

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

N.S.E.

PHOTOPLAY

January

25 cents



COLLEEN MOORE

In This Issue
The Names of **\$5,000 Prize Winners**



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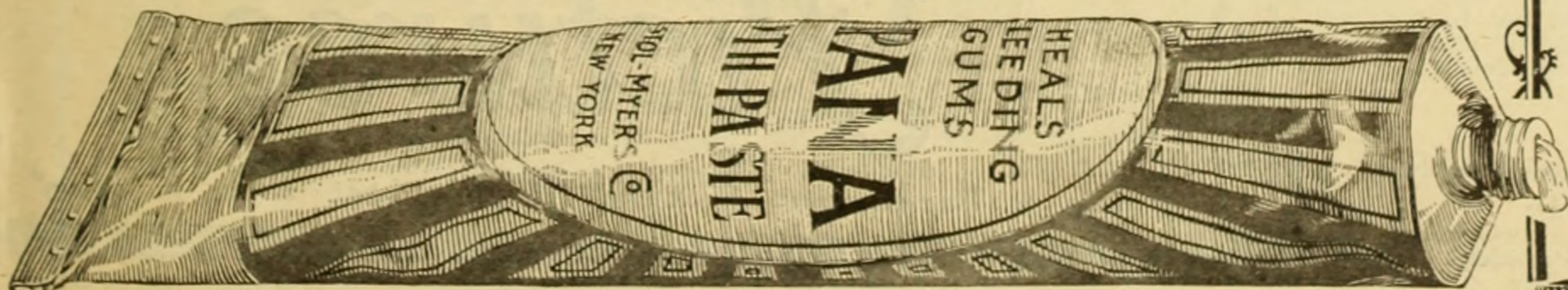
day diet our gum tissues are becoming soft, tender and flaccid.

*Does your tooth brush
ever "show pink"?*

Sometimes a soft tissue bleeds. That does not mean necessarily that you have pyorrhea, but it does mean that your gums need the stimulation soft food fails to give them. So the dentists very logically turn to massage to restore the gum tissues to a firm, healthy condition. And thousands

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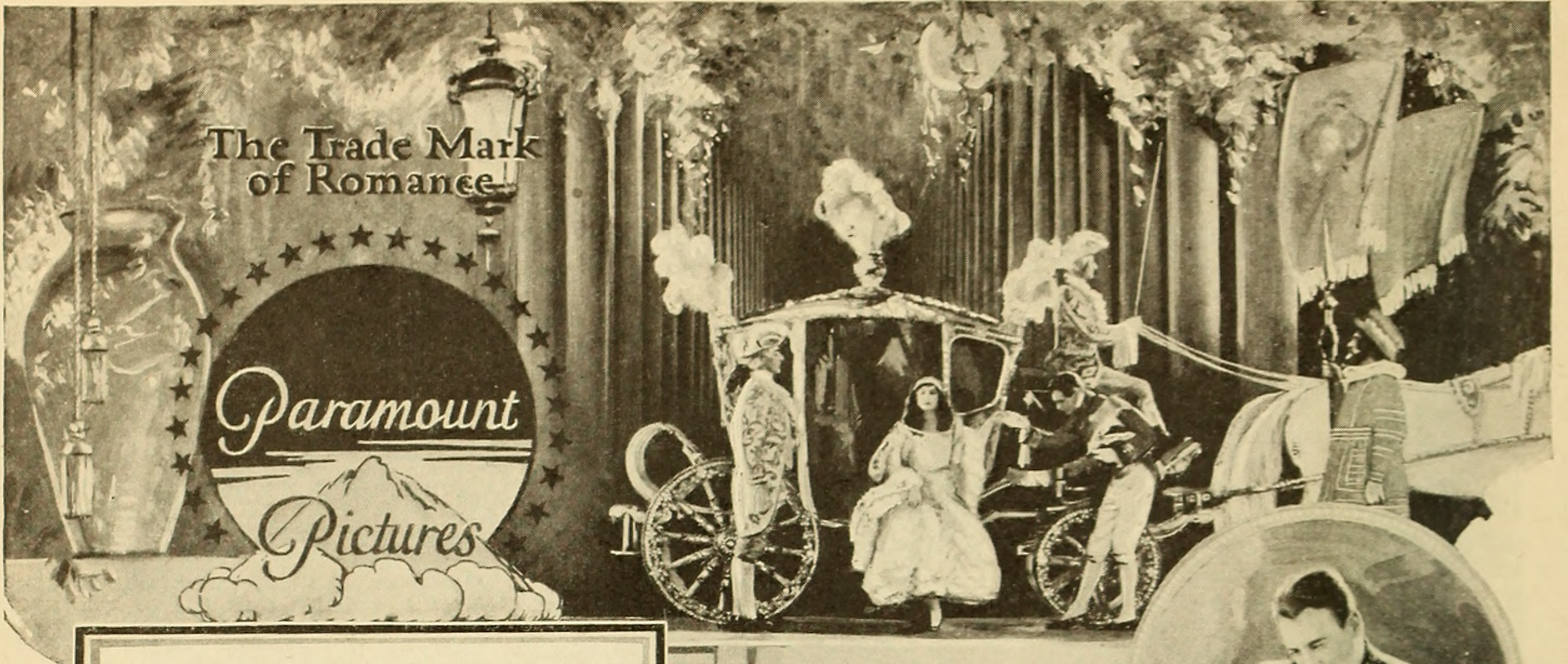
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Personalities of Paramount - and their Paramount Pictures



Betty Bronson

Where the Peter Pan girl appears, hearts grow lighter. There's more than a touch of fairyland about her, and the work-a-day world seems slow when she's around. See her in "Are Parents People?" "Not So Long Ago," "The Golden Princess."



Herbert Brenon

He directed "A Kiss for Cinderella." Remember how "Peter Pan" delighted you! He directed that, too! Other Paramount Pictures of his are: "The Street of Forgotten Men," "The Little French Girl," and "The Song and Dance Man."



Gloria Swanson

Gloria Swanson's success and popularity sweep forward like a tidal wave. Her Paramount Pictures are centers of fascinated human groups at all points of the compass. See her in "Madame Sans-Gene," "The Coast of Folly," "Stage Struck."



Thomas Meighan

People who would not stir to see a king pass by would break half a dozen appointments to meet Tom Meighan. His is a triple success; a man's man, a woman's man, and the kid's man, too! Be sure to see "Old Home Week," "The Man Who Found Himself," and "Irish Luck."



D. W. Griffith

D. W. Griffith's "That Royle Girl" reveals more mastery than ever. Griffith's Paramount Pictures are the harvest of his art. See Carol Dempster, W. C. Fields and Harrison Ford, in "That Royle Girl." Watch for the huge Griffith special, "Sorrows of Satan," by Marie Corelli.



Pola Negri

Pola Negri is a complex and dramatic personality whose charm is today exercising its full power in the United States. Michael Arlen is writing "Crossroads of the World" especially for her. See her in "Flower of Night," and "A Countess in Iowa."



"A Kiss for Cinderella"
Herbert Brenon Production

Paramount's Xmas Gift to All!
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If you seem so much older than you used to, if you feel that life might be a little kinder to you than it is, come watch Betty Bronson and Tom Moore contrive happiness out of old boards, small feet and a policeman's point of view!

The peculiar thing about "A Kiss for Cinderella" as about "Peter Pan," is that although children enjoy it intensely there are ten times as many grownups in the long lines at the box offices!

The fact is that all the world is young when J. M. Barrie and Paramount are partners.

Today, Paramount and the leading dramatists and writers of the world are hand in glove in the great cause of better pictures. The writers are giving of their best because they know that Paramount's resources and screen ideals are big enough to ensure the greatest possible progress.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

IVAN ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXIX

No. 2

Contents

January, 1926

Cover Design	Colleen Moore	
From a Painting by Livingston Geer		
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures		8
In Tabloid Form for Ready Reference		
Brickbats and Bouquets		12
Frank Letters from Readers		
Rotogravure: New Pictures		19
Marceline Day and Alice Day, Alberta Vaughn, Eugene O'Brien, Sydney Chaplin, Ernest Torrence and Son, Anna Q. Nilsson, Ramon Novarro		
Speaking of Pictures (Editorials)	James R. Quirk	27
Can Barbara Come Back?	Cal York	28
Miss La Marr May Have to Fight for a Place in the Sun		
Ronald Talks at Last	Ruth Waterbury	29
An Interview That Reveals a Hitherto Unsuspected Personality		
"I Wouldn't Wish It on a Dog"	Joseph Jackson	31
That's What One Motion Picture Actress Says About Working in Films		
Ten Handsome Men of the Screen	Adela Rogers St. Johns	32
This Screen Authority Dares to Make a Choice		
How to Be Merry on Christmas Day	Herbert Howe	34
You Can Be a "Wet" or a "Dry" or Both, to Enjoy This		

(Contents continued on next page)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

Page 46	
The Big Parade.....	Metro-Goldwyn
The King on Main Street..	Paramount
The Eagle.....	United Artists
Page 47	
The Skyrocket...	Associated Exhibitors
Classified.....	First National
Lord Jim.....	Paramount
Page 48	
Seven Keys to Baldpate....	Paramount
The Beautiful City.....	First National
The Road to Yesterday....	Prod. Dist.
The Clash of the Wolves.....	Warner
Lights of Old Broad-	
way.....	Metro-Goldwyn
The Best People.....	Paramount
Page 49	
The New Commandment.	First National
Lazybones.....	Fox
New Brooms.....	Paramount
Go West.....	Metro-Goldwyn
The Ancient Highway.....	Paramount
Old Clothes.....	Metro-Goldwyn
Page 118	
Rose of the World.....	Warner
Compromise.....	Warner
The Other Woman's Story...	Schulberg
Page 119	
Scandal Street.....	Arrow
The Gold Hunters.....	Davis Dist. Co.
The Wall Street Whiz.....	F. B. O.
Triple Action.....	Universal
Three Pals.....	Davis Dist. Co.
Hidden Loot.....	Universal

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Contents—Continued

Here Are the Winners of PHOTOPLAY'S Cut Puzzle Contest The Fifty Among Whom the \$5,000 Prize Money Was Divided	36
Studio News and Gossip—East and West What the Screen Folk Are Doing	Cal York 40
Growing Old Gracefully This Distinguished Actress and Woman Reveals the Priceless Secret	Myrtle Stedman 44
The Shadow Stage The Department Practical Screen Criticism	46
"Meet the Gang," Says Doug (Photographs) Introducing the Crew That Will Sail With "The Black Pirate"	50
PHOTOPLAY'S Intelligence Test—Number Two Compiled by E. Lyle McMullen	52
This Will Prove Your Picture Knowledge	
How Pola Was Tamed And She Did It Herself	Ivan St. Johns 53
Happy Daze (Short Story) A Desperate Director Adopts Desperate Methods <i>Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers</i>	Octavus Roy Cohen 55
Billy Bennett's Mother The Story of a Great Tragedy	Adela Rogers St. Johns 58
Rotogravure: Belle Bennett, Betty Compson, Patsy Ruth Miller, Shirley Mason	59
The Girl Who Kept Step Shirley Mason Fought Her Own Way to Success, But She Owes Much to a Mother's Devotion	Jim Tully 63
How to Spoil the Effect of Beautiful Clothes (Photographs) Leatrice Joy Shows the Right and Wrong Way to Wear Them	64
Close-Ups and Long Shots Witty Comment on Screen Personalities	Herbert Howe 66
Uncle Sam's Adopted Children (Photographs) They Come from Most of the Countries of Europe and Distant Islands	68
Last Minute Christmas Suggestions (Photographs) Gifts That Will Please Any Woman	70
Early Thoughts on the New Year (Drawings) Smart Styles Worn by Screen Stars	71
New Knee Knicknacks (Photographs) They're Pretty, But Grandma May Not Like Them	72
A Beautiful \$1,000 Living Room Authoritative Advice on Home Interior Decoration	Charles D. Chapman 73
Getting Laughs Out of Sticks Douglas MacLean Tells How It's Done	Herbert Howe 75
Those Elusive Dimples (Photographs) They Twinkle on Many of the Stars	76
A Top Rider That's What They Call Buck Jones	Jim Tully 78
They're All Talking About This (Photographs) "The Big Parade" Is as Great as It Is Realistic	80
Where Corinne Griffith Is at Home (Photographs)	82
The War Drama of the Gayest City in Europe (Photo- graphs) "The Viennese Medley" Promises to Be a Brilliant Success	84
"Ben Hur" Is Completed! (Photographs)	86
Questions and Answers The Answer Man	89
Casts of Current Photoplays Complete for Every Picture Reviewed in This Issue	116
Friendly Advice The Department of Personal Service	Carolyn Van Wyck 122

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

WHAT IS IT?

Elinor Glyn invented IT. Some actors and actresses have risen to stardom on IT. Equally talented ones have failed because of lack of IT. Dorothy Spensley spent weeks pursuing IT all over Hollywood and finally captured IT. She will tell you about it next month.

**Adela Rogers
St. Johns'**
impressions of
her friend

**Norma
Talmadge**
the woman and actress

**Julian
Johnson**

interviewed Emil Jannings in Berlin and brings you an intensely interesting word picture of this greatest of all character actors.

In the
**February
Issue**

Out January 15

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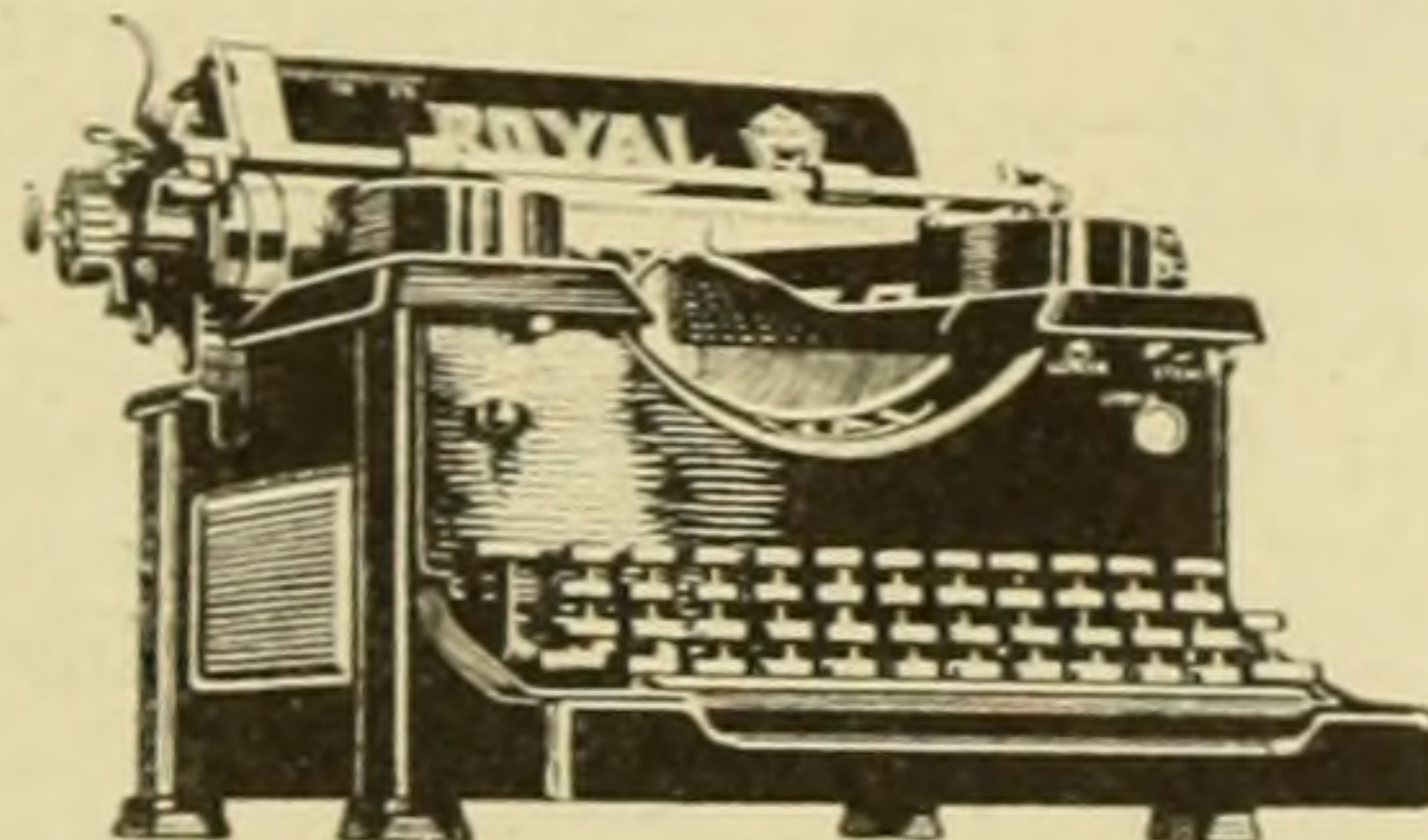
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

AFTER BUSINESS HOURS—Columbia.—Elaine Hammerstein and Lou Tellegen enact one of those far-fetched domestic dramas. (September.)

AMERICAN PLUCK—Chadwick.—She is a princess and he is only a poor American prize fighter if there is such a thing—but love finds the usual way! (September.)

ANY WOMAN—Paramount.—A trite story of the perils of a refined working girl. Alice Terry heads the cast. (August.)

ARE PARENTS PEOPLE?—Paramount.—Daughter reunites her quarreling parents. The daughter is Betty Bronson; the parents are Florence Vidor and Adolphe Menjou. A thoroughly charming comedy. (August.)

AWFUL TRUTH, THE—Producers Distributing.—It is awful, at that, and not what anyone would call first-rate amusement. (September.)

BALTO'S RACE TO NOME—Educational.—A splendid record of Gunnar Kasson's fight through the frozen north to bring the antitoxin to stricken Nome. (July.)

BANDIT'S BABY, THE—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson and Silver King make this more amusing than the average Western. (August.)

BAREE, SON OF KAZAN—Vitagraph.—Just one of those dog stories of the frozen north. Rather mediocre entertainment. (August.)

BEAUTY AND THE BAD MAN—Producers Distributing.—A gambler in a mining town plays benefactor to a girl with operatic ambitions. The grateful prima donna marries him. Good, if you can believe it. (September.)

BELOW THE LINE—Warner Brothers.—A splendid story with Rin-Tin-Tin as thrilling as ever. Johnny Harron and June Marlowe are pleasing. (December.)

BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK—Paramount.—Satire and fantasy so well directed by James Cruze that it is one of the most entertaining pictures of the year. (July.)

BLACK CYCLONE—Pathe.—Rex, the King of Wild Horses, scores one of the hits of the year. The remarkable acting of the not-so-dumb animals makes this unusual amusement. (August.)

BLOODHOUND, THE—F. B. O.—What do you think the Royal Mounted boy does? He gets his man. The man is his brother. And—that's the plot. (September.)

BOBBED HAIR—Warner Brothers.—Silly but lots of fun. Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost, ably assisted by Louise Fazenda, put plenty of pep in a slapstick melodrama. (November.)

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

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

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

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

CAMILLE OF THE BARBARY COAST—Associated Exhibitors.—Owen Moore and Mae Busch in a new version of the old theme. Not for the children. (September.)

CIRCLE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A weak tea society drama that is neither interesting nor real. Complete failure as a translation of Somerset Maugham's clever play. (December.)

CIRCUS CYCLONE, THE—Universal.—A pleasant mixture of Western and circus stuff, with Art Acord proving he can ride. (October.)

COAST OF FOLLY, THE—Paramount.—Gloria Swanson in a modern role. In fact, Gloria in two modern roles—that of mother and daughter. Her work in this picture will be much discussed; so don't miss it. (November.)

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

CRACKERJACK, THE—C. C. Burr.—Johnny Hines at his liveliest. There's no sense to it but it is lots of fun. (July.)

CROWDED HOUR, THE—Paramount.—A war story, humanly told, and well acted by Bebe Daniels. (July.)

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

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Atlas.—A commendable film version of Rostand's great play, made by a French company, and excellently acted by Pierre Magnier. (September.)

As a special service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments upon all photoplays of the preceding six months.

PHOTOPLAY readers find this department of tremendous help—for it is an authoritative and accurate summary, told in a few words, of all current film dramas.

PHOTOPLAY has always been first and foremost in its film reviews. However, the fact that most photoplays do not reach the great majority of the country's screen theaters until months later, has been a manifest drawback. This department overcomes this—and shows you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money.

You can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. The month at the end of each tabloid indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

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

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

DESERT FLOWER, THE—First National.—Colleen Moore's unflinching vivacity saves it from being just another one of those Cinderella tales. (August.)

DON Q.—United Artists.—Douglas Fairbanks stages another great show. It has beauty, adventure and thrills. It's one of the treats of the year. (August.)

DRUSILLA WITH A MILLION—F. B. O.—It's hokum but it's good hokum and splendidly acted by Mary Carr. Be sure to take a handkerchief with you. (August.)

DUPED—The title tells all. Crook stuff played by Helen Holmes and William Desmond. Not so good. (July.)

DURAND OF THE BAD LANDS—Fox.—Plenty of action with Buck Jones, but weak on story. Marion Nixon is a pleasing heroine. (December.)

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

EVERYMAN'S WIFE—Fox.—Marking the welcome return of Dorothy Phillips. Otherwise, just a trite domestic drama. (August.)

EVE'S SECRET—Paramount.—Wherein the Duke educates a peasant girl and marries her. Another version of Pygmalion and Galatea played by Jack Holt and Betty Compson. (August.)

EVE'S LOVER—Warner Brothers.—The story of a modern American girl and her titled husband. Nothing extra as a picture, but Irene Rich, Bert Lytell, Clara Bow and Willard Louis are in the cast. (July.)

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

FAINT PERFUME—B. P. Schulberg.—Faint is right. A jumbled movie-ized version of Zona Gale's excellent novel. (September.)

FIFTY-FIFTY—Associated Exhibitors.—What happens when an American roue marries a French dancer. Lionel Barrymore and Hope Hampton are in it. (September.)

FIGHTING DEMON, THE—F. B. O.—Only the very gullible will like this one. Richard Talmadge dashing through impossible melodrama. (August.)

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

FINE CLOTHES—First National.—A subtle and human story ably acted by Percy Marmont, Lewis Stone, Alma Rubens and Raymond Griffith. (October.)

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

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

FREE AND EQUAL—A. H. Woods.—Pulled out of its grave for no good reason. The film is ten years old and deals with racial problems. Not for anybody. (July.)

FRESHMAN, THE—Associated Exhibitor.—Harold Lloyd's comedy of college life is so funny that it defies description. It's the liveliest and the most youthful comedy now on the screen. (September.)

FRIENDLY ENEMIES—Producers Distributing.—Weber and Fields doing their stuff in a ready-made plot. (July.)

GIRL WHO WOULDN'T WORK, THE—B. P. Schulberg.—The hardships of a working girl are the basis of the plot. Good work by Marguerite de la Motte and Lionel Barrymore. (October.)

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

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]

HOW DOES CECIL B. DEMILLE MAKE HIS STARS?



The Great Producer who has made many of the Screen's Leading Artists famous, is constantly discovering and developing new personalities for your enjoyment.



CECIL B. DEMILLE



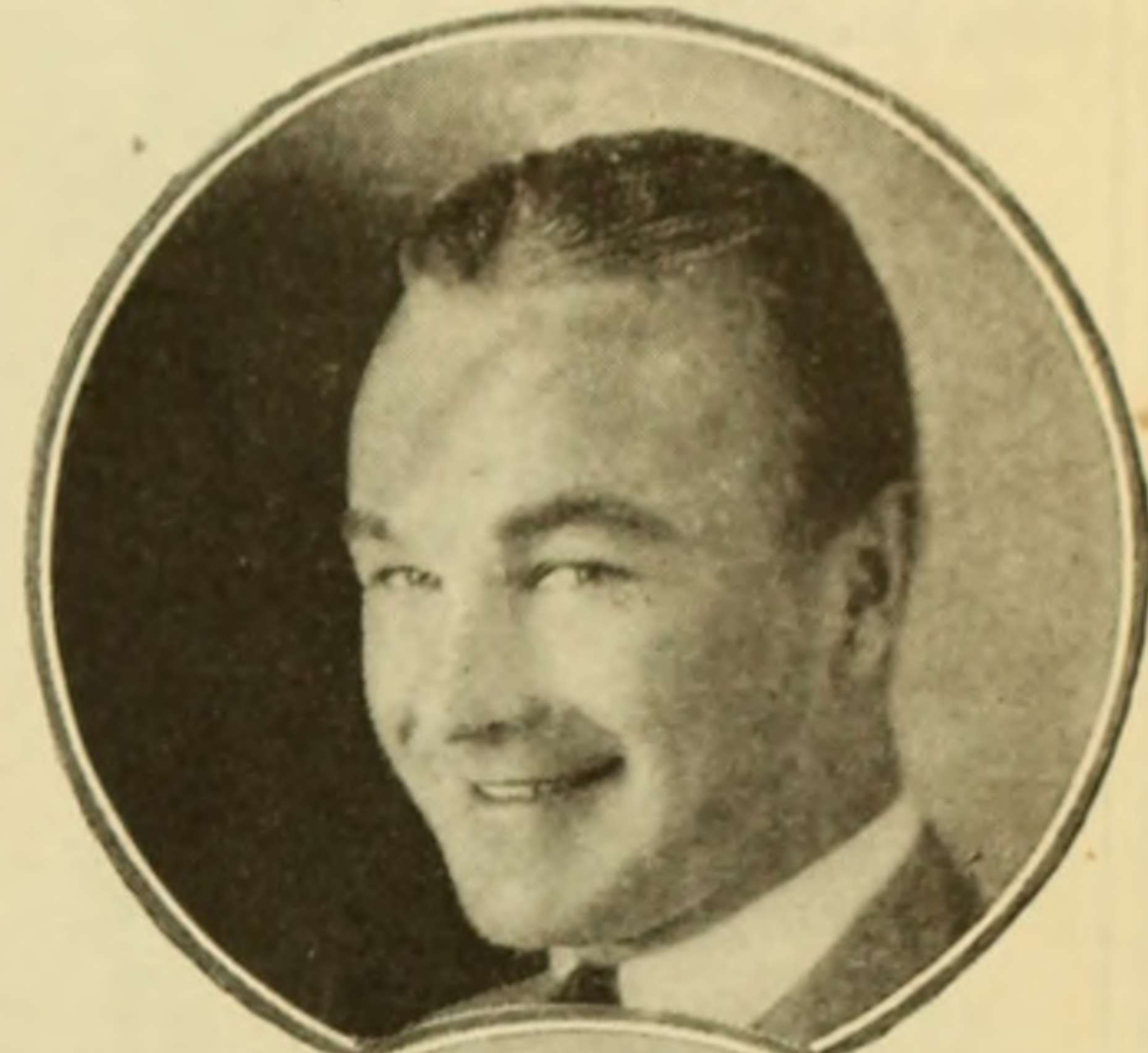
CECIL B. DEMILLE has a genius for bringing screen talent to its fullest flowering.

Wallace Reid — Thomas Meighan — Gloria Swanson — all of these great stars came into their own under DeMille's direction.

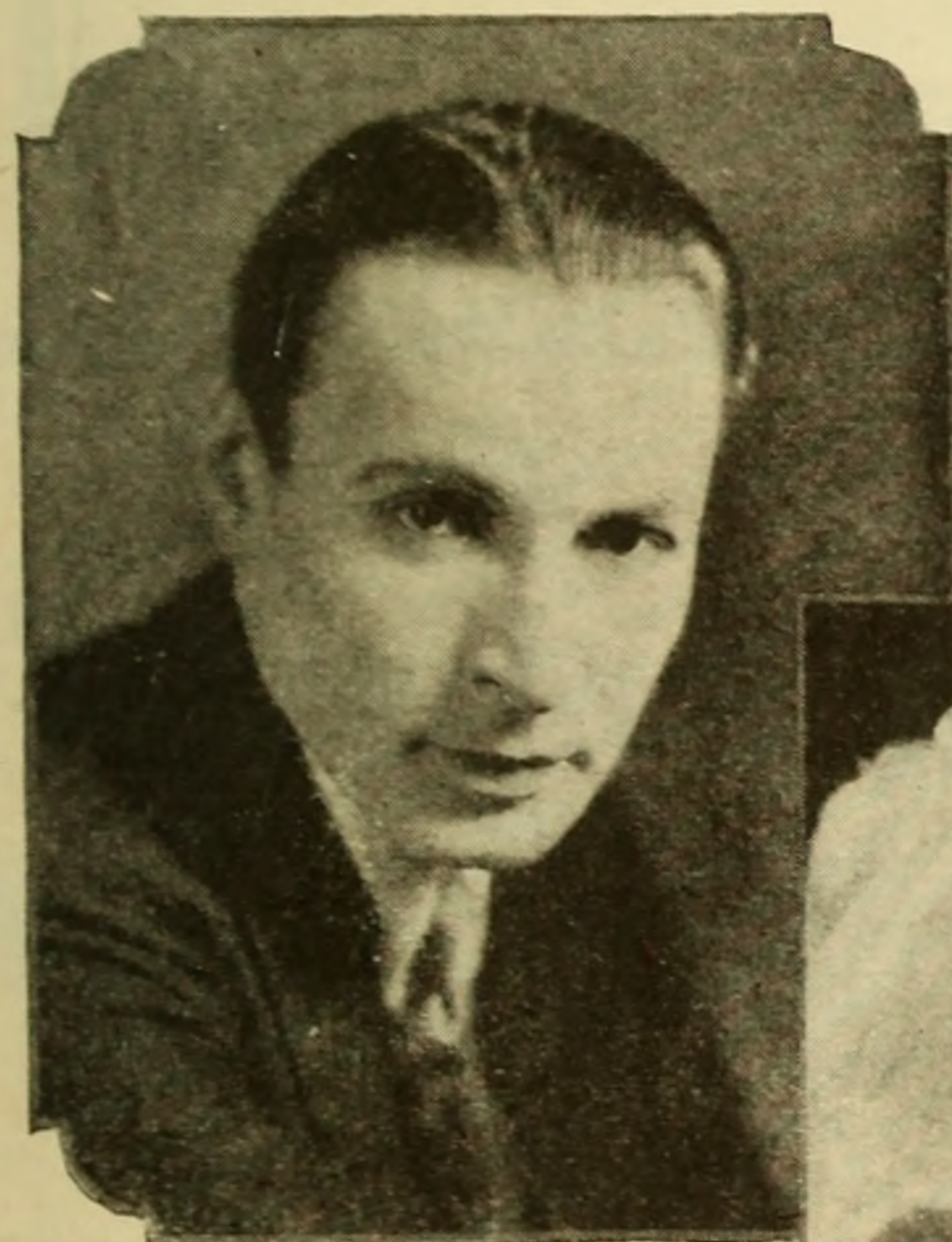
Wallace Reid, Thomas Meighan, Gloria Swanson — stars made by Cecil B. DeMille.



Today DeMille places before you the superb gifts of Leatrice Joy, Rod LaRocque, Vera Reynolds, Joseph Schildkraut, Jetta Goudal, William Boyd, Robert Ames, and dozens of others—some already famous, some rapidly mounting the ladder that leads to fame. In each one you will discover some irresistible quality of appeal — the endearing charm that makes public favorites.



Watch for Cecil B. DeMille's productions, if you are seeking perfect motion picture entertainment — the finest type of stories magnificently produced and supremely well acted! Ask at your favorite theatre when the next DeMille picture is coming.

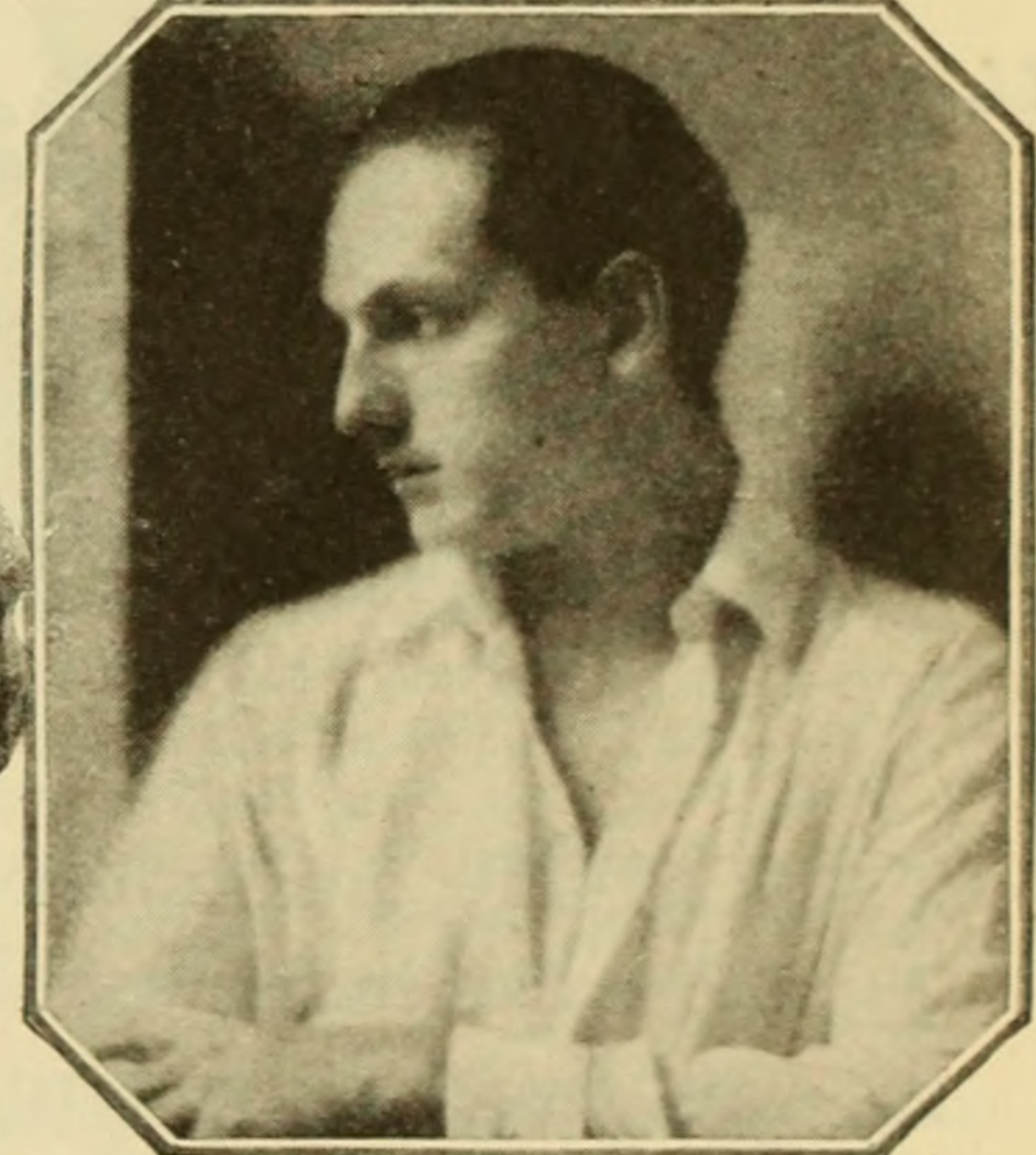


Rod LaRocque's magnetic personality makes him a favorite. Do not miss seeing him in "The Coming of Amos", "Braveheart", "Red Dice" or "Bachelor's Brides".

Fresh and winsome—Vera Reynolds captures hearts everywhere as the lovely little heroine in "The Road to Yesterday".



The beauty and poise of Leatrice Joy are unusually effective in her new pictures, "The Wedding Song", "Hell's Highroad", "Made for Love" and "Eve's Leaves".



Above are notable artists in "The Road to Yesterday". Top—William Boyd, lovable true American type. Center—Jetta Goudal, baffling, bewitching. Bottom—Joseph Schildkraut who is as splendidly successful on the screen as on the stage.

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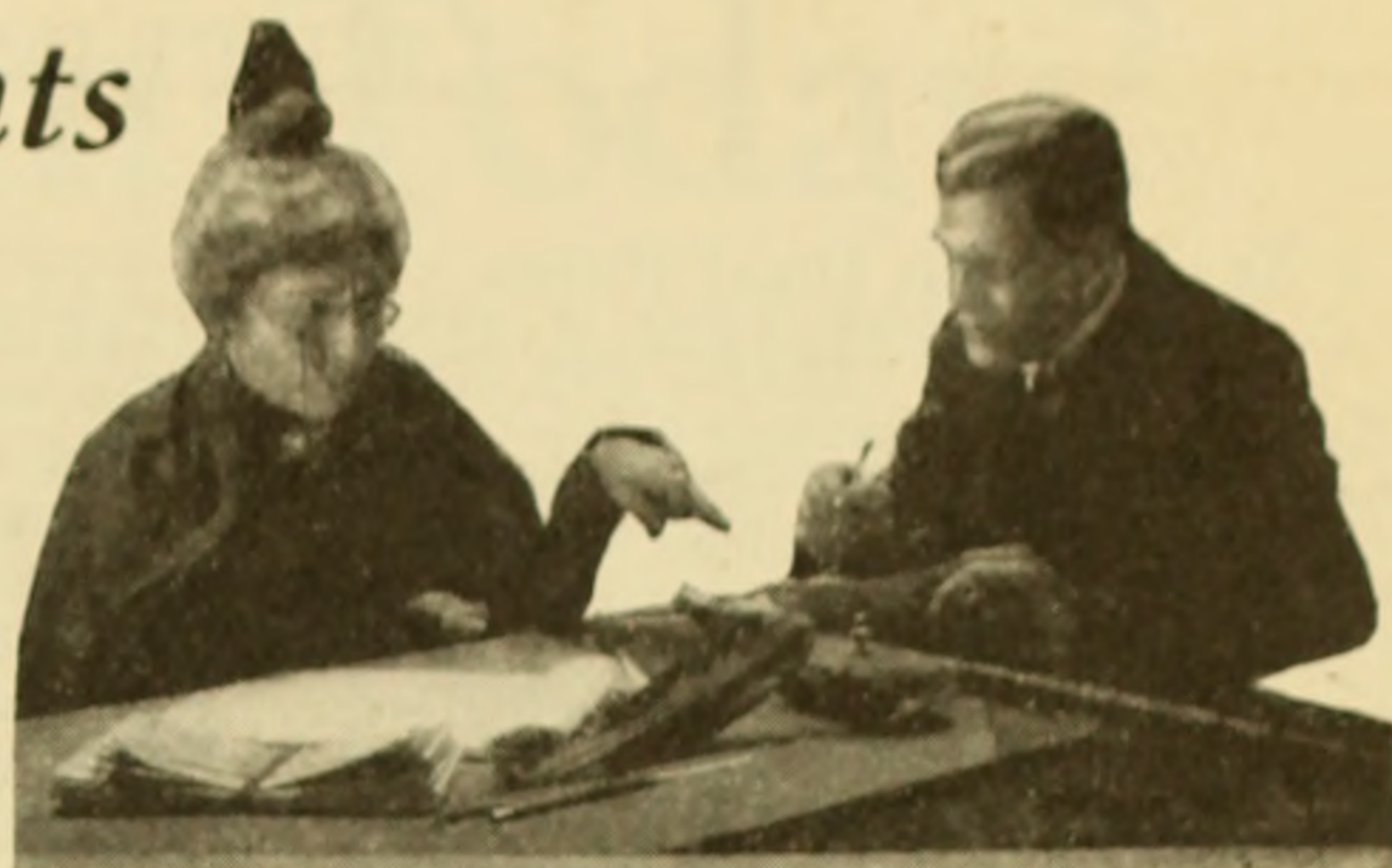
"WITHOUT MERCY"



Is Woman's Hate Deeper Than Man's?

COULD this stern woman really have been the pitiful girl he had hurt so cruelly—in body and soul—twenty years earlier? Now he was in her power. Relentlessly, she demanded payment.

Trembling in the balance was the fate of a lovely girl, a political situation and a fortune! An absorbing story of love—hate—and a woman's revenge. *Don't miss it!*



A GEORGE MELFORD PRODUCTION—Adapted by Monte Katterjohn from the novel by John Goodwin. With Vera Reynolds, Dorothy Phillips, Robert Ames and Rockliffe Fellowes.

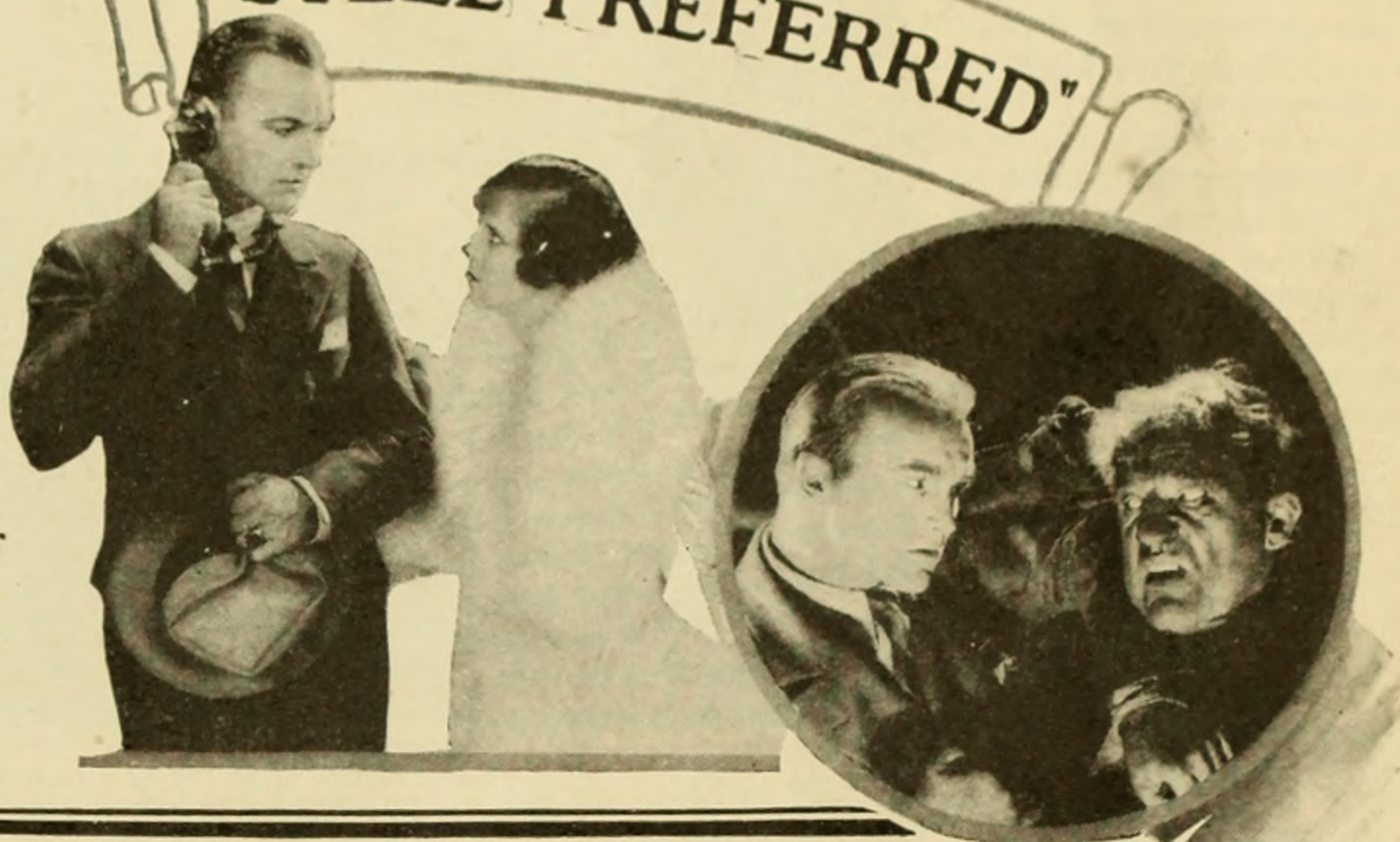
There's a Thrill in—

- The fiery furnace of a big steel plant
- The primitive battle of two strong men
- Young love that fights against tremendous obstacles.

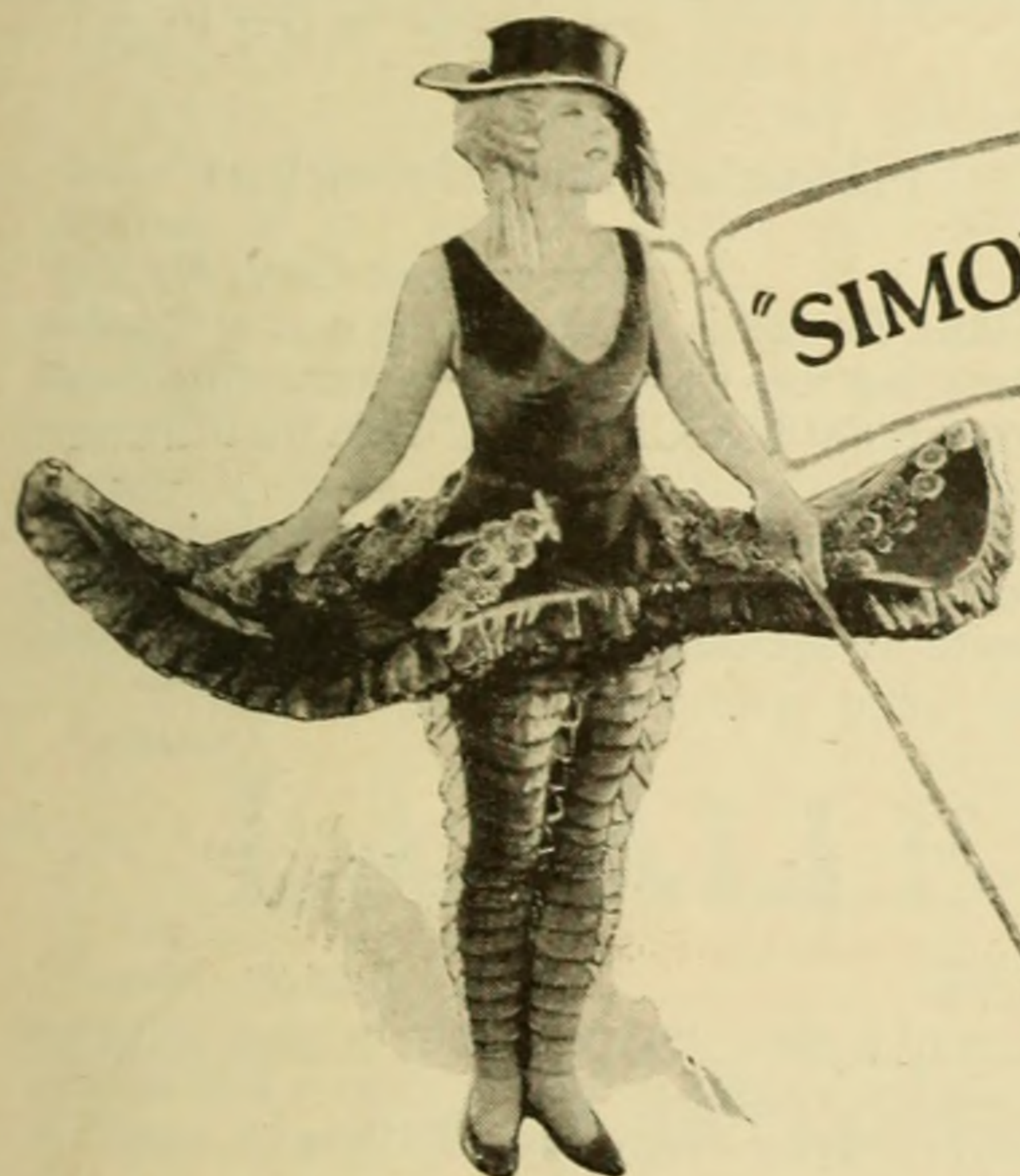
And when you get all these thrills in one magnificent picture, you get entertainment that can't be beaten. Every minute of "STEEL PREFERRED" is breathlessly absorbing.

A stirring drama adapted by Elliott J. Clawson, from *The Saturday Evening Post* stories, "The Adventures of Wally Gay", by Hershel S. Hall. With Vera Reynolds, William Boyd, Charlie Murray, Ben Turpin and a fine cast.

"STEEL PREFERRED"



"SIMON THE JESTER"



LOLA was a woman of the circus, yet so lovely, so irresistible, that three men loved her madly, each in his own way—one with the ardor of youth, one with the deep tenderness of maturity and one with the wild jealousy of a passionate nature. Somebody must lose—who?

A story of strange circus people, of high society, of a gay millionaire whose days were numbered. A whirlwind of tense and fascinating situations in ultra-fashionable settings, in a second rate hotel, in a gambling dive in Tangiers. A truly remarkable picture!



A FRANCES MARION PRODUCTION—Directed by George Melford. From the novel by William J. Locke. With Eugene O'Brien, Lillian Rich, Edmund Burns and Henry B. Walthall.

THESE three splendid productions are typical of the diversified entertainment offered you by Metropolitan Pictures Corporation, Inc. Stirring drama, absorbing mystery, and tender romance are brought to life before you. Skillful players, brilliantly directed, hold your unwavering interest right up to the final moment.

Ask for these pictures, and watch for the forthcoming Metropolitan pictures at your favorite theatre

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Brickbats & Bouquets

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

LETTERS FROM READERS

Down With Dual Roles

Atlantic City, N. J.

One last feeble remonstrance before I expire! From a frequent picture patron comes this heart-felt lament. Words fail me when I try to express my supreme weariness and boredom—not to mention acute resentment and distaste—at the spectacle of young and beautiful stars made up as old, wrinkled, gray-haired women. Gloria Swanson, Norma Talmadge, Colleen Moore, May McAvoy—please desist. Why should they waste one moment of their glorious youth? A true sense of the appropriate dictates that elderly rôles be left to elderly persons.

Authentic old age has its own proper appeal, dignity and charm; but a caricature is always unlovely.

Will someone please second the motion to banish utterly all these dual, triple and quadruple rôles from the screen? Whatever element of novelty or interest it might once have contained is now completely exhausted. Another horrible example was the exquisite little Norma Shearer as a "lady of the night." I am still shuddering from that shock.

With the many attempts at a convincing portrayal of the dual type of rôle by numerous actors and actresses passing in review before me, the only satisfactory interpretation that comes to mind as a real artistic triumph is the inspired performance of John Barrymore as *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

MILDRED GAREE.

Ouch!

Washington, D. C.

Here is a brickbat for my favorite movie magazine, *PHOTOPLAY*. I think that the messy picture you published with all our favorite movie heroes mixed up was perfectly terrible.

We really do want some good pictures of Ramon Novarro, Richard Barthelmess, Jack Gilbert, and Ronald Colman. It is very tiresome to see girls, girls, girls, all through a movie magazine, even if we are fond of them.

So please won't you give us some pictures of men?

I say "we" because I am writing for a great number of fans.

GLADYS.

We Feel the Deepest Gratitude

San Pedro, Calif.

May I take a few moments of your time in telling you my feeling toward your fine, uplifting magazine, *PHOTOPLAY*? I have been getting your magazine for the past two and one-half years and I'll continue to get it as long as it is published. I notice these two catch lines in your magazine, "The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication" and "The National Guide to Motion Pictures."

Certainly, to me, I don't think anyone could have picked a more perfect description to put on a magazine.

Two years ago when you first had the cut-picture puzzle contest, I entered it, but due to my lack of knowledge of movie stars I had some of them wrong. But this year I am entering it again and I feel sure, through the help of *PHOTOPLAY*, which has brought me into closer contact with the famous stars, that I will have them right.

I have recommended your magazine to my school friends and they have immediately become enthusiastic.

CORNELIUS FREDERICK HILKER.

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 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 150 words and should bear the writer's full name and address.

Character, Good Looks and Good Acting

Ossining, N. Y.

I want to express my hearty thanks to *PHOTOPLAY* for the many interesting moments I have enjoyed through reading this best of all magazines. I have read *PHOTOPLAY* for five years and intend to read it as long as I live. It is the friendliest, most just movie magazine published.

Also I should like to ask *PHOTOPLAY* to give us more pictures and articles about the ever-popular and admired Jack Kerrigan, who proved his popularity by a successful return after a painfully long absence from the screen. Everyone admits that "The Covered Wagon" is great, and without Mr. Kerrigan the wagon would have been stuck in its own mud. Stars become my favorites through character, good looks and good acting.

Here are some of them: Richard Barthelmess, Clive Brook, Huntley Gordon, Ronald Colman and Lewis Stone. Everyone misses our own lovable Roscoe Arbuckle.

ROSALY HUNTER.

Bad Mr. Watkins

Grants Pass, Oregon.

I have never written to this department before, but feel I just must now, to criticize, not an actor or actress, but the writers of some of these Brickbats.

I refer to H. J. Watkins' letter in the November issue of *PHOTOPLAY*. This person certainly must be very young to think that middle-aged men such as Conway Tearle, Milton Sills, Thomas Meighan, and Eugene O'Brien are too old to play hero parts.

Watkins also asks why the above named men do not step aside and give the younger actors a chance. But who among us would prefer the conceited handsomeness of Ben Lyon to the dear character of Thomas Meighan? Milton Sills nor Conway Tearle are neither my special favorites, but I admire both of them and dislike to hear anyone attack them.

I also wish to challenge the statement of "Lou and John" that Mae Murray cannot act. I think she was very wonderful in "The Merry Widow," and even if she couldn't act, she can certainly pass muster on her looks and form. Indeed, I do like her.

ELOISE OGLESBEE.

Twelve Greatest Screen Performances of All Time

New York, N. Y.

I am wondering how many fans will agree with my choice of the twelve greatest screen performances of all time: Pola Negri, "Passion"; Emil Jannings, "The Last Laugh"; John Barrymore, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"; Norma Talmadge, "The Lady"; Charles Chaplin, "Shoulder Arms"; Mary Pickford, "Stella Maris"; Lois Wilson, "Miss Lulu Bett"; Carol Dempster, "Isn't Life Wonderful?"; Douglas Fairbanks, "Three Musketeers"; Lillian Gish, "The White Sister"; Pauline Frederick, "Smouldering Fires"; Mary Alden, "Siege."

A FAN.

Foreigners Not Eligible for "Ten Most Beautiful"

Pittsburgh, Penna.

I think Herbert Howe should have left out the foreigners in his choice of the ten most beautiful women of the screen, especially if it is argument he is looking for. Aren't the standards of beauty in Europe entirely different from those in this country? And we know only American beauty. Pola Negri, without her striking personality, would be simply a typical Polish girl, maybe a beautiful one in Poland, but not here. According to American standards of beauty, her face is too wide and her upper lip too short and thin. And I think she shows her gums when she laughs.

Barbara La Marr and Nita Naldi fall short of beauty by the American standard, too, because they do not look natural, and an American beauty must be natural. Who ever saw anybody look like them?

I think the reason foreign films are not popular in this country is because the women are odd looking and not beautiful to us.

MRS. MARY REID.

Vilma's First Brickbat

New York City, N. Y.

Vilma Banky is good looking and a capable actress, but she will never be a star. She is not star material like Gloria and Pola and Corinne Griffith.

I think she lacks distinction. She's just another beautiful blonde. She hasn't anything definite about her personality to make her a star.

ALTHEA.

Live and Let Live

Boston, Mass.

I read a great many letters in your columns by readers extolling their favorites and knocking the others. Why cannot there be room for all?

I have my favorite in Valentino, but I go to see Colman, Cortez, and Gilbert, and enjoy them.

Also I read many statements such as—why let Conway Tearle play romantic parts? I thought everyone knew that the directors are responsible for the parts played by actors and are to blame when a fine actor is cast in a rôle in which he appears ridiculous.

Can't we all live and let live? There's so much room for all our tastes.

EDITH HARLAN CORNING.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]

What Will You be Earning One Year from Today?

A practical plan that is doubling men's salaries

You have said good-bye to Yesterday, with its failures and disappointments. A new Tomorrow lies ahead of you. What are you going to *do* with it?

To the man who gives little thought to his business progress, one day is much like another—filled with routine work—rewarded by routine pay. He has *no right* to expect great things of the future.

But—how different the outlook of the man who is *training* for promotion, and what a difference a mere twelve months can make in his earning power!

Give a thought, for instance, to the experience of S. N. Williams, a Kentucky man, who has specialized—with the co-operation of LaSalle Extension University—in *Salesmanship*. "My salary was practically doubled a short time ago," writes Williams, "but my greatest satisfaction comes from knowing that the amount of business I have written this year is easily five times greater than before." Williams, you see, has a *real future*—because he is constantly *preparing* for it.

Increases Salary 150%

Again, consider the experience of Arthur W. Weber, now Assistant Secretary of the Ohio Savings Bank and Trust Company, one of the largest and most influential banks in the state. One of his earlier letters reads as follows:

"Since I have been training, my salary has been increased 150 per cent. This increase is an annual return of 1,107 per cent upon my investment. Not so bad when you consider that most conservative investments net only 6 or 8 per cent. Incidentally, LaSalle training has aided me in jumping from the job of timekeeper in an automobile factory to my present position as assistant auditor of the largest and best bank in Toledo in less than eighteen months.

"There is one outstanding point about

LaSalle Extension University—it is not your excellent text-books or your well-built organization, but your willingness to help and encourage the student to succeed. It has been my experience that an enrollment with you is not a cold-blooded business proposition, but a real, cheerful, sympathetic willingness to help the student."

More recently he writes as follows: "Monthly dividends are being paid me on my investment in LaSalle training in

many, many times is evidenced by the fact that during only six months' time as many as 1,248 LaSalle members reported definite salary-increases, as a result of training under the LaSalle Problem Method, totaling \$1,399,507. *The average increase per man was 89 per cent.*

The records of these 1,248 members—representing every state in the Union and every province of Canada—are all recounted in a fascinating book entitled "A Geography of Success." The following are a few of the promotions here recorded:

- "From \$110 to \$385 a month."
- "Clerk to Branch Manager, at \$10,000 a year."
- "Salesman to Sales Manager; salary doubled."
- "From \$1,400 to \$5,000 a year."
- "Passes C. P. A. examination; now partner in \$20,000 firm."

A copy of this book will be sent you for the asking. And—it's well worth sending for!

Send for Salary-Doubling Plan—Free

Yesterday is past. Let's not be hampered by it. Tomorrow is ahead of us. *Let's make the most of it!*

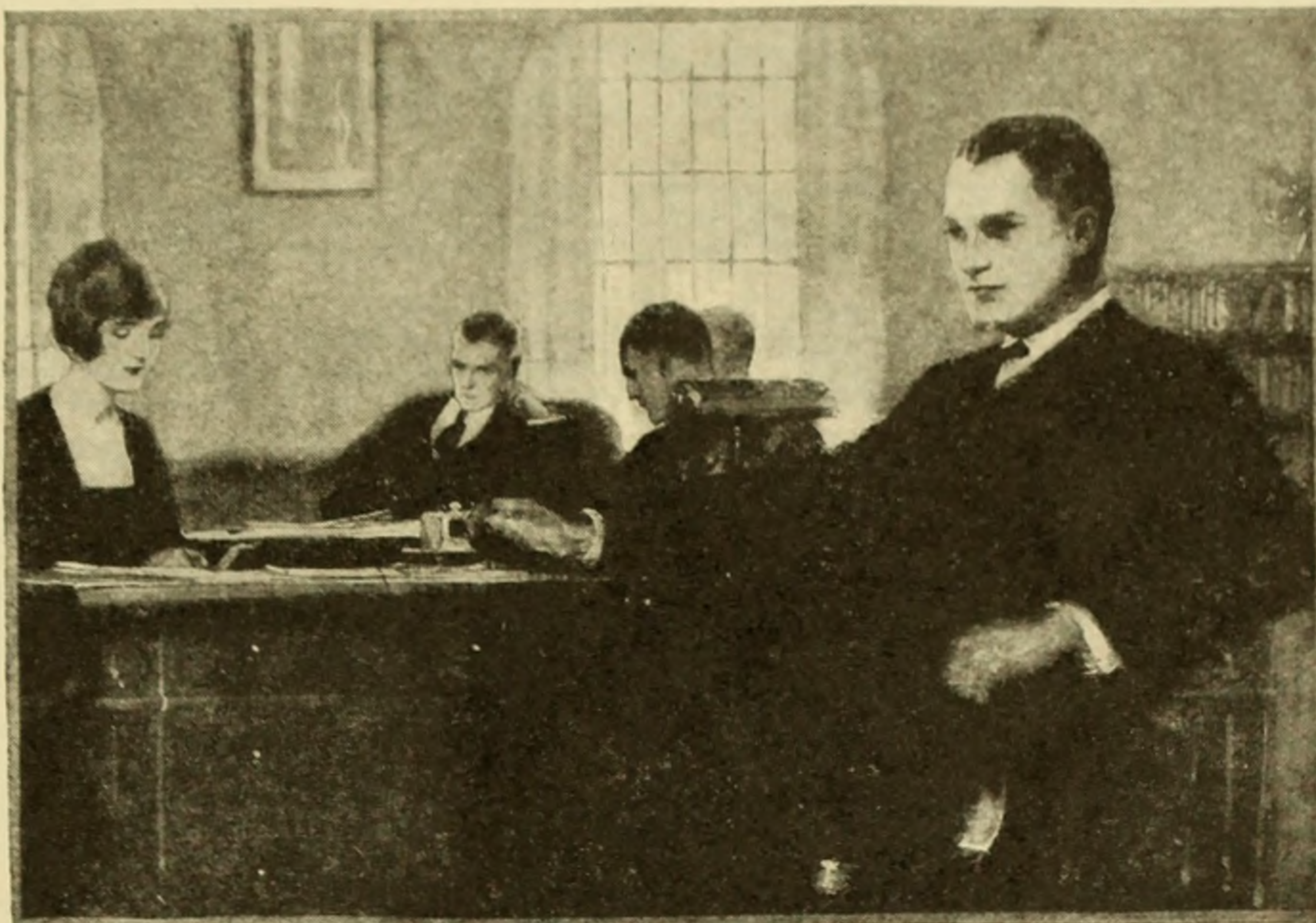
Below this text there's a coupon—just such a coupon

as Williams and Weber once signed, and hundreds of thousands of others who, thru home-study training, have added greatly to their earning power.

You know your ambitions. They will decide for you the training you should undertake.

You do *not* know your *capabilities*. But—they will unfold for you more wonderfully than you could dare to hope, once you begin with seriousness to fit yourself for bigger things.

Start today toward that better place, that bigger salary, by checking, signing and mailing the coupon NOW.



the form of increased salary *at a rate in excess of 125 per cent per month.*"

You Have the Same Good Opportunity

Skeptics may suggest that the records of Mr. Williams and Mr. Weber are exceptional. And—if these men had won their advancement *without* the aid of home-study training, we should be bound to *agree* with the skeptics. For men are rarely promoted to positions they are not qualified to *fill*. When men have *fitted* themselves for advancement, however, such promotions are not exceptional at all.

That their experience could be paralleled

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Chicago

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Salesmanship: Training for position as Sales Executive, Salesman, Sales Coach or Trainer, Sales Promotion Manager, Manufacturer's Agent, Solicitor, and all positions in retail, wholesale, or specialty selling. | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law: Reading, Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men. | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Foremanship and Production Methods: Training for positions in Shop Management, such as that of Superintendent, General Foreman, Foreman, Sub-Foreman, etc. | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English: Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers. |
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Name..... Present Position..... Address.....

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

GOLD RUSH, THE—United Artists.—It marks the long-awaited return of Charles Chaplin to the screen. A great—but not the greatest—comedy of a fine artist. (September.)

GOOSE WOMAN, THE—Universal.—A fine psychological study of a striking but repellent character set in the atmosphere of a murder mystery. Superbly acted by Louise Dresser, Jack Pickford and Constance Bennett. (September.)

GO STRAIGHT—Schulberg.—A crook story dressed up with some off-screen views of the stars at work. Just fair. (July.)

GRAUSTARK—First National.—Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien in a new version of the old story. Good for those who are fond of sweets. (November.)

GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE—Paramount.—A French farce that just misses being delightfully frothy. Matt Moore and Florence Vidor are in it. (September.)

HALF WAY GIRL, THE—First National.—Doris Kenyon in a story of the sordid side of the Orient. A ship explosion adds a much-needed thrill to a commonplace movie. (October.)

HAPPY WARRIOR, THE—Vitagraph.—The story is oversentimental, although it has its exciting moments. Malcolm MacGregor is good as the hero. (September.)

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

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

HEADLINES—Associated Exhibitors.—A fairly interesting newspaper story with Alice Joyce, Virginia Lee Corbin, Elliott Nugent and Malcolm MacGregor. (September.)

HEARTS AND SPURS—Fox.—Buck Jones in a riot of hard-riding. It has plenty of action, so why worry about the story? (August.)

HELEN'S BABIES—Principal.—A nice little entertainment for the children with Baby Peggy furnishing most of the fun. (July.)

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

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

HIS BUDDY'S WIFE—Associated Exhibitors.—An Enoch Arden story of the World War, capably acted by Edna Murphy and Glenn Hunter. (September.)

HIS MAJESTY BUNKER BEAN—Warner Brothers.—A good plot is ruined to make a slapstick holiday. Matt Moore does his worst with the title role. (November.)

HOME MAKER, THE—Universal.—A domestic drama with an unusually intelligent and thoughtful plot and fine acting by Alice Joyce and Clive Brook. (October.)

HOW BAXTER BUTTED IN—Warner Brothers.—Matt Moore as a sappy clerk who would be a hero. He gets his wish. An amusing comedy melodrama. (August.)

HUMAN TORNADO, THE—F. B. O.—Wherein the wild-ridin' Westerner again establishes his innocence of a lot of neatly assorted crimes. (September.)

IF MARRIAGE FAILS?—F. B. O.—Another one of those society dramas. Clive Brook, as the rich man, falls in love with a fortune-teller, played by Jacqueline Logan. Not so good for the children. (August.)

I'LL SHOW YOU THE TOWN—Universal.—Another hit for Reginald Denny. A genuinely amusing farce. (August.)

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

JUST A WOMAN—First National.—Just a picture. Redeemed by some good acting by Claire Windsor, Percy Marmont and Conway Tearle. (August.)

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

KEEP SMILING—Associated Exhibitors.—In which Monty Banks again tries to prove that he's a comedian. (September.)

KENTUCKY PRIDE—Fox.—The biography of a race horse, interwoven with a human story. A pleasant novelty. (October.)

KISS BARRIER, THE—Fox.—Claire Adams and Edmund Lowe in a light romance. (July.)

KISS ME AGAIN—Warner Brothers.—An ideal picture for adults. It's sophisticated, witty and shrewd. Ernst Lubitsch directed it and Marie Prevost, Monte Blue and Clara Bow are in the cast. (July.)

KIVALINA OF THE ICE LANDS—Earl Rossman.—Like "Nanook of the North," another fine picture that was made within the Arctic Circle. (September.)

KNOCKOUT, THE—First National.—If you like Milton Sills, maybe you'll be able to believe that he looks like a light heavyweight champion. If not—well, here's your warning. (November.)

LADY WHO LIED, THE—First National.—A colorful production with a rather weak plot, ably acted by Lewis Stone, Nita Naldi and Virginia Valli. Not for the children. (September.)

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

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

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

LIGHT OF THE WESTERN STARS—Paramount.—One of Zane Grey's standard Western stories with Noah Beery doing his stuff as a swell villain. (September.)

LIGHTNIN'—Fox.—Much of the rare humor of the stage play is strangely missing from the screen version. It's rather mechanical and routine entertainment. (October.)

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY—United Artists.—In which Mary Pickford returns again as Queen of the Kingdom of Childhood. A thoroughly delightful picture. (October.)

LITTLE FRENCH GIRL, THE—Paramount.—A study in French and English morals, not particularly suited to the screen. But it has its interest. Alice Joyce and Mary Brian take the acting honors. (August.)

LITTLE GIANT, THE—Universal.—A nice little story of young married life with Glenn Hunter and Edna Murphy. (September.)

LIMITED MAIL, THE—Warner Brothers.—Monte Blue in a railroad melodrama that sometimes misses fire. (September.)

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

LORRAINE OF THE LIONS—Universal.—The story of a little girl cast away on a desert island. Patsy Ruth Miller, as the girl, is rescued by Norman Kerry assisted by the long arm of coincidence. (October.)

LOST—A WIFE—Paramount.—Adolphe Menjou and Greta Nissen in one of those devilish French farces. Fairly amusing. (September.)

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

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

LUCKY DEVIL, THE—Paramount.—Richard Dix dashes through an extremely dashing and entertaining automobile story. (September.)

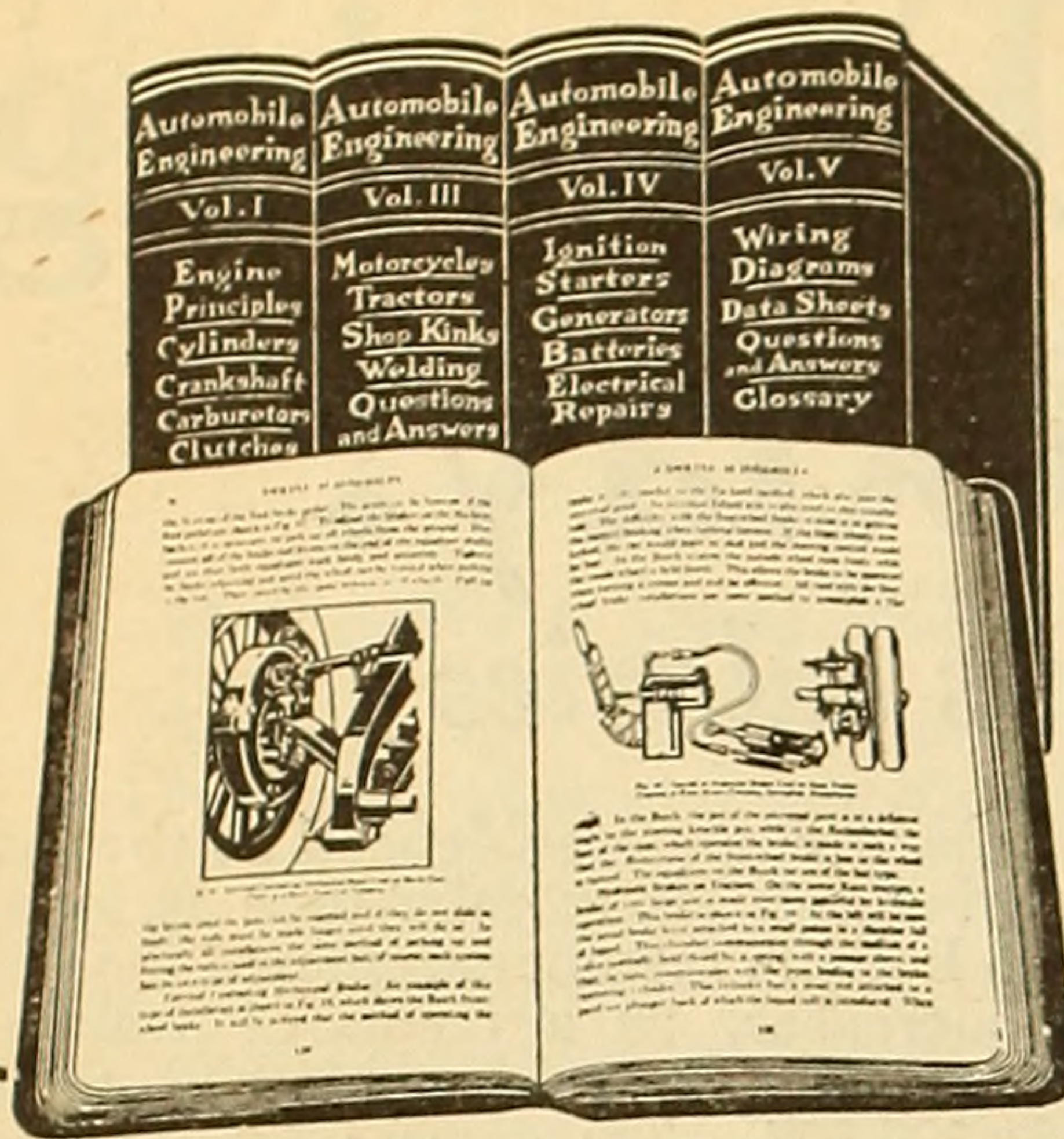
LUCKY HORSESHOE, THE—Fox.—Wherein Tom Mix falls asleep and dreams that he's Don Juan. Just another Mix success with Tony and, as an added attraction, Ann Pennington. (October.)

LYING WIVES—Abramson.—Lots of intense domestic trouble enjoyed by a batch of characters who seem to be half-witted. (July.)

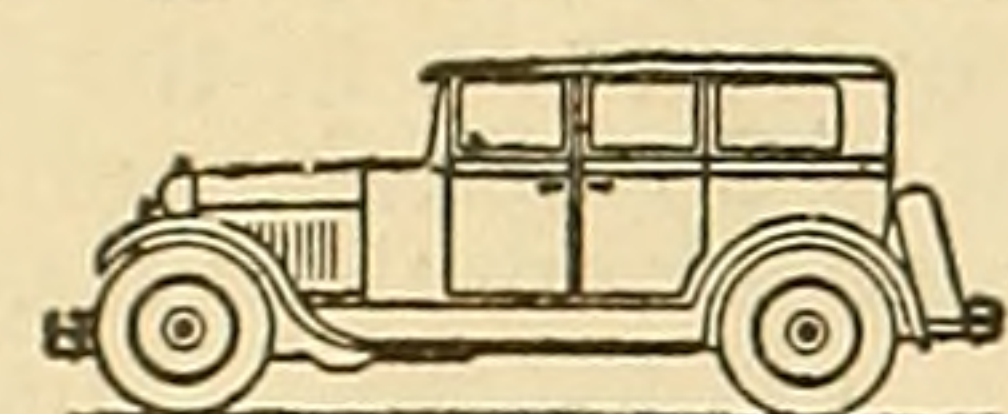
MAD DANCER, THE—Jans.—A mean trick on little Ann Pennington who deserves something better. Not for the kids. (July.)

MAD WHIRL, THE—Universal.—You'll be surprised to see May McAvoy in this story of the evils of cocktail drinking. May leads the crusade against the vice. (September.)

MAKING OF O'MALLEY, THE—First National.—Milton Sills glorifies the New York cop. Dorothy Mackaill is the rich school teacher who marries him. (September.)



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Why Was She the BRIDE?



At last the hour arrived, the hour she had long dreamed of—just a few minutes, a few words and he was hers forever. He chose her, in spite of the fact that there were many others more beautiful and talented. Her secret was simple. Thirty days ago she had read an amazing new book entitled "Fascinating Womanhood," which shows how any woman can attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. She could just as easily have fascinated any other man. You, too, can have this book; you, too, can enjoy the worship and admiration of men, and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice. Just cut out this ad, write your name and address on the margin, and mail to us with 10 cents. The little book outlining these revelations will then be sent you, postpaid in plain wrapper. Knowledge is power. Send your dime today.

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MANHATTAN MADNESS—Associated Exhibitors.—Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor revive the old Fairbanks success. Who is going to be silly enough to say anything against the champ? (Sept.)

MANICURE GIRL, THE—Paramount.—She tries to be a gold-digger but true romance wins. Bebe Daniels in a pert comedy. (September.)

MAN OF IRON, A—Chadwick.—Lionel Barrymore attempts to prove that a man may be great in business but a dub with women. He does. (Sept.)

MAN ON THE BOX, THE—Warner Brothers.—Spend a good evening with Syd Chaplin and get a lot of laughs. (December.)

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

MARRIAGE WHIRL, THE—First National.—Another and rather tedious expose of the evils of society. Corinne Griffith is in it. (September.)

MARRY ME—Paramount.—James Cruze does his best with a slender story. Florence Vidor and Edward Everett Horton do good work. (September.)

MEDDLER, THE—Universal.—William Desmond as a rich Wall Street Man who hits the open spaces and hits them hard. (July.)

MERRY WIDOW, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A brilliant and gorgeous screen version of the romantic light opera with Mae Murray, John Gilbert and Roy D'Arcy contributing three of the finest performances of the year. (October.)

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

MY LADY'S LIPS—B. P. Schulberg.—A crook melodrama that is lively and often amusing. But we dare you to try to believe in the plot. (October.)

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

NECESSARY EVIL, THE—First National.—Improbable and far-fetched with Viola Dana and Ben Lyon to save the day. (July.)

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET—Metro-Goldwyn.—Anita Stewart gives a piquant performance of a South Sea Island queen who loves and loses—but wins in the end. A colorful and popular picture. (October.)

NEVER WEAKEN—Associated Exhibitors.—A welcome revival of a Harold Lloyd comedy. (Sept.)

NIGHT CLUB, THE—Paramount.—Which proves that Raymond Griffith is one of our foremost young comics. Great amusement. (July.)

NIGHT LIFE OF NEW YORK—Paramount.—A round of sight-seeing in New York's hotels and night clubs. You are accompanied by Rod La Rocque, Dorothy Gish and Ernest Torrence. It's lots of fun. (September.)

NOT SO LONG AGO—Paramount.—Aside from the work of Betty Bronson and Ricardo Cortez, this is a rather dull story of Manhattan in its Age of Innocence. (October.)

OLD HOME WEEK—Paramount.—A Grade A Meighan picture—his best in a long time. George Ade wrote the story and Lila Lee is in it. (August.)

ONE YEAR TO LIVE—First National.—Aileen Pringle hears the sentence of the doctor and then cuts loose in Paris. It all turns out all right. (September.)

ON PROBATION—Steiner.—The escapades of a rich flapper. It's fair enough if you are not tired of goings-ons of the younger set. (August.)

OPEN TRAIL, THE—Universal.—Jack Hoxie dresses up like an Indian and gives the young boys a good time. (July.)

PACE THAT THRILLS, THE—First National.—Very bad, with Ben Lyon. Beautiful Mary Astor is wasted in this silly story. (December.)

PAINT AND POWDER—Chadwick.—The good little chorus girl becomes a star and marries the producer. Fair entertainment if you aren't too fussy. (December.)

PARISIAN LOVE—B. P. Schulberg.—Just another one of those things. In case anyone cares, it's the romance of an Apache girl. Not for the children. (October.)

PASSIONATE YOUTH—Truart.—Now, really, after all, what did you expect from the title? (September.)

PATHS TO PARADISE—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith again proves that he is a real star in this riotous crook comedy. (September.)

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

PEAK OF FATE, THE—Frank B. Rogers.—A fine scenic—with an incidental love story—filmed in the Swiss Alps. (September.)

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

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

PRETTY LADIES—Metro-Goldwyn.—A good human interest story plus the Ziegfeld Follies and an all-star cast. A treat for the eye. (September.)

PRICE OF PLEASURE, THE—Universal.—In which Cinderella is high-hatted by the Prince's family. Some good comedy by Louise Fazenda and T. Roy Barnes. (August.)

PRIVATE AFFAIRS—Producers Distributing.—A charming story of small town life, accurately presented and well acted. (September.)

PROUD HEART (title changed from HIS PEOPLE)—Universal.—One of the finest pictures of Jewish emigrant life we've seen. Schildkraut, *pere*, contributes a great performance to the screen. Don't miss it. (December.)

RAFFLES—Universal.—A good crook story marred by some slow direction. House Peters heads the cast. (July.)

RANGER OF THE BIG PINES—Vitagraph.—The usual Western with the usual fight, and a good performance by Eulalie Jensen to recommend it. (October.)

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

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

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

RIDIN' THUNDER—Jack Hoxie as the leader of another war between cattlemen and rustlers. (July.)

RUGGED WATERS—Paramount.—Outside of a few good storms and some rousing sea stuff, it's just an old-fashioned melodrama. (October.)

SALLY OF THE SAWDUST—United Artists. D. W. Griffith proves that he can make great comedy. It's his gayest and most light-hearted picture. Wonderful acting by W. C. Fields and Carol Dempster. Everyone should see it. (August.)

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

SCANDAL PROOF—Fox.—The story of one of those good but misunderstood girls. Sympathetically acted by Shirley Mason. (August.)

SEVEN CHANCES—Metro-Goldwyn.—Another amusing one from Buster Keaton. (June.)

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

SHE WOLVES—Fox.—Old Home Week in the Paris cafes as pictured by a movie mind. (July.)

SHOCK PUNCH, THE—Fun on a skyscraper with Richard Dix romping about New York's skyline. A good show for everybody. (July.)

SHORE LEAVE—First National.—A genuinely funny comedy, a charming love story and Richard Barthelmess at his best as a tough gob. (September.)

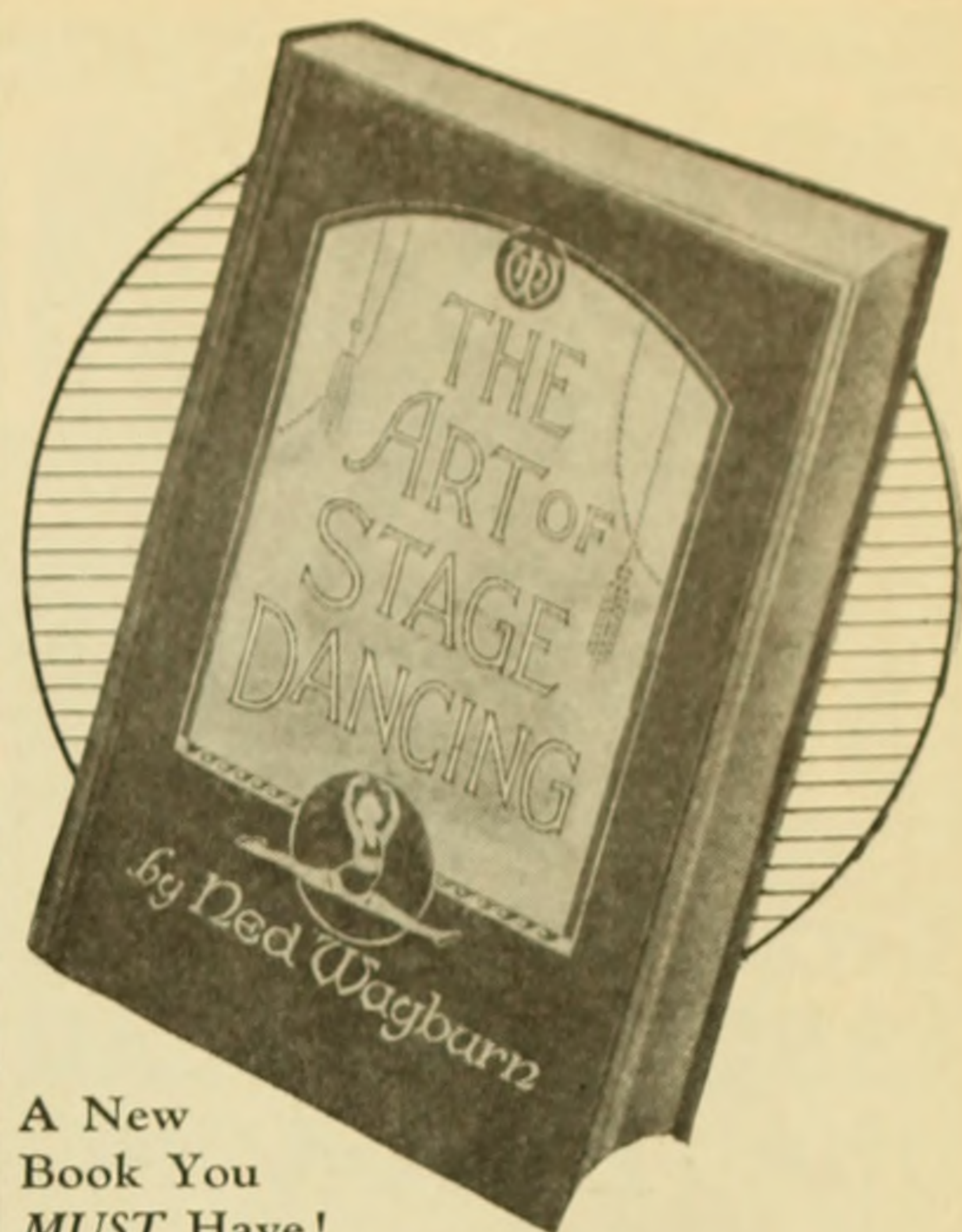
SIEGE—Universal. Mary Alden and Virginia Valli in a powerful drama of two generations. Highly recommended. (August.)

SIEGFRIED—Ufa.—Perhaps the most ambitious undertaking of the screen. A spectacularly beautiful and slightly dull version of the Niebelungen legend. Made in Germany. (August.)

SILENT SANDERSON—Producers Distributing.—A really first-class Western with our old friend Harry Carey giving zest to the plot. (August.)

SLAVE OF FASHION, A—Metro-Goldwyn.—Wherein a guileless Cinderella gets her man. A silly but beautifully mounted story with the lovely Norma Shearer and the charming Lew. (October.)

SMOOTH AS SATIN—F. B. O.—Evelyn Brent looking her prettiest in an ingenious crook story. (September.)



A New Book You MUST Have!

The Art of Stage Dancing

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The Most Beautiful and Entertaining Book of the Year.

From the pen of NED WAYBURN

Master-craftsman of the stage, whose direction of "The Follies," "Midnight Frolics," and over 500 other Broadway theatrical successes attests his superior knowledge of the interesting subject with which he holds the reader's attention.

HERE is a Book of Beauty and Charm, Novelty and Variety, as spectacular in its field as anything Mr. Wayburn has ever done for the stage.

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In its 50 chapters there are 70 pages of half-tone pictures of modern stage celebrities, stage and studio scenes; 150 original drawings illustrative of Mr. Wayburn's inspirational words; each chapter is attractively decorated; everything in the production of the book has been done regardless of expense, to make the book beautiful as well as authoritative. It is richly bound in blue cloth with art gold stamping.

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[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]



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

From Drudgery to \$3800.00 a YEAR for - DRAWING

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

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

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

Send for "Your Future"

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

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

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**Earn Up to \$250
Per Month, Expenses Paid**
Unusual opportunities in this new, uncrowded profession. Travel; meet big railway officials. Preparation easy in three months' spare-time home study.
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EXPENSES PAID**
We have placed graduates in positions for the last seven years. Let us tell you what we can do for you. More men needed!

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STANDARD BUSINESS TRAINING INST., Buffalo, N. Y.
Send me, entirely free, Booklet No. D-61, giving full particulars about course in Railway Traffic Inspection.
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St..... City.....

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

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

SPEED, WILD—F. B. O.—Maurice Flynn as a speed-demon thwarts the usual crook band. (July.)

SPOOK RANCH—Universal.—A mixture of melodrama and comedy that is fairly amusing. Hoot Gibson plays the lead. (July.)

SPORTING VENUS, THE—A lady of high degree marries the commoner instead of the prince. A routine story made passable by Blanche Sweet, Ronald Colman and Lew Cody. (July.)

SPORTING CHANCE, THE—Tiffany.—A good racing melodrama with plenty of speed and pep. (September.)

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

STEELE OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED—Vita-graph.—This time it's Bert Lytell who does his stuff in the great Northwest. (September.)

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

STORM BREAKER, THE—Universal.—A good story, some consistent character studies and excellent sea atmosphere make this a fine picture for adult entertainment. House Peters, Ruth Clifford, Nina Romano and Ray Hallor in the cast. (November.)

STREET OF FORGOTTEN MEN, THE—Paramount.—A weird and unusual story of a professional beggar, well told by Herbert Brenon and splendidly acted by Percy Marmont. (October.)

SUN-UP—Metro-Goldwyn.—A strong story of the Southern mountains, excellently acted by Conrad Nagel, Lucille La Verne and Pauline Starke, and beautifully photographed. (October.)

TALKER, THE—A dull story of domestic mix-ups that is helped along by the acting of Anna Q. Nilsson, Lewis Stone and Shirley Mason. (July.)

TEASER, THE—Universal.—A comedy snappily acted by Laura La Plante and Pat O'Malley. (August.)

TEXAS BEARCAT, THE—Another Western and that's about all. Bob Custer and Sally Rand are in it. (July.)

TEXAS TRAILER, THE—Producers Distributing.—Harry Carey in that rare treat—a really entertaining and amusing Western picture. (September.)

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

THAT MAN, JACK—F. B. O.—Bob Custer again—just as loyal and brave as ever and full of fight. (September.)

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

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

TIDES OF PASSIONS—Vita-graph.—A slow and old-fashioned story filled with grief and agony. Mae Marsh ought to know better. (July.)

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

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

TRACKED IN THE SNOW COUNTRY—Warner Brothers.—Starring Rin-tin-tin. A conventional tale of the frozen North. (October.)

TROUBLE WITH WIVES, THE—Paramount.—A shrewdly amusing domestic comedy with Florence Vidor, Tom Moore, Ford Sterling and Esther Ralston. (October.)

UNDER THE ROUGE—Associated Exhibitors.—While it isn't for the children, it is an ingratiating and exciting crook story. (September.)

UNHOLY THREE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A striking and unusual story beautifully directed by Tod Browning and finely acted by Lon Chaney and Mae Busch. It's the thriller of the year. (July.)

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

VERDICT, THE—Tru-Art.—A far-fetched mystery story with William Collier, Jr., doing some effective acting. (August.)

WANDERER, THE—Paramount.—It's a spectacularly beautiful production of the story of the Prodigal Son, with William Collier, Jr., Greta Nissen, Wallace Beery and Kathlyn Williams in the cast. (October.)

WELCOME HOME—Paramount.—A brilliantly realistic story of an unwanted old man, finely presented by James Cruze and beautifully acted by Luke Cosgrave. (August.)

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

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

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

WHITE DESERT, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A stirring story of a Colorado mining camp, with some fine spectacular scenes. (September.)

WHITE MONKEY, THE—First National.—A riotous burlesque of Galsworthy's novel with Barbara La Marr contributing to the massacre. (August.)

WHITE OUTLAW, THE—Universal.—Jack Hoxie, in a Western, is ably assisted by a horse and a dog. Better than average of its type. (September.)

WHITE THUNDER—F. B. O.—A total loss and no insurance. (August.)

WHY WOMEN LOVE—First National.—A good sea story with a number of thrilling episodes. You won't be bored. (December.)

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

WILD BULL'S LAIR, THE—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson and Silver King in the sort of Western melodrama that delights the children. (October.)

WILD HORSE MESA—Paramount.—A dashing melodrama, with fine scenery and an active plot. Well acted by Billie Dove, Jack Holt and Noah Beery. (October.)

WILD, WILD SUSAN—Paramount.—A sprightly and amusing comedy with Bebe Daniels and Rod La Rocque. (October.)

WILD-FIRE—Vita-graph.—Old-fashioned and badly presented race-track melodrama. With Aileen Pringle. (July.)

WINDING STAIR, THE—Fox.—A passable romantic melodrama that falls short through a colorless performance given by Alma Rubens. But Edmund Lowe is good and handsome in his French officer's uniform. (December.)

