TO THE READER OF THIS VOLUME

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*Your thoughtfulness will be appreciated*
MOTION PICTURE
THE QUALITY MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN
AUGUST

25 CTS

MY STORY
by
LEATRICE JOY

THE INCUBATOR
OF GENIUS
POIRET, Himself, Tells You How

YOU MAY SELECT IT

POIRET, the artist he who has learned
to express a woman's individuality in
beautiful lines, in colour, in fabrics—
Poiret has turned to perfumes.

By the quaint, unique bottles, flacons—
by the wrappings of these strange new
odours and beautiful scents, he shows you
how best to express your own individu-
ality, in perfume.

He has studied the personality of woman.
And he has found a perfume for each type.
Now he offers a new way for each woman
to find the perfume which best suits her.
Which expresses her own particular style.

HOW TO SELECT YOUR SCENT

So from the perfumes of Rosine, he has se-
lected those that he wants. And for each
of those chosen... the exotic, the inspiring,
the wicked... he has designed a distinctive
bottle or wrapping. As an example, the Nuit
de Chine—illustrated—whose oriental
odour is unlike anything ever known before.
And each package is so cleverly contrived,
that the mere fact that it appeals to a wo-
man, Poiret says, indicates that it is the one
for her to wear. And so with all the others.
For Poiret has studied women. He has
clothed them with an eye for the exquis-
ite which is his, and his alone. His frocks
grace the slender bodies of princesses.
Women come from world's ends to be
draped by his skilful hands.

EXPRESSING A WOMAN'S
INDIVIDUALITY

So it is but natural that his mind should
study the other ways for woman to ex-
press her personality. His mind, that of
the student; his eye, that of the artist. His
imagination—that of POIRET.
Each of the lovely flacons, beautiful bot-
tles—wonderful wrappings—he designed ex-
pressly for the perfume it contains. And
each perfume for a type.

Thus it is made easy for you to identify by
the wrappings, or the flacon, the perfume
that is within. The one which expresses
your personality. Subtly, discreetly—as you
would have it expressed. Telling a little,
promising much... betraying nothing.

POIRET himself says: "These parfums, I
offer you, mes amis, in confidence that they
will do for your soul what my gowns
have done for your bodies. It is true that
they are tres expensive... but... what
would you? Are they not parfums of the
rarest excellence? Parfums by which you
may at last accurately reflect your character,
your personality? And with the little
wrappings and flacons which I, Paul
Poiret, have designed with the same care
as my most ravishing costume?"

In the more exclusive shops of your city
the perfumes of Rosine will be found for
sale, in the packings that Poiret himself
designed for them. Each with its own
raison d'être, each you can identify. Or we
will refer you to the dealer who sells
them, if you will but write.
Summer's heat only emphasizes the cool perfection of a Skin that's Twin-Creamed!

It is hot, distressingly hot. The sultry air stands still. The sun is a red ball of fire going down behind the hills, but leaving promise of a wilting night. Then, most wonderful of sensations, comes a cool little breeze, escaped from the shadows of evening. Delightfully it caresses your fevered cheeks and instantly the whole world seems different.

So it is with Princess Pat Twin Creams. At their touch the skin grows deliciously cool. The heat flush, the stickiness, vanish. Fresh, velvety softness replaces the drawn harshness induced by summer's heat.

Such is the effect of pore control, the entirely new, scientific principle which makes Princess Pat Twin Creams a different complexion treatment than may be had with any other creams in the world. "Twin-Creaming" keeps the pores always of normal size, giving the soft, fine-grained skin texture which is the ardent desire of every woman's heart.

A Skin of Cool Beauty

The improved Princess Pat Complexion Method—doubly advantageous in hot weather—is simplicity itself. There is one cream to nourish and rejuvenate; another to cool the skin and close the pores. They work together. Princess Pat Cream is applied first, Princess Pat Ice Astringent right over it. Then both are wiped completely away.

You will see the advantage over ordinary penetrating astringents. Princess Pat Ice Astringent gives its closing, cooling, tonic effect without going into the pores. Little globules of cool moisture, forming on the surface, prove this. You do not rub the Astringent in. After it has acted you swipe it entirely away.

The trouble heretofore has always been in attempting the impossible. Nourishing oils and astringent ingredients cannot be effectively combined in one cream. The astringent element acts first and closes the pores before they are nourished. And to use an astringent without previously nourishing the skin has the effect of choking the pores by the "rubbing in" process.

So you see how beautifully Princess Pat Twin-Creaming solves the greatest of all complexion questions—how to properly keep the pores normally closed at all times, yet constantly softened and made plant by beneficial oils that keep the skin structure aglow with rosy health.

The Blessing of Pore Control

In Summer

The year round, Princess Pat Twin Creams are a boon to every type of skin. But in summer! Your skin under this treatment becomes as rarely beautiful and fine as flower petals opening in the garden of a cool, dewy morning. There is simply nothing comparable to the effect this treatment will accomplish for all complexion.

"I call Princess Pat my 'Twenty Degrees Cooler Treatment,'" wrote one woman who enjoyed it last summer. "And you'll feel the same this summer with this perfect complexion method.

And wait until you powder! No "rubbed in" base, remember; just closed pores and a cool, smooth skin. But the powder goes on as smoothly as your own skin—and it will cling closer and longer than you would have imagined possible from anything in your past experience.

Use of Twin Creams, and careful powdering greatly assists in preventing tan.

There is, indeed, a new summer joy to be found in Princess Pat Twin Creams and you are invited to make your own personal test agreement with the offer below.

Free Trial!

Until the shops have been sufficiently stocked with Princess Pat Twin Creams to meet all calls for them, we shall take pleasure in sending to individuals a 10 days' supply—without charge.

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd.
2701 S. Wells St., Dept. 28, Chicago
Entirely FREE; please forward me postpaid a 10 days' supply of the new Princess Pat Twin Creams.

Name (Print) ........................................
Street ............................................
City and State ......................................
MOTION PICTURE PROGRESS
DEPENDS ON THE ENTERTAINMENT IDEALS
OF THE GREATEST ORGANIZATION IN
THE INDUSTRY

PARAMOUNT entertainment values, as instanced
by Cruze’s “The Covered Wagon,” and De Mille’s
“The Ten Commandments,” and a long list of
progressively greater pictures, are your assurance that
if it’s a Paramount Picture, it’s the best show in
town.

NEW PARAMOUNT PICTURES
Produced by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
“THE FIGHTING COWARD”
A JAMES CRUZE Production with Ernest Torrence, Mary Astor, Cullen Landis, Phyllis Haver, Noah Beery. By Booth Tarkington. Adapted by Walter Woods.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
“THE DAWN OF A TOMORROW”
A GEORGE MELFORD Production with Jacqueline Logan, David Torrence, Raymond Griffith. From the novel and play by Frances Hodgson Burnett. Screen play by Harvey Thew.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
THOMAS MEIGHAN in “THE CONFIDENCE MAN”

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
CECIL B. DEMILLE’S PRODUCTION “TRIUMPH”
With Leatrice Joy, Rod La Rocque, Victor Varconi, Charles Ogle, Julia Faye, Theodore Kosloff, Robert Edison, Zasu Pitts, George Fawcett and Raymond Hatton. Screen play by Jeanie Macpherson. From the story by May Edginton.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
“THE BREAKING POINT”
A HERBERT BRENON Production with Nita Naldi, Patsy Ruth Miller, George Fawcett, Matt Moore. From the novel and play by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Screen play by Julie Herne and Edfrid E. Bingham.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
“BLUFF”
A SAM WOOD Production with Agnes Ayres and Antonio Moreno. From the story by RITA WEIMAN and JOSEPHINE L. QUIRK. Screen play by Willis Goldbeck.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
“TIGER LOVE”
A GEORGE MELFORD Production with Antonio Moreno and Estelle Taylor. Directed by Manuel Pesci. Screen play by Howard Hawks.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
POLA NEGRI in “MEN”
A DIMITRI BUCHOWETZKI Production. From the story by Dimitri Buchowetzki. Screen play by Paul Bern.

PARAMOUNT Pictures
Monte Blue Tells Intimate Things

Would you like to know why Monte Blue can take the part of one dramatic, thrilling character after another and hit the bull's-eye of sincerity each time? Read the story of his life by himself in the August Motion Picture and you will learn why.

Part Cherokee Indian and wholly he-man, he has traveled the country from end to end, living these characters with as lavish a versatility in real life as he displays on the screen.

The story will be illustrated with studies of Monte Blue from the time of his childhood.
Manufacturers, Distributors and Studios of Motion Pictures

NEW YORK CITY

Advanced Motion Picture Corp, 1493 Broadway
American Releasing Corp., 15 W. 44th Street
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Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 W. 45th Street
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Cosmopolitan Productions, 2472 Second Street
C. C. Burr Prod., 135 W. 44th St.
Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Ave.
(Biograph Studios, 807 E. 17th St.)
Educational Film Co., 729 Seventh Ave.
Export & Import Film Co., 729 Seventh Ave.
Famous Players-Lasky, 485 Fifth Ave.
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Film Booking Offices, 723 Seventh Ave.
Film Guild, 8 W. 40th St.
Film Market, Inc., 563 Fifth Ave.
Fox Studios, Tenth Ave. and 55th St.
Gaumont Co., Congress Ave., Flushing, L. I.
Goldwyn Pictures Corp., 469 Fifth Ave.
Graphic Film Corp., 729 Seventh Ave.
Griffith, D. W., Films, 1476 Broadway.
(Studio, Oriental Pt., Mamaroneck, N. Y.)
Hokinson, W. W., Film Corp., 469 Fifth Ave.
Inpiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave.
International Studios, 2478 Second Ave.
Jans Pictures, 720 Seventh Ave.
Jester Comedy Co., 220 W. 42nd St.
Kenna Film Corp., 1639 Broadway
Mastodon Films, 135 W. 44th St.
Metro Pictures, Loew Bldg., 1540 Broadway
Moss, B. S., 1564 Broadway
Outing Chester Pictures, 120 W. 41st Street
Pathé Exchange, 35 W. 45th St.
Preferred Pictures, 1650 Broadway
Prizma, Inc., 110 W. 40th St.
Pyramid Picture Corp., 150 W. 34th St.
Ritz-Carlton Prod., 6 W. 48th St.
Selznick Pictures, 729 Seventh Ave.
Sasmicine Films, Inc., 140 W. 44th St.
Talmadge Film Corp., 1540 Broadway
Topics of the Day Film Co., 1562 Broadway
Triangle Distributing Corp., 1459 Broadway
Tully, Richard Walton, Prod., 1482 Broadway
United Artists, 729 Seventh Ave.
Universal Film Corp., 1600 Broadway
Vitagraph Films, East 16th St. and Lockport Ave., Brooklyn
Warner Bros., 1600 Broadway
West, Roland, Prod., Co., 236 W. 55th Street
Whitman, Bennett, Prod., 537 Riverside Ave.

OUT OF TOWN

American Film Co., 6227 Broadway,
Chicago, Ill.
Bear State Film Co., Hollywood, Calif.
Leah Baird Prod., Culver City, Calif.
Bennett, Charles C., Prod., 3800 Mission Rd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
Century Comedies, 1000 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Christie Film Corp., 6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Commonwealth Pictures Corp., 220 So.
State St., Chicago, Ill.
Coogan, Jackie, Prod., 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
Douglas Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Calif.
Fox Studios, 1401 Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Garson Studios, Inc., 1845 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Graf Prod., Inc., 315 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif.
Harold Lloyd Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.
MacDonald, Katherine, Prod., 945 Girard St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Mary Pickford Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Metro Studios, 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Calif.
Morosco, Oliver, Prod., 750 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.
Pacific Studios, San Mateo, Calif.
Pathé Frères, 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J.
Ray, Charles Studios, 1425 Fleming St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Robertson-Cole Studios, 780 Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Roach, Hal E., Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Roland, Ruth, Prod., Culver City, Calif.
Sennett, Mack, Studios, 1712 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Sol Lesser Prod., 7230 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Stewart, Anita, Prod., 3800 Mission Rd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Tourneur, Maurice, Prod., Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Talmadge Prod., 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
United Studios, Inc., Los Angeles, Calif.
Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.
Vitagraph Studios, 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood, Calif.
Wharton, Inc., 113ca, New York

THE THIEF OF BAGDAD

By FAITH BALDWIN

Here's a most enchanting thing,
Snow-white horses on the wing,
And amazing rugs that fly
Over earth and under sky,
Here are villains, almond-eyed
Villains poker-stiff with pride!
Here's a hero who's a thief...
Steals your heart and then your grief!

Fairy pictures, fairy lights,
Magic days and magic nights,
Beasts and fire, battle-cries
Ancient wizards, beard and wise...
And a Princess, flower-fair,
Pool-deep eyes and perfumed hair...
Music... laughter... hopes and fears
And the dreams of Other Years.

Bagdad... Bagdad... fare-you-well,
We shall never lose your spell,
In our hearts, a silver lance
Is the hurt of Old Romance...
Yours the magic rope must be
Binding us—to set us free—
Free from daytime fret and pain,
Free as children, once again.

SCENARIOS

By JANE CUTHRELL

Reams of paper, floods of ink, vats of midnight oil,
Dreams like bubbled, fairy brew, always on the boil,
Young hands, old hands, pulsing quick,
with the ancient spell.
Work and hope... and questioning...
"Surely it will sell!"

Stamps and envelopes and such... mail-box on the street.
Drop it in and hear the thump—turn, re-luctant feet... .
The toil of seeing and the watch, vigilant and long
With the never-dying hope like a bar of song
"Surely it is better than this and this or that!"
"If it brings a thousand in... or two thousand flat
I can buy such pretty things... travel...
build a house... .
Wait! Was that the postman's knock...
or a scratching mouse?"

Little, lost scenarios, wrought with loving care,
Always coming home again, much the worse for wear,
Dreams that will not, cannot die... hopeful balls that chime,
"Never mind, we try again... luck another time!"

[Image: Bagdad, 3460 Broadway, New York City, NY]
Another Convention Back in 1860

No convention in American political history was more surprising or dramatic than the sudden endorsement of Abe Lincoln for the presidency by the Illinois Republicans in 1860. Lincoln, present as a spectator, was hoisted on shoulders and carried to the platform. It was another climax in his life—a life as romantic, as dramatic as that of any hero of fiction.

Al and Ray Rockett have produced the wonder picture of the year in "Abraham Lincoln." It is ideal entertainment. There is an idyllic love story, heartbreak drama and whimsical comedy. Above is George Billings in the title rôle.

A Love Story's End

Romance runs smoothly in some lives, but in others there's no end of obstacles to be overcome. And in the picture "For Sale" there was a matrimonial auction block and a pair of selfish parents blocking the way to happiness.

Claire Windsor and Robert Ellis are the happy ones in the picture above. Adolphe Menjou, Mary Carr and Tully Marshall are others in the cast who make the picture interesting.

"A Self Made Failure"

Lloyd Hamilton, drafted from the ranks of hoboes to be a physical training instructor, supplies half the laughs in J. K. McDonald's "A Self Made Failure." Ben Alexander (on the left) is responsible for the other fifty per cent.
Mellin’s Food and milk will enable your baby to have the healthy and robust appearance so typical of all Mellin’s Food babies.

Write today for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin’s Food and a copy of our book, “The Care and Feeding of Infants.”

Mellin’s Food Co., 177 State St., Boston, Mass.
In the Footsteps of "Tol'able David"

EVERYONE who saw Richard Barthelmess' "Tol'able David" remembers the original climax of the fight scene between David and the mountaineer villain. David and the villain were left in the room in the middle of their struggle while the camera picked up another scene. Then the door from that room was slowly opened and the audience waited, breathless, to see who would come forth the victor. Almost every critic took the trouble to mention this piece of business in their review. The public talked about this treatment also. And what is the result?

Ever since that time directors have been employing the same climax to practically every fight they screen. We would hesitate to say how many times we have seen this touch employed for fear of being criticised for exaggeration. The last time we remember groaning over it was in "Fool's Highway."

It never seems to dawn upon the directors who still use it that this episode was effective the first time because of its originality. Later versions of a door slowly opening to disclose a victorious combatant have proved about as spontaneous, thrilling and as inspiring as a rubber stamp signature must be to an autograph collector.

We give over our editorial page to this protest because we believe that motion picture directors are too prone to joggle on in a beaten track, wary of the untested and untried—harnessing their imagination to a dollar sign in their obeisance to the things which have gone before to prove "sure-fire" . . .

We admit that this door episode was clever—but we use the past tense emphatically . . . and we pray to be delivered from more than half a dozen more pictures in which the "Tol'able David" touch is employed.
What particular skin problem are you facing?

Have you an oily skin?
Blackheads?
A dull, sallow color?

You can free your skin from blackheads by using the special cleansing treatment given below.

Begin, today, to have a beautiful skin!
A skin without a flaw—clear, fresh as the morning.
You can have a beautiful skin if you will. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place.

Give this new skin the special treatment it needs, and see what a wonderful improvement you can bring about.

The following treatment will free your skin from blackheads:

Every night before retiring, apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury’s Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in this treatment. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

An oily skin can be corrected by using every night the following treatment:

Just before you go to bed, cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury’s Facial Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now, with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury’s Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

Tear out the coupon at the left, and send for a trial-size set of these three famous Woodbury skin preparations!

We want you to see how much good even a week of the right Woodbury treatment will do your skin. Therefore, for ten cents and the coupon at the left we will send you—

A trial-size cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap.
A sample tube of Woodbury’s Facial Cream.
A sample box of Woodbury’s Facial Powder.
Together with the treatment booklet, “A Skin You Love to Touch”.

JULANNE JOHNSTON

Douglas Fairbanks might have searched every kingdom and he would never have found a lovelier princess for his magical "Thief of Bagdad" than the fair Julanne Johnston. She is the image of every fairy princess in every fairy-tale come true... Now she is giving her days to "Captain Fearless," in which Reginald Denny is starred. This sounds like a far hail from the old land of Bagdad
Betty Blythe

Betty has been a trans-Atlantic commuter in the last two years. That is why you haven’t seen so much of her on your neighborhood screen lately. When she returned to New York, having made two films, one of them “Chu Chin Chow” in Germany, she discovered that a cable called her back to Europe for the purpose of again facing foreign cameras in both France and Italy. Now she is in California, glad to rest awhile in her canyon home. And her next picture will be “The Spitfire”
Every celebrity knows that only one thing is fatal...not being talked about. Criticism is better than indifference. As the Hunchback of Notre Dame, Lon Chaney has been the subject of much controversy. He has been both criticized and lauded for the exaggerations of his portrayal. And his popularity has gone marching on with greater and greater strides. Now he is playing the title-role in "He Who Gets Slapped," a screen version of that whimsical play which delighted New York theatergoers last season.
HELEN FERGUSON

When Ruth Stonehouse was a star in the old Essanay days, Helen Ferguson was one of the extras who dangled their feet from the waiting bench in "Hopeful Alley." And now her perseverance, supplementing her very definite ability, has brought her to the place where she then dreamed of being. Nothing is too much trouble for Helen. . . . When her Roman nose disqualified her for the rôle of the Spanish siren in Douglas MacLean's "Never Say Die," Helen consulted a surgeon. And the straight nose in the above photograph was the result . . . also the coveted siren's rôle.
DORIS KENYON

Unlike most Jacks of all trades, Doris Kenyon does a number of things and does them all exceedingly well. A few years from now, when her vocal instruction is completed, she anticipates an operatic career. Electric lights on Broadway frequently display her name as the star of a legitimate production. Volumes of her delightful verse have been published, and her screen presence is so unfailingly lovely that Valentino insisted upon her for the rôle of Lady Mary Carlyle in "Monsieur Beaucaire"
"I'm afraid I'm not really great," said Mary Pickford. "I'm too normal. I like to have reasons—facts—for what I do. And I think genius is comparable with abnormality. It is the gift given those who swing somewhere in the balance between the sane and insane."

We Interview Mary
An Interview Playlet in One Act and Three Scenes

THE CAST

America's Sweetheart .......................................................... Mary Pickford
We ................................................................. Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher
Zorro .......................................................... Himself

Others: Secretary, Chauffeur, Servants, Crowds n' Crowds

Scene I

The dressing-room of the Hotel Ambassador, New York City. It is here that the Pickford-Fairbanks entourage, including a cook, secretaries, a chauffeur and other servitors attend Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, mother of Mary, and little Mary Pickford, niece of Mary, during their sojourn in New York.

Gladys Hall is discovered before the triple mirror of a French dressing-table, which must be weary of so many similar optimistic scenes. She is wearily applying a noon-tide glow to her early-morning face.

Adele Whitely Fletcher enters on sprightly heels. She registers sheer incredulity at the sight of her confrère-in-interviewing.
DELE WHITELY
FLETCHER (rub-
bning her eyes un-
believingly): My
Dear! Wasn’t there a train
from your exclusive suburb to
bring you to town with some
degree of your usual tardiness.
Isn’t this promptitude what is
known as stepping out of
character?

GLADYS HALL (considering
the preposterous shade of her
lip salve): It behooves you to
maintain a discreet silence. I
arose at the indecent hour of
eight o’clock in order to make a
train which would bring me to
this inconsiderate rendezvous
at the hour of ten A. M. It is
now that hour—and past, if I
may say so.

In the future—pray—permit
me the liberty of making our
appointments.

A. W. F. (unperturbed,
knowing well the infirmities of
character which beset the genius
home): Well . . . ah, well.
If I remember correctly, you
were the one most anxious to
do this story. You wanted it to
be on this month’s check list.
 Didn’t you mention something
about sun-porch furniture. Or
was it the children’s shoes again?
They might be centipedes judging
by your conversation.

Mary says she
must retire
gracefully. She
realizes she has
enjoyed stardom longer than
it is given to anyone else to
enjoy it. She is
determined not
to overstay her
time

Well . . . ah, well. Criticism will ever be the
reward of consideration. Heigh ho!

G. H.: My dear, no epigrams. They do not fit
the hour. And my feeble brain has all it can do
to support my hair.

But do you not descend a trifle, my young intel-
lectual, my own altruist, when you stoop to this
application of cosmetics.

Why trouble, darling?

Doug probably will not be about. And if he is?
Mary’s eyes are dark and large . . . Mary’s hair
is golden . . . Mary’s name is legion . . .

A. W. F. (interrupting what promises to be a
rhapsody in innumerable cantos): Are you ready?

G. H.: Huh, hun.

Scene II.—The living-room of the Fairbanks suite.
A secretary ushers the plastered (cosmetically speaking)
interviewers into the large room overlooking Park
Mary Pickford scorns the writers of the motion pictures who turn about to brand screen people in the fiction they write. She loves pictures and promises to defend them with her last breath.
Two Portraits

Presenting Dorothy Gish and Ronald Colman in Scenes from "Romola"

If many more companies decide in favor of filming their stories with European backgrounds in the country in which they are laid, the highways and byways of the Old World will be as familiar to us as our own cities and towns...

Once more, this time for the filming of "Romola," Lillian Gish chose Italy for her stage in preference to erecting Italian scenes in an American studio. These two portraits arrived on a steamer as we were about to go to press. However, we have managed to include them in this issue, a promise of the beauty and charm which "Romola" will possess.
The Rarest of Sensations

Editor’s Note.—Editorially speaking, we are proud to print the following analysis of Ramon Novarro. It is a critical estimate and intimate character study, such as only a friend could write. It presents Mr. Novarro as he appears to one who was privileged to observe him thru months of close intimacy. Therefore it is worth all the casual interviews which may ever be written of him.

A NOTED critic after viewing “Scaramouche” wired him: “You are the rarest of sensations—an artist.” Ferdinand Pinney Earle, introducing him to Rex Ingram in a letter written on Columbus Day, said simply: “My dear Rex, Columbus made a great discovery on this day. I believe you will, too. Here is an artist!” And the volatile Ingram after rehearsing him briefly turned to his casting director and cried, “My God, why didn’t you tell me there was a Samaniegos in this world!” Thus Ramon Gil Samaniegos, of Durango, Mexico, sprang to fame at the age of twenty-three and was knighted Ramon Novarro under the magic direction of Rex Ingram.

So much for an external estimate of Novarro as an artist, and as such he must be considered if he is to be understood. But our particular way of dealing with a man’s art depends so much on its relation to his private life and on the chance of real insight into that. With Novarro such an insight explains and justifies, better perhaps than his work can as yet, the faith and enthusiasm which he inspires in those who know him intimately.

At the age of six he was studying piano and voice under the tutelage of his mother, a talented musician. At the age of eight he had a little marionette theater in his home in Durango. At fourteen

Ramon Novarro is not easy to know. Solitary by instinct, he brings to mind the words of Michelangelo: “I have no friend of any kind and do not want any.”
he was giving public performances, adapting plays and novels into puppet pantomime and speaking for all the characters in eight or nine different voices.

When he played at the Hollywood Community Theater, prior to entering pictures, Marion Morgan, who directed the plays, used to have him rehearse all the parts for the benefit of the other players. She said of him, "Ramon is like a slot machine—put a nickel in and any character will come out."

In the same belief Ingram has tested him with a protean range of parts: as the impertinent Rupert of "Zenda," the romantic young French officer of "Trifling Women," the lyric and pagan Moutauri of "Where the Pavement Ends," and as the debonair and dashing Scaramouche.

No player ever sprang so rapidly into close-ups. Others have seemed to arrive overnight, but behind them lay months or years of playing parts; Novarro passed instantly from extra to leading rôles. Now with only five pictures on his list he commands serious consideration, not merely as a personality, but as an artist of real gift.

When I met him two years ago, my chief impression was that of youth, a debonair, Bacchic youth, sensitive, high-mettled, intuitive, of unmistakable breeding and a satiric wit, yet strangely artless and idealistic for this sophisticated age. Since then I have come to know him well and have seen him develop amazingly from the immaturity of those two years ago.

(Continued on page 83)
When I left the convent, a shadow fell across my life. My father became ill with consumption and had to go away. Then my grandfather wanted my mother and me to live with him at "La Visa," the plantation. But I revolted. I had a horror of being a poor relation
My Story
From the Time I Left New Orleans to Seek My Fortune
Rather Than Remain a Poor Relation

By

SOMETHING I wonder if I would have the courage
to go thru it all again—the struggles, the harsh-
ness, the disappointments a girl, absolutely alone,
must experience if she would have a career on
the stage or the screen.
When I say that I was alone, I mean that I had neither
friends nor financial backing to make the pathway
easier for me. I did have my mother, tho, and her bravery
and unfailing cheerfulness buoyed me up at times when,
I admit, I might otherwise have become completely
disheartened.

We stood together, late one afternoon in the winter of
1918, on the deck of the ship that had brought us up from
New Orleans. Before us stretched the sky-line of New
York City, looming massively against leaden clouds.
It was snowing, and I was very thrilled, for,
having lived in the South all my life, I
had never seen snow before. I do not
know now whether it was the snow
or the city that thrilled me most
in that hour.

My mother, no doubt, was
thinking of me, and wondering
if she had been wise in per-
mitting me to persuade her
to bring me North. I
knew so little about life.
My childhood and girl-
hood had been a happy
and sheltered one. For
more generations than
I know, our family
has lived in the South, in and around New
Orleans. I had at-
tended the convent of
the Sacred Heart in
New Orleans, and my
summers had been
spent at our plantation
La Visa, which is near
the little town of Shutes-
ton, Louisiana.

I remember how keenly,
as a youngster, I always
welcomed the summer vaca-
tion period. Once out on the
plantation I would give my time
over to play-acting. I was not
a schoolgirl there, but an actress,
and I would bring the chil-
dren from the neighboring plan-
tations over to assist me in
putting on amateur theatricals.
I did not spend my time dream-
ing about the day when I
would become an actress. I always felt that I was one.

No doubt there were times when my playmates became
rather bored with me, for while I insisted upon their
sharing my enthusiasm for the stage, I was not particu-
larly interested in their games and pastimes. When they
would not assist me, I would enact my "plays" all alone,
indifferent to the fact that I had no audience. Com-
panionship was not indispensable to me then, nor is it now.
The year that I left the convent, a shadow fell across
my life. My father, who was a dentist in New Orleans,
became ill with consumption and was forced to give up
his practice. His income, of course, stopped. I have
just one brother, and he had gone to war. For the first
time in my life, I realized what it was to have my family
in somewhat straitened circumstances. Father
was placed in a sanitarium, and grandfather
advised mother and me to go to La Visa,
the plantation, to live with him.

Mother probably would have done
so, for she had led the sheltered
life of a Southern woman and
did not know much about
battling the world, but I re-
volted. It is odd what seem-
ingly trifling occurrences
sometimes change the en-
tire course of one’s life.
I had seen a play in which
a girl, a "poor relation,”
was forced to be sub-
servient to the wishes of
wealthy relatives
who had taken her to
live with them, and
the grandfather was
the kindliest man in the
world, I could not re-
sign myself to being de-
pendent upon him.
I had a perfect horror of
being a poor relation,
myself.

At that time a little film
company, the Nola it was
called, was working in New
Orleans, under the direction
of a Mr. Martin, and one day,
without the knowledge of my
family, I went down to interview
him. Our family is rather well
known in New Orleans, and this
may have had something to do with the fact that Mr. Martin
made me leading woman in his
company. I remember that the
matinee idol of a local stock com-
pany.
all dreadful, I am sure, tho at the time they seemed extremely important to me, at least. While I was working in them, tho, I kept thinking how few the opportunities were for me to pursue a theatrical career in New Orleans, and what a broad field New York offered. Finally I broached the subject of going to New York to mother, and she consented to accompany me North. There is something of the spirit of the adventurer in her, too, I'm sure, and when our ship docked at the pier, that snowy winter afternoon of which I have already spoken, she, no doubt, thrilled at the thought of invading the metropolis, tho she may have had some misgivings. I had none.

We soon established ourselves in a boarding-house in Ninety-third Street, between Broadway and Columbus Avenue. It was rather hard for mother and me to become accustomed to the ways of the boarding-house, to have strange people sitting down with one at every meal, and to have large bowls of food passed from hand to hand. However, it was an entertaining experience until the novelty wore off, at least, and

company was leading man, and at first I was quite entranced at the thought of working opposite him. This feeling soon wore off, however. As is frequently the case, he proved nowhere near so fascinating a figure in real life, as he was behind the footlights.

Mother was quite sympathetic when she found that I had determined upon a career, and for this I never can be grateful enough. Had she insisted upon my going to La Visa to live, my life could not have been so full and happy as it now is.

I made three pictures with the Nola company. They were

gradually we got used to it. There were some kind, lovely people in that boarding-house. I often wonder what has become of the different ones.

I soon learned the locations of the various studios, and applied for extra work. Before long I received a call from Fort Lee, and so my screen career began in earnest—as an extra girl in a Roscoe Arbuckle comedy, "The Other Man."

I then worked as an extra with Alice Brady, who was also at Fort Lee, and when I was not working at one of the motion picture studios, I posed for artists and commercial photographers.

(Continued on page 85)
Oh, there is more of wisdom in her eyes
And more of knowledge, secret and profound,
Than bound in musty cloth and printed, lies
In ancient books. And in the magic sound
Of that small voice she recently has found
Celestial music lingers. She is wise
With elfin learning from enchantment’s heart
And harbors secrets she may not impart.

The Royal Heir to Happiness, she knows
Her power well, small despot, and demands
Our breathless worship . . . stumbles, weeps
and crows
And holds our heartstrings in her rosy hands
And binds our feet to service with the bands
Of silken hair . . . And with the budded rose
Of little, eager mouth, with wayward feet
She rules her own . . . a tyrant, honey-sweet.
This walking costume which Rodolph Valentino wears in the title rôle of "Monsieur Beaucaire" is pale grey velvet with chenille braid. It is brilliantly lined with purple and red shot taffeta. The waistcoat is pink velvet, embroidered with silver. And the breeches and boots are grey suede.

Of course Lowell Sherman as Louis XV must be resplendent. Never was there a king more mindful of his wardrobe. His costume is white satin threaded in heavy gold. All the designs are outlined in diamonds. And his garters are gold and diamonds.

Bebe Daniels as the lovely Princess de Bourbon-Conti wears one gown in which she is shown on the right with Mr. Valentino; it is fashioned from pink moiré antique with rosette flowers of silver chiffon, centered with rose velvet and diamonds. Her sleeves are real lace, and the panel of the gown is silver cloth.

Barbier, a Parisian designer, conceived these costumes for the cast of "Monsieur Beaucaire." They were then executed in the beautiful materials described. The sketches of Barbier here reproduced with the player wearing the same costume make interesting comparisons possible. The two little pages are the slave boys of Pompadour.
Some of the best actors in the world were trained on Sennett's old roughneck comedy lot, it might well be called

THE INCUBATOR OF GENIUS

By HARRY CARR

The young lady's disturbing blue eyes were swimming and two big tears were having a race down the sides of her little stubbly nose.

As she wept in silence, one tiny hand went ruefully to feel of the hurt place under the seat of her little sailor trousers.

A comrade stood by her side, cheering her with friendly words. His voice came soothingly to her from a face dripping with the wreck of a raspberry pie.

And, looking, I knew that Mack Sennett had started on the education of some more actors; and that in all probability they will take their places eventually among the illustrious of the world—not as pie heavers, but as emotional actors, as finished comedians—some of the satirists.

Some of the best actors in the world were trained on Sennett's old rough-neck comedy lot.

Among the crop of immortals were:

Charlie Chaplin, Mabel Normand, Ray Griffith, Gloria Swanson, Marie Prevost, Louise Fazenda, Maude Wayne, Ben Turpin, Chester Conklin, Wallace Beery, Phyllis Haver, Mary Thurman, and many others.

For several years the old bathing pool has been given over to pollywogs and wiggers instead of bathing girls. Grown rich from his investments, Sennett took a long vacation and retired to leisurely contemplation and reflection.

But lately he happened to come across a young comedian who interested him very greatly. So very much was he interested that he opened up the old studio again and sent out another S.O.S. call for youth and beauty and legs.

The old laugh-and-girl factory is running full blast again and I am writing this to wonder whether it means that a new crop of histrionic genius will be given to the screen.

In the old days they went into the hopper as little girls with lovely legs and they came out finished actresses.

Gloria Swanson told me the other day that of all the big directors she has worked with since her days of stardom, she has never found one who could improve upon the lessons she learned being hit with pies and being chased by "prop" lions in the old days on the Sennett lot.
And so Louise Fazenda above and Marie Prevost at the bottom of the page came unto the lot; fell into the water; were butt'd by goats and chased by bears and became finished artists.

“All I have ever learned since,” she told me, “was to tone it down. But I never have had to learn how to register the emotions I was trying to get into my acting.”

But of course, as Sennett himself reminded me, they are not all Gloria Swansons. This big shaggy Irishman has an almost uncanny eye for screen genius.

He told me how he happened to find Gloria. Someone had given her a letter, by virtue of which she was admitted to the lot.

Sennett has a very fine little office building in the studio; but he always transacts all his business in the rubbing-room attached to his Turkish bath. When you visit him, you have the choice between sitting on a three-legged stool or the leather rubbing table.

On this particular day, he had forgotten all about the fact that a girl named Gloria was waiting to meet him.

“I happened to look out of the window,” said Sennett, “and I saw this girl coming up the walk. Just the minute I saw her, I knew she was going to be somebody big in the screen world.

“I forgot the people I was talking to and hurried out to get a good look at her.

“She is going to be a big star,” said Sennett of Alice Day (above). He also thinks Ray Griffith has the best idea of dramatic values of anyone he ever knew. Gloria Swanson, Sennett says, he knew would be somebody big in the film world when he saw her coming up the path in search of a job.

When Charlie Chaplin came to the lot everyone said Sennett had picked a lemon. ... And Mabel Normand, with her gorgeous sense of humor, had a hard time learning the technique of screen acting.

“I remember that, without even introducing myself, I went up and shook hands with her and said, ‘I am glad to meet you, I don’t know what your name is but you are going to be a big screen star.’

“Gloria was so astonished that she backed off and demanded ‘How do you know I am?’

“And that is just what I couldn’t tell her. I just knew she had it.”

It cannot honestly be said that Sennett was equally perspicacious in regard to Charlie Chaplin. According to his own story, the great Charlie had a pretty rough time when he first went to the Sennett lot.

Sennett had seen him in a vaudeville sketch in a second-rate theater in Los Angeles and had offered him a job at the staggering salary of $60.00 per week. When they got him out on the “lot,” however, everybody decided that, for once, Mack had picked a lemon.

At that time, the technique of comedies demanded speed. Ford Sterling was the leading funny man on the screen.

In that day, for instance, if a comedian had a gag about a glass of water, he would (Continued on page 90)
I 
DONT know what
We simple . . .
Kindly folk in Hollywood
Are going to do for
Entertainment any
More, I'm sure. . . .

There was a time
When we could
Hoof it happily down
To the Boulevard
And see a Per-
Feetly Thrilling Movie. . .
We watched
The Proud Society Girls
Of New York and . . .
Brooklyn go the
Pace That Kills. . .
We followed
Shahs and Sheiks and
Emirs as they
Did their Desert and
Other Hot Stuff . . .
And hung breathless while
High Salaried Canine
Stars chased
Non-Salaried Wolves . . .
Across the Bleak and
Barren Stretches of the
Frozen North. . .

In Hollywood
It's a Dull Day
That finds no movie camera
Behind the Hedge or
On the Roof or
Somewhere . . .

But those Good
Days are Past. . .
Some Bright Lad in an
Inspired Moment Broad-
Casted the idea of
Turning the cameras on
Hollywood . . .
And now
Farewell . . . Adios
And Good Night. . .
Our celebrities (each
Carrying a Pair of
Dumb-Bells) are
Supporting our Leading
Landmarks in Films
Of Hollywood . . .
And it's a Dull Day
That finds no movie camera
Behind the Hedge or
On the Roof or
Somewhere. . .

I've done all I
Could to keep my . . .
House and Home out of
The Movies. . . I dont mind
Looking at it in its
Proper Place . . .
But when I Lock the
(Continued on page 93)
John Arnold might be called Viola Dana's partner. He has photographed every Dana picture except one. And, on the extreme right, is Charles Rasher with Mary Pickford and Ernst Lubitsch. He is always behind Mary's camera and is, without a doubt, one of the greatest cameramen the movies have ever trained.

"Lights! Camera! Action!!" calls the director—and any habitué of the studios knows the vital importance of the cameraman in this moment. To the left is Charles Van Enger with Marie Prevost and Monte Blue. And on the right is Arthur Edeson, a wizard with a lens. He filmed "The Thief of Bagdad," and after "Robin Hood," Douglas Fairbanks introduced him as the man responsible for much of the success of that production.

Trick photography is an art in itself. And who is better qualified in this manipulation of the camera than Walter Lunden, who films the Harold Lloyd comedies! You might say Frank B. Good had a lazy life. He always sits down to photograph Jackie Coogan. Mr. Good has come up from the ranks, but he is recognized as a master.
Seena Owen's Little Girl . . .

This picture was taken for Patricia Gloria's various aunts and uncles. But we persuaded the photographer to persuade Miss Owen to permit us to publish it—and so here it is.
YOUTH and Age. Youth and Age on the Sennett lot.

Bathing beauties, slim, pert young creatures in a slip of satin or velvet, opera-length silk hose and high-heeled slippers, against a background of sun and rain-stained stages.

Ugly, absurd, intriguing as a Matisse, Mack Sennett's. A harsh pencil would sketch in the lines of its gaunt stages. A brush would paint it grey. But that would not be Mack Sennett's at all. Your true impressionist seeks below the surface, for the feeling, the spirit of his subject.

One finds it in unexpected corners, here. Leave the set where cameras grind on a fat butler, falling downstairs with a marble statue in his arms.

Surprised, you come upon a winding pathway, a neat grass-plot, a quaint cottage. You think of hollyhocks, and sunshine warm on back-yard fences. Mabel Normand's dressing-room.

Cross the stage and speak to that young ingenue lead, who, they'll tell you, is bound to make her mark some day. She's reading "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." She'll tell you that she thinks it's a lovely book.

A box-like dressing-room on one of the open stages. Temporary? To be torn down tomorrow? Rather not. It was built for Charlie Chaplin, when Mack Sennett lured him from the three-a-day with the offer of a one-hundred-dollar-a-week salary. An earnest young dian, almost unknown as yet, occupies it now.

In the tower, a square, many-windowed frame structure near the center of the lot, Mack Sennett, himself. His office has the hauteur imparted by expense and massive, highly polished mahogany. Costumes, painted noses, broken shoes and der—

(Continued on page 87)

Photograph by G. F. Cannons
A Week of
Temptation Is the Second
Instalment of

The Girl
Who
Couldn't
Be Bad

By
HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

HOPE BROWN, lovely and seventeen, lived in Pocustown, California, with her brother Hank, her parents and her Aunt Charity. Her parents practised the severities of the prophets: long prayers, longer faces, drudgery, constant punishment. Hope came to hate the things that are called "good" ordinarily. She determined to run away and be "bad." In this mood and with her hawk-eyed parents in Frisco, she met Miles Orkney, a former resident returned to the little town besmeared with the vices of a big city.

NOW, Mr. and Mrs. Ezekiel Brown were in no sense hypocrites. Don't get that idea for a moment. They were zealots, that's all. They overemphasized one very essential part of our human make-up and almost totally neglected several other equally essential parts.

