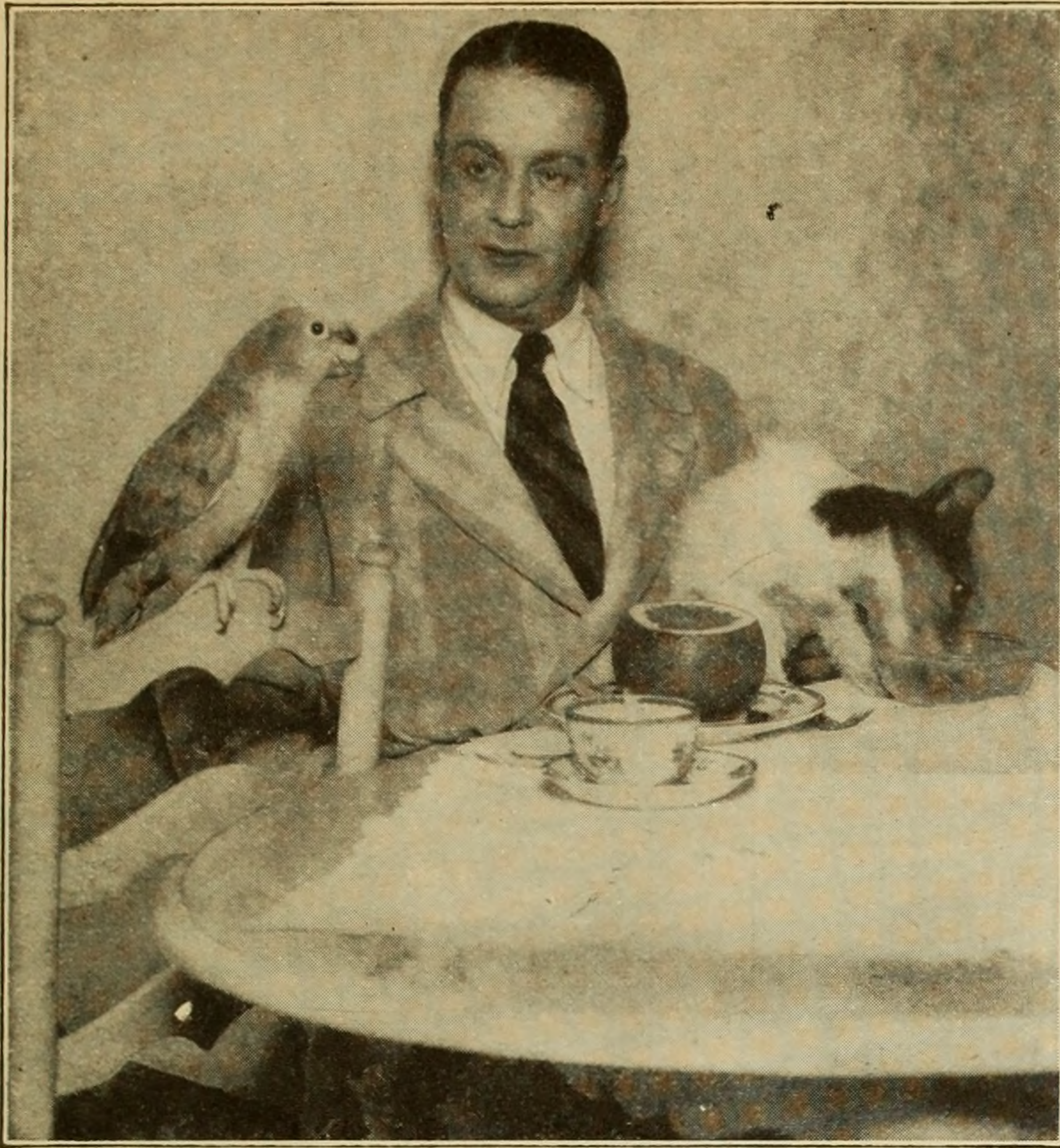
MARY HAY—Mrs. Richard Barthelmess—is scoring the hit of her active young life co-starred with Clifton Webb as a serious and comedy dancing team at Ciro's, a New York night club which they have made very popular.

WHAT'S going to happen to Mabel Normand? A fatalistic little figure against whom destiny seems to have stacked the cards. Mabel today is sitting quietly in her home awaiting the next deal. What will it be? This lovable genius of comedy, who as a child sold newspapers on the streets of New York, seems cast for a role of stark tragedy in life. Harry Carr, of the Los Angeles Times, and I sat down the other day and wrote her a note. We said:

"When can we see you? We are your most devoted admirers and so will not trust one another alone with you."

I'll tell you what she says next month.

ROD LA ROCQUE wears very English clothes in Allan Dwan's new picture, "Night Life in New York," in which he is co-featured with Dorothy Gish. Rod purchased 33 suits while in London and is now permitting them to see the light of day. By the way, Texas Guinan, famous hostess of the El Fey, a popular New York night club, has been engaged with the girls in her cabaret to do their stuff in a replica studio set of the El Fey.



Just a bachelor pretending he's not lonely. That's what we thought when we saw this picture of Huntly Gordon having a bachelor's breakfast with only a parrot and his pet dog to keep him company. At least the dog seems to be enjoying himself. We can't speak for the parrot



If Pola Negri ever quits the screen she won't have any trouble keeping the wolf away from her door. She is an accomplished sculptress and is shown above, modeling in her Hollywood home. Several bits of her work were used in her latest picture, "The Charmer." Pola is at home in any field of art

EAST AND WEST By Cal York

Texas' favorite cry to her guests is: "Give in." She'll have them giving in at Famous Players studio before she's through and the scenes should be highly entertaining as well as realistic.

CHARLES RAY and Director Jerome Storm care a team again. Remember those delightful rural comedies they made together for Ince—"The Pinch-hitter," "Paris Green," etc.? Then Charlie got the producer bug, that death-dealing insect that invariably attacks players, and he made some disastrous pictures. Now perhaps he realizes that those little comedies of American rural life were themselves gems of art. So he's putting on his overalls and going back to the soil. A fine crop to ye, Charley!

POLA NEGRI is unquestionably one of the greatest individuals in the world today. Her entrance at the Wampas ball was a moment for awe and thrill.

The vast auditorium was a hub-bub of spectators and stars, the latter glittering at full candle power. Suddenly—whish!—the great doors opened and there stood the dynamic Pola, wrapped in ermine to her chin, with a coronet of diamonds blazing against her ink-black hair. That slow, satirical smile of hers hovered in her green eyes and about her lips as she surveyed the assemblage. She was a queen surveying her people.

But where others aim at queenliness by majestic mien and English accent Pola is the aristocrat of naturalness. Turning to some friends close-by she drawled, "'Al-lo! I am glad to see you, believe me." Then she moved to her table through a hushed throng.

THERE always seems to be comedy in the domestic life of a comedian. Larry Semon is complaining of craft on the part of his young bride, Dorothy Dwan. He says she compelled

him to buy a big corsage bouquet for the opening of "The Iron Horse" in Hollywood because her gown was spotted from the last bouquet. "Come to find out," says Larry, "all her gowns are spotted right where a corsage bouquet should be!"



"Meet the missus and the baby," is the way Harold Lloyd could say it, but Harold always refers to the pair above as Mildred and Mildred Gloria. Yes, Mildred Gloria is the heiress to the Lloyd millions and Mildred is the missus

ERNST LUBITSCH was talking to me about Pola the other day. "What a woman she is!" he exclaimed with a toss of the hands. "She always do just what she feel. If she want to take a bath in the finger bowl at dinner she do it."

CONSTANCE and Norma Talmadge are worth a lot of money—dead or alive. They have been insured by Joseph M. Schenck Productions for one million dollars.

NITA NALDI'S press agent calls her the "cobra woman of the screen." Dear, dear, how poisonous!

VERY shortly after its release, the William Fox film version of "The Man Without a Country" was re-named "As No Man Has Loved." The picture is based on the story by Edward Everett Hale, and the title change was made to avoid confusion with several smaller pictures of the same story made in recent years. Fox tried to buy up all of these older films, but the task proved to be an impossible undertaking.

The new title is taken from a quotation in the story.

A MOTION picture actress, unique in the annals of the silent drama in that she religiously avoids publicity, recently arrived in New York in the person of Mlle. Vilma Banky, a passenger on the Aquitania. Fellow passengers acclaimed Mlle. Banky a countess, but when newspaper men approached her for an interview she was the soul of reticence.

"It is a matter of little consequence what I do or say," she averred. "There are too many stars now who do little but talk and I do not want to be one of them."

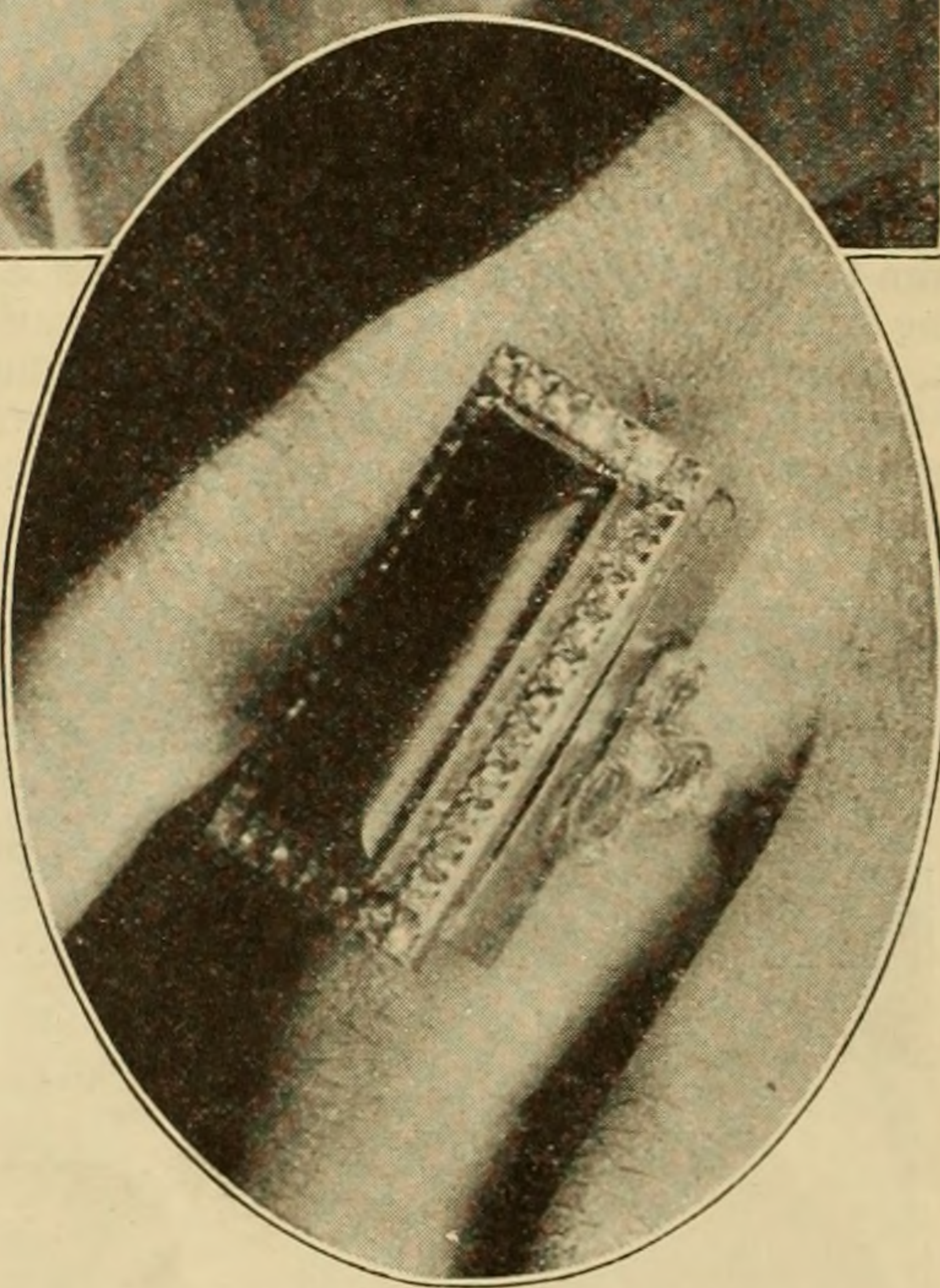
Mlle. Banky hails from Austria and is said to be one of the most noted beauties of central Europe.



A ring with a bottle of perfume in it is only one of the odd features of "The Dressmaker From Paris," which includes a diamond heel safe and a mirror ring

RUTH CLIFFORD who played little *Ann Rutledge* in "The Life of Abraham Lincoln" has discovered that she married an emancipator. Ruth's particular interest in life is ducks. She scoured the country for a collection. The next morning she found that hubby had left the gate open and they had all gone home. To dry the tears of his young bride, Mr. Cornelius is now building a hundred thousand dollar house of the Moorish style in Beverly Hills. However, I will not vouch for their marital peace if a villain appears with a duck under his arm to ingratiate the beautiful young Mrs. Cornelius.

TROUBLE, trouble, trouble. Hollywood is full of it. Mary Pickford engaged Mickey Neilan to direct her in a story written by Mickey. Then she discovered that Colleen Moore was doing one that appeared to be identical—or at least Mary thought so. Mickey didn't think so, but Mary and Mickey split. Now to prove he's right Mickey is producing the story out at Metro-Goldwyn with a little discovery whom he thinks may be another Mary Pickford. It was announced some time ago that Mary would have Von Sternberg, director of "The Salvation Hunters," as her director, but since the critics sat all over Mr. Von Sternberg's picture he seems to have been side-tracked off the Pickford lot. Mary is producing "The Rooney Family." It was Doug and Mary and Charlie Chaplin who hailed Von Sternberg as a genius and "The Salvation Hunters" as a masterpiece.



This perfume ring is of onyx adorned with pearls and platinum. Majel Coleman is the lucky possessor of this trick ring

IT looks like Metro-Goldwyn was afraid of landing in poverty-row the way they are working actors day and night and cutting down expenditures. Mickey Neilan has been allowed eighteen days to make a picture. Mickey the rollicking, leisurely, erratic artist! But anybody would have to scrimp finances who tosses away three million on one picture, "Ben Hur," that could have been made for a million easy. Meanwhile, unhappiness reigns on the Metro-Goldwyn lot. Mae Murray has departed for Paris proclaiming her misery, and Jackie Coogan seems to have thrown his baseball at them and flown.

Is the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio jinxed? It was the scene of Triangle's collapse—Triangle, the producer of the finest program



The most evil looking face in the world, is what Eric Von Stroheim said about Aneilka Elter, a pretty Bohemian girl appearing in "The Merry Widow"

of all time. Sam Goldwyn nearly went broke out there, and now things look anything but rosy with Louis B. Mayer in charge.

THEY'RE smiling more than a little around the New York studios about a dinner which Dagmar Godowsky recently bought for Charles Hertzman, for Miss Godowsky now gives her erstwhile guest a black look whenever they meet. It seems that when the dark star was playing small roles out in California the papers constantly referred to her as "the daughter of Leopold Godowsky, the famous pianist." This was perfectly natural, since she was young and unknown, but finally "Daggie" grew tired of it, and it was then that she promised Mr. Hertzman that should she ever read of her father being mentioned as "the father of the great film actress," she would buy Hertzman the best dinner in New York.

Not so very long ago the film man brought the actress a Denver paper that contained the longed for identification of Leopold Godowsky, "father of the famous film star, Dagmar Godowsky." Dagmar bought the dinner. And she didn't know until afterwards that the dramatic editor of the paper was an old friend of Mr. Hertzman's and that he had written that particular blurb to help an old friend win a bet.

ANY number of people have had race horses, cigars and other money-consumers named after them, but Ann May, the pint-sized actress

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 74]

"On the Banks of the Wabash"

HOLLYWOOD is blended with laughter and tears. Regardless of what the ever moving and superficial critics say . . . it is the most colorful place in America . . . where the lady with the diamonds and the fur cloak has known hunger and talks of it as nonchalantly as young Mr. Rockefeller might talk of a Baptist convention . . . or Standard Oil.

And all this is apropos of Louise Dresser—one of the most popular singers ever produced in this nation, and—in the opinion of no less an observer than Jim Cruze—one of the greatest of motion picture actresses. Right



ments as it were—out of invisible granite they were built—to last—on and on . . . and rolling in waves of echoed kindness for generations never ending.

Bill Kerlin died when Louise Kerlin was about fifteen years old. Bill left her nothing but the whole world and a heart as big as his own. But of worldly goods he left her a voice that mocked the nightingale.

After all the unwise people have chattered in college—we each do the thing that's easiest in the end. That is . . . if we can. It was easy for Louise to sing—and to starve that she might continue to sing.



In Universal's "Goose Woman," she plays a double role

*That old song
started Louise Dresser
into her big chance
on the stage:
now she's one of
Hollywood's favorites*



It is said to be one of the best performances of the year

By Jim Tully

now Louise Dresser is—but that would be telling the story before it starts.

Her father's name was Bill Kerlin, and he was a railroad conductor . . . beloved by all who knew him. His run passed through a section of Indiana made famous by James Whitcomb Riley and many others, including the immortal author of "On the Banks of the Wabash."

There often traveled with Bill Kerlin's train a fat, good-natured news-butcher whom everybody kidded, not knowing, of course, that he was destined to make a name for himself that would be remembered as long as Indiana had a boundary, which may possibly be a long time indeed. This has something to do with the story—it being a trick born of the Irish to awaken interest in the tale that is about to be spun and to acquaint the reader with the characters he is going to love ere long the tale is told.

But let us hurry along with Louise Dresser, one of the loveliest and the sweetest, and the cleanest and the dearest—and all in all the daughter of Bill Kerlin—the man who was so kind to all who traveled on his train, the flip drummer and the weary bohunk, and the world-wonder girl—just starting for the metropolis at the edge of the lake. Bill Kerlin's heart was a large room that never emptied. He lived by giving and he counted not the change each night. Bill Kerlin was a builder of monu-

So Louise traveled all the way from Indiana to Boston—no doubt on a pass, her dad having been a railroad man. She had heard she might get a job there. She was greener than a lone shamrock in a north of Ireland garden. But like most green people—she didn't know it. She had to wear tights and she was bashful—and the people down Boston way were not as kind as in Indiana where she had long been known as "Bill Kerlin's daughter." Sad must I be to relate it . . . the girl was fired twice—and quickly—that being the way with the world when it comes to embryo great talent.

She roomed with the kindest of women—but Louise had her pride. The lady always kept fruit on the table and as if with a real intuition she beseeched Louise to partake of it . . . but the girl, fearful that anyone might know of her distress, would have none of it . . . for Louise's father might give the world away—but his daughter would ask no man for a crumb in that world.

The girl became ill—and a doctor was called. The good man informed Louise's landlady that there was nothing wrong with her—save the slight fact that she was nearly starved.

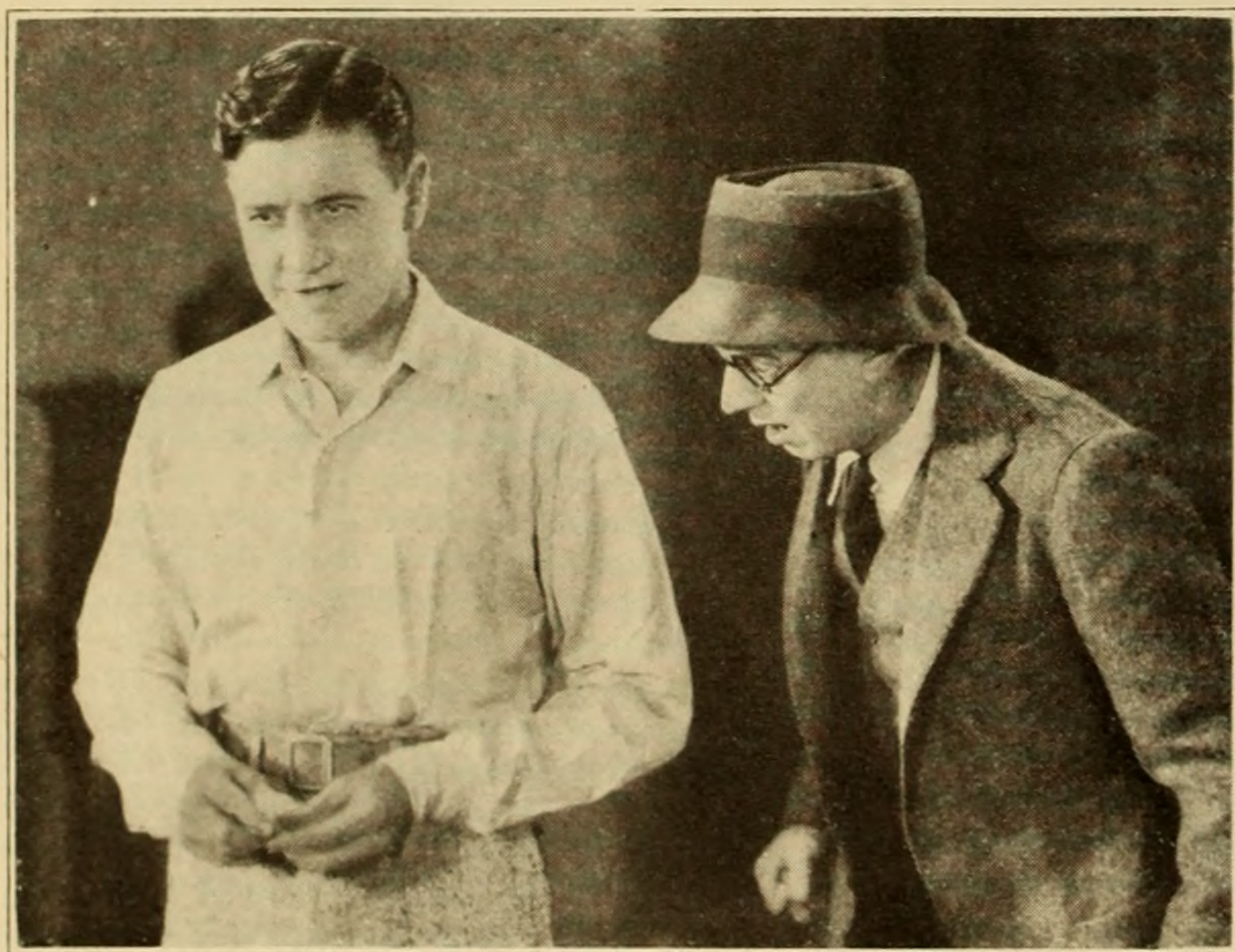
Some time after she had regained her strength she was given a job with "Peck's Bad Boy" at eighteen dollars a week and railroad fare.

Rolled a year and a half around [CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]



LADY OF THE NIGHT—Metro-Goldwyn

THIS story, by Adela Rogers St. Johns, provides Norma Shearer with a dual role that reveals to the public her ability as an actress. We first see Norma as the daughter of the underworld, graduating from a reformatory school, dressed in extreme underworld fashion. In our opinion, this was exaggerated. A little later she makes a graceful entrance as the beautiful daughter of a judge. Monta Bell, the director, has made an extremely interesting picture out of this story of the loves of two girls, who lose their hearts to a young inventor. Eventually the girls meet and the underworld girl sacrifices her love for the judge's daughter and marries *Chuck*, an old standby, whose one aim in life is to out-dress the Prince of Wales. *Chuck* was splendidly enacted by George K. Arthur. You'll enjoy it, so don't miss it!



TOO MANY KISSES—Paramount

HAVING become accustomed to Richard Dix as the conventional movie hero, it was a distinct, though pleasant, shock to view him as a comedian of rare charm in his new picture, which smacks of the farcical, dashing flippantly and gaily through a preposterous story to a bang-up climax with Dix as ingratiating a cavalier as ever swung fists for fair lady.

The story concerns *Richard Gaylord, Jr.* (Richard Dix), who falls too hard and too readily for the ladies and is subsequently packed off by his dad with a *Mr. Simmons* to find turidium ore in the Basque country. He finds trouble and *Yvonne* instead. *Yvonne* is supposed to be *Don Julio's* girl and *Don Julio*, once aroused, has a terrible temper. Naturally, excitement brews, raging to a neat climax with the usual satisfying closeup at the finish.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



SALLY—First National

THE most delightful translation of a musical comedy to the screen that we have ever seen. Accompanied, as it is, by a very clever rendition of the musical score of the piece, it furnishes a fine evening of clean entertainment. We didn't miss the songs with Colleen Moore playing the part, for Colleen, herself, is the song.

June Mathis, that brilliant scenario writer, to whom much of the success of the "Four Horsemen" must be accredited, wrote the screen story, and the result is a very amusing and entertaining screen narrative.

That conscientious and versatile little star, Colleen Moore, has repeated her success in her recent picture, "So Big," and Leon Errol, one of America's few real comedians, is just as successful in putting over his laugh provoking antics in the screen version as he was in the stage production of Florenz Ziegfeld's musical comedy success.

Sally was a dish-washer from an East Side alley, working in the same cafe with the eccentric *Duke of Checkergovinia*, (Mr. Errol) a Russian refugee, who was employed as a waiter. In the cafe *Sally* meets *Blair Farquar*, a rich young man about town. She impersonates a notorious Russian dancer at a gala affair at his foster father's country estate. The proprietor of the restaurant where *Sally* works appears inopportunately to end the masquerade. All sorts of complications arise to separate *Sally* and *Blair*, and in chagrin *Sally* returns to her soiled dishes and her alley. Later, however, she becomes a huge success in Ziegfeld's Follies. The *Duke* plays the rôle of cupid—and so all is well.

Colleen Moore's impersonation of the Russian dancer and her dancing is remarkable work.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

SALLY
TOO MANY KISSES
THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA
LADY OF THE NIGHT
INTRODUCE ME
ON THIN ICE

The Six Best Performances of the Month

COLLEEN MOORE in "Sally"
LON CHANEY in "The Phantom of the Opera"
NORMA SHEARER in "Lady of the Night"
RICHARD DIX in "Too Many Kisses"
DOUGLAS MACLEAN in "Introduce Me"
TOM MOORE in "On Thin Ice"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 118



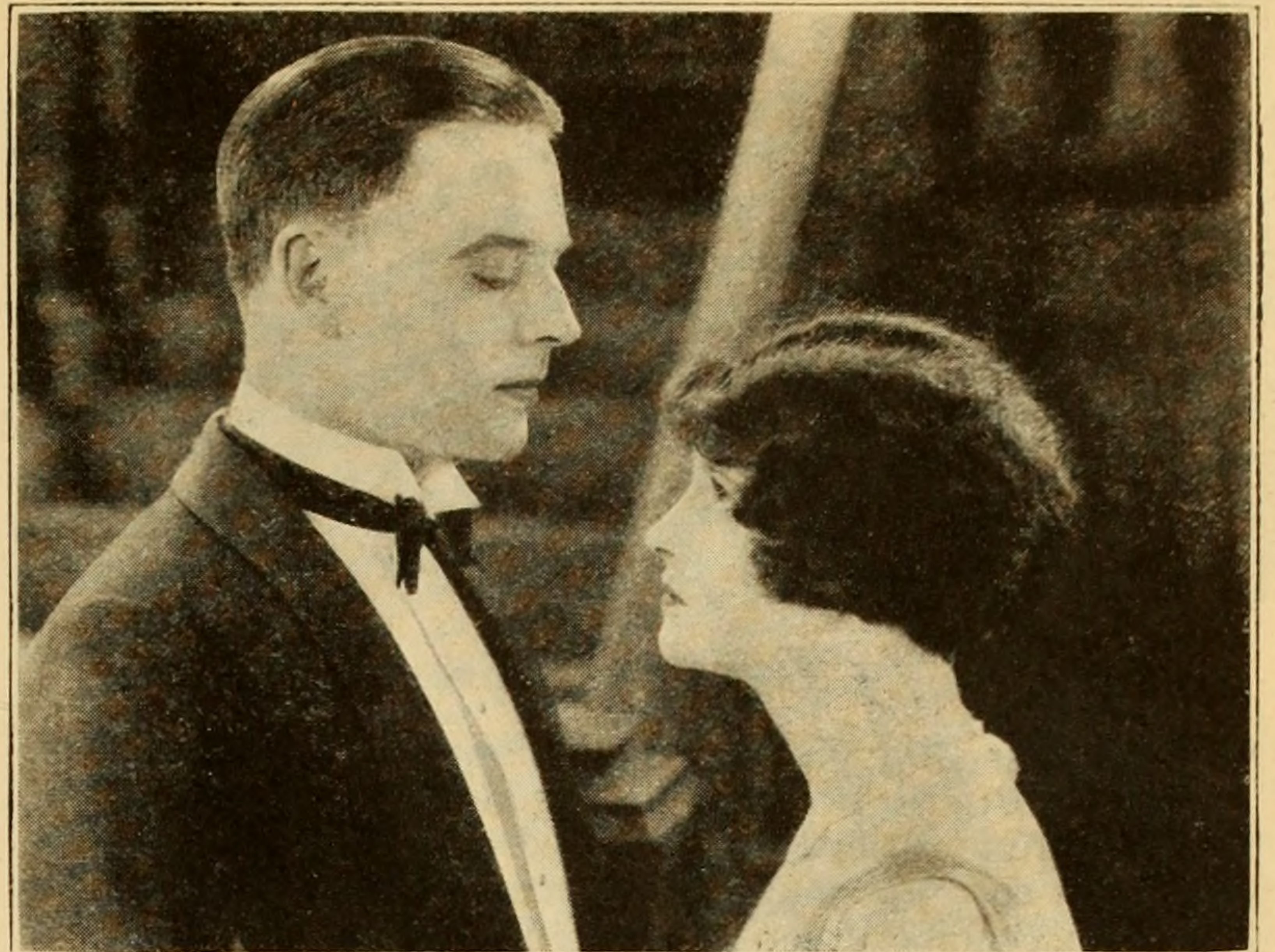
THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA—Universal

AS absolute a contrast as could be found in humanity to Colleen Moore's "Sally" is *Eric, the Phantom*, played by our double-jointed friend, Lon Chaney.

An ambitious spectacle adapted from Gaston Leroux' story, a weird and morbid tale, it is nevertheless an intensely entertaining picture. Lon Chaney seems to delight in such horrible rôles as the *Hunchback of Notre Dame* and the *Phantom*. Certainly, there is no one on the screen who can play such rôles so convincingly.

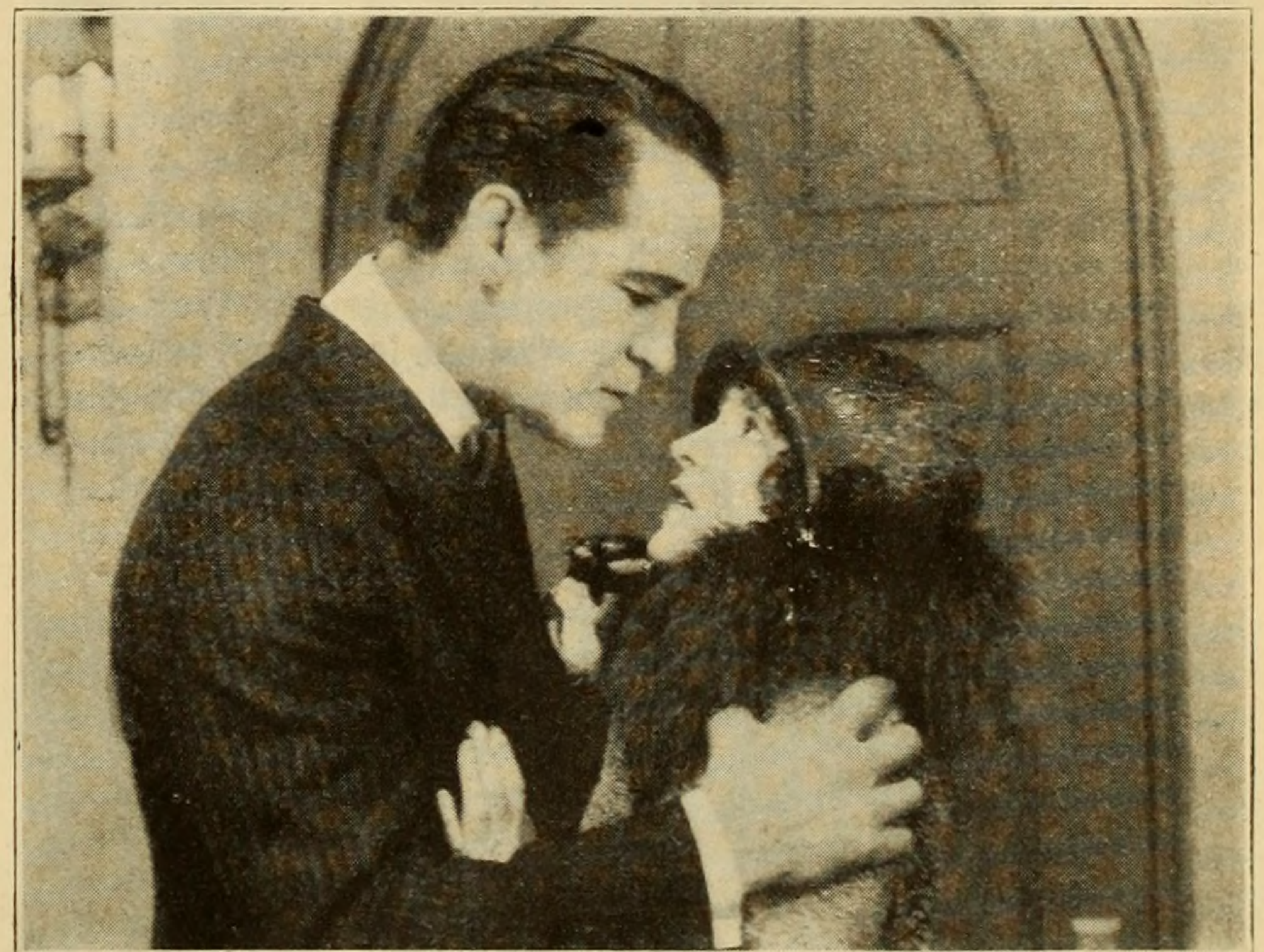
There is not a ray of sunlight, a spark of tender passion, or a real vivid comedy relief in the whole production, and yet, the atmosphere of mystery, the tense coil of suspense, the morbid quality of the story, the lavishness of the whole production is such that we pronounce it excellent screen entertainment. In his production, Rupert Julian has carefully avoided extremeness in his depiction of horror, and for this he deserves great credit.

It is a story of a great musician, cursed with a face so hideous that he is a monster. He haunts the labyrinthine cellars of the Grand Opera, and wreaks his monstrous vengeance on managers and performers who dispute his unseen domination. *Cristine Daae* (Mary Philbin) has the misfortune to inspire his love. She has never seen him, but he has made a great singer of her, and demands her love as his reward. This terrible menace keeps *Cristine* and the man she loves, *Raoul De Chagny*, played by Norman Kerry, apart. Foiled, the musician brings death and destruction, but in a series of exciting episodes *Cristine* is rescued. The monster plays his own requiem and dies. In spite of the horror of his rôle, Lon Chaney wins, at times, sympathy.



INTRODUCE ME—Associated Exhibitors

DOUGLAS MACLEAN as a mountain climber—a job forced on him because of a series of unforeseen circumstances and because of love—does stunts that would send cold shivers down the spine of any real mountaineer. As *Jimmy Clark* he sees *Betty Perry* (Anne Cornwall) in a Paris railroad station. His friend *Algy* (Robert Ober) likes *Betty* also. *Betty* and her father leave for the Alps to watch the great climbing contest. *Jimmy* can't get a reservation but is literally dragged onto the train by a porter who mistakes him for the real climber. At the mountain hotel the proprietor notes the name of the climber on *Jimmy's* luggage and introduces him as the climber. From then on the comedy, from the time *Jimmy* hands *Betty's* father a loaded cigar until he rolls to safety in a huge snowball, is hectic.



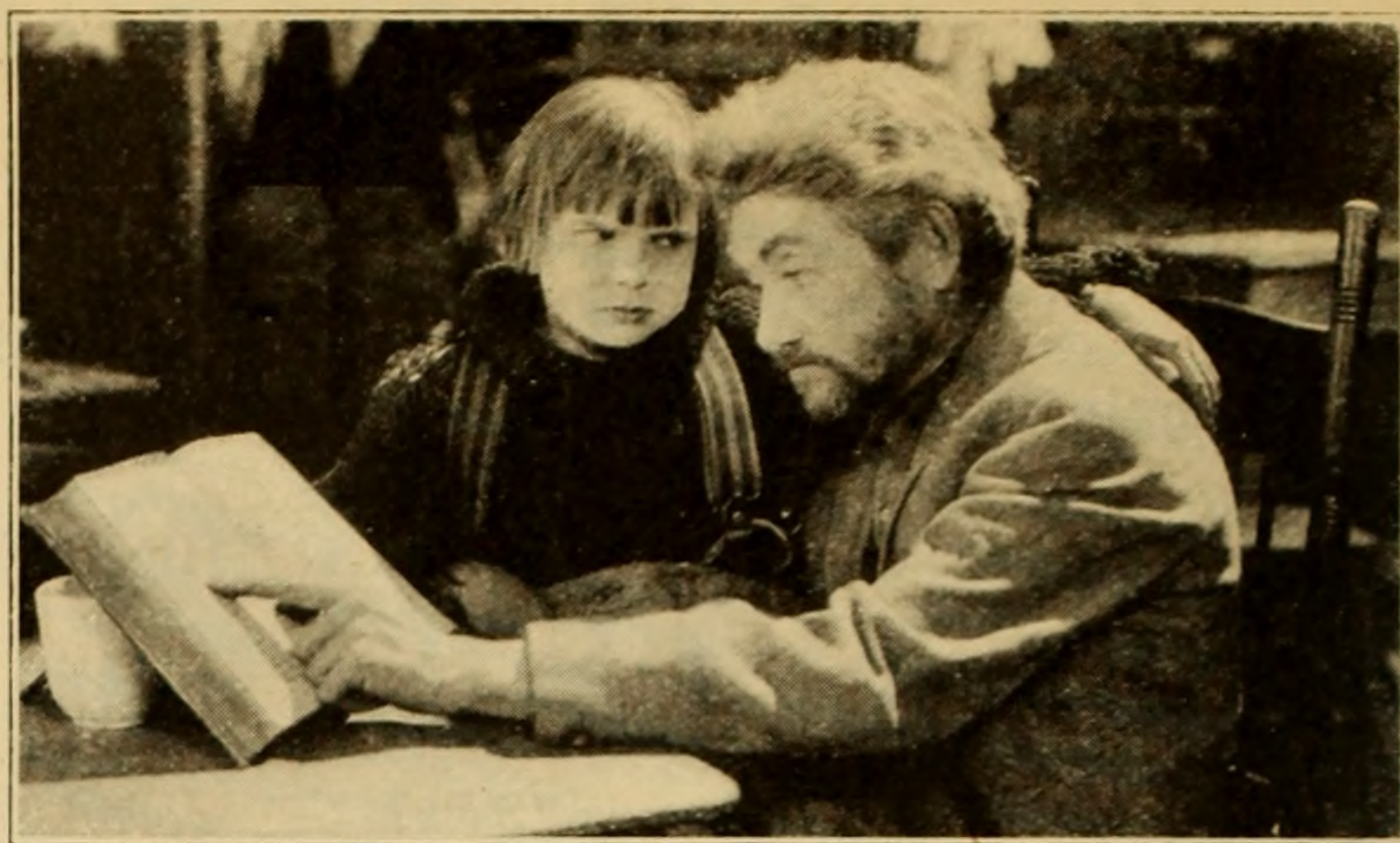
ON THIN ICE—Warner Bros.

NO doubt you have seen many pictures of the crook type, but this will appeal to all, for it contains all the elements of mystery, adventure, romance and action. Then, too, there's a likeable cast. Tom Moore and William Russell share the honors for their skillful performances, but somehow Tom wins out with his pleasing Irish smile. Edith Roberts is the innocent little lady in the tangle. *Rose Lore*, a poor friendless girl, is suddenly thrust into the limelight when a mysterious black bag falls at her feet. She returns it to the San Francisco bank, but when it is opened and found empty she is arrested and charged with theft. On her release, the gangsters, who are responsible for the crime, endeavor to learn what she has done with the money. One of them falls in love with her, reforms, and becomes a policeman. Three guesses who it is.



GRASS—Paramount

THIS interesting picture shows the terrific hardships that certain natives in Persia undergo every year in order to find pasture for their herds. Forced to travel by water and over snow-covered mountains they undergo perilous ordeals that would make other people seek a new country. The trip takes 40 days and each year much of the stock and one or more members of the tribe lose their lives.



THE RAG MAN—Metro-Goldwyn

WE all realize that Jackie is growing up and is over his famous "kid" days, but there's no use in denying this—he's an actor. As *Tim Kelly*, who escapes from an orphan home and goes into the "rag and old clothes" business with *Max Ginsberg*, he still retains that marvelous sympathetic appeal. The snappy titles, the appealing story and Jackie himself, will delight all fans.



THE DENIAL—Metro-Goldwyn

SOMEWHAT overdone—but fair entertainment. Claire Windsor has a dual role that dominates the play. The real action is a flareback to Spanish-American War days when Claire as *Mildred* loses the man she loves and is forced to marry another. *Mildred's* own daughter finds her mother objecting to her marriage but, in present day flapper fashion, elopes. Not up to Director Henley's standard.



THE AIR MAIL—Paramount

VERY much worth while in that it gives a splendid idea of what the heroic Government mail fliers undergo and also of the possibilities of commercial aviation. Melodramatic, with plenty of thrills furnished by the fliers and the crooks who try to rob the mail, but even these thrills are weak beside those of the actual flying scenes. Irvin Willat's direction and the photography are capital. For the family.



THE DRESSMAKER FROM PARIS—Paramount

HERE is a picture designed and built especially for women. Leatrice Joy is the featured player, but the great attraction lies in the fourteen beautiful models who wear the most gorgeous costumes ever seen on the screen. The story, a comedy of the Paris dressmaker and her models in a small Illinois city, serves as a background. Miss Joy is excellent, as is also the comedy of Ernest Torrence.



MIRACLE OF THE WOLVES—French Spectacle

MORE than half of this picture should have been cut out, the rest of it edited in good American fashion and then made over. There is a slight story of a fight between *Charles of Burgundy* and *Louis XI*, but the whole thing is built up on a battle with wolves in which the fee-roo-cious animals refuse to bite the heroine. It is a miracle, all right, but it could be told in much better fashion.



THE HEART OF A SIREN—First National

IF you are a dyed-in-the-wool Barbara La Marr fan you will like this. Barbara is far more beautiful in this than in any film she has ever made; she wears more stunning gowns, and she does better work than in some of her recent offerings, but the picture drags despite the clever comedy of Clifton Webb, and anything that drags is tiresome. Conway Tearle makes a good foil for the scintillating Barbara.



SALOME OF THE TENEMENTS—Paramount

FIFTH Avenue and Broadway give way to New York's congested East Side in this interesting Sidney Olcott production which reveals *Sonya Mendel's* (Jetta Goudal's) vamping exploits culminating in marriage with the wealthy philanthropist, *Manning*. Of course disaster must threaten her before the picture is ended. It does. In a note she gave a pawnbroker. But *Manning* settles him and all's well.



DADDY'S GONE A-HUNTING—Metro-Goldwyn

THE screen version of Zoe Akins' stage hit makes heavy drama, with Alice Joyce as the unhappy wife and Percy Marmont the daddy who searches restlessly for inspiration to paint a masterpiece. Returning from a year's study in Paris, he has changed, so his wife takes their little girl and leaves him. She is going to marry again, but the child is killed and she and Percy decide to start all over again.



DANGEROUS INNOCENCE—Universal

RECOGNIZE the title? Can't blame you a bit if you don't. Did you read "Ann's an Idiot"? Now you have it—just a slight change in the title. It is an interesting story of a very young girl on her way to India who meets and falls in love with a handsome English officer. She wins his affection. The usual happy fadeout. Laura La Plante is as cute as she can be as *Ann*. Plenty of enjoyment in this.



THE SCARLET HONEYMOON—Fox

THE title might as well have been orchid or ombre. In the story, the daughter of an impossible family that eats breakfast in its shirt sleeves, and talks shop at dinner, loves a young South American of gentle birth and breeding. The two marry after the usual turbulent difficulties and the audience goes home believing that there is a Santa Claus. Cinderella stuff pleasingly done.



A KISS IN THE DARK—Paramount

THIS screen version of Cyril Maude's stage vehicle, "Aren't We All?" falls into the sophisticated class of photoplays. It is a brilliant little satire, filled with amusing situations and bright titles, sure of some laughs. The photography is excellent. The directorial hand is a little heavy at times, but the work of that philanderer, Adolphe Menjou, atones for much. Very entertaining. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 101]

CLOSE-UPS & LONG SHOTS

By Herbert Howe

HOLLYWOOD:

Fresh from triumphs abroad with "Ben Hur" I have returned home the same unspoiled boy. I can say the same for Ben Hur Novarro.

BACK in Hollywood!

It seemed too good to be true. But Hollywood is never too good to be true, as I realized with leaping heart when I heard the newsboys shouting:

"HEY, POLA NEGRI IN FIERCE GUN BATTLE!"

"HEY, MARCHEESE-Y GLORIA SWANSON UNDER THE KNIFE AT MIDNIGHT!"

Home sweet home, there's no place like Hollywood.

ALICE TERRY met us at the station. I guess there were others, but it was hard to see them. Alice is that way.

Ramon had been sighing so woosily for his first love of "Scaramouche" and "The Arab" that I, being similarly homesick, had wired her either to meet us or send an ambulance.

We had left Rex Ingram sighing for her in France. You have no idea how homesick a man can get abroad without Alice.

Alice announced that she was leaving immediately for the other side to join Rex, whereupon the air was rent with wild wailing.

"There, there," soothed Alice, "come along to France with me. Come on, Ramon, you can take a couple of years off 'Ben Hur' and play with me."

AS I drove past the studio a dog leaped out with six other dogs fawning about him. Ramon graciously whistled his recognition. "That," he said, "is the studio dog and his 'yes' dogs."

AS soon as I had fought off the real estate men trying to sell me Los Angeles lots and the creditors who distinctly remembered me as the young man who left town in a hurry eight months ago I dashed for Pola Negri's place in Beverly Hills to learn of the gun battle. I found Beverly Hills, once a smiling village, now smouldering in smoke.

"A boo-urglar try to break in my house," explained Pola darkly as she daintily toyed with her pearl-handled plaything.

"A what?" I gasped.

"A boo-urglar."

"He wasn't no burglar," said I. "He was a tiger hunter."

Pola first heard a step on the stair, "then a hand on the—what-you-call-eeet—ya, the knob of the bedroom door." The door was locked, so the boo-urglar made for the dressing room. Pola had a vision of her chinchilla coat departing. With all the fervor of Joan of Arc hearing the voices she bounded from bed with revolver in hand and let drive at the ceiling.

Two seconds later a voice cried hoarsely from below, "Ah, shut-up."

"What you say?" shrieked Pola furiously. "Don' you tell me to shut-up." Whang! Whang! Whang! Pola turned her machine gun loose through the window. The burglar had nothing more to say. So far as he was concerned the argument was closed. He probably realized he had the wrong address.

I don't know how many Beverly Hills

residents dropped to the pavement during the fusillade or how many were shot through their windows to die in their beds.

The only one who was not disturbed was Ernst Lubitsch, Pola's director, living next door. Mrs. Lubitsch with chattering teeth was of the opinion that the Bolsheviks had at last arrived. But Ernst, after listening a moment to the Whang! Whang! Whang! accompanied by Polish remarks to the burglar, merely rolled over with a smile. "It's only leetle Pola," he said. "Never mind, she get tired pretty soon and go to sleep."

Beverly Hills real estate took a big drop the day after the battle. An earthquake couldn't shake it down, but Pola is something quite different. However, there has been an unprecedented boom since then. Everyone realizes that so long as Pola is a citizen the town is burglar-proof. Six carloads of well-known burglars left California for Florida after the affair, and there are signs everywhere reading, BUY BEVERLY HILLS BURGLAR-PROOF REAL ESTATE! POLA NEVER MISSES!

THE most expensive lot in Hollywood is now occupied by a tribe of Indians with their tepees. The bucks are appearing under the direction of Col. Tim McCoy in a prologue for "The Iron Horse" at Graumann's Egyptian theater.

One of the bucks is already offering his tent for ten dollars. He wants to buy beads. "He's one of us actors all right," observed M. Novarro. "Wants to slap a mortgage on his place the first thing."

At this writing the tepee remains unsold, but I understand that Gloria Swanson and the Marquis are supposed to be considering it.

AFTER rating star values for my sensational article, "Returning to Hollywood," in this issue, I floundered into a boulevard lunch room with Malcolm McGregor and discovered to my horror just how wrong a great mind can be. There before me above the counter was the real rating of stars according to sandwiches. Thus I discover that a Pola Negri sandwich sells for seventy-five cents, whereas a Gloria Swanson will only bring fifty cents from a hungry man.

AND just to prove you can't believe anything in this magazine except what you read on this page, I'm showing myself up by printing the *real* star ham sandwich rating as follows:

Pola Negri sandwich 75 cents.

May McAvoy sandwich 75 cents. (You can see what "Ben Hur" did to boom May's sandwich; it used to be only sixty-five.)

Charlie Chaplin sandwich 60 cents. (Dropping from seventy-five following Charlie's breathless elopement without publicity.)

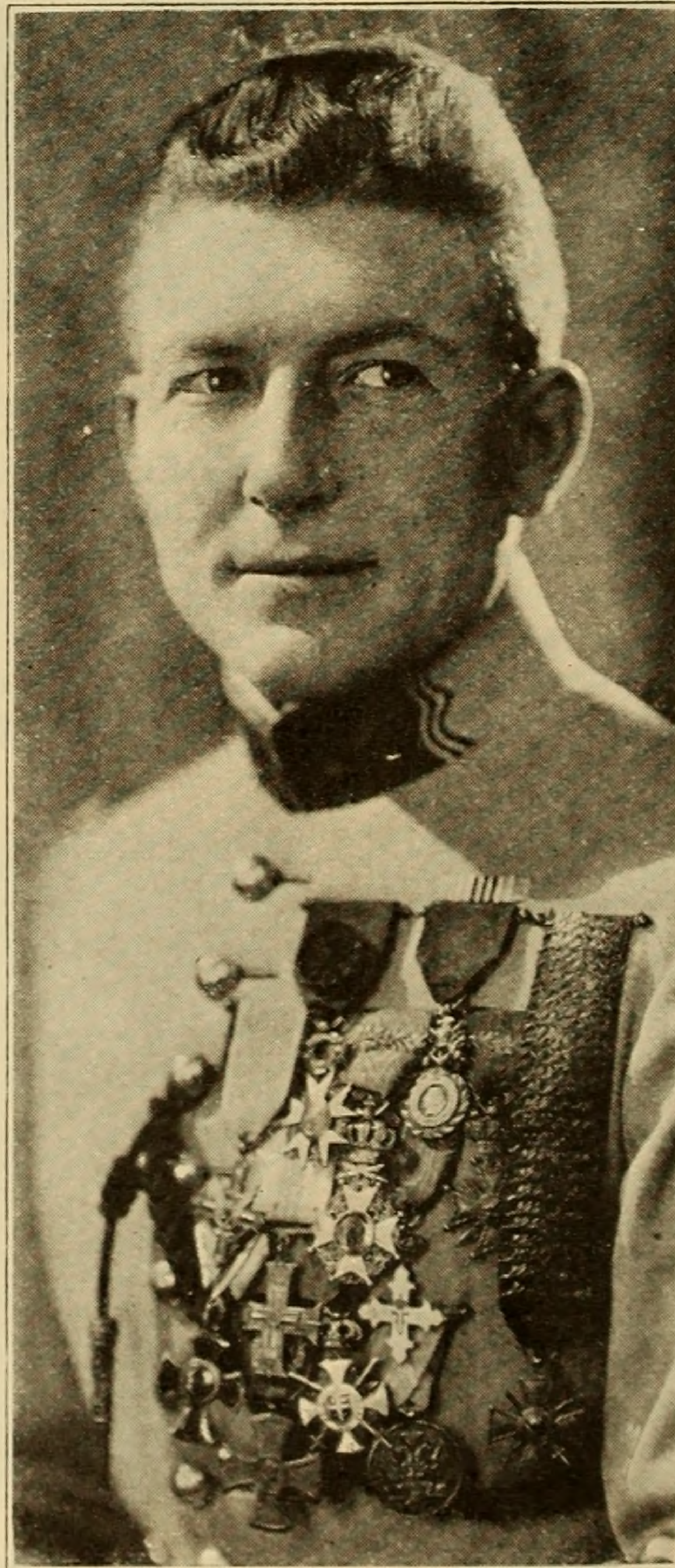
Gloria Swanson sandwich 50 cents. (Dropped in value because of wild West impression that a French marquise can't cook.)

Clara Bow sandwich 50 cents. (Advertised as young and fresh.)

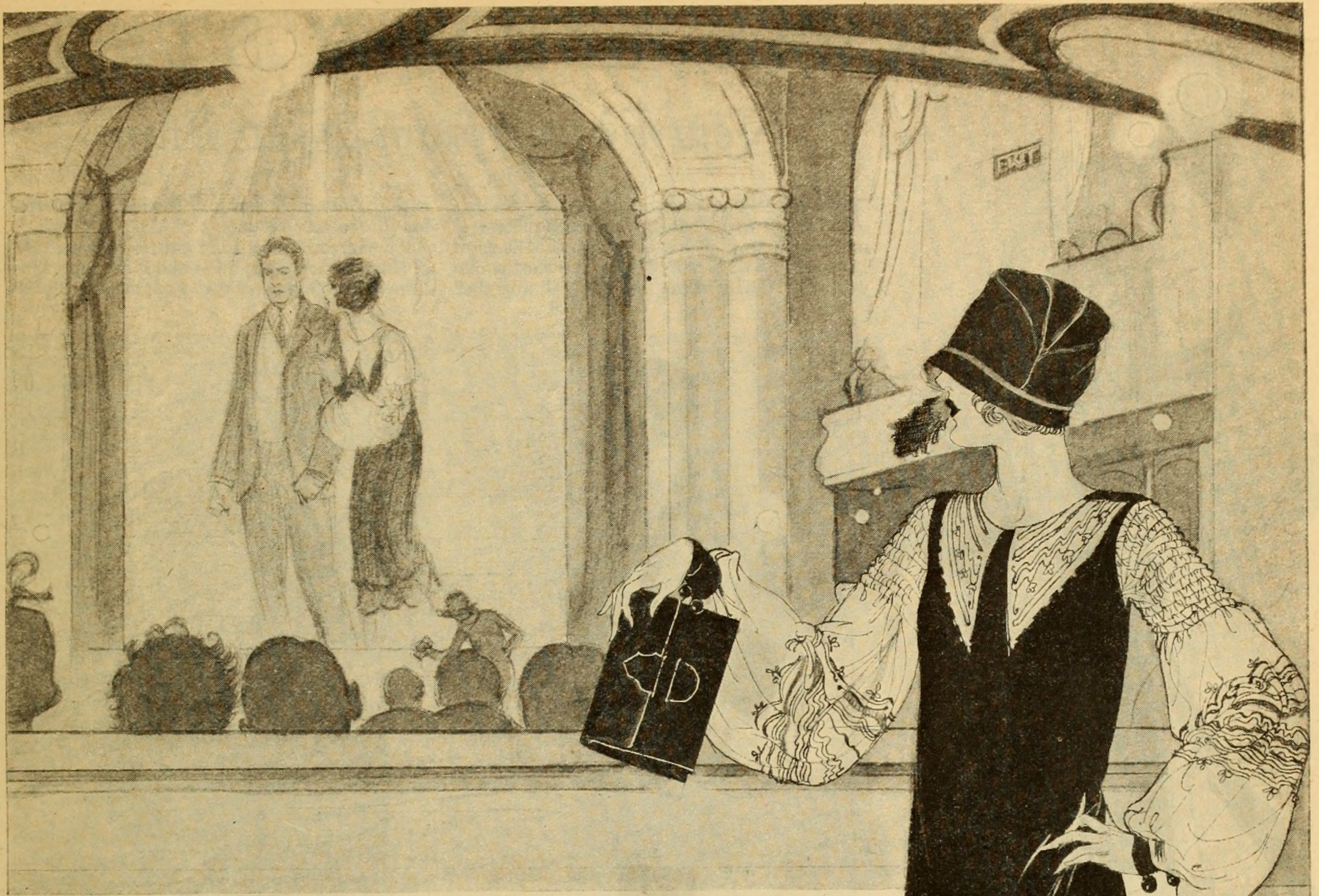
Barbara La Marr sandwich 50 cents. (Low price due to Western impression that a girl who has lost four husbands can't cook.)

Larry Semon sandwich 50 cents. (Very popular due to publicity catchline, If you can't eat it, laugh it down.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]



Hollywood's real hero. Capt. Charles Nungesser, French ace, accredited with 105 German planes, and Officer of the Legion of Honor. He was wounded seventeen times. In "The Sky Raider" he uses three planes that he used in the world war



Screen Inspired Readymades

Selected for

Photoplay Readers

By Grace Corson

HAVE you ever sat in the shadows watching your favorite star and wished wistfully, and half hopefully, that you could afford clothes like those worn by her on the screen?

PHOTOPLAY has anticipated that longing, and here is the answer: On this and the following pages, you will find illustrations of costumes complete from tip to toe, which have appeared or are to appear in the new pictures. There are several street outfits, including proper accessories and a few airy frocks for party wear.

Through the cooperation of some of the largest New York shops these costumes have been duplicated at very moderate prices for you. They come not only in these attractive designs but in a variety of colors and will save you the fatigue and disappointment of shopping or of struggling with the dressmaker.

Doris Kenyon's picturesque little frock, of crepe de chine with delightful sleeves of cool georgette, is worn in "I Want My Man."

We have had an almost exact reproduction made of it in smart navy and beige, green and beige, soft powder blue and white, lovely shades of copper and rose, youthful lacquer red and white, and the ever striking black and white.

With it you may wear a soft little hat of the new stitched suede with feather brush to match. It is faced with straw and may be ordered in natural suede color, havana, navy, bright red, pale rose and copen blue.

The envelope purse, which continues to be the smartest thing for day wear, may be had in red, gray, black, tan and brown. In lizard calf, pin morocco, and beaver calf.

The slippers are of blond or black satin, as you choose.

Frock sketched worn by DORIS KENYON—\$35.00. Sizes, 14 to 20. Suede hat—\$12.75. Underarm purse—\$4.95. Satin slippers—\$8.50

Photoplay will help you shop—see next page

DRESS LIKE A STAR

New Frocks from New Films



THIS ensemble is adapted from LILLIAN RICH'S costume in "A Kiss in the Dark," at \$49.75—sizes, 14 to 20. The coat is of natural Kash-erine, short sleeved dress with long tie drawn through slits of soft green crepe de chine, ivory embroidered. It comes in a variety of new shades. The velvet brimmed straw hat at \$12.50 has a circular rhinestone pin (the one illustrated is 95 cents)—hat colors, beaver, navy, brown and black—in two tones or solid color. Extremely smart underarm purse of smooth green tortoise grain, \$9.50. Other colors, tobacco brown, havana and gray. Leather pumps, one strap and buckle, in tan, gray, white, black patent leather and patent with tan back—\$10.00. The same model may be had in all alligator leather for \$14.00

THESE three costumes as worn by Lillian Rich are to be had at moderate prices—if not in your town at least through this Fashion Department. The coat is copied from the one worn in "A Kiss in the Dark" and, together

with the ensemble, has been made up especially for PHOTOPLAY readers.

The ensemble suit is an entirely new feature of this year's style in dress and is an almost indispensable feature of any woman's wardrobe.



This slender coat of natural Kasha is available at \$29.75 in sizes 14 to 20. It comes either in navy twill and tan, natural Kasha with black borders or tan Kasha with amber borders. This coat may be purchased separately, though if worn in a harmonizing color with dress sketched beside it, it becomes a complete ensemble. The modish black hat of felt and straw is \$12.75. "Swagger" purse of lustrous black watered silk, peach gros-grain lined—\$4.95

The dress herewith pictured above, of heavy silk crepe, with the new Chanel circular skirt, is also the same price as the coat of Kasha—\$29.75. There is a somewhat lavish touch of decoration to this dress. Each is heavily embroidered with gold and comes in lip-stick red and black, navy blue and red, tan shades and black, black with red, pervenche blue embroidered in tan, and almond green embroidered in tan. These dresses come in sizes from 14 to 20

This Fashion Department is for You Take Advantage of It

The response to our Shopping service in the April issue was a big surprise. Dress like a star to fit your own purse. Its continued success depends on you. We are locating and having copied in popular prices the smartest and most practical dresses from new pictures. Whether you are a Photoplay subscriber or not, this Service is for you—take advantage of it.

The low prices quoted on the articles are due to the fact that in all instances they are stock models. In the event that your size is not available in the color you desire, your money will be refunded.

ON AN EXTRA'S INCOME

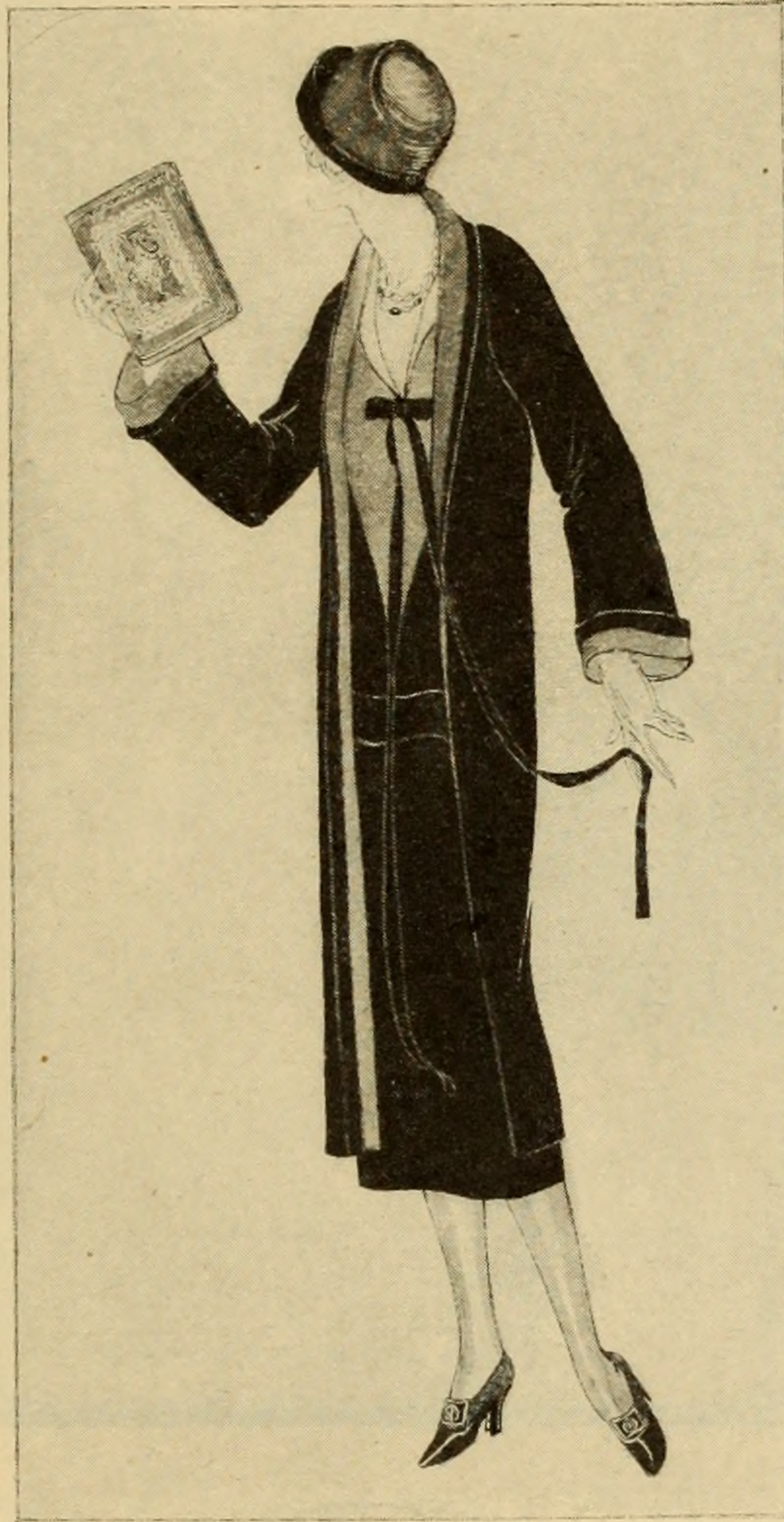
Intrigue Feminine Fancy

THESE three models, one an afternoon gown and two for street, are faithful copies of those worn in new productions. Dorothy Mackaill below at left wears a charmingly simple frock suitable for either afternoon or evening. Her

scarf is a smart touch, since any evening gown without one is almost a rarity. Constance Bennett's ensemble, amazingly becoming, has been copied at an equally amazing price. Her accessories are perfectly chosen.



DOROTHY MACKAILL in "Chickie" wears a girlish afternoon frock of georgette suitable also for informal evening wear. A combination of ribbon girdle, French flowers, circular skirt, and matching scarf. In white, peach, flesh, orchid, red and turquoise. Sizes, 14 to 20—\$29.75. Transparent hair hat, also in pastel shades with flowers to match, \$14.75. Slippers illustrated come in black satin or patent leather—\$12.50. If in white, tinted to match dress, \$2.00 extra



CONSTANCE BENNETT'S ensemble worn in "My Son." Remarkable value at \$29.75. Dress and coat of faille and crepe de chine, misses' sizes, 14-16-18. Women's sizes, 36 to 44. Tan with cocoa vest, navy with white or rust, cocoa and beige, black and white. Tan felt and straw hat, \$14.75. "Tooled" Florentine envelope purse, \$4.75. Shoes, black patent and alligator, \$14.00. "Baroque" pearl necklaces, plain white or white and gun metal, \$5.00 each



NORMA SHEARER'S own ensemble costume, illustrated above, shows the revived polka dot which promises to have a wide vogue this coming season. The dots, it will be noted, are being brought into greater prominence in their present revival. Dress is of crepe de chine with flat crepe coat, colors, black and white, navy and white, or black coat with red and black gown—sizes, 14 to 20, \$39.75. Black straw hat, tyrolean feather, \$15.00, in sand, wood, henna, black and navy. Shoes with wide strap and gilt buckle, \$15.50. In tan calf skin or dark brown kid trimmed with tattooed lizard

Let Photoplay Do Your Shopping

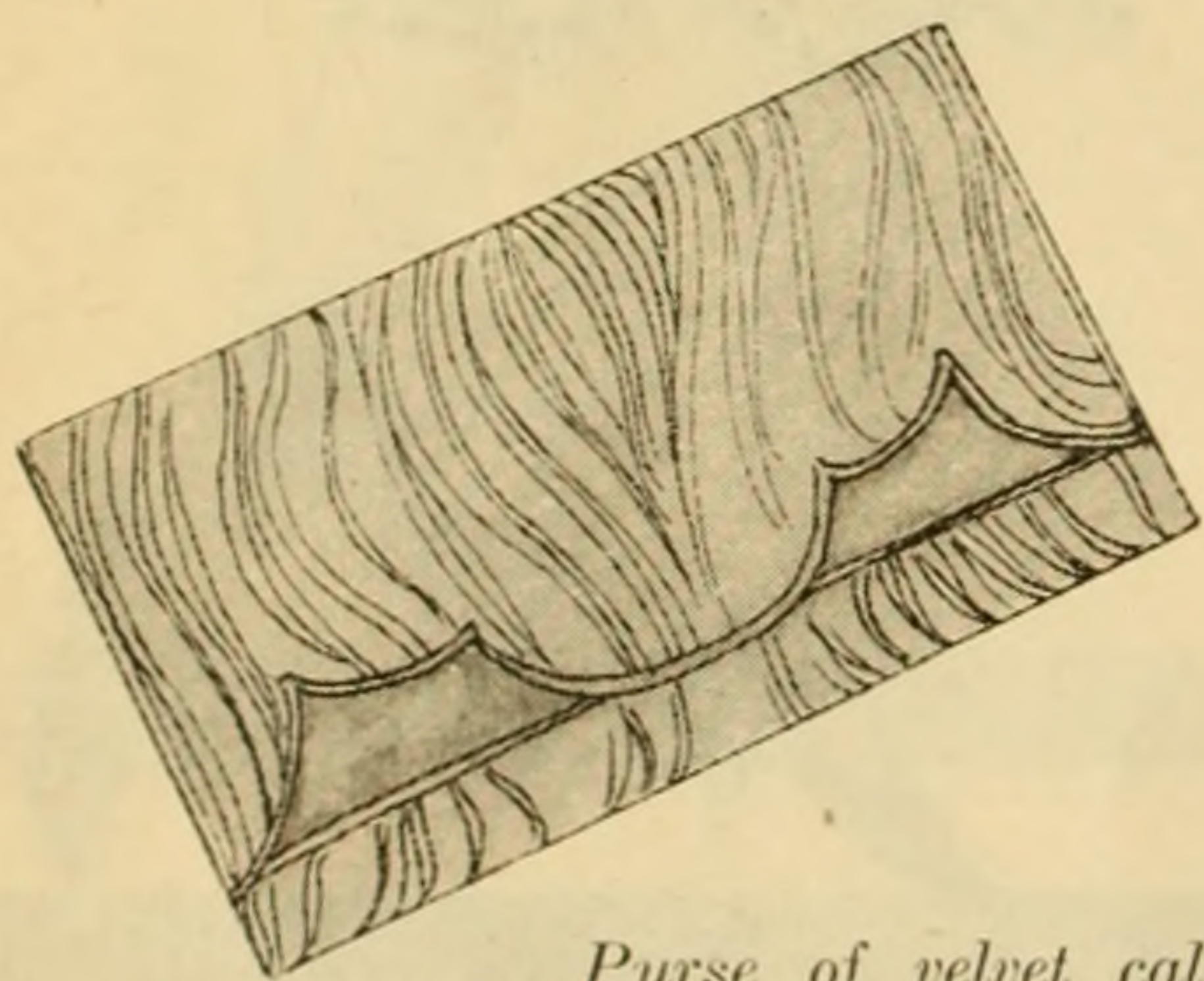
How to Order

Please observe the following rules:
WRITE PLAINLY. Print your name and address.
REMITTANCE. Money order, certified check or draft on a New York Bank must cover the price of articles ordered. Remittances should be made payable to PHOTOPLAY Shopping Service.
BE EXPLICIT IN ORDERING. State all necessary measurements. Be

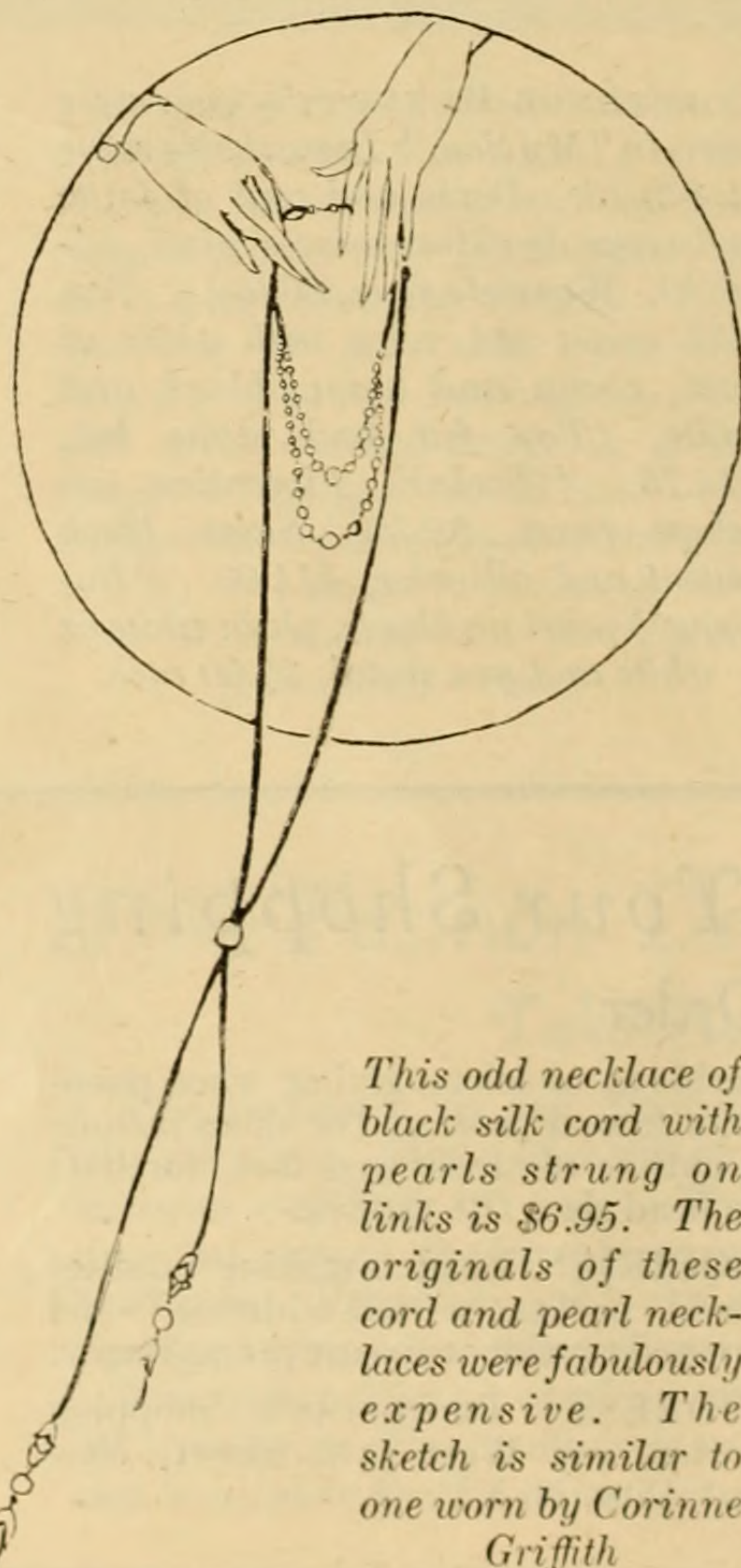
specific as to colors, giving, when possible, a second choice. For shoes include an outline of stockinged foot, for hats the head size. Be explicit.
INQUIRIES. Readers making inquiries should enclose a self-addressed and stamped envelope to insure prompt reply.
ADDRESS. PHOTOPLAY'S Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, N. Y.