WINDS OF CHANCE—First National.—Plenty of thrills, plenty of story action and a large cast of popular players make this Alaskan melodrama worth your attention. (October.)

WINGS OF YOUTH—Fox.—A modern mother reforms her flapper daughters. Good acting by Ethel Clayton. (July.)

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

WOMAN'S FAITH, A—Universal.—A dull and tiresome story that cannot be redeemed by the acting of Percy Marmont and Alma Rubens. (October.)

WOMAN HATER, THE—Warner Brothers.—Clive Brook and Helene Chadwick are the leading players in a story of fairly stormy love. (September.)

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

ZANDER THE GREAT—Metro-Goldwyn.—An amusing picture, in spite of too much hokum. Marion Davies at her best and merriest. (July.)



IRENE RICH

*The Screen's
favorite
emotional
Actress*

A WARNER STAR—IRENE RICH is

America's outstanding emotional actress—best loved because she best portrays the emotions of her millions of admirers.

Miss Rich is a queenly ornament to the Screen—her manner captivating—her art flawless and realistic. The most truly feminine of all feminine stars, she typifies the highest type of American womanhood.

Miss Rich's recent triumphs in Warner Classics have won for her a unique position in filmdom. In her latest Warner picture "Compromise," her genius soars into the highest realms of artistry and dramatic power. "Compromise"—the newest Warner screen sensation—is coming soon! Watch for Warner announcements!

"If it's a Warner Picture it's a Classic"

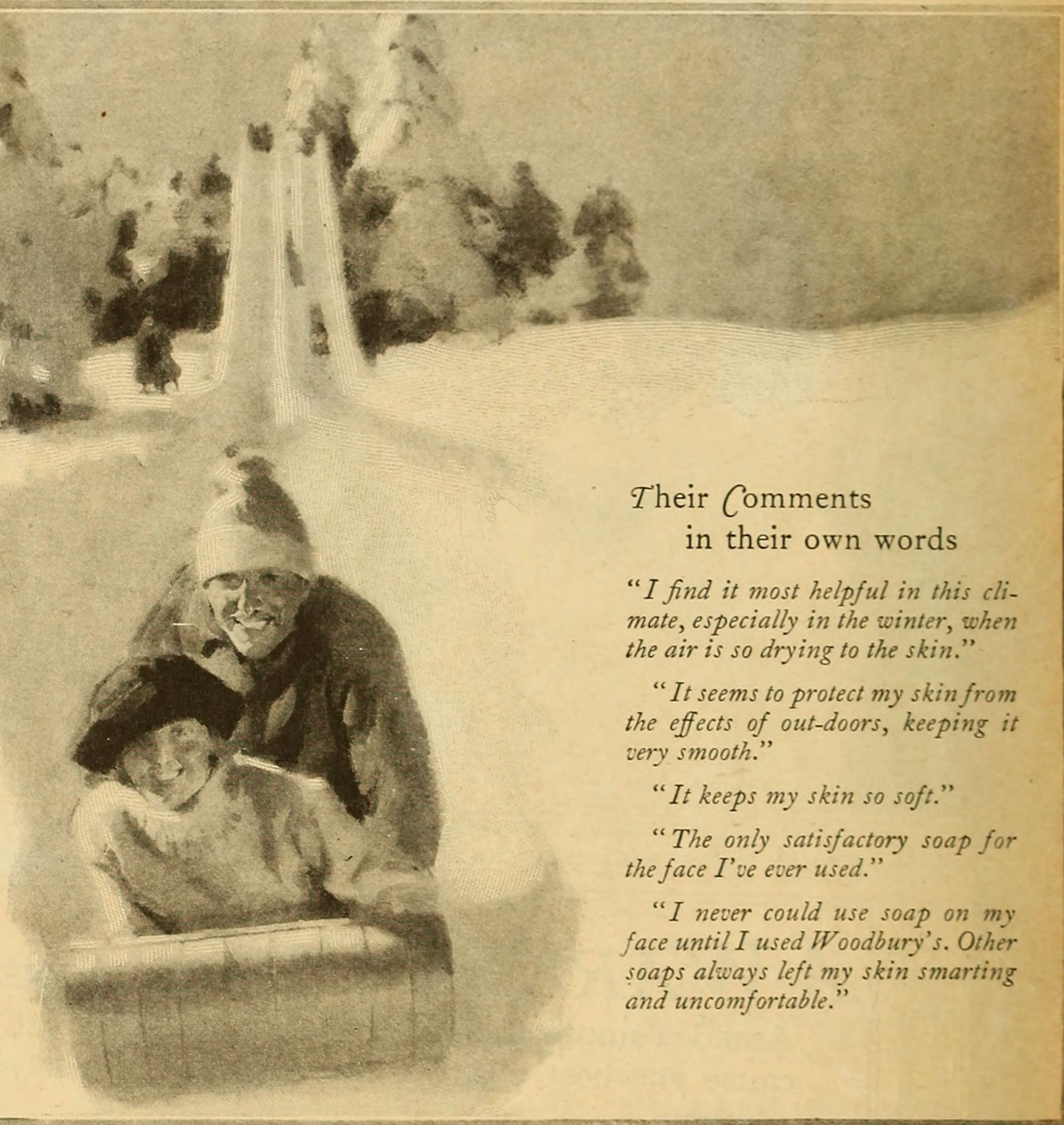
WARNER BROS.
Classics of the Screen

At the LAKE PLACID Club

133 Women Guests say they find this soap best to keep their skin *smooth and soft*

THE LAKE PLACID CLUB has been called "a University Club in the wilderness." It numbers among its guests some of the most distinguished men and women in America. It is unique in this country—rivalling, in its wonderful winter sports, the great Alpine resorts of St. Moritz and Chamonix.

Among 208 women interviewed this season at Lake Placid Club, Woodbury's is more than seven times as popular as any other soap.



Their Comments in their own words

"I find it most helpful in this climate, especially in the winter, when the air is so drying to the skin."

"It seems to protect my skin from the effects of out-doors, keeping it very smooth."

"It keeps my skin so soft."

"The only satisfactory soap for the face I've ever used."

"I never could use soap on my face until I used Woodbury's. Other soaps always left my skin smarting and uncomfortable."

BRILLIANT, rosy, laughing faces, soft, smooth as flowers in their setting of snow and ice—

Women with the perfection of outdoor beauty—they flock year by year to the Lake Placid Club, unsurpassed throughout the world for its winter sports.

Straight from the tropical warmth of their town houses to a land of frost and wind, of crystal cold; out all day skating, skiing, tobogganing, making a plaything of winter; how do these women manage to keep their skin soft and smooth, exquisite in spite of exposure to the dry Adirondack winds?

We asked 208 women guests at the Lake Placid Club what toilet soap they found best for the care of their skin.

Nearly two-thirds answered that they use Woodbury's Facial Soap because of its wonderful effect in keeping their skin in good condition in spite of the out-door exposure.

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients. It also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial

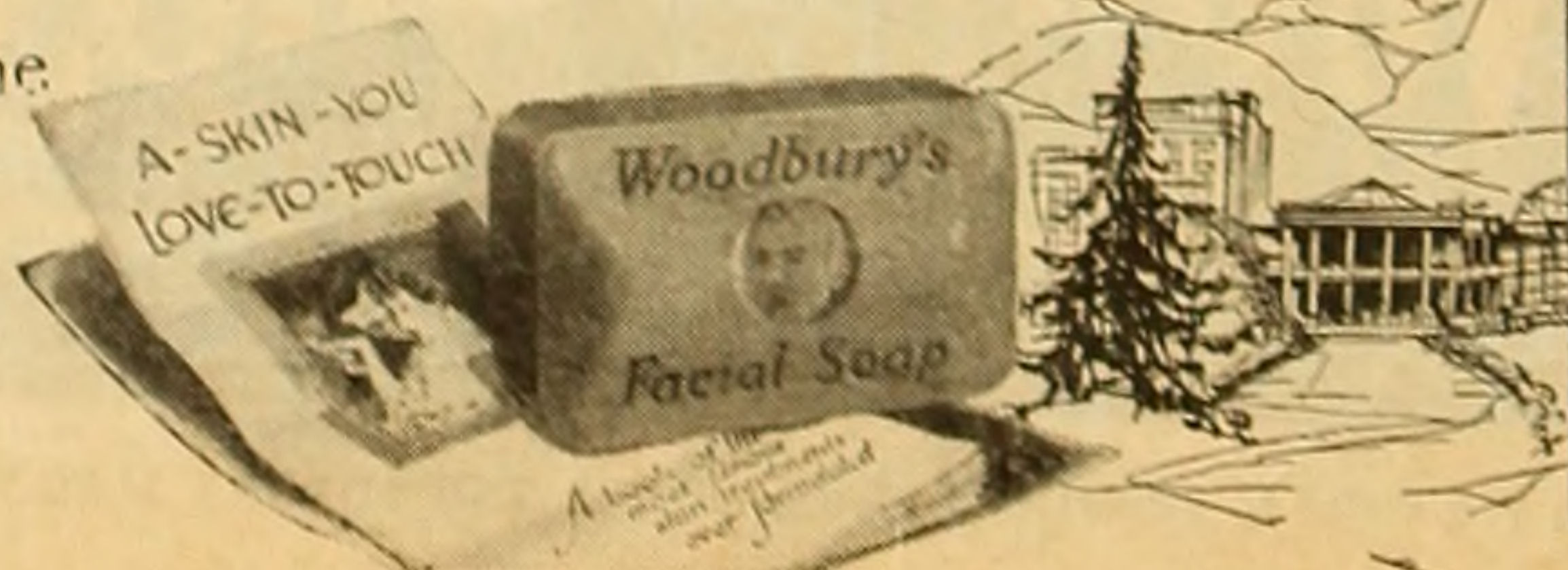
Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special treatments for common skin defects. A 25c cake lasts a month or six weeks.

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

**NOW! THE NEW, LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET
YOUR WOODBURY TREATMENT FOR 10 DAYS**

The Andrew Jergens Co.,
501 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me
The new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial
Soap, the Facial Cream and Powder, the Cold
Cream, and the treatment booklet.
If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens
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Woodbury

New Pictures

TWO beautiful Days in Hollywood, Marceline Day and Alice Day. One of these Days, Marceline, (left), is in "The Splendid Road" while the other Day, Alice, is the only girl besides Mabel Normand whom Sennett has starred. She is head pie stop of the Sennett team.



Melbourne Spurr

APERT pupil at Prof. Sennett's aquatic academy, Alberta Vaughan, got fired when she asked for a raise. Mack said she wasn't worth it. She did the "Telephone Girl" series and proved him wrong. Now she's playing "The Adventures of Mazie."



Melbourne Spurr

EUGENE O'BRIEN, the screen's perennial bachelor. Every time it looks as though Eugene were snowed under a series of mediocre films, he stages a come-back like his magnificent "Graustark" performance. His next is "Simon, the Jester," with Lillian Rich.



Melbourne Spurr

SYD CHAPLIN had been at the photographer's all day long, smiling politely as the corner picture reveals. The camera caught him napping when he relaxed for just one moment. His next is a sleepy role, anyway, in "Nightie, Night, Nurse."



Melbourne Spurr

ERNEST TORRENCE seems to be giving his handsome son, Ian, a new hat and a dirty look, both at the same time. Ernest, when you appear in "The Golden Journey," won't you please change the style of your acting a little? You are too good an actor to become lazy.



WHERE other actresses have sat around and demanded star parts, Anna Q. Nilsson has taken every role offered to her—and run away with the picture. She is now on the top of the wave. This picture was taken when she was filming "The Splendid Road."



Strauss-Peyton

DISCOVERED during the sheik series, Ramon Novarro has founded his popularity on genuine ability. A fine and sincere actor, his characterization of "Ben-Hur" in that gigantic spectacle is eagerly awaited. Rex Ingram was Ramon's Columbus.



Beauty's truthful suitor

"GOODNESS! *Another* suitor?" And the lovely Princess frowned severely on the handsome young stranger.

"Why not?" replied the youth pleasantly.

"Well," said the Princess, "do you see those three rather cross-looking Princes? They came from Egypt and India and China with perfectly splendid gifts—magic beauty soaps and magic beauty lotions and magic mirrors. I've just refused *them!*"

"Ah, but I bring you truth," smiled the youth. "With *this* mirror," said he, pointing to the pool, "and *this* lotion," collecting a little clear water in his palm, "and *this!*" drawing forth a cake of Ivory Soap, "your Royal Highness needs no magic—oh, lovely Princess, nothing can make

you lovelier, but these will help keep you lovely. Will you marry me?"

"How charming!" said her Highness, in great excitement. "You are absolutely the first sensible man I have interviewed this week. I should like to see you often."

MAGIC never did hold beauty's secret. Always, lovely complexions have depended upon two things—good health and perfect cleanliness. If your skin requires special treatment, you should consult a physician. Ivory does not agree to bestow health, but it does promise you safe cleansing. It contains no drugs, no medicaments, no strong perfumes. It is a pure soap—the best friend your delicate complexion can have.

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DAINTY NEW GUEST IVORY
PRICELESS— 5 CENTS



PHOTOPLAY

January, 1926

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

A VASE of roses on my desk reminds me that it is eleven years ago today since I walked into two little offices in the Hartford Building, in Chicago, as publisher and editor of PHOTOPLAY. It was then emerging from the theater-program stage. Its circulation was 13,000 and its only power seemed to be in the accumulation of debts. I was in the optimistic twenties, and the world was my lollypop.

The bliss of ignorance I had. Optimism, instead of good judgment, was my guide. Then Julian Johnson came to help me, the Julian who became, I believe, the greatest constructive critic the motion picture ever developed. The films won him away and he is now one of the executives responsible for the splendid product of the eastern Famous Players-Lasky Studio.

ONCE in a while we get together and sigh for those old days when we reveled in pictures, good and bad, mostly bad. We reviewed "The Birth of a Nation" together. Francis X. Bushman, then in his glory, and Blanche Sweet, and Henry Walthall, and D. W. Griffith would drop in, and we would borrow the bookkeeper's chair for the guest. And Warren Kerrigan came in one day and, while Julian and I were out in West Madison Street seeing "Traffic in Souls," brought in sandwiches for Miss Dougherty, then our high-priced \$15.00 a week keeper of the books, who insisted on being called accountant. Now she's known as Kay Dee in picture and publishing circles from coast to coast, and is the only woman business manager in the business. This morning she told me we were printing 700,000 copies of this issue.

WHAT a difference those eleven years have wrought in motion pictures. Instead of the dingy, smelly, little improvised theaters of those days, we now have great palaces with symphony orchestras instead of stringy pianos. Instead of the "Traffic in Souls" and "The Adventures of Kathlyn," we have "The Covered Wagon" and "A Kiss for Cinderella." Even a few years later, when Chaplin appeared, respectable folk went surreptitiously to witness Chaplin's antics. Today the pastor and his family make a fete of "The Gold Rush."

A FEMININE reformer has just discovered that "Films are being propagandized by organized vice, that the movies are worse today than ever before, and

that films are breaking down the standards of civilization and undermining the moral welfare of our youth." She announced this epochal revelation to a Chicago ministers' conference.

Lady, lady. You must go and stand in the corner. You forgot to give the full recitation. You omitted "Sinister Influence," "Tool of Satan," "Dastardly Effort to Destroy Christianity," and "Greatest Evil of All Times."

Now, little boys and little girls, we shall all stand and sing "London Bridge Is Falling Down," and next week you shall each bring in a paper on the care and feeding of orphan sparrows.

AND just the week before, the American Humane Association and one of the greatest child welfare organizations adopted resolutions thanking Mr. Hays for the interest the motion picture industry had proven in these movements.

I SUPPOSE next month Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler will go into the courts and enjoin Herbert Howe from writing any more stories like his Christmas Carol Manual on page 34 of this issue.

AND in the meantime these folks glory in their achievement of turning pure Kentucky bourbon into synthetic gin, and with one wave of the handkerchief transferring the flask from the hip pocket of the drunkard to the reticule of the high school girl.

HERBERT BRENON has done it again. He has repeated his artistic success of that beautiful fantasy of Barrie's, "Peter Pan," with an equally delightful and more gorgeous one in "A Kiss for Cinderella."

I have known Brenon since he started in pictures, and have always believed in him. A student, a splendid actor and stage technician, he brought to the screen a vision far in advance of the motion picture of those days. His sensitive nature chafed under the difficulties he encountered and he deliberately dropped out for years.

Then one day he walked into the office of Jesse Lasky and said he wanted to make "Peter Pan." Critics shook their heads. Brenon was temperamental. Brenon was a dreamer. They were right—but so was Brenon. Without these

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 126]

Can Barbara Come Back?

This scene with Lewis Stone, in "The Girl from Montmartre", is

the last one Barbara La Marr made before illness forced her to retire



*By
Cal
York*

BARBARA LA MARR has had a complete nervous and physical breakdown and has temporarily retired from the screen into the mountains for a long period of absolute rest and quiet ordered by her doctors.

That her condition is extremely serious, if not acutely dangerous, none who saw her in the last days of her stay in Hollywood could doubt. How she managed to finish her last picture, "The Girl from Montmartre," nobody will ever know. Three or four hours work a day was all she could stand, and even then she fainted from sheer weakness on the set many times. Personally, I think Bobby's fight in the mountains is a fight for life, and she needs the earnest prayers and sympathy of everyone of us who have loved her on the screen in the past if we are ever to see her there in the future.

THERE was something terribly pitiful about Barbara—to see the gorgeous, exotic woman as thin and pale as some ghost of herself, trying to smile her old, mesmeric smile. To see

her driving to the studio in her Rolls-Royce, acquired at the height of her sudden fame, when I don't suppose she has given a thought to such commonplace things as savings accounts and rainy days. To see her get rid, one by one, of all the staff of paid and unpaid slaves and admirers, and cling at the last to her old Dad, who has stood by Barbara through all the ups and downs of her wild youth and dazzling fame and prodigal generosity.

Barbara knows—that is the strange thing about Barbara, she always knows—what it means to give up your place in the sun even for a little while. She knows what it means to let them forget you. She knows that she will have to take up the battle all over again.

The doctors call it overwork, and that in some measure it undoubtedly is. Barbara has worked terribly hard, she has never considered herself if anyone needed her in any way; she has always lived in the day with no thought of the morrow.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 112]

Ronald Talks at Last

By
Ruth
Waterbury



Ronald himself, and scenes from his first picture, "The White Sister," and from his last, "Stella Dallas"



I MADE Ronald Colman talk. Life will never be the same again. From now on I shall know that I am one of those fatal women. A Circe. One of those gals with Lure. I never dreamed it before. After all these years of keeping quiet and sitting back, to find out that I have what Madame Glyn so succinctly calls IT. Gosh!

I made Ronald Colman talk. It was this way. Nobody knew about Ronald and everybody seemed to care. From men and women alike came the tide of interest in him. Everybody was, and is, asking questions about him, and nobody had the answers.

A particularly efficient and hard-boiled New York newspaper

woman confessed to me that she had talked with Ronald for two hours, had a wonderful time, and learned nothing. In Hollywood, where nobody retains any privacy, Ronald has it completely tamed. Ivan St. Johns announced flatly that Ronald was a Sphinx and conversation with him was impossible. Even the distinguished editor of this family paper, from whom no secrets are hid, admitted he knew nothing about Colman.

And, after all that, I made Ronald talk. My life has not been lived in vain.

It was Saturday afternoon at the Ritz, the Ritz at mid-season. Every table in the place was crowded. All the glitter and glow that makes New York loved and hated was there. In

some hidden corner the orchestra played a Chopin melody. The air stirred with perfume and softly modulated voices. Every table has its celebrity. Yet there wasn't a person in that room who wasn't conscious of Ronald Colman's presence there. Their excited whispers concerning him buzzed constantly.

If he heard them, if he saw the heads turning, he gave no sign. He has the appearance of complete concentration. He gives you the feeling that, for all his reserve, you are one of the few people capable of getting under it. He conveys that impression at the very moment of meeting. It's a beautiful trick.

When you are introduced, his first glance meets yours quite politely, but casually. An instant later his eyes flash interest, a deep interest in you whom he has just seen that moment. It's enough to make any woman glow like a red-hot stove.

OF course, it may be due to his being a marvelous actor. Every woman in his life must have felt that she, out of all the world, was closest to him. And afterward, she must have known she didn't know him at all. He makes you feel that he could be the most charming person in the world, the most wonderful companion, the most ardent lover. These things are in the depths of his cynical and amused eyes, in the well-bred tones of his fine voice, in his flattering attention to your silliest words.

Yet he would always retain a part of himself, a self that he could share with no one. He is never quite revealed. He is conscious of this, too. I think he regrets it a little. But the need for isolation of his own spirit is, obviously, so deeply rooted within him, I believe he will never overcome it.

He is a definitely mental type. He is conscious of everything every moment. Nothing has more than one meaning for him, the unspoken meaning. He dives instantly below the superficialities of social intercourse to something harder and deeper, fraught with cosmic meaning.

THIS article introduces to Photoplay readers a new screen writer. Before joining the Photoplay editorial staff she was one of New York's most brilliant newspaper writers. Her first assignment was a difficult one—to make Ronald Colman break his long silence about himself. How well she did it you can judge for yourself.

This is the characteristic, I feel, that has given him his reputation for being a Sphinx on one hand, and slight'v rude on the other. I can't imagine him indulging in small talk. I doubt that he knows any, and he plainly hates small talk when it is directed at him.

Complete simplicity is utterly baffling. Ronald Colman is mysterious because he knows all about himself. For that reason he is poised. He has hit rock bottom and come up again. The heights, now that he is once more among them, can't kid him.

We had discussed his childhood and it sounded like a merry, healthy one. A bunch of children in a big, old house in London, a quiet English father, a Scotch mother. He has three sisters and several brothers and it is his own name that he uses.

"I was quite mad about the theater always," he explained. "No actors in the family or anything of that sort. It would have made it so much easier if there had been. As it was I felt rather a fool for such an infatuation. I had only my mother for encouragement. She's a rather remarkable person. Anything that any one of her children might do, she'd think all right. I'm sure if I were to commit murder, her only comment would be to say, 'Well, Ronnie must have had a good reason for doing it, or he'd not have done it.' That sort of thing, you know."

THE deep Colman smile flashed. It made you aware of what such maternal faith had meant to a sensitive youth.

"There was no family pressure upon me, but I was quite aware that they rather wanted me to join my uncle in his business. That was out in China and it was a good chance. But I wanted to go into the theater. So I kept putting China off.

"Then came the war. I went out for three years and when I came back, in common with two or three million other Englishmen, I had to look for work. I went about the theaters, feeling very shy, but somehow I got a [CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]



Paramount discovered it had a shortage of blondes under contract. They had Gloria, Pola, Bebe and Betty, beautiful all, but brunette. When Mary Brian heard their cries, she went and got a blonde wig



This is the golden Mary. They liked her so much in the wig they are having her wear it in her next picture. What, with wigs and cosmetics, any woman can now be anything she desires to be

"I Wouldn't Wish it on a Dog"

By
Joseph Jackson

For every Cinderella there is a thousand
who miss the Silver Slipper

A GIRL who had been a fairly successful motion picture actress for several years and then retired was telling me the other day what she thought about it.

"I wouldn't wish it on a dog!" she said emphatically.

I couldn't help but think of all the little girls all over the country who think that Hollywood is right next door to Heaven, and all the little girls who think that Hollywood is right next door to Hell. And want to be there all the more.

For the greater percentage, Hollywood is Heartbreak House. You hear a lot about the Cinderellas, and there are a lot of Cinderellas to hear about. But for every Cinderella there are a thousand failures.

Hollywood stimulates the ambition, but doesn't always satisfy it. And there is no canker that gnaws more hungrily at the soul than an overweening and unfulfilled ambition. Dotty Twoshoes rides by in a purple limousine. Three years ago she didn't have a thin dime—or a thick one either. Lily Dimples

THE business manager of a studio said recently: "You would be surprised at the well-known actors and actresses who come into my office and tell me they are dead broke—people whose names are known everywhere, who are regarded as eminently successful."

watches Dotty's fleet flight to flapper fame and swears by all the iron in her soul that she will have a purple limousine.

Now there are purple limousines in other cities besides Hollywood, but little girls are not in the habit of getting them by their own efforts, that is, if they are the kind of little girls that say their prayers at night. So Lily Dimples of Red Oak, Iowa, hasn't the same spur to ambition, the same visible example

of what a girl can do if she tries hard and is true to her art.

Robert Browning, who used to be to poetry what Babe Ruth is to baseball, said:

*"A man's reach must exceed his grasp,
Or what's a Heaven for?"*

In other words, there should always be something beyond for us to hope for. That's a beautiful thought, but it doesn't apply to Hollywood. Not by a purple limousine, a couple of police dogs and a private yacht.

If I were getting out a Hollywood edition of Mr. Browning's works—I have no intention of risking [CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]



The return of the "Rocking Moon" company from location resulted in three romantic reunions: John Bowers and Marguerite De La Motte; Edmund Lowe and his bride, Lilyan Tashman; and Director George Melford and Diana Miller, to whom he is engaged

Ten Handsome

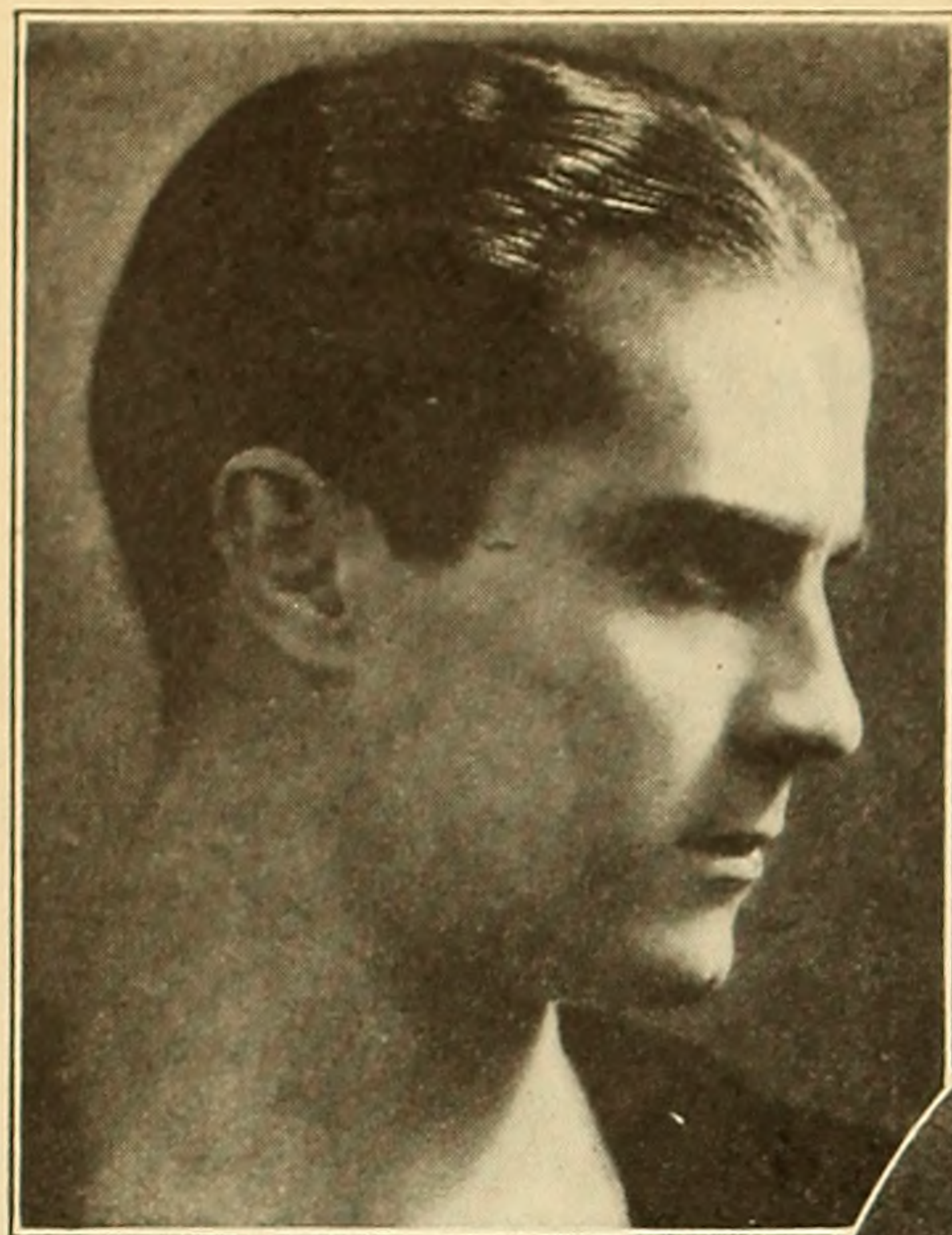
By Adela
Rogers St. Johns

Upon Enid Bennett's declaring she thought So-and-So the handsomest man on the screen, her husband, Fred Niblo, said that personally he much preferred Farina. Mrs. Vidor having admired such and such a gentleman's personal appearance, Mr. Fitzmaurice called attention to the fact that his mouth opened endwise like a fish. While one and all, male and female, contended violently for some favorite who, while qualified as an actor and even perhaps as a gentleman, certainly had no place in any list compiled solely upon my idea of good looks.

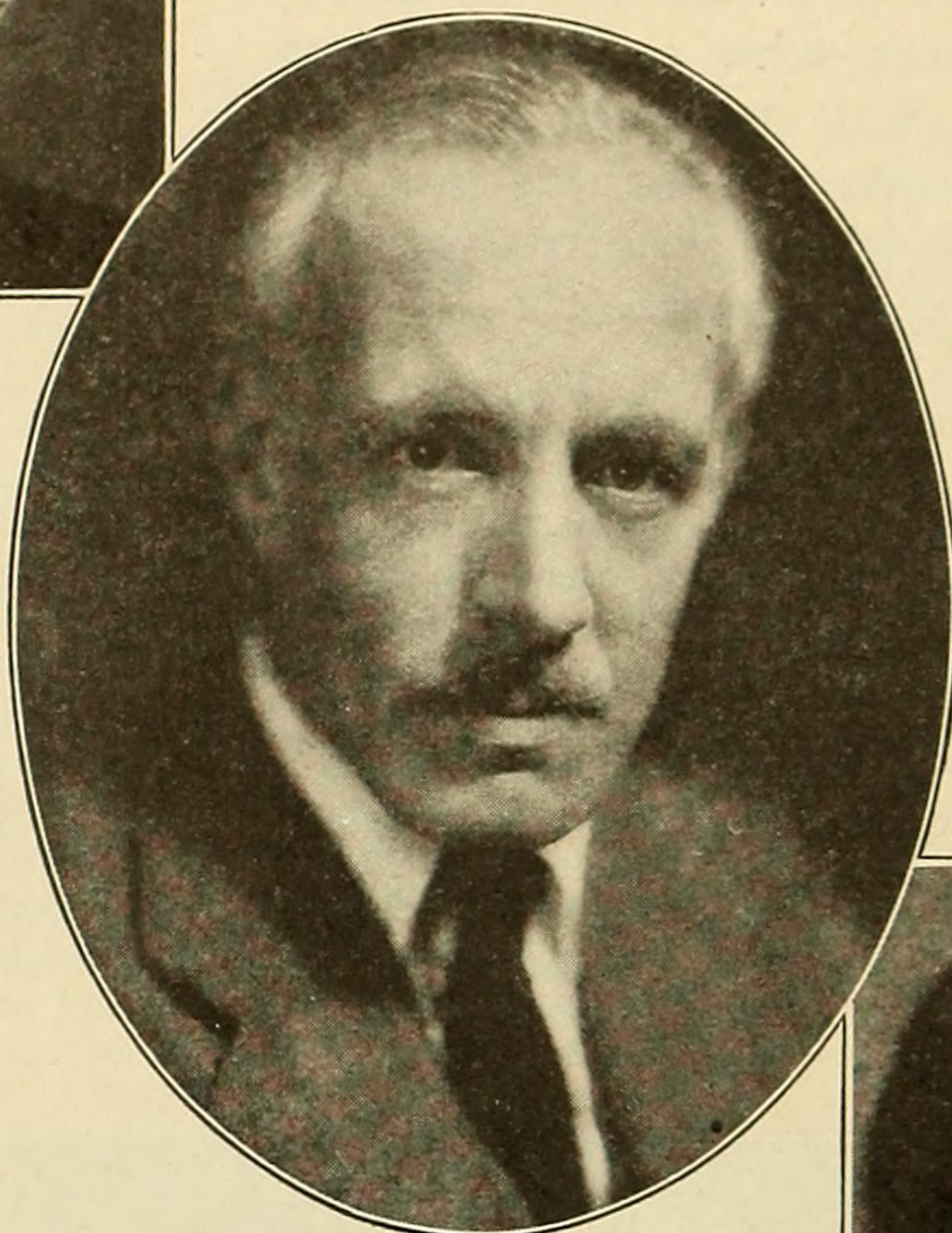
Bearing all this in mind, and with the private conviction that to be good-looking a man must have strength, cleanness and intelligence combined with artistic symmetry of features and body, I present the following list, which is the result of several months of concentrated thought:

Richard Barthelmess, John Barrymore, John Gilbert, Richard Dix, Ramon Novarro, Reginald Denny, Ben Lyon, George O'Brien, Lewis Stone, and Ronald Colman.

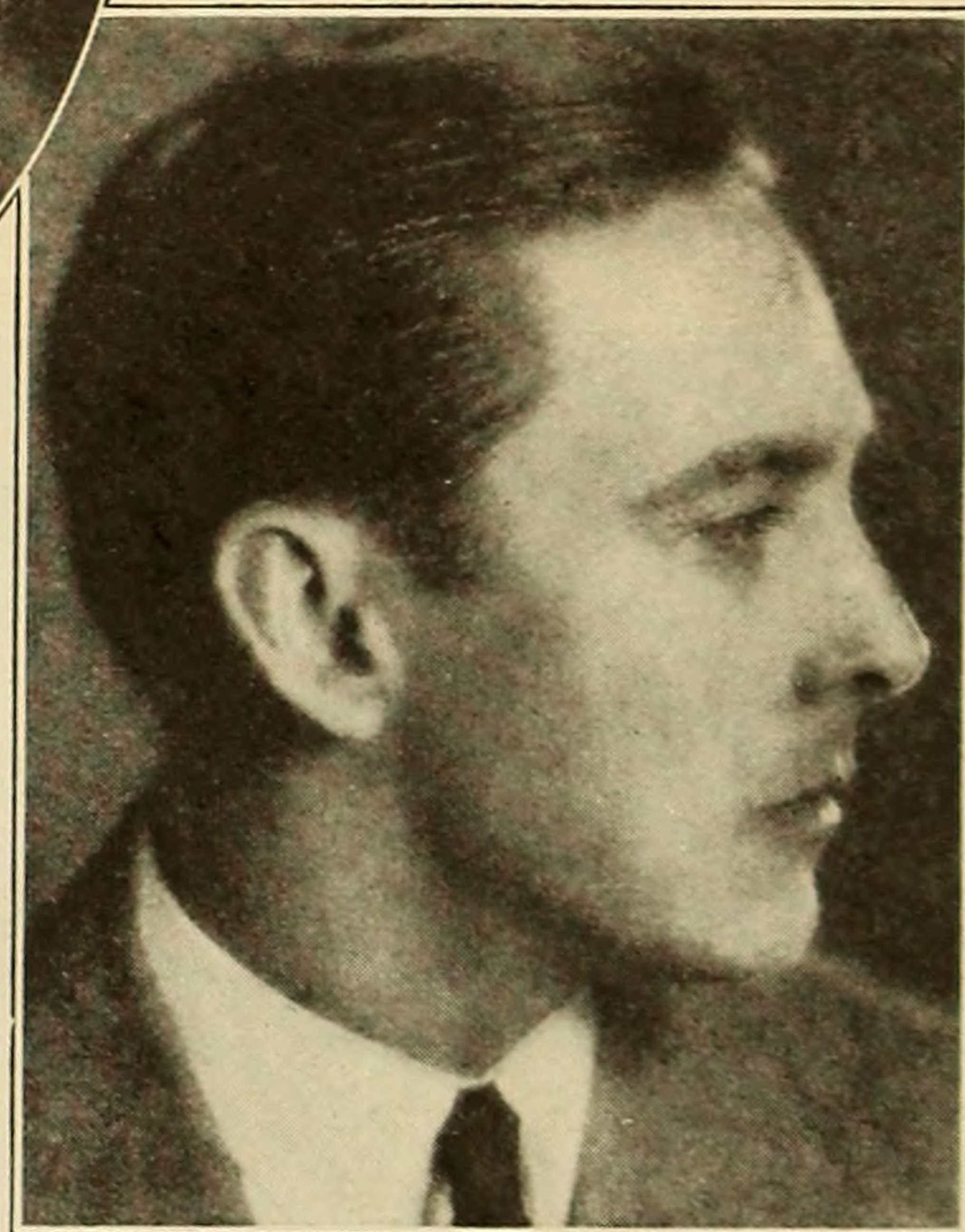
Why?



Ramon Novarro—
The perfect troubadour, lyric charm and the beauty of a Greek boy



Lewis Stone—The man-of-the-world, the aristocrat, the diplomat, the seigneur



George O'Brien—The most irresistible thing that walks the globe—a black Irishman

IT is no longer considered quite the thing to speak of manly beauty. I don't know why. The word beauty need not necessarily be effeminate. If a woodland spring is a thing of beauty, so is the storm-tossed ocean. If a violet is beautiful, so is a mighty oak. The Greeks and the Romans and the Vikings of old had a standard of masculine beauty and they played Olympic games, fought wicked battles and conquered vast and unknown deeps in no mean fashion.

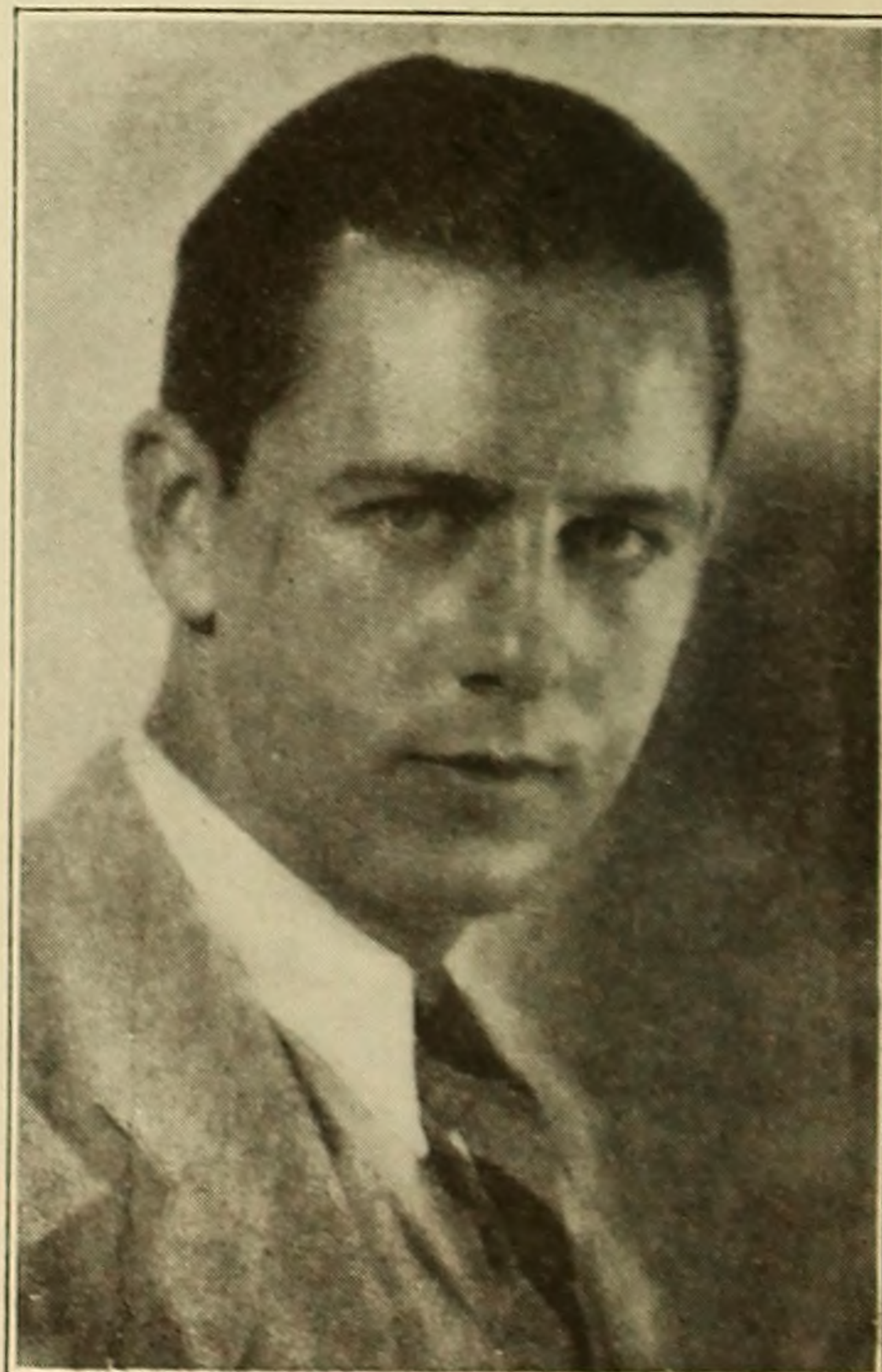
In the animal world, the male of the species is always given ornamentation in the way of mane and bright plumage and such like.

STILL, if I tried using it now, the very men I selected would arise and call me very far from blessed. And as I shall probably be in enough hot water without that, I shall simply call this my choice of the ten handsomest men and let it go at that.

Herb Howe, as you will remember, picked the ten most beautiful women on the screen and he has been in hiding ever since. He built himself a monastery in Beverly Hills with a white plaster wall twelve feet high across the front of it and you have to stand outside and shout your conversation at him. When Herb included Nita Naldi and left out Norma Talmadge it was like shouting "Long Live the Czar" in Petrograd.

When it came to picking out the ten handsomest men I had no idea there would be so much excitement. But I brought the mere idea up at a quiet and supposedly friendly little dinner at George Fitzmaurice's the other evening and in a moment soup and rolls and caviar were flying all over the place; to say nothing of words and phrases more poignant than polite.

Jack Gilbert—The fiery Slav—that stirs your pulses with the wanderlust



Ben Lyon—The way football heroes should look in their street clothes

Men of the Screen

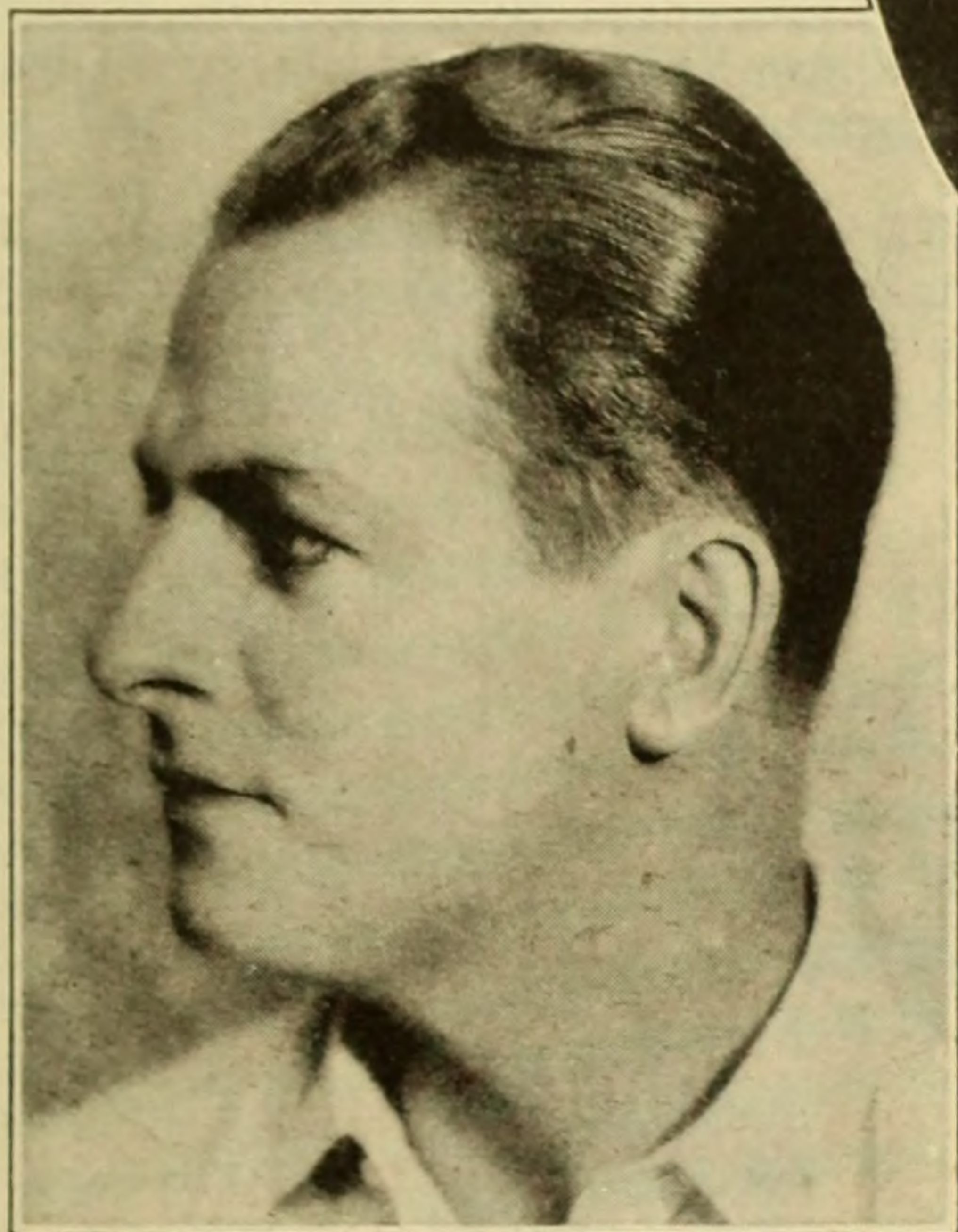
Wow! This is going to start some battle. Mrs. St. Johns is a brave soul to attempt it —and she gives her reasons why

Well, let me see.

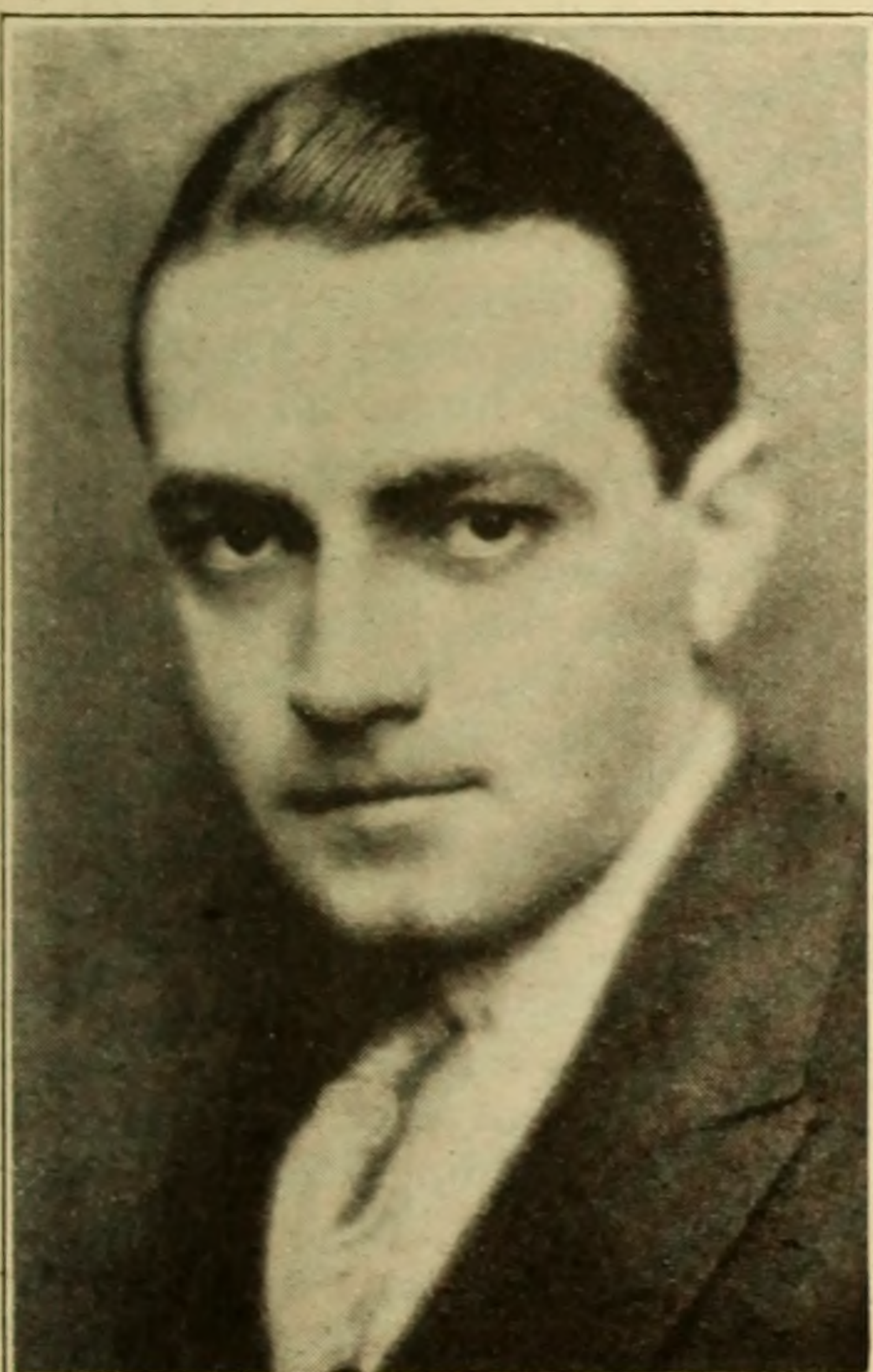
Richard Barthelmess is the embodiment of the way every man looks to a woman when she is really in love with him. He is the picture a girl carries around in her heart and fits on over the sandy hair and commonplace countenance of the man who wins her heart. The mouth, whose clean, young lines melt into that crooked little smile, the dark, fine, intelligent eyes—oh yes, quite, I think, the handsomest man on the screen.

John Barrymore—leave it here just as a matter of line, just a sculptor's ideal. Classic sim-

Reginald Denny—The perfect athlete—the Roman gladiator of our century

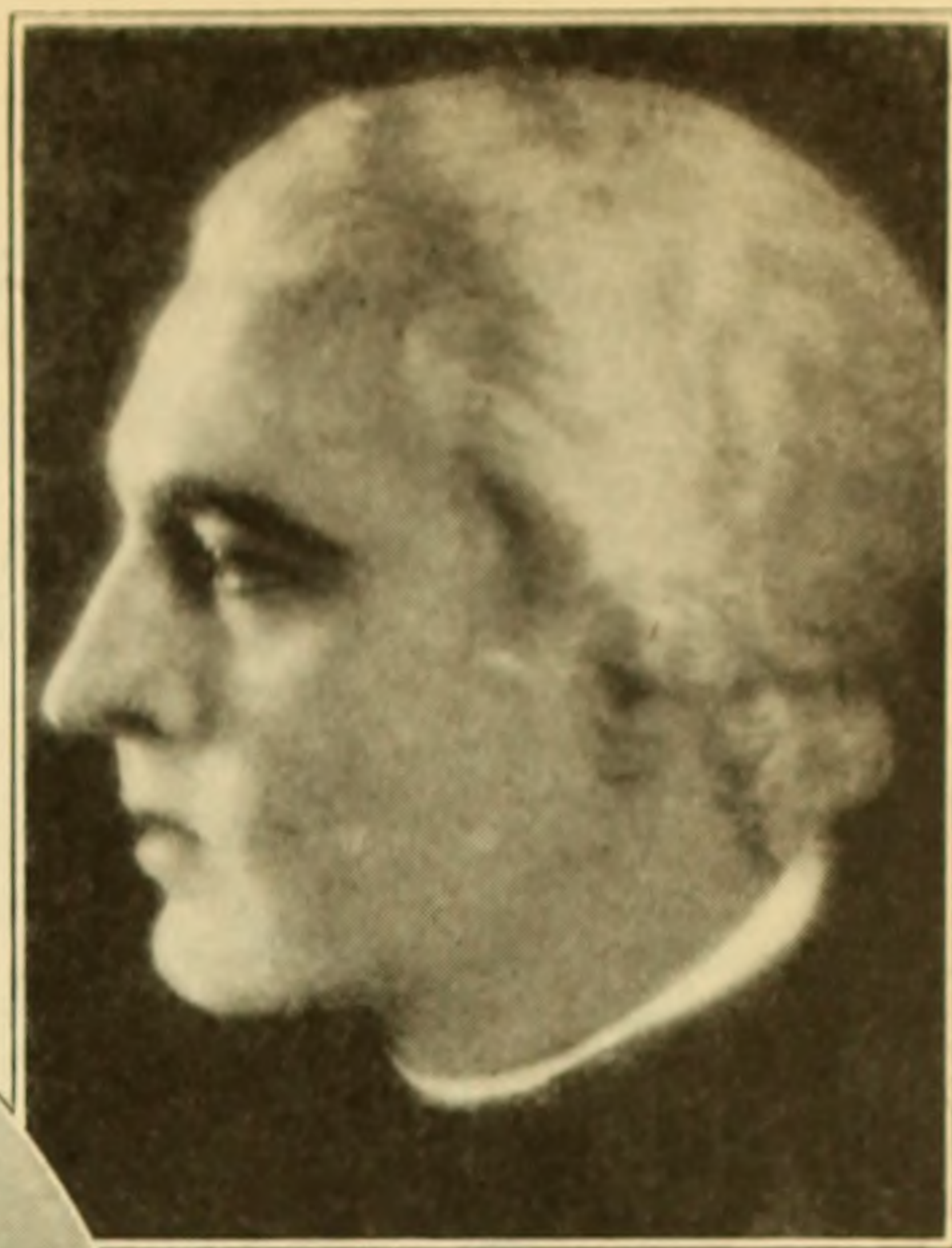
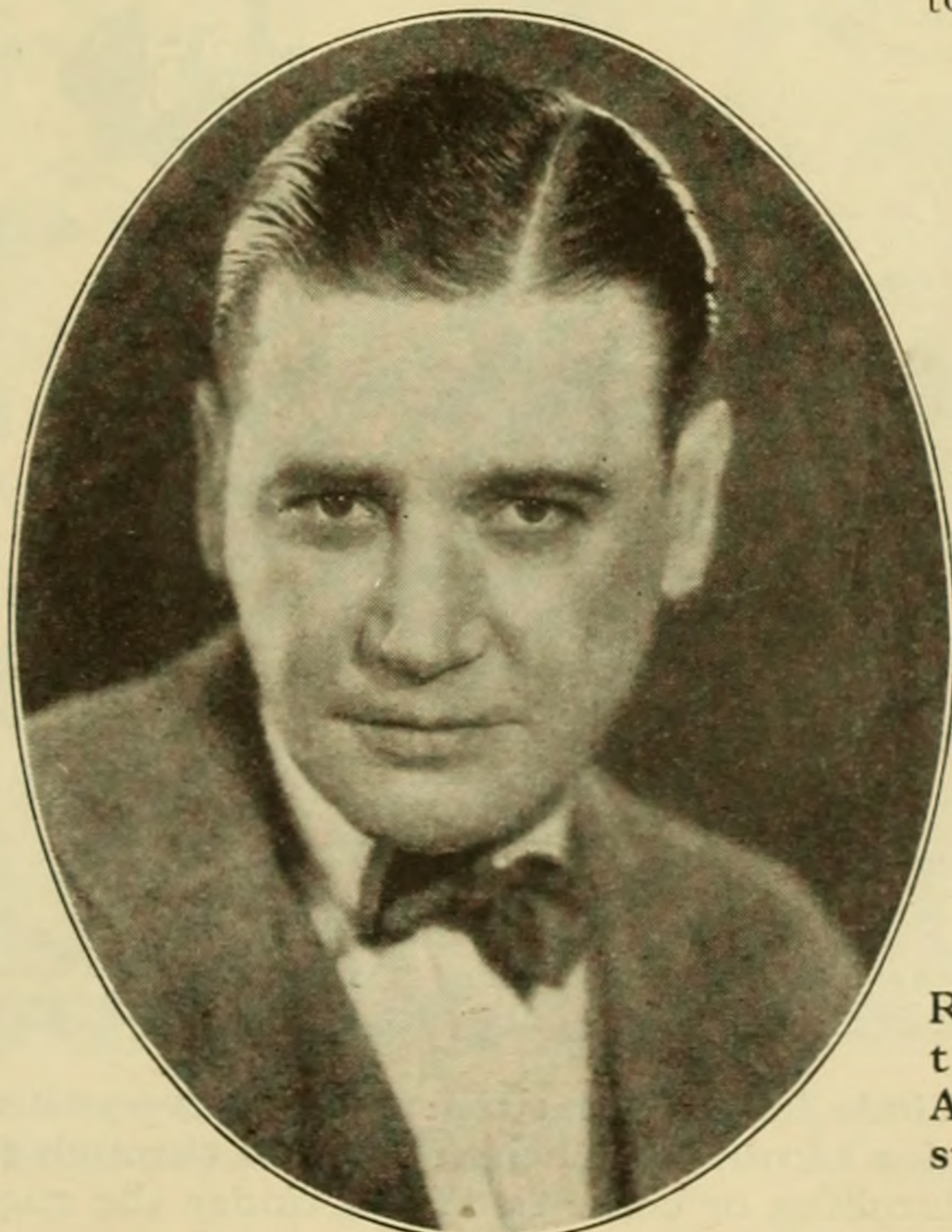


Richard Barthelmess—The way every man looks to the woman who loves him



John Barrymore—Classic simplicity—an old Greek God in a museum

Ronald Colman—Soldier-man, explorer, adventurer—he draws you against your will



licity, like the heads of the old Greek gods in the museums.

The splendid blaze of a prairie fire, a forest fire, a gypsy fire, that stirs your pulses with the wanderlust—Jack Gilbert. Every way you turn for description, explanation, comparison

for Jack, you find the thought of fire flaming madly. Black hair, black eyes, dangerous white teeth in a lean, dark face, he is the perfect thing of his kind, the fiery Slav, not the Latin.

For the typical young American, as story-tellers have sung him, as the world pictures him, you can't do better for that than Richard Dix. If you asked a little French girl, a pretty English girl, for her description of an ideal American, I always imagine she could answer in two words, "Richard Dix." One of the men other men don't mind their women calling handsome. And to me, there is always a breath, an intriguing breath, of the Viking ancestors somewhere.

Ramon Novarro, the perfect troubadour. Lyric charm, poetical charm, plus the beauty of a Greek boy. Think of him when you read of Keats, when you read of Byron, when you read Romeo and Juliet.

Twenty pounds overweight, and Reginald Denny might cease to be even good-looking. Trained fine, trained down, he has the strength, the complete masculinity, the grace of the perfect athlete. The well-set head, the fine shoulders, the slim waist, the long, tapering legs, the smooth, steel, undulating muscles—from toe to crown, for proportions of a statue, Reggie has it on any of them. The Roman gladiator of our century.

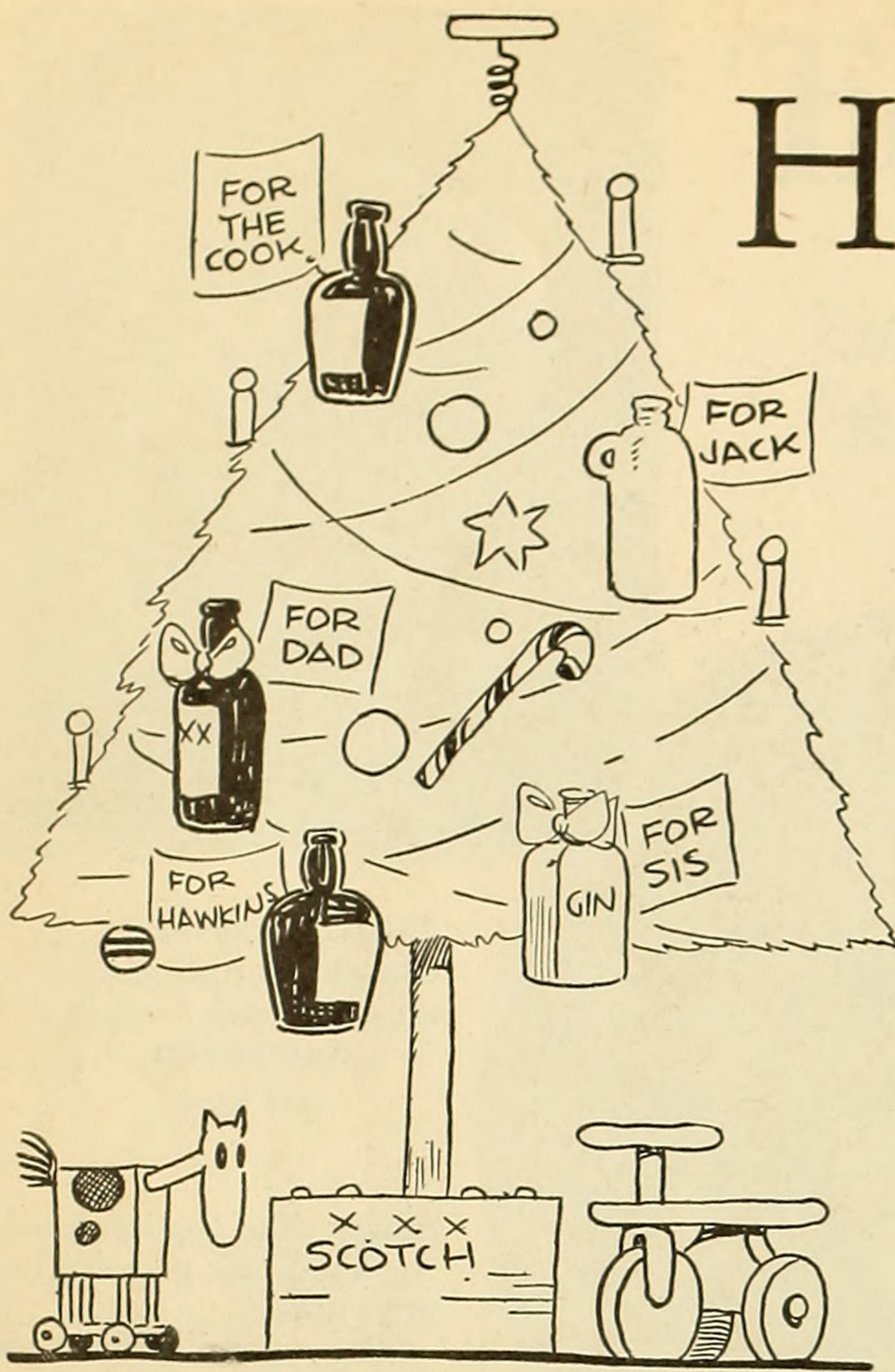
Richard Dix—The typical young American, as story-tellers sing of him

Ben Lyon — the way football heroes should look but almost never do. The way you think the [CONT'D ON PAGE 109]

How to be Merry

By
Herbert
Howe

And yet avoid
being poisoned



After listening to after dinner jokes until one A. M. all I got was a tin horn.

Prior to that they had given me so many champagne glasses that I couldn't blow the horn, and so started crying, thinking it was broken.

But when I asked Scott Fitzgerald to see if he could blow it he said he would if he could see it. So, after all, I was luckier than he who couldn't even enjoy *seeing* his horn, which was a pretty bright red.

Christmas morning Ramon Novarro dragged me down to the Trastevere quarter—or somewhere spelled something like that and smelling worse—to distribute candy to the poor little Italian children, who are not to blame for being Dagoes.

When I arrived among the childies in the whatever-it-was quarter I was a perfectly immaculate, though slightly unsteady, Santa Claus. Five minutes later and I looked like the official finger print bureau.

MY, my! Christmas only two weeks off and I haven't even *started* my Christmas shopping. So don't expect as long a letter this month, Aunt Minnie, and if anything sounds funny it's because I'm trying to write with one hand and finish up a few little gifts with the other.

People always appreciate anything you make yourself so much more, don't you think, than anything you can buy, no matter how expensive, for a dollar.

Being at home for the first time in years I'm looking forward to a verrie, verrie merrie Christmas, though goodness knows the last thirty-one (or is it thirty-two?—one's memory fails so with the years!) have brought nothing but disappointments which you couldn't exchange on account of the tags being removed.

I'M likely the only writer alive who never received a silver-plated cigarette box from Mary Pickford or an autographed photograph in colors of Ruth Roland, though Lillian Gish did send me a postal card, and Christmas before last in Tunis, Alice Terry gave me an Arab burnous embroidered in gold and smelling slightly second-hand, which the one time I wore it in Los Angeles nearly got me pinched for a Swami who had gipped an old lady out of everything but her curl papers.

Last Christmas Eve I attended a movie banquet in Rome (midnight mass in St. Peter's was suspended in its honor or because of the noise).

INSTEAD of hailing me as Santa the dear little kiddies seemed to take me for a practice football dummy until I picked up an antique fragment in the form of a paving block and said, "The next little boy or girl who knocks off Santa Claus' hat is going to take a nice big bump home to mamma"

If Ramon wants to distribute candy to the poor little Hollywood children this year he will do it alone. Can you fancy giving a sack of peanuts to a Hollywood kiddie? He'd yowl: "Lookit, he gave me a rotten sack of peanuts and I wanted a little Lincoln roadster."

As for Ramon trying to get by as Santa Claus with a bunch of little Hollywood wisecrackers, they'd hoot, "Oh, look, Santa Claus has a black beard this year, mama. He musta been taking gland treatments like papa."

I'D like to tell my readers just how I will spend Christmas in Hollywood, as I realize that having a merrie Christmas is a problem for us all and many look to me for a way out, but I haven't decided just which invitation to accept.

You can't be too careful because the revenuers are predicting an unprecedented toll of casualties owing to the difficulty in getting the stuff that makes Christmas merrie.

It's a horrible thing to suspect Santa Claus, but the fact remains that many people after emptying their stockings last Christmas spent the remainder of the day in funeral parlors.

My secretaries are filing all



"Little Japs swarm suddenly from everywhere. I don't know whether they get in through the plumbing or come out from under the rugs"

on Christmas Day

The holiday problem of a Hollywood bachelor

invitations in their numerical order. Those that are not accepted will be promptly returned with courteous rejection slips and, where future promise is shown, with little notes of encouragement.

Novarro has invited me to spend Christmas in the Mexican style known as—(oh, well, I can't be bothered calling him up for the spelling, and anyhow you couldn't pronounce it, let alone spend it). It consists of marching around the patio in a procession carrying a plateau of snowflakes (any grade of cotton will do) with statues of Mary, Joseph and the Child.

At each door in the court you stop and sing a request for lodgings. The people inside then sing six stanzas back meaning "No," or maybe if they're real mean they sing something worse and throw something hard at you.

After making the rounds asking for rooms in about thirty-six different verses and getting nothing but wise-cracks, you finally hit one where the door is thrown open and you're welcomed with candles and music and kisses from relatives.

Gifts are thrown onto the pavement outside and you scramble merrily until you get something which probably has been stepped on.

Unfortunately I'm not gifted for singing, or marching either.

At about the second door where they sang out, "Nothing doing," I'd be looking around for a bicycle or else take a park bench as on previous occasions.

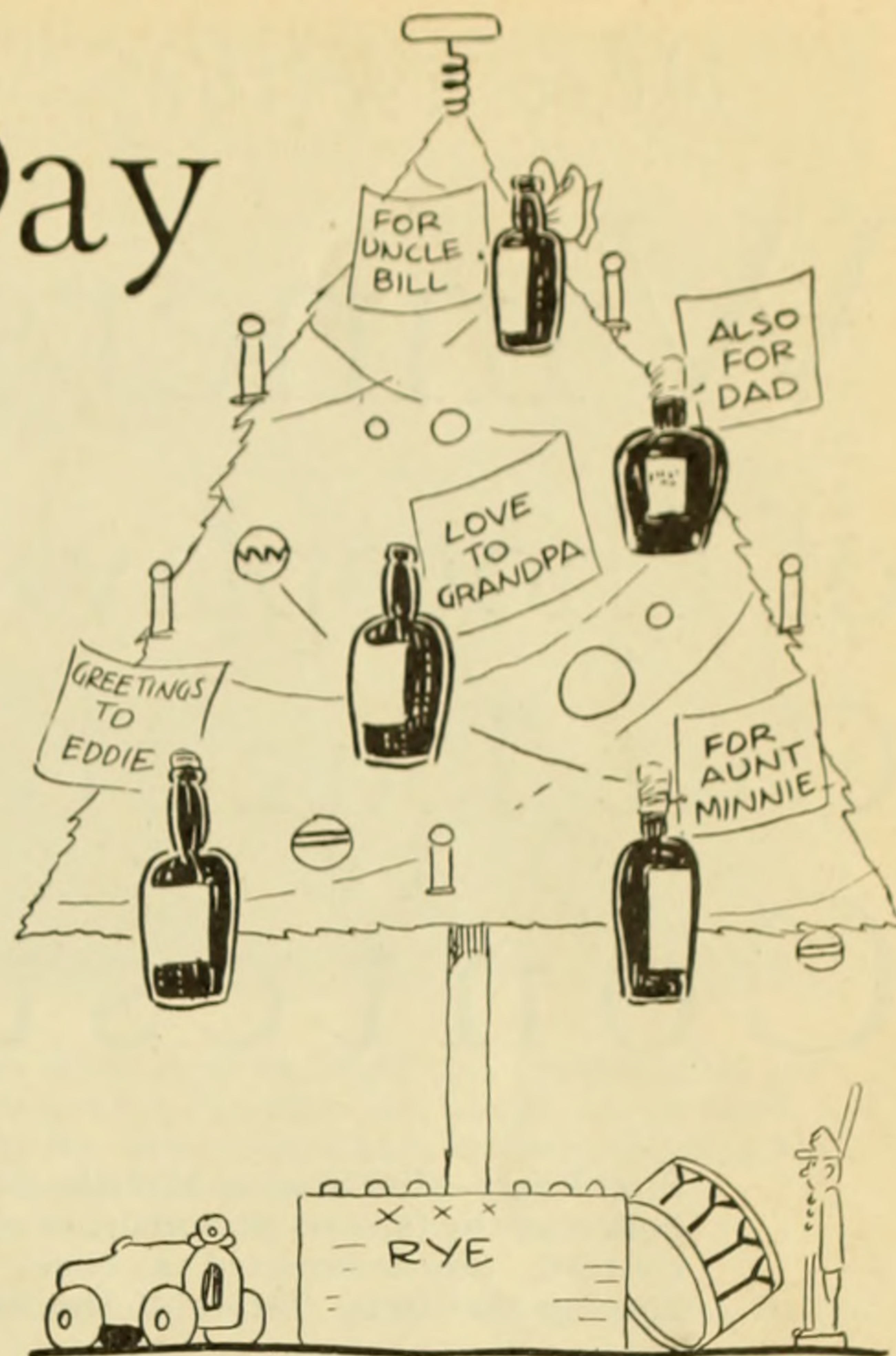
Regarding the merry scramble for presents where you get your bridge work knocked out and come up with a broken doll that says, "Mama!" I haven't participated since a Sunday school event when I accidentally kicked the superintendent's child and he said "Mama!" and I got drummed out, with a motto reading, "Suffer little children."

CORINNE GRIFFITH has invited me to turkey dinner. Every day while I was on an orange juice diet trying to get handsomelike Malcolm McGregor, Willis Goldbeck, Ramon Novarro and all the other boys who take them, Corinne would call up and invite me to a chicken or turkey dinner.

Now nobody can have turkey or chicken as often as that and be honest, no matter what their salary may be.

The only people I ever knew who had chicken every day were some colored folk and they died suddenly one night in a friend's hen roost, of acute indigestion, the coroner said—due to inability to digest lead.

I've also found that people who talk turkey usually serve canned salmon.



The last time I was at Corinne's she served a buffet supper where you helped yourself, and you should have seen my suit when I finished. It was a sight!

Marie Prevost preceded me in making the rounds of the table, and all I got was mint jelly, that being the only thing that Marie didn't just love. I guess that all she and Kenneth Harlan eat at home are appetizers.

Another thing, Corinne always tactfully suggests that you take a dip in the swimming pool before sitting down to dinner. Even when you ask plaintively if you couldn't be fumigated or sprinkled with insect powder just as well, she'll insist upon you going into the pool at least once.

POLA NEGRI gets sore every time you turn down one of her invitations. But the chances are if you accept you'll arrive to find that Pola has left for Del Monte or Tia Juana without even leaving enough to feed the dogs.

Last Christmas Pola was suddenly stricken with piety, dashed off to Del Monte and invited all the fathers of Carmel mission to have dinner with her.

I like the fathers and would enjoy dinner with them, but I'm not going to take chances on Pola's secular mood.

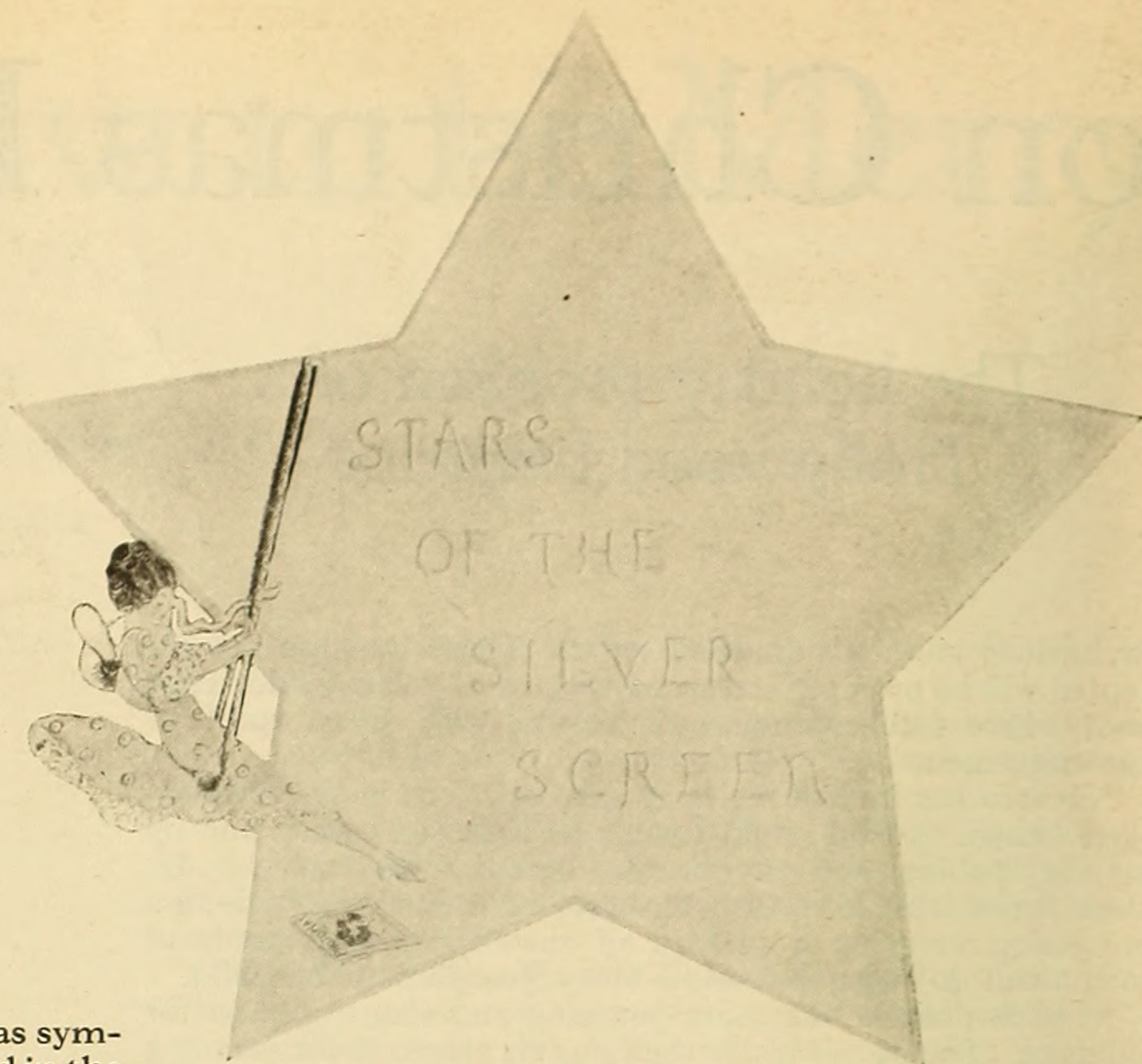
You're just as liable to find her surrounded with a bunch of deacons singing, "Lips that touch tobacco and wine shall never, no never, touch mine." Or in a psalm fest for boot-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 107]



"When friends file by they'll say, 'A smile on his face—how lifelike!—Oh, well, he's probably better off' "

Here are the
Winners
of Photoplay's
Cut Puzzle
Contest



First Prize—Miss Maenae Nichols' entry was symbolical of the famous personalities pictured in the contest. She submitted a book, star-shaped, bearing the title, "Stars of the Silver Screen"

HERE are the correct names of the thirty-two stars whose pictures appeared in the contest.

JUNE

Thomas Meighan	Jack Holt	Mary Astor
Harold Lloyd	Pola Negri	Gloria Swanson
Dick Barthelmess		Leatrice Joy

JULY

Tom Mix	John Harron	Lois Wilson
Noah Beery	Frances Howard	Betty Compson
Lewis Stone		Mildred Davis

AUGUST

Betty Bronson	Constance Talmadge	Pat O'Malley
May McAvoy		Rod La Rocque
Barbara Bedford	William Collier, Jr.	Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

SEPTEMBER

Jobyna Ralston	Mary Philbin	Ramon Novarro
Bessie Love	Adolphe Menjou	Ricardo Cortez
Norma Talmadge		Syd. Chaplin

The Prize Winners

- 1st Prize \$1500.00—Hand Colored Star**
MISS MAENAE NICHOLS
215 South C Street, Arkansas City, Kansas
- 2nd Prize \$1000.00—Theater with Lights, Music Box, etc.**
WALTER R. BOLLINGER
706 Ohio Street, St. Paul, Minn.
- 3rd Prize \$500.00—Cow Boy and Farm Girl Dolls**
MRS. ANDREW J. WOLF, JR.
Alexandria, La.
- 4th Prize \$250.00—Pink Lamp Doll with Long Train**
MRS. J. R. HUNT
273 Plaza Drive, St. Louis, Mo.
- 5th Prize \$125.00—Pink Lamp Shade**
MRS. A. H. SCHURMER
2510 Foothill Boulevard, Pasadena, California

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 39]

PHOTOPLAY'S second cut puzzle contest is decided! From the more than thirty-five thousand solutions received in the Cut Puzzle Contest that appeared in the June, July, August and September issues, PHOTOPLAY has now selected the winners of the fifty prizes. The names of the winners are published herewith.

Selecting these winners was almost the most difficult problem PHOTOPLAY has ever handled. Puzzles to right of us, puzzles to left of us, hundreds of them perfect, nearly all ingeniously worked out, PHOTOPLAY was deluged with them. They were so numerous that an entire extra floor in PHOTOPLAY'S New York office building had to be leased to hold them. In every way these thousands of entries far exceeded every anticipation of the management. A special staff of employees worked on them constantly, sorting and listing them. Every puzzle was carefully examined. Every one was acknowledged.

In our first cut puzzle contest, held two years ago, the

thousands of solutions were finally sorted down to those that were perfect as far as proper fitting together and identification were concerned.

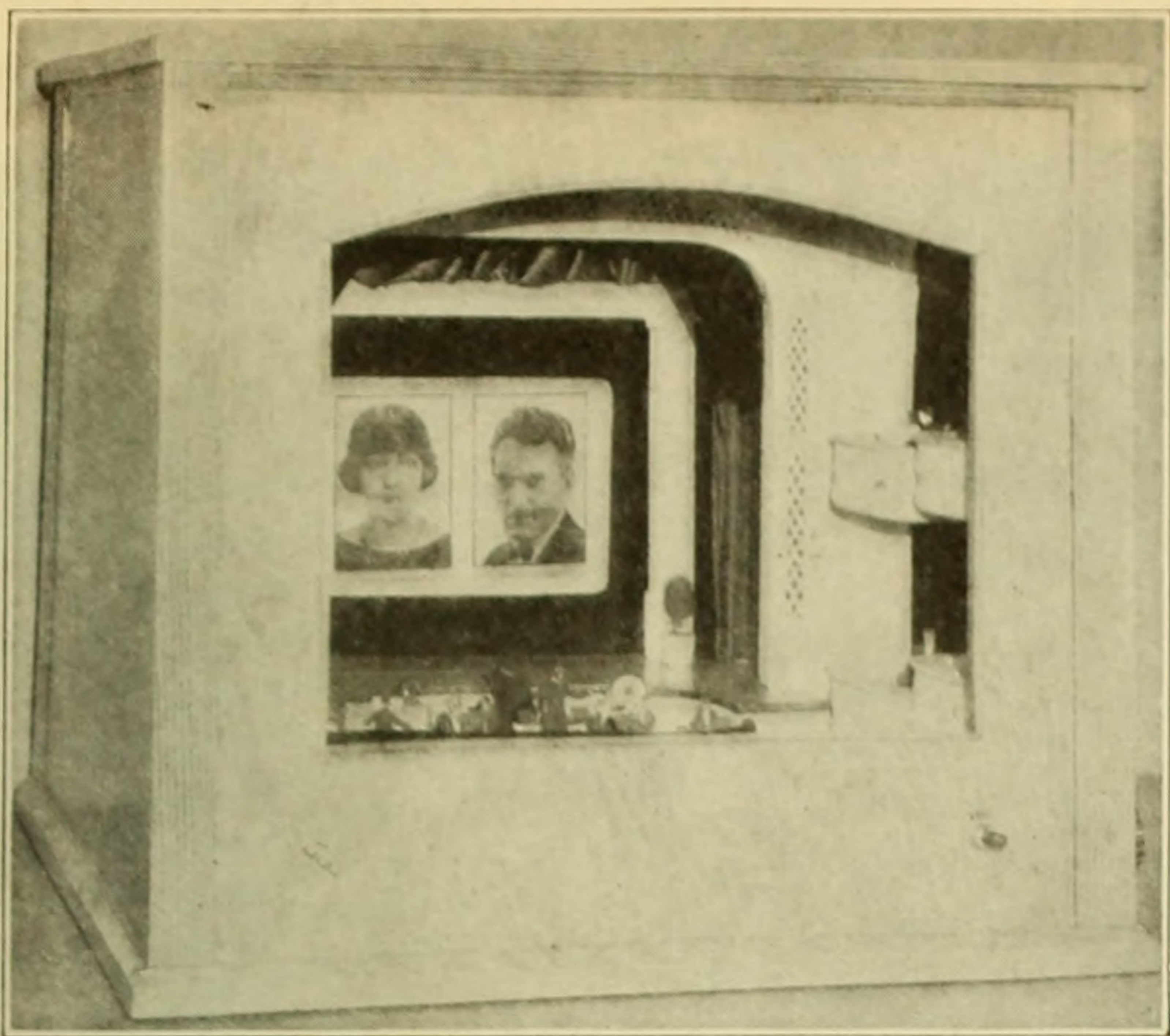
It took more than a month, however, to eliminate the incorrect puzzles, to search the others for minor errors, misspelled names and other slight defects. Every prize winning solution was one hundred per cent perfect.

The terrific task of picking out the fifty best puzzles of all, of choosing the ones revealing the greatest neatness and imaginative detail, the ones that were in every way superior in arrangement and presentation, was still to be done.

They were all so excellent. That was the hard part of it.

The judges selected from PHOTOPLAY'S staff had many long and heated arguments before the final decisions were made. Each and all of them feel that the awards published here are entirely fair and just.

Every form of presentation was submitted. Stars in picture



Second Prize—Walter Bollinger built a movie theater. It has lights, peopled boxes, a thirteen-piece music-box orchestra that actually plays, and a screen, which turned by the knob at the side, reveals the stars



Third Prize—Mrs. Andrew Wolf, Jr., created this gay couple. The cowboy has eighteen feminine stars in his heart, while the simple gingham maiden, holding his hand, keeps the men in hers

hats, stars in lamp shades, stars in old copies of PHOTOPLAY, stars in theaters, on bridge tables, in fans of soft ostrich, in gaily painted treasure chests, in theaters, on screens, on parasols, on bridal veils and ballet dresses. There were hundreds upon hundreds of albums, all of them extremely neat.

Every state in the Union was represented among the answers and many countries outside of ours. In the foreign mail were puzzles from the Argentine, Costa Rica, Holland, Hawaii, the Philippines, Spain, Mexico, England, Brazil, Australia, France, Sweden, Norway, Egypt, India, Japan and China.

It was all amazing and revealing. It was flattering to learn from the number of replies and the distances which they came, the strength and prestige of PHOTOPLAY'S circulation. It was inspiring to witness the beauty and novelty of the work submitted.

On the day before the prizes were definitely determined, PHOTOPLAY gave a party to the motion picture and the journalistic world to let them see just what the movie fans could do in the way of creative work. The judges wanted to have the party to help them in their selection of the winners.

What a party it was! Every star in the East was present. Tommy Meighan looked very young and handsome talking to Norma and Constance Talmadge. Natalie Talmadge, making one of her rare public appearances, came along, too, with her husband, Buster Keaton. Bessie Love romped about in a smart little tailored suit and showed Richard Barthelmess how to do the Charleston. Samuel Goldwyn accompanied his charming wife, Frances Howard, and kept a watchful eye on his young star, Lois Moran, who looked just as unspoiled as her contract demands. Ronald Colman drew the eye of every woman present, and beautiful, blonde May Allison drew the eye of every man. This was all right, however, as Will Hays was there. Carlotta Monterey, representing her husband, Ralph Barton, talked to Douglas MacLean. In and out among the stars and the cut puzzles moved the writers from every New York daily, distinguished editors and representatives of every producing company.

All were unanimous in their praise of the entries in the contest, which unearthed many young poets and several dozen clever pen and ink artists. Marad Serriov of Miami, Florida, accompanying each star's portrait with a cartoon of him in one of his principal rôles, wrote a rhymed character sketch of each. Here is his appraisal of Pola Negri:

"Pola, the gypsy, with slumberous eyes,
With tumultuous, turbulent soul;
Who's likely—if she wants to—
Kiss beggars, snub kings,
Or bathe in her own fingerbowl."

In a neat album Betty Soleman of Tama, Iowa, wrote:

"If I had cut the proper caper,
'Twould not be made of wrapping paper,
Yet why with riches attempt to compete
When this recommends it—'tis cheap and neat,
I'm hoping and praying to win a prize now,
Oh for a Herbert to tell me Howe!"

In a large frame with the stars' photographs pasted on gold stars against a grey background, Anne B. Tyndall, 58 East 102nd Street, New York City, wrote:

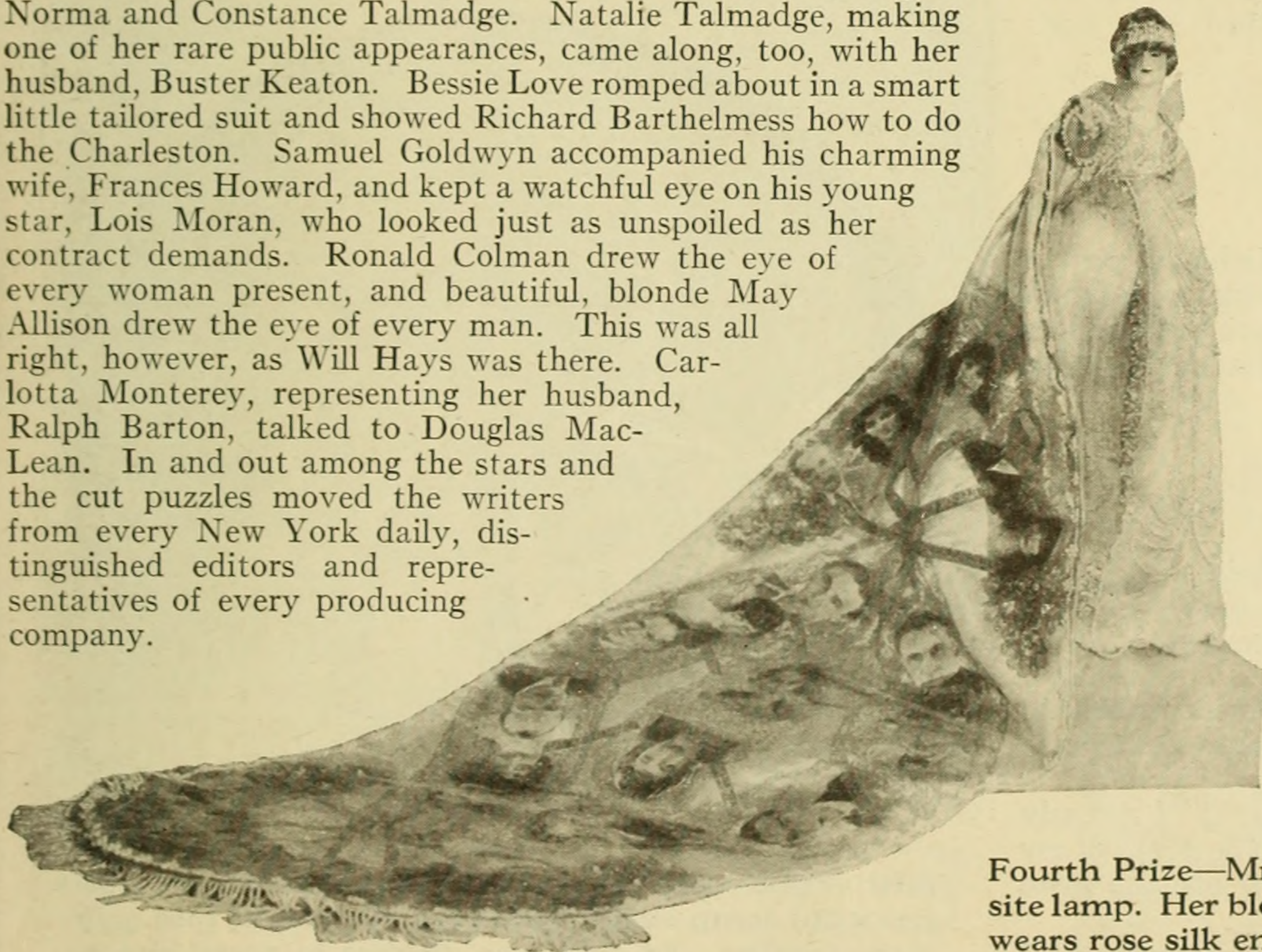
From month to month the "stars" come out,
To take their little whirl
And please the folks who still possess
Much of the boy or girl.