Furthermore, Mr. and Mrs. Brown—like an appalling number of their fellow creatures—had no sense of humor. Life has its little jokes as well as its funerals. They could not see them. But the Browns enjoyed working in their chosen field—even if they didn't laugh over it now and then—just as we all enjoy doing the thing we want to do, whether we rob banks or undertake at funerals. That man is a failure who does not enjoy his work! The Browns enjoyed their work immensely and could not, for the life of them, see why all the rest of the world did not go and do likewise. From which it may be seen that you can discuss such good people without immediately catching the preaching habit yourself.

Be it said also of the Browns, that they were consistent. They did not confine their inhuman piety to hardening the bosom of their family. To the contrary, they were indefatigable outside workers to the end that none should wilfully escape the wrath to come. They pointed their persuasion by giving the wayward a liberal foretaste of what awaited them.

New laurels had fallen—the not unexpectedly—upon the frowning brow of Ezekiel Brown, when he had been elected Moderator—for the whole state—of the newly organized Liquor Extinction League. Sarah Brown thru the same coincidence of influence—was made the state head, or overmother, of the Society for the Guidance of Wayward Girls. Now, as leaders of good causes, they had established a record that would probably stand for years. Personal love, however, does not enter their religion, so we find them quite devoid of sympathy for those who transgress, which gives them something more of the spirit of exterminators of the wrong side, rather than one of propagating the right side. So when they are not engaged in torturing the modern-minded Hope and her brother at home, they are neglecting them—in the voracious pursuit of their vocations as reformers.

With all these attributes and accomplishments in mind, it was not in the least surprising when Mr. and Mrs. Ezekiel Brown were appointed—unanimously!—delegates-at-large to the Federated Convention of Righteous Causes!

The ultragood Ezekiel and Sarah left Pocustown after invoking austerity on both Hope and Hank and then trusting them both to the kindly care of Aunt Charity.

II

There was one moment when Hope Brown was quite overcome by her parents' parting from her—particularly her mother. She would have given anything in the world at that moment to have had her mother take her in her arms and— But she didn't and instead of all things in her heart being changed for the better they became a trifle worse. Mother and father bade their children a perfuc-
There was one moment when Hope was quite overcome by the parting with her parents. She would have given anything in the world to have had her mother caress her.

'Silly good-bye and then hurried into the train which quickly pulled out. There was another moment of pain, then with a loss of her head Hope turned away and mentally plunged head foremost into her design of becoming forthwith as wicked as she could be.

While Hope and her Aunt Charity were the acknowledged drudges—Charity gratefully so as long as she could have her Parana the moment she felt over tired—inside the house; Hank was the man of all work outside. In his father's enforced absence he was kept pretty busy. But during this same parental absence Hank had managed to make several friends. Steve Brodie, for instance, had taken the greatest and most incomprehensible interest in him. For several months past now, Hank had been sneaking away nights when they thought he was locked in his room. Steve told him he liked him and promised him a good job just as soon as his father would let him take it. Hank knew that his father did not like Steve Brodie for some reason or other. His father never bothered to tell him anything. That's the reason he liked Brodie and his friends, because they seemed to look on him as being somebody. The fellows he met in the back of Brodie's insurance office were older than he, but the kind of sporty fellows that Hank would have picked out to go with. They started out by playing dominoes. Then they got to playing cards one night. Hank was afraid at first. But they took great pains and patience with him. They always had something to drink, too—sarsaparilla or ginger ale. It was the best of its kind Hank had ever drunk. After drinking a bottle, they could make Hank do anything and he seemed to feel happy for the first time in his life. One morning after a clandestine visit to Brodie's, his father said at breakfast, "You smell just like you've been drinking my Parana—no wonder it goes so fast!" Hank protested. "Now, don't add lyin' to stealin'—you know you did! Go to your room!" Hank did, and he felt as tho he would like to have had a whole bottle of that wonderful soft drink of Brodie's and drink it right down. That night he went again. He asked if he couldn't have a bottle to take home—to keep it in the barn, of course. "Why, I guess we can give him a bottle as often as he wants it, cant we, boys? A nice feller like him!" And they did give him a bottle. And whenever things would go askew, Hank would sneak out to the barn and take a little and feel better right away! Nobody paid much attention to him anyhow, so if he acted a little queer—which he felt somehow he was doing—it was not noticed. It was so good that he felt he couldn't do without it!

So that day he and Hope were coming up the street, after having seen their parents off for San Francisco, he saw Steve Brodie and another man standing in front of the house, he was tickled to death. One reason was, his bottle was empty. He liked Steve anyway, for that matter. "There's Steve Brodie!" he told Hope.

"But who is that nice looking man with Mr. Brodie?" asked Hope, a thrill of feminine consciousness running thru her. Hope liked men, but her admiration had usually been limited by the apertures in the "front room" blinds thru which she peered at them, thinking how pleasant it would be to actually know one and "go
Again want school-teacher, Why, have hearing can't. Orkney called Hope. Hope—fool.

Bad, but she when Hank, can't. There, Mr. Brody wants you. Hank. Tell me about that nice-looking man when you come in the house.

"Aw, you're crazy, Hope—they don't give a darn about you!"

Hope went into the house and hurried up to her room and peeped out of the window. Hank joined his friends.

"I've got this kid just where I want him," Brody had asked Orkney. "I'm goin' to get hold of his old man's gizzard thru him, or I don't know my business. The kid's got some taste for booze, believe me!"

"I want to meet the girl!" insisted Orkney.

"You just hold your horses! You'll meet her all right—the kid'll arrange that—or anything else you ask—for a bottle of 'charged' sarsaparilla."

III

"Come on down, Hope!" called Hank up the back stairs. "Aunt Charity is asleep in the milk-room. That feller wants to meet you!"

Hope was unwomaned by a series of cold chills. "Tell him, I can't! Why, Hank, what'll Ma say?"

"Why, Pop and Ma can't say much more when we do things than they do when we don't! You're a 'fraid cat, that's what you are. You want to come, but you daresent!"

Hope brilled at this. She could stand bating from her father, because she had to—but not from Hank. "I'm not afraid of anybody and you know it!"

"Cept Pop," taunted Hank. "Now's that chasnt to be bad, that you've been talkin' so much about."

"I'll be had when I get good and ready!" she answered, and then, fixing her hair instinctively, she stepped down the stairs ahead of him, slightly trembling all over in the knowledge that she was heading straight for the bad place. Hank led her down behind the barn.

"This is my sister, Hope," said Hank to Orkney. Instead of stepping forward, Orkney receded a step. She was beautiful but so amusingly innocent. "How do you do!" he said, politely, shaking her by the hand. "Hank and I have got a little business to 'tend to," said Brodie, clearing his throat. Then the two of them disappeared into the barn.

"Well!" began Orkney awkwardly. He was usually loquacious and bright in the presence of a pretty face, but he could not help thinking that this simple little country girl made him feel like a fool. "I'm sure. I'm pleased to meet you, Miss Brown. What do you do to keep busy in this little town day and night?"

"Work," replied Hope honestly.

"And when the work is over—what then?" Orkney was expanding.

"Pray," added Hope laconically.

"Pray—or play, did you say?"

"We work and pray—Pop makes us." Hope pouted a little and looked prettier than ever.

"All work and no play make Hope a dull girl, eh? Well, maybe I can be of some service to you, eh?"

Hope knew that she had found a sympathetic confidant and she poured out her besetting sorrow of an overdose of goodness and declared she was seeking a cure.

"What's your idea of a cure for goodness?" asked Orkney smiling.

"Being bad!" said Hope, simply, yet with unmistakable emphasis.

Again was Orkney not quite sure if hearing fright. "There's nothing like being accommodating!" he ventured at length. His restraint had vanished. Hope had herself acquiesced to the game of which he was a past master that seldom lost a stake. "I have a leaning to badness myself at times. I have one terrible fault!"

"You have?" asked Hope. "What is it?"

"Woman," sighed Orkney.

"That's nice," acquiesced Hope innocently. Vaguely she saw in this fault of Orkney's a possible way in which to consummate her own devilish plans. "I'm awfully glad you like women!"

Orkney then proceeded to honey the morsel he dangled before her eyes by telling her of a few escapades he had had in the city, always leaving the story unfinished for her to guess the inevitable truth—which she never did. She merely asked him excitedly: "Oh, please tell me another one!" Just as the they had been fairly tales. Really to her they were nothing more. Orkney thought.

"Meet Helen Carlisle"

TWINLVE years ago the Detroit Free Press offered a first prize of five dollars for an essay on "How I Spent My Vacation." Helen Carlisle's learned discourse won it ... and once again a contest gave a writer her first encouragement.

However, when her sister, Lucille, now leading lady in the Larry Semen Comedies, who is sitting on the arm of Helen's rocker in the photograph above, proceeded to win the next prize for which Helen contested, she decided to forego the writing profession. She planned to become a school-teacher, which was what her mother had been before her.

The readers of the Motion Picture Magazine who have followed Miss Carlisle's interesting articles know that she never kept to this resolve. Editorialy, we are glad she reconsidered her hasty decision, for we consider her one of the finest writers of things cinematic.

THE EDITOR.
of course, that he had made himself doubly clear. What she was really drinking in was the magic of city life. She had yearned for it a great deal lately.

"By the way, Miss Hope, after what you’ve heard about me, perhaps you’re going to let me show you a few things?"

"I was hoping you’d ask me," she said, half-shyly.

"And now that you know what a naughty, naughty boy I am, what’s your idea of the first and most devilish thing we can do together?"

Hope looked at him, her excitement obvious as the dreadful disclosure hovered on her lips. "I know I oughtn’t even to think of it—but I’m going to do it!"

She sighed guiltily and then came out with it. "Well, about the worst thing I can think of is for us to go—
together——" she gulped over this unthinkable action—
"to the movies and see ‘The—The Dark Woman’s Secret!’ Awful perspiration stood out in beads on her forehead as she felt for the side of the barn and leaned gratefully against it in the agony of her wickedness. It is doubtful if she even heard Orkney mutter something like, ‘Well, I’ll be damned!’"

Brodie and Hank returned, the latter with a strange light in his eyes and a marked unsteadiness in his legs.

"It’s all right," said Orkney. "We’re going out together tonight! Aren’t we, Hope?"

Hope nodded solemnly.

"Meet me—here—at eight then, Hope!" The two men hurried away.

"Oh," said Hope half-disgustedly to Hank. "You smell just like that Parana that Pop and Aunt Charity take after meals—Pop always said you were drinking his."

"Shay!" began Hank, half-angrily lunging for his sister.

"I haven’t time for anything else here—I’m going in to curl my hair for the first time in my life! I’ll show these people what real wickedness is!"

And strangely, Miles Orkney was thinking along the same line himself.

IV

Steve Brodie had come into Hank Brown’s arid life like a rippling river, for thru him he had come in contact with the first real pleasure he had known. He had always hungered for any experience outside his own narrow pathway. The boy was not normal because of the crushing and covering discipline and unflinched righteousness that had been meted out to him ever since he could remember. He had been told so repeatedly that he was bad that he was convinced of it and longed to exercise his talent in this direction.

Thus Steve Brodie thought that he had launched an invincible counter-attack on the chief sword-wielder against the liquor interests. With his smooth tongue, natty appearance and genial manner, Brodie knew that Orkney couldn’t fail to attain his object.

And the young people seemed certainly on the downward path that night when they both practically defied Aunt Charity. Hope took the lead as usual and Hank, the weakling, followed suit in his sullen way. Instead of climbing over the roof and down the grape arbor, he walked straight out the door and down-town to meet Brodie and "the boys." Hope waited until the town clock struck eight and then she, too, put on her ridiculously plain bonnet and walked out the side door and slammed it behind her!

Aunt Charity, unequal to such onslaughts of Satan as this, tasted to the very bottom of her Parana bottle.

Just before reaching the barn, Hope felt as tho some unseen hand halted her. She paused only a second and then jerked herself away from it. "No, I’m going to do it!" she muttered.

Mr. Orkney was there whistling a plaintive air and when Hope came up he greeted her as tho he had been a

The fellows he met
in the back of
Brodie’s insurance
office were older than
he. But they were
sporty. Hank liked
to be with them
cavalier. The girl thrilled. She, Hope Brown—this handsome man waiting for her—together in the night—the movies—romance—adventure! For a moment she was nearly overwhelmed by it all. She took the proffered arm and they walked together straight down to Main Street, when Hope took her first deep draught of iniquity with ludicrous solemnity.

Ten minutes later they hovered together on the threshold of "The Dark Lady's Secret!" The lights were lowered and Orkney seized the opportunity in the shape of Hope's trembling hand, which because of the awe inspired by the movie, she quite forgot was hers at all.

Now the dark secret of the lady in the picture was nothing more nor less than that she had at one time been a circus rider! Now that she was seeking the heart and hand of the millionaire's only son, the secret must not be disclosed or—However there was the very point on which the rascally villain sought to hang his dirty work. He proceeds to blab on the Dark Lady and—the motion picture company obviously having a whole circus somewhere on the lot eating its head off—an entire circus is unreeled on the screen. And after the clowns and fierce animals and daring performers had done their bit—a frail bit of acrobatic humanity came hurtling down from the very peak of the big top! And who do you think it was—but the Dark Lady! But wait! A man with wits as sharp as a razor and quick as lightning has rushed from one of the boxes occupied by the audience. He has seized the canvas flap of the door of the tent—which Providence and the director has placed in the needed spot, stretched it out and then held it—for her to fall into!

There was every reason to believe that the Dark Lady would have been killed by a fall of half the thrills. But she was only unconscious. She never knew who her preserver was, altohough she had searched half the world for a clown—giving up her circus life for no other reason. Now, who do you think it was that saved the Dark Lady? You would never guess but it was the millionaire's only son! He had become wan and frail from attending all the circuses in the world looking for his Dark Lady—and had found her at Newport—or some place like that—after he had given up all hope. And he was saving the dear secret to tell her on their wedding-day when the villain "spilled the beans"—his own words—and brought them together in sublime happiness.

The manager of the movie theater was a clever chap. While the circus was in swing, he had the ushers sell peanuts and lemonade. It made a regular circus out of it!

A circus! Hope had heard of such things—and here she was at one—eating peanuts and drinking pink lemonade and all the rest of it—and enjoying it all like a regular heathen! Orkney blew to everything.

But there were moments when Hope Brown disclosed her intrinsic innocence and revulsion against any approach to real evil. That was on seeing the circus performing ladies in tights and very low-necked bodices. She told Orkney frankly that she had never before seen anything quite so shocking. Orkney was about to make a facetious remark on the subject, when something in the girl's eye told him that he would probably spoil it all if he tried too early to consummate his ulterior purpose.

Hope retired that night with a guilty sense of having been viciously bad. Furthermore, she was very much infatuated with Orkney, who promised to come again sometime on the morrow.

But Aunt Charity woke next morning with a brutal headache and a vivid knowledge and growing horror of Hope's enormities. First thing, she wrote to Ezekiel and told him all, adding that she thought she could cope with the situation and not to let the news in any way interfere with his fine work for the benighted heathen.

The morning and half of the afternoon were on without the impending clash between Aunt Charity and her niece. There was something in Hope's manner that forbade an attack. Then none other than Mr. Miles Orkney appeared at the Brown front door! Hope opened the door for him.

Strangely, Aunt Charity had disappeared. It seems that Steve Brodie had indirectly attended to that. Steve knew that Orkney was coming to call and he also knew Aunt Charity and Hank had told him about the Parana bottle. So he gave Hank a bottle of new apple whiskey and told him to empty part of it into his aunt's Parana bottle.

Aunt Charity thought the taste of her Parana strange. But she liked it. And she didn't remember the rest.

So the coast was clear for Miles Orkney and whatever he had in mind. The only guardian that seemed left for (Continued on page 88)
Most of us would count ourselves fortunate to possess any one of the four talents enjoyed by the brilliant Rex Ingram. "La Guerre" was sculptured after he had studied under Lee Laurie at Yale. And the sketch on the right was an Ingram conception of a minor character of a slave boy in his new picture, "The Arab"
That's Out
Frank Comment by TAMAR LANE

More Hymns of Hate
As Sung by the Amateur Scenario Writer

I HATE the movies! I hate the scenario editor who returns my brain-child with the curt reply, "unsuited to our present needs," when I have copied it from one of the most famous foreign masterpieces. In a few months he will probably be filming this very novel. Every day I see worse stories on the screen than the ones I write; yet I can't even give mine away.

As Sung by the Young Extra
I hate the movies! I hate the casting director who takes my name and address, asks for several photographs, my experience, my wardrobe, and then never sends for me. Everyone says that I look just like Valentino when I have my hair plastered down. Why don't casting directors ever notice these resemblances?

As Sung by the Ambitious Fan
I hate the movies! I hate the stars that I write to, telling them of my troubles and asking for a job in their company. They send back stereotyped replies advising me to give up the idea because it is such a hard life. If it is such a hard life, then why don't they give it up? Then they send me a photograph of themselves autographed by the office-boy.

Is it any wonder that I hate the movies?

The Screen's Greatest Director

In discussing the question of who are the silent drama's greatest directors, it has recently become the custom of many scribes to cast slurring remarks upon the abilities of the "once great Griffith," and to hand the title of "greatest director" to such other supervisors as Chaplin, Seastrom or Cruze.

While the writer has himself found fault with D. W. Griffith at various times, he has never, for a moment, questioned the wizard's abilities or greatness. The criticism to be made of Griffith is not that he cannot make films of a finer quality, but that he does not make them. Because several of his worth-while celluloid efforts failed to score big financial success, Griffith has become discouraged and has sold himself out to the idea that in future he will make nothing but surefire box-office productions. He, therefore, selects inferior stories and hokum situations in order to play down to the public.

But so far as actual or potential ability is concerned, Griffith is still the peer of them all. He has greater versatility and knows more about the silent drama and the possibilities of the motion picture camera than any two of our other "great" directors put together. Griffith could make better pictures but he doesn't want to. The fires of his artistic ambitions have been smothered. It is because of this—and only this—that the screen must look for a new leader.

Why Is a Stove?

It begins to look now as tho stoves were not made for cooking and heating purposes, but for comedians to sit upon.

Movie Efficiency

Things got so bad in the film industry recently that the producers decided to economize and cut down on expenses. So they started off by cutting the wages of the poor extra from $7 a day to $5. I wonder how many of the New York executives who receive $100,000 yearly for warming mahogany chairs four or five hours a day, received cuts in their wages?

Stars That Will Shine

Alice Day. Here is one of the most promising young comedienne's seen on the screen for some time. In "Shanghaied Lovers," opposite Harry Langdon, she did some very clever work for a beginner and if she can keep it up Alice should soon be quite a favorite.

Judging America by Its Movies

All young authors eventually sell their novels just in the nick of time to save the family, and are always given a $5,000 check for advance royalties by the publisher. All innocent young country damsels immediately get jobs in the Follies and become the rage of New York after playing before the footlights for a few performances.

All innocent country damsels are lured to a road-house where they drink what they think is tea, and are only saved from the clutches of the villain when the hero arrives on the scene and breaks down the door.
Right Again, Watson

Recently, in these columns, I commented upon the intelligence of producer Harry Rapf in taking a young director by the name of Monta Bell and entrusting him with the direction of the production, "Broadway After Dark." I ventured to predict that the young fellow—even tho' he had never previously directed a picture—would probably turn out a fairly good photoplay, and that anyway it couldn't be any worse than many of the films made by some of the screen's oldest and most experienced directors. Well, "Broadway After Dark" is completed and instead of being only a fair picture it is a good picture. And Monta Bell appears to be rather a capable young director.

So I'll take the $50,000 and make myself five super specials.

How to Succeed in the Films
In Five Complete Lessons
Lesson No. 3. For Villains

The first requirement is a mustache. Raise one immediately and learn to twist it meaningly. Practise having a cunning sneer on your face so that the hero may be properly taunted. If you have fair hair, dye it black at once, as there is no such thing as a blond villain on the screen. A cigarette must be smoked at all times, and be sure to have a bottle handy so that it can be broken over the hero's head at the proper moment in the story. Take a course in acrobatics so that you will be able to fall gracefully off cliffs and over balustrades. In love scenes never be gentle or you will be mistaken for the hero—grab the damsel roughly and struggle all around the room with her. Also, above all things, remember that you must never kiss the heroine on the lips—this territory is reserved for the hero. Villains kiss heroines in only two places—on the ears and on the back of the neck.

Sure-Fire Comedy
Gags No. 43

The one where the diminutive comedian puts a horse-
The Editor Gossips

TODAY has been good to us. It has given us back some of our former belief in the human race . . . eradicated some of the dark doubt which our adult years have brought with them . . . renewed our shaky faith in the fellowship of man.

A month or two ago we published in another column of this magazine a notice telling of Florence Turner, ill and destitute in London. Florence Turner everyone remembers as the veteran motion picture actress. She was known as a screen personality before she was known by her name. Before the casts were shown upon the screen the public wrote letters to Florence Turner addressed to "The Girl With the Big Eyes, Vitagraph Company, Brooklyn, New York."

Marion Davies read our note or another like it and straightforth had her representative in England investi-

Marion Davies never knew Florence Turner personally. It was sufficient to her that a fellow actress was in distress. Theatrical people have believed all the things we heard about them before we knew them personally except that they are unflaingly quick to help a comrade. Their purses are always being emptied in generous and impulsive gestures. Their latch-strings are always raised in an offer of hospitality to any friend in distress.

So Marion Davies had Florence Turner and her mother brought to America as her guests. Today they are her guests in a New York hotel and Miss Turner is to have a rôle in the next Marion Davies production. Surely when Youth stops in its parade of glamorous days to hold forth a helping hand to a comrade in difficulties, it is an unusual youth: rich in promise. Below, Miss Turner and her mother photographed on their return to America.

Photograph by International Newsreel.

same Florence Turner we remember in the old flickering films, we gathered that the happy transition which she has known in the last few weeks has left her little time to realize the reality of what might well seem a dream. Just a month before the day we saw her she was counting over the remains of her last bank-note; hoping wearily that the few shillings and fewer crowns would last until another engagement brought new bank-notes.

Pride invariably intensifies the difficulties of trying positions. The Turners were striving desperately to "keep up appearances." Clothes from the old affluent days helped their pretenses. They managed so that no one was ever admitted to the bare and shabby interior of the flat where they lived. The furniture had gone the way of the jewels and the furs and any other things which fickle prosperity had given them and on which slight sums might be realized.

Just so long as the world could be kept in ignorance of such a state of affairs, it didn't matter so much that there was often a lack of food . . . and frequently no tram fare to take Miss Turner to the studios where her hopeful inquiries about engagements so often met with disappointments.

This was the discouraging state of affairs which confronted Florence Turner and her mother for years, ever since the war wiped out her studios, her company and her savings.

Their health gave way under the strain of anxiety and worry on two or three occasions, and life loomed before them in a vista of grim, stark years. Who would dare condemn them if they had refused to face such a future . . . ? But then another engagement would come along. And then the same deadly struggle would begin all over again when that engagement's money dwindled away.

However, we remember our grandmother's telling us that the longest lane must have a turning . . .

One day a message came to the Turner (Cont'd on page 110)
On the Camera Lines

Sketches by J. W. Golinkin

Once more Washington crosses the Delaware. And this time a battery of cameras click as the small craft perilously nose their way among the ice floes. For a scene of "Janice Meredith" dealing with this episode in American history was photographed on the Delaware River last winter before the spring sunshine melted the very important ice properties.

Harrison Ford is the hero, with rebel tendencies and a love for Janice Meredith, which persists in spite of obstacles that would discourage any less ardent a Romeo. His story name is Charles Fownes. Everybody that has ever read the novel will remember his charming love story...

The sketch of Marion Davies at the top of the page was made when she arrived at the studios... before she prepared for the cameras in the costumes she wears below and on the right. The sketch above is typical of Marion Davies. She is today the same friendly soul she was some years ago... before she knew fame and wealth. These things which usually bring arrogance of spirit with them have left Miss Davies simple and unaffected.

Maclyn Arbuckle lends his portly self to the rôle of Squire Meredith. The story forces him to be eternally punishing Marion in her daughterly rôle of rebellious Janice. He asked the director if they wouldn't change the story so he might be kind to her—just once. Incidentally, Mrs. Maclyn Arbuckle plays Martha Washington.

It is pleasant to find your favorite love stories on the screen. And at some time in everyone's life the Paul Leicester Ford novel of Janice Meredith enthralled them. With so many other beloved books still waiting a celluloid birth let no producer cry over a lack of stories.
Mr. Golinkin has made a very interesting sketch on the right. Notice the way in which both the director and the cameraman crouch low in order to get a perspective on the actor they are about to photograph who is lying on the ground. And notice the electric fan doing its work. For this exterior scene was built in the studios, as you may have discovered from the studio lights in the left hand corner.

It seems to us that the role of Janice Meredith was well selected for Miss Davies. It permits her the spirit of defiant youth which made her beloved as Pat in "Little Old New York." And there is something young and valiant about her in these three scenes. It promises her even greater popularity if they are any criterion of her work in the production proper.

Make a mental note to look for the scenes depicting the Battle of Trenton, when you go to see "Janice Meredith." This episode of the story was filmed at Plattsburg and the 26th Infantry itself "extras" for these particular scenes.

The gentleman below quaffing a cooling drink, with no dream of the Volstead Act which was eventually to come to America, is W. C. Fields. Mr. Fields has delighted Broadway this season by his work in "Poppy," the musical comedy in which he plays opposite Madge Kennedy. Such popularity was sure to bring him a movie engagement.

E. Mason Hopper is directing this story of Colonial days. And the quaint settings which afford the story much of its charm were designed by Joseph Urban who is responsible for the backgrounds of both "Little Old New York" and "When Knighthood was in Flower"
This sketch of Holbrook Blinn who gives Lord Clowes his shadow being was made behind the camera line... while Mr. Blinn waited for the director's delayed call of "C-a-m-e-ra!" Motion picture actors respond to that command with the same alacrity that soldiers manifest at the sound of the word "F-i-r-e!"

It is Joseph Kilgour who stands in the rôle of George Washington in the Valley Forge scene above. Casting directors have never found anyone better fitted to portray the Father of Our Country. Personally, we think it quite unnecessary to look any farther.

Anyone would think that motion picture producers had just discovered the American Revolution. Here D. W. Griffith has just given us his "America," which is actually a historical chronicle of the uprising of the Colonies and the war that followed. And now "Janice Meredith" finds its background and story motivation in the stirring events of those brave days.

Above is a full-length pencil study of Harrison Ford... And our artist captioned the sketch on the left: "A couple of 'hams'"
Across the Silversheet

“The Chechahcos” and “Wanderer of the Wasteland”

Reviewed by
ADELE WHITLEY FLETCHER

WHEN we heard that “The Chechahcos” (pronounced Chee-Chaw-Koz) was the first picture actually to be filmed in Alaska, we decided that it would be interesting, much from the same standpoint that the never-to-be-forgotten “Nanook of the North” was interesting. However, this is a far, far hail from the good old Nanook.

We cannot, for the very life of us, understand why the producers of this picture went to such lengths in the name of such a cheap and melodramatic story. A Chechahcos, it seems, is in the vernacular of Alaska, a newcomer, a “tenderfoot.” So the story takes its odd name from its principal characters, who were among the men and women that flocked to the Klondike in those frantic days of the gold-rush. This era affords much material which would lend itself to a splendid dramatic story—however, it is absent from this production.

Nor are the characters portrayed by capable actors and actresses. It has been explained to us that a good cast in this instance was an impossibility because no prominent people were either willing to submit themselves to the rigors of a sojourn in the snowy wilderness or to give the time to this one picture which the journey in itself would have necessitated. However, we think the burden of the poor story would have been heavy, even for an exceptional cast.

The star of this production is the glacier formations . . . those walls of ice and snow . . . slow-moving, ever in the direction of some river or sea into which they crash, terrifying and awe-inspiring masses of white. They roared into the sea many times during the story’s length but every time we thrilled with terror. No dramatic cataclysm maneuvered by an all-star cast ever moved us as these cataclysms of ice and snow.

As a matter of fact, his production is invested with innumerable scenes of rare white beauty. We cannot help hoping that the producers of “The Chechahcos” will ship their cameras again to the northern snowfields and bring us back an authentic story of those dramatic days when the gold-rush made life up there a chance and an adventure. We believe they have the vision of a pioneer or they would not have attempted the impracticability of filming a feature production in such a difficult country. It was in their selection of a story that their perspective became blurred. For “The Chechahcos” is a chromo in a marvelously beautiful frame.

(Continued on page 119)
Comments On Other Productions

THE GALLOPING FISH

EVERYTHING in the way of broad comedy that has succeeded in the theater has been incorporated here—and the picture as well as the individual performers score heavily in the majority of their many efforts to amuse the spectators. It is a swift comedy—this latest strip of celluloid from the Ince factory—and it appears to have been designed primarily for novelty and freedom of individualistic work by an accomplished cast of comedians. Mr. Ince has not stinted on production. He has lavished money in dressing up these old accepted stunts—and has refurbished and worked up the gags and incidents in such thorough fashion that they fairly sizzle with sparks and energy. A studio capable of putting out "The Hottentot" is capable of projecting this comedy. But it isn't within several cuts of the former.

To acquaint you with the story—would be to try and describe the events of a three-ring circus. It offers a mere skeleton plot upon which to thread the incidents together. It concerns the adventures of a married youth who quite unwillingly becomes the guardian of a sea lion who assists a diving girl. It is packed with amusing complications. And there is a laugh most of the way. The funmakers? Look you toward Louise Fazenda, Chester Conklin, Ford Sterling, Sidney Chaplin—and a few others whose names have decorated comedies—and we will tell you that they are thoroughly schooled in the art of making fun.

LISTEN LESTER

Once in a while a musical comedy adaptation carries enough substance of plot and characterization to make it comparable with the original in entertainment values. Such a picture was "The Yankee Consultant," and "Oh Lady, Lady." Here we have a piece which can be called only mildly
amusing—because it lacks breadth and colorful incident. It takes up the pattern of the "gay old dog" who attempts to get back some love letters from his sweetheart.

This romancer, played with fine sparkle by that finished actor, Alec Francis, burns up a lot of effort and railroad fare in his efforts to dodge a tiresome woman of his acquaintance, and to regain the letters. Which marks the pivot of the film, tho there are incorporated some fairly amusing situations. There is no whirlwind comedy stuff. There is nothing to propel a spectator out of his seat—overcome with mirth. But he may find moments of humor and interest in the work of a well-balanced cast that comprises, aside from Mr. Francis, Harry Myers, Louise Fazenda, Eva Novak, George O'Hara, Lee Moran and Dot Farley.

**Borrowed Husbands**

Domestic complications in the upper strata of society are given a thorough airing in this latest twist of the ever-present eternal triangle. It is rather heavy in plot and rather taxes one's imagination in keeping up with it. But it may be cataloged as a society drama which becomes quite entangled when certain friends introduce the wife of a departed husband as the most attractive widow in town and then proceed to give her a "borrowed" husband. Before the absent husband returns, the spectator is guided thru a series of melodramatic happenings, many of which are incredibly far-fetched and convenient, tho they serve in shaping a fair amount of suspense.

Romance has a prominent part in the picture. We follow a few love affairs between other women's husbands and other men's wives. There are several scenes which build tragic or near tragic climaxes. The most commendable part of the feature is its interpretation. Florence Vidor and Rockefeller Fellows succeed in playing their roles with authority. It has been given a highly satisfactory mounting.

**Bluff**

The movie conception of New York life is expressed in this artificial story which is framed against a background of the idle rich. It has to do with the power of "bluff" in putting yourself over. And a subtitle has it that bluff is the only thing that New Yorkers understand. Which is a nice crack at the metropolis, but true only to your point of view. It projects a beautiful girl who, unable to assert her personality,
In "Triumph" Cecil De Mille has not plunged into the super-spectacle field. Compared to his other efforts, this is really a modest picture. It is filled with the hokum of sharp contrasts and conflicts. In this story, Leatrice Joy, Rod La Roque, Victor Varconi and Charles Ogle give admirable performances.

"The Signal Tower," a story of railroad life, of course, carries real thrills. It is a graphic melodrama and played with good feeling by Rockcliffe Fellows, Virginia Valli and the ever-dependable Wallace Beery. It is something of a relief to see a triangle story dealt with in the rich, but with simple working people upon considerable suggestion and subtleties of treatment in forcing home his points. And keeping pace with the mounting drama is a note of ironic humor. You anticipate a really dramatic climax—and while it is a shade too convenient, nevertheless, it generates a convincing touch.

The chief characters are a philandering husband and father, his neglected wife, his wilful daughter and a gay bounder who is interested in the girl as a plaything. The husband begins to play and selects the daughter's school chum. And the big moment finds the girl discovering her father. She hurles words of bitter scorn at him and resolves to show that she is a chip of the old block. She would entertain an affair with the young bounder. But the voice of conscience comes to them in most unexpected fashion, which releases a spiritual note.

It's a sound drama, off the beaten path of triangles—and played with deftness and authority by Marie Prevost, Clara Bow and Edythe Chapman. Wilfred Lucas, in a Lewis Stone type of rôle, is not so suc-

bluffs her way with such success that she lands in police headquarters and nearly in jail—before the handsome attorney (true to form and formula) appears and rescues her from her embarrassing situation.

It is a frail narrative, the good points being expended in the setting and the wardrobe affected by Agnes Ayres. This actress is hardly adaptable for such a rôle. It asks too much of her. But she tries her level best to make something of the character. The same applies to Antonio Moreno in the part of the attorney.

Comedy is Constance Talmadge's forte and in "The Gold Fish" she is more attractive than she has been in sometime because of the handicap she has known in stories. Her heroine is the heartless flirt who believes she must marry men of wealth and position if she is to walk in the high places. Zasu Pitts, Jean Hersholt, Frank Elliot and Jack Mulhall supplement the star.

D a u g h t e r s of 
P l e a s u r e

Here is a likely cross-section of life—of the temporary moral collapse of a home built upon wealth too suddenly acquired. There are no moments given over to dramatic hokum; the situations speak for themselves—and the director has taken this truthful plot and these genuine characters and molded them into a fascinating yarn. His target is the spectator's intelligence, as he relies

Every once in a while a real human story comes to us in an unpretentious film. This is true of "Riders Up," in which Creighton Hale portrays a race-track tout who fools the folks back home into thinking he is engaged in some legitimate enterprise. This is really a good production.

Page 5
cessful—and Monte Blue might have injected more spark in his study of the fast stepper. No shafts of criticism can be hurled toward this picture. It presents a daring situation directed in daring fashion. No sops are thrown to the conventions—even tho the moralities save it at the finish.

His Forgotten Wife

From the dusty pigeonhole is haggled the hoary lapse-of-memory formula to serve as entertainment. As is customary with this type of story, the successful operation is the object striven for and obtained—and when the victim’s memory is restored in the climax, there is nothing left but to identify himself and the girl he married. It’s all very conventional—very much cut-and-dried from the moment that a French nurse prevents to find a shell-shocked soldier’s identification card and gives him a “missing” man’s name until he is restored to health thru the operation.

Coincidence plays an important part here. The victim actually proves to be the missing man—and for the purposes of conflict there is a girl back home determined to embarrass him financially and romantically before she is eliminated. There are several touches that are unconvincing. One shows the hero becoming the butler in his own home, while another shows him having no recollection of his wife until she actually confronts him after the operation. It is rather hastily developed. The acting is satisfactory, Madge Bellamy contributing charm and poise to the role of the wife, and Warner Baxter performing well the part of the shell-shocked veteran.

Sherlock, Jr.

Buster Keaton’s deductive powers have been in operation again. He has discovered some brand-new gags and incidents. He has played detective so long in trying to uncover novel tricks that his audience will accept his newest rôle as something that he has been playing all the time, tho here he acts the detective before our eyes.

The story which he fashioned is not so ingenious as “Our Hospitality” in regard to property inventions, but it does suffice in rousing the risibilities because there is a compact line of laughs in the incidents—which are projected without any slackening of pace.

Buster enjoys himself thoroughly in satirizing the crook melodrama—even if he does assume his w. k. frozen-face expression. He doubles as

(Cont’d on page 98)

“Why Men Leave Home” is one of Avery Hopwood’s bedroom plays which has managed to get by the censors. It is the story of hubby neglecting his wife for his stenographer... a divorce follows. It is really worked out in a fairly humorous fashion. Lewis Stone and Helene Chadwick are convincing in their leading roles.
You always hear the sons and daughters of old American families complain that Europeans come to this country... earn large sums of money... and then return with it to their native land, with no thought of allegiance to their Land of Fortune. This does not happen to be true of Pola Negri, however. The part about coming to America and earning fabulous sums of money is all right, but Pola has no intention of leaving the land which has given her this wealth. She has sworn allegiance to the Stars and Stripes by taking out her first citizenship papers.
The truth—and nothing but the truth—was revealed when Pola went to court about her citizenship. She said her real name is Apolonia, the Countess Dombski; that she is twenty-seven years old; that she was born in Lipno, Poland; weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds; is five feet five inches high, with a fair complexion and black hair. The poets who have written villanelles to Pola’s eyes must have experienced a shock over her simple description of them. She announced them in a matter-of-fact manner as just “grey.”

Outside of becoming a citizen and making motion pictures, Pola keeps busy denying her engagement to every man with whom she is seen in public. Now rumor has her engaged to Rod La Rocque, and once more she insists that there is no truth in it.

These pictures were taken in and about the Negri domicile in Beverly Hills. However, Miss Negri also maintains a suite at the Hotel Ambassador in Los Angeles proper, where she stays most of the time.
Achieve fame in any walk of life, and a movie contract that reads like the war debt will be sure to come your way. Jack Dempsey's income from his heavyweight championship is the least part of his income these days. For he is occupying a dressing-room at the Universal studios with a large star painted on the door. He is making a series of ten pictures, to be called "Fight and Win Stories"
Letters to the Editor

Laurels for Cullen Landis in "The Fighting Coward," the screen version of Tarkington's "Magnolia."

Dear Editor: As I passed one of the most attractive theatricals in St. Louis a month ago, an advertisement caught my eye which read: "Booth Tarkington's Big Hit directed by James Cruze, with Lloyd Hughes, Lloyd Noland and Phyllis Haver."

I had remembered the characters in "Magnolia," so I became eager to know the movie cast. Ernest Torrence, Mary Astor, Lloyd Hughes and Phyllis Haver I thought suited the roles they were to portray, and "Oh!" I exclaimed, was it really true—had some director at last awakened and given Cullen Landis a real star part?

Thanks to Mr. Cruze; thanks to the people who said that Cullen Landis is splendid in the leading role.

This very night I went to see the picture. I have never missed any of Mr. Landis' pictures. Since he played the "Carly Kid" he has been my favorite actor. Long before the Sheiks captivated everyone, I was thrilled by this handsome lad with college-boy spirits, and that is more than many popular stars boast of. Not many personalities echo Fraternity promo.

That is why Cullen Landis is bound to get somewhere—he had really tried. He is talented and always delicious in pictures, despite the fact that he does not always get the girl.

At last the time that I had been waiting for had come, I told myself, as I watched the Notorious Cannel Blake knock out the big bullies. He was certainly wonderful in the play, and I enjoyed every scene of it. Everyone around me remarked how handsome Cullen Landis was; others said he was perfect in his part. Young girls even spoke about sending for his picture. So Cullen Landis has certainly reached stardom as far as this city is concerned. What he needed was a director like Mr. Cruze, the public—by this I mean everyone in every city—already likes him.

Norma Talmadge is my favorite actress. I also enjoy seeing Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (I hope to see him again), Lloyd Hughes, Richard Barthelmess, Rod La Rocque, Theodore Ford, Johnnie Harron, George O'Hara, Louise Lorraine, and May McAvoy.

Let me say again that I hope everyone will enjoy "The Fighting Coward," and I hope Cullen Landis will be appreciated as its star.

Very truly yours,
Miss Lorettia Rowe,
St. Louis, Mo.

A brief for the modern half of "The Ten Commandments."

Dear Editor: The other day I went to see "The Ten Commandments." I think that it is one of the most wonderful films ever shown, but I don't think that the modern side of the story gets half the praise it deserves. You hear people on all sides saying: "Yes, it is a wonderful film, but I liked the beginning much better than the end." This is not fair; in this modern age it would look out of place and ridiculous to put in as much fire or grace as they had in ancient times, but this does not say that the acting cannot be as good in modern clothes, "The" 'be' 'be' 'be' Lo Roque's acting, as the naughty brother, was fine, and Leatrice Joy certainly deserves praise, and lots of it, too; also Charles de Roche deserves most praise of all for their fine acting.

I am sorry to hear that Corinne Griffith is only going to make a few more films, for I am one of her devoted admirers, and I think that the screen will lose a jolly fine actress.

Conway Tearle is another very fine actor. I like him best in French costume, best of all, like he wore in "Ashes of Vengeance." His acting in that was superb. Norma Talmadge as "Yo-Yo" was charming. She is a wonderful actress, and her portrayal of the cold and haughty Frenchwoman is riveting. Douglas Fairbanks, of course, does not need praise, but I would like to say that it is a real good treat to go to one of his films.

May McAvoy is another very charming actress. I'm sure that if her parts were chosen carefully, she would soon be more of a favorite than some of the others.

Very sincerely,
MARELENE MURAT
6 Pembridge Gardens, Nottinghill Gate,
England.

Something to think about.

Dear Editor: In the June issue of your magazine, one reads of the vain searches for material being made by Lubitsch and Seastrom. While it contains no help for the latter, I think this letter may assist the former.