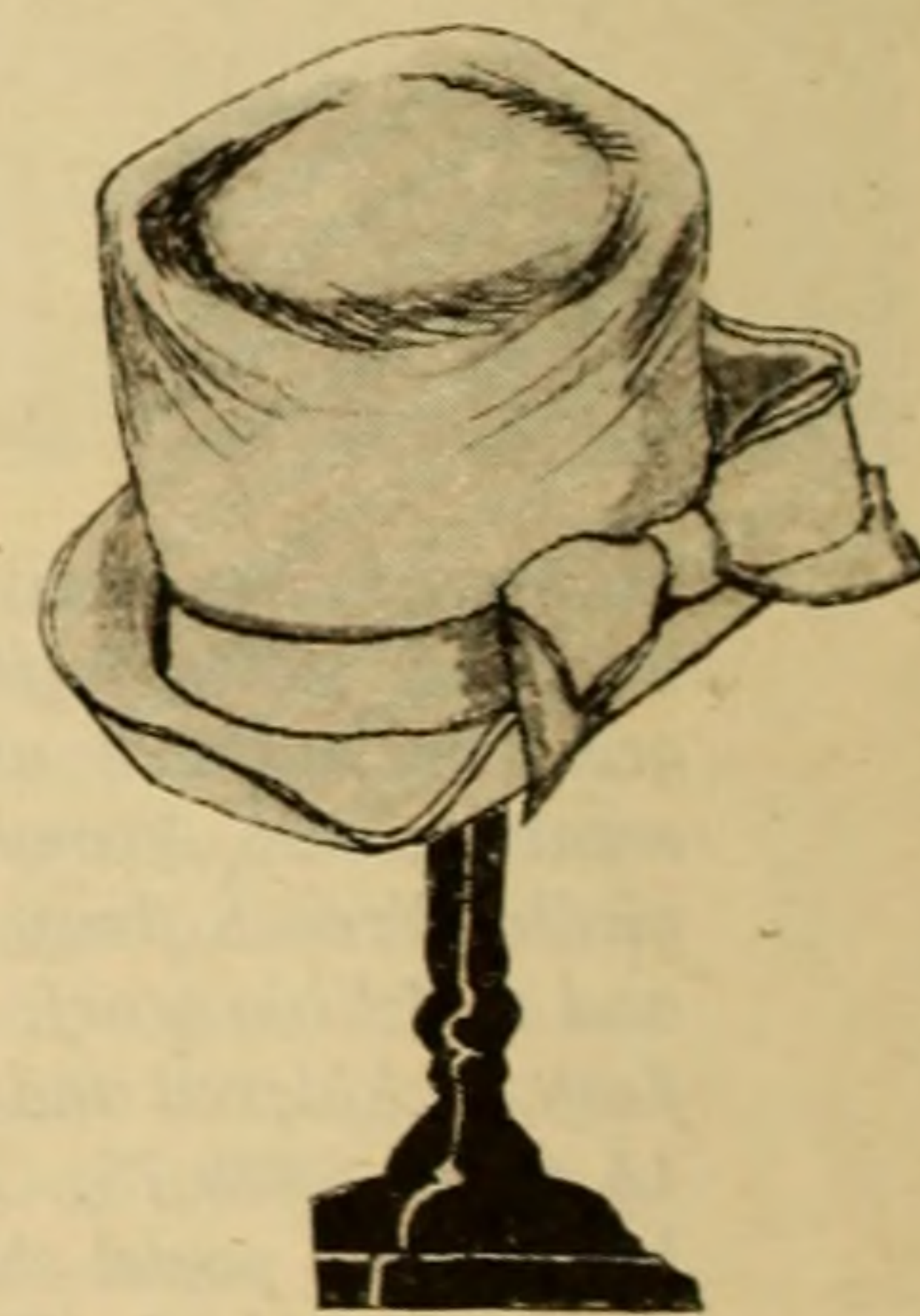
ADALYN MAYER in "The Dressmaker from Paris" wears this dance frock of georgette with French roses. The bodice reflects the latest idea in the return to the close-fit, and the circular skirt, while not new, has not been displaced by anything else. This model is in white, flesh, peach, orchid, red and turquoise—sizes, 14 to 20, \$29.75. Slippers, plain opera satin from \$6.00 to \$10.00; tinted to match gown, \$2.00 extra. French necklace in "Ruby," Topaz, Sapphire, Jade or gun-metal with crystal and pearls, \$15.00



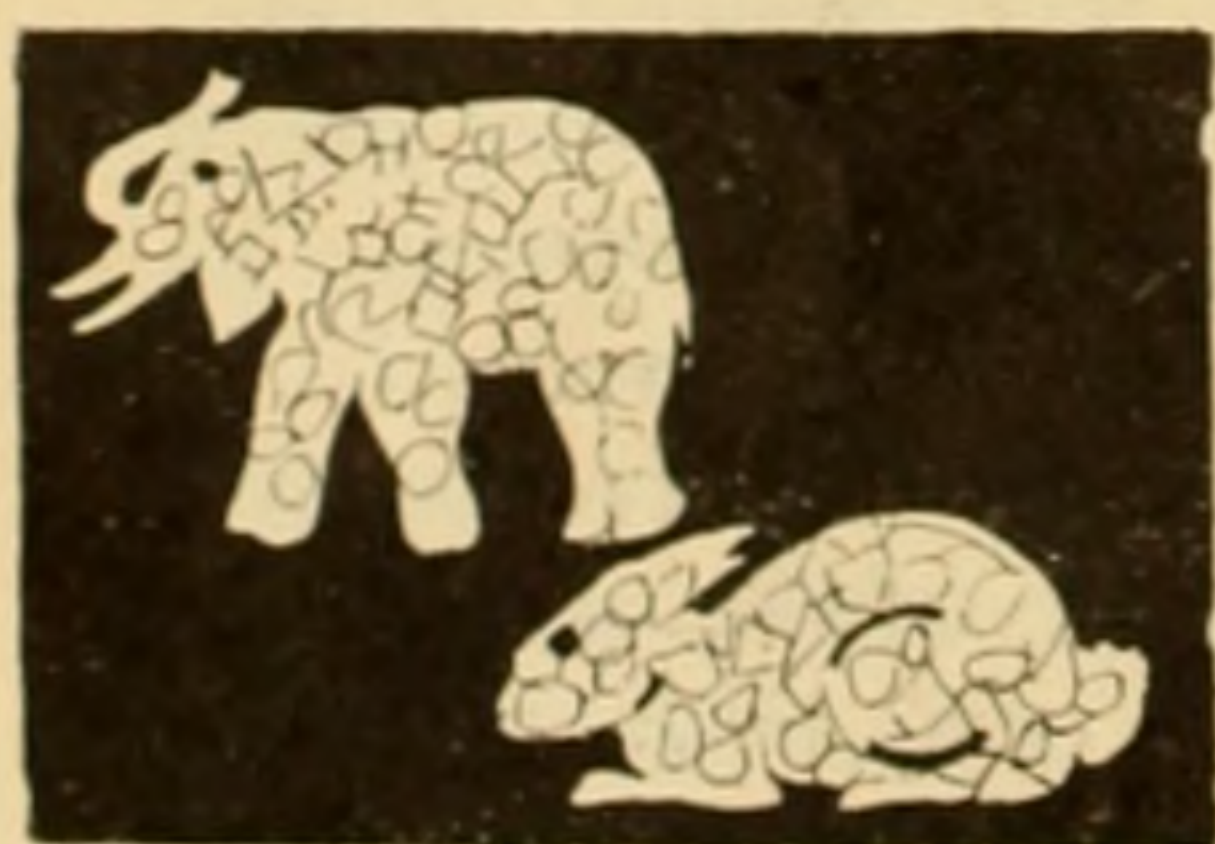
Purse of velvet calf with back strap and four pockets inside. In tan, gray and brown—\$9.95



This odd necklace of black silk cord with pearls strung on links is \$6.95. The originals of these cord and pearl necklaces were fabulously expensive. The sketch is similar to one worn by Corinne Griffith



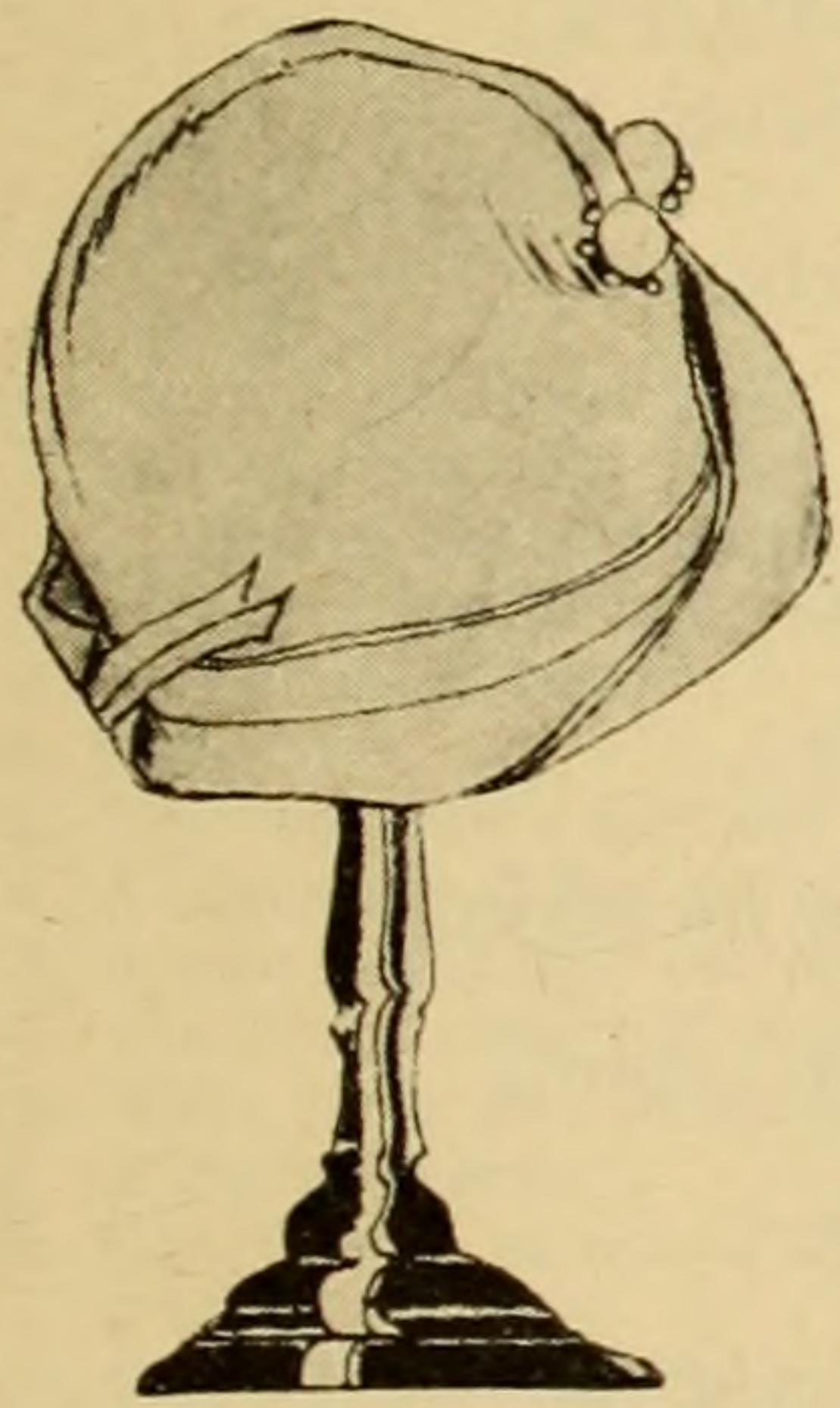
Soft, pale gray felt hat, \$9.75, comes in all popular shades such as beige, tan, red, black, etc. The deep crown and pliable brim make this hat becoming to all, irrespective of age



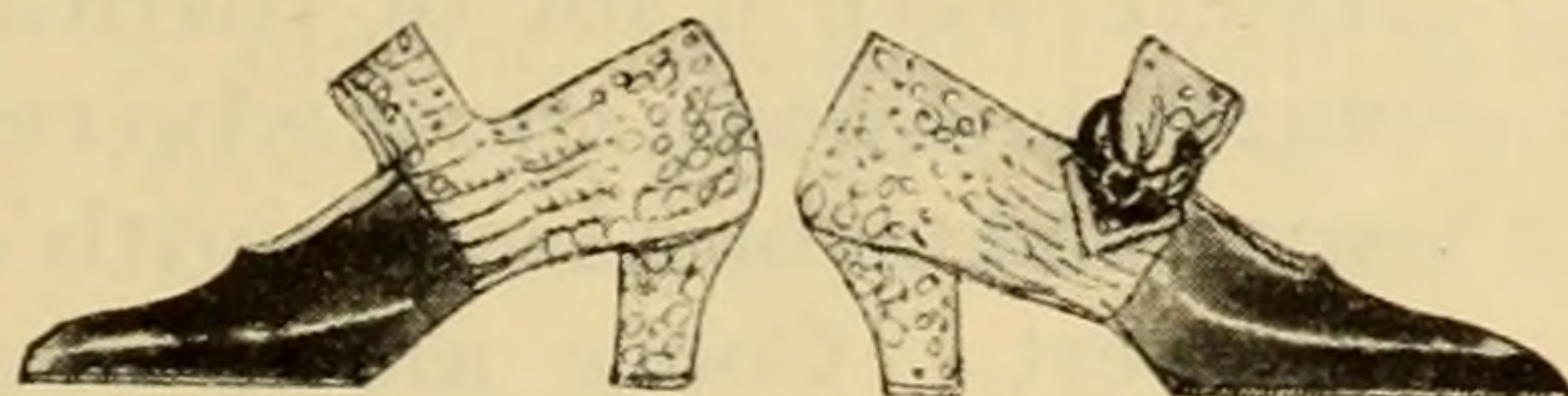
Rhinestone pins in animal forms are amusing and quite new. Besides those pictured here, are horses, peacocks, butterflies, alligators, etc., 95c each. Rhinestone bowknot buckles—\$2.50

These little things that count for much

CONSTANCE BENNETT wearing one of her very clever frocks in "My Son." A copy of this may be had in either plain or flowered georgette. Colors: white, peach, flesh, orchid, red and turquoise. Sizes, 14 to 18. \$35.00. The diaphanous cape and tunics float gracefully about the figure and are really charming in motion. Strands of "Baroque" Pearls at \$5.00 each. One-strap slippers of black satin may be had also; for other costumes in rosewood, gray and patent with gray kid —\$10.00

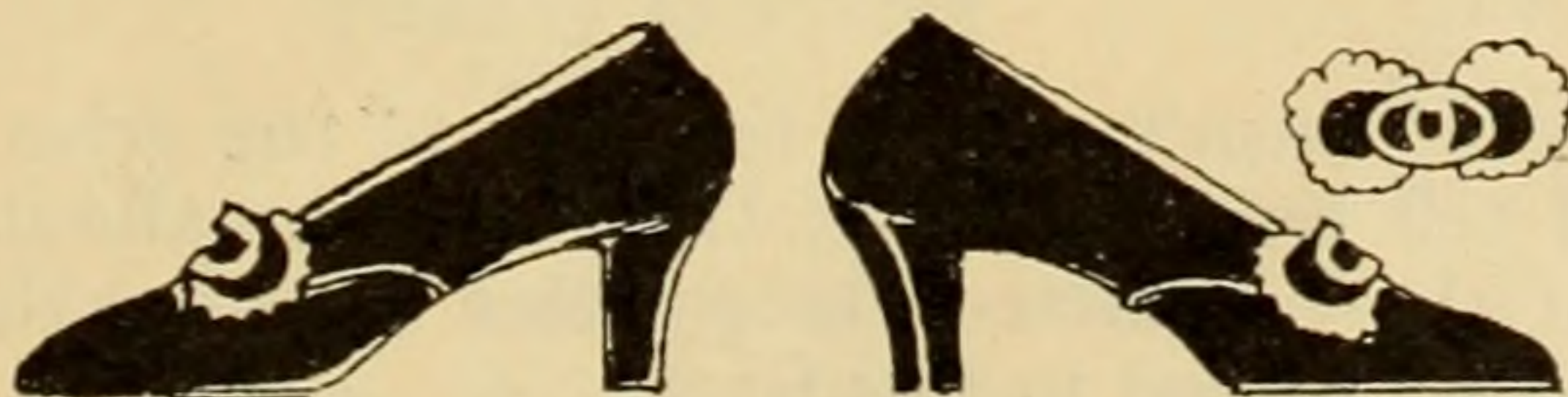
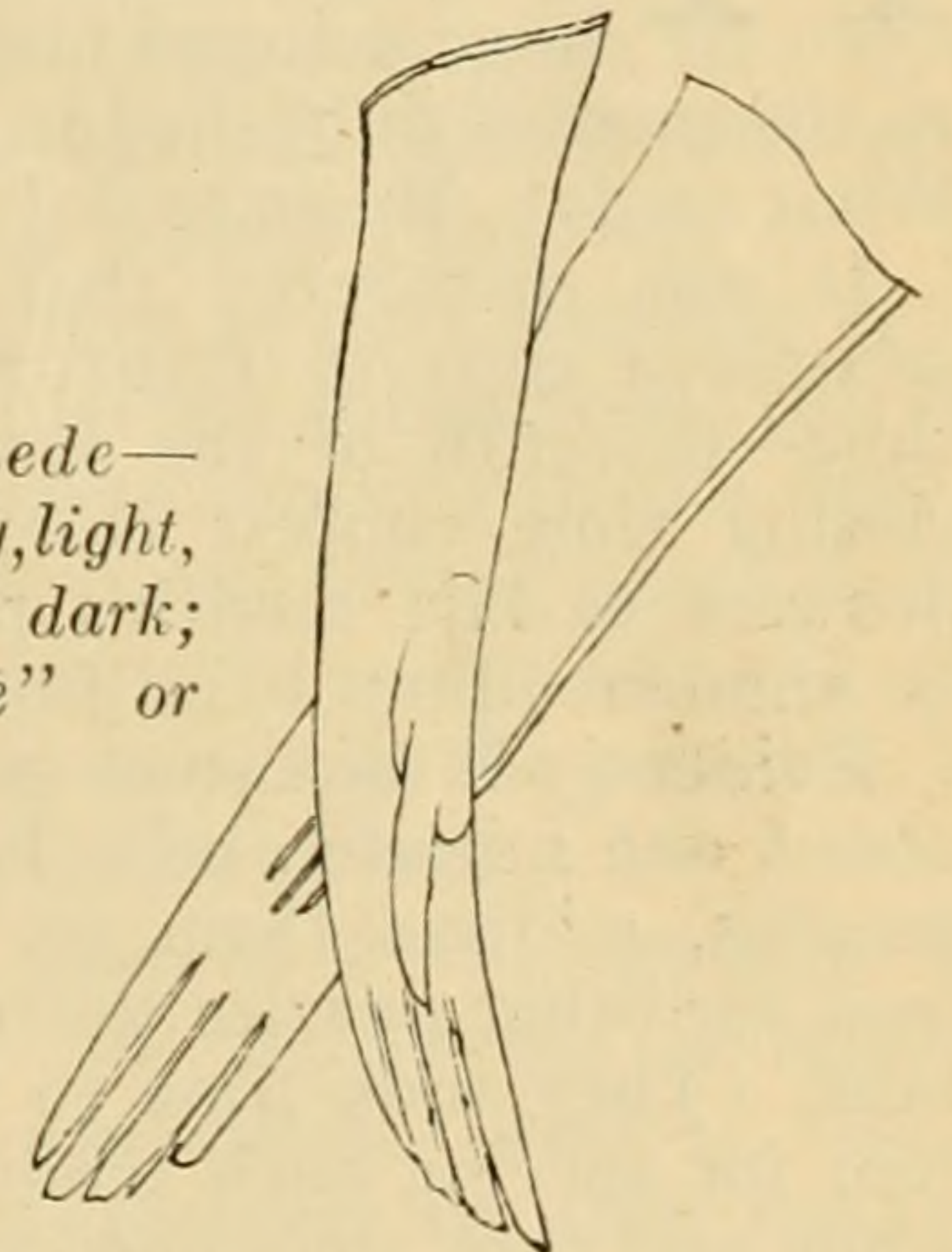


Hat of mauve felt with pearl ornament—\$9.75. May be had in all popular colors. Excellent quality and hat that would be invaluable for all-round wear

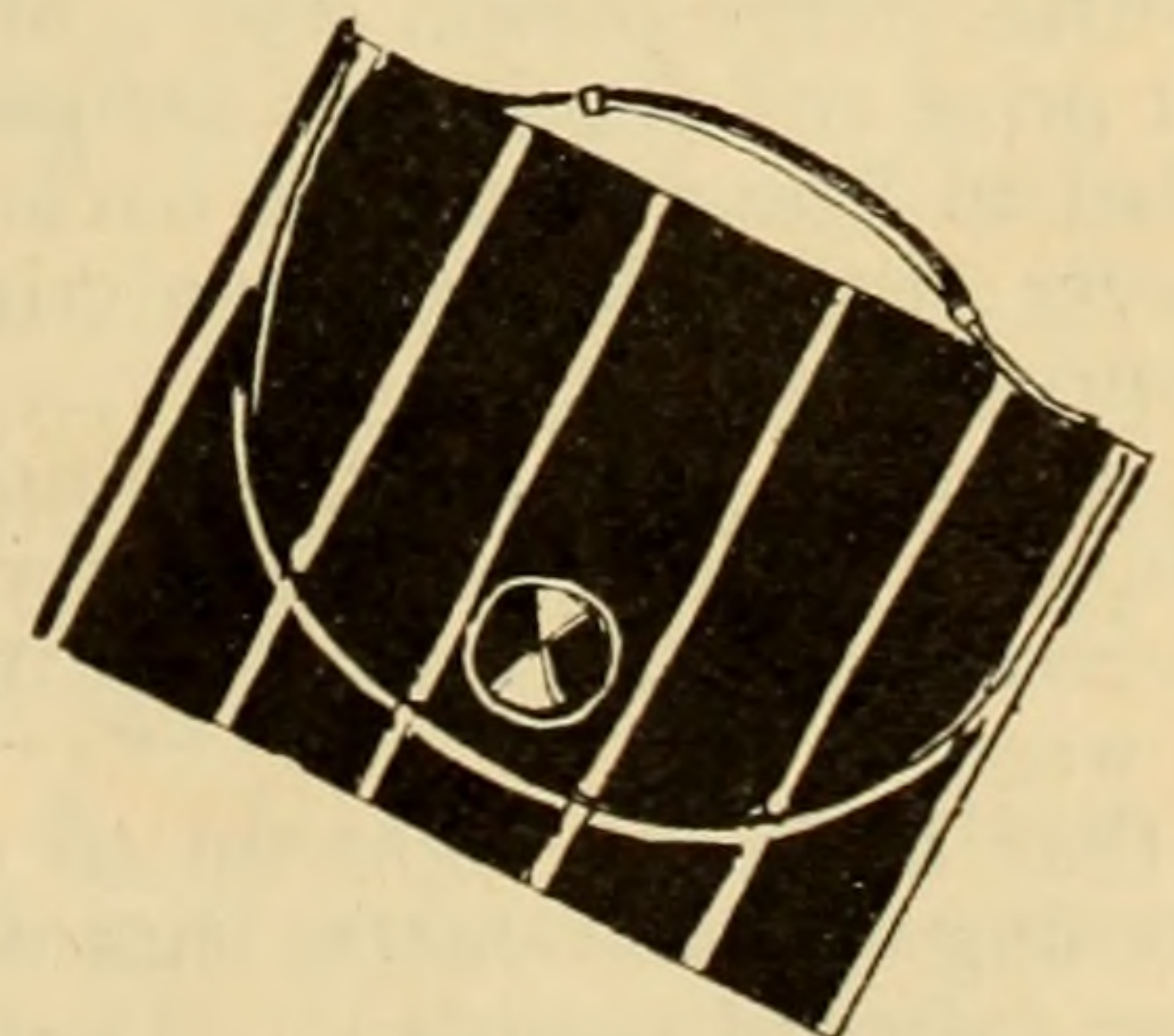


Street shoes of tan calf skin and tattooed lizard with crescent shaped gilt buckle—\$15.50. Come in darker brown also

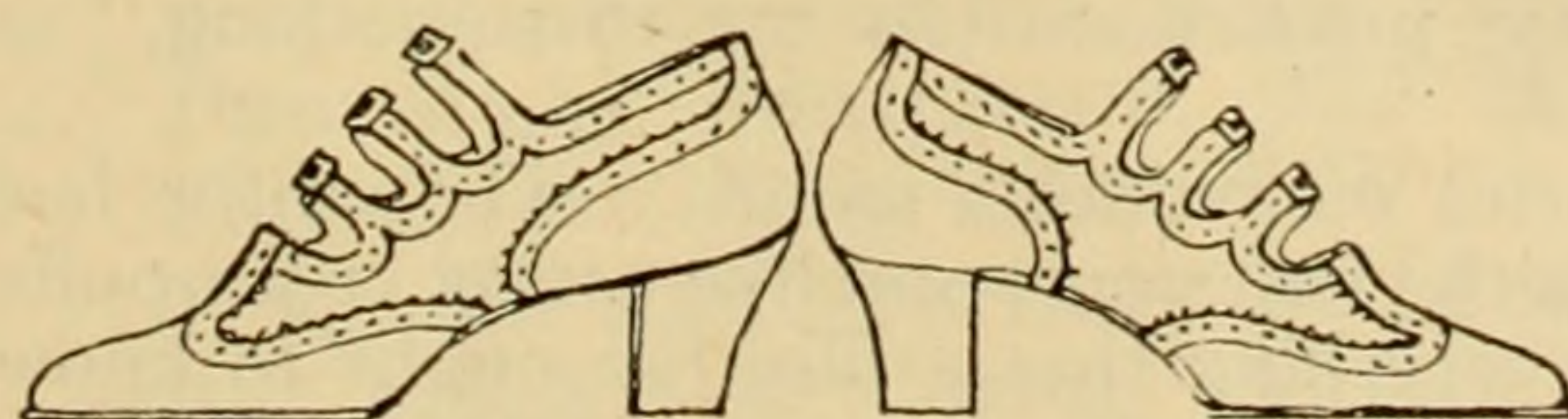
Gloves of suede—\$3.95. In gray, light, medium and dark; beige, "mode" or black



Black satin pumps with "silver" buckle and silver kid ornament—\$12.50. Other styles: Patent with either gray or beige lizard and plain black patent with brown buckle ornaments



Purse of black pin morocco — stripes and clasp of red. Lined with changeable silk moire in beige and mauve tones

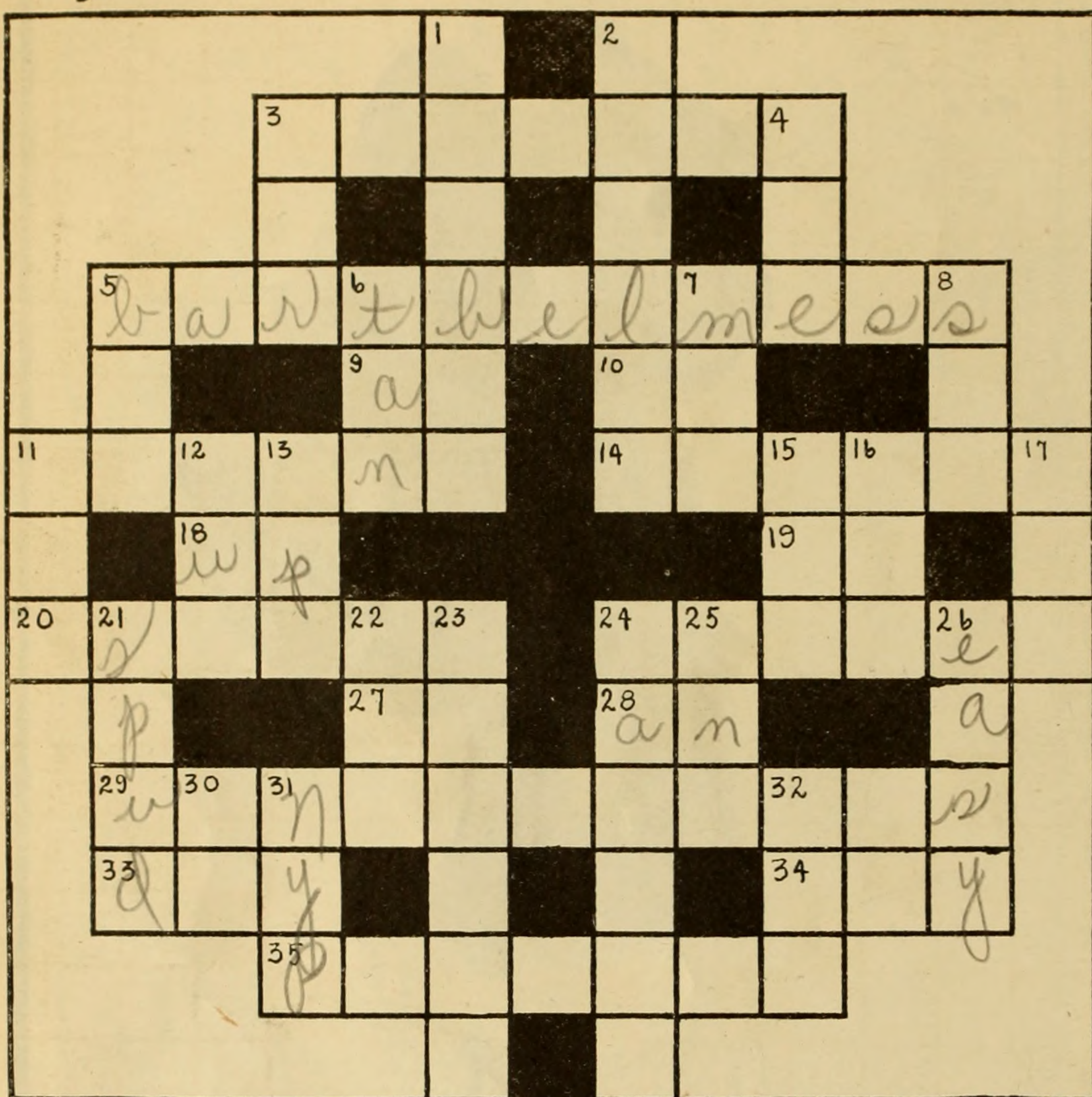


Three-strap buckled slipper—\$15.50. In black patent leather, tan kid with tattooed lizard, or plain calf skin

may be obtained from our shopping service

\$500.00 in Prizes for Solutions

Cross Word Puzzle No 3.



ACROSS

3. Alberta, new star.
5. "Tol'able David."
9. Diphthong.
10. That is (abbr.).
11. Noblemen.
14. Finished Positives.
18. Not down.
19. Observe.
20. Male star.
24. Movie Villain.
27. Another diphthong.
28. Article.
29. Scenarios.
33. Pen.
34. Some.
35. Young star.

DOWN

1. Gareth; Secretary of State.
2. Man's name.
3. Verse (abbr.).
4. Formerly.
5. Bleat.
6. To flog.
7. Sea (Fr.).
8. Interior location.
11. Balance (abbr.).
12. Groove.
13. Not closed (poetical).
15. Not well.
16. Name (Fr.).
17. Help.
21. Potatoes.
22. Girl's name.
23. Smaller.
24. Deceased Griffith star.
25. One, only (coll.).
26. Simple.
30. By.
31. New York Production (abbr.).
32. Caress; Male star.

HELP! The Cross Word Puzzle Editor is swamped. Thousands upon thousands of crosswordsters have deluged him with solutions to the puzzles published in the April issue. What to do! What to do!

It was discovered that many persons secured a copy of PHOTOPLAY before the time—fifteenth of the month—when the closing time contest closes, so that the answers to last month's puzzles will not be announced until the June issue.

Evidently it took some of the puzzle fans about one minute and a half to solve the puzzles, address them to the editor and look for other puzzles to solve. Then, again, it wasn't so easy for some of the other fans. They took time to write letters and tell him just what they thought about him for serving such mental twisters. But they admitted the puzzles were worth while and they were looking forward to those published in this issue:

Of course, every person who sent in a solution claimed first prize. There is only one first prize and the judges are going to have a hectic time deciding which solution is entitled to bring home the bacon for the solver.

However, if their letters are a criterion, there are a few who will be satisfied with any old prize at all.

They admitted that they were not quite sure about some of the words and were also willing to give others credit for doing them just a little bit better than they did, but, nevertheless, "the work I put in on these puzzles entitles me to something," as one fan wrote.

And that brings us right up to the puzzles offered this month. The editor has certainly dug up two twisters that will make the first pair seem like eating creampuffs following a diet of hardtack. They have everything that a film fan ought to know and something more—they have a few words that will send you to the dictionary.

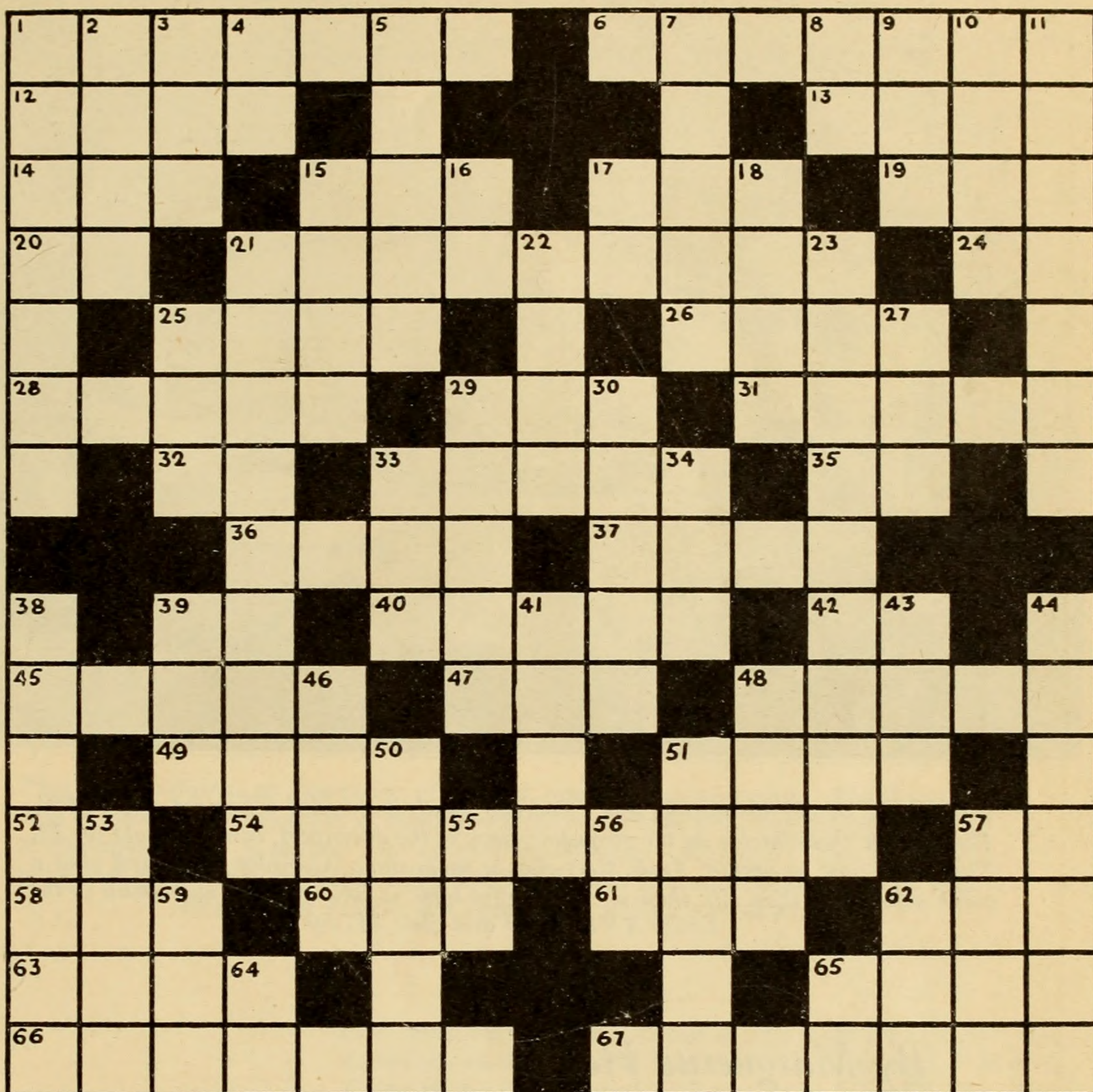
Just remember that there is a lot of fun connected with the solving of these puzzles. Also a lot of good American money. Just as last month, the first prize will be \$200 in cash. The second prize will be \$100; the third, \$50, then there are five \$10 prizes and twenty \$5 prizes.

of These and—One Sentence

Cross Word Puzzle No. 4

ACROSS

1. Given name of very famous and athletic star.
6. Given name of one of three sisters, all on screen under different surnames.
12. First name of title of picture made from famous stage play.
13. Given name of noted actress of European birth.
14. Of great help in summer.
15. Direction.
17. A mountain.
19. Department of Street Cleaning (abbr.).
20. A point of the compass.
21. Screen name of famous male "stunt" star.
24. Interrogation.
25. Prayers.
26. A subdivision of a county.
28. The heroine of a poem by Sir Walter Scott.
29. A rapid.
31. To annoy.
32. Comparative suffix.
33. Popularized by Volstead.
35. Initials of a Northern state.
36. Clutch.
37. A fixed period of time.
39. Not the younger (abbr.).
40. To drench.
42. Preposition.
45. Musical instruments.
47. To experiment.
48. First name of one of three sisters, all on screen.
49. They make them in a studio.
51. Title of a Barthelme picture.
52. Part of the verb "to be."
54. A delicious fruit.
57. A shout.
58. A drunkard.
60. What a cow says for "Good morning."
61. The side at bat.
62. A garden tool.
63. Pertaining to the mouth.
65. Given name of a cowboy comedian.
66. Provokes.
67. Stops.



DOWN

1. Field flowers.
2. Without repetition.
3. One (Fr.).
4. Southern state (abbr.).
5. Sour substances.
7. A slave of ancient Sparta.
8. That sun god again.
9. An honorary degree.
10. Otherwise.
11. One who sails a pleasure boat.
15. A famous Red Sea port.
16. A note of the diatonic scale.
17. The world's greatest news association.
18. What every photoplay should have.
21. Always verdant.
22. Given name of noted leading woman, wife of a director.
23. One of four brothers, all screen actors.
25. Volstead made this hard to get.
27. Negative.
29. The opposite of moron. (In newest dictionaries.)
30. First name of charming star who uses all three of her names.
33. Downcast.
34. Episcopal jurisdiction.
38. Family name of actress recently on PHOTOPLAY cover.
39. Canonized persons (abbr.).
41. A she bear.
43. To cook in shallow pan.
44. Family name of woman star who was in "Monsieur Beaucaire."
46. To make head-way against a current.
48. Religious recluses.
50. A kind of bread much used in Scotland.
51. Purer.
53. Tender.
55. A preposition.
56. An Eastern state (abbr.).
57. Surname of screen leading man, much seen in Westerns.
59. To make an edging.
62. A pronoun.
64. An officer (abbr.).
65. A term used by editorial writers.

Contest Rules for Photoplay Cross Word Puzzles

1. The PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Cross Word Puzzle Contest is a test of judgment and skill open to anyone excepting employees of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or members of their families.

2. Five hundred dollars in Cash Awards will be paid as follows:

First Prize.....	\$200
Second Prize.....	100
Third Prize.....	50
Five \$10 Prizes.....	50
Twenty \$5 Prizes.....	100
Total.....	\$500

for the correct or most nearly completed and correct solutions of the Cross Word Puzzles appearing in the May issue; together with the best sentence in the opinion of the judges (editors of PHOTOPLAY), using words in the puzzles.

3. All solutions must be received in New York by May tenth, 1925, properly addressed to Contest Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

4. All solutions must be filled in in "block" or "print" letters, on the cross word puzzle design furnished by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, or on a separate piece of paper of the same size and shape. Tracings

of the puzzles on plain paper may be submitted, and the files of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE are open to inspection in its various offices and agencies, and in public libraries.

5. If there is no complete set of correct solutions submitted, the person or persons sending in the nearest correct solutions, giving place to skill and judgment in composing a sentence using words in the puzzles, will be awarded the prizes.

6. In case of a tie, awards will be made for neatness, judgment, accuracy and skill; and if the tie cannot be decided in this manner, the tied contestants will receive similar prizes.

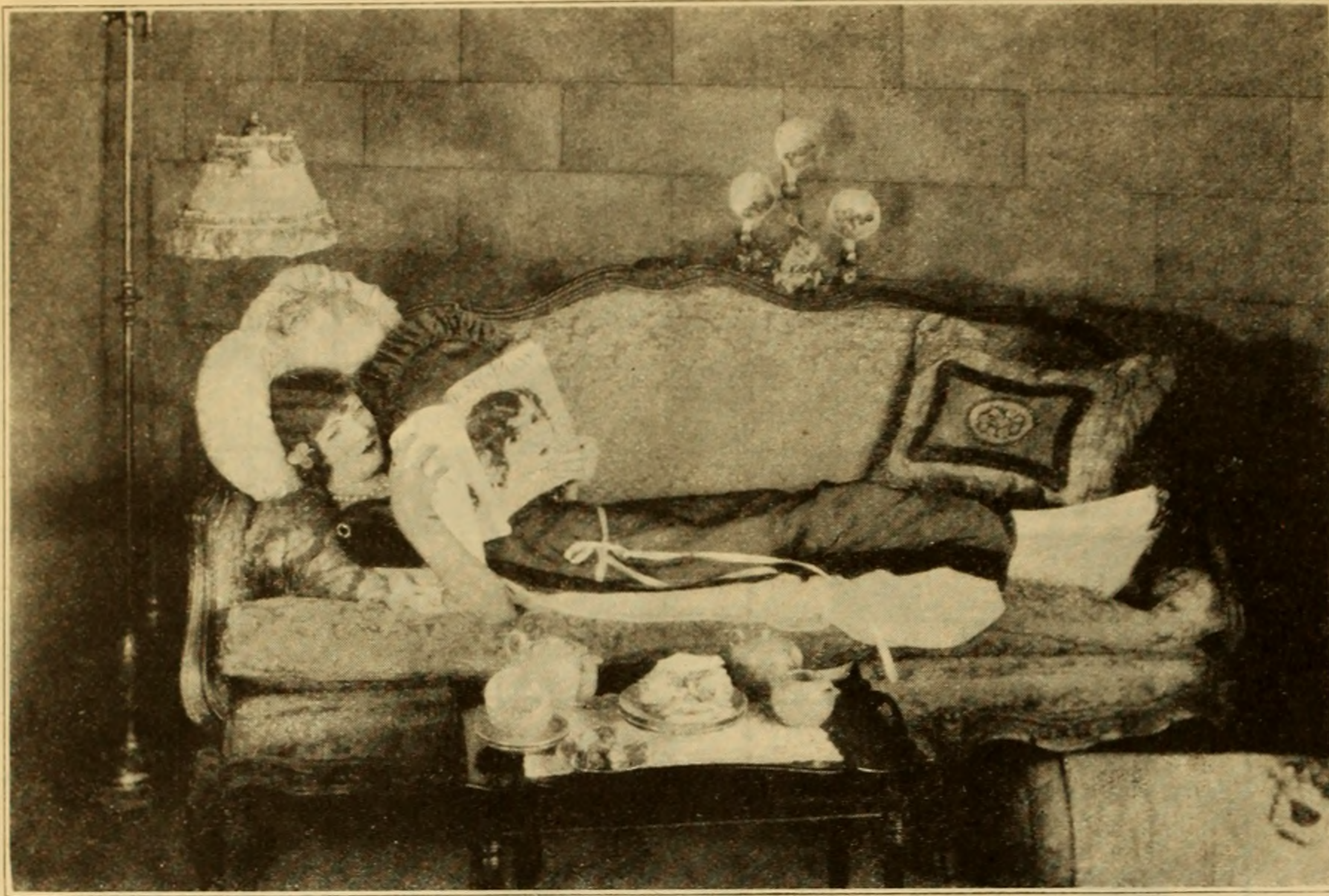
7. Time will not be a factor in making awards, but all solutions must be received at the New York office of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—221 West 57th Street—by midnight of May tenth, 1925.

8. Name and address must be plainly written on the envelope and also with the submitted puzzles.

9. Each contestant may submit as many answers as desired.

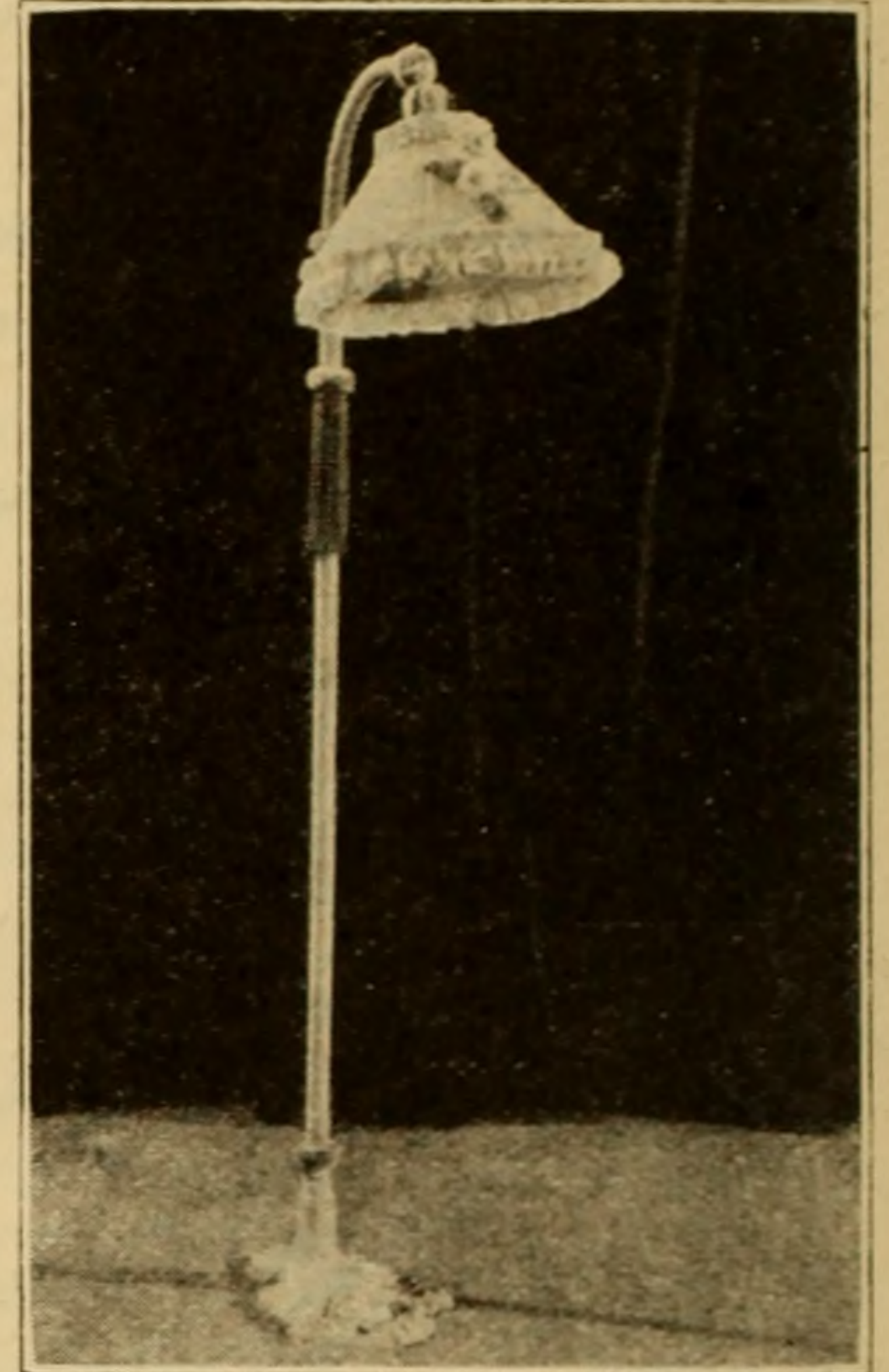
10. Any and all members of a family will be allowed to compete.

Ornamental Lamps, Well Placed



Without the shade, the antique gold "florette" with its jeweled ornament sells at \$30. The delicate shell-shields on the girandole, back of the davenport, can be bought for \$2. They are tinted in orchid, flush, tiger-eye, or moonstone (Coolidge gray) and shed a much softer light than silk shades. The coffee table is solid antique mahogany in the Louis XVI period and costs \$17.50

The secret of the soft radiance of screen settings is divulged for your individual adaptation with these



Pliable arm adjusts light up, down, or sideways. In any color, without shade, \$23

By Marguerite Henry

"LAMPs have a meaning and another purpose besides shedding light," says an eminent authority on interior decoration. The shadows and lights give to a room an interesting color note and a tranquillity so essential to a harmonious ensemble.

Motion picture producers seem to be ever a few paces ahead of the rest of the world; they anticipate our very desires. To them we owe the popularity of the lamp. If the robin is a harbinger of spring, so is the producer a harbinger of the new things in home-lore and interior decoration. When milady of the silent drama enters her palatial residence, the push of a button suffuses the room with a flood of warmth and subdued resplendence. No overhead glare, no dazzling illumination to strain the eye, no harsh brilliance that reveals all defects; instead, a pleasing tonality and repose.

Just as the moon is more alluring when half veiled by a misty cloud; the sun's rays more wondrous seen through gossamer draperies; woman's charm more irresistible in diaphanous raiment, so is a home made more beautiful by lamp light. The fascination of the camp fire isn't so much the leaping flames as it is the eerie shadows they create.

Mary Pickford's tresses under the flattering rays of the lamp become shimmering gold, and by that same light, Rudolph Valentino's hair gleams a blue black.

With an overhead, all objects receive the same monotonous light, while lamps scattered here and there breathe atmosphere. A softly-lighted room is more efficacious in inducing conversation and the exchange of confidences than a quaff of sparkling wine.

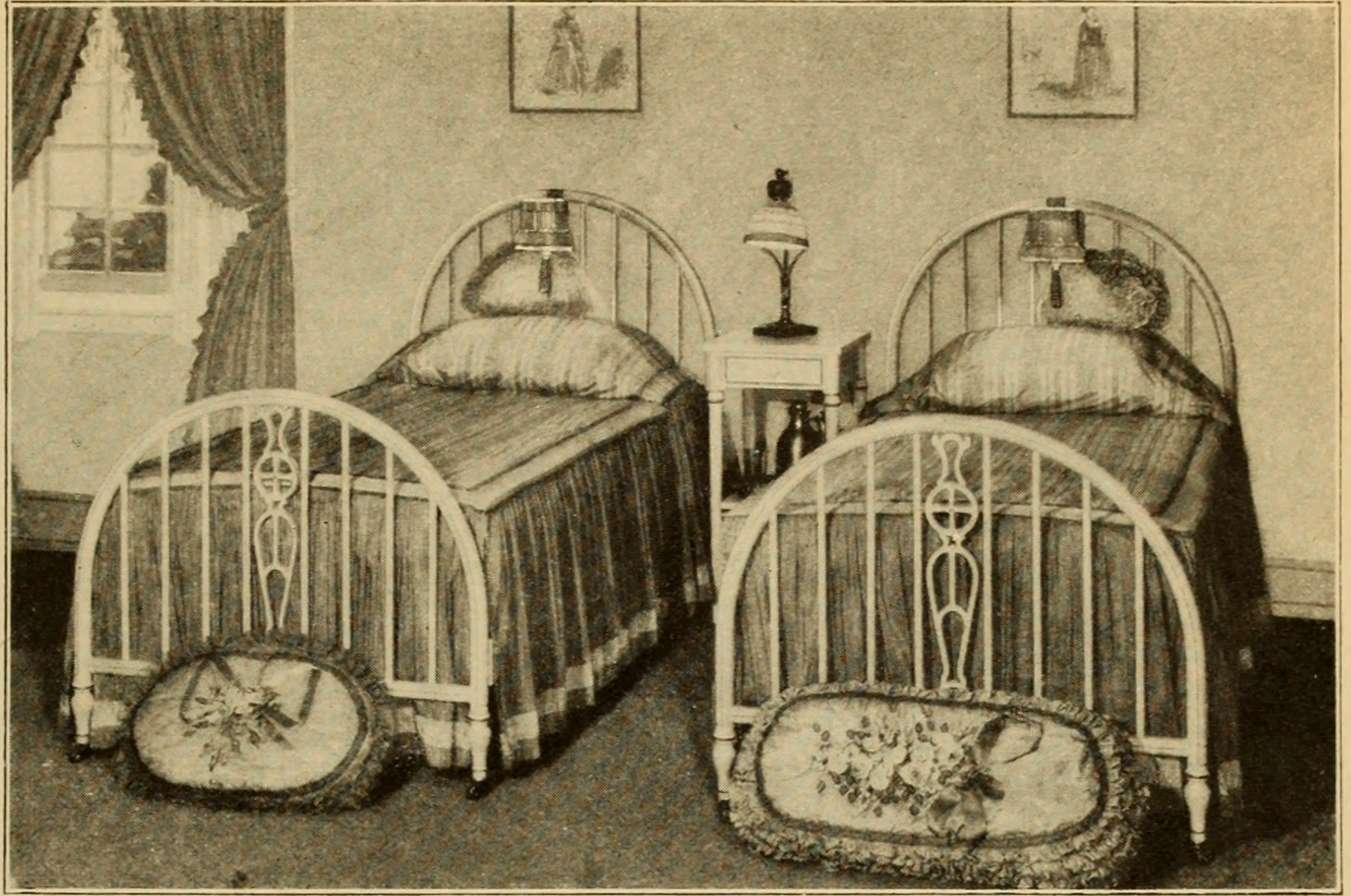
A room can scarcely have too many lamps and side lights, provided they are selected with careful taste. I once knew a well-meaning woman who wanted everything in her home to be "different." It was. She had the lamp craze, and one monstrosity was a deep rose, another tangerine, a third blue, and a fourth a flowered design. The



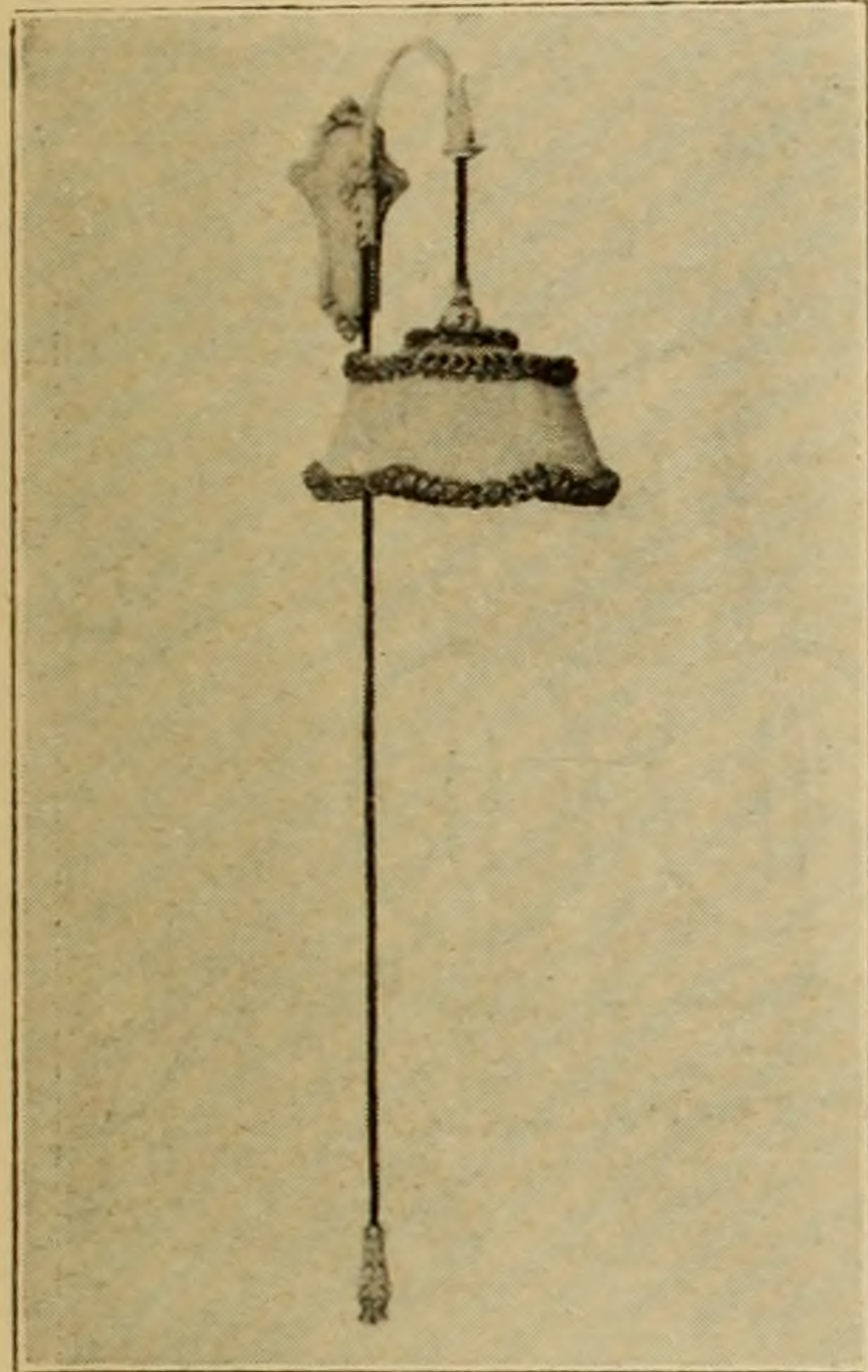
"Lamps," believes Phyllis Haver, "make rooms more livable and women more lovable"

Add Beauty and Restfulness

If you have any home decoration problems, or want to know where these articles may be purchased, write to: Interior Decorating Dept., Photoplay Magazine, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



This cozy boudoir is an expression of comfort, completeness, economy. The Windsor beds of metal may be finished in apple green, old ivory, blue, brick red, antique walnut, or mahogany, with a narrow line of contrasting color—\$22 each. You can make your own shades and the fixtures cost but \$8.50 each. The convenient commode with its spacious drawer and shelf for an icy-hot sells at \$21



A novel vallette for your favorite chair. Old ivory (without shade) \$15.50



Lewis Stone and Lew Cody find that the lamp glow stimulates confidences

rose lamp reposed on a table so small that I couldn't help agreeing with her timid husband when he said, "Myrtle, where is the lamp going with our little table?" The floor lamps were of varied periods, designs, and finishes. A wrought-iron Italian base shrieked at an English, and an antique gold Louis model declared war on them both.

When you add a lamp or two to your home, beware of Myrtle's example. I hope if she reads my article she will forgive and benefit.

I don't mean that each lamp should be like the other, but I am simply stressing the importance of blending colors and adhering to the period of your architecture and furniture. For instance, if your walls are buff and your rug is green, one lamp might be sand-colored georgette trimmed with pale green ruffles, another Nile green taffeta embellished with a spray of light yellow flowers and green leaves. There are a world of related colors to use with the dominant tones of your room. If I can suggest a color scheme for you, write me at the address at the top of this page. The editor has secured my services simply to help his readers live happy and more beautiful lives.

If I were you I'd boycott my overhead fixtures, and revel in the convenience and comfort of having the light just where I wanted it. The bases pictured above allow you to lower or raise the shade depending on whether you are reclining or sitting erect. These are brand new patented ideas and make the lamp a thing of usefulness as well as beauty. A noted eye specialist has said that reading while reclining is not so detrimental to the eyes if you have the light close enough to your book.

Every woman admits the restfulness of reading while lying among a nest of soft pillows and munching cakes on the coffee table drawn up beside her.

Someone has defined interior decoration as the art of "Bringing together the things that belong together," and the clever woman places her lamps close to comfortable chairs.

If you make your own shade, you can afford to put the money saved into a better base. Let me tell you how simple it is to make the most [CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]



IN
**CASH
 PRIZES**

In the JUNE Issue

\$5,000.00

for Readers of Photoplay

The most simple and fascinating
 picture star puzzle contest that
 has ever been held in an
 American periodical

*You can win
 big money and
 have a good time, too*

*Easier and
 more interesting
 than cross-word puzzles*

You just can't afford to miss the fun you will have, and the chance to win \$5000 by getting in the contest which will appear in the June issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

The editors have devised the most simple and fascinating Cut Picture Puzzle Contest that has ever been held in any periodical. It isn't a contest that requires any ingenious or artistic ability, and it isn't a contest full of tricks and misleading clues. It's just a fair, open chance for everyone.

It's easy—and the fun you will get working it out beats any cross-word puzzle that was ever made. All you have to do is to paste neatly and accurately together faces of Motion Picture Stars divided into several parts, and put them together in their proper positions.

If you go to movies you see these faces every day and you stand as good a chance of winning as anyone else. The idea is unique. You don't have to know the history of every star to work it out. It will be your own fault if you don't get the big prize, or one of the many smaller prizes. Someone must get the money.

Speak to your newsdealer at once, and insist that he save you a copy of the JUNE issue of PHOTOPLAY —on sale May 15th. Or send 25c to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, and we will mail the copy to you.

They will sell out very quickly, and you may lose out if you're not right smart.



Bull

WHEN Blanche Sweet isn't making pictures she is designing millinery or dresses. Her latest is a turban for evening wear. It is wound about the head and made of black tulle, which forms a fitting frame for her blonde beauty.



Hesser

WARNER BAXTER has come to be so much in demand that producers have the habit of "lending" him to each other to play in important pictures.



Freulich

IT USED to be Edward Burns but when that popular leading man signed a contract with the De Mille stock company it was changed to Edmund.



Waxman

DOUGLAS MACLEAN wears a happy smile most of the time. That is why this is such a good likeness of the star of "Introduce Me."



Hesser

IN SPITE of his name Monte Blue is another smiler. One reason is because of his latest film, "Recompense" which you will enjoy soon.



Grenbeaux

THE REASON George Hackathorne looks so serious is that he is thinking of his new picture, "Night Life in New York." Cheer up. It's not so bad.



Waxman

JOHN ROCHE has been coming to the front so fast in his recent pictures that he wins a place in this galaxy of stars. He appeared in "The Lost Lady."



CASSON FERGUSON has just won a successful fight over sickness. After a year and a half he will appear with Valentino in "Cobra."



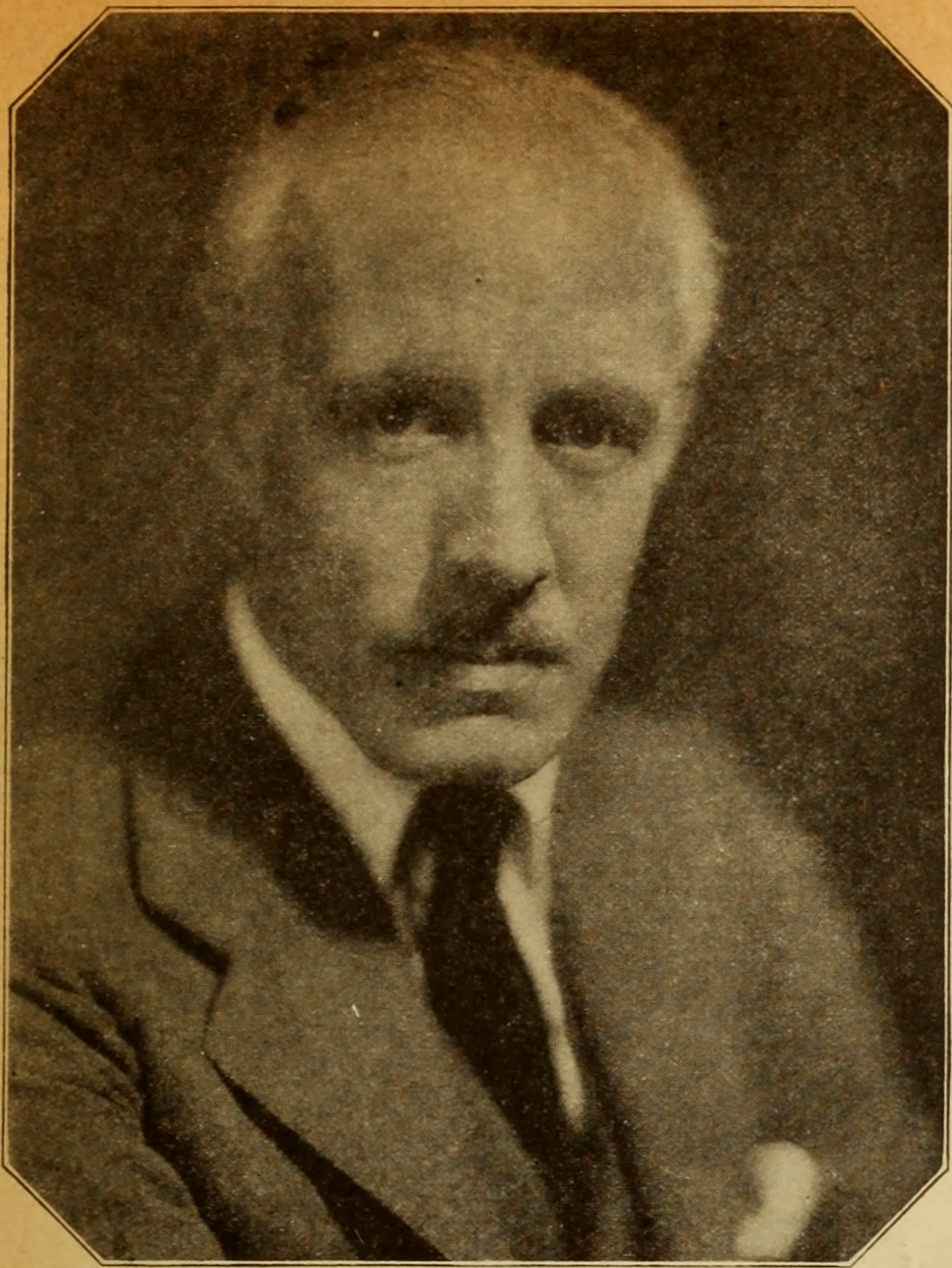
Waxman

JOHN PATRICK, whose performance did much to make "Flaming Youth" flame, has won some more laurels for himself in "The Dark Swan."



Murray

CARLOTTA MONTEREY is one of the most accomplished actresses on the New York stage and one of the screen's latest acquisitions. She will appear in Richard Barthelmess' picture "Soul Fire." Very incidentally, she is the wife of Ralph Barton.



Lew Stone as he is and as he appears as the King in "Confessions of a Queen"

MAJOR LEW STONE, O. R. C.

By Ivan St. Johns

I KNOW a very beautiful young blonde in Hollywood who is much besieged by members of the opposite sex—very much besieged, indeed. Having, as I do, rather a big-brother feeling about her, there are those among her suitors who arouse my ire considerably. I feel sorry for any girl, for instance, who would deliberately marry a handsome young actor.

But in this battalion is one youth of excellent family, fine education, assured income, steady disposition and pleasing personality who is liked and trusted by everyone and who is exactly the sort of man I'd pick out for my daughter later on.

I mentioned him to her one day. "Why," said I, "don't you like said youth any better? He seems the pick of the field to me."

She cocked one eyebrow at me pensively. "Mother approves of him so," said she cryptically.

It took me a little while, but I finally got it. I daresay it does rather dim the romance—excessive family approval. It is not the day of safety first, with the eternal feminine. Instead, she seems bound on breaking her neck if possible. If I had it all to do over again, and "mother" really liked me—which she didn't, I assure you—I'd conspire with her not to mention it under any circumstances lest she ruin my chances with her dashing daughter.

All of which leads me to the fact that I keep hesitating over the things I want to say about Lewis S. Stone—actor and gentleman.

Those things which occur to me, and which I would say to any gang of men in the world, have such a stable and prosaic and approval-of-the-family sound that I am afraid the female of the species will gather an entirely wrong idea from them.

For instance to say, "The one actor you can always depend on to give you something absolutely worth while in every and any part he plays"—sounds like recommending a dress be-

cause it will wear well—which my wife says is the last thing to recommend a dress to any woman these days.

To say, "The only actor on the screen who can play a gentleman as a gentleman really should be played and not a gentleman as an actor visualizes him"—sounds as though he used bandoline and wore a gardenia.

If you say, "He plays husbands better than anyone in the industry," it has the same romantic flavor as mothballs in woolen underwear.

Or, "Sheiks may come and Latin lovers may go, but Lew Stone goes on forever"—well, really, it has all the earmarks of a well-carved epitaph.

Nevertheless and somehow, I have got to pay my tribute of thanks to Lew Stone for the many delightful hours he has given me by his work on the screen, and do it without dimming in any way that fascinating, intriguing, polished, vital personality of his. There is no name today that will draw me into the box office quicker than Lewis Stone. And I believe more men of my age—which is somewhere between sixteen and sixty—feel that way than a lot of people realize.

I know that no matter how bad the story is, nor how ghastly the direction, I shall have a few moments of real pleasure from Lew's excellent acting and admirable personality. (Do you remember the drunk scene in "Husbands and Lovers"? Wasn't that a work of art?)

Lew Stone wanted to be an army officer. He was—he is—one, for that matter. And to me he stands for all that is best in an "Army man"—class, distinction, carriage, charm.

He was educated at the Bernard Military Academy, in New York, you know, and left there to go into the Spanish-American war, as a youngster. When he got back in 1900, he went on the stage—as he himself says, "for no particular reason." There were no actors among the Stones, of Worcester, Massachusetts.

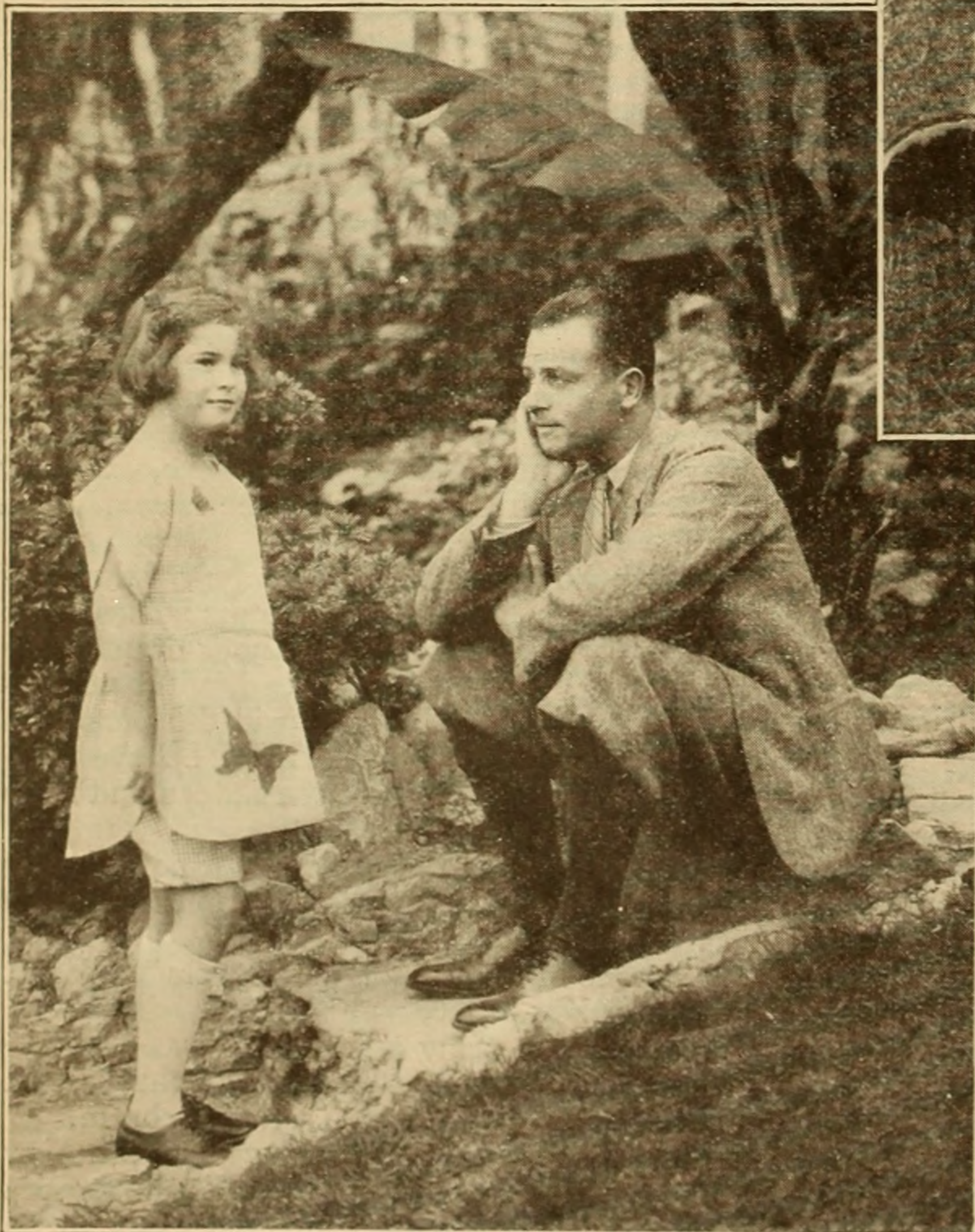
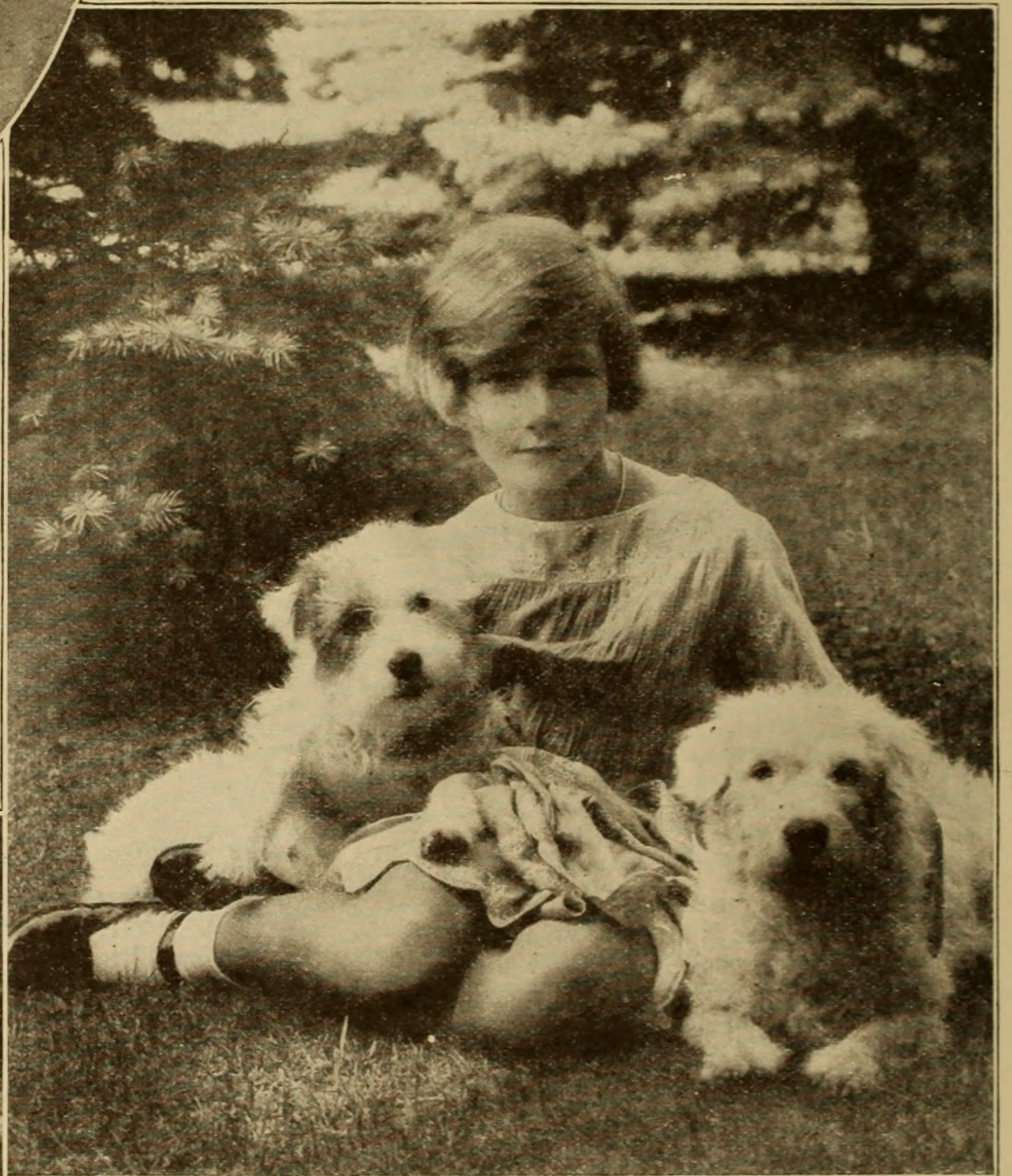
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Bright Sayings of Children in Filmdom



Mickey Daniels of "Our Gang" is not only a comedian but a poet. He proved it when he wrote a farewell note to Will Rogers in verse

At the right is Patricia Burke Ziegfeld, daughter of Billie Burke and Flo Ziegfeld. She gets her beauty from her mother and wit from both



Barbara Denny is telling her father, Reginald Denny, just what she thinks is the funniest story she ever heard

ONCE upon a time, as all children stories should start, somebody remarked that children of brilliant persons weren't necessarily bright because of such parentage. PHOTOPLAY determined to find out whether children of famous stars, directors and producers in the film colonies, as well as child actors, ever said or did anything to reflect their brilliance. The collection of following stories prove they do.

Mrs. Charlotte Pickford was looking at some property she planned to buy and subdivide. Little six-year-old Mary Pickford, Jr., was with her when Mrs. Pickford remarked: "The lots will sell like hotcakes."

"But sometimes hotcakes are left on the plate," said little Mary.

PRETTY Mary Kornman gave director Robert McGowan the biggest surprise he ever got from any member of "Our Gang" when she asked him:

"Do chickens go to heaven?"

"What a question! Of course not."

"Why don't chickens go to heaven when cats do?"

"What makes you think cats go to heaven?"

"Because when I dug up my kitty where it was buried it was all gone."

HERE'S one Allan Hale, the heavy in "The Covered Wagon," tells on himself.

Hale had just come home from a hard day at the studio and was correcting his three-year-old son Buddy (Allan Hale, Jr.) for giving his mother a bad day. He laid it on pretty thick, and Buddy listened attentively. When he was all through the child piped up:

"Now daddy, don't try to be funny. You're not a comedian."

LITTLE Billy Reid, aged 7, son of the late Wallace Reid, accompanied his mother, Dorothy Reid, on one of her tours to help keep her from being so lonesome. They were in New York and Mrs. Reid left Billy and his governess in front of a Fifth Avenue shop while she went in to



Mary Kornman is a little blonde beauty of "Our Gang" and she is one of the prime leaders in the fun-making crowd

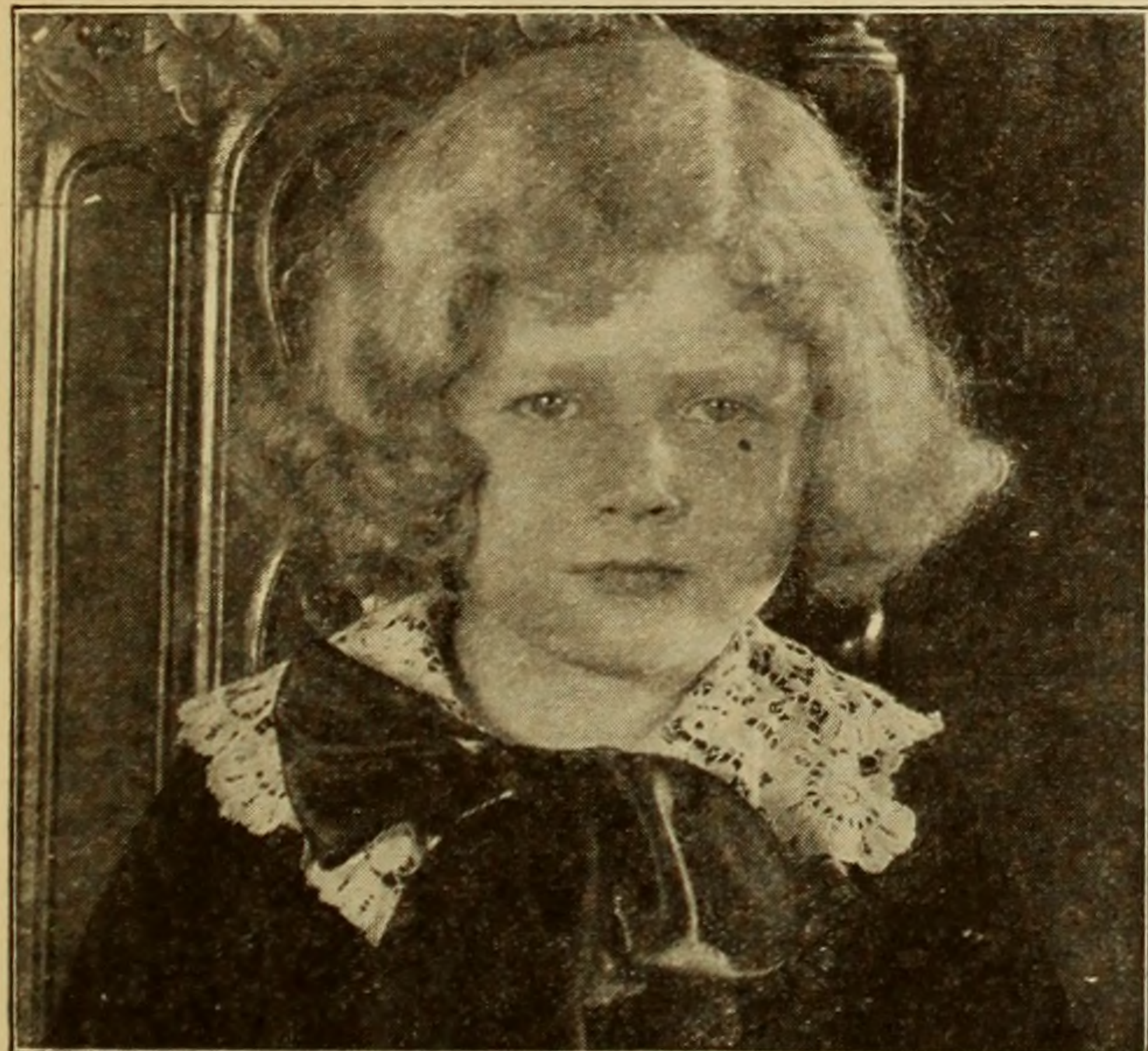


make some purchases. Billy withdrew as far as possible from his governess and stood watching the crowds on the Avenue. A benevolent old gentleman stopped and asked:

"Aren't you afraid of all the people—the men and wild women, Sonny?"

"Naw! I come from Hollywood," was Billy's scornful answer.

Mary Pickford, Jr., is credited with many bright sayings by those who have met the young lady. Here is her latest picture with her famous aunt-mother



Alan Crosland, Jr., son of the famous director, is one of the most beautiful children of the film world. His father thinks him one of the brightest also



Few children in filmdom have grown to girlhood and young womanhood with the grace and beauty of William de Mille's children. Here are, left to right, Agnes, nineteen, Mrs. de Mille and Margaret, sixteen

FROM Hallam Cooley, who plays with Douglas MacLean in "Never Say Die," comes this story about his five-year-old son, Ronny.

"Ronny's Sunday-school teacher asked him the other Sunday what loving act he had done during the week just passed. My son spoke right up without a blush and replied that he had let his mother wash his head."

Sheila O'Malley, aged four, like most youngsters, startles her dad, Pat O'Malley, on an average of once a day by her mature sayings.

Pat recently reprimanded Sheila for yelling too much around the house and Sheila was very much hurt.

After a moment's deep thought she threw back her head and, with a deep sigh, exclaimed: "Oh, daddy! You don't deserve a nice little daughter like me."

LITTLE Mary Johanna Desmond, four-year old daughter of Bill and Mary McIvor Desmond, was eating lunch one day. Her mother had been in the habit of giving her string beans, but first taking the beans from their pods before cooking them. The doctor told Mrs. Desmond string bean pods were good for the youngster, so that day Mary Jo was given string beans as they should be served for the first time.

"I'm through with my lunch, mother," sung out Mary Jo, anxious to get back to her play.

"You haven't eaten your beans, child," admonished Mrs. Desmond.

"But mother—I don't like my beans wrapped up."

RUTH NAGEL, small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel, had been told not to put her finger in her mouth and had been severely reprimanded when she failed to obey. One day, while calling with her mother, she saw a bronze statue of a little girl with her finger in her mouth.

"Bad—bad little girl, take your finger out of your mouth," said Ruth, as she calmly knocked the statue off the table.

LIKE all other children, Joe Keaton, the three-year-old son of Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge Keaton, is very curious. His Auntie Constance Talmadge was telling Joe all about how she acted in pictures and how much fun it was.

Joe became quite excited about it and then asked:

"Is Auntie Norma in pictures, too?"

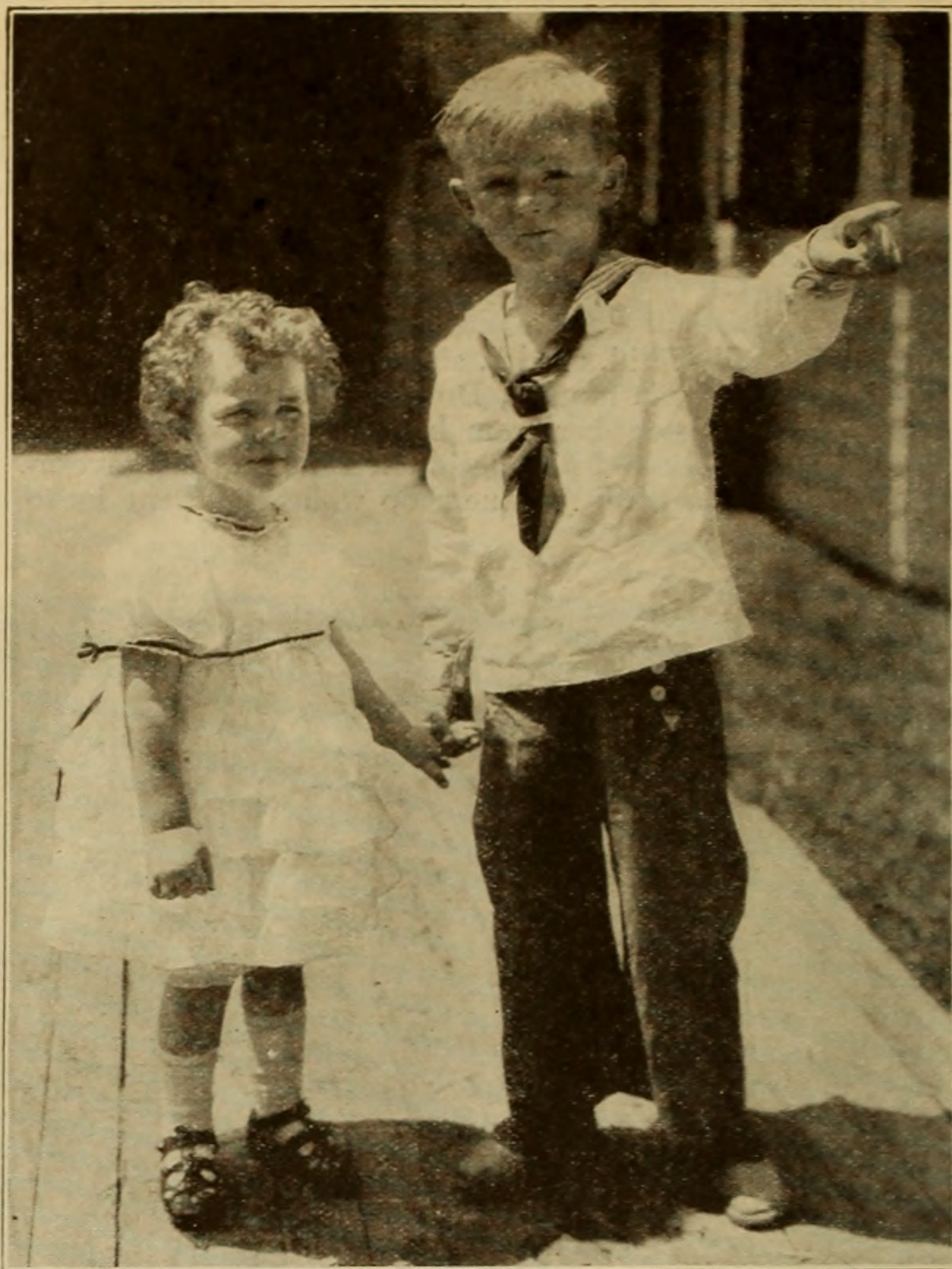
BILLY BOWES, beautiful Claire Windsor's six-year-old son, is very fond of their gardener, Tom.