Now one is high above the rest
And then he takes a flop,
I trust that none will sink so low
We'll need to call a cop.

I love to see them twinkle
They wise and wane and set
(I hope this humble effort
A handsome prize will get).

On the chest of the prize-winning cowboy, Mrs. Andrew J. Wolf, Jr., Box 717, Alexandria, Louisiana, printed (maybe to hide his polygamous heart):

Fourth Prize—Mrs. Jasayle Hunt made this exquisite lamp. Her blonde highness, eighteen inches tall, wears rose silk encrusted with pearls. In her train, framed in lace, are the thirty-two stars



“An Oriental Bazaar,” exclaimed Tommy Meighan when he



Here is Photoplay's cut puzzle contest. Maybe you can pick out your own reply. It took a whole floor to hold
ness, skill and accuracy everywhere, and

I'm a cowboy movie fan
From the land where the cactus grows
And there's nothing I like better than
The moving picture shows.
I have my favorite actresses
Numbering sixteen in all,
Some of them are short, some plump,
Some of them are tall.
Now you just take a little time
To look into my heart
And you will find that each star
Holds her own separate part.

Miss Eileen Block, Route 5, Plymouth, Michigan, sent a great square of soap, three feet high by three wide, with hand-carved likenesses of the cut puzzle stars. Each picture was carefully tinted and a remarkable likeness. Here is the verse that accompanied Miss Block's entry:

Upon opening this you'll see some soap,
I've made a "clean" solution, that I hope
I trust it's correct in every detail
If it's not, well, I'll not set up a whale
For without puzzles life would be a bore
So all I'd do would be to carve some more!

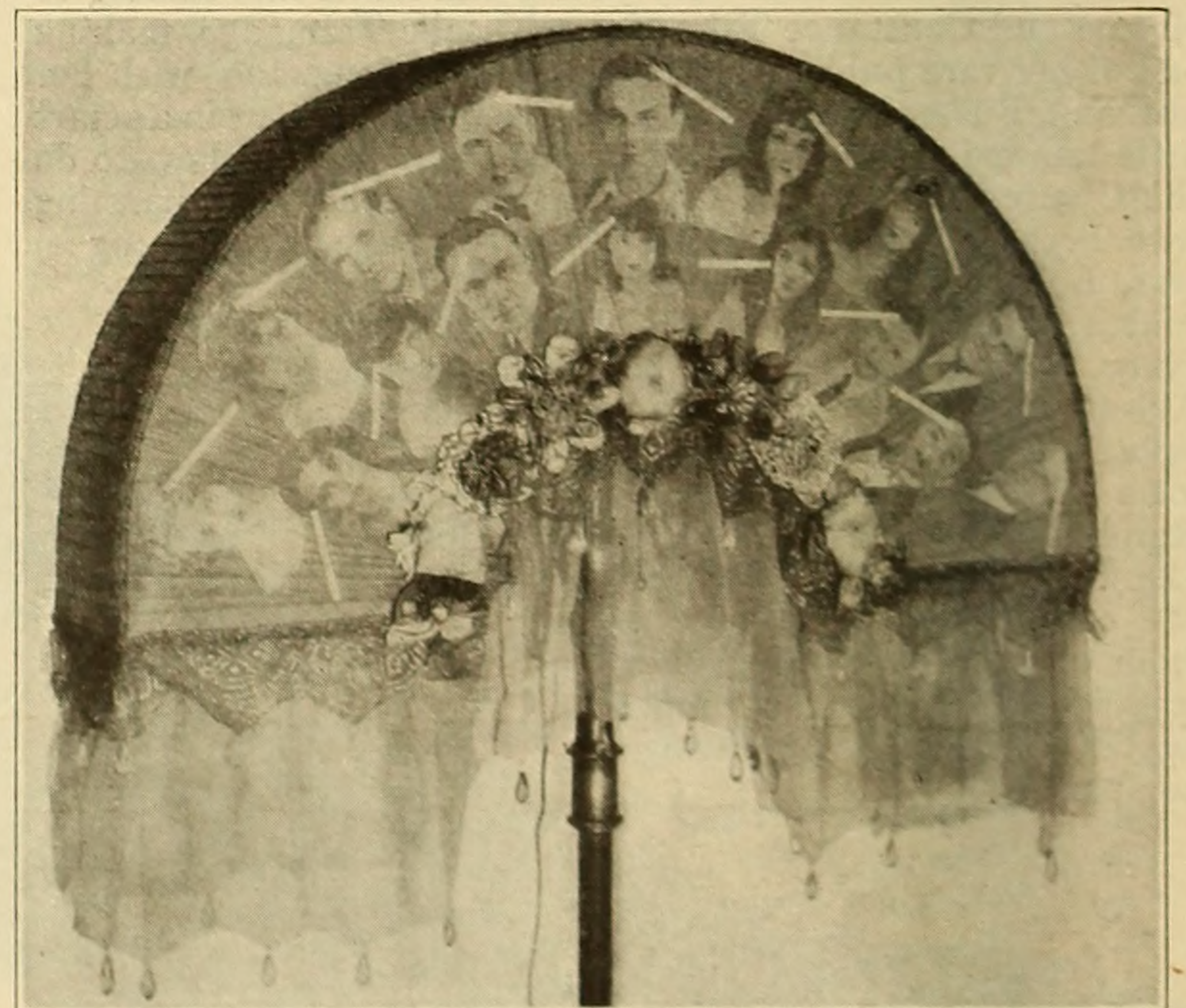
Letters received from the two first prize winners written in response to PHOTOPLAY's notification of their success, indicate that the awards will be well spent.

Maenae Nichols, winner of the first prize, says: "I recently resigned from office work, due to poor health. The death of my father compelled me to work. I am going to use the prize money to further my education."

Walter R. Bollinger, winner of the second prize, writes: "I find it rather hard to say to just what of many worthwhile uses

I could put the award, but Mrs. Bollinger has solved the problem by saying: 'A home.' "

To the thousands who sent in answers to this puzzle, PHOTOPLAY wishes to say that even if they did not win a prize, their



Fifth Prize—Mrs. A. H. Schurmer's entry was this beautiful lamp shade fashioned of pleated rose georgette, chiffon, old gold lace, flowers in pastel shades, and crystal beads of white and rose

viewed these solutions to the Cut Picture Puzzle Contest



them! Look at them all and you will understand the gigantic task that confronted Photoplay's judges. Clever-35,000 of them from which to choose fifty!

time and labor mean more than just the effort to win. The solutions are to be used, as they were in the first contest, to delight the children in the hospitals in and around New York. These little children, some too ill to leave their beds, some

crippled, some convalescent, will receive your bright and ingenious answers. So your work, even if it did not win a prize, will gladden the days of one of these little ones.

Finally, PHOTOPLAY wishes to thank every one of you who participated in the contest. It was in every way a remarkable contest. To the winners, PHOTOPLAY sends congratulations. To the less fortunate, PHOTOPLAY says, "Try again, and better luck next time."

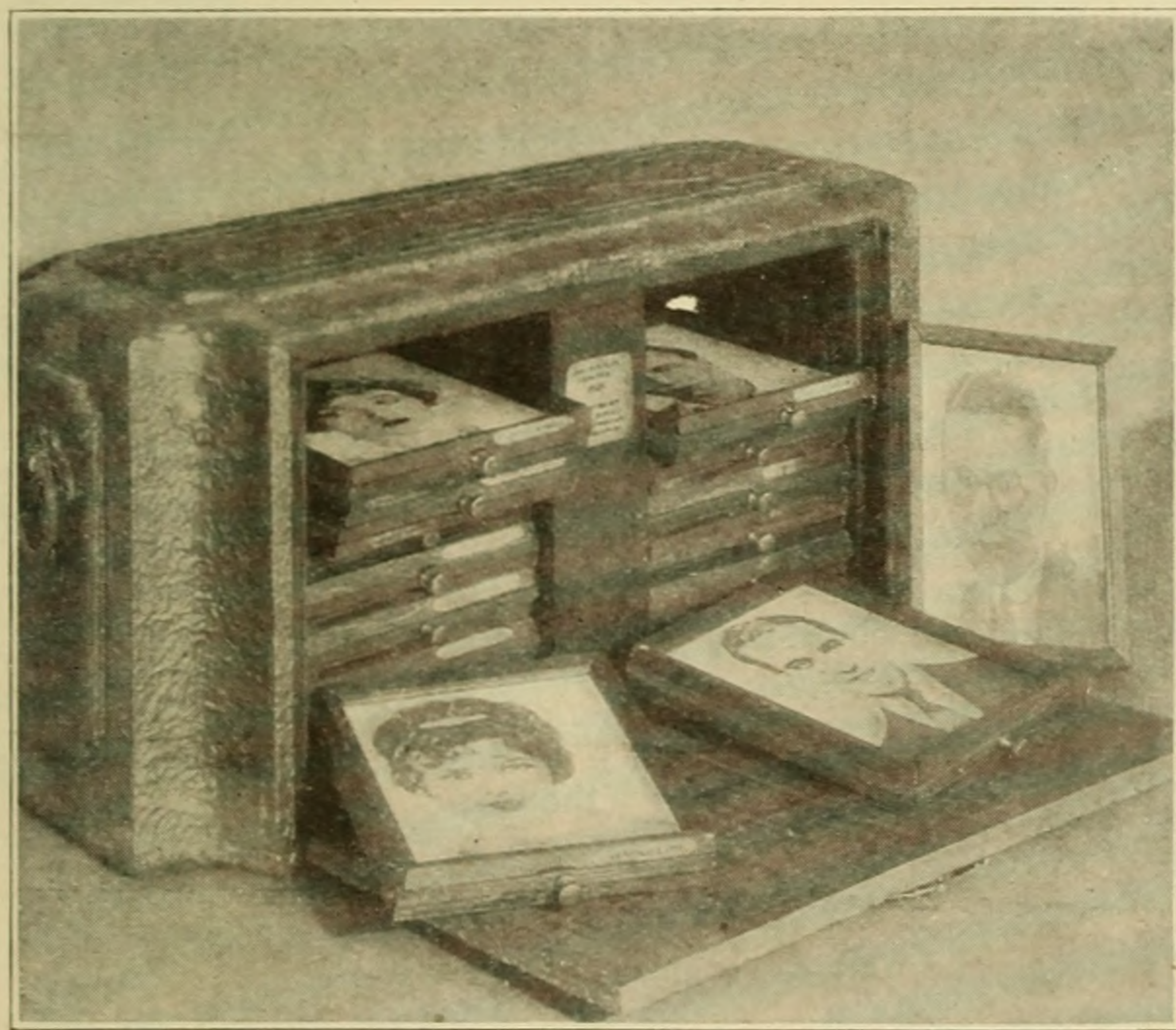
The Prize Winners

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

20—Fifty Dollar Prizes

- MRS. EILEEN BLOCK, Route 5, Plymouth, Mich.
 MRS. E. E. TEVIS, 3377 Detroit Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
 MRS. MAE COUPLAND, Box 497, Dallas, Texas.
 MISS HELEN ASHFORD, Watkinsville, Georgia.
 MARY RYAN, 248 E. Main Street, Somerville, N. J.
 MRS. J. M. MACKENZIE, 933 Lipton Street, Winnipeg, Canada.
 BURT D. BURNES, 807 West 22½ Street, Austin, Texas.
 MARIE M. MEYER, 7802 Bellevue Avenue, Augusta, Georgia.
 MRS. J. LEE KUHLMAN, 2905 Woodburn Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.
 BILLIE MCCARTHY, 531 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 JACK NISSEN, 485 Seneca Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 MRS. HILDA GRAY, 2317 Malcolm Avenue, "Westwood," Sawtelle, California.
 MRS. J. N. PROCTOR, R. F. D. 1, Bethel, Conn.
 MRS. A. D. RAMSAY, P. O. Box 954, Charleston, W. Va.
 MRS. FRANK C. BOWERS, 3309 Nations Avenue, El Paso, Texas.
 MISS LYDIA ENGI, 1345 Bond Street, Los Angeles, California.
 THOMAS PRINCE, 733 Lawton Place, Fort Wayne, Indiana.
 ALEXANDER BLIEDUNG, 209 North Byers, Joplin, Mo.
 CORNELIUS HILKER, 242½ Oliver Street, San Pedro, California.
 JENNIE A. TAYLOR, Railroad & Warehouse Commission, No. 18 State Capitol, St. Paul, Minn.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]

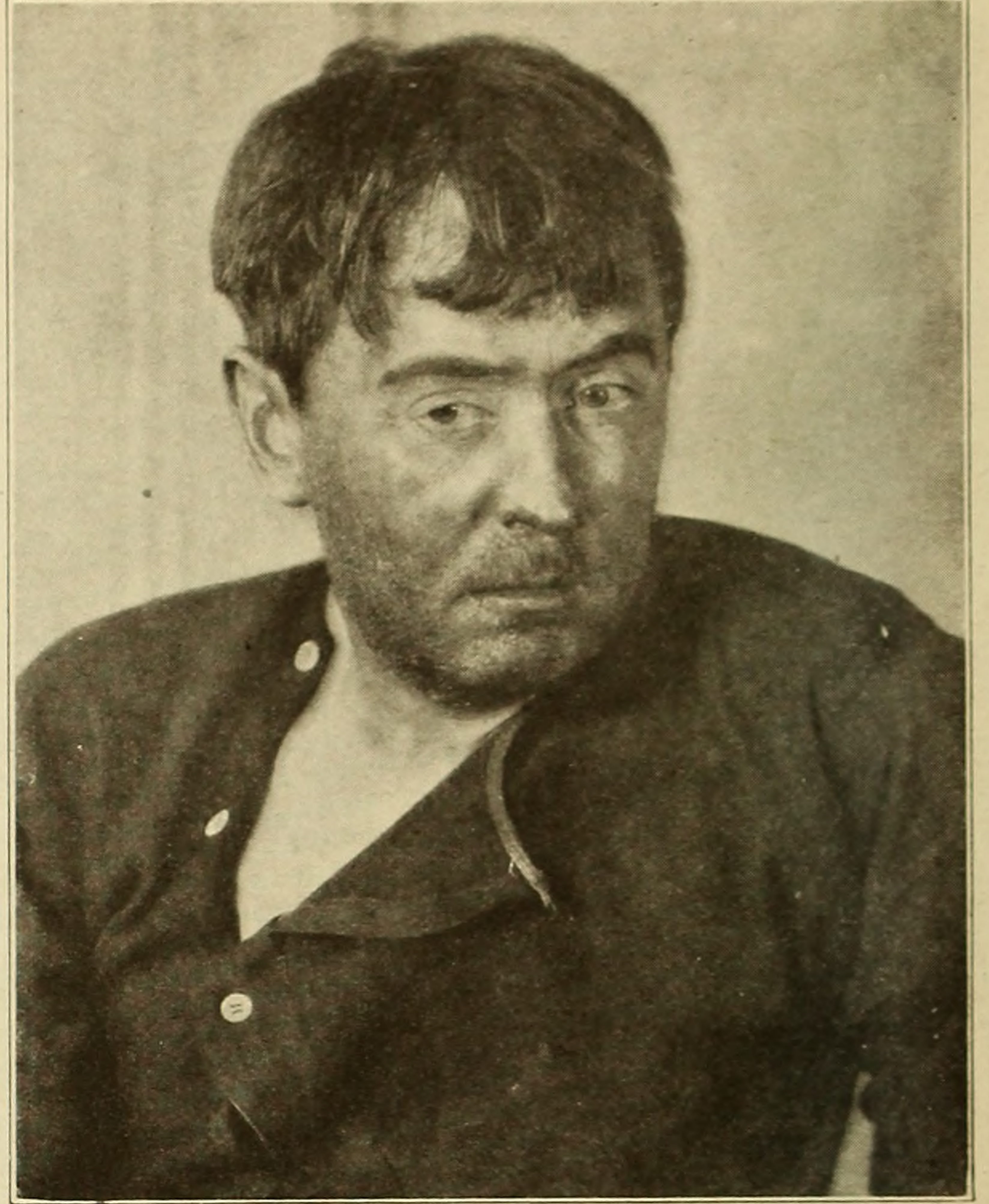


No. 7 on List of Prizes—Mrs. E. E. Trevis created this golden treasure chest. The inner woodwork is black and gold with the photographs, back to back, in sixteen black wooden frames tipped with gold handles

STUDIO NEWS & GOSSIP



No, this is not a halitosis guard. It is a flirting fan that demonstrates what the old Spanish sheiks were up against. It was handed down to Louise Fazenda by her great-grandmother



Matt Moore as a big rough man of the great open coal holes in his latest picture, "The Cave Man." Quite a change from the timid youth of "How Baxter Butted In." This picture will not be popular with barbers

NOT since Gloria brought home the Marquis, has Hollywood been so excited about anything as the arrival of Michael Arlen, author of that famous chronicle of a "lovely lady" who wore "The Green Hat." Nor has any other topic been discussed, before and after, with such zeal.

Mr. Arlen came. Just what people expected, after reading "The Green Hat" and "Piracy," I don't know. Whatever it was, they seemed a little disappointed in Mike. He is a pleasant little chap, almost too well-groomed and a trifle overdressed, but he goes about his work in a business-like manner. If the admiring feminine contingent hoped to see him live perhaps a Purple Hat in Hollywood, it has been badly stung. The creator of *Iris Storm* seems not at all interested in women. He dines very frequently with his much admired Bebe Daniels—he knew her in New York—plays bridge with her friends, goes with her to dinner at the Harold Lloyds, is in his office at nine and prepares manuscripts for Pola until six.

Nothing terribly exciting. But I do think it was a little unfair of some of the men delegates to call him the perfumed rug merchant. He may be Armenian, but he has all the earmarks of an English gentleman. Men are so jealous.

And Hollywood has been a trial to him. "If anyone asks me once more what I think of women," he said, distractedly, "I shall go crazy."

MISTAKEN identity is always good for a laugh.

The other day Leatrice Joy was returning from the beach with her publicity man, where she had been posing for some pictures. A hot dog

stand on the by-road flagrantly flirted its sign and the odor of sizzling doggies permeated the air. They paused to indulge.

The proprietress was a jovial Irish-woman who was not remiss in tendering compliments with her wares. Turning to her attendant, she said in tones audible enough for Letty to hear:

"Dearie, don't you think this young lady looks a great deal like Priscilla Dean?"

AT last Mary and Doug are to get their much-planned-for trip around the world. Upon the completion of "Scraps," Mary's current production, she will make a story of a little shop girl in a big city. This will be finished in March, when she and Doug will leave for their tour of the world.

After doing the four corners of the globe, they will linger in Europe long enough to make a picture in which both Mary and Doug will be featured.

The Fairbanks itinerary at present schedules their return to the States in the spring of 1927, when Mary will do another picture with a New England locale, similar in character to "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." This picture will be followed by a crook story. After this, probably, Mary will be so hopelessly aged and bent that she will be forced to play adolescent rôles.

BRONCHO BILLY, the first two-gun man of the films, is down and out, broke, ill. For seven years the ex-star has been unable to work

because of poor health. He has managed to exist on funds given him from time to time by relatives.

THE Charleston craze has died a sudden and violent death so far as the motion picture girls are concerned. Reason: somebody circulated the report that a well-known orthopedic hospital claims this dance causes flat feet!

We hope Bessie Love didn't hear the rumor before she sailed for Europe. Not that we want Bessie to get flat feet, but we like to imagine her knocking the continental sheiks for a row of cocktails when she goes into her Charleston. Wait till you see her do it in "The King on Main Street."

WHILE in San Francisco making a picture, James Cruze pointed out the site of the old Occidental hotel, once a famous hostelry, to members of the company, with this remark: "It was at the old Occidental that I met Mark Twain."

Then he told how and why, and here's the yarn:

"Not only did I meet him," confided Cruze, "but he spoke to me."

"No! What did he say?" came the chorus.

"Waiter, bring me another cup of coffee!"

THE story of a reconciliation between Jack Gilbert and Leatrice Joy, recently published and circulated in Los Angeles, seems to be without foundation and is being vigorously



Gwen Lee of the Metro Studios demonstrating the latest thing in London bridal bonnets for the boyish bob. There's really only one step beyond this—to shave the scalp and paint on the orange blossoms



Those were not the good old days, for Tommy Meighan made \$7,250 a week less than now when he played in "The College Widow" twenty years ago. Evelyn Vaughn, later Mrs. Bert Lytell, played the widow

denied by both of them. It grew out of the fact that Jack recently paid his first visit to little Leatrice II.

Even without the denials of the principals, I should have said it to be a false rumor. The breach between these two is a wide one, and filled still with bitterness. Nothing could surprise Hollywood, which is not easily surprised, more than to see these two reunited.

What strange tricks fate plays. When Leatrice broke with Jack, she seemed about to enter into the highest honors the screen can bestow. Jack was in comparative obscurity. Many people thought that Leatrice's divorce action would do him much damage. But it seems to have been a boomerang.

Today, Leatrice is not progressing. She seems to be failing to fulfil the great promise of her charm and ability in "Manslaughter" and "The Ten Commandments," while "The Merry Widow" and "The Big Parade" have swept Jack to dazzling heights.

Gives one something to ponder, doesn't it? Is it just luck? Has justice merely leveled things out in its own way? Or does the sinner flourish like the green bay tree? Funny— isn't it?

THERE is a certain young actor in Hollywood who is a devout believer in the adage "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery." His worship of Jack Barrymore is apparent in the choice of his cravats, haircuts and gestures.

The other day a little office girl, at the studio where he was working, unintentionally blocked the exit from

the set and with his best Hamlet gesture the actor swept her from his path. But she had her revenge.

Timidly approaching him later she said: "Pardon me, you are Mr. So-and-so, aren't you?" Admiration was mingled with awe in manner.

"Indeed, I am!" spake the actor, rising wonderfully to the occasion, and hand hastening to its accustomed place beneath the left lapel.

"Where could one get some of your fan pictures, please?" asked the girl.

The actor told her—grandiosely.

"Thanks. I just wanted to know in case someone asked me!"

RELECTED glory seldom satisfies. Now it is Leni Lubitsch, wife of Ernst Lubitsch, the director, who wants a little glory of her own. She has signed a contract with Warner Brothers to play stellar rôles in a number of productions.

Mrs. Lubitsch was a stage star in Germany before her husband came to this country to direct pictures. She is pretty and blonde, slightly resembling Agnes Ayres.

RALPH GRAVES fell heir to a good joke the other evening. It was during a dinner at the Ambassador Hotel and the woman on Ralph's left was an out-of-town visitor. Turning to him with her sweetest smile, she tapped him lightly on the sleeve:

"I should think you would be a

very good screen type, Mr. Graves. Why don't you try to get in pictures?"

Ralph gulped—and replied:

"Perhaps you didn't hear the name correctly. . . I am Ralph Graves!"

The woman smiled again and airily said . . .

"Oh, that's all right! You could change your name. A lot of them have!"

MAY ALLISON is one motion picture actress who has both feet on the ground—to stay. She was scheduled to take the air in a small airplane for a sequence in "Men of Steel." There was not room in the machine for more than three people—the pilot, Miss Allison and the cameraman—so a system of "still" cameras was worked out whereby Miss Allison could press a button and take the "still" pictures of herself.

Before going up George Archainbaud, her director, suggested that he take a short flight to tell the pilot where he wanted him to go. Miss Allison watched him leave the ground at one o'clock in the afternoon. She was still waiting when night fell. About 8 o'clock a battered old Ford car deposited the bedraggled director at her feet.

The plane had broken down and had landed in a muddy field miles away. No one was hurt, but just the same Miss Allison decided that another system would have to be evolved for the photographing of that sequence.

BILL POWELL, that estimable heavy man who is getting absolutely dizzy from running back and



We suspect Gloria Swanson of a conspiracy with the hairdressers. This is her newest bob. The effect is obtained by cutting the top shorter than the rest and curling it over in a soft wave



Gloria Swanson discovered beautiful Arlette Marchal (above) in France and cast her for the Queen in "Madame Sans Gene." Gloria had Paramount bring her over. Brave gal—she imports her own competition

forth between Hollywood and New York to pursue his nefarious career, brings this one from Hollywood:

First Young Thing: "I would love to get in pictures."

Second Older Thing: "A lot of them have!"

OLD Dame Rumor has been working overtime lately.

Her latest effort—that of a separation between Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor—was given a knockout blow when the champ returned from his Eastern trip and the two flew into each other's arms.

And this, too, in spite of the fact that there are some who think Jack has plenty of grounds for leaving Estelle.

You see it was like this. While Jack was away his little actress wife got lonely and so amused herself by painting a portrait of her fighter husband.

Now Estelle is a capable little actress, but no one ever told her she was an artist—I mean the brush and oil kind—and what she did to Jack—in the picture—well, I won't even try to tell you.

Some who have seen the portrait say—well, never mind. But just to show you how far apart this happy couple is, Jack took Estelle in his arms again when he saw the picture and said—

"WONDERFUL."

Ain't love grand?

NUDITY—"pour le sport," as Michael Arlen is so fond of saying—will not cause the barring of any motion pictures in Germany, the State Board of Censorship ruled recently.

The picture which started the controversy is a propaganda film for the naked culture movement that is breaking the hearts of German tailors, and gaining great popularity in Germany, Russia and Austria.

A private showing of the film was arranged for President von Hindenburg. He put the official Prussian stamp upon it and opened it to the public.

Old thrillers and melodramas are banned in Prussia, but nudity—never.

YOU just cannot keep Michael Arlen out of print. Charlie Chaplin was showing him around Hollywood shortly after the author's arrival. They were just leaving a studio when a huge truck, loaded with rock, crashed into the rear of Chaplin's Rolls-Royce, demolishing it.

In an instant a crowd gathered.

"Any casualties, Mr. Chaplin?" queried a solicitous onlooker.

"None," replied Charlie, "except to our itinerary. And I guess we can save that with a taxicab."

ANNA Q. NILSSON got her divorce from young Gunnerson, the business man she married a few years ago. And that is the end of another romance, and everybody is sorry.

Anna Q.—whom everybody loves—is one of those actresses with a thoroughly domestic disposition. I have met them on the New York stage—the kind that save up and hope some day to have a duck farm down on Long Island. She loved the little home she and her husband built on their little ranch about twenty miles from Hollywood. It was her great delight to spend her time there, being a real housewife. Anna Q. is a good cook, too.

But—the strange part of it is, that apparently that was just what ruined her marriage. A man who marries a beautiful and high-powered actress doesn't always want her to settle down and be domestic.

MARSHALL NEILAN proved himself a good picker when he discovered little Sally O'Neil and gave her the featured rôle in his latest picture, "Mike." But why, oh why, did he change her delightful name of Chotsey Noonan, to Sally O'Neil?

Incidentally, Chotsey—I mean Sally—atmosphered around Mack Sennett's lot for a couple of months, but the well-known discoverer of feminine beauty didn't, or couldn't, see her.

CAN you imagine Aileen Pringle, the striking, the gorgeous, ever an ugly duckling?

Well, she was—the prize Ugly Duckling of the little town of Newcastle, California, which never tires of talking of the wonderful transformation of the little girl who grew up in Newcastle.

I had it from a friend with whom I went to college. He dropped in for a chat one day—visiting Hollywood from a northern city—and the first question he asked was if I knew Aileen Pringle.

"You know, Cal," says he, "I knew her when she was just a little kid with pigtailed down her back. And plain, why we didn't think she had one redeeming feature then. And now just look at her."

DOUGLAS MACLEAN and his wife recently went to New York via the Panama Canal, thinking that the delightful boat trip would give them a pleasant rest.

"And it did," says Douglas. "Furthermore, if I was a betting man I could easily make my expenses off the trip on the information I got. I haven't found anybody yet in New York or



When Herbert Henley introduced Bebe Daniels to his stenographer, Bebe never recognized Norma Shearer in her "Free Lips" make-up. If Norma can look like this, maybe you can look as Norma really does. Maybe!



The keynote to Kathleen Key's gown is on her eyelids. Kathleen got that way through the assistance of Cecil Holland, make-up expert. This may start a new profession. "Eyelids painted here while you wait"

Hollywood that wouldn't argue and offer to bet on the following proposition—that the Pacific Ocean side of the Panama Canal is east of the Atlantic Ocean side, or, to put it the other way around, that the Atlantic Ocean side of the Panama Canal is west of the Pacific Ocean side. But it is—they are. If you don't believe me, get out the atlas. Really, I ought to get a rake-off from the atlas company on the number of them I've sold since I made that trip."

YOUNG Gloria Lloyd, only daughter of Harold and Mildred Lloyd, is walking all over the place these days, and talking, too.

There is an amusing little story about Harold and Gloria and the dogs. Harold is a great dog lover, and he especially likes big dogs. He wanted the baby to have a dog to grow up with, so he spent considerable time hunting one. Finally, he came home with a Great Dane. The thing, even at puppy age, was as big as a small pony, and Gloria, after one look, literally turned and fled. Harold scratched his head, looked some more, and acquired a full-blooded St. Bernard of majestic proportions. Gloria, not to be taken off her guard a second time, welcomed the St. Bernard cautiously and was willing to try to get along. But it couldn't be done. He knocked her over every time he tried to be playful, and after the second time, little Gloria had had enough of that.

"What she wants," said her grandmother, wisely, "is a little dog."

Harold accepted defeat, brought home a fuzzy, ordinary little cocker spaniel, and now Gloria has a dog that she delights in.

CAN you imagine an actor or actress fleeing from publicity?

If you have ever been an editor, you can't, but I have really seen it happen.

A short time ago a Jewish daily paper, published in Los Angeles, wrote to all the studios and asked all actors and actresses of their persuasion to communicate with the office—they

wanted to send a man out to interview some of their own people.

The letter was pasted on all of the studio bulletin boards and I became interested.

I called the office of the Jewish daily several times, and up to the time of *PHOTOPLAY'S* going to press there have been no customers. Not a single Jewish artist!

THESE little girls certainly get away with murder. Patsy Ruth Miller is the latest diminutive one to perpetrate a crime in rompers.

One of Pat's recent pictures gave her an opportunity to wear pig-tails and short dresses. It must be known that Pat in her grown-up attire is something of a wit and the gems of conversation that fall from her lips are often quoted and requoted in cinema circles.

A celebrated Britisher was visiting Warners' Studio where Pat was working. Eventually Pat—in pig-tails and calico—was introduced to him, and commenced her usual sure-fire line. The Englishman was dazed but bore up wonderfully. Finally Pat was called to the set. He followed her with his eyes and then said:

"My word! Aren't these film youngsters precocious!"

FRANCES MARION and Fred Thomson, who, besides being respectively the screen's leading scenario writer and the most promising Western star, are also husband and wife, are living over the garage.

It's like this. Having bought a magnificent estate in Beverly Hills, they built the stables

and garage first. Then, as the house—which has twenty-nine rooms—took shape, they got so interested they moved into the servants' rooms above the garage.

"It was easier," says Frances. "We camped there all the time anyway. It's a great vantage point from which to watch things grow."

Frances, by the way, has just finished her first production, which she wrote and directed. It is William J. Locke's "Simon, the Jester." It should be a knockout. Miss Marion has given more directors great scripts from which they have made pictures which boosted them to success, than anybody else in the business. She ought to do it for herself now.

BIG-HEARTED Tom Meighan recently donated a thousand dollars toward the \$14,000,000 drive being made by the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies. He also offered to give his services in any way possible to help.

And there's a little Catholic church in Hollywood that is grateful to Tom for many generous gifts.

THEDA BARA, the originator of the fictitious character known as the screen vampire, is in New York consulting with the leading publishers. Miss Bara has written a book called "The Things That Women Won't Tell."

We'll bet you Elinor Glyn will writhe with envy when she hears that title.

DOUG FAIRBANKS tells this one on Harold Lloyd, and Harold admits it's true—so it must be.

The two stars had been down to watch the filming of the great chariot races for "Ben Hur," and on their return stopped at Doug's studio, where there were three kids waiting whom Fairbanks had promised to let go through the studio and see all his pirate stuff.

Harold was without his glasses, of course.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]

Growing Old Gracefully



This is the Myrtle Stedman of ten years ago. When this photograph was taken Myrtle was the bright particular star of the old Bosworth and Morosco companies, organizations long since extinct

“Look for youth in the heart. Make the change from youth to age, as you would make it from one country to another. And I tell you that you will lay up for yourselves treasures where moth and rust doth not corrupt and where thieves cannot break through nor steal”

By Myrtle Stedman



Here, showing how lightly the years have touched her, is Myrtle Stedman today. Her eyes are kinder, her mouth gentler. Otherwise time has been unable to do anything save flatter her

I KNOW two women who are growing old. One of them is fighting Time with little white jars full of this and that, with gold topped bottles of fragrant lotions, with visits to specialists and beauty surgeons in immaculate white aprons.

Whenever I meet her she tells me rapturously about some new beauty shop she has just discovered.

Her face looks young enough, there are no wrinkles in her smoothly stretched skin, and her hair is a glossy henna. But her eyes! Those tortured, harassed, *old* eyes, and her shrill, nervous, frightened voice.

The other is not fighting Time at all. She is making Time her ally. She goes hand in hand with Time, and asks him for his gifts.

Whenever I meet her she tells me of some new book she has just read, of some fine picture she has just seen, of some young thing in whom she has discovered talent that she hopes to aid.

There are laugh lines aplenty about her eyes and strong, deep lines of courage and character about her mouth, and her dark hair is frankly going very gray. But oh, the understanding light of those eyes, the deep sweetness of her voice, and the jewel of serenity upon her brow!

AND from those two women, one of whom I pity deeply and want to get away from, one of whom I love and long to be with, I can point you all my philosophy of growing old gracefully.

People—fans and friends and critics—have been kind enough to say that I am growing old gracefully and accepting my position as the mother of a young man many inches taller than I am without losing either my poise or my personality. I take that as my favorite compliment and hold it very dear in my heart.

For I tell you that we women should arise here and now and get rid of this bugaboo of age — this cowardly, silly fear of growing old. I tell you that women who fight

against age, who cling with overmanicured hands to the semblance of youth and wear the garb of sixteen as an ostrich hides his head in the sand, are on the wrong track altogether.

In the last two generations, women have risen above most of the outworn laws that held them in bondage. It is time they put the heel upon this last tyrant—the dread of getting old.

I do not bring you any new “beauty secrets.” I have no new magic of weight-reduction or wrinkle eradication.

But I believe that I have found Ponce de Leon’s fountain of eternal youth in these great words of a great poet—

“Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be——”

GROWING old isn’t something to be dreaded. It is something to be enjoyed. Age isn’t a thief and a robber. He is a friend. It is only an exchange—growing old.

An exchange of the fevers and ferments of youth, for the ripe delights of maturity. An exchange of the hot delights and wild joys and sorrows of young manhood and womanhood, for the appreciation and wisdom and wide understanding of a mind stored full of experience and a vision grown broad with years of loving and watching life.

We are so hurried in youth. We dash from this to that. We go from the mountain peaks of mad joy to the very deepest depths of pain and misery.

But as life unfolds there are no mountain peaks and no deep pits, but only the pleasant meadows of proven love, tried friendship, and time and intelligence to enjoy the real things of life. Only the shallowest mind can claim that those real things are taken from us as we grow older.

For, after all, what grows old?

At most, the body. Need the mind? Need the heart? Need the spirit that is in man? No, a thousand times no. Instead, don’t they grow and deepen and come into

Every girl and every woman reader of PHOTOPLAY should read this remarkable article. Not yet forty, the mother of a 20-year-old boy, Myrtle Stedman is one of the most beloved and respected women of the film colony

full power as the years add wisdom?

What do you lose with youth?

Physical vigor, maybe, though I have known men and women of sixty who could outride, outwalk, outplay their own sons and daughters. But let us grant the loss of physical vigor.

WHAT else? Do you lose love?

Only that phase of it which is most fleeting, since it is most tied to the earth, and has most of the elements of that dust from which mortal man was made. I have seen in the eyes of a man and a woman on their Golden Wedding anniversary love that would put to very shame the blaze of passion in the eyes of young things. And is that mother love, that father love, that grows apace as the years bring our kiddies to manhood and womanhood to be ignored, when we speak of love? Do we lose friendship? Not real friendship. The years leave by the wayside those ephemeral attractions of the moment, whose roots were planted in the shallow soil of vanity, but they only strengthen the oak of true friendship. Do we lose our joy in good books, in exquisite paintings, in music, in travel, in our home? Certainly not. That joy increases.

Nor need we lose our place in the world.

Florence Nightingale was forty when she went to the Crimean war, and she lived to be ninety and during those long years worked incessantly and gave us the foundation of our

PHOTOPLAY considers it a privilege to publish this article by Myrtle Stedman. The next time you have an opportunity to see her in a picture do not fail to study this wonderful woman who has found the secret of eternal youth.

JAMES R. QUIRK

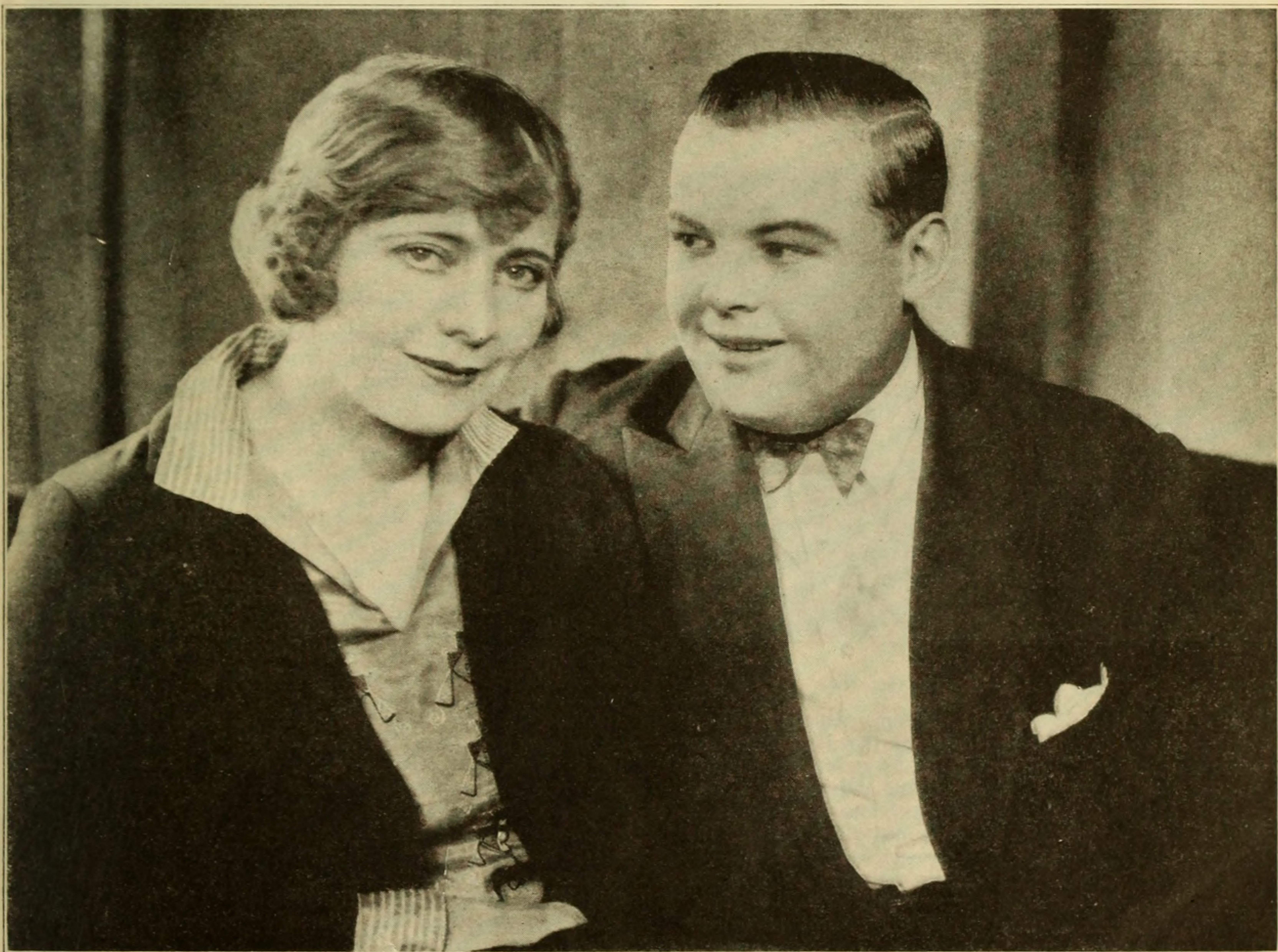
entire modern system of nursing and hospital administration. Mary Baker Eddy was fifty before she wrote the book that was to make her the great religious leader of her time, and she was eighty-seven when she founded one of the great newspapers of modern times. Our two greatest actresses, Duse and Bernhardt, at sixty and even seventy, were still infinitely greater than any of their youthful rivals. The golden years of Queen Victoria's reign came when she was an old, old woman, and had ruled her people for generations. Madame Curie was growing old, I am sure gracefully, when she astonished the scientific world with the discovery of radium. Who ever thinks of age, or of youth, in connection with St. Elizabeth of Hungary?

Happiness is eternal youth.

You can't keep your face young.

No one in the world can do that. You don't fool anybody but yourself, with vain pretenses and mud packs, false curls and rubber girdles.

But even beauty does not depend upon youth alone. There is a beauty beyond that of a pretty, smooth, peach-bloom face. The sort of beauty Whistler painted of his mother. The mellowness of old lace, the deepening richness of a masterpiece, and shine and sheen of silvery hair—these all have a beauty of their own. It may not inspire desire, but it will create love and devotion in every heart. I have heard [CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]



Myrtle Stedman has given her maiden name of Lincoln to her boy in loving honor of her father. She is one of the finest actresses on the screen and her son is also in pictures



THE KING ON MAIN STREET—Paramount

THE story isn't a knockout. It's the suave personality of Adolphe Menjou, who enacts the rôle of the *King of Molvania*, that puts it over. It's a Menjou picture from the start to the finish. His subtle and captivating charm acts as a pivot on which the plot of the story rotates. The picture is centered around a series of spicy and ultra-sophisticated situations which Monta Bell, the director, has logically developed with skill and freshness without shocking the censorious.

The story shows in a humorous and entertaining way the life of a bored king who longed to be loved as a man. Bessie Love is the sweet little young girl with whom the *King* has a delightful romance. Greta Nissen's beauty and gowns are a treat for the eyes. We're warning you—don't miss this.



THE EAGLE—United Artists

RUDOLPH VALENTINO changes his personality three times in his new picture, and each one is dashing and fascinating and very Valentino. First, he is a young lieutenant of the Czarina's regiment, brave and handsome and desired of *Catherine*. When he deserts because he objects to "boudoir service," young *Dubrovsky* becomes a bandit, the *Black Eagle*, seeking to avenge a wrong done his father.

Next we see Rudy impersonating a French tutor in the house of his enemy, teaching the enemy's beautiful daughter. *Dubrovsky* falls in love. Shall he break his oath of vengeance?

The story really begins when *Dubrovsky* becomes the *Black Eagle*. The finish is weak and the characters not well drawn. Vilma Banky is Sam Goldwyn's gift to the screen. You will like Rudy and Vilma and the picture, in spite of its faults.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



THE BIG PARADE—Metro-Goldwyn

WAR, not from the cushioned seat of a government job but the mud-splashed perspective of a cootie-bitten private, has been brought to the screen by King Vidor's masterly direction of "The Big Parade."

Bitter, grueling, muddy strife in all its tragedy and ironic humor has been superbly interwoven with rollicking comedy, captivating love episodes and tender romance. It is not make-believe. It is war as war actually is, with soldiers and women playing their parts bravely as plain human beings.

The story is simple—but the telling is great. A French maiden, an American doughboy and his two modern musketeers. But Vidor's vast sympathy with the subject, his utter lack of mock heroics and flag-waving and the genius he displays in sweeping his audience with him, even to the shell-pocked battleground, is unsurpassed in any war picture ever filmed.

John Gilbert, as the wealthy private, gives a splendid interpretation of the character's evolution from pampered youth to soul-shocked veteran. Renee Adoree, as the charming *Melisande*, wins the hero and the audience by her great performance of the French peasant girl. The laughs and many of the tears go to Karl Dane as the gangling member of the wartime trio, and Tom O'Brien garners his share of glory as the third musketeer. Claire McDowell's mother rôle is illuminated by the beauty of her sincerity, and Hobart Bosworth, Claire Adams, Robert Ober and Rosa Marstini are excellent.

This is a truly great picture, for it blends the color and feeling of a war canvas with the homely intimacies of a doughboy's kodak record.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

THE BIG PARADE THE SKYROCKET
 THE KING ON MAIN STREET
 THE EAGLE CLASSIFIED LORD JIM

The Six Best Performances of the Month

John Gilbert in "The Big Parade"
 Corinne Griffith in "Classified"
 Peggy Hopkins Joyce in "The Skyrocket"
 Rudolph Valentino in "The Eagle"
 Percy Marmont in "Lord Jim"
 Karl Dane in "The Big Parade"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 116



CLASSIFIED—First National

CORINNE GRIFFITH as *Babs*, the beautiful but smart New York working girl, gives a surprisingly clever performance in this Edna Ferber story. She is so human and real that you forget it is Miss Griffith, "the screen's most beautiful."

It takes Edna Ferber to write about the folks who work every day, eat "supper," and buy radios.

Jack Mulhall is a garage mechanic with the independence of a big butter and egg man. His rival, Ward Crane, is a very human silk hatter from Fifth Avenue. Edythe Chapman and Charley Murray as *Ma* and *Pa*, are perfect. Oh, yes, Corinne gets a chance to wear gorgeous clothes. How she gets them is where the plot, if any, comes in.

Some of the smart cracks in the subtitles are priceless.



THE SKYROCKET—Associated Exhibitors

DECIDEDLY the best picture about motion picture people that has been made to date, and also brings to the screen an interesting new personality in Peggy Hopkins Joyce. Marshall Neilan has caught the glamour and fascination of Hollywood, and with the valuable aid of Miss Joyce, who is apt to prove quite as irresistible on the screen as she has in real life, we think, has transferred them to the screen. While he has missed some of the bigger and deeper moments of the stirring novel by Adela Rogers St. Johns, and considerable of its unusual psychology, Mr. Neilan has substituted for them sequences of delightful comedy and very moving "kid stuff," of which he is past master.

Miss Joyce proves the surprise of the picture, for she not only photographs exquisitely, and wears superb gowns and jewels as well as anyone has ever worn them on the screen, but she gives an excellent performance as *Sharon Kimm*, the little girl from the other side of the railroad tracks, who becomes a great star. Her fragile, blonde loveliness literally illumines the film, and under Mr. Neilan's able guidance, she acts with creditable naturalness and often with deep feeling. Every woman in America will undoubtedly go to see "The Skyrocket" for a look at this most famous "vampire" of our age and probably a good many of the men, but the surprising thing is that they are bound to find Peggy Hopkins Joyce not only a beauty, but a thoroughly competent actress.

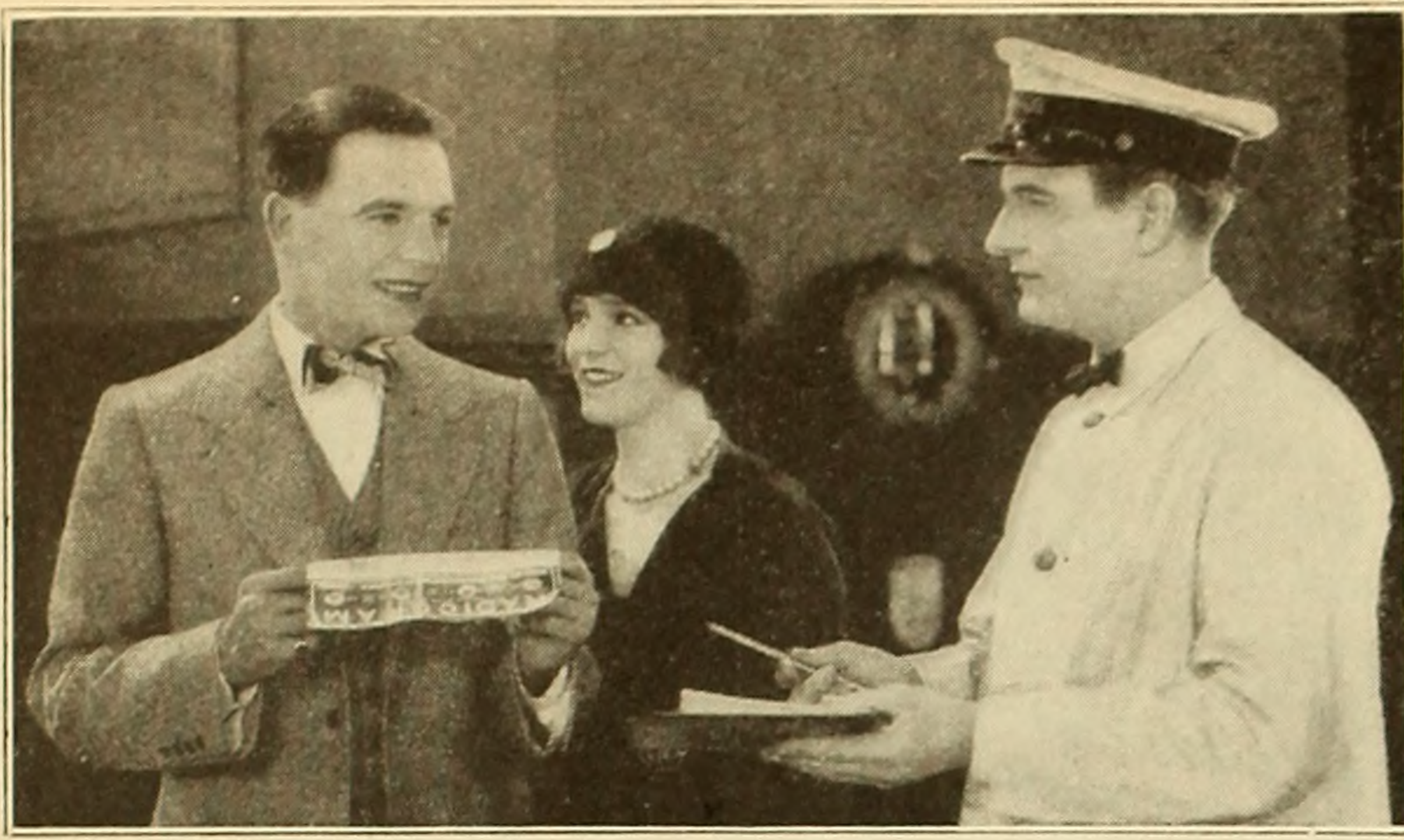
Of the men, honors must go to Earle Williams as *Dvorak*, the star-maker director. This is Mr. Williams' first attempt at the polished villain, and it is a triumph. Owen Moore is his usually attractive self, Sammy Cohen gives some great comedy, and the two kiddies of the first reel deserve unstinted praise.



LORD JIM—Paramount

SINCE Lord Jim was bound to come to the screen, Percy Marmont is the only motion picture actor who could have made this drama of conscience appear even remotely real. The soul struggle of the man *Jim*, as Conrad created him, was obviously extremely difficult to visualize, and Director Victor Fleming deserves great credit for the result of his effort to translate mental operations into pictures.

Although the picturization of Conrad's finest work is sometimes disappointing to the student of Conrad it is good entertainment and is replete with drama and romance. There is an unhappy ending to Conrad's story. We must thank the producer for flying in the face of so-called box-office showmanship and not changing it, but it is done with such feeling that it will be and ought to be appreciated.



SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE—Paramount

A CORKING comedy-melodrama with Douglas MacLean as a negligent author who has to write a book in twenty-four hours or lose his sweetheart, the publisher's daughter. It has one of the surprise finishes that the management requests you not to divulge to your friends who haven't seen it. For this reason you should see the picture from the beginning.



THE BEAUTIFUL CITY—First National

A DECIDED drop from the recent Richard Barthelmess offerings. Besides the weak story there is nothing that calls for any of the emotional acting that Dick can handle with such feeling. Something is lacking through the entire picture and that little something is PEP. Dorothy Gish is not particularly impressive, and, as usual, William Powell gives a polished performance.



THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY—Producers Dist.

BEAUTIFUL photography forms the background for a muddled story. It starts with Joseph Schildkraut defying God with a broken arm. He is married to Jetta Goudal, one of those wives in name only. Involved, in a train wreck, they go back to a dim past where almost everything happens, entirely without visible reason. What it all means you'll have to find out from Cecil De Mille, who created it.



THE CLASH OF THE WOLVES—Warner Brothers

A GAIN Rin-Tin-Tin has us all enthused over his splendid performance. This dog is the most sympathetic and human creature on the screen today. There are times when we think the dog actually sheds tears—and if he doesn't make you—. A splendid story enhances the acting abilities of Rinny and the other members of the cast including June Marlowe, Charles Farrell and Pat Hartigan.



LIGHTS OF OLD BROADWAY—Metro-Goldwyn

WELL, well, what happened to Monta Bell here? His direction places this in the mediocre class. Where are all his clever touches? And as for Marion Davies—she's had much better vehicles in spite of the fact that the p.a.'s report this her best rôle since "Little Old New York." Marion plays a dual rôle—sounds intricate—but it isn't. One of them could have been cut out—that's how important it is.



THE BEST PEOPLE—Paramount

MILD entertainment. Sidney Olcott has turned out better pictures than this—but what could he do under the circumstances?—this has no story backing. The plot deals with the conflict between the parents and children of a blue blood family. The parents insist on a marriage to aristocracy and the children prefer people from the ordinary walk of life, and all that sort of thing.



THE NEW COMMANDMENT—First National

THOU Shalt Not Doubt. Sorry, I can't inform you who the Lawgiver is. A romantic story of a wealthy boy who falls in love with an artist's model. Through a misunderstanding he doubts his sweetheart. And then the war came and amidst the clearance of the smoke of battle the lovers are reunited. Tweet, Tweet. The sets, photography, and the war scenes are splendid. Excellent entertainment.



LAZYBONES—Fox

BUCK JONES gives a splendid characterization that is quite different from his usual wild and woolly Western he-man stuff. It is rather doubtful if this will please his fans who like Buck when he is shootin' up the town. A story of small town people which is told in a direct and wholly unpretentious manner. The supporting cast consists of Madge Bellamy, Jane Novak, ZaSu Pitts and Leslie Fenton.



NEW BROOMS—Paramount

EVIDENTLY William de Mille had the idea he would sweep us off our feet with this comedy-drama. Instead, it impressed us as a mildly amusing affair with everyone in the cast overacting, with the exception of Bessie Love. The story is woven around the son of a broom manufacturer who thinks he can run the business better than his father, and as a result he almost ruins it.



GO WEST—Metro-Goldwyn

IT'S rather a sad state of affairs when our old friend Buster Keaton can't put over the laughs. He prances around with that frozen look on his face trying to be funny and with the aid of a big cow does his best with an improbable story. The gags are not what they should be and they don't come fast enough. But all tastes are different—you will get a few laughs out of it, anyhow.



THE ANCIENT HIGHWAY—Paramount

NOW, ladies and gentlemen, we have a rush of log jam-mings and it looks as though they will be as popular as the cattle stampedes. The hero helps the heroine from a scheming villain who is trying to obtain her timber lands. Naturally, he accomplishes the impossible and bye-bye Mr. Villain. Oh, by the way, the villain is none other than the old time favorite, Montagu Love. Passable.



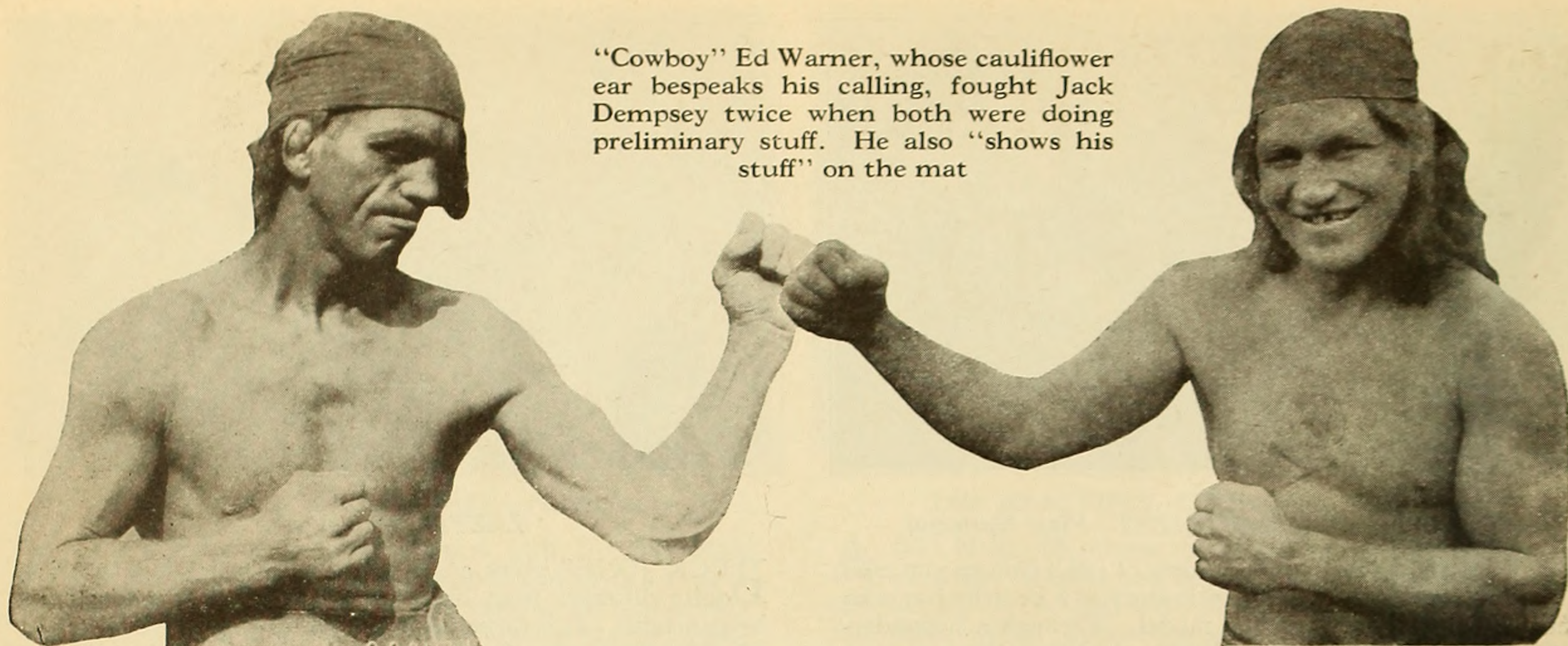
OLD CLOTHES—Metro-Goldwyn

THIS picture will not bring Jackie Coogan any new fans. He is frankly homely, with a homeliness that lacks charm. Still without a haircut, he appears to be in a state of arrested development. When the thin story gives him a chance to act, he overacts.

Joan Crawford, a newcomer, is interesting.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 118]

"Cowboy" Ed Warner, whose cauliflower ear bespeaks his calling, fought Jack Dempsey twice when both were doing preliminary stuff. He also "shows his stuff" on the mat



D OUG FAIRBANKS is "the perfect athlete" of the pictures.

Doug is a wrestler, a boxer, a swimmer, a gymnast, an expert swordsman.

Keeping fit is more than a religion to Doug—it is a pleasure—and nothing could keep him from his daily workouts in the gymnasium, or his fast and furious sets of "Doug"—a sort of indoor tennis game he has invented—at the close of his day's work on a picture. When he is between pictures most of his time is devoted to athletics.

In Doug's Gang are athletes of all kinds, descriptions and nationalities. There are wrestlers, box fighters, and swordsmen, strong men, gymnasts and swimmers. If Doug lived in the feudal days they would certainly be called his henchmen. Today they are called his trainers, sparring partners, opponents and playmates.

And these retainers of Doug all double in brass. Like the star, their exercise and athletic prowess are their life, their happiness, but none of them are lazy. Now, with Doug making "The Black Pirate," they are as villainous a band as one could hope to see—for all are acting in the picture. Within a few months they may be a band of Mexican Bad Men. Not so long ago they were a part of Robin Hood's loyal Merry Men.

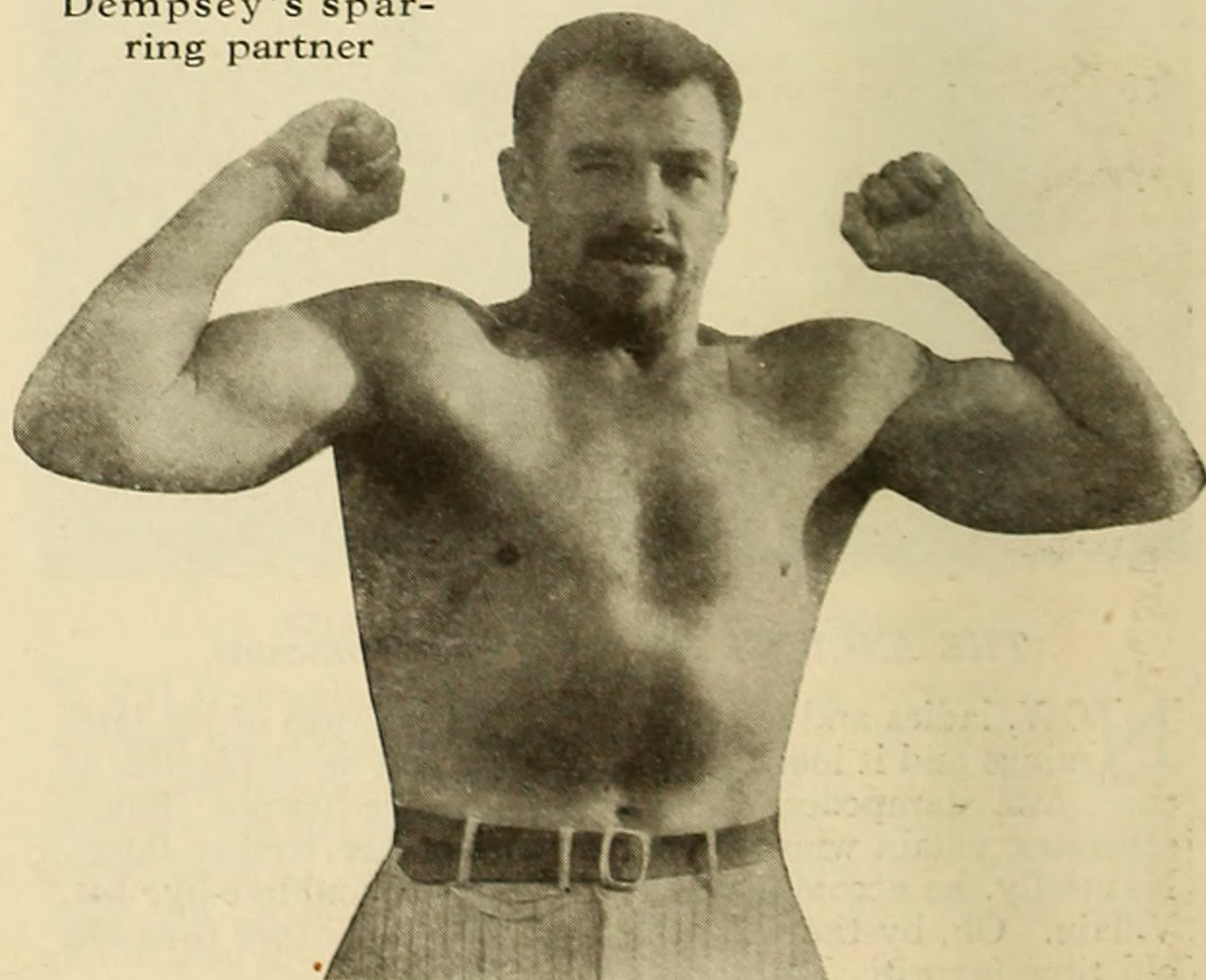
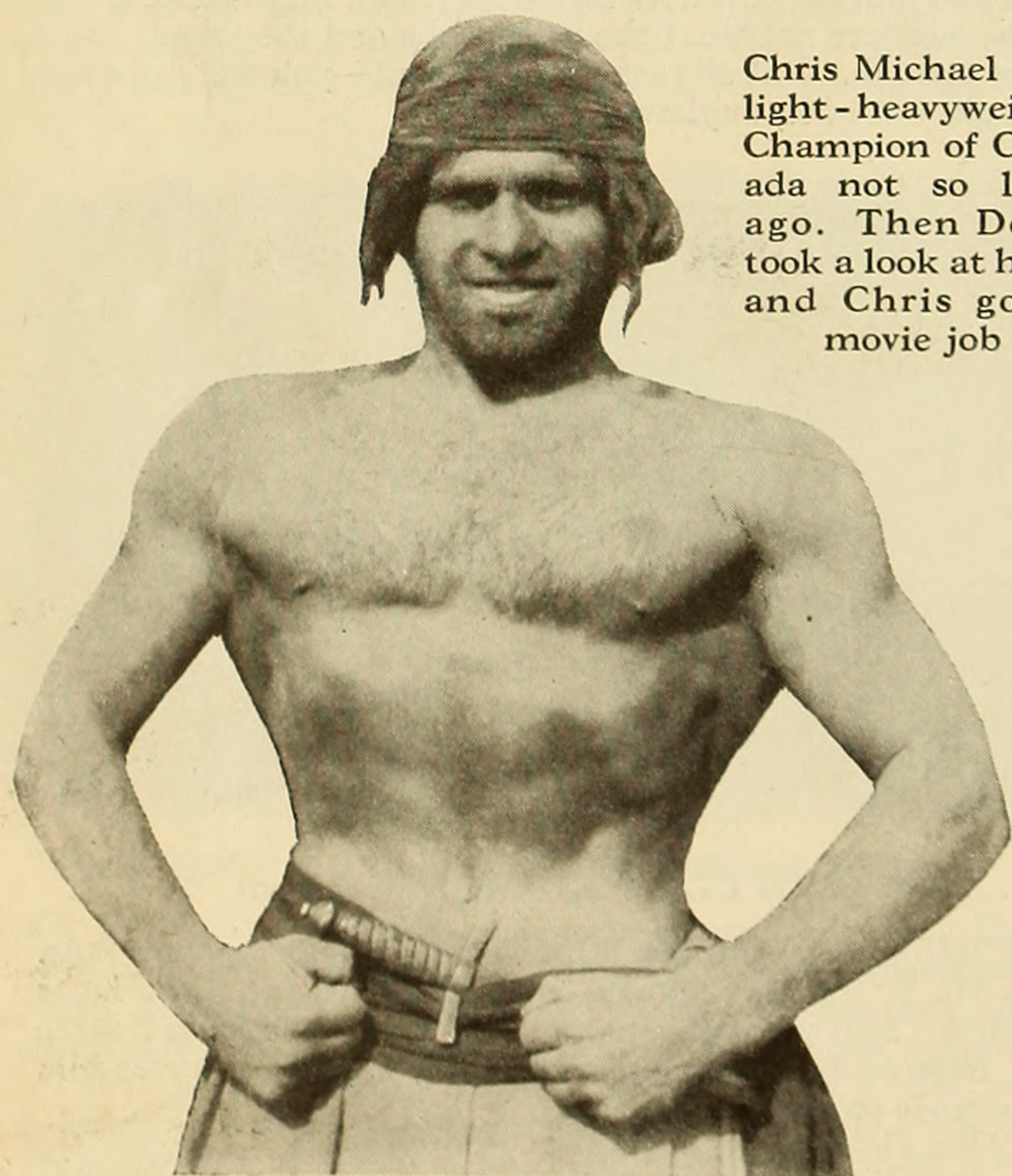
Bob Roper, terror of the prize ring, is a college man (Tulane), and probably the best read and best educated man belonging to the boxing fraternity. After leaving college he entered the army, serving in the Philippines and World War. He has 132 fights to his credit, among which he knocked out Frank Moran and fought two no decision bouts with Tommy Gibbons and Bill Brennan

Dave Kashner hoisting a hundreddollar check he received from Doug because he was able to hoist an iron stanchion which has floored every fellow that ever tried it



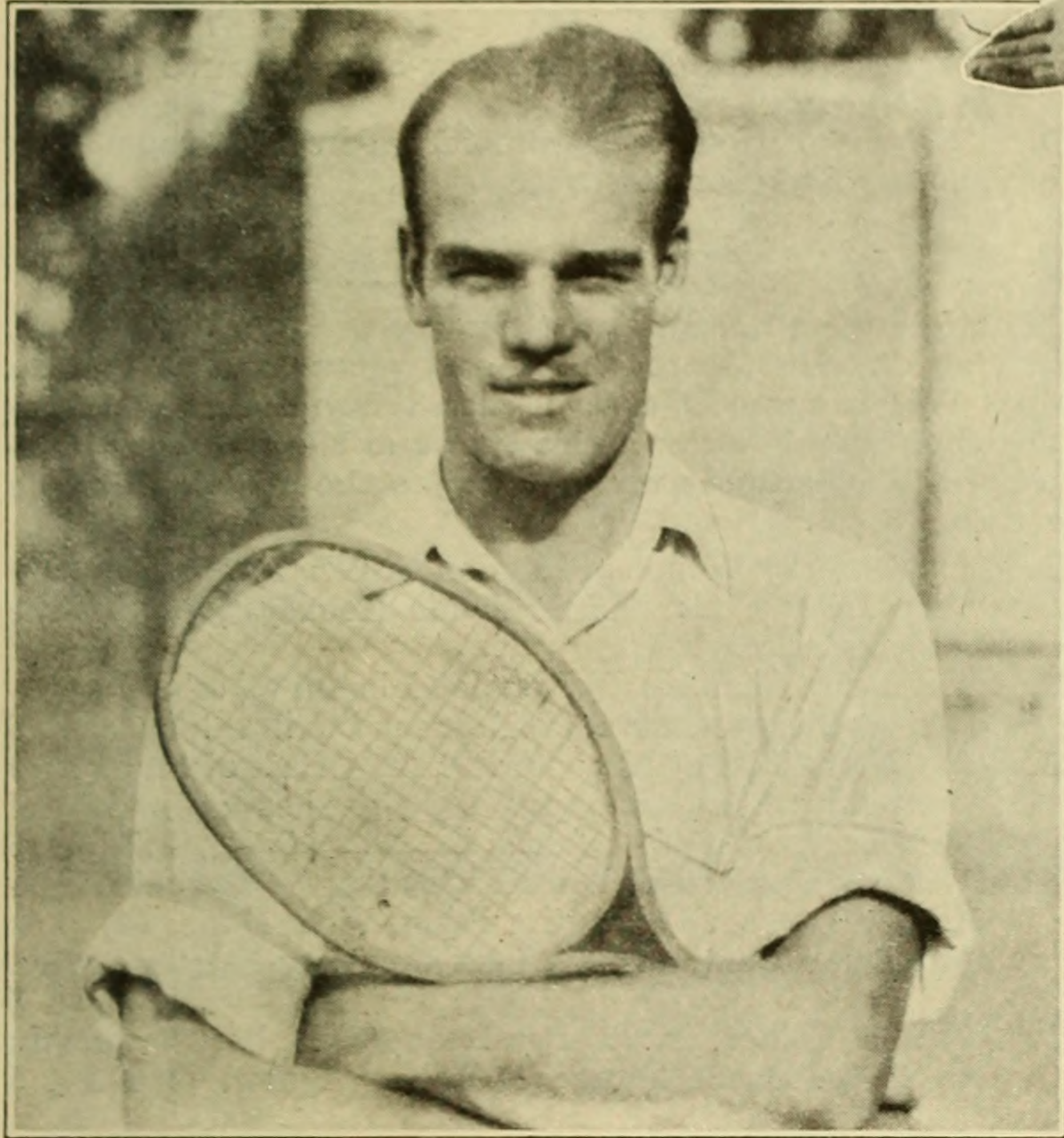
Chris Michael was light-heavyweight Champion of Canada not so long ago. Then Doug took a look at him, and Chris got a movie job

Jimmy Dime, whose name sounds like ready money, left fighting to act. Jimmy was once Jack Dempsey's sparring partner

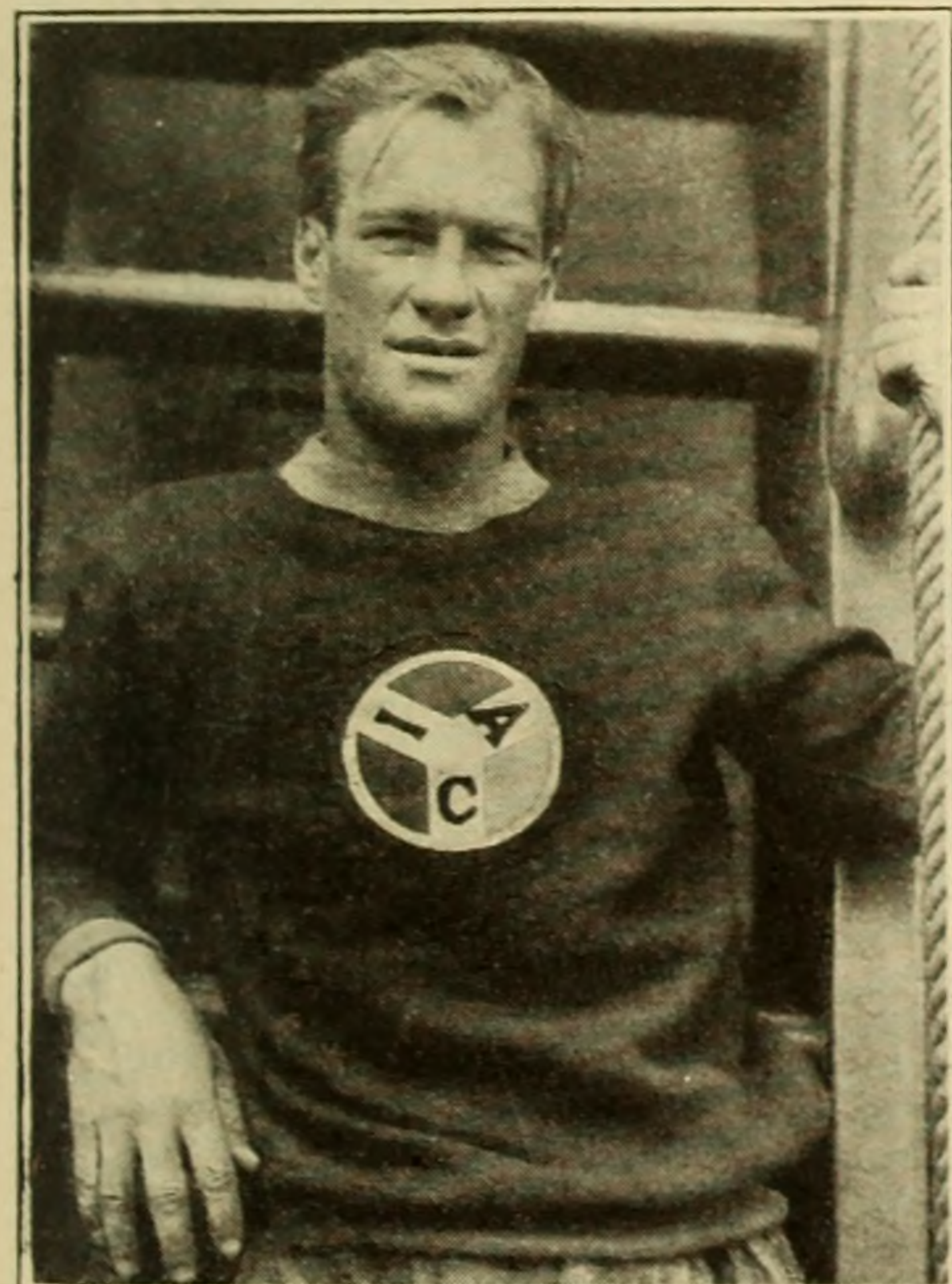


"Meet the Gang" Says Doug

As fine a lot of men as ever
scuttled a ship



"Chuck" Lewis is Douglas Fairbanks' coach, and also his team mate in the game of "Doug." Chuck in his college days made the All-American football team. He won the Pentathlon at the Penn relays several years ago and won the Decathlon for the last Olympic try-outs in Los Angeles. "Chuck" was graduated from Cornell and did postgraduate work at Stanford. He is one of the best all-round athletes in the world

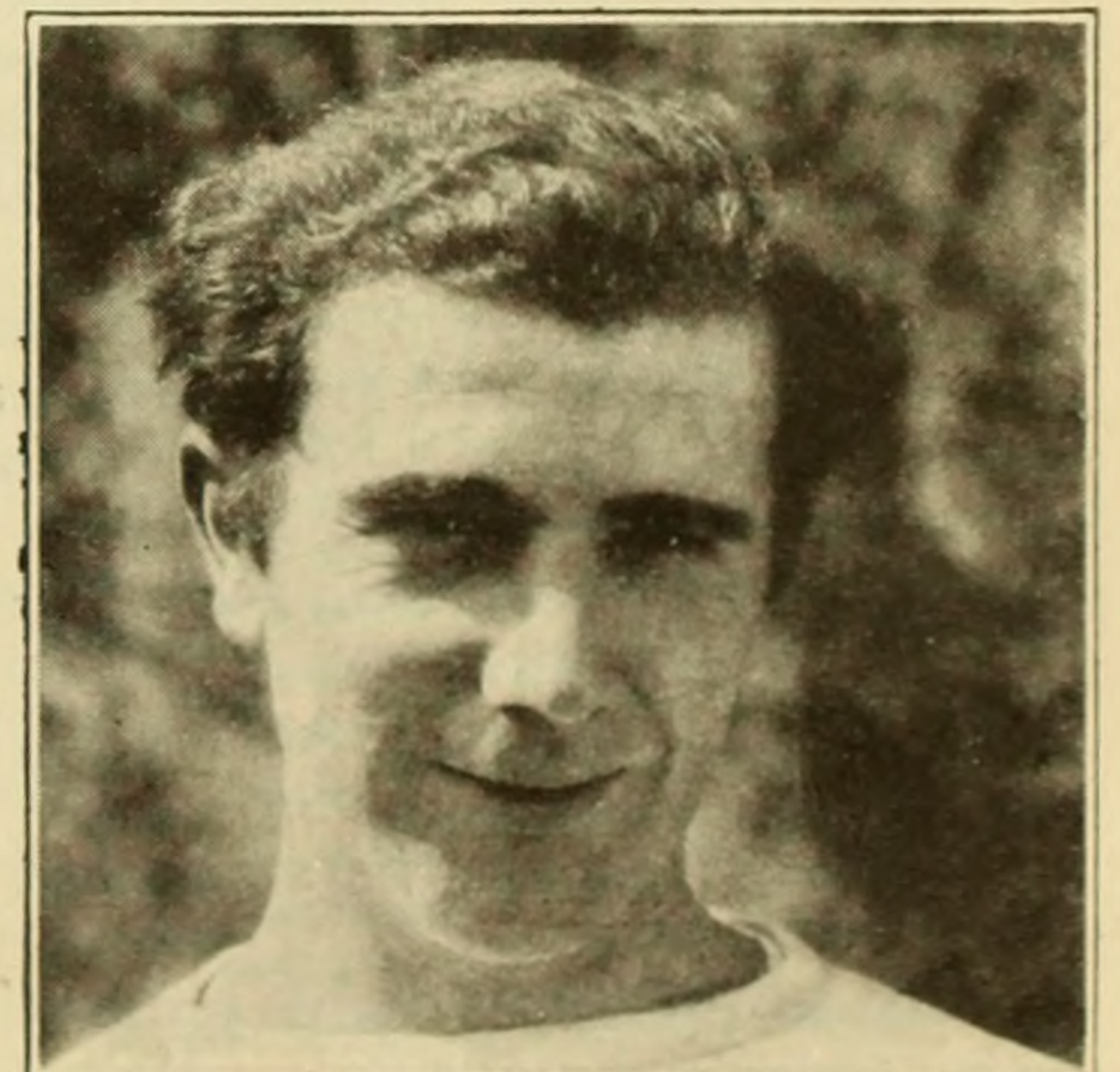


Harold ("Stubby") Kruger, who is now a pirate bold, was Johnny Weismuller's swimming partner and was twice a member of America's Olympic swimming team. He holds the world's record for the back stroke at six distances, and also the world's record in the 300 yard medley. Kruger succeeded in beating Duke Kahanamoku in the mile-and-a-quarter swim



You'll see them all in "The Black Pirate," but here Doug presents them as play-mates and trainers

Jerry Girard was formerly on the Los Angeles County motor patrol, but Doug saw him get off his bike and walk one day and Jerry immediately became a pirate. "A guy with a walk like that is a born pirate," said Fairbanks to his director, Al Parker. "Go over and hire him right now." And Al did



Photoplay's Intelligence Test

NUMBER TWO

Are you movie wise? Here is a test of your film knowledge and memory. Get up a party, have a contest and send out your prizes next month when the answers are given

Compiled by E. Lyle McMullen

HOW much do you know about motion pictures? Are you a real fan?

Here is an intelligence test, patterned after the mental and psychology tests used in many of the large universities. Get a pencil and try your luck with it. You ought to be able to answer all the questions in twenty or twenty-five minutes. Naturally, you must play fair with yourself and not consult any magazine or newspapers.

If you make less than ten mistakes, you may rate yourself as having an excellent knowledge of the movies. If you make from eleven to twenty errors, you are only a casually good fan. With from twenty-one to thirty, you are just fair. And if you make more than thirty, you may mark yourself as poor and go to the foot of the class.

In the February issue of PHOTOPLAY you will find the correct answers. Now let your conscience be your guide and go ahead.

GROUP ONE

Draw a circle around the number or numbers at the end of the questions that indicate the correct answers. Some, all, or only one may be correct.

1. The following players have met with phenomenal success in the past year: (1) Barbara LaMarr; (2) Raymond Griffith; (3) Thomas Meighan; (4) Norma Shearer; (5) Betty Bronson. 1 2 3 4 5
2. Lon Chaney gave admirable performances in (1) "The Monster"; (2) "The Unholy Three"; (3) "The Air Mail"; (4) "The Last Laugh"; (5) "Sackcloth and Scarlet." 1 2 3 4 5
3. Richard Dix and Bebe Daniels have played together in (1) "Men and Women"; (2) "The Shock Punch"; (3) "Sinners in Heaven"; (4) "The Crowded Hour"; (5) "Un-guarded Women." 1 2 3 4 5
4. The following players have appeared on both screen and stage: (1) Norma Talmadge; (2) Elliott Dexter; (3) Eugene O'Brien; (4) Laurette Taylor; (5) Milton Sills. 1 2 3 4 5
5. The following players are Metro-Goldwyn stars: (1) Jackie Coogan; (2) Reginald Denny; (3) Mae Murray; (4) Lon Chaney; (5) Ramon Novarro. 1 2 3 4 5

GROUP TWO

Cross out the numbers before the untrue statements.

6. Emil Jannings has never appeared in an American-made picture.
7. D. W. Griffith has joined Paramount and is now one of that company's leading directors.
8. "The Gold Rush" is Harold Lloyd's most recent comedy.
9. Lois Wilson is a featured player, but has never been starred.
10. John Barrymore has decided to leave the screen entirely.
11. Tom, Owen, and Matt Moore are brothers.
12. Ernst Lubitsch is best known as a good director of sophisticated comedy-drama.
13. Tom Mix's efforts in the past year have been confined entirely to Westerns.
14. In "The Vanishing American" Richard Dix plays the part of an American soldier.
15. Viola Dana is the smallest well-known actress on the screen.
16. Rex Ingram's latest production is "Mare Nostrum," which was made in Europe.

17. "Are Parents People?" marked the first screen appearance of Betty Bronson since "Peter Pan."
18. Most of Jack Holt's recent pictures have consisted of society dramas.
19. Virginia Valli and Norman Kerry have appeared together in pictures.
20. "Beggar on Horseback" provided Percy Marmont with another fine character rôle.

GROUP THREE

The following names and titles are arranged in groups, such as directors, comedians, and pictures of a certain star. Which name or title in each group does not belong with the others? Draw a circle around the number at the end of the questions corresponding to the misplaced name or title.

21. (1) "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall"; (2) "Rosita"; (3) "The Lady"; (4) "Little Annie Rooney"; (5) "Little Lord Fauntleroy." 1 2 3 4 5
22. (1) Charles Chaplin; (2) Ronald Colman; (3) Harry Langdon; (4) Buster Keaton; (5) Raymond Griffith. 1 2 3 4 5
23. (1) "Night Life of New York"; (2) "East of Suez"; (3) "Forbidden Paradise"; (4) "The Charmer"; (5) "Lily of the Dust." 1 2 3 4 5
24. (1) Mary Pickford-Douglas Fairbanks; (2) Harold Lloyd-Mildred Davis; (3) Maurice Flynn-Viola Dana; (4) Jack Holt-Betty Compson; (5) Jack Dempsey-Estelle Taylor. 1 2 3 4 5
25. (1) Wm. Collier, Jr.; (2) Ben Lyon; (3) Hobart Bosworth; (4) George Hackathorne; (5) Robert Agnew. 1 2 3 4 5

GROUP FOUR

Within the parentheses at the end of the questions write the number that indicates the correct answer.

26. The star of "Soul-Fire" was (1) Richard Dix; (2) Rod La Rocque; (3) Bert Lytell; (4) Richard Barthelmess; (5) Ramon Novarro. ()
27. Fred Niblo is a prominent director of (1) Metro-Goldwyn; (2) Warner Bros.; (3) First National; (4) Universal; (5) Paramount. ()
28. "Sally of the Sawdust" was produced by (1) Frank Lloyd; (2) John Robertson; (3) D. W. Griffith; (4) Cecil B. DeMille; (5) Rex Ingram. ()
29. "The Devil's Cargo" (1) was a picture in which a prominent individual was starred; (2) was a foreign-made picture; (3) was a "Special" produced by a famous director; (4) had a featured cast of good players. ()
30. Sam De Grasse is a (1) director; (2) comedian; (3) character actor; (4) scenario writer; (5) juvenile. ()
31. Lillian Gish's leading man in "The White Sister" and "Romola" was (1) John Gilbert; (2) Ronald Colman; (3) Charles de Roche; (4) Harrison Ford; (5) John Bowers. ()
32. "The Iron Horse" was (1) a foreign-made picture; (2) a race-track story; (3) a comedy; (4) an epic railroad picture; (5) a domestic drama. ()
33. Bessie Love and Glenn Hunter were featured in (1) "The Silent Watcher"; (2) "Shore-Leave"; (3) "Merton of the Movies"; (4) "The Necessary Evil." ()
34. Mack Sennett is a (1) director; (2) character actor; (3) comedy producer; (4) heavy; (5) comedian. ()
35. Marie Prevost is married to (1) James Rennie; (2) Monte Blue; (3) Kenneth Harlan; (4) Cullen Landis; (5) Warner Baxter. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]



On the right stands he who, with Director Mal St. Clair, conquered the proud Pola—none other than our old pal, Chester Conklin. He did not win her heart. He won her with laughter

How Pola Was Tamed

But strangely enough she tamed herself by her own sense of humor

FOR three years they tried every means to tame that fascinating tiger-cat—Pola Negri.

And now the funniest thing in the world has happened. Pola has licked herself—with her own sense of humor.

You probably remember the tales that went forth when Pola burst upon Hollywood and scared the whole darned industry out of its wits—and that wasn't the half of it, dearie.

As the years rolled by, they imported directors and diplomats, they employed force and diplomacy, and succeeded in teaching Pola to purr lazily and keep her claws sheathed as long as she got, figuratively speaking, all the raw meat she wanted.

But let anyone cross her, or try to make her do anything she didn't want to, or take anything away from her that she did want to do, or count her as less variable than the winds of heaven—and the old, flaming Pola arose in her wrath and cowed them once more into submission.

By Ivan St. Johns

Say what they will and put the best face on it they can, the Lasky lot has never known a really peaceful moment since Pola was turned loose there until the last few weeks.

But now Pola is tamed, beyond any question. But man alone didn't achieve it. Pola's own delicious sense of humor has proved her only master.

Where once Pola came to the studio when Pola felt like it, and not one second sooner, the entire executive staff to the contrary, now she beats the janitor down and is smiling sweetly on the front step when he arrives.

Where on all of her previous pictures Pola gave the business office heart failure every few days by calmly saying for maybe a week on end—and the overhead going on all the time—that she didn't feel like working, on this picture she hasn't missed a day.

Why?

"Because," says Pola, with a giggle, "we have such fun."

Mal St. Clair, the young director who came to Paramount via the newspaper

"THESE drivers who navigate their automobiles with one arm wouldn't be so dangerous," Walter Hires, rotund comedian, paused to remark as he frantically leaped sideways just in time to save his life, "if they would only keep one eye on the road."

cartoonist-Mack Sennett route, and is being acclaimed everywhere as the coming Griffith of the new generation, is the little boy who brought the miracle to pass.

When they selected Mal to direct Pola's latest picture, "The Tattooed Countess," they called him into conference and explained the matter to him in detail. It was a good deal like asking a man who kept a cat and dog store to take the lion-tamer's place in the circus. As soon as it was announced that Mal was to direct Negri, everybody rallied around. He got so much free advice on how to handle the untamed and untamable Pola that he was dizzy with it.

The first clash came when Mal broke the news to her that he was going to get Chester Conklin to play in the production. Pola raged and raved, and sparks of the well-known Negri temperament flew from her black eyes.

Now she adores Chester. He tickles her to death. Mal, who was a comedy director and cartoonist, makes her laugh from morning till night. Pola is entertained—that's the answer.

One thing Pola had never done and would never do. She had never been on location. I mean to say that was just one of those things that couldn't happen. Well, in her new picture they had to go on location to Pleasanton, which is a small town about three hours out of San Francisco. Pola lifted her eyebrows, shrugged her shoulders and said, "Certainly not. Maybe I might go to San Francisco and stay there—maybe not. Build a set here." The company, viewing thousands of dollars taking unto themselves wings, groaned.

Mal St. Clair, genius of comedy, didn't groan. He said, "All right, Pola. Don't you do it." Then he and Chester Conklin got together. Every time Pola came on the set, they had their heads together, whispering. Pola eyed them. She sidled over, and listened. They were talking

about all the fun they were going to have on location in Pleasanton. "Gee, Pola," said Mal, "You got no idea what fun you can have. The villagers all turn out to see you, and everybody plays jokes on each other in the company. It's great."

Pola scowled. "You live in Pleasanton. I live in San Francisco and drive back and forth," said Pola.

Mal never said a word. The morning the troupe was to leave, Pola appeared on the platform with her maid and a large, bonneted woman who looked as though she didn't speak English. "Who in the world is that?" said Mal St. Clair.

"That," said Pola, "is my cook."

"Now where in the world are you going with a cook, Pola?"

"I AM going to Pleasanton, for location," said Pola. "You think you go and leave me out of all that fun? Not Pola."