Lubitsch is a master of tragedy. Let me tell him, thru your column, a true-life story which he could handle:

"Once there was a great European actress who dared abandon herself to her art, with the result that two of her characterizations so outshone the work of scores of other great women, that the actress herself was lured into the sophisticates in America; and Commercialism, assuming a more devious aspect, skillfully lured the artiste to this country.

"When the lady was completely entranced by a nice, strong contract, she was persuaded to pluck her eyebrows, bob her gorgeous hair, blacken the lids of her (Cont. on page 109)."
The Way To Keep Fit

Keeping fit is of vital importance to all the athlete stars. Their work is constantly making demands upon them in the hair-raising feats they perform, and their bodies must be ready to accept these tests. Illustrating this page are some simple exercises for which George Walsh posed and which he strongly recommends. Mr. Walsh insists that the average man and woman exercises only a comparatively few muscles, and these over and over again, while the others get lax from their long disuse.

In the upper left hand corner and to the right are two forms of the knee-bending exercise which Mr. Walsh especially recommends for people cooped up in offices. However, both of these knee-bending illustrations exercise different muscles and should be followed carefully. Mr. Walsh admits that the knee-bending exercise on the right and the position on the left make it difficult at first to keep your balance. However, he insists that practice of these exercises improves your balancing with results in health and pep.

The exercise pictured just above is quite simple. First one arm is bent with its fist closed and then as this arm is extended and the fingers spread the other arm bends with the fist closing.
Bring up a child in the way he shall grow, says an old Biblical text. Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton seem to be following this precept in regard to both of their sons. Joseph has already made his début before the motion picture camera. Now Robert Tal-madge gazes into a lens at a very tender age. And, considering their much photographed father, mother and aunts, it is not unlikely that these Keaton boys will also turn to the motion picture camera when they grow to a man's estate.
On the Camera Coast

OLGA NEGRI and Rod La Rocque—well, they deny it, Charlie Chaplin and Mrs. "Reggie" Vanderbilt's twin sister, Thelma Morgan Converse, well, they deny it. Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor—well, they more or less deny it.

This much, however, "stands out with startling and unassailable clearness"—as the politicians say: somebody in Hollywood ought to invent a new formula for denying engagements. They always say the same thing—"Mr. Pickles is a very wonderful man and his friendship has been an inspiration to me; but we are just good friends: that's all."

Pola did vary it a little. She said that the rumor of her engagement to Rod La Rocque came about because a bunch of movie folk have been dining together once a week: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eyton, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Moreno, and Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Neilan. So it was just naturally supposed that matrimony would be catching from force of example.

Whatever else, Norma Talmadge is no piker when it comes to directors. Following the announcement that she is going to hire Sidney Olcott at $3,700, comes the news that she has contracted with Fred Niblo to make a picture with her at $4,000 a week. It is said that these are the highest prices that have ever been paid to any directors since motion pictures were invented.

Mr. Niblo states that he is going to make a picture with Norma that will be an adaption of a classic drama. I have heard that Mr. Niblo intends to make "L'Aiglon"; but I don't know whether with Norma or somebody else. It would be a wonderful picture. Altho it is the story of the young son of Napoleon, it has always been played by women—by Bernhardt and Maude Adams.

Altho the producers have all registered a solemn vow never again to make a costume picture, it looks as tho most of them were on the way to do it. Following this announcement from Niblo, comes the news that Harry Beaumont is going to make "Deburau" for Warner Brothers. He was the director who made "Beau Brummel." Dimitri Buchowetzki insists he is going to make a monster costume on the life of Napoleon.

What is worrying Norma, however, isn't her new play; but her new house. When Patty Arbuckle blew up financially, Norma took over his house on West Adams Street near E. L. Doheny, of oil-investigation fame. She sold this the other day and is starting to build another one out in Beverly Hills. Norma says she is never going to have another house the size of the Grand Central Terminal. The next one is going to be a little cot—doubtless about the size of the Pennsylvania depot. Norma says all that she is very particular about is that it shall have a big attic where she can keep her old costumes; and a swimming-pool and some stables for her horses and some other things.
Harry Carr Gossips of Professional and Social Activities

Theda Bara, after her long absence from the screen, is starting again. A company has been organized on purpose to make her into pictures. The first one will be “Déclassée,” made famous by Ethel Barrymore. Miss Bara has been living almost the life of a recluse at Beverly Hills.

One of the most pitiful and singular dramas of Hollywood was the suicide of Robert Hewes, a young screen author and publicity man. Young Hewes had an unhappy love affair and made up his mind to take his life. A fiction story of his had just been accepted for publication and the publisher had sent him the proofs for final correction. He sent a calm, quiet letter to this editor stating that if any other corrections were needed they should be taken up with one of his friends whom he named, as he was to kill himself that night.

Mrs. Wallace Reid, like Florence Lawrence and several other former screen actresses, has become a real estater. She has gone into partnership with a well-known firm of realtors. Another interesting thing about Mrs. Reid is that a revolutionary discovery in relation to the dope habit is said to have been made at the memorial hospital established last year in Los Angeles in memory of Wally.

The physicians have not yet given the facts to the public as they wish to wait until they are absolutely sure.

Corinne Griffith has started a very expensive fad which all the movie girls have grabbed up with avidity. It is for wearing old Chinese mandarin robes for dressing-gowns. Of course they have always worn mandarin robes, but it doesn’t count from now on unless the robes look as tho they had come out of a rag-bag. They have to show the signs of age and wear in the softness of their colors. If it can be proved that Confucius wore it, so much the better. Madeline Hurlock has the oldest and most mysterious-looking one found so far.

The other things that Miss Griffith is collecting consist of prize-winning beauties. She is making a picture called “For Sale” in which are to appear Marga La Rubia who won the beauty prize offered by the London Daily Mirror; Georgia Hale who was “Miss Chicago” in the last Atlantic City bathing-suit parade; and Justine Valso who has recently come from Italy with a prize offered by the Roman newspapers for the most perfect form in the world—or the universe or some place.

Maurice Tourneur is a cynical and charming gentleman. The other day he celebrated his tenth anniversary in America to which he came from France for the purpose of making movies. “During those ten years,” he said, “I have made money on many poor pictures and lost money on many good ones.”

They didn’t discover until Cecil De Mille had made all the arrangements for casting “Feet of Clay”

(Continued on page 82)
In the New York Theater Where Morris Gest Presents "The Thief of Bagdad"

East Is West

By HELEN E. HOKINSON

Ladies from the somnolent East urge you to hurry to your seat.

During the intermission, the same foreign ladies scurry about with Turkish coffee. (What does it matter if they shout in a nasal voice, reminiscent of Broadway, "One side please!")

The box-office clerk, ensconced behind the harem grating, seems strangely out of place. And he never has "two for this afternoon's matinée." We don't know whether it's Doug Fairbanks or the elaborate Gest presentation but they're usually sold out.

In the lobby, natives of Bagdad furnish weird music from equally weird instruments.
"Merton of the Movies" first came to us between the covers of the widely read Harry Leon Wilson novel. Merton Gill symbolized every youth who dreams of leaving monotonous days behind him when he claims the wealth and fame he knows awaits him in Hollywood. He satirized movie stars, when success did finally come to him, as he said all the things and did all the things which stars have been credited with saying and doing ever since the beginning.

Glenn Hunter then brought Merton to life on the stage. The public who had adored Merton in the novel, now cherished him in the person of Glenn Hunter. And for over two years Glenn has been talking about his wife’s being "his best pal and severest critic" in all the big cities of the country. Now Glenn is bringing Merton home to the movies. James Cruze is at the megaphone—that is encouraging. And Viola Dana is to play the Montague girl.
Our Reporter’s Notebook

Paragraph Jottings by Ruth G. Bowman

THERE’S many a slip—when David Wark Griffith went over to Rome to confer with the Italian Commercial Syndicate in reference to filming such pictures for them as would bring back the film prestige that Italy enjoyed before the war, we feared we had lost the star director to the old world, for a time at least. But Mr. Griffith, with a master’s eye, was quick to see difficulties and has returned to America to think it over—there was no studio equipped electrically for big production and furthermore as D. W. does not speak Italian, it looked more like a riot to him than anything else when he thought of having to direct thru an interpreter. To complicate matters still more, the cast was to be a mixed one, Italian-American.

However, fast on Mr. Griffith’s heels when he returned to this country, came Commander G. A. Serrao, representative of the Syndicate, to offer additional persuasions—among them a big modern studio that is nearing completion. Mr. Griffith evidently realizes the enormity of this movie venture, backed as it is by the Banco Commercial and indorsed by the government of Italy. While in Italy, he saw the country under Mussolini and his special guards, and the re-habilitated nation with all working harder and more enthusiastically than they have ever before, was an inspiration to him and won his sympathy.

Extremely pleasant, his visit apparently lifted ten years from his age and added ten pounds to his weight. He says that he doesn't wonder Italian bankers want to show their countrymen something of their wonderful scenery on the silversheet rather than the everlasting California mountains, and to film some of their masterpieces, such as “Romulus and Remus” and “Horatio at the Bridge,” rather than all-American stories.

But the estimate of production computed from the American viewpoint staggers the Italian bankers, as they are accustomed to paying their stars what our carpenters receive for a day’s work here. As for the poor
**This Liquid Polish needs no separate polish remover**

**WHAT** a joy not to have to use a separate polish remover! To save you this bother, Cutex has put up their wonderful new liquid polish in the simplest way, without any separate polish remover.

When you are ready for a fresh manicure it is just as easy to take off the old polish as it is to give the nails their fresh rosy lustre. A drop of the polish itself, spread over the nail and wiped off before it dries, removes every trace of polish.

And how convenient it is to put on. The tiny brush holds just the drop needed to spread smooth and evenly over one nail. It leaves a velvet smooth rosy surface that is bewitching. Yet it is so thin the nails look naturally pink and glistening — not artificial or varnished, as some liquids make them.

And this lovely surface lasts and lasts without cracking or splitting around the edges. The nails keep the charming rose color of the smart Parisian manicure for a whole week. And besides all this never the fear of wanting a fresh manicure and finding yourself lost because you can't take off last week's liquid polish.

Cutex Liquid Polish and other Cutex preparations are 35c at all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England. It comes in two of the complete manicure sets. Sets are 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00.

**MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY**

**THE COMPLETE MANICURE**

**Send 12c for Introductory Set**

First shape the nails with the Cutex emery board. Then soften and remove the dead cuticle with Cutex Cuticle Remover and an orange stick. Next comes Cutex Liquid Polish or the new Powder Polish. Between manicures keep the nails healthy with Cuticle Cream. Send the coupon below with 12c today for the special Introductory Set containing trial sizes of all these things. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. M8, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

Name: 

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Mail this coupon with 12c today for Introductory Set including a trial size of the new Cutex Liquid Polish.
extra, fifty cents a day is the rate for him, with the raise of a lira or two every time he shouts "Bravo" or anything equally important. Mr. Griffith is thinking things over, and meanwhile it is possible that he will make the second, and perhaps, the third film of the series "America." The first of the series, "The Sacrifice," is being shown and is hailed as another Griffith masterpiece.

Another obstacle to making films in sunny Italy is the lack of that much press-agent Old World sunshine. It is reported by film stars already returned to this country that June Mathis and Charles Brabin, who are filming "Ben Hur" over there, are suffering all kinds of hard luck because of bad weather. Time and time again they've engaged mobs and arena crowds and have not been able to take a single shot. It is whispered, too, that the reason the Gish sisters have returned to do their film work on this side is, again, the weather.

A fair exchange—so Mack Sennett and Flo Ziegfeld seem to think—Mack is continually getting the Follies' beauties into bathing suits and putting them into pictures, and Flo, on the other hand, is everlastingly rescuing Mack's mermaids from the surf and putting them behind the footlights. Alice Day has been promoted to a feminine lead in a two-reel Sennett comedy, and her sister, Marceline, has been honored equally, and will play the feminine lead opposite Harry Langdon in "Watch Out." Madeline Hurlock and Frank Coleman will play the heavy roles. Both Alice and Marceline are ex-Follies' girls. Meanwhile, in the last six months, five Sennett girls have gone over to the Ziegfeld Follies.

A questionnaire for Edison—"Who invented the first film?"—Answer yes or no. The Fox Company has a film and motion picture camera created by one Max Skladanowski, a German-Pole, which they claim they can prove antedates Edison's invention. American statistics give the Edison date as 1893. The date of the German's invention is said to be 1890. The film itself is about three times as wide as present-day films are, and the projection machine extremely crude. The subject shown is short, as only a few feet of film could be shot at a time. It depicts a parade of soldiers in Berlin, the grand mount, Herr von Bismarck, the German Chancellor, in uniform with the famous spiked helmet, and Herr Bebel, one of the pioneer socialists of the Empire. The film will be run as a Fox newsreel feature. It will probably start something of a controversy.

The hunt for locations for filming "Wanderer of the Wasteland" was almost as thrilling a tale as the story you will see on the screen. For days Billy Dove, the feminine lead, with her husband, Irvin Willat, director, his assistant and a guide motored thru Death Valley, said to be the most weirdly beautiful place in the world. On the edge of the valley itself they found a grass-covered oasis, the accomplishment of an Indian, who is not only resourceful enough to provide water for his cattle, but who has built a swimming-pool for his squaws and himself!

The Book of Knowledge on the screen—the Independent Pictures Corporation has announced this contribution as an early release. It will be issued in fifty-two single-reel films. Each film will contain eight questions such as children ask of distracted parents, viz.: "What is fire?" "What makes a ball bounce?" "How do fish breathe?" "What is (Continued on page 80)
Why You, too, Can Have Beautiful Hair

How famous Movie Stars keep their hair soft and silky, bright and fresh-looking, full of life and lustre.

BEAUTIFUL hair is no longer a matter of luck.
You, too, can have hair that is charming and attractive.
Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it.

Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be soft and silky in the water. The strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can, and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

* * * * *

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy, and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone. You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for 4 months.

Splendid for Children — Fine for Men

Mulsified
Coconut Oil Shampoo
This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, a list of film manufacturers, etc., must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All inquiries should contain the name and address of the writer, and, if it is desired that a fictitious name be used in answering, it should be written in the upper left-hand corner of the letter.

C. H., Denver.—Fire away! This is the month for it. Why, Richard Dix is about thirty-one years old. No, he is not his son. House Peters has been signed up by Universal to star in a series of eight pictures.

Boodram, England.—All the way across the briny. So this is your first epistle; welcome to the fold. Warner Baxter is playing in "Those Who Dance" right now, but he was born in Columbus, Ohio. So you think you would like to have Rudolph Valentino and Thomas Meighan on the cover. Sorry you don't like Vargas' drawings. Mary Miles Minter is not playing now. That's some joke of yours—why did the farmer call his white pig ink—because he ran out the pen. Haw, haw.

S. E. G., Philadelphia.—Well, all I can tell you about Milton Sills is that he was born in Chicago, in 1882, and is married to Gladys Wym and has a daughter, Dorothy. He played on the stage for eight years as leading man. He is with First National right now, and is appearing in "Single Wives.

L. K., New York.—Why, by "Flying Dutchman" we mean a specter ship, crusing about the cape of Good Hope and said to forbode trouble to whoever sees it. Address Eugene O'Brien at the Talmadge Productions, 334 Merrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California. Glad you like the magazine.

Alvina P.—Well, there's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream. I have no record whatever of Thomas F. Tracey. Anybody know him?

Winifred M. C., New Zealand.—Your letter was mighty interesting. Because Democrates of Abdera believed that life was only to be laughed at, he was known as the "laughing philosopher." Anyway, this great writer's life was about too short. Couldn't very well give you the twelve addresses you ask for right here. James Kirkwood is to play opposite Mae Murray in "Circe." Run in again, some time.

R. M. S., San Francisco.—Well, you know what Oscar Wilde said: "You should never try to understand women. Women are pictures, men are problems. If you want to know what a woman really means, which, by the way, is always a dangerous thing to do—look at her, don't listen to her." Write to Richard Dix at Famous Players-Lasky, Astoria, Long Island. Colleen Moore and Conway Tearle in "Counterfeit."  

Maybelle S.—Tell your brother for me that a married man has many cares, but a bachelor has no pleasures. I know. After living these some odd eighty years I could write a book on the subject. Tom Forman is directing right now and the other three players are not playing at present. You would have been at the number of well-known players who are not playing right now.

I. C. V.—You want to know if the actors play what the director gives them, or if they can pick their own play. No child, the player is usually quite pleased to play in anything the director selects for him. George Larkin was born in 1890 and he is married to Ollie Kirby. Richard Talmadge is not related to the Talmadge girls.

Dorothy U. W., St. Paul.—I like your paper very much. You refer to Forrest Stanley as a "Tiger" and Antonio Moreno is playing in "Tiger Love" with Estelle Taylor. Lois Wilson is five feet five and a half, and Monte Blue is not married. Is that all for today?

Tillie the Tallies.—Oh boy! You call it a treat, and suggest that I publish my picture at the beginning of this department. That would never do. I'm much better to write to than to look at. No, Laurette and Estelle Taylor are not sisters, but Irene and Lillian Rich are. That's the only name I know.

Nita Naldi by. Don't know who said, "Why did she love him? Curious fool! he still! Is human love the growth of human will?" Sounds like Byron.

Juno, California.—So you have a hunch that I am a girl. All wrong. Edith Bennett is playing opposite Milton Sills in "The Sea Hawk." She has signed up to play in Fred Niblo's "The Red Lily" with Ramon Novarro. You want to see more Mary Pickford pictures. So do I.

Harold F. W.—So you know from a friend of yours that I am a young man. He is a friend of mine, too. Well, here goes. Tom Mix was born in 1880. Never heard that story about his horse. That is Pearl White's real name. Yes, she does wear a wig sometimes and she is about thirty. Yes, Dorothy Dalton married Arthur Hamerstein in Chicago.

I Wanna Know.—You can write to Virginia Warwick at the Christie Comedies, 637 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. Hurrah for Pat O'Malley! On the 5th of this month and was christened Mary Kathleen. Her sisters are Eileen and Sheila. Best wishes to them.

L. L. Irvington, New Jersey.—That's right, when you have nothing to do, write to me. So you want to see more of J. Warren Kerrigan. Jackie Coogan's last picture before he starts on his milk crusade will be "Dirty Hands." "Little Robinson Crusoe" has been completed.

Peter Peep.—So you don't think she is as beautiful as she used to be. Perhaps she has washed it off. Grace Cunard has not been playing for some time. No, Chester Conklin is not related to the Conklin Fountain Pen Co., whoever they are. William Scott has an important part in "Dante's Inferno" with Pauline Starke, Ralph Lewis and Gloria Grey. Write me quantam libet.

Jill, England.—My word, I was glad to hear from you. Hope you have fully recovered now, and you say you wish you could thank Mary Pickford, Richard Barthelmess and me for all the comfort we have given you. We hereby accept thanks. Do write to me again.

Chicot, Arkansas.—So you like Paty Ruth Miller. She was born June 22, 1905, and is playing in "Strathmore" with Wyndham Standing, for Fox. Mrs. Sidney Drew has rented space at the Hollywood studios and is working on the first of a series of four comedies in which she will star.

Edmonton, Canada.—Can you have read something about the mud affairs for beauty, but it hasn't done much for the turtle, you know. Tom Mix has two children: one by a former marriage, having been married twice now. He would like to have his salary increased. What Lois Wilson's salary is, but I am sure it is a great deal larger than my twelve dollars per week.

No, May Collins and Gladys George are not playing now. Charlie Chaplin was married to Mildred Harris for about two years, but they didn't live together that long. Anna Q. Nilsson was married to Guy Coombs and is married to John Gunnam, but she was never Mrs. Franklyn Farm. Buddy Messenger in the Century Comedies. Bobby Vernon born in Chicago. Your typing was good, keep it up. So long for this time.

Barbara E. J.—Yes, the tallest building in the world is to be erected once again in New York City. Ramon Novarro is twenty-three and he was born in Durango, Mexico. He was a dancer, you know, and is now playing in "The Arab" and "The Red Lily." Dark and tall and eyes, and is five feet ten and weighs 160 pounds.

Pittsburgh Baby.—Ah, your batting average is away down, come out of the cellar, Richard Barrymore is playing "The Marrying Man," and he was born in New York City. Rod LaRoque is about twenty-six. Dorothy Black was the daughter in "Lillies of the
Are You Working Toward Beauty?

Do you know that the charm that appears most casual
Is that which has been striven for most carefully?

You cannot afford to miss the August Beauty

The Life of a Mannequin

The most beautiful mannequin in Paris discloses her own true story. It is not just one lovely gown after another, but days of work, nights of study and privation. She gives her routine: How long she sleeps, what she eats, how she exercises, how she makes up, and how she recreates.

The Women of India

An article by Syud Hossian, Indian prince and lineal descendant of Mohammed, describes the Oriental woman, not the half-peri, half-devil that we of the Occident are apt to believe her, but the reverenced mother and wife who, generation after generation, has controlled her household and managed her property.

Marilyn Miller tells what she would do if she were a brunette. Marilyn declares that mock vamps cast their shadows on brunettes.

Are you afraid of the water? An instructive article, well illustrated, showing you how to conduct yourself when in the water.

Pola Negri visualizes what she would do if she were a blonde. Pola says that peroxide blondes ruin the true blonde's character.

Dangerous impulses—an article in which you are warned against letting your subconscious self get the upper hand. Know yourself.

The Gown of Gold, by Frances Harmer. A delightfully human story of two sisters—the old Cinderella theme in modern environment.


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On the News-stands July 15th
Field.” Well, we seldom appreciate beauty until it is on the decline, and then we cling to and treasure its wreck with jealous care. Grace is to the body what good sense is to the mind.

KATHRYN.—Honest, I have a beard, and it is mighty warm these summer nights. Carmel Myers is abroad at this writing, but you can be sure that before the last for Metro will be “Wickedness Preferred,” after which she will go to Famous Players to play the Montague Girl to Glenn Hunter’s Merton in “Merton of the Movies.” She is also being considered for the role of Peter Pan.

A. L. H., SEWANE.—Here you are. Laura LaPlante was born in St. Louis, Missouri, November 1, 1904. She started with First National three years ago and now has a contract with Universal. She is not married, five feet two, one hundred and twelve pounds. Brown hair and grey eyes. May McAvoy born September 8, 1901. Remember that a woman’s friendship borders more closely on love than man’s. Yours a gem.

Mickey.—Yes, Milton Sills is forty-two. You say men would be something like Iphi, but they love women. Ha, ha, Madame Bellamy in Universal’s “Glory.”

FLORENCE, PHILADELPHIA.—It ought to be an easy language for you to learn. The Italian alphabet contains the least number of letters, twenty; and the Chinese the most; two hundred and fourteen. It is possible to make fifty-five pictures with Thomas Meighan. Mabel Ballin is playing in “The Prairie Wife” and Mrs. Reid is going to make another picture. Yes, to remember “The Idler” and Telf Johnson and Rose Tapley had the leads. Your letter was mighty interesting. Run in again some time.

Eloise B.—Yes, and beauty is the first gift Nature gives to woman. And the first she takes from her. Alice Terry is twenty-two, and Rex Ingram is thirty-two. Bill Hart’s last picture was “Singer Jim McGee.”

M. L. N.—That was a beautiful card you sent me. Wish I had a place where I could spend it. Magnotta D.—Just like a woman. The desire to be loved. Corinne Griffith in “Single Wives” with Milton Sills, and Conway Tearle in “Counterfeit,” with Colleen Moore. Ethel Clayton is expected to return to screen soon.

Two Necessary Evils.—Ignace Paderewski was born in Russian Poland in 1859 and made his debut in 1887. Monte Blue was born in 1890. No he isn’t married. George Walsh is divorced from Seona Owen.

Molly.—Bert Lytell at the Tech Art Studios, 318 East 44th Street, New York City. He was born February 24, 1885.

Margaret S.—Yes, indeed, I have been playing Mah Jong and making cliffhangers. I have been busy sewing up boxes from handling the lacquer boxes which contain an offending substance derived from a plant of the same class as poison ivy. You can write Rodolph Valentino at the Lasky Studio, Astoria, Long Island.

Wally.—Why, Lila Lee and James Kirkwood were married on July 25th, 1923.

Velette.—Thanks very much; you say that Corinne Griffith, Mary Pickford, Pauline Starke, Laurette Taylor, Norma Talmadge and Florence Vidor were chosen by Nyea McMein in a recent contest.

Star Gazer.—You ought to use saccharine which is two hundred and twenty times sweeter than sugar. Milton Sills has grey eyes, and Helen Gahagan was born in 1861 in Chicago, but he lives in California. So you think Colleen Moore is the best flapper in pictures. Von Stroheim is to direct Mae Murray in “The Merry Widow.”

Rebecca C.—Sunlight will penetrate clear water to a depth of fifteen hundred feet. “The Marriage Maker” was adapted from Edward Knoblock’s “The Faun.” Richard Barthelmess is five feet seven. He has been married since June 18, 1920. He weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds.

Grace Vann.—I always remembered what Oscar Wilde said, “The lovers’ pleasure, like that of the hunter, is in the chase, and the brightest beauty boxes half its merit, as the flower its perfume, when the willing hand can reach it too easily. There must be doubt; there must be difficulty and danger.” Tom Moore is to star with Gertrude Tarbell in “One Night in Rome.” George O’Harra at the Film Booking Office, 780 Gower Street, Los Angeles, California.

Cutie.—Barbara La Marr at the Sawyer-Lubin Productions and Pat O’Malley at Metro. Renée Adorée is abroad at this writing.

Earth.—Arthur Edmund Carewe doesn’t tell his age; he was born in Trebizond, Ando large nose. His writings, tho crude, are full of invention, vigor and wit. He was the hero of a drama by Edmund Rostand and died in 1655. Walter Hampden is playing the stage version of Rostand’s play in New York now. You want to see more of Walter McGrail. He is six feet and is not married right now. Thirty-five years old. Your French was very interesting.

Quaker.—Lillian Gish is with Inspiration, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City. She is twenty-eight, and was born in Springfield, Ohio. I forwarded your letter.

Pielma B.—In the old days, my time, men knew life too early and women knew life too late. Not so in this age. A child of six knows as much or more than a man.

German.—I don’t think Tyran de Bergerac has been done in pictures. You know he was a real person, born in Perigord in 1619 and noted for his courage in the field and his wonderful swordsmanship. He fought over a hundred duels, most of them because of his extremely large nose. His writings, tho crude, are full of invention, vigor and wit. He was the hero of a drama by Edmund Rostand and died in 1655. Walter Hampden is playing the stage version of Rostand’s play in New York now. You want to see more of Walter McGrail. He is six feet and is not married right now. Thirty-five years old. Your French was very interesting.

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Edwin T. F.—I certainly enjoyed your verses, especially “The Old Willow Tree.” You are quite a poet. We will have to get a fireplace between us next winter.

Helen A. F.—West Coast. Nearly nine thousand farms in Missouri are superintended by women. But, “how you goin’ to keep them down on the farm after they’ve seen Broadway!” John Gilbert was born in 1895 and he is married to Leatrice Joy. Edward Burns in “The Hunger Bird.” Edmund Lowe and Alma Tell in “The Silent Command.”

L. R., Canada.—Charles Buck Jones is twenty-nine, five feet eleven and three quarters, and he is married. He is playing in “The Circus Rider.” Address him at Fox, Ramon Novarro is about twenty-three, five feet ten, George P. Harris wrote “Woodman Spare That Tree.”

Norma Talmadge F.—Where did you get that news? Norma Talmadge has never been married, the only of the twins you can name. Peter Nero, Norma Talmadge’s stage play “Joan,” which is running in New York at this writing, is the story of Joan of Arc. Alice Terry has red hair, but she wears various wigs.

Elaine H.—So you have never been in love. That will come. Voltaire says, “Love is of all the passions the strongest, for it attacks simultaneously the heart, the head, and the senses.” Bert Lytell is five feet ten and a half, born in 1885, and he is now playing in “Born Rich.” His address is given elsewhere.

Rosebud.—I don’t know why, but more than fifteen hundred girls in Hollywood are studying for the medical profession. Conrad Nagel is with Goldwyn and Glenn Hunter is playing in “Merton of the Movies.” Always send twenty-five cents when asking for a picture.

Toodie.—Why, Joan of Arc was born in Domremy, in 1412, and by the victories she gained in battle, enabled Charles to be crowned at Rheims. She was captured in 1430 by the Burgundians who delivered her to the English, and after a mock trial, she was burned as a heretic. George Bernard Shaw’s stage play “Joan,” which is running in New York at this writing, is the story of Joan of Arc. Alice Terry has red hair, but she wears various wigs.

Elaine H.—So you have never been in love. That will come. Voltaire says, “Love is of all the passions the strongest, for it attacks simultaneously the heart, the head, and the senses.” Bert Lytell is five feet ten and a half, born in 1885, and he is now playing in “Born Rich.” His address is given elsewhere.

Rodolph Valentino will play in Rex Beach’s “A Sainted Devil,” his second last production for Famous Players-Lasky since his return to pictures after a career with Ritz-Carleton Productions. Mabel Normand at the Mack Sennett Studios, 1712 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

(Continued on page 92)
Did Nature Fail to put roses in your cheeks?

By Mme. Jeannette

THE first time a girl looks into her mirror with the conscious desire to see what nature has done for her skin, she is aware of her coloring! If there are roses in your cheeks there is added charm to the reflection. If you have no color, you will wisely decide to put it there!

Rouge, properly used, is recognized today as one of the important essentials to the toilette.

When you select your rouge

Pompeian Bloom is a pure, harmless rouge that beautifies with its remarkably natural tone of color. It comes in compact form, and is made in the four shades essential to the various types of American women.

It is as important to select the right tone of rouge as it is to select the right shade of powder.

The following general directions will be of assistance:

The medium tone of Pompeian Bloom can, and should, be used by the majority of women in America. This is a lovely natural rose shade most frequently found in the skin of women who are not extreme types. Generally used with Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The light tone of Pompeian Bloom is the clear, definite pink found most frequently in the coloring of very fair-haired women. This tone of rouge may go with the Naturelle, the Flesh, and occasionally with the White Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The dark tone of Pompeian Bloom is for the warm, dark skin typical of the beauties of Spain or Italy. It is most often effective with the Rachel shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder, also with Naturelle shade.

The orange tint gives exactly the coloring essential to women who have red or bronze tones in their hair, for most frequently these tones are repeated in the skin. This rouge has been used almost exclusively by women if they live much out-of-doors.

It combines with Naturelle Pompeian Beauty Powder, but also looks well with Rachel when the skin is olive in tone, and with White Pompeian Beauty Powder if the skin is very white.

Note—Do not try bizarre effects with your rouge. Make it look natural, use it discreetly, and use too little rather than too much.

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POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Alta Maids & Canada
Our Reporter's Notebook
(Continued from page 74)

A Ray of Hope—that's what we see in Charles Ray as 'Smith,' to be produced on the Ince lot. It was Thomas H. Ince who first started Mr. Ray on the road to fame as the country lad, and it looks as if he would soon get him back into his winning paces. Bessie Love, appearing as ever, will play opposite Mr. Ray in the rôle of a music-hall girl. Wallace Beery and Virginia Brown Faire will be in the cast also. The story is by Gardner Sullivan.

An honest confession—Orville Caldwell, who has been in one stage success after another, under the direction of Morris Gest, the latest "The Miracle," says that of the two arts he prefers the silent drama—he is about the only actor who does. We take it he speaks the truth since, while he is playing in "The Miracle," he arises in the wee hours of the morning and beats it over to the Fox Studios to take the lead in "Crossed Wires," opposite Alyce Mills. "The more I work the more energy I have," he says, and screen work with its regular hours appeals to me. Of such is the species tagged The Idle Matinée Idol.

Moving in circles like a dog chasing his tail—that's the way Ronald Colman reached his goal of stardom on the silver-sheet. He left stage work in England, his native land, in the hope of getting film work here. But for a long time he found himself out of a job. Finally he was engaged to play opposite Fay Bainter in the stage version of "East Is West"—stage work again, but it took him out to the

Do this for sunburn
Don't spoil a good time!

After a lazy hour on the beach, a speedy hour on the tennis court, or a round of golf, splash the burned skin freely with Absorbine, Jr. It cools and soothes instantly—takes out all the soreness and inflammation. The next day only a slightly deeper coat of tan as a reminder of the day's sport.

Absorbine, Jr. is not greasy. It does not show, its clean, agreeable odor quickly disappears. It may be used on the most delicate skin.

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Coast, and eventually brought him under the Kleig with Lilian Gish in "The White Sister." Contrary to his desires again, they took him back overseas, and he had no sooner finished that film and got back to America than he had to turn around and go back to Italy for his rôle with Miss Gish in "Romola." Now he's engaged for a part in "Tarnish," and is at last on the Coast for keeps, he hopes.

Viola Dana is playing the coveted rôle of Sally "Flips," the Montague girl, in "Merton of the Movies," with Glenn Hunter in his undispersed part of Merton. This will be the first production in which Miss Dana is starred under her new contract with Paramount covering several years. The glad word is that James Cruze will direct it. On the completion of "Merton of the Movies," Miss Dana will play the lead in "Open All Night," a film which has been adapted from stories by Paul Morand. It will be directed by Paul Bern, his first attempt in this field.

"Her Marriage Vow" has been funded by Warner Brothers. It is an Owen Davis play. The cast includes: Mae Busch, Willard Louis, Monte Blue, and other prominent actors.

"Can the leopard change his spots?" A fortnight ago, a Detroit exhibitor recognized his former secretary "extra-ing" as a typist on Victor Schertzinger's set for "Bread." He wrung the confession from her that she had resigned from his service to go to Hollywood and enter the movies, but that she had worked only three times and each time as a typist and stenographer! According to the rules of the story with a moral, she should have gone back home with him a chastened and hungry little runaway, but film history doesn't say that she did.

It's stories like the film career of Mimi Palmeri that keeps the film-struck girl hanging on. Five years ago, Miss Palmeri was studying music at the Darmocho Conservatory. To help out expenses she became a model at part time and soon had work regularly in that line, and her picture appeared in various fashion magazines. Thru them, she was discovered by Mrs. Arthur Friend, wife of the then President of Distinctive Pictures. She was so unconscious of her possibilities that when she received a note from Mr. Friend asking her to go with him in complete confidence, however, someone told her what an important man Mr. Friend was, she rushed up to the Inspiration offices and was given the lead in "The Ragged Edge." She appeared next in "Second Youth," and now is about to go abroad to film "It is the Law."

Zane Grey pictures will be released simultaneously with the publication of his novels heretofore, so admirers of the novelist can be perfect gourmands in the future. Paramount itself has set the fashion of taking Mr. Grey at one gulp, part and parcel—the company has put thru a contract by which they secure all of Mr. Grey's future works. The only string to the productions apparently is that the stories must be filmed in their original location and tho this may not be comfortable for the actors it's going to be mighty pleasant for the fans. Mr. Grey's works already produced under this same proviso include: "To the Last Man," "The Call of the Canyon," "The Heritage of the Desert," and lastly, "Wanderer of the Wasteland."

(Continued on page 104)

Would You Like
Prettier teeth—teeth without dingy film?

You see glistening teeth wherever you look today. You envy them, perhaps. Why not ask for this ten-day test and learn how people get them? Millions are now brushing teeth in a new way. You will adopt it when you know. Please learn now how much it means to you and yours.

Film mars beauty
That viscous film you feel on teeth is what makes teeth unsightly. Much of it clings and stays. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it.

Soon that film discolors, then forms dingy coats. That is why teeth lose luster. Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Hardly one in fifty escaped such troubles under old ways of tooth brushing.

Dental science has now found better methods. It has found two ways to fight film. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

A new-type tooth paste was created to apply these methods daily. The name is Pepsodent. Leading dentists everywhere began to advise its use. Now careful people of some 50 nations employ this method daily.

The added effects Pepsodent brings some added effects which research proved essential. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, also its starch digestant. These are Nature's great tooth protecting agents in the mouth. Each use of Pepsodent gives them multiplied effect.

These results are all-important. Together they are bringing to millions of homes a new dental era. Your people should enjoy it.

Protect the Enamel
Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far safer than enamel. Never use a film combustant which contains harsh grit.

The New-Day Dentifrice
You'll see and feel
Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film coats disappear.

One week will convince you. Never again will you brush teeth in the old ineffective ways. Cut out coupon now.

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100 E. Washington St. Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to...

Only one tube to a family.

(Continued on page 104)
On the Camera Coast
(Continued from page 69)

that Estelle Taylor couldn't swim a stroke. The picture calls for a scene in which she is thrown into the water by an explosion of a motorboat. She mermaids around, picking up the hero from the water; puts him on a raft and tows the raft in to shore. Some stunt for a lady who does not know how to swim. Miss Taylor employed Duke Kahanamoku, the famous Hawaiian swimming champion, but she finally despaired of learning, and De Mille gave her rôle to Vera Reynolds, who thereby starts on the path of glory.

Little Mary Pickford, if she escapes alive from the London crowds, is to become a hotel proprietor. It seems that she is furnishing most of the money for the establishing of a hotel in Hollywood like the Algonquin in New York.

The finest compliment that has been paid to any girl in Hollywood was when the studio electricians asked Irene Rich to preside over their grand ball. Nothing hogs in the way of moving stars ever gets past these boys, who call themselves the "juice gang." Miss Rich says she is going to show them that she realizes how greatly she has been honored by buying the finest gown she has ever worn in her whole life. She has passed the acid test. Personally I would never have any use for any star, however charming she might appear, if the electricians didn't like her. They know.

Which brings us to one of the adored of all stage gângs: Viola Dana. Viola's determination to be a freelance, with no more contracts, didn't last long. Famous Players-Lasky grabbed her and got her signature before she was fairly out of the Metro Studio. She is appearing with Glenn Hunter in "Merton of the Movies." She is also to play the lead in "Open All Night," the first picture to be directed by Paul Bern. In this latter picture will also be Jeta Goudal, the newly arrived French actress, and Adolphe Menjou.

Elinor Glyn has confided to a friend an alarming discovery. She says that she has found the secret of her magnetism. She always makes a point of sleeping north and south, to get in line with the poles and she has discovered that when she lies down in a room with a compass that the compass point will gradually swing around to point to herself instead of to the North Pole. Presumably when Madam Glyn romps around the room, the compasses get dizzy trying to follow her. Well, anyway, it seems that the tiger skin hadn't anything to do with the case after all.

The little Arab boy whom Rex Ingram adopted in Tunis is living contentedly in Hollywood with Mrs. Ingram (Alice Terry). He remains a devout Mohammedan, however, refusing to wear a hat and clinging to his turban. He is almost frantically devoted to Rex. Eventually they expect to take him back to Africa, where Rex has bought a house.

Charlie Ray is bravely starting his professional life over again in the Ince Studio where his fame was originally made. Crushed financially by the failure of "The Courtship of Miles Standish," Ray has taken the blow with philosophy. He says he has discovered that it is useless for any one who has been selling houses to try to sell automobiles to the public. They will have nothing from him but shy-boy comedies. He attributes much of the failure of "Miles Standish" to the fact that he took too much advice from the numerous amateur experts descended from the Mayflower.

Bill Hart, another Ince graduate, has come back to virtual retirement. His contract with Famous Players-Lasky has fallen thru because that corporation will not yield to Bill's demand to be allowed to select his own stories.

The most sensational come-back in the history of Hollywood is that of Betty Compson. It looked as tho she were thru, as a star, when she burst upon the public with "The Stranger" and "The Enemy"

(Continued on page 89)

Even in the summertime, California evenings know a chill. And in preparation for a blaring fireplace, George Hackathorn, a week-end guest at the Stedman home, gave Lincoln a hand, while Myrtle, after the way of women, stood by and told them how to do it
The Rarest of Sensations

(Continued from page 25)

He is not easy to know. Complex of nature, aloof and solitary by instinct, he has a tendency to mind the words of Michelangelo: "I have no friend of any kind and do not want any." For all his ebullient wit and his charm as a companion, once friendship has been established, he still is not the sort you would designate as "a great guy on a party."

Primarily a musician, he has that detachment from the visible world that has marked the great musicians. Not a "dreamer," yet living intensely in an inner vision.

He once said to me, "I don't believe I ever live in the present— I'm always planning, planning, planning." He not only plans, he works, doggedly, systematically, ruthlessly.

Music is his earthly god. A celebrated teacher of voice in New York declares he can appear with the Metropolitan Opera within five years if he chooses. Already he has mastered the rôle of Athenaïd in "Thais," his favorite opera. But his inclination is toward concert. He is ambitious to present the works of Mexican composers, little known to this country, and to that end has prepared a program of his music. His music library, to which he is continually adding, contains the best compositions of English, French, Spanish and Italian. He speaks and reads all four languages.

I have known a great many artists but none with such untarnishing faith in his talents and such tenacity of will as Ramon Novaro. Novaro has the ego necessitous to the artist, a ruthless ego, yet, by the same token, he is so free from all personal vanity as to appear humble. The artist who declared that he has the physique of Michelangelo's David and the face of an El Greco Don receives his polite smile, but the critic who heralds him an artist earns his humble gratitude.

He is singularly appreciative, yet with a shrewd discrimination. His confidence is not easy to win. In the Spanish character I have found a marked strain of suspicion; I have also found a marked degree of loyalty. Novaro's perspective upon himself is notable far for its clarity. What the cynophany of movie hero-worship may do to him, I cannot predict— I've predicted in other cases and failed miserably; I do know that in long association with him he has shown an astounding strength of character, a steadfastness to the ideal that has not in the least been shaken.