It was during the hoof and mouth disease, which swept the Western states and hit California hard. Thousands of head of cattle were being killed and Billy was most interested and sympathetic with the gardener's explanations of the epidemic.

Then one day, while working in the garden, Tom ran a rusty nail in his foot. When Billy saw Tom again, the gardener had his foot all wrapped up and was walking with the aid of a cane.

Billy burst into tears and ran to his mother. When asked for an explanation, Billy wailed he didn't want his friend Tom shot and he knew they would now that he had hoof disease.

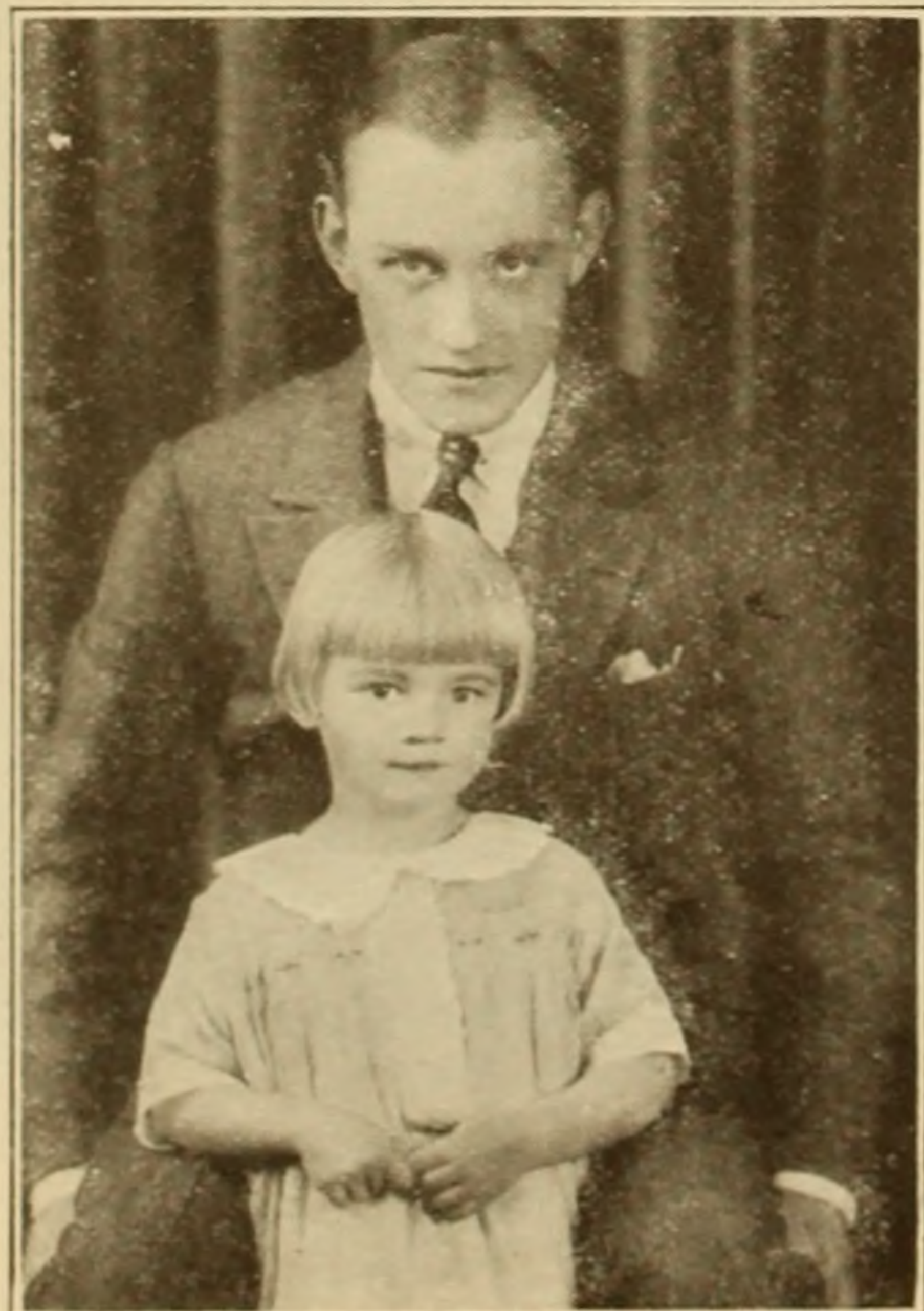
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William Wallace Reid, Jr., and his adopted sister, Betty, are great pals. "Wally" is her hero



Virginia Novak is the joy of Jane Novak's life. Mother and daughter share each other's beauty and wit



Ruth Nagel is one of the real beauties of baby-dom. She got her eyes from her father but he claims her wit is her own

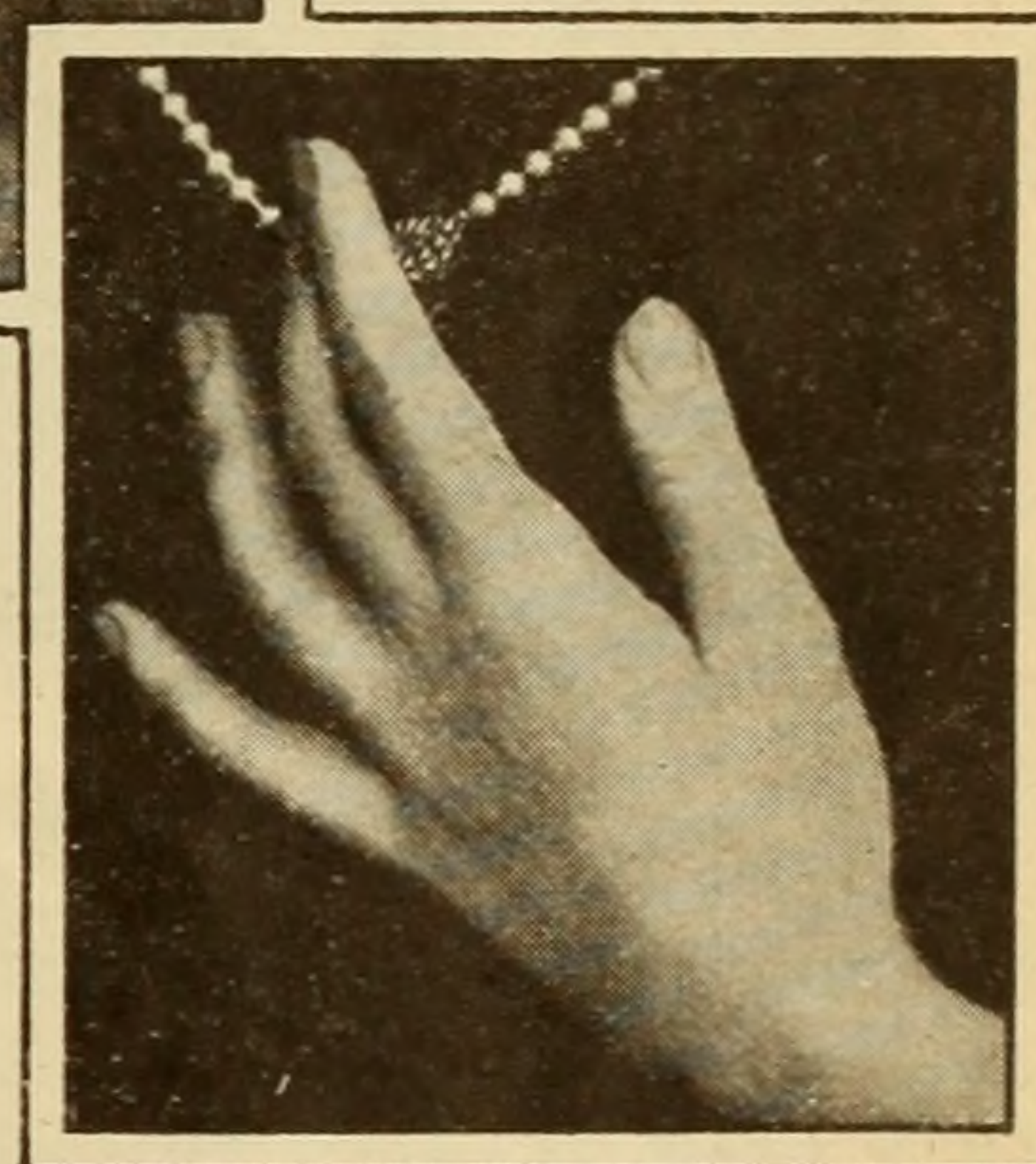


Noah Beery, Jr., has just told a funny story to his father, who dare not laugh for fear of cracking his make-up



Its glistening rosy lustre makes the finger tips lovelier

JUST THE ROSE COLOR of this season's smart Parisian manicure



Women with beautiful hands, who are much in the public eye, choose the Cutex manicure. NITA NALDI says, "For the sophisticated pink brilliance that is so smart just now, I find Cutex Liquid Polish particularly nice"

IN Paris this season the very smartest women of fashion are turning to the world lovelier finger tips than ever — the nails gleaming with a new rosiness.

And Cutex has captured perfectly this rosy lustre in its wonderful Liquid Polish which in Paris itself is used more than any other liquid polish.

If you, too, are fastidious about every detail of your appearance, the deep rose petal coloring, the jewel-like brilliance of Cutex Liquid Polish will delight you.

And so will every feature of this carefully perfected polish!

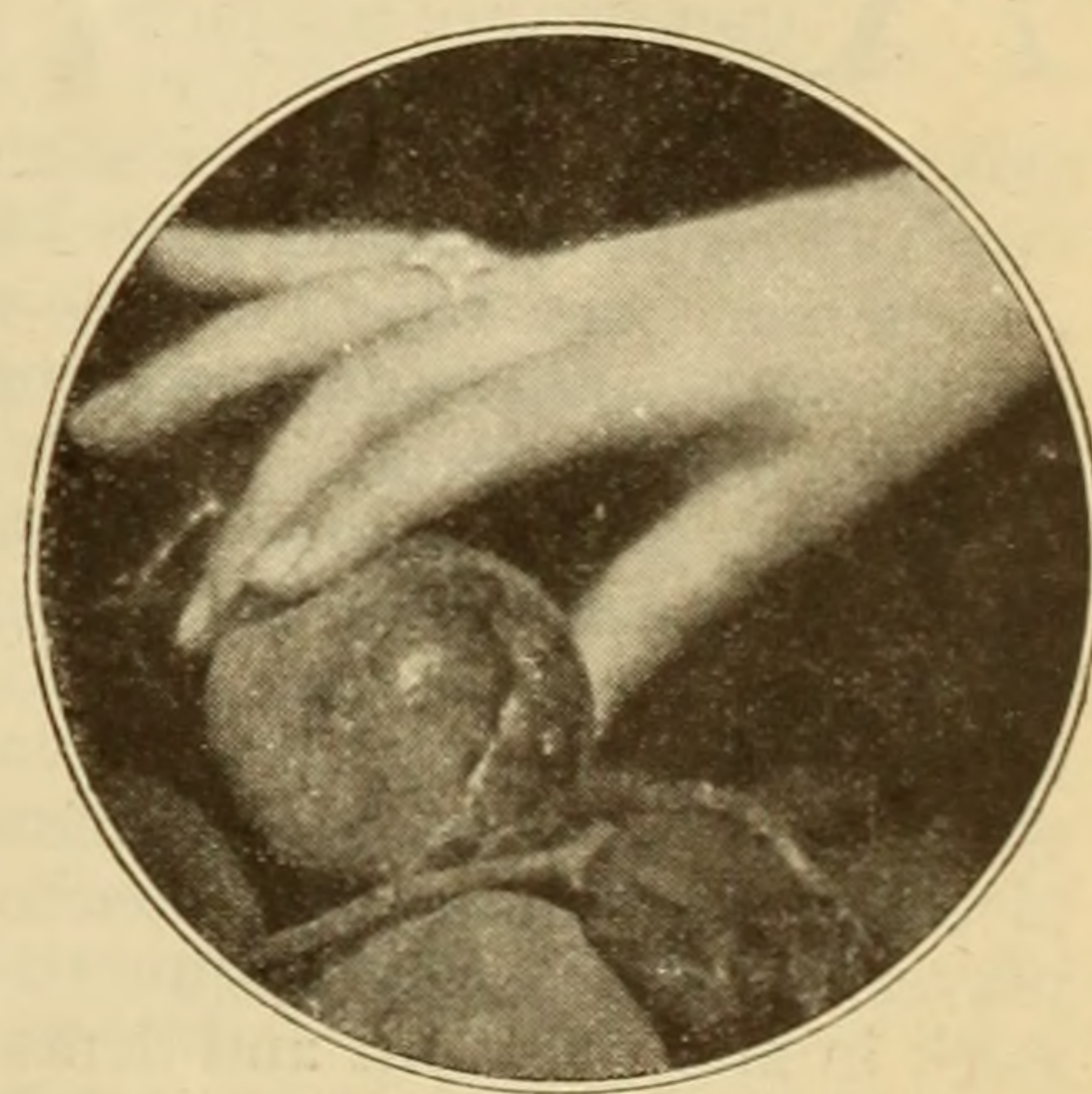
Spreads smoother and more evenly . . . Won't peel off . . . Makes the nails look

naturally pink and glistening, not artificial and over-colored . . . Lasts a whole week . . . Needs no separate polish remover.

With it your nails look for days and days as if they had just come from the daintiest manicure. Its glistening lustre brings out the full beauty of soft smooth cuticle and the carefully shaped nail long after most polishes have begun to dim or look spotty.

To enjoy this touch of Parisian elegance to the full, use Cutex Liquid Polish with the famous Cutex Cuticle Remover for the soft even cuticle that is the basis of every correct manicure.

Cutex Liquid Polish is 35c. And it comes in three of the complete manicure sets. Sets from 60c to \$5.00 at all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England.



ELSIE MACKAY's beautiful hands. A portrait photographer thinks them so lovely he asked her to pose for this charming decorative picture. She uses Cutex

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This 6c package contains the wonderful Cutex Liquid Polish and the famous Cutex Cuticle Remover — more than enough of both for six 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-5, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Can.



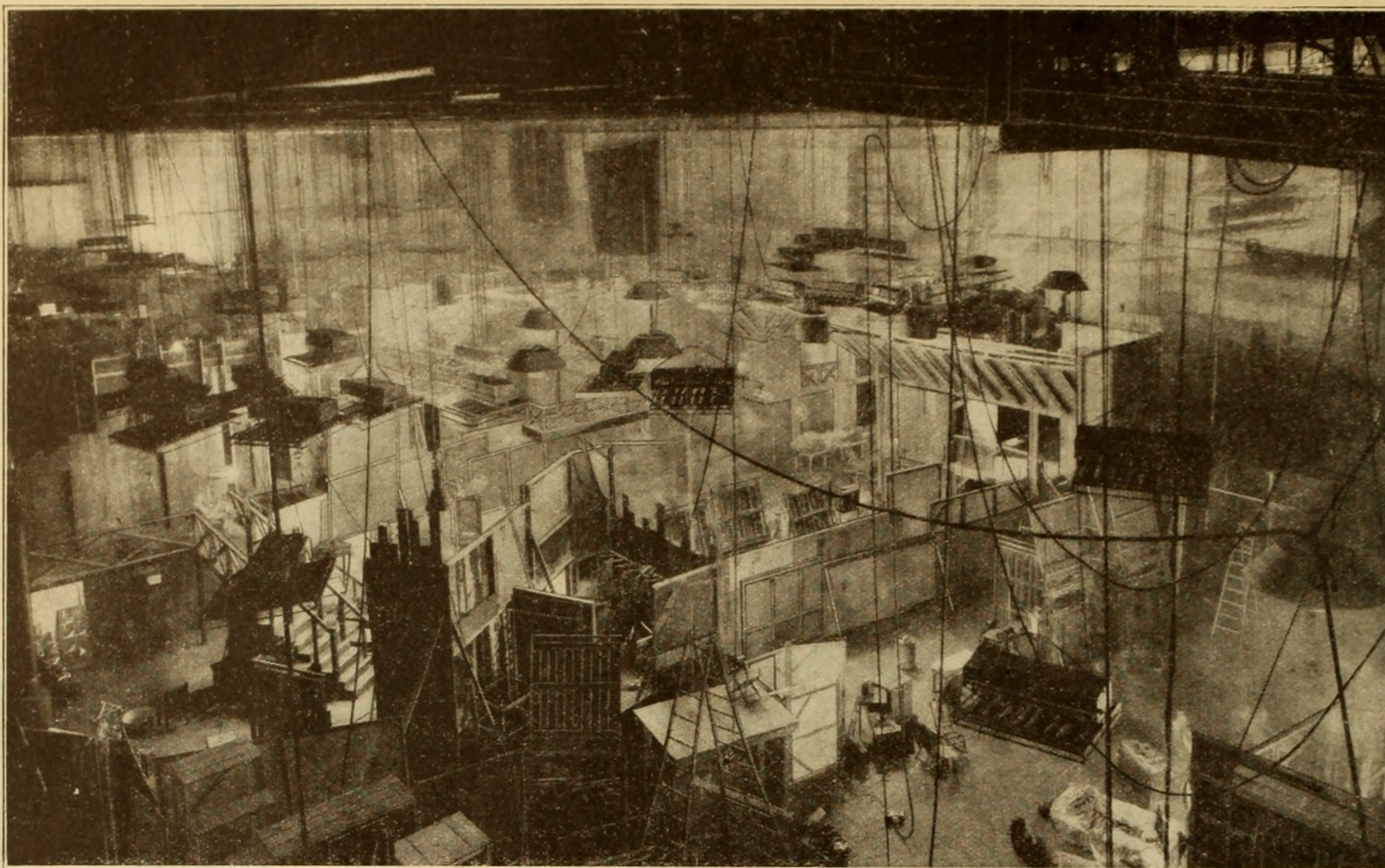
INCLOSE 6c in stamps or coin.

Please send me a Cutex Introductory Package for 6 manicures.

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State



Interior of the Paramount Studio at Astoria, Long Island, where the first legitimate school for training aspirants for screen positions is being established

The First Real School of Screen Acting

A REALLY sincere and rather ambitious effort is to be made to solve one of the most acute problems of motion picture production, that of recruiting a sufficient number of new faces to meet the constantly growing demands of the screen. The solution lies in the opening, in the near future, of a training school for actors and actresses at the Paramount Long Island studio, where ten young men and ten young women are to undergo intensive training and instruction for a six months term.

This is a problem to which PHOTOPLAY has called attention many times but, up to the present, without arousing the producers to the crying need of action. The present condition is bad, not only because all the favorites of the screen are growing older every day, but also because it is a fact that the motion picture public, no matter how loyal it may be to this or that player, at some stage begins to tire of seeing the same faces week in and week out and demands a change.

The motion picture public demands youth, and it is to meet this demand that this new school is projected. It is the first step towards putting on a practical basis the efforts of the motion picture industry to augment its number of artists. It is designed not only to help the motion picture profession, but also to provide a doorway through which suitable young men and women may enter the screen world. It offers to those who possess real talent the opportunity to appear in pictures without undergoing the privations and defeats which have faced the beginner.

The aim of the founders of the Paramount School Inc. embraces much more than teaching men and women how to act. It is their hope to be able to imbue the students with a lofty conception of the screen artist's opportunities and responsibilities. In other words, the ethics of the profession

will form an important item in the curriculum of this school.

The Board of Directors of this school has as its chairman Adolph Zukor, and includes Jesse L. Lasky, Joseph Hergesheimer, Daniel Frohman, Gilbert Miller, John Emerson, Thomas Meighan, and D. W. Griffith.

The present plans call for the opening of the Fall term on July 13, with graduation on December 12, a six months course.

The general plan of admission has been most carefully prepared. Thirty representatives, covering the entire United States, will receive applications, and each will forward the most suitable five to the Paramount School. These one hundred fifty will be weeded out to fifty who will be interviewed personally by Mr. Lasky or his representative.

There will be thorough instruction in all branches of motion picture acting. All the subjects will be compulsory and there will be three groups: Technical instruction, physical training, and lectures. The first group will include loss of self-consciousness; graceful carriage and poise; etiquette; the wearing of clothes; the art of make-up; pantomime, and the playing of parts; emotional control; use of suggestion; character study. The physical training will include dancing, riding, swimming, gymnastics, fencing and driving automobiles. The lectures are to be delivered by distinguished members of the dramatic and motion picture professions, and will cover every branch of the industry, including scenario construction, direction, stage lighting, photography and laboratory methods.

The fee for tuition will be \$500 for the term, payable in advance. In addition, students must be prepared to pay their living expenses at the rate of \$25 a week for approximately twenty weeks.

Obviously only the best material will be accepted. Instruction will be given those alone who are in deadly earnest.

WHAT West Point or Annapolis does for the patriotic young man this school will do for the ambitious screen aspirant of either sex. And those behind the idea are far-seeing. It is an intelligent way to make stars that is bound to prove successful.

MRS. REGINALD VANDERBILT

gives her skin this exquisite care

"YOUTHFULNESS is the real pot of gold at the end of every woman's rainbow. Pond's Two Creams are a wonderful help to this coveted end."

Gloria M. Vanderbilt

MY first glimpse of Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt brought a little catch to my throat.

I had heard she was very lovely—this young woman, barely twenty-one, two years married to the son of one of America's oldest, wealthiest, most distinguished families, and mother of an exquisite baby girl. But I was unprepared for beauty so compelling, so unique.

"It's partly because she's so tall," I said to my companion, "and so slender. Did you ever see such grace?"

Sunlight breaks the shadows of her almost black hair, into shimmering bronze. In the depths of her dark eyes burn the fires of golden topazes. And in the snows of her delicate skin blooms the rose of her full-blown lips, ruby-red and strangely beautiful.

"What a bouquet she lends that gown," I murmured, as Mrs. Vanderbilt moved into the room. "Its black velvet is richer for contrast with arms and shoulders of such dazzling whiteness."

"But the contrast is in the color alone," said someone in our group. "When it comes to texture, there's little to choose between chiffon velvet and Mrs. Vanderbilt's skin."

"It ought to be a good skin," Mrs. Vanderbilt spoke seriously. "I take good care of it."

"No doubt you devote hours of every day to keeping it exquisite," my friend rejoined.

"On the contrary," cried Mrs. Vanderbilt, "only a few moments—far less time than many of my friends. It's not the time that counts. It's the method!"

"Do tell us what your method is," we queried.

"Two Creams," said Mrs. Vanderbilt, "made by the Pond's Laboratories. One to cleanse the skin and keep it fresh and firm. The other to protect and give it that 'velvety' finish you've just spoken of. I've used them for a long time and have never found any better."

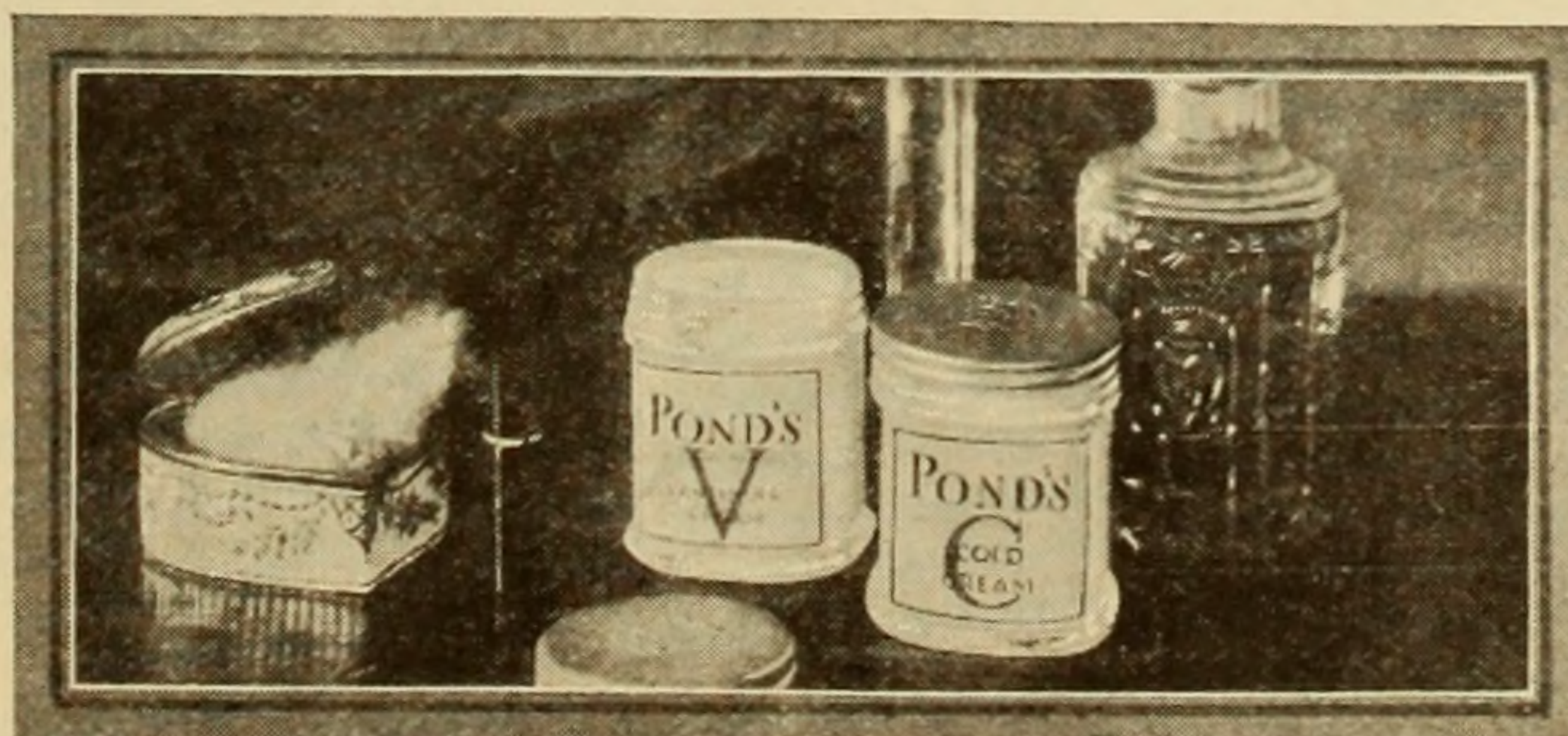
It is this approval given by the women of Society who *must* keep their youth and



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MRS. REGINALD C. VANDERBILT

As Miss Gloria Morgan she spent her girlhood abroad. Since her marriage she has become a distinguished leader of the exclusive society of New York and Newport.



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beauty—for Mrs. Vanderbilt is only one of many—that is the final proof of the sterling worth of Pond's Two Creams.

The first step in following the Pond's method of skin care is a deep, thorough cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Smooth it lavishly over your face, neck, arms and hands. Let it stay on a few moments so that its pure oils may soften the dust, soot, powder and rouge that choke the pores.

WIPE all the cream off and note the dirt it brings with it. Repeat the process. Now close the pores with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice.

This daily Pond's cleansing should follow any prolonged time spent out of doors. If your skin is inclined to be either very dry or oily, you should use it twice or more. And to overcome the dryness that forms lines and wrinkles, leave some of the cream on all night.

The second step is a soft finish and protection with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Fluff just a light film over your face and hands. It will vanish—for Pond's Vanishing Cream is greaseless. Notice now, how even the surface of your skin looks, how soft, bright and clear its tone.

And how well your rouge and powder blend and stay over this delicate foundation cream!

You should always use Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder, and before going out. For it protects your skin so that wind, dust, sun and soot cannot rob it of its natural oils, its bloom of youth.

FOLLOW the lead of Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt. Buy your own Pond's Creams. Find out for yourself that what she says is wholly true—"They constitute as simple, as effectual a method of caring for the skin as has yet been discovered." You may have the Cold Cream in extra large jars now. And, of course, both creams in the smaller jars you are familiar with. The Pond's Extract Company.

FREE OFFER—Mail this coupon and we will send you free tubes of these two creams and an attractive little folder telling how to use them.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. E
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Street

City State



If you saw "Peter Pan" you saw Nana, but did you know that Nana was really George Ali, famous animal actor?

Ali could not only make Nana cock an eye and wag his tail, but he acted as a nurse to the Darling children and here he is giving Philippe de Lacey, as the youngest of the family, a ride on his back

Nana

That wonderful canine nurse in "Peter Pan"

GREAT shaggy "Nana, the Dog Nurse," tugged at the heart strings—albeit comically—in "Peter Pan," by his fond, whimsical manner. The actual tugging, however, was the work of George Ali, famous animal impersonator, by means of fine strings running from the eyes, ears, mouth and tail down through the forefeet and attached to Ali's fingers.

Ali designed *Nana*, and the construction is credited to Seidel's of New York. The face was the result of the taxidermist art, moulded to look benevolent. It could just as easily have been made ferocious. Ali crooked a finger and *Nana* cocked an attentive ear. He jerked a thumb and *Nana* wagged a joyous tail. The slow bending of another digit and *Nana* would roll a couple of sorrowful eyes.

The head was made of real dog's fur, the shaggy body of caracul, which buttoned up the middle. The lovable beast, filled with sacking, now lies in a heap in the Paramount wardrobe at Famous Players-Lasky's Hollywood studio. His expression now is more wistful than whimsical.



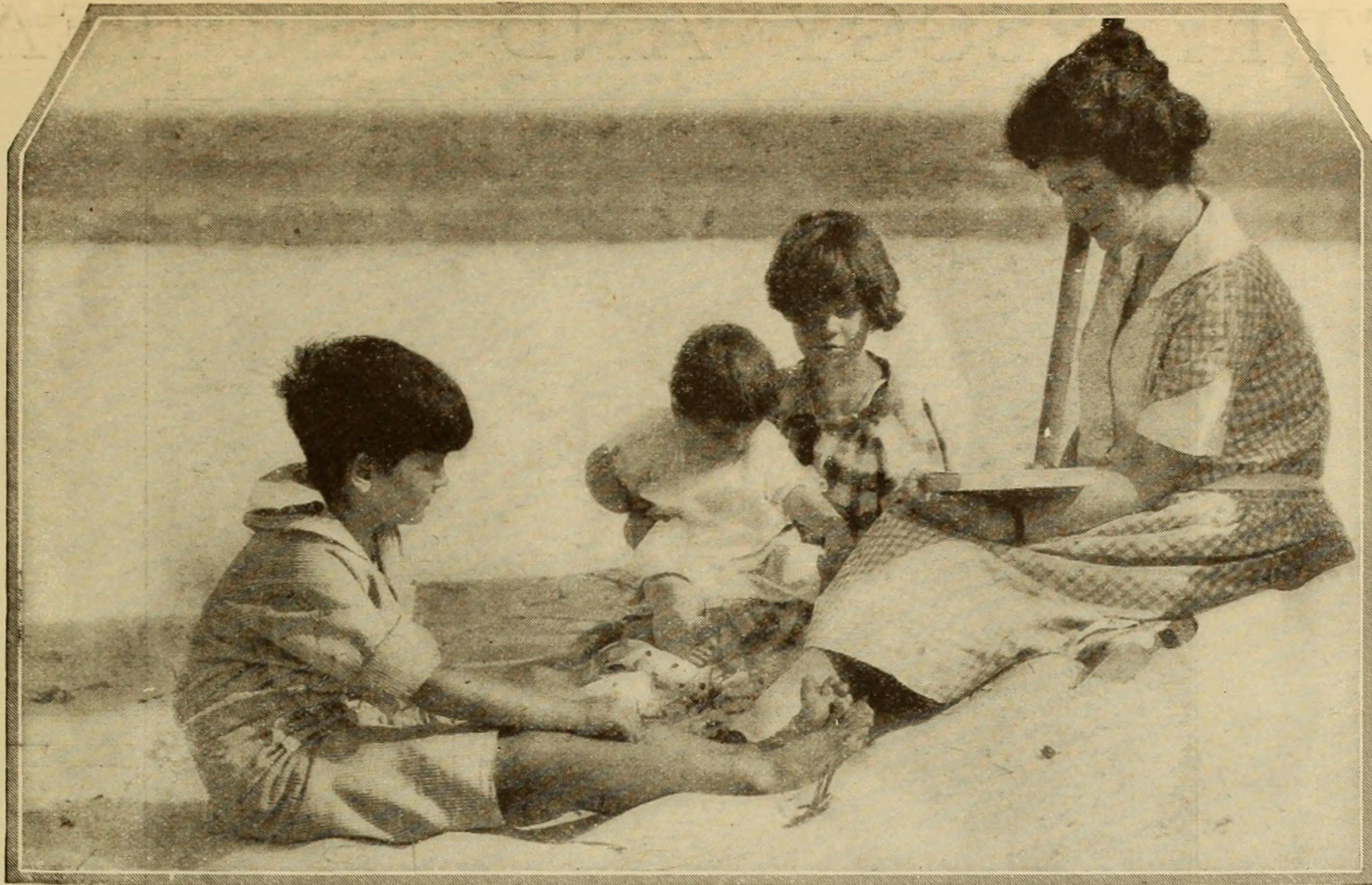
George Ali, who played the crocodile and *Nana*, too, was trained as an acrobat in his youth by a troupe of strolling Arab gymnasts. His non-professional name is George Edward Bolinbroke. He was brought from the New York stage especially to play *Nana*.

George Ali undoubtedly is a man who loves dogs—all animals, in fact—and children. It is impossible to conceive of him as being otherwise. And he must realize a wealth of joy and satisfaction from this attitude toward the natural and innocent things of life.

If he has stepped into a theater where "Peter Pan" was being shown to an audience of children, he certainly must have got a thrill. The ejaculated surprise and delight of the assembled youngsters over the curiously realistic antics of *Nana* certainly gave him a new perspective on the real importance of his rôle. Like all men of great imagination, Ali must have found pleasure in the outbursts of childish enthusiasm, hardly less keen than that of the spectators themselves.

And that Ali is a man of exceptional imagination is self-evident. It requires a flight of fancy, an insight into the minds of others, and a wholesome attitude toward life to blend into the gossamer fabric of "Peter Pan" an artistic conception of the faithful *Nana*. *Nana* is a character that will never be forgotten.

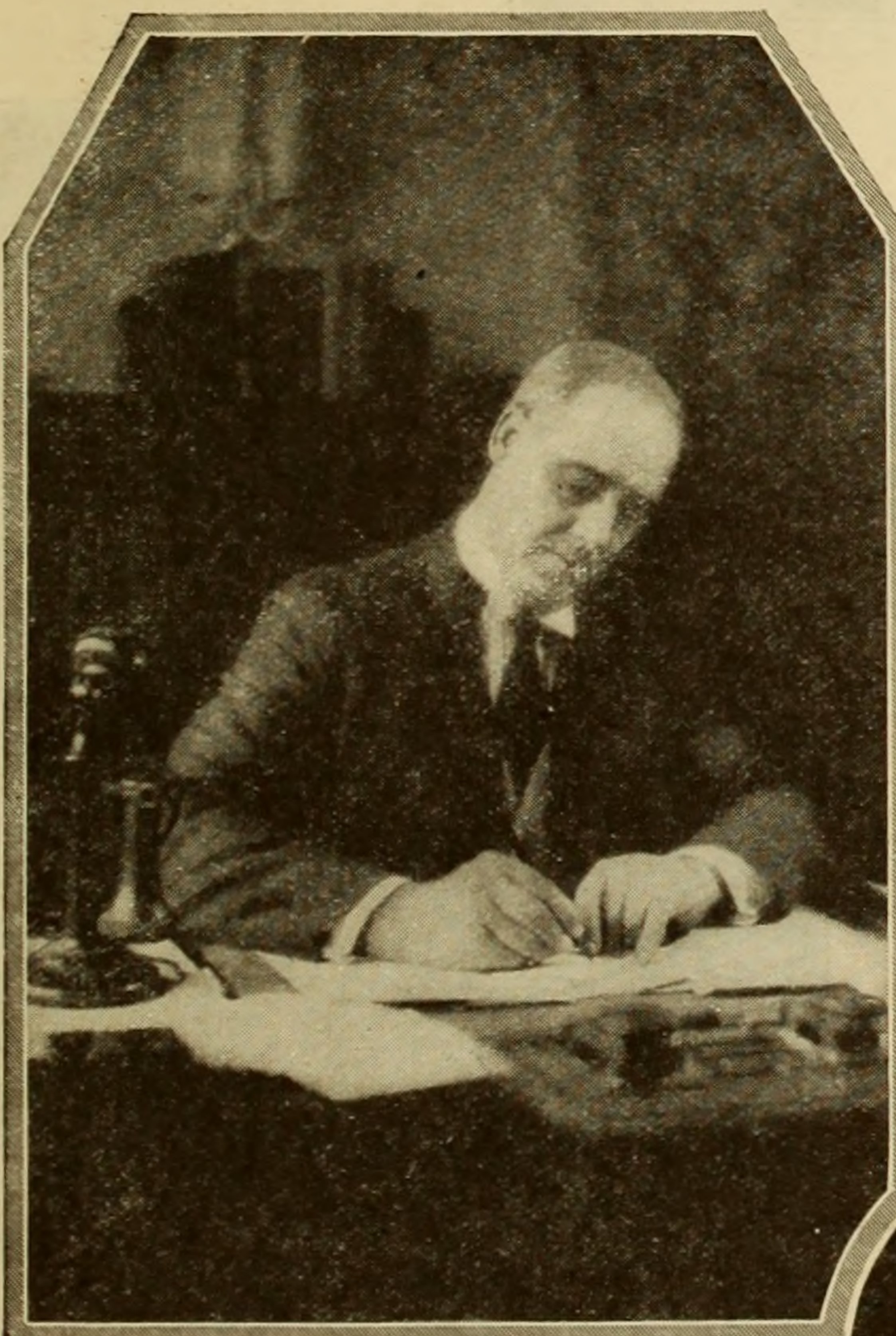
George Ali has achieved a subtle feat. Indeed, he must be a *Peter Pan* himself, for only one who is still a child in spirit could read and interpret the heart of *Nana*.



"IN FEBRUARY OF THIS YEAR (1924) my third baby was born. Three months later found me with constipation, headaches and just dragging around—and *three small children*. I decided something had to be done. I started taking Fleischmann's Yeast, a cake morning and night. In a few weeks I was able to stop the use of cathartics; headaches and backaches were gone; and I had plenty of energy. I felt like a different woman." MRS. MARIE T. GARDNER, Glencarlyn, Va.

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"Since taking Fleischmann's Yeast, which I began last June, I sleep one and a half hours more and can eat 'a man's dinner' without distress. I am happy now and those around me appreciate it."

DR. WILLIAM NEALON, Philadelphia, Pa.

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food. The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) night and morning. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today! And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Department 5, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.



Eat two or three cakes a day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain.

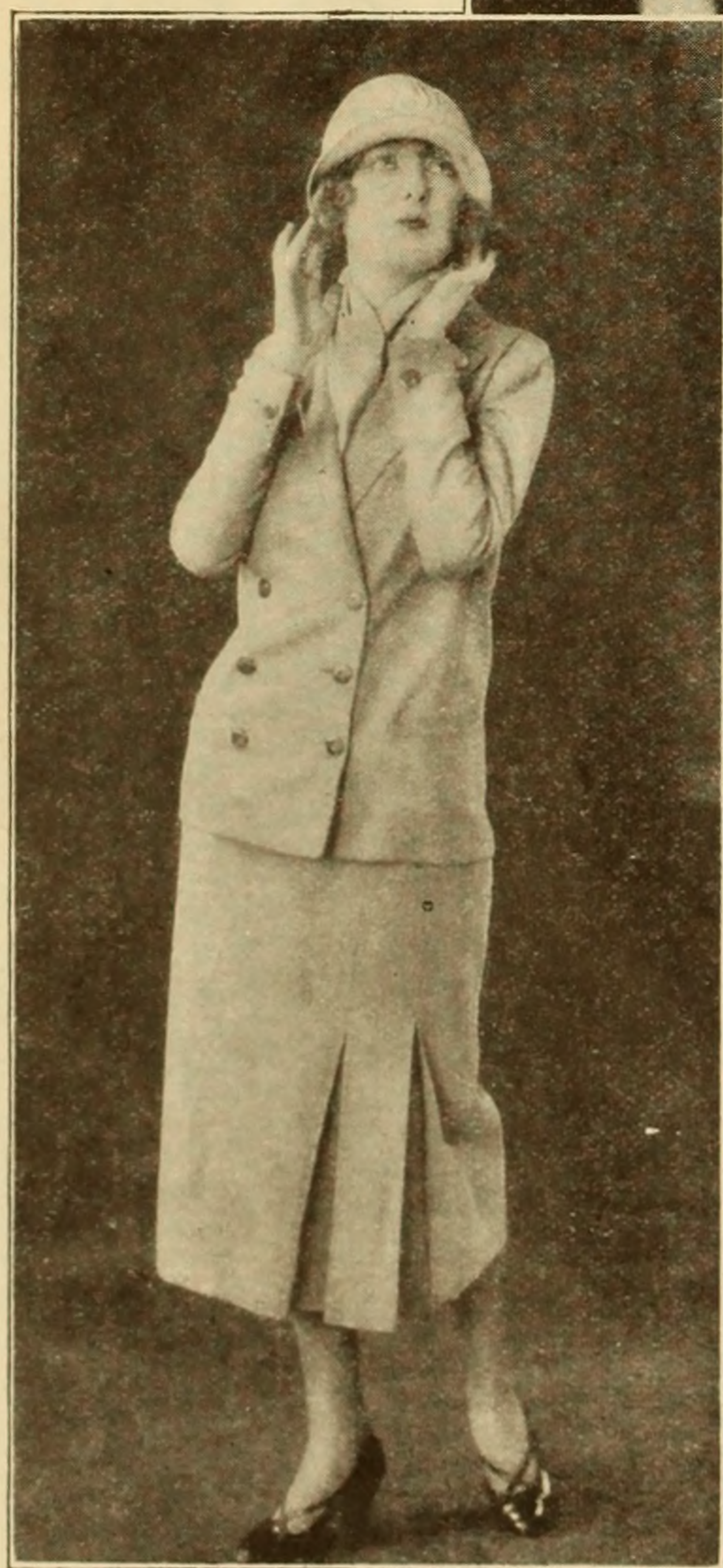


"I HAD DEVELOPED acne of the face, which became chronic in spite of medical care and good hygiene. Serums, ointments, washes, drugs, diets, lotions, made me wretched without improving the unsightly condition.

"Then I consulted our family doctor, who strongly advised trying Fleischmann's Yeast, one cake before meals, three times a day. I took it regularly for six months. . . . My face cleared, I lost that thin, pale look, and was able to continue with my work at college."

MISS ROSE COOPERMAN, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PRETTY PEGGY AND HER PEARLS

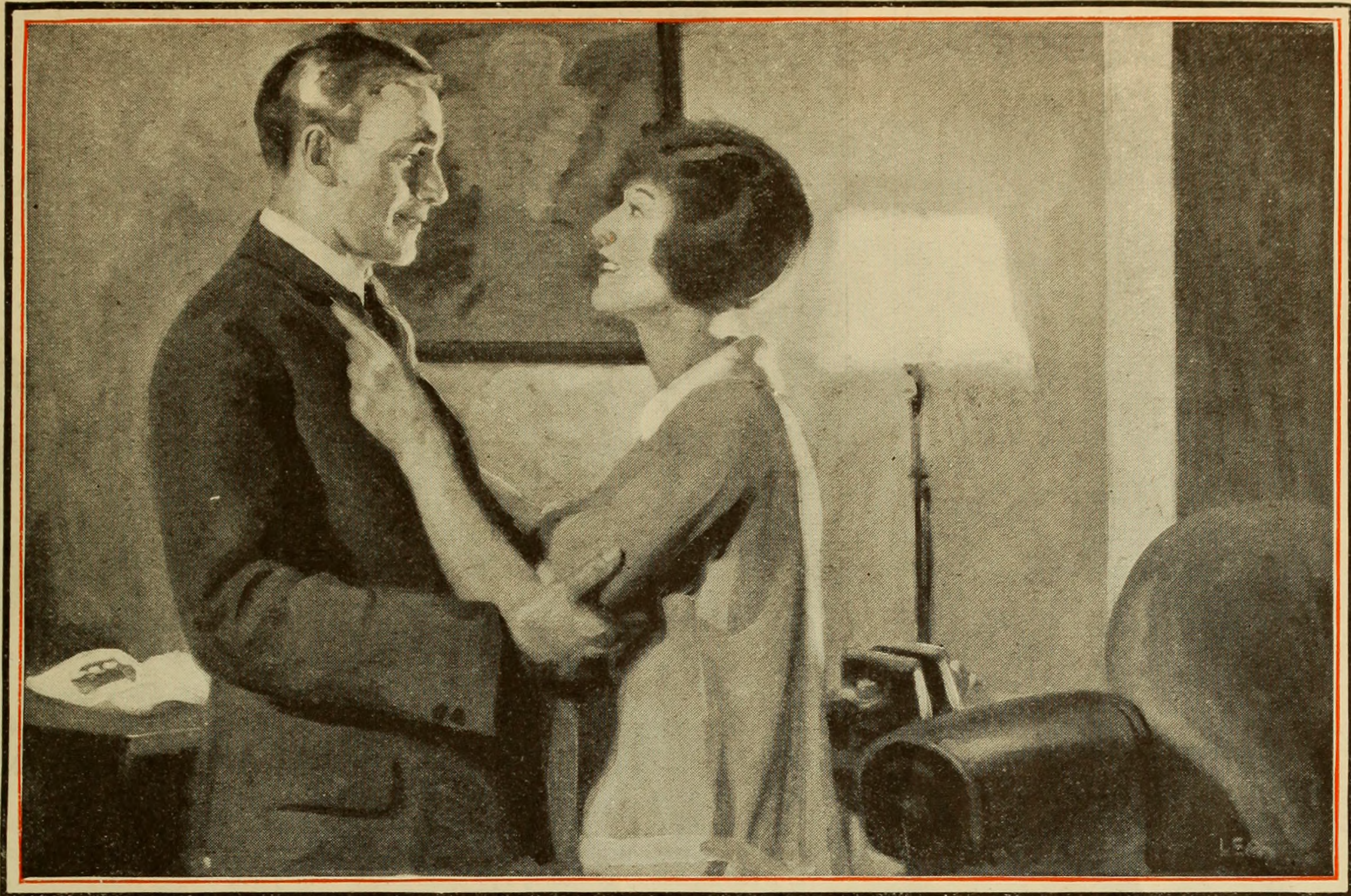


Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Countess Morner, has finally decided that the only thing she hasn't done that she ought to do is the films. So she signed a contract with P. A. Powers

Peggy, blue-eyed and blonde, owns nearly a million dollars' worth of pearls. She plans to wear every one of them in her first picture, which is being written by Cosmo Hamilton and Anthony Paul Kelly

Clothes were just made for Peggy to wear, according to her admirers, and she will wear a lot of them in the film which is a satire on the current fads and foibles of English society





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Our booklet, “The Ford Plan” will be mailed gladly to anyone upon request. It carries an interesting message that everyone should read. And most of all, it will show you how you can soon drive your own car.

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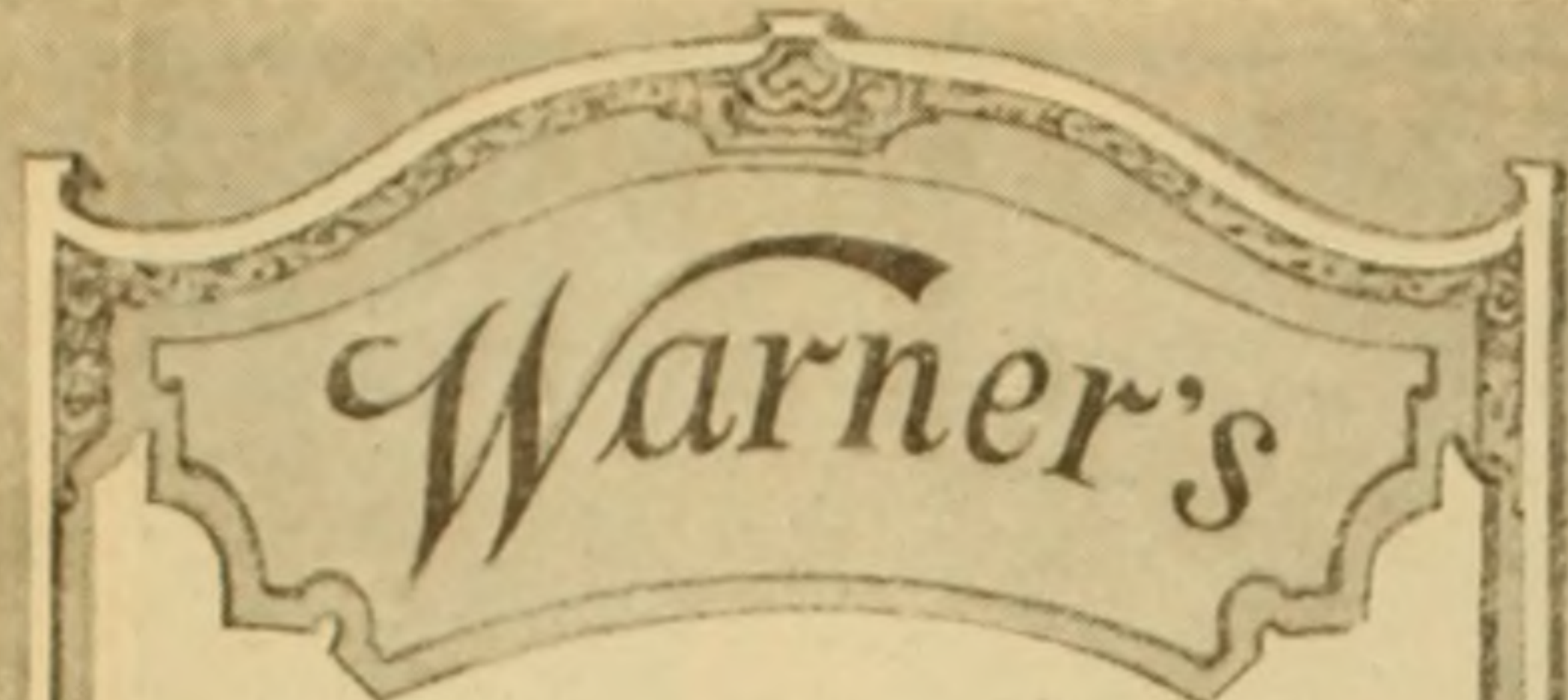
Please send me your book, “The Ford Plan” which fully explains your easy plan for owning an automobile.

Name _____

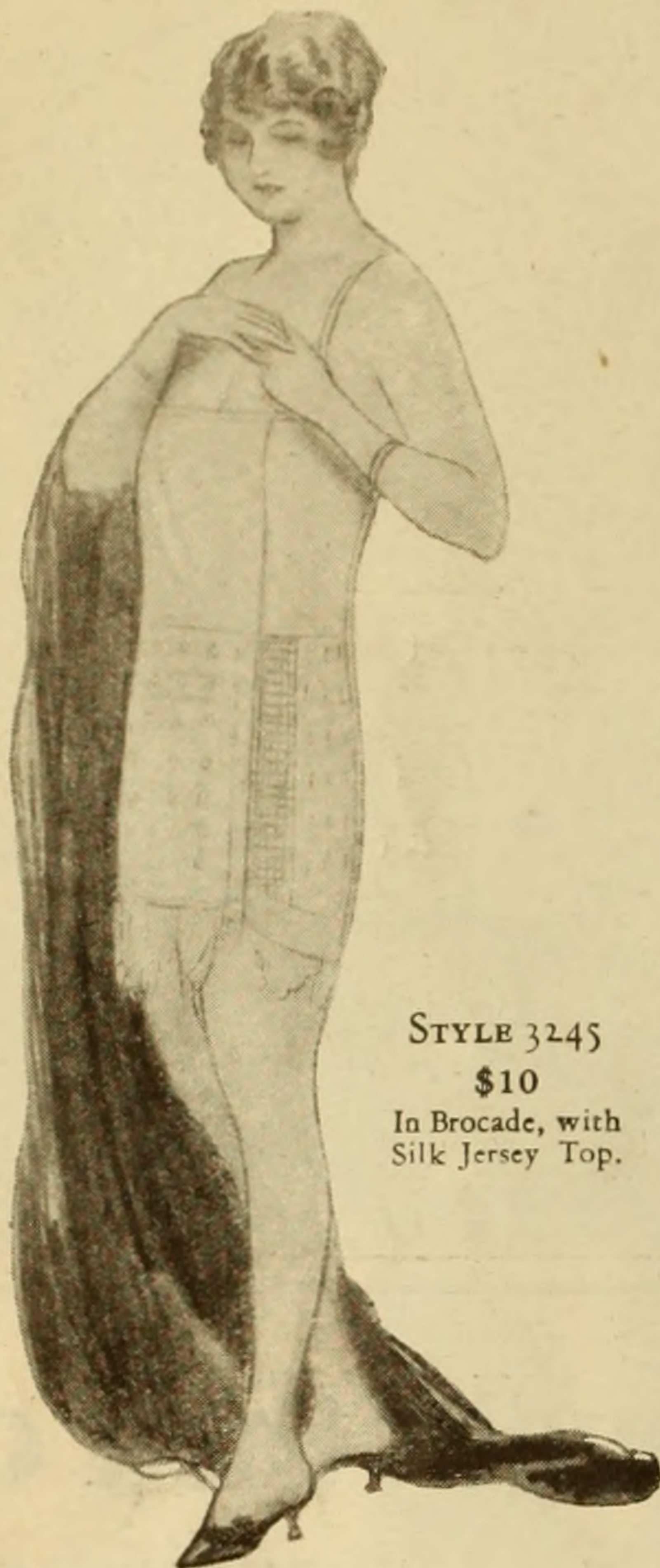
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(Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

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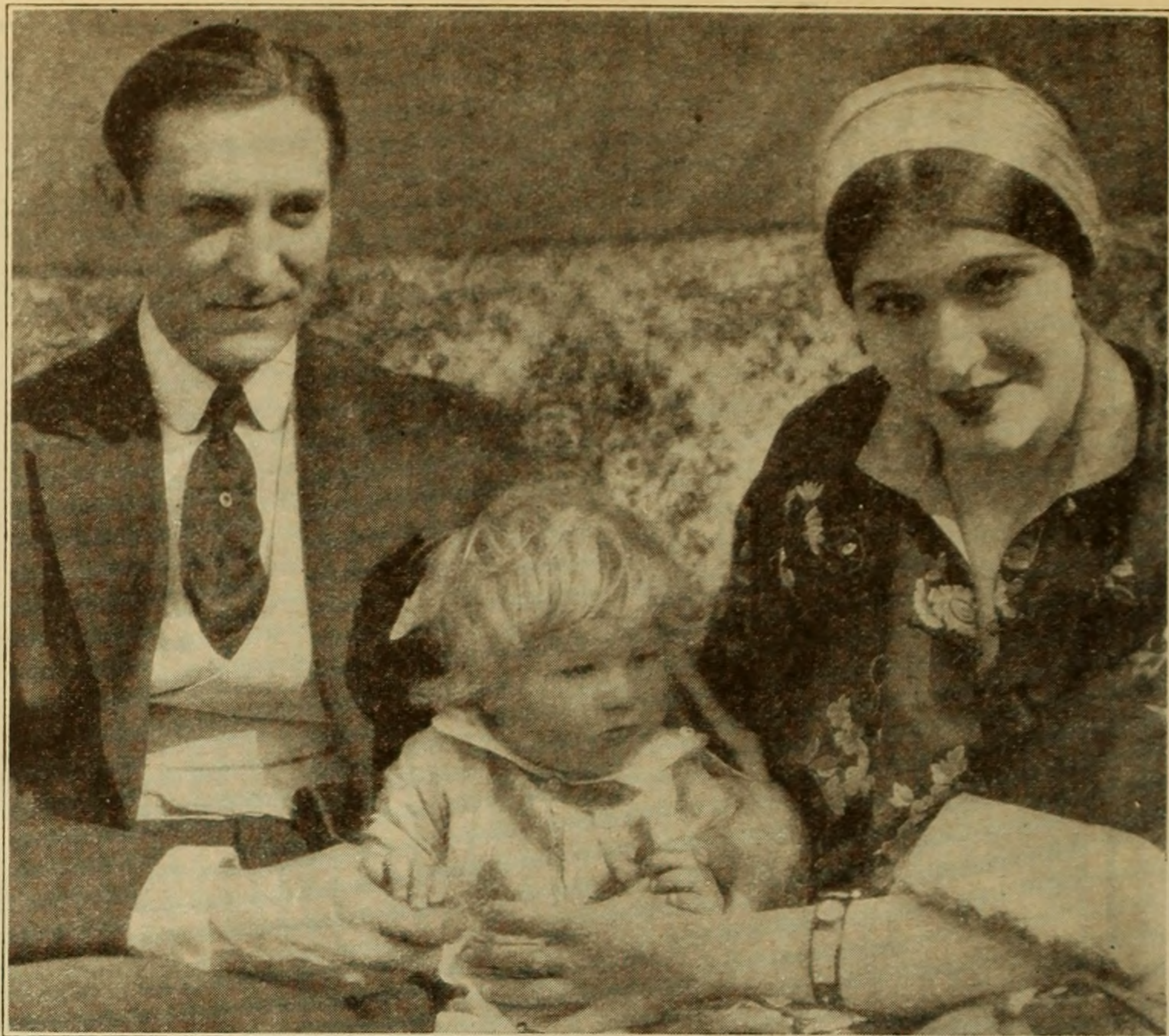
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York; 367 W. Adams St., Chicago;
28 Geary St., San Francisco.



For years Lou Tellegen has been called the perfect screen lover, but nobody knew just how perfect he was until somebody bared the fact that he had been married to Nina Ramono for nearly two years and that they had a baby boy, Rexford, eight months old. Just for that he'll probably be known as the Screen Sphinx from now on

Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

who has lately become the wife of C. Gardner Sullivan, the scenarist and producer, is one of the very few young women in the world who has had an elephant named in her honor.

The elephant, an enormous animal, played a large part in a picture which was written by Gardner Sullivan and directed by John Griffith Wray, the new general manager of Universal City.

On location the contrast between the mammoth elephant and the tiny Miss May was so great that it appealed to Wray's sense of humor. He christened his four-footed actor in honor of little Miss May.

BETTY BLYTHE is one careful young woman who believes in keeping her husband out of temptation.

Her husband is Paul Scardon, the director, and his friends in Hollywood flocked around him to congratulate him upon the trip they thought he was going to make to Europe with his wife who went over there to play the title role in "She."

"I am not going," Scardon explained, "Betty says there are so many new and pretty faces in Europe that she doesn't want me to go roaming around over there. So I'm going to stay in Hollywood."

Which, when you come to think it over, isn't such a wonderful boost for the quality of the puchritude which Betty imagines is on exhibition in California.

THERE'S a locomotive engineer running on a jerk-water branch of one of the great railroad systems in California to whom something happened the other day that doesn't often happen to the Casey Joneses of the wild, open spaces.

One morning not long ago he and his train made their deliberate way over miles and miles of landscape which was unbroken by sign of any human habitation, yet when in the afternoon

of the same day, he came back over the same route, he saw alongside the track at a spot which in the morning had been completely unoccupied a fine, new railroad station in full blast.

The station was crowded with people, a station-agent was running around evidently crowded with business, baggage trucks on the platform were crowded with baggage.

The dozens of men and women on this platform gave the engineer and his train a rousing cheer as he went back. He answered them with his whistle.

Not until he got to the end of his run did he find out that the station was a moving picture set, put up in the open spaces by one of Hunt Stromberg's companies and taken down the same day.

MRS. ROB WAGNER, wife of the humorist and short story writer, has become an extra. And she likes it so well that she may soon become a familiar face on the screen.

It happened like this: For weeks Mrs. Wagner and Irene Rich, who are close friends, had been trying to get together for a day's visit. And each time a day was set either work or illness interfered.

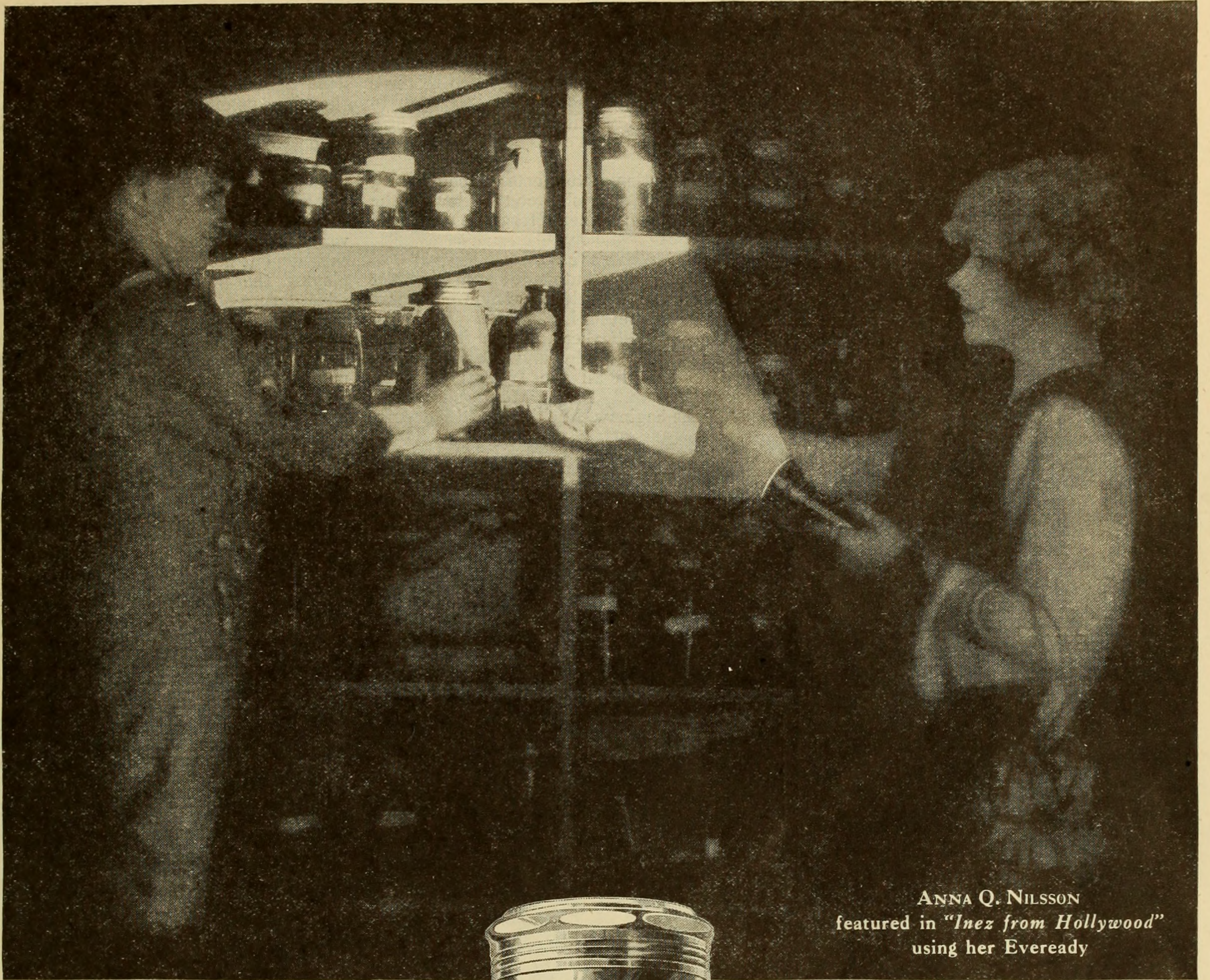
Finally Miss Rich solved the problem. She was starring for Warner Brothers in "Eve's Lover." "I'll get you a job as an extra in my picture and then, when the camera is not grinding, we can have a great visit," said the star.

Thus it was arranged. Mrs. Wagner was an extra for a day and the meeting which had been delayed a half dozen times came to pass.

The next day Mrs. Wagner dropped over to the studio to see the "rushes." They were so good and Mrs. Wagner photographed so well that the director and Miss Rich have almost persuaded the author's wife to take up motion pictures as a profession.

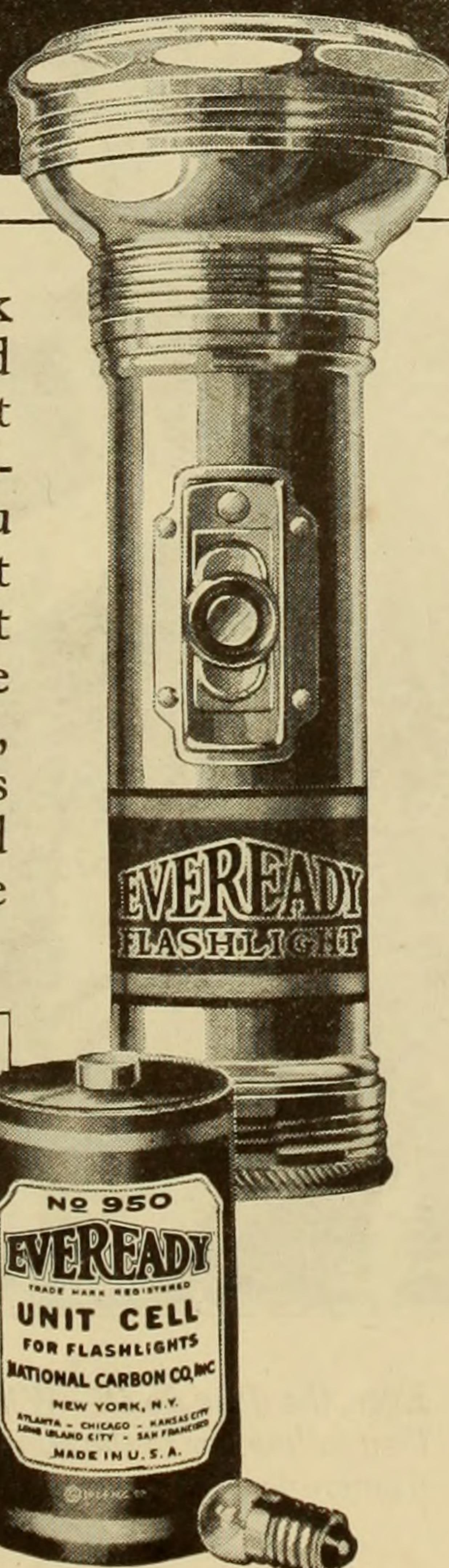
Careful, Rob, I know a chap who lost a perfectly good wife that way.

In that dark cellar—use your flashlight!



ANNA Q. NILSSON
 featured in "Inez from Hollywood"
 using her Eveready

To LIGHT your way down those dark cellar stairs, use your flashlight! To find your favorite preserves in the jam closet . . . to tend the furnace, use your flashlight! Use your Eveready wherever you have need of a safe, bright, white light that can be focused on the spot right before you. Eveready Flashlights have countless uses in and around the house, the garage, the car. Improved models meet every need for light—indoors and out. There is a type for every purpose and purse.



Reload your flashlights and keep them on the job with fresh, strong Eveready Unit Cells. If you haven't a flashlight, see the nearest Eveready dealer at once. Buy the improved Eveready Flashlights from electrical, hardware and marine supply dealers, drug, sporting goods and general stores, garages and auto accessory shops.

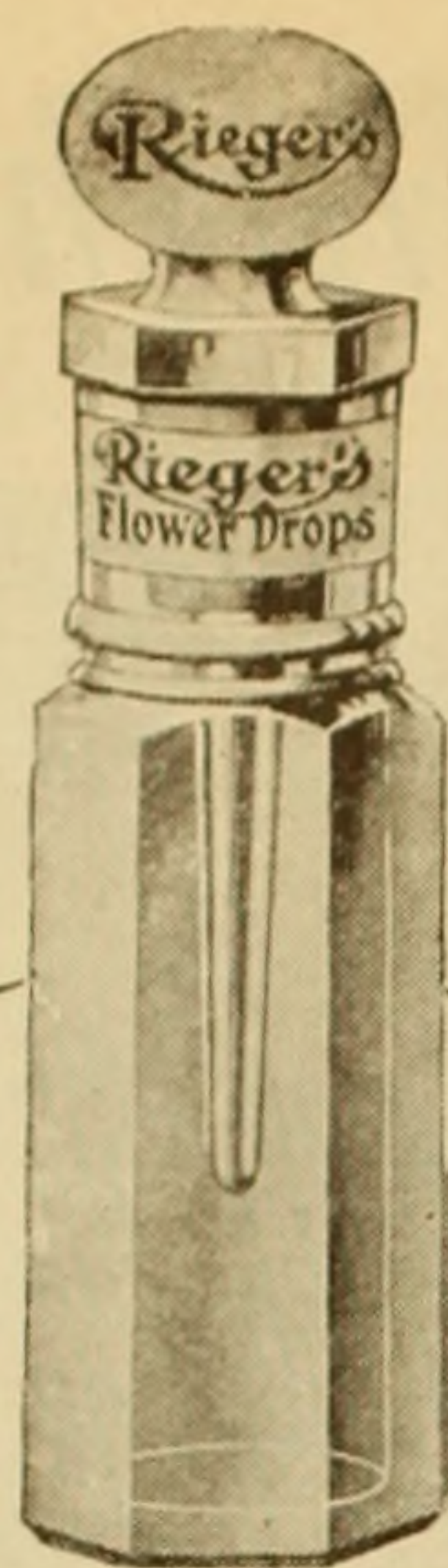
Manufactured and guaranteed by
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
 New York San Francisco
 Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

The type illustrated is No. 2634, the Eveready 2-cell Broad-beam Flashlight. Handsome nickel finish. Safety-lock switch, proof against accidental lighting. Octagonal, non-rolling lens-ring.

Eveready Unit Cells fit and improve all makes of flashlights. They insure brighter light and longer battery life. Keep an extra set on hand. Especially designed Eveready-Mazda bulbs, the bright eyes of the flashlights, likewise last longer.

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES

—they last longer



\$15.00
an
ounce

\$8.00
a half
ounce

The Most Precious Perfume in the World

RIEGER'S FLOWER DROPS are unlike anything you have ever seen before. The very essence of the flowers themselves, made without alcohol. For years the favorite of women of taste in society and on the stage. The regular price is \$15.00 an ounce, but for 20c you can obtain a miniature bottle of this perfume, the most precious in the world. When the sample comes you will be delighted to find that you can use it without extravagance. It is so highly concentrated that the delicate odor from a single drop will last a week.

Sample 20¢

Send 20c (stamps or silver) with the coupon below and we will send you a sample vial of Rieger's Flower Drops, the most alluring and most costly perfume ever made. Twenty cents for the world's most precious perfume! Send Now.

Rieger's Perfumes—at all Drug and Dept. Stores
If your dealer cannot supply you, send direct to address below

Paul Rieger's Flower Drops
Full size bottle with long glass stopper, containing 30 drops—30 weeks' supply:
Lilac, Crabapple . . . \$1.50
Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet . . . \$2.00
Romanza . . . \$2.50
Above odors: oz. \$15.00
Half-oz. \$8.00

Special Souvenir Box
Attractive special box containing five different Rieger Perfumes that regularly retail for \$1.75 . . . \$1.00
This Souvenir Box makes an unusually acceptable gift.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Rieger's Honolulu Bouquet

You will be charmed by the indescribable fragrance of this new creation. Perfume—\$1.00 per oz.; Toilet Water—4 oz. \$1.00; Face Powder—\$1.00; Soap—40c. Send 20c for generous trial bottle of this delightful new perfume.

Crème of Violets A wonderful New Greaseless Cream
For beautiful, velvet-smooth, white hands. Nothing to equal it after shaving—leaves skin smooth and cool. Large tube—50c.

Send Coupon Now

Paul Rieger & Co. (Since 1872)
185 First St., San Francisco, Calif.

Enclosed find \$ _____ for which send me the following:
Rieger's Flower Drops (odor)

- Sample bottle, 20c Full size bottle, \$ _____
- Special Souvenir box, \$1.00 Crème of Violets, 50c
- Honolulu Bouquet** { Perfume, 1 oz. bottle . . . \$1.00
 Perfume, Trial bottle . . . 20c
 Toilet Water, 4 oz. bottle . . . \$1.00
 Face Powder, \$1.00 Soap, 40c

Name _____

Address _____

Send stamps, currency, money order or check
Remember, if not pleased your money refunded

DUAL roles are not uncommon in the pictures, but Edmund Lowe is going to go them one better and play a triple role in his latest picture, "The Best Man."

It's rather hard to explain—these three roles which Eddie will appear in—but it goes something like this:

Eddie will of course play the hero in his natural make-up. He also plays the villain—for which he dons mustache, sideburns and a "widow's peak." But in addition to these two roles, as the hero he is called upon to impersonate the villain—thus making three roles. Do you see?

THREE motion picture actors stood talking on a corner of Hollywood boulevard the other day when another actor came along and asked:

"Well, boys, how's the police business?"

The three grinned but made no answer. Yet they could if they would, for they were George O'Brien, whose father is Chief of Police of San Francisco, Tom Gallery, whose father is a Chicago police captain, and Major McCoy, who rounded up all the Indians in "The Covered Wagon." Major McCoy's father is chief of the Saginaw, Michigan, police department.

THERE are two sides to every story. I got an interesting sidelight the other day on Mrs. Rudolph Valentino from a man who works under her at the studio. No one can give you more accurate information about a person than their co-workers, and in view of the many contending reports about Mrs. Valentino, this little statement seemed vitally important to me.

"I've worked for a number of stars in this

business," said the man, "but Mrs. Valentino is the most satisfactory person I ever worked for, man or woman. Business contact with her, if you are working for her, is an absolute delight. She knows exactly what she wants, in the first place. There is no indecision. Her mind is definitely and clearly made up on the point before she comes to you. Then, she knows how to tell you, in a very concise and simple and easily understood way. Having done that, if you carry out her directions, there is no possibility of any misunderstanding or alteration of opinion afterwards. If she has been wrong, she doesn't try to blame it on you. She never passes the buck in any way. I believe she is the most thoroughly efficient person I have ever seen on a picture lot.

"I don't know whether her ideas are right or wrong. That isn't the question. But for carrying out her ideas, getting them over, employing the power under her to the best advantage, she's a wonder."

THE arrival of Mrs. Ronald Colman in Hollywood was bound to cause a lot of commotion and excitement in any case, but arriving as she did with a suit for separate maintenance in one hand and a lot of unfriendly comments in the other, it started a regular uproar which is still seething.

In the first place, very few of Ronald's devoted admirers in the film colony knew he was married. Those that did, had pictures of a wife permanently sojourning in the Riviera and entirely uninterested in her dark and handsome husband.

So that when Mrs. Colman actually appeared in the flesh, on the studio lot one morning, and greeted Mr. Colman with every indication

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 88]



Even the dogs do it. Whenever a woman with children gets a part in pictures they follow her to the studio and clutter up the set. And here is Cameo with her numerous progeny making life harder and harder for Matt Moore and Director William Beaudine in "How Baxter Butted In"



Golden Summer Nights— Glorious Silver Fox

For the moonlight ride in the open, the dinner dance at the country club, or countless other delightful summer affairs, silver fox adds to the joy of participation. It lends to well chosen apparel the magic touch of charm that has for centuries made silver fox a most treasured possession of women of means. Be guided in the purchase of fine silver fox by the Pontiac Strain Seal. It is your assurance of quality—your guarantee of genuineness.

Send for a copy of the illustrated booklet, "The Fur Incomparable," containing worth while information for every one interested in silver fox.

DETROIT SILVER FOX FARMS

The Pontiac Strain Organization
Fifteen Ranches and Producing Units

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Detroit, Michigan

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DSFF

(20)



A charming ensemble—attractive Eleanor Boardman—glorious silver fox! A specially posed photograph by Seely, Los Angeles

PONTIAC FURS

Strain

Greatest Fashion Genius Now In Pictures



ERTE

ERTE, the famous designer of French fashions, has become, for a time, the director of the costume department of the Metro-Goldwyn Studio at Culver City, California. He was induced to desert his Paris and Monte Carlo studios for a few months only because he believes that the American woman is the best dressed of all the women, and that the motion picture is the world's greatest influence on style. He has never been in America before. Erté is only thirty-two, and has a charming and extremely modest personality. He is of the Russian nobility, French by adoption, and his real name is Count Romain De Tiroff. Doubly distinguished by work and birth.





Midsummer dreams wafted to skies of cerulean blue —

AZUREA

... a subtle blending of fragrances, interpreting the personality of its user through the alluring, elusive charm of distinctive perfume.

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Three Centuries of
Beauty Secrets

From the Paris House of Piver comes this dainty guide to charm and beauty — free to you if you write L. T. Piver, Inc., 118 East 16th Street, New York.





A Mother's Duty

is to help her child keep that schoolgirl complexion

Authorities say every mother should follow this simple rule in skin care with a growing child

SHE'S indoors one moment, outdoors the next. She's exposed to all the extremes of temperature known.

Are you giving her skin the correct care? Beauty scientists now tell us that skin radiance in girlhood is largely dependent upon the precautions taken in childhood.

Help her *keep* the exquisitely supple skin she has today. Remember that she can, all through life, if only a few simple rules of caution and care be followed now.

Never let a day pass without this

The secret, as experts all can tell, is in the balmy lather of palm and olive oils—the perfect blending as found in Palmolive.

As she grows older, let her use powder if she wishes. *But never leave it on over night.* It clogs the pores, often enlarges them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. The skin must be kept clean, the pores open and active.

Just before retiring, wash gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it

softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then apply a touch of cold cream if the skin is dry and needs it.

The world's most simple beauty treatment

Thus in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty, charm and youth prolonged.

No medicaments are necessary. Remove the day's accumulations of dirt and oil, cleanse the pores, and nature will be kind. The skin will be of fine texture. Coloring will be good.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soap in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of palm and olive oils, is as good. Palmolive is a *skin emollient* in soap form. The secret is in the oils and their blending.

And it costs but 10c the cake! Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILL.



AFRICAN PALM TREE



OLIVE TREE



COCONUT PALM TREE

Soap from Trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—and no other fats whatsoever.

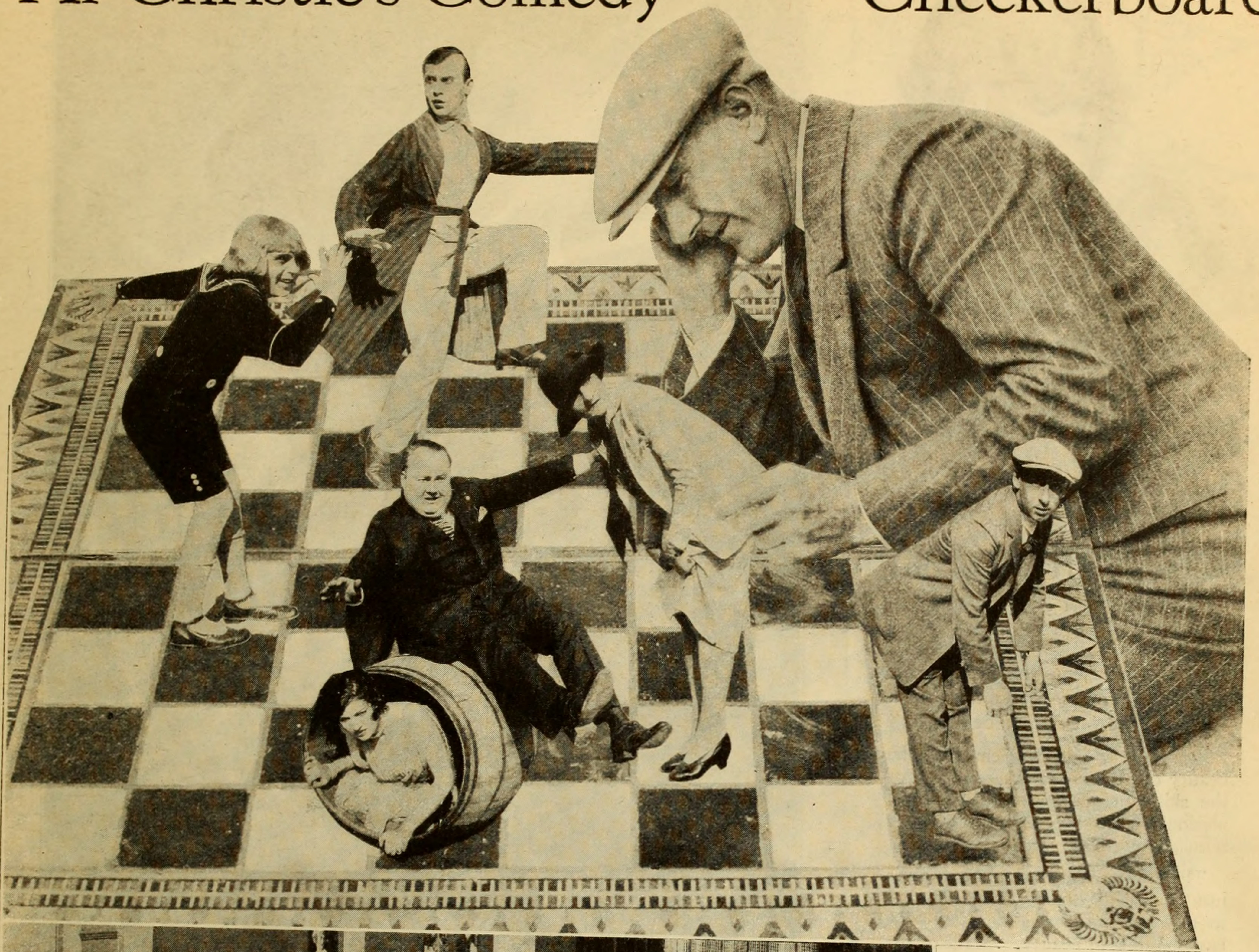
That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, *nothing else*, give Palmolive its green color.



Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped.

Al Christie's Comedy

Checkerboard



Here's the way a picture looks to Al Christie before he makes it—every character a checker and every picture a checkerboard on which he moves them. Bobby Vernon in kid costume; Neal Burns in bath robe; Walter Hiers and Natalie Joyce on and in a barrel; Vera Steadman in sport suit and Jimmie Adams in cap cavort comically as Al directs

Truly, this shouldn't be "No Man's Land." At the left is a dressing room scene from the picture of that name. From left to right are Vera Steadman, Natalie Joyce, Diane Thompson and Ethel Shannon. Molly Malone is seated on the dressing table.



Unlock the hidden beauty in *your* skin



FRENCH authority once said, "There are no ugly women—there are only those who do not know how to look beautiful."

The most important element in the beauty of the face is the condition of the skin, and every woman has complexion possibilities only waiting to be released by proper care.

The daily use of Resinol Soap gives just this care because it helps the skin to maintain its normal activity—the basis of all skin beauty. Made of the purest and gentlest cleansing ingredients to which have been added the Resinol properties, it easily rids the pores of clogging impurities, permitting them to breathe and resist germ infection.

Its distinctive fragrance and deep color come naturally from the Resinol it contains,—that same quality which makes its lather so soft, soothing and refreshing. Begin today to use Resinol Soap for your toilet and bath. Within a week you will doubtless be amazed at the new beauty in your skin.

For special irritations, apply a little Resinol Ointment and see how quickly it clears them away. This healing ointment has also been used successfully for years for the relief of itching, burning skin troubles. Your druggist sells the Resinol products.

RESINOL SOAP



Dept. H, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, without charge, a sample of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment.

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



Courtesy of Popular Mechanics

A mythological monster brought to life. It plays a part in a German-made film

Fire-Breathing Dragon in Pictures

MAKING "realistic" the seemingly impossible in motion pictures is not a monopoly of American studios, it seems. Foreign producers every now and then also show extraordinary ingenuity in creating sensational effects. "The Nibelungenlied," a classic of fable, drama and opera has been given a new virility in a recent German filming of the old story of the hero *Siegfried's* battle with the dragon. The terrible dragon himself appears in awe-inspiring naturalness—a mechanical creation. In the interior of the monster are seventeen men and they operate the machinery that causes the great figure to go through its life-

like motions. Suction and force pumps and bellows make it appear that the dragon is drinking water from a pool. Breathing is simulated by the expansion and contraction of the chest. The dragon crawls through ravines, lifts its head high, rolls its eyes, and shoots fire from its nostrils. Electric lights guide the crew within at their task and peep holes enable them to keep the monster on its appointed course. The jaws drip with a viscid liquid poured over them previous to filming—in the traditional manner of dragons. The drawing above represents the artist's conception of the interior mechanism of this remarkable "prop."

Debonair George O'Brien

EQUALLY at home on horseback, on ship-board, in drawing rooms. He wears his clothes with the nonchalance born of certain knowledge that every last detail is correct—down to the very eyelets on his well-burnished Goodyear Welt oxfords.

Those tiny raised diamonds, like the karat mark on gold, identify genuine fast color visible eyelets, to be found only on high grade footwear.

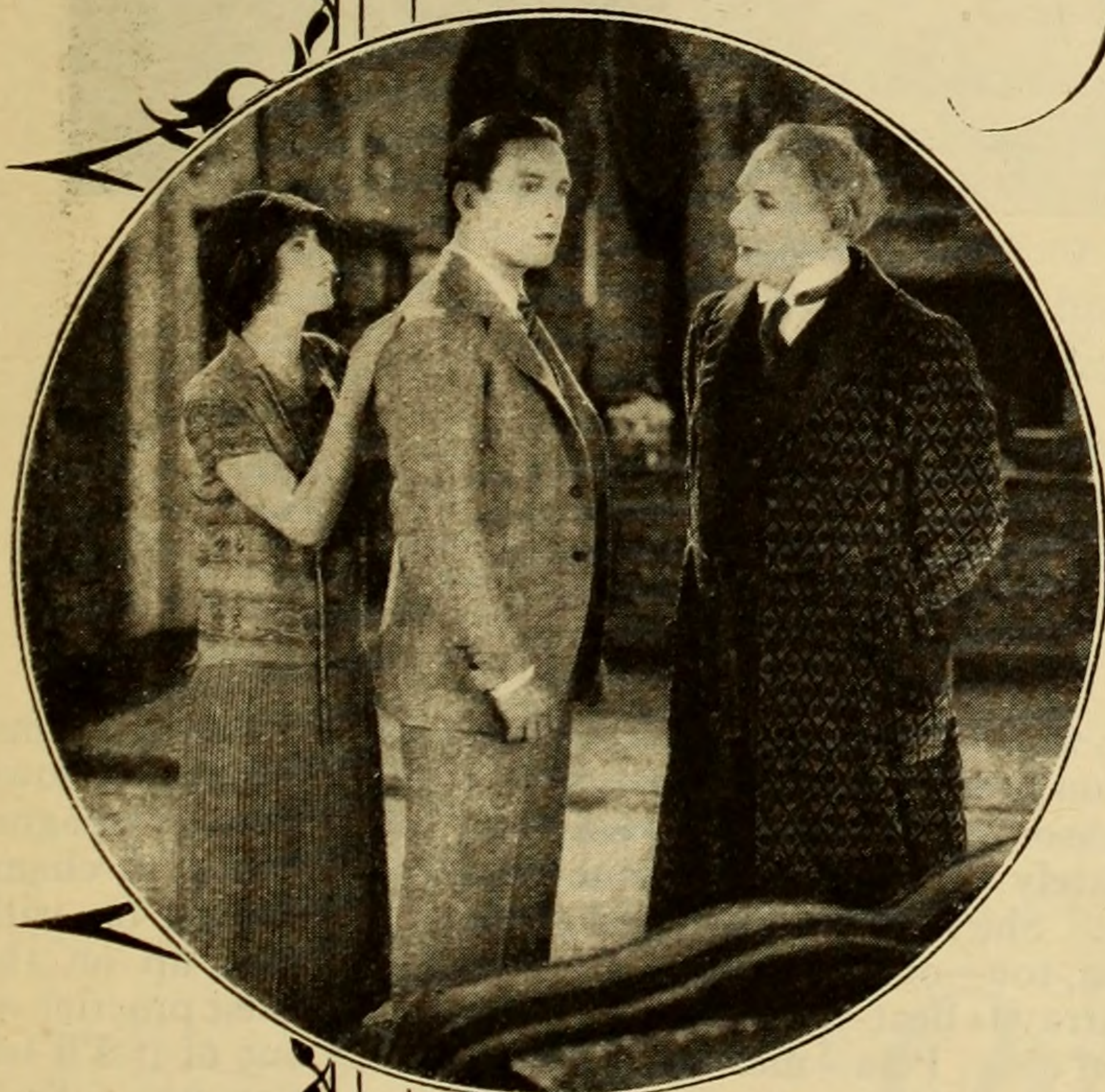
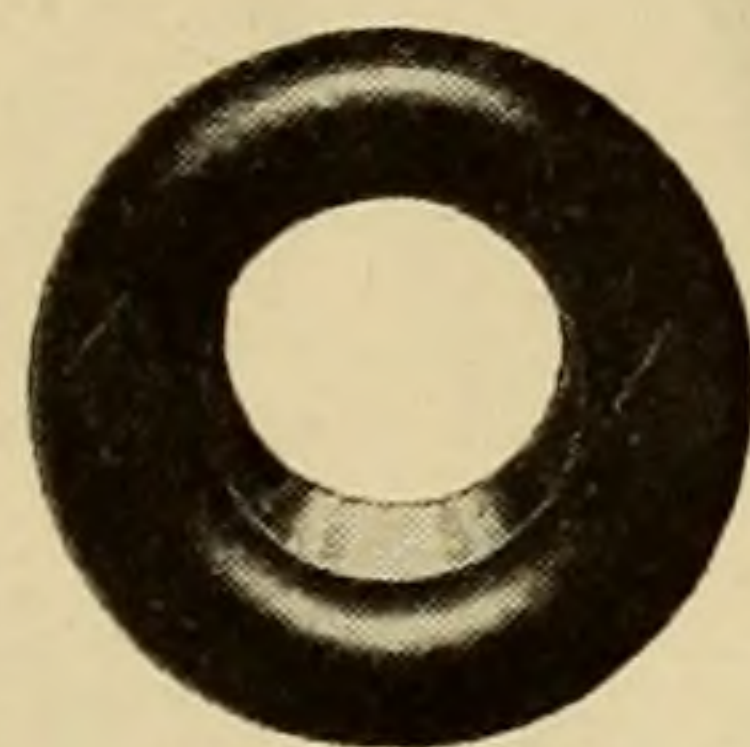
Diamond Brand [Visible] Fast Color Eyelets preserve the smooth style lines of the upper and promote easy lacing. They retain their original finish indefinitely and actually outwear the shoe.

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET CO.

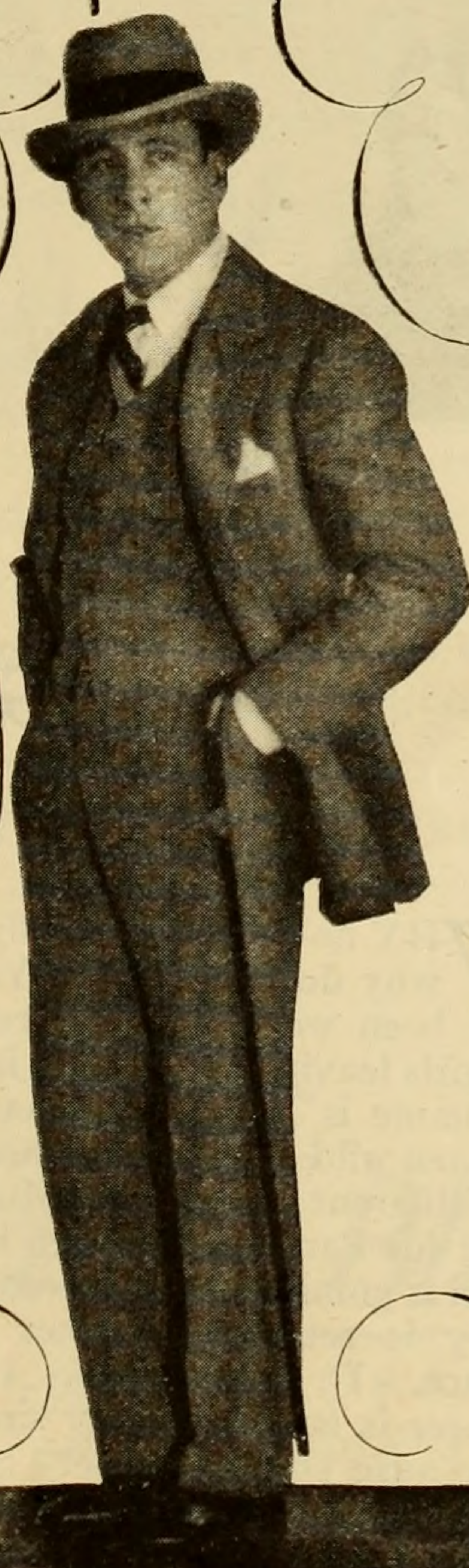
Manufacturers of

DIAMOND BRAND (Visible) FAST COLOR EYELETS

ONLY THE GENUINE HAVE THE DIAMOND TRADE MARK



The Man Who Came Back



A Wm. Fox Production

The Girl On The Cover



The Magic Charm of Lovely Hands

The way to a man's heart is often through soft, beautiful, well-kept hands. Nothing is more pleasing to the masculine eye; nothing speaks more eloquently of culture and refinement—and now, thanks to Glazo, nothing is easier to attain.

Instead of long, tedious buffing, you simply touch each nail with this splendid liquid polish, wait a few seconds for it to dry—and there you are, with the lustrous shell-pink nails that Fashion demands!

Glazo spreads evenly, does not crack or peel, is not marred by soap and water, and needs renewing only once a week.

Separate Remover Means Perfect Results

Glazo is the original Liquid Polish. It comes *complete* with separate remover, which not only insures better results but prevents the waste that occurs when the Polish itself is used as a remover.

Stop at your favorite toilet goods counter today and get the Glazo package. It will mean lovely nails always, with the minimum of exertion and expense. 50c at all counters.

GLAZO

*Nails Stay Polished Longer—
No Buffing Necessary*

*Try GLAZO Cuticle
Massage Cream*

It shapes the cuticle and
keeps it even and healthy



For trial size complete GLAZO Manicuring Outfit, write name and address in margin, tear off and mail with 10c to
The Glazo Co., 28 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, O.



Norma Shearer

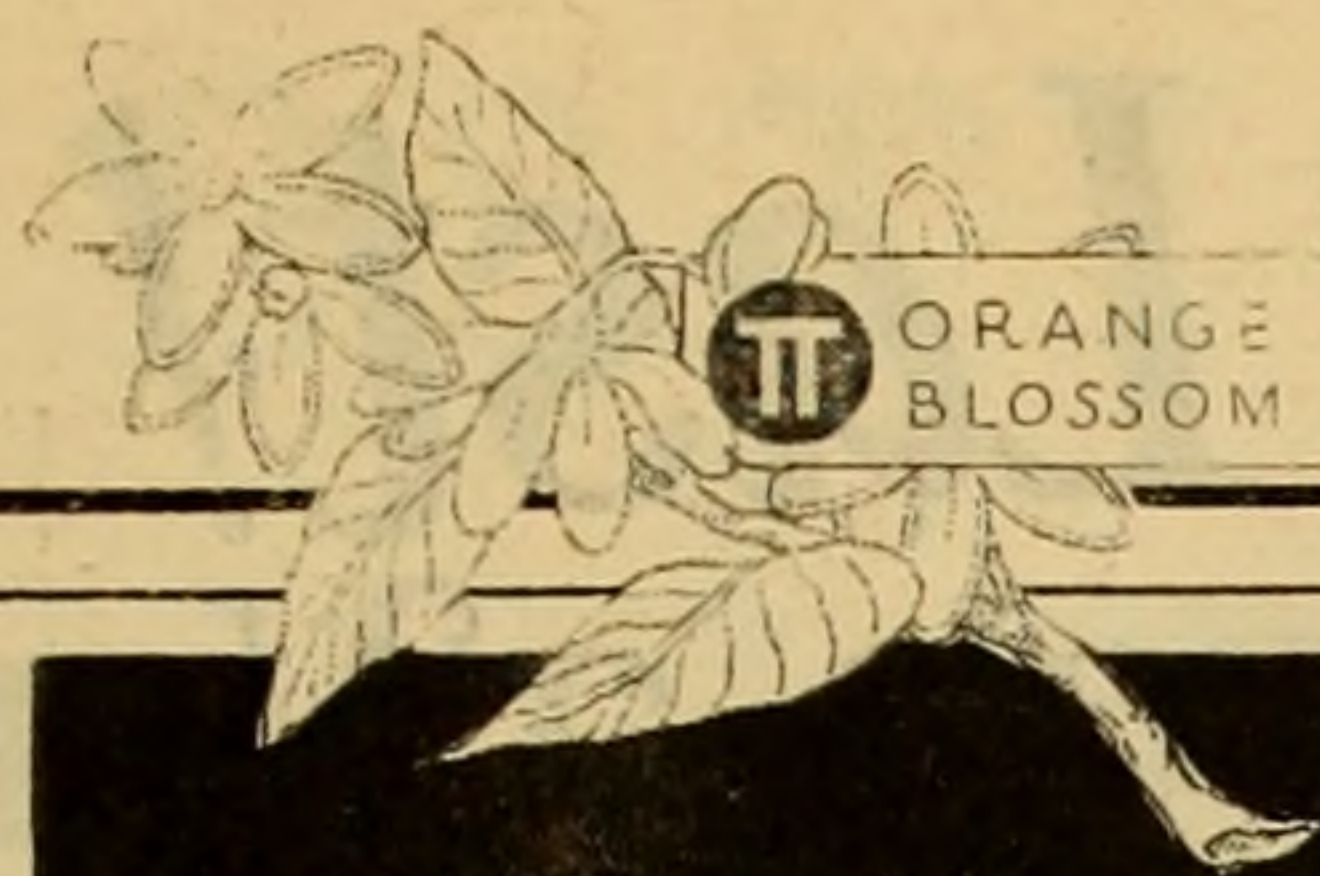
Why Girls Leave Hollywood

By Herbert Howe

WHY do girls leave Hollywood—and why do men stick? You probably have been wondering the reason for all the girls leaving Hollywood lately. Well, her name is Norma Shearer. She's got the men wild—and the women, too—only in a different way. Mae Murray is beating it for Paris like a queen in exile, Pola Negri is going to Poland to die, and Alice Terry is returning to her husband in France. I don't know why Norma Shearer is such a deadly siren, unless it is because she isn't one. She has that

mignonette elusiveness of Maude Adams. Her siren charms are as hard to pin down for analysis as the bubbles in champagne. But I've never been a piker with champagne and I don't intend to be with Norma. I'm walking right up on the stage to let the lady hypnotist practice on me. As soon as I snap out of it I'll tell you just what the sensation was. So if nothing appears next month you'll know I died in a trance and flowers may be sent to the home, from which services will be conducted.

So Read the June Issue of Photoplay



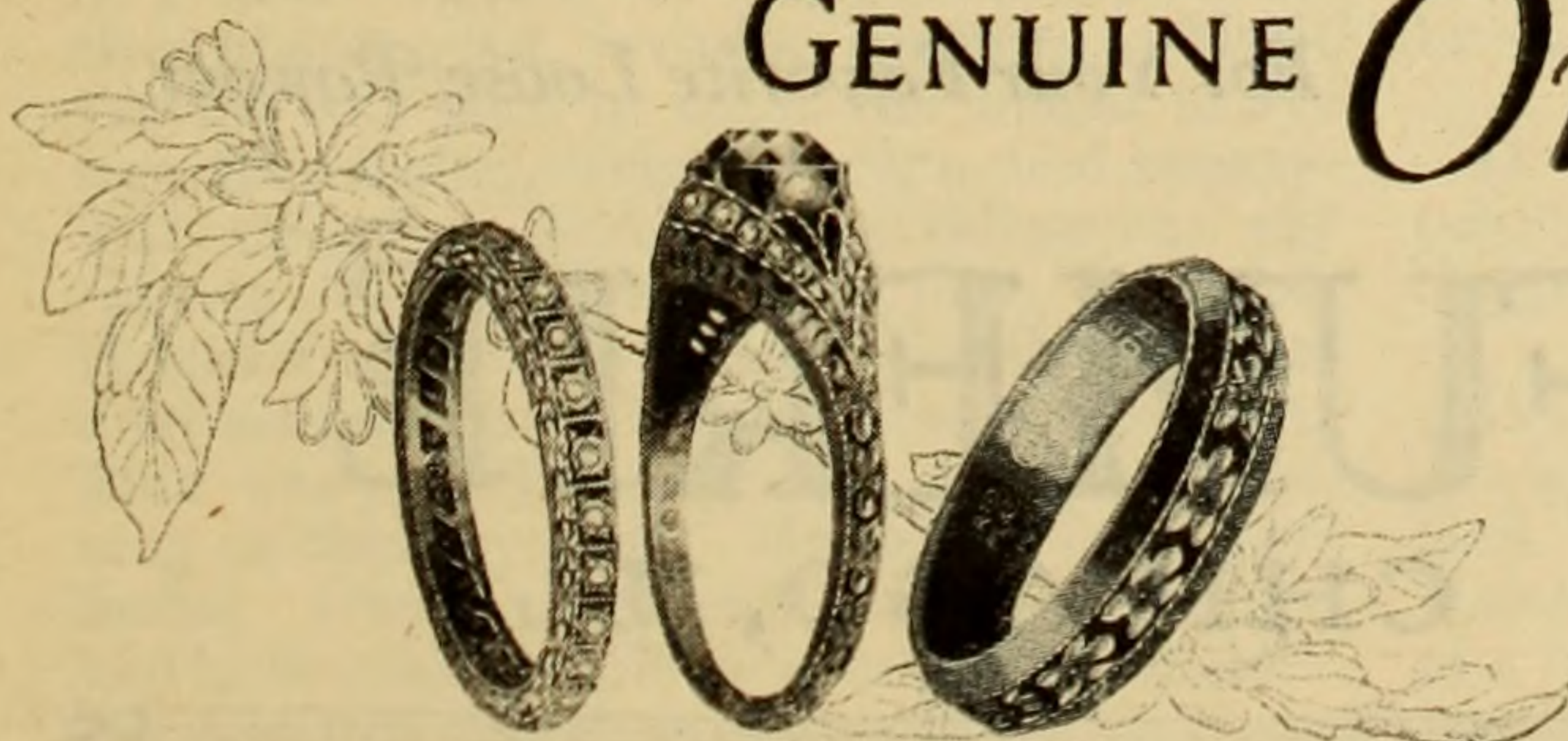
BECAUSE they are so beautifully designed, and so exquisitely made, and because they represent the last word in style, it is a subtle indication of good taste to give her an Orange Blossom engagement ring. She will be pleased, too, because it can later be matched with an Orange Blossom wedding ring of special gold, iridio-platinum or jeweled.

Sold exclusively by reliable jewelers. All styles—\$12.00 and up. Write for the free style booklet, giving the interesting history of wedding rings.

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GENUINE *Orange Blossom* RINGS



Bear these  ORANGE BLOSSOM
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At Last!

Here's a Vanitie for Loose Powder That Cannot Spill

Say "Good-Bye" to
cake powder—for
now you can safely
carry your favorite
loose powder wher-
ever you go.

Norida

Vanitie

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Beauty's great companions—
Your favorite loose Boudoir
Powder and your Norida Vanitie

That soft, caressing touch of your favorite loose powder adds a world of charm to your beauty. And now wherever you go—whether to the theatre, at a party, dance, dinner or in the office you can always use your favorite loose powder. Norida brings this wonderful convenience to you—Norida—your greatest beauty aid—has made it possible for you to carry your favorite loose powder with perfect safety.

The Powder Cannot Spill

See! You can carry your Norida Vanitie in any position—hold it upside down—yet the powder cannot spill. Simply marvelous! And there isn't another vanity case in all the world like it.

Obtain a Norida Vanitie Today!

Why use cake powder any longer? Go today to your favorite toilet goods place. Ask to see a Norida Vanitie. You will be so delighted that you will buy one immediately. The price is \$1.50, in gilt or silver finishes. It comes filled with Fleur Sauvage (wildflower) Poudre, a fragrant French Powder, in the shade you use.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send for your Norida Vanitie by mail.

State if you want the Gilt or Silver finish, and whether Blanche, Naturelle, or Rachele powder. Send \$1.50 to

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630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

It's So Easy to Refill

When Norida is emptied, you refill it in a few seconds with the powder you like best—Not Cake Powder—but the loose, fluffy powder you use in your boudoir. Isn't that wonderful?

Norida Vanitie is a thin, dainty, beautiful, handsomely embossed, nonspilling, refillable Vanitie. The size is two inches—just the right size to carry conveniently.

Has a powder reservoir for your favorite loose powder. Just a slight turn, and your powder comes out in any quantity you wish. Sanitary—practical—economical—and you'll say it's wonderful. Buy one today. Costs only \$1.50—but it's worth much more.



At All Toilet Goods Counters

For Your Favorite Loose Powder

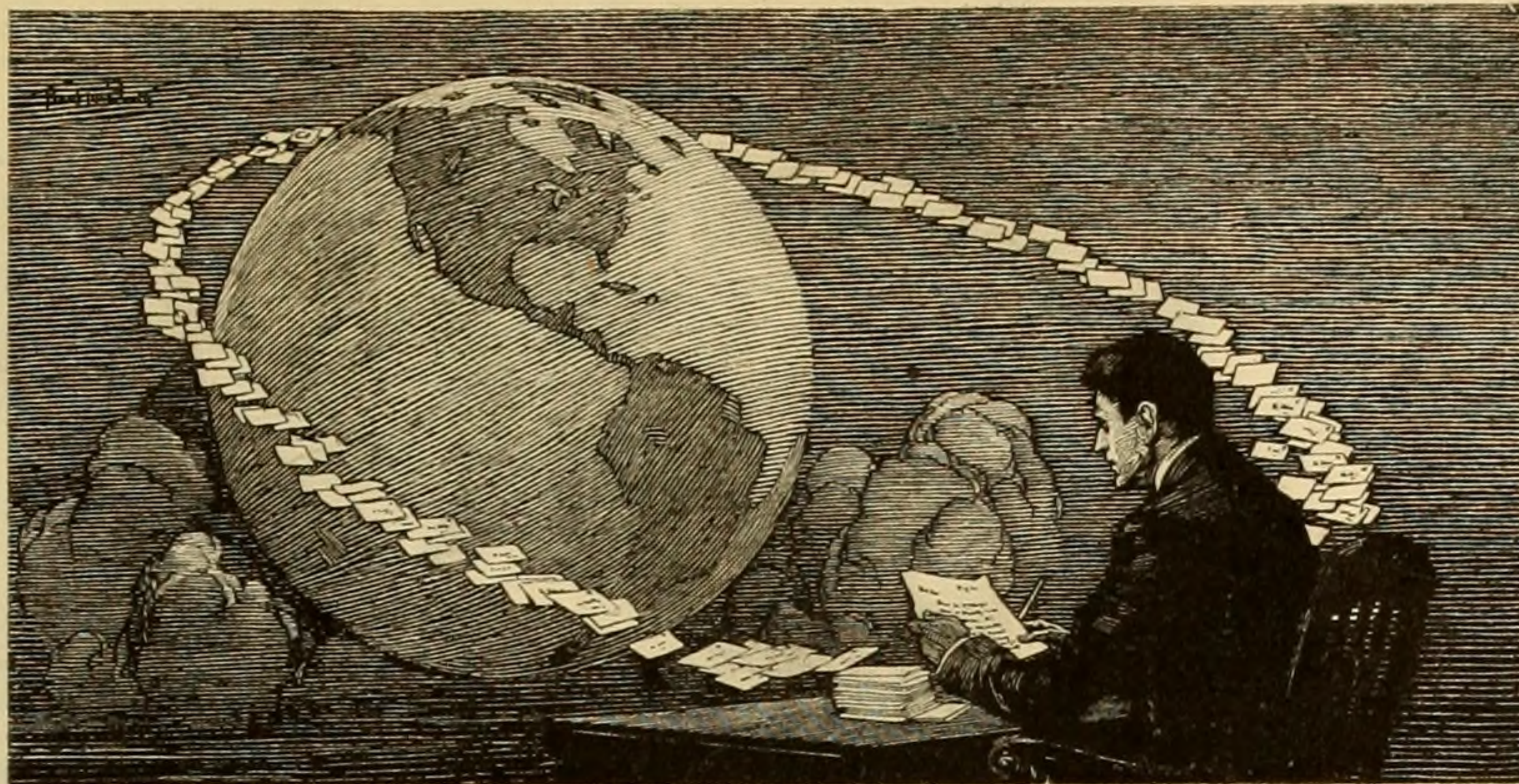
NORIDA PARFUMERIE

630 S. WABASH AVE. CHICAGO, ILL.

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.

KITTY, LONG MEADOW, MASS.—Ha! To one who waits long enough comes the fulfillment of his dearest wish. I always wanted to square off at the handsomest of the male movie stars and say: "You get a lot of compliments but nobody ever called you this." I am a "honey," you say. If you were in this office at this moment, Kitty darling, you would see me make a cake walker turn green with envy at my strut. Of course, I will tell you what you want to know about Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in return for that sweet praise. Master Douglas was born Dec. 10, 1910. He has blue eyes and light brown hair. His height and weight are like the sea. Know why? Because they are constantly changing. If I were to write today's record it might be inches and pounds away from the truth by the date of publication. So are honest folk misunderstood. That boy certainly does grow. Lasky Studio will supply his photograph.

M. K., MIDDLETOWN, OHIO.—Ben Lyon was on the stage for five years. He has been on the screen since May, 1923. Douglas MacLean was born Jan. 14, about 1897. He has been on the screen since 1917. Yep, married.

ALICE, REDONDO BEACH, CALIF.—You don't know whether I am singular or plural. Come hither, Alice, and let me whisper to you that I am not the Siamese twins. Mary Pickford's home is at Beverly Hills, Calif. Who doesn't admire dark-eyed Anita? She has been married to, but separated from, Rudolph Cameron. Jackie Coogan's photographs can be secured as before from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

L. M. S., NEW YORK, N. Y.—You are right in your conjecture that Rin-tin-tin does not handle his fan mail. I am sure that if you asked him whether Warner Bros. would send you his photograph he would wag "Yes." William (Buster) Collier shares his birthday with the American immortal, Abraham Lincoln. He was born Feb. 12. But nearly a hundred years after the martyred President. His birth year is 1902. Not married. Why rush him into the state of (more or less) tumult?

ELEANOR, CHICAGO, ILL.—You think my answers are "cute" and you know that I just sit back and laugh at all the guesses that are sent in. You wonder whether the day will ever come when I will tell all of you who I am. So do I, dear. Here is the indispensable information about your favorite actresses. Marie Prevost was born in 1898. Her height is five feet, four inches, weight one hundred twenty-four pounds. Nice and cuddlesome, eh? Alberta Vaughn was born June 27, 1906. Height five feet two inches. Weight one hundred six pounds. Your favorite actor, Monte Blue, was born Jan. 11, 1890. Use your lightning calculator, Ellie. Height six feet, three inches. One of the screen's tallest. Weight—had to be considerable to balance that height—one hundred ninety-five pounds.

NORMA S., LARCHMONT, N. Y.—Rockliffe Fellowes uses his own name for the screen. He is married. His wife is Lucille Watson, well known on the stage. No children. He was born in 1885. Height five feet, eleven inches. Brown eyes and brown hair. He has not recently made a picture in the East. I take this means of telling him that you think he is splendid.

J. A., ST. PAUL, MINN.—Delighted to be your "dearest" Answer Man. You think Clive Brook has the "kindest eyes and mouth in the world." He was born in London, England, on the first day of the month of roses—right, June—in 1891. He was married when we was a little past thirty. Strictly speaking, Sept. 25, 1921. He has a daughter to whom he and Mrs. Brook gave the beautiful name Faith. He is five feet, eleven inches tall. His eyes are gray, his hair brown.

MARJORIE, BRUNSWICK, MO.—The list of addresses is that of the principal motion picture producers. PHOTOPLAY carries the list in every issue. The name of the company that produces it is flashed before and after every picture. Remember the name of the play in which you last saw your favorite and the name of the producing company. Then look at the list of those firms. So bright a girl can put the two and two together. To find the studio directory look at the table of contents. It is listed at the very end in italics. The Dorothy Dalton picture you describe is "The Law of the Lawless." Ben Lyon has not shifted his allegiance from First National. His latest picture is "The Necessary Evil."

BLONDIE, FORT WAYNE, IND.—Yes, I "got" your opinion of Lloyd Hughes. He is "superb." Of course I will tell an anxious little blonde whether he is married. He is. Why should the interest of anxious blondes center in these screen good lookers? Mrs. Hughes' maiden name was Gloria Hope. A radiant name to have about the house, wasn't it? Mr. Hughes was born Oct. 21, 1897. Figure it out for yourself, my dear. Are you a bobbed blonde? Richard Dix was born in 1895. Figure that out, too, my ordinarily cheerful but just now unaccountably depressed correspondent.

BILLIE, WACO, TEX.—Barbara La Marr's age is twenty-four. She is like all motion picture folk, a wanderer on the face of the earth. Reason, working on locations. Write Sawyer-Lubin for her photograph.

D. M., HAMMOND, IND.—The story, "Sisters," has been done on the screen. Seena Owen and Gladys Leslie played the sisters.

INEZ, SEATTLE, WASH.—Mary Pickford's last picture was "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." Miss Pickford was born April 8, 1893. Harold Lloyd is married. He is the vain father of a baby daughter named Gloria. Mr. Lloyd was born April 20, 1894.

HELEN, SHREVEPORT, LA.—When am I "going to lift the mask"? Are you thinking of the last Prophets' ball at the New Orleans Mardi Gras, Helen? Great event, isn't it? Whisper. I danced there once. Robert Frazier is six feet tall, thirty years old and married. Mr. Frazier played in "Women Who Give" with Renee Adoree and Barbara Bedford as fellow players. He played with Pola Negri in "Men." Is Ben Lyon as handsome off as on the screen? See his photographs, my love. He was born Feb. 6, 1901.

K. L. S., VIRGINIA.—You and your friends want to know what has become of Ethel Clayton and want to see her again in pictures. Would that all mortal wishes could be so easily fulfilled. Miss Clayton is coming back to the screen in a production called "The Mansion of Aching Hearts" after being in vaudeville for many months. The F. B. O. Studios can supply her photographs.

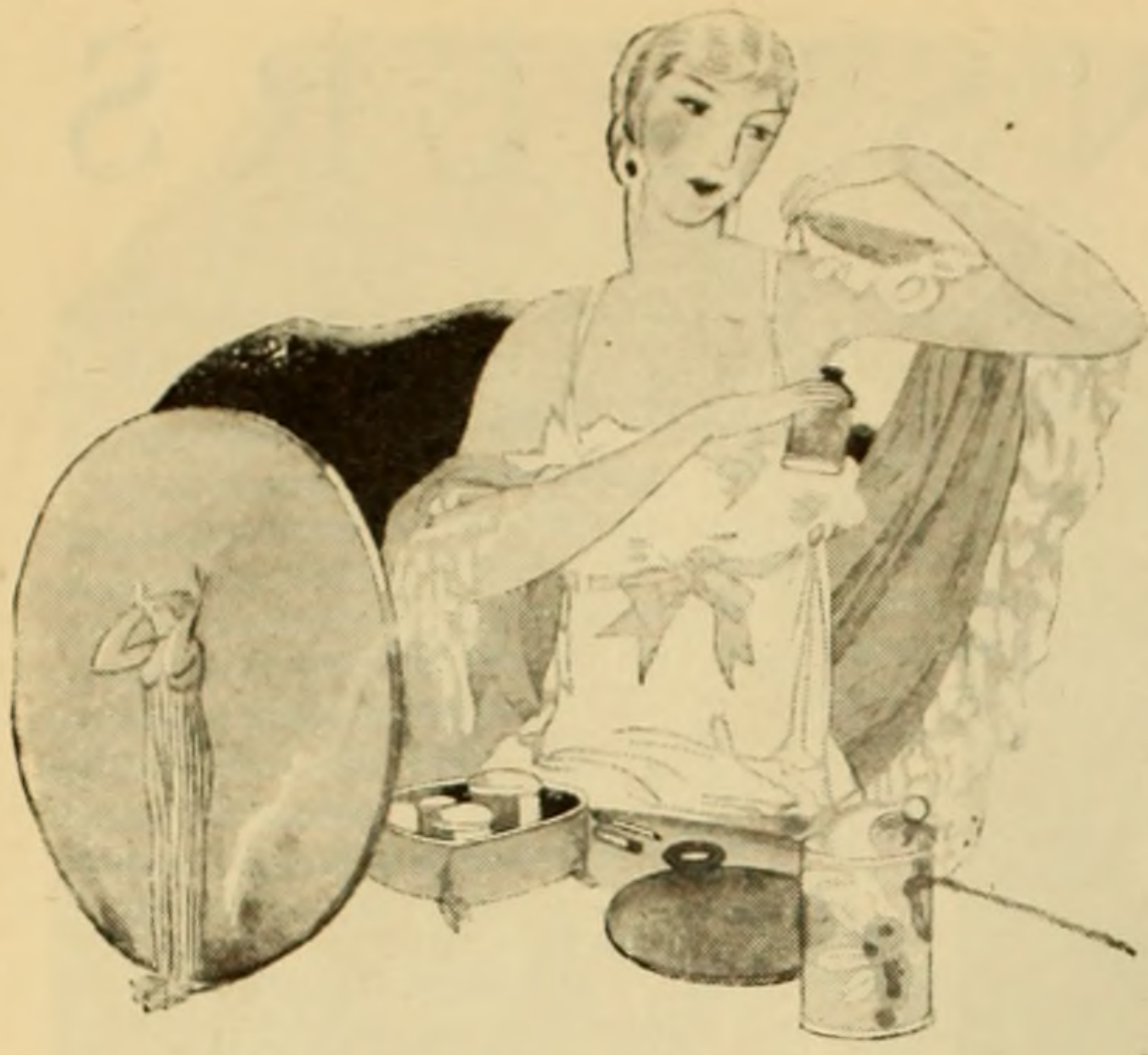
ROSALIE, PLAINFIELD, N. J.—Warner Baxter appears, but is not starred, in "The Golden Bed." Verily he is wedded. Unto Winifred Bryson. Does the news sadden you, Rosalie dear? His photograph supply station is the Lasky Studios.

AGNES, LONG BEACH, CALIF.—Write PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co., 750 North Michigan Ave., for the magazines containing the concluding chapters of the story, "The Studio Secret."

M. E. D., PULASKI, VA.—You don't want to write him but you do want to know Reginald Denny's connecting link with the world. It is the Universal Studios. You want, too, to know whether he is married. Not that you want to marry him, if he isn't, but just because girls are curious. Well, then, he is married. Mr. Denny was born at Richmond, in Surrey, England. The date of so immense importance is Nov. 21, 1891. He is married and has a daughter, Barbara, who is seven years old. He had a stage career in England and "The States" before adopting the screen. Yes, even a jealous old grouch of an Answer Man must admit Conway Tearle's vast appeal to the still, but perhaps not long, skirted sex. Curses!

KATHRYN, DETROIT, MICH.—You think "Viola Dana is the best actress there is and will always think so." Your middle name is Loyalty, Kathryn. Miss Dana is twenty-six. Her own name is Viola Flugrath. I do not know of her contemplating marriage at this time. But the moon, when it hangs low over Hollywood, stimulates the romantic impulse.

MIDGE, GENEVA, N. Y.—You fell in love with Florence Vidor as *Barbara Frietchie* and want to know the usual facts about her. Born in 1895. Married. Has a daughter. You can get a photograph of her through the Lasky Studios. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]



A fine white powder which absorbs and neutralizes body odors

By LETITIA HADLEY

WOMEN like to use powder, I think. This was reflected when I questioned 10,000 women as to their preferences in a deodorant—liquid, paste, or powder. Ninety-six per cent. said they would prefer a deodorant powder.

It required the skill of one of the world's greatest laboratories to develop a really effective deodorant in the form of a delightful powder.

Deodo has an almost unbelievable capacity for absorbing and neutralizing body odors. It does this, mind you, without sealing the pores or interfering with their important functions. It is applied in a moment—rubbed under the arms and dusted over the body—and daintiness is assured for the whole day.

And it is so delightful to use! It brings healing comfort if the skin is tender, and doesn't stain garments, or harm them in any way.

Outside of the important daily uses of Deodo, you will find invaluable its immediate and continued effectiveness on sanitary napkins. Surely it is a boon to know you are sweet and fresh, regardless of circumstances!

Deodo is sold at most druggists' and toilet goods counters—or I will gladly send you a miniature container, holding a generous supply, free. Please mail the coupon today!



Deodo

A MULFORD PRODUCT
prevents and destroys body odors

FREE—MAIL COUPON NOW!

H. K. MULFORD COMPANY
Mulford Building
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Please send me the free sample of Deodo.

Name.....

Street.....

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



Colleen Moore almost broke her neck, but she's still smiling. She's just like that. And why shouldn't she? "Sally," her latest picture, is going to be a big success. Here she is in bed with her neck and shoulders held rigidly in a plaster cast with two dolls copied after her costumes in "So Big" and "Sally." In a note we received from her just before going to press she says, "The doctor tells me that on March 17th they are going to take me out of my plaster tomb. Hurrah for Saint Patrick!! He always freed the Irish!"

Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

of extreme dislike, it came as a painful surprise. The suit for separate maintenance, which asks for \$1,000 a month and half the community property, followed her by only a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Colman were married in London in 1920, it seems, and lived together until the beginning of 1924. She went to Italy with him, when he made "Romola" with the Gishes, and there they separated, according to other film lights who were there—considerable matrimonial upheaval of one kind and another. When Colman came to America she remained abroad, and they have had no communication since, according to Colman, except by check, as it were.

Some months ago, however, Mrs. Colman decided to come to America to visit her brother and sister-in-law, who live in Terre Haute, Indiana. While there, it seems that Mrs. Colman began to hear a great deal about the remarkable success her young husband had just made in George Fitzmaurice's latest picture "A Thief in Paradise," and that soon the news became known that he had signed a long term and very profitable contract with Mr. Fitzmaurice.

Whereupon, the wife of the new matinee idol decided to come west and see just what Hollywood looked like. She brought with her a lawyer from Terre Haute, and immediately thereafter began her legal proceedings. Rumor hath it that her sudden appearance in her husband's dressing room, or on the set where he was working—unannounced as it was—was followed by some emotional work on the part of both principals which equalled anything Mr. Colman has done for the screen.

Colman has a lot of very warm supporters in Hollywood, who insist that he is blameless in the matter and that Mrs. Colman had agreed to remain abroad as long as she was well cared for, and that only the news of his success and contract brought her west. Incompatibility was given by friends as the reason for their original separation.

WITH the filing of a divorce complaint in Los Angeles by Beverly Bayne against Francis X. Bushman, comes the end of one of the screen's great romances.

Not so long ago the *grande passion* of these two stars caused as much comment and excitement as the later love story of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. Now has come an unhappy ending, in Miss Bayne's action which asks that she be freed upon the grounds that Bushman deserted her.

The two were cast opposite each other in many roles, and later, when Bushman separated from his first wife and she divorced him, their wooing culminated in a most romantic wedding. At that time, Bushman was the greatest matinee idol in the country, and Miss Bayne was tremendously popular, both for her beauty and her ability. Having seen them together on the screen in countless love stories, the public hailed the marriage with delight.

There is one child, Richard Bushman, now five years old.

A YARN that seems to be delighting the dinner tables at the popular film cafes concerns Cecil De Mille.

When De Mille was working at Catalina filming the water scenes of a recent production he did his directing from his private yacht in the harbor with a megaphone.

The corps of yes men assisting in the work were located at the pier. He would shout through the megaphone when the yes men would start circling about, yelling, "Yes, chief, O. K., chief."

This went on for some time, the megaphone booming and the yes men yessing. Finally a palsied old plutocrat vacationing at the St. Catherine up the beach who had been watching this amazing business of making pictures for the first time, tottered up to the head of the corps on the pier and pointing a palsied cane toward the omnipotent De Mille, asked: "When does he walk on the water?"

Liberty will pay
A Weekly for Everybody

\$50,000.00 In Cash

For an **IDEA**

For a Story Suitable for Liberty
and for a Motion Picture

Here Are the Rules of This Remarkable Contest:



Gloria Swanson



Thos. Meighan



James Cruze



Bebe Daniels



Adolphe Menjou



Herbert Brenon



Allan Dwan



Pola Negri



D. W. Griffith



Richard Dix



Betty Bronson



Ricardo Cortez



Irwin Willat



Sidney Olcott

1. Liberty and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation are seeking an idea for a thrilling story of love and action suitable for Liberty and for a Motion Picture. **IT MUST BE CLEAN!**

Liberty will pay \$50,000.00 in Cash to the person or persons who submit the best suggestion in accordance with these rules.

2. The winning suggestion will be written into a novel and will be printed as a Serial in Liberty. By special arrangements already made, it will also be produced as a Motion Picture by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and will be presented on the screen throughout the world as a Paramount Picture.

3. In addition to the \$50,000.00 which will be paid for the winning story, Liberty will buy for cash at standard publishing rates any other stories selected by Liberty from those submitted; offers to be made to the authors of such stories before publication.

4. What is wanted is AN IDEA. Ability to write fiction is NOT NECESSARY. Liberty wishes to give this opportunity to everyone regardless of ability as a writer, therefore, the offer is divided into two parts as follows:

PART ONE provides that you may submit your idea in brief synopsis form. For this synopsis you may use 2,500 words or less. By synopsis we mean, tell in your language the main features of the plot and describe the leading characters which take part in it—the hero, the heroine, the villain, etc. For the best synopsis \$25,000.00 in Cash will be paid.

PART TWO provides that you may submit your idea in complete story form (ready for publication). For the complete story another \$25,000.00 in Cash will be paid.

5. The words "Synopsis for \$50,000 PRIZE STORY" must be written plainly at the top of each synopsis submitted. If the complete story is also submitted the words "COMPLETE STORY" must be written at the top of the first story sheet and a synopsis properly marked must be attached thereto. (A synopsis must in all cases be sent.)

6. The winning idea will be selected from the synopses submitted and \$25,000 (Part One) will be awarded for it. If the complete story was sent with the Synopsis that wins the prize, and this complete story is acceptable to the Publishers of Liberty, another \$25,000.00 (Part Two) will be paid for such complete story.

If the story sent with the winning synopsis is not acceptable to the Publishers of Liberty, or if no story shall have been sent with the winning synopsis, the Publishers of Liberty will employ an experienced author to write the complete story and will award to such author the \$25,000.00 (Part Two).

7. Upon Payment by the Publishers of Liberty of the \$25,000.00 (Part One) for the synopsis and/or the \$25,000.00 (Part Two) for the complete story, the synopsis and the story and all rights to each and both, including the copyright therein and the right to secure copyright therein in all countries, shall become the absolute property of Liberty for use in any manner or for any purpose it may deem proper. The right is reserved to alter or revise the winning entry if necessary.

8. Through arrangements made by Liberty with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation—the largest producers and distributors of Motion Pictures in the world—many of the most popular stars are available to produce your story on the screen as a Paramount Picture. Note these: Gloria Swanson, Thomas Meighan, Pola Negri, Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, Adolphe Menjou, Betty Bronson, Ricardo Cortez and many others. And in addition such world-famous directors as D. W. Griffith, James Cruze, Herbert Brenon, Allan Dwan, Sidney Olcott, Irvin Willat, Wm. De Mille and others.

9. Liberty will also endeavor to make arrangements with the prominent theatrical producers—Chas. Frohman, Inc.—for the production of the winning story for the speaking stage. Liberty will also endeavor to arrange with book publishers for the publication of the story in book form.

All royalties or other income received by Liberty from such speaking stage rights or book publication rights will be paid to the author of the synopsis and the author of the story. If two persons, such sums will be divided equally and an equal half share will be paid to each.

10. The synopsis and story must be one of love and action, and must be the original thought and work of the contestant. *It must be clean!*

You've been to the movies. You know the kind of story you would like. Submit your idea. There are no restrictions. Helpful suggestions will be published each week in Liberty as an aid to those who may wish assistance.

11. The Judges will consider synopses and stories by the nature of the plot, the originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, form of presentation and by the title or name of the story. Writing, English and spelling will not count in judging synopses.

12. The Judges will be a Committee of three—one appointed by Liberty, another appointed by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and the third an experienced author. Their decision will be final.

13. Contestants may submit as many synopses or as many stories as they wish but each must be submitted in good faith. The name and address of the sender must be written plainly on each entry.

14. All entries must be addressed "Stories," care of Liberty, Post Office Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. To facilitate matters, ideas should be submitted AT ONCE! However, no entries will be received later than midnight, June 1st, 1925. Manuscripts will be returned if sufficient postage is enclosed. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. The Publishers of Liberty will not be responsible for the loss, delay or non-delivery of entries.

15. This offer is open to everybody, everywhere, except employees of Liberty and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and their families. Acceptance of these rules is an express condition of each entry.

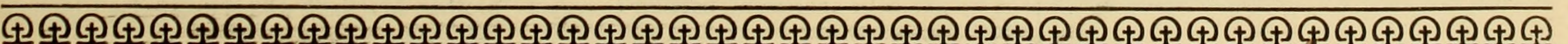
16. This offer is the largest of its kind ever made. It presents an opportunity to every person regardless of station in life. You do not have to be an experienced author to compete. Anyone may submit his or her ideas.

* * * * *

Because of the size and the nature of the offer it is possible that the winner, in addition to receiving a huge cash prize, will become world-famous.

To facilitate matters, ideas should be submitted at once. Do not wait! For further details watch Liberty from week to week. Helpful suggestions will be published weekly in Liberty.

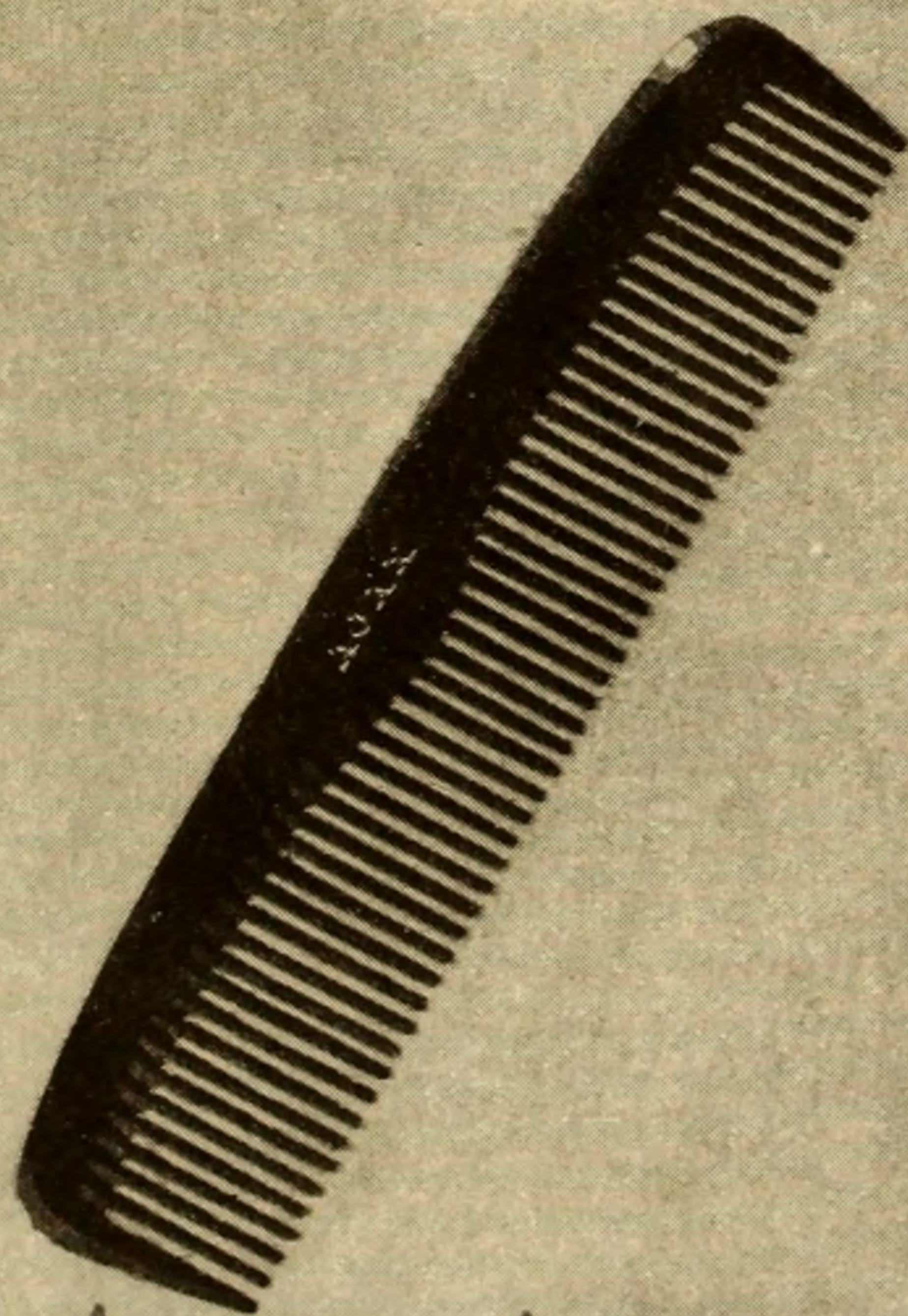
Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody



Care for your hair



PROPER combing is essential to hair-health. Choose a comb that stimulates, not irritates the scalp. A comb that parts, not snarls the precious silky strands. A comb of hard rubber construction that is durable, non-inflammable—safe. ¶ Choose an AJAX Comb of sleek beauty and fine quality. Get a big one for your dresser, a smart one for your traveling case and a cunning little "Bobbie" for your wrist-bag or your purse. ¶ In handsome deep blacks or smart mahogany shades at your favorite department or drug store, or specialty shop. THE VULCANIZED RUBBER CO., INC., 251 Fourth Avenue, New York.



AJAX

Combs



The death of Lucille Ricksen, a Wampas baby star, saddened Hollywood. Ambition drove her to work beyond her physical strength—and her mother's death, over her own sick-bed, was the final blow

POOR little Lucille Ricksen. Seventeen years of age, if that old, envied by millions of girls because of her beauty and success. Her death was one of the saddest that ever happened in the film city.

When Lucille Ricksen's mother, after months of tireless and anxious watching beside her daughter's sickbed, suddenly slipped from the old rocking chair, where she used to sit, and died with her head buried upon that daughter's wasted little hand, Hollywood knew one of the most poignant tragedies that has ever visited the film colony, where tragedies are by no means rare.

It is a story the very telling of which brings tears to your eyes.

A year ago, Lucille Ricksen was on the crest of the wave—one of Hollywood's fortunate girls. A Wampas baby star. Jack Pickford's leading woman. Hailed by such directors as Marshall Neilan as one of the screen's best young actresses.

But Lucille wore herself out, as so many girls have done, in the quest for the illusive fame which is always, in Hollywood and elsewhere, bought at the price of such hard work and such sacrifices of strength and time and energy. She was taken desperately ill, and for months, she lay in a little apartment, battling to regain her strength, battling, the doctors said, for life.

The hours were cheered for her a little by visits from her friends, by books, by flowers, but mostly it was a long, uphill fight against the ravages of disease. And in those long hours, her real support and comfort was her mother, who never left her side for a moment.

Lois Wilson, who used to go regularly to see the sick girl, told me once that she had never seen such devotion, such cheerfulness, such smiling encouragement coupled with never-ceasing efforts, as Lucille Ricksen's mother had for her daughter.

Then, just as Lucille seemed to be gaining strength, when the doctor had actually said she might sit up for five minutes—after eight months in bed—on her mother's birthday, the very sunshine was stricken from Lucille's sky by her mother's death.

She came in as usual, to do something for Lucille, sat down in the rocking chair to read to her, and suddenly, with a last frantic look at her child, she fell forward upon the bed, her heart worn out with the anxiety and hopes and fears of the past months.

The tired out little body and mind could not stand this last blow and within a few days Lucille followed her mother.

The film colony is providing for her small brother, Marshall, who is wondering why he is left alone.

Is there a new fashion in Rouge?

Emphatically, yes! — bright colors in costumes and settings are influencing the modern woman toward a more daring and colorful complexion.

A NEW fashion in rouge? — It is here! Appearing first in Vienna but a few months since, this new *mode* of high complexion color has traversed that swift, mysterious route that links smart women everywhere, from Deauville to the Riviera, to Paris, to New York and Hollywood.

You have doubtless already observed, how the modern trend of fashion in brilliant contrasts of pure color, in both costumes and decorations, is exerting its positive influence on the cheeks and lips of the modern woman.

And why not? Surely amid the colorful splendor of blazing fabrics and flaring lights, the soft rose tones of the complexion's natural flush fade into a totally unnatural pallor. So that the high color produced by the *modern rouge* merely restores the vivacity of nature.

VIVID—The New Shade in Rouge

For many months now, Princess Pat, Ltd., always alert to the latest modes and developments of beauty's toilette, has been apace with this newest trend, in what is called the modern flare for color.

Now, thanks to the countless experiments and tests conducted by the Princess Pat Chemists, a new and marvelous shade, known as Princess Pat VIVID, has been produced, which is simply a deep and brilliant intensification of nature's own rose tone—so daring that you will gleam with emphatic beauty amid the most colorful surroundings; yet so true to nature that when sparingly applied and softly



"Fashionable Europeans are all wearing it."

blended with powder, even though you are a most conservative user of rouge, you need not hesitate to wear it. Princess Pat VIVID is the chosen shade of the ultra-fashionable in these ultra-colorful days.

English Tint, the Famous "Orange Rouge" that Changes Tone to Harmonize with Any Skin

Yet the vogue for Vivid Rouge has not by any means lessened the popularity of that other triumph, Princess Pat English Tint, whose bright orange, in the compact, changes so miraculously to rose on the cheeks and blends so delicately with nature's skin tones on blonde or brunette, whether in day or evening light. So long as there are beautiful conservatives in the world, Princess Pat English Tint will be widely popular because of its perfect harmony with all types of beauty.

Princess Pat Medium Rouge, a Softly Delicate "Old Rose" Shade

There are some types of complexion beauty so delicately childlike as to require only the softest wild rose flush, and for these Princess Pat Medium

Rouge is especially recommended. Its warm, subtle tone is particularly harmonious with those dainty pastel shades of costume—not too emphatic to detract from the loveliness of the ensemble.

The Essence of Your Beauty is the Texture of Your Skin

Therefore, no matter whether your preference is for the new gorgeous and fashionable Vivid, the widely popular English Tint, or the softly delicate Medium Rouge, *all* of the Princess Pat shades are *compact* or *dry* rouges. This means that their base is Almond, just as in the famous Princess Pat Almond Base Face Powder. Thus they are not only beautifying to your complexion, but actually beneficial to your skin's fine-grained texture as well.

The Princess Pat Way of Applying Color



Second only in importance to your choice of the correct rouge for your complexion, is the manner of applying it. The Princess Pat method has won almost as wide acceptance among beautiful women as Princess Pat rouges themselves.

Apply in V-shape, the point of the V toward the nose—beginning at the temple, put the color on, slanting forward and downward to the high point of the cheekbone, then backward and downward—leaving a space in front of the ear clear of color. Blend softly, and you have duplicated nature's own design. For lasting, even waterproof, result, apply your Tint before powdering.

Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd. - Chicago, U. S. A.

For Perfect Match of Lips and Cheeks Princess Pat Lipstick

As a final touch to your beauty it is essential that the color harmony between lips and cheeks should be exact. With English Tint or Medium Rouge use Princess Pat "Natural" Lipstick; with Vivid Rouge, use Princess Pat "Vivid" Lipstick. Keeps the lips soft and pliant—prevents dryness or chap.

A liberal demonstration packet **FREE**—

So that you may judge the true merit of Princess Pat Rouge on your own complexion, we have arranged to send a liberal supply entirely without charge. Just mail the coupon.

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Dept. N-265, Chicago

Please send me your Demonstration Package. I have checked the shade I desire.

- Vivid (the new fashionable shade) English Tint (very popular) Medium. (pastel rose)

Name

Address

City State



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THE HAIR
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WITH
ED. PINAUD'S
HAIR TONIC

*The Original French
Eau de Quinine*

*The red signature on the
label is your protection*



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NEW YORK



About the hardest thing a film star finds in life is to get her makeup on the same way day after day. Claire Adams almost despaired of ever doing it until she hit on the idea of using dolls for models. She makes up the doll to suit the particular role she is playing and then uses it as a guide each day

WHATEVER storms may have ruffled the matrimonial seas of Charlie Chaplin and his child-bride hitherto, at present all seems to be serene and peaceful in that direction, not to say actually sunny and delightful.

While it is true that Mrs. Chaplin's mother, grandmother and other relations have left the Chaplin mansion in Beverly Hills and moved to a house provided for them on Whitley Heights, Hollywood, Mrs. Chaplin herself has not left her husband's roof, and indeed seems for the first time since her marriage to be assuming her rightful place as its mistress.

She and Charlie have given several dinner parties to intimate friends, and guests who were present declare that Charlie was kindness and gentleness itself to the sixteen-year-old wife who is soon to become the mother of his child.

THE Herbert Rawlinsons are expecting a visit from the stork before very long. Mrs. Rawlinson was a society girl from the east and has never been in pictures.

LOIS WILSON wanted to see Leatrice Joy the other evening, and decided to walk the few blocks between their houses after dinner, just by way of exercise.

There was a little California fog drifting about, and when she got out on the Boulevard, Lois found it quite deserted and looking rather dark and lonesome. She hadn't gone more than a couple of blocks, until a car slowly drew up beside her, following her along the curb, and a very gruff masculine voice said, "Where you going, miss? Hadn't you better jump in and have a ride?"

Lois, trembling inwardly, kept straight on her way, saying in a voice that she managed to make haughty:

"Thank you, I prefer to walk. Please go right along."

But the car continued to follow her, and the voice said, "It's pretty dark and lonely around right here for a girl to be out alone so late. You'd better jump in here."

Lois insists that her knees quailed here, and she almost started to run, when, glancing

rapidly over her shoulder, she got the glitter of buttons, and discovered that it was two policemen, both in uniform, who were offering her assistance.

"I never was so relieved in my life," she said, "and I took the ride, and when I got to Leatrice's, I phoned home for my car to come and get me."

WHICH reminds me that Leatrice is telling a rather good one on Lois.

It seems the other evening that Lois went to a very smart dinner dance at the Midwick Country Club, with one of our best known and most attractive young polo players. The dance was fashionably late in starting, and so Lois was fashionably late—or early—in getting home. When she arrived, she found to her dismay that she had forgotten her latch key, and that everything in the house was locked up, no lights on, and her father and mother apparently asleep.

Glancing at her escort's watch, Lois decided that she wouldn't wake them up, so she asked him to drive her to Leatrice's, where she knocked on Letty's window and asked if she might come in and spend the night.

"And," says Leatrice, "when I saw Lois—Lois Wilson, of all people—standing under my window at four o'clock in the morning, asking to be taken in, I wondered what the motion picture industry was coming to."

And we're printing it just to help Lois out in her worthy ambition to convince people that she's a real girl, and not some sort of stuffed or wax angel.

THERE was one scene in "Chickie" that made Dorothy Mackaill feel right at home. That was the one in which she plays the part of a stenographer and takes dictation, pounds the typewriter and keeps the office force busy wondering whether she's going to get the letters out in time for the five o'clock mail. Dorothy was a stenographer before she entered pictures and just to prove that she was a good one she made Director John Dillon dictate a number of letters to her. She didn't make a slip.

TRE - JUR



“HER’S”

He was glad he'd forgotten to return it ~ its lovely scent brought memory of her charm

EVERY Tre-Jur Compact breathes the perfume of JOLI-MEMOIRE—a fragrance that thrills the heart.

And every Tre-Jur Compact breathes the spirit of style and originality.

There's the Tre-Jur Triple—with powder, lipstick, and rouge in one delightful little case, ready for instant use.

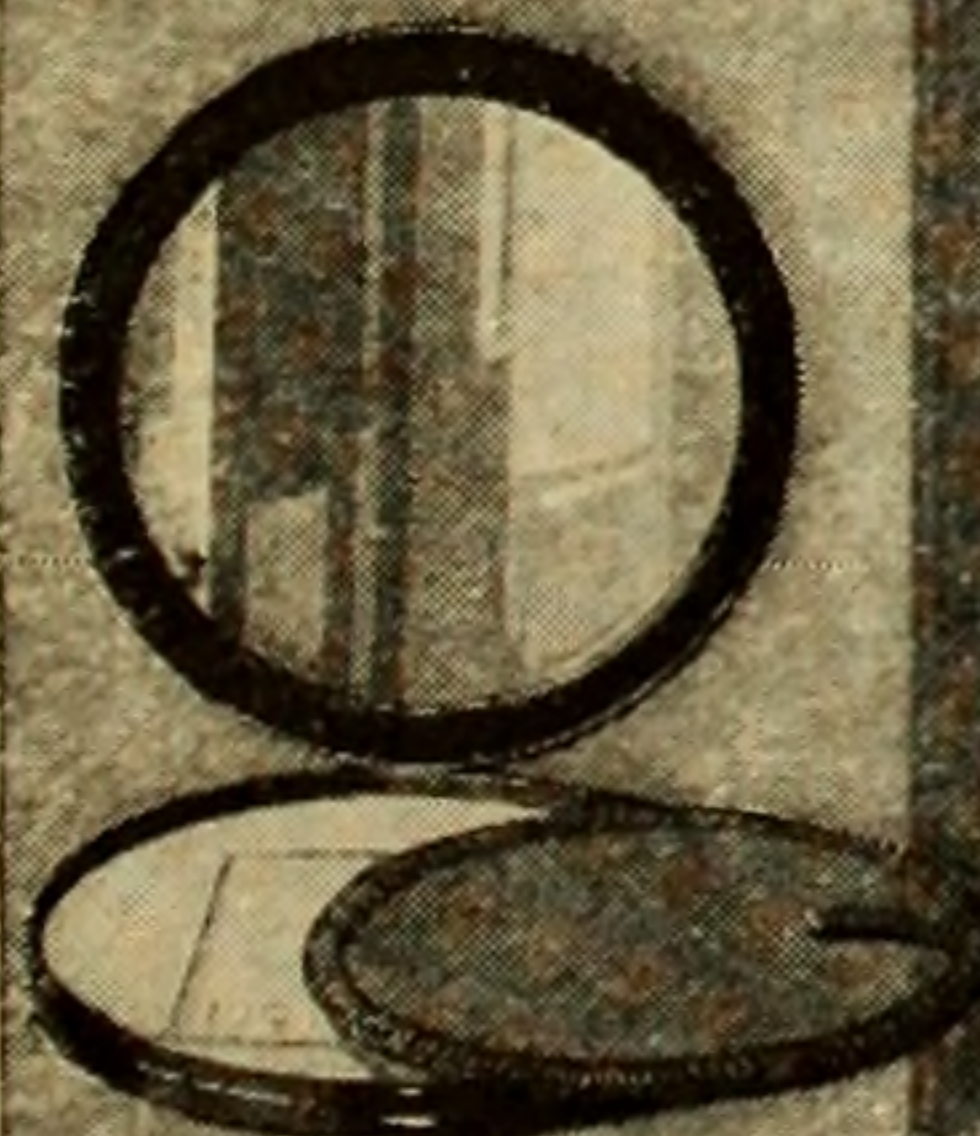
There's the Tre-Jur Thinnest—remarkably slender and convex, designed to fit the palm.

For every need a Tre-Jur Compact—and in each the quality of cosmetic that has brought Tre-Jur its fame.

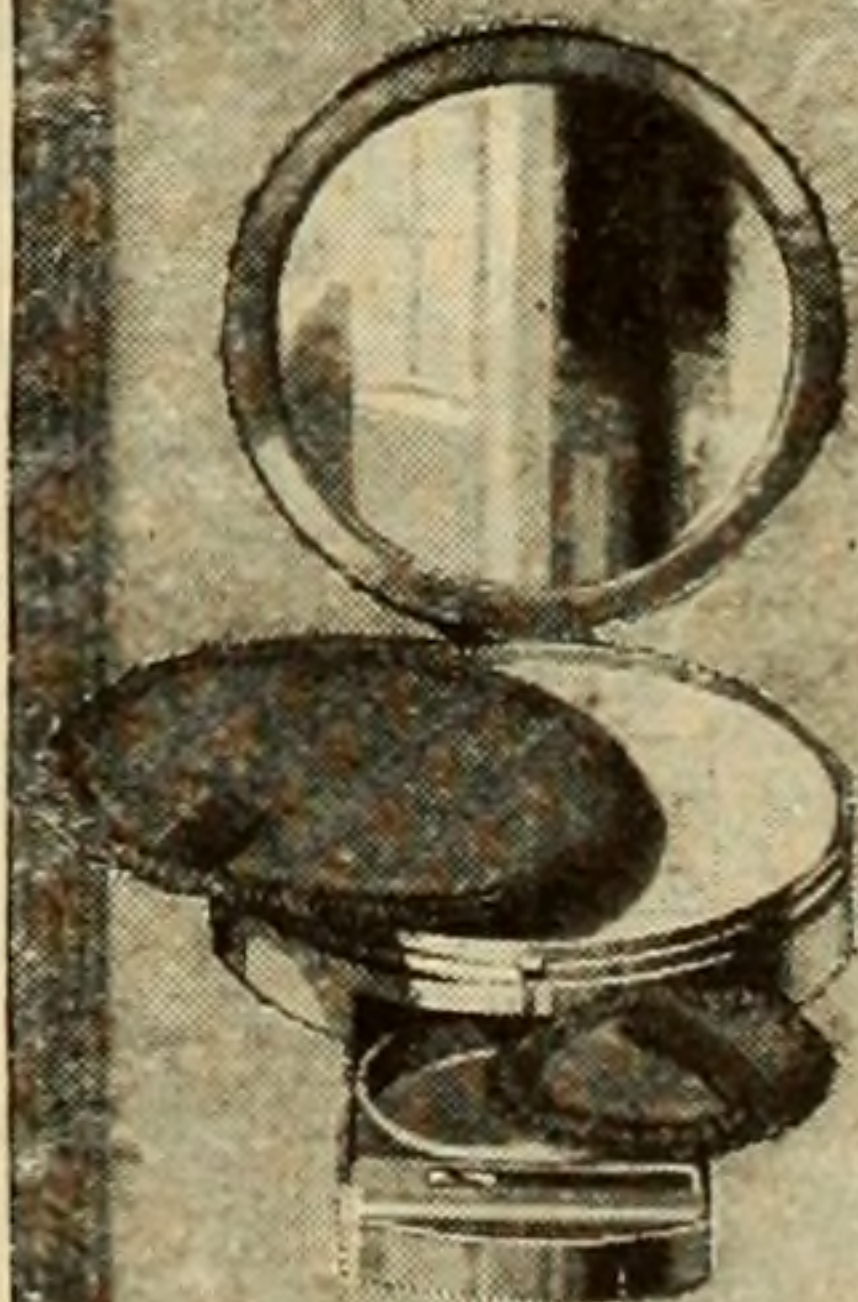
The House of Tre-Jur, 19W.18th St., N. Y.

At your favorite toilet goods counter you'll find Tre-Jur—a compact for every need—a value surprising. Or by mail from us.

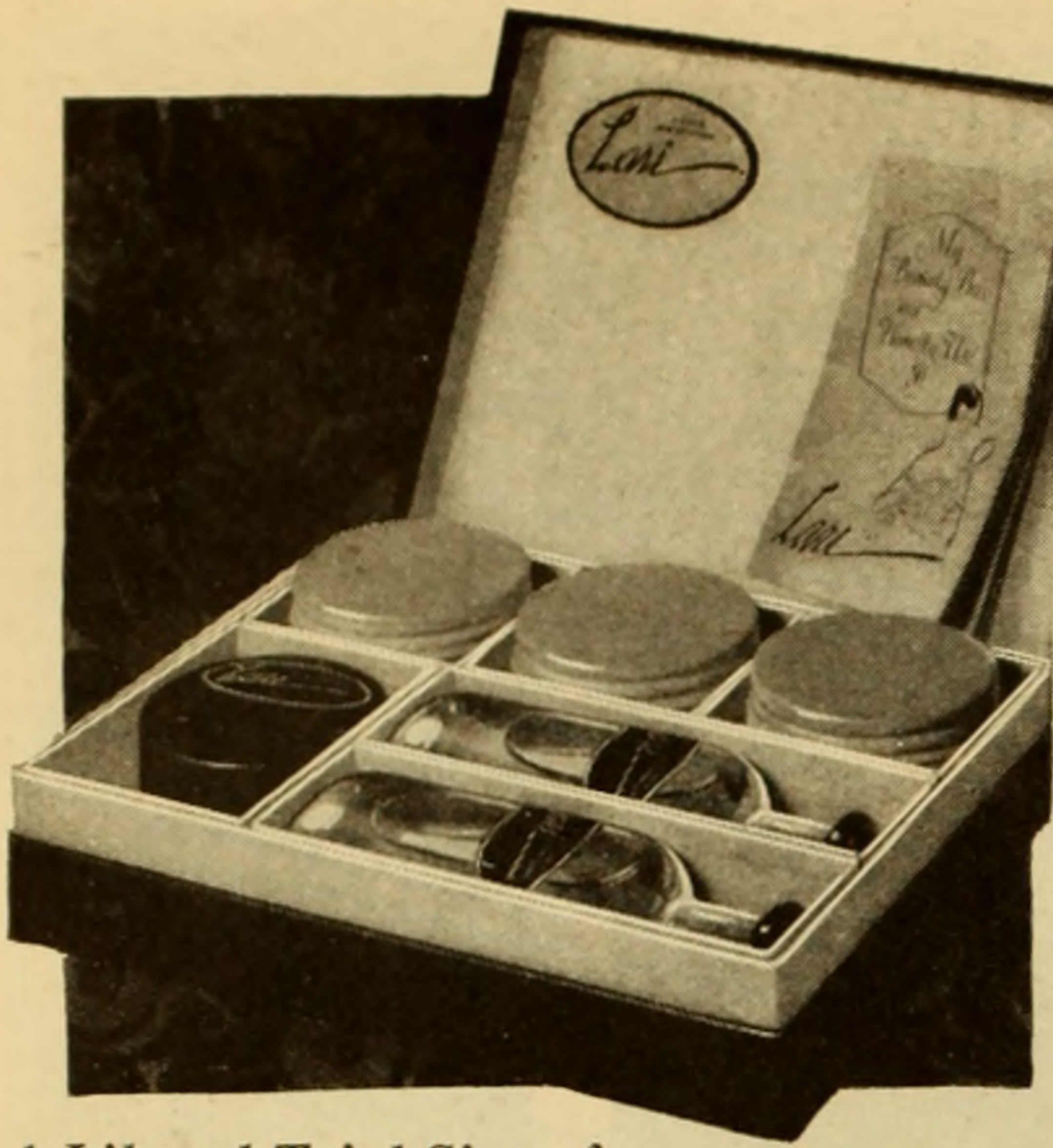
NEW: Tre-Jur Loose Face Powder, exquisite quality, delicately scented, silken soft—in a wondrously lovely box. 50c, \$1



THE "THINDEST"
Single — \$1.00
Double — \$1.50



THE TRIPLE
\$1.25
Small Twin—\$1.00



**A Liberal Trial Size of
Any Item in this
Beauty Box for 20c**

My Beauty Box has caused a sensation. For years I have supplied the creams and lotions in this box to the leading beauty shops of Fifth Avenue. Women in New York's most select circles have long used these articles and paid without argument the highest prices for them. Now I have made up an assortment for a complete beauty treatment in your own home—six different articles—for which I charge only \$3.00. The various items would cost separately from 75c to \$1.50, and in many shops, much higher. I will send the complete six, for only \$3.00, or I will send any of the separate items in a special trial size (only a little smaller than those in the box) for 20c each. Mark coupon below, either for entire box, or for the separate items you desire. If you are not delighted with them, just return what is left, and I will refund your money.

Lari

LARI
207 E. 49th Street,
New York City, P-5

Please send me the items checked below. I will pay postman as per prices marked, plus a few cents extra for postage.

<input type="checkbox"/> Complete Beauty Box, with six items, \$3.00, or	
<input type="checkbox"/> Finishing Cream, 20c	<input type="checkbox"/> Astringent Liquid, 20c
<input type="checkbox"/> Cleansing Cream, 20c	<input type="checkbox"/> Liquid Cleanser, 20c
<input type="checkbox"/> Tissue Cream, 20c	<input type="checkbox"/> Face Powder, 20c

Check shade of Face Powder desired: White, Blonde, Titian, Brunette, Olive.

Signed (Name) _____

Town and State _____



Exclusive photograph of Mrs. Ronald Colman, by Stagg, Photoplay's camera man. Hollywood is much interested in the threatened marital split of the screen's new favorite lover and his English wife

THE other evening at the Biltmore, Los Angeles, Mae Murray had on a red and white outfit, which made her look like an adorable Pierrot. A tight little white skirt of silk, softly pleated and reaching just below her knees, so that her exquisitely fine nude stockings and tiny scarlet slippers showed, was worn below a tight fitting jacket of red corded silk. Around her neck she had a very wide ruff of red gauze, and her blonde hair flared against a terrifically smart little red silk hat with a curled brim. She looked about sixteen and was quite the most attractive figure in the room.

IT looks like a sure thing now that Mildred Davis Lloyd will do "Alice in Wonderland." The immense success of "Peter Pan" seems to have encouraged Harold to consent, and to promise to at least supervise the production for his wife.

Now that Miss Gloria Lloyd is beginning to creep about and take an interest in lots of things, Mildred thinks she'd like to make at least one picture—just to see how it works out.

THIS year at the Wampas Ball they decided to have a large gold cup, and to present it to the "Wampas Baby star who has attained the greatest popularity and artistry." All the Baby Stars appointed in the past years, since the custom of choosing them began, were to be eligible.

The Wampas sent telegrams to editors and critics all over the country, asking for their vote on the baby star who had made the most progress since her film debut.

And the verdict came in overwhelmingly in favor of Colleen Moore.

So Colleen got the cup, though she had to get up from a sick bed, done up in a plaster cast as the result of her accident, to accept it.

We voted for her and feel the Wampas Gold Cup went exactly where it belonged.

THIS is to introduce Mr. and Mrs. Lou Tellegen—oh, not Geraldine Farrar, but a brand new Mrs. Tellegen, not to mention young Rexford Tellegen, eight-months-old son of the happy couple.

A most amazing thing has happened. We have suddenly discovered that Lou Tellegen and his wife, who was Isabel Craven Dilworth of Philadelphia, have lived in Hollywood for ages without anyone suspecting that they were married.

There were rumors, of course. People did say that Lou was terribly devoted to a stunning young brunette. There was speculation as to whether they were engaged. Then neighbors living near the beautiful home of the young woman began to comment upon the fact that Mr. Tellegen was there frequently, and that he seemed unusually fond of and interested in the cunning fat baby who was occasionally wheeled out by a uniformed nurse.

The secret could be kept no longer, therefore, and the news soon leaked out that the two had actually been married in New Jersey, at midnight on the day Geraldine Farrar got her divorce—way back in 1923. They kept it a secret all this time, from the public at least, even when young Rexford arrived, and when the papers once or twice

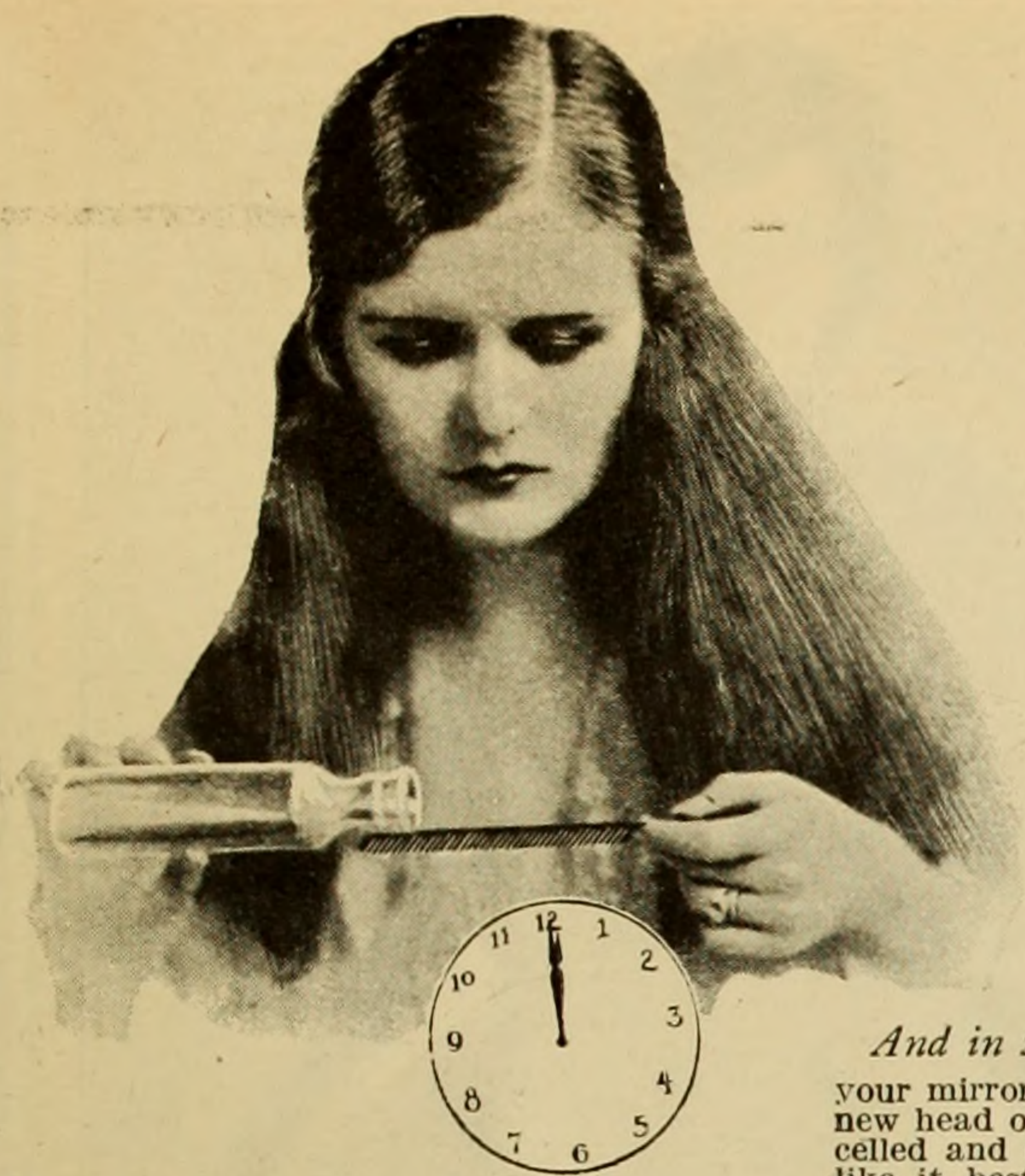
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Note—To Art and Engraving Firms: Secure artists among our graduates. Write us.