And let me tell you that Pleasanton belongs to Pola now. She romped all over that little town, made friends with everybody in it—the unapproachable Pola—and they ended up by declaring the last day of her stay a legal holiday.

More than that they gave the kids a day off from school to go and watch Pola work. Now in the Lasky studio, as you may or may not know, Pola's set is usually muffled in black. No one—and when I say no one, I mean no one—is allowed to enter the sacred portals while Miss Negri is working, without her consent. If somebody gets in by mistake, be he admiral, vice-president, or just Adolph Zukor, who owns the company, Pola may throw a tantrum that makes him think the battle of the Marne was a Fourth of July picnic.

But the kids all came and watched her work all day, and adored her, and she played games with them, and when they left she knew every one of them by name.

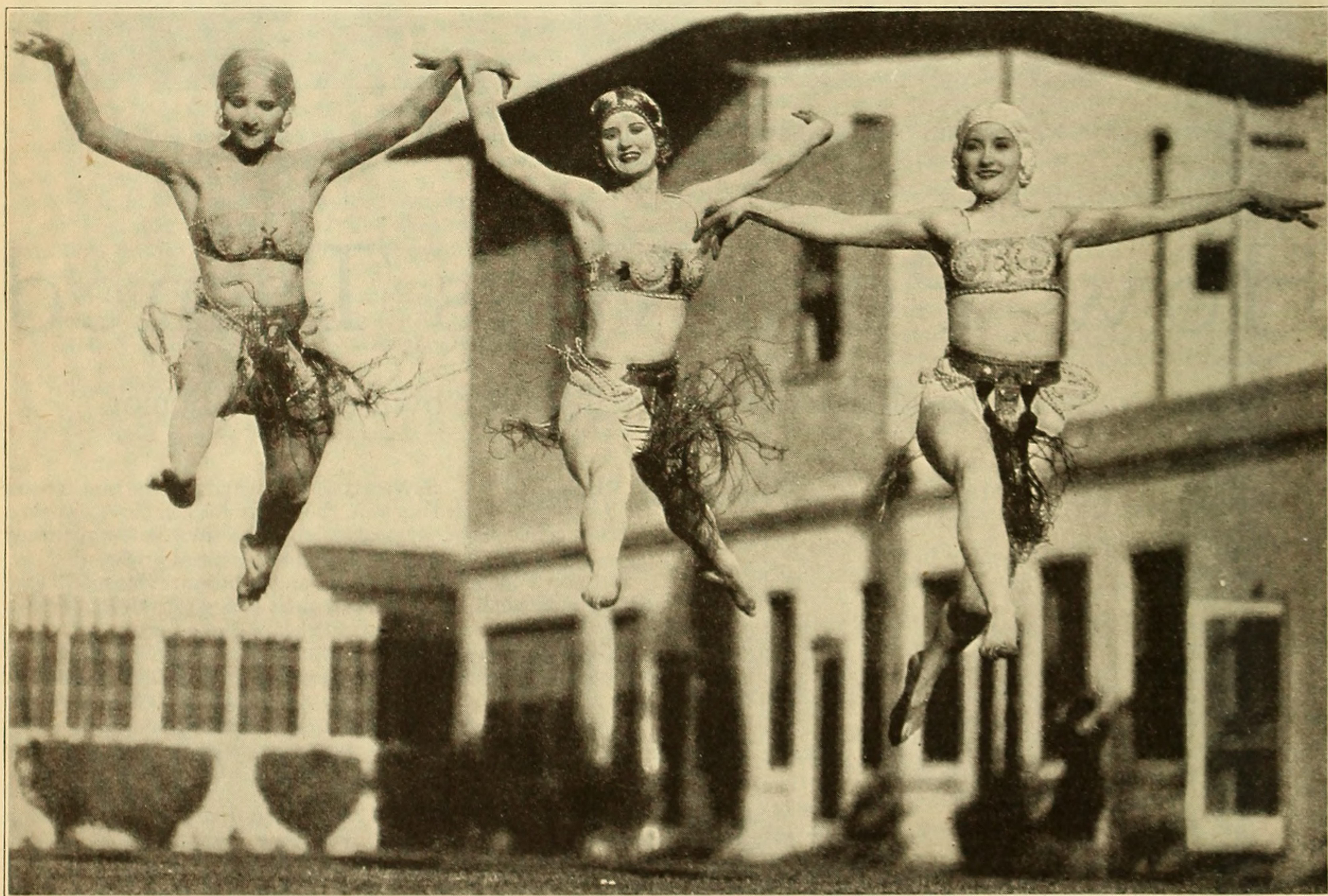
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 125]

HERE are pearls of wisdom for young mothers.

They fell from the lips of Mildred Davis Lloyd when she was discussing Mildred Gloria, Harold Lloyd's little daughter.

Like most other mothers, Mildred had been having trouble to get Mildred Gloria to eat, and here is how she solved the problem.

"I got a lot of dishes with pictures in the bottom. Mildred Gloria loves pictures—especially of animals—and now she empties her dish in a hurry just to find out what the picture is."



We doubt that girls are as high flown as this even in Hollywood. Instead we suspect the camera of being on the ground. The girls are jumping at the chance of being in "Sally, Irene and Mary," which Edmund Goulding is filming from the musical comedy of that name

"I'm afraid you misunderstand my relations with your wife." "The devil I do. If I misunderstood I'd shoot you."



Happy Daze

Proving that blood is sometimes thinner than water

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by

Harley Ennis Stivers

JIMMY CLAXTON, head cameraman of the Cyril Waring unit, Superb Pictures Corporation, looked up interestedly as the door slammed behind the somewhat disheveled figure of a very young and earnest gentleman.

Jimmy, who was an owlish person, blinked amusedly behind unconscionably heavy lenses and addressed a remark to his visitor—

"And now," he inquired, "what ails the Boy Wonder?"

"Plenty!" The word crackled across the room as Rodney Archer probed into a pocket of his sport trousers for the documentary evidence. This was a yellow slip of paper bearing the insignia of a large and popular telegraph company, and Roddy slammed it on the table before Jimmy.

"Read that!" he snarled. "Read that and help me weep."

Jimmy Claxton read the annoying wire from the home office:

New York, N. Y.

Rodney Archer

Director, Superb Pictures Co.

Windermere Hotel.

May we remind you that this company and yourself are supposed to be in the motion picture business Stop So far we have enjoyed your letters and okayed your requisitions but the miles of negative you must have been sending have evidently gone astray Stop Or is it possible that you are absent minded and have forgotten what you were sent to Alabama for Stop It was to shoot location stuff on a novel named Coal Dust which we hope to release under title of Passions Paradise Stop If not too much trouble kindly advise your company we desire some foot-

age Stop Remember your overhead is about six thousand dollars per day Stop Hoping you are enjoying your vacation

ELBERT CARLISLE President

As Jimmy Claxton perused the missive, his eyes crinkled at the corners and a slow smile creased his lips.

"I should judge," he hazarded, returning the telegram to his superior, "that Elbert has taken occasion to become peeved."

"He has! And that makes it unanimous because I'm twice as peeved as he is. And if you get off any of your famous wise cracks in the next sixty minutes, Jimmy, one head cameraman is going to be found murdered."

"Why me, Roddy? Why a poor worm of a camera chaperone? Why not perform this little job of manslaughter on your estimable cousin, that scintillating star of the silver sheet: namely and to wit, Mister Cyril Waring."

Roddy clinched his fists. "I'd like to. The way that guy has been carrying on—"

"Can you blame him, son? This is an old story, but a delicious one, with Cyril. One might even guess that women are a weakness with him. He can't resist them and he isn't particularly keen about trying. You see, with his contract he doesn't have to worry about release dates and such minor things. And as for a mere six thousand dollar daily overhead—"

"Sure! Rave on, Jimmy. I can see that you're going to help me a lot. But let's turn the record over on the other side and see what tune it plays. Can you guess?"

"Uh-huh. A somewhat mournful ditty entitled: 'Death of a Boy Director'."



"Exactly. I'm him. And where do I get off? If I wire Carlisle that my estimable cousin is gallivanting around performing his best society tricks and squiring many ladies and one in particular: if I state baldly that I cannot make him come out on location—what then? The caustic Mister Carlisle will wire back notifying me that he is sending a director who can assemble his company for direction and I will become of less importance than one noodle in a bowl of soup."

"Keno!" grinned Claxton. "The eyes have it! Looking at the situation from each and every angle, my friend, it seems that Cousin Cyril has you on that portion of your elegant anatomy popularly known as the hip. Being the foremost star in the Superb constellation he secures for his young cousin that

That night Mrs. Gould gave a bathing party

person's first assignment as a director. Being said director's cousin and benefactor, he proceeds to come a thousand miles from New York and let that young cousin go to. Am I right?"

"Right—yes. But listen—" Roddy Archer leaned across the writing table—"You aren't talking anything but words. It's all old stuff to me. You can't say anything about the whole rotten mess that I haven't said to myself a thousand times. I've got to get results and I can't. Why? Because I'm an untried director and my great star refuses to act. For everything which goes right he gets the credit—for all mistakes, I'm the



at the river. Cyril couldn't resist her coaxing

goat. And he hasn't been out on location for three days—for eighteen thousand dollars' worth of hours. New York is screaming. The treasurer has probably had a nervous breakdown—and we're precisely ten days behind schedule. So the reason I have come to you, Mr. Wise Jimmy Claxton, is to ask you for God's sake what can I do?"

Claxton ceased to smile and his eyes glowed with rare warmth.

"Thanks, Kid. I'd like to help. My personal opinion is that Cyril Waring is dealing marked cards and giving you all the deuces."

"Yeh—that's no news. If he'd only work—"

"Have you talked to him?"

"Sure. Sure I have. A dozen times. And he pats me on the shoulder and tells me to run along and not worry."

"Isn't that thoughtful of him?"

"He tells me to finish all the shots where he's not needed—he'll take care of schedule. And usually he winds up by asking where we're shooting the next morning and promising to be on the set by ten o'clock sharp. You know what that means?"

"Oh certainly. I've burned many lights waiting for Cousin Cyril."

"I can't kick and I've got to kick. I can't get film and New York is yelling for it. It seems [CONTINUED ON PAGE 18]

Billy Bennett's Mother



Belle Bennett as she appeared eight years ago when she played star roles in many Triangle pictures

One of the screen's
greatest tragedies
written by
one of the screen's
greatest writers

By Adela Rogers St. Johns



Stella Dallas watching the marriage of her daughter for whose happiness she has made herself an outcast

BILLY BENNETT'S mother. That is her proudest title. Those are the words she listens for above the empty plaudits of the multitude, just—Billy's mother. She does not even see the flaming signs that at last proclaim her greatness. For her eyes strain always to see beyond the valley of the shadow, that she may find there some proof that she is Billy's mother still.

Fame has come to Belle Bennett, and gold, and glory. But what are these things to Billy's mother now? They are saying everywhere that her performance of *Stella Dallas* is the great screen performance of all time.

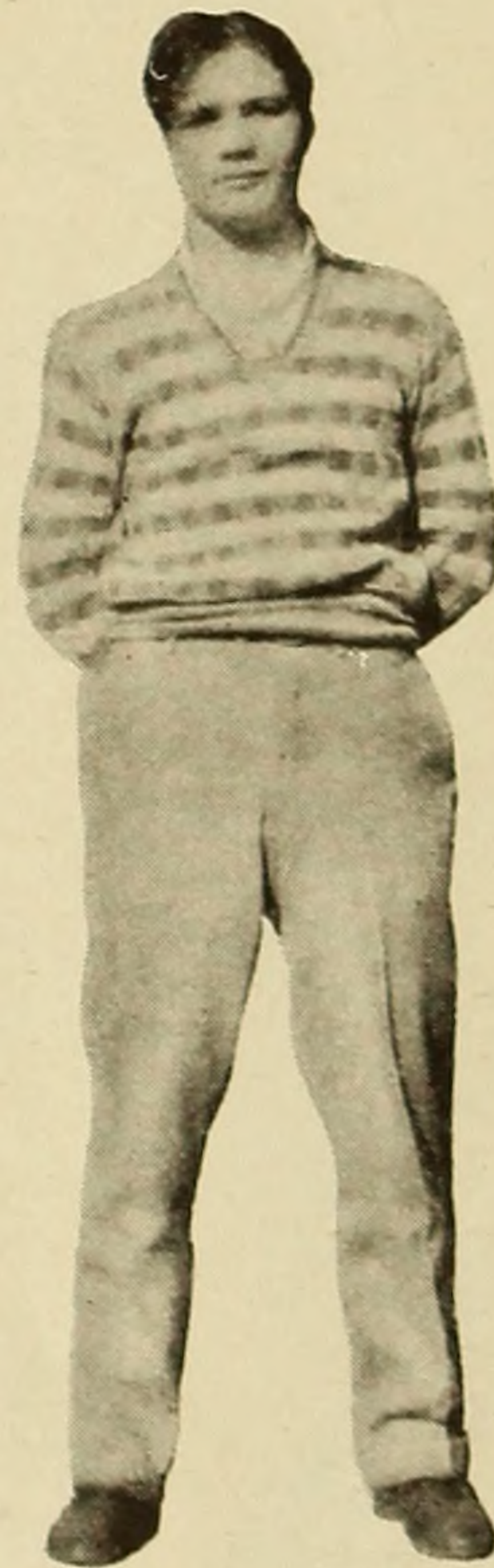
But when you know the price she paid for it, you will know with her that it is dust and ashes unless it may be that its distilled tears fall upon the heart of the world and soften it toward all motherhood.

IT tears the very heart out of you to see Belle Bennett as *Stella Dallas*, that poor, cheap creature whose motherhood alone was great. It is the best mother story, the best mother part ever produced. Beautifully acted, beautifully directed. But that alone would not move people to such tears as I never thought to see follow any motion picture. That alone would not wring sobs—sobs—from men and women.

No. It is something more than that that reaches out and stirs your very heart and soul to cry forth that no mother should be crucified, as all mothers are crucified, that makes you suffer when *Stella Dallas* gives up her daughter as though your own child had been torn from your breast.

And that something is the sorrow of Billy Bennett's mother. The ache of her heart beats through it. You feel the emptiness of her arms.

For you see, five weeks before Belle Bennett was to start upon the picture of her golden opportunity, Billy admitted that he didn't feel very well. Just a tummyache, he said. But then, Billy was always



Billy Bennett

like that. When he broke his arm at football, nobody knew it until the coach discovered it ten days later. A week before she was to begin work, Billy gave up his gallant young fight, put his hands in hers and said, like a tired child, "I'm through, Mummy."

And so only two days before she played the great scene where *Stella Dallas* gives up her sixteen-year-old daughter, Belle Bennett had kissed her sixteen-year-old son upon his quiet, closed eyes for the last time. "I worked on in the picture," said Belle Bennett, quietly. "I had to."

AS she said it, somehow, do you know, I saw her doing it. I saw her playing that heart-broken mother, standing outside in the rain with the mob, staring through the window for just one glimpse of her baby in her wedding gown—and fresh in her heart that hospital window that had been the first thing and the last thing to which her eyes flew when the nurses persuaded her to go out and get a little fresh air. I saw her in the bedizened finery of *Stella Dallas*, touching that fine pillow upon which her daughter's head was to rest though she would never see it there—and going home to touch the bright-striped blazer and the new Oxford bags that had been the pride of Billy's heart.

"You—miss them so," she said to me. "You sort of—feel for them, early in the morning, before you're really awake.

And when you are awake, you remember that — I don't know whether I should have had the courage of *Stella Dallas*. It's quite difficult to say. To give them up, even for their good, when you could have them—I don't know."

It stood on her table, in a little silver frame.

"The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands.
And the little tin soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.

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[CONTINUED ON PAGE 111]




THERE are, fortunately, few stories as poignant as that of Belle Bennett. A struggling actress. She was finally awarded one of the biggest parts ever written, the mother role in "Stella Dallas." She realized the character magnificently, but her triumph came late. On the opposite page, Mrs. St. Johns tells her story.



urne Spurr

ONE of the newest and loveliest photographs of that charming young matron, Mrs. James Cruze. Betty Compson finished up her contract with Paramount when she played the leading feminine role in "The Pony Express." She will freelance now.



WE'RE sure you wouldn't guess in three guesses or thirty, so we'll tell you right off. That's Patsy Ruth Miller up there. The photographer told us. Patsy Ruth was figured in a lot of reported engagements lately but no man seems able to change her name.



Walter Fredrick Seely

PRETTY Shirley Mason has been at the business of acting since her babyhood. A wise little trouper, she early learned the advantage of hitching her wagon to a star. The star was her sister, Viola Dana. On the opposite page, Jim Tully gives her history.

Shirley Mason and Viola Dana, sisters in fact and in art, who kept step together as they marched along the rough highway that leads to movie fame



The Girl Who Kept Step

By Jim Tully

IT'S awfully hard for a little girl to follow her sister's footsteps—if her sister walks very fast—and anyone will admit that Viola Dana has hiked far in pictures. But this article ain't about Viola Dana—it concerns her little sister with a happy smile who has finally managed to keep step.

You see it was this way. Viola had quite a start—she was a clever little actress when Shirley was two years old. Shirley tried to keep step then—and she turned her ankle and sat awfully hard on the floor—in the manner of a two-year old. Shirley's real name is Flugrath—and may the Lord have mercy on us for sayin' it—it's no wonder she changed it to Mason. She acts and talks like a cute little Irish-American girl—but the main factor of the article is the fact that her real name is Flugrath. She may be German—or French—or Swedish, or a mixture of all of these—but she is not Irish-American.

Shirley's father was a printer. But her father's wife decided that the little Flugrath tots should have careers. Now when a woman by the name of Flugrath decides that her daughters should have careers, it is well for the Keepers of Destinies to make a note of it. Sometimes I feel that not enough is said of the heroic mothers of girls in films. If I could get all the readers of PHOTOPLAY in a tent on a meadow in Ireland, I could many a tale unfold of self-sacrificing devotion, of women who worked till their fingers were raw, who telephoned to the studios day after day, who have the undying faith that is only possessed by Motherhood—but I cannot tell these tales now—you will all know what I mean.

This Mother worked hard for her daughters—and for her dreams of them. She was always with her children.

There are no doubt a million children in America whose parents would like to get them on the stage. Mrs. Flugrath had her little daughter Shirley playing with no less

a person than the fine English actor, William Faversham, in "The Squaw Man," when she was four years old. And Shirley's little big sister, Vi, was her understudy.

She went from that to playing the part of *Little Meemie* with Thomas Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle." She toured the United States with this company until she was seven years old.

Of course, Mrs. Flugrath was fortunate in having a daughter heaven-kissed with the talent of acting.

William Faversham had kept his eye on Shirley from the day she left him. When she was through with "Rip Van Winkle" he paid her salary for nearly half a year to hold her for "The Barber of New Orleans," in which he appeared.

LATER, she was offered the job of being understudy for Marguerite Clark in "Snow White." Shirley nearly accepted—and this is why she didn't. She talked it over with her mother one time—and that dominant and keen woman said to her:

"Shirley, dear, you must always remember this—it will help you in the years to come when your mother may be gone from you—never try to keep step with too many people—you see, my dear little girl, Marguerite Clark is a great little performer, and she is stepping awfully fast toward a sure and brilliant career. Now, dear, if you try to keep step with her—your little legs might get tired too soon. Here's the way I look at it. Your sister Viola is beginning to step along herself—so just try to keep pace with her, and then my girls will step right along together."

So that is why I tell here for the first time to a palpitant and eager world why Shirley followed Viola Dana—instead of Marguerite Clark.

Now, when Shirley was eleven years of age, she again played the part of a boy

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]

BABY BRUCE GUERIN, who has been acting in pictures since he was two years old, started to kindergarten this term.

When his mother asked him how he liked school, Bruce said, "Fine, mother; we had three fade-outs today."

This was his impression of recess periods.

How to Spoil the Effect of



The wrong way to wear the extremely smart, plain black satin dinner gown designed for Leatrice Joy. Notice the destruction of the graceful lines of the gown and the messy appearance given by wearing the pearls in many strands

NO doubt you have heard the epigram about "It's not so much what you say, as the way you say it." You may even have used it yourself, a sort of "when-you-call-me-that-smile" idea. And I've heard tell that a woman may say "No" and mean "Yes," and that she may even say "Yes" and intend all the time to act "No."

And now this has become a perfect illustration of the truth about women's clothes.

For there has arrived in Hollywood a famous designer, one of those chaps whose lightest word sways the length of skirt and the position of the waistline, if you know what I mean, and says, "It isn't so much what you wear, as the way you wear it."

He goes even further. He says that it doesn't make any difference at all how stunning, how exquisite a frock may be. If it isn't worn well, it might just as well be a table cloth or a sheet.

And, says he, a gown of the most extreme chic may look like a work of a small town seamstress and the simplest little house frock look like a model from the smartest house in Paris — all because of the way they are worn.

This designer is young Travis Banton, direct from Paris—and though

of course it's Paris, France, he looks as though it might be Paris, Texas, because he has the outward appearance of a cowboy or prizefighter rather than a male dressmaker.

And in truth Banton was born in Texas, later going to France to achieve fame in the style capital.

They brought him over to design costumes for Leatrice Joy and the fourteen beauties of "The Dressmaker from Paris," Paul Bern's picture.

And the first thing he did was to upset everybody by these startling theories. "I don't care so much about the clothes," said Mr. Banton, harshly. "But these women have got to learn to wear them. That's the main thing."

He even insisted, to the complete horror of everybody on the Lasky lot, that the girls take the gowns home and wear them around, so they'd learn to be comfortable in them.

"Never wear a frock in public until you've become thoroughly acquainted with it," he shouted. "It can't be done. Learn how to sit and stand and walk in it. Learn how to give it the best angles."

And they do say that there was almost a riot when one of the girls leaned up against something.

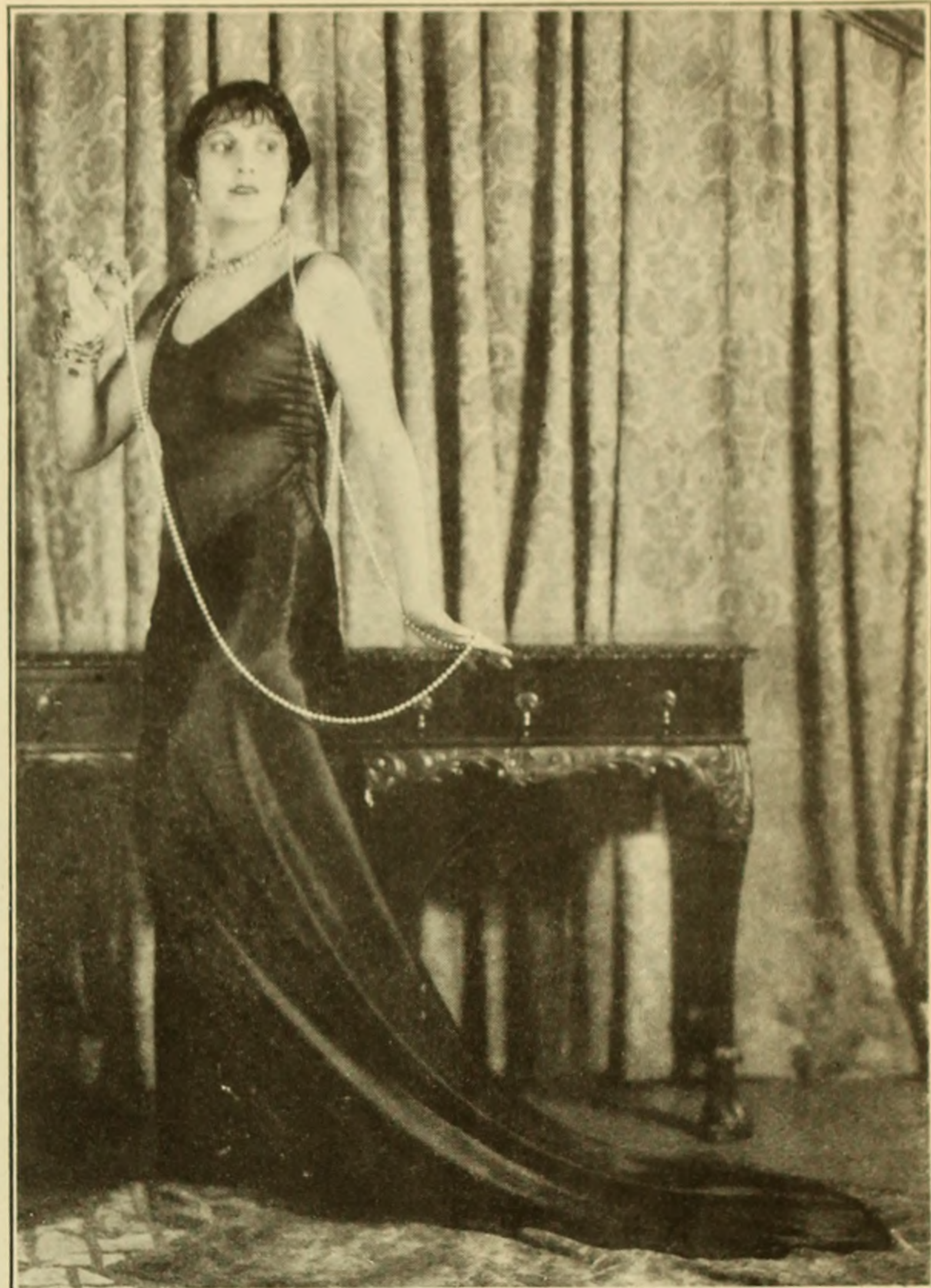
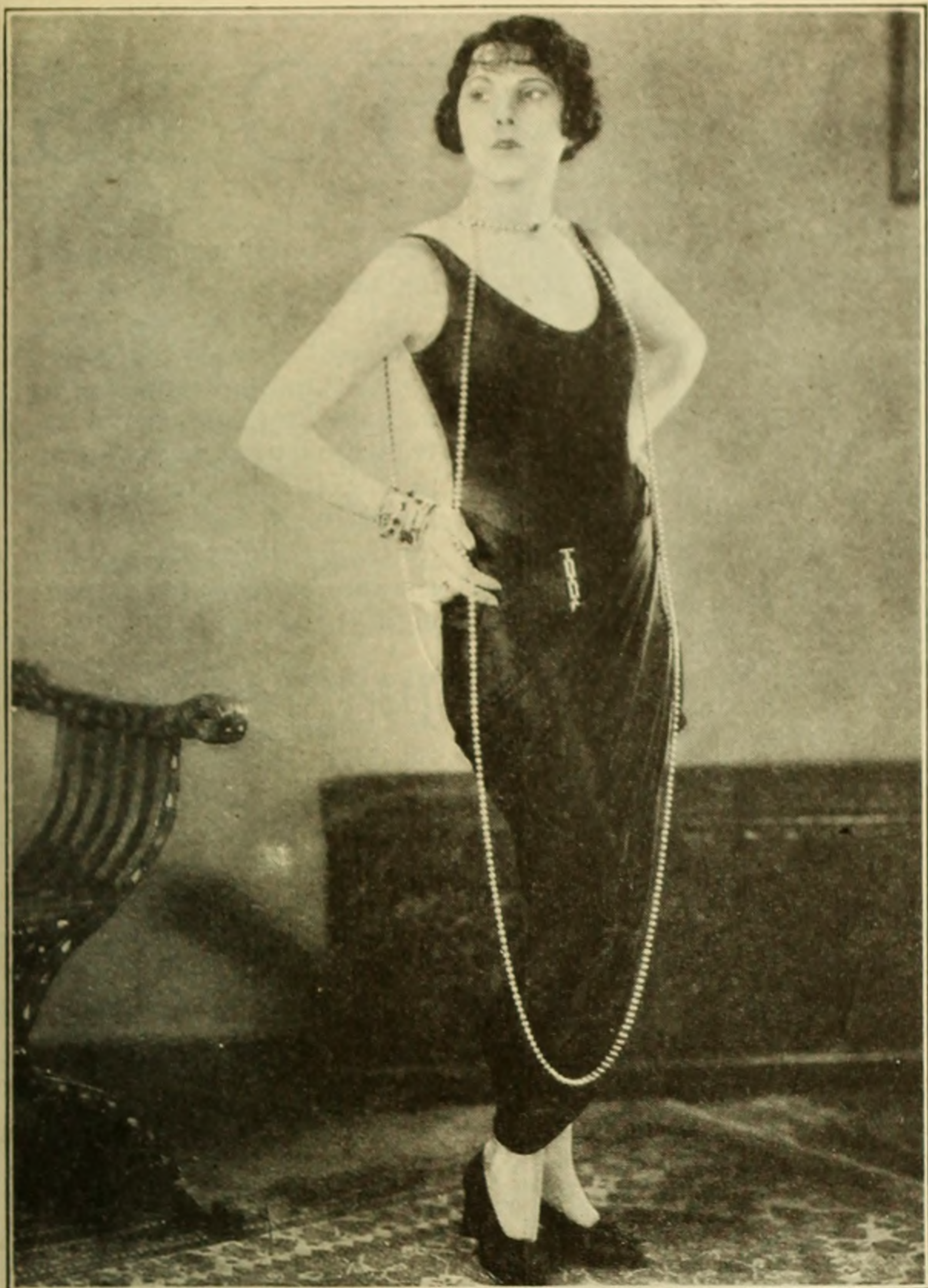
"Don't lean on the furniture," said



What one can do to an expensive and beautifully designed Paris model. It looks awkward despite its richness

Beautiful Clothes

*It isn't what you wear,
it's how you wear it*



The same gown properly worn. Compare it with the other pictures. The train should be caught up and worn loose. One reason why a woman must become "well acquainted" with a gown before she can wear it to advantage

the dictator of fashions. "That's a dress you're wearing, not a piano drape. If I'd wanted it draped on the piano, I would have draped it there myself. Stand up. What is the use of laboring for hours to create a line, if a woman slouches over or slinks over or stands like a wooden soldier, or leans on things?"

He also insists that in the wearing of hats, every woman should follow this positive rule:

Keep at least one eyebrow concealed at all times.

As to jewelry, Mr. Banton says it's better to wear none than too much, and that simplicity should always be the aim and end of all effects achieved by jewelry.

"Rings can be worn on but one finger of each hand," says he, "and if you wear more than one ring upon one finger, they must be of the same stones, unless you want to look like a five and ten cent store.

"You can wear many bracelets, but they must all be on one arm."

The two things everyone who wants to be well dressed must possess, according to Mr. Banton, are perfect self-unconsciousness, and an infinite capacity for taking pains in the little details.

After reading this, the wise woman will take herself in hand and see what's

what. Get out your dresses and study their lines. See where you can take off some useless trimming here and drape the skirt more becomingly there. When you finish, it's ten to one your gown will be twice as smart.

If you have a new evening gown, purchased especially for some important function, wear it around the house a few evenings before you appear in it in public. Try walking in it and, what is more important, try dancing in it. If it has drapery, see that you learn to manage the drapery.

Remember you are never at your best if you are "clothes conscious." Try on your hats and study the effect before a mirror. See whether that new hat looks best with the hair drawn down on the cheeks or with the hair pushed back of the ears.

And remember, too, that ease and simplicity are the greatest assets of the woman who would be well dressed.

The habit of studying the mirror doesn't always arise from feminine vanity. It may be the perfectly natural—and also feminine—desire to look well.

Your mirror, if you ask its candid advice, will prevent you from wearing clothes that aren't your type. It will also tell you the good points to accentuate and the bad points to conceal.



With the dash and chic that Miss Joy gives her clothes, the same gown is perfect for afternoon wear

CLOSE-UPS *and* By Herbert Howe

Satire, Humor and
Some Sense

LONG-SHOTS

WITH Christmas so close at hand I'm decidedly handicapped in airing my views. You never can tell when a friend may start reading your stuff and get offended, and there's no time when people take offense so easily as just before Christmas. Practically all my friends were offended last Christmas judging by the receipts. Of course I was abroad, which gave them the opportunity to pull, "We didn't know whether anything would reach you or not." It did not—save for some postal cards from a few brave souls marked "insufficient postage."

But there, there, we can't expect everything. Put on a bright smile and no doubt *this* year Santa Claus will fill your cellar to bulging.

EVERY once in a while some kind soul will say, "The thing I like about your wit is that you never hurt anybody's feelings."

Well if I don't, it is certainly unintentional.

MICHAEL ARLEN, the writing sheik from Armenia, via London, made his first Hollywood appearance (in person) at Wednesday luncheon in Montmartre. Mid-week *dejeuner* in Montmartre is a regular feature boasting more stars than there are in Heaven—or the Metro-Goldwyn place.

Charlie Chaplin was the first to transfer to Michael's table. He talked, and Michael nodded.

Adolphe Menjou was the next in turn, and Michael continued nodding.

Later Michael was presented to Pola Negri, and the nodding took on the semblance of a chronic affliction.

Michael had arrived in the land of the silent actors to find that it's only their own art that renders them speechless.

Alice Terry sat at a table adjacent to Michael's. She said nothing, but she wore a green hat which was a tactful way of saying a great deal.

Two luncheons later and Michael was talking to Alice. And Alice was nodding.

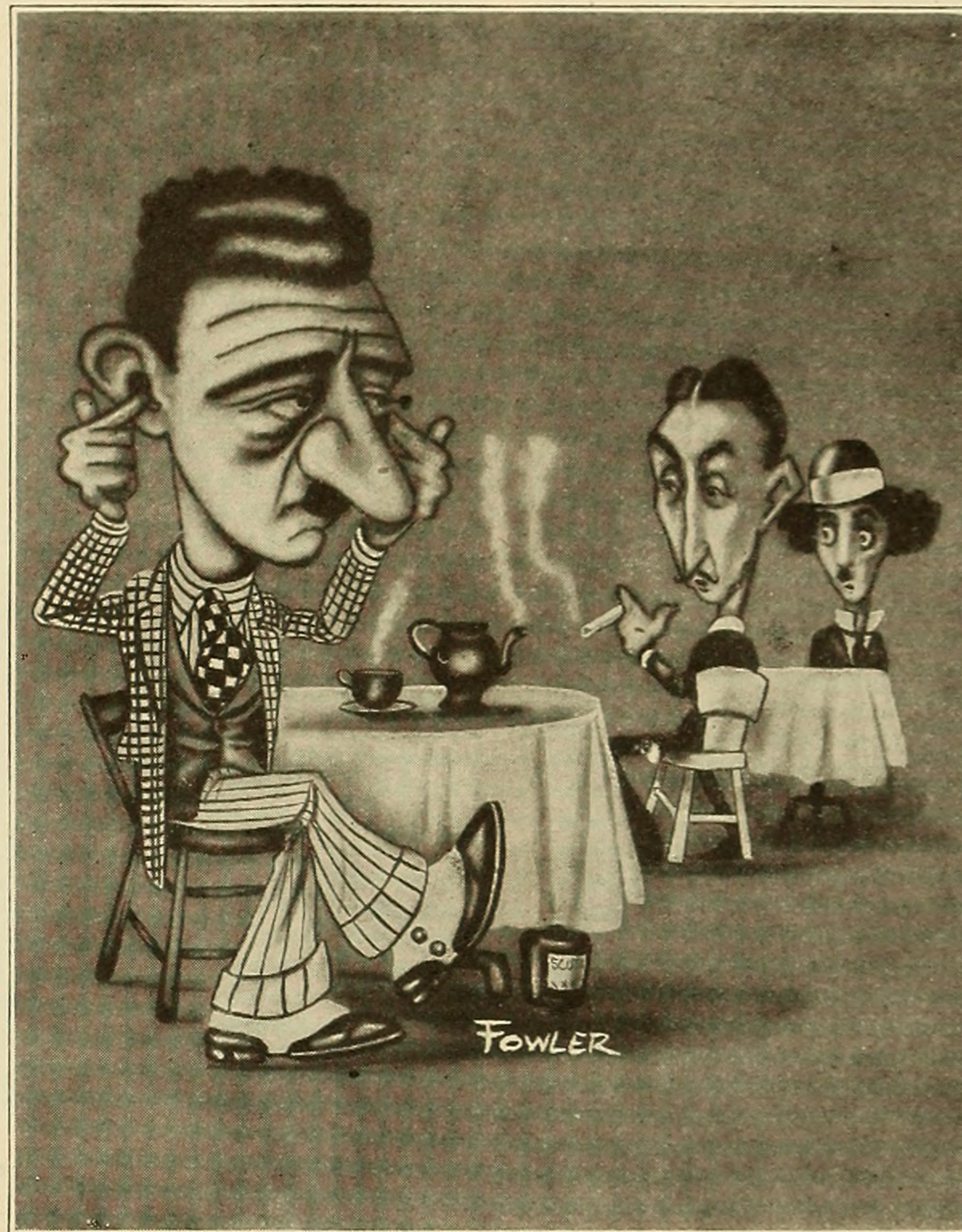
"What a beautiful day!" exclaimed Michael enthusiastically, whereupon three local reporters jotted headlines: "Arlen Charmed by California Sunshine."

"Just the sort of a day," continued Michael, "on which one gets married by mistake."

Certainly no climate in the world can vie with California's for mistakes.

CHAPLIN declared opportunely that Arlen's "The Green Hat" is the greatest love story written since "Romeo and Juliet."

When this impressive edict was referred to Michael he showed



Michael Arlen, who is suspected of writing "The Green Bonnet," arrived in the land of the silent actors to find that it's only the glory of their own art that renders them speechless

signs of requiring the smelling salts.

"It seems a trifle exaggerated," he said, deferring politely to Shakespeare. "I suppose my story is an extraordinary romance—two people loving one another for eighteen years. But it is quite plausible. They didn't see one another during the eighteen years."

BEFORE arriving in Hollywood Michael's coat received as much publicity as Joseph's, though by no means as colorful. Publicity hounds went on the scent for a descriptive statement.

"Really there's nothing unusual about my coat," insisted Michael, drawing the frightened wrap a trifle closer, "except for the fact that it happens to be well-made."

Yet what could be more sensational, when you think about it, than a writer with a well-made coat? And if so, why hasn't it been returned to the owner?

A LADY of cropped hair and Charleston oscillations, but a face of an earlier period, asked Michael if it were true that women fascinated him terribly. Very calmly he replied, "Not just at present."

Evidently Michael had met up with what Novarro calls "one of those sex-distractions."

AN ardent admirer recently wrote me that I somehow suggested Arlen, or vice versa, I forget which. Doubtless the similarity was a matter of salary rather than style, yet ever since I've been quite an admirer of Michael. I'm moved to further agreement by his opinion of Florence Vidor as "The Grand Duchess," the first screen royalty to make me bend a knee since Alice Terry was the lovely queen in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

He says that in Malcolm St. Clair's picture Florence is the most exquisite creature he has seen in pictures. Furthermore, that she deserves "The Green Hat."

I once suggested Florence for the rôle of the *Virgin* in Papini's "The Life of Christ." Fancy that, Hedda, a madonna in a "Green Hat!"

But such, I'm learning, is the versatility of woman.

IN the gayeties of the Montmartre lunch hour there is now and again a tragic note. Corinne Griffith and Alice Joyce were visibly agitated as they sat awaiting their friend Anna Q. Nilsson, who was downtown getting a divorce. They were afraid she wouldn't get it in time to make the football game. But the tragedy was averted.

Anna, true heroine, dashed up in the nick of time with "the papers," and the California "U" received three more cheers to victory.

The spirit of Christmas overcomes the screen's most humorous writer and he tosses verbal presents hither and yon with cheerful but discriminating abandon

OF all the actresses who have played in pictures, Fanny Ward, I'm told, could cry the longest and loudest.

All you have to do is tell the orchestra to play "Nearer My God To Thee" and Fanny's feelings are hurt. She doubtless feels that they're getting personal.

NO sooner does a player triumph on the screen than a frantic search ensues for carbon copies of him.

A youth recently was thrust from the pavement into leading rôles for no other reason than a resemblance to Novarro.

"But I don't look like Novarro," he corrected haughtily. "I look only the way Novarro photographs."

"Well, here's hoping for his sake," laughed Novarro, "that he doesn't photograph the way I look!"

A CYNICAL colleague's definition of a film star: A chamber maid with three fur coats.

IF you think cynicism confined to us patriarchal critics, listen to this query from a flapper of sixteen: "Do the wide open spaces mentioned in pictures refer to the craniums of directors?"

THOSE who have complained about the dullness of this page during the past few months will be glad to learn that Alice Terry is back at her old post on the paper.

I paid Alice twenty-five dollars a month and let her work in pictures on the side, but when she was told by an old scandal-monger that I received almost twice as much (which is a lie and I can prove it) she became temperamental and left for France to play in "Mare Nostrum."

"Mais non," she exclaims in French (having all but forgotten her native tongue during the three months abroad), "art counts for more than ze jack."

She returned from France the godmother of the French army but looking well. She gave the Blue Devils her blessing, before departing, and sent them to ruin the Riffs in Africa. Now the Riffs say Allah is not so good, and wish they knew Alice.

Swathed in furs from the Rue de la Paix she stepped from the train wearing the headlight. On closer inspection the sunlight arc proved to be a trifle from Cartier's weighing twelve karats.

"A gift from an admirer," explained Alice starrily. The admirer, I learned, is Rex Ingram. This no doubt will cause talk.

When a reporter asked if she were separating from Mr. Ingram Alice showed him the diamond and said, "No, I've just been re-engaged."

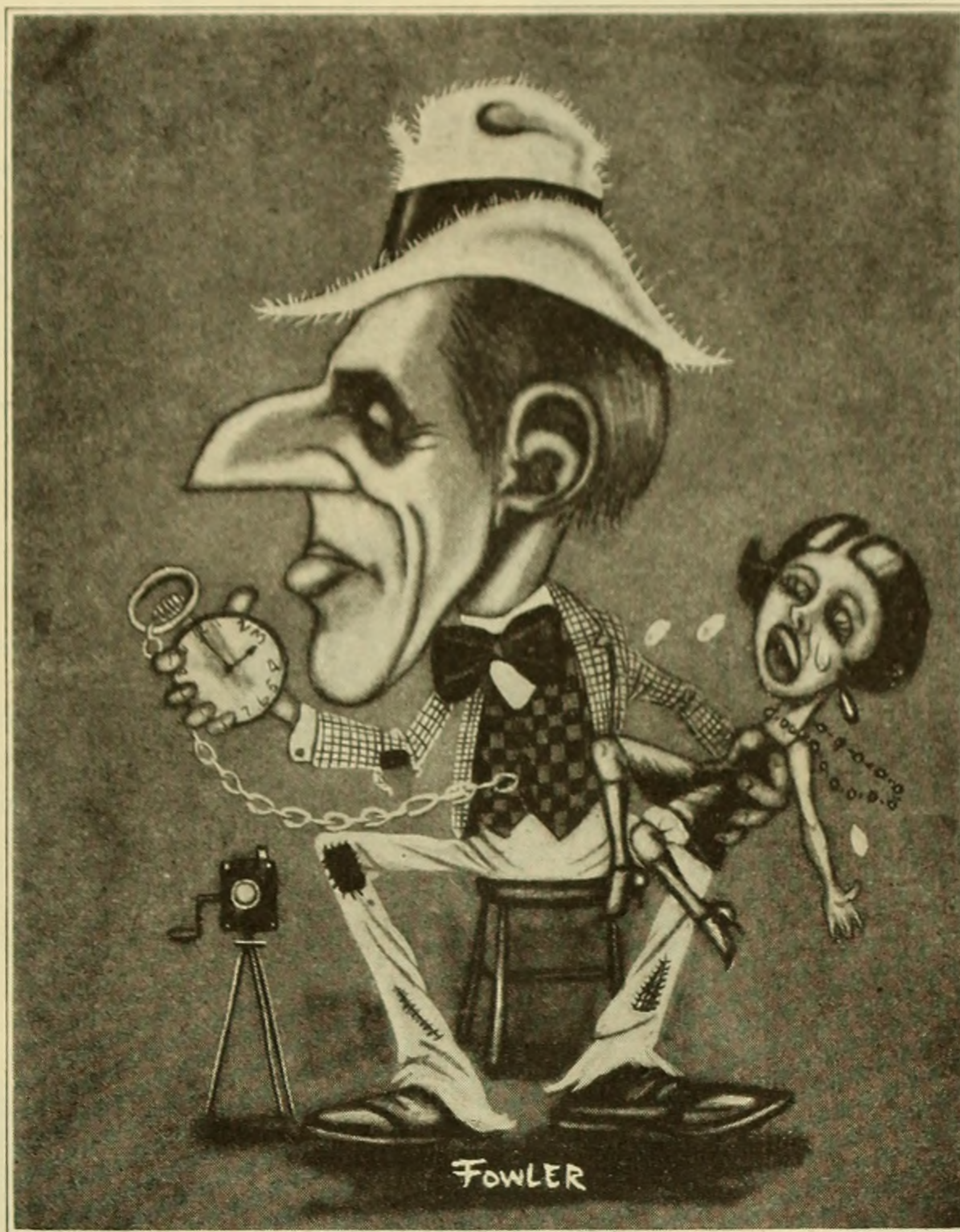
"Anything confidential you'd like to say?" he asked.

"No, nothing confidential for publication," said Alice.

"How does it feel to play a bad woman on the screen?"

"You never know you're bad," said Alice, "until you see the rushes."

"Au revoir!"



D. W. Griffith . . . the little father of the motion picture. His frayed fedora and open-faced watch testify to the fact that he's the only one who has practiced art for art's sake

A LICE says that "Mare Nostrum" is Rex's greatest work. In this production he achieves the desire of his life. He kills off all the actors.

The heroine is shot and the hero is sunk by a submarine, thus leaving only Rex.

No less than five octopuses, employed for the undersea shots, actually died of exhaustion. It takes a hardy fish to stand up under Rex's direction.

No power could move Rex to change the original title of the Ibanez story from "Mare Nostrum."

"All right," said Alice calmly. "Wait and see. They're going to look at it and say, 'Oh, another one of those horse pictures.'"

"Oh, God!" wailed Rex, and permitted the translation "Our Sea" to be used in parentheses beneath the title.

Now the only chance for confusion is between Rex and the wild horse of the same name.

WE all play parts on screen and off. And the one we invariably pick for modish day wear is furthest from ourselves.

There's a glint-eyed ogre in a studio who frightens canary-souled actors by day and by night writes exquisite poetry, some of which has been set to music. Watch-dog of the treasury abroad and at home a lavish nightingale

The world's all Jekyll-Hyde.

A NEW medical term—Screen-fright. It does not apply to an uncomely actress, as you might suppose, but is a sensation exactly comparable to that which vocal actors experience on the opening night of a speakie.

Screen fright grips many a heroic abdomen on the first day's work in a picture.

Lew Stone, with all the graven poise of Michelangelo's Moses, says he all but faints on the initial day of each production.

Malcolm McGregor, likewise a gentleman of savoir fair, is so sensitive to the first shots of the camera that he invariably spends the preceding night in a contemplation of suicide. Many is the evening, indeed, that I've saved him from his own hand by thrusting a highball into it.

SENSITIVENESS is the mark of the artist. Blatant self confidence may carry a player more speedily to the heights, but it just as speedily overthrows him.

Show me a fallen idol and I'll show you one who has tripped over his own bunion of conceit.

PEGGY JOYCE was lunching with Mme. Adela Rogers St. Johns (surely Our Adela rates a Madame if does the Mme. Glyn, whose fiction, if served alongside, would be sent back to the kitchen for warming).

"I've read your stories," said Peggy (Countess Morner) to Adela (Madame St. Johns). "I am [CONTINUED ON PAGE 119]"

Uncle Sam's Adopted Children



Little Pauline Garon was born in Montreal, Canada, but she came to the States for a neighborly visit. And she likes it so well that she has decided to stay and become one of the family



Below: Dorothy Mackaill, of Hull, England, is now a full-fledged American. She has even lost all traces of her English accent. What greater evidence could she show of her deep patriotism for her new country?



Lillian Rich is the newest recruit. Lillian has been torn between loyalty to England and love for America. America won out and Lillian has taken first steps to join Cal's subjects

Pola Negri will soon be entitled to vote. This new citizen, formerly of Poland, has taken out her first papers



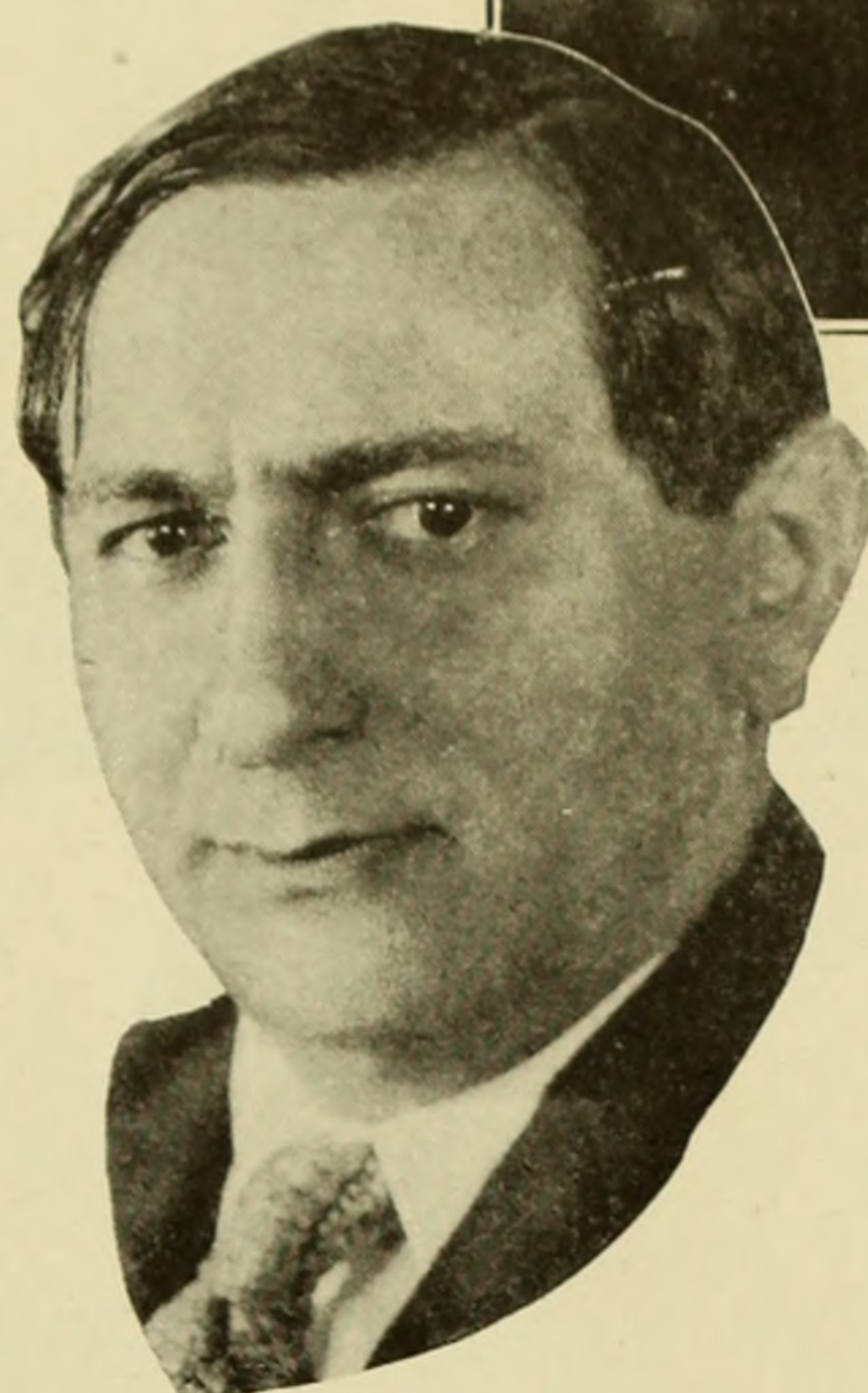
Anna Q. Nilsson, born in Ystad, Sweden, married John Gunner-son, an American. And that made Anna an American, too. However, Anna is divorcing John but keeping her citizenship



Some of the strangers within our gates who have decided to stay. England, Germany, Poland, Greece, Sweden and Russia lose some fair citizens. As President Coolidge said: It doesn't matter how they came over, they're all in the same boat now"



Below: Constance Talmadge is in the strange position of asking for citizenship in her native country. According to the law, Constance is a Greek. You see, she married John Pialoglou, once of Greece. The marriage was brief, but laws are laws and so Connie, as an alien, must ask for naturalization papers



Mary Pickford, born in Toronto, Canada, used to be a subject of King George. When she married Douglas Fairbanks, she assumed American citizenship. It goes with the wedding ring. We are duly grateful to Doug



Ernst Lubitsch, once a German, is now learning the words of "The Star Spangled Banner." Can you repeat them?



Praise be to Alla for becoming an American citizen! Just before she made her recent trip to Paris, the Russian Nazimova signed her first papers. So Alla is rescued from the Bolsheviks



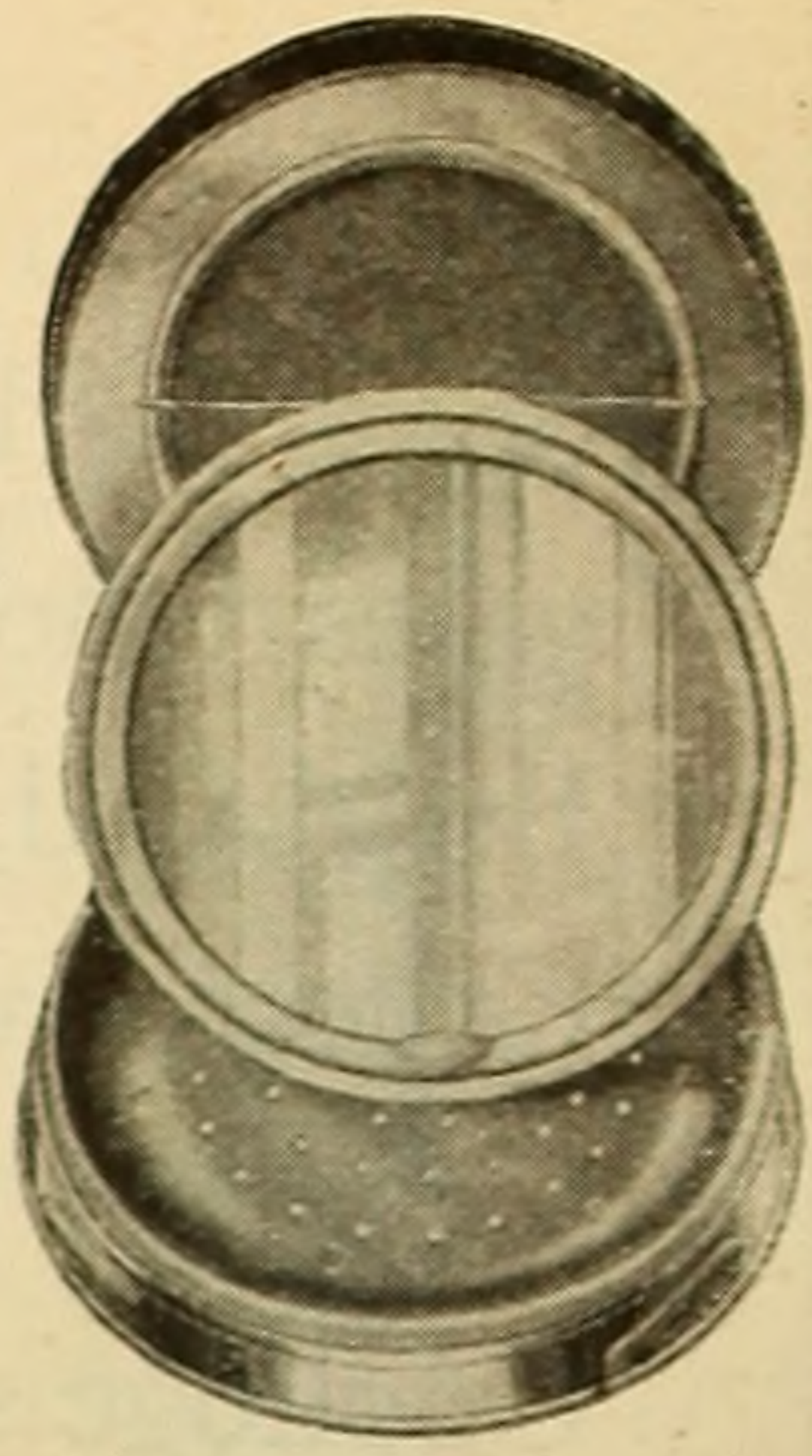
Enid Bennett is another star who is married to America. The fair lady from Australia became a Yankee in good standing when she decided to change her name to Mrs. Fred Niblo

LAST MINUTE CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS



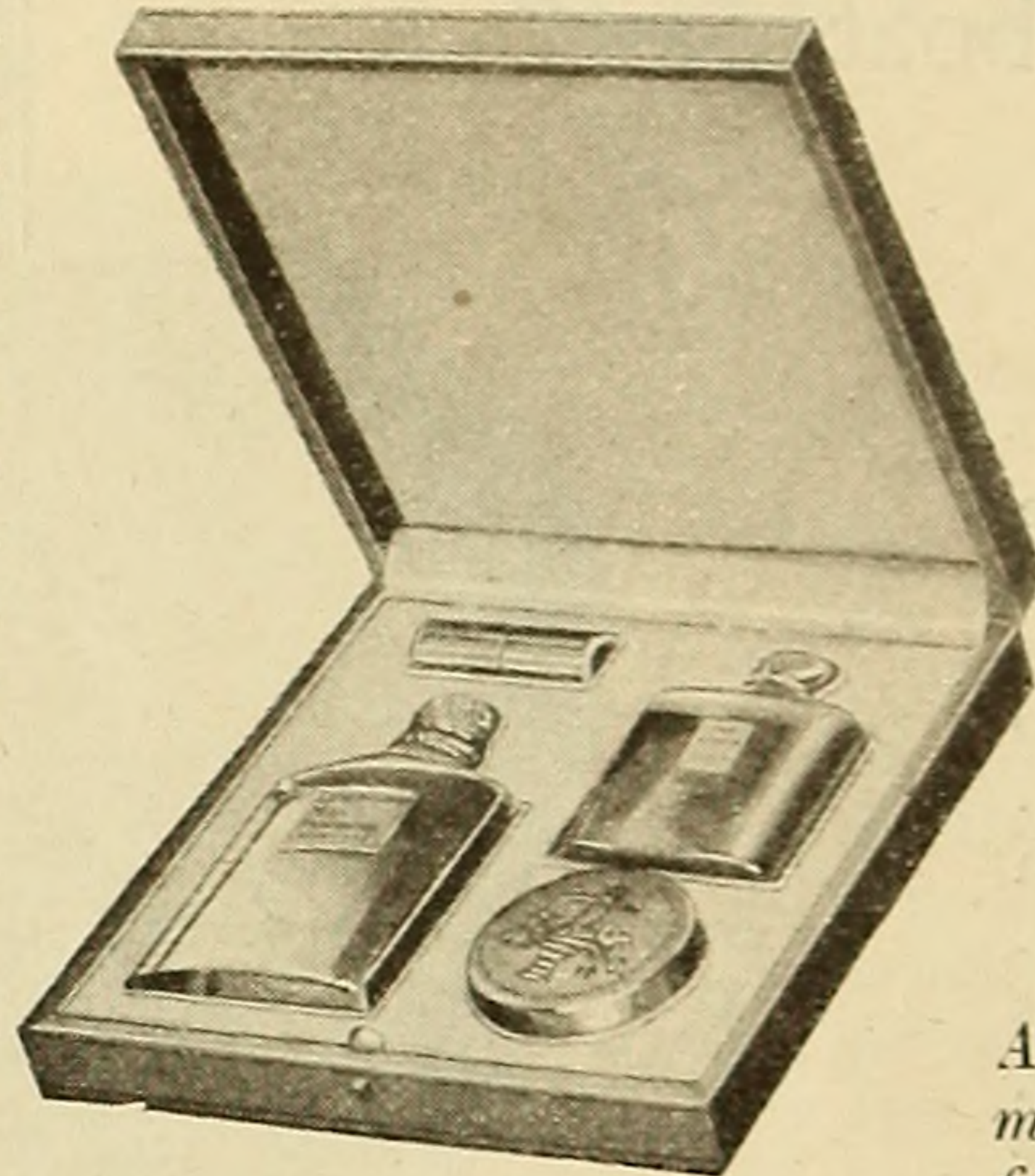
In its new topaz glass bottle Bathasweet makes a gift that may be appreciated far more than an expensive one. These fragrant bath salts sell for \$1.50 a bottle

Here are some very welcome ideas for those who leave their Christmas Shopping until the eleventh hour. All the articles shown on this page are well known and may be obtained in the better shops everywhere. Do not order any of them through the Photoplay Shopping Service.

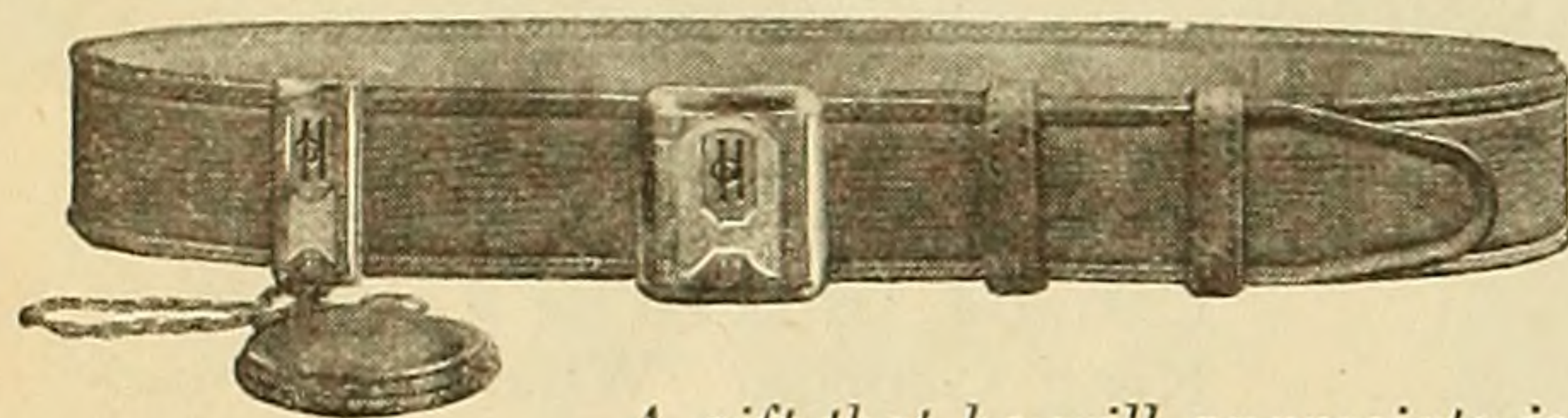


A double compact that will not spill its loose powder—in gilt and silver cases this Norida vanity costs \$2.00

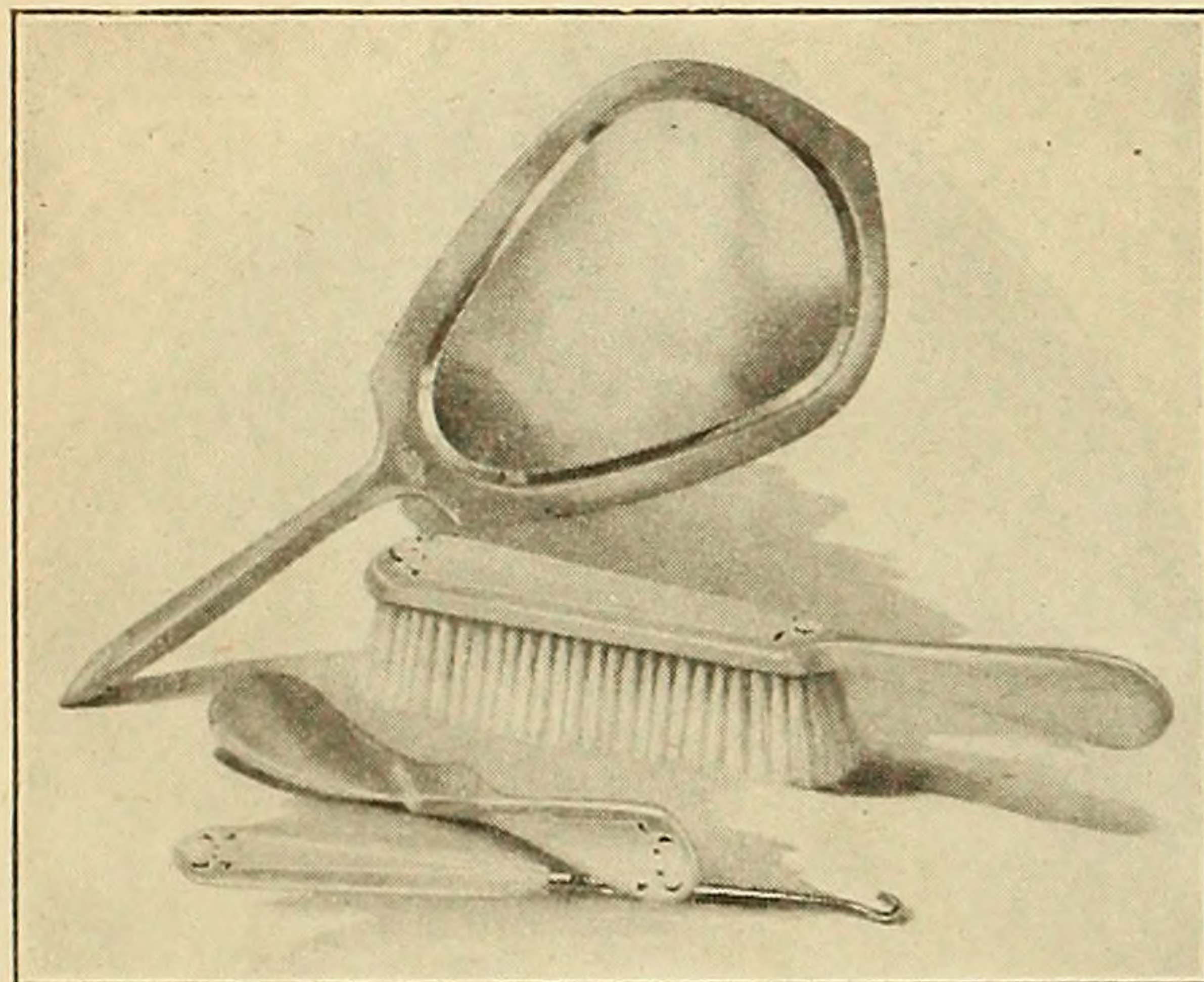
This Houbigant Set makes a strikingly attractive gift—perfume, toilet water, lipstick and compact—all neatly packed in red, blue and green holiday boxes, lined with yellow silk—in odors, Quelques Fleurs, Le Parfum Ideal and Mon Boudoir. Price \$12.50



A new motion picture camera by Eastman—Cine-Kodak Model B—that weighs five pounds. No focusing, no cranking, no tripod—holds 150 feet of film. \$70.00



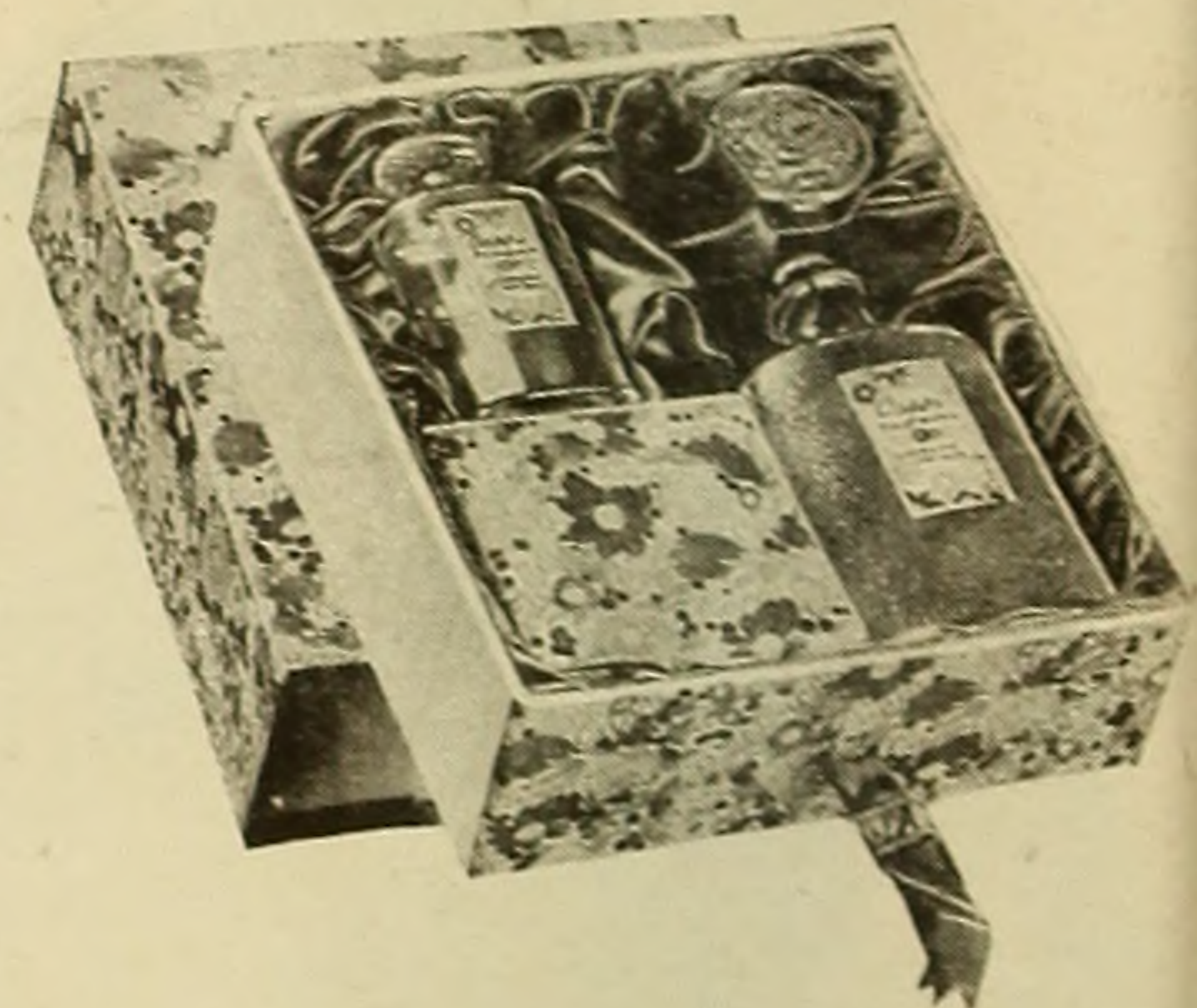
A gift that he will appreciate is a Hickok belt and beltogram. In distinctive designs and materials these may be obtained from \$1.00 to \$5.00; sterling buckles, of course, are more expensive



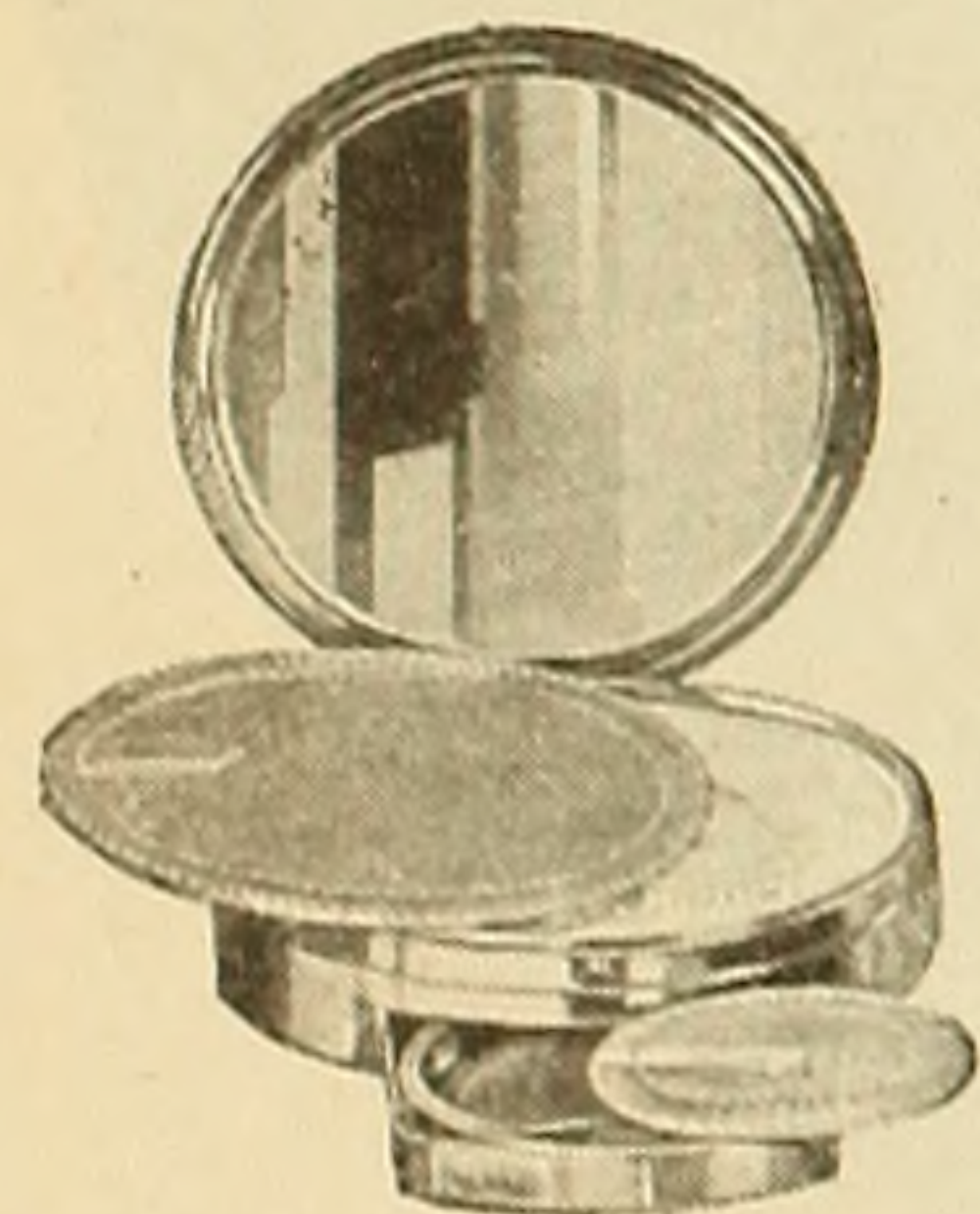
Dupont Pyralin sets or single pieces for the boudoir not only make attractive gifts but are always in excellent taste. They come in many styles and patterns to suit every purse. The pieces shown above are the decorated La Belle pattern



This happy little fellow has many feminine admirers and, both for its decorative appearance and unique perfume, Golliwogg is particularly popular as a gift. Two ounce size, \$7.00. Golliwogg Jr. (1 oz.), \$5.00

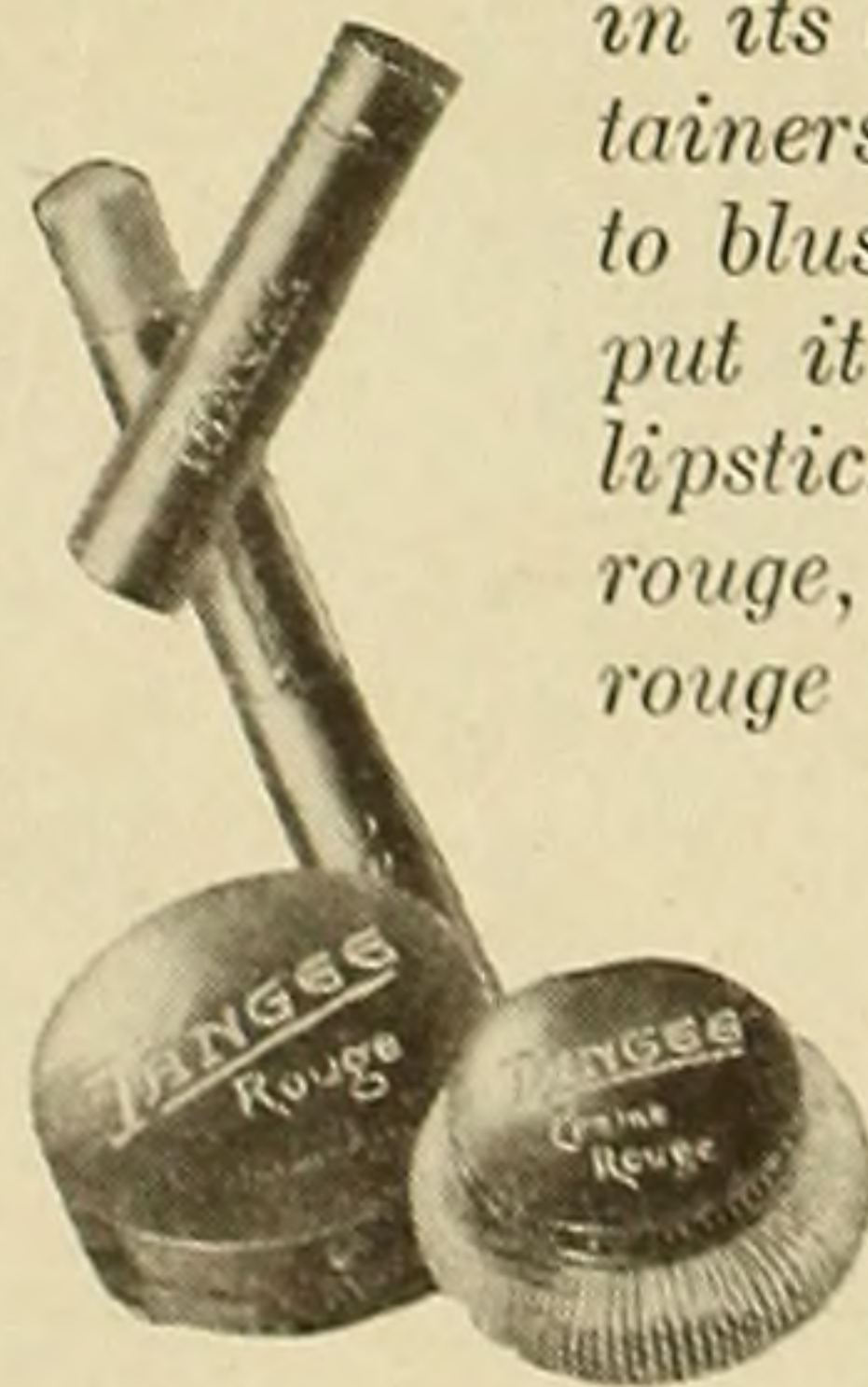


Cheramy presents the "Perfumes of Youth." Illustrated is a four piece Cappel perfume set in a gaily flowered box, perfume, toilet water, compact and face powder, for \$5.00

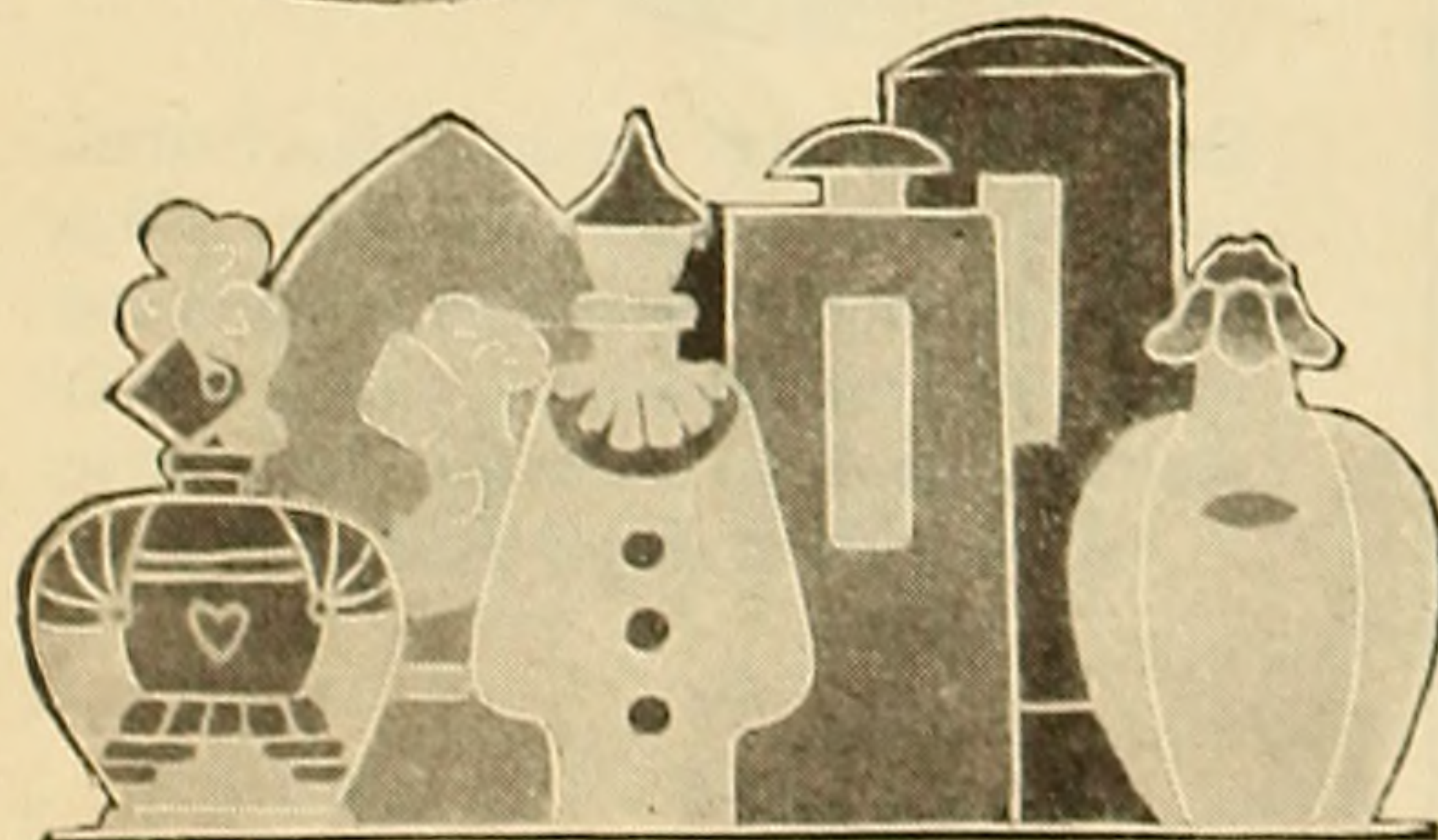


Here is a delightful and inexpensive gift by Tre-Jur—purse size with powder above and rouge below in the famous sliding drawer. Scented with Joli Memoire—and with a separate puff for each, Tre-Jur costs \$1.00, or with lipstick, \$1.25

A gift that is a new kind of make-up—Tangee, that's orange in its chic little containers, but changes to blush-rose as you put it on. Tangee lipstick, \$1.00; creme rouge, \$1.00; and rouge compact, 75c

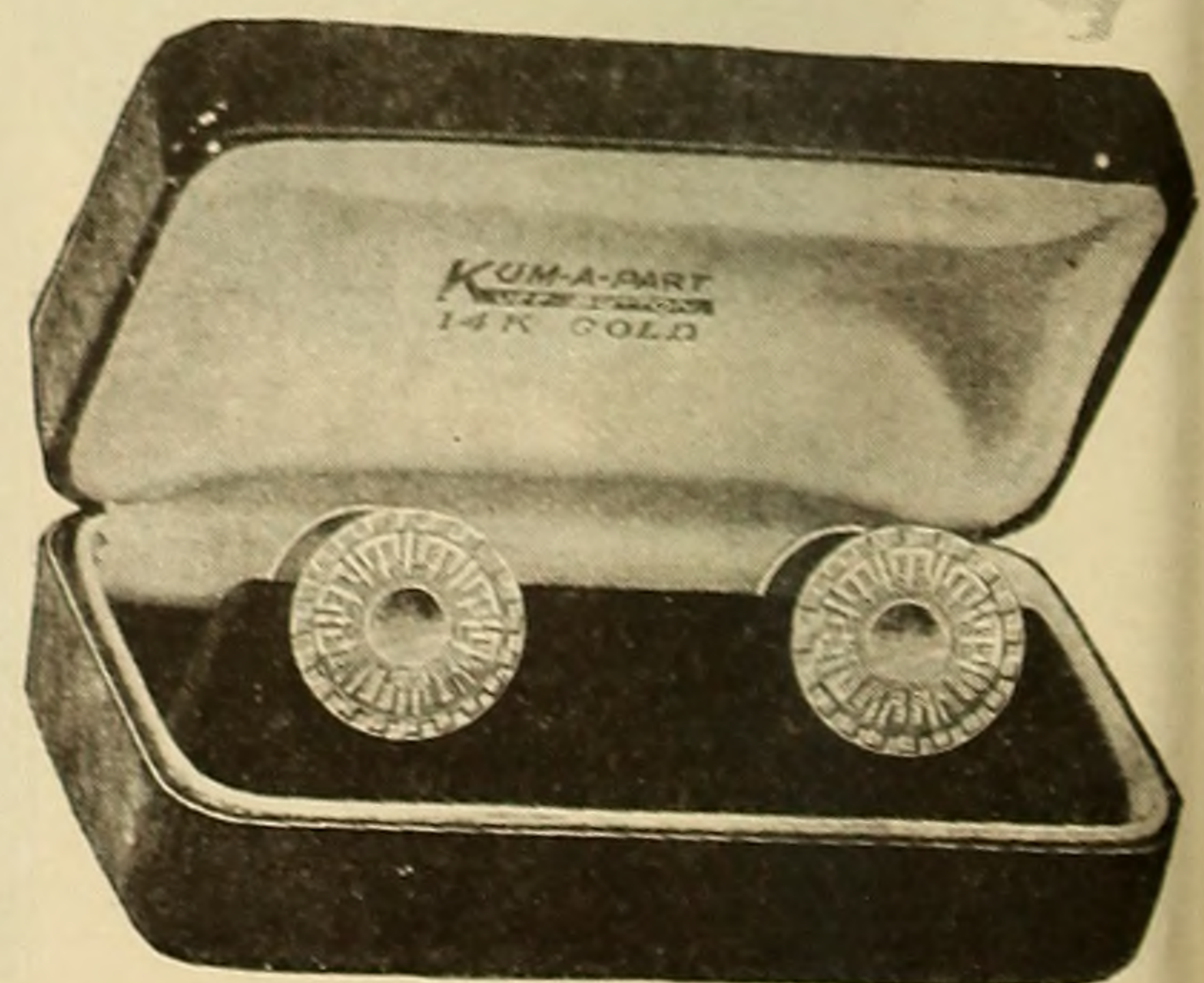


These Bye-Lo Baby Dolls are popular with both youngsters and oldsters. A perfect reproduction of a three-day-old baby—it both sleeps and cries. May be had in many sizes with long or short dresses—from \$4.00 up



Enchanting names and intriguing perfumes from France by Ciro—Chevalier de la Nuit, 1 3/4 oz. for \$10.00; Parfum Maskee \$2.00 and \$5.00; Doux Jasmin 1/2 oz. \$2.50; 1 1/2 oz. \$6.50; and Bouquet Antique at \$12.50

Here is a gift that is most acceptable not only for the man in the case but for the girl as well—Kum-A-Part cuff buttons. They click open and snap shut and come in a wide variety of styles and prices to fit all tastes



EARLY THOUGHTS ON THE NEW YEAR



The smart felt hat sketched on DOROTHY MACKAIL is trimmed with a "black pearl" pin. All colors. \$5.00. Scarf of "curlywool" plaid, price \$2.95

VERA REYNOLDS' evening frock is of crepe chiffon in two tones of pink, orchid, green or maize. 14-20. Price \$29.50



Tuckin sports shirt, of English broadcloth, smartly tailored. Sizes 34-40. Price \$3.95. Same model in fine radium silk—price \$7.95. White only

The pleated panel, tuxedo collar and cuffs of this heavy flat crepe semi-made dress are completed. Blue, green or brown with tan; black with white. 32-46. Give length from shoulder. Price \$10.95



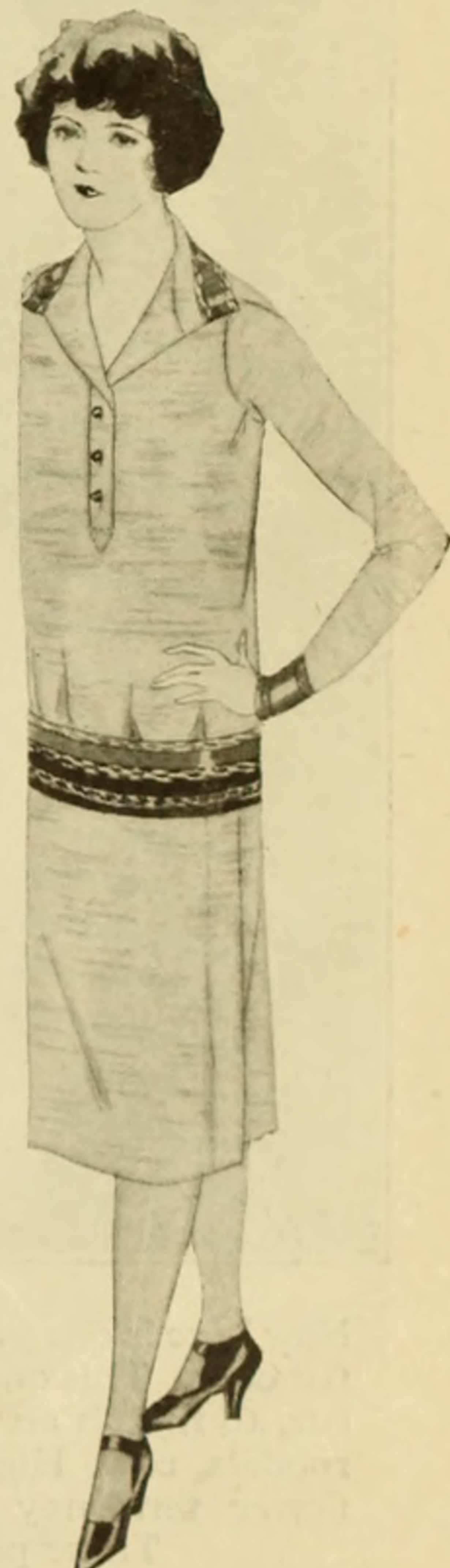
PAULINE GARON'S turtle neck sweater of a fibre silk and wool mixture comes in henna, green or cocoa, also buff with henna or green. 34-42. \$7.50. Sports skirt of imported plaid in green or gray. Give waist measure and length. \$16.75. Sports shoes of brown calf with or without eyelets, \$8.50. 3-8



Jewelry ensemble of small pearl beads braided, linked by three large "pearls." Creme or creme with pink or blue. Price set \$3.95

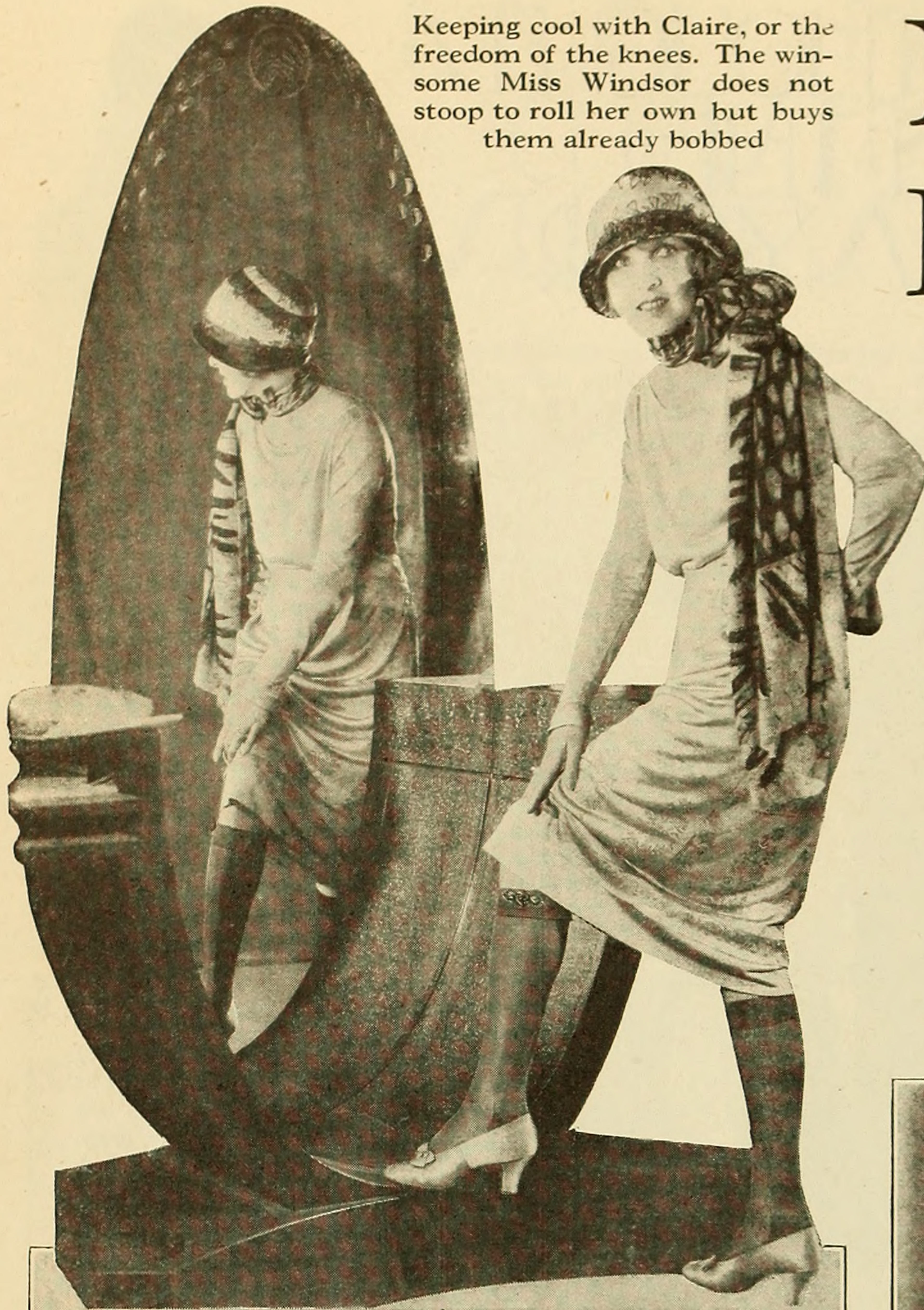


When ordering MARIE PREVOST'S balbriggan jersey dress, give bust, hip, waist and sleeve measurements, also length. About five days to fill orders. Not returnable. Price \$25.00. All colors. These satin opera pumps in white, \$10.50. Dyed any evening shade, \$2.00 extra. Sizes 3-8



Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y., will purchase any of these smart costumes for you. Send certified check or money order—no stamps—together with size and color desired. No articles sent C. O. D. Returns permissible only if articles are sent direct to Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, within three days after receipt.