There has been much in life to strengthen character. As one in a family of fourteen, where there was little pampering and no affection, he learned self-reliance. His family, once wealthy, suffered reverses and he was compelled to earn his own way from the age of seventeen. While struggling for a chance in New York, he earned but two dollars and a half a week, a percentage of which he always sent home. With his first salary from Ingram he assumed complete responsibility for that family and sent one brother off to the University of California.

This individual is uncompromising. You are either for him or against him. Impartiality is impossible. And Novaro is distinctly an individual. His success on the screen or in any other art must be based on his ability as an artist. Those who know him and have read "The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci," by Meretzkowski, have been struck by his likeness to Raphael. I have heard Rex Ingram exclaim, "What a Raphael Ramon would make!" Raphael, "the stranger

A Rendezvous with Beauty

There is no supernatural reason why forty years have dealt so gently with my skin and complexion. No mysterious gift of nature to help my appearance compete with youth—to play side by side with you girls and still feel one of you in looks. What I have done with my appearance every woman can do with her's. The beauty and freshness of youth can be with you for many years to come. My secret, if you can call it such, has been

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It will keep your skin smooth and soft and render to your complexion a fascinating, radiant beauty. Its antiseptic action has kept my skin pure and clear—free from all blemishes. Its astringent action has greatly discouraged wrinkles and flabbiness. With all that it has accomplished for me its use is simple—just a few moments a day. A new and greater beauty is awaiting those who will try it.

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At Last! Gouraud's Oriental Cream in compact form. You have never used anything like it. A soft, silky adhering powder, containing all the subtle beautifying properties of Gouraud's Oriental Cream. Two sizes, 50c and $1.00 and in six shades, White, Flesh, Rachel Powders and Light, Medium and Dark Rouges.

SPECIAL OFFER—Send 50c for a Comprimette (any shade), a bottle of Gouraud's Oriental Coconut Oil Shampoo, and a bottle of Gouraud's Oriental Cream (state shade).

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In the nature of Novarro you also find this combination of shrewdness and idealism. Not a business man, but wise enough to realize the force of commercialism, just as Raphael realized the power of patronage, and to convert it to his purpose; judicious enough to learn practicality by advice and observation for the sake of his objective.

Naïveté sometimes masks great acumen; spirituality is not incompatible with worldly wisdom. Every Madonna I saw in the galleries of Italy looked exactly like Lillian Gish—but so did Lucrezia Borgia.

Whenever we encounter genius we explain that it is “child-like.” It was said of Mendelssohn that he was frank, transparent, honorable, noble, with a sunny, enthusiastic, alert nature. Perhaps only the genius dares to be as direct and active of impulse as the child, free from all pose, all self-consciousness.

Novarro may not be a genius but he has these characteristics. He is immune from all temperamental manifestations. He is usually equable of mood, almost a stoic in philosophy, for all his orthodox religious feeling. Not long ago he gave me “The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius” inscribed, “This is the book that I wrote in one of my past incarnations—I dare you to make me out a liar.” The egoism challenged me, but I didn’t take the dare. Knowing Ramon as thoroly as I do Marcus Aurelius, I am not in a position to say which is the plagiarist; their philosophies are parallel.

So, instead of accepting the challenge, I gave him Merejkowski’s book on da Vinci, because the final lines seemed to me singularly appropriate of Novarro:

“Thou art thyself thy god, thyself thy neighbor; Oh, be as well thine own creator too; Be the abyss above, the depth below; At once thine own end, and thine own beginning.”

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Through the semi-annual compounding of the interest, your investment will have grown in five years to

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My Story
(Continued from page 28)

All the extra girls did that, in New York. I posed for a Prudential Life Insurance calendar, among other things, suit and millinery ads for department stores, magazine covers and whatever came my way.

The life of an extra girl is a hard one, particularly, if she is sensitive. Sometimes, today, when I drive up to the studio and see those lines of beautiful young girls, waiting patiently for a day's work, I could go to my dressing-room and cry, for them. It is so hard, so discouraging! Those inside seem to have so little sympathy for the strugglers, the beginners.

I remember, one day, I was doing extra work in an Alice Brady picture. A reception was supposed going on, I stood on a stairway, and at the director's word, I descended the stairs and joined a group around the piano. I thought I was obeying the director's orders, but just as I reached the piano he shouted at me.

"Hey, you, where were you raised? In a barn?"

I had passed between two of the principals, quite innocently, not knowing that they were supposed to be engaged in conversation. I suffered for weeks from the humiliation of his words.

It was thru an old twist of Fate that I became the leading woman of the Paramount Black Diamond comedy company

That winter, I was finding extra work very hard, and thought I might like vaudeville. An acquaintance directed me to the United Booking Offices. Thru some mistake I entered the Palace Theatre building, instead, and found myself in the offices of this film-comedy company. They wanted a leading woman who would go to Jacksonville, Florida, and I more than rejoiced at the opportunity.

So I became a slap-stick comédienne! We worked at the old Kalem studios in Jacksonville for six months—how I rejoiced to get away from the sleet and snow, now that it was no longer a novelty to me—and then went to Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, where we continued to turn out a comedy every other week.

Here father visited mother and me. He seemed but a shadow of himself, but he was the same sweet, kindly spirit that he had always been. Not long after that he passed away. It seems that troubles, indeed, never come singly. My brother at this time was desperately ill in an army hospital in Washington, D. C. Mother felt that she must be near him. I faced the problem of struggling along with an obscure comedy company, going back to New York to engage in extra work again, or coming to Hollywood. This last seemed the most practical

When Moonlit Waves Are Calling

Drifting in the moonlight, singing around the campfire, whatever your summer quest for pleasure may lead— the guitar adds the final note of happiness. The romance of centuries lingers about it. The sweetness of the ages keeps it always one of the best loved instruments.

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For 60 years the "Washburn" guitar has been the accepted standard. Into it have gone only the finest of seasoned woods. Its makers are artists whose life work has been the creation of guitars. Absolutely uniform and dependable in quality, superebly sweet in tone, unfailingly accurate in scale, the "Washburn" is the master instrument. Its recent, exceptional increase in popularity is a tribute the instrument well deserves.

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Try and Instrument you desire, in your own home for six days FREE trial. Easy terms may be arranged if you wish. The coupon will bring you full particulars. Mail it today!

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Please send me full details of our Easy Pay- ment Plan and handsome 40-page Book on the instrument checked below:

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Name:...................................................
Address:...........................................

Photograph by
Evans, L. A.
course to follow, inasmuch as film production is centered in Hollywood, so in the fall of 1919 I came to the Coast, determined that my extra days were over. I would play parts or leads only, in future, for when one once becomes known as an extra, it is hard to get out of the ranks.

After renting a room with a family in Vine Street, I went immediately to a filmcasting agency. As he seemed never to have heard of the Black Diamond comedy company, I told him that I had worked in a good many well-known productions, also naming the ones in which I had done extra work. To my consternation he promptly sent for these pictures and had them run for him, in this way discovering my ruse. However, he encouraged me not to continue as an extra girl.

I needed all the encouragement I could get in the months that followed, for all the film companies seemed to be able to get along very well without me. I called regularly upon the casting director at the Famous Players-Lasky studio (where I am now under contract), but was never given a part, at that time.

My first screen work on the coast was with William Farnum, in a Fox picture. I think it a strange fact that Warren Kerrigan in "A Dollar Bid," and it was while we were making this picture that I met Jack Gilbert, who is now my husband. At that time he was taking me terribly, I remember.

The ambition of every girl who is struggling to make her name known to the motion picture directors in Hollywood, is to be cast in a leading role opposite some prominent male star. This is a certain step upward from obscurity, if she can acquit herself creditably in the rôle given her. When, presently, I secured a lead opposite Charles Ray, at the height of his popularity as an Ince star, I felt that fate was surely smiling upon me.

I studied my part earnestly, determined to make my work stand out. I spent days getting my wardrobe ready. On the day that I went to the studio to sign my contract, just before starting work, I wrote a long, enthusiastic letter to mother, telling her that at last I was on the way to fame. I was to play opposite Charles Ray! Fortunately I did not mail the letter. When I arrived at the studio, the man at the casting window said, "Sorry, Miss Joy, but Doris May finished a picture last night, and as she is under contract, she has been given that rôle with Mr. Ray."

That was the darkest hour of my life, the bitterest disappointment I have ever been called upon to face. My screen career not progressing so rapidly as I had hoped, I accepted an engagement with the Virginia Brissac stock company in San Diego. I had never been on the stage in my life, and I wondered now that I dared to pose as an actress of experience, but I carried it off luckily, and played ingenue leads in eight or nine plays, with this company.

It was while I was in San Diego that I received a wire from my agent, telling me that I was being considered by George Loane Tucker for a part in "Ladies Must Live." I hurried to Los Angeles to see Mr. Tucker, and gave up my work with the stock company when he cast me in this picture.

This really proved the turning point in my career. I appeared in "The Right of Way" with Bert Lytell, and felt that I really was gaining a foothold in Hollywood, at last. Later I worked with the Goldwyn company, playing leads in five pictures for them, and then—my big chance, "Saturday Night," the Famous Players-Lasky picture in which I worked for the first time under the direction of Cecil B. De Mille.

I have been with the Famous Players-Lasky company ever since that time, and recently signed a starring contract with them. My first picture under this contract, "Roles," has just been completed. My mother and brother now live in Hollywood, and we, with my husband, plan to take a trip to New Orleans some time soon. I've never been back since I left there, six years ago. Now that there is no danger of my going to it a "poor relation," I shall be glad to see La Visa, again.

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A single treatment in your own home gives you the curl and wave you need to last for many months

Marjorie Daw,
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For this dainty Outfit alone can give you perfect freedom from hair trouble, in addition to the most charming curls and waves you can imagine—curls and waves that will stay with you always, whether you go bathing, motoring, walking or dancing, through the hottest and dampest summer weather.

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(From foreign countries, send $15 check, money order or cash equivalent in U. S. currency, Canadian may order from Raymond Harper, 121 Bloor Street W., Toronto, Canada, 150 duty free.)

Page 87
Hope led Orkney to the parlor at the other end of the house. She locked the door behind her against her prying aunt.

The Girl Who Couldn't Be Bad

(Continued from page 49)

the innocent Hope was the devil himself. Hope led Orkney to the parlor at the other end of the house, taking care to close all doors behind her and lock them so that they would not be bothered by her prying aunt.

Orkney smiled and went back himself to see that they were surely alone. Then he returned again, locking the doors behind him and taking the keys into his pocket.

While out in the Convention of Righteous Causes—hundreds of miles away—there is a spirited debate going on in one of the Committee Rooms. Ezekiel Brown is on the side which stands for offering all the prayers of today's great meeting gratuitously in behalf of the vodka-ridden ex-mojiks of Siberia. His party lost their motion, however, and it was resolved rather that the prayers be offered in behalf of the desecrated women of Siam.

Meanwhile in his own home both questions were being ruthlessly neglected—his only son lying in a stupor in the stable, his sister partly reclining in the kitchen sink and his precious daughter hovering on the edge of a moral precipice.

(To be continued next month)

How would you like to request Agnes Ayres to have your roof repaired—or consult Cecil B. De Mille about your plumbing? This might very easily be the case if you were a resident of Los Angeles. Motion picture people have invested large shares of their savings in real estate—And Harry Carr's article about the stars in their role of realtors, which will appear in the September Motion Picture Magazine, is extremely entertaining and generously illustrated.

You will want to read it.
On the Camera Coast
(Continued from page 82)
Sex." Her improvement as an actress was so remarkable in the latter play that Lasky has signed her as a star again. She is now to make "The Female," under the direction of Sam Wood.

Dimitri Buchowetzki thinks he has found another Wally Reid in Ben Lyon, who is appearing with Pola Negri in the film version of Sudermann's "Song of Songs." The Russian director believes that Lyon will be the leading actor of the screen within two years.

There seems to be no prospect of Mabel Normand's returning to the screen. Mack Sennett has not renewed her contract. Mabel is too unlucky in the matter of newspaper sensations.

James Kirkwood is to play the lead opposite Mae Murray in the Blasco Ibañez play, "Circe."

Victor Seastrom, admittedly the most difficult director in Hollywood to please, with stories, has abandoned "The Tree in the Garden," after all, and will make a picture out of "He Who Gets Slapped," with Lon Chaney playing the principal role.

"The fight between the Merrimac and the Monitor will be shown, when Ince films "Barbara Frietchie," with Florence Vidor.

Sam Goldwyn, who said there were only thirty-three good actors, has modified his report; he says there are only forty-two; he has just seen another picture.

Ronald Colman, who played opposite Lilian Gish in "The White Sister," has come to Hollywood to play opposite May McAvoy in "Tarnish."

When "Bread" is filmed at Metro, Mae Busch and Robert Frazer will play the leads.

Make Hearts Leap

to the Spell of Your Beauty
Have skin that burns with its smoothness... Legs and arms others envy... Make this test now.

No longer hampered by old-fashioned conventions of sedateness and inactivity, the American girl is reviving the type of beauty admired by the ancient Greeks—the ideal of an active, supple body.

Today's vogue has decreed that women's arms shall be conspicuous and free, alike in the great outdoors and in the drawing room. Underarm hair has become a positive disfigurement, and many women promptly and thoughtlessly adopted shaving, without regard for the inconvenience and the fact that it brings in a quicker and harsher growth.

Neet, on the other hand, offers a safe, certain, pleasant and feminine method of keeping the armpits white, smooth and free from disturbing hair. One application of this velvety fragrant cream enables you to rinse the hair away. No heating is necessary—no mixing—it is all ready just as you squeeze it from the tube. You apply NEET, then water, that's all. It's the simplest, quickest method known,

Make This Easy Test

Go to any drug or department store—purchase the generous tube of Neet for only 50c, apply according to simple directions enclosed. So sure are we of what Neet can do for you that if you are not thrilled by the soft, hair-free loveliness, Neet brings to your skin, you may return the unused portion of the tube to the store and this will serve as the store's authority for cheerfully refunding you the full amount paid. We will refund the store the full retail price, plus postage necessary to return package to us. If you follow the simple directions you positively cannot fail. If your favorite drug or department store is, for the moment, out of Neet, send the coupon with 50c, and a generous tube will be mailed you at once.

Neet
Removes hair easily

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For the Complexion for Freckles—For the Skin
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THE SHEFFIELD COMPANY,
Dept. 78
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The Incubator of Genius

(Continued from page 38)

dash in; take it in one gulp; upset a chair and dash out again.

The directors simply couldn’t force this little coquettish actor to do it. He wanted to come in; take a sideways squat at the glass of water; take off his hat politely; give it a startled look over his shoulder; sniff it, taste it; gargle it and spit it, looking with big eyes over the edge of the cup.

They swore at him; abused him and insulted him but they couldn’t make him do it according to Hoyle. Finally, an exasperated director glaring like an angry bull, led Chaplin to Sennett for discipline.

Mack chewed the end off a cigar; looked the trembling coquettish over; then he said slowly: “All right; let him try it his way and see what he will do.”

And while they all stood there watching, Chaplin did it his way.

And in that instant, the whole technique of screen comedy was changed forever.

Altho he was responsible for her training, Sennett did not exactly discover Mabel Normand. D. W. Griffith did that. She and Sennett were working together in the old Biograph pictures and left that company to go into the old Keystone company together. Sennett said that Mabel always had a marvelous sense of humor but she had a hard time learning the technique of screen acting. Her natural impulsiveness made her move too fast. It was in taming down the fiery Mabel that Sennett learned what has ever been known as “tempo” on the screen. It is this marvelous knowledge of timing that forms the basis of the training that has given all these big stars to the movies.

Ray Griffith was a young stage actor who had lost his voice when he came onto the Sennett lot as an extra. Mack told me he knew the boy would be a great actor one day because of his humor which kept him from taking himself too seriously.

“The idea that great actors go thru some sort of a process of leaping out of their own personalities and into the cosmic skin of somebody else—letting themselves go—is all bunk,” said Sennett. “You might as well say that a good writer runs amuck with a typewriter and does not know what his words are doing. The really good actors are like Ray Griffith—who convey ideas in a definite way and by a definite intent and who do not take it too seriously. Ray was smart and clever. For a long time he was off the screen altogether working as the head of my scenario department. He had the best idea of dramatic values of anyone I ever knew.”

And so, Louise Fazenda, Marie Prevost and the others came onto the lot; fell into the water; were battered by goats and chased by bears and shot in the gluteus maximus muscles and became finished artists.

Mack says he is not sure about the new crop. Only two of them.

“Fashions in bathing girls change,” reflected Sennett as we stood watching them.

Harry Langdon’s bungalow dressing-room housed many of the new famous and then obscure ones—— Chaplin’s, Gloria Swanson’s, Charlie Murray’s and Betty Compson names have been painted on the door.
This Test Shows
Why Your Complexion
Need Not Suffer
From Sun or Wind

To demonstrate how perfectly Ingram's Milkweed Cream protects the delicate skin against the harmful effects of wind and sun, Mr. Ingram has devised the fascinating Dermascope Test every woman should make.

With the Dermascope you will find that the consistent use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream will keep each different type of skin always beautifully soft and clear. Your Dermascope will prove to you in an interesting way why Ingram's Milkweed Cream is—

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Ingram's Milkweed Cream, used over thirty years, is a real beauty cream and the only one you need to use to develop and keep a clear, soft, smooth skin. It is heavy enough to be a thorough cleanser and yet light enough in body to form a comfortable and effective protection and foundation for powder. But it has an exclusive feature—certain remedial properties that relieve redness, roughness, tan, freckles and slight imperfections. No other cream is like it. No matter whether you use it as a cleanser, a protection or a powder base—its nourishing and healing properties will bring back fresh beauty and new life to your skin.

Buy a jar today and see the immediate improvement it brings. $1.00 and $5.00 jar at all drug and department stores—the dollar size contains three times the quantity.

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Lowest in Price

Support nature and look your best. If your nose is ill-shaped, you can make it perfect with ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER. In a few weeks, in the privacy of your own room, and without interfering with your daily occupation. No need for costly, painful operations. ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER shapes while you wear it. It is completely removable, permanently and imperceptibly. The ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER is the ORIGINAL, METAL SUPPORT, absolutely guaranteed. High pressure stimulates. Normally soft but firm pressure. ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER is GENTLE, FIRM AND PERFECTLY COMFORTABLE, proving a delight to the wearer. Try it now. It will prove to you a settlement of your nose troubles and strengthen your confidence in ANITA, which explains how you can have a perfect nose—and our blank to fill out for size. No obligation.

The ANITA Company, Dept. 832, ANITA Building, Newark, N. J.
Mr. Smith.—How are the whiskers? Send a stamped addressed envelope for a list of producing companies. Yes, indeed, have your scenarios typewritten.

A Box.—Another one? Robert Agnew in "Womanproof." Yes, Grace Cunard is coming back. She and Earle Foxe are to have the leads in "The Last Man on Earth," produced by Fox. John Gilbert and Virginia Browne Faire have the leads in "Romance Ranch," which was made under the title of "Colorau.

BLUES.—Last I heard of Charles Mack, he was at the Griffith Studios, Mamaronneck, New York. He is married to Marion Lovers. Well, you are not afraid to write to me now, are you? David Powell and Edith Allen head the cast of Vitagraph's "Virtuous Liars," in which Naomi Childers, Dagmar Godowsky and Maurice Flynn are also cast.

MRS. H. D.—And here you are. Address Corinne Griffith at First National, United Studios, 3341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California. She was born in 1897, and is married to Walter Morisco. Five feet four. I like her very much, indeed.

IRENE C.—Helene Chadwick and Holmes Herbert have the leads in Ethel M. Dell's "Her Own Free Will," which is being filmed by Hedkison. Charles Jones in "Vagabond Trails." He is about twenty-nine, weighs one hundred and seventy-three and is five feet eleven and three-quarters. No, he was born in Vincennes, Indiana, and is married to a non-professional. You're welcome.

Grace E. G.—So you would like to have a picture of Marion Davies in the gallery. She is with Cosmopolitan, you know. Richard Bennett was playing in 'The Dancers' on the stage and now he will make "Youth to Sell" for C. C. Burr.

Marja.—You bet I have my buttermilk every day. So you like my silky beard. It's pretty warm these days. Bebe Daniels, yes. Mildred Davis is not playing in pictures right now.

Nick.—Never heard of a book on the life of Conway Tearle. Do you think he ought to have one? We haven't interviewed him for some time.

Deaf Kitty.—Going in for Greek mythology. Psyche was the wife of Cupid. The name signifies the soul or spirit. Yes, Lon Chaney is married. J. Warren Kerrigan is a bachelor and he is thirty-six.

B. K.—Better send a stamped, addressed envelope for the cast of "Way Down East." It is too long to give here. Dorothy Mackaill is with Fox. (Continued on page 99)

The following caricature of Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien was made by Wynn after viewing them in the nineteenth-century episode of the romantic "Secrets"
The Movie Studio Drama
(Continued from page 39)

Front Door . . . Hide
The Key in the Mail Box
And hurry down the
Boulevard to see a show . . .
I'm hanged if I like to
Get there just in time for
Some such title as:
"Hollywood Boulevard——
Dazzling Pathway of the
Movie Stars"
Shortly followed by
Select Views of
My Own Yard
Front and Back . . .
I'm quite resigned to
Seeing my neighbors in
All sorts of roles . . .
If the Boy Next Door
Goes by on his
Motorcycle made up as
Adam . . . closely followed
By his Grandmother in
Curls and Kiddie Rompers
I don't say a Word . . .
But when it comes
To seeing my Porch
Rocker and my own
Garage co-starred in a
Heart Grieving Drama of
The Motion Picture Studios
I take the count!
The life's too wearing on
The Growing Girl . . .
And I hereby inform
The studios that
The Lawn
Is
All
Worn
Out . . .

A BRUSH FOR WAVING HAIR!

Bristles Arranged in Curves
Brushes in Waves and Fosters
Natural Curliness

Every stroke with this new type
of hair brush imparts a gentle wave.
Every strand—every hair—is encour-
gaged to curl. If you want wavy hair—
that resists waves, with a real, natural
wave—use the Wavex curling hair
brush!
The scientific principle of this new
device is on any head of
hair: the most stubbornly straight hair
yields to the rippling strokes of Wavex.
Every woman is invited to prove by
her own test; read the offer!

Any Hair "Brush Waved" With Ease
You need no preparation with this scientific
brush—that is no mystery or "magic" in this
discovery. No special skill in using; just brush
your hair—and Wavex will coax to cURLness in
a perfectly natural and beneficial way. If you
want wavy hair, give Nature a chance. All
we'll ever require for hair that rippled
and falls into soft curl is the right brush. You'll
soon have an effect that all the dressings ever
make for hair could not duplicate.

For years women have done everything
and anything to make waves in their hair—
only to brush them out! The hair brush with
straight rows of bristles straightens the soft
hairs: how could it be otherwise? But now,
these same wavy hair may have it. Your
hair will be straight if you brush it straight;
it will wave if waved in the brushing.

To get a Wavex brush on approval—for
actual proof of its wonderful wave-inducing
properties—act now, while the introductory
trial offer is open. See Coupon.
Delica
Kissproof Lipstick
will make your lips more alluring, intriguing and lovely. The color is new and so indescribably natural it defies detection. It's WATERPROOF! KISSPROOF! STAYS ON!
As you face your mirror and apply the latest creation in lipstick, your lips will behold lips more beautiful than you ever knew were possible.
As all Toilet Counters or Direct 50c
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Delica Laboratories, Inc.
330 Wabash Ave., Chicago

We Interview Mary

(Continued from page 22)

...admiring the flowers. They are lovely. (A. W. F. is silent—not from loyalty—rather from astonishment.)
MARY: Yesterday was my birthday. Mother sent me those (indicating a small basket of American Beauties). Jack and Marilyn sent those (nodding at the trellised basket of old-fashioned flowers, reminiscent of a sunny, quiet garden). The others came from friends. You need flowers in a hotel. They make it more like home.
G. H. (still conscious of the early hour): Does your day always start so early?
MARY: Later than this sometimes when we are here in New York. But home I am always up at seven o'clock. So is Douglas. But then, too, I go to bed early. I must have nine hours' sleep. I am not an Edison. Here entertainment and the theater necessitate my nine hours extending into the morning.
A. W. F. (looking triumphant at G. H.): Is there truth in the rumor that you are going to produce "Rain"?
MARY: No. I wish there was. It wouldn't be fair to my company for me to take the time away from my own productions to direct Miss Eagles in the story. I'm not decided what I will do next. I was going to make a picture in England. Charlie Chaplin was to direct it. But now Charlie tells me that he wants to make two more pictures of his own—with a rest in between. You know how long it takes Charlie to make a picture. By the time he was ready to give me his attention I'd be so old I'd be fairly hobbling on the screen.
Charlie is impractical. That's the genius in him, I suppose. I'm afraid I'm not really great. I'm too normal. I like to have reasons for what I do. I like to have facts in my mind, all correlated. Charlie and Douglas aren't reasonable people, like I am. They go off on tangents perfectly wild tangents.
Genius is comparable with abnormality. It is the gift given to those who swing sometimes in the balance between the sane and the insane.
A. W. F. (getting on with the next question): How do you like Douglas' "The Thief of Bagdad"?
MARY (her face illuminated with that rare sweetness which touches it more especially when she speaks of Douglas): I love it. I am proud of it. . . and of Douglas. I feel that in this picture he has done something fine, created something of real beauty. And it is proving to be such a success, because of its beauty, I do believe.
G. H. (skeptically): You think, then, that people appreciate beauty?
MARY: Oh yes. Beauty is, or should be, universal. Otherwise, to me, it is not beauty. Perhaps there are some of us, many of us, who do not appreciate the splashes and lines which the Moderns tell
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us is "A Nude Descending the Stairs." But the beauty of flowers... the beauty of this Spring... the beauty... it's universal. It belongs to everyone.

A. W. F. (her mind on the movies): Tell us about "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

Mary (with an air of simplicity and gravity): I'm waiting for you to see it so you may tell me about it. However, I'm pleased with it. I think it holds the best dramatic work I have ever done... with the exception of "Stella Maris." The role of Dorothy suits me as few dramatic roles do. My height is a handicap when it comes to drama, saving only the poignant kind.

Clare Eames' Queen Elizabeth will delight you. She is splendid. She is lovely. When we were cutting the picture, I hated to cut any of her scenes, even to shorten them.

(Consulting a clock.) I wonder if you would drive with me to my dentist. I have an appointment there in fifteen minutes—any time. You could wait for me in the car.

(G. H. and A. W. F. voice their willingness not to say eagerness. In a minute Mary's back, ready for the street. She is wearing a small black satin hat, with a suggestion of black lace. Her coat is a pale grey fur of the caracal family, with grey fox collar and cuffs. And her car-tassle is one of beautiful orchids.)

A. W. F. (her reporter's instincts alert): Birthday flowers, too?

Mary (nodding and pleased): Douglas gave them to me.

aren't they a lovely, lovely color?

SCENE III.—The grey interior of a Rolls Royce sits on the box with the chauffeur. Mary and the interviewers sit inside. They leave with many obscuring bows from the doorman.

G. H.: You say you haven't any production plans ahead?

Mary: No. I'm beginning to think what I shall do when I retire from the screen. After all I have enjoyed stardom longer than it has been given to anyone else. I am certain that I have been in a certain type of role. They do not seem to want me in other things. I am neither a Duse or a Bernhardt. I must retire gracefully. I mustn't spell these years by an ugly gesture at the end, or by over-staying my time.

A. W. F.: And when do you retire?

Will you produce?

Mary: I've often thought I should like to manage a small group of artists in whom I had belief. Maybe only one. Maybe two. I wouldn't do it for money, but so they might profit by my experience. It would interest me to put the beliefs my experience has given me into effect. First of all I would suppress all personal publicity, I would permit them to give no interviews. I would do all the talking there were no reason to hear about them. I would have to do strictly with their work, never with their lives. Publicity has been a boomerang where it has been excessive. I might name numerous instances where it injured popularity.

(Se is quiet a moment, thinking. For Mary Pickford weights the things she says, whether in personal conversation or when she is talking for publication.)

I always say your liking for a person is like hunger. You are hungry to see them... to hear about them... to be near them. And every appetite can be satisfied. Safety kills hunger.

(She laughs.)

That reminds me of Douglas and the peanut brittle. He always was very fond

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Comment on Other Productions
(Continued from page 61)

"Passion." Dmitri Buchowetzki, who directed the Polish star in "Sappho," has restored Negri's confidence in herself. She acts with the emotional flair—the sweeping abandon that marked her work in German productions. As Buchowetzki wrote this story as well as directed it, he knew just how to proceed in bringing out its flavor and projecting the Negri at her best.

The idea is trite, a trifling shop-worn, but since it is more of a character study than a subject of dramatic elements it affords the star plentiful opportunity to employ the various shadings of her art. She is gay, reckless, morbid, depressed by turn—a perfect exponent of temperament—and the director, thru his understanding of her capabilities, indulges her in all her whims. She is a disillusioned woman, a victim of lust. So she will make men pay and pay and pay (yes the man pays here in rich abundance) in her ambition to live a life of luxury. Then comes the still small voice of conscience accompanied by the substantial voice of romance. Her complexes against the crude sex are overcome in her appreciation of honest love.

The director uses discretion and repression in handling his scenes, tho he allows
(Continued on page 100)

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

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The Answer Man

(Continued from page 92)

D. S. B.—You should be guided by your admiration rather than by your disgust. Conway Tearle is forty-four and he is five feet ten and a half. Dark hair, no children, but he has three wives. But a Dot.—Oh yes, I have been to Palm Beach, but only for a short stay. I couldn't stand the pace on twelve dollars per month. But Robert Marmola, Jr., is about fifteen. He is not playing in pictures—going to school right now. Yes, of course, I read every letter that comes into this department. That's all wrong about Thomas Meighan being married thirty years. Why, he isn't forty years old yet.

Eleanor.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of the manufacturers.

Arm—Well, the best way to keep good acts in memory is to refresh them with new. Richard Dix in "The Last Man." Mary Thurman will play the part of Pearl Hart in "Horrible Fortune." A Charlotte Stevens Fan.—She is with the Christie Comedies, you know. We don't hear much about her.


J. R. P.—Philadelphia.—Well, to get the Sack means to be discharged. It occurred with the man who when he wanted to rid himself of someone in his harem, had put her into a sack and thrown into the Bosphorus. Ramon Novarro in "Thy Name Is Woman." There was an interview with him in the August, 1922, issue. May McAvoy is twenty-two.

Amy J.—You are, indeed, welcome; and thanks for yours.

Eliza—"I've seen her at Goldwyn, Culver City, California.

Fluff.—The difference is that love weakens as it grows older, while friendship strengthens with years. So you liked "The Show of Shows."

Tina, or "The Whole Truth"—It is always seen in Harold Lloyd's pictures. Address him at 6642 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. Mae Marsh recently returned from England.

Jo—I don't know who wrote the following:—"Yes, loveing is a painful thrill. And not to love more painful still; but oh, it is the only way to love and not be loved again." Colleen Moore in "Flaming Youth." Norma Talmadge is married to Joseph Schenck. Baby Peggy in "Helen's Babys."

Heavenly Twins.—Laurette Taylor is thirty-seven, you know. And now you want to know whether Buster Keaton has a sense of humor. That's funny. Search me!

I Wonder—Well, let's get acquainted, then. Theda Bara is to play in "Desecrated," which Ethel Barrymore made famous on the stage. I have watched them in the Mark Sennett studios. Richard Dix is not married and Bebe Daniels is twenty-three. Shoo fly!

Pell.—Yes, I liked "The White Sister" about as well as any picture I have seen in some time. I heard the same speakers.

(Continued on page 107)
AUGUST

CLASSIC

Pictorial of Stage and Screen
Top Notch Headliners

A Terribly Intimate Portrait

Mary Hay Photograph by Muray

A joint interview with Richard Barthelmess and his wife, Mary Hay, the idol of Broadway footlights. Of course it will include the coos and ahhs of Mary Hay 2nd. Don't miss it.

Extra—

THE MILLION DOLLAR EXTRA — The time has arrived for the extra to be dropped from the sob stuff calendar. Many a star today has taken to playing extra between the filming of her big features to accommodate directors and is receiving $100 a day!

Comment on Other Productions

(Continued from page 98)

the Negri too many close-ups. It is a compact and moving story which carries ocular appeal in a conspicuously lavish scene representing a carnival ball. It is best in its intimate moments when Negri charms the men and then proceeds to give them the air. The characterization is much better than the plot. Robert Edeson, who uses a lifted eyebrow almost as effectively as Menjou, gives a good study of a sincere rogue—and Robert Fraser is adequate as the honest lover, tho it seems unreasonable that such a temptress would fall for such a callow youth as the actor represents him. A vampire picture—but, oh how the vampire has advanced in technique since Theda Bara's day!

THE GOLDFISH

This is the best picture that has come Constance Talmadge's way in a long, long while. It is a comedy, naturally (comedy is Miss Talmadge's forte, even if she does cast her eyes toward legitimate drama), and as usual deals with the marital adventures of a girl who is advised to marry—and keep on marrying men of wealth and position if she would walk in the high places. In other words, she uses her husbands as stepping stones until such time as she realizes that the first selection is the best after all.

Miss Talmadge can play the heartless flirt—and take away any indication of making the character a vicious one. A comedy vampire is something refreshing after one has become used to the serious one taking life a bit too morbidly. There is much merit in here—and the scenes are deftly—lightedly sketched. The titles are good—and the comedy is filled with amusing situations. What of the title? Well the honey-mooners have agreed that in case either tires of the other he or she will hand the other a bowl of goldfish. Which is equivalent to handing out the w. k. brown or grey derby.

In the cast and rendering competent support are Zazu Pitts, Jean Hersholt and Frank Elliot. Jack Mulhall is present, too—but he is not a light comedian. Still he has repressed himself so that the star would carry the comedy burden.

THE SIGNAL TOWER

Sharp melodrama is offered in this story woven around railroad life—melodrama which makes a triangle of simple workers—and which capitalizes a heroine's sense of duty. It builds with fine dramatic power, carrying a deal of physical action and several tense situations. In fact, it is the kind of picture which will meet with instant response because of its simple, intelligible conflict—and the melodramatic incident which is dovetailed thru it.

You can imagine the suspense of the situation in which a towerman, knowing that his duty is to stick to his post and (Continued on page 102)

Photograph by Muray

Constance Bennett, who charmed her audiences as the flapper in "Cytherea," is the daughter of a long line of theatrical people. Her father is Richard Bennett, the popular stage star. Remembering her magnetism and ease in this film, we do not think it will be long before a great deal more is heard of her.
Milady! If you have a single ounce of unwelcome flesh on your figure—here's good news for you. Getting thin is now pleasurably simple and easy for anyone.

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You can complete this simplified High School Course at home! High School graduates are getting their college credits taken by thousands. No colleges are interested in them! Interested? Send for it TODAY! American School, 325 S. State St., Chicago.

Comment on Other Productions (Continued from page 100)

save countless lives, but who also knows that a drunken brute is making evil overtures to his wife. The solution may be a trifle convenient—but it carries a genuine thrill. The wife saves herself by pointing a revolver at the brute, the she is ignorant of the fact that it is loaded. There is a fine thrill when the freight train is dished and the Limited crashes by. A graphic melodrama, played with good feeling by Rockcliffe Fellows, Virginia Valli and the dependable Wallace Beery.

RIDERS UP

Once in a while a real, human interest story is projected in an unpretentious film—which conquers because of its realities—and its complete absence of hokum. Here is one which carries creditable simplicity and quiet humor—which involves a horse race—without projecting the usual climax, that of showing the hero or heroine lifting the mortgage on the old manse by riding a winner. Nothing like that, if you please.

On the other hand, the central figure is a race-track tout who has kidded the folks back home that he is engaged in some legitimate enterprise. He may not be characteristic of the frequenter of the stables—not as portrayed by Creighton Hale—but his pal is, as portrayed by George Cooper. Mr. Hale plays his part with good spirit and understanding—but he is not exactly the personality for the tour. The youth goes home eventually, but meanwhile he resorts to several ingenious ideas in getting a bankroll together. It's a substantial little story which never leaves its simple groove to point some irrelevant detail. It is well pieced together and sure-fire in its appeal.

TRIUMPH

Cecil B. De Mille has not plunged into the "super-spectacle" field for this one. In comparison to some of his efforts, this is a really modest picture—which tells a hokum drama of sharp contrasts and conflicts—built around a long-established formula that one must appreciate wealth and happiness by earning them—and in earning them the protagonist must discover humility. De Mille takes this central figure—this young waster—and like a magician makes him trade places with a bluffing anarchist—a character who raves about how he would divide with the workmen if he were the owner of the factory. Well he rises to the top—and forgets his fine impulses. And the pendulum swings back in the opposite direction.

There is much dramatic hokum—particularly in the relationship of the anarchist to the figure of wealth. It is pointed out that they are brothers. It is consistently interesting—and points toward considerable humor. The De Mille

(Continued on page 105)
French Woman Tells How to Get Thin

Without Drugs, Diets, Absurd Creams, Exercises or Appliances

I reduced my own weight 50 pounds in less than 8 weeks and at the same time improved my general health and appearance.

The story of how I look, and feel far younger than my real age.

Even from the results in my own case and those of my friends, I am absolutely convinced that any man or woman burdened with rolls of ugly, life-sapping, pot-metal fat can take it off safely, economically and in a simple way which did so much for me.

The secret is one I learned in Paris, where some of my best friends used this method of losing inches and pounds and regaining their figures slender and graceful, while the men developed a heavy waistline or double chin. With this simple new way, which will cost you not a cent a day, you can to your own home reduce all parts of your body, you can simply eat out of all excess flesh from the places where it shows.

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If you care to, enclose 5c in stamps to keep cover expenses.

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M. TRILETY, SPECIALIST

971 L, Ackerman Building, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

We Interview Mary

(Continued from page 97)

of casual, but well-known friends—and was greeting them with the easy affection and recognition the throng, turns to G. H.

G. H.: Just used to this sort of thing, aren't you?

A. W. F.: Yes, by the grace of movie stars.

G. H.: Not necessarily. Some would have permitted us to get out and walk to our luncheon.

A. W. F.: I'm sadly aware of that, my friend.

But every time I see Mary I think she is lovelier to look upon and I'm impressed anew at her wise and quiet talk. It be
toves anyone to listen.

G. H.: I know it. She is lovely. She is one of the few celebrities I have known who would be quite as well worth knowing if she were Jane Smith instead of Mary Pickford.

A. W. F.: And wasn't it human of her to take us to the debut's?

G. H. (interrupting with a very face): VERY HUMAN, I should call it! Ouch, my posterior molars.

A. W. F. (unheeding the slapstick inter

vention): She makes no pretense at being magically beautiful, without resource to the commons aids and needs of man. But hurry — here we are ...

(The interviewers dive into their bags, searching frantically for change. Then they look up at each other sheepishly.)

G. H.: Oh, I forgot. I was just about to mention my friend money for the fare.

A. W. F.: Here. Too and I even looked for the meter ...

(Here the interviewers alight Ritchey, as the doorman opens the doors. They disappear into the hotel, trusting they convey an aroma of the World’s Sweetheart. But alas, it is evident that their Rolls Royce moments are few.)

Rip Off Your Shirt

and get on the job. Work up a sweat and chase those disease bats out of you. Gee, but they're happy with the chance you're giving them. Are you going to let around and let them eat up your pop? Snap out of it, fellow. You're just digging yourself a grave when you refuse to exercise. Sitting back in a rocking chair and rubbing your old Jimmie pants and feeling like a lazy man, but it sure takes hard with your chances for a long life or a successful one.

Who Will Help You?

I know you think you know all about it. Most everyone you meet talks to you how, but they can teach an oyster how to sing quicker than they can show you anything about muscle building. If you are in legal trouble, you seek a lawyer. If you are wise, you get the best for you. Are you the champion in the long run. Now, how about that body of yours? Do you realize it is the chiefest possession you have in the world? Does a plain round form impress your heart. This is vital with you. Muscle building is all-important. Let me give you the little story.

I've worked at it ever since the day I left High School, so I ought to know. I've seen many a poor chap literally ruined by the wrong kind of radiance. On the other hand I've seen human wows trans

formed into human Hercules by being started in the right direction.

I've got the Works

Come to me and I'll shoot you so full of strength and vitality you'll think your lightness. I'm the one that has discovered one old trick on your cure. There is a secret which I can reveal. It is a secret that I discovered that it will take a man's size kind of shape, shooting like a horse and building up your whole body. I'll put a pair of arms and shoulders on you that will rival the devil's. I'll shoot a quicker up your old spade and put a spring into your step so that you will feel like fighting a bishop. This is no idle prattle, fellow. I don't promise those things—I guarantee them. You don't take any chances with me. I've got the works and I'm willing to prove it. Come to me—Come to me—Come to me—Let's get acquainted."

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City

Our Reporter's Notebook

(Continued from page 81)

A woman's privilege—Mrs. Sidney Drew has changed her mind and will act with Raymond Hitchcock, after all, in the series of independent comedies already announced. Mr. Hitchcock was on tour in the stage play, "The Old Soak," and had to sack his role for a part on the screen. It is said that the five four-reel comedies to be filmed will all be based on successful Broadway plays.

Going—going—gone—the directorial services of Fred Niblo to Joseph Schenck for four thousand to eight thousand a week! It had been Mr. Niblo's intention to go abroad to direct Enid Bennett, his wife, opposite Ramon Novarro in "The Red Lily," but Mr. Schenck's offer was so tempting that he decided to transfer his directorial attention to Norma Talmadge. Sidney Olcott will handle the megaphone for the next Talmadge picture and will then resign it to Mr. Niblo. Mr. Olcott has been engaged by Cosmopolitan to direct Marion Davies.