Just a few drops when dressing the hair and almost immediately you can see "listless locks" begin to take on new life, new lustre, new silky sheen—stray ends and straggly strands melding into glorious waves and curls.



And in 20 minutes your mirror shows you a new head of hair—marcelled and curled as you like it best; with a natural wave that no artificial beauty-parlor process could possibly duplicate.



Marvelous New Spanish Liquid

Makes any hair beautifully curly in 20 minutes

THE SPANISH BEGGAR'S PRICELESS GIFT

By Winnifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the touseled-hair twins. Tom Harvey nicknamed us that—horrid, red-headed Tom Harvey, who used to put burrs in our pigtailed and angle worms in our inkwells.

Our mothers despaired of us. Our hair simply wouldn't behave. There were Martha Brown, Helen Stahl, Betty Davis and Leah Cohen—all with wonderful curly hair. But Charity and I could never coax ours out of a straight line.

As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and into boarding school. Then Charity's family moved to Spain, where her father was in diplomatic service, and I didn't see her again for five years—not until last New Year's Eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair. When the bobbing vogue first came in I had my hair cut, hoping against hope that would improve its looks. Realizing my mistake, I permitted it to grow again and by New Year's Eve it was just long enough to be unmanageable.

Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me and I felt they were all laughing or, worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and, to my surprise, she smiled and started toward me.

While there was something strangely familiar about her face I didn't recognize her—then. No—it—it couldn't be.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, ugly mop. I had never been so thoroughly ashamed of my hair before.

Of course you have guessed her identity—for it was really she—Charity Winthrop who once had dull straight hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. There was everything to talk about, but I simply couldn't wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop—tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story." She was stopping at the hotel. We excused ourselves and rushed to Charity's room. I listened breathless while she told me this strange story:

Charity tells of the beggar's gift.

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza, where I often strolled after my siesta.

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. There he sat all day long, asking alms from the passersby. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

"The day before I was leaving Madrid I stopped to bid him good-bye and pressed a gold coin in his

palm. That was the best investment I ever made. "Hija mia," he said, "You have been very kind to an old man. Digamelo (tell me) *senorita*, what it is your heart most desires."

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, 'Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly.'

"Oigame, *senorita*," he said—"what you wish is even simpler than I thought. Many years ago—a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted *los pelos rizos* (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of *pesos* to the man who would fulfil her wish. The prize fell to Pedro, the *droguero*. Out of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls.

"Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him,—go to him and tell your wish. *Adios, senorita, voya con Tios.*"

"You can't imagine, Winnifred, how funny it made me feel. I did not take it seriously, of course. I never expected to look up this mysterious Pedro, but some whim changed my mind and I called a *coche* and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me.

"At the door of the apothecary shop, Pedro, a funny old hawk-nosed Spaniard, met me. Nervously I stammered out my explanation. When I had finished, he bowed and vanished into the rear of his store. Presently he returned with a bottle which he handed to me.

"By this time I was terribly excited—could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was finally in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In twenty minutes, not one second more, the transformation, which you have noted, had taken place.

"Come, Winnifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you."

Breathlessly I watched Charity take a bottle from her wardrobe trunk. Tremblingly my fingers undid my hair and applied the liquid.

Twenty minutes later, as I looked into Charity's mirror, I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a lustre it never had before.

You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. Never did I have such a glorious night. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy.

The next morning when I awoke, I hardly dared look in my mirror, fearing it had all been a dream. But it was true—gloriously true. My hair was curly and beautiful.

Then the thought came to me I had no right to keep this great secret to myself. There were thousands of women just like me who would give anything to know my precious secret.

So it has been made available through the Century Chemists. They have agreed to act as distributors under a most liberal offer, which places this new found beauty secret within reach of all women, regardless of their financial status.

Now the golden opportunity is yours. You no longer have to spend large sums of money in beauty shops, or endanger your hair by some "permanent waves," for this remarkable Spanish Curling Fluid, called "Wave-Sta," will bring you beau-



A Matchless Marcelle



Lovely Curls in 20 minutes

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

New Wavy Bob

"Wave-Sta" solves the curling and marcelling problem for bobbed heads. Just a few drops when dressing your "bob," 20 minutes' drying and presto! you have a mass of beautiful ringlets, waves and curls. "Wave-Sta" will keep your hair beautifully curly for a week or more and protect it from the damage that constant exposure to artificial heat will bring. Read the details of this liberal trial offer below.



Wavy Bob

tifully curly hair in 20 minutes. One application will keep your hair beautiful a week or more.

Don't delay another minute. Take advantage of this liberal trial offer now and always have the beautiful curly hair you want.

Liberal Trial Offer

(Only One Bottle to a Family)

For a limited time we are offering a full-size bottle of "Wave-Sta" (Spanish Curling Fluid) at a price that covers only the cost of compounding, advertising, and selling, which we figured down to \$1.97. (Please remember that this is a special offer for new users only and we cannot fill more than one order for each family at this price.) If you are not perfectly delighted with results after using "Wave-Sta" for 5 days, simply return the unused portion and your money will be refunded.

Under the terms of our special trial offer you do not have to send any money in advance. Simply sign and mail the coupon. Then when the postman brings this remarkable beauty aid, just pay him \$1.97, plus a few cents postage, and your hair worries are ended forever.

This offer may not be repeated. We urge that you take advantage of it at once. Remember, we take all the risk. If "Wave-Sta" doesn't make your hair beautifully curly, give it new life, new lustre, new silky sheen, all you have to do is notify us and your money will be returned in full. Have you ever heard of a fairer offer?

CENTURY CHEMISTS

Jackson Blvd., at Desplaines Street, Chicago

Send no money—simply sign and mail the coupon

— COUPON — Chicago, Ill.
CENTURY CHEMISTS, Jackson Bld., at Desplaines St. Dept. 71

Gentlemen: Please send me, in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full sized bottle of "Wave-Sta" (Spanish Curling Fluid). I will pay postman the special trial price of \$1.97, plus few cents postage, on delivery, with the understanding that if, after a 5-day trial, I am not perfectly delighted with this magic curling liquid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle and you will immediately return my money in full.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

NOTE: If you are apt to be out when the postman calls, you may enclose \$2 and "Wave-Sta" will be sent to you postpaid.



VIOLA DANA, Paramount's tiny star, makes use of an odd moment "on the lot" to remove a spot from her dainty slippers. Most certainly, she uses **CINDERELLA Kid White** as do thousands of other fastidious women who wish their footwear to be spotless, white and charming—always.

Sold by Better Stores—
Everywhere



Guaranteed
Everett & Barron Co.
Product

Cinderella
Kid White
Made by
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Eleanor Boardman designed this one-piece dress that hasn't a stitch in it from a blanket. She wore it in "The Summons"

DIMPLES



It is amazing what a difference dimples make. Women appear ten years younger. Plain girls acquire a distinctive charm. Men are fascinated by their mischievous beauty. Yet dimples may be yours now, for the **DOLLY DIMPLER** is a simple, harmless device that quickly produces dimples. Invented by a woman. Patent applied

for—nothing else like it. Used by beauty specialists and movie actresses. Easily used at home. Results positive. Complete outfit, including instructions for use, mailed sealed in plain wrapper, for only \$1.00 or sent C. O. D. for \$1.25.

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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.

published false stories of Tellegen's engagement to Pola Negri, or Pauline Frederick, or May McAvoy.

The reason for the secrecy was that they both felt that the news would hurt their careers. Tellegen was called "the perfect lover" by his former famous wife, Geraldine Farrar, and Mrs. Tellegen has done vampire roles on stage and screen under the name of Nina Romano. So it seemed best to them that domesticity be kept in the background, they both stated at the Hollywood home, where they are now united as a family.

The new Mrs. Tellegen is a graduate of that very select institution, Ward-Belmont college, at Nashville, Tennessee. She is a cousin of the Earl of Craven, the granddaughter of Governor Dale, of Virginia, and the daughter of J. Dale Dilworth, multi-millionaire glass manufacturer of Philadelphia, where she was well known socially, before she began her stage career. Her first part was in "Don Juan," with Mr. Tellegen.

MAY ALLISON came home to Hollywood the other day, after an absence of many months, to be welcomed by her family and friends with all sorts of devotion and excite-

ment. There was a regular delegation on the Santa Fe platform when the train pulled in, and I am sure nothing but fear of what May herself would say kept them from hiring a brass band.

She came with Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Rowland—Mr. Rowland, of course, is production chief of First National—and the trio have been extensively entertained.

How long she will remain at home isn't yet settled.

Immediately upon arriving, Miss Allison filed suit for divorce from her husband, Robert Ellis, an actor and director. They have been separated for some time, and divorce action was started once before, only to be withdrawn when Mr. Ellis succeeded in wooing and winning his wife a second time and a reconciliation was effected.

This time, however, the thing seems to be settled.

CHARLES MAIGNE, former soldier, writer, director and husband of Anne Cornwall, petite screen leading lady and Wampas Baby Star, had a rude jolt the other day.

He was spinning down Hollywood boulevard in his car and just ahead a woman driving

The May issue begins

GLITTERED

A VIVID NEW NOVEL OF YOUTH

By

Katharine Brush

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
BY

Arthur William Brown



"Pleasure Bent"

The May Cover Designed By
ROLF ARMSTRONG

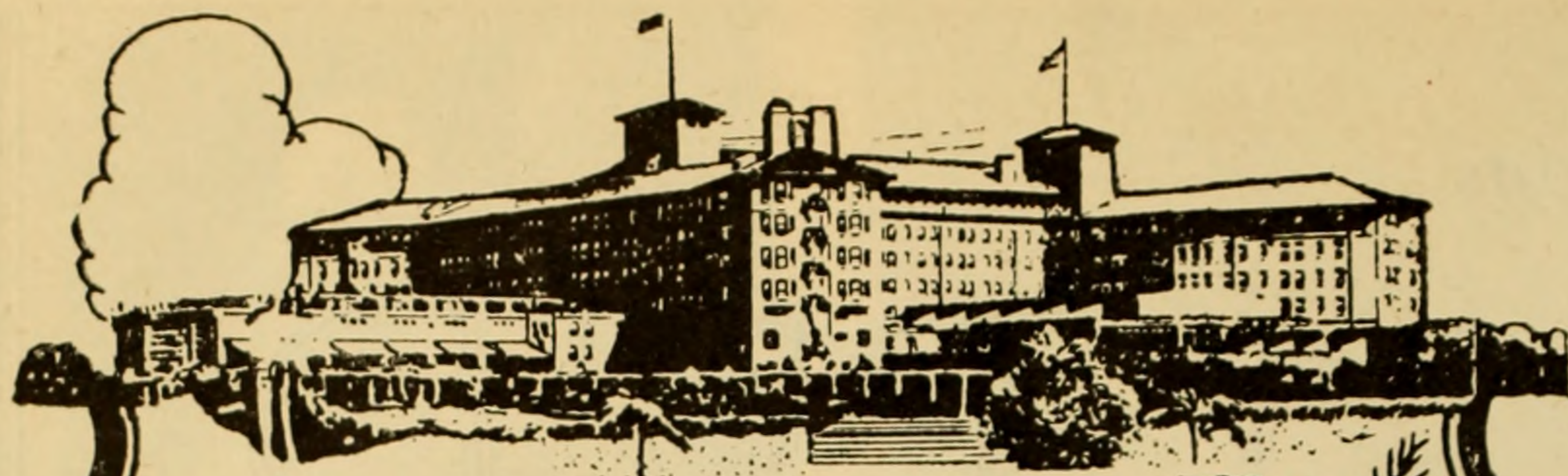
WE feel we are indeed fortunate in being chosen by Katharine Brush to present her first work of novel length. This begins our new program for a number of outstanding novels each year.

¶ She has woven a Gobe-
lin tapestry of strength,
color and charm . . . she
has tinted it delicately with
humor and pathos . . . she
has brightened it with the
golden thread of romance
and adventure's ruby red.

¶ Besides the generous first in-
stallment of this novel, the May
issue contains a glittering anthol-
ogy of burlesques, sketches,
poems, jokes and epigrams. On
April 3rd, step up to a news-stand
and invest thirty-five cents in the
most entertaining magazine you
ever read. Its name is

College Humor

A STORY OF LIGHT HEARTS
AND HEAVY HIP-POCKETS



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Varied Attractions as

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Write for Chef's Booklet of California Recipes and Information

THE AMBASSADOR HOTELS SYSTEM

The Ambassador, New York
The Ambassador, Atlantic City
The Ambassador, Los Angeles



John Golden made eight million dollars on his stage plays and then sold the movie rights to them for half a million dollars to William Fox. No wonder he is camera shy. But Madge Bellamy finally induced him to pose for this picture

another car signalled for a left turn. As Maigne started to pass her, she changed her mind and turned to the right. Their fenders grazed.

"Why the blankety-blank don't you go where you signal?" yelled Maigne, frantically trying to avert a real smash.

"You mind your own business, Charlie Maigne," shouted the feminine driver.

Then Maigne looked up. The woman driver was Miss Cornwall, his wife.

AFTER an absence from the screen of a year and a half, during which time he won a game fight for health, Casson Ferguson will stage a come-back in a heavy dramatic role in Rudolph Valentino's "Cobra." This picture will also introduce a new Nita Naldi, for she has reduced her weight from 140 to 123 pounds and has adopted an entirely new personality. Ferguson's many fans will undoubtedly gladly welcome him back, as he is a splendid actor and had a large following at the time of his enforced retirement.

GEORGE EDWIN JOSEPH, New York attorney, seems determined to get that \$28,694, for which he obtained a judgment against Pauline Frederick, and the beautiful screen actress seems equally as determined not to pay it to the man she says "mixed love with law." Joseph's latest move is to ask the court for a lien against "Pretty Polly's" estate in Beverly Hills, which he charges she has transferred to her mother's name without actual sale in an effort to avoid payment.

YOUTH is certainly having its fling at the Paramount Hollywood studios these days. Many months ago, even before Betty Bronson of "Peter Pan" fame was brought from obscurity to become a world famous figure, Jesse Lasky decided there was a crying need of new faces on the screen and new blood in the industry and he is evidently keeping his pledge.

Mal St. Clair, still in his twenties, has just been signed and is Paramount's newest and



Protect Your Beauty

Dust, wind and sun or the frequent use of cosmetics destroys the glow of life from your complexion.

50c U. S. A.

Save and restore the smooth softness of your skin, bring back the radiant health of youthful loveliness by using

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Send 10c for large sample package.

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135 Water Street, New York, N. Y.

youngest director. His continuity was written by Frances Agnew, a new and youthful writer. In his cast, in addition to Florence Vidor and Adolphe Menjou, are three new faces of the younger generation, Betty Bronson, Lawrence Gray, another Lasky discovery, and Mary Beth Milford, petite blonde who is making her debut on the screen.

ON a set adjoining St. Clair's troupe, I found Howard Higgin, another new director who has climbed to his present position via the scenario route, which, by the way, now seems to be the shortest and easiest way to directing.

He is making "In the Name of Love" from a Sada Cowan continuity with Ricardo Cortez and Greta Nissen, a gorgeously beautiful young Norwegian actress who first attracted attention by her work in the stage production of "Beggars on Horseback."

ALAN CROSLAND, the well known director, spent his first day in a movie studio as an extra at \$5 a day. That was in 1912 and among the same crowd of extras were Rex Ingram, Charles Brabin and Harry Beaumont, now all leading directors.

"MY property boy has just decided the work's too hard and he's through. If you want his job come down and take it, but whatever you do quit pestering me over the phone for a job."

This was the terse and to-the-point message Howard Higgin, then a gangling youth, received from a prominent motion picture director eight years ago. Today, at the same studio, he is directing his first picture, "In the Name of Love," for Paramount.

HERE'S one they are telling on C. B. De Mille.

Our chronicler was standing on a busy corner in Culver City, a suburb of Hollywood where the Roach, Ince and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios are located, when De Mille came down to formally take possession of the Ince studios.

As the producer came into town he saw all the flags and pennants and bunting flying in the breeze and right away he began to smile and bow to the folks on the streets and tip his hat, and the guy who was standing next to our anonymous friend who tells the yarn said:

"Who is that bozo and what's he making all



There have been crossword hats and crossword parasols, but it was left to Estelle Bradley to don crossword stockings. Like nearly everybody in pictures Estelle is an enthusiastic crosswordster

Send the Coupon

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Thousands have gleaming wonderful teeth without knowing it . . . you may be one. Make this remarkable test and find out.

"Off Color" Teeth

how to overcome them
—give them dazzling whiteness

This simple, NEW method removes the stubborn film that hides the natural beauty of your teeth

TEN years ago dull and dingy teeth were seen on every side. Today they are becoming a rarity. Note the gleaming smiles you see now wherever your eyes turn.

Please don't believe your teeth are "different"; that they are naturally off-color and dull. You can correct that condition remarkably in even a few days.

Modern science has discovered new methods of tooth protection and tooth beauty. Millions now employ them. Leading dentists advise them. In fairness to yourself, make the test offered here.

DO THIS—Remove that dingy film; it invites tooth troubles and ugliness

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film.

That film is an enemy to your teeth. You must remove it.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations and gives your teeth that cloudy look. Germs by the millions breed in it, and they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

Most tooth troubles and decay now are traced to this film. Old-time methods could not successfully combat it. That's why tooth troubles were on the



increase, and ugly teeth the order of the day.

*3 times daily—
then note the difference*

In Pepsodent dental science has discovered two effective film combatants. Their action is to curdle the film, then remove it.

Now what you see when that film is removed—the clearness and whiteness of your teeth—will amaze you.

* * *

Old methods of cleansing fail in these results.

Harsh gritty substances are judged dangerous to enamel.

Thus the world has turned, largely on dental advice, to this new method. It marks the latest findings in modern scientific research.

* * *

It will give you the lustrous teeth you wonder how other people get. It will give you better protection against tooth troubles. And, too, against gum troubles; for it firms the gums.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt.

Mail the coupon. A 10-day tube will be sent you free. Use it three times daily—morning, evening, at bed time—then note the remarkable difference in your teeth.

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube

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Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

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Address.....

Only one tube to a family.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U. S.

The New-Day Quality Dentifrice

Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

1743



To know that one's own necklace is La Tausca Pearls gives complete assurance to the wearer; to tell another is to exhibit a justifiable pride.

La Tausca Pearl Necklaces

FRENCH MADE
Only at Your Jewelers

those funny faces for?" And another guy said, "I don't know, but he ought not to be allowed to act like that in our town on Washington's Birthday."

But C. B.'s mistake is easy to understand, for when Marcus Loew recently came to town Culver City was bedecked like a Mexican town on a bull fight day. So why not a few decorations for C. B.?

THAT a woman has as much right to powder her nose in public as a man has to adjust his tie, twirl his mustache or light his cigarette, is the answer of Hollywood stars to Dr. Hewlett Johnson, new Dean of Manchester, England, who recently in a sermon attacked woman's habit of using her powder puff where she might be seen.

Here are a few answers to Dr. Johnson's attack:

IRENE RICH—Of course powdering one's nose is in good taste either in public or private. A woman's greatest charm is her appearance and one can't be particularly attractive with a shiny nose.

LILYAN TASHMAN—Powdering shiny noses is strictly a feminine occupation and it is no man's business when or how she fulfills it. How men would rave if some prominent woman came out with a statement that men should not twirl their waxed mustaches in public!

MARIAN NIXON—Doctor Johnson may mean well, but he just doesn't understand women at all. Dabbing powder on one's nose is an art, however; it can be done attractively or distastefully. When a girl removes a huge puff from her vanity and slaps on the powder with such force as to raise a smoke screen in front of her face, it is not particularly attractive. But when she uses a small puff and applies it daintily, it looks quite feminine and I think really pleases men in general.

GERTRUDE ASTOR—Dr. Johnson has never had to worry about whether his nose was shiny. That is why he takes the angle that it's all wrong to powder in public. A woman has a right to look her best at all times and if a dainty dab of powder will help, why not?

WARREN KERRIGAN says that blondes, particularly those of the Titian persuasion, make the best leading women. His reason is that they have more fire and vivacity than their darker sisters, and the very inconsistency, for which they are known, helps to bring out the best in the man playing opposite roles.

A NEW YORK critic who recently rose to acclaim Elsie Janis as one of the greatest actresses of the American stage has my heartiest support, and when he says that her im-

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SEND ONLY \$1.00—We'll send this beautiful 18K White Gold Ladies' Dinner Ring set with 3 sparkling brilliant, blue-white diamonds for a 15 DAY FREE TRIAL. Try to duplicate it anywhere at our price. If you are convinced that it represents exceptional value, pay \$4.75 monthly—price \$48.50. Otherwise return and your dollar will be sent back immediately.

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No sir, you can guess a million times and you'll never guess it's Bebe Daniels. But it is. She is just doing a lot of emotional acting in "The Crowded Hour," one of the best she has ever made, according to reports from the studio

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personations are gems of histrionic ability, I applaud him loudly. Personally, there are few things I have enjoyed more on the stage in my lifetime.

Which reminds me that if she hadn't turned to motion picture, I believe Marion Davies would have proved herself an extremely worthy successor to Miss Janis. Her impersonations and imitations are done only in spontaneous moments to get an effect in telling a story. She has never done it professionally. But she has the sure gift—the sure Irish gift, I almost said—more than anyone I have ever seen except Miss Janis.

I have seen and heard her do Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Pola—anyone she happens to be talking about, with a lifelike fidelity. You look up startled as the actual tone of voice and expression of face of each are before you.

BEN LYON is wondering what the letter "a" has to do with love, at least screen love. One day while he was resting between scenes in "The Necessary Evil," in which he is co-featured with Viola Dana, we got to talking to him about the women he has made love to on the screen. There was Swanson, La Marr, Negri, Nilsson and Dana. To all of them Ben was a devoted Lothario—on the screen. Then, while musing, Ben suddenly pulled a pencil out of our pocket and commenced writing on an envelope. Gloria, Barbara, Pola, Anna and Viola. Everyone ends with "a." He was mighty successful in every picture he made with them and he's pondering whether he ought to insist in the future that his leading woman possess a name that ends in "a."

POLA NEGRI is now on her way to her old home in Poland, where she intends to dispose of her big estates. She then plans to purchase a villa on the French Riviera for her mother to occupy. Pola herself is an American citizen and Europe will not hold her long. Lasky has an option on her services for another year, but Pola has a strong inclination toward the stage. Sooner or later our Pola will be heard from!

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 141]

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

LOVE'S BARGAIN—F. B. O.

IT is quite unusual to see a picture that deviates from the regular happy movie ending. But in spite of the seemingly unhappy ending you'll find this interesting. A theatrical producer assists a young actress toward the stardom goal. Soon after they are married. He learns of her love for a former friend and like the good husband that he is he grants her her freedom. Marjorie Daw and Clive Brook head the cast.

PARISIAN NIGHTS—F. B. O.

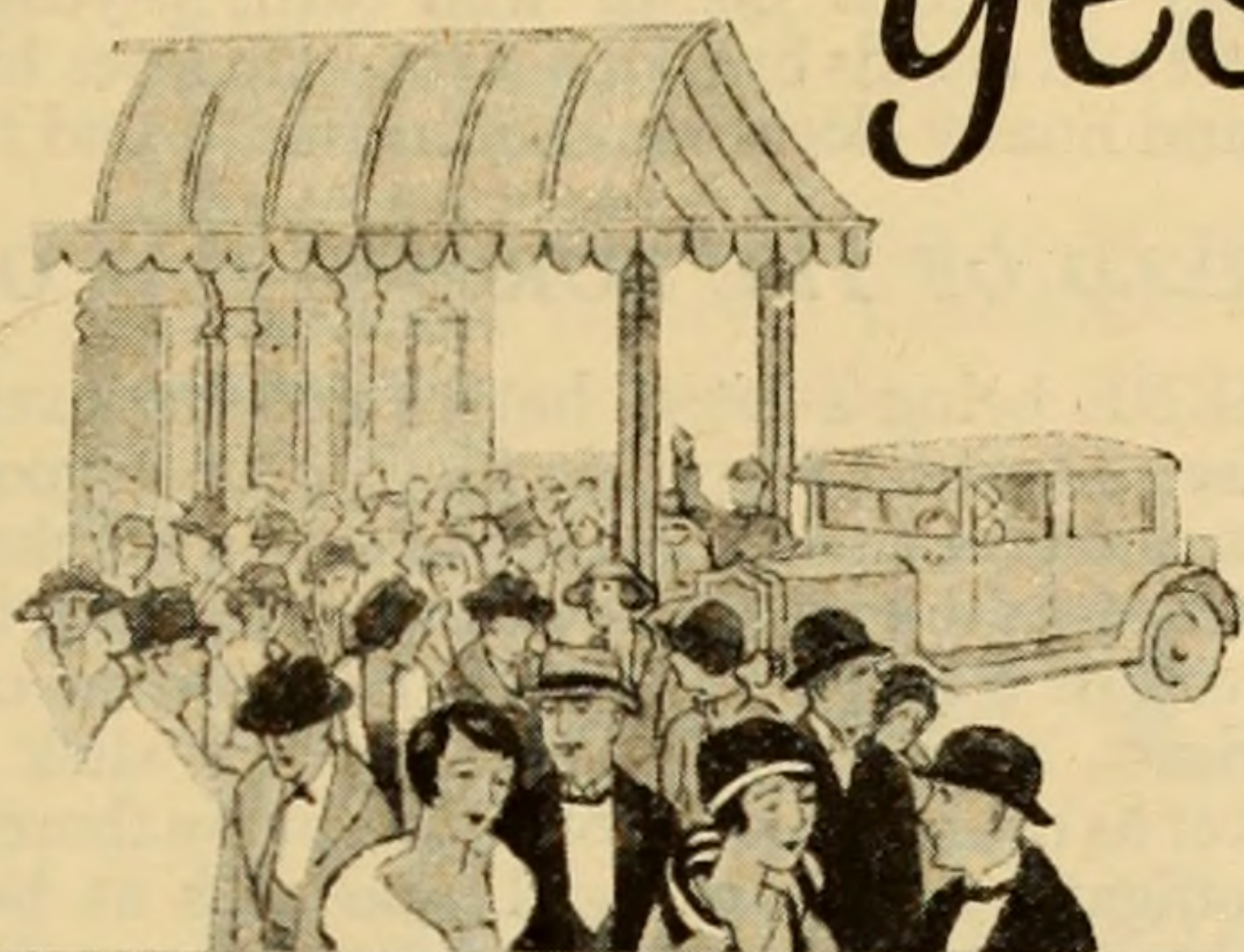
IF you like Apache stories you'll like this one from beginning to end. Again we have Lou Tellegen as the rough Apache stealing his way into the heart of Elaine Hammerstein, an American sculptress. Lou becomes Elaine's model. Renee Adoree, an Apache girl, loves Lou and because of his sudden coolness starts a feud between The Panthers, which Lou heads and the rival faction, The Wolves. Needless to say, you know what happens.

SCAR HANAN—F. B. O.

WHILE the story is no different from the usual run of the Westerns still credit must be given to Yakima Canutt for his clever horsemanship. "Scar" Hanan is determined to get the man who killed his father. He obtains a position on a ranch and from all indications he

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MILLIONS of women—whose hair is beautiful to-day—will have *scraggly, stringy, scanty* hair tomorrow. Will you be one of them!

Find out, to-day, what danger threatens your scalp. Simply look for Nature's 3 signs of warning. Then follow the Wildroot treatments given on this page.

Your druggist or department store has Wildroot Hair Tonic and other Wildroot products.

Here are the warnings:—

- 1 If your hair is too oily—beware!
- 2 If your hair is very dry—beware!
- 3 If you find dandruff—beware!

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1 Is your scalp oily?

Shampoo the hair once each week, using the following treatment: Rub a tablespoonful of *Wildroot Taroleum* into the scalp with your finger tips. Apply warm water, and let the snowy, antiseptic lather absorb the oily dirt. Rinse thoroughly, and follow with cold water. When dry, massage the scalp with *Wildroot Quinine Hair Dress*.



2 Is your scalp dry?

Once every other week, give yourself this treatment: Remove dandruff from scalp by applying *Wildroot Hair Tonic*. Then gently massage a tablespoonful of *Wildroot Taroleum* into the scalp. Cover your head with a hot towel for five minutes. With more *Taroleum* and warm water, shampoo the hair. Rinse well, and follow with cold water.



3 Have you found dandruff?

Two or three times a week (in severe cases, every day), apply *Wildroot Hair Tonic* to the scalp. This should be done in the most thorough manner, parting the hair so as to reach every spot on the scalp—and massaging gently with the fingers. Finish by dressing the hair with the tonic, one strand at a time.



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is on the right track. Through the aid of old friends of his father's he succeeds in his undertaking. The boys always like these.

THE BOOMERANG—Schulberg

WE didn't hear one person laugh during the showing of this picture so it must have been dull for a comedy. It was even duller than that. It was a case of great expectations gone astray. We anticipated that Anita Stewart, Bert Lytell and others in the cast would give lots of good entertainment. They didn't. It's a story about a doctor who turns psychoanalyst and mends broken hearts. He loses his own and finally closes his sanitarium to find it.

BREED OF THE BORDER—F. B. O.

THERE being a lot of horses needing exercise, "Lefty" Flynn decided to be a good fellow and give them a chance to earn a blanket and an oat banquet, so he commenced work in a Western story as "Circus" Lacy, quick on the draw, a whiz on a horse, and as slick a thinker as ever inhaled ozone. Of course there's a profligate sheriff, the girl who sobs as her innocent father is accused of a crime, and a band of bandits. "Circus" makes everything beautiful in the cut and dried fashion. Three cheers for Santa Claus.

THE STAR DUST TRAIL—Fox

SYLVIA JOY (Shirley Mason), popular dancer coveted by the wealthy *John Benton*, marries *Warding*, an actor. Whereupon Benton does the "snake act in the Garden of Eden" by inspiring pernicious scandal stories. *Warding* loses his job and leaves his wife to seek his own salvation and living. He goes from worse to worse-est. *Benton* tells *Sylvia* about his new love and she is going to divorce him and marry *Benton* when he is injured in an accident and she spurns *Benton* for her husband. Terrible is right!

THE MANSION OF ACHING HEARTS—Schulberg

IT is too bad that so many producers resort to obscene themes in order to try and put their pictures over. This is the sort of a picture people should not go to see. Producers would then realize that the public has long since discarded pictures of this kind. The story is so thin and ragged that it proves an unsuitable comeback for Ethel Clayton. Decidedly not a family picture.

GALLOPING VENGEANCE—F. B. O.

AN impossible Bob Custer Western. A Texas Ranger is commissioned to find an Indian Chief who is being held captive by a gang. A young boy, easily led, falls into the company of the gang. In a brawl he thinks he kills a man. His sister protects him when questioned by the Ranger. She helps him escape and then we have the Ranger cleaning up the gang, the Indian Chief set free, the dam bursting and the confession of the leader of the gang. Oh yes, the Ranger and the sister fall in love. Not so good.

RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE—Fox

WE were looking forward to this latest Tom Mix vehicle but for some reason or other we were disappointed. Perhaps we expected too much. The popular novel by Zane Grey had plenty of action but not so with the picture. Of course Tom can always be relied upon to prove himself the hero and save a young lady, who in this case happens to own a ranch and is robbed by rustlers. Fine photography

PLAYING WITH SOULS—First National

GETS away to a good start but comes an awful cropper along about the second ditch. A youth embittered by parental neglect de-



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cides to go to Hell via the dance halls of Paris but is reclaimed in time for the usual orange blossom fade out. Lots more playing than souls. A four letter word beginning with bl and ending with ah and meaning nothing best describes the sub-titles.

GOLD AND THE GIRL—Fox

BUCK JONES again proves himself a winner. The officers of a mining company were worried over the disappearance of their gold. They decide to send Buck to the mine to investigate. He no sooner arrived in town than he was on the path of the swindlers. It happened that one of the swindlers had a niece that appealed to Buck so it made matters very difficult. But leave it to Buck he knew how to work his fine points and everything ends O.K. A clever dog Pal gives an interesting touch to the picture.

THE MIDNIGHT GIRL—Chadwick Pictures

FAIRLY good entertainment but not for the children. The cast is composed of such popular favorites as Lila Lee, Gareth Hughes and Dolores Cassinelli. A newcomer is introduced, Ruby Blaine, and from what we saw of her work the future looks very promising. The plot is rather old—a beautiful and talented singer's struggle for recognition on the operatic stage—but at that we find a little of the old hokum in most pictures.

TAMING THE WEST—Universal

HOOT GIBSON, again in a western movie. Hoot, dissipated son of a millionaire, is packed off to his father's ranch in Montana with warnings to mend his ways. His reception is nothing to get excited over. Hoot meets Beryl, daughter of his father's old time enemy. Complications result, but Beryl likes him for his daring impudence in defying her father. By running off with her, Hoot not only wins her but makes the fathers shake hands. Frothy entertainment.

THE ISLE OF VANISHING MEN—William F. Alder Explorations, Inc.

DON'T miss this picture. It shows you daily life of a race of cannibals which will have disappeared from this earth within 10 years. Your wildest imagination could never picture anything so terrific as this visualization of the customs, rites and orgies of these barbarous people. Closeups of the strange weird makeups worn by these people are alone worth the price of admission.

THE SADDLE HAWK—Universal

THERE being nothing else to do one day, Hoot Gibson tossed over another western film which reveals him as a dissatisfied sheep herder made happy by being promoted to "cowboy-dom." He is deputized to take Rena Newhall back to her father who worries over her safety because his old time enemy, Buck Brent, is now out of jail and determined to get him. Buck's men capture Rena but by a ruse supposed to be clever, Hoot saves the day. Yawn this one off.

BAD COMPANY—First National

AN old-fashioned melodrama, featuring Madge Kennedy and Conway Tearle, in which the situations happen according to the whim of the producer, regardless of probability. Hence some of the sequences are so absurd that they are amusing.

Those to whom the old melodramas are amusing may be able to get a smile or two out of this picture. If nothing else, the action is timed to the split-second so that everything takes place just as it should in such a story, but familiarity with everyday life is apt to make one skeptical about this effort.

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MANY diseases that bring premature old age are traceable to teeth. Dreaded rheumatism, heart disease and other infirmities that ruin health and beauty can be directly caused by tooth infections.

Prevention of tooth decay is vital to health and beauty. Cleanliness is the most effective method.

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GOOD TEETH are as necessary to good looks as pretty eyes and a lovely complexion. And good teeth are more necessary to good health than they are to beauty.

Today dental science, through preventive dentistry, is trying to save teeth from decay—to prevent infections that may destroy your health and happiness. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is closely allied with this move for better teeth and better health.

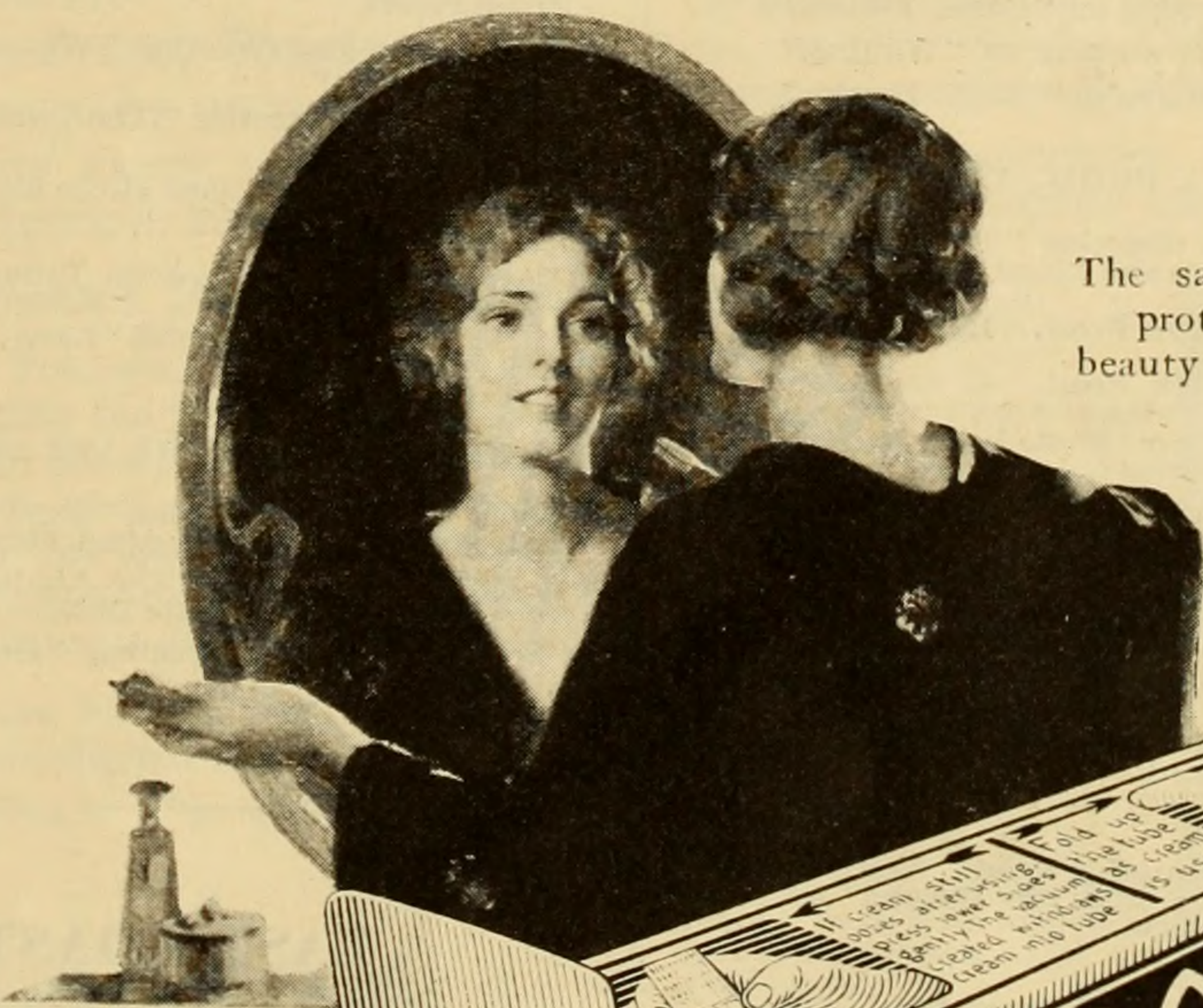
"Washes" — does not scour

Colgate's is a preventive dentifrice—safe, effective, and pleasant to use because of its delightful taste. It re-

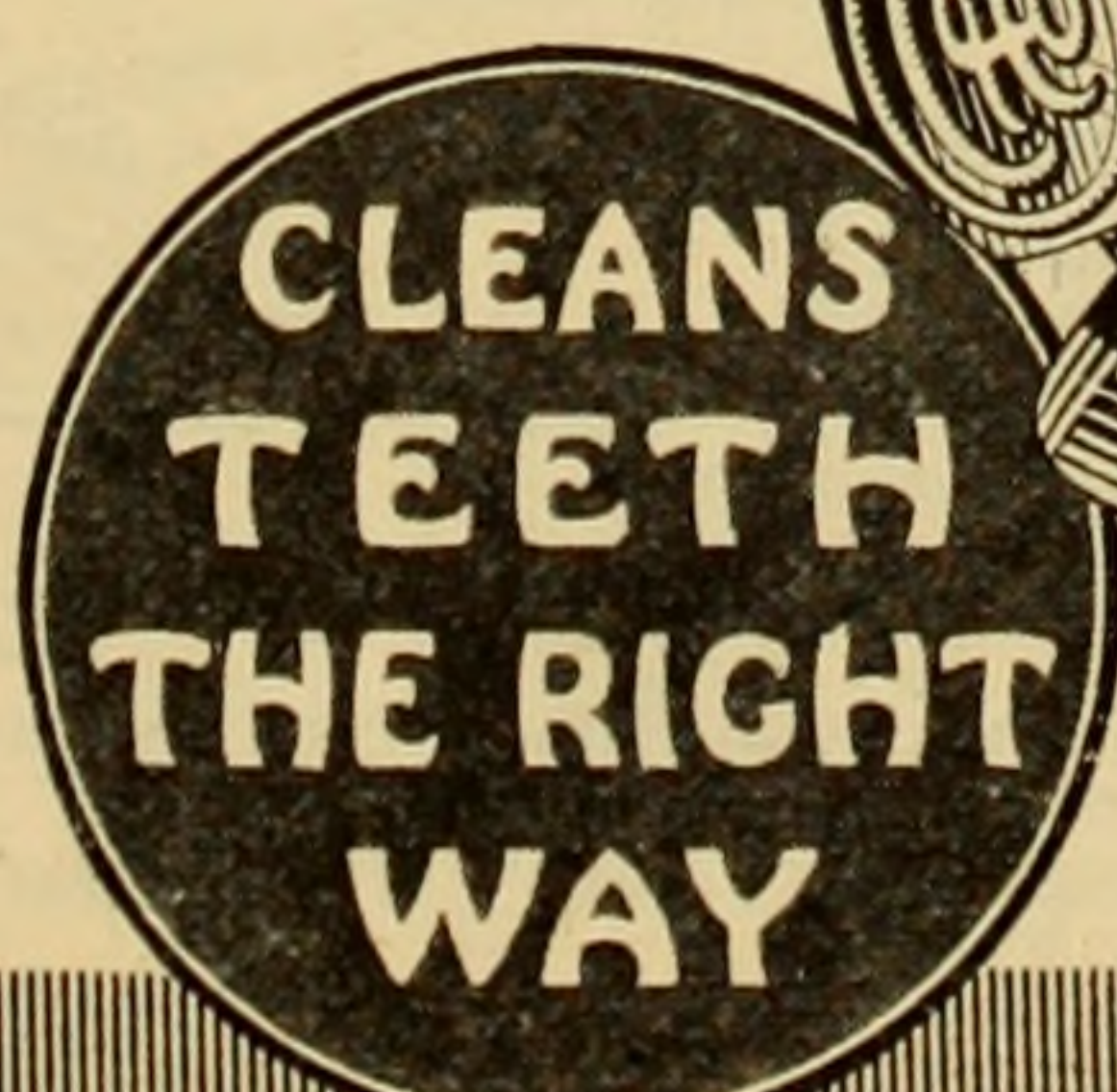
moves causes of tooth decay by the gentle "washing" action of its non-gritty chalk and tasteless soap. These are the two ingredients that authorities say are most important in a dentifrice.

Of course there are no curative claims for Colgate's. No tooth paste or powder can cure. That is a dentist's function. Colgate's keeps your teeth clean, and cleanliness is the best preventive measure known.

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What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

WEST COAST

(Unless otherwise specified studios are at Hollywood)

BUSTER KEATON STUDIOS, 1025 Lillian Way.

Inactive.

C. B. C. FILM SALES CO., 6070 Sunset Blvd.

Reeves Eason has completed "Fighting the Flames" with William Haines and Dorothy Devore.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIO, 1416 La Brea Ave.

Inactive.

CHRISTIE STUDIOS, 6101 Sunset Blvd.

Walter Hiers is working on "Tender Feet."
Bobby Vernon is working on "Brass Buttons."
Neal Burns is working on "Why Hesitate."

CECIL B. DE MILLE STUDIOS, Culver City, Cal.

Work has not started on any production. The following have been signed by Cecil B. De Mille: Leatrice Joy, Florence Vidor, Lillian Rich, Vera Reynolds, Edmund Burns, Robert Edeson and Rod La Rocque.

Associated Exhibitors. "Keep Smiling" with Monty Banks and Anne Cornwall.

Robert Kane Prod. Paramount release—Henry King directing "Any Woman" with Alice Terry and Ernest Gillen.

F. B. O. STUDIOS, Melrose & Gower Sts.

Wesley Ruggles directing "The Pace Makers" with Alberta Vaughn and George O'Hara.

Tom Buckingham directing "The Face on the Air" with Evelyn Brent.

Arthur Rosson directing "Yellow Faces" with Ricard Talmadge and Kathryn McGuire.

Del Andrews directing "That Devil Quemado" with Fred Thomson and Gloria Hope.

C. Gardner Sullivan Prod. "If Marriage Fails?" with Jacqueline Logan, Belle Bennett and Jean Hersholt.

FINE ARTS STUDIO, 4500 Sunset Blvd.

Al St. John is working on "Fares, Please."

Lloyd Hamilton is working on "Waiting."

Lige Conley is working on "Night Hawks."

FIRST NATIONAL PROD., United Studios.

Irving Cummings directing "The Desert Flower" with Colleen Moore and Lloyd Hughes.

Samuel Goldwyn Prod. Inactive.

Corinne Griffith Prod. Al Santell has completed "The National Anthem" with Corinne Griffith, Harrison Ford, Kenneth Harlan and Malcolm McGregor.

M. C. Levee Prod. M. C. Levee directing "Just a Woman" with Claire Windsor, Conway Tearle, Lloyd Hughes and Percy Marmont.

Frank Lloyd Prod. Frank Lloyd directing "Winds of Chance" with Anna Q. Nilsson, Ben Lyon and Viola Dana.

Joseph M. Schenck Prod. Norma Talmadge Prod. Dimitri Buchowetzki directing "Graustark" with Norma Talmadge and Ronald Colman.

Constance Talmadge Prod. Sidney Franklin directing "The Man She Bought" with Constance Talmadge.

FOX STUDIOS, 1401 N. Western Ave.

J. G. Blystone directing "Everlasting Whispers" with Tom Mix and Alice Calhoun.

Rowland V. Lee directing "Havoc" with George O'Brien.

John Ford has completed "Kings of the Turf" with Henry B. Walthall and J. Farrell MacDonald.

John Ford directing "Lightnin'" with Jay J. Hunt. Emmett Flynn directing "Seventh Heaven." Cast not named.

W. S. Van Dyke directing "The Outlaw" with Buck Jones.

THEODORE HENDERSON PROD., 1438 Gower St.

John P. McCarthy directing "Drifters" with Elsa Benham and William Buckley.

LASKY STUDIO, 1520 Vine Street.

James Cruze directing "Welcome Home" with Lois Wilson, Warner Baxter and Luke Cosgrave.

Raoul Walsh will soon start production on "The Wanderer."

Mal St. Claire directing "Are Parents People?" with Betty Bronson, Florence Vidor, Adolphe Menjou and Herbert Rawlinson.

Howard Higgin directing "In the Name of Love" with Greta Nissen and Ricardo Cortez.

William de Mille directing "Young Wives" with Jack Holt.

Paul Iribe and Frank Urson directing "The Night Club" with Raymond Griffith, Vera Reynolds and Louise Fazenda.

METRO, GOLDWYN, MAYER STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

Josef Von Sternberg directing "Escape" with Conrad Nagel, Renee Adoree and Paulette Goddard.

Frank Borzage directing "The Circle" with Eleanor Boardman, Malcolm McGregor and Creighton Hale.

Edmund Goulding directing "Sun Up" with Conrad Nagel and Lucille La Verne.

Marshall Nellan directing an untitled production with Sally O'Neil.

Hobart Henley directing "Nothing to Wear." Cast not named.

Reginald Barker directing "The White Desert." Cast not named.

F. Niblo directing "Ben Hur" with Ramon Novarro, May McAvoy, Carmel Myers and Kathleen Key.

PICKFORD-FAIRBANKS STUDIO, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard.

William Beaudine directing "Little Annie Rooney" with Mary Pickford.

Donald Crisp directing "Don Q" with Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Astor and Jean Hersholt.

HAL ROACH STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

"Our Gang" has just completed a "Westerner" under the direction of Bob McGowan.

Leo McCarey directing "Bad Bill Brodie" with Charlie Chase.

SENNETT STUDIO, 1712 Glendale Blvd.

Eddie Cline directing "Bashful Jim" with Ralph Graves.

UNIVERSAL STUDIO, Universal City, Cal.

Edward Laemmle directing "Spook Ranch" with Hoot Gibson and Helen Ferguson.

Edward Sedgwick directing "The Titans" with House Peters.

William A. Seiter directing "Where Was I?" with Reginald Denny.

William Seiter directing "The Teaser" with Laura La Plante.

"The Demon" with Jack Hoxie and Lola Todd.

VITAGRAPH STUDIO, 1708 Talmadge St.

David Smith has completed "Baree, Son of Kazan" with Anita Stewart.

WARNER BROS. STUDIO, 5842 Sunset Blvd.

Harry Beaumont directing "Rose of the World" with Pauline Garon and Allan Forrest.

George Hill directing "The Limited Mail" with Vera Reynolds and Monte Blue.

Herman Raymaker directing "Below the Line" with Rin-tin-tin.

EAST COAST

FIRST NATIONAL, Biograph Studio, 807 E. 175th St., New York City.

Webster Campbell directing "The Half Way Girl" with Doris Kenyon.

Lambert Hillyer directing "The Making of O'Malley" with Milton Sills and Dorothy Mackaill

GOTHAM PICTURES, Glendale, L. I.

Burton King directing "The Little Girl in a Big City" with Niles Welch and Gladys Walton.

PARAMOUNT STUDIOS, Pierce Ave. & Sixth St., Long Island City.

Allan Dwan directing "Night Life in New York" with Rod LaRocque, Dorothy Gish, Ernest Torrence and George Hackathorne.

Paul Sloane directing "The Shock Punch" with Richard Dix and Frances Howard.

Victor Heerman directing "Old Home Week" with Thomas Meighan and Lila Lee.

D. W. Griffith directing "Poppy" with Carol Dempster and W. C. Fields.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES, Fox Studio, 10th Ave. & 55th St., N. Y. C.

Will Nigh directing "Once a Peddler" with Glenn Hunter and Edna Murphy.

WHITMAN BENNETT STUDIO, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

Whitman Bennett directing "Children of the Whirlwind" with Lionel Barrymore, Johnnie Walker and Marguerite de la Motte.

IN EUROPE

METRO-GOLDWYN CORP.

In France—Production will soon commence on "Mare Nostrum."

Rex Ingram directing with Antonio Moreno and Alice Terry.

R. C. SAMUELSON.

In England—Production has started on "She" with Betty Blythe and Carlyle Blackwell.

CHANGES IN TITLES

F. B. O.

"Mock Marriage" will be released as "If Marriage Fails?"

FOX PICTURES

"The Man Without a Country" has been changed to "As No Man Has Loved."

RENAUD HOFFMAN.

"Crossed Words" will be released as "Private Affairs."

VITAGRAPH.

"In the Garden of Charity" will be released as "Tides of Passion."

BUSINESS NEWS 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 Company, 10th Ave. & 55th St., New York City.

Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

Pathe Exchange, 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Principal Pictures Corporation, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Producers Distributing Corporation, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Rothacker Film Mfg. Company, 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

B. P. Schulberg Prod., 1650 Broadway, New York City.

United Artists Corporation, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. D. W. Griffith Prod., 1476 Broadway, New York City.

Universal Film Mfg. Company, Heckscher Building, 5th Ave. and 57th St., New York City.

Vitagraph Company of America, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

He's the Whole Show

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

If you feel this is a cold and calculating viewpoint to entertain toward the Great Art of the cinema, I invite you to study the methods of the humble Leonardo da Vinci, who painted by mathematics. While painting the face of Christ, a creation of abstract and complex emotion, Leonardo was often interrupted by summons to fix the plumbing in the Duchess' bathroom.

Griffith's ability as a creator of comedy has been acquired by studious experience; his talent as an actor is an inheritance. His family for five generations specialized in producing actors and sailors. His great grandfather had two sons, one became an actor, the other a sailor. His grandfather had two sons, an actor and a sailor. His father had but one son, Raymond, who felt it his duty to uphold the family tradition, and so he became both a sailor and an actor.

Griffith has the elusiveness of Maude Adams concerning his background. He prefers to keep it well back and out-of-focus. This reticence is due partly to business instinct and partly to sensitiveness. He's both practical and sensitive.

AS a boy playing in "The Witching Hour" he lost his voice. His part required that he scream out each night at the threat of a beating. On the fatal night he ran and cowered, as the direction demanded. The audience heard a piercing shriek from the boy as he cringed before the whip. That was all. The terror on the boy's face was the terror of realism; he was stricken dumb. He could not speak a line after that scream. He has never spoken a line from the stage since then. His recovery was so gradual that he could not speak above a whisper for years, and he has never recovered the full carrying power, which the stage demands.

Forced to abandon his stage career he became a dancer, appearing in exhibitions and working as an instructor at the Grand Central Palace in New York. This led to his return to the stage as a dancer in vaudeville. There he encountered a company of French pantomimists. Seeing an opportunity to be again an actor, despite a weakened voice, he joined them and toured Europe for a season. What an incomparable training for the screen that was!

There are interludes, vaguely sketched, when he sailed before the mast absorbing life with the salt, when he rode the rods absorbing life with the cinders

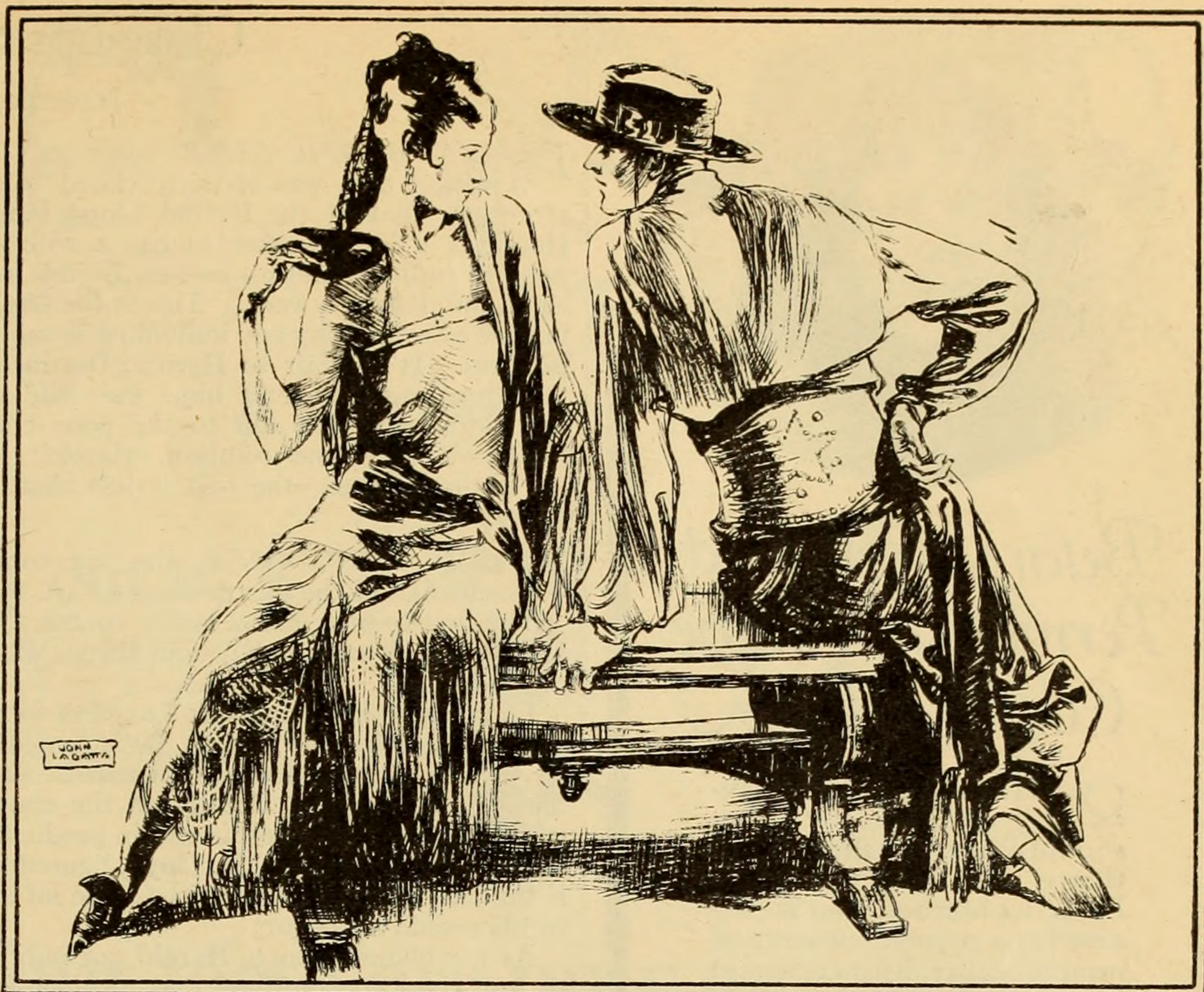
While in California on a vaudeville tour he permitted himself to be lured from the dignified footlights to the undignified kleigs. The cinema was still a pioneer, a hooted pariah of the arts. Ray went out to the studio shacks to have a laugh and stayed to make them laugh. He became a Keystone cop.

When Griffith left Sennett's a few years later he was a master mechanic of comedy. He could "gag." He could time his business to a second. He knew to an inch how much footage a scene should have to get the biggest laugh. In addition to being an actor who knew how to point and time his work so that the right gesture came at precisely the right time and with the right meaning, he was qualified as a director and a scenario writer.

During odd moments he wrote four original stories for Douglas MacLean, assisted the late Thomas H. Ince in putting life in productions where there was none before and acted in a few dramas at Goldwyn until enthusiasts likened him to Barrymore.

His real triumph came with "Miss Bluebeard" and "Forty Winks" for Paramount. The night after "Forty Winks" was released his name commenced popping up in lights all over America. There was no stopping the exhibitors and their electricians. It was an absolutely spontaneous ovation—with fireworks.

As I said at the outset, Raymond Griffith isn't just a comedian—he's a whole show.



He found her at last!

"FAIR STRANGER—I know who you are," he smiled; "you are a rose disguised as a Beautiful Lady!"

She was beautiful and radiant indeed, for she had learned from Madame Jeannette how to select the proper shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder and to apply it correctly for youthful beauty.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is used the world over by women who find that it meets every requirement of beauty, protection, and purity.

Mme. Jeannette's Beauty Treatment

First, a bit of Pompeian Day Cream to make your powder cling and prevent "shine." Next, apply Pompeian Beauty Powder to all exposed portions of face, neck and shoulders. It will give your skin that lovely effect of rose petal softness. Lastly, just a touch of Pompeian Bloom to bring the exquisite glow of youthful color.

Shade Chart for selecting your correct tone of Pompeian Beauty Powder:

Medium Skin: The average American

woman has this type of skin, and should use the Naturelle shade.

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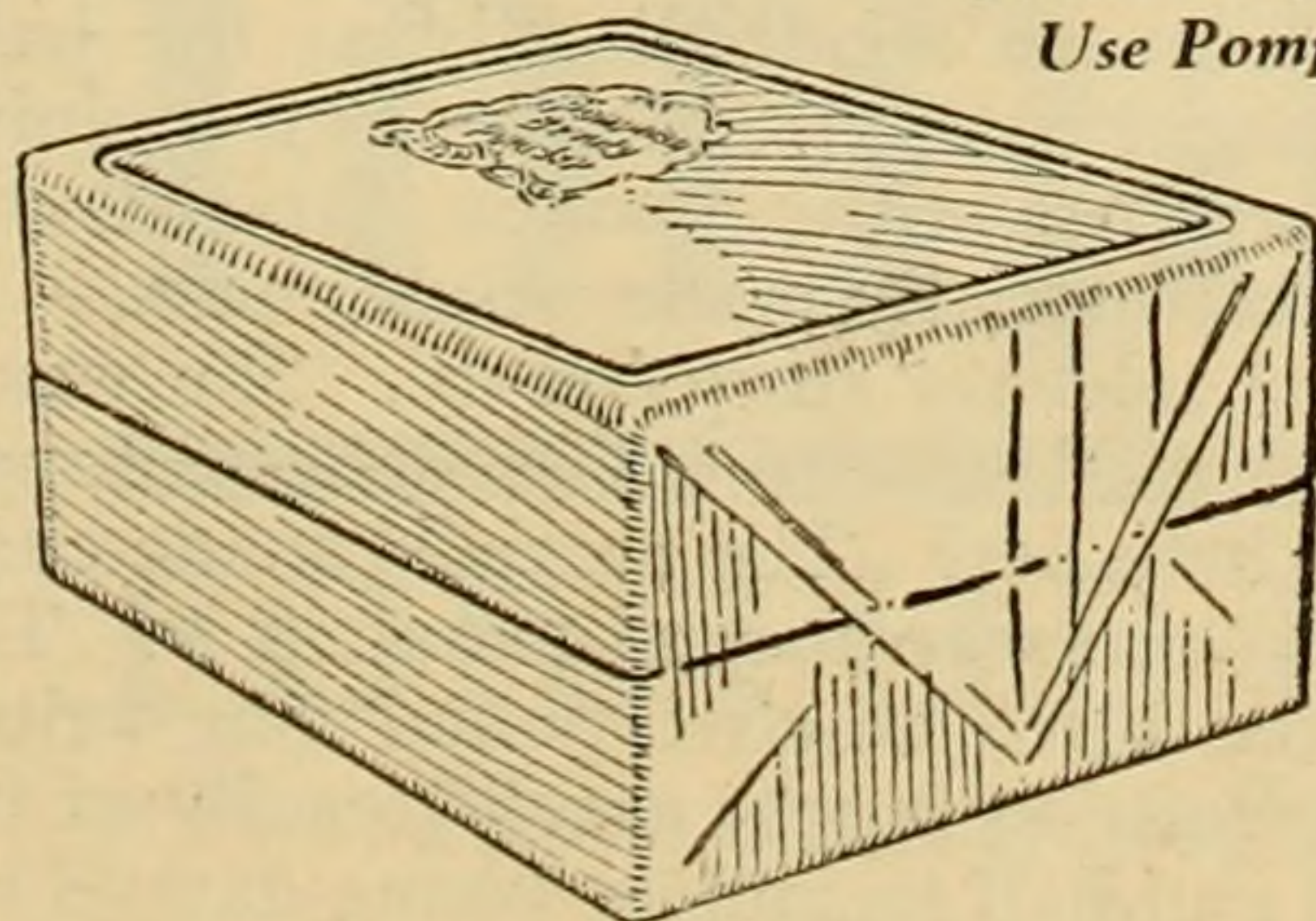
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This new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, "Beauty Gained is Love Retained," size 28 x 7 1/2. Done in color by a famous artist; worth at least 50c. We send it with samples of Pompeian Beauty Powder, Bloom, Day Cream and Night Cream for only 10c. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Use the coupon now.



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"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"



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Dear Madame: 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 powder wanted? _____

Close-ups and Long Shots

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48]

PHILANTHROPIC NOTE

A pitiful case was recently called to my attention, that of the Harold Lloyd family. Harold is a hard worker, he has a wife and baby to support, and his income is just forty thousand dollars a week. This is the biggest income ever made by any individual in motion pictures. It's unfair to Harold; the income tax threatens to send him, the wife and the kiddie over the hill to the poor house.

There's only one solution, Harold: Buy the United States—the cost is less than the upkeep.

HARRY LANGDON is the big coming comedian of the pastry-flingers' art.

The first to offer him a heavy contract was Harold Lloyd, another boy who flings a wicked custard.

Lloyd was willing to back Langdon in productions starring the latter. Both comedians have been making football pictures. Langdon's in two reels is already on the market, while Lloyd's in six reels is still in production. The canny Welshman, Mr. Lloyd, figured that if the two were working on the same lot such conflict could not occur.

As I explained above, Harold not only has to buy shoes for the baby but airplanes and postman's uniforms for the U. S. government. Where'd we all be if Harold's income were cut? That's something to think about, as Mr. Brisbane would say.

SEVERAL of my colleagues can pick star winner salmost as well as I can, but I consider myself the only one who can pick motion picture companies that are going to win.

My method is simple. I always judge the studio by the doorman. If the doorman is smug, arrogant and correspondingly ignorant, I know the producer is similar goulash.

Bruised and battered from a reception at one of the picture canneries where I once committed *lese majeste* I stumbled weak and wan into Warner Brothers, where the reception accorded me was so courteous that I nearly broke down in sobs.

The Warner Brothers are experimenting in the policy of treating directors, actors and newspapermen as though they were equals. As a result they get directors and actors at

salaries where other companies fail and from newspapermen they wean such valuable space as hereinwith dedicated (Free!).

This is a policy that was pursued rather successfully by the late Thomas H. Ince, and which is still being pursued without serious detriment by that hospitable rock of gibraltar, the Paramount-Lasky organization.

The Warner Brothers go even so far as to ask advice of "No" men. They shamelessly admit that they don't know an awful lot, which is an awful lot more than most producers know.

They have the youngest, livest veteran in pictures as production manager, Bennie Ziedman. Bennie says they can't make every picture a success, so for gossakes come over and tell them what's wrong.

I know another young man who for a good many years has been humbly seeking advice from the humble. I predict that he will be heard from one of these days. His name is D. W. Griffith.

It pains me in view of my sympathy for the Warner Brothers to have to expose their most profitable star. But I'm as ruthless as Pola Negri; when I learn anything I feel the public should know I rush to the window screaming, no matter who tells me to shut-up.

The star to whom I have reference is Rin-tin-tin, hailed by critics as the Salvini of the kennels. Critics have raved of the fine nuances with which he registers hate, despair, anguish and sex. When Rin-tin-tin looks up with that sexy expression, like *Romeo* toward the balcony, he is not seeing a *Juliet*, he's seeing—a dead cat!

A stuffed cat hangs in front of the camera. The camera is moved back and forth. When the cat comes toward Rin-tin-tin he registers hope. When the cat moves away he registers despair. When it dangles within sniffing distance he puts over passion as no sheik ever did by gazing at his salary check.

I'm not trying to depreciate the art of Rin-tin-tin. I'm merely revealing the trick for the good of producers working with non-canine actors, who, for all the tricks of glycerine tears, emotional music, et cetera, cannot register emotion as sincerely as Rin-tin-tin gazing upon a dead cat.

"On the Banks of the Wabash"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

the calendar and Louise landed in Chicago. She was about seventeen years old—and as Bill Hart later said, having met her some time near this period, one of the most beautiful girls he had ever laid eyes upon. But Louise Kerlin was looking for an engagement, and was just managing to romp ahead of her little playmate, the wolf.

There was at that time a famous song-writer in Chicago. His songs had echoed around the world. Some of them were, "My Gal Sal," "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me" and "On the Banks of the Wabash."

There is a deathless record written of this man. He was as kind as Bill Kerlin. But Louise is entering his office. . . .

He sat at his desk, an immense three hundred pound man with a back as broad as a piano. He did not turn about directly as the half-frightened girl entered. Finally, as if divining another presence in the room he turned slowly about in his specially made swivel chair.

The girl told her story briefly. She was a singer and would like to introduce some songs. Could he help her? The specially made chair creaked as the man moved about in it. The eyes of the three hundred pound song-writer, that had seen so much, gazed steadily at the beautiful and half trembling young damsel before him.

JUST as though she had said no word he asked brusquely, "Can you sing?"

She answered, "Yes, sir!"

"Let's hear you," was the prompt rejoinder.

"What?" she asked.

"Sing 'Just Tell Them That You Saw Me.'"

The heavy man watched her with narrowed eyes. When she had finished he said no word.

After a time, the single guttural utterance came from him, "Huh!"

Then . . . "Let's hear you sing, 'My Gal Sal.'"

The girl sang that sentimental ditty for the prince of sentimentalists and men. When she had finished, many people stood looking in at the door. The heavy man merely grunted, "Huh, Huh!"

Then . . . "Can you sing 'Wabash?'"

The girl replied, "Oh, yessir. It's my favorite."

"Let's hear you sing it."

The girl sang it tenderly, with the sadness of remembered joy in her voice. The chair creaked once, then twice, then three times . . .

the heavy writer of song held his face in his hands—oblivious of the glorious young female in front of him . . . of the gazers at the door . . . of the clanging of street cars on Madison Avenue. The girl, a reincarnated Trilby . . . sang with the voice of the Indiana lark she was.



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Wm. Davis, M. D., 1243 Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N.J.

"Through the sycamores the candle-lights are gleaming
On the banks of the Wabash far away."
There was a tense silence when the echoes of the weirdly beautiful song floated out of the room and down the hallway. The chair creaked loudly while the heavy man turned his back on the girl . . . the arch-sentimentalist ashamed. Putting his heavy pudgy hands to his forehead and pressing his fingers above the eyes as if to ease the pain there, he grunted, "God, kid, you can sing!"

Then he turned about swiftly, "What's your name?"

"Louise Kerlin."

"Where you from?"

"Evansville, Indiana."

"What did your father do?"

"Railroad conductor."

"What road?"

"Evansville and Terre Haute."

"Daughter of Bill Kerlin, huh! I knew him. Greatest guy in the world. Heart bigger'n the Masonic Temple. I used to be a news-butch on his train. He was God's white man. Damn . . . you can sing. . . ."

And the rest was lost in guttural mumbles, as he turned heavily in his creaking chair and reached for the telephone.

"This you so—so—Dramatic Editor . . . Tribune . . . so-so . . . Say, Bill . . . this is Paul Dresser . . . my kid sister's here in my office, she's nuts to go on the stage . . . she can sing like the devil . . . she'll go on at the Masonic Temple Sunday night. Give her some space—name's Louise Dresser. Thanks, Bill . . . see you soon."

He hung up the receiver.

"Now, Kid . . . I've given you my name. . . . I hope it helps you . . . it won't hurt you . . . you're my kid sister. I'll be proud of you . . . and none of my family'll give it away. I've got a young brother who's making good as a writer under our right name—Theodore Dreiser. I'll put 'em all hep . . . Your dad was a great guy."

THERE are those who claim that Theodore Dreiser is the greatest novelist America has ever produced. He is at least among its very greatest writers. He has left one of the finest and most human portraits in any language in a magnificent tribute to his brother called "My Brother Paul." But he did not tell all connected with Paul. For instance . . . when the great-hearted three hundred pounder died, Louise was first at his bedside. It was Louise Dresser who folded up his street clothing forever. Reaching her hand in his trousers pocket she took out all of earthly goods that Paul Dresser possessed—a lone penny. It was no wonder that Paul Dresser loved Bill Kerlin.

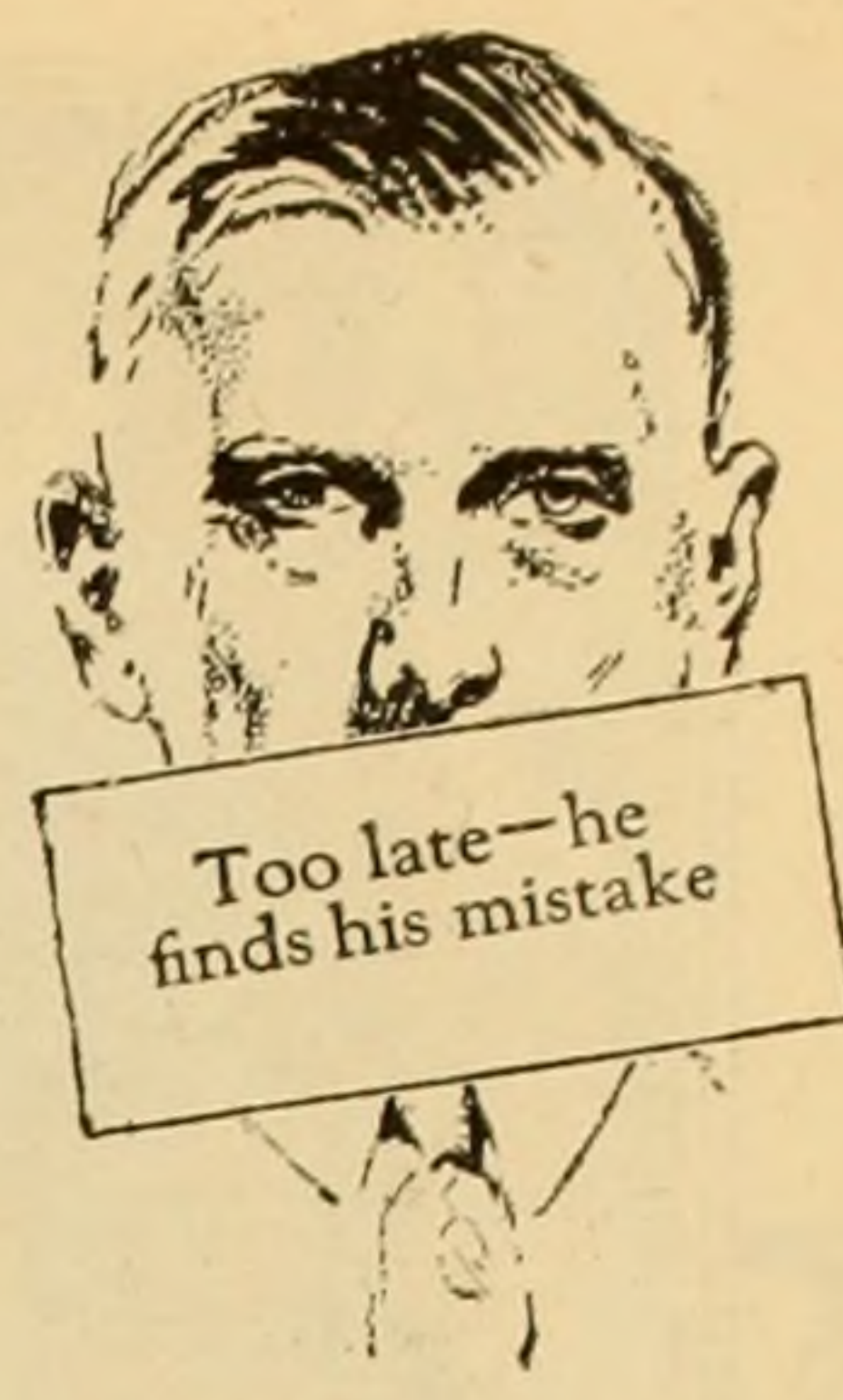
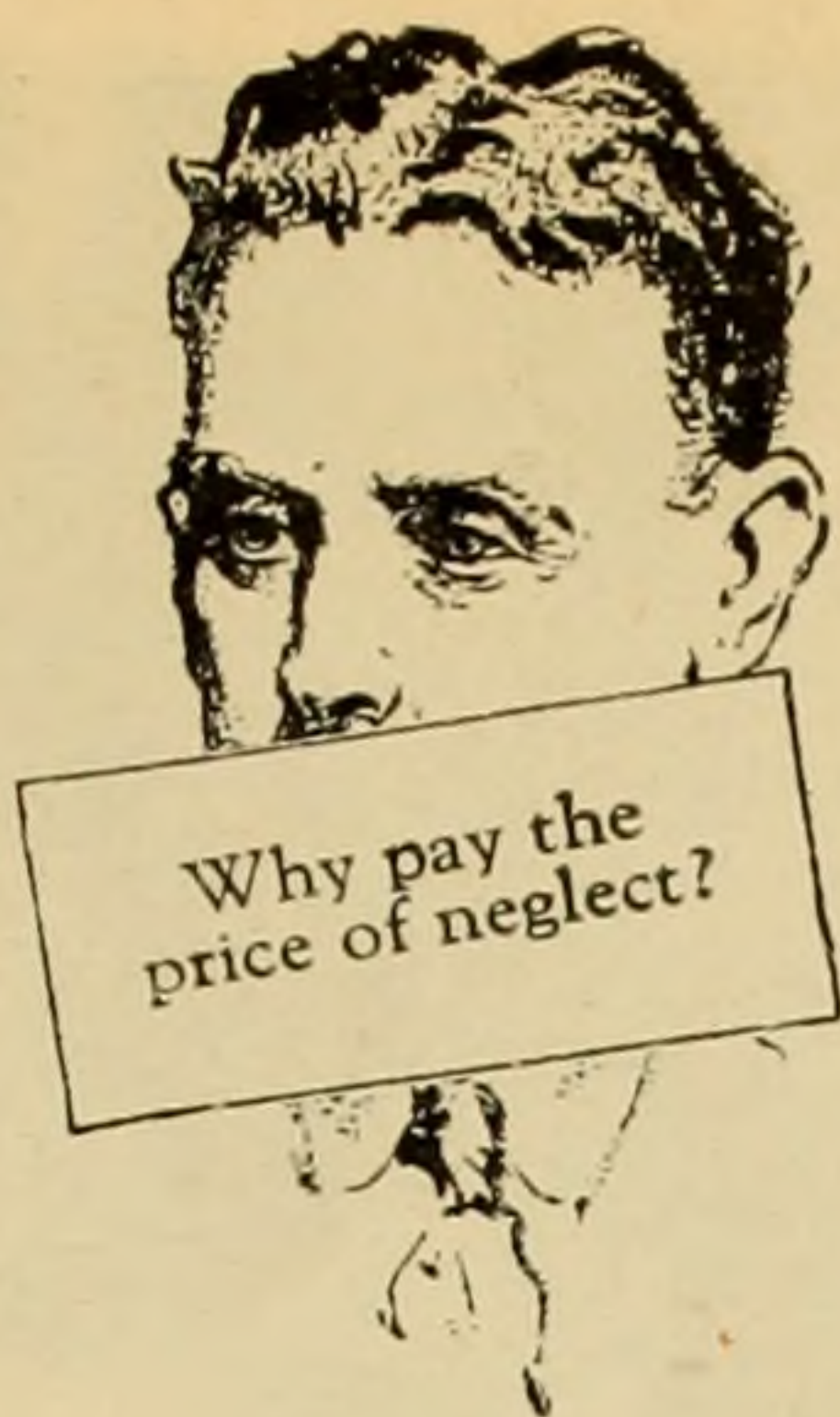
Something should be said of this immense man's kindness through the years to the girl he called Louise Dresser, and who has carried his name with honor. Bill Kerlin could not have looked after Louise more gently than did Paul.

Louise Dresser needs no introduction to the theatrical world. She was a New York star for years, first with the Shuberts, and then with Frohman. She has co-starred with DeWolf Hopper and has also starred in leading vaudeville circuits, and with Henry W. Savage.

Always fond of the widow of Bill Kerlin, she bought on Mother's Day a magnificent home for her in California.