Keeping cool with Claire, or the freedom of the knees. The winsome Miss Windsor does not stoop to roll her own but buys them already bobbed



New Knee Knicknacks

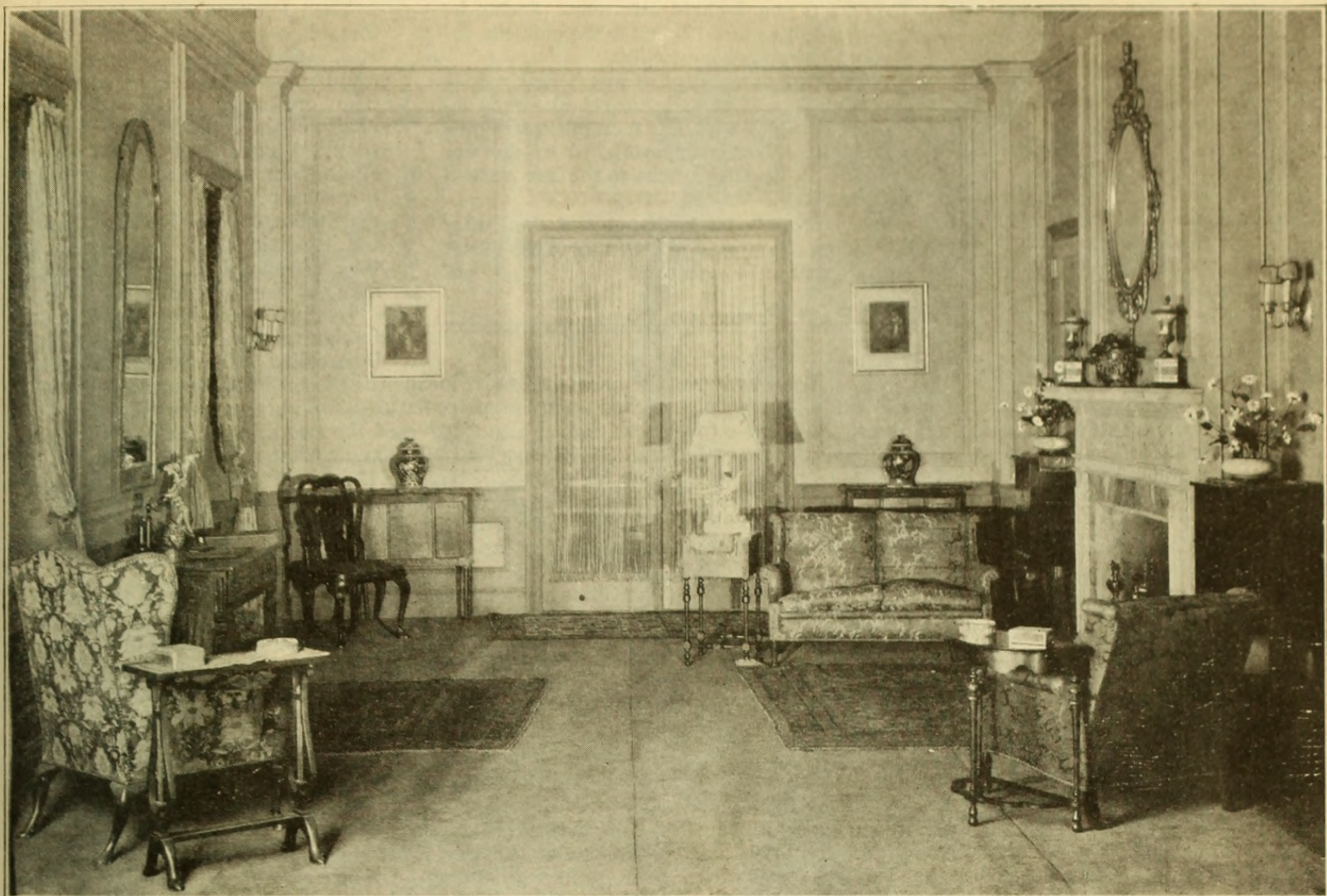
Pictures like these make us mourn that poor guy who got beheaded for insinuating that the Queen of Spain had legs. Talk about living before your time!



Now here is one you must have, a fur garter to match your fur coat. This one is made of ermine, tipped with monkey fur, to match an evening wrap. But they come in sports models, too. Highly recommended to overcome the wall flower tendency and to start slow conversationalists. These particular knees are Gwen Lee's



Crossing ahead. Look out for the signs. Joan Crawford comes right out in public and lets the world know that her heart is not in the right place. As if that weren't strong enough, she puts an icicle next to it. A fine fad, but suppose Joan got knock kneed?



Wouldn't you like your living room to be as luxurious as this set from "The Song and Dance Man"? Below Mr. Chapman reveals just how it can be done at a moderate price, with a romantic shopping tour in the bargain

A Beautiful \$1,000 Living Room

The third of a series on how to use the motion picture to suggest furnishings in your home

By Charles D. Chapman

Art Director, Eastern Paramount Studios

YOU can have a smart, sophisticated living room of comfort and charm, furnished from carpet to ceiling, for \$1,000.

The set shown above from "The Song and Dance Man" is proof of it. I designed and furnished this room in its entirety for exactly that sum.

And I'm proud of it. It's done in the New York manner. Its colors, which no photograph can show, are delightful. It is a homey room, adaptable to almost any type of entertaining. Its furnishings are of lasting value and bespeak cultured taste. But with furniture priced as high as it is, I couldn't have created this room at its price without extensive shopping.

Every time I adopt a typically feminine institution to my own masculine uses, I discover anew how innately wise women are. Shopping is entirely woman-made. It has created bargain counters, beauty and progress, but most important in this case, it has created values. In every city there are springing up small antique and decorators' shops, all holding treasures to be unearthed. In shops of this character, I picked up the pieces illustrated.

No movie studio attempts to

cramp its designer's style by demanding cheap fakes be used in settings. I look for bargains for the fun of actually finding real ones.

I wanted to select for you a room suited to almost every home. The room here used is certainly most correct for the town residence, where formal tone and restful atmosphere must be combined with chic. This is, as a matter of fact, a copy of the individual drawing rooms in one of New York's most luxurious and fashionable hotels where \$20 a day is considered a moderate room rent.

I am glad to let the movies and PHOTOPLAY bring it to you, and to tell you how you can have it for your own forever for \$1,000. At the end of this article you will find an itemized statement of exactly what each piece cost.

First, consider the colors.

The walls are a warm gray, a putty colored gray which has quite a bit of yellow in it. You will find this a livable color. It blends with most furnishings and is a charming background for colorful, feminine clothes. The carpet that covers the entire floor is the same shade. The hangings at the windows are of old rose and gold damask,

THIS series of articles on home furnishing is designed to enable American home managers to take advantage of the experience and ability of one of our greatest authorities on home decoration. Next month Mr. Chapman will advise you on how to make the most of pictures and mirrors to make your home livable.

and against the French doorway in the center background, the curtains are of ecru tinted seco silk, a practical, inexpensive material.

The tables and commodes are of antique walnut, while the overstuffed pieces are covered in soft green with flowers of old gold. The mirrors are framed in silver and the five color Chinese jars, the tiny, blue pleated shade on the Czechoslovak china lamp and the yellow flowers in the flat bowls provide the needed warmer tints.

This use of color is in response to the latest demand in home decorating which calls for a quite lively blending of various shades.

Now for the shopping end of it.

A rule I always employ and which might prove valuable to you in interior decorating is to draw a small plan of the way I want my room to look when finished. I do this before I go out to buy. You don't need to draw well for this purpose. Just enough to show yourself whether you want a table or a piano under the windows, for instance, is sufficient. This prevents coming back with four kidney shaped tables and three bridge lamps for which there isn't a bit of space.

The proportions of this room are slightly larger than those of the living room in the average home. It was necessary here for proper camera range. These furnishings, however, are adaptable to the room of medium size. If you find it necessary to save space or money, the Queen Anne chests or the Italian commodes might be left out without destroying balance.

IN this set the first thing I drew in my diagram was a two piece sofa. Every living room should have comfort and the new two piece sofa is the smartest and best way of guaranteeing comfort. Thus I started my shopping by looking for such a piece, covered in materials and colors that would go well with the smooth, gray walls of the room. I purchased the sofa and chair here shown at an excellent auction room. They are covered in beautiful damask but cost only \$250.

HERE'S one Richard Dix tells. Seems he caught it while on a visit to the publicity department to look at some stills.

She was a new girl—had just been signed—and was filling out a biographical blank for the department. She was putting it on thick, too—fine old Southern family impoverished by the war and all that, when she came to the line marked EDUCATION.

For a second she hesitated and then after Education she wrote "PRIVATE TOOTER." Ain't it great to be educated?

Then I looked about for a comfortable chair to be used with those two. It had to be somewhat formal and I preferred that it be beautiful. The ordinary, large overstuffed chairs in the retail shops being too costly, I unearthed an old Queen Anne chair in a little second hand furniture place. It was pretty terrible there, covered in dingy denim, but its original lines were perfect. I took it to an upholsterer who covered it in old English chintz, all for \$80.

Down town in New York, in the foreign settlements, there is a little lane called Allen Street. It offers

the finest and most inexpensive brass in the country. There I picked up my fireplace fixtures, solid brass but costing only \$10. Near there I also discovered the two mirrors. They were unframed and speckled but I knew what to do with them. They were mine for \$20. Having them resilvered cost \$3 a piece. A frame maker did the frames, painted in old silver, for \$24. I matched these with the Dutch silver cigarette boxes on two of the three occasional tables.

IN Chinatown I found the twin temple jars and the mantel vases. The latter were actually Sevres china, but the dealer didn't know it. Thus I got them for \$5 each. For the same price I bought the flat crackle wear bowls for cut flowers.

The thrill of the voyaging shopper being upon me, I journeyed back to the Armenian neighborhood to hunt carpets. The one I purchased was far too large for the average room and, therefore, reduced in price. I had it cut to the size I wanted for \$60 and the three imitation oriental rugs, which in this case cover the carpet's worn spots, cost another \$40. New carpeting of this kind retails from \$4 to \$6.50 the yard.

An out of the way print shop yielded up the two English prints you see hanging on either side of the doorway. They were beautifully obscured by dirt, but look at them now! The same was true of the two Italian commodes beneath them. I saw those at an antique dealer's, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]



"Glorifying"
the American
Girl for the Screen

A beautiful
Tableau from
"The American Venus"

Getting Laughs Out of Sticks



"Laughs," says Douglas MacLean, "are like firecrackers. The fuse must be just the right length and they must be thrown at just the right time"

By Herbert Howe

"**C**OME on and see the goof playing with sticks!" Carpenters and electricians gathered in one wide grin to watch a youth solemnly laying sticks on the floor of a studio stage, stepping among them with sibilant murmurs as though muttering incantations.

The goof was Douglas MacLean . . . carpenters and electricians are so irreverent.

As a comedian he certainly was funny to them—as funny as a Napoleon in a cuckoo hatch.

"Nuts!" they murmured and walked away.

Later one of them asked MacLean what he was doing, playing jack-straws?

"Building a house," he muttered between solemn paces to the count of one, two, three.

"Well, ain't that pretty," said the carpenter, regarding the assemblage of sticks that might have been the beginning of a bum bird's nest. "I got a kid at home that builds houses outa leaves on the lawn. I'll bring him over to play with you."

Doug nodded and went on in a trance.

He was laying out a set and visualizing the chuckles.

Just another one of those cuckoo stars.

When I happened into his studio study the other day he was hunched over an architect's drawing which he had made.

"Crosses mark where bodies were found?" I presumed, studying the sketch.

"No," said he, with the gayety of Hamlet. "They mark the laughs."

"You mean you lay down laughs like linoleum?"

"No," said he. "More like mosaic. Have to be accurate to the inch."

"How spontaneous!" I dilated.

He then proceeded to illumine my darkness by showing how you could miss a

laugh by walking one step too far between the entrance and the center table where the merry maneuver was to be performed.

I recalled a scene of "The Arab" where Novarro takes a coin from the hand of a beggar just after it had been placed there by a Christian gent. It was very funny before the camera. But on the screen it seemed to me that Novarro was about two steps too far behind the donor to get the maximum of the humor.

"Timing," said Doug. "Laughs are like firecrackers. The fuss must be just the right length and they must be thrown just at the right time. You have to build sets to key with the action."

"Simple as trigonometry or fourth dimension," I observed lightly.

The foregoing preamble explains why Doug MacLean is a great actor. He's such a good architect. Or, rather, a builder, for he creates the whole structure with the aid of his men.

MacLean works precisely like Harold Lloyd. Perhaps he follows his plans more closely.

The ordinary procedure in a studio of efficiency is as follows: Producer pays fifty thousand dollars for a story.

He gives it to Joe Ox, the scenario sausage grinder, and tells him to grind out a continuity in two weeks.

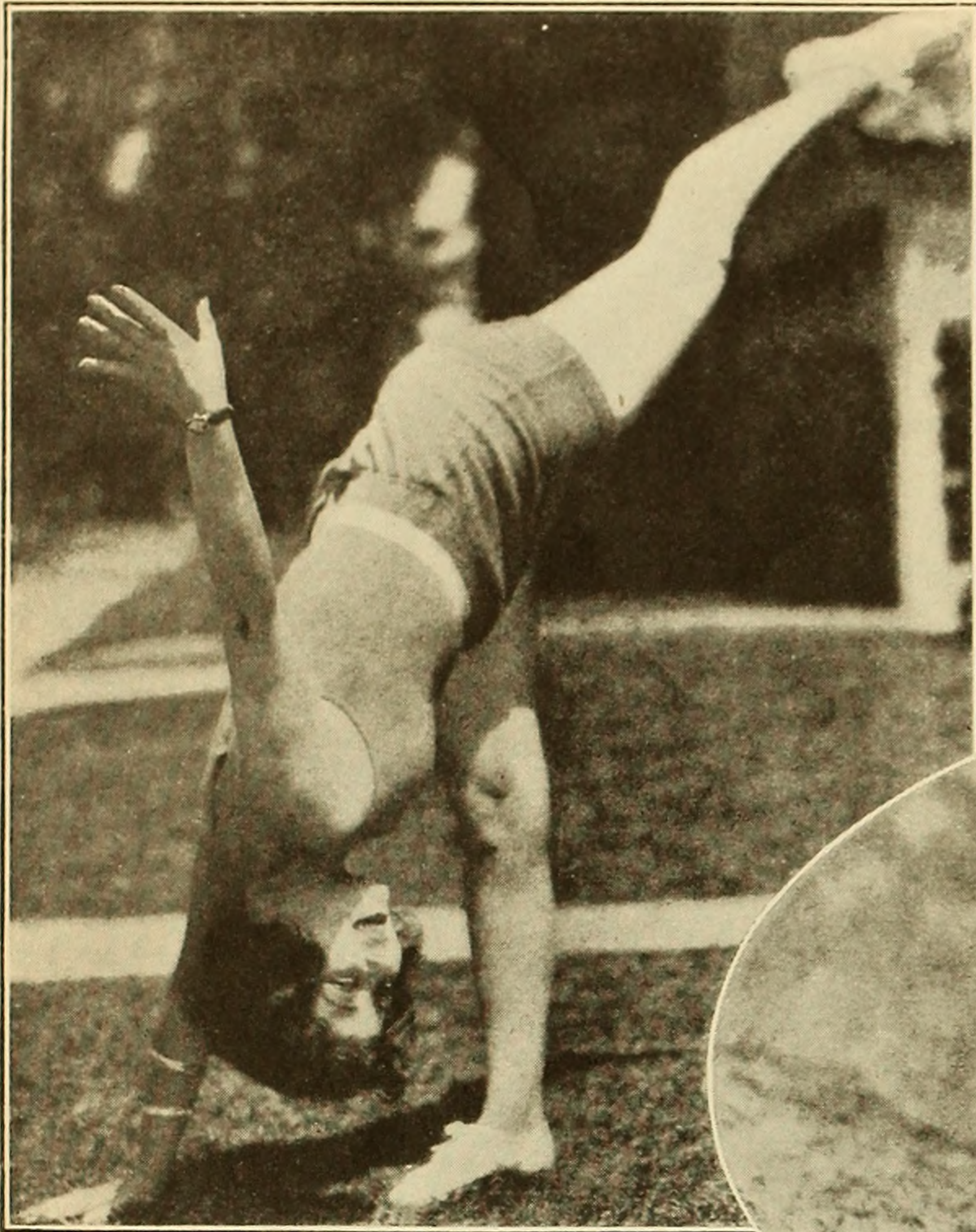
In the middle of the first week he finds he needs Joe on another script, so the sausage is turned over to Lizzie Muts, who puts it through in three days, after her own ideas.

Meanwhile the sets are being built. Lizzie turns the weinie over to the director, who says, "Fine," and proceeds to re-write it muttering "terrible!"

He spends a week or so on his version of the hot dog. Ten to twelve weeks on shooting the picture.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]

THE monthly "keeping up appearances" prize goes to the handsome and utterly jobless young actor who gaily dines at a leading cafe in greasepaint and costume. If some producer doesn't offer him a part, perhaps a tourist will think him a star. Heartbreak business . . . pictures!



Those Elusive Dimples

They are the trademark of beauty



The classes in geography that attend the courses conducted by Professor Ziegfeld have tried for years to estimate the number of dimples on Ann Pennington's twinkling knees. Now this vital problem is put up to movie fans. Count 'em if you can!

There is a star on Patsy Ruth Miller's knee. Now can you say that there is no truth in astrology?

"A dimple in the chin—a devil within"—and yet it's hard to believe it when you look at Lillian Rich's trusting blue eyes



Dimples add piquancy to Laura La Plante's smile. In her case, they are Nature's flashing diamond—and invaluable assets to her career



According to fortune tellers, a dimple on the shoulder means that the owner is destined to wear many décolleté gowns. And, sure enough, Carmel Myers does!



THE DUCHESS de RICHELIEU

*tells how to keep
the skin exquisitely
soft and lovely*



“CARE OF THE SKIN, in my opinion, can best be obtained by the daily use of Pond's Two Creams. They keep the skin exquisitely soft and lovely.”

Duchesse de Richelieu

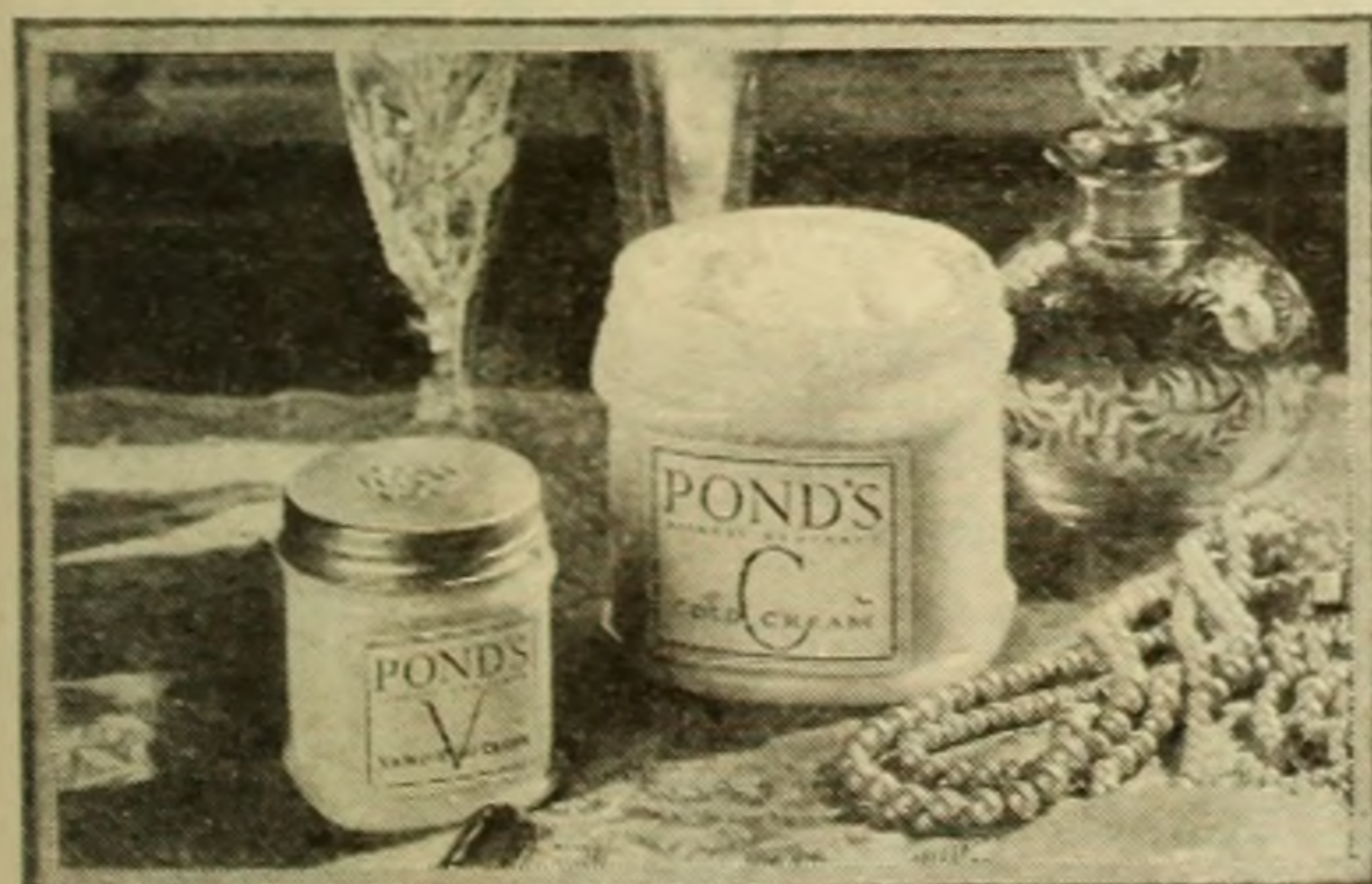
AS a young girl growing up in aristocratic Baltimore, there was that about the future Duchesse de Richelieu which caused all who saw her to predict for her a great career.

Patrician she was, even then—though in the best American tradition. The head was finely-modeled with its crown of golden hair. The blue eyes looked out from under delicately level brows. Her skin had the exquisite fineness, the fragile delicacy that bespeak centuries of breeding, yet with the freshness, the bloom of a young race.

As if beauty and charm were not enough, nature bestowed upon her yet another gift—a soprano voice of rare lyric quality.

When by her marriage this favored young American added to her native endowment the heritage of one of the proudest names of old France, she was drawn at once into the glamorous whirl of international social life.

Asked how, through all her exacting social and musical activities, she continues to retain



Every skin needs these Two Creams used by the beautiful women of society

BEAUTY AND CHARM in her own right and by marriage one of the mightiest names of the aristocracy of ancient France! In her New York home, the Duchesse de Richelieu

presides over the famous collection of books, furniture and bibelots, many of which have come down to her husband from the great Cardinal, first Duc de Richelieu.

her freshness and bloom, she replied:

“Care of the skin. It is an obligation always to appear with a complexion fresh and radiant, never betraying the least trace of any weariness or imperfection. And this care, in my opinion, can best be had by the daily use of Pond's Two Creams.”

HUNDREDS of beautiful and distinguished women everywhere have found in these same two delicate, fragrant creams made by Pond's the perfect equipment for keeping their fragile skins just exquisite.

Before retiring, cleanse your skin deeply with Pond's Cold Cream, patting it lavishly over and letting it stay on several moments. Now with a soft cloth or tissue remove all the cream and the loosened dirt and dust which its pure oils have brought to the surface from the roots of your pores. Repeat the process. If your skin is dry, pat more cream on and leave it over night.

Several times by day, especially after you've returned from hours out of doors, cleanse your face, throat and the V of your neck with Pond's Cold Cream the same way—and finish with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice to close the pores.

After these daytime cleansings, smooth over your refreshed, invigorated skin ever so little of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Its soft protection against wind and dust and chapping cold makes it delightful to use just before going out. But what pleases you most of all is the even,

exquisite tone it lends your skin. Flick on your powder and see with enchantment how evenly it lies, how natural is the glow it gives your skin, and how long it stays just so!

When you buy your own Pond's creams ask for the large-sized jar of the Cold Cream which lasts so well. Both creams come in two sizes of smaller jars and in tubes.

AMONG other beautiful women who have praised these famous creams for the care of the skin are:

- HER MAJESTY, MARIE,
THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA
- THE LADY DIANA MANNERS
- THE PRINCESSE MATCHABELLI
- THE VICOMTESSE DE FRISE
- MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH
- MRS. REGINALD C. VANDERBILT
- MRS. GLORIA GOULD BISHOP
- MRS. WILLIAM E. BORAH
- MRS. MARSHALL FIELD, SR.

FREE OFFER: Mail coupon for free tubes of these Two famous Creams and directions for using them.

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. A,
147 Hudson Street, New York City.

Please send me free tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

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



A Top Rider

That's Buck Jones,
and it means he ranks with
an army general

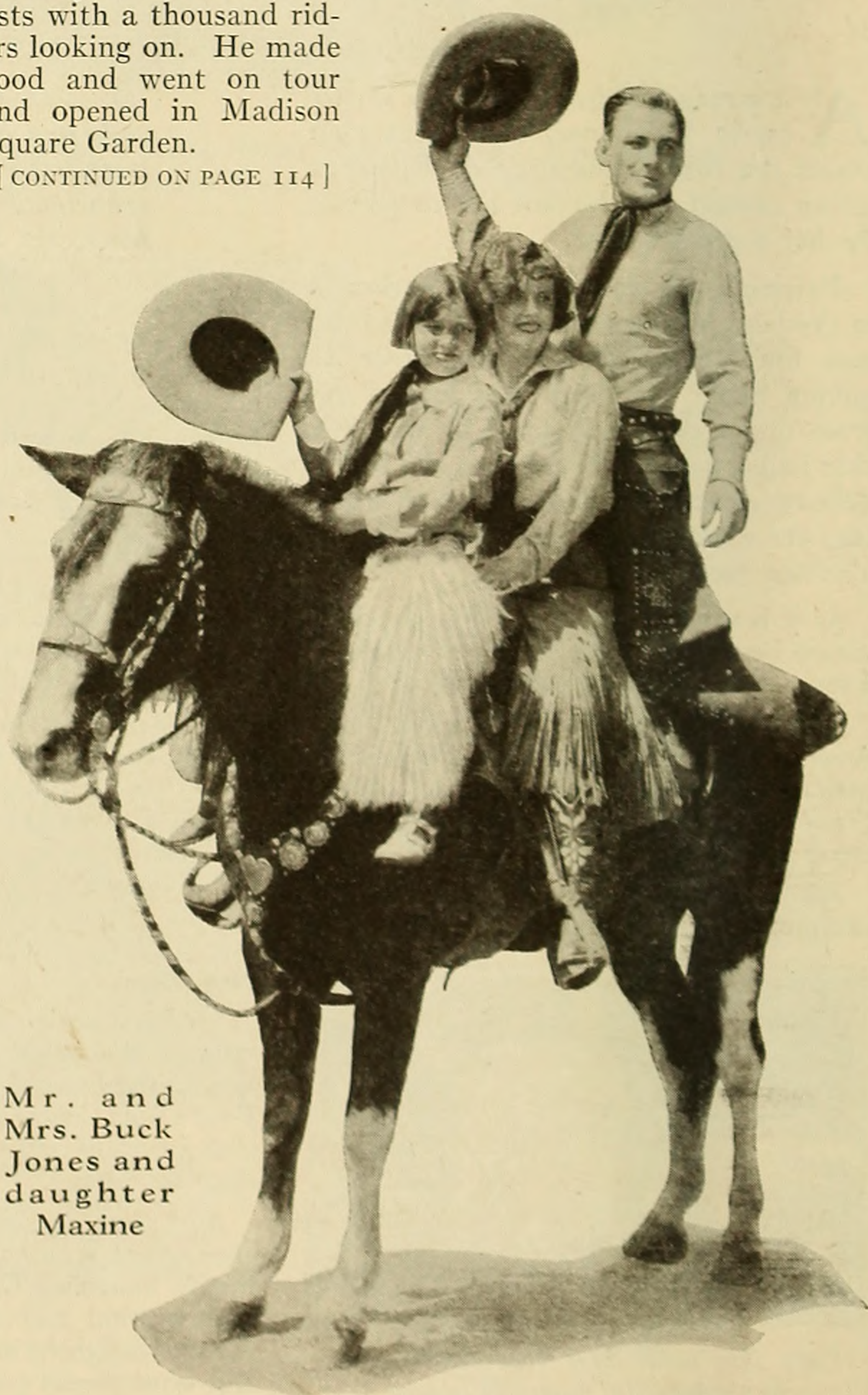
By Jim Tully

This—on paper—hardly means a thing. But some western actors are so important that even the Pope could not talk to them without a letter of introduction written in Cowboy Latin.

Buck has been everything that a runaway lad could possibly be. A laborer, a hiker on the road, a soldier in the United States Cavalry.

Leaving the Army, in which he served three years in the Philippines, Buck again rode ranges all over the west from Montana to Texas. The turn of a card brought him to Ponca City, Oklahoma, where is located the famous Miller 101 Ranch. The Miller circus wintered there—and with it was the greatest aggregation of bronco busters, bareback riders and ropers ever assembled under the sun. Each spring every one on the ranch is given a chance to try out as a performer with the circus. Each man trying is given a horse and a rope and a steer—and God's great out of doors to roll around on. Buck Jones entered the lists with a thousand riders looking on. He made good and went on tour and opened in Madison Square Garden.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]



Mr. and
Mrs. Buck
Jones and
daughter
Maxine

THEY arrived in Hollywood with fifteen dollars—all they had in the world. They had always been used to animals, so, being lonesome, they gave ten of the fifteen for a dog—and went to hunt a furnished room.

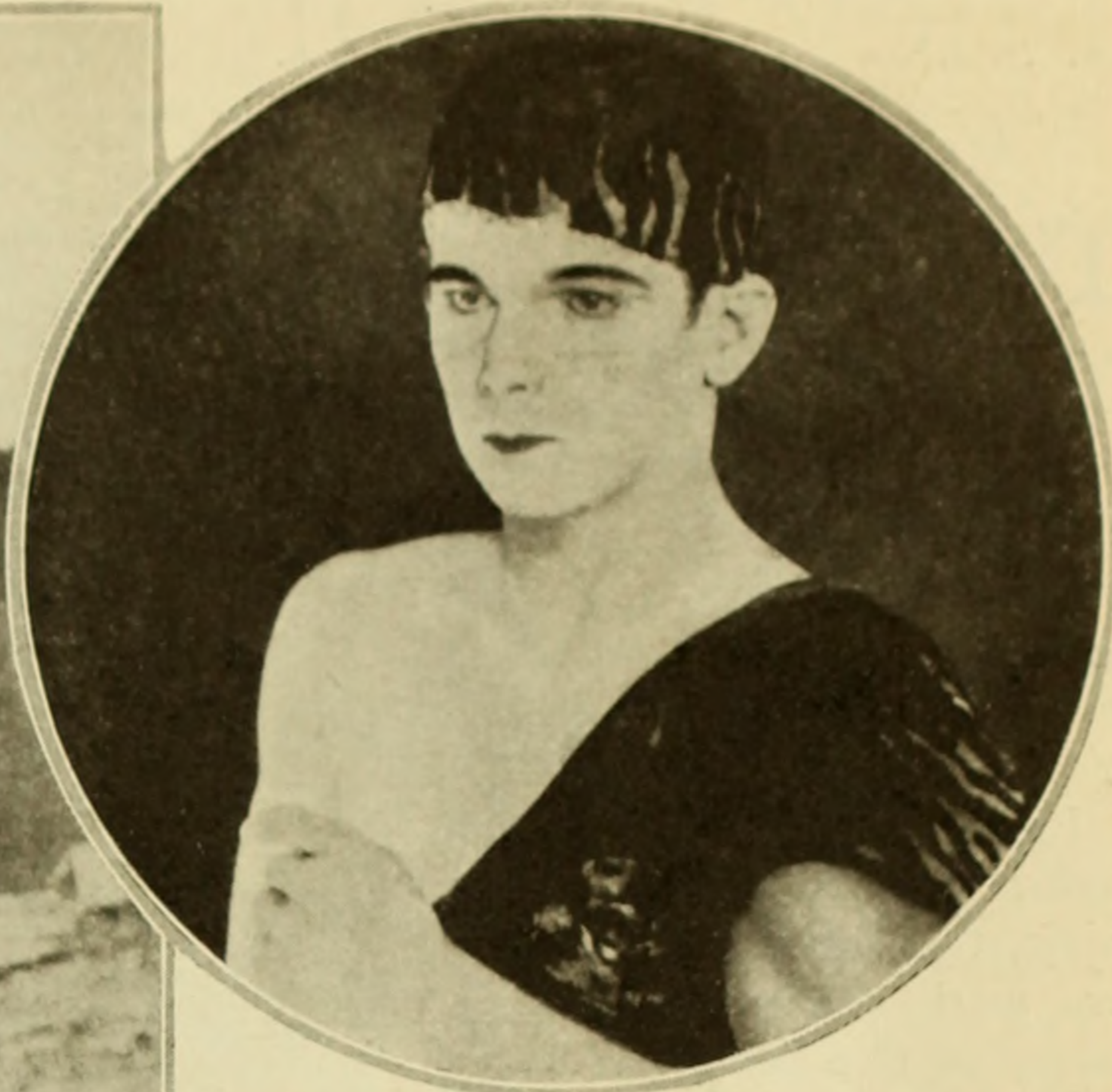
The landlady liked dogs—in pictures—so Buck Jones and his wife had to find a place for the dog.

The next day Buck hurried out to Universal City, where he had a cowboy pal who was working as an extra. This chap had been a "top-rider" with Buck in the old Oklahoma days when they rode the range together. A top-rider is of the same rank on a big ranch that a general, or a corporal, is in the army.

Buck Jones belongs to that picturesque body of men who add color to America. He is from Indiana, but has no grievances, having left there early. At fifteen he was a wandering youngster with no mother to guide him. The no mother was fortunate. For how is one going to guide a lad who wanted to be a soldier, a cowboy, a bare-back rider and a motion picture actor?

At seventeen Buck was a cowboy on a Western range. At eighteen he was a top-rider. A daring two-fisted chap, who can swing a mean pair of boxing gloves with any man alive, with broad shoulders and jaw all square, Buck Jones is the most silent man in pictures.

He has no pretense, and the man who takes care of his three favorite horses is made to feel that he is Buck's equal. In fact, he even upstages Buck sometimes.



“My duties as a moving picture stunt man require a great outlay of bodily vigor and always striving for a more perfect physical condition, I began taking Fleischmann’s Yeast. As a result of this lucky leap, my muscles have not only increased in size, but every organ in my body has been fired with new vitality and new energy, enabling me to perform stunts more efficiently and enjoy perfect health.”

LITTLETON SAVIN, Los Angeles, Calif.

“After four years spent as a detective, I became subject to indigestion. On account of irregularity of meals I was troubled with gas on the stomach, pimples, constipation and loss of appetite. I went to my physician, who recommended Fleischmann’s Yeast. After two weeks, the gas on my stomach ceased and gradually my condition returned to normal. My appetite is splendid, my skin has cleared, and my intestinal tract functions perfectly. And on my new job as building contractor I still eat my Fleischmann’s Yeast to keep fit.” JOHN W. HEMMERLE, West Philadelphia, Pa.

True Tales about Health

They tell how thousands conquered constipation, corrected skin and stomach disorders—found glorious vitality—by eating one natural food

NOT a “cure-all,” not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann’s Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann’s Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on “Yeast for Health,” Health Research Dept. 13. The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.



“About a year ago my face, neck and arms were covered with pimples. I was a bundle of nerves. One day my mother told me to try Fleischmann’s Yeast. I took two cakes a day for two months. Then the miracles started to happen. My pimples vanished. I no longer jumped at every little noise. Today, thanks to Fleischmann’s Yeast, I am a new girl.”

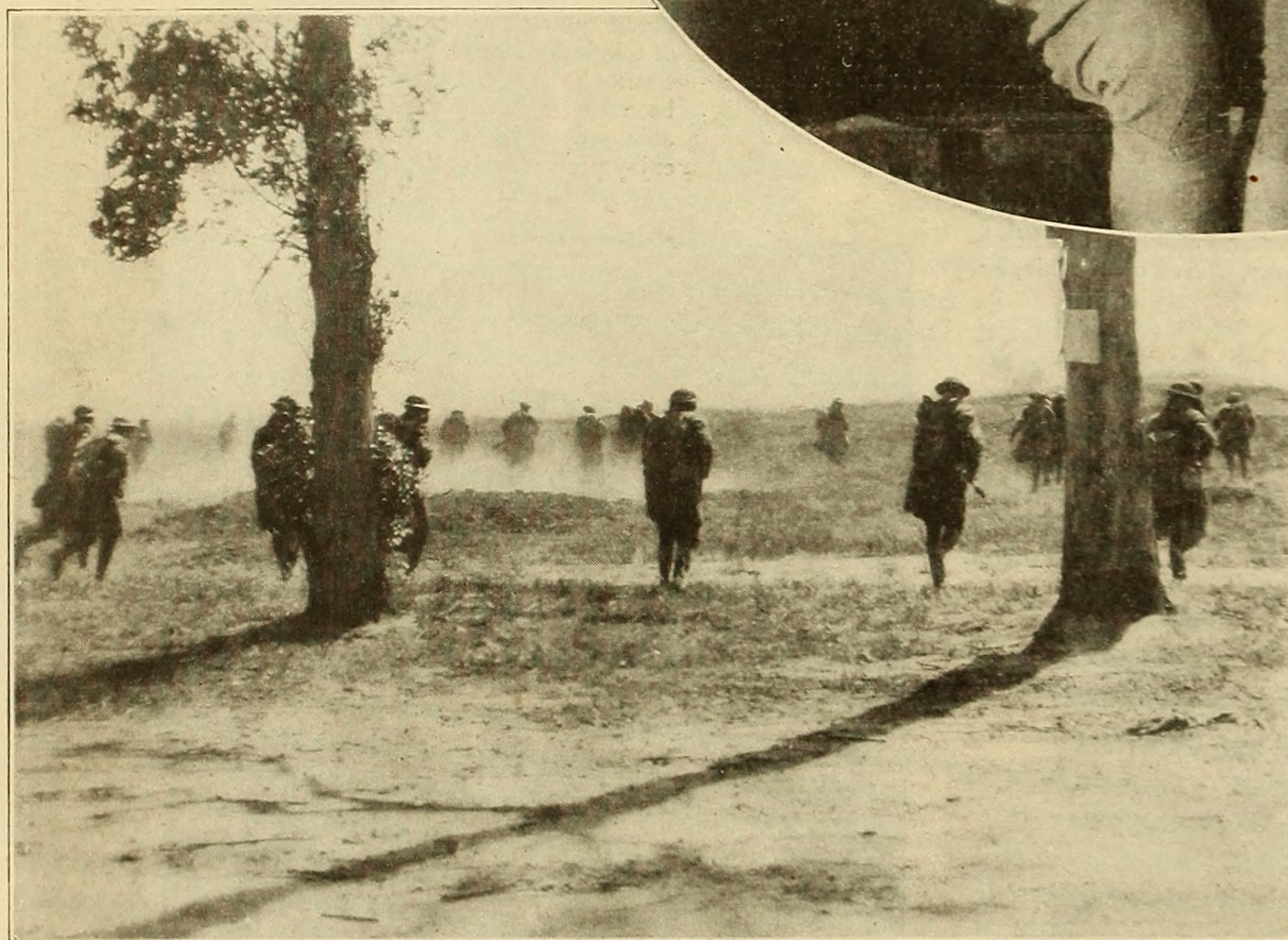
ANNE M. CREMIN, New Haven, Conn.



This famous food tones up the entire system— aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation. Start eating it today!

They're All Talking About This

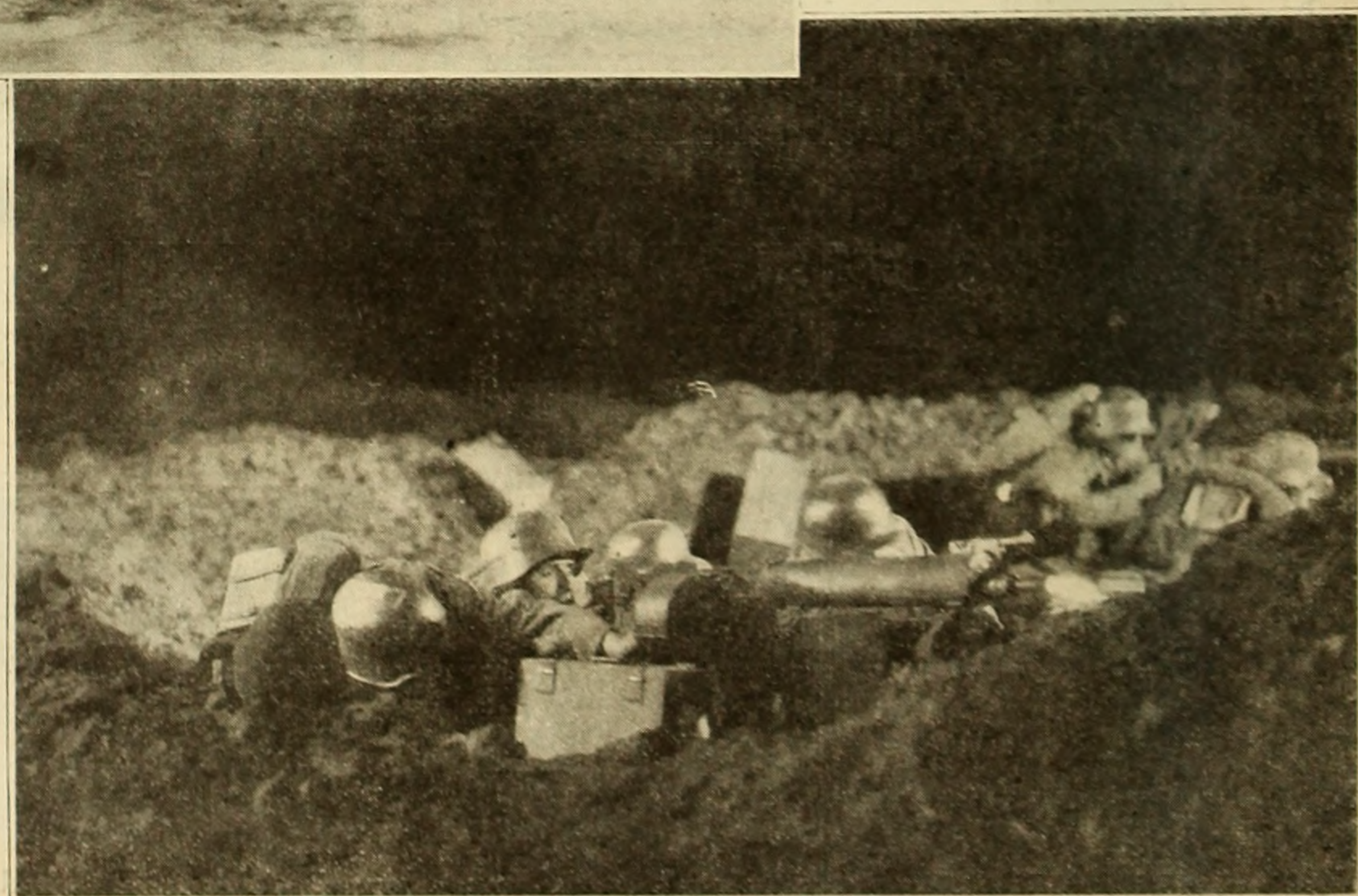
"THE Big Parade," King Vidor's production for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, [made good as a really great picture. The story was everything, and Vidor, with an extraordinary cast headed by John Gilbert, has mirrored it all. It is a record of beauty and romance woven against the heart-break, the burning idealism and the gruesome reality of the World War.



The men, too, are real, weary, dirty, hard-boiled fighters. "Bull" and "Slim"—two modern musketeers—are played by Tom O'Brien and Karl Dane. O'Brien's comedy performance of "The Big Swede" was so perfect as to nearly run away with the whole picture

This is no usual movie war scene, but an absolutely faithful visualization of the way the doughboys went forth under cover of a barrage to do battle

A machine gun nest. The Heinies hidden within their trenches sending forth over No Man's Land the deadly message of their fear and their hate. Here again is perfect accuracy of detail



Don't you know?

HIS desk was so placed that in taking dictation she had to sit quite close to him. And each time she dreaded it.

Finally one day she thought she could stand it no longer.

"Couldn't we move this file," she suggested, "so I can sit opposite you?"

The question puzzled him. He wanted to know why.

"Don't you know?" she said.

* * *

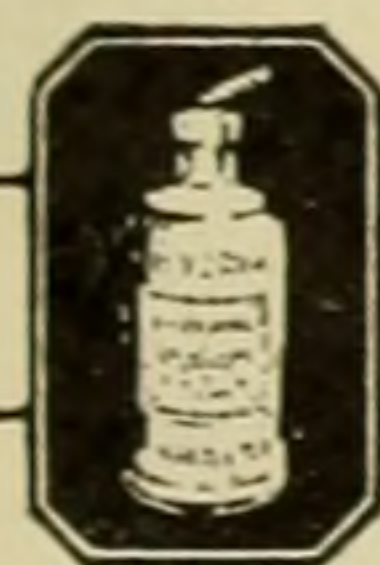
You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant. It puts you on the safe and polite side.

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1¼ ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U.S.A.

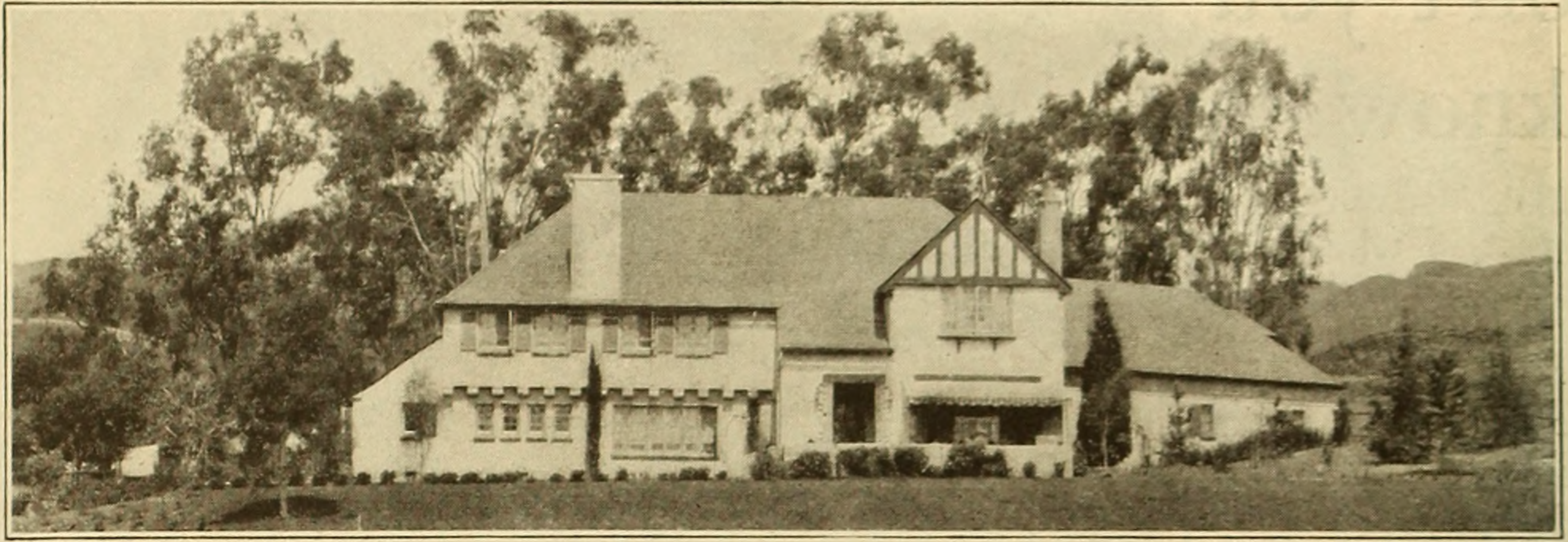
For
HALITOSIS



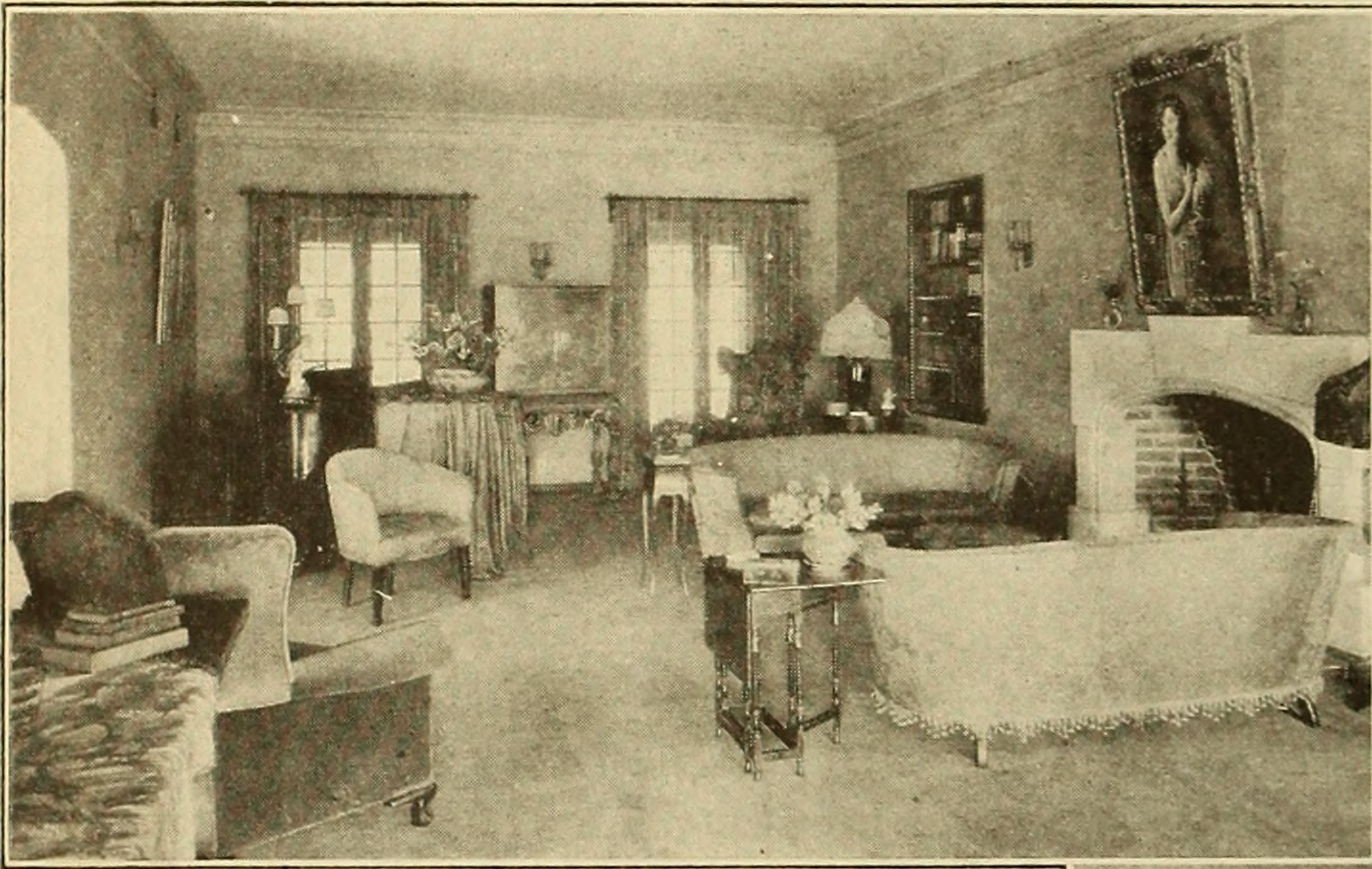
use
LISTERINE

By the way—
In using Listerine to combat halitosis you automatically combat sore throat and often avoid more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.

Where Corinne Griffith is at Home

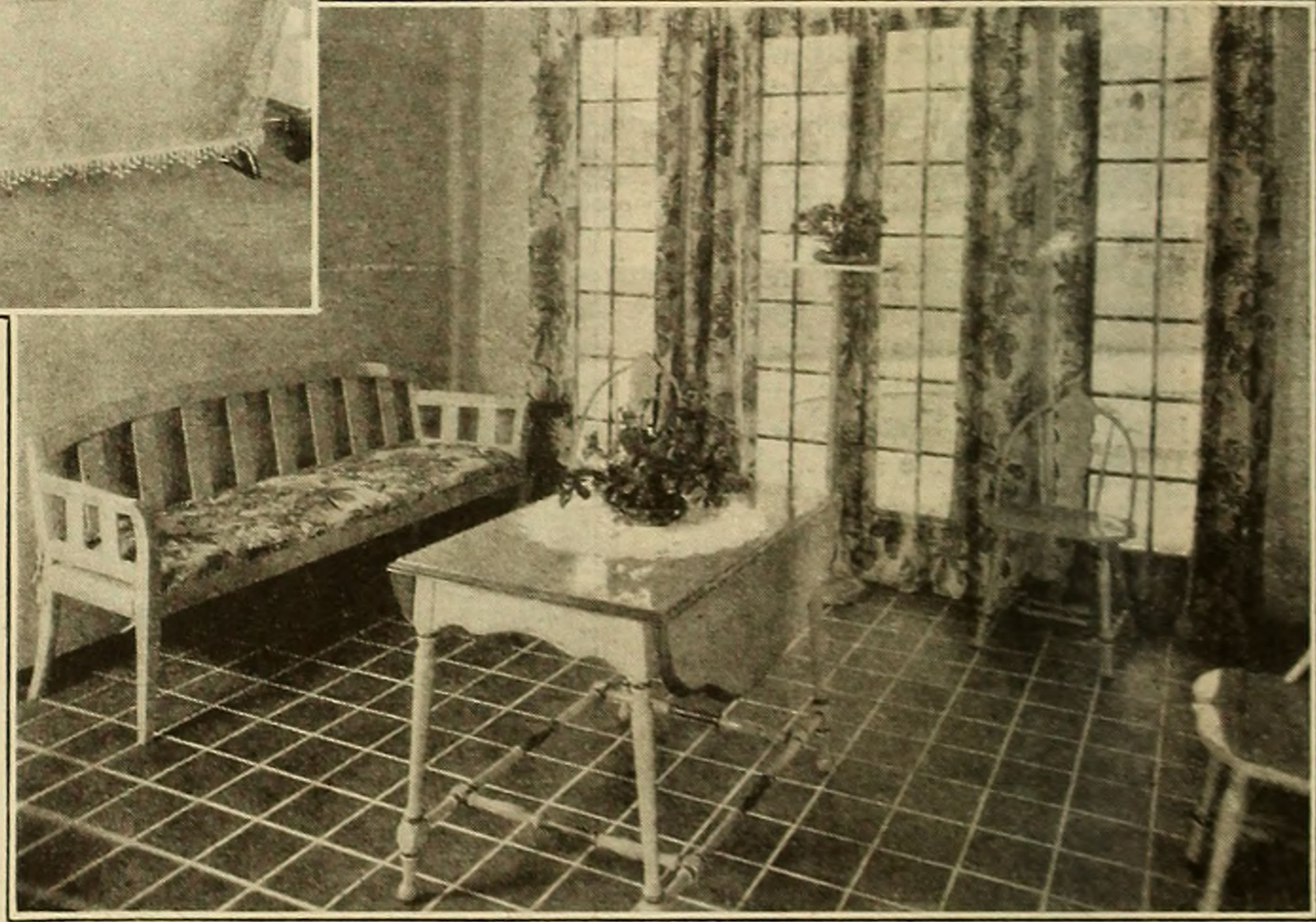
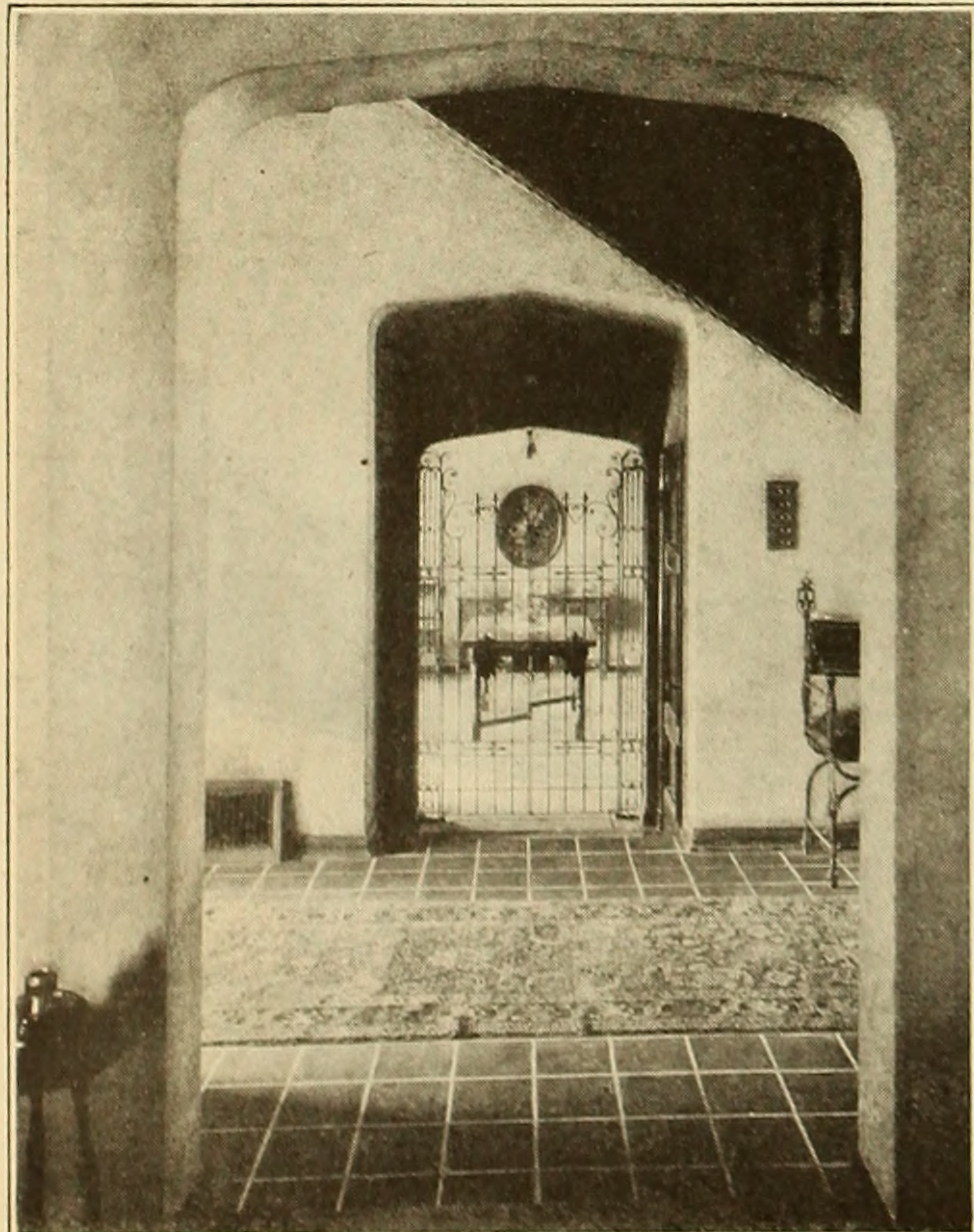


Why Corinne Griffith likes to work in California. Her charming home in Beverly Hills



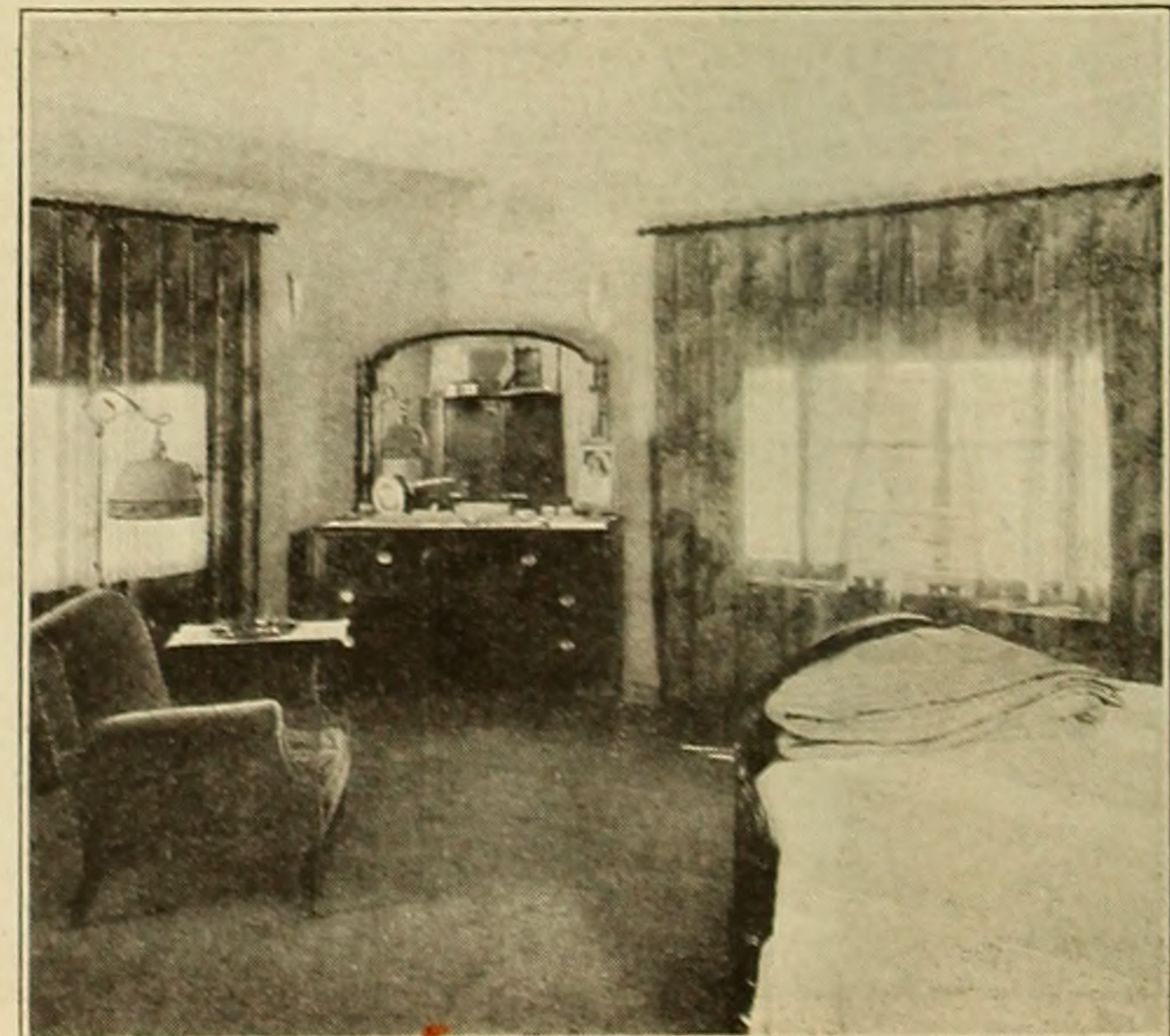
The comfortable arrangement of the fireplace gives the living room a restful and hospitable air

The breakfast room, with its beautiful view, is flooded with sunshine and color

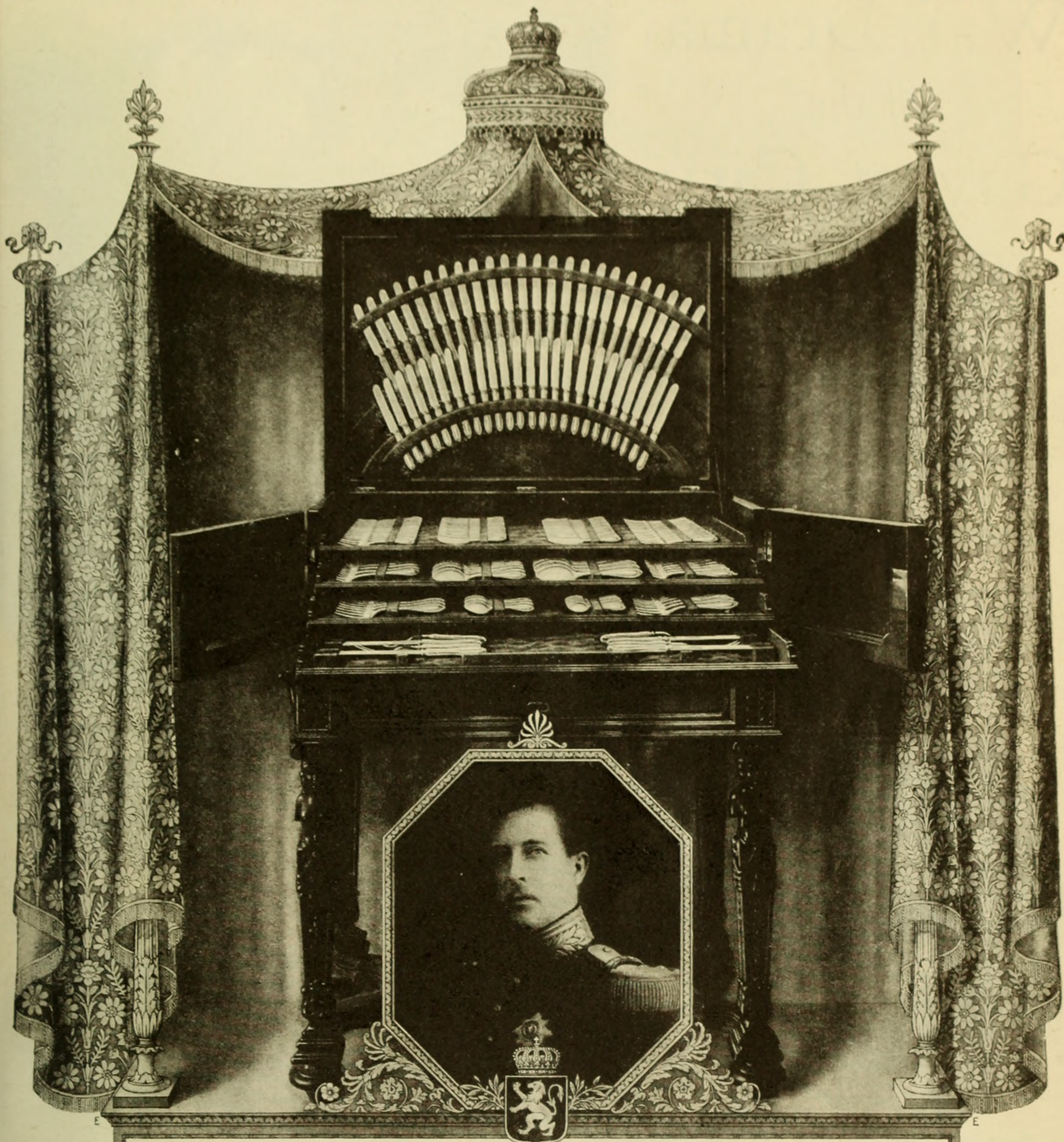


From the hall you can catch a glimpse of the dining room, through the grilled gate

Corinne's bedroom is extremely simple—almost sedate



COMMUNITY PLATE



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HIS MAJESTY, KING ALBERT, IS ENTERTAINED

DURING the recent visit of King Albert of Belgium to Brazil, the magnificent banquet hall of the *Palacio Real* was completely equipped by the Brazilian Government with a special ser-

vice of Community Plate. Each of the three hundred and eleven pieces used was engraved with the national Coat of Arms of Brazil. Thus the vogue of Community Plate spreads from continent to continent.

A Few Distinguished Patrons of COMMUNITY PLATE

PRINCESS MARGRÈTHE OF DENMARK BARONESS HUARD
DUCHESS OF RUTLAND MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT

The War Drama of the Gayest City in Europe

"The Viennese Medley,"
a story of the fall
and rehabilitation of Austria,
promises to be one of the
achievements of the season



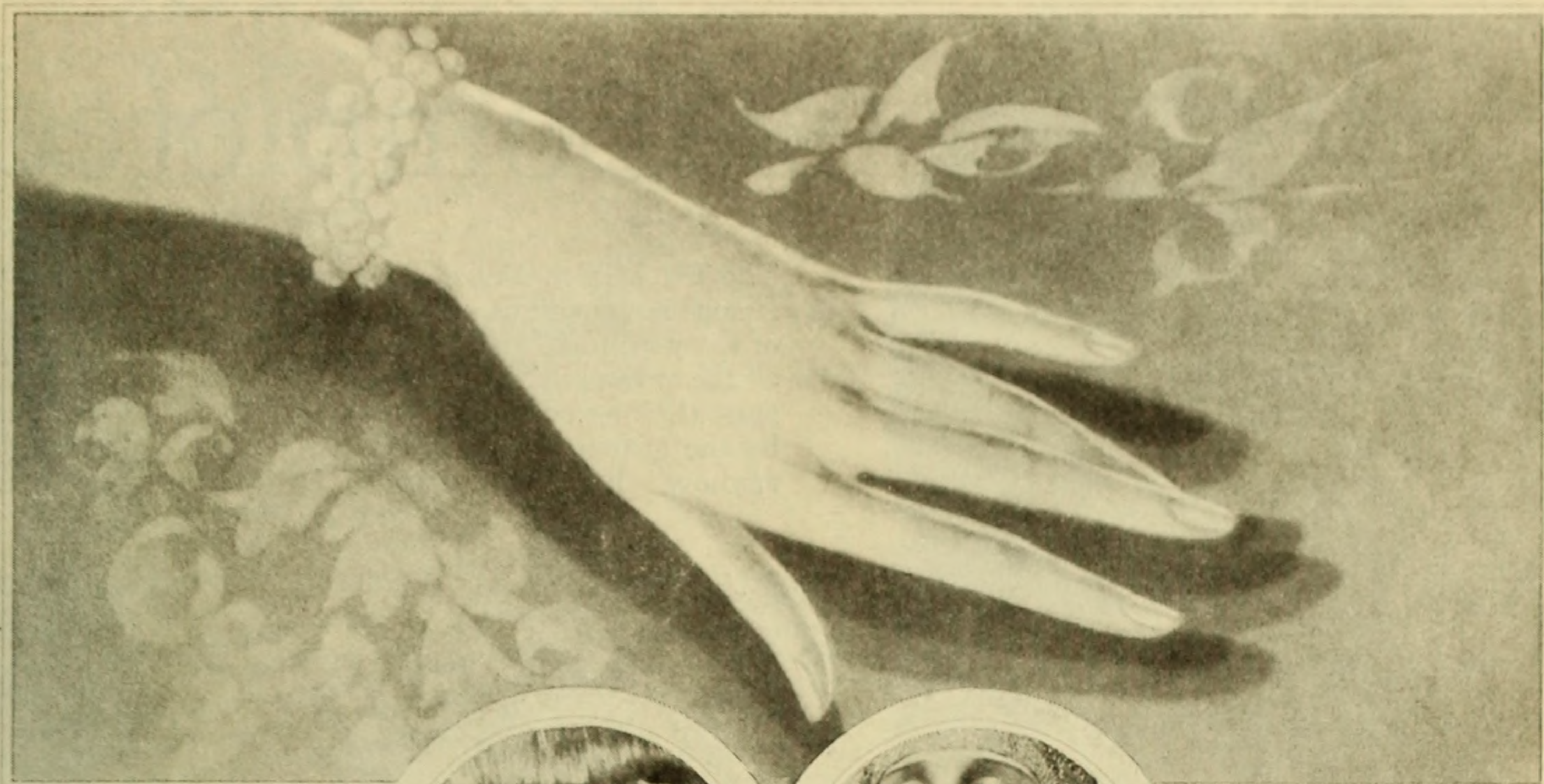
The outbreak of the war and the departure of Austria's dashing army. May Allison, as *Corinne von Hartig*, bids farewell to the man she might have married—*Pauli Birbach*, played by Ian Keith



The death of the aristocrat, *Tante Ilde*, played by Lucy Beaumont—one of the touching moments in June Mathis' First National Production. *Corinne* (May Allison) and *Fanny* (Anna Q. Nilsson) receive her last blessing

Tante Ilde forgives the outcast *Fanny von Hartig* (Anna Q. Nilsson)—the victim of Vienna's demoralization. Curt Rehfeld, technical director of "The Four Horsemen," was responsible for the direction of "The Viennese Medley"





GRETA NISSEN, whose blonde beauty proclaims her a daughter of Norway, says: "In my training at the various schools of pantomime in Europe, I came to realize how vividly the hands may register every thought. To make them look their loveliest I use the splendid Cutex preparations."

TRINI, interpretive Spanish dancer, admired for her exotic grace and fire, says: "No one perhaps appreciates beautiful hands more than the interpretive dancer. There is no better way to attain this perfection—cuticle smooth, nails gleaming—than with Cutex."

All over the world well-groomed women use this method of manicuring . . .

WELL-GROOMED TO HER FINGER-TIPS— and at her finger-tips!

The woman of today simply must be perfect in every detail of her toilette.

At home, in business, engaged in active social life—she knows that she will never be excused a moment for neglected, untidy finger nails—dull, lusterless, bordered by split or ragged cuticle.

For it is such a simple matter nowadays to keep them always lovely. Today every woman knows how to have nail-tips white and dainty, nails pink and gleaming, cuticle smooth, shapely. Cutex has taught her—hundreds and thousands of her!

AND NOT ONLY IN AMERICA. All over the world women have learned this wonderful way of caring for their hands.

The familiar little pink and black Cutex boxes are seen everywhere. On the theatre dressing table of a talented actress. In the toilette case of the traveler. In the hand bag of a business woman. From New York to San Francisco—in the capitals of Europe—charming and accomplished

women give Cutex manicure preparations a favorite place in their vanity kit. And the Cutex method has won their unqualified approval.

KEEP YOUR HANDS LOVELY THIS EXQUISITE WAY. First wash your hands thoroughly in warm, soapy water. Dip the orange stick in Cutex, twist a bit of cotton around the end, and keep it wet as you work gently around the nail base. The cuticle is quickly freed from the nail so it can't split and cause unsightly hangnails. The old dead skin that is so un-

tidy you simply wipe away with a soft towel.

Pass the wet stick under the nail-tips to clean and bleach them—and smooth a tiny bit of Nail White under each. For the loveliest of finishes, first buff the nails lightly with Cutex Powder Polish and rinse your hands again.

Now with the soft little brush spread a drop of Cutex Liquid Polish evenly over each nail. How charmingly it accents the beauty of your finger-tips. Best of all its rose pink brilliance lasts as long as your manicure!

How exquisitely groomed your hands look! You resolve never again to let a week slip by without giving your hands the same delightful care that so many women depend on. Buy one of the attractive Cutex Sets—from 35c to \$5.00 wherever toilet goods are sold. Separate preparations 35c

Mail 10c with Coupon



for Introductory Set

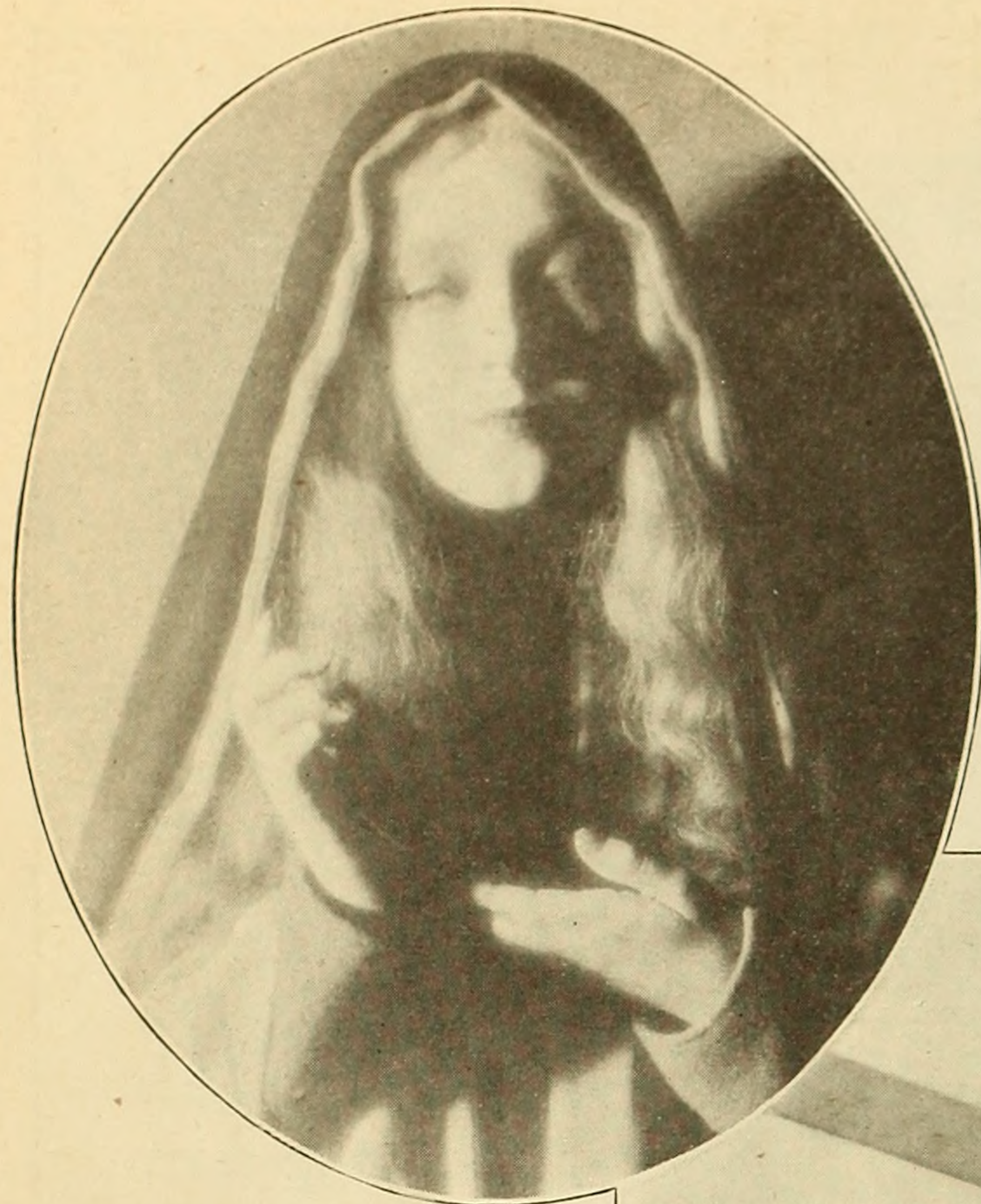
NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. Q-1
114 West 17th St., New York City
I enclose 10c in stamps or coin for Introductory Set.

OR SEND 10c WITH COUPON FOR INTRODUCTORY SET containing everything for the manicure—Cutex Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Powder Polishes, Cuticle Cream, brush, emery board, orange stick, cotton, and helpful booklet. If you live in Canada address Northam Warren, Dept. Q1, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada.

NORTHAM WARREN—NEW YORK, PARIS, LONDON.

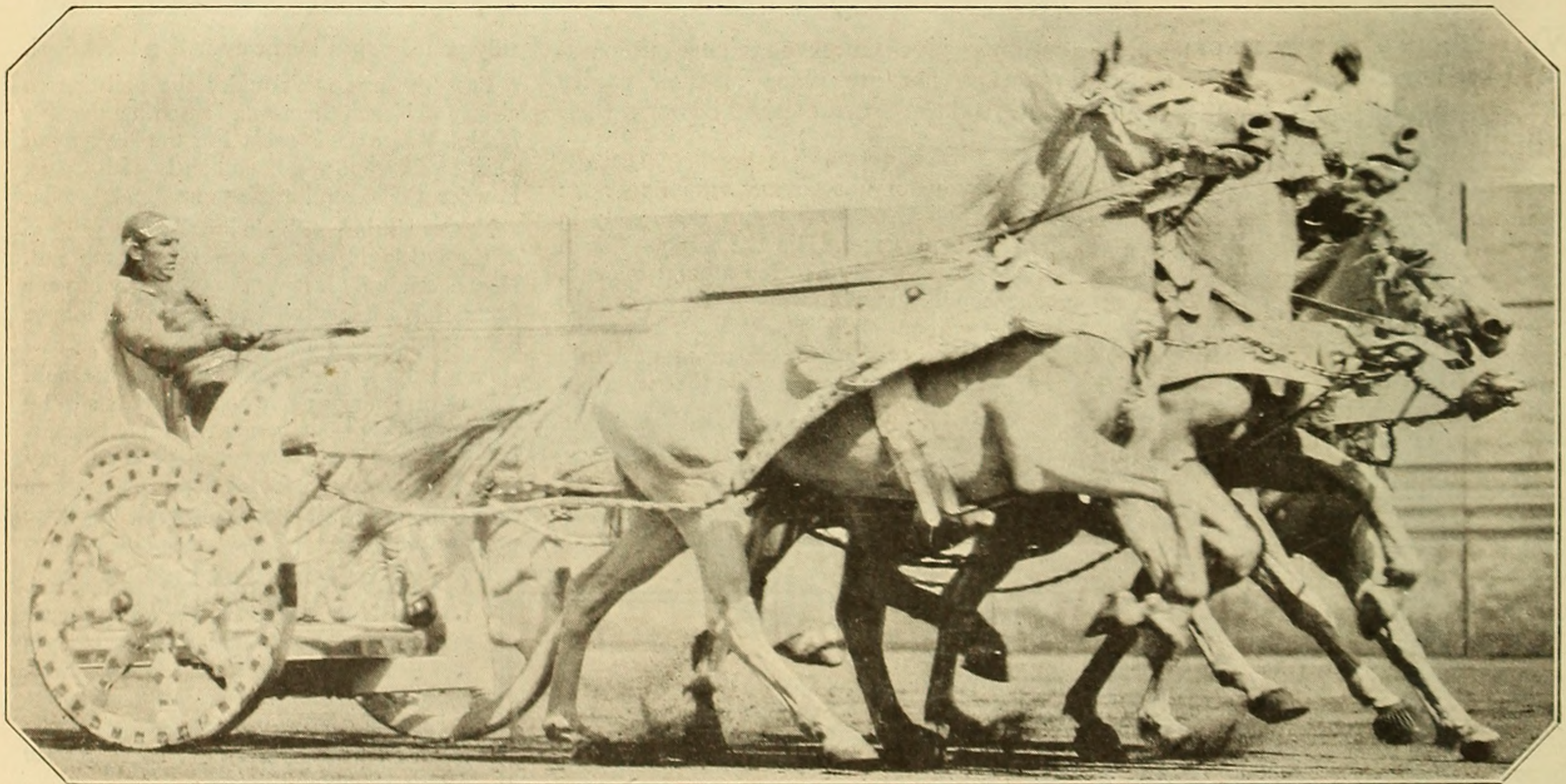
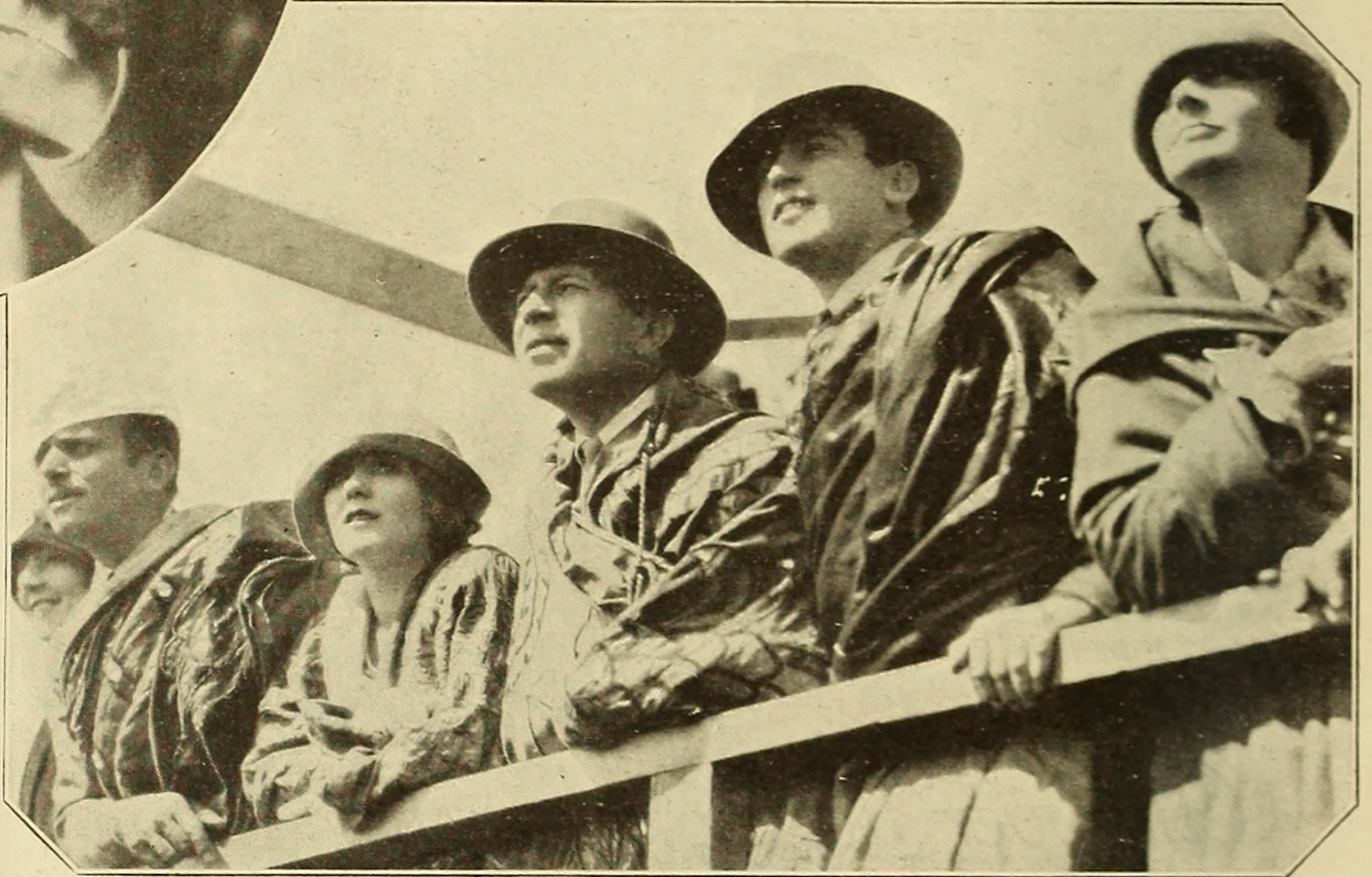
"Ben Hur" is Completed!