Enter Eduardo Novarro—not a rival to Ramon, but his thirteen-year-old brother, who went all the way from Mexico, his native land, to Hollywood, to impersonate Ramon at that age. The picture was needed in the filming of "The Red Lily," and the embryonic Novarro will remain in Hollywood as an extra.

Peter Pan is still fattening from star to star begging for a material body thru which he can register his personality on the silversheet. Mary Pickford for one has disclaimed the right to play the willowy Peter. Mary says that even she is not quite slim enough for the part.

Another safe combination—George Mel- ford, who filmed "The Sheik," will direct Barbara La Marr in "Sandra," a story by Pearl Doles Bell. The heroine is of dual personality, a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in unconventional but non-criminal form—an interesting role for Barbara, and another chance to show the world that she can play the part of a semi-siren without living it—newspaper reporters to the contrary. The quote from an interview with her, according to the scribes, was that she couldn't, and the reiterated statement just about went around the world and made Barbara and her producers vastly uncomfortable for a while. Since then she has

(Continued on page 106)

Habitués of Broadway's cafés and cabarets are all familiar with the sparkle of Fay Marbe . . . and also with her fascinating dancing. But, at present, P'roadway misses this young woman. She has given up her cabaret dancing . . . for the time being at any rate . . . while she devotes all her time and attention to the role with which she has been entrusted in "The River Road." Whether or not Miss Marbe will dance in this film has not yet been decided.

Photograph by Fach Brothers
Comment on Other Productions
(Continued from page 102)

flair for glitter and glare is registered here. And because there is so much show—so much appeal to the popular impressions—and so much good acting—there is no doubt that it will entertain crowded houses. Leatrice Joy, Rod La Rocque, Victor Varconi—and several others give admirable performances. They succeed in humanizing characters that are often impossible of acceptance as real.

RIDGWAY OF MONTANA

Following along the well-worn path of the average, orthodox Western, this picture furnishes us suspense or surprise. We have the central figure in conflict with rustlers, all of whom he captures except the ringleader—who is not brought in until the climax—so that the story might progress. It depends upon incident—and much of this is quite effective, particularly the escape of the villain who leaps from his horse on a high cliff into the river below. But the best moment is the rancher's capture of the bandit—saved—as you must know—'til the climax. He secretes himself in a wagon—and by using a rope and a hat, he sends it crashing down a hill and straight thru the bad man's cabin. A short, but hectic flight finishes the rustler.

The picture has a conventional romance established, on the premise of a spirited girl determined to win the heart of the bashful hero. And in bringing them together here and there, the director guides them to the mountain top—and provides them an atmosphere of impressive scenery. Jack Hoxie is Ridgway—and he's likable, even if he is not an accomplished artist with the make-up box.

WHY MEN LEAVE HOME

Avery Hopwood's stage play (not the playwright at his best) adapted to the screen manages to squeeze by the censors, even with its intimate bedroom stuff fairly well displayed. It sets forth in much heavier fashion than its original just what its title indicates. Hubby neglects his wife for his stenographer. Result? A divorce—and a subsequent marriage between the gay philanderer and the girl with the dictation pad. It is worked out in fairly humorous fashion, tho there are moments when it becomes a trifle tedious. When Grandma quarantines the beneficent and his first wife—the old love wins out. And they start on a second honeymoon when the stenog is divorced.

There are some subtitles which are a bit heavy. One of them was never pointed toward humor intentionally, tho it will probably excite mirth if it still remains in the picture. The husband had found a small sewing basket filled with baby clothes. And when he discovers his wife rearranging a chair he shouts: "You mustn't be moving that heavy furniture around, dear!" If these are not the exact words the exclamation is something similar. The piece is played with good authority by Lewis Stone and Helene Chadwick.

A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST

Carrying considerable bulk in romance, sentiment and heart appeal is this latest adaptation of Gene Stratton-Porter's novel—which is one of the favorites of the libraries in large and small towns. Readers of the novel may expect these ingredients in a picture which does not linger in the memory. It is people with characters.

(Continued on page 120)
The first thing people notice is—your hair

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Name

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City

State

(Continued from page 104)

Our Reporter's Notebook

While Douglas Fairbanks is deliberating on going to Southern Spain in order to learn bull-fighting from the angle of the film producer and star, Tom Terriss and seventeen members of the cast of "The Bandolero," are on their way to the romantic location to stage a bull-fight and take a number of exteriors. Among those in the party are: Mr. and Mrs. Terriss, Renee Adorce, Dorothy Ruth, Ellen F. Kelly, Pedro de Cordoba, Guy A. Vaughan, Thomas A. Arthur, and many others. The company will stop in Paris entour to the South.

"He Who Gets Slapped," a successful Theatre Guild production, has been secured by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions. Lon Chaney will be starred in the role that Richard Bennett made famous on the stage. The filming of "The Tree in the Garden," already announced for production, will be postponed in order to give place to "He Who Gets Slapped." Mr. Chaney has gained this foremost place in the Kleig because of his work as the drug addict in "The Miracle Man," as the hunchback in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," and as other remarkable characters requiring strange and unique characterization.

"The Last Man on Earth," Fox has discovered him and will make of him a big super-production—the last man would be, of course. The story is by John D. Swainse; J. G. Blystone will direct it. Earle Fox has the title-role supported by Grace Cunard, Gladys Tennyson, Clarissa Selwyn, Buck Black and Maurice Murphy.

Why Girls Leave Home—it's not a circumstance to Why Girls Return Home, at least, Lillian Rich thinks the latter is such an interesting subject that she's written a scenario on the theme, and some director has agreed with her sufficiently to buy it. Now it can be told: "Why Girls Leave Home."

At the end of the rainbow—in a maze of colors—that's where it would seem that the Wanderer in the Wasteland found him.

(Continued on page 113)

Like every other man in the world, Tom Mix wanted a son. He thought a son would step into his chaps and boots and carry on . . . But it was ordained otherwise and a little girl came to bless the Mix ranch. Tom had her christened Thomasina as a compromise . . . and now he wouldn't part with her for all the sons in creation.
but I was at the dinner. Griffith was very fine.

Eye of New Orleans.—Didn't you know that Zantippe was the scolding wife of Socrates? Emily Stevens is playing on the stage right now. Pauline Frederick is to play in the next Erich Lehbsch production with Warner Brothers. Ethel Clayton's picture hasn't been named as yet.

Sky High.—Phoenix is a mythical bird, without a mate, who renewes itself every five hundred years by being consumed in a fire of spices, whence it arises from the ashes and starts for a new flight. Betty Compson is engaged to James Cruze, they say, and she was born in 1897.

Jose V. Nalley.—Gareth Hughes at Universal. No, he is not married. Address Priscilla Dean at the Laurel Productions, Hollywood Studios, Hollywood, California.

Pell.—Hello, there. Glad to get that fine letter of yours. Also thanks for the pictures. So you finally saw Anita Stewart. I like her a lot, you know. Why didn't you ask her? Haven't seen many plays lately. It's been too hot. Run in again some time.

M. R. C.—Glad you like this department. Maybe you are too young to become bored with life. That was a very nice verse you sent me about Gloria Swanson. Wish I had room to publish it. Wouldn't it be great if I could publish all the interesting things sent to me.

Brown Eyes.—Antonio Moreno is thirty-six and Rudolph Valentino was born on May 2nd, 1895. How's that for speed?

Ligner.—Very few of the English pictures are shown in this country. Some of the German pictures were shown here some time ago. Lionel Barrymore played in "Meddling Women." Alma Rubens in "Cythera." Harold Lloyd's last was "Girl Shy." Your letter reached me O. K., so don't worry.

Vonne M.—Cheer up, the prize is always the third on the trail. Pola Negri at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, California.

Connie.—Rod La Rocque is with Famous Players and Monte Blue at the Warner Brothers Studio. Lon Chaney is to have the lead in "He Who Gets Slapped" for Metro-Goldwyn.

Methuselah.—Well, I will try not to scare you. You mustn't be afraid of me. I won't hurt you. Corinne Griffith was Corinne Scott before her marriage. She is now Mrs. Walter Morosco. Will you write me again?

Ramsay.—That's a poor description of me. Guess again. Lewis Stone has grayish hair and he is with First National. Allee Pringle and Jack Gilbert are to have the lead in Elinor Glynn's "One Hour." Ben Lyon and Pola Negri in "Compromised."

True Blue.—You surely are welcome. Gloria Swanson and Agnes Ayres with Famous Players. Call again, won't you?

Gray Eyes.—Write to the Barbynores at the Lamb's Club, 130 West 44th Street, New York City.

Bon's Ramos.—Ramon Novarro is twenty-three, five feet ten and weights one hundred and sixty pounds. He has dark hair and eyes. Virginia Valli in "Siege" for Universal. Violet Mersereau in "Her Own Fancy." (Continued on page 121).
Dissolve Them With New Cream

WHY allow freckles to spoil your whole appearance? Domino Freckle Cream will erase freckles quickly. Yes—almost overnight. This exquisitely perfumed cream is merely applied with the finger tips before retiring. Note how gently it dissolves each freckle, revealing a wonderfully clear, fresh, youthful skin. A $10,000 deposit in a Philadelphia bank insures return of money by dealer if not completely satisfied. Get Domino Freckle Cream at your favorite store today. If they haven’t it in stock, send $1.00 to Domino House, Dept. F-258, 269 S. 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Freckles

(Continued from page 36)

was like William Grove. And in the orderly features of the wife Lee could easily trace the character of Fanny. They two were recognized by the brothers of Constance and Savina. It seemed almost as tho they were their dormant consciences, materialized, following them about. “They envy us,” Lee said, defensively, “we have what they have not.” “They hate us,” Savina answered, and her head dropped.

In Cuba, as they signed at the register, they were recognized, but only for an instant. The recognition was not followed up by a greeting. Lee saw that Savina was trying not to mind. It hurt him that she had to.

One of the things that Lee had counted upon was staying with his brother Daniel into the grey ash he held in his arms.

Once he tried to tell Daniel about Cytherea and what she had meant to him. Daniel fell asleep. He felt sorry for Lee, really very sorry for him, but he couldn’t sympathize with a middle-aged man who had a wife and family and had “gone daft” over another woman.

One day Daniel confronted Lee with a photograph of Fanny and the two children.

“After all, old man,” he said, “they have some rights. They are alone and lonely. There is no reason why three people should suffer, is there?”

Perhaps not. Perhaps the thing to do was to go back and put Cytherea away and play golf and center the next argument where their minds would be ironed to a nice conformity and no vision would delude them into heartbreak. One had to do something. One might as well do that something for others... there was nothing left that Lee could do for himself. After all, the years would slip by. In beauty, too, age would bring the chill cold places back again, would heal over with a scabrous coating the hot, sore place Savina had left when she left him. Before, for a while, she had lived. Life had revealed herself. A dream had come to be. He could afford to donate the patient years to the only others who had any right to them.

Lee walked into the house at about his usual hour. He might have come in from the club after his afternoon of golf. The chimney was lit. He looked tired and at how his hair had grown very grey, but they had been warned not to say anything to him other than that they were pleased to see him. They were glad, August said. And Lee felt champed up when they threw their arms about him and covered him with kisses. Fanny was being a good sport, too, he thought. It hadn’t been easy for her. He had had the...
What Do You Intend Doing After Graduation?

Are you one of the vast army of girls and boys that will graduate from High School within the next few weeks? If you are, you no doubt desire to enter college next fall, but probably the question has arisen as to how and where you can obtain enough money to finance your course—now, maybe I can help you earn enough money this summer to pay your tuition fee and also give you enough spending money for all of next winter.

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One time a local newspaper in a little town where Jack Holt and Noah Beery were on location wrote them up on the front page. They said, among other things: “Mr. Jack Holt is accompanied by his wife, who is known on the screen as Miss Norah Beery.” And now Jack calls Noah his squaw
How Bleachodont Whitens Dark Teeth In Three Minutes

Bleachodont Combination contains a mild liquid to soften stains—and a whitening paste which gently removes them. Dull, yellow or tobacco-stained teeth are made flashing white, sparkling clean—almost while you wait! Perfected by two prominent dentists. Just use liquid once a week—paste every day. Keeps teeth wonderfully white and firm. Don't go around with bad looking teeth. They spoil appearance, and besides cause tooth decay and bad breath. Get Bleachodont COM- BINATION (containing both liquid and paste) for small cost. Distributed by Bleachodont Dental Laboratories and sold by drug and department stores everywhere.

We tea-d, in a manner of speaking, with Edmund Lowe one afternoon last month. And if this gentleman's looks can be criticized it is on the ground of his being too good-looking. And if his appearance, as might be expected in the course of human events, had ruined him for any practical use, our worst fears would have been realized. We know how interminable a tea can seem when opposite you sits a young man who by one indirect means or another has overcome the difficulties he has in avoiding advances of young ladies . . . of how professional jealousy on the part of women stars has always harbored, etc. etc.

But Edmund Lowe is not this sort. He is simple, natural and quite unaffected. He talks on diverse subjects in a well-informed way which does not belittle the reader that he was once a college professor, furthermore, a professor of the History of English Literature. Let that impress you.

Coming from a family of lawyers, he was trained for the bar but while attending a Jesuit college he discovered his penchant for the drama and either on the stage or screen he has followed it ever since. And after all it is not strange that the son of a lawyer, should make a good actor. Everyone realizes how necessary a good dramatic sense is to any lawyer. Emotional reactions have swayed juries time and again, despite the injunctive in the world from the presiding magistrate. Talk drifted and Edmund Lowe told us that the Fox company was going to loan him to Ince for a role in "Barbara Frietchie."

"I'm crazy to do it," he said. "Civil War days in Washington, D.C., with some great fascination for me. I've spent hours just reading a resume of battles." We told him we had had a grandmother who had a score of personal experiences during this war and he was all interest.

"Is she still alive? Would she tell me those stories?"

Both these questions were asked in one breath. We felt as badly to disappoint him as we would have to disappoint a child. And as we looked across the table at him we saw Edmund Lowe stripped of the sophistication a different Edmund Lowe from the handsome gallant with a certain gallantry who was a regular "first-nighter" during the theatrical season. And who is to deny that the real Edmund Lowe, for one brief moment, pierced the veneer we call a charming manner.

We have met Mrs. Antonio Moreno several different times now and each time the truth of the very pleasant things we first thought of her is emphasized. She possesses an acute sense of that most—a healthy, intelligent sani, a sympathetic understanding and a definite, unblurred perspec-

Takes Off 41 lbs. In Exactly 7 Weeks!

Just think of taking off more than 40 lbs. in about as many days! That's exactly what Mrs. Carpenter did—through a method anyone can use! "I weigh just 129 today—by the same scale in my bathroom that less than two months ago pointed to 170!" That is what Mrs. Carpenter, a New Orleans lady, wrote in her letter today regarding the reducing. It seems to contain a message that superfuzzles flesh is not unnecessary as it is undesirable.

Reduced 41 lbs. with Ease

"I had long wanted a means of reducing, but being a business woman I had no time or money to go on a fad. I didn't dare deny myself the nourishment an active woman must have. I grew steadily fatter—then something told me to try Wallace records. Somehow, the method sounded sensible; the free demonstration seemed fair; so I started.

"Fifteen minutes each evening, I took the reducing movements to music. It was mighty interesting, and I felt better from the start. But what thrilled me was that: I lost Off 1st, the first week!"

"The second week I lost 8 lbs. more. The following week only six more. But in seven weeks I had reduced to 129—not bad for my 5 ft. 5 inches!"

What You Can Lose By the Same Method

Mrs. Carpenter states that she made this wonderful reduction solely through Wallace reducing records, who put this to music and did nothing else—no Turkish baths, no patent foods or drugs; no punishing diet.

Compare your present weight with the weight for your height and age in the table below, and you'll know how much your fatness is reducing. Here's an answer to: How much weight? For results are guaranteed.

Here is what you ought to weigh, and can weigh:

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<th>Height</th>
<th>Age</th>
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Free Proof to Any Woman Who Really Wants to Get Thin

This method of reducing women (men, too) have reduced by use of Wallace records, all ages, and both sexes, with the same glowing results, with the same scientific and certain. They can't harm; and they can't fail. It is perfectly natural, normal and healthful way of correcting the cause of any over-weight. And proof is free.

Just fill out the coupon—you've seen it before—but this time make it out and mail it. You'll receive the whole first week's lessons complete, record and all, for a full and free trial. Let the results decide whether you want it.

Mrs. Els Carpenter, New Orleans, La.

WALLACE
644 Canal St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for a week's free trial the Original Wallace Reducing Record.
AGENTS WANTED

Make money distributing ladies’ genuine full-fashioned hosiery to regular customers. All or part time. No cash required. Immediate commission. Protected territory. Hollday Hose Co., 1206 East North St., Philadelphia.


BEAUTY SECRETS

The two secrets of a Southern Belle. Possess these secrets of Grace and Future Magnificence—the most powerful personal assets in the world. Girls cannot be young. Women, don’t delay! Easy to apply yet marvelously effective. Send $1.00, check or money order, today. Marie Louise, 132 W. 72nd St., New York City.

HELP WANTED

All Men, Women, Boys, Girls, 17 to 65, willing to accept Government Positions $127.50 a week, traveling or stationary, write Mr. Ommert, 294, St. Louis, Mo., immediately.


HELP WANTED—MALE

Be a Detective—Exceptional opportunity; earn big money. All dollars offered in rewards. Established 1909. Particulars free. Write to H. Schurman & Co., 526 Westervelt Blvd., Kansas City, Mo.


HELP WANTED—FEMALE

Ladies Earn $5-$10 a Day as Canvassers for Tapestry. Tapestry Fair Co., 126 LeGrange, Ind.

HEMSTITCHING AND PICTOGRAPH


MAIL ORDER METHODS

$5 A WEEK EVENINGS HOME. I made it with small mail order business started with $3. Recommended for home workers. Sample and plan 25 cents. One dozen Articles free. I trust you for All Mail Work. Rebus Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 Profit Nightly—Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by government institutions. Catalogue free, Atlas Moving Picture Co., 431 Morton Blvd., Chicago.

Free Literature on Reducing Garments

Just send a post card and I will send you literature descriptive of my remedy for hips and waist—giving results. Wonderful, graceful lines. My ankle reducers and abdomen reducers are illustrated and described. Other items of interest to women are listed. Write today.

NEWS CORRESPONDENCE

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. For particulars, write Frank M. Co., Box 322, Des Moines, Ia.

PERSONAL


PATENTS

Inventors—Write for our free illustrated guidebook, "How to Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our opinion of its patentable nature free. Advice and decision upon free examination of your invention. Patents allowed on every invention. Free consultation.

PHOTOPLAYS


Stories and Photoplay Ideas Wanted by 49 companies; big pay. Details free, to beginners. Producers League, 441, St. Louis.

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Journalism—Photoplays—Short Stories. Plot Chart and Details free to those wishing to enter journalism. No subscriptions accepted on commission. (The Service is offered by Pro-Film, Inc., and Authors and Editors of High standing.) Harvard Company, 434, Montgomery, San Francisco.

Short Stories and Photoplay Plots, Revised and patented in proper form and placed on the market. Send manuscript or write H. L. Hurst, Dept. 2, Box 1043, Harrisburg, Pa.

SONGS

A $500 Cash Prize is offered for the BEST SECOND VERSE TO "I'LL BE WAITING." These wishing to compete may receive a free copy of this song; and rules of contest by addressing RIGHTS MUBIC CORP., 1608 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

STORIES WANTED

Stories, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Good ideas bring big money. Submit three copies, or write Literary Bureau, 134 Rainier Blvd., Mo.

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 961 St. Louis, Mo.

VAUDEVILLE


We Make a Correction

Word has just reached us of an error which we made in the June MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE in the article "The Man Who Distracts Barnum." We described Betty Balfour as "an English vaudeville artist," and it seems that Miss Balfour is known for her work in British films.

We regret this error and are very glad to make this printed correction.

Edit Your Business During the Daytime

Make your figure slender and attractive by slipping on an Annette Bust Reducer. Thousands of women are now wearing this wonderful reducer and have written letters of appreciation as to what it has done for them. No massaging, no rubbing, no exercise of any kind—the reducer does the work and brings about a reduction the moment you put it on. Most men like Antonio Moreno, celebrities who might choose any type, seldom marry women so infinitely worth while. They become infatuated with some gay young flapper with whom they have been playing around and then wedding-bells sound a funeral knell. Mr. Moreno has had the discrimination and wisdom to marry a woman who has come thru the fire of trials with her spirit quite unbroken . . . with her belief in mankind tempered but not destroyed . . . whose beauty will stand the test of years because it is enhanced by intelligence and sympathy.

One day before lunch we were with her in their suite at the Plaza and we happened to mention that we would like to know Billie Dove. We had seen her the evening previous in ‘Wanderer of the Wasteland’ and we were impressed with the clarity of her beauty.

The next afternoon Mrs. Moreno asked us to take tea with her at the Ritz and Billie Dove in the person of Mrs. Willard was there. She is quite as lovely to look at in reality as she is upon the screen. And, furthermore, she is more intelligent than innumerable actresses we know who have achieved a greater renown. We cannot help wondering why this girl has not gone further. It seems to us, judging from her personality both on the screen and off, that she has all the requisites of a screen success. It may be that her star has not yet dawned . . .
**Our Reporter's Notebook**
(Continued from page 106)

self. The picture has been filmed in natural color and the cost of the prints alone is a million and a half, according to the report. The location is Death Valley and the Grand Canyon. Jack Holt, Billie Dove, Noah Beery and Kathleen Williams head the cast.

Short subjects bait for the clubman and t.b.m., so says Leland S. Rasmussen, one of the grandchildren of the late Francisco. Mr. Rasmussen is putting up the hard cash for productions along these lines. The first will be a series of eighteen two-reel poppy-love pictures; location, an American college; and will feature Gordon White, eighteen-year-old Hollywood High School boy. The pictures will be released under the firm name of Hollywood Photoplay Corporation.

A willful woman—Theda Bara is coming back to the screen, obstacles notwithstanding. Miss Bara has formed her own company, elected herself president, and it is reported that the Pacific Bank on the Coast is acting as treasurer for Theda Bara Productions. She will make five or more features within two years; the first will be Zoe Akin’s “Déclassée.”

Jesse Lasky, vice-president of Paramount, has skipped overseas with his wife and Jesse Jr., for a breathing spell. Mr. Lasky will return shortly, but Mrs. Lasky will remain for several months with Junior and her paillet and brush for company. Mr. Lasky is the only开花 company executive to have exhibited his work both abroad and in this country in the Eastern galleries.

Will Hays helps bury the hatchet—sitting in with Dick Barthelmess, his lawyers and a representative for Inspiration Pictures Inc., the case of the monkey-poured oil on the troubled waters and all is well again between the producer and the star. Dick will now make modern American stories only, which means of course, that he will not be starred with Lillian Gish in “Romeo and Juliet.” John Robertson is dusting off this megaphone, and it is reported that Dick’s next starring vehicle will be the George M. Cohan stage play, “The Song-and-Dance Man.”

Where are the sets of yesteryear? Have you ever wondered why the enormous cost of production is not cut by using the material employed in one set for others that follow? Well, it is, when it is suitable for the next picture. With the opening of Babylon, of the film “Intolerance,” was used as a war-wall in “Hearts of the World,” and later for other productions. But one of the most interesting by-products of a movie set is the little church of Father Picarilly, Guadaloupe, California, which has been reconstructed from the lumber salvaged from the City of Rameses in “The Ten Commandments,” one of the largest structures erected for any film. Father Picarilly’s church was built originally in 1870, for the Missions were falling into decay and when covered wagons were in vogue. It served well as a place of worship for the frontiersmen and later for the Free Soil party of many years of existence much of the woodwork had rotted but the sturdy beams and joists of pioneer days are still sound, so it was easily re-stored when the timber of the City of

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**MAGIC GLOVES**

**Whiten Hands Overnight**

**Astonishing Scientific Discovery—Dr. Egan’s Magic Night Gloves! Make rough, reddened hands soft and white over-night!**

**Results Absolutely Guaranteed in Writing. Legal Guarantee Bond with Every Pair.**

**Just think of it putting on a pair of gloves for a night and finding your hands exactly white and soft! That is the magic of Dr. Egan’s amazing medicated Gloves! Nothing like them ever known! These gloves of medicated fabric (not rubber) actually turn your hands white, as white as a lily and as smooth and soft. No more red or your hands, or how sallow of yellow or how deeply bloomed with freckles or liver spots—no more rough edges or with worn your hands, the magic of the Gloves will turn them white and soft, fresh and young-looking.**

**Results in One Night**

Just one night’s wear of these marvel-gloves is enough to convince you. You see a difference in your hands almost unbelievable. Wear the gloves four or five nights and you have a pair of hands. It’s the medicated fabric that does the work. The gloves are impregnated with a marvel- ous solution perfected by the famous Dr. S. J. Egan. The medicated fabric when activated by the natural warmth of the hands has a peculiarly potent whitening and softening effect upon the hands. The hands become white—a charming, natural white. They become soft and smooth as velvet. And as all so quick as to be astonishing.

The complete Dr. Egan’s Magic Glove outfit consists of one pair (freshly medicated gloves; one jar Dr. Egan’s Fore-Lax; one bottle Glove Medicator; one copy Dr. Egan’s booklet, “The Care of the Hands”; all in perfect container. The Fore-Lax is a special cream to apply before donning the gloves to open the pores of the skin for the action of the medicated gloves. The Glove Medicator is for restoring the potency of the gloves after a period of wear. Gloves may be worn at night while you sleep or during the day while doing your sweeping and dusting.

**Try the Gloves FREE**

Try the gloves five nights free. Note the amazing difference in your hands in just five nights wear. Mark how lovely your hands, how white and smooth, if five nights of wear of the gloves doesn’t make your hands more beautiful than you ever dreamed possible, don’t keep the gloves. Return them to us and we won’t be one cent for the free trial. You are the judge.

**SEND NO MONEY**

**Just Mail the Coupon**

Send no money now—just the coupon. Pay the postman only $1.95 (plus postage) on delivery of the gloves. If you are not more than delighted and amazed with the results from the gloves, just send back your money and our company will promptly refunded in full. We give you this written guarantee to this effect. You run no risk. Fill out and mail the coupon now or copy it in a post card or letter. If not to be out when postman calls send $2.00 now. Our guarantee assures you of your money back if you are not perfectly satisfied. Address Dr. S. J. Egan, Dept. 137 220 South State Street, Chicago, Illinois.

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**DR. S. J. EGAN, DEPT. 137**

220 S. State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me (in plain package) free trial a pair of Dr. Egan’s Magic Gloves for whitening and softening the hands, with Fore-Lax and Medicator, I will pay postman $1.95 (plus postage) on delivery of the gloves, if you are not perfectly delighted with the change in my hands in 5 days, I may return gloves and get my money back in full. (If apt to break when postman calls send 22 now and the complete outfit will be mailed prepaid.)

Name

Address

My glove size is
Yours truly, John Smith

*ALL* the world despises an anonymous letter. We like a man to sign his name to what he writes.

But did you ever think that unknown merchandise is anonymous? Nobody to vouch for it. No name signed.

Notice the advertisements in this publication. There in bold print are the names of those who stake their reputations—stake your good-will towards them on the truth of what they have written.

The maker of advertised goods realizes that he might fool you once—but never the second time. His success is dependent upon your continued confidence in what he says in the advertisements.

Read the advertisements with confidence. They tell truths that you should know.

"The measure of satisfaction is larger in advertised products"

Rameses, bought at salvage price, was secured. Thus ended the first lesson: Pharaoh's pagan palace has become a place of Godly worship, while huge legs, heads, and the bodies of Pharaoh's colossi, and most of the Sphinxes are left to be gradually covered by the sands of the California desert.

But meanwhile, and here's the rub—the Cathedral of Notre Dame in which "The Hunchback" was filmed is being transformed into a sport arena for the filming of Jack Dempsey's series "Fight and Win!"

The aftermath—Florence Turner has been returned to the fold of American filmdom thru the courtesy of Marion Davies and will have a part in "Janice Meredith." Miss Turner, an early favorite of American movies, and her mother were stranded in England because of the shun in picture production on the other side following the war. Miss Davies' offer to Miss Turner came like a veritable bolt of salvation, so unexpected was it in the midst of her distress.

Miss Turner has brought back with her an interesting two-reel print called "Film Favorites," a sort of film monolog in which she is the only actor and impersonates everything from a decrepit old man to an ingenue. Flo can certainly turn the trick on the silversheet. She has lost none of the vivacity and magnetism that made her a screen favorite when she was probably the only cinema actress that took the movies seriously. She was featured opposite Maurice Costello in the old days and was the undisputed queen of the then new art.

"Belonging," by Olive Wadsworth, a story of society life in Paris and London, now belongs to Maurice Tourneur for production by right of the American dollar—dollars, that is. "Belonging" pictures the struggle of the Comtesse Desanges in devoting herself to her paralyzed husband, Conti, while being distracted by the attentions of Charles Carton and Julian Guise. Conti's death, instead of bringing a solution to the Comtesse, brings only a greater problem.

Going it alone—in other words, "Single Wives," those society matrons who shed their husbands like old clothes, when they refuse to climb the social ladder with them, has gone into production with Corinne Griffith co-starring with Milton Sills, George Archainbaud who has just completed Earl Hudson's "For Sale," is directing it. The picture is the first for Miss Griffith since "Lilies of the Field," and for Milton Sills since "The Sea Hawk." Phillips Smalley will have a role in the picture similar to the one he took in "Flaming Youth." Lou Tellegen will again register in a divorce story, and Dr. Jere Austin who has just finished an important part in "Sundown," will appear in it also.

"The Lost World"—according to calamity howlers, this might be a modern story with its cast made up of Flapper and jellybeans, but it's much smarter than that. It's a Conan Doyle fantasy dealing with the experiences of a party of English explorers, who discover a lost world inhabited by dinosaurs, tetrabelodons, orcadystus and other prehistoric mammals. Natural History Museums beware of bandits! No date is given for this First National production, raids being notoriously uncertain as to results.

(Continued on page 116)
chronic fault-finders sit down to a well-prepared meal and pick flaws with everything. Just plain fussy! To me it’s an elegant feast. Now the same is true in regard to pictures. The theater has its share of grouch and fault-finders, the same as the board-houses. Nothing is right to them. If it were they fail to say so. But they knock to beat high.

Just recently I had a “Jimdandy” good time seeing Miss Pola Negri, in “The Purgatory of Paris.” I’d love to see it again. In your June issue a sour pessimist gives vent to his ill feelings and takes it out on dear little Pola. And that after so many real paid critics of the Metropolitan papers and magazines had praised it! Even I had written Miss Negri a note of appreciation. Shame on that R. Fox!

It is all right and, no doubt, proper, for a fan to express his likes and dislikes. But it is impolite to grow bitter and personal in doing so. The actors and actresses look for and appreciate real and honest criticism. It is helpful to them in their work. But what busy stars will waste time reading whimsical dislikes?

When I saw “the screen’s sweetheart” or as Mr. Edison says, “America’s Darling,” in “Roots,” I walked my way back to a lonely hotel wondering how soon I would be able to invite the “Queen” to come visit in the South with me. And I thought up a thousand nice things that I would do for her. How I have, do, and will love Mary! Then some hateful old pessimistic grudge came along and criticized her! That person ought to be in Purgatory with all the gates shut!

And I’ll bet Miss La Marr will appreciate my expression on her acting in “The Eternal City,” with a great deal more relish than she will the sour grapes that another writer sent to the magazine. My idea was to make her feel good, and aspire to do even better by encouraging her. The pen-biter evidently had the idea of knocking her into something more to his liking. I leave it to the low-minded politicians, brother. Talk nice to our girls when you speak to them. They will respond much more readily, and more cheerfully, and I resent slurs being cast at the charging members of my picture relatives. So stop it. Take a personal inventory and look well at the “you know who.”

Use discretion: spare your ignorance. Lay aside your pessimism: become an optimist. Cease to throw bricks: learn to pass roses. Ridicule is not criticism. Think twice before you write. For without the movies, life would be dull.

With my best wishes to the writers, the producers, stars and extras, leads and supporters, cameramen, props, directors, cutters, publicity men “Wampus,” exchangemen, salesmen (?), and fans, editors, and my warmest congratulations to the charming little winner of the Exhibitor’s Herald only contest, I am

Most cordially and sincerely yours,

JOSPEH J. ENLOW,
Box 68, Hitchins, Ky.

Praise for Lois Wilson, which the editor inorses as well earned.

DEAR EDITOR: I just wish to say something about two actresses—they are Lois Wilson and Gloria Swanson. I have often wondered why you don’t hear more of Lois Wilson. She is a very sweet and charming little actress in all her pictures. Take “The Covered” (Continued on page 118)
Our Reporter's Notebook
(Continued from page 114)

Myrtle Stedman's favorite quotation at the present moment is:

"A book of verses underneath the bough, A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou Beside me singing in the wilderness, Ah, wilderness were paradise now."

Raison d'être: that Myrtle is working in two pictures at the same time; said pictures being "Bread," a Metro feature; and "Wine," a Universal. Miss Stedman's next features will be "Soup," and "Fish." Less poetic but more filling. The full cast of "Wine" is: Clara Bow, Forrest Stanley, Huntly Gordon, Myrtle Stedman, Robert Agnew, Arthur Thalasso and Walter Long.

Pauline Garon and Irene Rich crossed the pond to act in the English film production, "What the Butler Saw." The English company is said to hold an option on them for another picture, but if they want Miss Rich in a second story, they'll have to make it snappy, as another engagement compels her to be back in Hollywood within six weeks of the time she left the Golden State.

American nerve or go-get-itness, what's the odds? Allian Dwan has cabled former King George II. of Greece, asking him to take a role in "The Queen's Love Story," a Mary Roberts Rinehart novel in which Lois Wilson will be starred. He wants the former sovereign to appear as a Balkan ruler, and to act as technical adviser so that the picture will be correct in every detail. News reels, round-the-world tours, radio broadcasting, and other educative means of the twentieth century, keep people so well informed of royal as well as ordinary customs that authentic films are necessary and the presence of the ex-King would save heavy work of research.

Rodolph Valenino, after five days of fencing scenes in "Monseur Beaucouer," turned his back on the Paramount studios on Long Island, and slipped off to Miami, Florida, for a rest. When he returned he jumped right into the filming of the adaptation of Rex Beach's story, "Rope's End." Joseph Henabery is directing it.

Pola Negri in "Men" was more the Negri of exotic charm than she has been in any production since coming to America, tho the story itself was only fair—Q. E. D.: Dimitri Buchowitz, the Russian director, has the Negri combination. He is now directing her in "Comprised," a story written by the screen by Paul Bern. In getting his cast together, Mr. Buchowitz at first considered only Europeans for the foreign characters; he soon found, however, that our own actors could depict French characters from the humblest villager to the most exalted aristocrat. So in the cast we find, besides the Negri, Robert W. Frazer, Robert Edeson, Josef Swickard, Monte Collins, Gino Corrado and Edgar Norton.

Constance Talmadge has postponed the filming of "Learning to Love," the Emerson-Loo story. Her next picture will be taken from a story adapted from the German. Perhaps Connie wanted to learn German before tackling the love-stuff.

There was a brilliant audience at the premiere of "Secrets" in Los Angeles. The cinematic Four Hundred turned out en masse. This flash was taken of Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien as they stood in the lobby receiving the congratulations of some of the most popular stars in movieland.
"Say, who is that doll going into the big house? Oh Boy! What a beauty! Get me a knock-down to her!" Thus Miles Orkney arranged for another victim. It was Hope.

Hope went into the dining-room where highly decorated ladies were noisily drinking and eating. The landlady entered. "Got that board money yet?" she harshly demanded of Hope. Hope shook her head frightened. "I haven't a cent," she confessed. "Then you'll have to leave," commanded the woman. Thus put out of the only place she knew in the City, Hope stepped into the street. The night was terrifying, dark.

This is one of the breathless situations in "The Girl Who Couldn't Be Bad." It is the same tragedy that may meet your little sister or your childhood chum when they run away to the City "to live their own lives." Such a misfortune may even overtake you!

If you are restless—if you are tempted to seek your own Fate—You will want to follow Hope Brown's experiences as told in

"The Girl Who Couldn't Be Bad"
A six-part serial
By Henry Albert Phillips

August Motion Picture Magazine
On the News-stands July First
The pledge of the printed word

FRIENDSHIPS in ancient days were formed by pledges of blood. Medieval knights won mutual aid by pledges of the sword. But modern business forms friends in every corner of the world through the pledge of the printed word.

Advertisements are pledges made especially for you . . . pledges that advertised goods you buy are exactly as claimed.

When you buy an advertised phonograph, you buy one of established workmanship and tone. It has been tested by thousands before you. Its dealers, sure of its worth, invite the testing of millions more.

What is not advertised may be worth buying. What is, must be!

Read the advertisements to know which goods are advertised.

"An advertiser's pledge can be redeemed only by your entire satisfaction"

Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 115)

Wagon," "To the Last Man," "Bella Donna," "Pied Piper Malone," "The Call of the Canyon" and "I酋bound." She had big parts in them all. The plays were different in type and style, but she portrayed each role very well indeed, and showed that she had the ability as an actress. What I like about her is that she is so natural in her acting and can carry it on like a great many of them do. I have an honest admiration for her and trust that as time goes on she will gain the favor of other people besides myself and the others that like her.

Gloria Swanson is entirely different. So many people refer to her as a "clothes horse," which is very insulting, I think. In "The Humming Bird," which was her best picture, I'm sure you couldn't have called her such a thing, as she wore pants most of the time. I heard some people say: "Oh, she only plays society roles." I think they must admit that she does them well. If she didn't use quite as much make-up she would look a little better. I like her because she is so different from other actresses. There is not another woman on the screen that looks like her. If she played in pictures that were not all alike, I think people might like her better. In my mind she has improved and will continue to do so.

Sincerely yours,
MARY P. BIGELOW,
2 Orchard Street,
Amherst, Mass.

Lillian Gish is mentioned as a successor to the immortal tragedienne, Duse.

DEAR EDITOR: Do you know who I think is the worthy successor to the late tragedienne, Eleonora Duse? None other than Miss Lillian Gish, whom I consider the world's greatest cinema actress. If there is a greater actress, I have yet to see her. Negri, Pickford, and Talmadge cannot compare with the Gish. The greatest piece of acting I have ever seen was Miss Gish's hysteria moments in the closet scenes of "Broken Blossoms." I defy anyone to name a greater scene than this.

Recently, I have seen her in "The White Sister," which played to a capacity week's run. Miss Gish was superb! In this role, she held the public "in the hollow of her hand." I am anxiously awaiting her "Romola." I have no doubts about her being a success in this role. Here's hoping that Chaplin or Lubitsch will direct her in the future. I know she would reach greater heights if she ever does do "Romeo and Juliet"—why not Ronald Colman for the role of Romeo?

Sincerely yours,
GEORGE A. ABBATE,
630 Mary Street,
Utica, N.Y.

Criticism for Gloria Swanson's clothes and the way she wears them.

DEAR EDITOR: I have often wondered why Gloria Swanson has been called the best-dressed woman on the screen. To my mind she suggests not even a mannequin (one could not insult Hebe) who are never overdressed. Their clothes seem a part of them. Their jewels are blended in with their costumes. The other day I sat next a woman at Huyler's who like myself was

(Continued on page 12)
Across the Silversheet

"Wanderer of the Wasteland," the other picture which we saw this month, is, without any doubt, one of the most interesting pictures we have ever seen. And we believe that some day its advent will be written into motion picture history. It is as gay in color as Jacob's coat. Red is red, blue is blue, green is green. And so on. All colors are not toned down to various greys.

We have had other color photography before. But this is far and away the best color photography we have ever seen. There are no prismatic flashes, heretofore frequent on a colored screen. Nor is there an eye-strain. We are satisfied that the men who have interested themselves in this medium of reproduction have come a long way. And we hope they will now divide their efforts between perfecting it further and making it practical for general use.

The producers of this picture were wise. They might easily have become so enthusiastic over their color reproduction that they would forget the story and its presentation. They have not done this. Nor have they chosen a story which would serve primarily as a vehicle for their photography. Quite the contrary. They have placed their photography in the position of importance: it will normally occupy; that of enhancing and supplementing the production itself.

The general tenor of this story may be gauged from the title. And readers of Zane Grey stories who know the highly dramatic incidents of which his facile pen is capable will not be disappointed in the drama of the "Wanderer of the Wasteland." However, adventurously and romantically as the incidents are they do not strain your credulity. And, despite the fact that society has taken its toll in leaving us almost immune to celluloid thrills, we admit that two or three episodes found us tense at the very edge of our chair.

A desert background must be trying so far as color photography is concerned. For the colors of the desert are elusive and strange. At a distance they are indistinct and misty. Yet all of this has been faithfully recorded. And even embroideries, small in design and varied in color, are now screen possibilities.

This picture, which was both directed and photographed by Irving Willat, has in its cast Jack Holt, Kathryn Williams, Noah Beery and Billie Dove. And we can only repeat that even after days of critical retrospection we believe "Wanderer of the Wasteland" to be one of the most interesting motion pictures we have ever seen.

We have high hopes for the motion picture when Technicolor plays a part in the filming of every production.