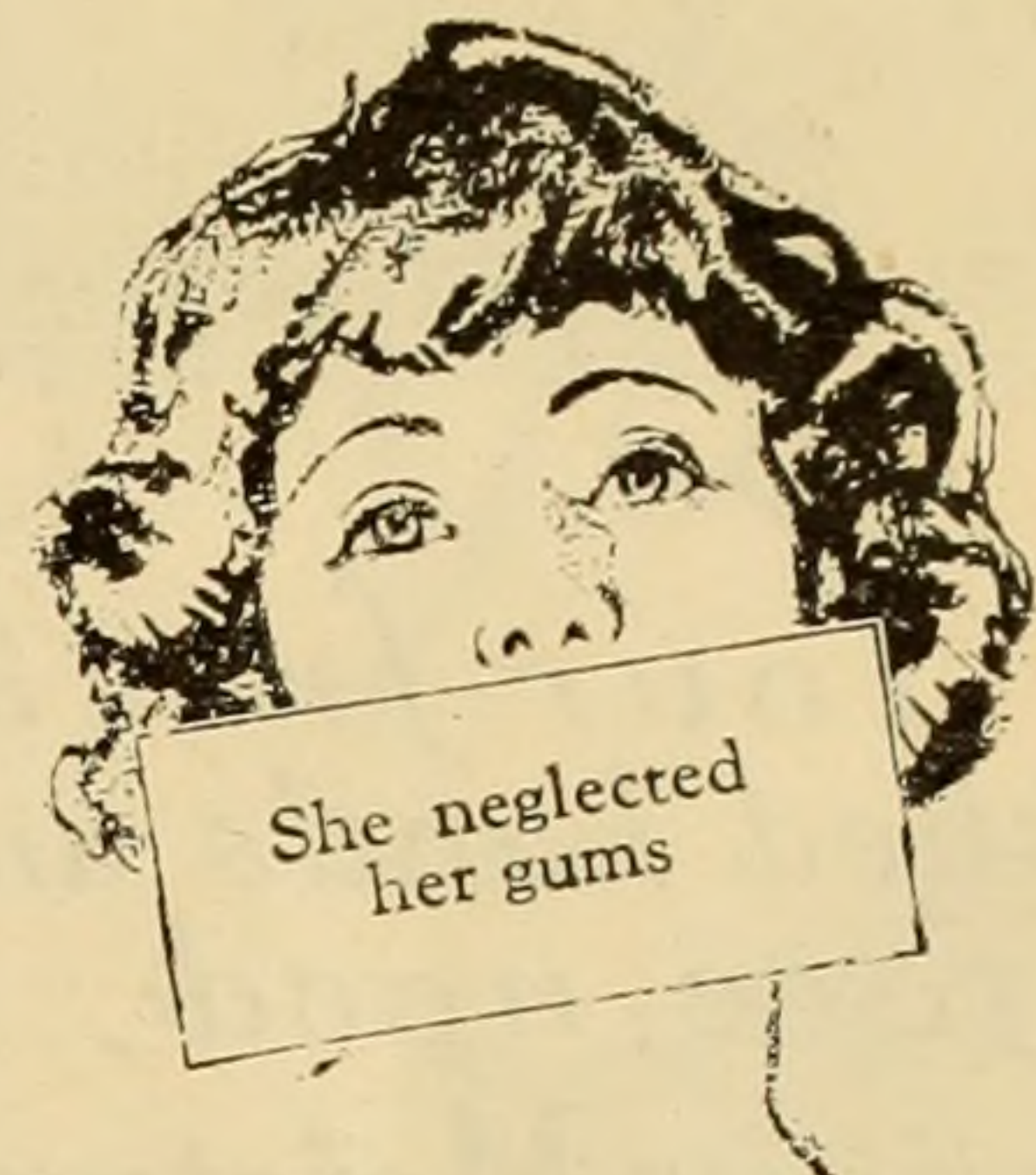
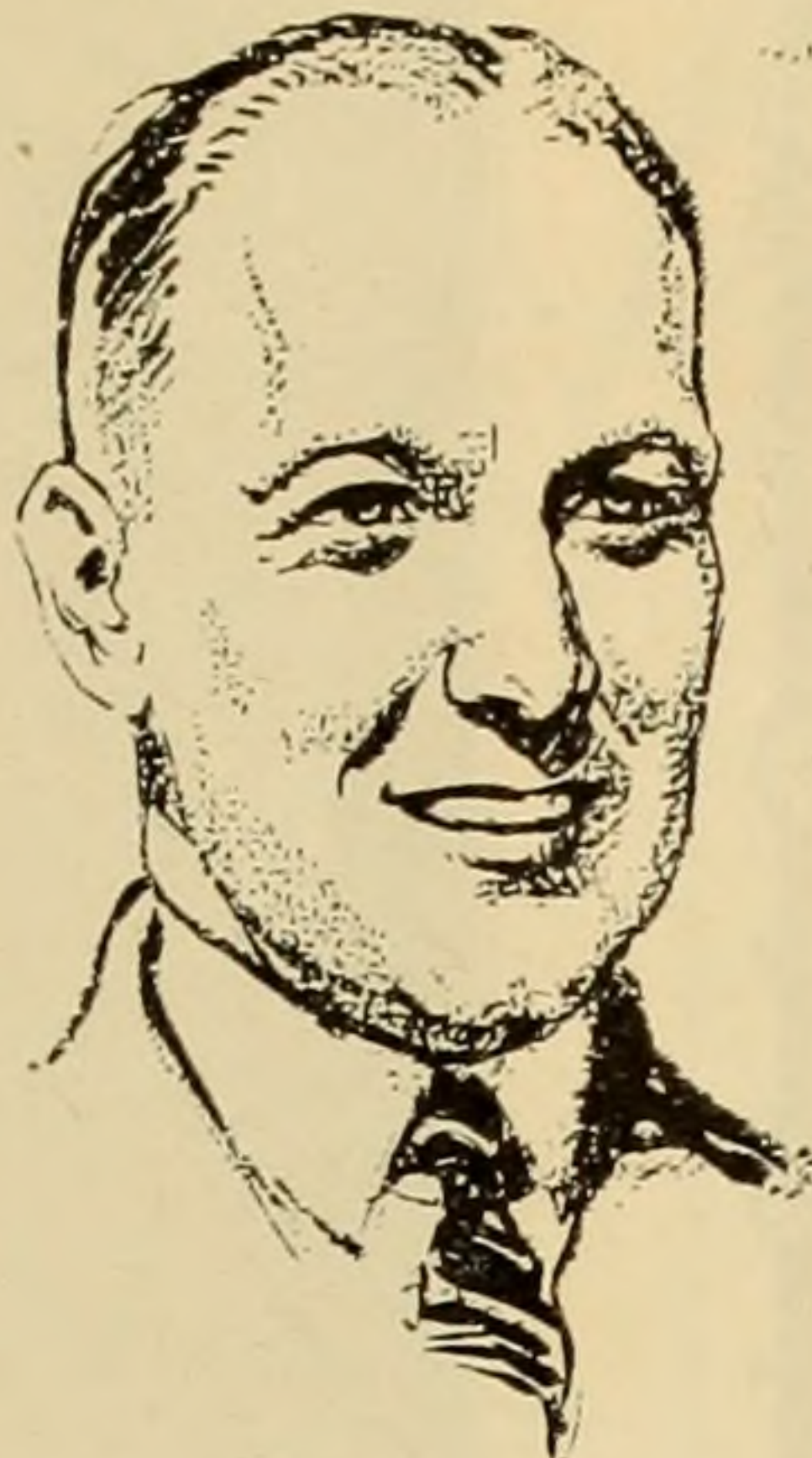
She entered pictures in 1923 at the earnest solicitation of Pauline Frederick. She appeared with Miss Frederick in "The Glory of Clementina." She next appeared in "Burning Sands," then "Enter Madame," "Prodigal Daughters"—and several more pictures, then "Ruggles of Red Gap," her first picture under the direction of the master, Jim Cruze. Five or six other pictures followed and then two more under the direction of Jim Cruze, who has pronounced her "one of the finest actresses on the screen."

It is a long jump from that of a singer to being a great emotional actress, that is, it would have been if Louise had not been always great emotionally . . . the first attribute of actor or actress without which they are hollow indeed.



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The gums are the keys to health. You must keep them firm, strong and healthy or your teeth will begin to loosen and eventually come out. This is one of the penalties of Pyorrhea.

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Don't wait for tender, bleeding gums to warn you of Pyorrhea's coming. Ward it off by going to your dentist regularly and using Forhan's For the Gums twice a day.

This safe, efficient, pleasant-tasting dentifrice counteracts the effects of harmful bacteria, hardens soft, tender gums, keeps them sound, firm and pink. Furthermore, it cleans and whitens the teeth and keeps the mouth fresh, clean and wholesome.

Even if you don't care to discontinue your favorite dentifrice, at least start brushing your gums and teeth once a day with Forhan's.

It is a preparation of proved efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It is the one that many thousands have found beneficial for years. For your own sake, make sure that you get it. Ask for, and insist upon, Forhan's For the Gums. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes

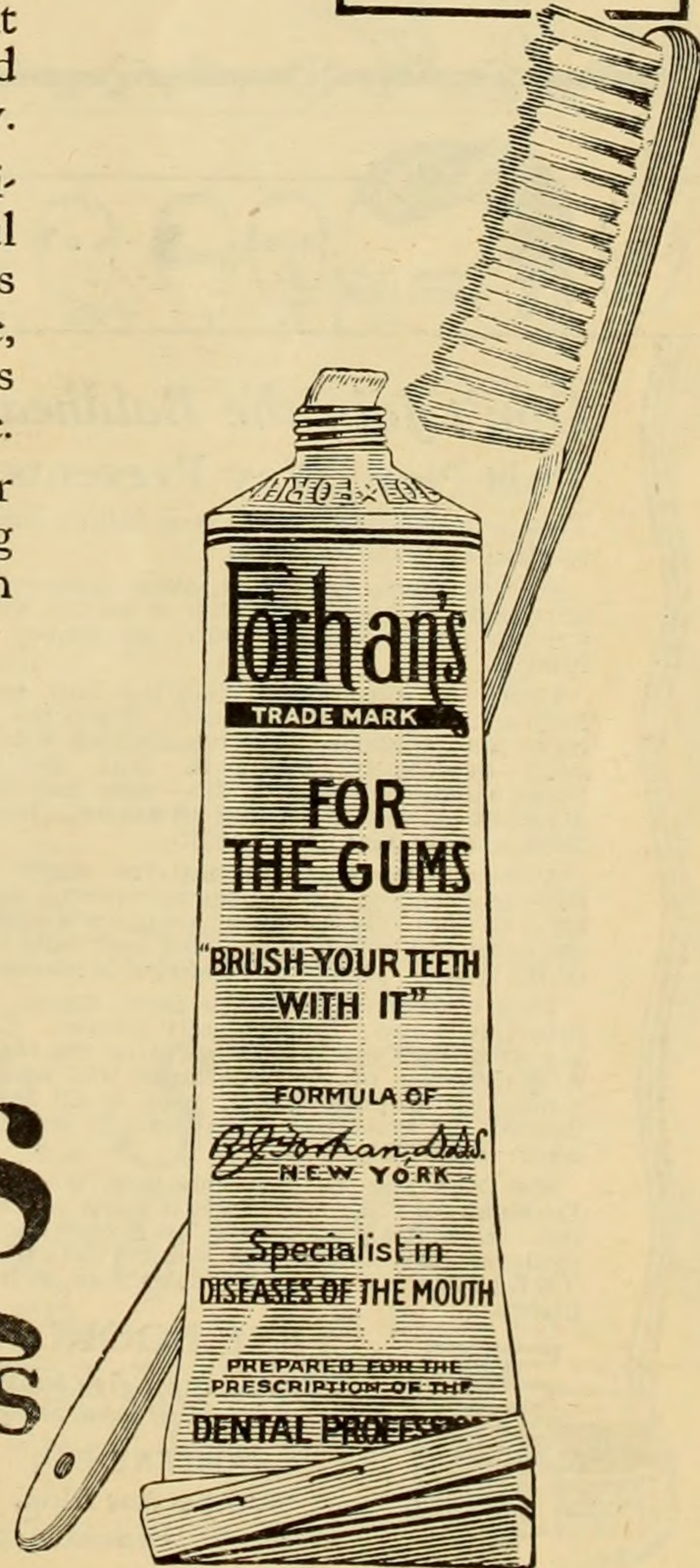
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Being killed isn't the only thing Dale Fuller does on the screen. She is one of the best character actresses in pictures and also one of the busiest. She has been working in three pictures in one month

"I LIVE TO SEE—"

By Dale Fuller

I'm using up my motion picture lives.
The very thought of it makes me turn pale.
Von Stroheim made me die in "Foolish Wives,"
Lew Cody strangled me in "Souls for Sale."
They cut me down just like the well known weed,
Yet in my heart a hope—a faint hope—speaks.
Although I died again in Stroheim's "Greed,"
I live to see the fade-out in "Three Weeks."

Returning to Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

he was consigned for so long and, with a few good pictures, has made mountainous strides. He is another contender for a place in the peaks.

Raymond Griffith has arrived unquestionably because he is not only a great comedian but also a star with the ability to create his own pictures. Like Lloyd and Chaplin, he's practically his own director.

Harry Langdon in the slap stick line is knocking them over. Both Lloyd and Griffith tell me he is a sure long-distance winner.

Colleen Moore has had everything in her favor and she has made the most of it. She's driving at maximum speed.

Corinne Griffith, of supernal personal loveliness, has been unfortunate recently in her vehicles. She's the aristocrat of fascination, comparable in appeal to Elsie Ferguson. She should be robbed in stories appropriate.

Tom Mix—he's the genius of the screen, according to Raymond Griffith, for the reason that he invariably hits the mark he aims at.

Richard Barthelmess is another star-producer who fought his way to independence and made good. As a result, his name over a theater insures not only a fine performance on his part

but a finer picture than most of the machine companies can produce.

Barbara La Marr got off to a bad start with "Sandra," and the life of a temptress is short at best.

Norma Shearer is a signal discovery of the past year.

There are a score who are moving steadily upward: Alice Terry, Marie Prevost, Ronald Colman, Rod La Rocque, Adolphe Menjou, Ben Lyon, Irene Rich, Bessie Love, Mary Philbin, Virginia Valli, May Allison, Jetta Goudal, Constance Bennet, Aileen Pringle, Eleanor Boardman, Clara Bow, Vera Reynolds, Monte Blue, and———(fill in the blank yourself).

Sex and Sophistication

I HAVE considered the idols first because idol-worship is at least fifty per cent of the game, and the company that spurns the star system totally is doing a sixty-day business.

There has been as radical a change in directorial style as in stellar.

Two pictures changed Hollywood profes-



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A new method of treating the scalp now revives dormant hair bulbs to renewed activity. It does this by simultaneously attacking the causes to which 90% of all hair bulb inactivity is due. Hence its remarkable success.

This treatment is not a mere tonic. The principle is new. Scientifically correct. Leading specialists are now advocating the theory. And the ease of the treatment will astonish you. One application a week is all that is needed for most hair troubles. It leaves no odor—no grease.

We urge you to test this new treatment. Do so at our risk. If it fails it costs you nothing. A written guarantee in every package protects you fully. Ask for STIM SCALP TREATMENT at your dealer's or write us direct.

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sionally, Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris" and Lubitsch's "The Marriage Circle." From these Hollywood discovered the possibilities of acting from the neck up. In other words, the bean was utilitarian and not simply ornamental as hitherto supposed.

This sudden revelation brought a panic, with the revolution of directors ensuing.

The exhibitor who listed Harold Lloyd and Novarro in the lead among male stars stated that until recently there were only two directors whose names meant anything to the box-office, D. W. Griffith and Cecil B. De Mille.

This year marks the rise of Ernst Lubitsch. He is the master of the Hollywood school, the smiling little Michaelangelo of the art, and his style is being furiously studied.

"Direction, no less than acting, has fallen into grooves," confesses King Vidor. "Two things have happened of which producers and directors do not seem aware. First, the level of intelligence is higher—the cross-word puzzle bears that out. Second, the picture audience today is thoroughly screen-wise and refuses to be thrilled by old familiar treatment and situations.

"Pictures are too literal. We who make them are forgetting that what contributes most to the success of a picture is what the audience brings with them—imagination—and we go on telling stories in words of one syllable."

As I say, Lubitsch and Chaplin have been the pace-setters. Among the progressives who are hitting fast strides in the wake are: Herbert Brenon, King Vidor, Victor Seastrom, Frank Lloyd, Clarence Brown, Monta Bell, Frank Borzage.

D. W. Griffith recaptures his own incomparable peak with "Isn't Life Wonderful" and should hold it with the financial staff of Paramount in his grip.

Rex Ingram scored with "Scaramouche" and is rapidly mending his dramatic weakness. Pictorially he is peerless.

De Mille will awaken new interest as a supervising producer.

Herbert Brenon's success with "Peter Pan" revealed unsuspected resources in him, and James Cruze is a boxoffice bell-ringer of another type whose name, our exhibitor states, is beginning to magnetize the crowds.

Eric Von Stroheim seems incapable of telling a story in less than twelve volumes. When he can realize the limitations of time and space he will be victorious.

The inclination of the public toward that which Hollywood terms "sophistication"—in reality, merely an honest, intelligent interpretation of life—has left Hollywood gasping. They always thought sophistication meant something dirty. They are discovering that sex has nothing to do with it.

There will always be a market for the dime novels, the thrillers, the Elinor Glyn primer stuff and the Horatio Alger. But there is also a great market, an increasingly great market, for pictures such as Lubitsch and Chaplin have delivered.

With more directors of their skill and honesty the cry against salaciousness will be stopped save in quarters where stable rats are on the sniff for dirt.

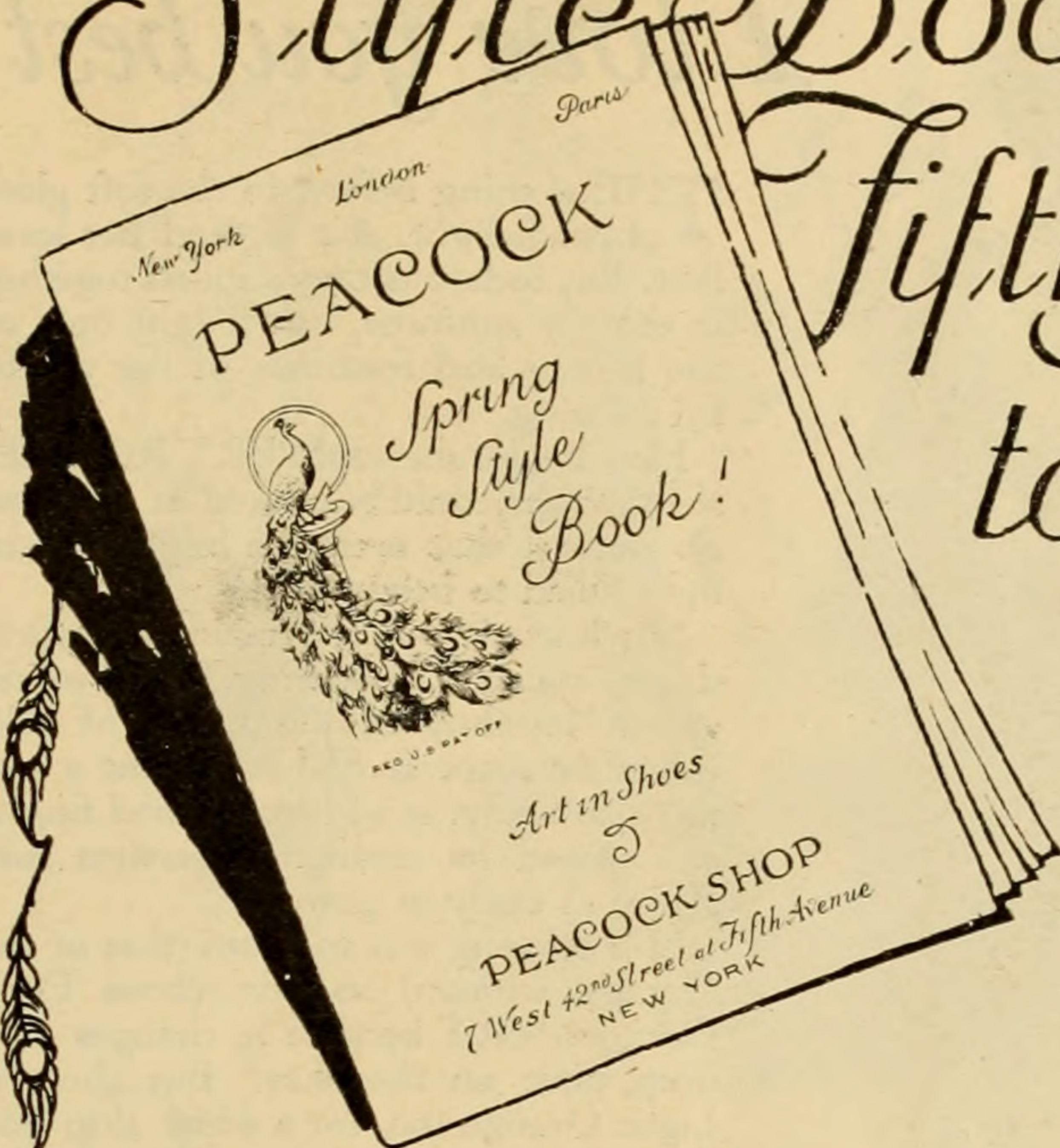
The trouble has been that directors made vile and vulgar use of sex as pander to the box-office. Lubitsch and Chaplin treat the subject so delicately that it is but a motif in the pattern.

War in Hollywood

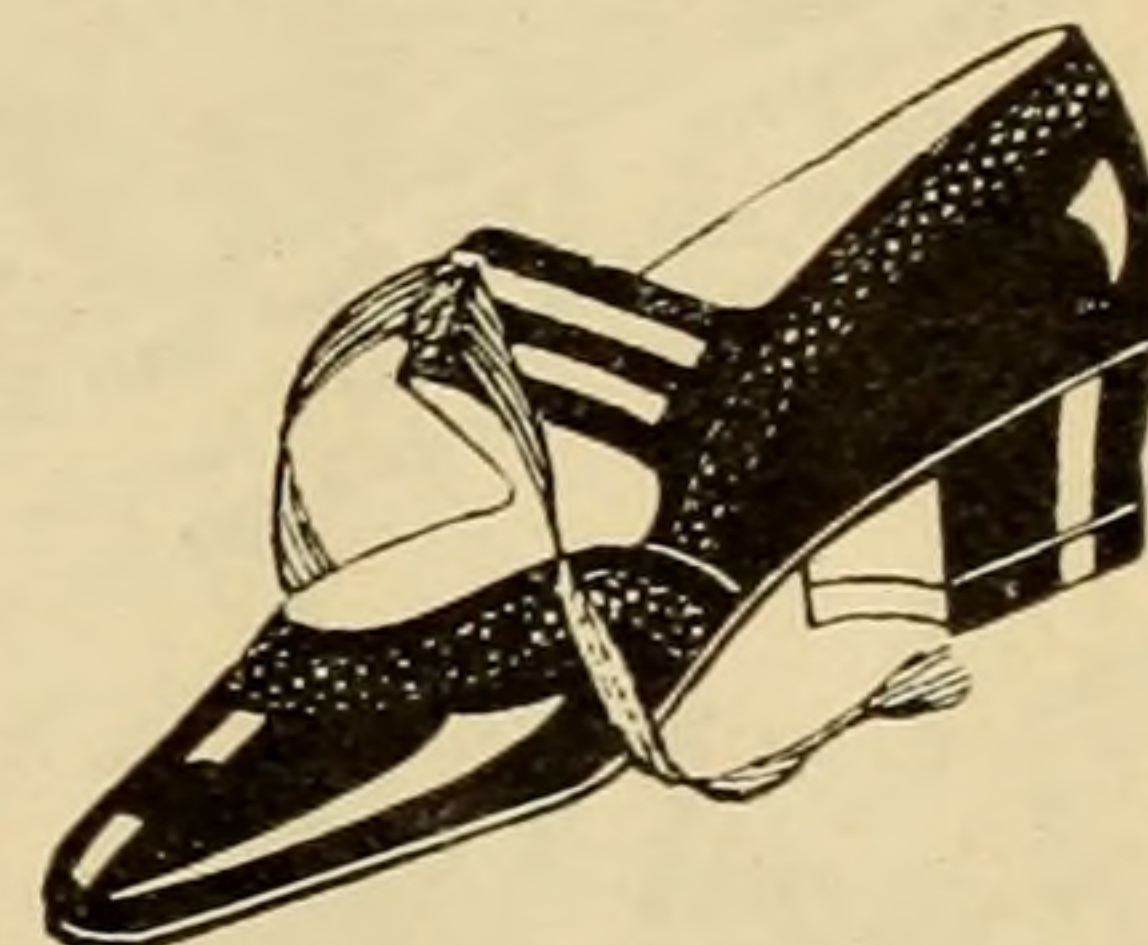
EVERY so often there is the apparition of the motion picture industry in the grip of a gigantic combine. Just about the time this seems a reality the roofs blow off the studios, the doors and windows fly open and precious talent is spilled all over the place.

The motion picture industry cannot be cornered because it does not deal in stable products such as wheat and beef. It deals in ideas and personalities. There is no absolute way of gauging what the market will demand next year, no earthly way of preventing you

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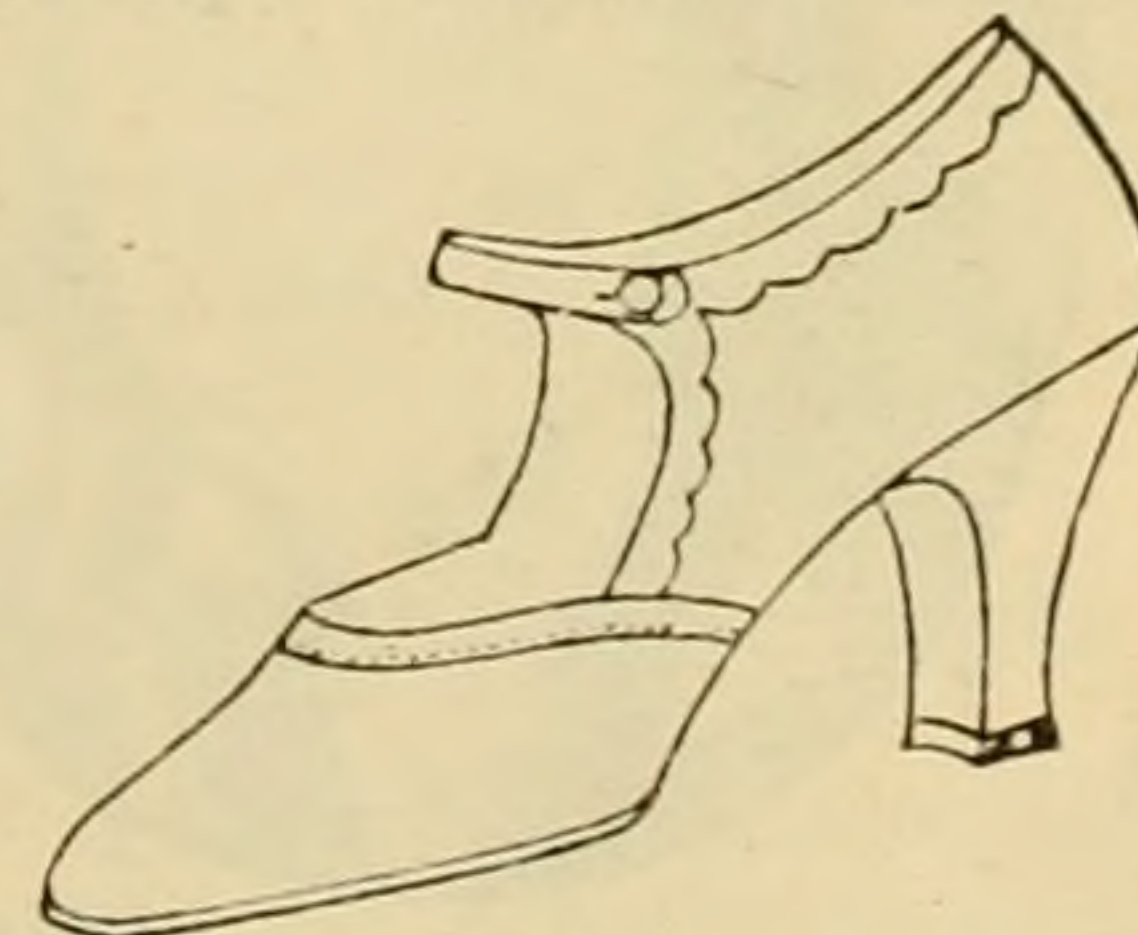
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"I don't know when I love you best"

THE evening before, in the soft glow of candlelight, she seemed her loveliest. But today, as they strolled together in the gay sunshine, he thought only of the beauty and freshness of her youthful coloring.

How happy she was! PERT ROUGE, she thought, could be trusted at all times. So natural that even the brightest sunlight failed to betray her!

She knew it would remain indefinitely despite constant powdering. That it would vanish instantly at the touch of cold cream or soap. It had taken but a moment to apply, as with moistened finger, she spread its creamy, greaseless substance as easily as powder.

Her coloring was medium (that of the average woman) so she chose Dark Orange PERT because it changes to a deep pink on the skin. But there is Light Orange too, for a white skin and Rose for olive complexions.

There is PERT LIPSTICK also, to match the rouge, just as natural and lasting. Both are waterproof and may be obtained at drug or department stores or by mail.

Mail this coupon with a dime today for sample of PERT. Another dime brings a sample of WINX, the waterproof lash darkener.

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Pert Rouge

or me from discovering another Lloyd or Swanson that no theater can afford to ignore.

Only a year ago we thought a nice amicable combine was about to be perfected between a few big companies. Now the field is split into a dozen camps all firing at one another in a deadly battle for stars, directors and writers.

Warner Brothers claim to have offered Gloria Swanson \$17,500 a week. They are among the bidders for Lillian Gish's services, too, I believe.

Cecil De Mille appears in the role of a crusader on a milk-white charger to set all unhappy peoples free. He will control a big producing organization with stars and directors at the head of units in a manner similar to the plan on which First National operates.

In the meantime salaries are shooting sky high and certain companies, too smug to foresee their doom, are going merrily on their way browbeating directors and stars with schedules that require working day, night and Sunday. Speed at any cost is the motto, meaning that the director and slave boss will get a little extra bonus if the picture can be driven through in three weeks instead of six, thirteen days instead of thirty.

The Bagdad of Phantasmagoria

HOLLYWOOD remains a spectacle as fantastic as Bagdad of magic. There are stories too strange to believe outside the pages of "The Arabian Nights."

Unnoticed in the crowd that made a path of cheers for Lillian Gish on her appearance here were Francis Ford and Cleo Madison, recalling their ovations of a few years ago.

Barbara Tennant works as an extra in support of Alice Joyce, once her star rival.

Katherine MacDonald steps in for a few brief years and walks out with a quarter of a million. Agnes Ayres turns a similar trick. While Nazimova who once received a check of ten thousand dollars each week now lives in the servants' quarters of the mansion over which she was formerly mistress.

"They ask why I delayed coming back for so long," says Nazimova ironically. "After the failure of 'Salome' I couldn't come back at any salary or in any part."

But Nazimova was born an actress. Life to her is drama, and she relishes as much a role in the garret as one in a palace. She knows that the next act may find her again in the drawing room.

So moves the phantasmagoria that is Hollywood, a magic lantern show of passing shadows, as fascinating as roulette, as gay or as tragic, it's all according to you.

PAUL NICHOLSON loves a shower bath about as well as the next man, but when Paul was scheduled to take a shower in "Chickie," which First National has been making in the Biograph studios in New York, he learned that a bath at home and a bath in the movies are entirely different. Paul was to make the scene the first thing one morning. Being adverse to bathing on a full stomach Paul went without his breakfast.

But Director John Dillon was very busy on other things that day. "Just sit down a minute, Paul, and we'll soon be ready for you."

Paul sat. The minute turned into hours and pretty soon the whole company knocked off for luncheon. Dillon told Paul that the bath scene would be the first one shot after luncheon. So Paul went without luncheon. But instead of taking it the first thing after luncheon Dillon found something else to do. The weary minutes passed into hours and the gnawing pain Paul felt didn't cheer him up a bit. Finally five o'clock came. Paul's face brightened as Dillon walked towards him. "I'm sorry, Paul, but I guess we'll have to take that scene in the morning. Please be here bright and early so there won't be any delay." Paul said he never ate a heartier meal than his dinner that night.

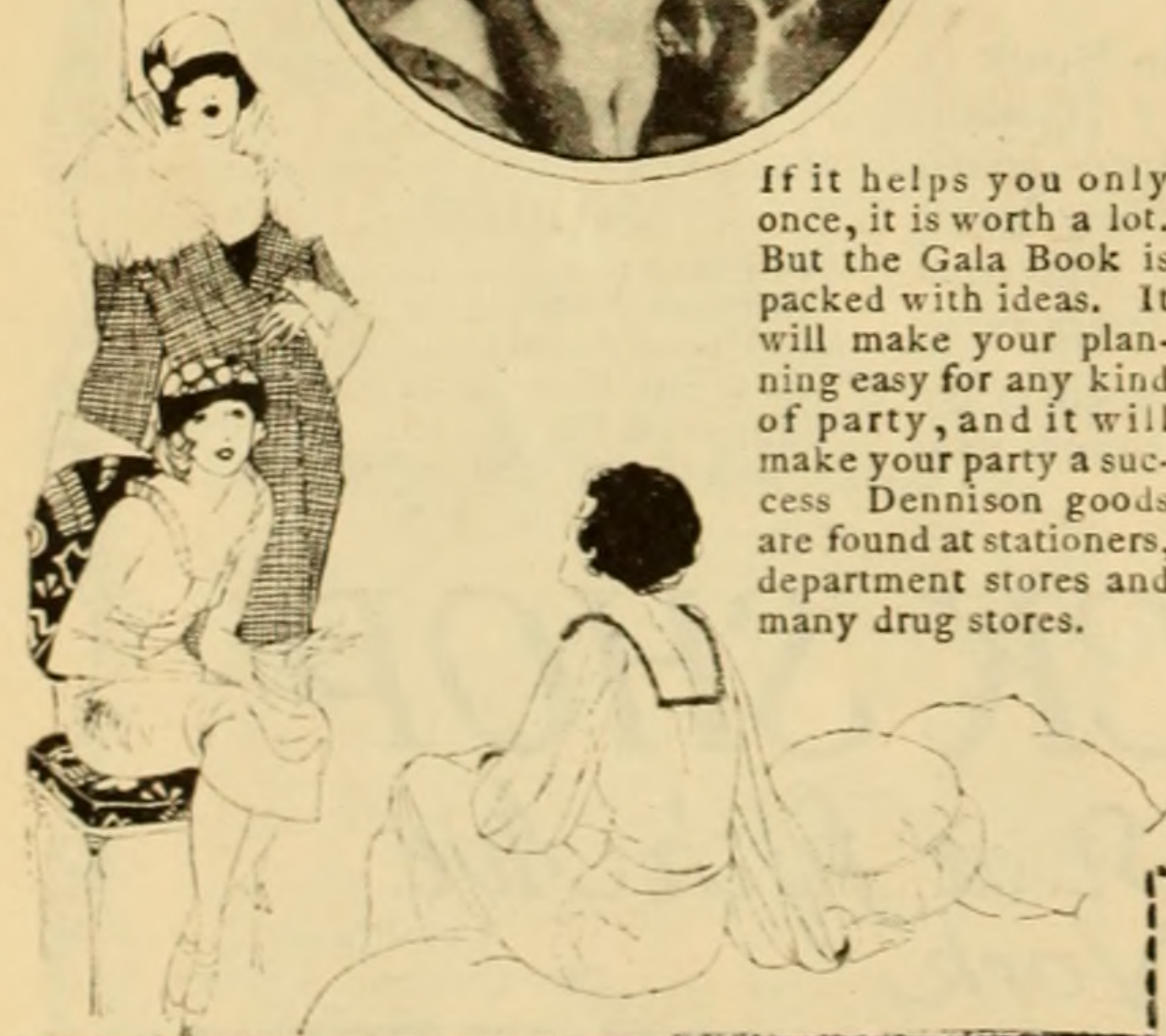
Jobyna Ralston's Diary

April 25

It's flattering, of course, but it's an awful strain to be asked to help with the arrangements for so many affairs. One day it's a children's party; the next day it's a luncheon or tea; and then comes a shower for a bride. I'd be a wreck but for the Dennison Gala Book. It's the source of all my party ideas, but I get the credit. Thank you, little book.



If it helps you only once, it is worth a lot. But the Gala Book is packed with ideas. It will make your planning easy for any kind of party, and it will make your party a success. Dennison goods are found at stationers, department stores and many drug stores.



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 Dept. 13-E, Framingham, Mass.
 Please send me a Gala Book full of ideas for parties. I enclose ten cents. (In Canada, fifteen cents.)
 Name _____
 Address _____

Dennison's

What They Know About Each Other

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

role new to us, for Mrs. Barthelme looks not more than fifteen years old, and though we knew there was a daughter, we never realized it 'till we saw the infant with our own eyes. We don't mean that the way it sounds, for she has Dick's own eyes. Joseph Hergesheimer was invited to luncheon the day we were there, and we knew full well that none of us would hold a serious discussion while he was present. He is far too humorous. One wants to sit back and listen and relax.

The luncheon was progressing satisfactorily for everyone including the cook. Only we were nervous, for we couldn't forget the last words of our editor, "Get your man," adding to this "and your woman," which made the assignment three times as difficult.

But Mr. Hergesheimer is an understanding soul and he sensed the situation. So, as soon as it was time to light a Corona Corona, he lighted one and went upstairs to the library. "Now, don't spare them," he said; "make them unbosom their souls." And they did; or, as the movie title says, "They came clean." Now, wouldn't you think that Richard, with those eyes of his, like unfathomable pools of black velvet (we mix an excellent metaphor) and that beautiful, high, Byronic forehead would be the romantic one and Mary the practical one? Well, it's entirely reversed. This is what Dick opened the combat with:

"A man will never be truly happily married until he realizes that his wife is just an ordinary human being. I love Mary because she is a da-a-darn fine girl."

"He respects me," mocked his young spouse. "He makes me feel like *Wendy* when *Peter Pan* informed her that he loved her like a dutiful son. He has no romance in his soul! Now I shall start off by explaining that though Dick isn't perfect—"

"No?" queried Mr. Barthelme, in apparent consternation.

"Oh, no," said Mary, firmly. "You know, only last week you—"

"All right," said Dick, hurriedly. "Go on where you left off with Dick isn't perfect. Motion carried."

"Well, though Dick isn't perfect, he still seems to me exactly as he did the first time I saw him. I'm a romantic soul. It makes life's pathway easy."

"I knew it. You live in 'The Enchanted Cottage.' And when was the first time you saw Dick? And did you fall in love with him right away?"

"In Honolulu, and yes!"

"What a perfect place to meet!"

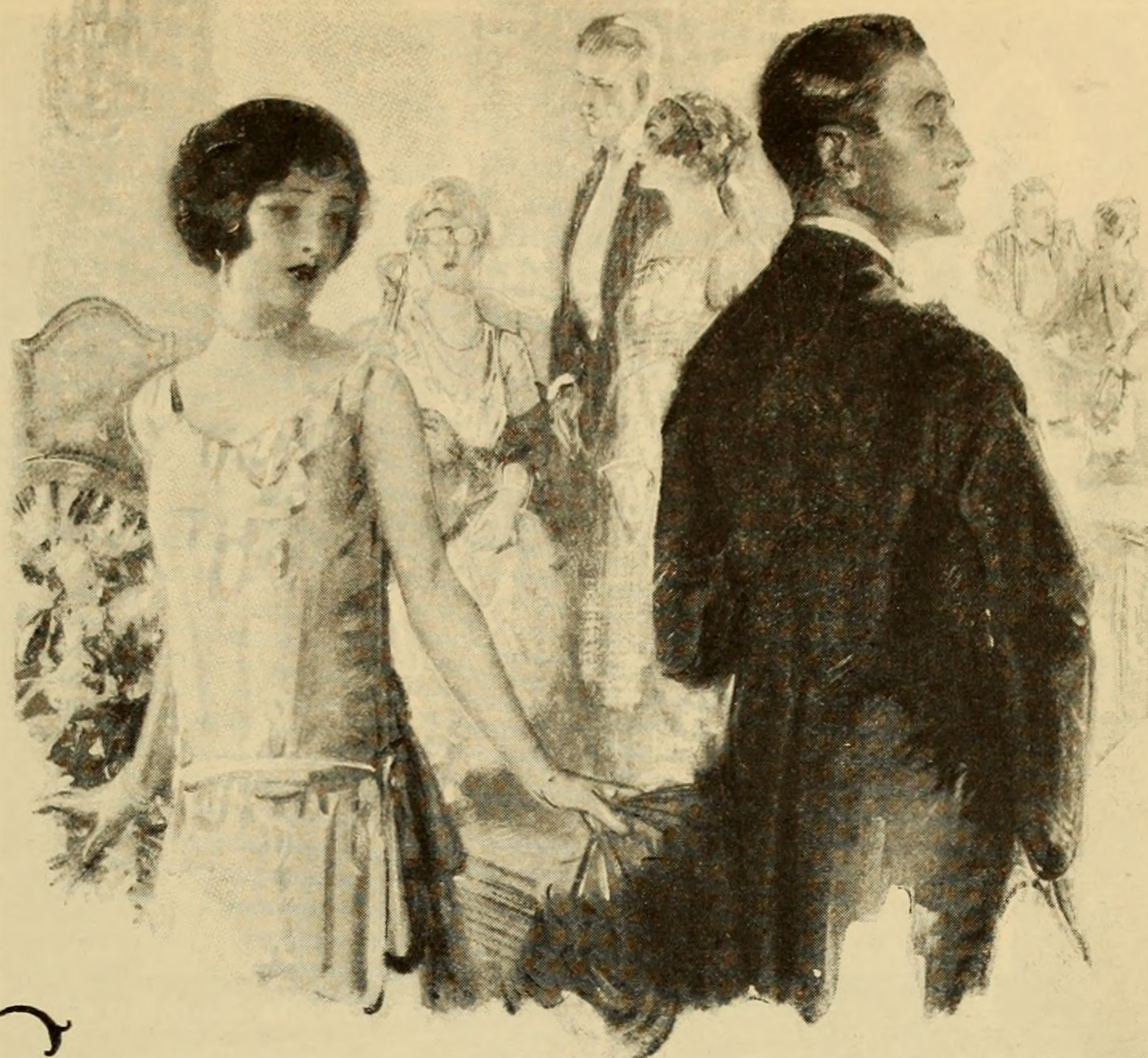
"OH, we didn't meet there. You misunderstood me. I was there with father, and one night he took me to a movie house. I put my hair up because I had on my very first long skirt. It was there that I saw my future husband for the first time."

"I'll bet it was in 'Snow White and the Seven Swans.' Richard has never lived that down."

"No, it was in the 'Valentine Girl,' with Marguerite Clark. He looked terribly young, but I was terribly young too, so I fell in love with him. I've been in love with him ever since; and if every girl who marries for love would say to herself when a man is exasperating, as all men are bound to be, 'This is the same God-like creature who made the whole world for me just yesterday,' he would always hold his place in her heart."

OH, how we revel in talking to a girl like Mary. With those ideals life can never be dull for her. Every night is Christmas Eve when you're in love with love. We know!

"And did you fall in love with Mary the first time you saw her? Do you, too, know the joy of dwelling in the 'Enchanted Cottage'?"



Society never winks at this weakness

What qualities must a woman have to be a social success—beauty, grace, culture, wit? Society appreciates these but it has never yet closed its doors to the woman who lacks them.

The seeker after social popularity may be utterly without distinction in a dozen ways—in features, family, personality; she may even lack discretion. Yet social success may be hers!

But there is one thing that puts her under a tremendous social handicap—

One thing without which no woman can live up to a man's ideal of her—perfect personal cleanliness!

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that perspiration odor and moisture have kept more women from a coveted social position than any other one thing. Yet how many women fail to see when they fall short!

If girls and women—yes, and men, too—could only understand that soap and water cannot counteract this disagreeable thing! Special measures are necessary to keep the underarms always dry and odorless.

The one perfect precaution now regularly used by 3,000,000 people is the underarm toilette—Odorono!

Odorono, you know, is the *original corrective* of both perspiration odor and moisture. It was formulated by a physician and is now used in hospitals by physicians and nurses who know its antiseptic qualities and scientific action.

A clear, clean liquid, Odorono is as delightful to use as the daintiest toilet water. You need apply it only twice a week to enjoy absolute assurance of perfect underarm cleanliness. Never a trace of odor or moisture; never a stained garment!

Such a little thing and yet it means so much! Adopt the underarm toilette *now*; have for yourself the ease and comfort of mind its regular use means. Get a bottle of Odorono at any toilet counter; 35c, 60c and \$1 or sent by mail postpaid.

Send for dainty sample set

I will send you 3 generous samples for the complete underarm toilette—Odorono, Creme Odorono (for odor only) and Odorono Depilatory, together with booklet of information on perspiration problems. Complete sample set, 10c; any one sample, 5c. Mail coupon *now*.

RUTH MILLER

The Odorono Company, 905 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

RUTH MILLER

905 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me sample set of Odorono, Creme Odorono and Odorono Depilatory with booklet, for which I enclose 10c.

Name

Address

(Note: Sample of any one, 5c)



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Really Cleans All the Teeth!

Ordinary toothbrushes invite decay by leaving important surfaces of the teeth untouched. So 4,118 dentists designed, and 20,000 dentists now endorse, the ALBRIGHT TOOTHBRUSH to reach the places *usually never reached*—between the teeth, on the *uneven grinding surfaces*, the backs of the back teeth. The tufts of bristles are *wedge-shaped and widely spaced*. They penetrate into every crevice. The ALBRIGHT is *different in design and different in results*.

45¢ 35¢ 25¢

Handles in *five* distinctive colors for quick identification of your toothbrush—White, Light Amber, Dark Amber, Ruby, Blue

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So that our readers need not miss a single issue of Photoplay during the **\$5000.00 Cut Picture Puzzle Contest** we are making a special six month rate of

(See page 58 for full particulars regarding Contest)

\$1.25

This special offer is made to avoid disappointment. So many of our readers complained last year because the newsstands were sold out and in many instances we were unable to supply back copies. Your subscription today will insure your receiving every copy during the Contest. Just send money order or check for \$1.25 and fill out the coupon below. Do it today.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Dept. 12-E, 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 June, 1925, issue.

Send to.....

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

"Of course not. A man couldn't love anyone he didn't know, could he?"

"Let me tell you that you're all wrong, and we have the poets back of us to prove it. 'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight,' we quoted. 'Christopher Marlowe, for one, said that.'"

"Now, see here," said Dick, "it all depends on what you call love. I saw Mary dancing in the Midnight Frolic, the Ziegfeld Roof Show. I thought that she was such a cute little thing that I made a point of finding out all I could about her, but it was months after that before we knew each other well. Then we played in 'Way Down East.' But you know, there never has been to me any glamour about the stage or the screen. I married Mary because she, herself, in person, was so sweet. I love her more now than I did then, because I know all about her and she is nicer even than I thought she was."

"That last honeyed speech makes it sound brutal for me to tell you that you don't know me at all. What a man should know about his wife is 'nothing.' What a woman should know about her husband is 'everything.' God gave woman intuition as her defense and to man He gave strength. Woman is better equipped of the two."

"I never heard you talk like that before," said Dick, suspiciously.

"One of the many things you don't know about your wife," we said.

"After all, it isn't clothes nor looks that makes a man easy to live with. I mean if he isn't possessed of the standard virtues, it wouldn't matter if he looked like Adonis or Apollo, would it?" said Dick.

"Wouldn't it? Well, it would to me. Just let my eye be filled all the time and I won't demand too much of the standard virtues."

"Beauty covers a multitude of sins," acquiesced Mary.

"Hitch your motor car to a star," we paraphrased, "a star garbed in romantic habiliments, making love beneath a life-like moon."

"But you know as well as I do," asserted Dick, "that unless a star is exceptionally well-balanced, or perhaps I'd better say extremely careful, he is going to act in private as well as in public. You wouldn't like that, would you?"

"Yes, a man should act! No woman could live with them if they were just natural all the time. You never heard me say 'Be yourself,' did you?"

"And damned be him who first cries 'Hold, enough,'" we quoted as referee.

"Well, I can't say that marrying a star is any different from marrying anybody else," said Dick, doggedly. "The question shouldn't be 'Is he a star?' but 'Is he the right sort?'"

"You mean 'the fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars but in ourselves,'" said Mrs. Barthelme.

NOW all this time whilst we had all been talking about disposition and compatibility of temperament and love at first sight, and acting and stars, we had been avoiding the main issue. What we wanted to say was, "Just how much should a wife know about her husband's vagrant love affairs and just how much should a husband know of his wife's wanderings along the romantic paths of the primrose—if any?" But it was difficult. One word, and we feared that Mary and Dick, especially Dick, would fly to cover. Both of these charming young people have a horror of sensational publicity, for they have learned "Put not your trust in interviewers."

Furthermore, though we had all been beating about the bush and ignoring it, no two married stars have had more conflicting reports issued concerning the marital vicissitudes than Dick and Mary. They knew it. I knew it, but tacitly "we" did not know it.

But Shakespeare, or was it Bacon, once said, "Screw your courage to the sticking point and then go ahead." So we did.

"Do you think a woman should forgive a man if he wanders?" we said cautiously.

"Wanders?" said Dick. "Wanders where?"

"Well, wanders most anywhere. Where do people wander?"

"I know what you mean, and my answer is that I should prefer a man who was polyandrous to one who was merely a Pollyanna."

"Oh, Lady, Lady. Thank you for those words. So should I. No woman never really wants a man unless other women want him too, and the greater the danger of losing him the greater the charm."

"Yes a wife should overlook her husband's divergences but she never should let him know that she knows. A man is so happy when he thinks he is being clever and covering his tracks when as a matter of fact he might be playing hare and hound, the trail is so plain."

"Is that truly the way you feel about it?"

"OH, yes, indeed! But, as I said, a woman should carefully conceal the fact that she is forgiving anything. In the first place every man hates a martyr and in the second place it is not wise to appear to condone too much."

"And do you believe in the single standard?" we asked of Dick, meaning, of course, do you believe that a woman is entitled to as many flirtations as she allows her husband. But Dick took it in a different way. He always has been a serious sort of person, even when he was a little boy. Now, you see how long we've known Mr. Barthelmess. So he replied "Yes, I do believe in the single standard. I think a man has no more right to stray from the straight and narrow path than a woman has, and I shouldn't expect a woman to forgive me if I did. Don't you agree with me?"

"Well," said little Mary, "Betty Blythe once said that when husbands and wives were together with a third party they should speak only in parables. Now, do you know what any of those things called parables in the Bible mean? No, neither does anybody else. So here is my answer: 'Stay me with flagons and comfort me with apples when I am sick of love. For whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge.' That's perfectly clear, isn't it."

But we also happen to know that once when we asked Betty what she thought a girl should look for in choosing a husband she replied, "I wouldn't live a day with a man who couldn't realize that I might see many men who would interest me for the moment far more than he might do at the same moment." This doesn't sound like a parable to us: but perhaps we don't know a parable when we see one.

Very Much in Jail

*"I'm standing in the jail house,
With my back against the wall.
And a moonlight night
Was the cause of it all."*

THIS was the melancholy refrain which floated through the barred windows of one of the very best Los Angeles jails when Cecille Evans, Sennett bathing beauty, began serving a two-day sentence for speeding.

Cecille, whose shapely limbs are reported insured for \$100,000, wept copiously, and without the aid of glycerine tears, when the stern-visaged judge sentenced her.

Turning on her 100-candle power "lamps" and flashing at least \$99,999.99 worth of prize pedal extremities in sheer champagne hose, Cecille did her best in a plea for leniency.

"Please, judge, it was moonlight," she said. "The exotic fragrance of the eucalyptus or something on the zephyr-like breeze came through the windshield. And, judge, the moonlight—you just should have seen it. It just carried me away—miles too fast, I guess."

But the judge harkened not to the maiden's plaint.

"Two days in jail! Next case!"

Behind the bars, stripped of fur coat and jewels, Cecille pouted and stormed.

"Why, that judge can't put me in jail," she said, with moist eyes. "He's the meanest thing. Just think, I have a heavy date tonight which I just must keep!"



Mary Garden Photo © Mishkin

If you choose carefully

RIGAUD'S aids to beauty, fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden, have always enjoyed a demand among women who choose carefully. They have wanted that consistently superior Rigaud quality.

You can buy no better rouge than Mary Garden Rouge. Mary Garden Lip Stick, Face Powder, Toilet Water, Talcum and Body Powder are likewise distinguished for their excellence.

Now they await you in their new attire: Face Powder in a new round box with puff; Compacts are very thin. Complete assortments at all department and drug stores. See them.

These are the prices

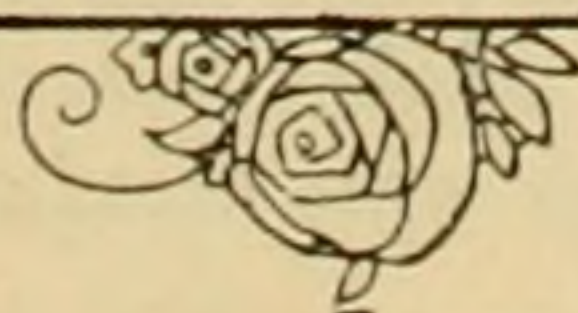
Face Powder in round box with puff	\$1.00	Face Powder Compact, in new metal case . .	\$1.00
Rouge or Face Powder Compact in the new small metal case50	Talcum Powder in tins	.25
Lip Stick, slide metal case	.25	Toilet Water, 2 1/4 oz. .	1.50
		Body Powder with large puff	1.50

Sole Distributor

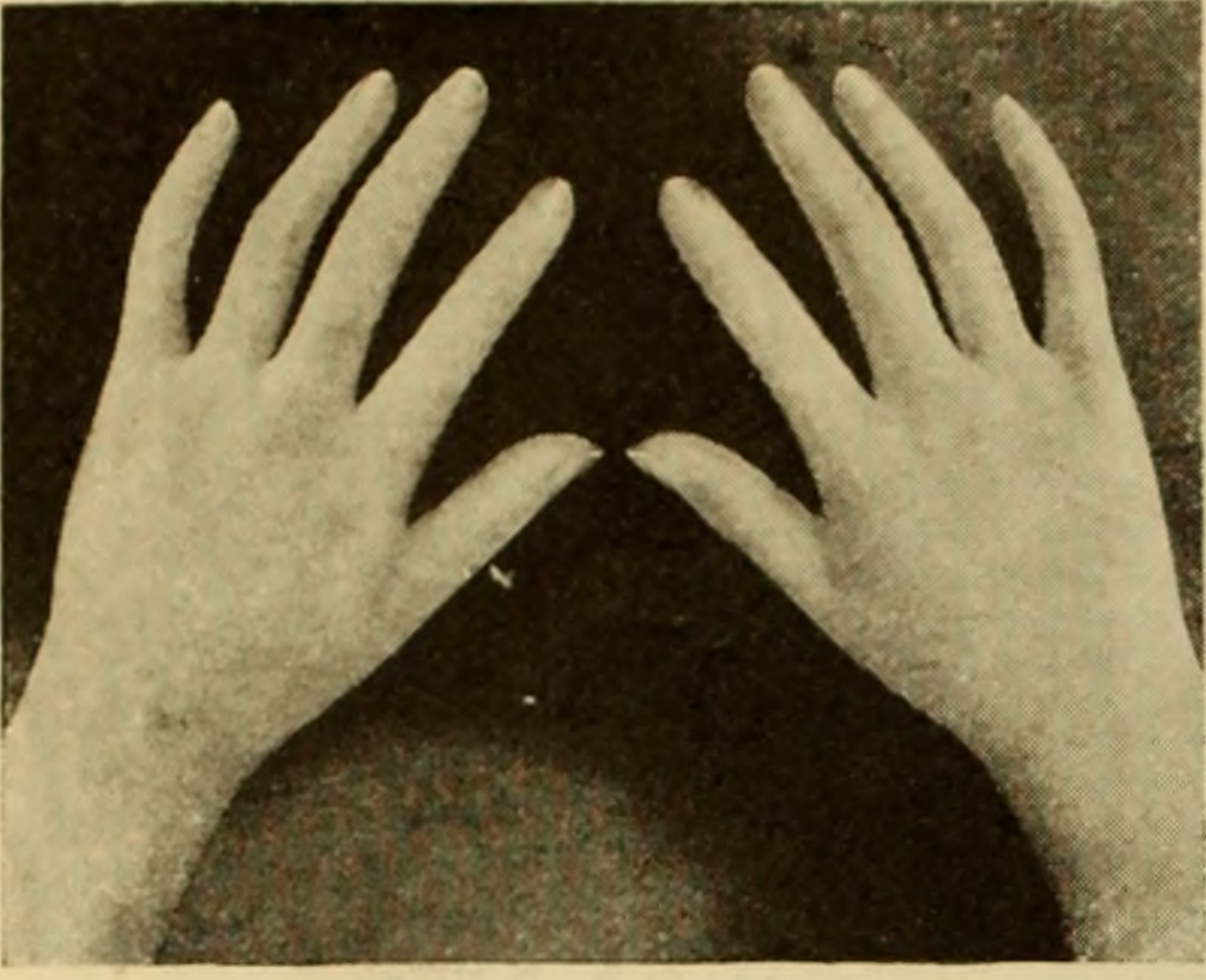
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My Hands Ever Soft and Young

By Edna Wallace Hopper

I am a stage star. I wash my hands 20 times a day in all sorts of water. You who wash dishes, clothes, etc., don't attack the skin as I do.

Yet my hands are soft and smooth. They are girlish hands. They form one of my chief attractions.

I spent 25 years to find a lotion which would do that. I tried numberless kinds—almost everything that experts submitted. But I have only lately found my ideal.

Now I offer it to all women, as I do with every great help I have found. I supply it to all druggists and toilet counters under the name Edna Wallace Hopper's Youth Hand Lotion. It is made in the laboratory which evolved it, exactly as I use it.

I ask you to try it. Apply it at night and see what a change comes by morning. Apply it whenever your hands touch water which may harden or dry or chap them. Use it to keep your hands looking as young and soft and tender as your face.

I will mail you a sample of my Youth Lotion free if you will send this coupon. Do that, for your own sake. Learn the best that I have found in many years of searching. Clip coupon now.

Trial Free

Edna Wallace Hopper, 912 PP
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.
I want to try Youth Hand Lotion.

Oh How Lovely!

AGENTS

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FRIENDLY ADVICE

From
Carolyn Van Wyck

HERE it is again, the wistful little inquiry prompted by an anxious heart: "How can I make the one I love, love me?"

Significantly, it comes from a woman. Always from a woman or girl. Men have written me for advice but it has been as to what colors are becoming to their type or how to become a social favorite. Never have they said, "I love a girl. I want to win her. Tell me how."

What shall we deduce from this? That love for others is a minor part in men's lives? There is no new deduction. The youngest reader of these chats of mine recalls what the poet said, "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart." But we must not blame him too much for that. The struggle for existence, for getting on in the race of life, has been so strenuous as to consume most of his time and energies. Then man is a bit shy about the sentiment he entertains. He is not so much inclined to talk about it as woman is.

But the query, "How can I make the one I love, love me?"

A great poet answered that more than a century ago. He said: "God creates the love to reward the love." That is sometimes true. It is often true. But not always.

Men differ, but there are a few attributes that they have in common.

First, they are grateful for comforts afforded them. One of my first recollections is of seeing a young man much about our home. He was very good looking, dark-eyed, with Byronic curls and a fine mouth that was sensitive yet firm, and a strong jaw which every man should have as a basis for his face and the symbol of a character that is capable of resistance. I knew vaguely, and after a while definitely, that the young man's objective in calling was to hold quiet chats with my lovely young cousin. Occasionally I strolled through the room and lingered to play about his feet. He was kind but disregarding of me. I recall that while I tried to see my round face in the fleckless polish of his boots my cousin tossed him a cushion for his back, drew a window shade so that the sun would not shine in his eyes, and he said, "You make me very comfortable, my dear." Yes, they are married and happily so.

There is one hint about how to make the man you love, love you. A man likes to lounge in an easy chair. He hates draughts. He enjoys a fire in the fireplace on a cool day. Consider his comfort. A good home dinner contributes to it. It is a wise girl who, instead of clamoring to be taken to a cabaret, invites Jim to dinner at her home. And, if he wishes

to dance, to do so to the strains of the home victrola.

Another trait is that most men, as they themselves say, "Hate to talk mush." Don't expect the coveted he to talk much about his love. Indeed, most couples are not engaged long, if at all, in these days of 1925. The young man makes a few calls or many. He discusses love in a more or less impersonal way. Then, one morning, he telephones, or one afternoon he calls, and says, "Let's go down to the church or the city hall and get married."

Don't fail, anxious little one, to give him at least his full share of compliments.

And give him time. Rome required more than a day in building. Few fall in love at a glance, or in a week or two.

ALICE, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Time will elongate your figure, little Alice. I think your mother is right. There is plenty of time. Much water drinking is a reliable clarifier of the complexion. I advise dark colors for you. Dark blue, dark green, dark brown, with occasional excursions into the hennas and russet shades to match the russet of your eyes.

DOROTHY, FREDERICK, VA.

Yes, I think that hour too late. Let time take care of your proportions, Dorothy. Only, watch your diet and be sure to be active meanwhile. The darker shades of blue are your best colors. They may be relieved by combination with lighter shades of blue. Modesty and a sweet disposition are always attractive. A low, well modulated voice is a great charm.

GLADYS, POLAND, ME.

My poor child, if you are in love with a young man who is manifestly in love with another you can only wait and hope that some day he may admire you more than he does her. There is a chance that she may not reciprocate his affection, in which case you may benefit by the ancient truth that hearts are often caught in the rebound.

L. B., COROPOLIS, PA.

You should look well in dark blue relieved by touches of light blue, as a scarf, for day wear, and, for evening, in blue or white. Remember the accepted French proverb that a woman is safe in dressing up to her eyes or hair and that she must take into consideration, in either case, her complexion.

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

GERRY, AKRON, OHIO.

Yes, there are pure cold creams. Running is a good exercise for reduction. Perhaps you do not exercise enough. Exercise should be systematic and regularly done. Perhaps you would do well to lessen your daily quantity of food. I have known persons to follow successfully what they call the "half and half" diet. That means that they eat the same kind of food they did before but only half the quantity. The darker shades of green and oak brown are suitable for your type. Wear straight line dresses.

NORMA, DALLAS, TEX.

I wish you had told me your age. That is an important element in the proportions of weight to height. The length of time it requires to add weight depends upon your health and what the family doctor calls idiosyncrasies. If the members of your family are thin you are likely to be so. Or you may have a personal idiosyncrasy of thinness. Some not so handicapped advance in weight from one pound to three and four pounds a week.

SALLY, BOSTON, MASS.

I fear you have placed your affections upon a man who is wholly unworthy of them. All you tell me about him stamps him as cruel and a cad. I trust that even before you receive this you will have told him that your romance is ended. I hope that that determination will come without any aid from me. It was well on its way when you wrote for I re-read with satisfaction your statement, "I know now that I have no desire ever to marry him." The fact that you will miss the theater and dances you enjoyed with him is secondary. It is quite clear that he is self-centered and too unkind to long make any woman happy.

ELIZABETH, OAKLAND, CALIF.

You may rely upon the many shades of brown to emphasize your good points. You see excellent cold creams and tissue builders advertised in PHOTOPLAY. The magazine accepts no advertisements without investigation to determine their worth. You can add to your weight by taking more rest and by drinking milk and eating dishes containing milk with other ingredients. Custards and ice cream are plumping.

MURIEL, SAN JACINTO, CALIF.

Alter your habits of living. You probably eat too much rich food and do not exercise enough. Are you careful to have plenty of fresh air in your bedroom? If you scrub the affected portions of your face with warm water and a mild soap, or steam it, the blackheads should loosen so that you can press them out. Having cleansed your face and pressed out the blackheads anoint the parts of the face affected with the creams or astringents advertised in the columns of this magazine. All articles are investigated and their worth is proven before they are offered to readers.

MARIE, RENO, NEV.

Rubber worn about the parts of the body that you want to reduce is the solution of your problem. An exercise that will help you is to stand with your arms raised, the backs of the hands meeting above your head. This posture draws the muscles of the sides into a nearly straight line. You will notice the effect while performing the exercise. You can wear the colors suitable for a brunette. Browns, blues and apricot shades will be becoming for day wear. For evening, ox blood, jade, orange or mauve in which pink predominates.

MEG, PEORIA, ILL.

There is only one thing to be done. That is, speak frankly to the young man. Tell him you would like him to take you about more than he does. If he refuses it may be because he cannot. His attentions to you justify frankness on your part. You need to be harsh. Love should make plain the way.

Is this the End of Falling Hair and Baldness?



Hollow nipples feed the lotion directly to the hair follicles as you massage.

New Hair—or Money Back Written guarantee given by your own dealer!

Our experience shows falling hair and baldness most always due to Infected Scalp Oil (Sebum). Now usually overcome. Hair actually grown on 91 heads in 100.

Written Guarantee to Grow Hair

This is a direct offer to grow hair on your head. An offer backed by written guarantee, given by your own drug or department store. If we fail, it costs you nothing. Over 800,000 men have made this test in the last two years.

Science has recently made amazing discoveries in hair treatment. We have proven that while 4 in 7 are either bald, or partly bald, at 40, only about nine in a hundred need ever be bald. Hair roots seldom die from natural causes. They can be revived. We have proved this by re-growing hair on 91 heads in 100

Highest authorities approve this new way. Great dermatologists now employ it—many charge as much as \$300.00 for similar basic treatment. Baldness is a symptom of a disease. It is most frequently a symptom of infection of the scalp oil (Sebum).

Infected Sebum

Sebum is an oil. It forms at the follicles of the hair. Its natural function is to supply the hair with oil.

But it often becomes infected. It cakes on the scalp; clogs the follicles and plugs them. Germs by the millions then start to feed upon the hair. Semi-baldness comes first; then comes total baldness. But remove that infection and your hair will usually return. We back this statement with a money-back guarantee. Hence it is folly for anyone with falling hair not to make the test.

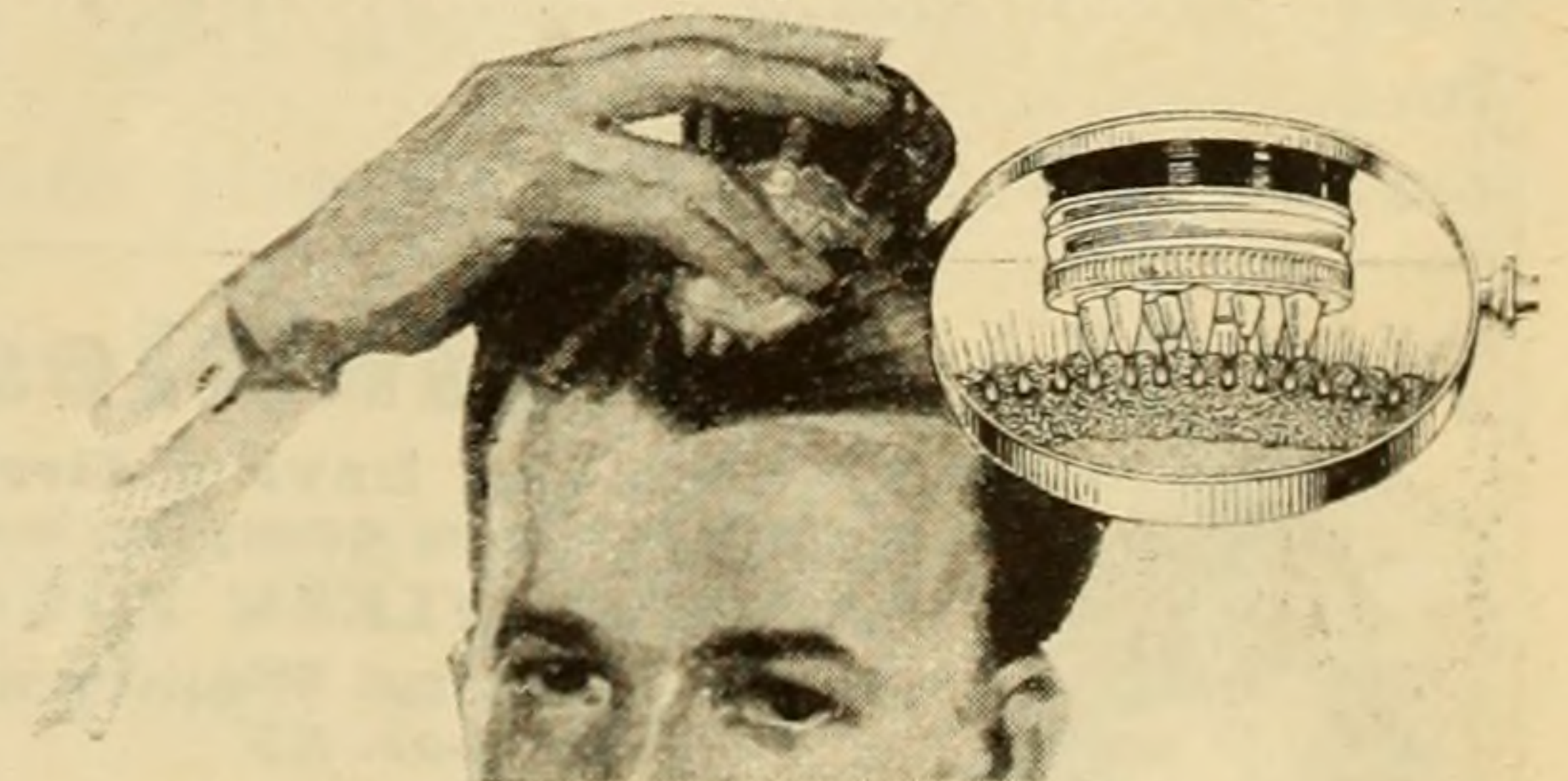
Now We Remove It

Our treatment is based on new principles. It penetrates to the follicles of the hair. It kills infection—removes the infected Sebum. Falling hair stops. It revives the sickly, under-nourished hair roots, makes new hair grow. Remember, it is guaranteed.

Warrant Given by Your Dealer

The guarantee is positive, and promptly met. You are the judge. Your own drug or department store gives it with each 3-bottle purchase. Go today, ask for the Van Ess Treatment.

All drug and department stores in America handle Van Ess. We prefer not to ship by mail. Please order from your own local druggist or department store. Orders from outside U. S. A. will be filled direct from Van Ess Laboratories, 139 E. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill. Foreign orders must enclose postal money order at rate of \$1.50 per bottle.



Note This New Way— It Massages the Treatment Directly into the Follicles of the Hair

You can see from illustration that Van Ess is not a "tonic." You do not rub it in with your fingers. Each package comes with a rubber massage cap. The nipples are hollow. Just invert bottle, rub your head, and the nipples automatically feed lotion down into follicles of the scalp where it can do some good. It is very easy to apply. One minute each day is enough.

Van Ess Laboratories, 139 E. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

VAN ESS
Liquid
Scalp Massage



"Slender at Last! How Wonderful it Feels"

*Dear Dr. Graham—
I am happy
you have wonderful
help to be slender
at last!*

PROMINENT women in society, business and the theatre, give unqualified praise to Dr. R. Lincoln Graham's prescription, **NEUTROIDS**, for flesh reduction. "Slender at last! How wonderful it feels," write hundreds of grateful women. Dr. Graham has more than 3000 such letters on file at his famous New York sanitarium, proving that without the annoyance of diet, baths or exercise, it is now possible to regain and retain the slenderness and vitality of youth.

Dr. Graham's Prescription is Harmless



Neutroids, the prescription developed by Dr. Graham, famous stomach specialist, merely reduces the yeast cells in your stomach. This causes your food to turn into firm tissue instead of fat. Neutroids have the opposite effect of yeast cakes and preparations taken by people who wish to gain flesh. They relieve that bloated feeling, nausea, headache, blood pressure and all the ills of obesity—and reduce you to your desired weight. Neutroids contain *no* thyroid or other dangerous drugs and are guaranteed to be harmless.

Dr. R. L. Graham

Personal Consultation Without Charge

Dr. Graham will be pleased to have you consult him personally at his sanitarium, or write him for professional advice regarding your case. This offer is open to all who order Neutroids, using the coupon below.

Written Guarantee Eliminates Risk

Dr. Graham guarantees Neutroids to give satisfactory results and that his prescription may be taken with safety by any one. If you want to regain the slender appearance and vigor of youth use this coupon without delay.



Dr. R. Lincoln Graham, The Graham Sanitarium, Inc., Dept. 215-E, 123 East 89th St., New York:—Send me 2 weeks' treatment of Neutroids which entitles me to free professional mail consulting service and free booklet on Obesity. I will pay postman \$2 (plus postage) on arrival in plain package, my money to be refunded if I am not satisfied.

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

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. Foulaire, 102 Parisian Bldg., Cleveland, O. Agents Wanted

SONG WRITERS! \$250 ADVANCE ROYALTY
will be paid on songs found suitable for publication. Submit your manuscripts for immediate examination
EQUITABLE MUSIC CORPORATION
1658 C Broadway New York City
WRITE FOR **Free Book** on Song Writing

T. J., NEW YORK, N. Y.

There is no shade that is barred to you except pink. I have known one girl to wear even that effectively at night with her red hair. That girl is Billie Burke. The lighter shades of rouge and lipstick are best for you. Your friend is doubtless straining her eyes. Tell her to give them more rest and to bathe them in the cooling, strengthening lotions advertised in this magazine.

MISS H., ALTOONA, PA.

Yours is a problem for specialists. Learn who is the best specialist on joint diseases in or near your city and consult him.

MAY, COLLINGWOOD, N. J.

You can weigh one hundred twenty pounds and be well-proportioned at your age and with your height. The best criterion as to correct proportions is whether the muscles flow in a gentle line from shoulders to ankles. Bulges are not marks of beauty.

MRS. J. B. O., SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

If I were you I would try several skirt lengths before the mirror. Determine which is most becoming and adopt that. I advise you to wear brown and green for day colors and any brilliant shade save pink in the evening. That shade would not harmonize with your color scheme unless you wore a very pale shade of it. Do you like jessamine? Try it. If your face is round, long earrings will be becoming. Some women wear jewels to such afternoon affairs as tea dances.

FRANCES, OTTAWA, CAN.

Poor child! I fear yours is the common lot of womankind. Unless she has been carefully guarded every girl is likely to give her heart, or her interest, to someone as unworthy as the object of your first love. I agree with you that the second man is more manly and less selfish. A manly man will not destroy his career for a girl. He will try to keep both. Why don't you help him? If he is as sincere as you think he is he has proven himself a manly youth. Encourage him. If he is worth waiting for, you will always be glad you did wait. Two years, filled with earnest work and the hope of complete happiness, will fly for you while he flies up.

FLORA, ELMWOOD, WIS.

Yours is a delicate type of what I have no doubt is beauty. If your friends are right in saying that you resemble Alice Terry you have strong claims to it. I recommend the adoption of delicate perfume, as violet, for your especial fragrance. And the lighter shades of rouge and lipstick. More makeup is admissible in the evening than by day.

DOROTHY, OAKLAND, CALIF.

Whether one hundred twenty-four pounds are too many for a girl of twenty I cannot say unless she tells me her height. If you are five feet six inches tall, for instance, they would not be too many. Your coloring requires the same style of dressing as a more pronounced brunette. Browns, dark and light blues, greens, flame and orange shades are all yours. White is becoming to your type. Black is not, I should say. I am always sorry to see twenty garbed in the habiliments of age and woe.

If there are wrinkles and dark circles about your eyes there is some depletion of your vitality. You say you retire early. Are you careful that there is plenty of fresh air in your bedroom. Do you eat balanced meals, not too much meat, and enough fruit and vegetables? Do you walk every day? Do you breathe deeply?

The chance remark of your employer is sufficiently acknowledged by a smile and "Yes, doesn't it?" His remark of appreciation did not call for a conversation. "I wish you many happy returns of your birthday" is a sufficiently hearty greeting to a business associate on a natal day.

Whiten Your Skin

Almost Over Night!



No more freckles, no more blackheads, no more sallow skin! A new discovery clears and whitens your skin with amazing quickness! Now you can clear your skin of redness, roughness, blotches, muddiness or any blemish.



Make This 3 Minute Test

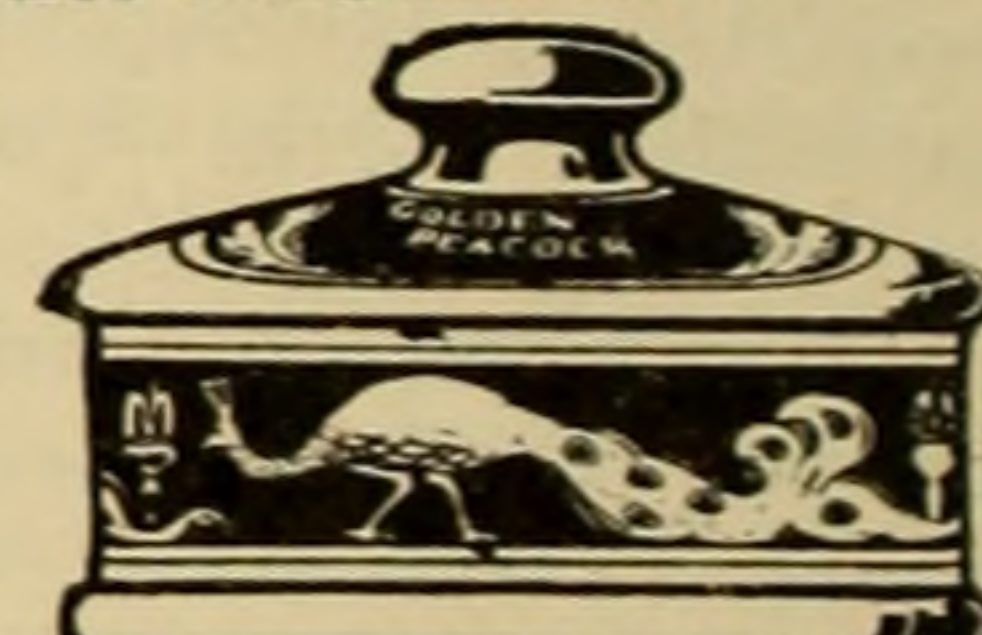
There is hidden beauty in your skin. Dust, wind, and clogged pores may have injured it. But underneath—just waiting to be brought out—is a clear, vividly beautiful complexion. Banish freckles, pimples and blackheads this new way; don't let liver splotches, moth patches, tan or sallowness mar your beauty. Make this 3-minute-before-bedtime test. Smooth this cool, fragrant creme on your skin. The very next morning look into your mirror.

An Unsolicited Letter

"Almost overnight Golden Peacock Bleach Creme removed all tan from my face, and when I got up in the morning my husband asked if I felt ill because I looked so pale. I told him of the preparation and he said he could hardly believe his eyes. I did not look the same person."
Mrs. M. M., Royal Oak, Mich.

Money-Back Guarantee

So wonderful—so quick—are the results of this new scientific cream that we absolutely guarantee it! Send for a jar now—today. Use it for only five nights. Then if you are not delighted and amazed with the transformation, your money will be instantly refunded. Just enclose a \$1 bill with your order and mail direct. Don't be without the natural radiant beauty that lies hidden in your skin.



PARIS TOILET CO., 105 Oak Street, Paris, Tenn.

10 DAYS TRIAL \$2 Brings You this Genuine DIAMOND



Lady's wide top solitaire. Latest Style 18 K. white gold hand engraved and pierced ring gives the blue white, perfect cut diamond extra brilliance and large appearance. Regular price \$85—special bargain price only \$62.50

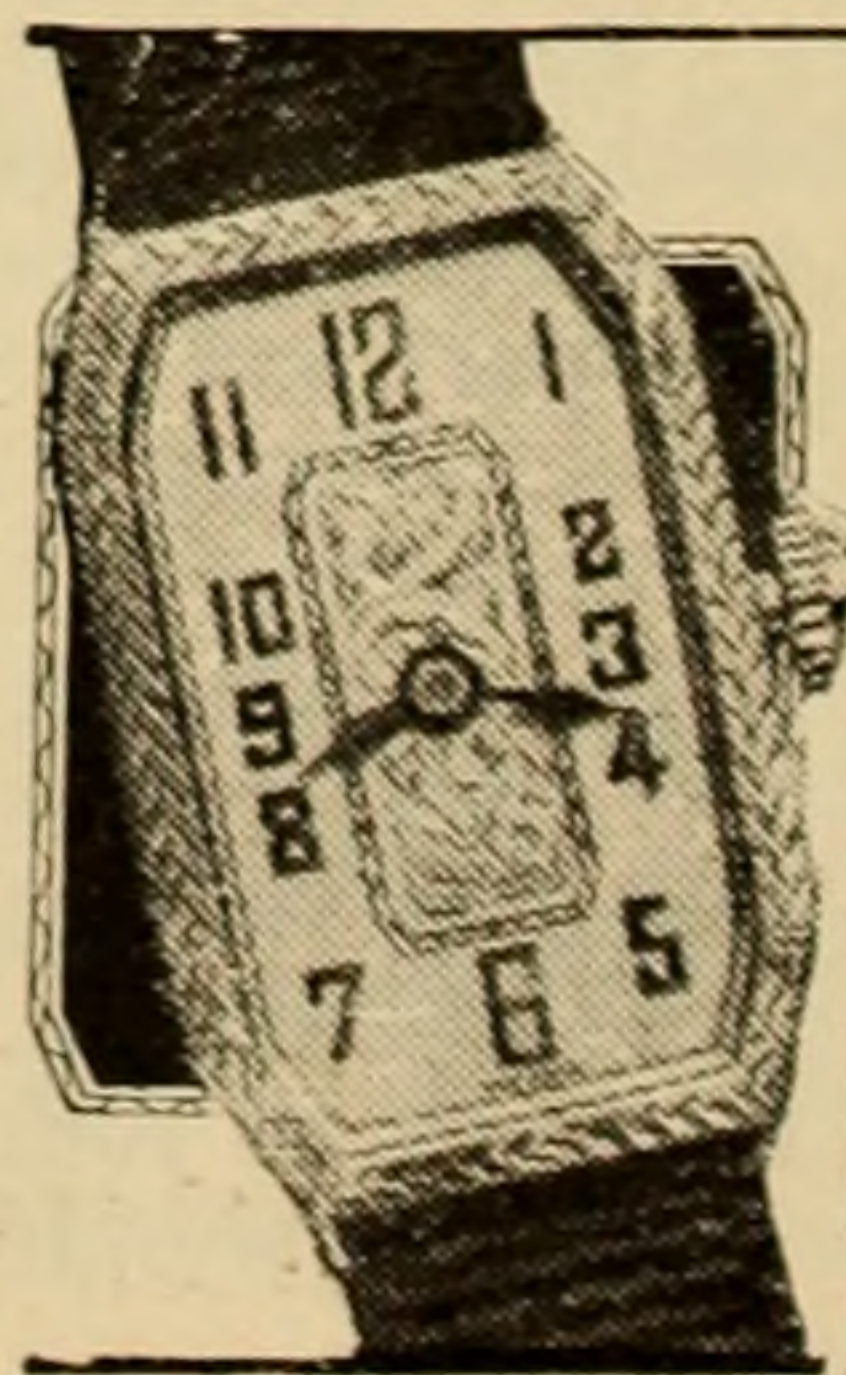
A few cents a day will pay for this handsome ring. Simply send \$2 to us today. Wear ring for 10 days trial.