The Six Million Dollar Production of Lew Wallace's famous novel will be ready for the public about the first of the year. The great chariot race scenes, witnessed by all the screen celebrities of Hollywood, are said to be the most thrilling ever made, and the picture may prove to be the greatest spectacle of all times. It cost enough anyhow. Ramon Novarro has justified his selection to play the role of "Ben Hur"



The most wonderful things in Hollywood seem to come to Betty Bronson. Metro honored her with the role of the Virgin Mary in "Ben Hur" and this picture reveals how well she justified their choice

A section of the distinguished gallery that watched the filming of the famous chariot race. From left to right are Doug and Mary, Sid Grauman, West Coast theater magnate, Harold Lloyd and Enid Bennett



The country was searched for the magnificent teams of horses that were used in the chariot races, and 80,000 people are shown in the Circus Maximus, although in reality only 6,000 extras were used

This Gives Back the Days Women Used to Lose

—This remarkable NEW way supplants the uncertainty of makeshift hygienic methods with a security that is absolute by providing 3 unique features unknown before



By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
GRADUATE NURSE

You'll appreciate these 3 factors



①

Utter protection — Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.

A GAY frock to be worn!—a dinner, a dance, perhaps an hour's motoring each way!

Yesterday that would have been a problem. Today, to the modern woman, it comes only as an incident. Unlike her predecessors, she no longer spends almost one-sixth of her time under a hygienic handicap.

Modern science has discovered a safe hygiene for women. A way which eight in every ten women of the better walks of life have adopted. A way that, once you try, will make a great difference in your life.

Three important advantages

This new way is Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it. It is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton, covered with specially processed, soft finished gauze.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture, five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads.

Each Kotex pad deodorizes with a new, secret disinfectant. Think of the amazing protection this feature alone gives!

There is no bother, no expense, of laundry. Simply discard as you would waste paper—without embarrassment.

You can get it anywhere, today

If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind and your health.

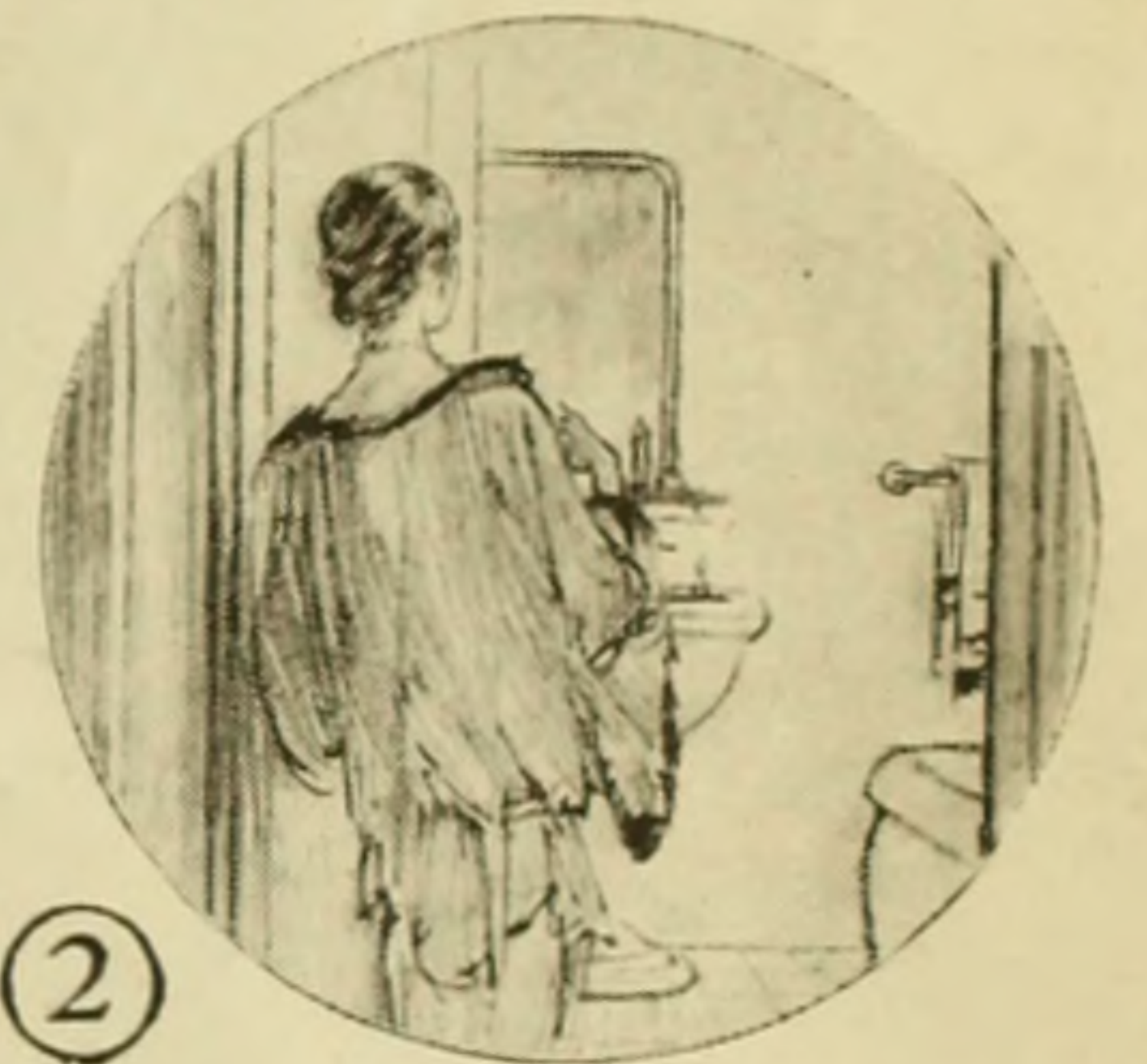
60% of many ills, according to many leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way.

A fair test will convince you of its advantages beyond all question. No other method will ever satisfy.

Kotex comes in germ-proof packages of twelve, in two sizes: the Regular and Kotex-Super. At all better drug and department stores, everywhere.

Today begin the Kotex habit. Note the improvements, mental and physical, that it brings. Write today for "Personal Hygiene" booklet. Sample mailed free on request.



②

No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



③

Easy to buy anywhere.* Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO., 166 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES



Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen
Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in women's rest-rooms by The West Disinfecting Co.

*Mary Pickford's Holiday Gift to
Everyone whose heart is young~*



SCRAPS
Her latest production

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.

JUDY, BOB AND SHORTY.—You want to know how I fought in the war of 1812? Like blazes. The secret of my longevity is my seven foot father and my nine foot mother. The way to pronounce Meighan is me-an, as in me and you. Harrison Ford is not married. He is the next best thing, divorced. Raymond Griffith is heart whole. He has never been wed. What's become of Gareth Hughes? Really want to know? The last I heard of him he was playing in a stage production called "The Dunce Boy." Gloria Swanson's two children live with her on her country estate in Westchester. Lovely Esther Ralston was "Topsy" in "The Little French Girl." Bessie Love is not married. Yes, I saw her do the Charleston, and it gave me so much pep I expect to live ninety years more.

VIRGINIA, HELEN AND ELIZABETH, NEW MEXICO.—For a first attempt you girls did very well. Gloria Hope is Lloyd Hughes' wife. Well, from what I hear out Hollywood way that young Fairbanks boy is still sweet on Betty Bronson. Jetta Goudal was born about 1898, somewhere about. She is French.

MAZIE G., MONTGOMERY, ALA.—Look in the studio directory for Conrad Nagel's, Rod La Rocque's, Pauline Starke's, Greta Nissen's and Antony Jowitt's addresses. They are all free lance players and they hop around a lot. Yes, Tony Jowitt is just as good looking as he appears but he has escaped marriage so far. Gloria's husband is a genuine Marquis and a regular fellow. You bet she isn't going to divorce him. She's too happy with him.

T. J. M., VIRGINIA.—Now how did you find out about my beauty? If you only knew how my heart has been thumping around since I got your kind, kind words. It beats all. Norma Shearer was born in 1904. Since then she has attained five feet three inches, 112 pounds and kept her blue eyes and light brown hair. I don't know her shoe size. She always romps around with me bare footed. You can reach her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

JEAN OF HOUSTON.—That good looking guy opposite Betty Bronson in "Are Parents People?" was Lawrence Gray. You can reach him at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood. Clive Brook hangs his hat at the Warner Bros. Studio. He's married. I think you might get a photograph of Mrs. Valentino if you write F. B. O. studios and send a quarter. Thanks for the good luck. I need it.

NELSON G., CORINTH, N. Y.—You'd better look out. If I treated you like an old friend I'd borrow money off you. Yakima Canutt held the cowboy championship for a number of years. I never heard of Mabel Strickland. It's been so long since I've had any sex, I've forgotten which one it was myself.

CHARLES T. C., NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Glenn Hunter is playing on the speaking stage at present, in a play called "Young Woodley." He is twenty-eight, six feet tall and weighs 147. He has never been married. Claire Windsor is the same age as Glenn.

M. S., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Here's where I clear up the great Chaney mystery for you. Lon was born at Colorado Springs, Colo., April 1, 1883. He was on the stage before he went into pictures in 1912. He's married, too.

G. E. B.—Thass right. Let me be your little curiosity satisfier. Your favorite, Esther Ralston, was born in 1902. She is five feet five and works at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood. We can't publish the magazine twice a month, but you might buy two copies, one on the first and one on the fifteenth. We'd like that.

P. T.—I like your paper and your ink, I like the single thought you think. My life is one long pipe, so why give me a Dunhill? So you've been thinking one thought ever since you were a child? So have most of us, but we won't admit it. Well, here's the answer to it, so you'll have room for new worry. It was Lloyd Hughes who was in "Tess of the Storm Country." Sure, he appreciates your devotion. So do I.

JERRY NANE.—No, Jerry, you're not insane. Just a movie fan like the rest of us. Well, you might call Richard Dix, Dick. His next picture is "Womanhandled." Being a bachelor, I suppose he will play it feelingly. He's discreet and doesn't tell what type of actress he prefers to play with. I presume he likes 'em to be able to act, though.

SHEBA OF YORK, PA.—That must be quite a burden to you, living up to that cognomen. Yes, Lon Chaney's married. Lon was born on April Fool's Day, 1883, but he fooled them by making them all proud of him. Write to him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio.

IN writing to the stars for pictures, Photoplay advises you all to be careful to enclose twenty-five cents. This covers the cost of the photograph and postage. The stars are all glad to mail you their pictures, but the cost of it is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted. The younger stars can not afford to keep up with these requests unless you help them. You do your share and they'll do theirs.

W. M. M., NEW JERSEY.—Send Mary Brian a quarter at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, and she'll mail you her photograph.

C. H.—That was a nice long letter. Ricardo Cortez called himself Jack Crane before he went into movies. Ben Lyon's name is his by right of family and baptism. Bebe Daniels pronounces her name B. B. Your friends are very wise. Colleen Moore has one brown eye and one blue one, but she has a twinkle in each. So you too are contrasting John Gilbert and Ronald Colman. Well, they are alike in both being fine actors.

SHIEWANTSTOKNOW.—Here's a good-bye to your heebie jeebies. The handsome one opposite Betty Bronson in "The Golden Princess" was Neil Hamilton. The *Jose* who bloomed in "The Desert Flower" was Gene Corrado. All better now?

VIOLA V.—Viola, you write a nice letter. You want to know about Pauline Garon. Here goes. Pauline is twenty-three. She's an inch over five feet and not an ounce over a hundred pounds. Her eyes are hazel and her hair is blonde and she works at Warner Bros.' studio. The long and the short of it are Andree Lafayette, five feet, eight inches tall, and Viola Dana, who ties with May McAvoy at the four feet, eleven line. Most of the successful stars are short. Mary Pickford is just sixty inches small.

V. C., SALT LAKE CITY.—Well, well, where have you been all this time if you think Douglas Fairbanks has retired from the screen? V. C., I'm afraid you've been falling down on your PHOTOPLAY lessons. Naughty! naughty! Doug is now making "The Black Pirate." He's just half my age and I'm eighty-four.

DOROTHY K.—You're a nice, polite child. Nita Naldi is twenty-six years old, but she's American just the same. No, Esther Ralston isn't married, which sure is tempting to an old bachelor like me. Florence Vidor is just thirty.

I. D., CAIRO.—I'm glad I'm dear to someone in Cairo, even if yours isn't the Cairo beneath the palms. Charles de Roche has gone back to France. He came here a bachelor; went back that way. Wonderful boy, Charles. I know how full of pitfalls Hollywood is for an unattached heart. But then he's six feet tall and weighs 190 pounds. Maybe he could fight off the gals that his brown hair and eyes drew to him. Agnes Ayres' last was "The Awful Truth." Leatrice Joy parks her car in front of Cecil de Mille's studio. Its address is in the Studio Directory, some place else in this issue.

D. E. A., EAST RUTHERFORD.—You're perfectly right. Sweet little May McAvoy is not old. She is twenty-four.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]



A scene from "La Boheme," the tragic story of the little consumptive lace maker of the Paris Latin Quartier, which Metro-Goldwyn is making with Lillian Gish and John Gilbert. Gilbert is the penniless poet who loves and loses—at least *Mimi* dies in the Puccini opera

"Know who that is?" asked Doug of the youngsters, pointing to the comedian.

The three gave Harold the once over and then turned away, all admiration for Doug.

"Naw!" was the chorused answer.

"Take another look! Now do you know?"

Again they answered "Naw," and with a laugh Fairbanks said:

"Well, that's Harold Lloyd."

"So is your old man," said the boys, and promptly turned their backs on Harold.

in which gorgeous gowns and fashionable trappings will be lavishly displayed. It will be made in the East.

I WAS talking to one of our very best cameramen the other day. I won't mention his name or he may never get a job again.

He had had a hectic day—the lights all wrong, the actors troublesome and the director peevish.

Suddenly his face lighted up and I asked why.

"Oh, I just had a vision of Heaven."

So I asked what it was like. I'm really terribly interested in heaven—so many different people have so many different ideas of it.

And here is this cameraman's idea of Heaven:

To sit in his front room—his parlor, I believe he called it—a highball in each hand and his feet on the windowsill, and watch a procession of actors' funerals go by—one every minute, I believe he said.

MRS. RUDOLPH VALENTINO, known professionally as Natacha Rambova, has signed a contract to star in F. B. O. pictures. Her first film will be, naturally, a society drama

FOLLOWING hard upon this announcement is the statement that Rudy and Natacha have come to the parting of the ways. A Paris divorce is in the offing. There doesn't seem to be very much the matter, except a case where two careers can't get along very well in double harness.

Rudy has been scampering around the village with Vilma Banky and Pola Negri, and gave out an interview saying he was enjoying his bachelor life.

Natacha doesn't seem to be exactly heart-broken. She has developed into a very regular sort of person, and life with the original sheik was all romance.

Good luck and good pictures to both of them.

THE two Busters—Buster Collier, who is Constance Talmadge's most favored suitor, and Buster Keaton, who is her brother-in-law—got together the night before Connie left for New York and gave her a small but very hilarious party at the Keaton mansion in Hollywood.

It was a gingham and overall party, and everyone who came had to wear said habiliments or he was denied admittance.

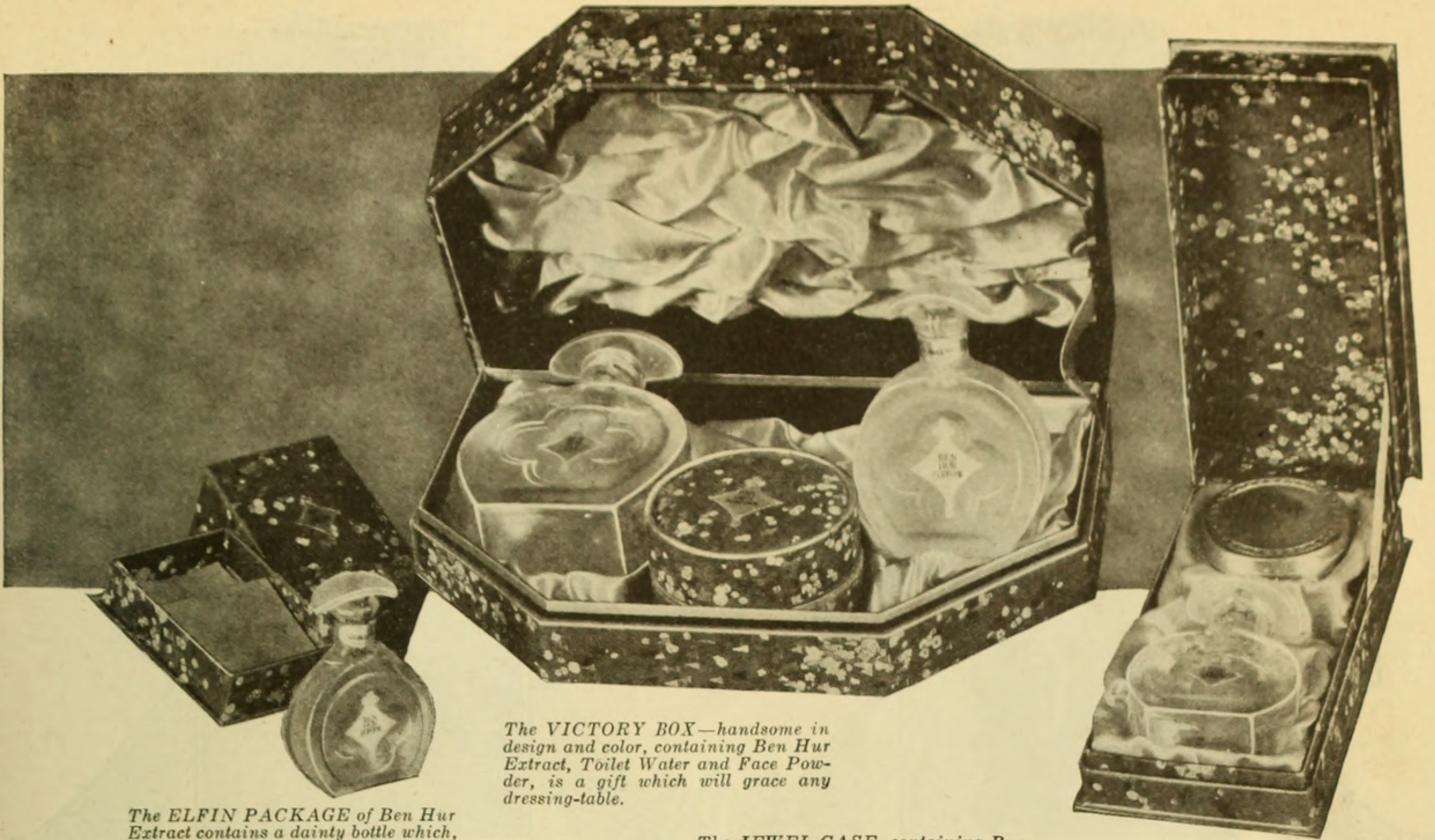
Connie herself wore a little checked gingham pinafore of bright yellow and white, and an enormous yellow bow in her hair. Buster Collier borrowed the overalls from his chauffeur, who must weigh two hundred and fifty pounds, so some of the guests had hard work finding their host, but it started the fun off in the right direction.

Marion Davies was the hit of the evening, appearing in her "Zander the Great" orphanage costume, and you know Marion is as good an impromptu comedienne off the screen as she is on. Bebe Daniels wore a Baby Peggy frock, Viola Dana returned for the evening to the rompers that made her famous, and Eileen Percy wore black gym bloomers and a blue and white middy. Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams, Lew Cody and Mrs. May Ayres, his fiancée, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Ray—Charlie looked exactly as he did in the "Swimming Hole" picture—Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Arbuckle, Ulrich Busch,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]



Two-gun Bill meets his match. William S. Hart's first picture for United Artists is called "Tumbleweeds." It is another epic of the great open spaces where men are men and the plumbing is terrible



The *ELFIN PACKAGE* of Ben Hur Extract contains a dainty bottle which, tucked into a silk-lined blue-and-orange box, makes a charming little gift.

The *VICTORY BOX*—handsome in design and color, containing Ben Hur Extract, Toilet Water and Face Powder, is a gift which will grace any dressing-table.

The *JEWEL CASE*, containing Ben Hur Extract and a gold finished vanity case of latest design holding compacts of Ben Hur Rouge and Powder.

The truly distinctive perfume which has pleased a famous star

"BEN HUR PERFUME, so exquisite, so delightfully different, is truly distinctive and pleasing."

Carmel Myers

MANY women love to vary their perfumes. Others, equally smart, prefer to choose some one delicious scent and, crowning it their very own, to identify it in a subtle way with their own personality.

For the changing festivities of the mid-winter season it is important to choose this very personal perfume with especial care. It should be just a little thrilling for the dance, subtle and yet lingering for the theater, and for a hundred social occasions, not too heavy to be cloying, nor too delicate to lack distinctiveness.

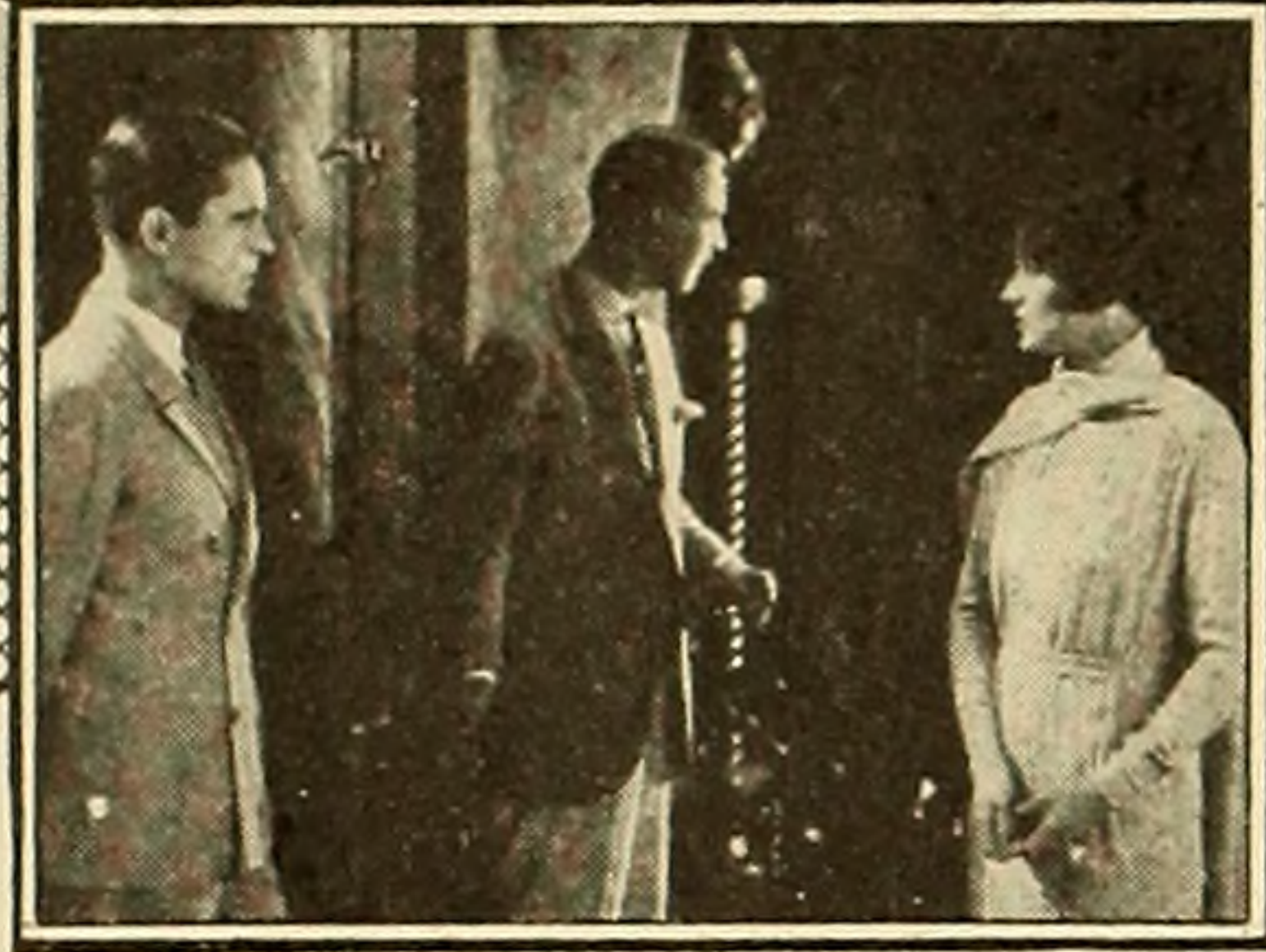
Because Ben Hur Perfume so fully meets all these exactions, Carmel Myers—a woman of taste as well as an accomplished artist—admires it. Her words of praise for Ben Hur echo the opinion of thousands of women everywhere who always choose this fragrance because it is "so exquisite, so delightfully different."

BEN HUR is sold by leading druggists and at the toilet goods counters of leading department stores. Extract, toilet water, face powder, both compact and loose, toilet powder and dusting powder for the bath—all may be had in this unusual fragrance. Its packages are delightful in shape and design, its gift boxes artistic, its bottles graceful in shape. They make charming gifts for all occasions at \$1.00 to \$10.00.

The extract also comes in bulk, in miniature bottles and in charming little purse size bottles, deftly shaped to take up the least possible space in one's purse. The Andrew Jergens Company, Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.



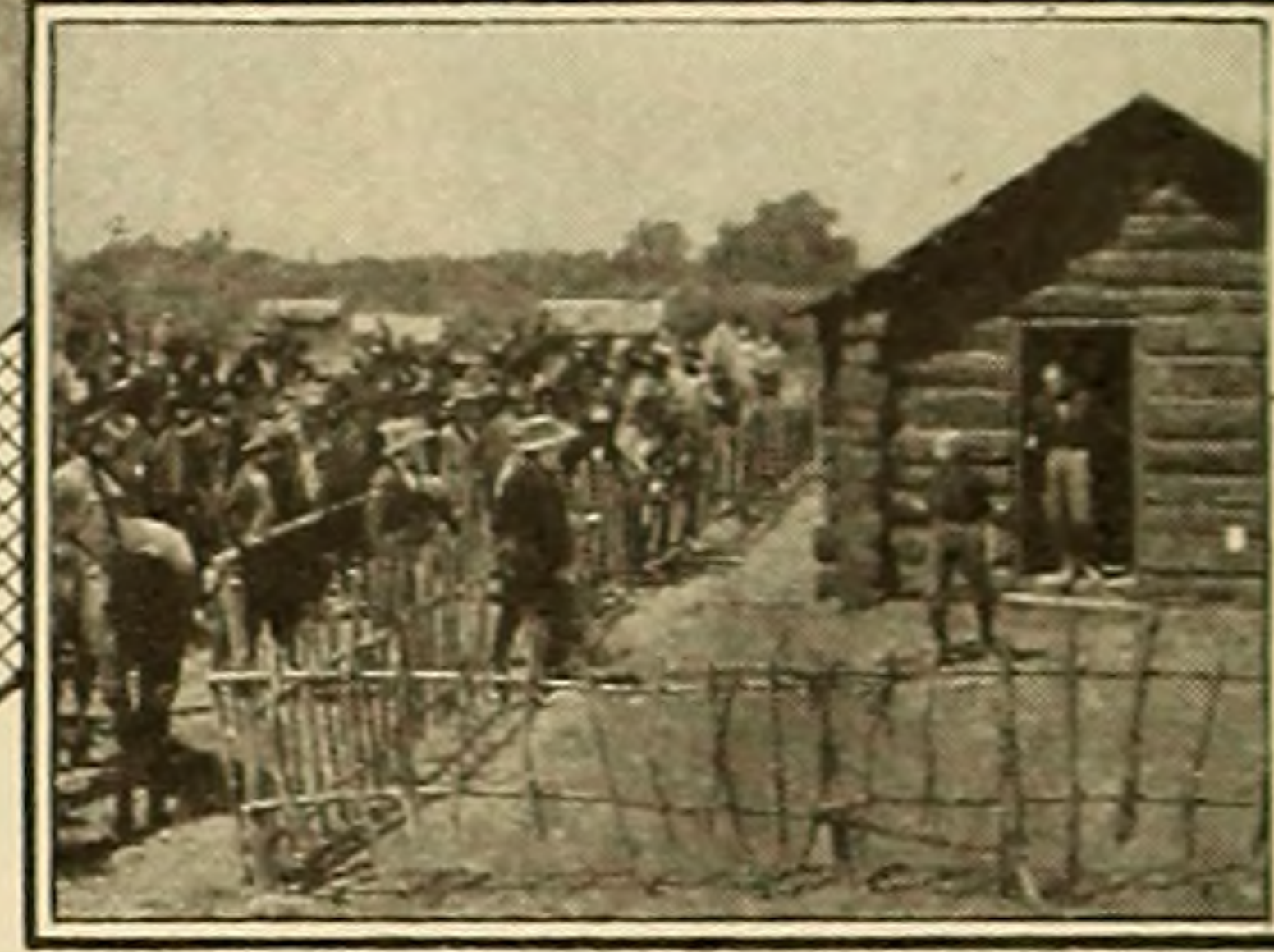
CARMEL MYERS — as the beautiful Egyptian princess, Iras, in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer spectacle, "Ben Hur," by her interpretation of the role, more than justifies the prediction of success voiced by her thousands of admirers.



Corinne Griffith in
"INFATUATION"

AND they say that the sands of the desert grow cold! Not for Violet Bancroft, vivacious wife of a middle-aged official, who suddenly found her interest aroused in an aggressive young diplomat. And then—in the lustrous glamor of Cairo, against a background of intrigue and dazzling military figures—reason and obsession grapple in a death grip.

Corinne Griffith, whose "Classified" has delighted hundreds of thousands, strikes an equally powerful chord of entertainment in this dramatic adaptation of W. Somerset Maugham's "Caesar's Wife." Irving Cummings directed for Corinne Griffith Productions, Inc., and the supporting cast includes Malcolm McGregor, Percy Marmont, Warner Oland, Martha Maddox, Leota Lorrain and Claire de Brey.



Frank Lloyd presents
"THE SPLENDID ROAD"

"THE SPLENDID ROAD" is a glorious drama of a woman's battle against man's odds with the California Gold Rush as a background of sweeping action.

Frank Lloyd revives memories of "The Sea Hawk" in his reincarnation of "The Colonial Dame," the old three-master that carries Sandra Dehault and her three adopted children around the continent in 1849. Whether on silv'ry seas or in the gold canyon, the drama carries on—a splendid tribute to the early pioneers.

Anna Q. Nilsson (above) plays the lead supported by Lionel Barrymore and Robert Frazer, featured players, and a cast that includes Edward Earle, Gladys Brockwell, Pauline Garon, Marceline Day, Russell Simpson and George Bancroft. From Vingie Roe's novel of the same name.

First National



Barbara La Marr in
"THE GIRL FROM MONTMARTE"

THEY searched 2,000 stories, books and plays and then selected this (from Anthony Pryde's "Spanish Sunlight") as the plot to afford the broadest scope to Miss La Marr's exotical talent.

They reproduced every atmospheric detail of the far-off island of Majorca, provided sterling character parts and then told Director Alfred E. Green (who made "Sally") and his staff of featured players to go to it. And what a picture of drama and emotions they made! Already "The Girl from Montmartre" is being hailed as Miss La Marr's most entertaining picture.

Lewis Stone (in insert above) and Robert Ellis are featured. Eve Unsell wrote the continuity and June Mathis was editorial director for this Sawyer-Lubin production.



Edwin Carewe presents
"JOANNA"

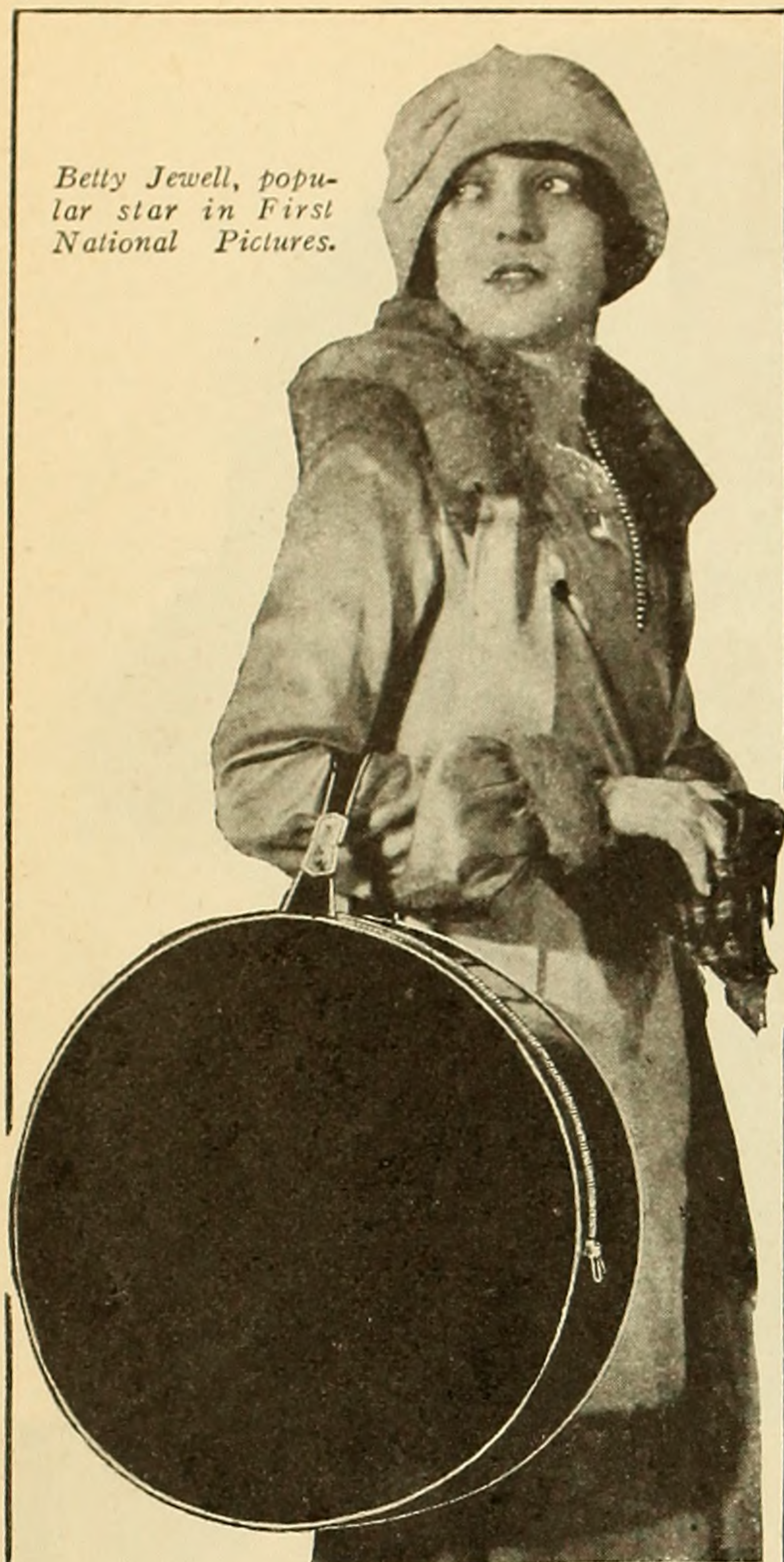
THREE men differed on the dominating characteristic of the average American girl. They gambled a million dollars to prove their contentions and then chose Joanna, a working girl whose heart craved cake while she ate bread, as the subject for their experiment. And no scientific investigation was ever pushed so relentlessly to its conclusion.

From this unusual premise of H. L. Gates' widely read newspaper serial, Director Edwin Carewe has built a picture of unflinching interest. Dorothy Mackaill of "Chickie" fame (above) typifies the American girl whose emotional reactions are placed on observation. Jack Mulhall (insert) who has won immense success in recent First National Pictures, plays the male lead.

Pictures



Betty Jewell, popular star in First National Pictures.



Give Her Traveling Comfort For Christmas

GIVE her the universal utility bag that has freed thousands of women from the burden of heavy hand luggage—the smart, light-weight DAISY BAG.

The DAISY BAG may be packed in a few moments with one or two extra hats, a dress or two, slippers, underthings and toilet articles. Though the average weight is but 20 ounces, it will safely carry 20 pounds!

Rainproof and dustproof, the DAISY BAG is made of best patent leather fabric, attractively lined, and has an inner pocket. The handle has a handsome silver-plated clasp which cannot come loose, although a slight pressure of the finger releases the catch.

DAISY DE LUXE MODEL, with patented hookless fastener, 16-inch, \$5.50; 18-inch, \$5.50; 20-inch, \$6.00.

DAISY BUTTON MODEL, 16-inch, \$3.50; 18-inch, \$4.00; 20-inch, \$4.50.

At leading department stores, luggage and specialty shops. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct, giving us his name and address.

The DAISY PRODUCTS, Inc.
366 Fifth Ave. New York

The DAISY HAT BAG



Constance Bennett and her husband, Philip Morgan Plant, heir to millions, in the correct pose for newlyweds. The marriage ceremony was performed by a justice of the peace at Greenwich, Conn.

Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

Lefty Flynn, Jack Gilbert, Larry Wheat and Mr. and Mrs. Lou Anger completed the list of guests. Mrs. Natalie Talmadge Keaton and Mrs. "Peg" Talmadge assisted the hosts in receiving.

WITH film celebrities turning out *en masse*, the first annual public revel of the Maskers Club—to Hollywood what the Lambs' Gambol is to New York—went over big, was a pronounced success in fact. Like most other big openings, a cordon of police was necessary to keep the entrance to the theater clear, so great was the crowd on hand to see the many stars.

Robert Edeson, harlequin of the maskers, was unable to make the opening speech of the entertainment, being detained on location at Lake Arrowhead. Earle Fox made an admirable understudy.

Fatty Arbuckle, on whose account the show was held at the Philharmonic auditorium instead of the Hollywood Memorial auditorium, because of protests against letting the big comedian appear on the high school stage, received such tremendous applause when he appeared that he stopped the show.

In "When Men Are Men," written by Earle Fox and Robert Edeson, Creighton Hale made an adorable little heroine, who managed to

dodge a bullet fired by her handsome husband Cyril Chadwick, at the villain who held her as a shield. As the sheriff, Tom Mix settled affairs in the great open spaces by kicking the dead bandit on the shins and bringing him back to life again. J. Farrell McDonald won a number of laughs as the Irish protector of Chadwick and his wife.

As the shyster lawyer who had planned the death of Bert Lytell's sweetheart in a hijacking raid, Montague Love presented the most dramatic character of the evening.

SAID Bebe Daniels to Lew Cody at the Montmartre: "Who was the pretty girl you were dancing with? You were most attentive."

Lew: "Which one? I danced with two."

Bebe: "Both!"

HOLLYWOOD is like a youthful swain. It loves to rush those it is enamoured of.

And now Lina Basquette, who recently left the Follies to become Mrs. Sam Warner, is the rushee. She is nothing but a child with great brown eyes—her most attractive quality.

The other day I saw her at the Montmartre

We have found the only way ever known

- that removes Cold Cream *thoroughly*
- that removes it safely
- that removes *all* dirt with it

Will you accept a 7-day supply to try?

THIS offers you a test of a beauty means that, in justice, must be termed a great discovery.

The first and only way ever known that removes cold cream safely . . . that ends the annoyance of old ways and their dangers to the skin.

We want to send you a supply without charge. Then to get your opinion.

It is not a cloth, but an entirely new kind of material.

A scientific discovery

We are makers of absorbents. Are world authorities in this field.

On the urge of a noted dermatologist, we perfected this scientifically right material for removing cold cream. For removing it as it must be removed to keep the skin flawless.

It is the only product made solely for this purpose. It represents several years of scientific research. There is no other like it.

Ends oily noses and dark skins

It stops oily nose and skin conditions amazingly. For these come from over-open pores . . . cold creams and oils left on nature to expel. That is why you use powder now so often.



It combats skin eruptions. For they're invited by germ accumulations left in the skin, breeding places for bacteria.

Old methods, towels, cloths and fibre substitutes failed in absorbency. Infectious dirt accumulations were rubbed *back into your skin*. That is why tiny imperfections often appear. Why your skin may look distressingly dark at times.

Multiplied skin benefits

Now in Kleenex those failures are corrected.

Soft as down and white as snow, it contrasts the harshness of cloth or fibre makeshifts with a softness that you'll love.

It is 27 times as absorbent as the ordinary towel. 25 times that of paper and fibre substitutes. You use it, then discard it.

It does what no other method yet has done . . . removes ALL the cleansing cream, all dirt and pore accumulations *gently* from the skin. And that means much to you.

Send the coupon

Upon receipt of it a full 7-day supply will be sent without charge.

Or . . . obtain a packet at any drug or department store. Put up as exquisitely as fine handkerchiefs, in two sizes: the Professional, 9x10-inch sheets—and the Boudoir, size 6x7 inches. Boxes that fit into flat drawers of vanity tables . . . a month's supply in each. Costs only a few cents.

No more oily skins

Your "make-up" holds hours longer than before

Instead of towels, cloths, harsh fibre, or paper makeshifts, you use this deliciously soft new material—27 times as absorbent!



First

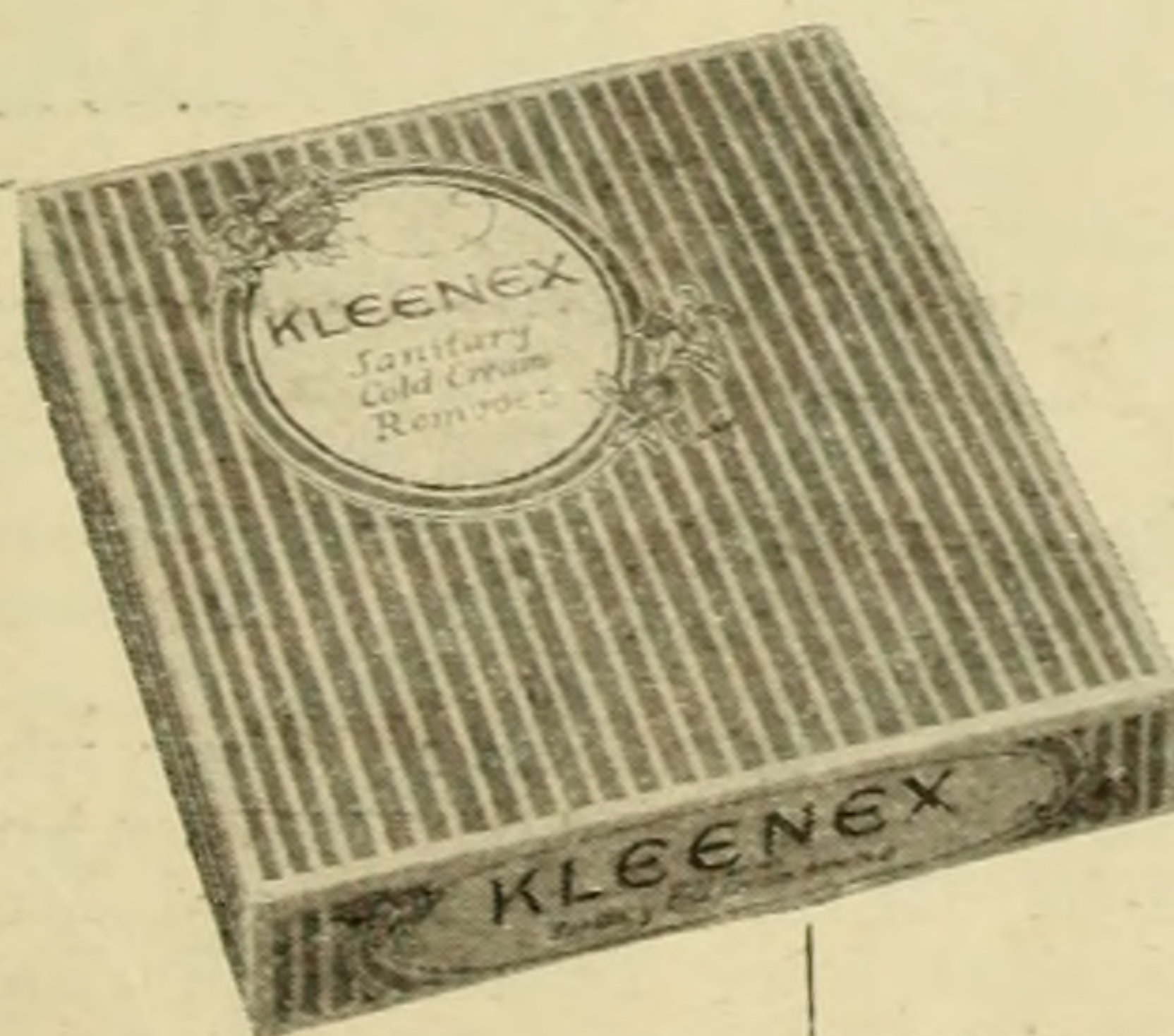
Remove every bit of germ-laden matter, every particle of dirt, simply by wiping off face.

Then

—pay particular attention to the nose, so that it will be white and without shine.

Then

You discard the used sheets—no more soiling of towels.



Kleenex comes in exquisite handkerchief boxes, to fit your dressing table drawer in two sizes.

Boudoir size, sheets 6 by 7 inches . . . 35c

Professional, sheets 9 by 10 inches . . . 65c

KLEENEX

Sanitary Cold Cream Remover

7-Day Supply—FREE

KLEENEX CO., P. H. 1
167 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send without expense to me a sample packet of KLEENEX as offered.

Name.....

Address.....

Last minute beauty touches



*determine your beauty
for hours afterwards!*

IN those last few, fleeting moments, effect a dazzling transformation with Helena Rubinstein's highly flattering cosmetics. Scientifically compounded—in perfect harmony with the skin—subtly responsive to varied lightings—and remarkably adherent! Your make-up box should include these—

Helena Rubinstein's aids to the perfect daily make-up

Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream—the "wonder cream." Removes all impurities admirably. Freshens and revitalizes the skin. Soothes, protects, molds out lines, brings new life and beauty to the skin. (Also an excellent powder base.) 4 oz. 1.00, ½ lb. 2.00, lb. 3.50

Valaze Complexion Powder—for normal or oily skins—indescribably fine and soft, moisture-proof, subtly fragrant and very flattering. Tints to match every skin-tone. \$1, 3, 5.50

Valaze Novena Powder—for the dry type of skin—made on a Pasteurized Cream base to prevent further drying of the skin. Exact tints for every complexion. 1.00, 3.00, 5.50

Valaze Red Geranium Rouge—Madame Rubinstein's latest shade—vivid, youthful, sparkling—all smart Paris now using it. A perfect day shade for blondes, and a charming evening shade for every type. Compact 1.00

Valaze Red Raspberry Rouge—the stunning shade originated by Madame Rubinstein. Very flattering to every skin-coloring. It may be blended lighter or darker as desired. Fascinating, brilliant, richly colorful. Compact \$1

Same captivating shades in **Valaze Rouge-en-Creme**—for both cheeks and lips—exquisitely smooth-blending. Excellent for dry, sensitive skins. 1.00, 2.00, 5.00

Valaze Lipsticks—in the same dazzling tones, Red Raspberry (light, dark, medium) and the new Red Geranium. Delightfully adherent. \$1

Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener—for darkening and beautifying lashes and eyebrows—at the same time promoting their growth wonderfully. 1.00

Valaze Persian Eyeblack (Mascara)—gives luxuriant effect to eyelashes—lends a fascinating illusion of depth and intensity to eyes. Adherent. 1.50

These flattering and protective make-up aids may be procured at any of Helena Rubinstein's Salons de Beaute Valaze or at the better class department and drug stores.

If not available in your particular vicinity, send dealer's name and address, or order direct (we pay postage on all orders amounting to \$10 or over). Address Helena Rubinstein, Dept. 4, 46 West 57th Street, New York City.



Trademark

Scientific beauty treatments may be had at Helena Rubinstein's Salons in all great metropolitan centers. Marvelous treatments for clearing the skin of obstinate blemishes, blackheads, acne, blotches, wrinkles.

Write for free copy of "The Fine Art of Making Up"—Edition J.

Salons de Beaute Valaze

Helena Rubinstein

PARIS LONDON 46 W. 57th St., NEW YORK
Chicago—30 N. Michigan Ave. Detroit—1540 Washington Blvd.
Boston—234 Boylston Street Newark—951 Broad Street.



A sweet situation. Mickey Neilan and his wife, Blanche Sweet, are back in California to work, after their brief vacation in New York. "A Far Cry" is the title of Blanche's next picture for First National

clad in a simple little dark frock and hat—quite submerged by the gay plumage of the Ladies of the Lens. The music started—so did Lina—and in a moment she was the cynosure of all attention. A dancing dynamo—topped by a little gray astrakhan turban—and two twinkling and shapely limbs engaged in the intricacies of the Charleston. A fascinating little Basquette.

DOROTHY MACKAILL leaves Hollywood for New York, heart whole and fancy free, if we are to believe her, in spite of the fact that good looking Johnny Harron was down at the Golden State Limited to wave her farewell.

There has been a persistent rumor of their engagement, which Dorothy just as persistently denies.

And Johnny, like the gentleman he is, says nothing.

You can't get away from it, though, they were seen together almost constantly while Dorothy was in Hollywood.

THE Golden State Limited is fast becoming the "movie train" East. I dropped down to the station the other day to say goodbye to a friend and there was a whole special car loaded with picture celebrities headed for New York. The big advantage seems to be that the Golden State will carry them right into Chicago and then out again on the Century

without changing depots. In the case of the special car they were routed straight through from Los Angeles to New York. In the part was Anna Q. Nilsson, John McCormick, general manager of productions for First National Pictures, E. M. Asher, Mike Levee, Bert Lubin, A. L. Bernstein, Harry Lichtig, Cleve Moore, brother of Colleen Moore, Mr. E. M. Asher, Mrs. Bernstein, Mrs. Mike Levee, Larry Weingarten and Harry Wilson.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES RAY entertained the other evening with what everyone agrees was one of the most beautiful dinners ever given in Hollywood. The invitations were issued for the hour of sunset, and a table was built in a circle around the lily pond in the exquisite, walled garden at the back of the Ray home. The lilies were in full bloom and the garden faces out toward the sunsets. When it grew dark, lanterns began to glow among the trees, and candles were lighted on the table and the party was finished to moon-candle and lantern light. The decorations of the table and the profusion of flowers in the garden made the setting one of indescribable beauty.

The honored guests were Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, who were leaving the following day for New York, and among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Joe Schenck (Norman Talmadge), Marion Davies, Constance Talmadge and Buster Collier, Jack Gilbert, M.

nd Mrs. Dustin Farnum, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Agel, King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman, Edda Hopper, Julianne Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Carmel Myers, Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman, Lew Cody and Mrs. May Ayres, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Franklin, Mrs. Elinor Glyn and Mr. John Wynne, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rapf, Mr. Irving Thalberg and Miss Sylvia Thalberg, Eugene O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, Hans Kraly, Mr. and Mrs. Rob Wagner, Agnes Christine Johnson and Frank Dazey and Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Form.

CHARLES RAY'S bankruptcy proceedings—Charlie was forced into bankruptcy recently by his creditors—have caused a feeling of real sadness among the members of the picture colony. And the dinner party which Mrs. Ray gave just after the news became public—a sort of final splurge, we take it—had an air of funereal gloom.

Ray's ability as an actor is almost revered by screen folk. A large percentage of them believe him to be the finest natural screen actor who ever lived. And they feel sorry that he could have tangled himself up in all sorts of business and financial difficulties by trying to produce his own pictures, instead of staying with some first class firm as an actor and letting the men who know about money and business worry about that end of it.

During the days of Charlie's stardom, the days lived in the most lavish style of any screen celebrities. Now things are changed. They can face the music—and certainly their friends are standing by them loyally—it may give Charlie the balance and understanding of life which he seems to have lacked.

He is working now for Metro-Goldwyn Mayer, and doing wonderful things, we hear. He can be content to do the one thing he knows how to do—act—and leave directing, story-writing, producing and selling pictures to others, we may see again the great Charlie Ray of the old days.

FREE 10-Day Tube—Mail the Coupon



Those Winning Smiles

Which mean so much . . . commercially, socially, are gained this new way with gleaming, white teeth

Don't believe your teeth are "naturally" dull. Just accept this 10-day test. See how dazzling white teeth and healthy gums come when film coats go.

HERE is a new and radically different way in tooth care. A way that quickly restores "off-color" teeth to attractive whiteness and that leading dentists of the world are urging.

In a few days it will work a transformation in your mouth.

Your teeth will be clear and gleaming; your gums firm and of healthy color. Just mail the coupon. A full 10-day supply will be sent you.

FILM . . . it hides pretty teeth, and imperils gums

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth. Run your tongue across your teeth

and you will feel it—a slippery, viscous coating. The film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color" and dingy.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack and your teeth open to decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

Mere brushing won't do

Ordinary dentifrices and cleansing won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

Now new methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

Largely on dental advice the world has turned to this method.

It removes that film. And Firms the Gums

It does two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget.

FREE Mail this for **10-day Tube** **Pepsodent**

PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

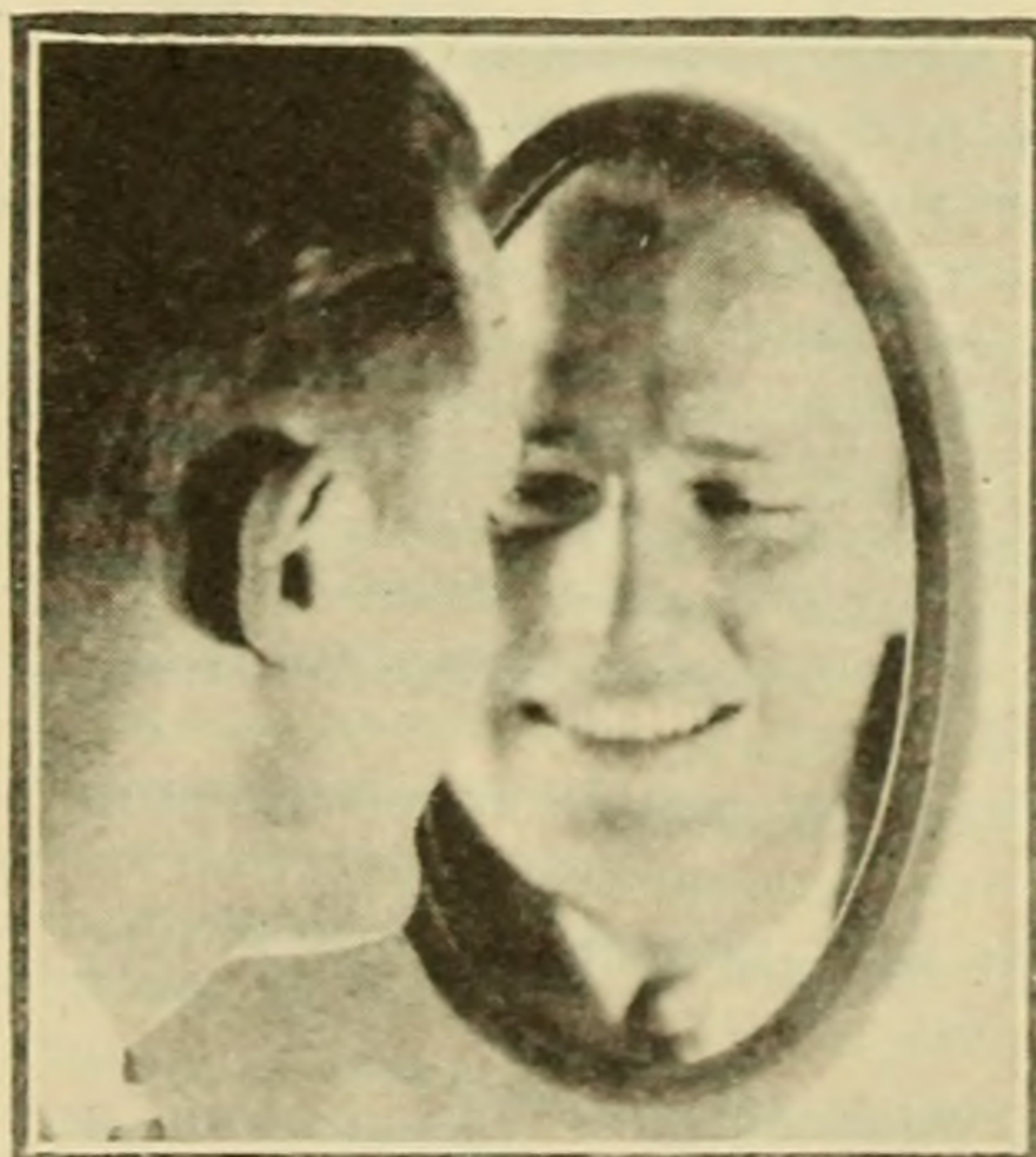
THE PEPSODENT CO.,
Dept. 175, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name

Address

Only one tube to a family.

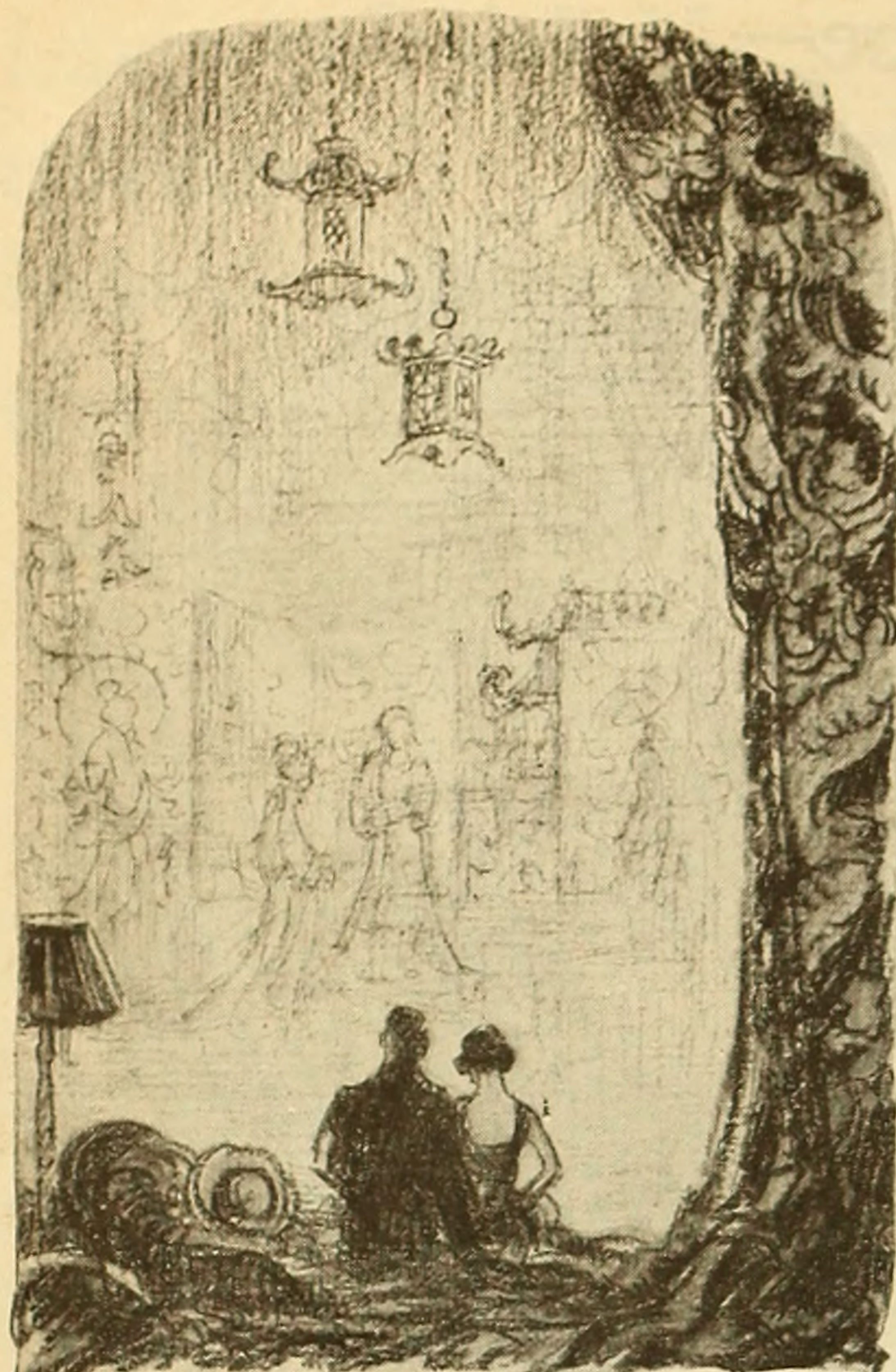
1940



Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St., Toronto, Canada



Mrs. Sidney Drew, one of the first of our screen favorites, died recently in Los Angeles after a long illness. She will always be remembered for the pictures she made with her husband, whose death a few years ago ended the happy and clever set of domestic comedies with which they delighted the world



“—And in the Room —Dreams!”

“—and when I came to see you last night there were mystery and magic all about you. The familiar room was touched with the faint breath of dreams. And you were subtly, marvelously changed. Why was it only then I seemed to know the mystery of you . . . ?”

FROM HER DIARY:

BEFORE he came to see me last night, I had burned temple incense in the room. I wonder if he knew . . .

WOMEN have known for thousands of years that their beauty and charm attain the utmost power only in an atmosphere of mystery and romance. Vantine's Temple Incense creates this atmosphere with all the subtle potency of centuries ago. In six exquisite fragrances, at all drug and department stores.

How will incense interpret you?

Samples of six odors sent on receipt of ten cents.

A. A. VANTINE & CO., INC.
DEPT. 3 71 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



Claire Windsor became so enthusiastic over football that she induced Coach Howard of the University of California team to give her a few lessons in punting. We'll leave you to judge from the photograph just how far she perfected her technique

AT last Eric von Stroheim is learning something about American efficiency. His case is not hopeless, after all.

Mr. von Stroheim has just purchased one dozen monocles in preparation for his villain rôle in Constance Talmadge's next picture, "East of the Setting Sun." Because a monocle—without which no Continental villain could be convincing—is such a fragile prop, Von decided to stock up on the single eye-glasses before shooting starts. He will direct this George Barr McCutcheon romance, as well as play the menace.

THE Southern California Blue Book, which is the last word in social eligibility and blue-blooded ancestors around Los Angeles, has just been issued. The Hollywood film colony is represented by Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno (Daisy Canfield), Mr. and Mrs. Cecil de Mille (Constance Adams), Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. William de Mille (Anna George) and Mr. and Mrs. Ivan St. Johns (Adela Rogers). Read the last line carefully and you can see how PHOTOPLAY stands out there.

THE Dumb Bell Opera!

That's the head under which Lupino Lane's latest comedy might be catalogued.

The former Follies funster was leaving his dressing room in make-up and fighting togs preparatory to taking a scene for his new fight comedy.

"Where ya' goin'?" asked the prop boy.

"Out to fight a dumb bell," said Lane.

Ten minutes later he returned, a bump pushing out on one side of his head. He had made a gymnasium

scene in which he was hit on the head with a dumb bell.

"And she wasn't a blonde one, either," said Lane, as he lovingly caressed the bump.

TOM GALLERY, film actor and husband of ZaSu Pitts, has just won the national squash championship, competing with such famous athletic stars as Bill Tilden, tennis champion, and Harvey Snodgrass, ranking tennis star, and several big squash players.

NO matter how this rumpus about Gloria's husband's title of Marquis comes out, I think Gloria made a great error and lost a great chance when she sent for a lawyer to look into it and all that.

She should have given him an adoring look and said, "I don't give a hang whether he's a marquis or not; I love him, and I married him for love and not because he had a title."

Her attitude of annoyance and her determination to defend Henri's claim to the title are probably nothing but wifely pride, but it would have gone better with the atmosphere of a great love affair if she'd taken the other angle.

As far as the title is concerned, people who know France and its aristocracy very well, tell me that La Falaise has a perfect right to call himself a marquis. Of course no titles are recognized in France now, and the title is only one by courtesy. He could not use it on any civil or state papers, such as a marriage certificate, because titles have not been recognized since France became a republic. But the family is a very old one, and Henri is its direct descendant and would be the marquis if they had them nowadays. So his title is probably as authentic as any French title can be, since they were all abolished by the Revolution.

SEEMS to me leading a dog's life—or even a horse's life—as they are lived in Hollywood, wouldn't be so bad after all.

Recently Harry Carey, the "Tammany

cowboy," pensioned his white horse, Pete, put a nice little nest egg in the bank to care for Pete the rest of his days—in case anything happens to Harry. "Sandy" is Carey's new mount. "Sandy" is to have a dressing room—or stable as they call it on the lot—as comfortable and spacious as any of the stars.

"Sandy's" dressing room is to be steam-heated, too. It will have sanitary removable floors and the walls are to be padded. Air ventilators will also be part of the equipment.

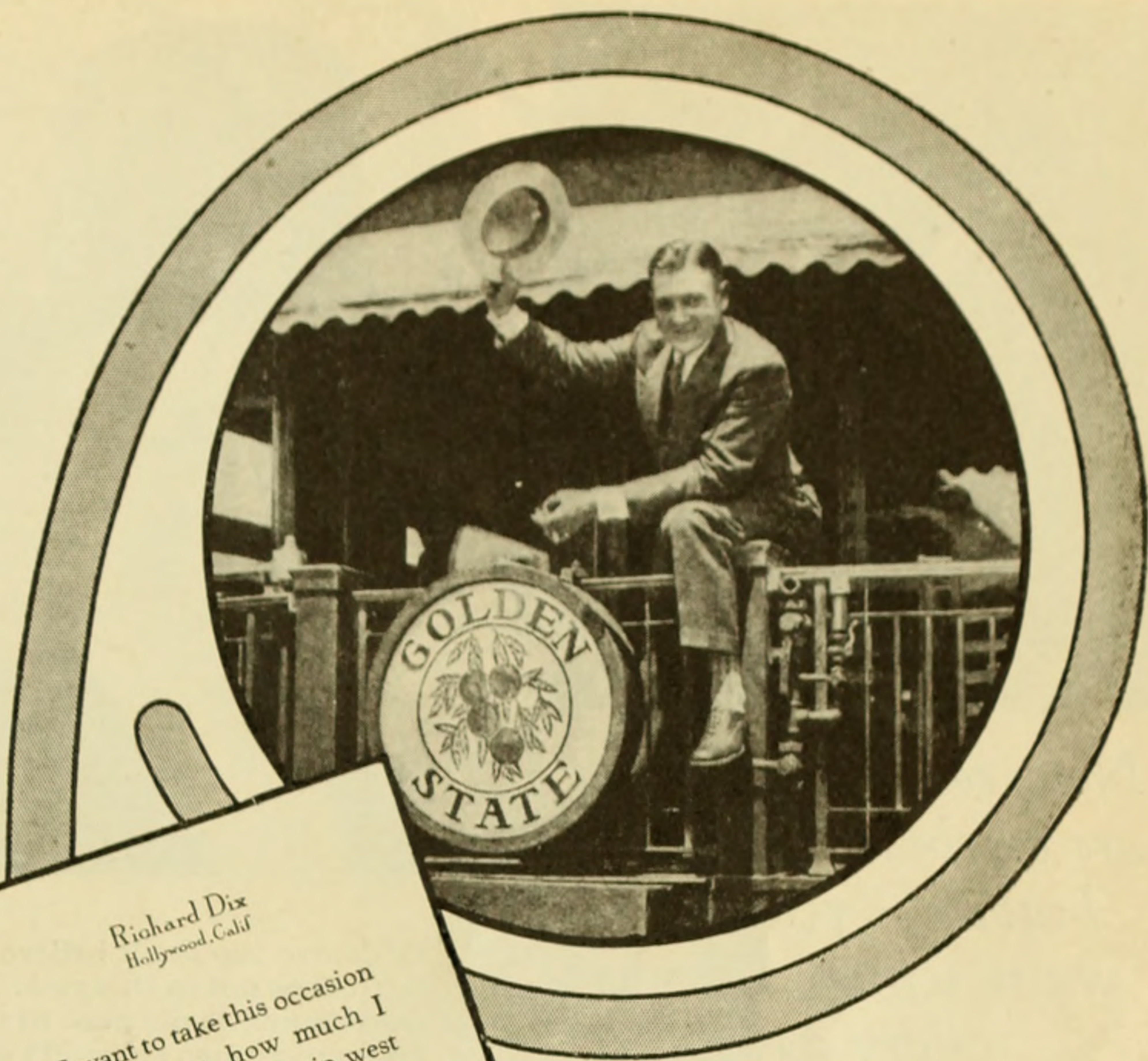
No, Carey doesn't plan to put in any furniture in the dressing room, for while "Sandy" is a right smart critter, he hasn't learned to sit on chairs or sleep in beds as yet.

MICHAEL ARLEN is the latest great author to arrive in the Hollywood studios, to write for the screen. If he succeeds, he will be luckier than some of the best of them have been. Elinor Glyn and Rupert Hughes may be said to be the only ones who ever really came out on top, and now Elinor has abandoned the films for a while, and Rupert has given up directing and will only write.

Sir Gilbert Parker, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Gertrude Atherton, Leroy Scott, Rita Weiman, Clayton Hamilton, Kathleen Norris, Maurice Maeterlinck, W. Somerset Maugham, Frank Adams and Katherine Newlin Burt are only a



Peggy Joyce is astonishing Paris by wearing nothing but white, defying the dictates of the fashion creators. While out in Hollywood she has knocked them for a row of powder puffs by her fine performance in "The Skyrocket." We hereby present the famous beauty at the age of twelve, before her name ever appeared in even her home town weekly



Richard Dix
Hollywood, Calif.

I want to take this occasion to tell you how much I enjoyed a recent trip west on your crack new train, the Golden State Limited. The service and cuisine are excellent.

Sincerely,
Richard Dix

Read What Richard Dix Says About The

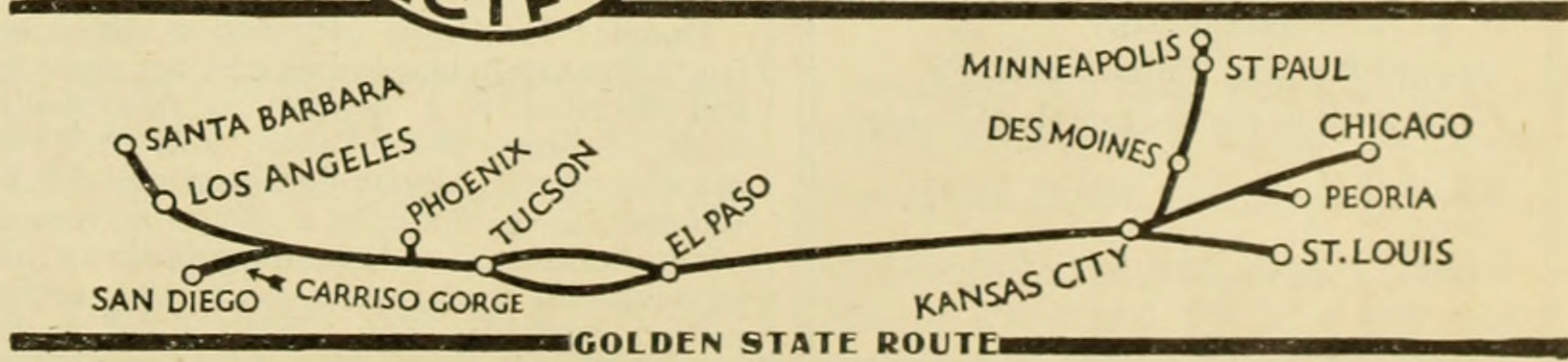
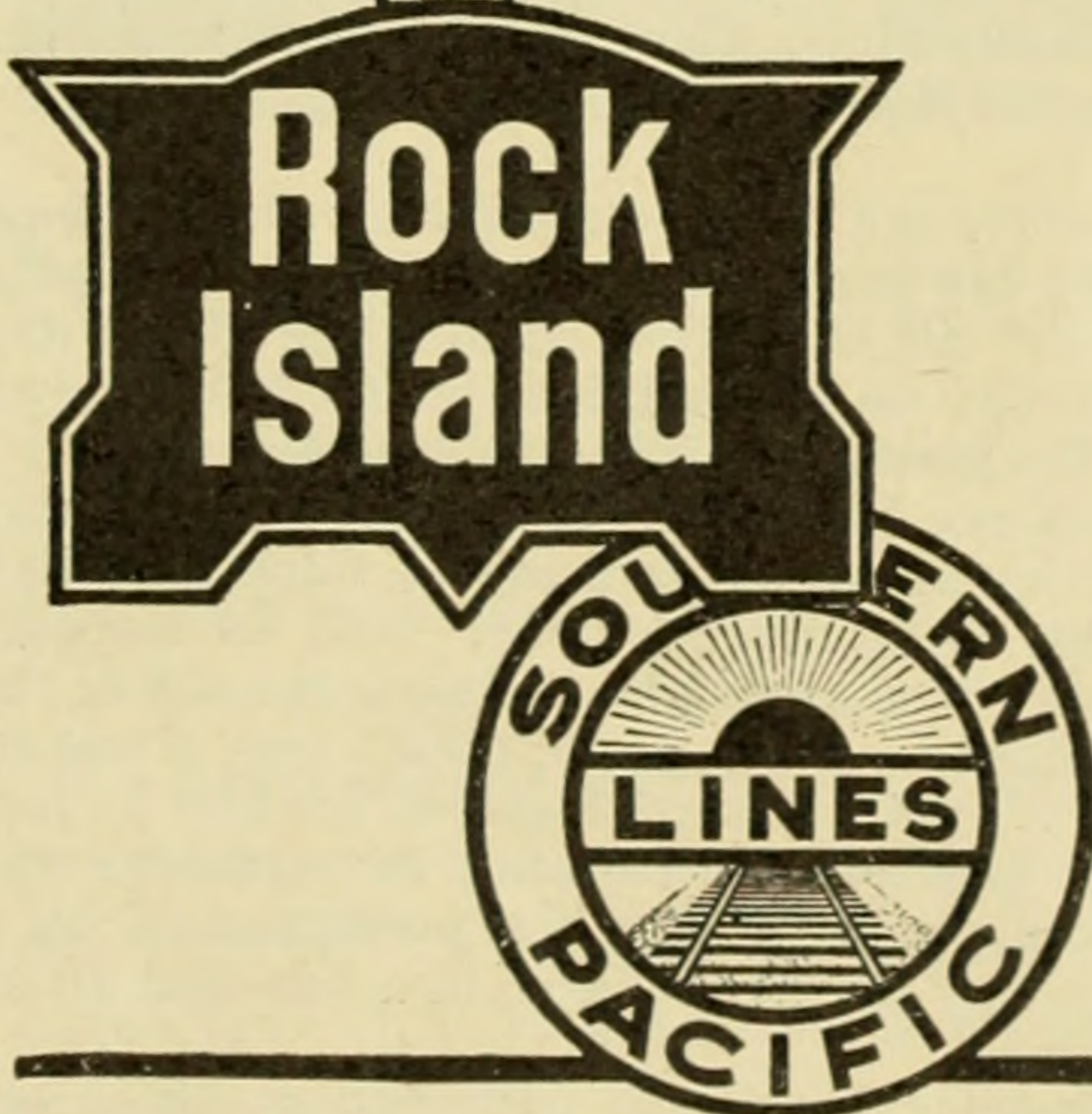
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By Letitia Hadley

CLOSE heated rooms—the intimacy of the dance and bridge table—winter problems! It has been so difficult to preserve the immaculacy that social contacts demand!

You may have hesitated to use a deodorant—but now I bring good news! A powder that prevents and destroys body odors! A fine, delicate powder, as exquisitely feminine, as delightful to use as talcum.

Just apply Deodo while dressing in the morning—or before going out. Rub it under the arms and dust it over the body. It acts immediately. No waiting or repeated applications. And it continues effective throughout a whole day.

Deodo does not seal the pores or prevent essential perspiration. It simply absorbs and neutralizes the odor. It is soothing to the skin, and tends to heal. And it's entirely harmless to clothing. It will do much to preserve the freshness of your winter frocks—cloth and silk and velvet that *can't* be washed successfully.



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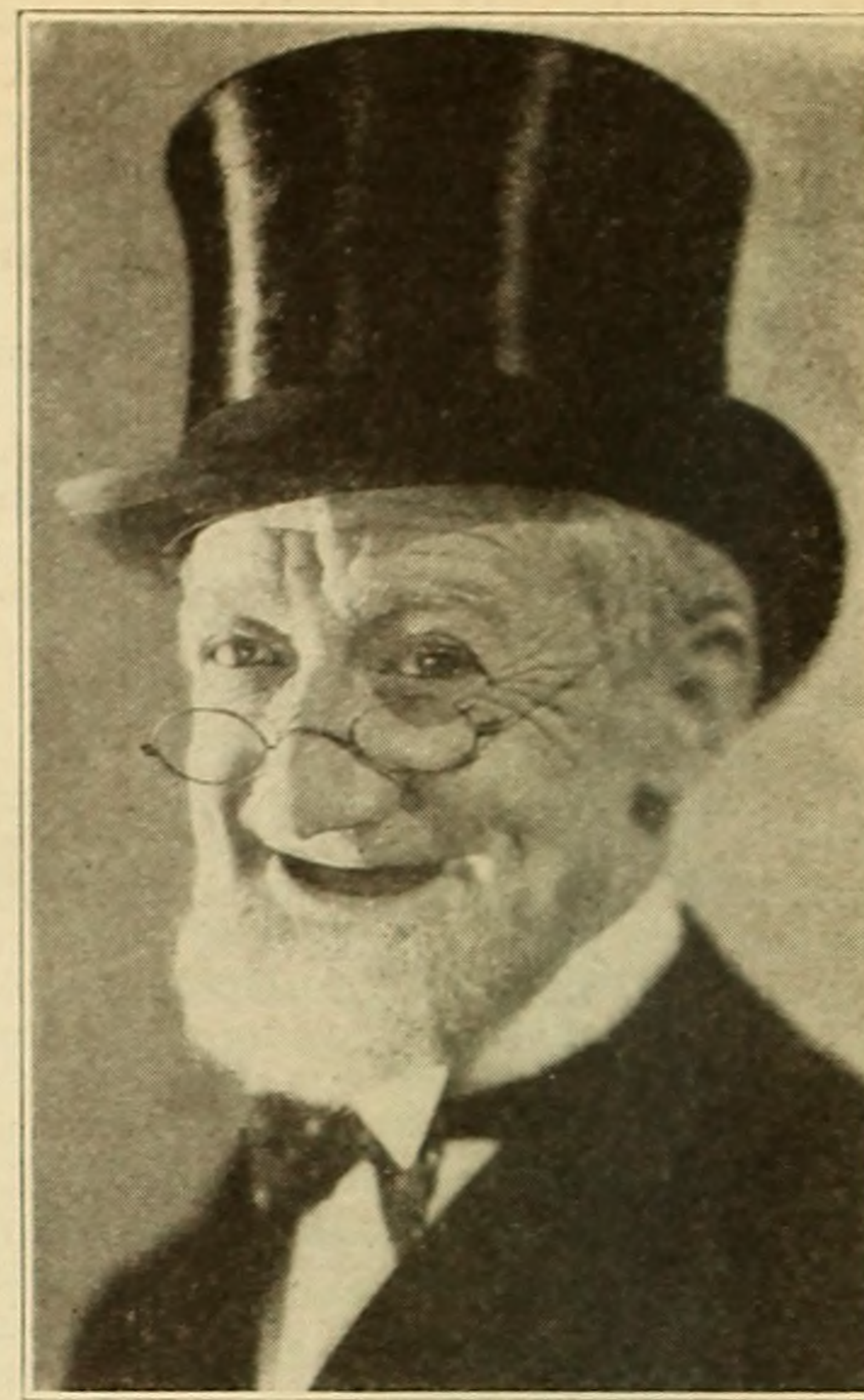
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Of course you don't believe it. Neither do we. But if the camera can lie, it does not in this case. Jack Duffy is thirty years of age. He plays the rheumatic old gent in Christie Comedies. Either the press agent and cameraman are guilty of collusion, or Duffy is a wizard at make-up

few who tried and gave up, whether in despair or disgust, who shall say?

Whether it is difficult for authors of plays and books to write motion picture stuff, or whether the producers have been too afraid or too blind to attempt the new and good things given them, will always be a matter of dispute.

But Mr. Arlen is a businesslike person, young and very adaptable, and it may be that he will succeed—better, we hope, than did Joseph Hergesheimer with Pola's "Flower of the Night," which was sad.

ONCE telling time was a luxurious rite for Dick Bennett's beautiful young daughter, Constance, whose \$6000 watch was the envy of everyone on the lot where she was working.

Now telling time is a deep pang for this young screen actress, for while she was working on the stage in "Sally, Irene and Mary" someone stole the beautiful new watch.

It was of platinum set with diamonds, had a wristband of pearls and a diamond and onyx clasp.

Maybe by now she has another one, for she just married one of the gay young bloods of Gotham, Philip Plant, heir to several millions, more or less.

IF there is a falling off of pictures before long, you can lay it to the football season. Being as how all Hollywood spends the entire day Saturday on football, it is bound to cut down on the production schedule a little.

Colleen Moore has managed to get Saturday afternoons off by agreeing to work Saturday nights—that much I know. Rod La Rocque, having been told he had to work the day of the Stanford-U. S. C. game, didn't fuss about it. But when they started to look for him he just wasn't there, and I certainly saw someone who looked distinctly like him accompanied by a lady very like Pola Negri, in a box that afternoon.

Douglas MacLean, with two or three ex-football heroes in his productions, has given up and declared it a holiday for everybody. Edmund Lowe, Bert Lytell, and their respective wives, Lilyan Tashman and Claire Windsor, haven't missed a game this season, while Ann May and Gardner Sullivan are probably the best rooters out of the rooting section, especially Ann. What a yell leader she would make!

Marion Davies, done up in a bright sweater, looks like a co-ed, and acts like one for that matter, and knows as much about the fine points of the game as some sporting writers try to make you think they do.

Tom Mix and his wife are always on hand and Tom's effort to stay in the grandstand is pitiful—you know he was a great football player once himself, and Andy Smith, coach of the California Wonder team, is a buddy of his. While as for Harold Lloyd—well, it's a good thing nobody recognizes him without his glasses. He really acts like a first class lunatic. Mildred says she's almost ashamed to go with him, but forgets about it when she gets there because she gets so excited herself.

Yes, it's a good director that can get a company all before the camera on Saturday—but I guess they don't care, because they go, too.

COLLEEN MOORE tells this one:

At the Stanford-University of Southern California game, she sat right in back of the father of young Ted Shipkey, Stanford's phenomenal end, who is being touted everywhere as a coming All-American. Ted had a lot to do with Stanford's hard-won victory, and when the gun had finally ended the suspense, old man Shipkey said:

"Well, I'll go down to the garage in Anaheim tonight and collect that ten dollars I win. I bet a fellow down there ten bucks Stanford 'ud win, and he took me and says, 'Why, Mr. Shipkey, your money's just as good as gone already, it's just gone.' I says, 'Say, young man, I heard a rooster crow right loud one morning and he got his head chopped off.'"

LOIS MORAN, the sixteen-year-old actress whose work in "Stella Dallas" shone forth so remarkably, is setting a new fashion in girls around Hollywood. Lois isn't what you'd call a pretty girl, but she has distinction, and she is as well-conducted a little miss as ever came out of a boarding school.

The other day a group of young chaps from military school were introduced to her. They knew a young college athlete in New York who was also a friend of Lois's, and they spoke at great length of his prowess on the gridiron. But Lois never mentioned that she knew him. Afterwards, her mother asked her why.

"Well," said Lois, sedately, "I hadn't made up my mind whether I wanted those boys for

friends or not. I couldn't judge them so quickly. And I knew if they knew Howard was a good friend of mine, it would make them feel they knew me very well, and it would start an acquaintance. I notice nothing starts an acquaintance so solidly as a mutual friend. So I thought I'd wait to see if I wanted it or not."

LILLIAN RICH awoke the other morning to read in the papers that she was the sister of Sally Rand, a player in the same company that "Billie" is contracted to. Of course, it was a terrific surprise to Lillian. And I guess Sally was equally as astonished when she read the announcement over her morning cereal. It all happened this way.

"Billie" Rich is playing in "Braveheart" and Sally is cast as her sister—in the picture. So when the publicity department of the studio sent out a story to this effect, some ruthless individual grabbed the line that read "Sally Rand is Lillian Rich's sister" and sent it out as news. And then the fun began.

It happens that "Billie" has a sister who has just arrived from England with Mother Rich. Her name is Cecilia and she is as pretty as Lillian, in a more statuesque way, so it looks as if another Rich might be added to the roster of the reel.

COLLEEN MOORE and John McCormick are the latest members of the film colony to buy in Beverly Hills.

They have just purchased a beautiful five and one-half acre building site on Angeleno Drive, opposite the Ince estate, and plan to build.

It is rumored that William Randolph Hearst recently offered to Nell Ince more than a half

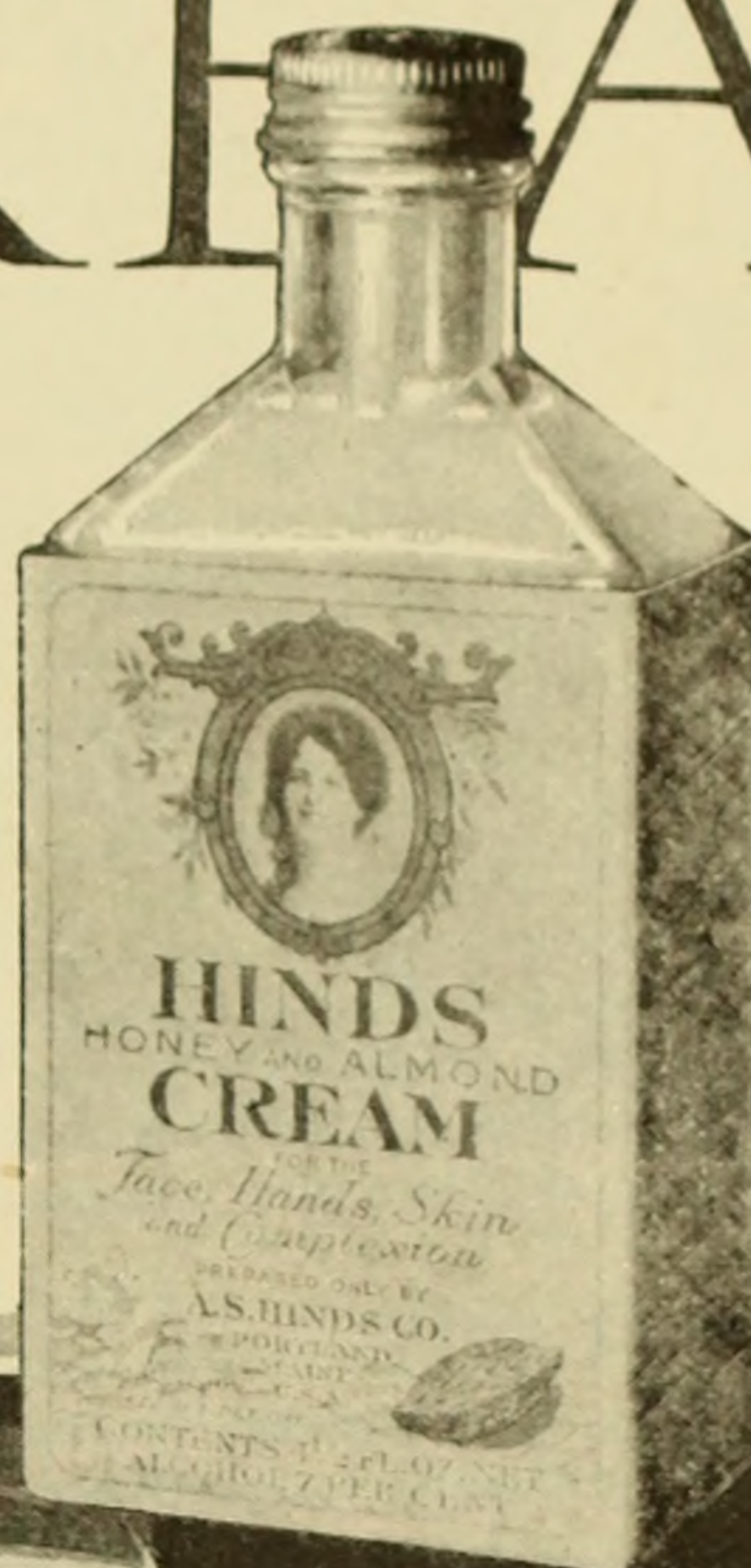


Einar Hanson, you have just come from Sweden and you may be a hit in pictures. You are a Swedish but not a stylish invasion. Next time you get your picture taken, button up to your throat and wear your collar and tie. That's done over here, Einar. Hanson is as Hanson does, Einar. Don't forget next time. Good luck to you, Einar

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She spoiled a perfectly good proposal!

Pretty girl. Ardent young man. Everything all set. And then—she powdered her nose in public!

"I'm *through*," said he to himself. "I'd never marry *that* girl in a hundred years! Great Scott! how she'd get on my nerves!" For, like most men, he intensely disliked to see a woman powder in public.

Now, if at home before leaving she had used Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, things might have turned out

better. Because Hinds makes the powder cling—for hours. No need to fuss everlastingly with a powder puff. The powder has a proper base.

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What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

WEST COAST

(Unless otherwise specified studios are at Hollywood)

BUSTER KEATON STUDIO, 1025 Lillian Way
Inactive.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIO, 1416 La Brea Ave.
Production will soon commence on "The Dandy" with Charlie Chaplin and Georgia Hale.

CECIL B. DE MILLE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.
Alan Hale directing "Braveheart" with Rod La Rocque and Lillian Rich.

Rupert Julian directing "Three Faces East" with Jetta Goudal, Robert Ames and Clive Brook.

Paul Sloane directing "Made for Love" with Edmund Burns and Leatrice Joy.

Cecil De Mille directing "The Volga Boatman" with Victor Marconi.

FILM BOOKING OFFICES, 780 Gower St.

Noel Smith directing "So This Is Mexico" with Richard Talmadge and Louise Lorraine.

Harmon Weight directing "Flaming Waters" with Malcolm McGregor, Pauline Garon and Mary Carr.

Wesley Ruggles directing "Broadway Lady" with Evelyn Brent and Theodore Von Elts.

Freeman Cook directing "The Phantom Pilot" with Kathryn McGuire.