---

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119
Comment on Other Productions

(Continued from page 105)

who live close to nature, and in its stark simplicity it offers a love story that may be hailed with delight by those who have been too long satiated with unconventional antics of the Modern Rebels so easily bored with life.

Its appeal lies in its simplicity and sincerity, for coming down to dramatic points the picture loses value. Its characters never really come to life—and its sentiment is often carried too far—so the whole thing cannot be called very convincing.

Balancing the mediocre photography and the production details—which are not so good—it is an adequate interpretation; one or two moments of humor—and the naturalness which the picture has in spots.

Gloria Grey is the heroine—and she gives a charming portrayal. A large cast of well-known players assist her.

DARING YOUTH

The probationary marriage fostered by Fannie Hurst, Thyrza Samter Winslow, Ruth Hale and members of the Lucy Stone League has been taken advantage of by an observant author in this presenters, Dorothy Farnum, who concocted this story, pays her compliments to Fannie Hurst in a foreword in furnishing her the inspiration—and then proceeds to punctuate the ideas of this well-known writer in order to capitalize the humor of the situation.

Miss Hurst declares the plan is working out beautifully because neither she nor her husband have an opportunity to tire of each other—seeing that they breakfast together only on certain days of the week. Miss Farnum denies that she has no heroine use her maiden name after the ceremony. She doesn't go so far as that. She points out thum conflict that Miss Hurst's scheme isn't feasible for comedy purposes. And it all simmers down to the husband's employing caveman tactics in subduing his spirited spouse.

The story is slight and the action is concentrated into a few love spots—with the young honeymooners playing a game with each other. Come to think of it, the idea has been used before, tho it hasn't been introduced with the probationary marriage. The picture is well directed and played in competent fashion by Bebe Daniels, Nora Morley, and Curt來.

The latter is the "goat" of the situation—the man selected by the wife to provoke her husband into becoming masterful. All this wife was looking for was appreciation and jealous love. And she found them and beamed with happiness. A likely story re- leasing a whimsical touch and a fair suggestion of humor.

KENTUCKY DAYS

A melodrama of covered wagon days is offered here—one which is a trifle fatched in plot and characterization to shape up as genuine, but which presents a creditable amount of action and suspense to offset its shortcomings. Dustin Farnum, whose luck has never been very good so far as having worthy material, strives to make something of his rôle. But the de-
The Answer Man
(Continued from page 107)

PEPPY PEPPER.—Well, the prejudices of men emanate from the mind, and can be overcome; whereas the prejudices of women emanate from the heart, and are impregnable. Most of the players will send their greetings if you request them to. Thanks for the compliment.

EQUATOR.—That was some verse you sent me. And you would like to see Mahlon Hamilton on the cover. Let’s have a contest, which would you rather see on the cover, a man or a woman?

THE BEDROOM WINDOW.—That’s some name, No, Fred and Lewis Stone are not related. I haven’t a radio. Can afford one.

PELL.—Thanks again. You must have had a great time at the studio. I always enjoy yours. Congratulations, another year gone. Wait until you get as old as I am.

MARY C.—No, Claire Windsor is not married at this writing. Henry Walthall is married to Mary Garson. Matt Moore and Wallace Beery are also in the cast of the next Lila Lee and James Kirkwood picture, “Another Man’s Wife.”

MERCY.—Glad to hear from you. Most of the players you mention are with Famous Players-Lasky.

TENNESSEE.—No, he never smiles. I wonder why?

AHE’S IRISH ROSE.—Rod LaRocque at Famous Players-Lasky in California.

Letters to the Editor
(Continued from page 118)

parloring of a hot chocolate and sandwiches instead of wasting our nickels at the Ritz or Biltmore. A casual glance showed me a good suit, cloak, small satin toque, well-lined hat, and good shoes (that’s a point). Looking closer, I discovered a well-known society woman of Philadelphia whom I had met in the dark ages. Everything was exquisite, but not Grand Guignol, whereas Sonya Swanson does not even look a lady. She could not. Elise Ferguson can and does dress well and even Constance Talmadge does not miss it very often. The Mary Pickford picture has improved since her marriage to Fairbanks, but her clothes usually look like Fourteenth Street—and the riding clothes!! For pity’s sakes! Send them to Naldo or someone who knows. And also for the accessories—such as hats, boots and such like.

Madame Francis dresses Jane Cowl and I have seldom seen her make a mistake, but if they want the “Upper Class” to stop making fun of them, get decent interior decorators, bootmakers, dressmakers, etc.

I know only compose about twenty per cent, of the audiences, but I think we are the people they want to get at. (At least they seem to love us in Hollywood snapshots.) My fingers itch sometimes to tear down coiffures, rearrange rooms, change costumes.

Cant you somehow get the director’s ear? Supposed interiors of mansions of the “upper class” are a joke. Society women sleep in linen sheets, wear maybe lace nightgowns and rosebuds. We leave that to another class: I am personally poor, proud and dowdy, but when I see what a little intelligent supervision would do, I long to shout out: “Get some women to the manner born to help you.”

P.A.M.

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PAG1
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The MOVIES HAVE A LONG WAY TO GO-
says Joseph Hergesheimer

Pages 20-21

MONTE BLUE tells
The Story of his Life
Pages 32-33
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**A Statement by Porter M. Farrell,**
The New President of Philipborn's

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That Bad Old Man!

We read regularly in newspaper editorials and magazines of the "growing demand for better pictures." And we are always told it is the public that is making this demand, and that a Bad Old Man known as the Producer is always balking the desire of the public.

A stream never rises higher than its source. The source of all motion pictures—good, bad and indifferent—is the public taste. The supply in motion pictures, as in everything else, is regulated by the demand. This applies to the quality of the supply as well as to its quantity. So the answer to those who insist that there is "a conspiracy to corrupt the public taste," on the part of the Bad Old Man, is obvious: the producers are giving the public exactly what it wants.

You cannot force anything on twenty million people every day in the year that they do not want. You cannot create a taste for tragedy if your public wants comedy. You cannot put over satire where your public desires and demands the obvious and the moral.

The motion picture producers have nothing at stake but their pocketbooks. If they could pack their houses by producing "highbrow" pictures, they would do it. They have tried it and failed. The Sheik registered one hundred per cent; Peter Ibbetson was practically a failure. The public knows what it wants—and it is the business of the producers to find out what it wants, not to "raise its taste."

"Raising the taste" of the public is a laudable ambition, but when it costs three to five hundred thousand dollars a raise, ambition along these lines is likely to retire.

There is a lot of hypocrisy about this continual hammering at the producers of motion pictures to give the public (at the producer's expense always) something experience shows it does not want. How long would a newspaper, a magazine, a theatrical producer or a sporting organization—not speak of a department store—last, if it insisted on giving to the public the thing that the public has no use for?

A production manager of one of the largest motion picture concerns in the world recently said that his company stood ready to give to the public of America the great stories, poems and epics of all times in a glorified form—when the public showed a demand for them. He meant by this, of course, when it paid.

Good doctrine that! Unless a public commodity pays, it should not be produced. And motion pictures are a commodity. The public is getting what it wants—entertainment.

And there is simply no Bad Old Man at all. He is a myth of hypocrisy and blah.

F. M. Osborne, Managing Editor
Benjamin De Casseres, Contributing Editor

Harry Carr, Western Representative
A. M. Hopfmuller, Art Director

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Stupendous—"Stupendous, beyond a doubt the greatest picture I have ever seen."—R. A. Hearn, (A Southerner).

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Directed by PHILIP ROSEN
Motion Picture Magazine
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Founded by J. Stuart Blackton in 1910

SEPTEMBER, 1924
Vol. XXVIII Number 8

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A Sensitive Skin should be cleansed this special way

Once in a while a woman will tell you, “I never use soap and water on my face. My skin is too sensitive.”

It was an old superstition that washing the face with soap was irritating to a sensitive skin. But today scientists have discovered that the real danger to a sensitive skin is dirt.

Dirt irritates and inflames—increases natural irritability—even causes skin disorders, by carrying bacteria and parasites into the pores. If your skin is of the very sensitive type, be sure, first of all, to keep it clean—free from the layer of dirt and natural oil that accumulates inevitably when soap is not used.

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A sample tube of Woodbury’s Facial Cream
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Together with this booklet, “A Skin You Love to Touch.”

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Here's Youth... that looks from eyes which keep
Eternal wonder, wistful-deep
With Youth's own light, with laughter wise,
As if, new-born to happy skies,
The youngest star, all golden gay,
Went dancing down the Milky Way

On little, questing, gilded feet
To which the drums of Springtime beat!
Her very name's as quaint and dear
As rhymes which bring all childhood near,
And, watching her, our pulses know
The warmth of morning sunlight's glow.
YOUTH calls to Youth with laughter and delight,
  With hoping wistful and with promise bright,
  The world around,
And when this shadow on the screen is flung
Old hearts remember songs they once have sung,
In echoed sound.

But young hearts sigh with pleasure, for he seems
The living symbol of their secret dreams,
Gallant and gay.
And thus to him, Prince Charming, they make prayer
To all that's young and dear and debonair,
In Youth's own way.
ROUNDED throat and flow'r face,
Curling hair and winsome grace,
Laughing lips and wistful eyes,
April smiles . . . and April sighs . . .
Jacqueline!

All the world a golden street
Spread before her little feet,
Scarlet mouth shaped to a kiss,
Tell me, someone . . . who is this?
Jacqueline!
NOW, all the gods be praised that in a day
To languor and to boredom dedicate,
They gave one man a better part to play
And, like sea-winds that blow the fog away,
Gave also strength ... which once was man's estate

Fine head, keen eyes, and humor ... clever hands
Whose gestures threaten, promise or caress,
He lives his dramas, and he understands
The hidden lure of glad adventure's lands
Of battles, bugles, damsels in distress.

Now, all the gods be praised for him anew,
These modern days in which real men are few.
Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

WANDA HAWLEY

PEACHES and cream, and a rose for a mouth,
Hair like the sunshine that blesses the South,
Golden as Dawn o’ the Day;
Gentian-blue eyes that enchant and beguile,
Shining as dewdrops their elfin, blue smile,
Springlike their message as May!

Hers is the magic that Eden once knew,
A colorful magic . . . rose-pink, golden, blue . . .
A magic of flowers and pearl;
For blondes have a way with them solely their own,
And here is a blonde with our hearts for a throne—
A golden and glorious girl!
MAY McAVOY

She somehow seems the dearest girl one knows,
The "nicest girl in town," whose gentle ways
To all endear;
Half happy human, and half budding rose,
With love and truth to light her pleasant days
Bright crystal-clear.

SHE makes me think of still, tree-bordered streets;
Of sunny gardens where the bright birds sing
At dawning tide;
Of fairy-tales, of twilight, and of sweets
Like bread-and-honey; and of everything
With Youth allied.
The royal cadence of her beauty sings
Of palaces and princes; of an age
When life was lifted on Romance’s wings
And Knighthood claimed Adventure for a page!

She has that loveliness which Homer hymned
When Helen smiled, the breathless world to stir;
Above her path, in magic light, undimmed,
The star of Venus guides all hearts to her!
She is that rare thing in a tawdry age . . .
Grande dame . . . a fair, illuminated page
From chapters of an older, nobler day;
Her quiet hands and lovely, still restraint
Reveal good-breeding as her patron saint,
To whom, alas, few of us moderns pray!

She has a grace like music, and a sweet
Enduring charm, and great eyes that entreat
For courtesy and worship and fine things;
And in her face we watchers seek and find
That beauty of the balanced soul and mind
Transcending lovely flesh like lifted wings.
O H, it's the come-hither that lurks in his eyes,
And the way that he has with a girl,
While the feminine half of the audience sighs
That his hair knows the trick of a curl!

Oh, 'tis virile he is, with his laughin', bold ways,
As befits one on whom Fortune smiled,
At wooing or fighting 'tis you he'd amaze
And 'tis tender he is with a child.

He seems just the darling of life and of fate,
Such a broth of a boy all the way,
His hand on the latch of Romance's gold gate—
Well—the Lord loves the Irish, they say!

Russell Ball

TOMMY MEIGHAN
"The Movies Have a Long Way To Go Before They Reach Anything Like Perfection"

Said JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

When he was interviewed by Melville Breen

"There is no excuse for creating a movie unless you can make it appeal to one million people. A book is different. It is worthwhile if it is enjoyed by five thousand readers. I write books. What should I know about movies? However, under direct cross-examination, I might admit that I have a few ideas about this husky infant industry. As I recall it, a few of my creations have slipped across the screen — Tol'able David, Wild Oranges and Cytherea.

"This changing of a novel into a movie is tricky business. You take the book you have written for a certain clientele—most of whom borrow the book from a friend, so there's no money lost if they don't like it—and the mellow thought comes into your mind: 'Here, I've got to fix this thing so it will have a kick for the person who likes to read captions aloud, as well as for the one who slides a volume of James Branch Cabell into his pocket to read to and from the show.' But what is more, you've got to keep enough of the original story so you'd recognize it if it happened to come into the Algonquin for lunch.

"The first thing to do is to anesthetize either the book or yourself, and remove quickly and painlessly all intellectual flights, but preserve all the emotion; the more emotion, the more fervently does the box-office man shake you by the hand. Make it simple, simpler, simplest—a story that will run along smoothly with a natural expansion. And treat that expansion tenderly, nourish it and pamper it, for how the footage does eat it up!

"It will be clear, in the following interview, that I do not think moving pictures have reached the finality of perfection, but I have neglected to say how that may be accomplished: why, turn them, and a million or so dollars a week, over to an able author! I can think of a way that this trouble will be ended.

J. H.

Dont pad. Of course, you can always throw in a couple of mob scenes or a society ball, or, that is, a ball that the producers think that the public will think is a society ball. Probably, if a bona fide society affair were thrown on the screen, nobody would believe it. They would be waiting for the goldfish to get drunk on the champagne that had been dumped into the fountain along with several of the débutantes.

"In passing this society point I might say that the suave and delicate acting of Lewis Stone, as well as the way his coat collars fit, could give a few hints to Newport.

"All of which is very interesting but tells nothing about creating movie characters. Well, I've said 'simplify your story.' Do the same with your characters. You can't, as in a book, wander on for several pages and tell what your characters' mental reactions are to certain situations; that has to be expressed by direct action — in other words, emotion. See if you can express with a gesture, shrug or expression what you have been thinking for five minutes when you are furiously angry or otherwise mentally disturbed. Not so easy. I think Irene Rich, as the wife in Cytherea, did some of the best acting of this type that I have ever seen. She overcame a difficult part, and showed that she had character below a rather colorless exterior; yet her acting was simplicity itself.

Richard Barthelmess also has the art of presenting a part in a simple, restrained way. That is the reason he stands in the front line of movie luminaries. No
TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES
A dramatic study of Blanche Sweet as Tess, the prisoner
Our Own Little K-K-Klan

In which one member of the Klan of Kenyon and Kennedy tells tales on the other

By DORIS KENYON

It began this way: The scene was an editor's living-room. Many books and magazines were lying about, but the editor herself looked anything but literary. She was eating chestnuts.

Suddenly, from the depths of a huge armchair a Tall Young Man spoke: "Great Guns! You're not going to let her do an interview with Madge Kennedy, are you?" (Meaning me.)

"Why not?" asked the editor, cracking a large and stubborn chestnut. "I think it would be—unusual."

"It would!" conceded the Tall Young Man. "It would be composed entirely of mushy, gushy, sweetly sentimental adjectives, all that could be culled from the dictionary and Roget's Thesaurus. It shouldn't be allowed."

"No," I protested weakly from my perch on the living-room table, "I'll be fair and square and sane and unprejudiced, even tho I do adore Madge, and have adored her for years. Just wait and see."

"All right," said the
editor, finishing the last chestnut, "we'll wait and see."
And that ended that!
So I begin this story about my best friend under difficulties. Ordinarily, I can make myself look at people, for whom I care a great deal, from a rather detached viewpoint. I admit their little weaknesses and shortcomings, and try to understand them. But with Madge Kennedy, I admit nothing. I find myself refusing to look for faults, even refusing to acknowledge that she possesses them. All I can sense is her amazing personality, her tolerance, and her broad and beautiful understanding. There! Already I'm going strong and the interview not even begun! But I hate interviews—stereotyped ones. I think I shall tell you about a day we spent together very recently, instead.

It was a late summer day when we set out for Sleepy Hollow Club in Madge's beautiful, beautiful car. We were on our way to play a photographer's game of golf. Which means that we would arrive at the club, hire a caddie, give directions to our photographer, and have pictures made of ourselves in various studied golfing poses.

I wore my golfing best, altho I play but indifferently. Madge admitted that her costume was all wrong—as wrong as her golf, which she frankly loathes.

Unlike most girls nowadays, Madge does not "go in" for sports. "About the only exercising I do," she confesses, "is setting-up exercises, if I find I am putting on weight, which doesn't often happen. I love nature and love to be out of doors, but it does me much more good and rests me far more to sit quietly and enjoy nature, than to play golf or tennis or any of the things that take my mind from the beauty all around me."

"We'll just clown the pictures, Doris," she said; "so the more inappropriately I'm dressed, the more ridiculous they will be." We didn't play much golf, but we furnished considerable entertainment to onlookers, wore out two or three caddies, and stretched the patience of the cameraman to the breaking point because we would insist upon sitting down right in the midst of everything to talk about something we had forgotten to discuss on our way there. But we managed to produce evidence (photographically) that we do know how to play golf, whether we like it or not.

It was a gloriously happy day. But the best part was the ride to the club and back when we were all by ourselves. Just to listen to Madge talk is soothingly pleasant. It is like music suggested by the theme of her face. There I am—slipping again! But the outstanding thing in my memory of that day is the satisfying talk we had—inconsequential chatter, most of it, of the quality and quantity that girls can crowd into a few hours.

We talked of Poppy, the play in which Madge starred so successfully this past year, and it was like her to give all credit for its success to the supporting cast. She spoke in glowing terms of W. C. Fields, who enacted the role of the vagabond father, of his love and kindliness for humanity, a necessary qualification, she believes, for a great comedian. The girls were all such "dears," she said, "and the boys fine—every one of them. "Ever since I have been on the stage, Doris, I've been amazed at the fact that I am able to earn my living by doing something that doesn't seem like work at all. That doesn't apply to making motion pictures, however. Whenever I make a picture I know definitely that I am working, and working hard. But I always have been able to make of my stage self a distinct personality, entirely detached from my real self which merely looks on, and waits. So, when the play is over, there I am, serene as you please!"

Of course, we talked about music and what it means to both of us—of our studies and progress. We discussed our French teachers and their methods. We waxed enthusiastic over Geraldine Farrar, a mutual favorite. We talked of the new books, which neither of

(Continued on page 86)
Gloria Swanson is the "mystery woman" of the movies. She occupies a unique place in the film world because no other actress has been able to imitate her. But, strangest of all, she is never her own imitator. In no two pictures she has made, has she ever been the same Gloria.
Imagine having Agnes Ayres for a landlady... or Tony Moreno for a landlord!

Imagine seeing a beauteous dream-lady, like Viola Dana, in a screen love story and saying to your next seat neighbor, in a blasé, careless tone: "That there young lady in that there feller's arms has promised to get me a new stopper for the bathtub; ours is worn out... leaks."

For in fact and in truth the sprightly Viola and the talented and pulchritudinous Agnes are indeed landladies. And there are many others. The tradition which insists that the landlady is always a fat woman with a red nose and a screeching voice, will have to be revised so far as Hollywood is concerned.

A lot of famous stars in Hollywood are not only landlords, but realtors—regular Babbitts. Sometimes, at a Hollywood dinner, when high art and psychoanalysis have died as dinner topics, someone mentions real estate options. Then they all sit up and lick their lips with excited anticipation.

Nothing just like this Hollywood real estate boom ever happened in the world before. It was more like the Klondike gold rush than anything else I ever heard of—with this important difference: The rewards in the Klondike were for the lucky ones. A year ago in Hollywood you didn’t have to be lucky. You couldn’t lose. The boom seems to have waned now. But with the wanning, it has left many new fortunes in the film colony. Not only the stars either. Stage hands, cutters, even sewing girls in the studio wardrobe departments, have grown rich in real estate.

I know a cutter in the Talmadge studio who had to find a new house because his wife was about to have a baby. His landlord told him that he wasn’t going to have any scandalous birds like storks around his house. So the cutter had to dig around and find a new abode.

Out on Melrose Avenue he found a house he could buy for...
Soon after Aileen Pringle built this home, there was a stunning advance in the value of the property.

four thousand dollars. They wanted two hundred and fifty dollars down; the rest could be paid like rent. The cutter had fifty dollars in cash and two hundred dollars' worth of liberty bonds. Before he had paid off the four thousand dollars "like rent," he was offered sixty thousand dollars cash for the house, and refused it.

A lot of them have cleaned up fortunes; but I imagine that Agnes Ayres is the queen realtor of them all.

Her experience sounds like a miracle. She didn't have any more money than the Talmadge cutter when she started out. She was then getting fifty dollars a week at the Lasky studio. Altho it was very hard, she compelled herself to save fifty dollars a month from this salary.

She and her mother were at that time living in a rented bungalow in Hollywood. Someone called her attention to the fact that she could make a small payment down on a bungalow; she could then buy it on the installment plan for just what her rent was costing. Accordingly she put down her first five hundred dollars and became a landed proprietor.

When they raised her salary at the studio she made a first payment on a second bungalow, and rented it to another movie girl. The rent paid the instalments as they came due, so she virtually got her second house for the five hundred dollars' initial payment: her tenant bought the house for her.

From this she edged her way into realty. Her Scotch sagacity told her that the opening and paving of Laurel Canyon would create a new settlement at Gardner Junction at the edge of Hollywood. She bought some cheap property there and, when the boom came, as she had foreseen, the bank was glad to let her have the money to build an apartment-house. Her rents from the apartment-house helped to build a second apartment-house. And so her fortune builded.

Miss Ayres is a rich woman now—a fortune built from nothing in four years. She has two business blocks at Santa Monica; two apartment-houses in Hollywood and valuable harbor property out at San Pedro, the naval base.

"Real estate," she says, "is a cinch for any girl whose finances have compelled her to hunt bargains in department stores. It's the same thing. I go prowling around among my neighbors and talk to everybody I meet. That way I hear about bargains. You can't make any money out of real estate sitting in a house and waiting for the money to come up the street to you in a basket."

Another real estate sensation in Hollywood is Harold Lloyd. And Harold has gone about it in exactly the opposite way. Among his possessions were an uncle and a father. Both were business men. His uncle, I believe, had been an efficiency man in a big railroad corporation. Harold mobilized them. He digs up the money by playing for motion pictures; and Pa and Uncle find somewhere to put it.

They devote their whole time to his investments. Not, however, that Harold is an innocent child in relation to finance. He is, in fact, an exceedingly shrewd business man, with great financial sagacity. Not a nickel is invested by his Uncle and Father that has not been passed upon by Harold himself.
Last year, he made one of the big clean-ups of Hollywood. He made four hundred thousand dollars in actual money, and is in a fair way to double or treble that.

He operated in a very different way from Agnes Ayres, however. She bought small property and waited. He put in big money and took out big money. His biggest killing was a piece of semi-business property—what might be called apartment-house property—just a block from the very heart of the business section of Hollywood.

From Hollywood to the sea runs a broad mesa. Thru this mesa runs a great boulevard that will one day be the finest street in the world. Harold is preparing for this day. Smack across this boulevard, a little way beyond Beverly Hills, he has a tract of forty acres. When you figure that lots are selling at from four thousand dollars to ten thousand dollars each in Beverly, and when you continue to figure and discover that there are from five to ten lots in an acre, according to the way you cut the cloth, it can be readily seen that Harold is due for a lot of money.

He has many other investments shrewdly made. He is very modest about it; but he says frankly that the Hollywood boom has given him all the money he will ever need in this world, and he can devote himself to acting without further worries.

Somewhat to her own amazement, Viola Dana is also a realtor. She swears she didn’t intend to be. She got so tired of moving around from one house to another that she bought one. This, she says, was in pure self-defense. She says she knew that if she didn’t, her landlord would be coming around, very apologetic, and tell her she would have to move; that somebody had bought the house and they were going to tear it down to build a bank. So, when she and her mother found a house they liked, she fooled ’em. She bought it.

Anna Q. Nilsson is one of the most enthusiastic of the realtors. She prefers the uncultivated tracts away from town.

(Continued on page 100)
When Ernest Torrence gets a few hours off from villaining, he goes home and composes sonatas by the yard.

I HATE
Movie Villains
They
Disappoint me
So. . . .

I'm always hoping
When I see them on the
Screen . . .
Finishing off their
Grandmothers in some
New Style
Or
Putting the Screws on the
Handsome Leading Man . . .
I'm always hoping
That their Hearts
Are in their
Work . . .

But they always
Fail me in Real Life. . . .

Most of them go
Boy Scouting around Hollywood
Doing Good Deeds by the
Daily Dozen and
Leading as Blameless Lives
As Baby Peggy. . . .

When I met
Wallace Beery . . .
I quite expected him to
Whale me One
With a leg of mutton or
Whatever was most
Handy. . . .

The Movie Villain

Pieces of Hate

By
HELEN CARLISLE

Instead
He took me
For a drive
And
We talked Real Estate
You know the conversation
That goes this way . . .
"I could have purchased
Land around here for a
Song . . .
Three Years Ago"

Yes actually. . . .

When I met
Lon Chaney . . .
I thought
This Will Be Good. . . .

But it wasn't
Very . . .

He was out to Tell the
World that a
Hunchback's life
Is not
All beer and skittles, as
The Casual Observer
Might suppose. . . .

Then he very kindly
Gave me a
Personally Autographed
Photograph . . .
And I
Passed Gently Out. . . .
When I was Introduced to Lew Cody I fled for my Very Life. He Didn't chase me tho So I Came Back.

Quite Seriously He stated that his Fan Mail Was Sacred to Him. After which remark I Took the Air I needed it.

Adolphe Menjou confided That he collects Stamps Instead of Scalps. Cant you just see him Hurrying his daily duelling So that he may have A Peaceful Evening by the Fireside with his Stamp-book And the rest of his Scrap-Books?

With Sketches of Torrence and Menjou by ELDON KELLEY Who Apologizes for Passing-Up Beery, Chaney and Cody

But when I met Ernest Torrence I did choose my exit I felt certain that at Last something was Going To Happen Nothing did, however. I found that when E. T. Gets a Few Hours Off From Villaining He goes home and composes Sonatas by the yard His movements on the screen Are nothing to his Movements off.

He is the mildest of the Villains why Only one crime can be Laid at his door He always steals the picture And he cant be blamed For that.

I hate Movie Villains They Disappoint me So.

Cant you just see Adolphe Menjou hurrying his daily duelling so that he may have a peaceful evening by the fireside with his stamp-book?
JUST about my earliest recollection is of seeing my mother and father swimming together in Eagle Creek, near Indianapolis, Indiana, where I was born. Mother had beautiful auburn hair, and she would wear it in two long braids which floated upon the water as she swam. Father was one-fourth Cherokee, and love of the out-of-doors was born in him, and in me, too. I never could stand being shut up indoors for very long at a time. Probably that's the reason I've led such a roving life.

Dad, who was a Civil War veteran, died when I was seven, leaving mother, my three brothers, Bert, Roy, and Maurice, and myself. Maurice and I were put in the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home at Knightstown, Indiana. I didn't want to go, at first. My two eldest brothers wanted to go to work in the saw and furniture factories in Indianapolis, and I wanted to earn my living, too. I did, for a while, selling newspapers at the corner of Washington and Meridian streets, but mother wanted me to have an education, and placed me in the home, which was much like any military academy.

Like any kids, Maurice and I soon adapted ourselves to our surroundings, and were perfectly happy. He left the school two years before I did. I stayed there until I was sixteen, and then worked my way thru high school. I don't believe I had any definite ambitions at the time. For a while I thought I'd like to be a mechanical engineer, and I took a correspondence school course, but that sort of thing doesn't do a growing boy much good. There are so many questions you want to ask, and when your teacher is a thousand miles away or so, it gets rather discouraging writing and waiting for replies. At least I found it so.

When I finished high school I thought for a while of going on to Purdue University. But I was also anxious to get to earning some money, and as I wasn't fitting myself for any certain profession, I gave up the idea of going to college and started to work in earnest.

My father had been a railroad man, so it was natural that I turned to that sort of work. I became a fireman on the New York Central R. R., but my career as one was brief, and ended in a thrill. One winter night, near Ludlow Falls, Ohio, the engine I was firing went head-on into another one, in a wreck which would have made a spectacular movie. It took four hours to dig me out of the debris, and an entire year in the hospital to patch me together again. The life of a railroad man has its points, but they aren't all good ones. My
enthusiasm for railroading had vanished long before I left the hospital.

Soon after my recovery I got the chance to join the Zouave troop in Ringling Brothers’ Circus, and as I had always wanted to travel around and see the country, I took it. The Zouave troop was a drill team. Our act lasted only fifteen minutes, so each member had to work with other acts in the circus as well. I became a clown—you know, white paint on the face and everything. I stayed with the circus a year, but at the end of that time, having satisfied my desire for travel, I quit.

I must say that the next job I picked for myself wasn’t an easy one, for I went to Pennsylvania to work in the coal mines. You see, I was restless—I didn’t know just what I wanted to do with my life because I had no definite aim. I thought there was something rather exciting about the life of a coal-miner, and at that age I was looking for change and excitement.

I got a job as donkey-boy in the mines east of Pittsburgh. My work was to guide the donkeys hitched to the coal carts from the chamber where the miners were working to the elevator. After three months at this pleasant pastime, working ten hundred feet below the surface of the earth, something happened one day which caused me to decide upon a change of occupation. The chamber next to the one in which I was working caved in, killing the miners who were trapped there. When I got up into the sunshine again, believe me, I was thru with coal mining.

Well, then I headed West, paying railroad fare when I had it, beating my way when I hadn’t. There’s a lure to the West, and after working in the coal mines I thought that life on a ranch would have many agreeable contrasts to offer.

When I got out to Montana, I went to work at the Flying V ranch, in the Flathead Indian Reservation. I liked ranch life. It isn’t so picturesque as it appears to be on the screen, but you’re out in the open all the time, and if it’s born in you to love the out-of-doors that means a lot.

I learned horsemanship on the Flying V. My ability to do all sorts of stunts on horseback was to prove a drawback to me in my film career, but at that time nothing was farther from my thoughts than that I would some day become an actor.

Presently—you see, I was still restless, still in search of adventure—I drifted farther West, into the State of Washington, and went to work in a logging camp near Spokane. Here the idea of Socialism took a firm hold on me. I’d heard a lot about the struggle between capital and labor back in the coal mines and now I became all worked up over the doctrine of the full dinner pail. I’d always thought myself something of an orator, back in my school days, and the lumberjacks proved an appreciative audience.

The police of Spokane, agree, didn’t appreciate my sidewalk speeches. I took my doctrine over to Seattle, on the coast, and here the authorities requested me to leave the state. I fell in with the idea, drifted over to Wyoming and joined the Bar S ranch at Big Piny. You know, it seems to me that Big Piny was just about the last of the real frontier towns. When I was there, the men were still carrying their six-shooters. It was a lively town.

But I couldn’t seem to settle down to ranch life again. I hadn’t seen my mother for years, and presently I went back to Indianapolis to visit her. I was older now, and for a while at least the spirit of wanderlust left me. I went to work for the Baker-Vawter Company in Benton Harbor, Michigan. This company makes filing cabinets and all sorts of office equipment. I started in as a stock clerk, and before I left them three years later I had worked up to the position of superintendent. My success didn’t make me happy tho. I hadn’t yet found the work in which I could be really happy, and in the spring of 1914 I went out to the Coast again, this time to Oregon.

Things were rather quiet up in the Northwest about that time. I couldn’t seem to find any job that I fitted into, and so, with no particular object in view except that I wanted to get to work somewhere, I came down the coast to Los Angeles. A friend of mine had told me there

(Continued on page 82)
Given a wisteria arbor, a moonlight night, a beautiful maid and a handsome man, the hour of parting has a sorrow that is doubly sweet. Excellently demonstrated by the hero of The Spitfire, Elliott Dexter, and the heroine, Betty Blythe.

A full-sized replica of the touching scene below will be found in For Sale, where the fair Claire Windsor, by looking twice as sweet, is making the leave-taking of her lover, Robert Ellis, twice as sorrowful.

Behold the bashful Bibbs (George Hackathorne), hero of The Turmoil, lingering at the garden gate to say Good Night to his adored Mary (Eleanor Boardman), and wishing that he dared kiss her, while she is wishing very hard that he would.

The farewell picture below takes place in The Enemy Sex, but we find no trace of hostilities on either side. Indeed, Betty Compson and Huntly Gordon appear to be the best of friends.

In Her Love Story, Ian Keith’s parting from Gloria Swanson would win the approval of Sir Galahad himself.

"Parting Is Such Sweet Sorrow"
DEPICTING a number of Tender Farewells which you will have the pleasure of observing in greater detail on the screen during this coming Autumn.

The way of a Man with a Maid, when the hour of parting comes, was much the same centuries ago as it is today. Witness how Monsieur Beaucaire (Rodolph Valentino) says adieu to the Princess (Bebe Daniels).

When every meeting between two lovers must be made clandestinely, as are those between Tess of the d’Urbervilles (Blanche Sweet) and Angel Clare (Conrad Nagel), every parting takes on the aspect of a tragedy.

The good-bye scene from Donut Deceive Your Children is the last word in propriety, what Lynn (Ben Lyon) and Mary the 3d (Eleanor Boardman) are thinking about wouldn’t deceive the parents of either for one moment.

Most of us believe the methods of the sheik’s lover must be like unto those of a caveman, but behold how circumspectly Ramon Novarro bids farewell to his fair lady (Alice Terry) in The Arab.

“Aw! won’t you gimme just one!” begs the gawky country-boy hero of East of the Water Plug (Ralph Graves) of the snappy flapper from the city (Alice Day).

Even the small fry have been caught in the current of Romance. When you see Wandering Husbands on the screen, the farewell between Baby Muriel Frances Dana and Turner Savage (left) will delight your soul.
The Girl Who Couldn’t Be Bad

By

HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

PART III

Illustrations by May Cornelia Burke

(A synopsis of Parts I-II appears on page 80)

rake, yet somehow bored by his fast companions and their excesses. But he was what is commonly known as a “good fellow” and a natural social leader and gay spirit. Everybody liked him, and he in turn liked to please those people who liked him by doing the things they wanted to do. But he often yearned for a restraining hand and a strong influence to guide him in a more useful direction.

Mrs. Braithwaite was what was spoken of by every one as a “good woman,” which really meant that she was neither good nor bad. She was just nothing but a large soft sentimental mother with tears ready to fall in torrents at the least bump of reality.

Mrs. Braithwaite deplored Stanton’s many obvious faults but had not the heart or the power to change the course of his life. She wanted Stanton to stay in the home which she thought con-
tained all that a boy could possibly desire. And Stanton, on his part, was somewhat sickened of that atmosphere wherein his every wish was gratified and his budding ambition sapped.

Even before he had been graduated from college, Stanton Braithwaite had set his mind and heart upon a profession which his fond mother disapproved of. He had determined to become a motion picture actor. Everything favored his project, except his mother. Stanton was something of a genius in college dramatics; he was handsome; his college chum’s uncle was a movie magnate.

Stanton Braithwaite loved pleasure more than he did hard work. There were no serious results to this because of the fact that his mother supplied him with the funds he should have earned. The fast crowd at Hollywood got hold of him—and his income.

Stanton’s mother kept begging him by letter to come home and see her, and once he did. His mother was shocked at the change in her boy. She knew that he had

NOW, in order to comprehend Stanton Braithwaite with anything like sympathetic understanding, we must—as it were—“catch him young!”

Call the close, musty, disciplined and restricted atmosphere, in which Hope Brown had her upbringing, whichever you chose—Heaven or Hell—and you could safely declare that Stanton Braithwaite’s environment was quite the opposite in every particular.

Stanton was from birth pampered to death and allowed to taste all the delights of the world—if he so willed. For he had an overindulgent mother who denied him nothing, with the natural result that he was quite dissatisfied with being good after having tasted all the delights of being moderately bad.

Yet, despite his relapses, young Braithwaite never lost his finer feelings and deeper loves. His was a case in which the good had never been made sufficiently inviting and interesting for his Sybaritic tastes.

Stanton returned home from college something of a
lost something precious to his soul—and that she had lost something precious to hers! She tried in every way she could to hold him, to keep him, but the very next day an urgent letter came from his fast friends. It hurt her the way his face lighted with pleasure for the first time he had been home.

"We need you, Stan, you old fried egg! You're the life of the party, and Isabel is crying crocodile tears all over the place."

"The letter rambled on, "Important business calls me back, Mother—and I'll need a little extra capital, too, to put it over!" he told her.

"But I want you," whimpered Mrs. Braithwaite. "That's all I ask of you, to stay here with me. I have always given you everything you wanted and all I ask is my son in return!"

That was the trouble now—she had always given him everything that he wanted—and now he wanted everything! It was the reverse of Hope's home conditions. She had always been given nothing that she wanted and yet strangely, now she, too, wanted everything.

This was the time that Stanton Braithwaite had his first real quarrel with his mother. He then went off to Hollywood again like a spoiled child.

Stanton found—almost to his disgust—that the real cause for summoning him had been a call from the movie magnate, masked in the way they knew would always bring him to Hollywood. Their Juvenile Star had broken his leg or something and they needed a handsome young man of exactly Stanton's type to take his place as the rich man's son in a picture they were then making called The Dark Lady's Secret.

Now to Hope Brown, this matter of Miles Orkney—this handsome stranger from the city—coming to call on her, was one never-to-be-forgotten glorious experience. This was her first beau! All the other girls of her age in town, it seemed, had had their first beaux. She had scarcely dared dream of ever having one—yet here he was, finer and the more glittering than all the others of Pocustown put together. That's how Hope looked at it.

Hope had her own ideas of the intrinsic badness in it all. As a young girl bordering on eighteen, she felt it to be her right to have a beau. However, in Pocustown, entertaining a beau without the knowledge and against the wishes of one's parents was far from being a sinless matter. Good girls did not do that sort of thing. Girls who did do it came to no good end. Furthermore, some sharp-eyed member of the family was prayerfully committed to the unceasing duty of sitting in the same room with the mating pair—or in the adjoining room with the connecting door thrown open yawningly wide. Hope knew well that Aunt Charity was locked outside, and she took an impish delight in the idea. She knew she was being bad; she wanted to be, in order to spite those who had tormented her with their goodness all these bleak years.

Hope resolved to entertain her beau. She went to the old square piano and in the dim light of the gloomy parlor began to "pick out" the treble—now and then interpolating a few misplaced bass notes—of the only piece she knew. Still, anyone who knew the hymn would recognize Lead Kindly Light. This was the best offering she could make to her admirer and she hoped it would please him.

Orkney returned, quietly pocketing the key to the parlor door. He turned with an unmistakable look of passion on his face just as the first note of the hymn struck his ear. He paused and stood there, involuntarily listening in half recognition of the tune. There, he had it! It had been one of his favorites when as a boy he had been yanked to church on every conceivable occasion. Come to think of it, it had been his mother's favorite hymn, too. His mother! She used to play this way in the twilight on their old square piano, which was out of tune just about like this one. He would steal into the parlor, near the door—just as he was doing now—and listen rapturously.

Hope had melted into the picture. Hope knew he was there all the time and waited coquetishly for him to come forward and say something complimentary about her playing, or to carry on the flirtation which had just begun. She turned and looked at him. "Oh, Mr. Orkney, I thought you were never going to come back!"

A tremendous change had come over Orkney. He shuddered at the sound of her voice. He turned and
quickly unlocked the door and opened it wide. Then he raised the dark shades and let the pitless sun into the gloomy parlor.

Hope felt a hot wave of shame go thru her—of failure to clinch the impression she sought to make. She was angry with herself. She turned with a sigh.

"Ma'll be awful mad, if you let the sun in here and fade things."

Orkney paused again, then turned toward the door. "I'll have to be going," he said.

"Going!" cried Hope, scarcely believing her ears.

"Yes—really must," insisted Orkney. "Do I go out this door?" He was already unbolting the front door.

"Oh, I'm so sorry you're going!" Hope's honesty shone thru her chagrin. "Won't you come again?"

"You really want to see me?" Orkney hesitated a moment uncertainly on the doorstep as tho he would come in again. Then he shuddered and stepped outside.

"Why, of course," replied Hope, irritated.

"Well then, here is my address in the city." He handed Hope a calling card. "You'll be welcome any and every time you come—and I promise you a good time there!" He took Hope's hand and shook it half formally. Hope watched him as far as she could see down the street.

When Hope turned with a sigh into the chill, silent house again, she saw a figure standing and peeping thru the half-drawn blind of the sitting-room. It was Aunt Charity, who had evidently seen all.

As Hope stepped into the sitting-room, her aunt confronted her. "Is that the man you were out with last night?" Hope nodded wearily. "Hope Brown, has he been here in this house?" she asked, horror-struck. Hope nodded again unemotionally. "You're a bad girl!" cried Aunt Charity, turning upon Hope with pious wrath.

Hope shook her head this time. "No, the trouble is, I'm not bad enough for 'em."

Aunt Charity was staggered at this. "Don't lie about it! You've been wicked. And you're goin' to get punished for it. Now get along to your room this minute and stay there until I let you out!" Charity made this threat half-haltingly as tho she expected Hope not to obey her command. But to her surprise, Hope merely sighed and walked half-heartedly up to the backstairs and to her room. Aunt Charity turned the key in the lock and went down to the kitchen to put a fresh rag on her aching head.