Guarantee
Absolute satisfaction; if you don't agree this ring is an amazing bargain, we will refund your money. If satisfied, pay balance in 10 equal monthly payments.

Free Catalog showing bargains in Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry from \$10 to \$1000. Cash or liberal credit terms. Wonderful values. Write Dept. 528

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By Distributing Normandy Chocolates
Watch is the newest, dainty rectangular shape, 25-year white gold-filled case. Exquisitely engraved, 6 jewel regulated and adjusted movement.
Normandy Chocolates are of the highest grade, fresh and pure, and sell easily as they're widely advertised. Send for plan. Tells fully how you can become the proud owner of one of these watches. HOME SUPPLY COMPANY
133 Duane St. Dept. 985 New York City

Presto Chango Valentino

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

sensation in the history of the screen. He is a capable actor, a very charming gentleman. But he is far from a business man, although he is convinced that he possesses those qualifications in addition to others with which he is so richly endowed.

I know that over a year ago the Paramount Company offered him not only all he said he was fighting for, a chance to make his own pictures in his own way, his own stories, continuities, director, in short, his own productions, but they offered him many times the salary his contract called for. They offered him over five thousand dollars a week. And still he refused.

Why? I am sure I do not know. And sometimes I wonder if he does.

Later he compromised and went to work.

Valentino has been badly advised. He has been swayed by absurd and silly influences. He was a screen sensation rather than an established success.

The public stood by him loyally during his first break with Paramount but his first two pictures since his return to the screen, "Monsieur Beaucaire," and "The Sainted Devil," have not proved sensationally successful, although Mr. and Mrs. Valentino had entire supervision of them.

Mr. Schenck is one of the very best producers in the business, and it might be well for the Valentinos to permit him to manage their business affairs so that we who pay our money at the box office may have more photography and less publicity.

Ornamental Lamps Add Beauty

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

elaborate plaited shade. First of all, see that the frame is the right size, neither too large nor small for the base that is to hold it. Measure the circumference and height of your shade and buy that amount of material for your outer lining and the same for your inner. Three times the circumference of your frame will allow enough material for a nicely plaited shade.

Every instructor uses a different method, but I believe this to be the simplest. With odd bits of narrow silk or taffeta, turned so the edges won't fray, bind your frame tightly and neatly. Make the binding heavy and firm enough so that you can sew the material on it. Now cut your inner lining to fit half of the frame and pin the top on the outside. The fourth side must be pulled so taut that no wrinkles are visible. Now sew the material to the bound wire in an overhand stitch, and closely cut the remaining material away. Repeat with the other half of the lining.

Then sew the material to be plaited on the bottom of your frame in thumb plaits. Sew each plait as you go along and gauge them accurately. There is no need to pin the plaits. After the bottom is sewed, pull the top very tightly, and the plaits will fall in their natural position.

Now cut the outer lining in half and pin each section to the frame. Then French seam the sides. Don't be afraid to measure very closely, because the success of these linings depends on how tightly and neatly they fit. Sew on the frame, stretching away all wrinkles, and cover the stitches with trimming. As to the trimming, every girl will have her own idea, and that is the easiest and most enjoyable part of making anything. I hope you'll all SHINE when it comes to making lamp shades!

Make the dream of your shadow hour come true!

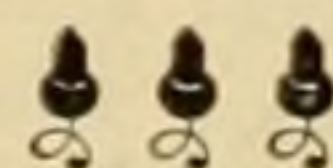
"Vanity cases used 3000 B. C."

SCIENTIFIC excavations in the ancient city of Kish, so we are told by a news dispatch, show that women carried vanity cases forty-nine centuries ago. Why did not the luxuries of that old civilization spread to the rest of the world? Why were the delicate and pleasure-bringing things of life buried and hidden away for so many ages?

Without the printed word, information could hardly be spread to other countries, and the knowledge of events and things could scarcely be preserved. Today, if a better rug is produced in Kurdistan, it is soon advertised for sale in American magazines. If a better necklace is made in China, a printed advertisement will shortly describe it and quote the price on the other side of the globe.

Advertising publishes the secrets of good things from one end of America to the other. The newest and best products of forty-eight states are told about, fully and truthfully, wherever the public press is read.

Read the advertisements and you keep from being buried like Kish.



*Advertisements tell you
what is best to buy—where to get it
and what to pay for it*



So convenient
to apply!

Watch in your mirror the wonders the little pink cream-cake I send will work upon your complexion—in only seven nights. This test has delighted a million women. It is free.

Won't you try this daintier way of applying cream nights and mornings?

Women write me the most grateful letters about this "pink complexion cake."

"I use it in preference to cold creams. It leaves the skin so clean and soft—and removes any pimples or blackheads." And others write:—"Just what everyone needs here where winds are so dry." "Counteracts the drying effect of salt water." "So convenient to carry on trips." "Just wonderful! Surpasses all the cold creams I've used." It cleanses the pores and freshens the skin. "Has made my skin so beautiful and

white that everywhere I go people stare at me." "A wonderful skin invigorator. Keeps the skin smooth and the complexion clear." "Have found it to work wonderfully on a rough skin and as a cleanser it has no equal." "Very soothing and agreeable on rough, red hands." "Cleared my skin of pimples and blackheads in a week." "Softens my skin, cleanses, and makes a good base for powder."

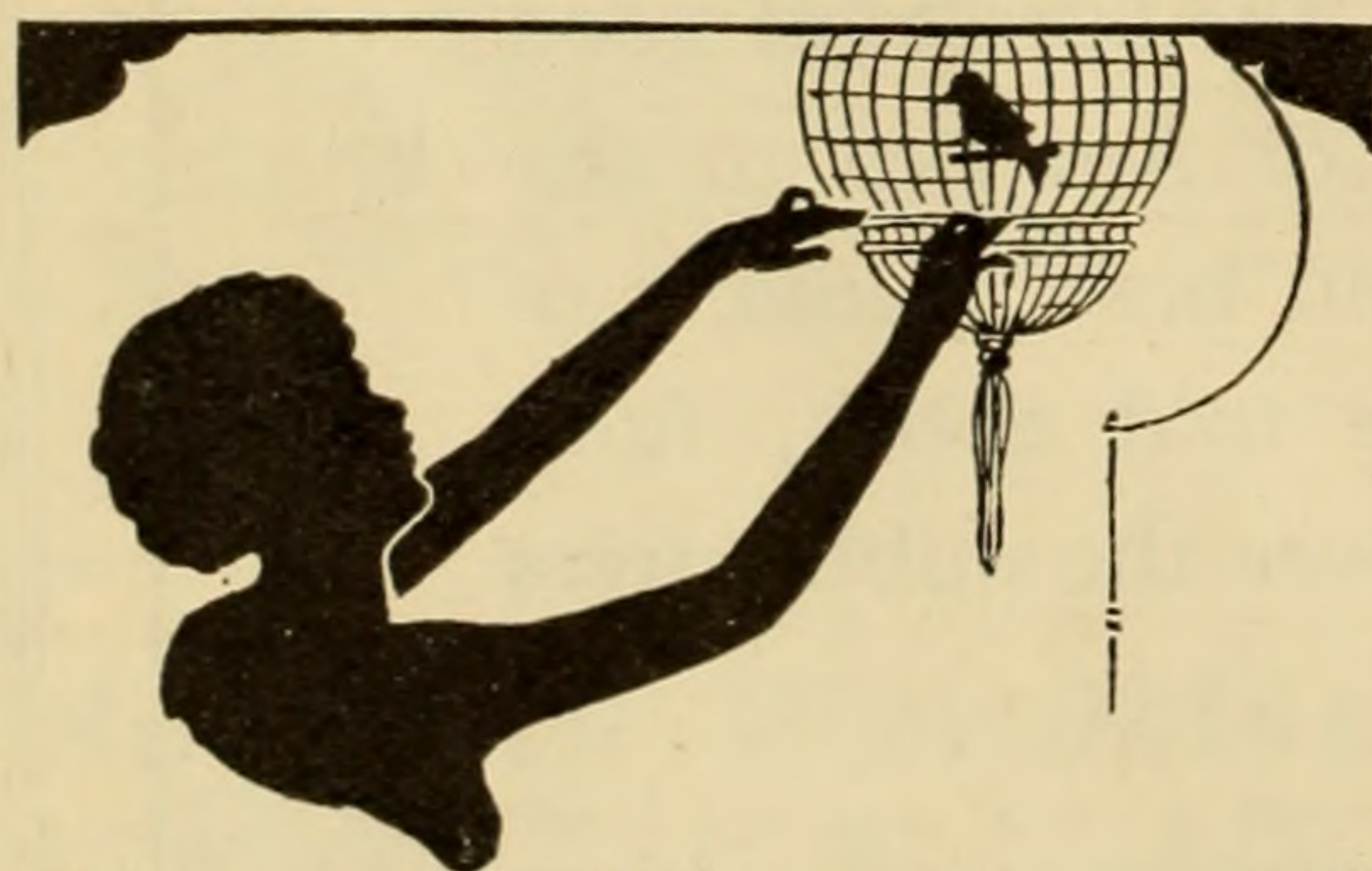
An Improvement in Applying Cream MAKE THE FREE TEST

My dears, I might quote you endlessly from letters like these, including many from celebrated stage and film beauties. But after the seven night test you will be equally grateful, I am sure. As a foundation cream which never causes your powder to look "spotty" you will also prize it.

This dainty, fragrant, pink complexion cream-cake is called "Sem-Pray." You simply smooth its cool surface over your face. Next gently massage the skin. Then wipe off. Those precious-to-youth, natural complexion oils—which heat, wind, powder and rouge each day absorb—are replaced. Your skin is clean, clean! And so soothed and refreshed!

If you prefer to purchase a cake today, "just say Sem-Pray" at any toilet goods counter. They all have it. Otherwise, please let me mail you my "acquaintance cake." A postal to Mme. La Noré, care of Sem-Pray Jo-ve-nay, 525-P Turner Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich., will bring it.

Just say **SEM-PRAY**



Dare you lift your arms?

In a few minutes, a smooth, dainty underarm may be yours! Magic? No, Del-a-tone—the old, reliable, scientific preparation for removing superfluous hair. Quick, sure and harmless. Leaves the skin soft and smooth.

For fifteen years Del-a-tone has been used and recommended by physicians and beauty experts for safely removing unsightly hair. Apply in smooth paste; rinse off, and marvel at the delightful difference in your appearance. Insist on

The Depilatory for Delicate Skin

DEL-A-TONE

Removes Hair

At drug and department stores, or sent prepaid in plain wrapper for \$1.00.

THE SHEFFIELD COMPANY
Dept. 85 536 Lake Shore Drive Chicago, Ill.

FREE

Make This Seven-Night Beauty Test

Are you troubled with blackheads, pimples, enlarged pores, tan, sunburn, wind-burn? Is your skin either dry, rough or too oily?

Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"SALLY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the Flo Ziegfeld play. Guy Bolton, author. Jerome Kearns, composer. Adapted by June Mathis. Directed by Al. Green. The cast: Sally, Colleen Moore; Blair Farquar, Lloyd Hughes; Duke of Checkergovinia, Leon Errol; Pops Shendorf, Dan Mason; Otis Hooper, John T. Murray; Rosie Pafferty, Eva Novak; Jimmy Spelvin, Ray Hallor; Sascha Commuski, Carlo Schipa; Mrs. Ten Brock, Myrtle Stedman; Richard Farquar, E. H. Calvert; Mme. Julie Du Fey, Louise Beaudet.

"THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Gaston Leroux. Scenario by Elliott J. Clawson. Directed by Rupert Julian. The cast: The Phantom (Erik), Lon Chaney; Cristine Daae, Mary Philbin; Raoul De Chagny, Norman Kerry; Florine Papillon, Snitz Edwards; Simon, Gibson Gowland; Philippe De Chagny, John Sainpolis; Carlotta, Virginia Pearson; The Persian, Arthur Edmund Carewe; Mamma Valerius, Edith Yorke; The Prompter, Anton Vavorka; Joseph Bouquet, Bernard Siegel; La Sorelli, Olive Ann Alcorn; Faust, Edward Cecil; Mephistopholes, Alexander Bevani; Valentino, John Miljuan; Martha, Grace Marvin; M. Richard (Manager), George B. Williams; M. Moncharmin (Manager), Bruce Covington; Retiring Manager, Cesare Gravina.

"LADY OF THE NIGHT"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—From the story by Adele Rogers St. Johns. Scenario by Alice D. G. Miller. Directed by Monta Bell. The cast: (Molly-Florence), Norma Shearer; David, Malcolm McGregor; Oscar, George K. Arthur; Judge K. Banning, Fred Esmelton; Miss Carr, Dalr Fuller; Chris, Lew Harvey; Gertie, Betty Morrissey; The Sharper, Aryel Houwink; Molly's Friend, Gwen Lee.

"TOO MANY KISSES"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by John Monk Saunders. Scenario by Gerald Duffy. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: Robert Gaylord, Jr., Richard Dix; Yvonne Hurja, Frances Howard; Julio, William Powell; Gaylord Sr., Frank Currier; Mr. Simmons, Joe Burke; Manuel Hurja, Albert Tavernier; Miguel, Arthur Ludwig; Flapper, Alyce Mills; Pedro, Paul Panzer; The Village Peter Pan, "Harpo" Marx.

"INTRODUCE ME"—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.—Scenario by Raymond Cannon and Wade Boteler. Directed by George J. Crone. The cast: Jimmy Hughes, Douglas MacLean; Herbert Baker, Robert Ober; John Perry, E. J. Ratcliffe; J. K. Roberts, Lee Shumway; Bruno, Wade Boteler; Betty Perry, Anne Cornwell.

"ON THIN ICE"—WARNER BROS.—Story by Darryl Francis Zanuck. Directed by Mal St. Clair. The cast: Charles "Chuck" White, Tom Moore; Rose Lore, Edith Roberts; Dapper Crawford, William Russell; Dr. Paul Jackson, Theodore Von Eltz; Harrison Breen, Wilfred North; Female Forger, Gertrude Robinson; Gangster, The Texas Kid; Gangster, Jimmie Quinn.

"THE RAGMAN"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—Written by Willard Mack. Directed by Eddie Cline. The cast: Tim Kelly, Jackie Coogan; Max Ginsberg, Max Davidson; Mrs. Malloy, Lydia Yeamans Titus; Mr. Bernard, Robert Edeson; Mr. Kemper, William Conklin; "Dynamite," By himself.

"THE DENIAL"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—From the play "The Square Peg" by Lewis Beach. Scenario by Agnes Christine Johnston. Directed by Hobart Henley. The cast: Mil-

dred, Claire Windsor; Lyman, William Haines; James, Edward Connelly; Dorothy, Lucille Ricksen; Bob, Robert Agnew; Rena, Emily Fitzroy; Effie, Vivian Ogden; Arthur, Bert Roach; Gene, Billy Eugene.

"THE AIR MAIL"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Byron Morgan. Scenario by James Hamilton. Directed by Irvin Willat. The cast: Alice Rendon, Billie Dove; Russ Kane, Warner Baxter; Sandy, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Peter Rendon, George Irving; Jim Cronin, Richard Tucker; Bill Wade, Guy Oliver; Scotty, Lee Shumway; Rene Lenoir, Jack Byron; Minnie Wade, Mary Brian.

"THE DRESSMAKER FROM PARIS"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Adelaide Heilbron and Howard Hawks. Scenario by Adelaide Heilbron. Directed by Paul Bern. The cast: Fifi, Leatrice Joy; Angus McGregor, Ernest Torrence; Billie Brent, Alan Forrest; Joan McGregor, Mildred Harris; Alan Stone, Lawrence Gray; The Mayor, Charles Crockett; The Mayor's Daughter, Rosemary Cooper; Jim, "Spec" O'Donnell.

"THE MIRACLE OF THE WOLVES"—SOCIETE FRANCAISE D'EDITIONS DE ROMANS FILMES.—From the novel by Henry Dupuy-Mazuel. Scenario by M. Antoine. Directed by Raymond Bernard. The cast: Robert Cottreau, Romuald Joubé; Jeanne Fouquet, Yvonne Sergyl; Louis XI, Charles Dullin; Charles the Bold, Vanni-Marcoux; Bische, Armand Bernard; Master Fouquet, M. Maujain; De Chateaufneuf, Gaston Modot; Philip the Good, M. Mailly; Tristan the Hermit, Philippe Heriat.

"THE HEART OF A SIREN"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by William Hurlburt. Scenario by Frederic and Fanny Hatton. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: Isabella Echevaria, Barbara La Marr; Gerald Rexford, Conway Tearle; John Strong, Harry Morey; Mario, Paul Doucet; George Drew, Ben Finney; Lisette, Florence Auer; Duchess of Chatham, Ida Darling; Maxim, Clifton Webb; Emelio, William Ricciardi; Lady Calvert, Florence Billings; Pierre, Mike Rayle; Marie, Katherine Sullivan.

"SALOME OF THE TENEMENTS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Anna Yeziarska. Scenario by Sonya Levien. Directed by Sidney Olcott. The cast: Sonya Mendel, Jetta Goudal; John Manning, Godfrey Tearle; Jakey Solomon (Later Julian), Jose Reuben; Jacob Lipkin, Lazar Freed; Gittel Stein, Irma Lerna; Mrs. Peltz, Sonya Nodell; Banker Ben, Elihu Tenenholtz; Mrs. Solomon, Mrs. Weintraub; Widow (in prologue), Nettie Tobias.

"DADDY'S GONE A-HUNTING"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—From the play by Zoe Akins. Scenario by Kenneth B. Clarke. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: Julian Percy Marmont; Edith, Alice Joyce; Janet, Virginia Marshall; Olga, Helena D'Algy; Oscar, Ford Sterling; Greenough, Holmes Herbert; Mrs. Greenough, Edythe Chapman; Colonel Orth, James Barrows; Benson, James Macel-hern; Mrs. Wethers, Martha Mattox; The Smiths, Charles Crockett and Kate Toncray.

"DANGEROUS INNOCENCE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by Pamela Wayne. Scenario by Lewis Milestone. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: Ann Church, Laura La Plante; Anthony Seymour, Eugene O'Brien; James Gilchrist, Jean Hersholt; Capt. Rose, Alfred Allen; Stewardess, Milla Davenport; Muriel Church, Hedda Hopper; John

Church, William Humphrey; Aunt, Martha Mattox.

“THE SCARLET HONEYMOON”—Fox.—Story by Fanny Davis. Directed by Alan Hale. The cast: Kay Thorpe, Shirley Mason; Pedro Fernando, Pierre Gendron; Harrison, Alan Sears; Joshua Thorpe, J. Farrell MacDonald; Mamie Thorpe, Rose Tapley; Elmer Thorpe, Maine Geary; Stella Thorpe, Eugenia Gilbert; Senor Fernando, Eric Mayne; Senora Fernando, Eulalie Jensen.

“A KISS IN THE DARK”—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Frederick Lonsdale. Scenario by Thompson Martin. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: Walter Grenham, Adolphe Menjou; Betty King, Lillian Rich; Jeanette Livingston, Aileen Pringle; Johnny King, Kenneth McKenna; Adele, Ann Pennington; Kitty, Kitty Kelly.

“LOVE’S BARGAIN”—F. B. O.—Directed by Burton George. Photography by Bert Carr. The cast: Pierre Brandon, Warwick Ward; Henri Renault, Jeon de Limur; Andree De Vigne, Juliette Compton; Joan Thayer, Marjorie Daw; George Gauthier, Clive Brook; Paul Parot, Russel Thorndike.

“PARISIAN NIGHTS”—F. B. O.—Story by Emil Forst. Directed by Al Santell. The cast: Adele, Elaine Hammerstein; Jacques, Gaston Glass; Jean, Lou Tellegen; Fontane, William J. Kelly; Pierre, Boris Karloff; Marie, Renee Adoree.

“SCAR HANAN”—F. B. O.—Story by Yakima Canutt and George W. Pyper. Scenario by George W. Pyper. Directed by Ben Wilson. The cast: “Scar” Hanan, Yakima Canutt; Marion Fleming, Dorothy Woods; Julia Creighton, Helen Bruneau; Dr. Craig Fleming, Palmer Morrison; Shorty, “Scar’s” pal, Richard Hatton; Bart Hutchins, George Lassey; Foreman of the jury, Francis Ford; Sheriff, Art Walker; Edward Fitzhugh Carstowe, Frank Baker; Johnnie Hanan (Scar as a child), Ben Wilson, Jr.

“THE BOOMERANG”—B. P. SCHULBERG.—From the play by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. Scenario by John Goodrich. Directed by Louis Gasnier. The cast: Virginia Zelva, Anita Stewart; Budd Woodridge, Donald Keith; Grace Tyler, Mary McAllister; Bert Hanks, Ned A. Sparks; Dr. Gerald Sumner, Bert Lytell; Poulet, Arthur Edmund Carew; Preston De Witt, Philo McCollough; Gordon, Winter Hall.

“BREED OF THE BORDER”—F. B. O.—From the story by William Hoffman. Scenario by Paul Gangelin and Dorothy Arzner. Directed by Harry Garson. The cast: Circus Lacey, Lefty Flynn; Ethel Slocum, Dorothy Dwan; Ma Malone, Louise Carver; Dad Slocum, Milton Ross; Sheriff Wells, Frank Hagney; Dep. Sheriff Leverie, Fred Burns; Red Lucas, Joe Bennett; Pablo the Bandit, Bill Donovan.

“THE STAR DUST TRAIL”—Fox.—Story by Frederick and Fanny Hatton. Directed by Edmund Mortimer. The cast: Sylvia Joy, Shirley Mason; John Warding, Bryant Washburn; Horace Gibbs, Thomas R. Mill; John Benton, Richard Tucker; The Maid, Merta Sterling; Nan Hartley, Shannon Day.

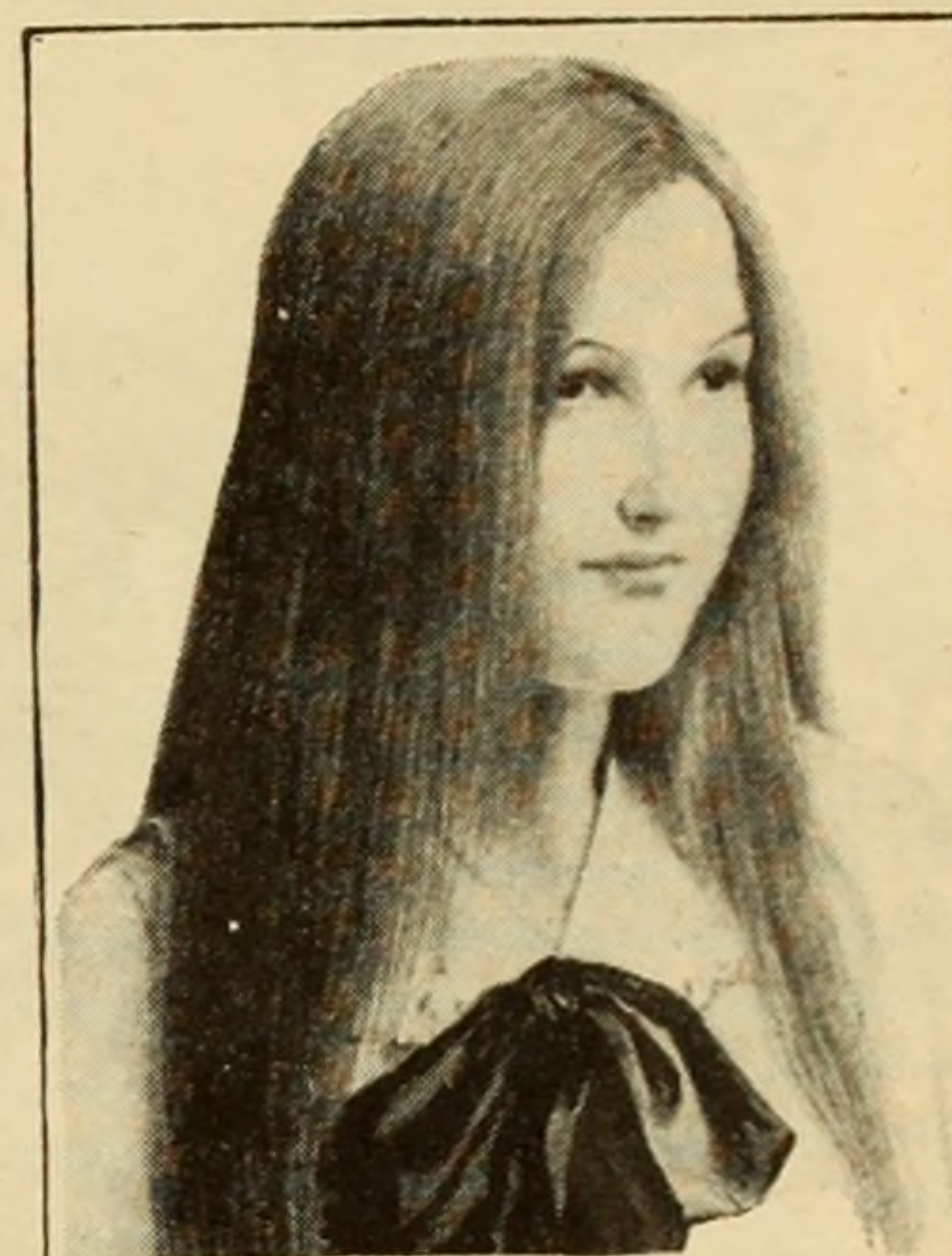
“THE MANSION OF ACHING HEARTS”—B. P. SCHULBERG.—Based on the song by Harry Von Tilzer and Arthur Lamb. Scenario by Frederick Stowers. Directed by James P. Hogan. The cast: Pauline Craig, Ethel Clayton; Martha, Barbara Bedford; A City Girl, Priscilla Bonner; John Dawson, Philo McCollough; A City Boy, Edward Delaney; Bill Smith, Cullen Landis; Martin Craig, Sam De Grasse; A “Sheik,” Eddie Phillips; Fritz Dahlgren, Edward Gribbon; Bill (as a child), Helen Hoge.

The Famous Nestle ‘LANOIL’ Home Outfit for Permanent Waving Makes Straightest Hair Naturally Curly

30 DAYS’ FREE TRIAL IN YOUR HOME



Send for our FREE interesting booklet TODAY



After Your Shampoo—FORMERLY



After Your Shampoo—NOW

A Few Pleasant Hours Bring Thrilling Results

SUPPOSE you try the LANOIL Process in your hair. With our well-known arrangement for its free trial, you can lose nothing, while on the other hand, success (and the usual result IS charming success), means freedom to you forever from slavery to nightly crimpers and hot curling irons. It means a head of lovely hair that of itself forms waves and curls and teasing little ringlets. It means that for the first time in your life you will be able to work or dance in warm rooms, walk in the misty night air, bathe at shore or mountain-side, and all the time, enjoy that delightful sense of confidence and pride in your hair, so familiar in women born with natural waviness.

It Is Simple and Safe

The dainty apparatus illustrated above is fun to operate. Send for it, and see for yourself! The pleasant treatment it imparts in your own home is the same famous LANOIL Process practised at the great Nestle Establishments in New York. The procedure is fascinating—yet simple. Easy, illustrated directions go with each set. Hair that is “straight as a poker” is transformed quickly, and with absolute safety, into attractive and healthy waves and curls that resist shampooing, salt-water bathing, fog, perspiration or rain, just like naturally wavy hair. And the cost is only \$15.

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man, when the Outfit arrives.

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Please send me the Nestle “LANOIL” Home Outfit for Permanent Waving. I understand that if, after using the Outfit and the free trial materials, I am not satisfied, I may return the Outfit any time within 30 days, and receive back every cent of its cost of \$15.

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I enclose no money. Please send C. O. D. OR, check HERE.....if only FREE booklet of further particulars is desired. If your hair is white or very ash blond, mention it here

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Superfluous Hair!



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The secret is revealed in NU-DEL—the crowning achievement of our chemists. You can now shun harsh razors and ordinary, unwholesome-looking and ill-smelling compounds for removing disfiguring hair, for something supremely better—Nu-Del.

S-N-O-W W-H-I-T-E, just think of it! Nu-Del is a necessary toilet dainty. Only three minutes after application the unsightly hair has vanished. What a feeling of satisfaction!

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The Nu-Del Laboratories, Dept. 175
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Enclosed is \$1.00. Please send me in plain wrapper a full-size tube of your new discovery, NU-DEL for removing superfluous hair.

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"GALLOPING VENGEANCE"—F. B. O.
—Story by William Lester. Scenario by Geo. H. Plympton. Directed by William James Craft. The cast: Tom Hardy, Bob Custer; Marion Reeves, Mary Beth Milford; Jack Reeves, Ralph McCullough; Little Wolf, Dorothy Ponedel; Duke Granby, David Dunbar.

"RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE"—
Fox.—From the novel by Zane Grey. Scenario by Edfred Bingham. Directed by Lynn Reynolds. The cast: Jim Lassiter, Tom Mix; Milly Erne, Beatrice Burnham; Frank Erne, Arthur Morrison; Bess Erne, a child, Seesel A. Johnson; Lew Walters and Judge Dyer, Warner Oland; Metzger, Fred Kohler; Herd, Charles Newton; Slack, Joe Ricksen; Jane Withersteen, Mabel Ballin; Richard Tull, Charles Le Moyne; Bern Venters, Harold Goodwin; Bess Erne, Marian Nixon; Fay Larkin, Dawn O'Day; Oldring, Wilfred Lucas.

"PLAYING WITH SOULS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the book by Countess de Chambrun. Scenario by C. Gardner Sullivan. Directed by Ralph Ince. The cast: Bricotte, Jacqueline Logan; Margo, Mary Astor; Amy Dale, Belle Bennett; Mathew Dale, Sr., Clive Brook; Mathew Dale, Jr. (Age 20), Buster Collier; Louise, Jessie Arnold; Mathew Dale, Jr. (Age 12), Don Marion; Mathew Dale, Jr. (Age 4), Helen Hoge; Monsieur Jomier, Joseph Swickard; Bank President, Charles Mailes; Margo (Age 8), Jane Wray.

"GOLD AND THE GIRL"—FOX.—Story and scenario by John Stone. Directed by Edmund Mortimer. The cast: Dan Prentiss, Buck Jones; Ann Donald, Elinor Fair; Bert Colton, Bruce Gordon; Rankin, Claude Peyton; Greer, Lucien Littlefield; Sam Donald, Alphonz Ethier; Bozo, Played by "Pal."

"THE MIDNIGHT GIRL"—CHADWICK.—From the story by Garrett Fort. Scenario by Wilfred Noy and Jean Conover. Directed by Wilfred Noy. The cast: Anna, Lila Lee; Don Harmon, Gareth Hughes; Nina, Dolores Cassinelli; Mrs. James Schuyler, Charlotte Walker; Nicholas Harmon, Bela Lugosi; Natalie Schuyler, Ruby Blaine; Victor Delsky, John D. Walsh; "Nifty" Louis, William Harvey; Joe, Sydney Paxton; Manager, N. Salerno.

"TAMING THE WEST"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by B. M. Bowser. Directed by Arthur Rosson. The cast: John Carleton, Hoot Gibson; Beryl, Marcelline Day; Terrence Weaver, Morgan Brown; John P. Carleton, Edwin Booth Tilton; Old Man King, Herbert Prior; Frosty Miller, Francis Ford.

"THE SADDLE HAWK"—UNIVERSAL.—Story and scenario by Raymond L. Schrock and Edward Sedgwick. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: Ben Johnson, Hoot Gibson; Rona Nowhall, Marian Nixon; Zach Marlin, G. Raymond Nye; Mercedes, Josie Sedgwick; Jim Nowhall, Charles K. French; Vasquez, Tote Ducrow; Draw Collins, Fred Humes; Steve Kern, William Steele; Buck Brent, Frank Campeau.

"BAD COMPANY"—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS. Story by J. C. Brownell. Adapted by George V. Hobart. Directed by E. H. Griffith. The cast: James Hamilton, Conway Tearle; Gloria Waring, Madge Kennedy; Peter Ewing, Bigelow Cooper; Teddy La Mont, Lucile Lee Stewart; Dick Reynolds, Charles Emmett Mack.

\$5,000 in Prizes

Read about PHOTOPLAY's big contest on page 58 of this issue.

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Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87]

HELEN, ALAMEDA, CALIF.—For personal photographs of the objects of your ardent admiration ask the Mack Sennett Comedy Productions for Ralph Graves'; Lasky Studios for Betty Compson's; Paramount Studios for Richard Dix's; United Studios for Lewis Stone's; Harold Lloyd, 6642 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, for Harold's.

J. M. P., TEXARKANA, TEX.—Rod la Rocque's name is pronounced as rod in fishing rod, la in "O la" and Rocque as "rock." Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was born Dec. 10, 1910. Lasky Studios keep his photographs in their strong box. Write them for the combination. Hist! I'll tell you. It is a quarter.

J. M., APEX, COLO.—Marguerite Clark lives in Louisiana. She may or may not return to the screen. It depends. She was born on Washington's birthday, Feb. 22, in 1887. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios are the custodians of Ramon Novarro's photographs.

R. D. C., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Virginia Valli is an American. She was born Jan. 19, 1900. Adolph Menjou is an American. He was born Feb. 18, 1891. Pola Negri is a Pole. Born in 1897. She has been married but is divorced. Anita Stewart has completed "Never the Twain Shall Meet" and "The Boomerang."

DELLE, ST. LOUIS, MO.—J. Warren Kerrigan was born July 25, 1889. What kind of an adding machine are you, Delle dear? The Vitagraph Studios can supply a photograph of him.

JESSIE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Am I a sheik or an old man? Dearest Jessie, I will mount any witness stand in any court in the country and convince any honest jury that I am neither. One who is looking over my shoulder spoils everything by saying that there is more or less of the sheik in every human of any age. Ah! another age collector! Well, here they are. Colleen Moore, born Aug. 19, 1902. Nita Naldi, April 1, 1899. Aileen Pringle is about twenty-eight.

BETTY, CHICAGO, ILL.—It was Pierre Gendron who played the rôle of Monte Blue's grown-up son in "The Lover of Camille." Enclose a quarter in your request for the photograph of any screen player.

LITTLE PRAIRIE FLOWER, VALLEY CITY, N. DAK.—The South, famous for its grace of speech, has a rival. A sweet, gracious little person near the northern border of our vast land. She thinks I am "not too young for you, sound experienced and not too old because you are too peppy. You are just right." I am not surprised to read that you have brown eyes. They are the eyes of tender sentiment. Eugene O'Brien's latest picture is "Dangerous Innocence" from the story "Ann's an Idiot." A recent picture in which he appeared with Norma Talmadge was "The Only Woman." I hereby announce to them and to the world that you think they are "the perfect lovers of the screen."

ANITA, LONG BEACH, CALIF.—Eugene O'Brien was born in Boulder, Colo., Nov. 14, 1888. He has dark blue eyes and golden hair. He is six feet tall. Not married. Says his mother is his sweetheart.

HILDA, DANVILLE, VA.—Pleased to oblige, Miss Hilda. Here are the height and weight and age of each of the trio of your favorites. Colleen Moore, five feet four inches, one hundred ten pounds. Born Aug. 19, 1902. Antonio Moreno, five feet ten inches, one hundred seventy pounds. Born Sept. 26, 1888. Lew Cody, height five feet, eleven and a half inches. Weight one hundred seventy-eight pounds. Born Feb. 22, 1885.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]



It's a daughter's right to know — and a mother's duty to tell her

MOTHER and daughter. It is one of nature's closest kinships, yet how often is there a gulf between!

The responsibility is chiefly that of the older woman. When apart from her daughter, she is full of good resolutions, planning to speak frankly. But when they are together she finds it increasingly difficult to approach delicate subjects, made still more delicate by the old-fashioned custom of avoidance.

What a relief it would be to have at hand in convenient form accurate information bearing on the ever-present problems of health and cleanliness which affect all womankind. Information concerning the safe practice of feminine hygiene. Information on the dangers inherent in the use of poisonous compounds—dangers familiar to every nurse and physician.

No need to run risks with the skull-and-crossbones

At one time there was some excuse for the use of poisonous germicides such as bichloride of mercury and compounds of carbolic acid—because there was nothing to take their place.

But now Science has provided an answer to the age-old question of fastidious women, who demand complete surgical cleanliness and complete safety in use. Science has provided Zonite.

In bottles, 50c and \$1 at drug stores

Slightly higher in Canada

A whole medicine chest in itself
Zonite kills germs. That is why Zonite is valuable for so many different purposes. For prevention against colds, coughs, grippe and influenza. For a daily mouthwash to guard against pyorrhea and other gum infections. For cuts, wounds, burns and scratches. For use as a deodorant. Remember that Zonite, though a very powerful antiseptic, is non-poisonous and absolutely safe to use.

Zonite is the great antiseptic-germicide which has not only removed the dangers of burning, poisonous fluids in the practice of feminine hygiene, but has also removed the danger of accidental poisoning in the home.

Compare Zonite's strength with carbolic acid

Though absolutely non-poisonous, Zonite is actually far more powerful germicidally than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be applied to the human body. And compared with peroxide of hydrogen, for instance, Zonite is more than forty times as effective! No wonder Zonite has been welcomed by the medical profession and is being prescribed by dentists everywhere as a mouthwash. Think of a powerful germicide safe to use for a mouthwash!

Whole subject covered in booklet

The Women's Division has prepared a special booklet on Feminine Hygiene and other affairs of the toilet. It is frank, scientific, and convenient. Send for it. Read it. It is a booklet every mother will want to give her daughter. It is an important booklet and free. Use the coupon below. Zonite Products Company, Postum Building, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.



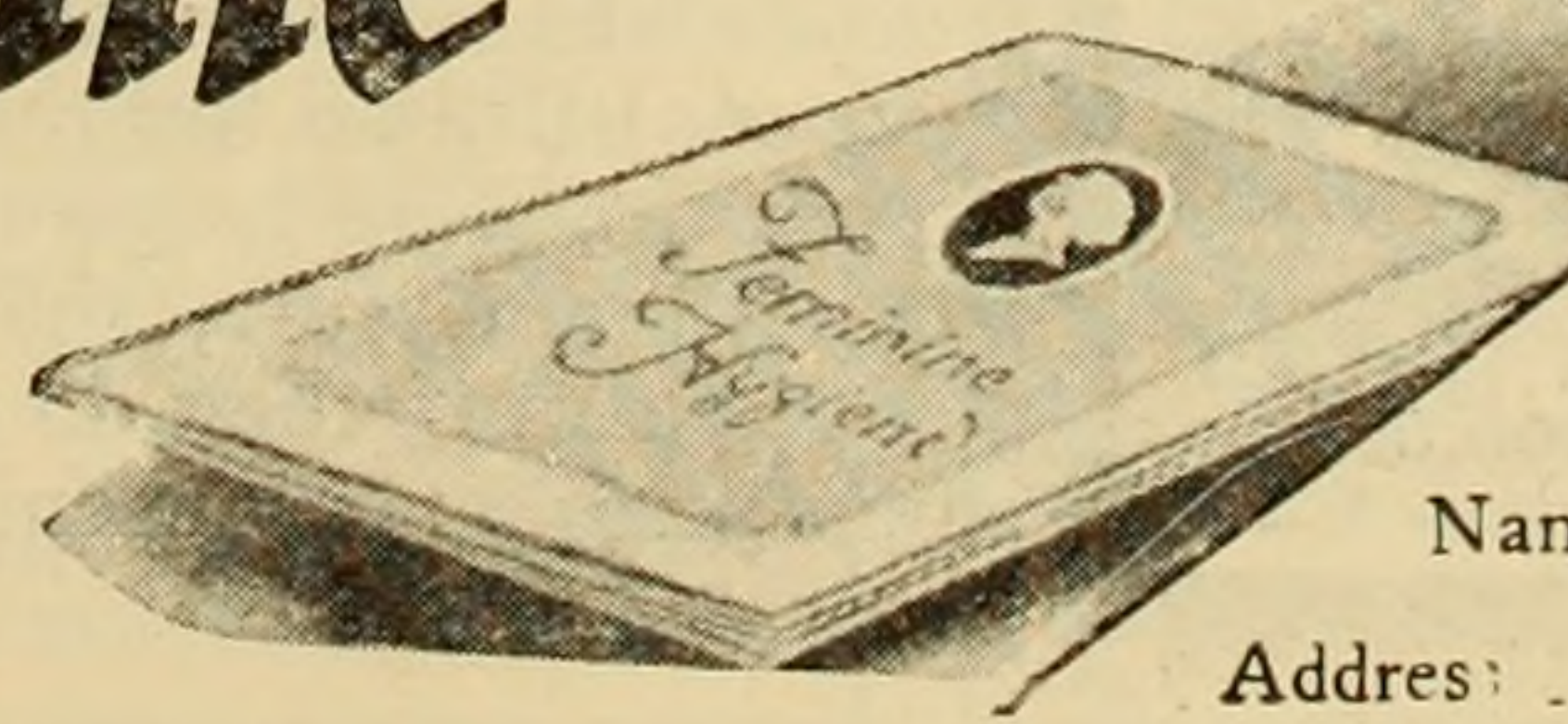
Women's Division

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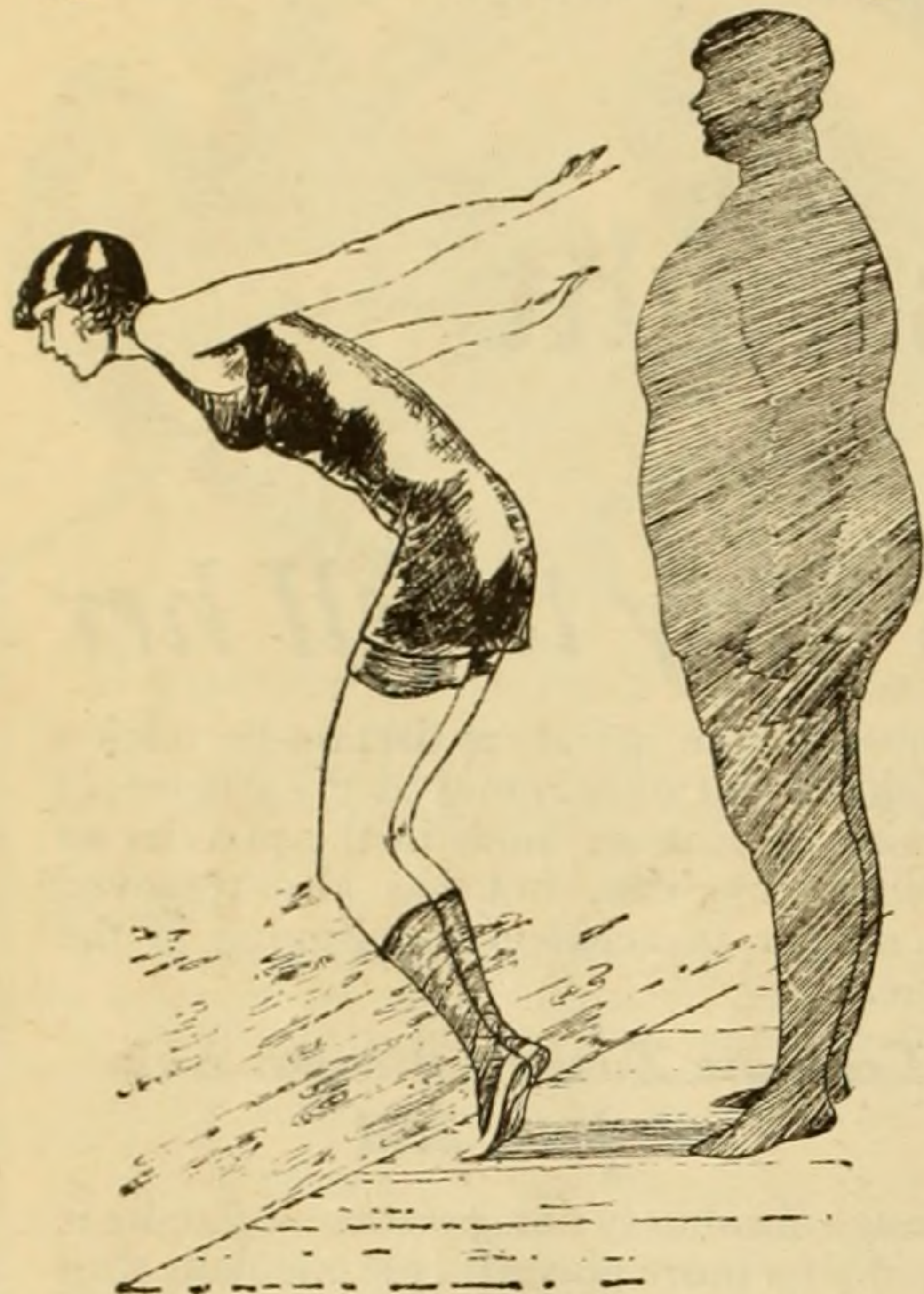
If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c direct to the Zonite Products Co.



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Girls Throw away Your Fat

Look your best this summer. Start to day
Take off from 10 to 50 pounds, as I did. Simple, Easy, Harmless way. Here it is—



If you are ashamed of your figure especially in a bathing suit, decide to take off all that extra fat and look your best on the beach this summer. You can do it. I did. I am glad to be able to explain to you how to go about it—I am not going to tell you to go through strenuous exercises or weakening diets. I will not recommend you to rub your body with absurd creams or wear reducing girdles or garments as I KNOW THEY ARE ABSOLUTELY WORTHLESS.

I am giving you the secret I found out in Paris and which is the most marvelous discovery ever made to easily and safely take off fat. I suffered for years with all the troubles well known to fat people—time after time—I deprived myself from all pleasures—bathing, dancing, riding or golfing because of my ridiculously fat figure. I turned down parties and friends to avoid the dreaded "here comes fatty" until one day, after I tried everything known to reduce and failed, I hit upon the secret with which I made myself over.

It is called SAN-GRI-NA, the discovery of a French scientist who has solved the problem of obesity. SAN-GRI-NA is put up in small tasteless tablets. You take two before each meal and watch your weight go down. With this simple, easy, marvelous new way I reduced from 180 to 130 pounds in eight weeks and have never regained since. The reducing I went through was gradual and easy—Did not leave me flabby or wrinkled—with every pound of fat lost, I felt a steady increase in strength and vitality. Now my health is splendid and I look and feel years younger. SAN-GRI-NA is guaranteed absolutely harmless. RECOMMENDED BY LEADING AMERICAN PHYSICIANS.

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Major Lewis Stone, O. R. S.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

I remember him so well as leading man at the Belasco, in Los Angeles, where he played opposite Marjorie Rambeau at one time. I remember his "Prince Karl" in "Old Heidelberg" as well as any piece of work I ever saw.

He went from there to New York with the original "Bird of Paradise" company, playing opposite Laurette Taylor. He made a big hit in New York. He had success after success to his credit. But he always yearned for California, he told me.

In 1917, he left the stage to become an infantry instructor at Plattsburg. And I think those were the happiest days of his life. He loved it. At the close of the war, he was an infantry, cavalry and artillery instructor with the rank of captain. When, recently, the officers were given a chance to take military examinations to make application for their commissions, Lew Stone successfully passed the examinations which resulted in granting to him the official rank of major in the Reserve Army of the United States, which he now holds.

AND there is something about him that suggests it—the military carriage, the manliness, the force, the cool and seeing eye, the quiet manner.

I am not, myself, a drivelling fan about Michael Arlen. I enjoyed "The Green Hat" but I cannot forgive him for the consequent influx of verdant headgear—so few women look well in green hats. Still, I don't feel, though I admit he can write, that he is a literary renaissance all by himself, the way a lot of Hollywood intelligentsia seem to do.

But one thing he can do. He can draw a man who is an aristocrat, and make you like it, better than anyone else I have ever read. And when I read about them, I find I am apt to visualize them as Lew Stone. So that must redeem him forever from the type that "mother" would approve of, because mother certainly can't approve of Michael Arlen. She may read him, but she certainly can't approve of him.

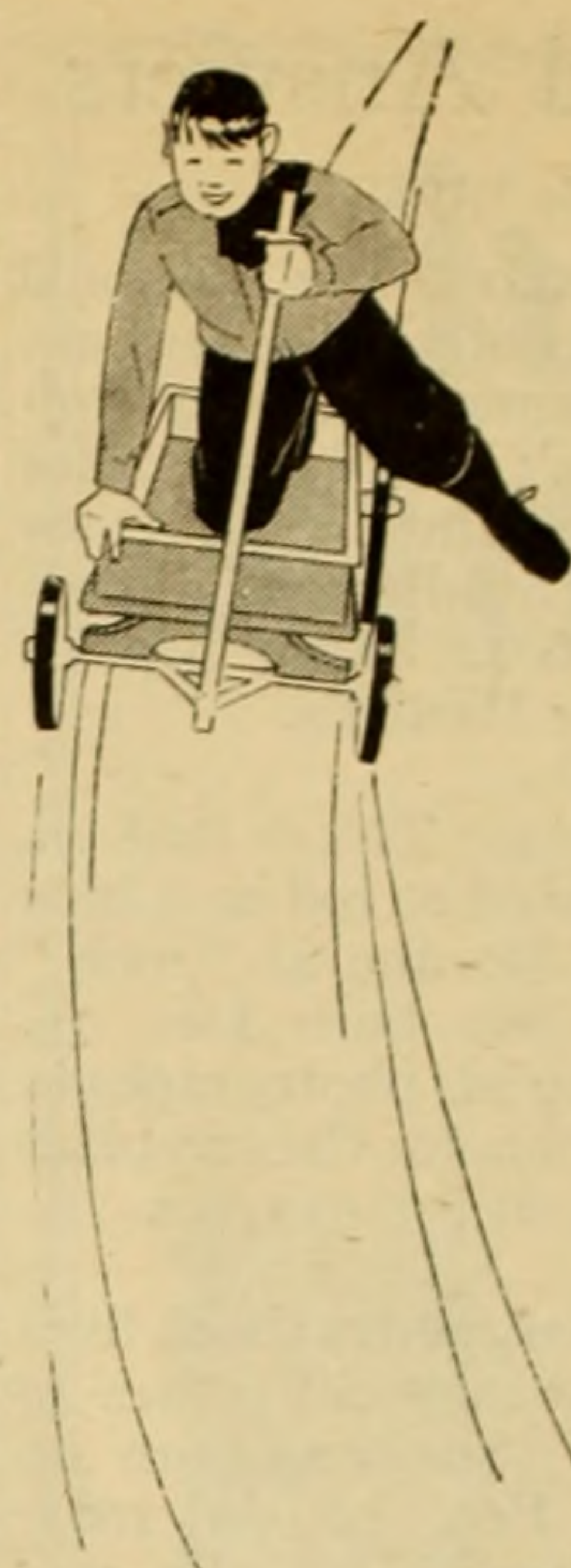
Gradually, in such pictures as "Inez from Hollywood," "Husbands and Lovers," "The Lost World," "Scaramouche" Lew Stone has won a place that is more firmly based than many a star's. And the exhibitors know it.

Personally—personally, Lew is exactly like some of his screen characterizations. He has a sense of humor. He likes sports of all kinds. He is opinionated, but he makes you like that, too. He has a gift of conversation, but he is apt to be rather silent. I think he is a little disdainful and indifferent about most things, and he is one of the few actors who simply can't be bullied by directors, producers, stars or anybody else in the world.

He is married to a former leading woman of his, Florence Oakley, and he has two charming little daughters—Virginia and Barbara.

Those Charming Studio Bungalows

EVERY time we go out to the lot of the United Studios in Hollywood we see a new bungalow, or at least that's the way it seems. Norma Talmadge started it. Then Rudy Valentino followed suit and finally Marion Davies built one. They are used as dressing rooms by the film stars and are mighty expensive propositions. Each cost about \$20,000 and contains four or five rooms with the kitchen complete. Marion even has a sunken swimming pool in hers. Just what will happen to the bungalows when the stars leave (if they ever do) United Studios is always a fascinating query to Mike Levee of United Studios. One thing seems sure, the stars can't take them with them if they do leave. We'll show you photographs of them inside and out next month.



-it's healthy for the youngsters -deliciously flavored too -its daily use is "a sensible habit"



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This preparation for the treatment of freckles is so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold under guarantee to refund the money if it fails. Don't hide your freckles under a veil or waste time on lemon juice or cucumbers; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back proposition.

We recommend Othine Complexion Soap for use with Othine, also as a Shampoo—it's wonderful for bobbed hair—25c a cake at all drug or department stores or by mail. Othine Laboratories, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

What Is Love?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

I think Ernest Torrence was a little embarrassed about it. He squirmed just a little, as though he didn't often talk about such things. Then he said, "The blossoming and developing of love into one of the most exquisite and inspiring instincts of life is just the history of civilization, that's all. It used to be that men and women lived together for mutual benefit derived. They found each other by the process of sexual selection, and continued together because of enemies to be fought—such as cold, and hunger, and wild beasts. They knew nothing of the soul-love which is founded upon unselfishness, self-sacrifice and a united desire to find the best and most beautiful in life.

"Any love today that is purely selfish, purely a matter of social or financial gain, is a reversion to the brute, not an advance of culture or civilization. It should not be called love.

"There is one test for love. If it centers around thoughts of home and children, it is a good love—it is a real love. Not otherwise. For that is why love was given man, developed in man—as a protection for mankind and a divine method of propagating the race.

"As a character actor, I have been cast in any part but that of Romeo. But that hasn't prevented me from being in the 'blissful state' for twenty-two years of happy married life."

Ruby Lafayette is over eighty, and she looks rather like Whistler's famous painting of his mother. A story-book old lady—silvery and frail and fragrance of crushed rose leaves.

She smiled up at me timidly, but she was quite, quite sure about her answer—surer than anyone else had been.

"Every morning when I awake," she said, "I repeat these words, 'God I love. More we cannot ask, higher we cannot look, further we cannot go.' They were written by a woman who was one of the great religious leaders of all times, and they are true.

"Love is the wellspring and the keynote of all happiness. It is the principle that founds creation. Any love that we feel here is either a reflection of that love, or a base counterfeit of it.

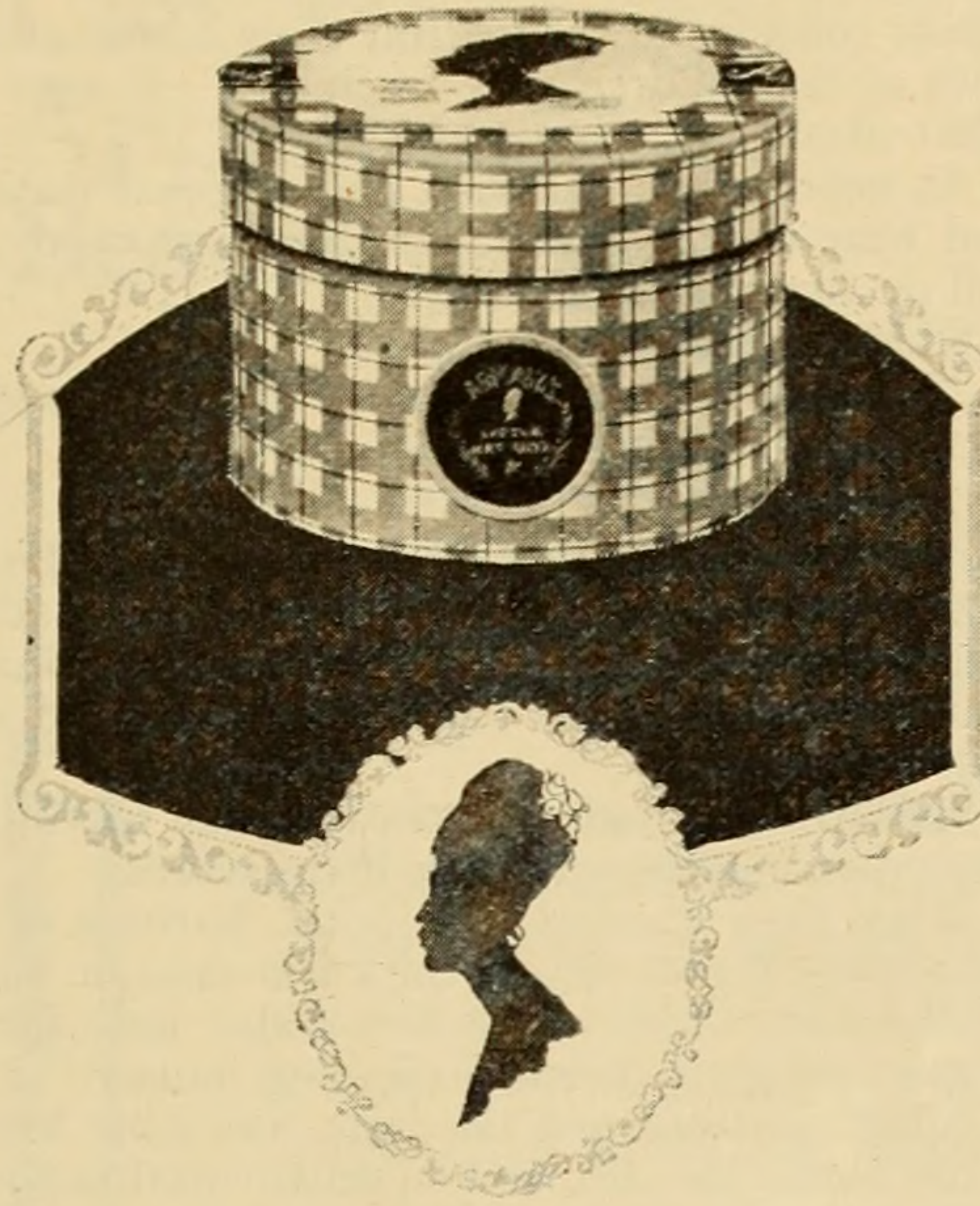
"There are many kinds of love—love of life, love of man and woman, love of nature and of the beautiful, love of friendship, love of children, which is the greatest and most enduring of all in life, and which has helped me over seemingly insurmountable obstacles."

She went to her table and got a worn, old black book—The Book of Books, it has been called, and she opened it and pointed with a trembling old finger to some words: "Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

"That," said Ruby Lafayette, "is the most beautiful definition of love ever written. If anybody wants to know what love is—they have their answer. It says, too, 'Love never faileth.' No one has ever described love so perfectly."

And I think maybe she is right.

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Armand Cold Cream Powder is Armand's origination, dense and very fine, always \$1.00 a box. Armand Peridore is a light-weight face powder to be put on quickly, also \$1.00 a box. Armand Bouquet is a medium dense face powder, greatly favored, 50c a box. . . . Clip the coupon and send it with ten cents for guest-room boxes of Cold Cream Powder and Peridore. Mention the tint you wish. Address Armand—Des Moines; address in Canada, Armand, Ltd., St. Thomas, Ontario.

KIND to your skin in the same sense that a becoming hat is kind to your face! Armand Cold Cream Powder keeps your complexion looking its very best during a busy day—out-of-doors, traveling—under artificial light. When properly applied, rubbed in thoroughly, it brings out the fresh natural color in your cheeks, and emphasizes the fine texture of your skin. (This is because it is so soft and clinging, with a magic bit of cold cream in it.) . . . And it is kind to your skin in another sense. It is beneficial to the most sensitive skin.

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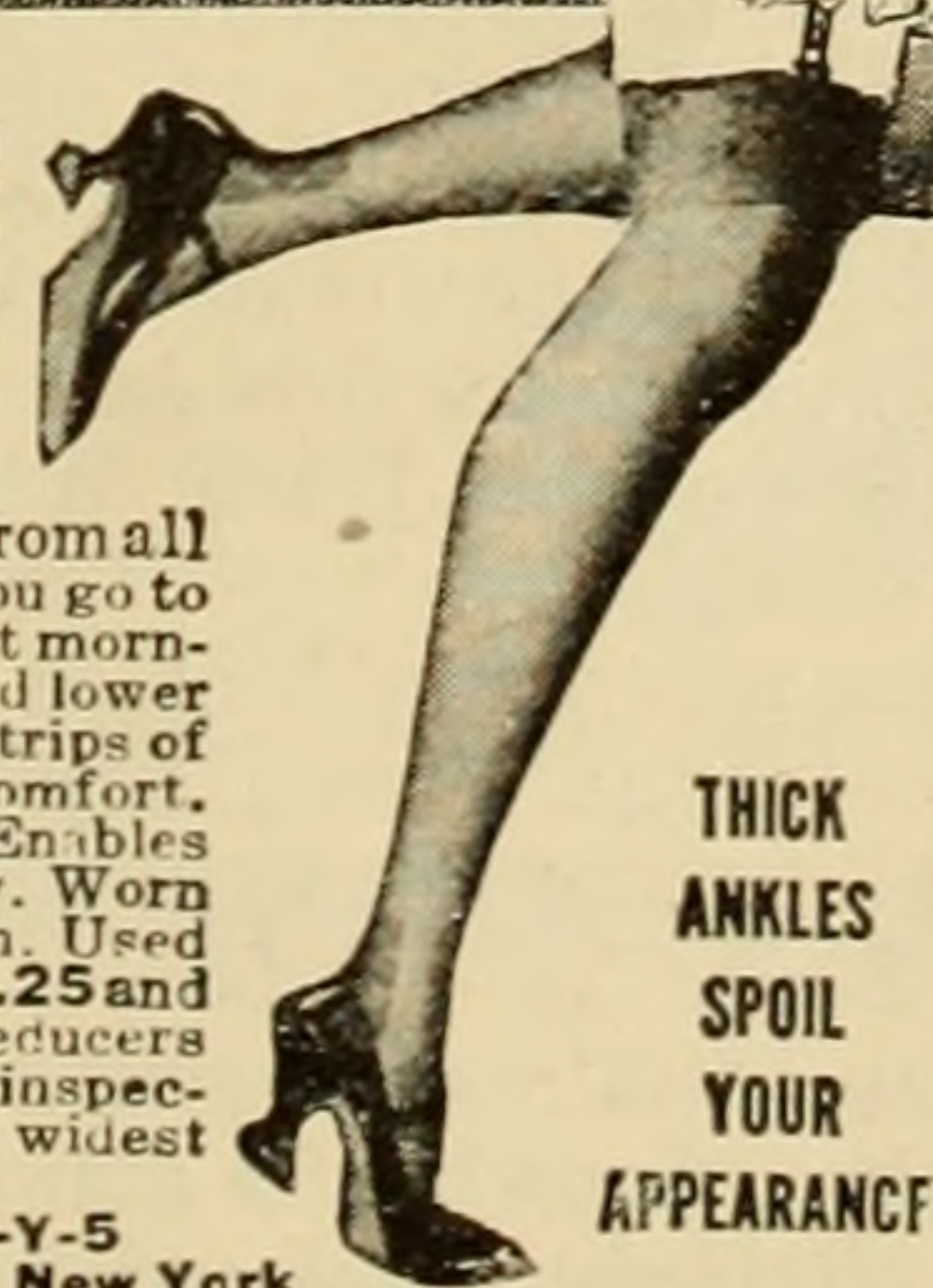
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Bright Sayings of Children in Filmdom

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]



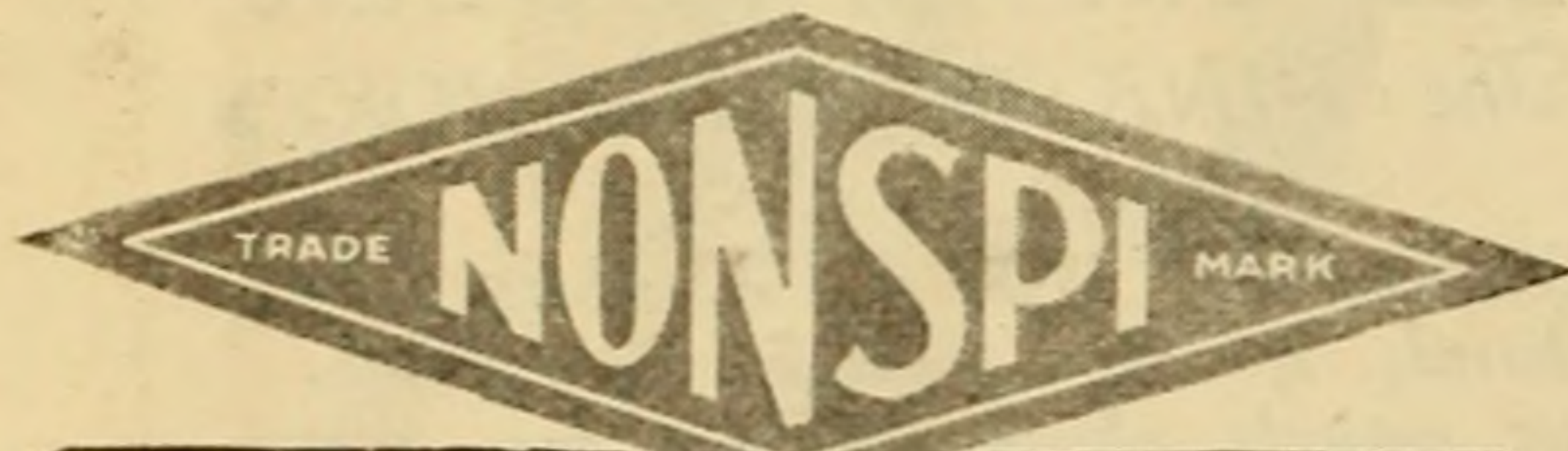
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P. P.-5-26

Little Suzanne Vidor, Florence Vidor's five-year-old daughter, is most proper, it would seem.

The Vidors and Jack Holts are neighbors and Suzanne and little Tim Holt are great pals. A steam roller was working on their street and both of the children were fascinated—if somewhat afraid—by the steel monster.

At noon, when the men had stopped work and were eating their lunch, Tim proposed a call on the roller and its crew.

Suzanne flatly refused.

"I should say not. I've never even been introduced to those men."

* * *

Barbara Denny, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Denny, is seven years old. She accompanied her mother on a trip to Catalina and Mrs. Denny didn't prove any too good a sailor.

This worried Barbara greatly. She tried to cheer her mother but with little success.

When they reached their hotel, Barbara excused herself and visited the curio shop in the hotel lobby. She had a five-dollar note her father had given her for spending money.

When she returned the note was gone but in her hands she clutched an ornamental paper knife.

"Here, mother," said Barbara. "Here's a nice little paper knife to open all your bills with."

* * *

Thomasina Mix, Tom Mix' daughter, isn't three yet but she does a lot of thinking on her own.

Her mother decided she was old enough to give up saying "Now I Lay Me" and learn "Our Father" for her prayer, but Thomasina strenuously objected. She simply didn't want to pray to "Our Father."

When pressed for her reason the child explained:

"You see, mummy, I'm mad with him. He sent those people across the street two little twin girls. I've been a good girl for ever so long and he hasn't even sent me one—a baby brother or sister—to play with. I'd much rather say 'Now I Lay Me.'"

Jane Novak's six-year-old daughter, Virginia Newberg, is in the fourth grade, and scorns the grades below. Glancing at her old first reader she read: "Does the mamma see the kitty?"

"Isn't that the dumbbelliest thing you ever heard?" she asked.

* * *

LISTENING while her mother read a story proposed for Miss Novak's use on the screen, she said: "Mamma, you know very well that's for a flapper. It isn't your type."

* * *

Noah Beery, Jr., better known in Hollywood as "Pidge," nine-year-old son of the famous character actor of the same name, is a great student of the art of make-up. He misses no opportunity for first-hand knowledge from his father and his Uncle Wallace, both of whom are experts.

One afternoon Mother Beery, Father Beery and "Pidge" were enjoying the cool ocean breeze in the shade of the patio at the rear of the Beery hill-top home. Mrs. Beery has the natural feminine aversion to creeping, crawling things. So when a giant spider sidled up to her chair she implored Noah Sr. to step on it.

But "Pidge" intervened. "Better not kill that spider, Dad," he interjected. "It might be Lon Chaney in make-up."

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. William de Mille were entertaining Cecil B. De Mille at a large reception and their younger daughter, Margaret, was attending the affair. Just as a joke, Mrs. de Mille introduced the young lady to her father. Miss de Mille accepted the introduction with the following conversation:

Mrs. de Mille—"Miss de Mille, may I present Mr. William de Mille, the director?"

Miss de Mille—"I am very glad to know you, Mr. de Mille."

Mr. William de Mille—"Are you the daughter of the famous director?"

Miss de Mille—"No, I am his niece."

* * *

Little Betty Holt, daughter of Jack Holt, has a little playmate who lives across the street from the Holt home. Mrs. Holt was cautioning the child about using care in crossing streets.

"Be sure to turn your head and look carefully both ways to see that nothing is coming before crossing the street, dear," warned Mrs. Holt.

"But, mother," said Betty, "I don't see why I have to turn my head both ways. Haven't I got an eye on each side of my head?"

* * *

Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr. (Billie Burke): "I am tired of my bob. I think I'll let my hair grow long."

Florence Patricia Ziegfeld (aged eight): "Don't you dare, mamma. We've two automobiles. We don't want any old 'horse and buggy' about the place."

* * *

HERE'S another one about little Billy Reid, son of the late Wallace Reid. He has an adopted sister, Betty Reid, aged five. Both children have their birthdays in the same week. Among the many gifts they received were a pair of beautiful silk Sox each from their grandmother. Then along came another pair of Sox for Billy through the mail.

Shortly after the visit of the mailman Mrs. Dorothy Reid heard violent sobbing upstairs. Rushing up to see what was the matter she found Betty in tears.

"What's the matter, dear?" asked Mrs. Reid.

"Oh," sobbed Betty, "Billy got two helpings of Sox and I only had one."

* * *

Alan Crosland Jr., son of the famous director, engaged in the following dialogue with his father. Alan Jr. is six.

Alan Jr.: "When I grow up I want to be something that wears a uniform. I might be a policeman."

Anxious father: "You don't want to be a policeman and use your club on people."

Alan Jr.: "I could be a garbage man."

Anxious father: "You don't really want to carry smelly things around town."

Alan Jr.: "Well, I can always be a movie director."

* * *

Gloria Swanson, aged about four years: "It's always hurry, hurry, and rush around in this world. I wish I was in heaven."

* * *

Claire Windsor's seven-year-old son, Billy Bowes, looking up from the table after his mother had chided him for being late, said through his tears: "Mamma, no one would ever know you looked so sweet when you got off the train from Afferka."

Billy begged to be taken from a private school and placed in a public one. He explained: "I want to go to a public school so that I can learn to fight. You can't lick a girl or a boy that is just like a girl."

He returned from his first day at public school with both hands bandaged. He had been learning to fight. He said: "Now cut off this d—d hair and I'll be a man."

* * *

Mickey Daniels impressed himself indelibly upon Will Rogers when the great cowboy humorist was leaving the Hal Roach studios recently for New York. Rogers is the gang's greatest hero. He played a small bit in one of their pictures recently. Hal Roach gave a dinner at the studios in Rogers' honor the night before he left. Mickey gave him a big

box of chewing gum as a remembrance. With it was the following verse, over which the freckled lad had spent several laborious hours:

I here present you with this gum;
You'll chew until it's sticky.
And when you chew I'll think of you,
"And hope you'll think of Mickey."
* * *

Here is another one about Baby Mary Pickford. W. W. Kerrigan, manager of the Mary Pickford Company, called up Mrs. Pickford's home to discuss with Mrs. Pickford a matter bearing on the production of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

"Is this the Pickford residence?" he asked of the voice that answered the 'phone.

"No," came the answer.

"Well, who is this?" Kerrigan asked.

"I'm Baby Mary," he was informed, "but I'm not a residence."
* * *

Jackie Condon of "Our Gang" is the tousled youngster who is always tagging along after any neighborhood gang. He's a sympathetic character and is always serious. A few months ago Warren Doane, general manager of the Hal Roach studios, was leaving for New York on a business trip.

"What shall I bring you, Jackie?" he asked.

"Bring me a rabbit, a little live rabbit," Jackie answered, and then after some thought, added: "And bring me a gun to shoot it with."

My Shadow Love

I AM in love with a shadow. An exceedingly lovely shadow to be sure, in fact; a very jewel, that might be likened to the lovely faces a poet describes in the clouds sometimes; or those an artist sees in the veils of mist that hang over a mountain stream in the early morning; but still a shadow.

Just a shadow, yet I would not exchange my shadow love for that of anyone; not even for that of a father, who has a tiny image of himself, to worship; or a little angel, that bids fair to become the girl her mother was, to adore. For I had a sweetheart once; a human symphony in which the fires of a thousand sunsets were blended with the rhythmic sound of tropic seas, pulsating against the sands of mystic isles. The light of all the loves that had ever been danced in her eyes; the haunting sweetness of all the love songs ever sung echoed in the tones of her voice. I loved with a fierce, consuming passion, then—she was taken away. I lost her.

How I have groped about the world for years, years in which days were endless; like a blindman seeking that which I never hoped to find, is another story. But now I rejoice. Dreams have come to pass,—I have found her shadow.

Flesh and blood could never take the place of the only real love of my life now. For I have grown older and more critical; the delicate rose-tinted glasses of youth, that once broken can never be replaced are mine no longer; but that which flesh cannot do, strangely enough, a shadow can.

I saw her tonight. The smile I loved so well graced the lips I used to kiss; the translucent light of the moon cast a mantle of mystery over the form that will live in my heart forever. I was again a gladsome stripling with the light heart and dancing feet of youth. Hot, young blood coursed through veins, that have withstood the fires of more years than I would like to name. Once more, I was the Prince Charming that all men are, at least once in their lives. And all because of a shadow.

I wonder how many are lifted up from the sordid path of everyday; transported to a land where fancy may roam at will, where hearts may beat as fiercely as they may; where crusty old bachelors become Sir Galahads and faded spinsters the quintessence of all things fair. I wonder how many hearts are made a little happier; how many cares made a little easier to bear; how many spirits made a little more buoyant, by the magic of the silver screen. I wonder.

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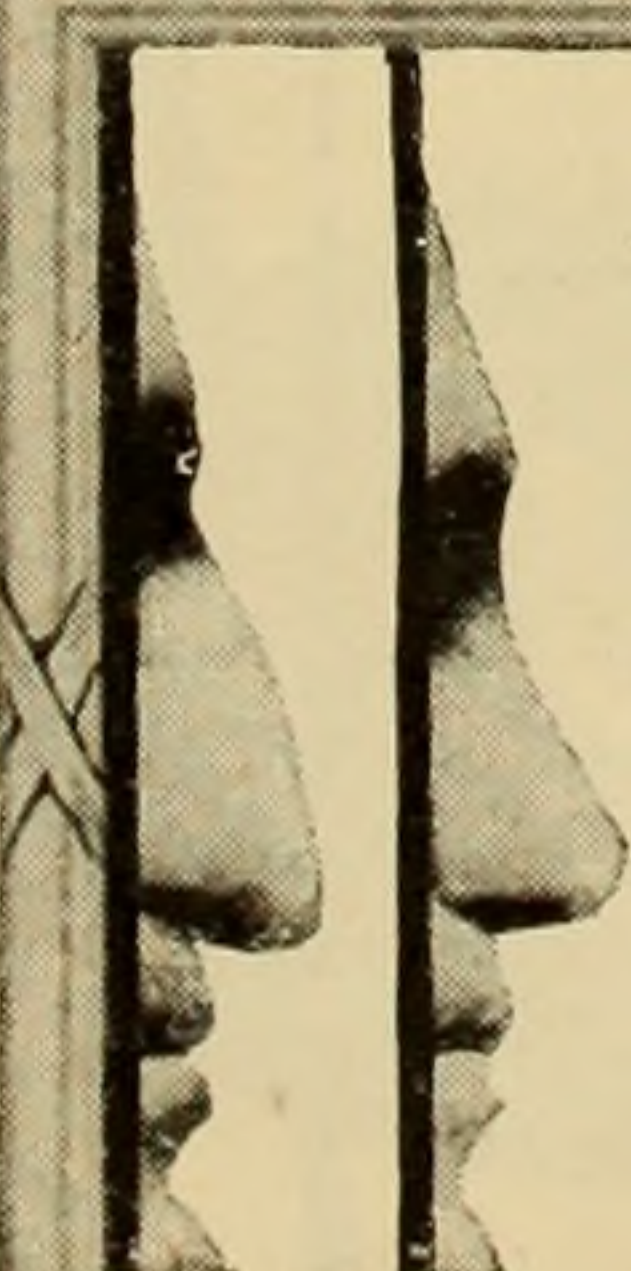
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Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 121]

ROSE, NEW YORK, N. Y.—San Francisco is George O'Brien's birthplace. The year was 1900. His height is five feet eleven inches. Weight, one hundred seventy-six pounds. Brown hair and eyes. He has appeared in "The Iron Horse," "The Painted Lady," "The Man Who Came Back," "The Rough Neck" and "The Dancers."

ELLEN S., READING, PA.—Rudolph Valentino was born in Castellaneta, Italy. New York is Nita Naldi's birthplace. Madeline Hurlock is in the Mack Sennett comedies. She was chosen one of the Wampas Baby Stars of 1925.

A. Y., CALEXICO, CALIF.—Pauline Starke is single. She lives in Los Angeles, Calif. Is that all you want to know, A. Y.? Still, your queries are direct and cover the vital points.

PAUL, SHAWINIGAN FALLS, QUEBEC, CAN.—I am glad to inform the Lonesome Man regarding Pola Negri. She was born in Yanowa, Poland. For photographs of her it is necessary to write the Lasky Studios, enclosing a quarter (twenty-five cents in American money).

GEORGIE, NORFOLK, VA.—Ethel Clayton, having made an excursion into, indeed a long stay, in vaudeville, is returning to pictures in "The Mansion of Aching Hearts." Mary Miles Minter was born in 1901. She is preparing to return to the stage on which she had a distinguished success as a child actress, notably in "The Littlest Rebel." May McAvoy was born in 1901. How old is May, Georgie? Ben Lyon was born the same year. Gloria Swanson's weight is one hundred twelve pounds. Her first husband was Wallace Beery.

MIDDY, BEDFORD, IND.—Rather a nice name, "Know Everything," say I. What wouldst? Desperately interested in Ricardo Cortez, eh? Then I will fill your heart with joy by answering truthfully that he is not married. Yes, it must have been hard for one so attractive to run the Leap Year gauntlet. He'll be all right, if he is careful, until 1928. Both he and Rod La Rocque played in "Feet of Clay." Um! Wonder whether Mr. Cortez will like being called "Rickie"?

G. H., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Carol Dempster, whom you have admired since you saw her in "One Exciting Night," was born Jan. 16, 1902. She is not married.

MRS. B. S., ST. LOUIS, MO.—You can obtain a copy of PHOTOPLAY by writing PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co., 750 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., and enclosing a quarter.

BUBBLES, ARIZ.—You think I "must be terribly handsome." O, Bubbles! Well, I might admit it but no film company ever tried to engage me to play a sheik. One of the many mistakes of the business. You think Ben Lyon is "the cutest boy in the movies" and then turn right about and ask for details about another male cutie, Douglas Fairbanks Jr. Inconstancy thy name is young woman. Master Fairbanks was born Dec. 9, 1910. His eyes are blue and his hair light. His height is increasing so fast that I dare not record it. If I did he might have shot up two or three more inches before this magazine reaches the stands. His rate of growth is something like an inch a week—more or less.

NITA, FULLERTON, CALIF.—Ford Sterling has been in pictures since 1912. He was long with the Keystone comedies. His present association is with the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Edmund Lowe's affiliation is still with the Fox Studios. [CONT'D ON PAGE 142]

An interview with a Fifth Avenue Hairdresser:



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for the hair of blonde or brunette,
to bring out all its natural lustre."

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"Tell me. What do you use that works such miracles with the hair? How do you give it such freshness, such life, such lustre? What is your secret?"

"My secret? It is hardly that. It is known to every woman who makes of beauty a cult. It is simple. *A touch of henna in the shampoo.*"

"Henna?" I confess I was surprised.

"Ah, Madame," he said, quickly, "I know what you think—what many think. But in every art are refinements. Some misuse them, but the artist gives them their subtle values. So it is with henna. The artist puts just a suggestion of its warmth into the shampoo, and with it touches madame's hair. The effect is magical!"

"That is beautifully said, monsieur," I could not help exclaiming, "but the color of the hair—does it change?"

"But no, madame! The blonde remains a blonde, the brunette, a brunette. But the transformation! Ah! After the *shampoo with a touch of henna* the hair of each is radiant with its own natural lustre, and with more!

"All women do not know, madame, what a wealth of undiscovered beauty their hair holds for them if they would only bring it out with *a touch of henna in the shampoo.*"

"And you would recommend that every woman use it?"