Robert De Lacy directing "The Wyoming Wildcat" with Tom Tyler.

Tom Foreman directing "Midnight Flyer" with Cullen Landis and Dorothy Devore.

Harry Garson directing "Between Men" with Lefty Flynn and Helen Lynch.

FOX STUDIOS, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Rowland V. Lee directing "The Outsider" with Lou Tellegen, Jacqueline Logan and Walter Pidgeon.

Frank Borzage directing "The First Year" with Matt Moore, Kathryn Perry and John Patrick.

J. G. Blystone has completed "The Best Bad Man" with Tom Mix and Clara Bow.

LASKY STUDIO, 1520 Vine St.

Raoul Walsh has completed "The Golden Journey" with Ernest Torrence, William Collier, Jr., and Greta Nissen.

Mal St. Clair directing "The Lady of Mystery" with Pola Negri, Holmes Herbert and Charles Emmett Mack.

James Cruze directing "The Moving Finger" with ZaSu Pitts, Alice Joyce and Warner Baxter.

Allan Dwan directing "Sea Horses" with Jack Holt, Florence Vidor and George Bancroft.

Willis Goldbeck directing "The Ace of Cads" with Adolphe Menjou.

Edward Sutherland directing "Miss Brewster's Millions" with Bebe Daniels.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

Paul Bern directing "Paris" with Charles Ray and Pauline Starke.

Tod Browning directing "The Mocking Bird" with Lon Chaney and Renee Adoree.

King Vidor directing "Bardelys the Magnificent" with John Gilbert.

Victor Seastrom directing "The Scarlet Letter" with Lillian Gish.

METROPOLITAN STUDIOS, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd.

Edward Dillon directing "The Danger Girl" with Priscilla Dean.

Harold Lloyd Prod. Sam Taylor directing "For Heavens Sake" with Harold Lloyd and Jobyna Ralston.

PICKFORD-FAIRBANKS STUDIO, 711 Santa Monica Blvd.

William Beaudine directing "Scraps" with Mary Pickford and Roy Stewart.

Albert Parker directing "The Black Pirate" with Douglas Fairbanks and Billie Dove.

UNITED STUDIOS, Hollywood, Cal.

First National Prod. Sylvania Balboni directing "The Far Cry" with Blanche Sweet, Jack Mulhall and Myrtle Stedman.

"The Savage" with Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes.

"Mademoiselle Modiste" with Corinne Griffith.

Eric Von Stroheim directing "East of the Setting Sun" with Constance Talmadge, Walter Pidgeon and Eric Von Stroheim.

Production will soon start on "Kiki" with Norma Talmadge and Ronald Colman.

United Artists Prod. Henry King directing "Partners Again" with George Sidney and Alexander Carr.

UNIVERSAL STUDIO, Universal City, Cal.

Al Rogell directing "The Overland Trail" with Jack Hoxie and Ena Gregory.

Harry Pollard directing "Poker Faces" with Edward Everett Horton.

King Baggott directing "The Perch of the Devil." Cast not announced.

WARNER BROS. STUDIO, 5842 Sunset Blvd.

Erle C. Kenton directing "The Love Toy" with Lowell Sherman and Helen Costello.

Herman Raymaker directing "His Jazz Bride" with Marie Prevost and Matt Moore.

Henry Lehrman directing "The Fighting Edge" with Kenneth Harlan and Patsy Ruth Miller.

J. S. Blackton directing "The Gilded Highway" with Johnny Harron and Dorothy Devore.

EAST COAST

BIOGRAPH STUDIO, 807 East 175th St., New York City.

"Men of Steel" with Milton Sills, Anna Q. Nilsson and May Allison.

COSMOPOLITAN STUDIO, 127th St. and Second Ave., New York City.

Fred Newmeyer directing "Lunatic at Large" with Leon Errol, Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall.

JACKSON STUDIO, Jackson and Westchester Aves., Bronx, N. Y.

Charles Hines directing "The Brown Derby" with Johnny Hines.

Elmer Clifton directing "Wives at Auction" with Edna Murphy and Gaston Glass.

PARAMOUNT STUDIO, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.

Herbert Brenon directing "Dancing Mothers" with Betty Bronson, Alice Joyce and Conway Tearle.

D. W. Griffith directing "Sorrows of Satan" with Carol Dempster and Lowell Sherman.

CHANGES IN TITLES

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.

"The Tattooed Countess" will be released as "The Woman of Mystery."

"Mannequin" will be released as "The Moving Finger."

"Hassan" will be released as "The Golden Journey."

"Magpie" will be released as "Help Yourself."

UNIVERSAL PICTURES.

"His People" will be released as "Proud Heart."

BUSINESS OFFICES

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Associated First National Pictures, 383 Madison Ave., New York City. Richard Barthelmess Prod., Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Distinctive Pictures Corporation, 366 Madison Ave., New York City.

Educational Film Corporation, 370 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (Paramount) 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Film Booking Offices of Amer., Inc., 723 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Fox Film 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., 117 W. 45th St., 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.

Watch This Column

"Sporting Life" is Here



Leatrice Joy visited New York last month for the first time in three years. It took her all that time to press the ruffles in her new "French Pastry" negligee, which she designed herself. Besides the negligee, Leatrice brought along a new mannish haircut

million dollars for her place, which was completed shortly before Mr. Ince's death, but she refused the offer.

PEGGY JOYCE doesn't follow the fashions. She makes her own. Even in Paris, where they are going considerably to colors in women's wear in the new styles, Peggy wears nothing except the purest white. Her simple girlish gown and the absence of jewelry has made her notable among the crowd of fashionable women who are now exhibiting the new three-colored dresses launched by Poiret.

As a result of the adoption of novel goods, flaring skirts are considerably reduced in size, although assuring the same freedom of movement.

The innovation is due to the fact that in spite of dieting, sports and beauty treatments, seventy per cent of the women are too stout to look well in a short skirt which flares out at the hem like an inverted morning glory.

CAME down on the train from Del Monte the other night with Rod La Rocque, who had been up there making scenes for his new picture, "Brave Heart." Rod is a likeable youngster, naturally exuberant enough to have the whole dining car looking at him when he gets interested in a topic of conversation.

Just then he was intensely exercised over whether the contractors had remembered to put the tile soap dishes in the walls of the bathrooms in his new house.

"This building a house takes all a man's time," he said. "You have to keep your eyes on them every minute."

Incidentally, Rod has a rather exceptional



Marion Nixon and Bert Lytell in "Sporting Life"

Do you folks remember the old Drury Lane Theatre melodrama, "*Sporting Life*," which came from England years ago and created such a sensation in this country? I remember sitting through it with bulging eyes and tangled emotions, and I got so much out of it that I went to see it again and again.

Those old English melodramas were splendidly written and perfectly constructed and this one, by Seymour Hicks and Cecil Raleigh, was one of the most famous of all those fathered by Drury Lane. In picture, as produced by UNIVERSAL, it becomes even more vivid because of the magnificent open-air action and scenery which were impossible on the stage.

"*Sporting Life*" is a big, exciting, kaleidoscopic drama, full of life, and featuring among other things the great derby at Epsom Downs, a thrilling fight for the championship between an English lord and the British champion—intimate backstage scenes in a great musical comedy—a thrilling auto race and a rescue scene from the haunts of kidnappers. It involves high English society, is beautifully dressed and full of romance.

UNIVERSAL selected Maurice Tourneur to direct the picture, and he chose BERTLYTELL and MARION NIXON to play the leading roles, assisted by such favorites as GEORGE SEIGMAN, PAULETTE DUVAL, CYRIL CHADWICK, CHAS. DELANEY, TED "KID" LEWIS, OLIVER ECKHARD, FRANK FINCH SMILES and CATHLEEN CLIFFORD. Watch for "*Sporting Life*" and ask the manager of your favorite theatre to get it.

It may interest you to know that "*The Phantom of the Opera*" is drawing greater crowds than even we dreamed of, and some of our dreams were very optimistic. You must not miss it. I wish you'd let me know in which theatre you'd like to see it in your town.

Carl Laemmle

President

(To be continued next month)

If you want a copy of our new "White List" booklet—just say the word—it's free—you can also have autographed photograph of Mary Philbin for 10 cents in stamps

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knowledge of books and music and paintings. Whether his association with Pola has broadened and polished him in that respect, I don't know, but he can really talk with intelligence and fervor about a lot of things, and he knows a Constable from a Turner, and a Reynolds from a Gainsborough when he sees one.

I WONDER if the New York Chamber of Commerce has had anything to do with the deluge of films having a New York background that have appeared on Broadway lately.

I saw no less than five big pictures with a New York locale, in which the elevated, the subway, Fifth Avenue, Broadway and other romantic spots were featured.

"The King on Main Street," "Annie Rooney," "Classified," "Proud Heart" (the new title for "His People," reviewed in the December PHOTOPLAY), "Lights of Old Broadway"—and James Cruze is deserting his covered wagons and pony expresses to photograph New York City atmosphere for his new production.

ONE of the cleverest publicity stunts of the last few years is that put over by the First National press agent in publicizing "We Moderns," Colleen Moore's new picture. All of the leading women's colleges were asked to express an opinion on the suitability of replacing the odious term "flapper" with the more dignified word "modern," as applied to the college girl.

Needless to say the university girls fell for the stunt with collegiate enthusiasm, and Vassar, Wellesley and Mary Mount wired Colleen Moore their hearty approval of the idea.

The publicity that Colleen Moore and "We Moderns" will get from this stunt will be worth a lot of money.

A TOUCHING little example of sistry love is being given in Hollywood every day by Anita Stewart. Her brother George, whom you may remember as a handsome and promising young juvenile not so long ago, has been ill for months. And Anita's devotion and constant care of him is very lovely. She goes almost nowhere and spends every minute when she isn't working, at his bedside, and the doctors tell me if he gets well it will be entirely due to her cheerful presence and wonderful nursing.

RUPERT HUGHES has just been elected president of The Writers, which is the seat of intellectuality and learning in Hollywood. He succeeds Rob Wagner.

Funny thing about The Writers. Its chief failure—and it has been an important one—has been in the matter of food. There may be a flow of reason, but the coffee and hot cakes are terrible. And evidently the thinkers of the industry think occasionally about the inner man, for the social warmth and congeniality which should pervade a place like The Writers, the ease and welcome, are sadly lacking. I think it's all due to the food.

Maybe if President Hughes will turn his attention to the kitchen and fix things so you can get a decent meal thereabouts, The Writers will turn out more masterpieces than hitherto.

THERE has been another shakeup at Universal. That studio is like a lot of police departments. You never can tell from day to day who's going to be chief.

Now Ray Shrock has sent in his resignation, and who can blame him? After spending months in perfecting the working plan of the studio, the New York office sends out an efficiency man who never was inside a picture lot before, probably, and he proceeds to cut the working staff in half. Now the place is a madhouse; nobody seems to know what it is all about, and what will happen is nobody's business. This has happened at Universal every few months for the last six years. The wonder

of wonders is how the place runs and makes pictures.

NOT content with the thirteen shiny cups she and Harold won at various dance contests in their pre-celebrity days, Bebe Daniels is now out to grab off all the amateur golf cups that glisten temptingly in her vision. Every spare moment finds Bebe rambling the links of some California golf course, determined to make it in eighty.

And speaking of Bebe and golfing brings to light a doubt that lurked in the minds of many of her Hollywood friends. Truth to tell, they were afraid that after three years of New York life, Bebe might spurn the rustic pastimes of Hollywood. Not so. But it wasn't until the following occurrence was related that fears were allayed.

Some devotee of the bounding ball—I've forgotten who—was tramping the links when he sighted a girl standing in the middle of a muddy hole. Her skirt was torn and frescoed with mud—her shoes were smeared with mire—her hair blew in the breeze—and she was wielding her mashie with a persistent hand. It was Bebe.

"Hi, there!" she called to her friend, "General Grant and I have a lot in common. I'm going to 'follow this line if it takes all summer' to get this ball out!"

It proved conclusively to Hollywood that Bebe was not "high-hatted."

THE "400" club has recently been started in Hollywood by Frank Elliot, who organized and put over the very successful and popular Sixty Club. The new club is for Sunday afternoons, sort of tea and receptions, and is held in some beautiful gardens in the foothills. The opening Sunday was a huge success, and it promises to be a new feature of the social life of the picture colony.

SOMETIMES the lack of a jack costs plenty of jack.

This is what Robert Frazer learned when he was stranded with a perfectly new but perfectly flat tire on the lonely road to San Francisco in the wee, small hours following midnight.

He didn't have a jack and had to have one. He stood in the road but the cars would speed up when they saw him.

Bob went back to his car and changed his cap for a derby, so he wouldn't look quite so much like a hold-up.

But evidently the public cannot be kidded with head-gear.

After stalling around for an hour with fence posts and whatever he could lay his hands to, Bob gave it up as a bad job and drove to the next town on his flat tire.

It cost him one hundred dollars for a new tire, rim and tube.

BEWARE of "cane hands," advises Milton Sills. Now, cane hands, in case you are puzzled, is a malady that manifests itself in individuals addicted to carrying canes. It is not callouses, as we thought when we first heard of it.

It is the tragedy of not knowing what to do with your hands—when you haven't brought your cane. Milton Sills' actor friends warned him to lay off canes when he first went on the stage. But at that time he felt that a cane was absolutely essential to the dignity and advancement of his career.

So he got the habit.

Then he was given a part wherein he could not use a cane. On the opening night he got an attack of "cane hands." He knew his part perfectly, but didn't know what to do with his hands. He took hold of the arm of a chair. The arm came off. This heightened his confusion and in desperation he clung to the dismembered arm throughout the scene. It was too short for a cane, but he used it as such. And he says the laughter of the audience nearly brought down the curtain.

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Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89]

MRS. F. P., RENO, NEVADA.—You must be able to get the low-down on everybody living in your town. Here are the statistics on Irene Rich and Anna Q. Nillson. Irene is 5 feet, 6 inches above the ground and weighs 138 pounds. Anna Q. is an inch taller than Irene and three pounds lighter. Her hair is blonde and her eyes are blue and she is Swedish through and through.

DOROTHY LEE.—So many girls call me daddy, particularly those girls down at the Follies. Still, you're welcome to join my family. You want to know how old Corinne Griffith is. Well, Corinne says she's 24. They couldn't put Corinne and Ronald Colman in a love scene together unless they used fire-proof film. I as wise as a tree full of owls? Child, compared to me an owl is in the first grade.

A. S. ELMHURST, L. I.—This Griffith girl seems to be crowding the mails this month. The beautiful Corinne is American-born, having lifted her petal like eyelids to the sun in the old city of New Orleans, La., during the year of 1901. After a sentence like that, don't tell me I couldn't write sub-titles. I know I couldn't.

MISS G. B., PANA, ILL.—When you want a star's picture, write to him at the studio where he is working and send him a quarter.

HARRY, THE BRONX, NEW YORK.—Harry, you've lost your bet. Your boy friend, Malcolm McGregor, did see the light of this world from Newark, New Jersey, during the month of October, 1896. One thing to be said for Mac, however. He went west.

Getting Laughs Out of Sticks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

Doug, on the other hand, knows exactly what every ingredient is and where it goes before he starts his production.

He reverses the practical scheme of the efficient studio by spending six weeks on the plans and four weeks on the shooting, thus economizing in the salaries of players who are not engaged until every phase of the picture has been visualized and plotted.

He has that faculty which constitutes genius in the collaborative scheme of the motion picture—the ability to organize a staff and work it harmoniously as one man. That's the secret of great motion pictures. It's the secret few possess.

MacLean is not an actor. He's a master builder. I mean that as a compliment. He works like an architect, a scientist, a man of sanity.

Thought rather than action is his mode. His mind holds the image complete before he tries to perform it. Result: he is the greatest exponent of comedy-drama in the business.

He differs from Lloyd and Chaplin in that he tells a serious story humorously. That is, he

keeps within the realm of reality. He's the supreme *farceur*.

In such independent young intellects is the hope of the motion picture.

The harmony and enthusiasm of Doug MacLean's studio makes me want to delve into the picture industry. A wilder comment I cannot make, for most studios send me forth with a feeling of having escaped something worse than the lower regions.

There is no pose to MacLean. He doesn't theorize of life and women and art. He talks his own stuff, and talks it so much more intelligently than the "commercial" producer and the "genius" star that you don't care a hoot for his ideas on other subjects.

Herein you behold the plausible harmony of art and commerce. It is plausible, though it doesn't seem so until you meet with a man of applied mentality who is equipped for the medium in which he works.

The Jew is considered the finest business man in the world.

But here's an instance where I think a Scotchman has him licked.

Growing Old Gracefully

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

men say, men of the world, that there is nothing so beautiful as a sweet old lady.

There you have it—

"Grow old along with me,

The best is yet to be,

The last of life

For which the first was planned."

Build. Build nobly. Build character. Build happiness. Build a warm heart and a serene countenance. Get ready for the joys of maturity. Look forward to the harvest time and give thanks. Think about others and not about yourself. Slay vanity as early as you can, the vanity of things that perish, and must perish, and that act of yours or mine can keep from perishing. Serve. Keep busy. Develop interests that will last.

I know an old lady of nearly seventy who is the chosen friend and confidante of many of the young writers and beauties of Hollywood. Into her lap are poured the loves and laughs, and heartaches and romances, of our little city. Why, her life is fuller than most young

women's could ever be. Yet she is only a little old lady in a gingham apron and a woolly white shawl. Why? Why does youth go to her and keep her eternally young? Because she has the wisdom, the stored wisdom of a long, hard life, the deep understanding of a heart that has loved and suffered, the keen vision of age with the well-spring of eternal youth that always understands youth. That's why. And I tell you she wouldn't change places with anybody on earth today.

Do you all forget Ninon de L'Enclos, who ruled the Paris of art and letter from her salon until she was ninety? She was a beauty in her youth, and she had her heyday as a conqueror of hearts. But she had taste and wisdom, and foresight and intuition, and they revealed to her what was beyond the horizon of youth. She saw the sun of her beauty set without a tear, and gradually substituted for her affairs du couer, her flirtations and her toilets, her dances and her adorers, a wit and a charm that was mind triumphant over the

body. She made the exchange of one kind of leadership for another, made it gracefully and beautifully, and in her age was worshipped by more than in her youth.

In Hollywood, youth is very precious. I have seen many stars fade from the screen because they insisted on remaining the eternal ingenue, and when the little sag in the chin and the little looseness under the ear arrived, they had nothing else to offer. I have seen others gracefully accept the change and bring their enlarged talent and gracious loveliness to parts suited to their years, and long remain favorites with good producers and fans.

Look for youth in the heart. Make the change from youth to age, as you would make it from one country to another.

And I tell you that you will lay up for yourselves treasures where moth and rust doth not corrupt and where thieves cannot break through nor steal.

How to Be Merry on Christmas Day

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

leggers, chanting, "We Shall Meet At the River."

Or, then again, a dinner for press folk whose scrimmaging ability in the presence of food is such that, unless you're in practice, you'll come up black and blue with nothing but the neck or, at best, a wing.

Tony and Daisy Moreno have a castle on the top of a hill that looks like Caesar's fortifications in their prime and is harder to scale. The house is so enormous that whole legions can have dinner there and make their getaway without being noticed.

Usually so many courses are passed in the drawing room that by the time dinner is served you don't feel you can eat another drop.

As soon as the last dreg has vanished from your goblet a Japanese genii appears in a puff of smoke and you find another one in your hand.

Little Japs swarm suddenly from everywhere. I don't know whether they get in through the plumbing or come out from under the rugs. Wherever they come from it's across the border.

Before the end of an evening at the Moreno's you feel like an angel, and unless you're stopped will probably soar off one of the battlements and be picked up in the morning with both wings broken.

The place I go the most often unasked is the Malcolm McGregors'. It's one of those joints where you can yell as loud as you like for ice and then go get it yourself. If you want to crab all the way through dinner you can, and afterwards you can go to sleep on the floor without being annoyed by the host and hostess, who, as like as not, have been asleep for hours on the only comfortable divans.

When Alice Terry is in town you may count on her being there with her ukulele, singing, "That's all there is, there isn't any more; stop, stop knocking at my front door, I'm through, I'm through with you—oo."

Alice has invited me to spend Christmas in Nice on the French Riviera, knowing very well that I owe everybody in town and couldn't make my getaway in anything less than a Lon Chaney make-up.

Another reason for not accepting is that Alice has the amusing habit of eating off other people's plates, and as I'd be the guest of honor sitting on her right hand, about the only thing I'd eat would be potato, that being the only thing she doesn't.

When she was in London she was invited to lunch with the Prince of Wales, and the night before Rex had a horrible dream that she was eating off the prince's plate. She probably did, but if so there were no complaints from the prince.



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The problem of how to spend a safe and sane Christmas and yet be merrie is becoming more difficult every year.

It used to be the Fourth of July that elicited warnings, but since Volstead won the war the spirit of independence has been reduced to such a small percentage that there isn't enough kick in it to set off a firecracker.

The only practical solution that I can offer is

to spend it in Europe where Christmas can be merrie and yet be dry—Imperial Dry 1906 is the best.

Bon voyage, and if not, at least be merrie and face the inevitable with a brave smile, so that when friends file by they'll say, "A smile on his face—how lifelike! Oh, well, he's probably better off."

The Girl Who Kept Step

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

with Richard Bennett and Charles Cherry in "Passersby," a Charles Frohman production. She next played many little boy parts in the Hudson Stock Company in Newark, N. J., for over a year.

Finally she went home to her mother and she says, "Mother," says she, "this is getting terrible. I'm playing so many boy's parts, I'm acting like a man . . . the first thing I know I'll be swearing like some of the stage directors or scene shifters. I've got to get out of this—why, Mother, I ain't worn girl's clothes since Rip Van Winkle woke up." And the mother says, says she: "I got it all figured out, daughter dear. Us three, you and Vi and me, are going into pictures. We'll settle down in a nice little home and I'll cook nice things for you—and be the silent partner in the firm of Dana, Mason & Co."

At these momentous and stupendous words Vi ran in from the other room to hug her mother—but Shirley had beaten her to it.

"Mother," they both says in unison, "this is grandiloquent. We'll do our darndest to knock'em all dead in pictures."

"We'll start in the spring," says the mother.

That winter Shirley played as understudy to Viola in "The Poor Little Rich Girl." Instead of starting in pictures in the spring, it was really two years later. They stayed together in the same company, then Viola went into pictures and Shirley played *Gwendolyn* (the part Vi had left) in "The Poor Little Rich Girl," for another year. Then Shirley followed her sister into pictures.

Within a year, Shirley was offered the lead in seven pictures called "The Seven Deadly Sins." They were not Shirley's sins—as them were the days when a lady was a lady—a gent

was a perfect gent—and pictures were not what they ought to be. In each of these pictures she played the lead for a different star.

In 1918 Shirley Mason joined Paramount as a featured player. She co-starred with Ernest Truex in "Come On In" and "The Winning Girl." She has played in scores of pictures since—really they are too numerous to mention. Among them are "Shirley of the Circus," "Treasure Island," "My Husband's Wives," "Curly-Top," "Merely Mary Ann," "The Stardust Trail," "The Ragged Heiress," and reams of others.

Recently she followed Viola into the ranks of free-lance players, so that she may have her choice of rôles. Among her successes since leaving the list of contract players are "The Talker," with Lew Stone and Anna Q. Nilsson, "What Fools Men" with Lewis Stone, and "Lord Jim" with Percy Marmont.

She became the wife of Bernard Durning. He was a great, naive, kindly and magnificent young Irishman, who has a year or two since gone to pastures rich with rest.

He was a director when I knew him—and I was a struggling writer. He encouraged me to keep on keeping on. He was one of the first to congratulate me when my first book was accepted.

When I talked to the splendid little Shirley she said, "Bernie, my husband, was a great friend of yours—and of mine."

"Yes, Shirley," I replied, "Bernie was the greatest encourager in the world to all the people who try to keep step."

I talked to both girls yesterday.

They are going along the road of picture fame together.

They have learned to keep step.

"I Wouldn't Wish It On a Dog"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

my money on such a hazardous venture—I would substitute for Heaven a four-letter word ending in double l. It seems to me that the Devil dangles the purple limousines as baubles to tease our Hollywood children.

The girl who started me off on these meditations by saying that she wouldn't wish the life of an actress on a canine, not even a Pomeranian, is now an actor's agent and comes in contact every day with dozens of girls who are making their living in the films. She had in mind the physical hardships, the long hours, the risks to life and limb, but more particularly she was thinking of the disappointments, the heartbreaks and the soul bruises.

I know a number of actresses whom the fans must envy and consider successes who have the bitterest attacks of despondency. I cannot believe that the business woman ever reaches such a state of despair.

A girl may play a big part and feel that her future is assured. Then she will be idle for three months. I know many such cases. The higher she has climbed, the harder the fall. She sets her heart on getting a certain part. She is encouraged to believe that she will get

it. Then the producer decides she isn't the type.

One of the toughest things about being an actor is that you have to be looking for a job all the time. Of course, many of the successful players have contracts and get paid whether they work or not, but I am speaking of the great majority.

As soon as the free-lance player finishes a picture, he must start out to find another part. That means that he's job hunting every two or three weeks. That fact alone would keep me from ever trying to steal Bull Montana's honors. I hate to ask for a job. I hate to have to tell people how good I am. I just want them to admit it without argument.

The business manager of a studio said to me recently:

"You'd be surprised at the well-known actors and actresses who come into my office and tell me that they are dead broke—people whose names are known everywhere, who are regarded as eminently successful."

There are several reasons for this. The most important is that employment, for most of the performers, is irregular. An actor may

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get "a good break" and work regularly for three months and then lie idle for an equal amount of time. The prosperity of good times is also likely to cause the happy mummer to indulge in extravagances which he will regret when the evil days come. He justifies this on the ground that Hollywood is a city where "front" counts for so much.

MY friend, the agent, tells me that as she makes the rounds of the studios she sees girls that she played with eight and ten years ago still playing extra, still earning \$7.50 a day when they work—and working two or three days a week. Some of them have beauty and talent, but have never had a chance. Others are hopelessly incompetent. All have a breast full of battered hope.

Even the big stars are not happy with their fine homes, their swimming pools and their police dogs. There always seems to be some fly in the ointment.

Charlie Chaplin leads the cult of discontent. The greatest laugh maker is a kind of modern Hamlet. He usually has a hurt, pathetic, far-away look. Even when he is clowning. I watched him one night at a party. He danced, played the violin, sang and gave the greatest show I have ever seen. The guests were convulsed. Yet all the time Charlie looked so sad as he smiled that wistful little half-smile which you have seen in his pictures.

Rudolph Valentino told me, in the confidence of a couple of cocktails, that he is not nearly so happy now as he was before he reached the heights. However, I notice that Rudy is bending every effort to maintain his eminence. Valentino has a genius for getting into trouble. He is always beset with lawsuits, contract difficulties, marital separations and what not.

Even Rex, the king of wild horses, is said to be dissatisfied with his lot.

Up to a late hour last night Farina had made no complaints, but Strongheart barked out the same sentence that started me to ruminating.

"I wouldn't wish it on a dog," he growled.

Ten Handsome Men of the Screen

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

young halfback in crimson who ran fifty-five yards for a touchdown in last Saturday's game would look with his street clothes on. He wouldn't, but we all have our illusions. Youth—the handsomest, I think, of the screen's youth.

George O'Brien—a combination of Denny, Lyon and Novarro. What can you say about a black Irishman? They are neither the one thing nor the other. A handsome Irishman, especially a black one, is just a handsome Irishman, that's all, and the most irresistible and handsomest thing that walks the globe.

Of the men who have begun to get gray at the temples, it seems to me Lewis Stone is the most distinguished in appearance. The diplomat, with a ribbon in his buttonhole. The man-of-the-world, the aristocrat, the seigneur. What will you have—a king, an ambassador, a general? Where will you find him better drawn than in that military carriage, that marvellously shaped gray head, that aristocratic face and bearing of Lew Stone's?

And Ronald Colman, not because you want to, but because he somehow makes you turn your head when he goes by. Because he draws you against your will. Because his face is memorable, indelible. Soldier-man, explorer, adventurer—I don't know. Just because.

That's ten, but, lest we forget, let's add the one man who was handsomest of them all, about whom nobody ever disagrees, whose claim no one ever disputes—Wally Reid.

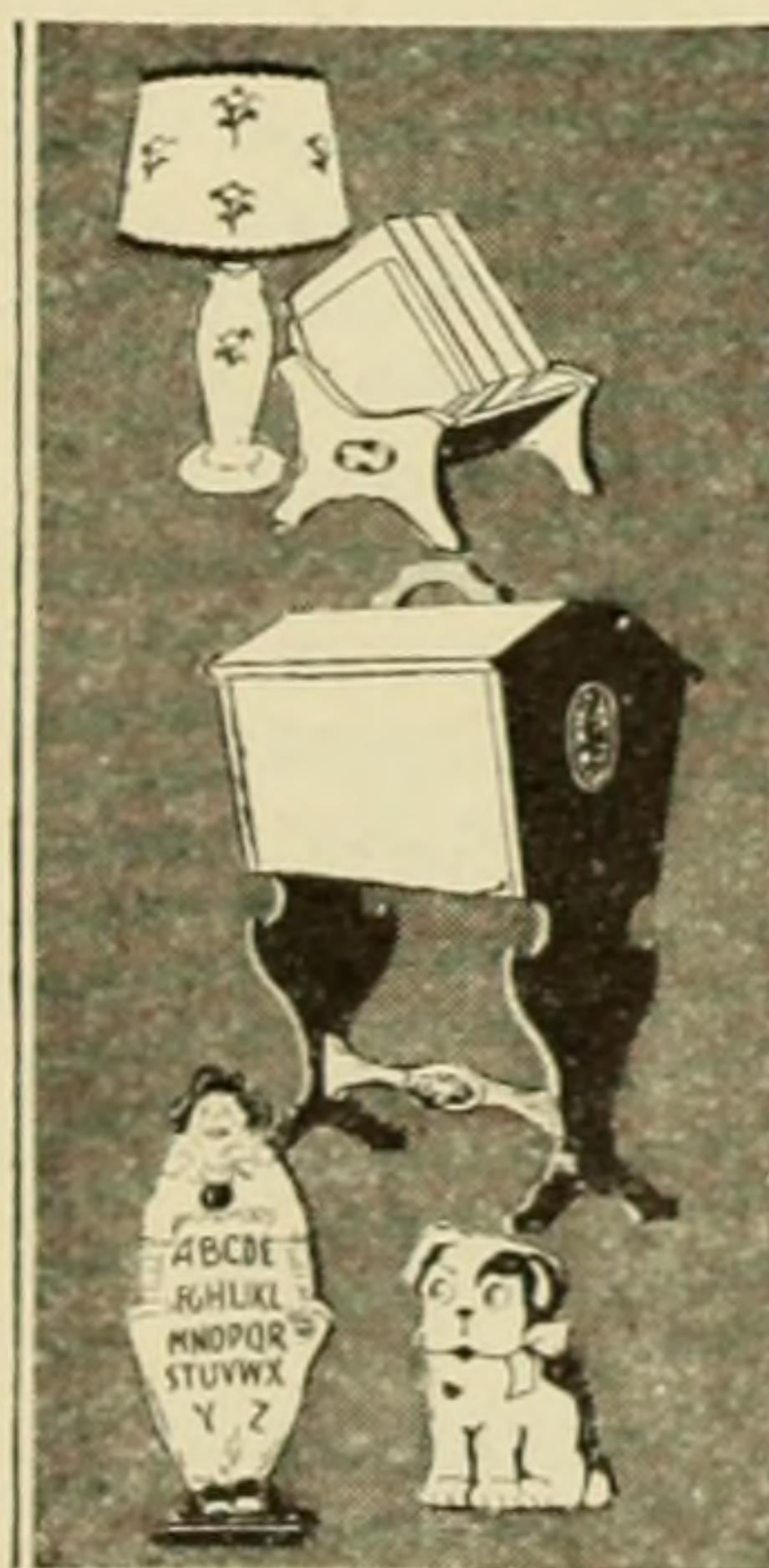
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Betty Bronson—Sub-Deb of the Film Set

By Aileen St. John-Brenon

THERE are social distinctions among screen folk just as there are among the laity. The So-and-So's aren't on visiting terms with the So-and-So's and Mrs. Thing 'Em Bob is not awfully keen on meeting that Mrs. What Che May Call It socially. Anyone beyond the social pale has the dickens of a time “crashing the gate” at parties where celluloid decorum decrees the barriers shall be drawn.

There are sets and coteries and cliques. For example Norma Talmadge and Lila Lee will be found among the more serious young matrons of the film world. Norma's younger sister Constance heads the capers of the madcap set. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks entertain foreign nobility with all the pomp and circumstance of motion picture ducats. And then there are the simple girlish gatherings with Mary Astor and Julianne Johnson and all the sweet young things who play around together eschewing the more venturesome occupations of their more sophisticated colleagues.

BUT lately it is a sub-deb who has made her appearance, and stirred the hearts of the youthful cavaliers whose swagger sticks, and raccoon coats, and humble homage are at her feet. Sir James Barrie took her from the school room, and made her famous. You know her. The harbinger of youth, Betty Bronson, the star of “Peter Pan.”

She is now the toast of the younger film set both in New York and Hollywood. Many a young heart beats beneath his first tuxedo coat in admiration of Betty Bronson, filmdom's popular sub-deb.

Collegiate youths are at her doorstep. Her telephone rings all day long. Prep schools give haven to her latest photographs. She is invited to football games, thé dansants, informal sub-deb teas. She has the airs and graces of a little girl enjoying her first peep at the world, enjoying it hugely, in her Bramley dresses, and low heels and boyishly bobbed hair.

All the film executives' growing up sons are

vying with each other for her favor. All Hollywood's prep school lads are agog about her. She is being “rushed to death.”

Do you know the first thing young Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., did when he arrived in New York from the Coast? He called up Betty Bronson at her hotel and tried to make a date with her before he left for Atlantic City the next day. He has cherished a boyish admiration for her ever since she once “stepped out” with him on the coast.

One of her most ardent swains is Jesse Lasky's oldest son now in school in New York, a likely youth. Lasky Junior has such “a case” on Betty that his father gave him his first tuxedo to take her to a dance. The dance began at nine, but young Lasky was all tricked out in his new suit at six o'clock for fear, he explained to his dad, Betty's boss, that he wouldn't be ready to call for her in time.

If you see a pretty girl not more than seventeen at the Broadway opening of a photoplay (Betty's in New York now making “A Kiss for Cinderella”) who claps her hands in girlish glee when anything pleases her, accompanied by a slim admiring beau in the throes of puppy love, you can bet your life on it, it's Betty and the boss' son.

Even the film reviewers have fallen prey to Betty's sub-deb charms, especially those just out of college. They take her to Coney Island on an auto bus, give her hot dogs, show her a good time on the shoot the chutes and deposit her on Mamma's doorstep at an early hour.

Betty's Mamma is strict with her, and always knows who goes out with her. Betty can have her beaus, and her pretty frocks to match her pretty ways, but she is taught that old adage about “early to bed, early to rise, makes a girl healthy, wealthy and wise.”

Betty's swains never take her out in the evenings that Betty's mother doesn't say with every other mother in the land, “Yes, Betty may go this time, but you'll have to promise me to get her home early.”

Billy Bennett's Mother

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

*Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue,
Kissed them, and put them there.*

*'Now don't you go till I come,' he said,
'And don't you make any noise.'
So toddling off to his trundle bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys.*

*And as he was sleeping, an angel song,
Awakened our little Boy Blue—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.
Yes, faithful to little Boy Blue they stand.
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting the long years
through
In the dust of the little chair,
What has become of our little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there."*

She put her finger on it and looked at me. And I wished that she could cry. But I knew that she could not. It is like that—with mothers.

"I don't know," she said, "whether you know much about the theater."

I nodded. I could cry, but I would not have tried to speak.

"An actress, with a baby—it's hard sometimes. Whenever I could manage it, I made a home. That's why I first went into pictures. I had Billy with me. He worked in pictures, too, when he was a little, little fellow. Cute—he was—"

She showed me his picture, as a very small Indian, in feathers and beads, and she smiled down at it, and up at me.

"Wasn't he?" We were silent.

Then, she said, slowly, "There are always—things, I suppose, after they are gone. I did the best I could for him always. I travelled miles in dirty trains on Sundays to see him for an hour. I took bum engagements so I could have him with me. I worked eighty-six weeks on end in stock, so I could send him to the very best boys' school there is. I wanted him to have things that would make him a good man.

"When I was in pictures as a star in the old days at Triangle, I brought him and my mother out and got him a little home in Culver City. I stayed in pictures even when I was very unhappy, because we were together. And I refused New York engagements because they were a chance and I could play in stock, week after week no matter how hard it was, and keep some sort of a little home.

"But there is one thing that hurts. I was so proud of him. He was very handsome, you know. He was the hero of his football team at the prep school back east. After one game, they carried him around on their shoulders. I was there—I waved to him, and he waved back. He looked so embarrassed.

"Well, he came down to Chicago that year to spend the holidays, because I couldn't go to him, I was playing. And I was playing a girl of twenty. Now I am not so very old. Just old enough to be Billy's mother. But of course that wasn't twenty. The company I was with was English, and they didn't like an American actress playing the part. They were a little—catty to me. So when Billy came, my aunt and uncle persuaded me to let him pretend he was my brother.

"I wish I hadn't done that. I was so proud—so proud—to be his mother.

"When he came to Hollywood after I got settled here to go back into pictures, he was six feet tall. Imagine! My baby—six feet tall. And they wouldn't let me have my picture taken with him because I was playing

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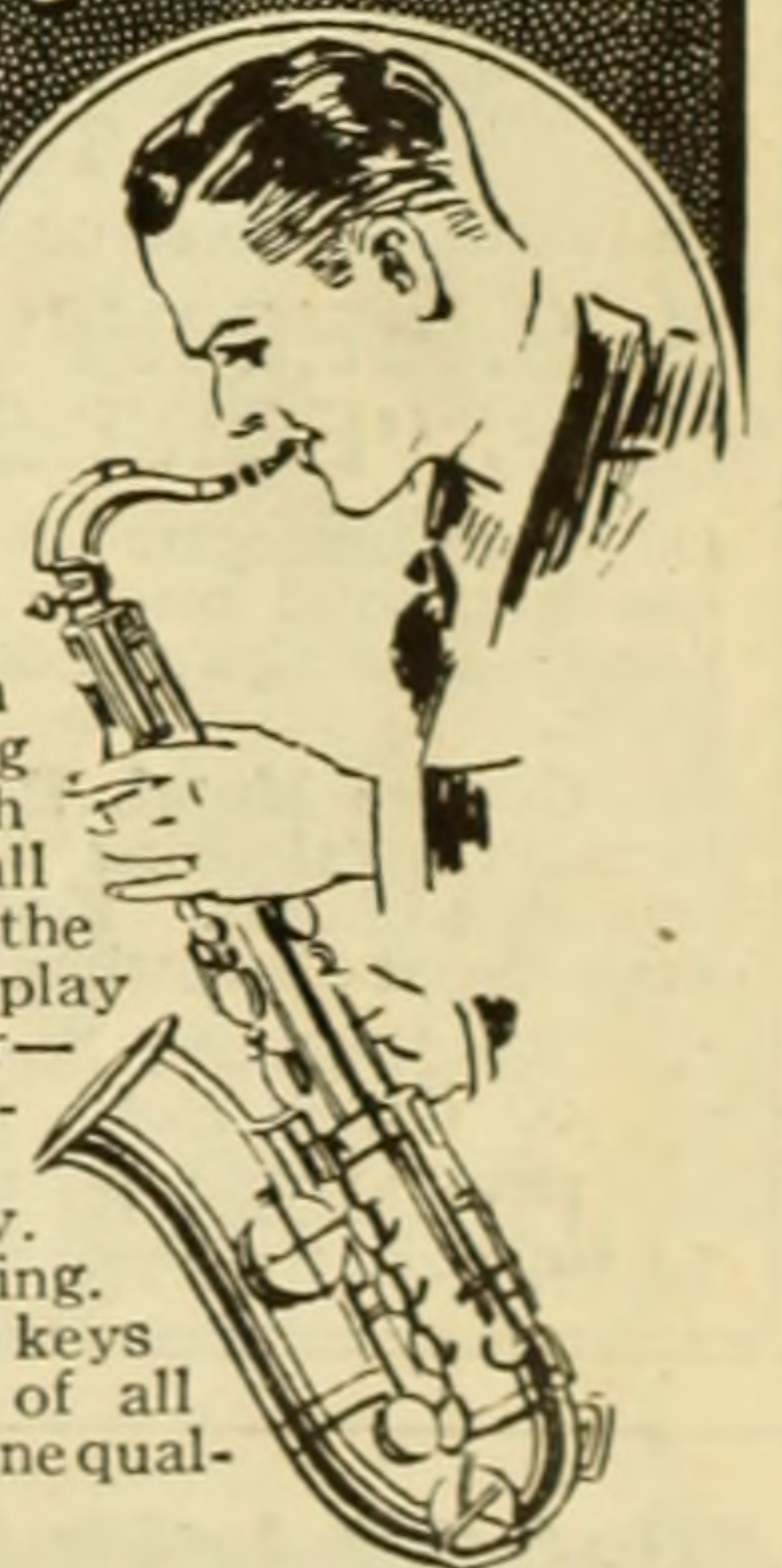
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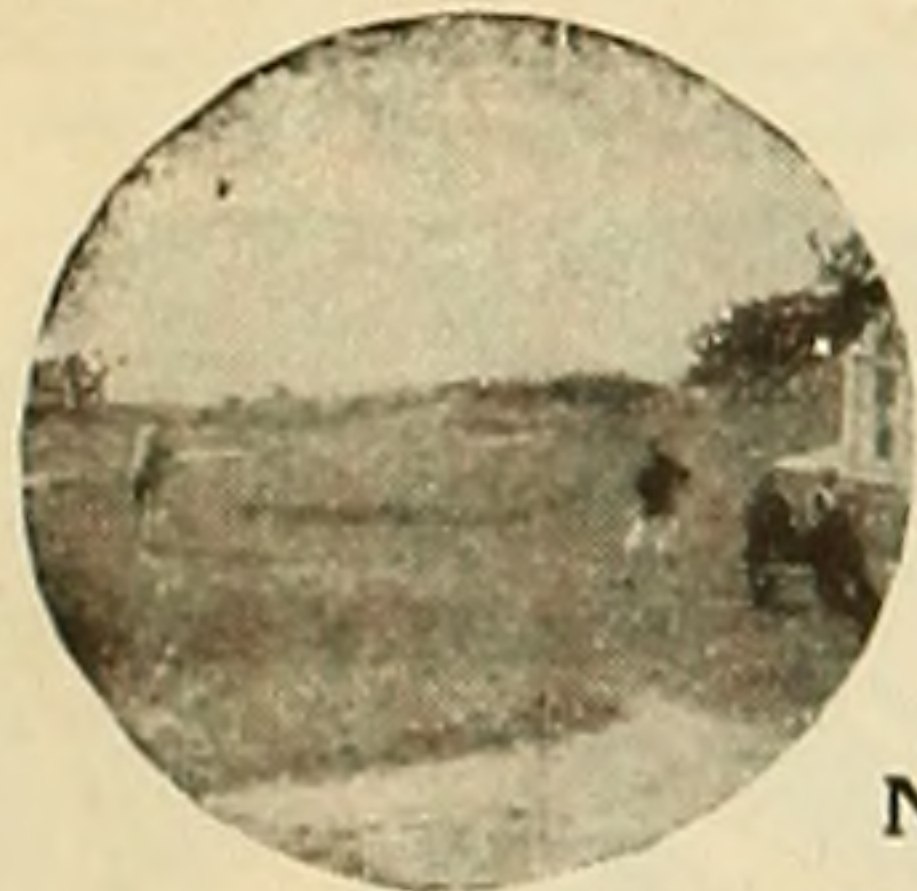
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leads and they thought people would think I was too old. My son—as if—as if—"

She took a little pink card tenderly from the box before her. One of those little pink cards you buy at the drug store—and that seem sort of silly—until you see them taken up gently like that, by empty hands. It said, "Dear Mother" in gold across the top, and there was a little poem, quite a bad poem, of course—

*"Life does not hold enough of years,
In which I can repay
Your love, although I send you all of mine
And love you more each day."*

Across it, in a schoolboy scrawl, "To my own dear one mother, With love, Billy."

And that, somehow, made the bad little poem, and the silly little pink card more beautiful than Keats and Rembrandt together.

"He sent me that on Mother's Day," she said, and put it back in the box with the baby pictures, and the little silver cup without any handle, and a crayon picture of a large and very crooked pumpkin.

"He wanted a roadster," she said. "I took my contract for Stella Dallas up to the hospital, to show it to him. He was so pleased. He knew how I wanted to play it. He was very

happy because I had married again—he liked his new Dad. They were—chums. My boy needed a man to help him. But just the same when I said I'd get him the roadster just the very day he got out, he said, 'All right, Mums, but—let's go slow at first. I can wait a while for the roadster.'"

Her eyes, big, soft, blue eyes, looked at me with that eternal question.

"It's a wonderful thing," she said, "to be a mother. Even if—well, it's wonderful to be a mother."

So it isn't very difficult after all to explain "Stella Dallas."

Just as Eugene Field, the sweetest singer we have known, wrote the deathless song of Little Boy Blue, which mothers hold so very dear, across the empty trundle bed of his own small son, so Belle Bennett played this great mother rôle with her hand still in Billy's. Rooted in sorrow, watered with fresh tears, both of these tender, exquisite, aching sorrows grew to something beyond even the most perfect art.

But I am wrong about one thing.

It was not Belle Bennett, fine actress that she is, who played "Stella Dallas."

It was Billy Bennett's mother.

Can Barbara Come Back?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28]

Yes, overwork will do as well as anything to name Barbara's utterly worn-out condition. But myself—and I have known and loved Bobby for many years now—I am reminded of a couple of little poems of Edna St. Vincent Millay's.

*"My candle burns at both ends;
It will not last the night;
But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends—
It gives a lovely light."*

And:

*"Cut if you will, with Sleep's dull knife,
Each day to half its length, my friends—*

*The years that Time takes off my life,
He'll take from off the other end."*

That's Barbara La Marr.

But there is something deep within Barbara that only the few who know her well can reckon with. There is a strength, an intelligence, a fire, that have made her something more than a mere seductive siren on the screen, and more than a beautiful and impulsive woman off. If that something brings her through this disastrous fight in the mountains, we shall see a new Barbara, I think, and one ready to face life as it is, and perhaps give us the first real fruits of the genius I believe her to possess.



Barbara La Marr's father is acting as nurse to the famous vamp in her illness. He accompanies her to the studio every day and watches over her as carefully as if she were still the little kid he used to spank. Barbara has just finished "The Girl from Montmartre"

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The Phantom Jinx

Some of the troubles that beset the producers with
"The Phantom of the Opera"

By Robert E. Sherwood
(Editor of Life)

THE fantastic, blood-curdling, spine-chilling tale, "The Phantom of the Opera," which has lately come to the screen, has carried with it a jinx as mysterious, as devastating, as fearsome as the very ghost which is its own leading character.

Following the enormous success of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," the Universal Pictures Corporation cast about for another story which would give Lon Chaney a chance to use more make-up and Carl Laemmle a chance to spend more money.

"The Phantom of the Opera" was suggested, and approved, so Universal acquired the screen rights to the Gaston Leroux novel—and, at the same time, acquired the Phantom Jinx.

That jinx has subsequently been wrapped around the necks of Mr. Laemmle and his able lieutenants, the Cochrane brothers, and has caused them to wish fervently that they had left the spirit world alone.

In his weird story, Leroux set down an old legend of the Paris Opera House; it seemed that this magnificent temple of music, built on a grand scale by the lavish Emperor, Napoleon III, had once been haunted by a grim specter, who terrorized everyone within the opera house and, until finally driven from his deep cellar, made a general nuisance of himself. This character provided good material for spook melodrama on the screen.

The direction of "The Phantom" was entrusted to Rupert Julian, who had achieved recognition for his fine work in the completion of "Merry-Go-Round," and Lon Chaney, Mary Philbin and Norman King were cast in the principal rôles.

Then the energetic technical staff at Universal City set to work to recreate the Paris opera house, with its stage, its enormous auditorium, its gilded lobby and its five tiers of cellars complete. Having done this, Mr. Julian started shooting.

The production of "The Phantom of the Opera" was a terrific job, and for several months an enormous and expensive staff was concentrated on this one colossal enterprise.

Hordes of extras swarmed through the magnificent scenes; color photography was used; ballets were staged; the company was taken out on location for garden parties and duels; and through it all moved the shadow of the phantom—grim, sinister, oppressive.

At last Mr. Julian's work was finished. He was at liberty to pause for breath. The actors, camera-men, carpenters, electricians, continuity writers, cutters, editors, title writers and laboratory experts turned to other productions. "The Phantom of the Opera" was ready for release.

IT was at this point that the Phantom Jinx stalked into the executive offices of the Universal Corporation and started to add a few more gray hairs to the already silvery thatch of Carl Laemmle.

When "The Phantom of the Opera" was first shown at previews in and about Los Angeles, the critics who were called in to appraise it voiced a vehement desire for more comedy relief. "There's too much spook melodrama," said they. "Put in some gags to relieve the tension."

So Chester Conklin was hailed from the Sennett lot, and the picture went back into production with Conklin prominent in the cast. He contributed a great deal of monkey busi-

ness, and answered the demand for a few laughs. Then it was found that new sub-titles were needed, so one of the most reliable writers in Hollywood, Walter Anthony, was summoned.

Again "The Phantom" was completed, and sent to San Francisco for display. When it was shown there, it was received with some of the foggy chill for which that city is justly famed.

"There are some gorgeous scenes," was the opinion in Frisco, "But the story as a whole doesn't make sense."

Following this rather discouraging start, "The Phantom of the Opera" was crated and shipped to New York, where it was viewed by Mr. Laemmle, R. H. Cochrane and P. D. Cochrane, the officials of the organization.

AS a result, the film was turned over to a new staff of editors and cutters who proceeded to hack it into a new form, and new title-writers came in to account for the numerous revisions made in the continuity.

One of the elements that came out first was the comedy. Reversing completely the Los Angeles opinion, it was felt that the gags inserted at the eleventh hour merely clouded the issue. "The Phantom" was essentially a spook melodrama, in which there was no legitimate place for "belly laughs."

So Chester Conklin, and all his scenes, was put under the knife—and his ludicrous face does not appear at all in the finished picture. Another casualty was Ward Crane, who played an important part in the earlier sequences of the picture. All the garden parties and duels were removed and with them went Ward Crane. Thus two large salaries, and a great many incidental expenditures, were wasted.

At the last minute, "The Phantom" was again subjected to hasty revision, and whipped into final shape, so that Universal's foreign representative, James Bryson, could take the finished print to England for presentation.

Mr. Bryson had done wonders with "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" in Great Britain, and he had planned a tremendous promotion campaign for "The Phantom." Unfortunately, he planned a little bit too well.

He arranged for a military escort to accompany him and "The Phantom" from the dock in Southampton to London. His stunt worked beautifully, and occasioned a loud and painful squawk throughout the British press. An American movie person had insulted His Majesty's uniform! It was a frightful offense. British pride was heated to the boiling point, and scalded the unfortunate Mr. Bryson who, after all, had only done what any enterprising press agent would have done in his place.

As a result of this outrage, "The Phantom of the Opera" was boycotted by many exhibitors in England, and the picture was withdrawn from the British market.

It is possible, however, to write a happy ending to this tale of supernatural ill-luck. "The Phantom of the Opera" has finally reached the screen and is finding favor with the public. It may even turn into a bigger box-office hit than "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

It is improbable, however, that Carl Laemmle will make any further excursions into the spirit world. Ghosts are cantankerous creatures; they don't like publicity, they shrink from the spotlight.

Ghosts, therefore, do not belong in the motion picture industry.



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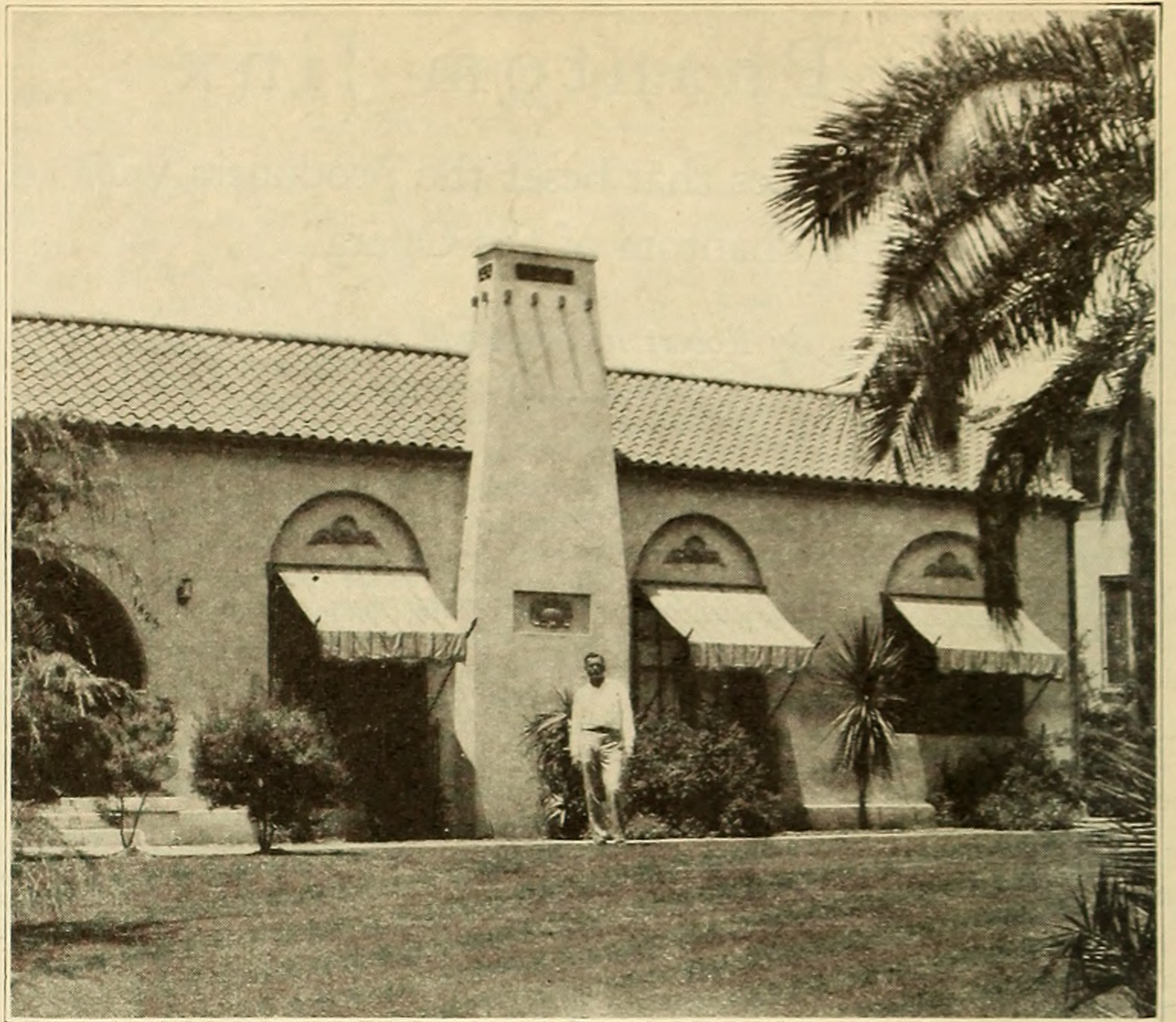
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A Top Rider

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

And along comes the love sequence and oh—how different. Buck, as all the ladies who gaze at pictures know, is a good looking bird.

There was a little red-headed fifteen year old girl with the show. She was some rider herself, later becoming a World's Champion. She would watch Buck do everything but recite poetry and talk about art in the movies on a horse's back. She had run away from home—which was the sticks of Pennsylvania. She used to go out in the meadows and coax the horses over near the fence and get on for a free ride. The neighbors would say to her folks—"Hi, there—if you don't keep that red-headed gal o' yours off our horses we'll fill her full o' buckshot."

Now how is a girl to express herself in a neighborhood like that? It just couldn't be done—so the girl ran away.

BUCK would watch the red-headed girl do her stuff. Now Buck is more bashful than a fellow who sells books on the installment plan. A social note.

Circus and western show girls are more carefully chaperoned than any others in the world. The little red-headed girl's chaperon was the nicest middle-aged lady. The little girl told her how lonely Buck must be on his horse and everything. No woman could resist an appeal like that. Besides, Buck would go around looking like the kid who'd lost his last stick of candy in a mucilage factory.

Now the chaperon's husband was the foreman over the riders. His name was D. V. Tantlinger. Well, of course, reader, you understand such things. Now "D. V.," as Buck calls him, is the foreman in charge of all the Buck Jones outfit in Hollywood—which consists of a hundred cowboys, horses, wagons, automobiles and other armies.

D. V. liked Buck overmuch. He's as quiet as dawn in the desert. One time he and Buck took a ride of a hundred miles. After they'd

gone ninety-eight miles they saw a farmer plowing corn with two buffaloes. D. V. looked and said—"Huh!"

Buck says—"Did you say something, D. V.?" D. V. repudiated him with—"Don't you talk so much, Buck—people won't like you."

But leave it to the red-headed girls. This one married Buck in Lima, Ohio, right after the show—and in the circus ring at that.

That's been longer ago than yesterday, and they have a little girl who can ride a horse like a collector for a dollar down house can a furniture van.

NOW, it's customary for circus people to keep open house. Buck and the red-headed girl own oodles of acres and a large Spanish house that has no doors on it. Whenever a circus hits town they have to go out to Buck's house and corral everybody before they can hold a parade.

And, oh, yes—we left Buck at Universal City. He had a dollar with him. His old time pal bummed him for half of that. The red-headed girl had the other four. Buck bucked the extra list for six months. He had no more pull than taffy on a frosty morning. Big, silent, fine-looking—he has the poise of mighty self-control. His strong chiseled face stood out even in pictures of western mob scenes.

Flop goes another ace on the table. William Farnum attended a picture show with William Fox—he saw Buck's face on the screen—"There's the making of a great western actor, Mr. Fox," says William to William. The shrewd handler of picture finance listened well.

A wire went west—Buck was given one small part and then another—and a small contract and then a larger—and the red-headed girl and the ten-dollar dog and the other little girl were gladder than glad—they bought a little ranch in the Lankershim Valley and raised two chickens and two rabbits and nine-hundred carloads of dust. The rabbits ate the chickens—I think

—and the dust blew all over Universal City and a nickel out of Carl Laemmle's pocket—and they didn't sell the ranch—and moved back to Hollywood.

Buck Jones got away from "westerns" in his last picture. He does a straight part similar to those made famous by Charlie Ray in his last picture—which is called "Lazy-bones."

And wise critics claim that Buck's work in the picture is equal to Ray's. Buck will go a long trail in pictures.

A red-headed girl still watches him. Besides there's a ten-dollar dog and another little girl to consider. And it takes a lot of water to keep the dust down on the Lankershim ranch.

Buck Jones has played the lead in such pictures as "Riders of the Purple Sage," "Rainbow Trail," "The Timber Wolf," "The Man Four Square," "The Bells of San Juan" and "The Square Shooter."

And the top-rider Buck met at Universal City is now Buck's assistant foreman. He assists D.V. He paid the fifty cents back Buck gave him. Buck bought a sprinkling can with it.

A great person is Buck—as talkative as "D.V."

Winners of Photoplay's Cut Puzzle Contest

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"THE BIG PARADE"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—From the story by Lawrence Stalling. Scenario by Harry Behn. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: *James Apperson*, John Gilbert; *Melisande*, Renee Adoree; *Justyn Reed*, Claire Adams; *Harry*, Robert Ober; *Mr. Apperson*, Hobart Bosworth; *Mrs. Apperson*, Claire McDowell; *French Mother*, Rosita Marstini; *Bull*, Tom O'Brien; *Flynn*, Carl Dane.

"THE SKYROCKET"—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.—From the novel by Adela Rogers St. Johns. Continuity and adaptation by Ben Glazer. Directed by Marshall Neilan. Photography by Dave Kesson. Prologue: *Rose Kimm*, Gladys Brockwell; *Edward Kimm*, Charles West; *Sherron Kimm*, Muriel McCormac; *Mickey*, Junior Coghlan. The cast: *Sherron Kimm*, Peggy Hopkins Joyce; *Mickey Reid*, Owen Moore; *Lucia Morgan*, Gladys Brockwell; *Mildred Ridout*, Paulette Duval; *Ruby Wright*, Lillian Tashman; *William Dvorak*, Earle Williams; *Sam Herldsfelt*, Bernard Randall; *Stanley Craig*, Arnold Gregg; *Peter Stanton*, Benny Hall; *Vladimir Sprogin*, Nick Dandau; *Morris Pincus*, Sammy Cohen; *Film Comedian*, Bull Montana; *Comedy Director*, Eddie Dillon; *Comedy Producer*, Hank Mann; *Sherron's Secretary*, Joan Standing; *Wardrobe Mistress*, Eugenie Besserer.

"THE KING ON MAIN STREET"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by G. A. de Caillavet, Robert de Flers and Samuel Arene. Adaptation by Douglas Doty. Directed by Monta Bell. The cast: *Serge IV, King of Molvania*, Adolphe Menjou; *Gladys Humphreys*, Bessie Love; *Terese Manix*, Greta Nissen; *John Rockland*, Oscar Shaw; *Arthur Trent*, Joseph Kilgour; *Jensen*, Edgar Norton; *Count Krenko*, Mario Marjeroni; *Mrs. Nash*, Carlotta Monterey; *Aunt Tabitha Humphreys*, Marcia Harris; *Bourdier*, Edouard Durand.

"THE EAGLE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—Based on the story by Alexander Pushkin. Scenario by Hans Kraly. Directed by Clarence Brown. Photography by George Barnes and Dev. Jennings. The cast: *Vladimir Dubrovsky*, Rudolph Valentino; *Mascha Trockouff*, Vilma Banky; *The Czarina*, Louise Dresser; *Euschka*, Albert Conti; *Kyrylla Trockouff*, James Marcus; *Judge*, George Nichols; *Aunt Aurelia*, Carrie Clark Ward.

"CLASSIFIED"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Edna Ferber. Scenario by June Mathis. Directed by Al Santell. The cast: *Babs Comet*, Corinne Griffith; *Lloyd Whiting*, Jack Mulhall; *Spencer Clark*, Ward Crane; *Mart Comet*, Carroll Nye; *Old Man Comet*, Charles Murray; *"Maw" Comet*, Edythe Chapman; *Jeannette Comet*, Jacqueline Wells; *Weinstein*, George Sidney; *Bernstein*, Bernard Randall.

"LORD JIM"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Joseph Conrad. Adaptation by John Russell. Directed by Victor Fleming. Photography by Faxon Dean. The cast: *Lord Jim*, Percy Marmont; *Jewel*, Shirley Mason; *Captain Brown*, Noah Beery; *Cornelius*, Raymond Hatton; *Stein*, Joseph Dowling; *Dain Waris*, George Magrill; *Sultan*, Nick de Ruiz; *Scoggins*, J. Gunnis Davis; *Yankee Joe*, Jules Cowles; *Tamb Itam*, Duke Kahanamoku.

"SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE"—PARAMOUNT.—Based on the George M. Cohan play and the novel by Earl Derr Biggers. Scenario by Frank Griffin. Directed by Fred Newmeyer. Photography by Jack Mackenzie. The cast: *William H. Magee*, Douglas Mac-

Lean; *Mary Norton*, Edith Roberts; *J. K. Norton*, Anders Randolph; *Bentley*, Crauford Kent; *Bland*, Ned Sparks; *The Hermit*, William Orlamonde; *Cargan*, Wade Boteler; *Lou Max*, Edwin Sturgis.

"THE BEAUTIFUL CITY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Original scenario by Edmund Goulding. Directed by Kenneth Webb. The cast: *Tony Gillardi*, Richard Barthelmess; *Mollie*, Dorothy Gish; *Nick Di Silva*, William Powell; *Carlo Gillardi*, Frank Puglia; *Mamma Gillardi*, Florence Auer.

"THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY"—PROD. DIST. CORP.—From the play by Beulah Marie Dix and E. G. Sutherland. Adaptation by Jeanie MacPherson and Beulah Marie Dix. Directed by Cecil B. De Mille. The cast: *Kenneth Paulton*, Joseph Schildkraut; *Malena Paulton*, Jetta Goudal; *Beth Tyrell*, Vera Reynolds; *Jack Moreland*, William Boyd; *Dolly Foules*, Julia Faye; *Adrian Tompkins*, Casson Ferguson; *Harriett Tyrell*, Trixie Friganza; *Hugh Armstrong*, Clarence Burton; *Anne Vener*, Josephine Norman; *Watt Earnshaw*, Charles West.

"THE CLASH OF THE WOLVES"—WARNER BROTHERS.—Story by Charles A. Logue. Adapted by Charles A. Logue. Directed by Noel Smith. Photography by Joe Walker. The cast: *Lobs (Leader of Wolves)*, Rin-Tin-Tin; *Mary Barstowe*, June Marlowe; *Dave Weston*, Charles Farrell; *Alkali Bill*, Heine Conklin; *Sam Barstowe*, Will Walling; *Borax Horton*, Pat Hartigan.

"LIGHTS OF OLD BROADWAY"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Based on the stage play by Laurence Eyre. Adapted by Carey Wilson. Directed by Monta Bell. The cast: *Fely*, Marion Davies; *Anne*, Marion Davies; *Dirk De Rhondo*, Conrad Nagel; *Lambert De Rhondo*, Frank Currier; *Andy*, George K. Arthur; *Shamus O'Tandy*, Charles McHugh; *Mrs. O'Tandy*, Eleanor Lawson; *Mrs. De Rhondo*, Julia Swayne Gordon; *Baby Blue*, Mathew Betz; *Fowler*, Wilbur Higbee.

"THE BEST PEOPLE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the stage play by David Grey and Avery Hopwood. Adaptation by Bernard McConville. Directed by Sidney Olcott. The cast: *Henry Morgan*, Warner Baxter; *Alice O'Neil*, Esther Ralston; *Mrs. Lenox*, Kathlyn Williams; *Bronson Lenox*, Edwards Davis; *Arthur Rockmere*, William Austin; *George Grafton*, Larry Steers; *Millie Montgomery*, Margaret Livingston; *Bertie Lenox*, Joseph Striker; *Marian Lenox*, Margaret Morris; *Taxi Driver*, Ernie Adams.

"THE NEW COMMANDMENT"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Col. Frederick Palmer. Adapted by Sada Cowan and Howard Higgin. Directed by Howard Higgin. The cast: *Rene Darcourt*, Blanche Sweet; *Billy Morrow*, Ben Lyon; *William Morrow*, Holbrook Blinn; *Mrs. Parr*, Clare Eames; *Marquise de la Salle*, Effie Shannon; *Countess Stoll*, Dorothy Cumming; *Picard*, Pedro De Cordova; *Red*, George Cooper; *Ethel*, Diana Kane; *Henri Darcourt*, Lucius Henderson.

"LAZYBONES"—WILLIAM FOX.—From the play by Owen Davis. Scenario by Frances Marion. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Lazybones*, Charles (Buck) Jones; *Kit*, Madge Bellamy; *Mrs. Tuttle*, Edythe Chapman; *Dick Ritchie*, Leslie Fenton; *Agnes Fanning*, ZaSu Pitts; *Mrs. Fanning*, Emily Fitzroy; *Elmer Ballister*, William Norton Bailey; *Kit as a child*, Virginia Marshall.

"NEW BROOMS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the stage play by Frank Craven. Adaptation by Clara Beranger. Directed by William de Mille. The cast: *Thomas Bates, Jr.*, Neil Hamilton; *Geraldine Marsh*, Bessie Love; *Florence Levering*, Phyllis Haver; *Thomas Bates, Sr.*, Robert McWade; *Williams*, Fred Walton; *Margaret*, Josephine Crowell; *George Morrow*, Larry Steers; *Kneeland*, James Neill.

"GO WEST"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Buster Keaton. Directed by Buster Keaton. Photography by Elgin Lessley and Bert Haines. The cast: *The Drifter*, Buster Keaton; *Owner of the Diamond Bar Ranch*, Howard Truesdale; *His Daughter*, Kathleen Myers; *A. Bovine*, Brown Eyes.

"THE ANCIENT HIGHWAY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by James Oliver Curwood. Adapted by James S. Hamilton and Eve Unsell. Directed by Irvin Willat. The cast: *Cliff Brant*, Jack Holt; *Antoinette St. Ives*, Billie Dove; *Ivan Hurd*, Montagu Love; *Gaspard St. Ives*, Stanley Taylor; *John Denis*, Lloyd Whitlock; *Ambrose*, William A. Carroll; *Angel Fanchon*, Marjorie Bonner; *George Bolden*, Christian J. Frank.

"OLD CLOTHES"—Produced under the personal supervision of Jack Coogan, Sr. From the story by Willard Mack. Directed by Eddie Cline. Photography by Frank B. Good. The cast: *Max Ginsberg*, Max Davidson; *Mrs. Burke*, Lillian Elliott; *Mary Riley*, Joan Crawford; *Nathan Burke*, Alan Forrest; *Dapper Dan*, James Mason; *The Adjuster*, Stanton Heck; *"Dynamite"*, A. Horse; *Timothy Kelly*, Jackie Coogan.

"ROSE OF THE WORLD"—WARNER BROTHERS.—From the novel by Kathleen Norris. Adapted by Dorothy Farnum. Directed by Harry Beaumont. Photography by David Abel. The cast: *Rose Kirby*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Jack Talbot*, Alan Forrest; *Edith Rogers*, Pauline Garon; *Clyde Bainbridge*, Rockliffe Fellowes; *Cecilia Kirby*, Barbara Luddy; *"Gramp" Tallifer*, Alec Francis; *Mrs. John Talbot*, Helen Dunbar; *Mrs. Kirby*, Lydia Knott; *The Boy*, Edward Piel, Jr.; *Sally Towsey*, Carrie Clarke Ward.

"COMPROMISE"—WARNER BROTHERS. From the novel by Jay Gelzer. Adapted by E. T. Lowe, Jr. Directed by Alan Crosland. Photography by David Abel. The cast: *Joan Trevore*, Irene Rich; *Alan Thayer*, Clive Brook; *Hilda*, Louise Fazenda; *Nathalie*, Pauline Garon; *Cholly*, Raymond McKee; *Aunt Catherine*, Helen Dunbar; *Joan's Father*, Winter Hall; *James (Alan's Best Man)*, Lynn Cowan; *Commodore Smithson*, Edward Martindal; *Ole*, Frank Butler; *Nathalie (six years old)*, Muriel Frances Dana.

"THE OTHER WOMAN'S STORY"—B. P. SCHULBERG.—Story by Peggy Gaddis. Adapted by John Goodrich. Directed by B. F. Stanley. The cast: *Mrs. Colby*, Alice Calhoun; *Jean Prentiss*, Helen Lee Worthing; *The Judge*, David Torrence; *Colby's Maid*, Riza Royce; *District Attorney*, Charles Clary; *Colman Colby*, Robert Frazer; *Robert Marshall*, Mahlon Hamilton; *Gertie Van*, Gertrude Short; *Marshall's Cook*, Joan Standing; *Defense Counsel*, Joseph W. Girard.

"SCANDAL STREET"—ARROW PICTURES CORP.—From the story by Frank R. Adams. Directed by Whitman Bennett. The cast: *Sheila Kane*, Madge Kennedy; *Harrison Halliday*, Niles Welch; *Neil Keeley*, Niles Welch; *Howard Manning*, Edwin August; *Julian Lewis*, Coit Albertson; *Cora May Foreman*, Louise Carter; *Pat O'Malley*, J. Moy Bennett.

"THE GOLD HUNTERS"—DAVIS DIST. DIV. INC.—From the story by James Oliver Curwood. Directed by Paul Hurst. The cast: *Roderick Drew*, David Butler; *Minnitake*,



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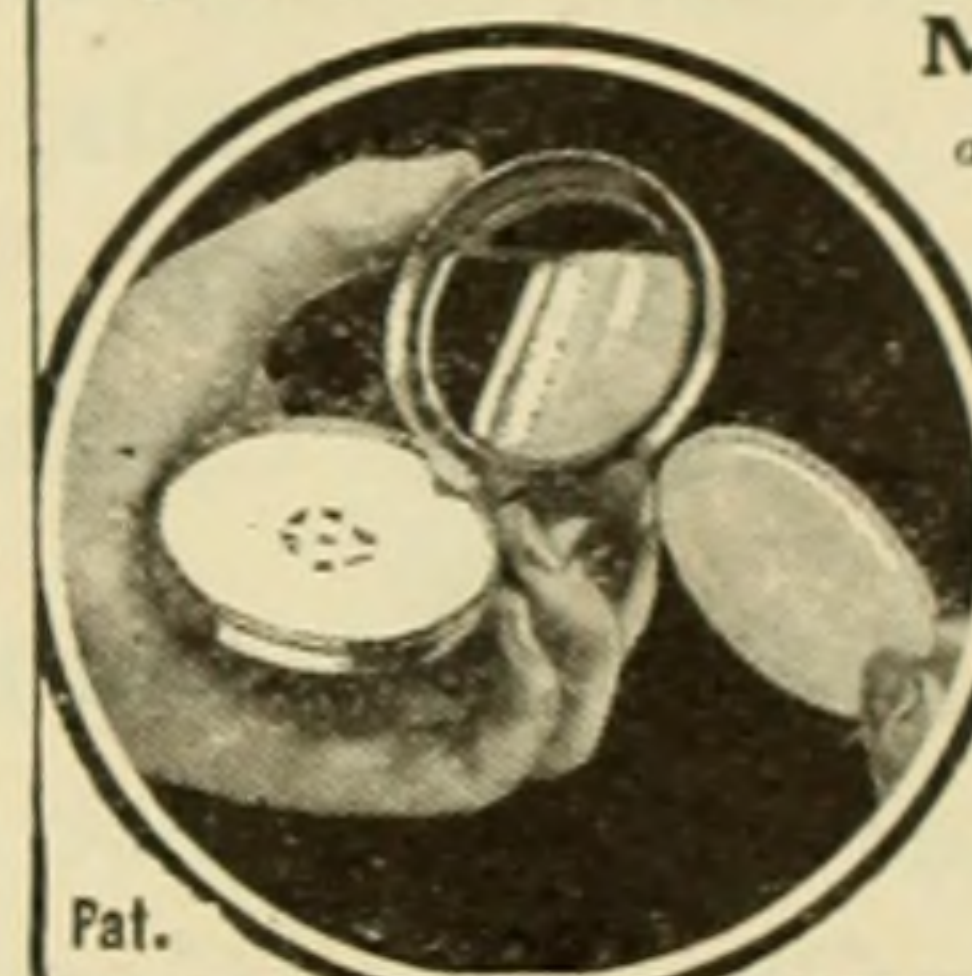
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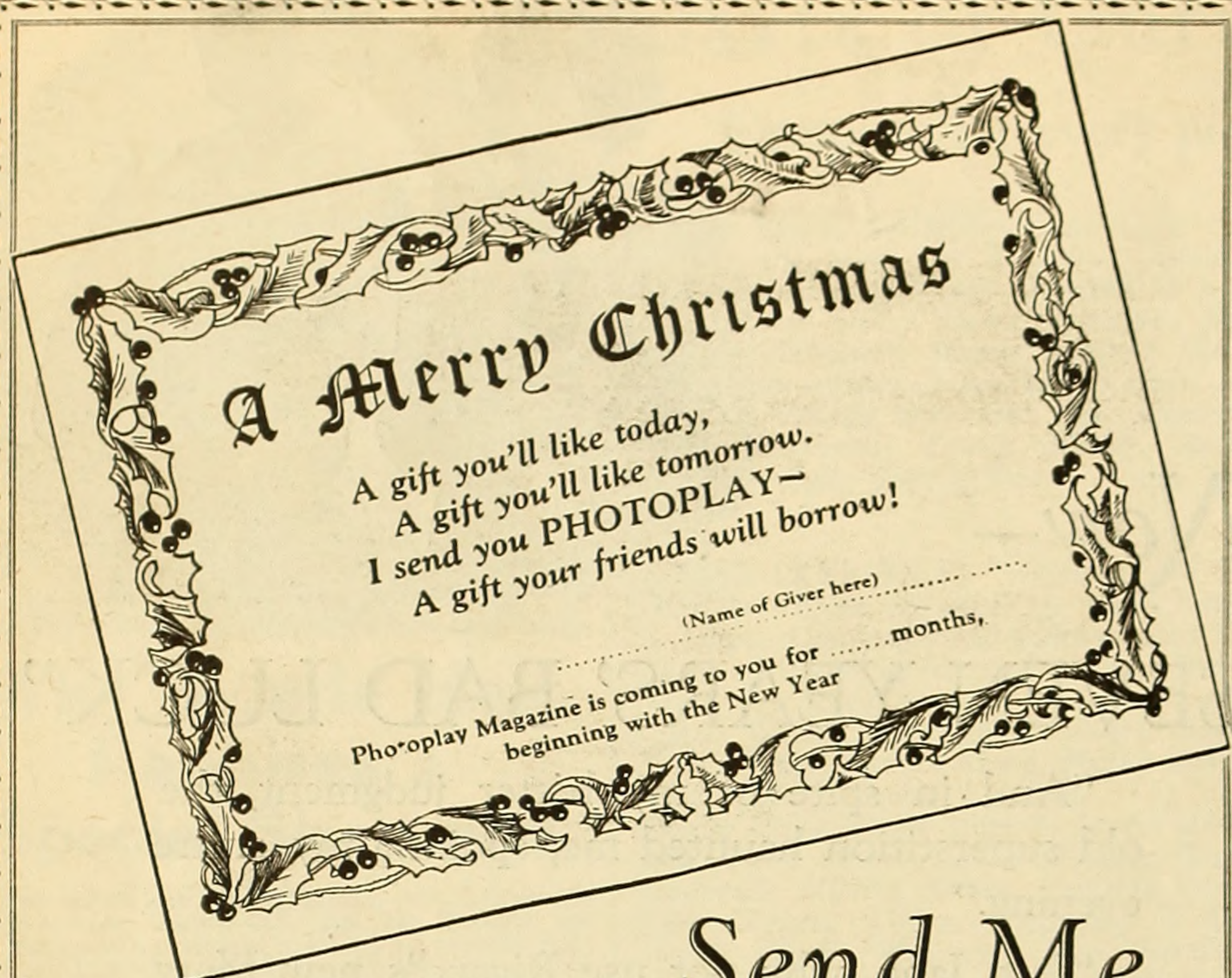
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"THE WALL STREET WHIZ"—F. B. O.—Story and continuity by James Bell Smith. Directed by Jack Nelson. Photography by William Marshall. The cast: *Richard Butler*, Richard Talmadge; *Peggy Bingham*, Marceline Day; *Mrs. Bingham*, Lillian Langdon; *Mr. Bingham*, Carl Miller; "Aunty" Jones, Belle Bennett.

"TRIPLE ACTION"—UNIVERSAL.—Story and continuity by Tom Gibson. Directed by Tom Gibson. Photography by William H. Thornley. The cast: *Dave Mannion*, Pete Morrison; *Doris Clayton*, Trilby Clark; *Donna Mendez*, Dolores Gardner; *Don Pio Mendez*, Lafayette McKee; *Pancho*, Harry Belmour; *Servant*, Floyd Ames; *Bandits*, Leon Kent, Walter Patterson; *Eric Prang*, Harry Von Meter; *Scapy MacGonigal*, Milburn Morante; *Chief of Rangers*, Fred Burns; *Assistant Chief*, Ted Oliver; *Dick Clayton*, Chas. King; *Deputy Ranger*, Chas. Barton.

"THREE PALS"—DAVIS. DIST. DIV. INC.—Story by L. V. Jefferson. Directed by Wilbur F. McGaugh. The cast: *Betty Girard*, Marilyn Mills; *Uncle Luke*, Martin Turner; *Col. Jefferson*, Joseph Swickard; *Major Peter Wingate*, William H. Turner; *Larry Wingate*, Walter Emerson; *Cal Hutton*, James McLaughlin.

"HIDDEN LOOT"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by William J. Neidig. Scenario by Harry Dittmars. Directed by Robert North Bradbury. Photography by William Nobles. The cast: *Craner (Slipper Tongue)*—Jack Hoxie; *Anna Hones*, Live Hasbrouck; *Dick Hones*, Edward Cecil; "Big Bill" Angus, Jack Kenny; *Buck*, Buck Conners; *Manning*, Bert De Marc; *Jordan*, Charles Brinley.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

ROSE OF THE WORLD—Warner Bros.

IN spite of sincere performances by an excellent cast, this story fails to be convincing. You know 'way in advance where everybody is heading, and why.

Patsy Ruth Miller is jilted by Alan Forrest, whose father swindled her grandfather. Alan marries the wrong girl and Patsy Ruth marries the other fellow. She finds the missing papers that establish her grandfather's claims, one husband and one wife die, and Miss Miller and Mr. Forrest are reunited.

COMPROMISE—Warner Brothers

IT'S not the fault of the players if this bores you, neither is the director to blame, although in spots the direction leaves something to be desired through many improbabilities. Take, for instance, that terrible cyclone scene. We'll place the responsibility upon the story—that's how considerate we are. Again, Irene Rich suffers through six reels as the neglected lady who refuses to be compromised. The others in the cast—Clive Brook and Pauline Garon.

THE OTHER WOMAN'S STORY—Schulberg

A SUPPOSED-TO-BE mystery murder story. The picture is presented in real old-fashioned manner. So much so that it becomes very tiresome. A murder is committed,

and during the trial, as each witness is called, there are continual flashbacks—this constitutes the whole picture—and with the constant jumping back and forth it is only natural that one would lose interest.

SCANDAL STREET—Arrow

HERE is a picture that will appeal to all fans because of the studio atmosphere throughout the picture. It will prove to be interesting to all who are anxious to know just what happens behind the scenes. The plot deals with the married life of a movie actress and her husband, who are both starred by the same company. Madge Kennedy and Niles Welch head the cast.

THE GOLD HUNTERS— Davis Distributing

ANOTHER of the James Oliver Curwood's famous stories of the wide open spaces. The plot is fairly interesting and is filled with plenty of action and melodrama. A trapper finds a mine map and while trying to locate the mine is followed by adventurers. Of course, the hero battles them off, finds the mine, etc., etc.

THE WALL STREET WHIZ—F. B. O.

ABOUT the worst Richard Talmadge vehicle we have ever seen. An absurd story tops it off—then the rôle that Talmadge essays

does not call for the gymnastics that he goes through. Hence the picture is quite ridiculous. However, we can safely say it will prove a winner with the boys—they're easy to please.

TRIPLE ACTION—Universal

ENOUGH action in this Blue Streak Western to make three pictures. There's all sorts of fights, rides to the rescue, aeroplane flights and a parachute jump. What else can one ask for? All about a sheriff who loses his badge because of the diseased cattle being driven over his patrol. He gets his man, saves the heroine, and decides to call it a day.

THREE PALS—Davis Distributing

AN uninteresting story starring Marilyn Mills. Why she is starred still remains a problem in our mind. She's not the least bit attractive and as far as acting . . . Again, two very clever horses are featured, but some of the supposedly clever acts the animals do show signs of careless direction. Nevertheless, it may please you, but we hope not.

HIDDEN LOOT—Universal

A STRAIGHTFORWARD story, featuring Jack Hoxie, told with plenty of punch. All about a deputy who overshadows a gang of crooks, proves his innocence to the girl of his heart and—the end. Only for the youngsters.

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

crazy about them. But why don't you do a sex story some time?"

THE following, I feel, deserve a Merrie Christmas and a Happy New Year in the name of humanity, and accordingly I lift a glass to—

Marcus Loew because he's the most lavish patron of art since Pope Julius wrote checks for Michelangelo, for it was from Mr. Loew's pen that "The Four Horsemen" flowed, "Ben Hur," "The Big Parade" and all the glorious Ingram pictures, and because, for all this, he maintains simplicity, kindness and an open floor and is the only person connected with notion pictures whom I've ever heard say, "I don't know a great deal about pictures."

D. W. Griffith, because he's the little father of the motion picture and because his frayededora and open-faced watch testify to the fact that he's the only one who has practiced art for art's sake.

Rex Ingram because he discovered the finest actor, married the wittiest woman and made the most beautiful pictures.

Charlie Chaplin because he is the motion picture.

Joseph Schenck because he has done right by our Norma and by everyone else who ever had dealing with him, and because, therefore, he is becoming the greatest producing figure in Hollywood.

Adolph Zukor because from the first he has been able to keep his standard flying while all the rest went down to dust.

Harold Lloyd because as a comedian and producer he keeps the world's digestion fit and because as a man his character is ever great enough to meet his achievements.

James R. Quirk because he is the official ragoman to pictures, has all the eccentricities of genius, and pays me money.

Ernst Lubitsch because he illumined the genius of Pola and made two of our finest pictures, and because he's a genius even when throwing confetti for Warner Bros.

Mabel Normand because she is a genius with the greatest heart in the world.

Ramon Novarro because he has genius as an

actor and musician, and with it the character of a shining knight, but especially because he supplies me with copy, is the best travelling companion since D'Artagnan and does Ed Wynn, Patricola, Fanny Brice, Harold Lloyd, Alice Terry, Rex Ingram and Ramon Novarro better than they do themselves.

Pola Negri because though she's playing good women in bad pictures she has the character and the genius to reform and become once more a bad woman in good pictures.

Marion Davies because for all the extolling of her talent and beauty, her shining quality is good sportsmanship.

Alice Terry because she glorifies Rex Ingram's pictures and, off screen, contributes wit and wisdom to their creation, and because she does the same for this page—when she's on the job.

Corinne Griffith because she has been elected the most beautiful woman on earth by a just tribunal and because she's just as charming.

Vilma Banky because she is the most precious find since Pola.

Lillian Gish because she makes me weep with her and not for her and because therefore she is the greatest of tragediennes.

Antonio Moreno because he is a gentleman, a cavalier, and the first of the Latins, and because in "Mare Nostrum" he at last has a chance to prove the fine actor he is.

Douglas Fairbanks because he keeps making them bigger and better without shouting that he's going to.

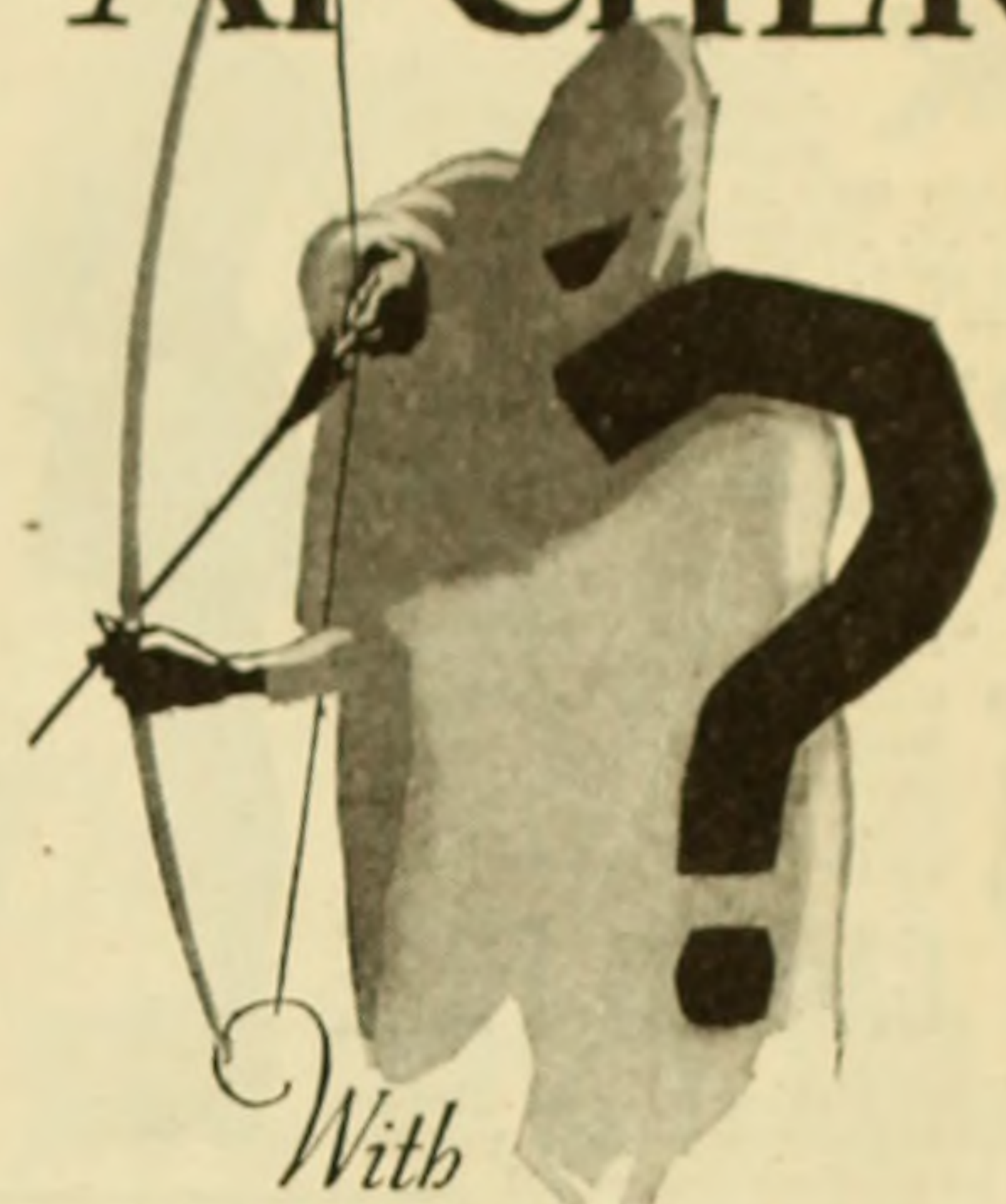
Mary Pickford because her character, talent and wisdom have earned her the longest record of any star in pictures.

Jesse L. Lasky because he's leaving it up to the director to do his best or worst, and because though he's no more beautiful than other producers, he's easily the easiest to see.