Hope's rebellion reached its highest point in a charged atmosphere of silence. She stood by the window looking out over the side porch for more than an hour, then she burst forth spiritedly with:

"I won't stand it another minute. I'll leave home first!"

Hope stopped up the keyhole with paper—almost poking a stiff point of it into Aunt Charity's one good eye—and then coolly proceeded to rob her clay "apple" bank by smashing it with the heel of her shoe. This receptacle was labeled in her father's shaky handwriting, "The Hottentot Missionary Fund—to be opened on Hope's coming of age." Every coin in it represented some sacrifice, some foregone pleasure, some punishment, some irksome duty or back-breaking task. Tears, heartaches and suppressed yearnings were all confined in that little vessel of clay. It yielded a great handful of burnt offerings. Hope ground the remaining fragments of the "apple" under her heel with savage joy. She looked upon it as the torture chamber of her soul.

Hope then packed a quaint old-fashioned valise half full. Her Sunday-go-to-meeting frock took up most of the room. She had no pockets, so she put the card Orkney had given her into the bottom of the valise. When it was dark, she climbed over the side porch roof and slid down one of the pillars. She sneaked up to the railroad station across lots and boarded the nine o'clock local for the city in quest of iniquity.
The same evening that Hope departed from her sanctified home and sacred town of Pocusville, Ezekiel Brown received the letter from Charity disclosing her enormities. Ezekiel’s righteous indignation reached one of its highest pitches. He went right down to the hotel writing-room and penned an epistle more scorching than that of Paul’s to the Ephesians. The gist of it was to the effect that Charity was to punish the children as severely as she knew how—especially Hope. He especially commanded that the recalcitrant child should be kept locked in her room, there to await the wrath to come!

But Sarah Brown, the mother, sensed something sinister behind it all. The protective spirit of the mother within her scented peril. She pleaded in vain with Ezekiel to return home at once. In her moment of apprehension and poignant fear, she tried to get close to her husband, but he drew away from her shamefacedly as several members of the Convention Committee burst into the room with a thrilling plan for the regeneration of the Headhunters of the South Seas. Regenerating others always acted like fire in his veins. It was midnight before they had perfected the plan that would put the South Sea Islands effectually on God’s map—even tho’ some small part of Pocusville should have to go by the board in consequence.

When he returned, Ezekiel found his wife, Sarah, half ill, pacing the floor of their room. Intuition was working stronger than Righteousness. Ezekiel was angry.

“What’s come over you, Sarah?” he demanded.

“Must this great Convention of Righteous Causes be halted in its beneficent work for me to go home and punish a rebellious daughter?”

“Oh, it ain’t only that, Zeke,” pleaded Sarah.

“Say, what you like, they’re our children!”

Zek was displeased at this unwifely rebellion. “So are the heathen our children? Ain’t we commanded to go into all the world and preach the Gospel?”

Sarah had risen unsteadily on her feet, her eyes unnaturally bright, her cheeks flaming. “Let God take care of the heathen—and He will!—but it’s our Christian duty to take care of our children!” With this Sarah toppled over in a state of nervous collapse.

A doctor was summoned. “She’s got something on her mind that must be settled, or one can’t tell how it will go with her. I’d advise getting her home just as fast as you can!”

Ezekiel was bitterly disappointed. He had been heading straight for the Moderatorship of the entire Federation. His zeal for Righteous Causes and driving ability threatened to wipe all the sin clean out of the Antipodes.

He simply had to take Sarah home; it was his Christian duty, after all. But he always liked to exceed his duty.

Hope Brown arrived in the city of Los Angeles a little after midnight, and, like the innocent child that she was, she thought that she could do things there exactly as she would have done them in Pocusville. All imaginary stuff of course, because she had had no experience in doing anything except housework in her little home town. In other words, Hope was just a bumpkin of the crudest type in appearance, word and action. But pretty little Hope Brown was endowed with a power that would go a long way. With her pretty face, she seemed destined to become a speedy and easy victim to the vultures, but she was endowed with that blessing—the ability to fill with a disturbing sense of guilt those who would harm her.

A very respectable looking old lady accosted Hope as she stood in a corner of the station delving in vain for the card. Orkney had given her. Orkney was her friend and she was going straight to him and let him do what he could for her, despite the fact that she seemed to have failed to impress him in Pocusville. But the card was gone!

The old lady was very kind. She told Hope not to worry.

“It’s Providential that we met!” the dear old thing said. “I’ll take you to the house of a friend of mine. There’s lots of young girls stopping there—sweet young things from the country.

So the old crone steered her straight to a house where wayward women congregated, lodged.

(Continued on page 80)
DEAR FRIENDS, Enemies (if any), and other Fellow Countrymen:

This is the way it came about.

It was midnight by my watch and about 7 P.M. by Pola Negri's when I received a telegram from the editor of this magazine asking me if it were true that I knew personally every screen star, baby vamp, and director in the profession, including a profound knowledge of back lighting, luxury sets and the soul of Anna May Wong.

I wired back:

Know stars personally from Lubin to Rex Ingram and Zukor stop Acted with Pathé Senior twenty years ago semi-colon Spun tops with Bunny exclamation point Was boy sweetheart of Pola in Warsaw comma and was Chaplin's vaudeville partner in London period Played with Jim O'Neill and Tom Geraghty in first screen version of Monte Cristo in 1909 dash Directed for the De Millers on old Lubin lot colon Was the original pre-war lit-up set semi-colon Designed first luxury set for Sarah Bernhardt interrogation mark Kidnapped Anna May Wong from Palace at Pekin period Collect.

So that's the way, people of America, I was shanghaied into this job.

Nita of the Brilliant Tongue

NITA NALDI, dark and luminous Astarte of the film world, has a technicolor mind. It blazes in fierce gusts of red, it revolves in gorgeous clusters of epigrams, it shimmers in Neapolitan blues. She can say you in five words, she can puncture your blah with a right-angle triangle look out of her eyes, she can upset the "morale" of a studio with a comic saying about a director.

Nita is the most feared and most loved woman in pictures. I used to lunch with her every day at Nita's Table in the luncheon room of the Famous Players' studio at Astoria. Nita sailed off the set in costume at precisely twelve o'clock, "leaving the director flat on his megaphone," as she once phrased it. As she appeared in the lunch-room door, everybody was aware, by a kind of psycho-physico-laugho tug at his nerve antennae (although all backs were to the door), that Some One had entered. Her aura filled the room. Coming laughter cast its Nita before.

Nita's merry soul and darting wit like to surround itself with men. So I was always there, with "Wally" Young, "Tom" Geraghty, J. Clarkson Miller, and Tom McNamara, to greet her.

"Well, as Napoleon said when he was canned at Waterloo, are we all here?" was one of her various ways of saluting us as she took her chair. Or maybe it was, "Well, as Emerson says, is everybody at home with his soul this day?"

The waiter approaches. She asks for some of those "crocheted eggs" or "soup à la water." Her black eyes dance with mischief as she looks us over. Her fingers flutter a salutation across the room at Tommy Meighan or Gloria Swanson. And between courses she sandwiches in original and spontaneous observations on life, literature, dress, politics, work-ends (Nita says weekends should begin Friday afternoon and last until Thursday noon), and a thousand other things.

She once said of a certain scenarist that his brain lacked interior lighting.

She said of a certain director that he'd be nearer the top if he wasn't always doing a "clinch" with herself.

She speaks of "a baby star" as "a cradle Venus."

But Nita Naldi is never malicious, and no one enjoys her witticisms more than those she aims them at.

Ramon! Ramon! Ave Ramon!

THAT's the cry through the screen world today—Ramon! Ramon!—Ramon Novarro! Wherever I go I hear it—in studios, motion picture theaters, among the "fans." Is Ramon to be the new Sir Galahad of the "movies"? Looks that way as we go to press.

Ramon is the soul of Romance. He was born with the scenery that inflames the mind—that will always inflame the mind, that ought always to inflame the mind so long as imagination reigns from the thrones of our distracted beans. I have always held that Romance—and not Realism—is the proper atmosphere of the screen. It is the great release from (Cont. on page 88)
You cannot bluff her, because she would know immediately what you were trying to do—she could read it, not only in the expression of your mouth, your eyes, or your whole face, but in the formation of your ears perhaps, or the shape of your nose, the "cut" of your jaw, or in some other facial characteristic. This wonderwoman is F. Vance de Revere.

About fourteen years ago, she started dabbling into Palmistry, Graphology and kindred subjects. This led to her reading along the lines of Physiognomy and Phrenology, starting with such authorities as Dr. Symes, Lavater, Fowler, Merton and others. At this time, the subject was little talked of, and books on it were hard to find. She watched and observed everyone she came in contact with, and then collected pictures of people in various vocations and compared their faces and characteristics. In later years, she attended lectures and was continually studying and reading upon the subject.

In her readings, Mme. de Revere does not use any one course, but takes from several that which her own observation has found most accurate, and in her continual observation she has often found things which have not been in any printed courses. She does not believe in classification into types and the forming of judgments based on colorings, for there are no two faces wholly alike, and every individual is a law unto himself.

On the following pages, we present the first group in her series of character readings of well-known motion picture stars, made especially for this magazine.
What I Can Read in the

A Complete Analysis

I FIND the face of Constance Talmadge a very interesting study.

In the upper lip there is found sympathy, kindness, enthusiasm, tact, and a love of display; in the lower lip, a love of pets, and also strong desires. There is a slight lack of firmness; she is “easy-going,” and she loves the opposite sex. She is a person who usually gratifies her wishes.

In the chin is found a very affectionate nature; one that desires affection and attention and gets it. A person who is ready to assent to most everything, and is very agreeable and likable.

In the cheeks are shown daring, a dislike for secrecy, and little thought for consequences. A nature always ready for a good time.

In the nose, I read a nature that would find it difficult to engage in pursuits in opposition to her tastes. A person who is observing and especially notices, in detail, clothes worn by others. A person who has a dislike for details, and never analyzes. Her reasoning is synthetic.

Over the eye is shown a love of tune and rhythm, and a fondness for dancing.

In the side of the head above the ears is a fulness which shows a natural gift for conversation and proves that its possessor talks easily, is sociable, and likes people.

The hands are not pictured here, I read in them that she is a tactful person who usually says the nice thing and the right thing at the right time. A highly sociable nature, and one who adjusts herself readily to all people and conditions. Ambitious, yet who does as she pleases.

(Continued on page 83)

In reading Conway Tearle’s face, one is impressed immediately with the high quality of the man, the refinement and good mentality.

I noticed first the broad, well-formed forehead which denotes a good mentality and the lines across the forehead which show that he is a logical thinker. A person who enjoys reading, and the things that are intellectual. The lines at the root of the nose show one who is critical of himself as well as of others.

In the nose, we find one who analyzes and has good powers of concentration. When reading a book which he is interested in, he will be unaware of that which is inspiring about him. Like all successful people in his profession, he has a good imagination, constructive ability, and is highly inspirational.

In the parentheses about his mouth, I find pride and dignity. In the upper lip is found a kindly, charitable nature, one that is interested in human beings, and is a good judge of people. In the lower lip are found strong desires. In the tightly closed lips there is good control and much poise.

In the chin is found a love of the beautiful; he is one who especially likes good-looking people and nice surroundings. He is neat, and is quick to notice if others are also; he likes things orderly and systematic. A man who knows himself, his strength and his weakness. A very serious nature, but with a keen sense of humor and an appreciation of fun. Strength and endurance are shown in the chin. In the lobe of the ear is shown longevity. He is a person who prefers quality to quantity. A nature

(Continued on page 83)
Faces of the Film Stars

by F. Vance de Revere

WHETHER a character is strong or weak is quite discernible when looking at a face. In Norma Talmadge's face there is much character.

In her upper are found sympathy, kindness, candor, tact, faith, and belief in her fellow beings. Also an ardent and enthusiastic nature. In the lower lip I find a love of children and animals, tenderness and affection and loyalty to those she loves. There is also poise and control. In the lines about the mouth are pride, dignity and leadership.

In the jaw line is found a highly independent nature; a person who must have freedom in thought and action, and do as she desires without interference. A nature which becomes restless if confined to routine too long, and then must search for change and things different. There is a strong will and determination.

In the chin is a love of the beautiful, especially a beautiful face. There is also endurance, and strong likes and dislikes. It indicates that she is most unselfish and devoted to those whom she loves.

In the cheeks is shown caution and reserve, with too high repression and secrecy for her own physical good. Here is shown an intense, honest nature that takes life too seriously.

In the nose, we find an observing person with good judgment and an inclination to analyze, a vivid imagination, good constructive ability and concentration.

In the hands is again shown a nature independent in both action and thought. A highly inspirational nature with dramatic talent well developed. Also a sensitive nature with deep feelings.

In the forehead is found a good mentality, and in the

(Continued on page 83)

IN the face of Colleen Moore one finds—which is unusual in a person so young—a good development of character, and the qualities which make for success.

In the nose, I find synthetic reasoning, which gives the ability to gather together quickly knowledge from things seen and heard. There is a good imagination and constructive ability. A nature who will set aside for the rainy day, and has a sense of money values. A person quick to observe. A lack of aggression, but high self protection.

In the jaw line, which is long, is found a strong will and determination, endurance and fortitude. A nature which desires action.

In the chin is found a love of the beautiful, and persistency. A person of strong likes and dislikes.

In the mouth I find strong desires, much poise and control. In the upper lip I find a love of display, a desire to reform and change things for the better. Also enthusiasm and zeal.

In the cheeks are found industry and intensity, and a nature which is steadfast.

The forehead has good breadth, showing a fine mentality, altho Miss Moore is not of the student type. A person who grasps things quickly and has good judgment. Quick in both mental and physical action.

Over the eyes, where the music sign is located, is shown musical ability. Tone and rhythm are also well developed. Such people like to dance.

Making a general summary, I would say that Miss Moore has a character that should make her very successful in anything she undertakes. She has enthusiasm, an active

(Continued on page 83)
Helen d'Algy's story is the kind that isn't supposed to happen in real life. She was discovered by the Valentinos one day when, in the depths of discouragement over her seemingly bleak future, she sat eating a mournful lunch in the restaurant of the Famous Players' studio. "Who's that lovely girl?" Mrs. Valentino asked her husband, from a nearby table, attracted by the stranger's dark-eyed slenderness. "She's the ideal Spanish heroine for your new picture." Inquiry disclosed that Miss d'Algy really was a Spanish girl, who had come to this country in 1923 from Madrid. For a year she had been one of the many extras hanging around the studios, picking up bits where she could, but was beginning to despair ever of finding her big chance. Mrs. Valentino put her thru all the screen tests, and she became a regular star.

Moral: When downhearted, never skip lunch!

This is the difficult task the scenario writer has set for Helen d'Algy, the heroine of *A Sainted Devil*, of which Rudolph Valentino is the Hero. This picture is nearing completion at the Long Island studio of the Famous Players, and those who have been fortunate enough to get a peep at various scenes in the making, say that it adds another big feather to Rudolph's cap.
MRS. RUDOLPH VALENTINO

She is Our Lady of Many Talents. She dances divinely, is an accomplished musician, an interior decorator of rare taste, a designer of costumes and stage settings—and a detector of talent in others. It was she who discovered Helen d'Algy and proved to the directors of A Sainted Devil that the young Spanish girl possessed the "stuff that stars are made of"
Behind the Screen with Two Greenhorns
In which two young things describe and picture their first venture into Studioland

Text by MARGARET NORRIS
Sketches by Helen Hokinson

All Aboard

WHEN my friend Hokey and I got the chance to visit the Famous Players' studio out on Long Island and see a movie in the making, we felt as tho we had indeed entered the "Industry" and would soon be making dates with the stars. And when we chucked our nickels in the New York subway and boarded the car marked Astoria, we were just as excited as tho we were going to be presented at Buckingham Palace.

The Famous Players' studio is a big pile of white stucco buildings, covering almost a block in the business part of Astoria, and looks not at all as we thought a studio should.

"Oh, dear!" groaned Hokey, registering disappointment at first glance as we steamed up the asphalt street in the sun. "I thought it would be a beautiful estate on the Sound with sunken gardens and whispering pines and the blue waves lapping the shrubbery."

Hokey comes from Mendota, Illinois; and cant quite seem to forget it.

"Dont gloom already," I replied with the superiority of one who used to have passes to a movie in Chicago.

But once we'd got inside, all traces of disappointment vanished, for there we were in a world as strange and new as the one Alice found behind the looking-glass.

On the Set

"You've come on a good day," said the young man who met us at the doorway and was our faithful guide for the day. "Upstairs, Gloria Swanson is making a wedding scene, and downstairs Rudolph Valentino and Nita Naldi are doing heavy love scenes with artistic fade-outs. We'll go to see Gloria first."

We thrilled assent to any suggestion and followed him thru devious passages into a room lined with electrical appliances and blazing with weird, uncanny lights. Dozens of people were surging about in a more or less aimless fashion—women in handsome evening gowns, dowagers and flappers, men in dress suits and gold-braided uniforms from every court in the world, priests and nuns and heavy villains, and a group of little girls dressed in white as tho for confirmation. In among them were men in overalls, heaving scenes and working at the cameras, and other men in citizens' clothes that needed pressing, running round with manuscripts in their hands or bawling orders thru a megaphone.

Under the powerful Kleig lights everyone looked bilious and unhealthy—like walking corpses. Their skin was a pale, greenish-lavender; their lips, heavily made up, were dark purple; their clothes, a somber monotone of purple or gray or black.

"A peaches-and-cream complexion wouldn't help you much in the movies," said I, with a glance at Hokey. "I wonder if I look as dreadful as you do?"

"There's the answer," she replied, whipping out her mirror—a truly cruel retort.

"Never mind," said the nice young man. "You soon get used to this light and don't think anything about it. This is Gloria's set," he continued with a broad gesture. "The name of her picture is Her Love Story, and today she marries the villain."

"Horrors!" ejaculated Hokey. "And doesn't the hero rescue her?"

"Not in this picture," said our guide.

"Just like real life," sighed Hokey, thereby giving the young man the impression that she had been disappointed in love.

"Oh, of course everyone is happy in the end," said he, "for you must remember this is the movies."

The room itself was nothing more or less than a vast workshop, quite as unfinished as an empty barn, with rough rafters and beams running up to a pointed ceiling.

The men and women were chatting and smoking in
groups or sitting on all available benches and chairs—which were few. In a far corner was a little group furtively shooting craps. Here a beautiful brunette of the vamp type was lost to the rest of the world in a book entitled The Fangs of the Serpent.

"What a wonderful title for a movie," said Hokey.

"Perhaps we can write one and loaf the rest of our lives," I suggested.

Someone spoke to this woman; she answered in French and then went back to her reading.

"That girl was formerly a Russian princess," explained our guide. "She was driven out of Russia by the Bolsheviks, came to America, and made the movies because she's a good type."

"Who's the nice old lady in the corner?" I asked, indicating a distinguished-looking, white-haired woman with a group of "officers" about her.

"She is the Baroness Franziska de Hedeman," said the young man, "wife of a former Hanoverian nobleman.

As we came in, Rudolph the immortal had just stepped out of the picture to powder the face that is his fortune. He was scrutinizing himself closely in the mirror and dusting his flawless features with bright yellow powder, that being the color which shows up best on the screen.

That's Gloria's dressing-room," explained our walking encyclopedia.

"The electricians made it for her so that, with every change of costume (and she makes the usual number), she won't have to take the elevator up to the regular dressing-rooms."

A peek inside showed that it was fitted up very sumptuously, like one of Marie Antoinette's boudoirs at Versailles. On the outside were hooks on which the men had hung their hats and coats.

The only place in the room where there was any semblance of order was the comparatively small portion taken in by the eye of the camera, walled off by the powerful lights and lit by more from above. Here was built an altar banked with real flowers, roses and peonies, and smilax enough for a truly royal wedding, with richly carpeted steps leading up to it.

Nobody Works but the Double

In front of the altar, her back to the camera, stood a slender young girl, a glittering wedding train some ten or fifteen feet long hanging from her shoulders. It was made of silver cloth bordered with ermine, with an enormous ermine collar, and several men and women were working upon it, fitting it upon her and adjusting its long length on the floor behind her.

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"There has never," the ecstatic Mary the First had whispered to her William, "there has never been a love as great as ours"—and she believed it with all her palpitant, shy heart.

Mary the Second murmured to her Robert, with a conviction out of all proportion to the occasion: "There has never been a love as great as ours!

“Tish was right so far as I’m concerned,” said Lynn when they were out of earshot. Mary smiled, tho without coquetry. Lynn was a darling, no mistake—handsome enough, rich enough, and a most unusually thoughtful and considerate boy. There was a hint of poetry in his make-up, a bit of pathos—that indefinable something that made all women long unaccountably to mother him.

A nice boy, Lynn, truly. Mary was perched on the banister at the foot of the stairs, watching thru a wide arch the room full of dancers, with their wriggling and squirming and cheek by jowling,
that they called by various names and that epitomized the modern dances. A hint of its essential vulgarity came to the girl, tho she herself was swaying her body in time with the insistent rhythm of the music. She turned toward the boy beside her and smiled again, a little wistfully.

"Oh, I do love you, Mary," he cried, "more than anything in the world. Won't you quit playing around—and marry me?"

But Hal was coming toward them. Tish's particular crush of the moment had cut in to finish the dance with her, and like a true daughter of Eve, Tish had whispered in his ear, "It's a crime to waste this mar-r-rvelous moonlight. Let's go outside, you handsome devil." So Hal, relieved of the blonde fluff, with the immoderate voice, came back to Mary.

"I don't know, Lynn," the girl was saying, "whether I love you enough—and I don't know how to find out. Marriage is a serious—"

"Come on, Mary, it's my dance," interrupted Hal, dragging her away, half willing, half regretful.

Lynn watched them with a heavy heart; Mary with her crisp bronze hair, her wide hazel eyes that had all the kick of an electric shock when she turned them on you unexpectedly; Mary with her light young body, her tiny silver slippers caressing the floor, held tight—too damn tight—in Hal's arms. They danced like one person, each lovely motion complementing the other. Beautiful couple, he grudgingly admitted. Hal loved Mary, too, and Lynn knew it. Hal, too, was rich, richer than Lynn, and handsomer. He was more aggressive besides, and

Lynn remembered moodily that this was a day of aggression, of taking what you wanted when you wanted it. Tish was like that. Tish was more like that than the rest of them. Anne was too, and Max. The line of his jaw stiffened. Well, he could be like that, too.

Back in Mary's home, her young brother Bobby was about to depart for Tish's hilarious party. "Bobby," called his mother. The boy hesitated dutifully. "What's the row, mother?" he demanded. "I'm late now."

"You mustn't take the car tonight, Bobby, your father wants it."

Over the top of the stairs leaned Granny. Granny's happiest faculty was that of intruding at inopportune moments. Her second most endearing characteristic was a total incapacity for letting a difficult subject drop. "Children," she remarked querulously, "stayed home one night a week when I was a girl."

Bobby sighed disgustedly, disdaining the obvious reply. He tossed his lighted cigarette carelessly behind him and breezed thru the door. Patiently his mother closed it after him.

"My sofa! my sofa!" suddenly shrilled Granny, "the sofa I sat on the night your father proposed to me!"

Her daughter came quickly over and removed the cigarette which had burnt a tiny hole in its covering. "It's a shame," continued the old lady angrily, "to let them abuse my precious sofa."

CAST OF CHARACTERS
Episode of 1870
Mary .................................. Eleanor Boardman
Clinton .................................. James Morrison
William .................................. Johnnie Walker
Lucy .................................. Zaza Pitts

Episode of 1897
Mary .................................. Eleanor Boardman
Robert .................................. Niles Welch
Richard .................................. Creighton Hale

Episode of 1924
Mary .................................. Eleanor Boardman
Lynn .................................. Ben Lyon
Hal .................................. William Haines
Max .................................. William Collier, Jr.
Tish .................................. Pauline Garon
Mother .................................. Eudalie Jensen
Father .................................. E. J. Ratcliffe
Granny .................................. Gertrude Clave
Bobby .................................. Robert Agnew
Anne .................................. Lucille Hutton
Flapper .................................. Virginia Lee Corbin
Flapper .................................. Gloria Heller
Doctor .................................. Sidney De Grey

Mary's black velvet gown cut in a deep V down her pretty back caused Granny to gasp with displeasure. It seemed almost as tho Granny took some perverse delight in being annoyed by things. Certainly her grandchildren offered her considerable pleasure in that respect. But Mary's father was holding forth: "Just let me hear of you going off on this wild expedition, young lady—"
There was a time—there was a time when a soft answer was better than a hard one, and a gentle spirit was very sorely needed. But the days of the old lady have long passed. She was a fine woman, and we never knew her age, but when she died, it was discovered that she had lived to be one hundred. She had a wonderful memory, and could recite the Bible from memory without any help.

“Mary the First was Granny, and she had a daughter named Mary the Second. They were both very beautiful, and they were both very fond of each other. Mary the Second was always trying to please her mother, but she was a little too fond of the company of men. She was always having parties, and her house was always full of people. She was a great hostess, and she was always very kind to her guests. She had a great many friends, and they all loved her dearly.”

The party was at its height, that is, its noisiest. Anne, the wildest of the flappers, had “passed out” and had been more or less successfully revived—at least, she was able to stagger around in a pair of pajama trousers and a thick white sweater—by the heroic application of a cold shower, clothes and all, in one of the numerous bathrooms of Tish’s house. In Anne’s condition, the disgust of her little playmates meant nothing to her. Someone was always “passing out,” anyway. It was all this silly prohibition...

Bobby had arrived—and departed in his father’s
car, be it stated, albeit with embarrassment for the young scapegrace, incidentally, Bobby had arrived and departed no less than three times during the evening, each time with a different young thing beside him. Bobby knew only one line, but he employed that with a skill far beyond his eighteen years. All three girls seemed to be satisfied with their little outing; and inasmuch as the only casualty was a bent fender caused by a large unyielding tree's appearing suddenly in the middle of the road, Bobby considered the evening well worth while. Variety plus excitement is the spice of the Bobbys' lives.

Tish, with a comfortable disregard of her guests, sat on the veranda spooning shamelessly with Max. Tish's parents had left unexpectedly for Boston and Tish, with a promptness and expedition heretofore undreamed of, had "scared up a party." As Bobby strolled in for the fourth time, he stumbled over a pair of outstretched legs in the dark. "Dont mind us," answered a deep voice, "step right inside, you handsome devil." Tish's legs, evidently!

At length, when the guests could find no further excuse, reasonable or unreasonable, for staying, they took their reluctant departure, Mary and her two satellites and Max staying behind in response to Tish's whisper, "Stick around—we'll raid the ice-box."

Before the cavernous ice-box in the kitchen, Max put his arms around Tish and started an amorous conversation, only to be rudely interrupted by the irrepressible one with: "For Heaven's sake, stop proposing, Max! How can I think of love when I'm looking for cold hamburger?" She took out a siphon, cocked her finger on the trigger, and aimed it at Max. He surrendered with engaging promptness.

On the broad ledge of the kitchen sink sat Mary dangling her slim ankles comfortably above the floor. Next to her sat Lynn, her arm was around her. Hal suddenly banged down the bowl of cracked ice he had been carrying. "Dont put your arm around my girl," he glowered.

"Lynn looked at Mary but did not remove his arm. "You are going to marry me," Hal went on, "and I wont stand for Lynn's bullying you."

"Is that true?" asked Lynn, still not removing his arm. "Are you going to marry him when I love you so?"

Mary looked from one to the other in an agony of indecision. "I dont—know—" she said brokenly. "I dont know—because I care for you both—and I cant even decide whether I want to marry at all—one must be so sure—marriage must be the answer to the great question we are all asking of life—"

"I'm the answer to your question," broke in Hal. Mary looked at Lynn and read more words in his silence than Hal had spoken. "How can I know," she went on, "which one I'd be happy with all my life, when I dont really know either of you?"

"Oh, Mary," uttered Tish in a pleased and shocked bass, "you're not going to spring that old one about living with a man before you marry him?"

"N—no," quavered Mary, "but there ought to be some way of finding out about people—some decent way—"

"Sure, there's a way," broke in Tish again, "if you have nerve enough to try it."

"Now this is a serious matter," said Mary, taking the reins in her own hands once more, "none of the young married couples now seem to love as our mothers and fathers do—"

"That was another age," interrupted Hal.

"Well, yes," agreed Mary, "they decided things with their emotions but we will settle the matter with our intelligence. What is your plan, Tish?"

"You cant," said Tish, starting her long speech with due solemnity and at an unbelievably low pitch, "choose between Hal and Lynn, because you have no idea how they'd wear from day to day. And I cant tell whether to take Max or not, tho he's nearly driving me crazy proposing and everything. So it seems to me the only sensible thing to do is for all five of us to go away all by ourselves for a few weeks and see if we wear well, or which one wears the best. And then—"

"Great!" exclaimed Max. "We can take my camping outfit to Lake Roma."

Mary gave one frightened cry, and collapsed in a tumbled heap on the ground. Hal went to her, and Max and Tish came dripping from the lake in response. But Lynn got there first.
"I'm for it," cried Hal.
"Well—" hesitated Lynn.
"Let's do it," finished Mary, "let's do our experimenting before marriage instead of after."
"It will be simply pr-r-r-icless, you handsome devils!" bellowed Tish amiably.

Naturally, paternal—or rather maternal consent was withheld. Mary the First bridled with open antagonism. Her conversation bristled with such words as "indecent," "outrageous," "immoral," "disgraceful." Mary the Second thought the plan was "radical," and "dangerous," but Mary the Third thought it was only "sensible" and decided to do it, with or without her mother's consent, altho she did not mention this last fact to her. Granny felt it incumbent upon her to do something about it. "I think Robert should be told," she snapped. "At least he has made some effort to make upright human beings out of his children. You are too indulgent. Robert should—"

"Robert should but Robert hasn't," retorted the gentleman's wife.

"Robert's attitude is right—"

"Yes, he's always right. That's—"

"Why, Mary, I should think you'd be proud to—"

"Well, I'm not. I don't know, anything harder to bear than having one's husband always right!"

F o r o n c e Granny was reduced to speechlessness, but only temporarily, for when Robert made his appearance, the story of the unchaperoned camping trip was told him with many embellishments, in the old lady's best manner. Robert staged a proper fit of indignation, and blamed the whole performance on his long-suffering wife.

"It's all your fault," he kept repeating maddeningly and Granny agreed with him.

Hostilities declared a truce when Mary came into the room for her mother to hook up her new frock. Mary's color was high and her eyes like twin stars; for Mary was on the brink of adventure, of high romance, of the ultimate solving of the great puzzle of life. Her black velvet gown cut in a deep V down her pretty back caused Granny to gasp with displeasure. It seemed almost as tho Granny took some perverse delight in being annoyed by things. Certainly, her grandchildren afforded her considerable pleasure in that respect. But Mary's father was holding forth: "Just let me hear of you going off on this wild expedition, young lady—but I'm sure it's only a lot of nonsense—"

"All right, daughter," said Mary the Second, interrupting what she knew was going to be a tirade. "Don't be late tonight, dear."

"She ought to be kept at home tonight," said Mary the First, "I think."

Mary the Third and her mother had walked to the front door. There the older woman put her arms around the younger and said with deep intent, "Remember, my dear, I trust you absolutely, anywhere, under any circumstances."

Mary winced a little inwardly, but kissed her mother sweetly and merely said, "Thank you, mother." They were leaving for camp as soon as they could get away from the evening's party.

"O o u h," breathed Tish in a mighty whisper, "Isn't this simply gor-r-r-geous? We certainly made a beautiful get-away, and what time! Sixty miles an hour is just about my speed. I'll say the handsome devils worked too, getting the tents up. Wonder if they're asleep?"

"Hope so," answered Mary, sleepily. Her enthusiasm had abated slightly. She didn't like sleeping in tents. Tish was so—so active. She had no gift for quietude. They had all taken a drink, too, several drinks, all but Mary and Lynn. Tish always had a thermos bottle with her, it seemed. Hal never refused, either. She had pledged both boys not to make love to her while on this little jaunt and both of them had. She knew Lynn didn't approve. Both boys had said no matter how it turned out they were going to have her. She felt confused and cross and already a little remorseful. Lynn was—right she guessed. She decided she was going to be the one who didn't "wear well." She thought of her mother and grew more uncomfortable. Her mother liked Lynn. Her mother should know. M a n y. H a d n ' t s h e picked Mary's father? Didn't they adore each other? W a s n ' t their way, after all, as good as any? The best way, in fact? She tossed restlessly on her narrow cot.

"I simply can't sleep," said Tish. "It's too exciting." She pulled open the flap of their tent and looked out. A most provocative moon stretched a shining silver path from the tent down the beach, across the lake, and lost itself in the shadows on the far shore. "You old sinner," said Tish, shaking a joyous fist at it, "it's an ir-r-resistible invitation, and you know it. I'm going swimming."

The man in the moon was seen to wink in a care-free manner.

"Come on, you handsome devils," bellowed Tish, and Max flew to join her. Hal, too, hurriedly got into his bathing suit, but Lynn only looked to see if Mary had gone to swim, too. Mary had not; she only looked to

(Continued on page 96)
Ramon Novarro's recent departure for Italy to play Ben Hur is a curious story of a "hunch"—or a premonition, or whatever you want to call it. When he was a half-starved little extra boy, trying to break into the Hollywood studios, Ramon had a vision of himself as Ben Hur. Two or three years ago, this idea became so fixed in his mind that he had some pictures taken of himself dressed up for the part. He has never wavered from this conviction. Even when George Walsh went to Italy to take the rôle, Ramon's mind was serene. He felt that somehow or somewhere it would be he who would play Ben Hur. Consequently, when, at the eleventh hour, they sent him a hurry-up cablegram, summoning him at once to Italy, there was no surprise in the event for him. He said he knew it all the time. It is the religious significance of the story which, no doubt, appeals so strongly to him. Ramon is a very devout churchman, and, whenever he is in Los Angeles, acts as choir-master for the little Catholic church of Our Lady of Guadalupe.
Critical Paragraphs About New Productions

Code of the Sea

This would be a fine picture if the director hadn’t chosen to make Rod La Rocque such an awful mollycoddle in the first part of it. Mr. La Rocque discards his specially made clothes and appears as a sailor who is cursed with a fear of the sea waves and of anything that is the least bit dangerous. Feverish close-ups of Mr. La Rocque and many, many subtitles inform us that it isn’t all our hero’s fault—rather it is his father’s, said father having been cursed with the same sort of fear. But Mr. La Rocque is painted such a coward that it just isn’t right. We don’t think any man would stand by and watch his sweetheart become enveloped in flame as her flimsy dress gave way before the ravishings of a lighted match. Great Lucifer, no!

All that follows subsequently is highly realistic and sensational and thrilling. Of course, Mr. La Rocque proves himself, yea verily, he proves himself mightier than the ocean wave, and the manner in which he accomplishes said proof is too good to be set down here in detail. Suffice it to say that the technical expert of the Lasky studio on the Coast has contrived, in league with the elements, to make a climax to Code of the Sea that tingles every little nerve center in the human machine. And then, besides the untailored Mr. La Rocque there are Jacqueline Logan (oh, such eyes!); Lefty Flynn (dignified with

the praenomen of Maurice!), George Fawcett, Charles Ogle and numerous other artists and lots of picturesque scenery—all under the direction of Victor Fleming.

The Bedroom Window

Mania for a “box-office” title evidently led Paramount officials to name this original murder mystery story of Clara Beranger’s The Bedroom Window. Neither the bedroom nor its window has much to do with the plot. Miss Beranger’s story is a case of “Who Killed Cock Robin?” Mr. Robin being, in this instance, a wealthy individual who is found murdered. The fiancé of his daughter is suspected. The unraveling of the mystery is adroitly managed, and he is wise, indeed, who is able to fix the blame before the picture itself chooses to release the secret.

May McAvoy, Malcolm MacGregor and Ricardo Cortez handle the usual three principal roles. Ethel Wales, who plays the part of a writer of melo-
dramatic magazine stories is, however, the chief figure. Miss Wales is excellent. Her opportunities for comedy and for the creation of suspense are manifold and she avails herself of all of them in extremely competent fashion. William de Mille directed the production. From the title, one would suppose that his brother Cecil had a finger in it.

Miami

This is what we would call a warm weather picture. It stretches credulity in plot and characterization—which compels us to take interest in its background. The picture is rightly named, for it offers unusually attractive settings and atmosphere. Looking at Miami’s shore is as cooling as an electric fan. And Betty Compson keeps up the illusion as she goes aquaplaning thru the water. We are treated to several shots of Betty in her bathing-suit and other robes—and she is very, very easy on the optic nerve. The story has to do with some crazy adventures by bootleggers—adventures which are punctuated with tid-bits of romance. It follows the usual triangle lines. It may defy logic, but it is executed with so much snap and verve that the interest does not lag for a moment. The crazy-quilt plot—similar to a serial—will give you many laughs—and perhaps a few thrills.

But you won’t be bored.

Wanderer of the Wasteland

Herewith is presented a picture of tomorrow. Wanderer of the Wasteland has been photographed by a new natural color process which brings to the screen the true color of both landscapes and, in the closeups, facial complexion. From the point of view of advancement in the art of cinematography, this production marks an advance so distinct that it is exceedingly hard to estimate it accurately. Given the color of this picture, the reproduction of the voice which Mr. Lee DeForrest is improving this very day, and the illusion of the third dimension which stereopticon producers have been striving for, for so many years, and the motion picture will have been perfected to the last degree.

Both as an example of the best in natural colors and as an entertainment, Wanderer of the Wasteland leaves very little to be desired. The story is a Western, and simple in conception and development. There are times when, in black and white, it might lag, but with the gorgeous color effects it always remains a treat to the eye and to the senses. Jack Holt, Billie Dove and Noah Beery handle the three principal roles; the latter player being particularly effective in his role of the old miner. Irvin Willat directed, and the story is derived from one of Zane Grey’s works of fiction.

The Turmoil

Booth Tarkington’s widely read novel adapted to the screen becomes just as interesting in the movies as it was between the covers of a book. There are many who consider the novel his finest pen picture of American family life. It has been transplanted to the silversheet with all its dramatic situations, its thorough understanding of human nature, its clever depiction of everyday experiences in thousands of family circles in these United States—and with a climax of real power that shows the bursting of a huge dam.
trying the death of one of the sons and destroying a big power plant and everything else in its path.

The climax, to us, is not so important as the building up of the theme—and the excellent manner in which the director has established the human value. This director, Hobart Henley, is perfectly at home with Tarkington. You may recall that he also picturized The Flirt. The acting is highly competent. George Hackathorne in the rôle of Bibbs is the character that Tarkington must have had in mind when he wrote the book. Emmett Corrigan, Eileen Percy—and the others are perfectly cast—especially Mr. Corrigan. The film releases a convincing atmosphere. We feel sure you will find rich entertain-

ment here.

Try and Get It

This is one of those Saturday Evening Post stories on how to be successful in business. If every business man had a nice little Satevepost obstacle in front of him, and the heroine (of course, the rich man’s daughter) just a bit behind the obstacle, what a whole lot of phenomenal successes the world would contain! Try and Get It is

Pat O'Malley has to endure some hard knocks in The Fighting American—an excellent picture

extremely light fare and extremely pleasant. Interludes of romance and laughter are nicely interspersed. The whole thing moves at a lively pace.

Bryant Washburn and Billie Dove are a fine pair of battling lovers. Lionel Belmore registers his comedy delightfully. It's all about a bill collector, ordinarily a most unromantic individual (as we all know), but in this piece of celluloid fiction he's fine and our sympathies are with

him to the last penny. And that is marvelous writing. We herewith doff our spotted straw to Eugene P. Lyle, Jr., the author, and to Cullen Tate, a director more or less unknown.

Hold Your Breath

Here is one of the Christie feature-length comedies—and, all things considered, it is a creditable piece of work. The picture starts out with a steady pace, gathers speed as it gets into the stretch and comes under the wire at the finish with a climax that makes it a real winner as a laugh as well as a thrill maker.

It contains a heap of comedy situations. Witness a girl reporter chasing a monkey all over the front of a sky-scraper to recover a valuable bracelet, as the police, in turn, chase her, while her lover drives up first with a wagon-load of mattresses and then with a load of hay so that his sweetheart will have a soft place upon which to fall.

The opening scenes have to do with beauty-parlor activities and the younger set will enjoy these moments which are filled with merriment. Then follow some striking wartime shots and more fun as Dorothy Devore—elevated to stardom here—getting

Bert Lytell as the hero, young sheik, and Claire Windsor as the beautiful captive, in A Son of the Sahara
A Son of the Sahara

Edwin Carewe, the director, transported an entire company of players and a complete technical staff to Algeria, Africa, in order to make A Son of the Sahara. During the production of the picture, word was received hereabout that the desert scenes procured by Mr. Carewe and his associates were far and away better than anything that had ever been done in Oxnard, California, and Montauk Point, Long Island—the breeding-places of our local deserts.

Nothing much out of the ordinary reveals itself in the stretches of film that comprise the picture. The scenes and the settings might well have been duplicated domestically. The photography is rather flat and the settings bespeak a meager scenic department. Why didn't Mr. Carewe show us the real Sahara instead of the usual celluloid version of it? Being on the spot, he surely had the opportunity, or did a sand-storm conveniently intervene?