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That Terrible Thorne Girl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]



Losing 39 lbs. In 6 Weeks Was Easy

Had Mrs. Betty Clarkson been told that in less than 6 weeks she could lose 39 lbs., she would have smiled incredulously, and then pointed to her 162 pounds as a pretty good reason for her doubt. She had tried about everything. To stand just 5 ft. 2 in. and weigh 162 lbs. made Mrs. Clarkson, as she puts it, "the despair of friends and dressmakers." Her story is interesting, for there are thousands today who have the same problem she has so happily solved, and who now have the same opportunity for free proof. "I was so fat that I hated to look in a mirror. I was the despair of friends and dressmakers. I tried about everything to lose weight, without success, when a friend urged me to try the Wallace records. I really did it to please her; and as she told me the first lesson was free, I figured I had nothing to lose. I sent for the lesson—it came, everything free. Imagine my joy when the scales showed me 4 lbs. lighter the first week. At an incredibly low price I got all the lessons, and in just 6 weeks I lost 39 lbs. to music, nothing else. Now I am slender, wear modish gowns, look and feel better than ever, and, Mr. Wallace, I owe it all to you. What I have done others can do, and the lessons aren't 'work,' they're 'just fun.'"

Wallace's Free Offer

For those who doubt and wish to test at home, Wallace has set aside a thousand first lessons, records and all, which he will gladly mail for a free trial, if you will send name and address. There's nothing to pay—no postage—no deposit. He wants you to prove for yourself that you *can* reduce, just as Mrs. Clarkson and thousands of others have done.

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was concerned Mr. Lamar's feelings were not entirely those of an unprejudiced observer. And Monsieur Vernay had already cabled laconically from Paris that Miss Dane was "*trop stat-uesque*." Which settled that.

Sylvia was still thinking of angels, and of the part of *Celeste*, and of Howard Bennett, who wanted to marry her, when she felt Jean's elbow in her ribs.

"Come out of it," the latter whispered. "They're down to Agnes Jaynes already, and working fast. Old Rain-in-the-Face is slipping them out the side entrance. I'll wait for you, if you aren't too long."

SHE rose and went toward the door with her customary assurance, giving Sylvia a sly wink as she nodded to the woman ahead of her.

Sylvia knew what that wink meant. Loretta Kaye was the one female in Hollywood in whom the casting director had ever shown more than a cold professional interest. But for Miss Kaye he would have been dubbed a confirmed woman hater. And since Loretta was at least thirty, and built on the lines of a wood nymph as depicted by the late Mr. Rubens, her inclusion in the contest could only be regarded as a graceful gesture on Mr. Saxton's part, an acknowledgment, perhaps, of past favors. Seeing the look of hope on Miss Kaye's plump face, Sylvia sighed. There was something rather pitiful about that hope, and something rather malicious and cruel in Jean's wink and grin. She found herself wondering a little about Jean, wondering how well she really knew her, and how well she really liked her.

Their experiment at housekeeping together had not been an affair of very long standing. Up to four months ago Sylvia had been living in a small and rather uncomfortable apartment. Then she met Jean, who had been east for half a year, at the company's studio on Long Island. The two girls had been thrown together a good deal during the summer, since both were working on the International lot, and when Jean, with her usual assurance, had first rented the bungalow and then begun to look about for someone to share it with her, Sylvia had been the first person she had approached. And the last, as well, for it required only a slight amount of figuring to show that the expense of the bungalow, even including light and gas and a woman in by the day, when divided by two, amounted to very little more than Sylvia had been spending at her apartment. Besides which was the comfort of it, the joy of space and light and air, to say nothing of having a place in which to receive one's friends. So Sylvia had moved, and now she and Jean were living together as light-heartedly as though they had known each other all their lives, without really knowing each other at all.

Sylvia Thorne was not a product of the hoppers of Hollywood. She had never really gone through the machine, as Jean had. The casting agents, the exchange, with its curious and motley throngs of extra people, its fat and bewhiskered and multi-colored types, its close, rancid air and its stolid, interminable waiting, had not known her. Sylvia's initiation into the world of the screen had been through a studio in New York. It was only when Aline Duvall, making a picture in the East, had taken a fancy to her that Sylvia had come to Hollywood. That was two years before, and she had come as an extra girl, playing small bits. She had had her discouragements, her heartaches, her days of nerve-racking waiting, in New York, but she had not been through the Hollywood mill.

Jean Martin, on the contrary, had known every turn and twist of it. Perhaps it was the long, hard struggle that had given her her quick assurance, her pertness, her cynicism, made her a trifle hard, just as the lack of that struggle had left Sylvia with a certain rare bloom not yet rubbed off by the sharp corners of experience. It was both an advantage and a disadvantage to her, as time was to show.

Then, too, since coming to Hollywood, Sylvia had gone with a somewhat different crowd from that with which Jean Martin trained. Through Aline Duvall, who was a woman of great innate refinement, despite her start in life on the burlesque stage, Sylvia had met a great many of the better class of people in Hollywood—hard-working, sober, ambitious men and women who did not frequent the smart cafes and restaurants regularly, or indulge in riotous parties, not because they were too virtuous or too high-brow for such amusements, but because they were too busy.

Jean, on the other hand, ran about with a livelier crowd, gay, reckless, rather hard-boiled young eggs of both sexes, and this had prevented the two girls from seeing as much of each other, even though they were living together, as they otherwise would. But it had been definitely agreed between them, when Sylvia moved in, that they would do as they pleased. If Sylvia wanted to stay at home, and Jean wanted to go out, there was never any conflict about it; apart from sharing the same roof, and to some extent the same meals, they lived quite independent lives.

But there had been times, when Sydney Harmon called, and he and Jean sat in the living room until all hours, that Sylvia wished her friend would show more discretion. Not that there was anything wrong about it, except the fact that Sydney had a wife, but even in these free-living days, there were chances, Sylvia thought, that it might be just as well not to take. Still, Jean was a dear, and Sylvia rather reproached herself for her criticisms. Of one thing she was sure, there was nothing that anyone could say against Jean Martin's morals.

Through this maze of reflections she presently heard her name being called, and a moment later was in Mr. Saxton's office. Her stay there was brief; she was instructed to appear the following Wednesday morning at ten o'clock for a fitting, to be ready for her test at noon. Would she make it a point, Mr. Simonson asked her, smiling, to be on time?

"Foolish question number one thousand and what have you," she grinned. "Was anybody ever late for a test with Paul Lamar?" Then she went out the side door, to find Jean waiting for her in the hall. As they went toward the main gate a boy from the administration offices came hurrying after them.

"TELEGRAM for you, Miss Thorne," he said, handing her a yellow envelope.

"I hope somebody has left you a million," Jean said, as they passed into the street.

"Swell chance," Sylvia laughed, glancing through the message, "but there's a nice boy from my home town coming to see me this evening."

"That sweetie of yours you've been telling me about—the one who wants to marry you?"

"Yes. Howard Bennett's his name. He says he's tired of being a bachelor."

"Well," Jean replied with a laugh, "the only way for a bachelor to have any freedom nowadays is to get married."

"Like your friend Sydney Harmon, I suppose," Sylvia remarked, demurely.

Miss Martin gave her a quick, darting look.

"Why—yes—like Sydney, now that you speak of it. I don't doubt when he was courting his wife he hadn't a moment to call his own. Now he's free as air—like most married people, these days. Are you and this Bennett lad engaged?"

"No—not exactly. He's asked me a lot of times, but I haven't said I would."

"Why not? Don't you care for him?"

"I suppose I do—in a way. He's young and good-looking, and I've known him all my life."

"What's the matter with him, then? Hasn't he any jack?"

"Loads of it. Back home where I come from his father owns about half the town—and has a mortgage on the other half, I guess."

"Then I don't see what you're waiting for," Jean snapped. "I love the picture business, but Oh, you Rolls Royces. If any unattached young millionaire should come along and offer to provide me with the sort of home to which I haven't been accustomed, I'd take a chance with him just to see what it was like. And anyway, a woman can be married and still make a success on the screen, can't she?"

"Frequent, I should say. But it isn't that. I—well, it may sound sort of old-fashioned, but I'm not sure I love him."

"Bunk," Miss Martin said, shortly. "Forget it."

"And I'm not sure," Sylvia went on, "that he would want me to stay in pictures. Howard is like a lot of other small-town people—he thinks Hollywood has got Sodom and Gomorrah looking like tank towns in the alfalfa belt. I'm afraid, if I should marry him, he'd want me to go back to Millersburg, Pa., and look ornamental around the old family manse. Hundred percent pure domesticity and all that. I'd smother."

"Let him rave on. You can change all that after you're married."

"Not with Howard you couldn't. He's set in his ways. But he's nice just the same and I want you to meet him. Are you doing anything tonight?"

"I don't know yet. Sydney said something about taking us both down to the beach. He admires you—a lot."

SYLVIA made no reply to this and the two girls walked on in silence.

Sylvia didn't believe that Sydney Harmon admired her particularly, although he always insisted that she should accompany Jean and himself on their little excursions, and occasionally she had accepted. But whether the suave Mr. Harmon liked her for herself, or merely wanted her along as a sort of smoke screen to hide his flirtation with Jean she had never been able to determine. He had been impartial enough in his attentions, on these few occasions, but now that his wife had come back from the east, Sylvia had resolutely stayed at home. She had no wish to incur Mrs. Harmon's animosity. And she thought Jean a good deal of a fool to give people a chance to gossip about her. Of course Sydney had always been like that, flitting from flower to flower in the garden of life, and Isobel Harmon, who was a quiet and self-contained woman, paid little attention to his "buzzing," as she called it, but just the same, Sylvia was determined to keep her skirts clear.

It was not until dinner was over, and the two girls were dressing for the evening, that Jean again referred to Mr. Harmon.

"He likes me a lot," she said, defiantly, as though some mood of self-defense had come over her, "and he's an awful good sort of an egg, but I guess I'll have to cut him out."

"I would, if I were you," Sylvia told her. "I'm no prude, Jean. You know that. And I wouldn't say this if you hadn't brought the subject up; but it seems to me a mistake—your letting Sydney come here. Not that I think there's been anything wrong," she added quickly, as she saw her friend's eyes begin to harden—"if I had, I don't mind telling you, I'd have moved out long ago. But you know what a place Hollywood is for gossip. And Mrs. Harmon is an important woman, with a lot of important friends, so you see"—

"Hells bells!" Jean interrupted, stormily. "You sound like one of the Elsie books. It isn't considered any crime nowadays, is it, for a married man to have women friends? Go about with them? Especially if his wife happens to be several thousand miles away? You don't suppose she sat around and twiddled her thumbs those three months she was in New York, do you? I'll say she didn't."

"Then why," asked Sylvia, quietly, "have you decided to cut him out?"

"I'll tell you why!" Jean Martin stood poised in the act of getting into an evening gown, her slim, half nude figure tense with excitement, her eyes like thin jade slits. "Because the

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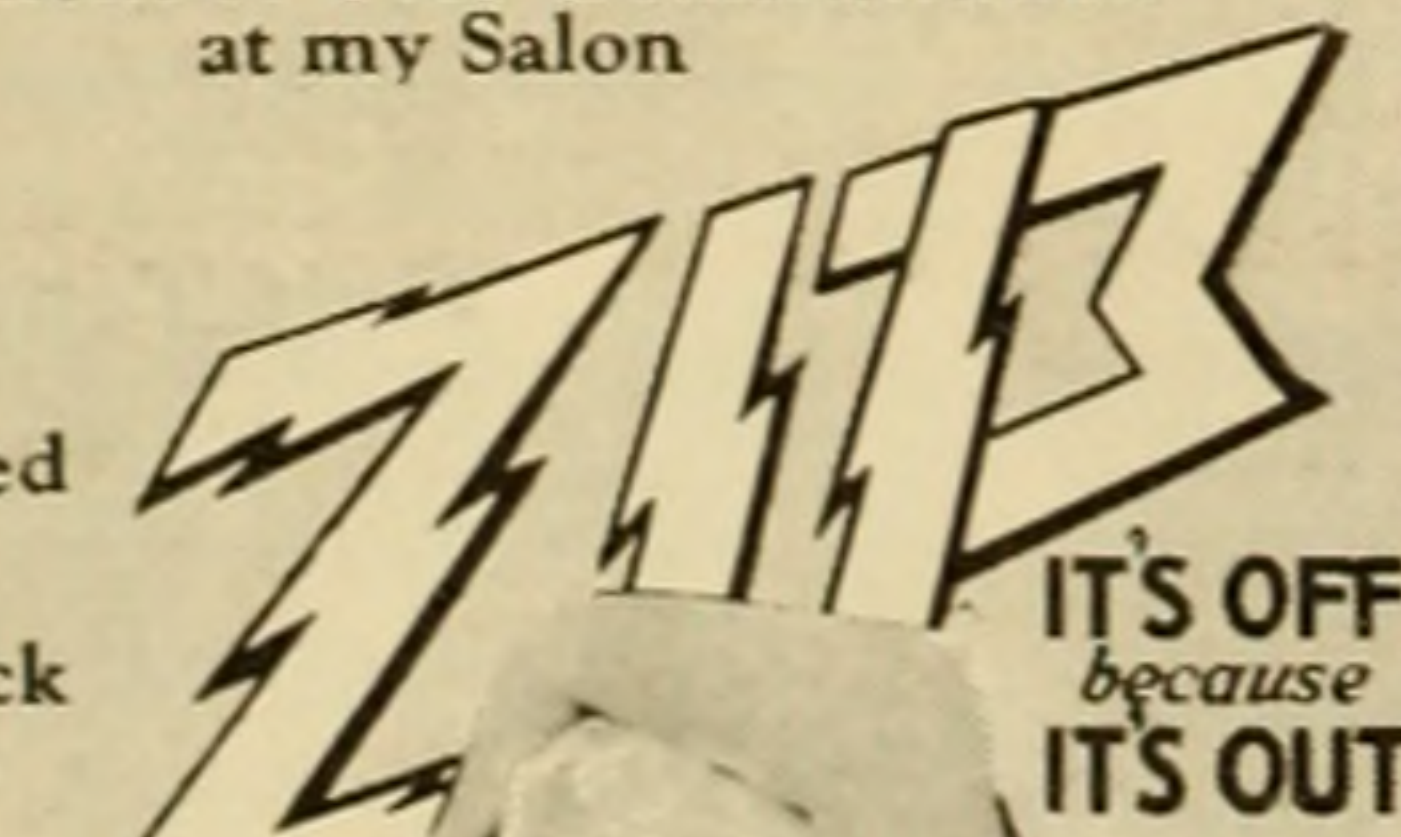
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dumbbell has got an idea in his head that he cares for me—that's why. And while as an art director I take off my hat to him, as a husband I wouldn't have him as a gift."

"Husband?" Sylvia asked, astonished.

"Yes. Even if he were free, which he isn't. Why, the other night, when you were playing bridge at the Allison's, he crashed in here all lit up like an ocean liner and wanted me to run away to Honolulu with him! Said his wife had got on his nerves—that I was the only woman in the world who understood him, or words to that effect. These artistic bimbos certainly do know how to dish out the applesauce, especially when they've been filling up on homemade gin. I had the devil's own time to get rid of him."

"And you say he's coming around here tonight?" Sylvia asked, pausing in the act of fitting a silk stocking to one of her perfect legs. "Not so good, Jean."

"Oh—he's on the water wagon now. Meek as a little woolly lamb. I told him I wouldn't go with him unless you went along."

"Then I guess he's out of luck," Sylvia said, slowly, "now that Howard's coming. What are you going to do?"

"I don't know." Jean smoothed the silk of her gown to an attractive tautness about her waist, over the firm round globes of her somewhat too prominent breasts. "Talk to him for a while, I guess, and then send him on his way. And it's such a gorgeous night!"

She glanced out of the window to the low sky, soft and rich as a great canopy of purple velvet. The moon along the edge of a tall pepper tree seemed like a gay captive balloon, caught in its topmost branches.

Sylvia smiled, but it did not please her, this sight of her friend trying to persuade herself that she should not go out, yet all the while knowing quite well that she would. Well, it was none of her affair, she reflected. She had said her say on the subject.

"And of course I know you'd rather be alone," Jean added, turning somewhat petulantly from the window.

"Not at all. Howard and I are too old friends for that. And anyway, there's the porch."

Neither of the two said anything more until the tooting of an automobile horn sent Jean flying to the door. In a moment she was back again.

"He doesn't want to come in," she told Sylvia, eagerly. "And it's such a perfect night. So I've agreed to take a little spin with him. That will give me a good chance to break things off."

"Be sure you do," Sylvia called after her. "Don't forget that test for 'The Miracle.'" But the door slammed on her last words and she doubted that Jean had heard them.

CHAPTER II

MR. HOWARD BENNETT, speeding through the late afternoon sunshine in the direction of Los Angeles, decided that he did not like California. There was something big and pulpy and tasteless about it, he argued, like its insipid peaches, its thick-skinned oranges and plums. He thought of the gay autumn foliage, the tang of frost in the air, the ripening corn, in his native Pennsylvania, and wondered how anyone could enjoy indefinitely this land of perpetual softness and sunshine.

To a large extent this attitude on Mr. Bennett's part was a pose. An Easterner born and bred, a graduate of a famous New England college, he held as a matter of principle that the Atlantic Coast states were the best states in the Union, that Pennsylvania was the best of the Atlantic Coast states, and that Millersburg, which had given him birth, was the best town of its size in Pennsylvania. Had modesty permitted him to go farther, he would doubtless have said that the Bennetts were the best people in Millersburg. It went without saying that they were the richest. Old Hiram Bennett, his grandfather, had built the first sawmill in the county, and from lumber to coal, from coal to electric light and street railway franchises were



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easy and natural steps. As a result, his father, Stephen Bennett, was accounted a very rich man, and Howard and his sister, Margaret, would some day share between them a very large fortune.

It caused no rejoicing in the Bennett family when Howard, the year after his return from college, began a whirlwind courtship of Sylvia Thorne. The girl was on a visit home, then, after her first year in Hollywood. It was true, as Sylvia had told Jean, that she and Howard had known each other since childhood, but Sylvia had been Mary McKenna in those pre-movie days, and although her father, Jim McKenna, was the proprietor of Millersburg's leading, and only, bookshop, and a far better-read man than any of the Bennetts, he moved in a different plane, socially. When his daughter Mary had been a snub-nosed youngster in short dresses, and Howard Bennett a freckled-faced youth in knickerbockers, it had been quite all right for them to attend the same Bible classes, coast down Main Street hill together, go to the same public school. But when Howard went off to Swarthmore, and Mary, after the death of her mother, to keep house for her father in the flat over the book-shop, the social gulf began to widen.

It was not until Mary came back as Sylvia Thorne, with something of a reputation as a screen actress, that Millersburg in general and Howard Bennett in particular realized what a beautiful swan their ugly duckling had become. They had seen her on the screen—she was one of the town's celebrities now, even though the parts she played were far from stellar ones—but Mary, or rather Sylvia, herself, took the place by storm. Before her stay of two weeks was up Howard had asked her to marry him, and when the elder Bennett heard that she had refused he was almost as angry as he would have been had she accepted.

"Damned little upstart!" he grumbled. "My boy not good enough for Jim McKenna's daughter? What does she think she is—a queen? Just because she's got a job in the movies? Howard always was a fool."

His anger, however, had not prevented Howard from urging his suit most assiduously, not only during Sylvia's stay, but afterwards, by letter, nor from making this second trip across the continent in order to persuade Sylvia to reconsider her decision and allow him to place the engagement ring he had ready for the occasion on her finger. As Sylvia had said, Howard was "set in his ways," like all the Bennetts. To make him want a thing it was only necessary to let him think he could not have it. And he wanted Sylvia very much indeed. For the matter of that, so might any man. There were several in Hollywood who did.

HE rose as the train slid into the station, straightened his excellent shoulders beneath the tweed of his coat. It was a well-cut coat, fashioned by an exclusive tailor, and gave to its wearer a suggestion of Fifth Avenue New York. The fluffy-haired girl who followed him from the train gazed admiringly at his smartly groomed back and wondered if he was some new and, to her, unknown star in the screen firmament. Yet Howard Bennett did not particularly suggest a movie star, but rather the smart young college or business man, with a pleasant but by no means over-intelligent face, small eyes, a stubborn and rather weak chin.

He had wired Sylvia not to meet him at the train; the taxi driver would have no difficulty in finding her new quarters. He was glad that she had taken a house; on the occasion of his last visit she had been living in a two-room apartment and he had been obliged to do his wooing in taxicabs and restaurants, or at the bathing beach. Now, with a comfortable place in which to meet, he felt confident of his ability to persuade her to give up the screen as a means of livelihood and take the place in Millersburg society to which his money would entitle her. There was another girl at the bungalow, he knew, but he hoped she would have the good sense to be out.

When Sylvia opened the door for him he

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seized both her hands eagerly and would have kissed her but she evaded him.

"Don't be silly, Howard," she said, as she drew him into the room.

"Lord, I'm glad to see you." His agitation left no doubt of that. "Seemed like that train would never get here."

"I'm glad to see you, Howard—mighty glad," she told him. It was true enough. She liked Howard Bennett—had always liked him—and then, too, he was someone from home. Even the excitements of Hollywood had not always been sufficient to make her forget the old town, with its old familiar faces. "Where's your baggage?"

"Oh—I had it sent to the hotel. Nice little place you've got here." He glanced about the attractively-furnished living room.

"Let's try the veranda," Sylvia said, gaily, going to the wide French windows which opened to the porch and garden. "There's a perfectly thrilling moon." On the threshold she paused, a very slim and lovely princess indeed in her ivory chiffon gown. "Would you like a little drink to cheer you up after your long ride? I believe there's some Scotch in the house."

"I don't think so." A faint, almost imperceptible frown flitted across Mr. Bennett's face. He had already refreshed himself with a drink of excellent rye shortly before leaving the train, and the flask from which it had come lay in his hip pocket, but—Sylvia was only a child, and drinking, he felt, was a man's business—at times a woman's business, too, but not at all the business of the woman he proposed to honor by making her his wife. He had very firm convictions on that score. His wife, and the mother of future generations of Bennetts.

"I HOPE, dear," he added, "that this Hollywood crowd hasn't been teaching you bad habits."

Sylvia regarded him tranquilly, smiling her whimsical smile. Howard was funny at times, even annoying. It was the one quality about him that she did not like—this smug suggestion of virtue on his part—this implication that she was in constant danger of corruption.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "Drinking? There's plenty of it in Millersburg, old dear, unless the town has changed a lot since I was there. I take a cocktail if I feel like it, but I haven't noticed anybody here trying to turn me into a hopeless drunkard. How do you get that way, Howard? I've noticed it in your letters. To hear you talk anyone might think that the people in Hollywood spend their entire time going to booze parties."

"I only know what I read in the newspapers," Howard said, pompously.

"Really, Howard, you're getting more naive every day. So you believe what you read in the newspapers, do you?" She perched herself cross-legged in the cushioned swing. "Well, I admit there are some people here who swing a mighty happy goblet, but the only reason you hear about it is that they're more than just—people—they're personages. Now if the chief of police of dear old Millersburg were to get full of applejack and fall down the courthouse steps it wouldn't get a line on the back page, but if Harold Lloyd or Charlie Chaplin were to do it, they'd be reading the news in Patagonia by morning. Gossip loves a shining mark." She waved toward a wicker chair. "Sit down, Howard, and tell me all the news from home."

Mr. Bennett decided that it would be the part of wisdom not to continue the argument, although his convictions remained unchanged. Sylvia was too much of a child to appreciate the evils which surrounded her.

"Well," he laughed, "they've got a traffic cop at Main and Water Streets now, and a new picture theater right across from the hotel, and my sister's engaged to a bank president in Philadelphia, and that about lets me out, so far as news is concerned."

"And Dad? I haven't heard from him for two weeks."

"Fine. I was talking to him the day before I left. He sent his love, and said he hoped you'd be coming home before long."

There was a significance in his words that Sylvia did not fail to grasp, although she felt sure that he, and not her father, had supplied it. For some reason which Sylvia had never been able to fathom, Mr. McKenna had never shown much enthusiasm over Howard as a prospective son-in-law.

"Take him, if you love him, Mary girl," he had said on the occasion of Howard's first proposal. "But I'd as soon see you go on with your work, so long as you're happy in it. Plenty of time to think about getting married." Sylvia remembered his words now.

"He always misses me most around Christmas," she said. "I wish I could be home then, to cheer him up. But it isn't likely." Sylvia was thinking of the tests for "The Miracle of Notre Dame."

"Why not?" Mr. Bennett leaned forward, took firm possession of one of Sylvia's hands. The touch of her smooth, slight fingers gave him a sudden thrill. She was so infinitely lovely and desirable; he ached to hold her in his arms, crush her slender, fragrant body against his breast.

Sylvia made a great many men feel that way, although just why neither she nor they quite understood. Paul Lamar, who had himself experienced the sensation, thought it arose from her amazing combination of physical charm and mental innocence. In his rather large experience with women he had found that the moment a woman begins to use her sex appeal consciously she becomes the pursuer instead of the pursued, and men become wary of her, put themselves on guard.

Howard Bennett, blazing with the impatience of an unsatisfied dream, decided that the question he had come so far to ask might just as well be asked now. He turned Sylvia's hand toward him, pressed a warm, moist kiss upon its palm.

"Dear," he whispered, "you know why I have come three thousand miles to see you. I don't need to tell you that I love you—I've said it, written it to you a hundred times. Why not give up all this movie nonsense and come back to Millersburg with me as my wife. I can't live without you, Mary, dear"—he had never learned to call her Sylvia—"and, hang it all, I'm tired of waiting."

Sylvia sat quite still in the moonlight. She did not even draw away her hand, so that Mr. Bennett, still in possession of it, repeated his ardent kisses. She should have been thrilled by them, but they left her quite cold. She was wondering what she would have said to all this a few hours ago, before the matter of the test for Monsieur Vernay had come up. She had been a little discouraged, a little homesick, the past week. Aline Duvall was going to Europe, when the picture they were now working on was done. And Sylvia's contract with the International would shortly expire. She had no reason to doubt its renewal, and yet—she did not seem to be getting ahead. Now had come this amazing opportunity, this chance at least, to play the part of *Celeste*. A gamble, of course a hope shared by half a hundred women in addition to herself—and yet, such a splendid gamble. It was the sort of thing that made life in the screen world so worth-while—so exciting. It angered her to have Howard refer to it as "movie nonsense."

"It doesn't seem like nonsense to me," she said. "I love it. The excitement of it. The thrill. What would life mean to me if I were married to you?"

Her words gave Howard Bennett the same sense of irritation that his had given her. He felt that to be the wife of a man such as himself—a man with his wealth, his position, his future, ought to mean a very great deal—to any woman.

"Why, dear, it would mean that we would have each other. I've got Dad around to my way of thinking at last. He'll be pretty lonesome in the old house after Margaret goes. We'd live there, of course, now that I'm helping to run the business. But we'd have our honeymoon—in Europe."

"And after that, just—Millersburg," Sylvia

said, with a queer little smile, not at all humorous.

"Well, why not? Millersburg isn't a bad little place. And you can get to New York inside of two hours. We'd have plenty of money, cars, all sorts of things—you'd be the first lady of the town. As for the old house, you'd love it. My grandfather built it, you know, and I was born in it, and I'd like my children to be born in it too. Thrills are all very well, Mary, dear—we could have those, too—but life isn't made up of just—thrills. Not the way I look at it. Home, position, children, those are the things that make real happiness. You'll never find it in this movie game, no matter how successful you are. The people in it aren't like—home folks. They're wanderers, drifters, leaves blown by the wind, here today and gone tomorrow. Nothing behind them—no traditions, no background. And as for their morals, well, maybe you can't believe all you see in the newspapers, but just the same I'd rather live among simpler, more wholesome people, like those back home. And I believe you would, too."

"I wonder." Sylvia stared out at the little garden, all gold and black in the yellow moonlight. Life, in the world of the screen, was much like that—gold and black—highlights and shadows—but—beautiful. In Millersburg, such places, it was all dull and drab. Howard's enthusiasm had failed to move her; she drew away her hand. "Wanderers—drifters," he called the picture people. Well, maybe it took more courage to wander, even to drift, on the ocean of life, than it did to tie up at safe moorings in some stagnant little town, living soft and warm and comfortable, growing fat and dull and uninteresting.

"I'm afraid I can't see it the way you do, Howard," she said presently. "Not now, anyway. I have a big chance ahead of me this month. I'm not going to tell you what it is, because you'll see all about it in the papers. But as for leaving Hollywood—going back home with you, it's out of the question—now."

"Is that final, Mary?"

"Yes, Howard. I'm afraid it is."

Mr. Bennett rose, began to pace up and down the little tile-paved porch.

"Look here, Mary," he asked suddenly. "Is there anybody else?"

"No." Sylvia shook her head gravely. "Nobody else."

"THEN I'll wait. I'll wait until this chance you've been telling me about is over. You may think differently when it is."

"Don't count on it, Howard. I shouldn't want you to think that I'd marry you because I'd failed in pictures. I wouldn't. And I haven't failed. I'm making a good income. The trouble is you like one kind of life and I like another. Maybe it's because I'm—young." She slid from the swing and stood in the moonlight, a rare, golden butterfly.

"I don't mean I'm crazy for parties—things like that. I suppose I'm ambitious. I want to live—really live. Do things. Be keen about doing them. Whether I succeed or fail. What you offer me is comfort—safety—freedom from striving—any sort of striving. All I'd have to do as your wife would be to look pretty and spend your money. It isn't good enough, Howard. At least not for me. As for you, when you got tired of it, as you surely would, you'd run off to New York in search of new thrills—new women. You may not think so now, but you would. And I'd be left high and dry in that big house in Millersburg, keeping up the Bennett name and traditions. If I had children I suppose I'd make the best of it—live for them. If I didn't, I'd just shrivel up and die, and that would be the end of me."

She turned to him eagerly, her eyes shining, her lips parted, her breasts rising and falling tumultuously beneath their thin covering of silk. Howard shivered as he felt the physical shock of her loveliness. "Why don't you cut loose from Millersburg—forget about your money—come out into the world with me? It would be such good fun—fighting together."

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For an instant Howard Bennett was tempted, a brief, elusive moment. But it soon passed. He had not the wings for that sort of flying. His common sense—a quality for which the Bennetts were noted—told him it was a fantastic idea—unreal—a madness, born of the moonlight, and the soft rise and fall of a woman’s breasts.

“I can’t cut loose from Millersburg, Mary. You know that. Dad is depending on me more and more each year. And I couldn’t come out here and be just Sylvia Thorne’s husband. I’d want to be at work too, and my work is there. Work I’ve been trained to do. More important work than any you people are doing here in Hollywood.”

“Well, maybe. It’s all a question of how you look at it. Furnishing people with electric light is one thing. Amusing them is another. Both have their good points.” With a light laugh she went into the living room, put a record on the victrola. “Don’t let’s be so serious, Howard,” she said. “We may both feel differently, this time next year. Don’t you just love those Honolulu Blues?”

She held out her arms and Mr. Bennett, in spite of his disappointment, joined her quite happily. He had a presentiment that the day was not so far distant when Sylvia would be only too glad to accept his offer.

They had scarcely finished the dance when the front door opened and Jean Martin and Sydney Harmon came in. The latter was his usual gay and debonair self. Leaving Howard in the middle of the floor Sylvia went up to them, wondering why Jean’s face was so flushed, her eyes so defiantly bright.

“Hello, Beautiful!” Mr. Harmon exclaimed, seizing Sylvia’s hand and making an unsuccessful attempt to kiss it. “The only woman I ever loved,” he groaned with an exaggerated display of emotion, “and she won’t even let me kiss the tips of her fingers.”

AS she introduced Howard, Sylvia saw that he had become instantly annoyed and jealous. But Mr. Harmon scarcely noticed him. The temperamental young art director was in a queer, mad humor and tried desperately, in spite of Sylvia’s lack of encouragement, to carry on a flirtation with her. Putting a new record on the victrola he insisted on her dancing with him, whispering meanwhile all manner of nonsense in her ear. When Sylvia finally got away from him she found Howard in a vile humor, and her own was not much better. She was angry with Sydney, angry with Jean for having brought him to the house. It seemed a queer way of getting rid of him. Was he carrying on in this idiotic way to make Jean jealous, Sylvia wondered? If so it had apparently accomplished its purpose, for Jean sat in a corner glowering sullenly at the two of them, scarcely listening to Howard’s attempts at conversation.

“I could dance with you—right through the ten commandments,” Sydney murmured in her ear as they whirled toward the corner in which Jean and Howard were sitting. It was too much. Sylvia stopped abruptly, went over to Howard.

“Finish this with me,” she said. But although Howard danced he refused to talk—at least until they had swept through the French window onto the veranda. Then he gave vent to his ill-humor.

“Who is this fellow Harmon?” he asked sarcastically. “One of those hard-working, ambitious friends of yours you’ve been telling me about? A conceited ass, if you ask me. I don’t like his manner toward you. Are you sure there isn’t—anybody else?”

“Don’t be silly, Howard. That’s just his way. Sydney Harmon is one of the best art directors in Hollywood.”

“One of the best male vamps, I’d say. What business has he got making love to you like that?”

Sylvia tried to smooth his outraged vanity, but her own annoyance continued. She would make it a point, in the morning, to have Howard meet some of her real friends. The Allisons,

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ior instance. He would like Marion Allison—scenario writer, and one of the 'best-loved women in Hollywood. And Ben Sparks, the comedian—dear old Ben, who would probably crack a joke on his deathbed. And Arthur Ponder, the Miller-Hart director, and Aline Duvall. She would show him that she had some real friends—friends worth while. Sydney was all very well, in a way, but Sylvia did not like his way. And she did not like the half-sullen, half-frightened look in Jean Martin's eyes.

It was midnight when Howard asked her to call him a taxi, insisted on going back to his hotel. Sydney showed no signs of leaving, and Sylvia, who had a call for nine, went into her room and began to undress. She was just about to get into bed when she heard the front door slam, followed by the purr of Sydney's machine as he drove off. She went over to Jean's room, saw her standing before the mirror, staring at herself with the queer, half-defiant expression she had worn ever since her return.

"I thought you were going to break with him, Jean," Sylvia said.

The girl wheeled on her suddenly.

"I tried to," she exclaimed. "He—he only laughed at me. It isn't so easy to get rid of a man—sometimes. It all depends." She did not explain upon just what it depended. "Sydney thinks an awful lot of me. If he were free, he'd marry me."

"If he thinks such a lot of you," Sylvia said, "he ought to keep away from this house. It won't sound so good, if somebody should mention to his wife that they saw his car standing out front at twelve o'clock at night. I don't know Isobel Harmon, but I've seen her, and she looks to me like a woman who would stand just so much, and then—look out for fireworks. Of course, if there were an explosion, he wouldn't lose anything, but you would. He ought to see that.

"Maybe it's what he wants," Jean said quietly. "He isn't happy with her."

"Then for Heaven's sake pull your big scene somewhere else," Sylvia snapped, losing her temper. "Run off to Honolulu with him, if you want to. But don't try it here. I've got too much at stake to want to be mixed up in any scandals. And I should think you had, too, with that big test coming on. I don't want to hurt your feelings, Jean, but if he comes here again, I'll move out. That's flat."

With flushed face she went back to her room, leaving Jean staring at her in surprise. It was the first time she had ever seen Sylvia really angry.

Suddenly she sank into the chair before her dressing table and burst into tears.

CHAPTER III

SYLVIA came into her dressing room, began to remove the makeup from her face, with a sigh. It had been an unusually tiring day; she had sat through six hours of it waiting to appear in a scene which, owing to a last-moment change in the scenario had finally been cut out altogether.

Working she loved, but these interminable waits when directors and scenario writers, authors and publicity men consulted and fought, suggested new ideas and as promptly discarded them, discussed motivation and psychology and what the censors might think and say, wearied her beyond endurance. She had liked the little scene; there had been nothing in it, so far as she could see, to offend the most puritanical of uplifters, and yet, because of a fear that some evil-minded old maid might read her own ideas of suggestiveness into it, it had been taken out.

She hurried into her street clothes. Experience had taught her the value of physical exercise as an antidote to over-wrought nerves; she would walk, walk, until her nervous vitality, bottled up all day, had been consumed by bodily fatigue.

For some reason she had felt out of sorts ever since Howard Bennett left for home, some

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two weeks before. His visit had been a short and not very satisfactory one; Howard had persisted in his wooing, his demands that she change her mind, up to the very moment of his departure. It had been difficult to resist him, at times; she had finally sent him away with the promise that she would arrange for a short visit home as soon as the picture in which she was working was finished, and give him his answer then, since he refused to accept it, now.

Howard, always optimistic, always sure in his mind that no sensible girl could possibly resist the combination of wealth, position and security he had to offer her, had gone back by no means discouraged. The fact that he believed Sydney Harmon a keen admirer of Sylvia's charms only served to whet his own eagerness, to stimulate his own admiration. Competition acted as a spur. Sylvia could not have arranged matters better had she tried. His last words were characteristic of him.

"You're going to marry me eventually, you know, Mary," he told her, as the train was about to move out. "So why not make up your mind to it? Nothing can ever change the way I feel—ever."

Sylvia was thinking of that, as she pulled on her hat, started down the corridor with its long row of deserted dressing rooms. As she turned the corner a boy from the administration offices in the other wing of the building hurried up, placed a slip of pink paper in her hand. Sylvia glanced at it listlessly; it was a message to the effect that Mr. Solberg, vice president of the company, and under Mr. Hirsch in New York its executive head, desired to see her at once.

"What's the excitement, Jimmy?" she asked, as they walked down the long hall which led to the other wing of the building.

"Search me," the boy grinned. "Mr. Solberg must 'a' forgot to tell me."

HER contract, in all probability, Sylvia reflected, crumpling the slip of paper into a tiny pink ball. It had but two weeks to run. Should she suggest an increase in salary? Or, now that Aline Duvall was going to Europe, was she going to be let out. The latter seemed unlikely, so long as Paul Lamar liked her work. And during the tests for the "Miracle" picture he had gone out of his way to compliment her.

It was not until she stood on the threshold of Mr. Solberg's office that she realized that something more important than the renewal of a contract demanded her presence. Mr. Solberg, tipped back in his chair, the invariable unlighted cigar between his teeth, was regarding her quizzically. And with him were not only Paul Lamar himself, but Allen Somerville, the International's chief publicity director, and the studio manager, Mr. Kling. They all stared at her in so curious a way that Sylvia flushed and her hands went to her breast in a queer, half-frightened gesture, such as a child might have used on beholding its first Christmas tree, very simple and natural, very compelling.

Mr. Solberg took the cigar from his mouth. "Sit down, Miss Thorne," he said. On the lot he called her Sylvia, but it was clear that the occasion was too formal for that. Sylvia sank into a seat, her knees trembling. Was it possible—was it really, actually possible?

"Miss Thorne," Mr. Solberg went on, taking a slip of yellow paper from his desk, "we have just received word from New York that Monsieur Vernay has made his decision regarding the role of Celeste in 'The Miracle of Notre Dame.' His cablegram reached Mr. Hirsch today. It gives me great pleasure to tell you that you are the one he has selected."

Sylvia gasped out something, she never knew what. A great lump seemed suddenly to gather in her throat and unaccountable tears gathered in her eyes, slipped down her cheeks like lost pearls. Paul Lamar snapped off his eyeglasses and came over to her, smiling.

"I'm not a bit surprised, Sylvia," he told her, laying a hand on her shoulder. "You have something—a great charm—that isn't lost, in the camera. I think you and I are going to make a very wonderful picture."

She looked up at him gratefully, struggled to her feet. "You and I." It was like him to share his greatness with her—to suggest that she, with all her inexperience, could work not only under him but with him. Coming from one of the really big men of the screen it was infinitely flattering. She grasped his hand, her cheeks like June roses.

"With you to direct me," she whispered, "I—I feel I could do anything."

It was more than she intended to say, implying as it did a huge confidence in her own ability, and for an instant she regretted her words, but—it did not matter. Nothing mattered, now. She listened to Mr. Solberg in a daze as he outlined plans for the nation-wide publicity campaign which would be launched, with a view to making the personality of this new star in the screen firmament known to every picture fan in the country. The circumstances surrounding her selection—the competitive tests—were in themselves superb front-page material; Sylvia slowly began to grasp the fact that within a few days the photographs of herself for which Mr. Solberg was now arranging would stare at her from every newspaper of importance from coast to coast. She was about to become a celebrity. Her features, her story, would soon be as familiar to the public as those of presidents, and prizefighters, and Russian Grand Dukes. Her likes and dislikes, the things she ate, the books she read, the clothes she wore, would all be carefully chronicled for the benefit of a curious public. Before long people would recognize her, in public places—even on the streets. It was all too wonderful to be so quickly grasped.

"We will arrange a new contract in the morning, Miss Thorne," she heard Mr. Solberg saying, "and when you have finished in Miss Duvall's picture we shall want you to make a little trip East. You need to rest up a bit, before starting in on 'The Miracle' and the company would like to have New York see you—to have you interviewed by some of the big papers—meet the critics. We'd like to show you off a bit, if you don't mind my way of putting it. You'll make a hit, I know, and of course the more publicity we can get for you, the better."

He took up his unlighted cigar, which everyone in Hollywood knew meant that the interview was over. Sylvia went out, with Paul Lamar at her side.

"If you care to wait a few moments," he said, "I'll drive you home."

She shook her head, gave him a queer, happy, sidelong glance.

"I'd rather walk, if you don't mind," she smiled. "I want a chance to—think."

"I quite understand," he told her, a look of kindly comprehension in his fine eyes. "You certainly have a lot to think about. And there's one thing I know you'll do, my dear—keep your feet on the ground, even if your head is up amongst the stars. You won't let success bewilder, spoil you—I'm sure of that. And you'll go far. I know it." He gave her a friendly pat on the shoulder and went down the corridor to his office.

Sylvia walked home, treading on air—and red pepper berries. At the corner she saw Pola Negri roll by in her big, high-powered car, a serene, diminutive and altogether adorable figure—one of the great personages of the screen world. It seemed queer to Sylvia to think that none of the people she passed had any idea that she, too, was about to enter the ranks of the elect—that this slim girl in a rose-colored sweater would in a few hours be the most talked-of woman in Hollywood.

SHE wanted to tell Jean the great news, but as she entered the house she found herself dreading the task. The girl's hopes had been so high, and Sylvia had hoped with her, being too modest to believe that she herself stood much of a chance. It would be a blow, she knew that. Jean had been so careful of late that even her little affair with Sydney Harmon had gone by the board. Sylvia found her in the living room, gave her an impulsive kiss.

"I've got some news, Jean," she said slowly. "Bad news for you, dear, I'm sorry to say, but very wonderful for me. I'm going to play *Celeste*."

Jean Martin's face grew suddenly white, and the curious, sullen twist of her mouth, the flare in her eyes, told Sylvia far more than words could have done, how bitter her disappointment had been. For a fleeting moment it seemed as though Jean's eyes blazed with envy, almost with hatred, but Sylvia put the thought aside as unworthy of her.

"I'm sorry it wasn't you, dear," she said simply. "I never thought I'd be the lucky one—really. If there's anything I can do, ever, I will. You know that. Aren't you going to congratulate me?"

The blood which had drained from Jean's face ebbed slowly back. She got up, gave Sylvia a perfunctory kiss.

"Of course I congratulate you," she whispered. "Since I couldn't have it, you know I'd rather see you"—unable to continue, she dashed into the pantry, from which she presently returned, quite in command of herself, bearing two slim glasses on a tray.

"This calls for a celebration," she laughed in rather a high-pitched voice. "Here's hoping you knock 'em dead."

CHAPTER IV

THE days which followed Sylvia's amazing good fortune were crowded from morning to night with thrills. At first the newspaper stories, the swiftly mounting pile of clippings in Mr. Somerville's office, gave her little shocks of delight, but before long there were so many of them that the thing lost its savor.

Then there were the endless congratulations from the host of friends and acquaintances who had "known all along that she would get there." Sylvia was not at all cynical, but she smiled as she realized how many of those who now fawned upon her had treated her with scant enough courtesy in the past. It was natural, she said to herself, for people to be attracted by success; no doubt she was that way too—had sought the friendship of those who had succeeded, like Aline Duvall, or Paul Lamar, rather than of the failures in her little world. So she met the adulation showered upon her with the same whimsical, half-humorous smile with which in the past she had met discouragement, defeat, doing her best to hide her delight over the good fortune which had come to her, for fear it might look like conceit.

As Paul Lamar had said, she would "keep her feet on the ground," not an easy thing for a girl of nineteen to do, whose picture confronted her from endless newspapers and magazines, whose hobbies and habits were discussed as eagerly as though she had been a princess of the blood, whose mail had suddenly grown from half a dozen letters a week to half a hundred and more a day.

Her friends made much of her, gave a succession of parties in her honor, but through it all Sylvia trod her difficult path warily, lightly, with a gay and deprecating modesty, a sense of humor, which disarmed her enemies and captivated her friends. Only in the calm, slow eyes of Mrs. Sydney Harmon did she observe anything approaching hostility, and this did not worry her greatly, since so far as that lady's philandering husband was concerned both her conscience and her skirts were quite clear.

Of course Sydney was his usual scatter-brained self, paying great court to her, declaring with elaborate fervor that she was the only woman he had ever loved, but Sylvia laughed at him, forgot him the next moment, unconscious of the fact that Mrs. Harmon's eyes followed her reflectively. Isobel Harmon was not an actress. Her only connection with the world of the screen was through her husband, admittedly one of the best art directors in Hollywood. She had been a great society belle in Louisville, before her marriage, and even now, at thirty, was a beautiful woman, handsome, high-spirited. If her husband's attentions to younger women, women whom

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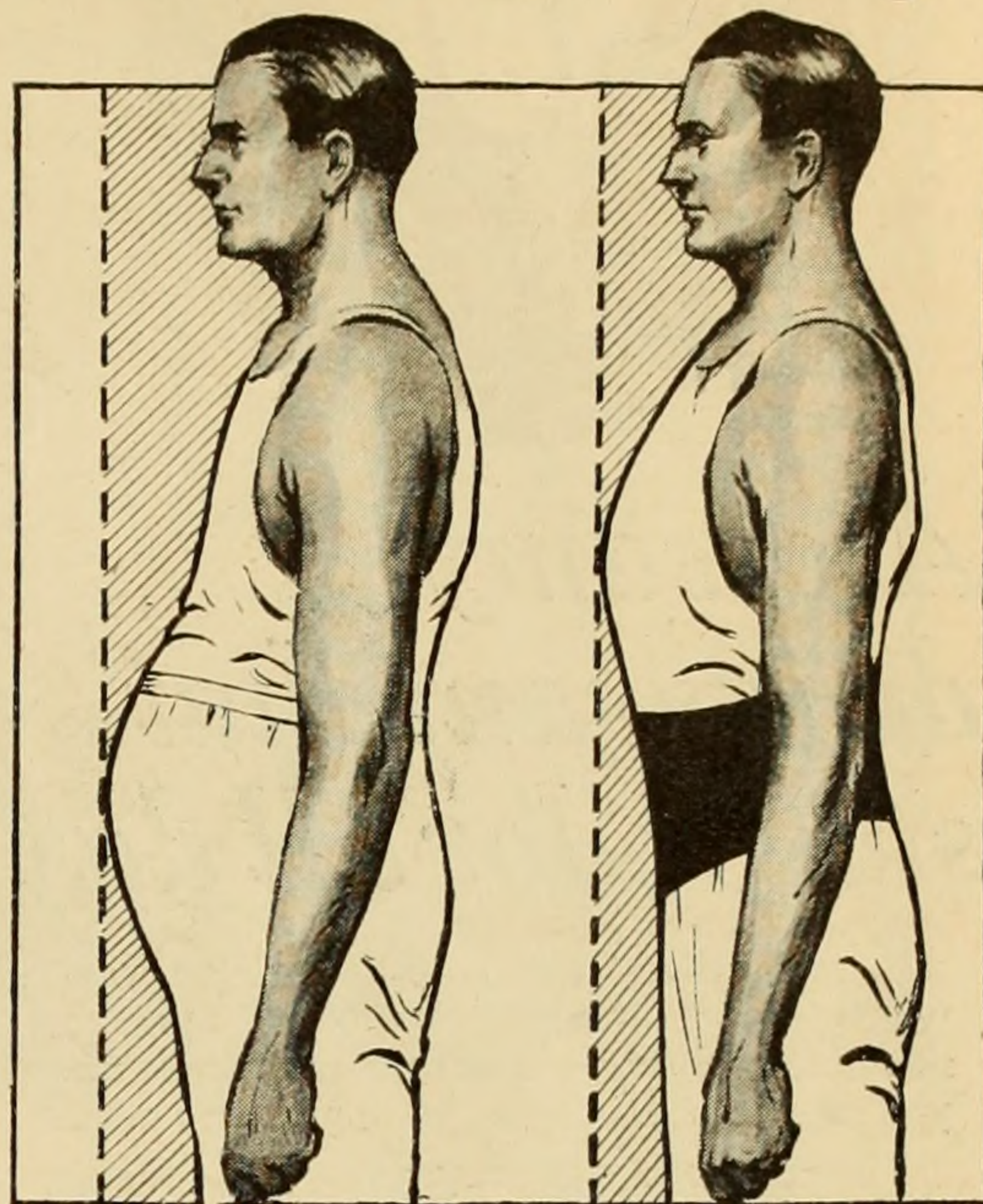
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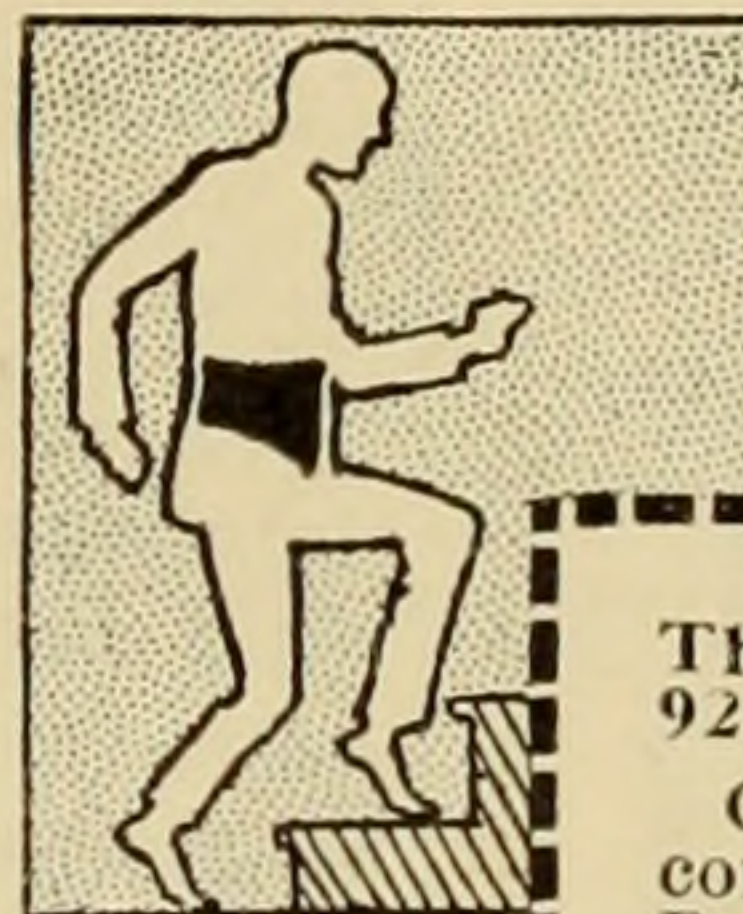


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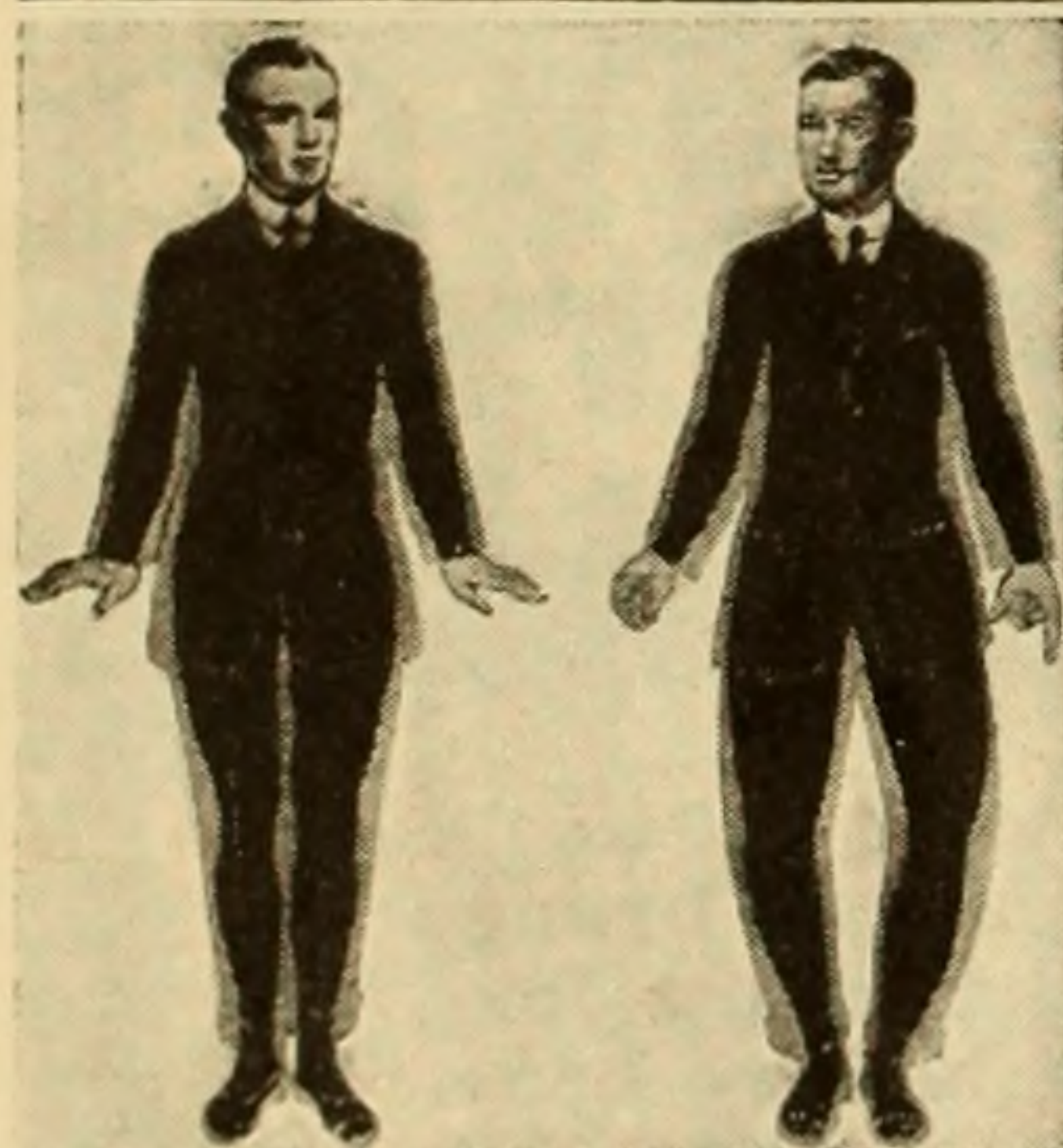
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she considered her social inferiors, annoyed her, she kept it to herself. She may not have been jealous of him, but no doubt his many affairs hurt her vanity—her pride. It was perhaps unfortunate for Isobel Harmon that she had married a man a year younger than herself, and one who persistently refused to grow up.

Sylvia, quite unaware of the bitterness in the older woman's heart, was puzzled about Jean. It seemed to her that Sydney avoided the girl, to shower attentions on herself. Was that an attempt to draw a smoked herring across his trail—to distract his wife's attention from Miss Martin by letting her think he was crazy about Sylvia? That Jean had cared for him—still cared for him more than she would admit, Sylvia knew. She even feared at times that the affair had gone further than Jean, at any rate, ever intended. Had Sydney grown tired of the girl, decided to transfer his attentions to herself? Or was he trying to make Jean jealous, now that she had, in plain English, "thrown him down?" For Jean had done just that—had refused for over three weeks to go out with him, permit him to come to the house.

The tests for the *Celeste* part had been the cause of this, in the beginning. Jean's fear of being talked about. Now that the tests were over, Sylvia wondered if Mr. Harmon would again take up the pursuit. She hoped not, was glad in any event that she was soon to start for the east. She was no prude, but she knew very well that the reputation of a girl on her way to stardom must be as spotless as that of Caesar's wife, and she had no desire to become involved, even remotely, in any gossip concerning Syd Harmon and his affairs. For which reason she gave him and his fantastic attempts at love-making a very wide berth.

The last of the parties in her honor had been at the Allison's and Sylvia went to it alone. Jean, with a sore throat, the suggestion of a temperature, had decided to remain at home. And because of her friend's illness, and because she was a bit tired after her round of festivities, Sylvia left early.

When she reached the bungalow, shortly after midnight, she found Jean in bed, complaining of chills, of pains in her chest and back. Stripping off her evening things, Sylvia busied herself putting a hot water bag at the girl's feet, dosing her with quinine and aspirin, and finally went into the kitchen to fix her a hot drink. It was while busy at the latter task that she heard a knock at the front door.

She glanced at the little clock on the kitchen dresser, saw that it was after one. A caller at this hour of the night was out of the question, even though the house was lit up. A telegram, perhaps. Howard Bennett had been sending her almost daily messages of congratulation. And her father, in his last letter, had spoken of not feeling so well. She drew her negligée about her and hurrying to the front door flung it open.

TO her amazement, her anger, Sydney Harmon stood in the entrance, swaying unsteadily as he clutched the door frame. Before Sylvia could utter a word he had thrust himself into the room. She saw at a glance that he was drunk, and had reached the stage of unreasonableness, so she tried persuasion.

"You can't come in, Sydney," she whispered. "Please go." She held open the door.

With an inane chuckle Mr. Harmon closed it, leaned smiling against its panels.

"Can't come in? Thash rich. Why, Beautiful, I am in." He stumbled forward and fell into a chair.

"But you must go—at once," Sylvia pleaded, flushing as she saw him eyeing the thin robe she wore. "Please."

With a laugh he dragged a bottle from his pocket, set it unsteadily on the table.

"Got a l'il present here for Jean," he muttered. "Called her up. She said she was sick. Poor kid. Grippe. Nothing like a shot of good old Kentucky bourbon for the grippe. Where is she?"

"She's in bed," Sylvia told him. "She can't

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see you. Thanks for the whiskey. I'll tell her. Now you must get out of here, Sydney, at once." To her consternation his only answer was a snore; he had gone fast asleep.

In a state of terror Sylvia pounded him, shook him, but he roused himself only long enough to mumble some foolish remark, then again relapsed into slumber. She heard Jean calling to her from the bedroom and went in to her.

"Sydney Harmon is in the living room—drunk," she said shortly. "He's gone to sleep and I can't wake him. What are we going to do?"

"Let the dumbbell sleep it off," Jean muttered, and turned her face from the light.

"But—Jean—we can't do that," Sylvia cried. "Suppose somebody were to find out he's here. Don't you realize it's nearly two o'clock in the morning? We've got to get rid of him."

"Might call the police," Jean suggested faintly.

"But—don't you see—that would mean a terrible scandal. We must persuade him to go quietly. Do you think you could wake him up—induce him to go? He said he wanted to see you."

"I—I feel too sick to try, Sylvia," the girl whimpered. "Honest to God I do. I'm not able to get up. Try throwing some water in his face. That might wake him."

Sylvia went back to the living room. Mr. Harmon was still snoring rhythmically. Acting on Jean's suggestion she brought some ice-water from the pantry, dashed some of it in his face, poured the rest down his back.

The cold douche had the desired effect. Mr. Harmon opened his eyes and seeing Sylvia standing before him, smiled foolishly and reached out his arms.

"Beautiful," he said gaily, "most beautiful woman ever saw in my life. Le'sh have a l'il drink." He took the bottle from the table and with nervous fingers struggled to remove the cork.

"WILL you go, Sydney," Sylvia asked, "if I take one drink with you?" She had no intention of drinking the stuff, but he need never know that.

"Sure. Only stopped to see how Jean was. Nice little kid, Jean. Damned shame she's sick—rotten shame. But you know," he lowered his voice, "you're the—hic—only woman I ever loved."

Mechanically Sylvia brought glasses, a pitcher of ice water, poured herself some of the liquor. Mr. Harmon, after swallowing a goodly portion, seemed steadier, more himself, the stimulation apparently revived him. Placing his glass on the table he struggled to his feet. Sylvia recovered his hat from the floor, handed it to him.

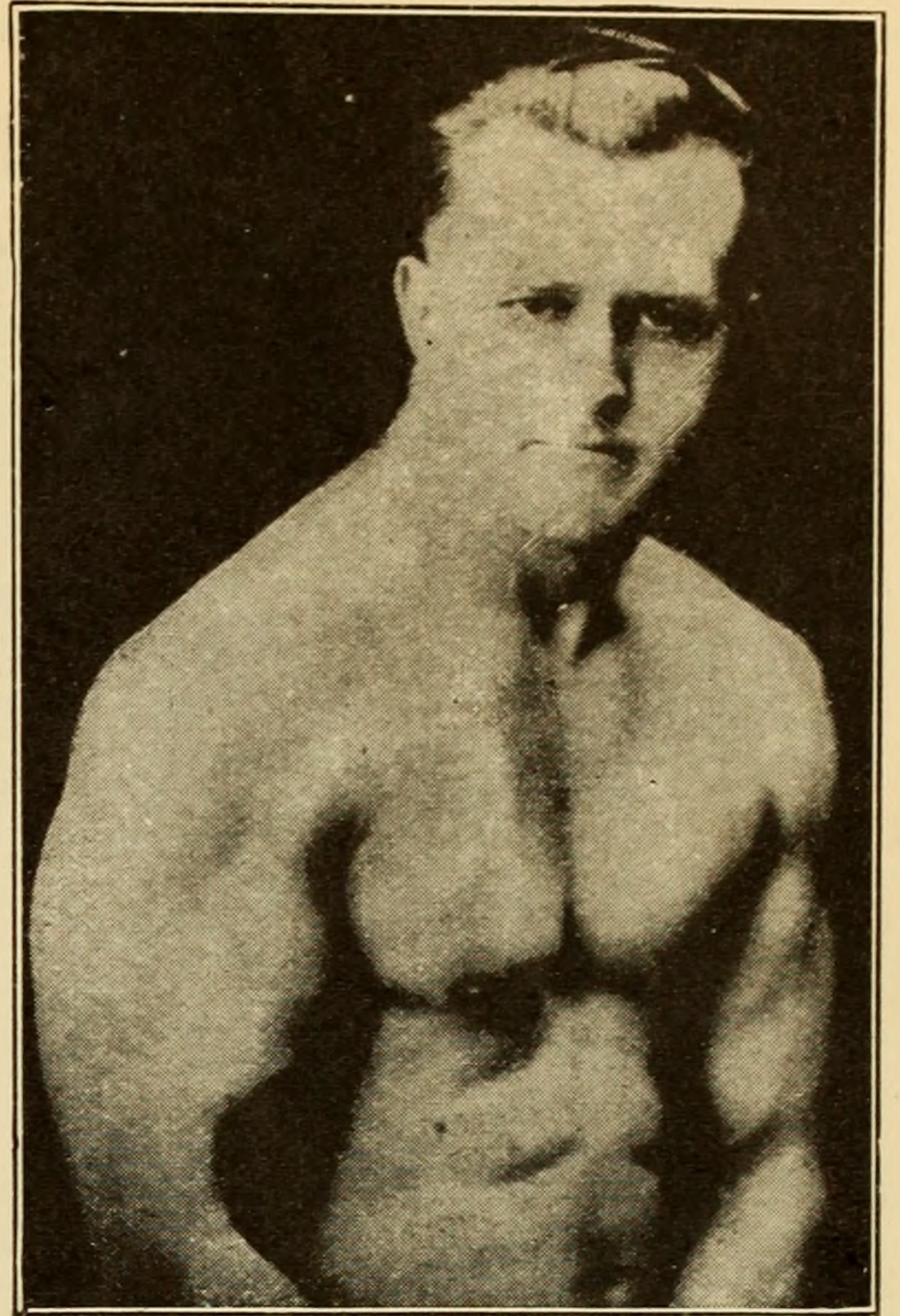
"You must go, now, Sydney, as you promised," she said, and went to the door. "Have you your car?" How he had ever driven it in such a state was a mystery to her; she hoped no late passer-by from the Allison's or elsewhere had noticed its distinctive color, its familiar racing lines.

"All right, sweetheart. Going pretty soon now." He glanced toward the door of Jean's bedroom, noticed that it was closed. "Nice l'il kid, Jean," he whispered, "but you're my own sweet child. Say, Sylvia, give me one l'il kiss, won't you, before I go?" He tried to take her in his arms but she evaded him.

"Sydney," she said harshly, "this foolishness has got to stop. If you don't get out of here at once I'll call the police."

"Now—now—sweetheart, you wouldn't do that. You know how I've always loved you. Just came here to see Jean so as to be near you. I've got to have a kiss—honest—I've got to. Can't help thinking about you." He grinned foolishly, held out his arms. "Don't you see I'm in earnest, sweetie? Just one kiss, and I swear to God I'll go."

"No." Sylvia's temper was gone, now, and a sense of disgust filled her. "I won't kiss you. And if you don't go, I will. I won't stay in



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this house with you another minute. Beast!”

With the stimulus of the last drink had come a dangerous perverseness. Mr. Harmon laid his hat on the table and came toward her.

“Going to kiss you, Sylvia dear,” he muttered thickly. “That’s all there is to it.” He no longer stumbled, now; his unsteadiness had gone under the influence of passion. Sylvia would have fled to her bedroom, locked herself in, but he stood in the way. She backed slowly toward the French windows which opened to the little porch, Mr. Harmon following her. She had never seen him before, like this, knew that if he touched her she would scream. And then, she suddenly realized what it would mean, to rouse the neighborhood, bring strangers into this scene, to find her with another woman’s husband, at two o’clock in the morning, in her night clothes, with a bottle of whiskey and two glasses on the table. It would be nothing short of suicide, so far as her reputation was concerned. She shuddered as she thought of this aspect of the case, of what it would mean to her, to have such a bit of scandal bruited about the studios of Hollywood. Her screen career would be ended.

“Just one kiss, Sylvia darling,” Mr. Harmon whispered as he came up to her. “Then I’ll go—on my honor.”

They had reached the glass doors, by now. Dressed as she was, Sylvia did not dare go through them.

“Very well,” she said, with sudden decision. “If you insist on making a fool of yourself, go ahead. I’ll hate you for it, but I’m helpless. If you don’t leave after that, I’ll run next door and ask for help.” With trembling fingers she drew open one of the doors then stood rigid before him, like a prisoner facing execution. “Go ahead and get it over with,” she taunted. “I want to go to bed.”

For a moment he hesitated, shamed by her scorn. Then the rare and exquisite beauty of her gripped him by the throat. Sweeping the girl into his arms he crushed his lips against hers in a tumult of passion.

Helpless, Sylvia tried to push him off, to drag herself from him. She could not see, because, to avoid his kisses she had buried her head tight against his breast.

Then a cool, diamond-hard voice cut through her consciousness. She felt the man before her start, realized that he had dropped his arms. A man and two women stood before her. She did not know the others but the one who was speaking was Mrs. Harmon. “When you’ve finished saying good-night to that girl, Sydney,” she remarked, in a voice vibrant with contempt, “there are a few things I should like to say.” [TO BE CONTINUED]

Prize Review of Our Adela’s Novel

A WEEK in Hollywood, California, with all traveling and hotel expenses paid, is the unique offer made by Cosmopolitan Book Corporation for the best review of “The Skyrocket,” Adela Rogers St. Johns’ new novel of motion-picture life.

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Arrangements will be made for the winner to spend a day at the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. He or she will be entertained at the Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles, and will be admitted as a visitor to various motion-picture studios while in Hollywood. The trip may be taken at any date convenient to the winner.



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Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101]

PATSY RUTH MILLER doesn't wear many or much (whichever it is) clothes in "Lorraine of the Lions," a new island picture in which she and Norman Kerry are working at Universal City. But there are compensations in everything, and if she had worn more clothes she would not now be the sole proprietor of a first-class lion cub.

You see, when she was engaged for the part she was given a contract under whose terms she was to be "fully clad from a point four inches below the shoulders to a point three inches below the hips." That looks all right on paper, but when she reached the massive jungle set in which she was to do most of her trouping it was seen that her resemblance to an island lady would be enhanced if certain changes were made in the geography of her garments. So she consented to a modification of the terms of the contract and in the picture wears next to nothing at all. The last thing that Julius Bernheim, then manager of Universal, did before he resigned his job was to give Patsy a nice, gentle little lion-cub in token of his appreciation of her willingness to sacrifice a few square inches of costume for her art.

WHEN Lady Diana Manners came to this country to appear in the stage version of "The Miracle" there came with her another beautiful young Englishwoman, Edith Thornton, who had no more experience in pictures than Lady Diana had had on the stage—simply none.

But in her case, as in the case of her titled countrywoman, it was proven again that beauty can often write its own ticket. For this same Miss Thornton, who when she left England did not know the difference between a Cooper-Hewitt and a camera line, has not only become a motion picture star but a part-owner of the productions in which she appears.

The other owner is Charles Hutchison, best known in the films as "Daredevil Hutch," an actor whose death-defying stunts in serials used to thrill the small boys of the country, but who is now at the head of his own productions of five and six reel pictures. He now directs his own pictures and alternates these with pictures starring Miss Thornton, who has become Mrs. Charles Hutchison.

They first met in England two years ago when Hutchison was abroad making a series of thrillers. Part of one of these pictures was photographed near Stratford-on-Avon, and in the curious crowd that had assembled to

watch Daredevil Hutch and his motorcycle do their stuff was Lady Diana Manners and the dark-eyed, raven-tressed Edith Thornton.

Not until Miss Thornton came to this country with Lady Diana did she and Hutchison meet again. One month later they were married and now the little English wife of the former University athlete is a star.

WE knew it was bound to happen. Frances Marion is going to produce her own pictures. Ever since she wrote her first scenario we felt that Frances must eventually become a picture producer. Her love of work, her great ambition and unlimited energy couldn't find any other outlet big enough. And Frances knows pictures from every angle—from the ground up, one might say. She can write film stories, she can tell how and what is needed and not needed in bringing the best picture out of a story, and she knows nearly all there is to know about the inside workings that go to make for successful production and distribution. Some of her best work recently were the adaptations she made for "Abraham Lincoln," "The Eternal Flame," "Within the Law," "Secrets," "The Lady," "East Is West," "Sonny," "Potash and Perlmutter in Hollywood," "Cytherea" and many others. Her first pictures will be released in the fall through the Producers Distributing Corporation.

"WHEN they asked me would I, I put meh hands on meh trusty forty-fours resting easy and said: 'A thousand a day and eats.' Without ever raising their mitts above their heads, or batting an eye, they said, 'Sure!' And that's why I'm back in the movies."

Texas Guinan was doing the talking. She was just telling in her graphic way how she happened to be engaged to show her famous El Fey club in Alan Dwan's picture "Night Life in New York." The club will be reproduced in the film and Texas will play her part of hostess. She will park her guns with the property man and the only shooting will be done by the cameraman.

WE dropped into the Hippoarome to see Baby Peggy make her vaudeville debut and came away satisfied that if she is ever lost to pictures, the stage will get a mighty good actress. But the thing that left the deepest impression was the child's perfect normality. There isn't any of the fluffiness or precocity usually associated with stage children in



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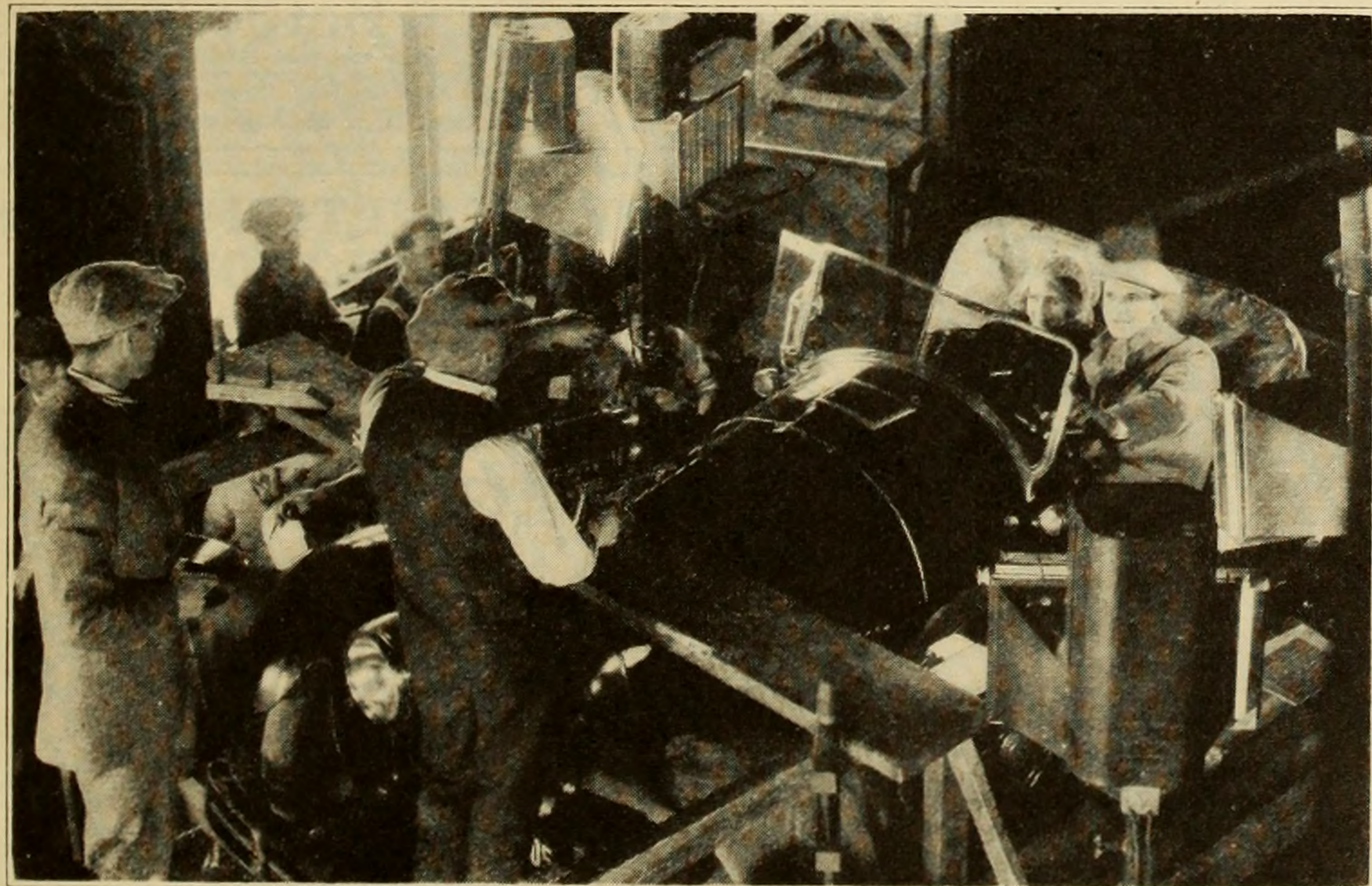
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Taking an automobile scene in a studio is rather unusual, but here is Monta Bell directing Norma Shearer and Malcolm McGregor in "Lady of the Night"

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Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 127]

ELIZABETH, WASHINGTON, D. C.—“Long Live PHOTOPLAY, the King of the Magazines.” A big toast for a little girl. Thank you. Chicago is Gloria Swanson's birthplace. She began her career with the Essanay. Wallace Beery was her first husband. Herbert R. Somborn was her second. She gave her own name, Gloria, to her little daughter who was born Oct. 7, 1920. Miss Swanson was born March 3, 1900.

SADIE, LOUISVILLE, KY.—You say you are “a natural question box and just must know certain things.” When will I put my picture into the magazine so that you and the other girls can see what a good-looking sheik I am? I hesitate because I fear that even after seeing it you cruel girls might think Rudolph Valentino or Ramon Novarro or Richard Dix or Thomas Meighan handsomer. I might not survive the blow. Colleen Moore was born at Port Huron, Mich., Aug. 9, 1902. Write United Studios for her photograph. Pola Negri's photographs can be obtained through the Lasky Studios. Dorothy Gish through the Paramount Studios, and Clara Bow's by way of the Warner Bros. Studios.

LUCY, LODI, N. J.—Bobby (Agnew) is twenty-five. He is connected with the Warner Bros. Studio. Ricardo Cortez is at the Lasky Studio when not on location or resting between pictures. Vera Reynolds is of the witching age, three years more than sweet sixteen and one year less than sweet and twenty. Right. She is nineteen. Her photograph can be obtained through the Warner Studios.

M. A., SANTA FE, N. M.—The “brief description of that adorable actress, May McAvoy” follows: She is blue-eyed and dark-haired. Height four feet, eleven inches. Weight ninety-four pounds. The place of her birth was New York City. The year was 1901. Write Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios for her photograph.

L. E., VICTORIA, TEX.—Clive Brook was born in England. He is married and has a daughter. Recent pictures of his were “Christine of the Hungry Heart,” “The Mirage” and “Playing with Souls.” For his photograph write the Ince Studios. As to Charles E. Mack, recent pictures were “America,” “Youth to Sell,” “The Lost Chord” and “Bad Company.”

BLONDY, WALTHAM, MASS.—Your “ever favorite movie star, Mae Murray” is associated with the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. That all? Why, Blondy!

BRIGHT EYES, TAYLORVILLE, ILL.—If you have lost sight of your “favorite, Robert Warwick,” it is because he returned to his first love, the stage.

M. M. F., St. LOUIS, Mo.—Alice Terry has blue eyes and reddish brown hair—the kind that poets call bronze. Richard Barthelmess was born in New York City, May 9, 1897. Thomas Meighan's birthplace was Pittsburgh, the date April 9, 1879. Constance Talmadge is a product of the town which has been called “the city of churches and babies.” Yes, Brooklyn. She was born April 19, 1900.



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MARIONNE, DAVENPORT, IA.—You “want” information about Ben Lyon. Born Feb. 6, 1901, Atlanta, Ga. Educated Baltimore City College. Five years' stage experience. Entered pictures 1922. Height six feet. Weighs one hundred sixty pounds. Get his photograph through United Studios. You “want” Glenn Hunter's photograph. Write Universal Film Manufacturing Co. Have you any more “wants”?

E. E., MONTGOMERY, ALA.—Dorothy Dwan, whom Larry Semon recently married, is not related to Alan Dwan. Ricardo Cortez is your “favorite of favorites” and you would know all you can learn from me about him. Mr. Cortez was born in Alsace-Lorraine, Sept. 19, 1899. He was educated in the New York schools. He played in stage stock companies for two years before going on the screen. His height is five feet, one inch. He weighs one hundred seventy-five pounds.

JEANNETTE, FLORIDA, N. Y.—It is true that Gloria Swanson has re-wed. She is the Marquise de la Falaise et de la Corduray. She is the wife of the Marquis James Henri and the rest of the name. Betty Bronson was born in Trenton, N. J., Nov. 16, 1906.

L. E. T., WEST KENSINGTON, LONDON, ENG.—You sent your request to the wrong address. You should have sent it to the First National Studio, Los Angeles, Calif., U. S. A. Try again, Old Top. Your modest request for the admired one's photograph must have been lost in the vast shuffle of the cinema colony. A quarter of a dollar, twenty-five cents, of the money of “The States” should be enclosed covering the cost of making and sending the photograph. Corinne Griffith's height is five feet, three inches. Her weight one hundred twenty pounds. Her eyes are blue, her hair light brown. She was born in 1901.

“LUCKY THIRTEEN,” EVANSTON, ILL.—Betty Bronson has appeared in pictures since 1922. She was born in Trenton, N. J., Nov. 17, 1906. Her height is five feet, three and a half inches. Weight one hundred pounds. Attended East Orange High School and Saint Vincent's Academy, Newark, N. J. See the article about Marguerite Clark in PHOTOPLAY, April, 1925.

RUTH B., alias “SKINNY,” PORTLAND, OREG.—Edward Burns is the actor whom you so minutely describe. Gertrude Short's weight is one hundred plus ten pounds. Got it? Bright girl “Skinny,” I mean Ruth.

MELITA AND MARIE, NEWARK, N. J.—Earn a peck of marshmallows? Certainly. You agree that Richard Dix is growing a la Coue better and better. He will be glad to learn your verdict. He uses his own name on the screen. He is an American. “Do actresses give their real ages? Seems as though they remain the same age year after year.” Kitty! Kitty! Scat! Scat! Eleanor Boardman's age is twenty-six years, her weight one hundred twenty-five pounds, her height five feet, six inches. Gray eyes. Brown hair. Norma Shearer's eyes are blue, her hair brown.

L. L., SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Shirley Mason and Viola Dana are sisters. They are not sisters of Gloria Swanson's. Jacqueline Logan was born Nov. 30, 1902. She is not married. John Gilbert was born July 10, 1897. He has been twice married and twice divorced. He was last divorced from Leatrice Joy. They have a baby daughter. Mr. Gilbert's height is five feet, eleven inches. Weight one hundred sixty pounds. Known to his admirers as “The Man with the Eyes.”

J. H., VENTNOR, N. J.—Milton Sills' age is about thirty-eight. Richard Barthelmess was born May 9, 1897. J. Warren Kerrigan was born July 25, 1889. His eyes are hazel, his hair black. Glad tidings! He is a bachelor.



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