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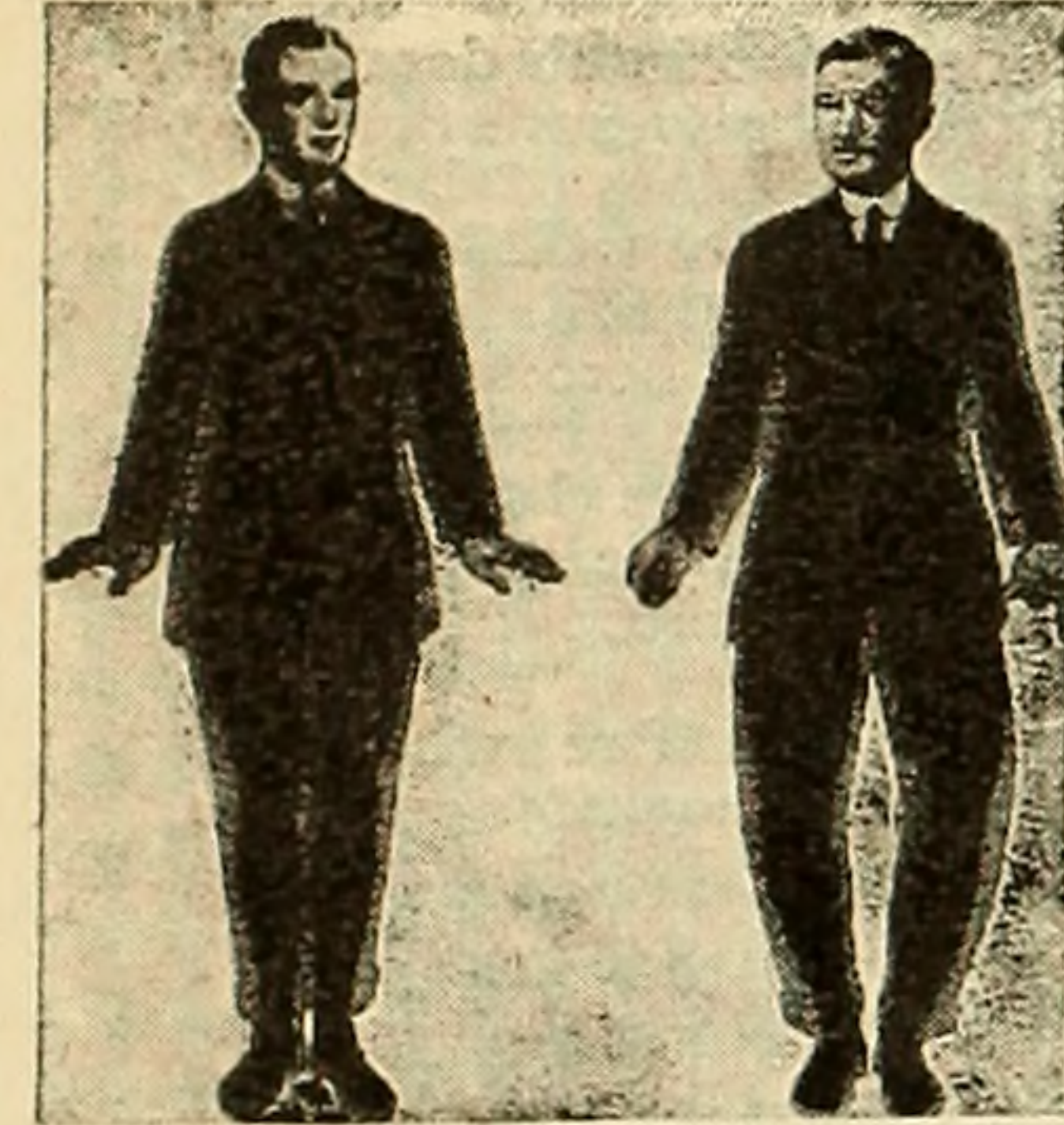
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Norma Talmadge because she's the wife of Joseph Schenck and vice versa, and will spend every dollar down to her last million to make a fine picture, and because my mother insists that I say she is the screen's most charming actress.

Richard Barthelmess because of *Tol'able David* and *Cheng Huan* and other fine characters and because as an actor and producer he radiates intelligence, breeding and sincerity.

Charles Ray because as a producer he sank on the *Mayflower* trying to stage a come-back for the pilgrim fathers, and because he's so great as an actor that he's coming to the top again.

King Vidor, because he has never made a bad picture and because, with "The Big Parade," he achieves the level of greatness.

John Gilbert, because some years ago he was blacklisted by the eminent producers for refusing to play bum parts, and because, instead of starving to death according to their wishes, he fought his way to the present enormous popularity.

Emil Jannings, because I've never seen him do anything that wasn't great, and especially because of the portrait he gave the world of Henry VIII.

Alice Joyce because she has come back to the screen and signed to star for Lasky, and because she is one of those charming people.

Raymond Hatton, because he and Wally Beery in "Behind the Front" are going to justify the war for humor's sake, and because he's the husband of a great artist named Frances Hatton who decorated my beach cabin for charity's sake.

May Allison, because she is an almost unbelievable combination of beauty, wit, and gameness, and because she had the nerve to spend two years away from the screen, globe trotting, to enlarge her vision beyond Hollywood Boulevard, and because she has made a great come-back in "The Viennese Medley."

Willis Goldbeck, because he is the greatest

scenario writer since Shakespeare, and because he is about to lend his superior intelligence to the direction of pictures.

Malcolm McGregor, because he's easily the leadingest of leading men and the best company in the world with the exception of his wife.

Adela Rogers St. Johns, because she is Our Adela and yet made good, and because she is the only great writer I ever saw with beautiful legs.

Ivan St. Johns, because he has made good as a writer, a politician and Western editor for PHOTOPLAY, but more especially because he has succeeded at the well-nigh superhuman task of managing Our Adela.

Malcolm St. Clair, because he made great slapsticks for Sennett, a great actor of Rintin-tin for Warner Brothers, and now is making fine productions for St. Clair, Lasky, Zukor and General Public.

Richard Dix, because he keeps batting them higher and higher, and because he's regular without being sappo.

Raymond Griffith, because he is funnier in a silk hat than a congressman and that's as funny as can be.

Barbara La Marr, because everyone who knows her can speak of her sincerity and kindness, and because during her illness she worked when she had to be carried onto the stage.

Adolphe Menjou, because, like Ernest Torrence, he's a bad man who has made good, and because he puts into his work the skill and subtlety that goes into champagne.

Bull Montana, because he never makes me sick no matter how many quarts he brings me, and because he's probably the most beautiful man on earth, beauty being as beauty does.

ALL the Christmas packages have now been distributed and if there is any little boy or girl who has not received one he may step around to Rev. Howe's parsonage after church and mix one for himself.

A Beautiful \$1,000 Living Room

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

of beautiful walnut, but neglected and unpolished. They might have escaped the eye of the casual buyer, but not that of the ambitious shopper. With a little oil rubbed in them at the studio, they made fitting stands for the Chinese jars.

The Queen Anne chests, on either side of the fireplace, are modern, but I needed them to key in the covered Queen Anne chair with the rest of the room. Similarly I ordered the Italian walnut desk, which holds the telephone, to make the commodes feel they had companionship.

At least one straight, hard chair should be in every drawing room. For we all know people who remain formal under all circumstances. In the corner you can see the \$25 chair I got for such folks.

Not desiring a period room, I lighted it by the use of the peasant china lamp with its gay pleated chintz shade. Incidentally the peasant influence is a marked one today and has high artistic value.

In an old house which was being redecorated I made my final purchase of the rayon damask hangings edged in gold fringe. They were \$50 the pair.

All these things, of course, were discovered in odd corners of that great market, New York City. Yet almost every American city is quite as productive of bargains as Manhattan, if you will only shop for them.

But then, I don't need to tell women that. You already know all about it.

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Hangings.....	50
2 Chinese bowls.....	10
Pair of Italian commodes.....	125
Copy of Italian desk.....	45
Dutch silver cigarette boxes and ash trays.....	20
Andirons.....	10
Chinese temple jars.....	30
2 English prints.....	15
Copies of Queen Anne chests..	100
2 vases.....	10
Straight backed chair.....	25
Lamp base.....	20
Shade.....	10
Curtains for French doors....	10
	\$1,000

Mr. Chapman's articles on home decoration appear every month in PHOTOPLAY. They contain invaluable information.

Some Jane

By Richard Cruse

SAID Janet Earth to her husband Joe
 "This marriage duel is much too slow.
 To Hollywood is not so far,
 I've decided to become a star!"

Poor henpecked Joe said not a word,
 Of what he thought is best not heard!
 He saw her leave—as in a daze,
 Well bitten with the Movie craze.

Then in a trance she made the trip;
 Fame's nectar she would surely sip.
 "My temperament bids me aim high,"
 She spoke with pathos and a sigh.

How fickle are the ways of Fate;
 She came back to the garden gate.
 Joe held her close and whispered, "Jane,
 Welcome back to Earth again."

Ronald Talks at Last

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

chance at a juvenile rôle with a very prominent English actress. It was only a chance, though, nothing set about it. And all the time there was my uncle waiting. I wrote out to him for a job and I said to myself, 'I'll take whichever comes first. I'll make fate decide for me.' The day before I got a reply from him, I got my opportunity at the theater."

He stopped talking to eat busily. It was two o'clock, but the meal was, for him, breakfast. "I was tremendously lucky," he continued, "and for a couple of years I was by way of being a small hit. I must have been a pretty terrible person in those days, for I can remember being inordinately proud of myself. Then suddenly came one of those awful seasons which the theater frequently strikes in London and I couldn't get a thing. I did the weary rounds day after day. I got a chance at a couple of English movies, but those two engagements were separated by months. They gave me the idea to come here and try my luck at American films.

"I was able to secure letters of introduction to people in the movie colony here and I jaunted across very confidently. I arrived during that season that all the studios were closed. Everyone to whom I presented my letters was out of work. So was I for a long, long time. I couldn't get a thing.

"Here I was, stranded in America. I turned to the speaking stage. I didn't know a soul in that end of the theatrical business. But without introductions, or with them, I couldn't get anything there, either.

"I lived obscurely. I had almost no money. I knew no one. I was miles from my home and so lonely it was nearly unendurable."

"It was most awfully good for me," Ronald Colman said. "We all ought to get some such trial by fire. When one comes up too suddenly, as I did, gets success too easily, it is a fine thing if life kicks you back to your place again. Then if you get up once more, you know it is simply because life is letting you get away with murder for a little while, and not because of any marvelous talent you have over the rank and file."

I sat very still while his dark eyes looked far out beyond the walls of the Ritz, far out beyond that afternoon, out into the past.

"EVENTUALLY, however, I got a few parts offered me," he continued. "They were almost without exception in plays that rehearsed three weeks, played one in Atlantic City and then retired to the storehouse. I did several seasons of that, enough to keep me alive and nothing more. Finally I got the part of the heavy in 'La Tendresse,' which Henry Miller brought to Broadway. That got me my opportunity in 'The White Sister.'"

"Rising rapidly to the point of racing with Jack Gilbert for the title of the great lover of the screen," I said.

He shrugged and his eyes were mocking mocking himself as much as me.

"I have argued with my producer against advertising me as a 'magnetic lover,'" he said. "I dislike that. I think it creates a prejudice against an actor, a title like that.

"PERSONALITY is the whole thing on the screen. I know that. But I wish it were possible for people to admire me for, shall I say, my artistry instead of liking me for my personality, or the way I kiss somebody.

"I think Mr. Goldwyn's idea is that in about a year I may be ready for stardom," he replied to my question. "But there is a clause in my contract, not that I shall be starred at a certain time, but that I shall not be starred without my knowledge and consent. No matter what one's box office strength is, it is too dangerous to be made a star to hurry about it. I'd rather take my time. Then I won't have to fall so hard when the fans let me down.

"I'm not so terribly ambitious, anyway. I am not one of those chaps who want to play Hamlet. I'd like to earn a hundred thousand dollars and invest it. That would give one a hundred dollars a week interest, you know. Then if you demanded luxuries, you'd have to work for them. The only thing is that I don't know whether one would lose his ambition, if he had a hundred a week without working for it. I'm extremely suspicious that I'd never stir from an easy chair again, but that instead I'd lie there dreaming."

I remarked that from the Hollywood viewpoint, a hundred a week was almost poverty.

"Hollywood is the most physical city in the world" he said. "I don't mean sex alone. Take athletics. They all go in for them. Fine things, of course, but entirely physical. And they all have motor cars and extreme luxury. Their homes are burdened down with it."

It was noticeable that he always said "they" when speaking of other movie people, as though realizing that subconsciously he is not a part of the Hollywood mind.

"I love California," he commented. "Its beauty, its warmth, its color. But it is almost impossible not to lose your perspective out there. There is something of the tropics about it, I suppose.

"When I finish a picture, or whenever I can get a vacation, I go away. Down to the sea, usually, but at any rate, to some wild spot where I can be alone with my books and my dog."

His charming brown eyes were upon me. "If one has his books and his dog, he can keep his head anywhere," Ronald Colman said.

I watched him disappear in a taxicab. It was pouring rain and very cold, but I didn't know it.

I had made Ronald Colman talk. I had done it with my little questions.

I could have licked my weight in vampires.



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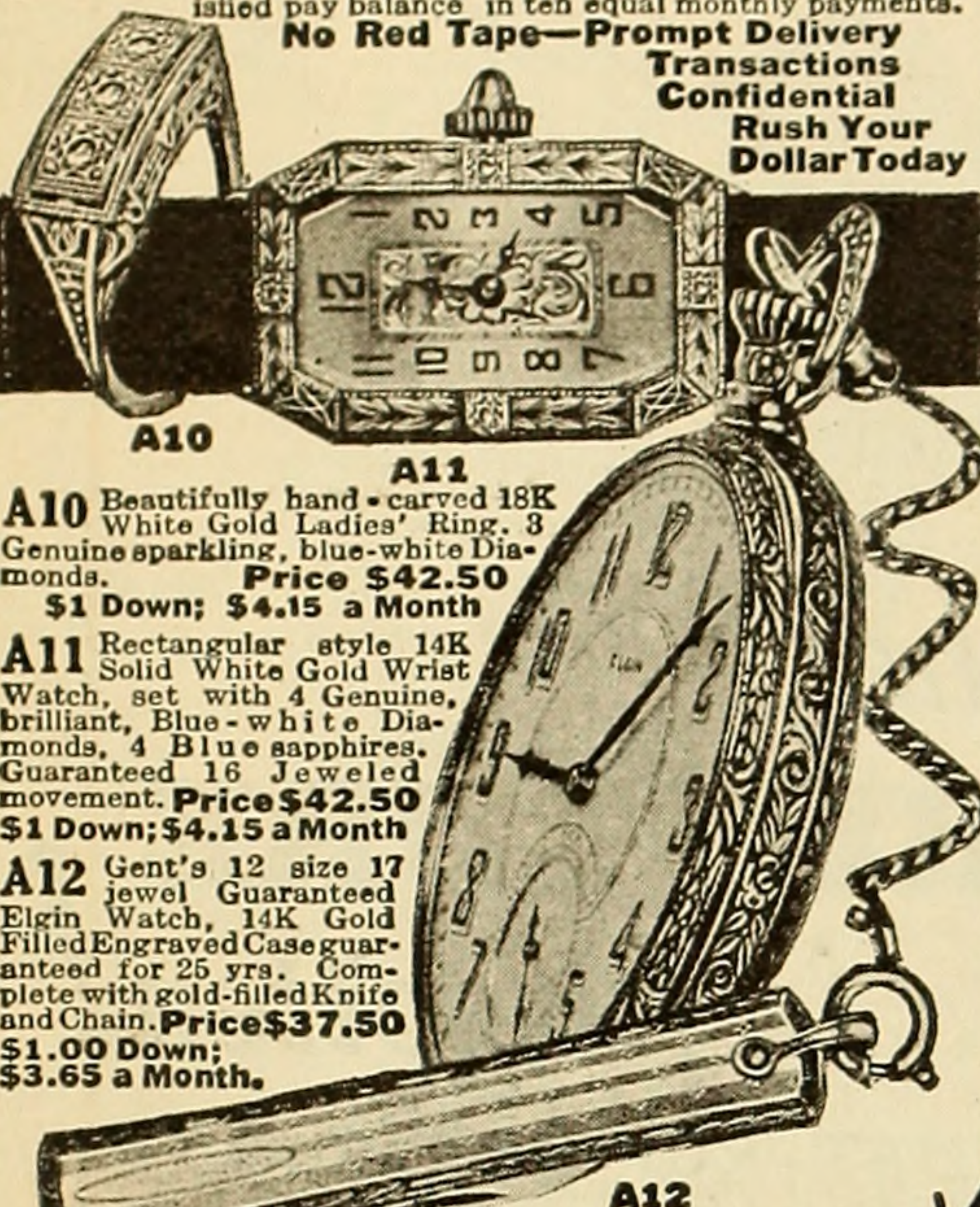
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FRIENDLY ADVICE

From
Carolyn Van Wyck

NEARLY a dozen letters have come to me this month all on the same subject—the married man who flirts. Invariably he seems to be an older man and the girl involved in the flirtation a youngster. Almost always his approach to her sympathy is the same—he wants the girl's advice, she understands so well, she is so lovely. He sighs—if he had only waited. And too often it results in the girl, who desires love, accepting a sorry substitute.

It is such an old, old story. Yet when I find letters begging for advice on such problems, I realize it needs retelling.

This is a problem which modern life and its freedom is complicating. Modern wives do go about with men other than their husbands. Married men go about with other women. It has a certain charm, this social freedom, and a very definite danger. Where the partners in a happy home indulge in such friendships, no harm may be done anyone. But where the two members of an unhappy marriage go about seeking sympathy and listening ears, it is extremely dangerous. Some silly little girl, thrilled by such attention, may unwittingly find herself occupying the distasteful position of being "the other woman."

Marital bliss doesn't exist in every home in this country. We all know that, unfortunately. The proportion of divorces, the number of remarriages is too high to be ignored. Men do give up one wife and find another and sometimes all parties are happier than formerly.

Sometimes, but very rarely. I cannot emphasize too strongly the dangers I feel lie in the pathway of the girl who starts any sort of a friendship with a man bound to another woman.

The predatory male, the man who kisses and doesn't tell his wife, is usually a subtle flatterer. He knows how much a young girl likes to regard herself as a pool of wisdom and understanding. He knows the lure the clandestine has for her and the high adventure there seems to be in going against the accepted conventions.

Let me counsel you never to trust a man who wants you to sneak about with him. Don't deliberately cheapen yourself by being put in such a false position. If he tells you you can not afford to be seen with him because he is married, he is telling you no less than the truth.

You should not go anywhere with him, but if you do want to see him and talk to him, if you feel there is a basis for genuine companionship between you, go nowhere with him unless

you go openly, chaperoned at least by the publicity of your movements. Don't, I beg of you, go out with a man whom you would not be willing to present to your parents. Never go to places from which your better judgment tells you to stay.

Remember, too, when you are indulging in such a friendship how deeply you may be hurting another woman. Put yourself in her place for a moment. That moment may save you and your better instincts.

Even if the man acts only the part of honor with you, if he tells you of his wife and his family, the danger is by no means removed. You may be perfectly innocent, yet the day may easily arrive when you will be involved in a divorce action, your reputation ruined and your pride broken. Such friendships are as fraught with combustibles as an explosive warehouse.

Better, then, to avoid them altogether. The social law is very strong and it is only the most vigorous personality that can stand out against it for a moment. Men, underneath their worldliness, are conventional and often when they see themselves in danger, when the social pressure gets too heavy upon them, they will run back to the home which they have pretended to hate. Every social law protects a man's wife. None helps the girl with whom he flirts.

When a married man begins to whisper "sweet nothings" in your ear, treat them as such. If he talks of friendship, be extremely wary, and if he talks of love and you have every reason to believe his declarations sincere, be honest enough to face the high price you may have to pay for such love.

But long before this, I believe, you will find the man not worth the scandal.

MARY B., NEW YORK CITY.

Nearly all cold cream has a lanolin base such as Miss Murray recommended in her article. All the better creams have, I know. You can usually tell by reading the trade marks. Or you can buy plain toilet lanolin, which is highly recommended by many complexion specialists and which has the advantage of being quite inexpensive. It comes in tubes and should be warmed slightly before using. Running the tube under hot water is sufficient. The preparations you mention are satisfactory. I know no periodical devoted exclusively to beauty subjects, but most of the women's magazines carry authentic departments on beauty matters.



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SCORES of letters come to me monthly asking for exact advice on diet, reducing, increasing weight, the care of the skin, the hair, the best colors for blondes, the best for brunettes, and general health. These letters demand careful replies.

I have, therefore, had printed for your use directions for obtaining any desired improvement in your appearance. I shall be very glad to send you them on receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope. I shall in the future reply to such letters directly rather than through these columns.

It will leave the columns open for advice in matters that need understanding rather than rules, matters of the heart, of work and play and personality. I think in this way I can serve you more.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.

HELENE L., NEW YORK.

Hilda Ferguson is playing in "The Follies." It does sound as though you resembled her. She is a beautiful girl but several inches taller than you are. The coat models you enclosed were both excellent. I prefer the first. Small hats are still smarter than large ones, and felt more correct than velvet, though I don't blame you for being tired of them. I am, too! Opera pumps are always modish but velvet shoes of any type are passe. Get your pumps in leather. Velvet dresses are most favored this season both for afternoon and simple evening wear. Why not a tailored tweed dress for street wear? It is extremely smart this winter.

MARIE W., CHICAGO.

All advertisements in PHOTOPLAY are thoroughly investigated and their goods can be trusted. You don't need to reduce. If you want to take off one or two pounds, exercise more. You are in a hard position about meeting other young people. What about the girls with whom you went to school? If you are too lonely, would it be possible for you to find work in some large organization where you could make acquaintances? You are still very young. You don't need to worry about boys, but I do feel that you should have some girl friends at least.

JANE, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

You seem so careful of your skin I am amazed it continues to be faulty. I do not know the preparation you mention. With oily skin like yours I would judge that no more fats were needed. Why don't you stop using it for a while and watch the results? Drink more water and don't eat any candy.

MRS. GLADYS H., CONNECTICUT.

You say your ankles and waistline are thickening. You need exercise. One of the very best exercises for reducing ankles is the simple act of climbing stairs. For your waistline try bending and twisting. Touch the floor to the front and each side with your finger tips about twenty times daily. Do it slowly. Also rotate your body from the waistline, trying to swing a complete circle with your upper body very relaxed, your lower body straight and tensed. Any pedaling exercise, such as bicycle riding, would do you good. I think you can afford to lose about five pounds in weight, also.

A. D. M., ILLINOIS.

Yes, I think you are much too young to go to dances. Twelve years old and worrying about boys! You should not wear high heeled slippers yet. Eat simple food and keep your skin very clean and your complexion will clear. Don't be in such a hurry to grow up. It isn't half the fun you imagine it is.

MISS R. C., NEW YORK.

Thinning hair is usually indicative of a loss in vitality. The time of year has nothing to do with it. If I were you, I would try to build up my general health. Eat foods containing fats. Brush your hair thoroughly every day and when washing it be careful to remove all the soap before drying it. Try not to curl it with hot irons or in any way lessen its strength. Encourage it a little and I am sure it will respond.

B. A. B., COLORADO.

You are in a hard position. I can only advise you to make up your mind whether you want to become a business success, a literary success, or a happy wife. You can not be all three and while you are thinking about the other two, you'll not be able to manage your life to the advantage of the most important one. Wisely, you do not wish to drift five years more. Look into your own heart and be honest with it. The lonelier years are ahead of you. I feel that the love of a worthy man, near your own age, would bring you the greatest content, even if his grammar be imperfect. I shall be glad to hear from you at any time.

A READER, NEW JERSEY.

You have nothing to worry about. Your letter sounds as though you have a lovely, young figure.

PUZZLED.

He doesn't sound like a very nice boy to me, and I would advise you to forget him as soon as you can. No worthy chap would try to break up the friendship between two girl chums, or talk unkindly about you to another girl. Drop him by all means. You sound very young and I'm sure you will have an opportunity to meet a boy worthy of your friendship.

DOROTHY, NEW YORK CITY.

Your letter was refreshing in its honesty. By mud-colored hair I presume you mean somewhere between blonde and brown. If your skin is pale, I'd advise you to wear black, in shiny materials like satin, the delicate greens, yellows, blues and rose. They will make you appear blonde. If you feel you are too "sensible" don't wear brown. It makes anyone appear settled. Quietness is no obstacle to popularity if you will make it an asset. Let men know you love to listen and you'll be surprised at all you'll hear!

IRENE, SOUTH AMBOY, N. J.

I know of no good book on both diet and exercise. The diet books by Lulu Hunt Peters are highly recommended. Doubtless your local Y. W. C. A. has on sale excellent books on exercising, or can advise you where to get them.

BLACK EYES, RED WING, MINN.

It certainly is harmful for a young girl to go on an absolute fast. You don't need to do that to reduce. Decreasing the size of legs and hips is as hard a reducing job as there is, but it can be done if you will persist. Lie on your back, arms stretched above your head and pedal an imaginary bicycle until your legs are tired. In the same position, bring the knees up to the chest and slowly straighten the legs in midair. Lower without bending the knees. Rolling exercises are helpful. So is walking. Avoid sitting as much as possible.

MISS EDYTHE M., CALIFORNIA.

It seems to me you have treated your young man rather badly, Edythe. If he is really hurt by your conduct, as he might well be, I am afraid you have lost him. He seems to have been very much in love with you and he did you a great honor when he asked you to be his wife. If you meet him again, I would try to have an honest talk with him. Tell him you realize how unkindly you acted, that you are sorry and that you do love him. I wouldn't write to him again since he ignored your first letter. Try to be natural at all times. It is the secret of real charm.

ALETHA.

In other replies here you will find exercises for reducing your ankles and legs. I think you are worrying unduly. Your weight is correct for your height. If your boy friend admires you and likes to go out with you, why worry about the pretty clothes his sister has? You sound like a happy, normal girl. Don't fret yourself into imaginary troubles.

CATHERINE P., CHICAGO.

You are too heavy. You can afford to lose five to ten pounds. You still have time to grow some more. Some people increase in height until their twenty-first year. Small hats are smarter than large. Use a light rich powder in white or rachel for your fair skin. Yes, there are openings for women movie directors, but it's a long hard road to them. You seem to have a lively imagination. Writing is hard work and really has very little to do with "visions." If you are willing to toil at it, however, you will soon find out whether or not it is your vocation.

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GRACE, CALIFORNIA.

Your weight is correct. With dark hair and eyes and olive skin, a lovely combination, all the richer shades should be becoming to you—yellow, rose, green with yellow in it, some blues. Avoid black and white.

DOROTHY, ALBANY, NEW YORK.

I wouldn't try to get my legs fat if I were you. Every woman I know is trying to reduce hers, since slim legs and ankles are very chic. Your weight is correct. Don't add to it.

GLORIA R., NEW YORK CITY.

Use astringents on your skin. Witch hazel is excellent for tightening the pores. When you wash your face, rub it with ice at the finish. The soap and cream you are using are both good. Plenty of rest is the best wrinkle vanisher I know.

VIOLET, SOUTH DAKOTA.

You told your friend to choose between you two girls, and he did. I see nothing for it, my dear, but for you to abide by your own advice and his decision. Since he is going away, try to forget him.

HELEN H., SOUTH DAKOTA.

I think tailored dresses are charming and they are very smart this season. They would suit your type. The woolen fabrics in yellow and tan would be good with your coloring. Be careful of your diet. Eliminate pastries and sweets. Eat green vegetables and drink lots of water. Your complexion will bloom again under such care.

MILDRED C., DETROIT.

Yes, you are too heavy. You should lose at least twenty pounds. Light green, very light blue, some shades of pink are all charming with auburn hair. Black is very becoming if your skin is fair.

VICKY, RHODE ISLAND.

Try a light rouge. The orange shades might be very becoming to you. I don't like flesh powder ever. I prefer rachel for your coloring.

Photoplay's Intelligence Test

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

GROUP FIVE

Fill in the missing word or words.

36. Pre-historic animals of great size played an important part in _____.
37. Douglas Fairbanks' latest released picture is _____.
38. A noted producer-director who recently severed his connection with Famous Players-Lasky is _____.
39. Syd Chaplin made one of the big comedy hits this year in _____.
40. Lila Lee is married to _____.
41. She has very often appeared as leading lady to _____.
42. A famous Biblical story recently filmed is _____.
43. The leading rôle is played by _____.
44. A Ziegfeld Follies comedian who recently left the stage to play an important part in a picture is _____.
45. The picture was _____.
46. Jackie Coogan was "discovered" by _____.
47. The first picture in which he appeared was _____.
48. Nita Naldi supported _____ in "The Sainted Devil."
49. _____ Beery was one of the featured players in "The Lost World."
50. _____ Beery was one of the featured players in "The Thundering Herd."

GROUP SIX

Draw a circle around the number or numbers at the end of the questions that indicate the correct answer. Some, all, or only one may be correct.

- 51. The following have appeared as leading man for Gloria Swanson: (1) Kenneth Harlan; (2) Ben Lyon; (3) Rod La Rocque; (4) Lloyd Hughes; (5) Monte Blue. 1 2 3 4 5
- 52. Buster Keaton has made the following comedies: (1) "Seven Chances"; (2) "Our Hospitality"; (3) "The Navigator"; (4) "Hot Water." 1 2 3 4
- 53. Eric von Stroheim was the director of (1) "The Unholy Three"; (2) "Greed"; (3) "The Merry Widow"; (4) "Foolish Wives." 1 2 3 4
- 54. Some of Corinne Griffith's recent pictures are: (1) "Love's Wilderness"; (2) "Lady of the Night"; (3) "Siege"; (4) "De-classe"; (5) "The Marriage Whirl." 1 2 3 4 5
- 55. Name all the actresses, now active in pictures, on the line below whose first name is Mary. (Full credit shall be given if four are named.)

GROUP SEVEN

Which of the following does not belong with the others? Draw a circle around the number at the end of the questions corresponding to the misplaced name or title.

- 56. (1) Monta Bell; (2) Irvin Willat; (3) William Beaudine; (4) James Cruze; (5) Jesse L. Lasky. 1 2 3 4 5
- 57. (1) "The Iron Horse"; (2) "Scaramouche"; (3) "The Sea Hawk"; (4) "Captain Blood." 1 2 3 4
- 58. (1) Bradley King; (2) Madge Bellamy;

- (3) Clara Beranger; (4) Frances Marion; (5) June Mathis. 1 2 3 4 5
- 59. (1) George Siegmann; (2) Tom Santschi; (3) Stuart Holmes; (4) Alan Hale; (5) Ralph Graves. 1 2 3 4 5
- 60. (1) "North of 36"; (2) "Contraband"; (3) "Dangerous Innocence"; (4) "Wild Horse Mesa"; (5) "The Thundering Herd." 1 2 3 4 5

GROUP EIGHT

Cross out the numbers before the untrue statements.

- 61. Hoot Gibson stars for First National.
- 62. William S. Hart is again active before the camera after a year's absence.
- 63. Marshall Neilan once acted in pictures before becoming a director.
- 64. Bebe Daniels does her best work in heavy drama.
- 65. Von Stroheim's "The Merry Widow" was a disappointment and similar in quality to "Greed."
- 66. Myrtle Stedman is the sister of Lincoln Stedman.
- 67. "Wanderer of the Wasteland" was filmed in natural colors by the Technicolor process.
- 68. Ramon Novarro, upon the completion of "Ben Hur," is now producing his own pictures.
- 69. Allan Dwan has directed many of Gloria Swanson's latest pictures.
- 70. May McAvoy plays *Esther* in "Ben Hur."
- 71. "The Fool" is an original screen play.
- 72. "A Kiss in the Dark" was one of Constance Talmadge's comedies.
- 73. Claire Windsor plays ingenue rôles.
- 74. Marion Davies starred in "Zander the Great."
- 75. Mary Pickford yielded to popular request in making a picture of the type of "Little Annie Rooney."

How Pola Was Tamed

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54]

The only time she really got sore was when Chester Conklin—and remember that the screen hasn't got a funnier man on it than Chester—and Mal bought hot dogs and soda pop one day and didn't get any for Pola.

"You know," said Mal, shyly, "hot dogs are hot dogs. There are some people you can associate with them and some you can't. I never thought of offering Pola a hot dog."

And Pola's feelings were terribly hurt. She had never eaten a hot dog and washed it down with soda pop, and it looked fun. So they got her some right away and Pola beamed and was happy.

One day Pola went home from the studio. She said she didn't feel well and she thought she would probably be much too sick to work the next day. That was a well-known cue for one of Pola's week lay-offs. Chester began to rehearse some of the funny gag scenes they were going to do the next day, he began telling Pola what a great comedienne she was—and she is, you know—none better. Pola looked a little wistful.

"If you don't feel well," said Mal St. Clair, "don't try to come down tomorrow. We'll do some funny stuff with Chester."

The next morning, right on the dot, there was Pola.

"I am very seck," she said pensively, "but I can be seck here just as well as at home."

AND when the company went on location to Laguna Beach—oh, the times Pola had refused the most impassioned and polished pleas of great directors to go to Laguna for just a few minutes—and Pola wasn't in any of the scenes—she went along anyway, for fear she might miss

some fun. There was a roller skating rink there, and she'd heard them talking about it. The company thought it would be fun to try roller skating, most of them having been on very distant terms with roller skates for upwards of ten years.

Pola had never been on roller skates. But she was on them that day. At least they were on her. For it must be admitted that there were times when Pola was on the floor. She spent most of the time learning to roller skate, and on the way home from location she was as happy as a tired kid.

But the crowning moment came on the studio set.

One of the biggest officials, one of the officials who had been cowed, beaten, scared to death by Pola the tiger-cat, who had meekly yielded to her most unreasonable demands, was on the set. He eyed Pola a little nervously, but she noticed him not at all. She was busy watching Chester Conklin.

Chester had a large custard pie. He had bought it for afternoon refreshments.

Pola eyed him. She eyed the custard pie with curiosity. Then she went over to Mal.

"Mally," she said, and it was plain that she was torn between desire and dread, "are you going now to hit me with a pie?"

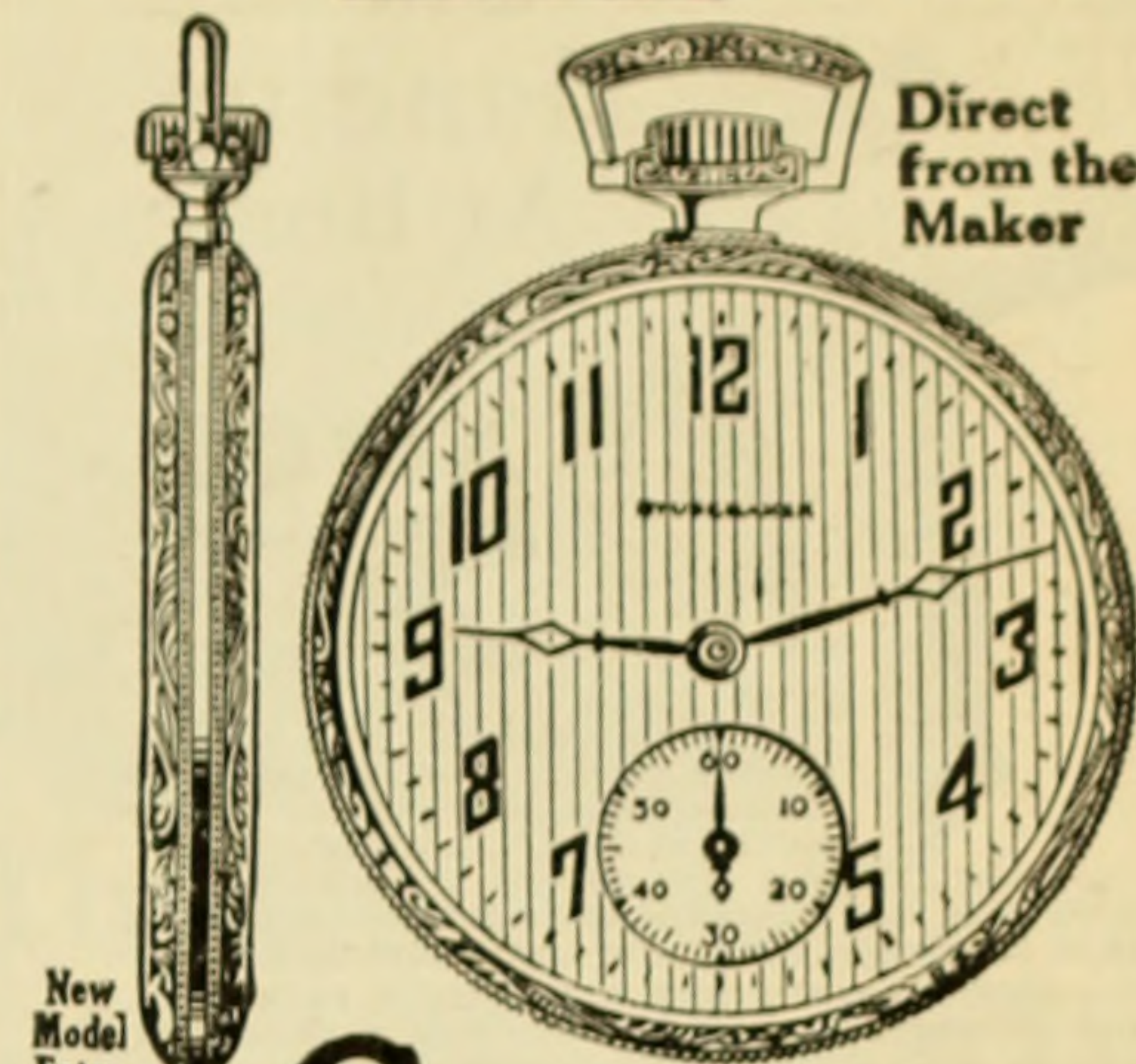
When the official had been removed by the hospital corps, "The Tattooed Countess" proceeded on its mirthful and harmonious way.

"We do have such fun," says Pola contentedly, and howls with laughter all day long.

Licked, I tell you, by her own sense of humor.

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Speaking of Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

qualities, he could not have woven that gossamer story of "Peter Pan" into such a golden celluloid tapestry of everlasting youth.

BRENON'S lot in pictures was not an easy one. His finely wrought mentality was no match for the picture magnates, who shouted down his pleas for an opportunity to create for the public pictures of the glory and dreams of youth. Perhaps they are not to blame. Perhaps the public was not ready. I wonder if Brenon himself was. The talented Irishman was then impatient of obstacles, fiery in the tumultuous urge of his youth, a Galahad searching the Golden Grail in a boiler factory, a bomb-throwing revolutionary of the art.

IMISSED him for five years. Then I met him. Calm philosophy had replaced impatience, a mellow smile the scowls which reflected mental volcanic eruptions. His blue eye glowed again with the sense of humor which was his birthright. He was laughing with the world again.

And so he gave us "Peter Pan" and "A Kiss for Cinderella."

In his art he occupies today the place his friend, James Barrie, holds in his.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is back in Hollywood after his trip to New York for the opening of "The Gold Rush." But he asserts he isn't going to stay long. The doctors, he says, have told him that he has a very bad heart, and that he must retire from the screen for at least a year and take a complete rest, or else the consequences will be fatal. So Charlie is planning to go to Canada for a year or so—unless he decides to brave the thing out and work till he drops.

No doubt the doctors did find something the matter with Charlie's heart. But I wonder if, maybe, after all these years of ignoring the public and living his own life without consideration of anyone—that has always been his philosophy—Charlie isn't beginning to feel a little lonely.

Perhaps he feels that the love, if not the admiration, of the public, is cooling a little.

Somehow that story of Charlie's about the heart trouble sounded to

me like the cry of a lonely little boy. Genius is a darned lonely thing, anyway.

RECENTLY at a meeting of the Authors' League I met a writer who has met with many disappointments in his efforts to sell his stories to picture companies.

"Why are you forever encouraging poor pictures and representing the film stars as the acme of human perfection?" he asked me, pushing his long hair back from his eyes. "Don't you realize that with the leading magazine of motion pictures you have a public responsibility?"

"Do you ever read it?" I asked him.

"Well—no—but," he started to answer, but I was on my way.

THE government is dead set on effecting a complete separation of any mutual interests of Mr. Zukor's company, Famous Players-Lasky, and Mr. Loew's organization, the Metro-Goldwyn. To carry this to its logical solution they might pass a law divorcing Mr. Loew's son and Mr. Zukor's daughter. Also get an injunction preventing these men, who have been business associates for years, from playing pinocle or from making social calls at each other's houses.

It might be well to inflict heavy fines if they are seen talking together without being chaperoned by a member of the Federal Trade Commission.

NOTE on the lack of ideals of the picture business.

At a recent meeting of the sales executives of the Paramount Company, "Lord Jim" (reviewed elsewhere in this issue) was shown, and they were asked to vote whether the unhappy ending should be changed to a Pollyanna finish.

They voted unanimously to send it out unchanged on the ground that although a happier and sappier ending might bring in a few more tickets, the picture was a credit to their business.

THERE is one thing in motion pictures that sets my goat running amuck, and that is to see a magnificent production spoiled by

small but aggravating stupidities. Although it is two months since I witnessed the opening of "The Vanishing American," I am still angry with the direction and editing, which are responsible for Noah Beery's over-acting, the mawkish titling, and the growth of Richard Dix's hair six inches in a few days. Why do they do it?

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

Wants Rudy as Female Impersonator

Ennis, Texas.

After reading the November issue of PHOTOPLAY, I want to say that I will read many more of them, as I find PHOTOPLAY the most interesting of all movie magazines.

I can't imagine why "Lou and John" have it in for beautiful Mae Murray. I think she is gorgeous and she can act, and proved it in "The Merry Widow." I only hope she will be as great a success in all her pictures.

She has many admirers in this town. About her strutting and pouting—she is very graceful when walking or dancing, and her mouth is more beautiful when she pouts. I think Lou must be a trifle envious.

I am also a great admirer of Rudolph Valentino and am looking forward to his next picture "The Lone Eagle." I would like to see Rudy and Mae Murray play together, and I'd like to see Rudy as a female impersonator.

E. M. M.

Likes the New Screen Lovers

West Springfield, Mass.

Three cheers for "The Dark Angel," the perfect photoplay of the year. To Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman, the lovers in this picture, I send two enormous bouquets. Miss Banky is a real beauty and an actress. Each picture Mr. Colman makes is better than the last.

I hope these ideal screen lovers will be seen together often.

FRANCES FELITTO.

Young Actors Don't Know Life

Portland, Ore.

Why brickbats? If we cannot say something good, why say anything? We cannot expect all the actors and actresses to please everybody.

I, for one, want to answer H. J. Watkins (I'll bet he is a man). The idea of calling Eugene O'Brien and Conway Tearle old! They have just commenced to show what they can do, and Milton Sills also. Who else could have played "The Sea Hawk?" A younger man would have spoiled it.

I never tire of watching Novarro on the screen, but it was a long time before I discovered what was wrong with him. He is too young yet. These young boys will be good some day, but they have not lived enough to put into their work what an older actor can.

A WOMAN NO LONGER YOUNG.

A Bouquet for Mr. Cruze

Tulsa, Okla.

This bouquet is for James Cruze, one of the greatest directors of today. I have just seen "The Pony Express," and wish to thank Mr. Cruze for this splendid production.

I shall be in Hollywood in the near future and hope to have the pleasure of meeting this great man.

EUNICE SKELTON DAVIS.

Greta an Imitator of Anna Q.?

Avon-by-the-Sea, N. J.

In the past week we have witnessed Greta Nissen in "Lost—a Wife," and Anna Q. Nilsson in "Winds of Chance." In our estimation Greta cannot hold a candle to Anna Q. as to looks, acting ability and personality.

We, in school, were taught to be original, and we hate a copy-cat. Why doesn't Greta try to be original instead of copying our Anna?

Ben Lyon is good, too, if only he would omit the oscillation when he is about to show his authority.

ANNA NILSSON FAN CLUB OF TENNESSEE.

Conway's Frown Harmless

Rockville Center, L. I.

Several correspondents of late have commented adversely upon Conway Tearle's trick of frowning; their exceedingly literal idea being evidently that tears denote grief, laughter, joy, and a frown, ill humor.

To those who are capable of appreciating the exceptional qualities of Conway Tearle as an actor, his way of drawing his brows together is merely an indication of the intensity with which he throws himself into his work, without pose or conceit.

It may surprise his critics to know that Mr. Tearle's fans think that his frown is just another manifestation of his singular charm, and of his innate and incomparable distinction.

NATALIE HEATH.

Appreciation of Mr. Blinn

Long Beach, Calif.

I think that Holbrook Blinn is one of the most versatile actors I have ever seen and I admire Rudolph Valentino, Ramon Novarro and Ricardo Cortez very much also. I am glad to see that Harrison Ford and Alan Forest are coming steadily to the fore.

L. J. CLARKE.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 131]



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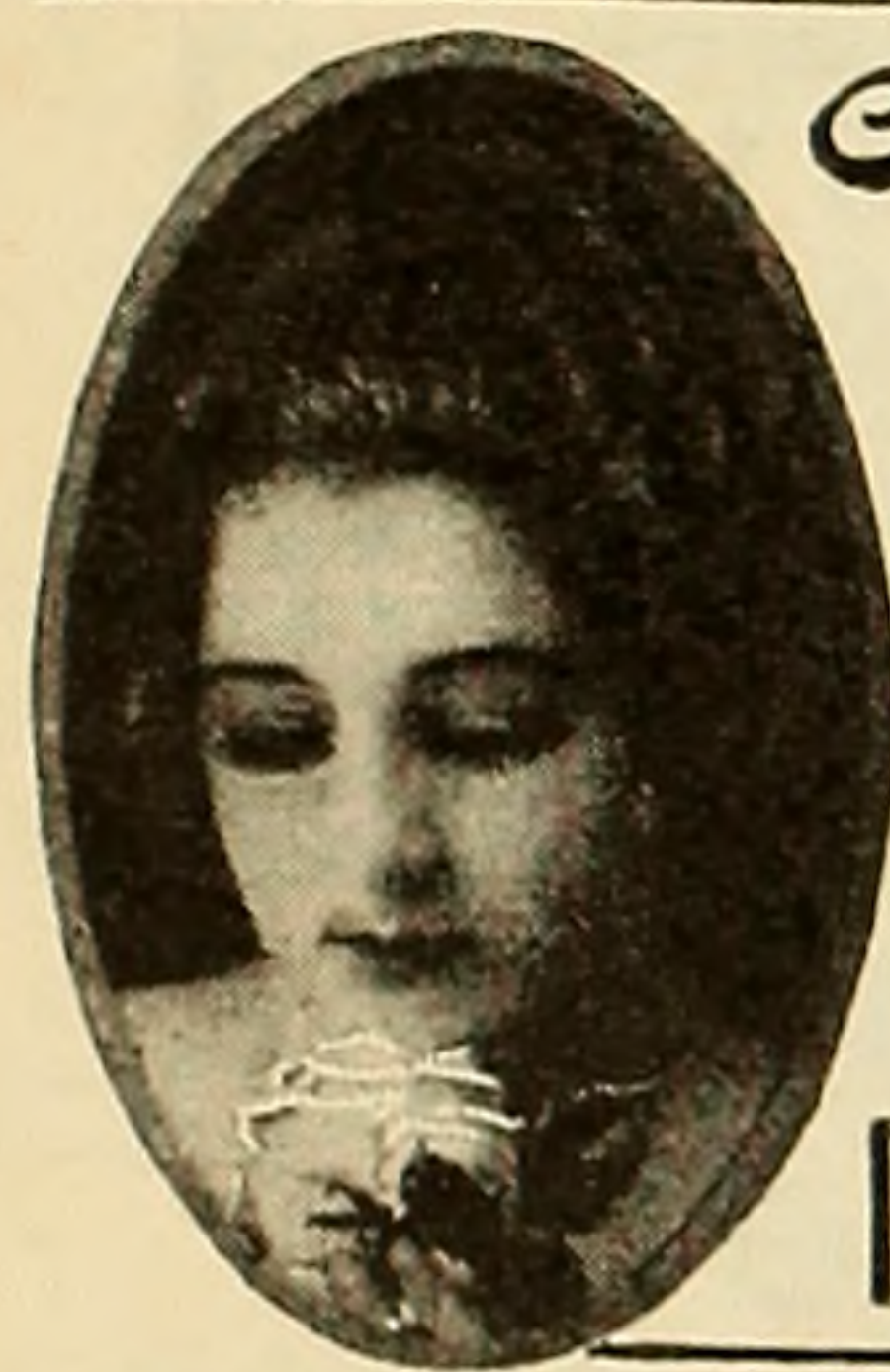
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Happy Daze

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

I've got two choices: quit my job or jump in the lake—either or both."

Jimmy drummed on the table with his fingers, and finally drawled a question:

"Just what particular ailment is Cyril suffering with this time?"

"Women! And he isn't suffering."

"Any particular one?"

"Sure. There always is: New York, Hollywood or on location somewhere—there's always a particular one. Honestly, you'd think a man in his position would learn some time that they aren't crazy about him as a person but because he's a star. But no—"

"He's usually a good picker," murmured Claxton.

"And he's still batting a thousand. Have you seen this one?"

"Not particularly. What's she like?"

"Fluffy little blonde. Probably thinks Cyril will make her his leading woman—that's Cyril's old play."

"Married?"

"Yes."

"What does hubby think?"

"He doesn't think. He's away."

Jimmy Claxton lowered his voice—"Cyril ain't really cutting up, is he?"

"With her? Certainly not. He never does. Just an idle flirtation . . . but he's taking chances, and you and I both know it. I know Cyril isn't the homewrecking type, but hubby wouldn't understand that if he happened to hear of the affair. Damn it! It would almost be better if things were more serious. There'd be some excuse then. As it is, I get sorer every time I reflect that this doesn't mean a thing to Cousin Waring but the gratification of his vanity."

"Hmm! Tough proposition, Kid. What's the lady's name?"

"Gould. Juanita Gould. Husband owns iron mines and things. Rafts of money. You've seen her around—"

"I never notice women."

"Aw, hell! Anyway, she's playing the deuce with schedule and I think little Rodney Archer has just about directed his last picture for Superb."

"Suppose you show that wire to Cyril."

Roddy started wearily for the door. "I shall," he sighed, "but I can do a transcript of the interview before it occurs."

JIMMY CLAXTON stared at the door through which his young friend departed. Jimmy was worried. And he was angry. He had long been fond of Archer and had been elated when Superb had raised him to a full directorship and given him a Waring picture to do. The fact that Cyril Waring and Rodney Archer were cousins had seemed to Claxton a fine thing for the boy; it had promised co-operation and general efficiency.

But ever since the arrival of the company in Alabama, Cyril Waring had responded with too great eagerness to the efforts of the local society crowd to lionize him. There had been parties and fetes and dances, and, a thousand miles away from the eyes of his chief executive, Cyril had good-naturedly refused to heed his cousin's pleas. Nothing vicious about it—Cyril wasn't the vicious type.

He was having a good time and not worrying . . . but the company was operating under a \$6,000-a-day overhead and Rodney Archer was having the props knocked from beneath his feet.

As for the affair with Mrs. Gould—Claxton paid little attention to it. He had worked in the Waring unit for several years and knew that Cyril was not a philanderer. But he knew also that the star courted the idolatry of some adle-pated woman at all times. It was

a weak streak in his nature: one for which he was not entirely responsible.

Meanwhile Roddy knocked at the door of Cyril's suite. A languid voice bade him enter and he crossed the threshold to find his cousin lounging in an easy chair, puffing placidly at a cigarette.

The man in the chair was of that type which women call "ravishing." He was tall and lithe and blonde; a man of broad shoulders, deep chest and unbelievably small waist. His hair was curly, his lips had a sweet, somewhat petulant droop. His complexion was entirely too good to be true . . . but at the moment Roddy was seeing none of his cousin's physical attributes. What had riveted his attention was the sight of dinner clothes beneath the elegantly flowered lounging robe. He flung a question at Cyril.

"Party tonight?"

"Yes, Roddy—of course."

"The Gould house?"

"Now, Roddy—you know perfectly well there's nothing wrong in that affair. Merely a harmless flirtation to pass away the time—"

"Sure! Sure, Cyril—but have you ever stopped to think whose time it is you're passing away? Read this!"

Cyril perused the telegram from the president of his company. He tossed it back with a friendly smile.

"Don't let that worry you, Roddy. Just words."

"Yes—words. So far as you're concerned. But do you know what it means to me? It means that I'm busting on this job: busting higher than a kite. Just because you haven't got guts enough or decency enough to work for me as you should. You kid yourself that you're helping me—"

"You wouldn't have been made director if I hadn't used my influence, would you?"

"No. And I wouldn't have flopped this picture if you hadn't laid down on me. It'll be a fine spot on my record that I got half way through a Waring picture and was kicked out of the company. . . ." His voice took on a pleading nuance. "Come on like a good fellow, Cyril. Let's cut this society stuff for awhile and finish the picture. We're due back in New York in a week—and at this rate if we get there in three we'll be lucky."

Cyril was impressed. More, he was touched. Perhaps he had been doing wrong by his Roddy. He dropped a hand on his cousin's shoulder. "All right, Boy. I guess I have laid down on you a bit. But tomorrow we start really working. Where do we shoot?"

"Carnovon."

"What time you want me?"

"Ten o'clock."

"Good. I'll be there at nine-forty-five. And there's my hand on it!"

AT 9:45 the following morning the Waring unit of the Superb Pictures Corporation assembled near the mine shafts at Carnovon. The mechanical and electrical staffs had been there for more than an hour. Facing that portion of the mine entrance where the action was to transpire, the lights had been arranged effectively and imposingly: two sun arcs of 150-amperes each; a quartet of sixty-ampere broadsides and two seventy-ampere spots. Jimmy Claxton had supervised the set-ups—and everything was waiting for the arrival of the star.

But Cyril Waring did not appear. Ten o'clock came and still no Cyril. At ten-thirty Roddy borrowed an office 'phone and telephoned the hotel. The operator stubbornly refused to connect him with Cyril's room: it appeared that Mr. Waring had left positive orders that he was not to be disturbed.

Roddy pleaded, begged and swore. There were thirty extras ready—and getting paid five dollars per day; the company was there; the lights set. He informed the operator that he was Cyril's director and finally she permitted him to speak to the hotel manager. The manager was sorry, but—

At one o'clock the performance was repeated. At two a sad and irritated group of moving picture persons were dismissed and the trek back to the city commenced. When Roddy stormed into his cousin's room, Cyril was investigating the mystery of What Makes a Grapefruit Squirt. He was exceedingly contrite: "Aw'fly sorry, Roddy, old boy—but I was dead to the world. Didn't get in until dawn—and Oh! what a head! Wish you had been with us—"

"I wish you'd been with us, Cyril. Damn it! man—that's the tenth time you've broken your word. I suppose this was some more of the Gould crowd?"

CYRIL rose frostily. "Now, listen here, Old Top—there's a limit—"

"Yes, and I've passed it. I'd rather quit my job than get fired. Tomorrow morning if you're not on location at ten o'clock I wire a complete report to Carlisle and my resignation with it."

"I say—"

"You don't say anything. I'm sick and tired of the whole mess."

"Now, Roddy—that isn't any way to talk. You're young and hot-headed. I promise you that you'll not get into trouble—and anyway, I don't see what all the talk's about. I'll be at Carnovon at ten in the morning. Ten sharp."

But that night Mrs. Gould gave a bathing party at the river. Cyril insisted that he couldn't go and poor Mrs. Gould pouted and fretted and said her party would just simply be ruined because she was giving it for him and him alone and she had made all preparations—and Cyril couldn't resist her coaxing.

They ate a picnic breakfast on the banks of the river and when Cyril returned to the hotel it was to again place a Don't Disturb sign on his door and then fall across the bed in exhaustion. His last thought before losing consciousness was that he had done Roddy a very dirty trick, but that he'd be on location at ten the next morning. Yes, sir—ten sharp. Or maybe a little earlier.

Cyril waked at three in the afternoon with a distinctly dark brown taste in his mouth. He waited nervously for a visit from his director cousin, but Roddy did not appear. Then Cyril became frightened—not for himself but because there was a likelihood that Roddy might do something foolish. He called Roddy's room and that gentleman informed the great star curtly that he had nothing to say.

"Now Roddy, listen—I'll be out at ten in the morning . . ."

"I hope you have a good time there, then. I'm finished. I expect to leave for New York tonight."

"You don't mean—"

"I've done all the explaining I intend to do. You go on out with your society friends—have a good time—I wish you lots of luck."

Cyril was plunged into the nethermost depths of misery by the interview. It seemed to him that folks just couldn't understand. Why, hadn't he been working hard and faithfully for Superb for four years—and his salary a mere three hundred thousand a year? It wasn't at all—he told himself—as though there was anything there shouldn't be in his relations with that cute little Gould kid. She was just a good fellow—that was all, and she did understand him perfectly.

But then Roddy was so unreasonable—and so foolish. If he cared to make a fuss about everything—well, Cyril was a good one at heart and determined to make amends. He would start work in the morning: positively. He bathed and dressed and prepared to visit Roddy and tell that inflamed young man that he, Cyril Waring, had reformed.

But just when Cyril would have left the room, something happened. There came a knock on the door and instinct informed the elegant young star that this was not just an ordinary knock: it possessed neither the deferential touch of the bellhop nor the aggressive bang of a reporter. Cyril turned the key, opened the door and murmured a polite "Come in."

Cyril's initial impression of his visitor was that the gentleman was eight feet tall. This estimate was swiftly revised upward. In breadth the man was almost as imposing and he possessed a tremendously deep chest, and arms which appeared unnecessarily muscular.

Also, the visitor seemed to feel quite at home. In fact he even closed the door and took the trouble to lock it. That little attentive act didn't arouse Cyril to any outburst of enthusiasm, but he registered hospitality as best he could and murmured a greeting. In fact, Cyril said right out loud that he was glad to see the gentleman.

The gentleman disagreed in a very positive manner—

"Like hell you are!" said the gentleman, and Cyril felt that perhaps he was right.

"Won't you have a seat?" invited the actor. "I will not."

That was all Cyril could think of, except that he was frightened. He was quite nervous: he jumped visibly when the man spoke again.

"Do you know who I am, Waring?"

"No. I haven't had the pleasure—"

"It isn't a pleasure: don't make any mistake about that. My name is Gould—Ferdinand Gould!"

Cyril wilted. After all, Roddy had been right—he should have been making pictures down here instead of squiring a pretty little woman whose husband was due to have remained out of town a fortnight longer.

"I'm delighted to meet you, Mr. Gould—"

"Hah!" This statement appeared to amuse the giant. "I'm not here to talk pretty. I came here to give an order."

"Yes sir?"

"There's a train for New York at midnight tonight. You're going to be a passenger on it."

Cyril gulped. "Tonight?"

"Exactly. I'm not discussing whys or wherefores. You're going."

"Yes sir. Of course . . . but I'm afraid that you misunderstand my relations with your wife—"

"The devil I do. If I misunderstood I'd shoot you. I do understand—and I understand that the quicker you get out of this town, the sooner the town will stop gossiping. That's final."

"Very well. I won't argue with you . . ."

Thought of Roddy came to Cyril. He was suddenly very sorry for Roddy. Of course the boy would get the entire blame and it really wasn't his fault at all. Before he knew what he was doing he found himself telling Ferdinand Gould all about poor Roddy and that young gentleman's dilemma. He even explained that Superb was laying out close to two hundred thousand dollars on this picture and that if he left town instantly it would increase that expense fully fifty per cent.

MR. GOULD made it quite clear that he was not interested. But Cyril continued to talk and the more he talked the more he convinced himself that he wanted to finish the location shots on Passion's Paradise. Explanations might prove exceedingly embarrassing and there was a clause in his contract with Superb which would put him pretty much in their power should he be forced to leave the city because of any implied affair with a young lady.

Cyril was an earnest pleader and gradually the big man became impressed.

"How long would this take?" he asked gruffly.

"Ten days."

"Too long."

"A week, then. I'd have to rush—"

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Newlyn Chemical Co., Inc., Dept. 8001, 2856 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Ferdinand Gould transfixed Cyril with a level eye. "You can remain one week under this condition: You are not to communicate with my wife in any way—personally or by letter or telephone. She will probably call you. If she does you are to hang up in her face. Is that clear?"

Cyril admitted that it was clear. He even repeated Ferdinand's orders so there could be no possibility of mistake. And when that large gentleman had departed after a few more remarks having to do with lethal consequences should Cyril violate their agreement in any slightest detail, Mr. Waring sat down abruptly in the chair by the window and discovered that he was perspiring liberally.

It was an unusual and disturbing experience for the star. His instinct was to leave the city at once . . . but thought of the interview with his president when he should reach New York . . . He went to Roddy's room and rapped on the door. From inside came the director's voice.

"Who is it?"

Cyril rapped again. The door opened and Mr. Waring forced his lithe frame into the room. Roddy favored him with a cold and haughty stare.

"Get out!" ordered Mr. Archer.

"Now, Roddy, listen—"

"I'm deaf. You beat it!"

Cyril strode across the room and grasped his cousin's shoulders in the most approved manner of the screen.

"Now you listen to me, Roddy Archer. I've been a bum and a rotter. I've done you dirt—and I know it. I've reformed—suddenly and all over. I'm not only going to be on location tomorrow, but I'll be there at eight o'clock, and we're going to work morning, noon and night and get this location stuff finished in one week."

Roddy favored him with a sneer. "That," he commented, "is boloney."

"It isn't, Roddy—honest and truly. I mean it. Come on, Kid—give me a chance. Let's see if we can't put this thing through in a week."

Mr. Archer's eyes narrowed. "Something happened?" he queried cannily.

"No," lied Cyril. "Not a thing, except that I've waked up. And this time I mean it."

Roddy agreed to try him. And at ten minutes before eight o'clock the next morning a somewhat heavy eyed but exceedingly willing Cyril Waring showed upon location.

FROM that moment on, life changed for Rodney Archer. Unquestionably something had happened, because there was no holding Cyril. He threw himself into his work with a fervor which had been absent since his pre-star days, and he was jealous of every moment of lost time. He was all over the set like a hawk, struggling to save a minute here and there—

"While they're moving their lights, Roddy, we can be rehearsing that next scene, can't we?"

"Well, we don't usually do it that way."

"To thunder with what we usually do. We want to get through in a week. Let's go!"

They went. After three days even Jimmy Claxton protested. The electricians were

grouchy and sullen: no loafing for them . . . but now that Roddy's chief trouble had been eliminated that young man became very much of a martinet. He drove and drove and drove. Everyone hustled. It was a daily grind from eight in the morning until ten and eleven o'clock at night.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of the seventh day, the last of the outdoor shots had been filmed, the business manager had reserved berths for the company on the New York train departing at midnight that night and Roddy was sprawled on his bed in the hotel, exhausted but supremely happy.

IT had been a noble week of superhuman effort. Cyril had functioned as never before, throwing himself heart and soul into every scene to avoid the necessity for retakes. The weather had remained clear—everything was, as Jimmy Claxton expressed it, chicken.

At eleven o'clock that night a weary troupe gathered at the Terminal Station for the trip to New York. In the waiting room was a horde of local people, eager to pay final tribute to the moving picture company. Cyril stood impatiently at the entrance gate, eager to get into his drawing room, and far, far away from the ever-present menace of the Brobdingnagian Ferdinand Gould. Near the newsstand stood Rodney Archer and his owlish cameraman, Claxton.

An automobile thrummed outside, and a couple alighted: a pretty, fluffy blonde lady and a little, shriveled, sparsely-haired gentleman. They walked through the waiting room.

"Oh, Mr. Archer!" It was the lady speaking, "Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Waring?"

Rodney turned purple and jerked his head toward the tall, silent figure by the gate. "Yonder he is, Mrs. Gould. I hope—"

But the lady swept gushingly on, towing the diminutive escort.

Cyril evidently felt the presence of the little blonde lady, for he turned pale and glanced eagerly around searching for a mode of escape.

But Mrs. Gould was not to be denied. She was effusively upon him, chiding him for his sudden indifference, inquiring why he had been so neglectful—

"Busy," choked Cyril.

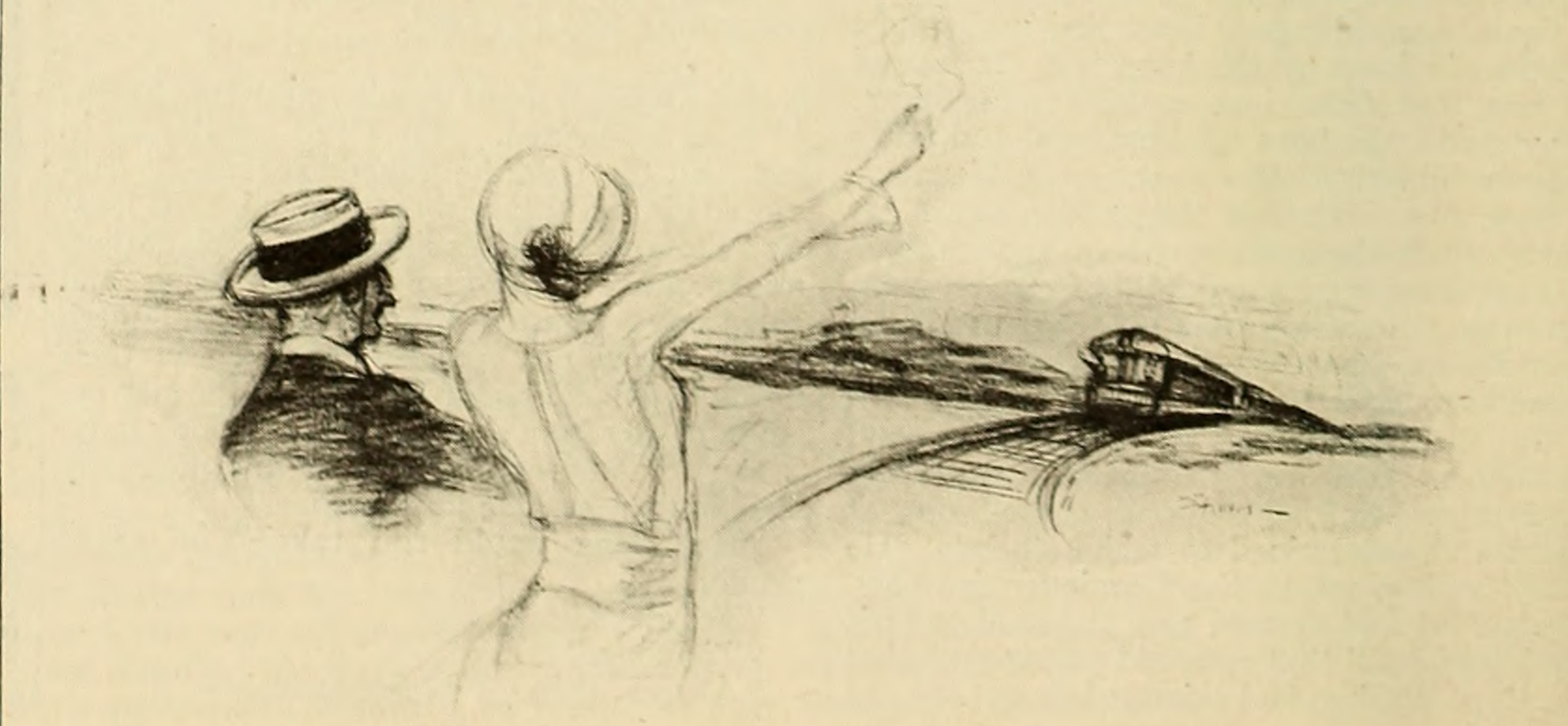
"Why, you mean, naughty man. And I had been planning so many nice things for you. But I'm sure you are coming back some time, and when you do—"

At the newsstand Roddy Archer clutched the arm of his friend Jimmy Claxton.

"My Gawd!" murmured Roddy, "she's going to introduce him to Cyril."

Which was exactly what Mrs. Gould was doing.

"And one thing more, dear Mr. Waring," she said, nodding brightly toward the shrimpy little man at her side, "I want you to feel that you are really welcome in my home. I want you to meet my husband." And she turned imperiously to the frightened male person beside her: "Ferdinand," she ordered, "shake hands with Cyril Waring!"



Brickbats & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 127]

Mr. Watkins, You Started Something

Kansas City, Mo.

Herewith, please find one large, hard, and highly explosive brickbat to be dropped on the head of H. J. Watkins, whose letter appearing in November PHOTOPLAY contains an exceedingly petty and childish outburst regarding several of our able and popular actors. Among these actors who seem to be making Mr. Watkins unhappy is Thomas Meighan.

Tom is my favorite, and I cannot let the remarks of Mr. Watkins go unchallenged.

It has always been a mystery to me why fans persist in going to see the players they do not like and then spend their time criticizing them. This kind of criticism is neither constructive nor helpful, and it makes mighty poor reading. If you don't like Thomas Meighan, stay at home. Personally, I cannot see how even a stone image could resist the friendliness, good-fellowship and kindness that Mr. Meighan radiates.

DOROTHY WEST.

A Real Bouquet

Oriska, No. Dak.

Certain stars suggest certain kinds of flowers, and this is how they look to me:

- Pola Negri, a poinsettia.
- May McAvoy, wood violets in deep dark places.
- Mary Astor, marigolds and asters.
- Leatrice Joy, nasturtiums in a window box.
- Mary Pickford, pink roses on blue velvet.
- Bebe Daniels, a bunch of daisies.
- Nita Naldi, a crimson hollyhock.
- Mildred Davis, little blue forget-me-nots.
- Norma Talmadge, pink geraniums in a sunny window.
- Constance Talmadge, a cluster of wild roses.
- Gloria Swanson, wild flowers in tall green grass.
- Lois Wilson, cherry and apple blossoms.
- Lillian Gish, lilies of the valley.
- Betty Bronson, little yellow buttercups.
- Florence Vidor, purple lilacs.
- Barbara La Marr, orchids on white velvet.
- Norma Shearer, tea roses.
- Irene Rich, iris.
- Corinne Griffith, white lilacs.

A ROSE OF DAKOTA.

EMMA M. KLOCKMAN.

One for Tearle and One for Pringle

East Orange, N. J.

I want to disagree with H. G. Watkins and give one grand and glorious cheer for Conway Tearle. I don't know whether people just can't see or whether they don't know a good actor when they see one. Can't we please have him on the cover? I am not the only one who has made this request.

And now for a brickbat. Why isn't Aileen Pringle satisfied with her present popularity? Why must she go and cut off all her hair and try to change her style?

F. R.

Zero for Bebe

Denver, Colo.

I love them all—except Bebe Daniels. To me she is the zero of the movies. After I read praise of her in your honest magazine, I try to give her one more chance, but I always leave the theater with a feeling of time wasted. She insists upon showing her ridiculous profile and pouting with her bee-stung lips.

M. G.

One Little Bouquet for Watkins

St. Louis, Mo.

Three cheers for H. J. Watkins. He put the whole thing in a nutshell when he panned Tearle and Sills. They've evidently never heard that expression, "be yourself." Barbara La Marr and Nita Naldi! Ugh!

Beauties may come and beauties may go, but Mary Pickford will be beloved forever. She and Douglas Fairbanks should be handed a medal for making clean, wholesome pictures of the type that makes you leave the theater with a feeling that you've at last seen a picture that is all it's been cracked up to be. "The Son of Zorro" was great.

Another who deserves all the fuss that's been made about her is little Betty Bronson. She reminds one of a clear, sparkling brook rippling through green fields. I hope they do not spoil her with unsuitable parts.

C. P. STANDISH.

Meets All the Trains

Albuquerque, N. M.

I think this is a very interesting column,

I have seen quite a few of our movie stars, personally, and want to tell you what I think of them. They usually get off the train and walk up and down the platform here on their trips from coast to coast.

I saw Gaston Glass yesterday and my heart almost stopped. He is wonderful looking and was very pleasant. I saw our darling Mary Pickford three times, and she is too beautiful for words. She had a smile on her face all the time she was here, and as for Douglas Fairbanks, I liked him very much. Owen Moore looks exactly as he does on the screen, and Marion Davies is beautiful. Mae Murray is just like a big doll, and words cannot describe Ricardo Cortez. Jackie Coogan is cute, but I was disappointed when I saw Gloria. She was very cordial, but I don't think she is as pretty off the screen as on. I didn't care much for Eugene O'Brien's looks either.

Don't you think I am lucky living in a town between Los Angeles and New York, where I can get to see the stars? I feel so proud to discuss the stars, and after seeing so many, I just had to write about it.

DOROTHY MITCHELL.

Un-funny Comedies Get It

Brooklyn, N. Y.

There are too many trashy comedies on the screen. Looking at them is a rank dissipation of mind and time. It doesn't matter how nonsensical a comedy is if it makes us laugh, but most of the short-reelers are a positive nuisance.

WM. FELDMAN.

Handsome Man—You'd Be Surprised

Port Arthur, Ont., Canada.

There has been enough controversy in your columns as to who is the best looking man in the movies. Now I will settle it. Rex Ingram!

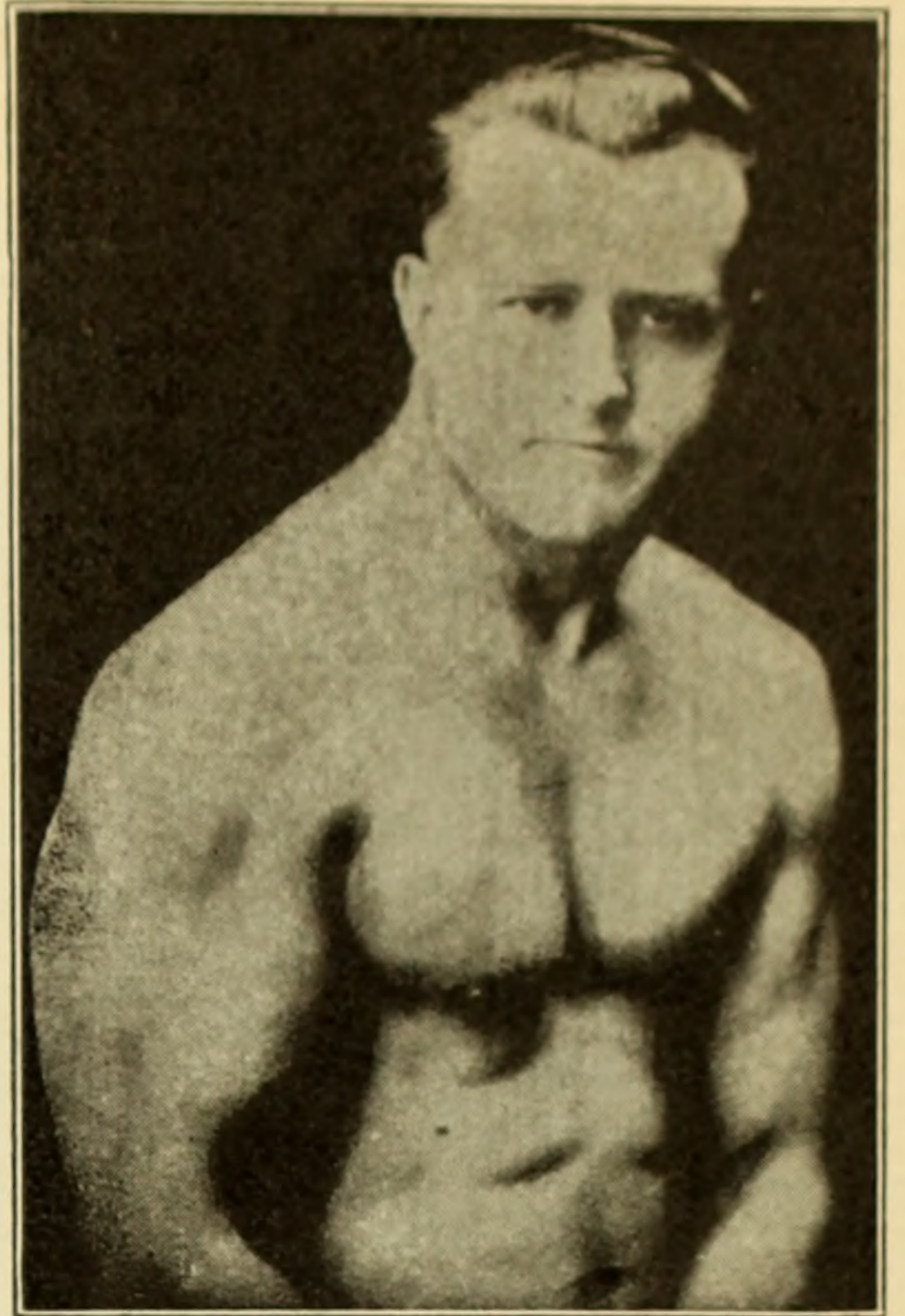
Mr. Ingram is the finest looking of them all. Please, can't we have some nice big pictures of him, and not just little scraps? How about an interview with him? He is the best director, and would be the best actor, if he wished to.

F. M. H.

Pola Tiresome

Denver, Colo.

How can Mr. Jay Smith, of Chicago, even think there could be a successor to Wallie? There can never be anyone to take his place;



Earle E. Liederman—The Muscle Builder

Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength," "Here's Health," etc.

If You Were Dying To-Night

and I offered something that would give you ten years more to live, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well, fellows, I've got it, but don't wait till you're dying or it won't do you a bit of good. It will then be too late. Right now is the time. Tomorrow, or any day, some disease will get you and if you have not equipped yourself to fight it off, you're gone. I don't claim to cure disease. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance.

A Re-Built Man

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting hold of a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow stronger. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it and I like to give the other fellow the laugh. I don't simply give you a veneer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big massive arms and legs on you, but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs. The kind that give you real pep and energy, the kind that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

All I Ask Is Ninety Days

Who says it takes years to get in shape? Show me the man who makes any such claims and I'll make him eat his words. I'll put one full inch on your arm in just 30 days. Yes, and two full inches on your chest in the same length of time. Meanwhile, I'm putting life and pep into your old back-bone. And from then on, just watch 'em grow. At the end of thirty days you won't know yourself. Your whole body will take on an entirely different appearance. But you're only started. Now come the real works. I've only built my foundation. I want just 60 days more (90 in all) and you'll make those friends of yours, who think they're strong, look like something the cat dragged in.

A Real Man

When I'm through with you, you're a real man. The kind that can prove it. You will be able to do things you had thought impossible. And the beauty of it is you keep on going. Your deep full chest breathes in rich, pure air, stimulating your blood and making you just bubble over with vim and vitality. Your huge square shoulders and your massive muscular arms have that craving for the exercise of a regular he man. You have the flash to your eye and the pep to your step that will make you admired and sought after both in business and social world.

This is no idle prattle, fellows. If you doubt me, make me prove it. Go ahead, I like it. I have already done this for thousands of others and my records are unchallenged. What I have done for them, I will do for you. Come, then, for time flies and every day counts. Let this very day be the beginning of new life to you.

"Muscular Development" It is Free

It contains over four dozen full-size photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. All I ask is 10 cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing and it is yours to keep. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness do not put it off. Send today—right now before you turn this page.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

305 Broadway Dept. 101 New York City

Earle E. Liederman, Dept. 101,
305 Broadway, New York City.

Dear Sir: I enclose herewith 10c for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development."

(Please write or print plainly.)

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



Who is the
GREEN ARCHER
— See page 119

and as for anyone as mediocre as Richard Dix—well, he can't even be compared.

Here's a brickbat for Pola Negri. She is thrown in our faces everywhere we turn. An issue of PHOTOPLAY seldom leaves her out, and she is to me the most tiresome actress on the screen. However, when it comes to Gloria, Corinne Griffith, Colleen Moore, Norma Shearer and others, I haven't words enough to praise them.

I do wish Lon Chaney would stop sacrificing himself in all his pictures. I saw "The Unholy Three" last night, and why couldn't Mae Busch have fallen in love with him? Lon Chaney has never given a bad performance, and he ought to get the girl once.

DOROTHY WHITMAN.

Producers, Read This

New York City, N. Y.

Your "kick" department is an outlet for the American public's steam when some of the bones the producers pull make us too hot under the collar.

I'm speaking of the reckless way in which good actors and actresses are directed and cast in pictures that are then sold through advertising. For example, Thomas Meighan in "The Alaskan," Barbara La Marr in "The Heart of a Siren," and hundreds of others.

What has happened to pictures like "Passion," "Orphans of the Storm," "The Four Horsemen," "Blood and Sand," "Peter Pan," and others? Is the industry starting to specialize in advertising and selling instead of producing? If mob scenes and costume plays are too expensive there are always interesting stories like "The Talker" and "Are Parents People?"

The trend of thought in producing seems to be that lavishness, thrills, extreme costumes, exaggeration and animation make up for a weak plot and poor direction.

BERT CHOLET.

Good Suggestions

Gloversville, N. Y.

I would very much like to see screened "Ivanhoe" and "The Idylls of the King." In the latter Lillian Gish as *Elaine*. She might also do for the fair lady in "Ivanhoe," although this is more of a Douglas Fairbanks picture. My husband would like to see "The Lady of the Lake."

MRS. ROBERT HOWARD.

A Lloyd Hughes Fan

Chicago, Ill.

Can't throw enough bouquets to my only favorite male actor, Lloyd Hughes. I've watched him climb the ladder of fame for two years, and at last he is there. Your magazine never has anything about him, although in November issue his picture appeared, but it was very poor of him. He certainly has all these sheiks beaten in every way, to say nothing of the old timers that are old enough to retire, such as Milton Sills, Conway Tearle, and others.

Lloyd Hughes brings us youth, college, romance and everything that is beautiful and worthwhile in life. His company should give him more pictures like "Welcome Stranger" and "Declasse." He is the ideal American type of young man that not only appeals to the younger set, but to the older women and also to men, which is unusual, since hardly any men give actors very much praise, particularly the Valentino type, but they all admire the clean young American as personified in Lloyd Hughes.

I understand he has a wonderful reputation in Hollywood, is happily and peacefully married. Please publish more pictures and news of him.

God bless him and may he become the greatest star.

MARION WALLACE.

Can't See Gloria

Cincinnati, Ohio.

I enjoy PHOTOPLAY very much, but wish to see more pictures of Viola Dana, my favorite.

I fail to understand why everyone is so infatuated with Gloria Swanson, for her pictures and acting aren't anything to rave about, like most people do.

Here's for better pictures like those of Bebe Daniels, Colleen Moore, Mary Pickford, and Marion Davies.

PHYLLIS NEWTON.

Our Ivan Gets It

Philadelphia, Pa.

Just one loaded brickbat aimed in deadly earnest at Ivan St. Johns. When he tells us Peggy Joyce is "just an old-fashioned girl," as gullible as we are, it somehow won't go down.

Why not risk the censors and send Herb Howe over for an interview, and then tell us all?

MARY FORREST.

A Prediction

San Francisco, Calif.

The cinema is improving. There are many useless subtitles that will gradually be eliminated. In future there will be more pictures of the calibre of "The Last Laugh" and "The Old Swimmin' Hole."

The theme of the future picture will be written to be filmed. There will be less adaptations from popular plays and novels. Writers will realize that the cinema is an excellent medium for the expression of their character studies.

The players of the future will be better pantomimists than those of the present.

K. A. DUNCAN.

A Nice One for a Newcomer

Simpson, Pa.

I have a great big bouquet for one of our most promising young actors, Lawrence Gray. His acting in "Are Parents People?" was superb. He wins the laurel wreath, and if he gets the chance that some of the other actors have had, I know he will surpass them in every way. He is the type that we wish to see.

MISS J. K. W.

She Can't See Jack Gilbert

Cheshire, Conn.

I fail to see why people rave over Jack Gilbert. To me he is only good looking, which does not mean much.

I don't agree with the person who said Constance Talmadge is the world's best comedienne. Dorothy Gish has her beaten a mile.

MRS. J. W. D.

Ricardo Most Passionate

Lynchburg, Va.

I would like to toss a brickbat at R. V. C. of Philadelphia and "Babe" of Kansas City. The very idea of saying Ricardo Cortez copies Rudolph Valentino. Both are good and both the same type. "The Spaniard" called for the Latin type, so, therefore—Ricardo. I think he is the most passionate man on the screen. His eyes would melt an iceberg.

I want him to know that here is one fan who gets thrills up and down her spine from those marvelous eyes of his.

JUST A BLONDE.

Wants Original Stories

Meadville, Pa.

Your magazine is, in my opinion, the best authority and the most accurate account of the doings at Hollywood.

What is so annoying to many movie fans is to view their favorite novel transferred to the screen in unrecognizable fashion. "Grau-



Sizes for all types of noses. Adjustable in every way.

ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER

(Patented) Shapes while you sleep. Rapid, painless and safe. The ANITA is a Genuine and most Comfortable Nose Supporter. Absolutely GUARANTEED. Highly recommended by Physicians.

Write for FREE booklet, "Nature's Way to Happiness"

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Your skin can be quickly cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Barbers Itch and Eczema, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. CLEAR-TONE has been Tried, Tested and Proven its merits in over 100,000 test cases.

FREE WRITE TODAY for my FREE Booklet—"A CLEAR-TONE SKIN"—telling how I cured myself after being afflicted for fifteen years.

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Users everywhere report Miraco Radios get programs coast to coast on loud speaker; outperform sets three times as costly. Many hear foreign countries. Radio's most amazing values in guaranteed factory-built, factory-tested long distance sets—let testimony of users convince you.

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FREE Book on Deafness

Write today for 168 page FREE book giving full particulars and testimonials from hundreds of grateful users whose hearing has been restored by use of our "little wireless phones for the ears."

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WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
278 Todd Building LOUISVILLE, KY.

stark" for instance. I can see where it is impossible to follow the scenes of the story exactly, but I cannot understand any writer introducing *Princess Yvette* with dogs and pets. They give her a character that is not hers at all.

What we want is more original stories. There must be somebody who can give us a few new ideas. We are waiting.

PEARL WETHERBY.

Read This, Mr. Watkins

Rives Junction, Mich.

I am a constant reader of PHOTOPLAY and enjoy reading Brickbats and Bouquets when they are *just* criticisms. But a letter written by H. J. Watkins, in the November issue of this magazine, goes beyond the bounds. It is more than a brickbat. It is a positive insult to Milton Sills and Conway Tearle, both of whom have done so much toward making the movies what they are today. I think the efforts they have made to benefit the public should be appreciated and not made the subject of ridicule.

One would infer from reading the Watkins letter that both Sills and Tearle were in their dotage, whereas they are in their prime, bright, intelligent men with their best years before them. I see no reason why they should be relegated to the background to give place to the younger generation. There is room for all.

When Milton Sills and Conway Tearle reach the time when they feel they cannot do justice to themselves or the public, they will step down and out of their own accord, and retire with the *honor* due them.

MRS. NELLIE E. STEELE.

Some Sense in This

Scranton, Penna.

The younger actors mentioned in H. J. Watkins' letter last month are good, very good, but not to be compared with finished actors like Conway Tearle, Milton Sills, and Tom Meighan. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Buster Collier would make fine lovers—opposite Nita Naldi and Barbara La Marr, now, wouldn't they?

L. R. R.

We Thank You

Houlton, Maine.

I want to ask you if you would please give us a cover of Dorothy Cumming and a story about her. She is wonderful and has the most beautiful mouth I have ever seen. And she can act.

I can't agree with "Lou and John" when they say that Mae Murray can't act. She can, but I wish she would wear her hair soft and fluffy and leave off those hideous puffs and snarled curls.

Gloria Swanson is a fine actress and deserves all praise.

Here is a brickbat for Nita Naldi. Why doesn't she let her eyes alone and not make up so heavily?

Your covers are great. Wish we could see more Rolf Armstrong ones.

RESSIE C. WETMORE.

Come Through, Lon Chaney Fans

Bethel, Conn.

I have read your Brickbats and Bouquets for November, and not a word regarding Lon Chaney. What is the matter? Are the people asleep? Can't they appreciate an artist when they see one?

Who can portray the characters Lon Chaney can? Never has such an artist ever been known. His work in "The Hunchback," and "He Who Gets Slapped" is splendid. Every picture in which he plays has that same gripping appeal.

If you can't feel his acting, you are not human.

VIOLET.

"If I had only known—"

TWO women went out to buy a certain expensive labor-saving device for the home.

One was greatly disappointed when, a few days later, they compared notes. She had bought the same product that many of her friends had owned.

The other woman had secured a greatly improved, new product—costing less, but of much more value.

"If I had only known there was a better one," the first woman said, "I would never have bought this old one."

"I had just read about it in an advertisement," explained the wise buyer.

Every day you miss good news of an improvement in different articles of merchandise—*unless you read the advertisements*. They tell you of practically every worth-while invention—of every progress from the old to the new.

Read the advertisements—regularly. Know all about the thing you are going to buy before you buy it. It will save you disappointment, money and time.

The better a product is—the sooner you'll see it in an advertisement.

RAMON NAVARRO



THE MIDSHIPMAN

Story by
CAREY WILSON

Scenario by
F. MCGREW WILLIS

Directed by
CHRISTY CABANNE

SUPERB acting, splendid direction and the critical supervision of the United States Navy Department have combined to produce the first authentic picture ever shown of our Admirals in the making.

Thrill follows thrill throughout the yarn as rapidly as wave follows wave at sea—it will leave you breathless and satisfied—another proof of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's supreme genius in the making of motion picture masterpieces.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in heaven"

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

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Effective service promptly

KEEP Feminex always at hand. It banishes pain and tense misgivings—usually in from 10 to 15 minutes. Giving relief and relaxation. Saving valuable time, and the embarrassment that attends habitual absence from one's position.

**So inexpensive there's really
no reason to be without**

It costs only 50c a bottle—containing enough tablets for three months' service! Safe and tasteless. And as easy to carry as a compact. Or it may be kept in desk, dressing table, drawer or cabinet. Feminex has solved another age-old problem of womankind, and within one year

has been adopted as a toilette essential by girls and women everywhere.

At your favorite drug store

Feminex is sold by name at the best drug stores the country over. The name is easy to remember — its service will never be forgotten or willingly foregone.

Send for Sample Package

Simply tear out this advertisement, write name and address on the margin, and mail it with a dime to Drug Store Products, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. We will gladly send a sample package in plain wrapper.



When the second act has come to an end—and the curtain is rung down amidst whirling applause—when you mingle outside with the excited throngs in the lobby—have a Camel!



Into the making of this one cigarette goes all of the ability of the world's largest organization of expert tobacco men. Nothing is too good for Camels. The choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos. The most skilful blenders. The most scientific package. No other cigarette made is like Camels. No better cigarette can be made. Camels are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.

WHEN the thrilling second act of the best show of the year has just come to an end. And the stars have taken their curtain calls in answer to round after round of applause. When you join the crowds outside just as pleased and thrilled as yourself—have a Camel!

For no other friend is so cheerful, so resting between acts as Camel. Camel adds its own romantic glamour to the brightness of memorable occasions. No other cigarette ever made—and kept—so many friends. Camels never tire your taste no matter how liberally or zestfully you smoke them. Camels never leave a cigarettey after-taste. All the desire to please, all the skill to serve of the largest tobacco organization in the world, goes into this one cigarette.

So when you leave the theatre pleased and inspired for greater things, when you see life's problems and their solutions clearer—lift the flame and taste the mellowest smoke that ever came from a cigarette.

Have a Camel!



Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