Claire Windsor as the heroine, Bert Lytell as the hero (who, of course, discovers in time for a happy ending that he isn't a sheik, but a Frenchman), and Walter McGrail as the villain, struggle along with roles that are altogether stereotyped, in an altogether stereotyped production.

The Fighting American

An excellent idea with excellent results achieved—that is The Fighting American. No, you aren't in for a dry piece of propaganda. Quite the opposite. Here is a picture that takes the time-honored figure of the title, the American with stick-to-itiveness, and the usual plot in which he chases the heroine half-way around the globe and interferes with a couple of revolutions in her behalf before he wins her—it takes these two familiar properties and satirizes them to a farewellyell. With Pat O'Malley, Mary Astor, and Raymond Hatton in the chief roles, it unfolds its story energetically and humorously from first to last. Mr. Hatton, in particular, is outstanding in a dual comedy role.

William Elwell Oliver is the author of the piece. Mr. Oliver's manuscript was selected as the prize winner in a contest recently held by Universal. Mr. Oliver's work should earn him position and many ducats. And whoever the judges were—well, they were unusually brainy boys and girls. Judges usually blunder more than the rankest of the contestants. These didn't. Harvey Gates prepared the scenario from Mr. Oliver's story and Tom Forman directed.

The Marriage Cheat

There isn't much variety of plot concerning stories of the South Seas. Most of them are founded upon well-established formulas—which probably inspired Thomas H. Ince to take his company to the actual locale of the narrative so that it might carry a genuineness of background in compensation for a rather trite and obvious story. It bears a certain

(Continued on page 85)
The Richest Woman in the World

This woman is Irene Rich, but she places her great financial success at the bottom of her list of riches; at the top, she puts her two lovely daughters, Jane and Frances, and then come health, numberless friends, and a host of admiring fans.
There is a very fine friendship between these two. Mrs. Barthelmess has been her son’s wise counselor since his first venture into the field of the films, back in 1916.
"How do you like the movie industry?" I asked the Big Editor that the Big Producer had put on a Big Salary to wait for the Big Job. "It's a great business," he replied; "I hope nothing happens to it!"

There's Only One Business Like It

Many stories are told of efficiency experts and others who have entered the film business with the intention of putting it on a sound business basis. So far, none has succeeded—nor is any likely to succeed. There are certain irregularities in the movie game that will never be overcome, and some individuals are quick to discover this.

A few months ago one of the big film companies engaged a New York magazine editor to take a position in its scenario department. Without asking the editor what salary he wanted, the company made him an offer which amounted to just three times what he had been getting. He quickly accepted, and a short time later found himself in Hollywood ready to start to work.

At the studio, however, he was informed that they had nothing for him to do at the moment and that he could enjoy himself until they sent for him. So the editor toured about the town, went to the beaches, the golf clubs—and enjoyed himself generally. Time passed rapidly and still he was informed that he was not yet needed, and to go on with his fun. Yet each week he continued to get his fat pay check.

I met him recently and he is still drawing a big salary and doing very little work. I asked him what he thought of the motion picture industry. He was enthusiastic.

"It's a great business; I hope nothing happens to it!" was his reply.

Lloyd Hamilton Arrives

For quite some time I have nursed the opinion that, if given the proper vehicles and co-operation, Lloyd Hamilton could establish himself as one of the screen's greatest comedians. During the past two or three years Hamilton has been knocking about in unpretentious two-reelers—some of which have been good and some of which have been very mediocre—but in each and every one this comedian has shown distinct signs of personality and real comic genius.

In A Self-Made Failure, recently completed First National feature, Hamilton not only does some exceptionally fine humorous work, but he puts over bits of pathos which rarely have been surpassed by any of our screen comedians. For subtlety, depth of feeling, and variety of expression, Hamilton proves that he excels every comedian in the films today, with the exception of Chaplin.

A Self-Made Failure is one of the brightest and most enjoyable knockabout comedies seen in many months. It is a distinct novelty, and filled with many delightful human touches.

The Superiority of Screen Villains

After all is said and done, the movie villain is a very superior creature to the movie hero. He is more daring, more resourceful, and even more interesting. He is absolutely fearless and fights against great odds, knowing all the time that he will never be allowed to win out in the end. He lays all kinds of brilliant plans, and makes a fool out of the hero, all thru the major part of the picture. He also makes great sacrifices and will go to any extreme for the girl he loves.

Really, after giving both the villain and the hero due consideration, it is a wonder that some of the heroines do not decide that the villain is the more attractive man of the two.

The villain fights a lone hand, and when the hero finally defeats him it is only with the combined help of the police department, the
OUT

With Sketches by Harry L. Taskey

U. S. Cavalry, the Secret Service, the long arm of coincidence, and the hand of God.

"Doubles" for Animals the Latest

The making of motion pictures has become such a precarious occupation that nowadays everybody and everything has a "double" that is called upon to do the risky stunts. Even the animals have doubles. A famous shepherd dog movie star has two doubles to perform some of his risky business for him. Then there's even a monkey that has a double in the films. The most "doubled" star on the screen, however, is the famous horse of an equally famous Western movie celebrity, that has no less than four horses to double for him in various stunts. The horse star is, of course, far more capable and intelligent than any of his doubles. The latter are used merely that the famous pony may not be exposed to dangerous injury.

Rudolph Valentino and Monsieur Beaucaire

It will be interesting to watch what effect the film, Monsieur Beaucaire, has upon Rudolph Valentino's popularity. There is no doubt that the picture itself will be an immense success and probably break many box-office records. The star's admirers have been impatiently awaiting his return to the screen.

But what after-effect may Monsieur Beaucaire leave in its wake? From certain angles it would appear that a mistake has been made in presenting Valentino in such a fancy, "dressed up" role for his first new film. While the female portion of the country is no doubt going to think Rudolph "just grand" and "too wonderful for words" in his white wig, silks, laces and satin knickerbockers, the men are not going to take to the "dolled up" Rudolph so enthusiastically.

Is it not more likely that the virile sex is going to seize upon the Monsieur Beaucaire as a long-desired excuse to sneer a little at the great Italian star? Even during the big Valentino rage of a year or two ago, Rudolph's popularity was mostly with the American women and not the American men.

Because of the fact that all Valentino's previous vehicles have presented him in vigorous he-man roles, he has not left himself open to criticism on the part of the male theatergoers. But Monsieur Beaucaire may tell a different story. Much will depend upon how the star enacts the role.

They Do It in the Movies

Husbands always eventually see the error of their ways and return happily to their wives.

All foreigners, when introduced to some fair lady, immediately and fervently kiss her hand.

All burglars repent and return the family silverware to its rightful place when they are confronted by little Willie in his pajamas.

Famous specialists never fail in their surgical operations, and the patient always recovers his sight or hearing.

Ben Hur Is Having His Troubles

According to "inside reports," all is not going so well with the Ben Hur company now in Italy. Not only is the Goldwyn troupe having difficulty in building its sets, but so (Continued on page 86)
"I believe," said Mary Carr, "that Youth always has and always will revolt against the dictates of the passing generation. Without this revolt there would be no progress."

We were sitting in her dressing-room at the United Studios in Hollywood, where she is engaged in mothering Claire Windsor in the First National production, For Sale. Mrs. Carr, fashionably clad and looking much younger personally than she screens, sat erect in a wicker chair, her hands clasped quietly in her lap. Hers is a beautiful repose.

"I do think that the present generation has gone rather far in its upsetting of established conventions, but in many cases where young people have gone to unfortunate extremes, I believe the fault lies with the parents rather than the children.

"Since the earliest days of civilization, probably, it has been the conviction of most parents that their children were lax and unruly in many ways, and they have tried to curb impulses toward independence of thought and action. With what result? Among the more docile of the young people such restraint caused the stifling of individuality. In stronger characters it bred revolt.

"This revolt, as I say, brings progress, but progress hardly won. Why can't parents treat their children as individuals? Human beings," added Mary Carr with a smile, "are not turned out with a cooey-cutter."

"What progress," I asked her, "do you think the present generation has brought the world?"

"Frankness," she answered promptly.

"Why, my dear, just think of it! Twenty-five years ago a girl wasn't supposed to possess such a thing as a pair of legs. We wore mounds and mounds of clothing to cover them. And can you imagine the young people of that day talking about sex-appeal, or reading, openly, such books as you read today? Altho underneath this surface of modesty and propriety there was plenty of skulduggery going on, don't doubt it!"

That's what she said. Skulduggery. The dictionary gives it no place, but it is a highly descriptive..."
word, I'm sure, and as Mrs. Carr used it, most delightful.

"There is so much talk about the flapper, today," she continued. "Everyone seems certain that some awful fate is in store for her. Now, as for me, my sympathies are all with the flapper. I was one myself, when I was a girl, tho they didn't call us flappers then. I lived in Philadelphia, and my parents sent me to Normal School there. I was, if you please, to become a school-teacher. But I revolted, and went on the stage. My people all thought me everlastingly lost, for, you know, in those days, every actress was considered a person of low morals."

Thus Mary Carr, flapper of twenty-five years ago, today the best loved "screen mother" in the world, and at home the mother of six handsome children.

"If parents would respect their children as individuals, there would be a bond of sympathy between them that cannot possibly exist otherwise.

"Why should a mother fret because her daughter wishes to bob her hair, for instance? Bobbed hair is healthy, and it is becoming to most girls. One of my daughters wanted to bob her hair. She came and told me so, and I said, 'All right; you really have too much hair, anyway. Go and have it cut off.' She did, and she looks lovely, I think.

"My children always make me their confidante. They come to me with all their problems and I advise them and discuss things with them. But I do not dictate to them. Young people need a guiding hand, but suppressing them or forcing them is apt to prove dangerous.

"We are faced with quite a problem at home, right now," she added with a smile. "Not one of those six children of mine shows the slightest interest in any career other than a theatrical one. They have been on the stage, more or less, all their lives, and they're all determined to stick at it. Well, I am not going to force any of them into work which would be distasteful to them. They must live their own lives.

"It's the same way with every other problem. Personally, I don't like to see girls smoke cigarettes. Most mothers don't. But if my daughter starts smoking, I don't raise a storm over it. It is much better for her to do it openly, than to be secretive about it."

"But if one of your children displayed really radical tendencies," I asked, "what would you do about it? Would you try to curb the impulse which, from your wider experience with life, you know to be harmful? Or, regarding him as an independent individual, would you let him do just as he wished?"

Mrs. Carr's lips set firmly.

"I have devoted the years to fostering in them the sense of fair play," she said. "I've taught them that the unity of the family is dependent upon the actions of each member of it. One member can destroy that unity. When the family is destroyed, the home is destroyed. When the home is destroyed, the nation is destroyed. I've tried to make them feel their responsibility as units of one great Whole.

"If one of them endangered the strength of the family by waywardness, I would go to him and say: 'Now, see here. You're being rather selfish, don't you think? You're pulling away from the family and jeopardizing its security. I've always played fair with you, and I hardly think it is game of you to fail me, this way. How do you feel about it?'

"Well, fellow members of the much-advertised "wasted generation," how would you feel toward a mother like that?

Mary Carr laughs at the idea that the present generation is wasted, or going to the bow-wows. She is serenely certain that each new century dawns upon an improved world, rather than a degenerating one. Her mind is calmly balanced.

It is unfortunate, yes, that some of today's young people have gone to the extremes they have, but the great majority of them, Mrs. Carr knows, are all right. All right. Underneath their frivolities and their brave array of youthful vanities and absurdities, she sees them clean, sane, sound.

The world is progressing, says Mary Carr.

I wonder sometimes who the true philosophers of this world really are?

Are they the bearded lads who sit secluded in some comfortable study penning words of wisdom to be encased in neatly bound volumes and, all in due time, handed on to a respectful Posterity? These, undoubtedly, are [Con. on page 102]
Daddies All!

Noah Beery, Sr., and Noah Beery, Jr.

Malcolm McGregor and his little daughter, Joan, who is “his best friend and his severest critic.”

Tom Mix and little Thomasina, who was supposed to have been Thomas, Jr.

Mary Joana Desmond and merry William Desmond

Asked Conrad Nagel of Ruth Margaret: “Why are you so solemn, my pretty maid?” “Cause my picture is tooken, kind sir,” she said.

Francis X. Bushman (above) gives the signal to son Richard to “Play Ball!”
Above, Adolphe Menjou and his son and "Maggie" are engaging in a free-for-all romp, while Pat O'Malley and his two little daughters look the camera straight in the eye.

FATHERHOOD

These father-persons—they are awfully dear,
There's something in the way they say "My son!"
So careless-proud, as if they almost fear
The still delight paternity has won.
They see their boyhood in a child's clear eyes,
And for their daughters know a tenderness
Half-silent worship, that unspoken lies
In their least laughing word or light caress.
Oh, they are proud, these men, they seem to see
A wider goal than loving women do,
Their children are their immortality
That carries on their name, and life, anew.

—Faith Baldwin

Barbara, Reginald Denny's daughter, says she is going to be her daddy's leading lady in the pictures when she grows up.

At the right, we present Mrs. Jack Holt, the only mother admitted to these pages—but Baby Betty wouldn't be snapped without her.

Here are two of the best reasons in the world why Harry Carey is a happy man—they're named Ella Ada and "Dobey."

Jack Holt surely looks the part of the Proud Papa to perfection. And Jack Jr., Betty and Imogene look both pleased and proud.
On the Camera Coast

There seems to be a concerted dash for Europe. Dimitri Buchowetzki, who has been directing Pola Negri, is to leave for Paris as soon as his picture is cut. This is Sudermann's Song of Songs, which is to be called The Passionate Journey, for screen purposes. Buchowetzki is trying to get the State Department to make him a solemn promise that he can come back again after he mingles with Paris. His embarrassment is that he has a queer passport. It was issued to him by a consul of the old Russian régime. Consequently, it is valid only in countries which have not recognized the Bolshevist government.

Ernst Lubitsch is just finishing Three Women with Pauline Frederick, May McAvoy and Marie Prevost; and will move over to the Lasky studio to direct Pola in one picture—a modernized version of The Czarina.

In the last scene of Three Women, the dignified Miss Frederick had to slide down a long toboggan chute, such as they use in swimming-pools, with an evening dress on. She was a good sport and did it with a laugh.

The lovely Pauline has been working herself to death. She has been reporting every morning at the studio at eight o'clock and rehearsing all night on a stage play, Spring Cleaning, in which she is to play a limited engagement at a local theater. She says that, when she gets thru with it, she is going on a long horseback trip thru the High Sierras to recuperate. With Blanche Sweet, the remedy for all human ailments is to retire to a dairy farm and drink milk. With Pauline Frederick, it's a good horse and a cow saddle—and solitude.

Florence Vidor is playing Barbara Friltsche in the picture made from the old Clyde Fitch play; and with a curl hanging down over her shoulder, and wide hoop skirts, she is just about the loveliest picture imaginable. She was making one of the big scenes on Friday, the thirteenth of June. They got along swimmingly until they came to the thirteenth scene. That was straining the jinx too far. The camera broke.

When this picture is finished, Miss Vidor is to play the lead in another Ince picture—Christine of the Hungry Heart, by Kathleen Norris. In the course of the story she is married to two men and has an affair with a third. Which is certainly a breathless departure from the usual chemically pure Florence Vidor pictures.

Jacqueline Logan has at last her heart's desire. During her whole screen career she has played parts in which her wardrobe consisted of rags and gingham
Harry Carr's department of news and
gossip of the Hollywood picture folk

dresses. She had about made up her mind that she was under a life-
sentence to be a waif. She has just been cast for the lead in *The House of Youth*, to be made at the Ince studio. In this she plays a super-
flapper; clothes and nothing but.

One of the roles in this picture will be played by Lucile Mendez—
said to be a daughter of ex-President Castro of Venezuela.

*POLA NERI* has stirred up Hollywood again; this time by resolutely
picking what she says are the only six actors and actresses
of the screen who can really act. Her list of immortals
are Lilian Gish, Norma Talmadge, Mary Philbin,
John Barrymore, Ramon Novarro and Rudolph
Valentino. She has also picked out what she
considers to be the only directors of real
genius, as follows: Charlie Chaplin, Ernst
Lubitsch, Rex Ingram, Dimitri Buchow-
etzkii and D. W. Griffith. It will be noted
that a painful vacancy exists where should
be the names of some of the directors
who have directed Pola’s destinies since
she has been in America.

*MARY MILES MINTER*, who runs second
to Mabel Normand as the stormy
petrel of the screen, is in trouble again. A
couple of troubles. A bench warrant was issued
for her because she neglected a speed cop’s
summons when she airily wafted past a
congested corner at thirty-seven miles
an hour; and her housemaid brought
suit against her for damages. The
estimable Miss Herlihy who formerly
cooked for Mary was arrested at
Mary’s behest one night by the Pas-
dena police. Mary said she was dis-
turbing the peace; but Miss Herlihy
said she only was remonstrating
because Mary was entertaining too
many guests. Anyhow, Miss Herlihy
resented being arrested some $20,000
worth.

Mabel Normand, by the way, made
a sensational reappearance at
the trial of her former
chauffeur, Horace Greer,
who shot a young man
named Dines, at whose
house Mabel and Edna Pur-
viance were being entertained
last Christmas. It was sup-
posed that Mabel had gone
East to avoid testifying in
the case when she suddenly
breezed into the court-room
with a cheery, “Well, I’m
here.” Mabel says she is go-
ing to continue her work of
making personal appear-
ances, and may be a long
time away from the screen.

*A THRILL went thru the
Prohibition Enforcement
office recently when a
detective found out that
Charlie Chaplin had a still in
his house. Taking advantage
(Continued on page 78)
When You Go to the Movies Over There

We Americans believe our Metropitan motion picture houses to be the last word in grandeur and comfort, but they cannot compare with those in many of the large cities of Europe.

By GRETCHE N DICK

Poster Illustrations by Vyvyan Donner

In Gay Paree

It is usually the biggest theater or the bigger group of theaters that we hear about either at home or abroad, particularly from those who go overseas to report what they have over there that we do not have here in America. I am not going to do this, possibly because from the standpoint of efficiency, comfort, general management and musical program, very little, if anything, excels home-brew, in the big theaters.

Now it does not matter that we saw Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Harold Lloyd, Bebe Daniels, Mae Murray, Bill Hart, or Charlie Chaplin, for we see them everywhere, no matter in what country, but it does matter in what surroundings we saw them, for the right setting can enhance one’s joy over one’s particular favorite.

The first three-sheet stretcher which greeted my eye as I emerged from the Gare St. Lazare on arrival in Paris was the announcement of Rita Weiman’s picture which the French call When the Curtain Falls instead of Curtain. As this author is a friend of mine, I decided to visit this little theater upon the side street, which the three-sheet adorned.

Having bought my ticket at the usual little conventional booth outside, I fairly gasped as I entered, for I found myself in a completely mirrored lobby with a dozen or more perfect little mannequin attendants, immaculately uniformed, as were lackeys. I thought I had suddenly been transplanted to the great hall of mirrors in Versailles, and I wouldn’t have been surprised had I stumbled onto the table of the peace treaty, completely attended by the international diplomatic corps. It seemed almost too beautiful to be true.

Suddenly, as if Alice in Wonderland had shifted the...
scenery, the little mannequin attendants—who looked to be not a day over twelve years of age—dashed up to me in pairs, each one trying to get my ticket in order to find my seat, or otherwise be of service. While I was trying to decide which youthful automaton I would descendingly permit to escort me to my chair, two dainty little maids, in black-and-white taffeta dresses and real lace aprons, dashed up and relieved me of my hat and coat. Simultaneously, a third presented me with a claim check for both.

The inside of the auditorium more than equaled the mirrored lobby, for the theater was built very much on the same lines as Napoleon's little historic playhouse in the right wing of the great Palace at Fontainebleau, just outside of Paris. Like its historic ancestor, it had a tiny little balcony, shaped like a horseshoe, with parallel benches around the upper walls. The back walls of the balcony were hung with huge, very beautiful tapestries, not only historic in design but priceless in value. These tapestries were lovely enough to be compared with many of their Aubusson brothers that are now covering the walls of the state apartment at Windsor Castle on the Thames.

The orchestra, also, bore a strong resemblance to Napoleon's Theatre, for the seats were the salon variety of comfortable armchairs, softly upholstered in old velvet. So strong was the comparison between this little modern side-street theater and the one of historical splendor in Fontainebleau that it did not seem possible that one was actually looking at a modern movie. The picture came and went, and Bill Hart dashed off for many hundreds of miles, before I realized that I was not living retroactively in the years of long ago.

The orchestral pit was very small and had only one musician, a pianist, who played on a funny little upright piano with old side sconces attached near the music rack, very much like the one which is still in the pit in Fontainebleau. It seemed almost too incongruous to see a modern little French flapper pianist seated at this piano trying to play the movie's adequate descriptive, modern, American music. But then, everything was so vividly contrasted that nothing should have seemed an incongruity. As we left this enchanting little French cinema house, we looked back and watched the pianist, who was so engrossed with the American movie that she was skipping notes and even pages of her music.

**A Moving Feast in London**

The London movie houses boast of all the comforts of home, for one really enjoys nearly as many privileges in the theaters as one does in a private apartment. There are not only little tea-rooms, large restaurants, and liquor bars attended by the proverbial pretty English barmaids, but there are also many dainty little black-taffeta costumed girls, dressed like parlor-maids, with linen and lace caps, cuffs, and apron, who come and serve you as in the days of San Toy, with "tea and ices and soda."

While you are watching the screen, these little maids bring you a dainty little tray with a cold ice, a hot orange pekoe, or a lemon squash—the latter being our American lemonade. (Caution: If you order an American lemonade, you get what the English call pop, which is quite the most disagreeable imitation-lemon concoction you have ever tasted.) In the evening, you may even have your demi-tasse of black coffee, if by some mischance you have missed it at home in your rush to get to the picture.

This tea-room service is not only observed in the big Stolls theater, which, by the way, was originally Hammerstein's opera-house on The King's Highway, but also in the smaller theaters in the outlying districts, outside of the big cities. In the little theaters through the rural districts, and at the various seashore resorts, we find our old, somewhat primitive method of popularizing of the latest song hit, such as we had many years ago in this country.

Over there they do not give the elaborate scenic sets, colorful stage pictures and excellent vocal interpretation that accompany operatic arias and ballad songs, such as we produce in most of our American theaters. They use a rather crudely colored plate, which is flashed on the screen between pictures, and which gives the words of the chorus just in time for the audience to join in the refrain.

I thought the people took an over-exuberant, almost childlike, delight in taking part and joining their voices with that of the professional illustrator, particularly when the song was about flowers, and the singer would come out on the stage and throw the flowers to the audience. Imagine our consternation when we found several houses were singing our American song about the fruit shortage, Yes, We Have No Bananas, and to find that, during the refrain, the singers would throw bananas into the audience. This outburst of English temperament—the delight in "playing theater," so to speak, with the professionals—surprised me very much. for the English have not, as a rule, either a temperamental or an exuberant nature.

**How They Do It in Berlin**

The distinguishing feature in the Berlin movie houses is the personality of the architecture and interior designs. Such wealth of art individually, and artistic design generally, is not found anywhere else. Handsome brocades, mirrored halls and walls, priceless tapestries, and colorful curtains, abound. For originality in decoration, freshness of idea, and modernism in the best sense, we can safely say that the Berlin movie houses excel those of almost any other city.

(Continued on page 90)
Trailing the Eastern Stars

The latest news about motion picture people who drift in and out of the Studios in the East

By DOROTHEA B. HERZOG

First of all, you may be interested to know that Valentino will do a tango in his new production. Yes, in about the same costume he wore for that purpose in The Four Horsemen. It will take place in a sumptuous cabaret scene, so be prepared to be thrilled!

The hot summer months pass in torpid working days for Gloria Swanson, who no sooner finishes one picture than she plunges into another. Gloria is now completing Wages of Virtue, under the direction of Allan Dwan, even while Her Love Story, being an adaptation of Mary Roberts Rinehart’s Her Majesty the Queen, is being prepared.

George Fawcett came on from the Coast to support the dynamic Gloria and he hikes right back after this picture. Ian Keith, a newcomer to the screen, plays opposite the star. Mr. Keith made his first appearance in Manhandled and he evidently made a favorable impression, for he was promoted to hero-ing Gloria.

The “natural” hotness of a New York summer is increased to blistering degrees by the heat radiating from the hard Kleig lights banked along the Swanson set.

Gloria doesn’t seem especially perturbed. She is the life of the party, joking with her director and supporting cast. At the risk of being anticlimatic, we add that Gloria continues her difficult job of outdoing her previous “many change and lavish gown record.” The heat makes these changes a bit irksome, for “sticky” skin and heat waves do not tend to increase joy in living. Gloria applies a heavily loaded powder puff regularly, however, and manages to give the weather a run for its money!

Did you know that D. W. Griffith wanted to make the screen version of Ben Hur, but that those who owned the production rights wanted such an exorbitant price for it he couldn’t afford to buy? Years later, Goldwyn bought it—at a much reduced sum.

At a luncheon given at the old Talmadge Studio, the members of the cast of Howard Estabrook’s new production, The Price of a Party, entertained a few of the magazine and newspaper writers.

One of the features of the affair was an Oriental dance given by Hope Hampton, who has the leading feminine role in the picture, containing Mary Astor, Dagmar Godowsky, Harrison Ford, and Arthur Carewe. Hope is an accomplished dancer, and if this abbrevi-
ished, graceful. Oriental affair doesn't arouse interest, we miss our guess.

"These beads and sash," Hope sighed to us, her hand lightly touching the intriguing sash of rhinestones and pearls encircling her slim waist and hanging in strings to her knees, "this weighs thirty-five pounds."

Mary Astor flaps in The Price of a Party for the first time in her cinematic career. She voices the cryptic remark that she wouldn't be at all surprised were this her only flapper part.

By the way, Mary's hair is not red, as so many people seem to think. It is a soft, silky brown, with reddish tints. She is a delightful personality, blessed with a merry sense of humor and a mind that has a way of leaping nimbly ahead of the other person's.

Upon completing her present picture, Mary entrains for the Coast to play with Reginald Denny in the picturization of Harry Leon Wilson's humorous story, Oh, Doctor!

The Arthur Carewe has been kept pretty busy since coming to New York some weeks ago, he told us that in all likelihood he would appear in a Broadway stage play before returning to Hollywood. He is now busy reading numerous manuscripts and conferring frequently with his agent in his search for a suitable vehicle in which to make his Broadway debut. Incidentally, he will not be a heavy.

"I can play other parts than that of the heavy," he smiled; "and I was on the stage before I went into pictures to be always a heavy."

Mrs. Antonio Moreno accompanied her husband to New York when the debonair "Tony" came on to co-star with Agnes Ayres in Story Without an End, now nearing completion at the Paramount Long Island Studio. The Morenos decided against taking an apartment, inasmuch as "Tony" is due to make only one picture and then return to the Coast.

Billie Dove has returned to her first love and is being featured in the new edition of the Ziegfeld Follies. Miss Dove made her first and last appearance with the Follies in the show of 1920. Prior to that, she appeared in four editions of the Midnight Follies, Ziegfeld's night show, formerly given on the roof of the New Amsterdam Theater. In her present stage appearance, Miss Dove has a monolog, wherein she speaks of the movies. She also does a dance and wears some gorgeous gowns.

In private life, as you (Cont'd on page 92)
Letters to the Editor

It's the Fault of the Producer!

DEAR EDITOR: It seems to me that the most irritating thing about the present pictures is the fact that well-known companies buy novels that have excellent possibilities in them and then proceed to secure them to directors who usually miscast them and make a mess of them generally. As examples of this, I cite Java Head, Black Oxen, The Enemies of Women and His Children's Children.

Mr. Melford murdered Java Head by following the plot of the book without any understanding, dramatic power, or skill whatever. Albert Roscoe gave an exceedingly wooden performance as the hero, and also looked very unheroic and unhandsome. This was surprising, because Mr. Roscoe used to be a good actor. Letacice Joy as the Chinese wife was a disappointment also. Her performance of Lydia Thorne in Manslaughter was wonderful, but her Taoo Yuen didn't quite register. This may have been due to the fact that it didn't suit her anyway, and Jetta Goudal would have been immense in it. Remember her Pilar in The Bright Shawl? And the greatest improvement of all would have been to secure Fred Niblo to direct the picture. The choice of George Melford affords a good example of boneheadness.

Why was Frank Lloyd chosen to direct Black Oxen? Mr. Lloyd's efforts are always heavy and uninspired. An even greater blunder was made in selecting Corinne Griffith to play Madame Zaza. Miss Griffith walked thru the picture beautifully and gracefully, but she certainly didn't suggest the heroine of Gertrude Atherton's bizarre and brilliant novel, which on the screen was much less bizarre and not at all brilliant, with the exception of Corinne Griffith's vivid performance of the flautist.

Pauline Frederick is one of the finest actresses we have—to me the finest emotional actress on the screen, despite her many cheap stories. And yet, after so many years spent on the screen, there seems to be no producer with enough intelligence to star and gracefully, but she certainly didn't suggest the heroine of Gertrude Atherton's bizarre and brilliant novel, which on the screen was much less bizarre and not at all brilliant, with the exception of Corinne Griffith's vivid performance of the flautist.

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When I approach The Enemies of Women and contemplate the possibilities of this book, I could barely sink down and keep. Ibañez spoiled it as a book by making it too long, and abandoning the characters at long intervals for bursts of philosophy and description, but there is no denying that it possessed an extremely interesting assortment of characters, plenty of drama, and a color-ful background of the Riviera, Monte Carlo and Russia. And the Cosmopolitan Corporation had a splendid opportunity to come along with a cinematic version of it that would, perhaps, have surpassed those other two Ibañez stories, The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, and Blood and Sand, both of which deserve places on any list of the best pictures.

It might have surpassed them because it seems to me that the theme was more powerful than either of the other two. Cosmopolitan should have secured Cecil De Mille to direct it, for who could have done it better than the man who invented "the cinematically wealthy."

EVEN reader of the Motion Picture Magazine is invited to contribute to this page. However, we can print only letters which give the writer's name and address; the initials will be used in publication if the writer prefers. Of the letters accepted for publication, we will pay five dollars for the one deemed the most interesting and worthy of illustration, and three dollars for the others.

He would have had full sway for his ideas in handling the lives of excessively rich people. However, if Mr. De Mille was unprocurable, Allan Dwan would have been very valuable instead. Dr. Dwan knows how to handle society drama also, as was proved by A Society Scandal and neither of these things; they got Allan Crossland, who failed to bring out the possibilities in the story and fell down on all the big scenes.

It was certainly fortunate that Joseph Urban designed the settings and that the picture was photographed in Europe, because the settings were so immense that they atoned for the lack of drama.

Concerning Lionel Barrymore as the Prince Lubimoff, I seem to remember reading some reviews that spoke of his "superb" acting. Whether they thought this necessary because he is the brother of John, I don't know, but so far as real acting went, I didn't see any—except some nasty frownas, which are apparently Mr. Barrymore's idea of how to act a dissolute Russian prince. And speaking of this reminds me: all of the wickedness in The Enemies of Women was done by sub-titles; the characters themselves were quite mild for the kind of people they were supposed to be. Which was unconvincing, and people who went hoping to be shocked were doubtless disappointed.

Alma Rubens was as good a Duchess De Lille as the director gave her opportunity to be. And John Lynch should be awarded a poison-ivy wreath for writing the scenario so that half of the most interesting scenes in the book were left out, and some others changed to suit his idea of good drama. If only June Mathis or Frances Marion had written the scenario, and Rudolph Valentino had played the Prince, what a triumph for Art it would have been!

Now may I inquire why Paramount bought His Children's Children, and handed it to Sam Wood, when it was built especially for Mr. De Mille? The great "C.R." could have made of it a picture that would have made the rest of the stories about wandering daughters look like a rubber stamp. Mr. Wood's production was quite as clumsy as the book, which it need not have been, if handled with skill. Dorothy Mackaill was a poor choice for a flapper, as she had no vivacity.

Why hasn't Paramount, whose motto seems to be "Oh for a box-office attraction," ever thought of co-starring Pola Negri and Rudolph Valentino, so that their trouble with Rudie is settled. If there is any bigger box-office attraction, what is it?

I suggest Pola Negri in a version of Cleopatra, under the direction of Lubitsch. I know Theda Bara played her once. What of it?

And why doesn't Paramount hire Ibañez to write an original story for Rudie? Here's hoping those the Warner brothers cast Pauline Frederick as the Countess Olenska in The Age of Innocence; that William de Mille makes a good picture of The Song of Bernadette; and that Paramount give Anna Q. Nilsson a big contract. Remembering that you will publish my letter and that it will do some good, I am, Yours sincerely,

W. D. SEIDLER,
207 W. State St.,
Calumet City, Ill.
(Cenl. on page 91)
How Princess Pat Face Powder won a Tennis Championship

The time was noon—the thermometer was 90—the day sultry, stifling and sticky—

SOMETHING more than the game itself stirred interest among the spectators. A girl on the side lines whispered, "how does she do it?" A grizzled veteran among a group of men murmured, "the girl's not human."

Truly it was amazing. An hour's furious play—yet the slim little beauty battling on the south court maintained the exact appearance of cool daintiness and physical serenity with which she had stepped into play. A dazzling, super-heated sun had no more than flushed her cheeks a faint, becoming pink. The column of her smooth young throat showed creamy white above a silken blouse, itself scarcely damp. Then came a brilliant rally, a scurrying, flashing action and the game was won.

Victoria vanished stood together—and never was a greater contrast. The one fresh as a spring breeze; the other hot, disheveled, wilted. The grizzled old veteran asked the secret. But the girl who kept cool flushed, laughed and wouldn't tell. "I couldn't," she confided later to her chum; "for do you know what it was—a little secret I make use of before a game, before a swim, before a dance. I take a regular bath in Princess Pat Face Powder! Then I look so cool that I keep my peace of mind and poise under all circumstances. Try it, my dear. It helps you win."

A Marvelous Difference Due to Almond

Until Princess Pat used Almond as a base, there had been no radical and important change in face powder for half a century. Only minor improvements in quality and fineness of particles had been recorded. Princess Pat was not satisfied to be merely another good powder. The desire was to make it superlative.

And with Almond this has been done. Every woman is familiar to a certain extent with the advantages of Almond. She can vision its blossom-like softness. She knows how it soothes and whitens and heals when used in lotions and creams. She recognizes its exquisite fragrance, its sheer charm as one of Mother Nature's daintiest creations.

But what she cannot know—until she has tried—is that Almond imparts to Princess Pat Face Powder every one of these delightful qualities—hitherto unavailable. Because of inimitable softness, Princess Pat Powder just naturally clings closest and longest of all face powders. For the same reason, the smooth beauty it gives the skin is beyond compare. A rare perfume gives Princess Pat its final, elusive, bewitching charm.

And thus distinguished, Princess Pat has more to offer—much, much more! For it is a skin corrective, as well as a superb beautifier. The Almond content in Princess Pat prevents the skin drying out, keeping it always soft and pliant. It helps materially in preventing the all too prevalent coarse pores and blackheads.

So marked are the benefits of Princess Pat that many women have found it the one thing needed to restore complexion to normal. Princess Pat never chalks, cakes, smart, nor dries. It is water-proof and not affected by perspiration. Correctly applied, Princess Pat Face Powder will remain lovely even after a swim.

Remember—Princess Pat is the only powder in the world with the Almond Base. Nothing else can give you the same remarkable advantages.

Last but not least, a generous complimentary supply will be sent to every woman who desires it for test. Simply make use of the coupon.

FREE

Send for this big, generous free sample. Seal in pretty red, gold and black enameled box—just the thing for your purse. Plenty for a thorough test.

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2701 S. Wells St., Dept. 29, Chicago
Entirely FREE! Send sample of Princess Pat. "The Only Powder with an Almond Base."

Check shade you desire:

FLESH—Light, blended rose

WHITE—Pure, snowy white

OLDE IVORY—Rich, creamy flesh

BRUNETTE—Warm Gypsy Olive

Name (Print) ........................................

Street ................................................

City and State ......................................
The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, a list of film manufacturers, etc., must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should contain the name and address of the writer, but a fictitious name will be used in answering inquiries if it is written in the upper left-hand corner of the letter.

Gibraltar.—Glided to hear from you. Yes, Frances Marion has been a scenario writer for some time now. You know he is married and has retired from the screen. Glenn Hunter is twenty-four. Your letter was a gem.

Manawatu.—Well, the secret of happiness is never to let your energies stagnate. You know that people's weights vary, but Norma Talmadge now weighs one hundred and ten. She is mighty careful of her diet. I don't blame her, do you?

Sparks.—Well, a good word fits to a woman what good wine is to a man—too good to keep. Edith Johnson was born in 1885. Shirley Mason is with Fox. Edith Roberts is with the L. B. Mayer Productions. Claire Adams in The Clean-Up. Ida Cody has gone abroad to play in the next Marshall Neilan production in which Blanche Sweet will undoubtedly star.

New A.—No, I am quite sure Richard Dix is not thinking of marriage. Gaston Glass has never been married. No, Nita Naldi has not robbed her hair.

Isidora R. M.—Nita Naldi is playing opposite Rudolph Valentino in A Stained Devil. Just write to Eric von Stroheim at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California. Pola Negri for the Famous Players Studio, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, California. So you like Elliott Dexter.

A Corinne Griffith Fan.—Yes, and a philosopher is one who says simple things finely and finds things simply. Corinne Griffith was born November 24, 1897. She played in Lilies of the Field and Single Wives. No, Raymond Griffith and D. W. Griffith are no relation to Corinne. Ramon Novarro was born February 6. So, see. I didn't forget you.

Correction.—Ben Lyon of the First National Pictures, Hollywood, California, writes to our Editor and says that he is not married, as I said he was last month, that he never has been married, and that—that he wants it corrected. All right, Ben. It is easier corrected on paper than in reality. Ben Lyon.

Missoula, Montana.—Why, the Colgate Company, of Jersey City, are ordering the largest clock in the world from the Seth Thomas Clock Company. The dial will be fifty feet across and the minute hand will be twenty-seven feet six inches and the hour hand twenty feet long. Together they will weigh a ton. It will be possible to tell the time from the New York shore, Monte Blue was born January 11, 1890. He is part Indian, a way back. He was interviewed in the August, 1922, Magazine.

Rosina.—Quid ride? I'm not so funny, well, it never rains, but it gets wet. Warren Ketegan, who played in The Covered Wagon, The Man From Broadway's, and in Captain Blood. Write to our Circulation Department for back numbers.

A Wolverine.—Kissing is simple, but sex is complicated. With the lips, Laurence Trimble was born in Wheeling, W. Va. He has brown hair and hazel eyes. You can probably reach Ivor Novello at the Prince of Wales Theater, London, England, where he is playing in The Rat, Lionel Barrymore and Gaston Glass in I Am the Man. You're very welcome. Run in again some time.

May, Montreal.—No, I don't carry life insurance. I find that honesty is the best policy. All I can tell you about Vera Reynolds is that she is playing in Cecil DeMille's Feet of Clay. Marguerite Clark isn't playing in pictures any more. She's married, you know.

E. M. K. Salem.—Well, the most unworthy hand I know is behindhand. Olga, seventeen, is married and quite happy. She has forgotten about the old Answer Man. Elsie Ferguson is not playing in pictures right now. So you like our magazine because it's clean. You know we wash every magazine in lux before it leaves our shop.

E. G.—Well, a copyright is not a right to copy; it's a cash box for the other fellow's ideas. Address Rod La Rocque at the Famous Players Studio. Eugene O'Brien is playing opposite Norma Talmadge in her forthcoming picture, tentatively titled The Fight.

Guanaquito.—I should say it is hot. Somebody said we weren't going to have any summer. Here goes: Clara Bow is eighteen, brown hair and eyes, five feet three and a half. Claire Windsor is five feet six and a half and weighs 120. Pola Negri is twenty-seven, five feet four and weighs 120. Johnny Hines and Faire Binny in The Speed Spook.

Barney Google.—Why, the Wall of China is a wall 1,200 miles long and 20 feet high, built as a protection against the Tartars. All by hand, you know. Marguerite Clark is in New Orleans, you know. Bebe Daniels recently bobbed her hair, and she is twenty-three. She was born in Dallas, Texas. Address her at the Famous Players Studio, Astoria, Long Island. So you want Charlie Chaplin to return to comedies. He is working on one now. Yes, I guess we all do. No, Marie Prevost is not married. No, I am not married, but I do like bow ties. I don't have to wear a tie, you know.

Miss Red Head.—Oxer York, "As we grow old, we grow more foolish and more wise." No, you know I am very fond of buttermilk. There's a joke. It's my favorite drink. Marion Nixon is with Fox. Miss Fox is with Universal at present. That was Myrtle Stedman in Famous Mrs. Pair.

Helena.—The best way to reduce is to exercise, whether you want to reduce weight, expenses, or doctor's bills. I don't know about that contest, better write Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Yetta G. R.—All the way from England, too. Rather nice. That was a pretty fine compliment you paid me. Thanks a lot. Pauline Frederick was born August 12, 1888. She is not present, you know. I doubt whether Huntley Gordon is married. Lon Chaney was born in Colorado Springs, Colorado. He is married to a non-professional. You must write me again.

Brown Ize.—That's all right, there isn't much difference between the best and the worst of us. Horrors! You say you didn't know I existed until last week. Tell me how it happened. Mae Murray was born in Portsmouth, Virginia, May 9, 1886. Her real name is Marie Koenig and she was married to William Schwenken and to J. O'Brien and is now to Robert Kleton. She has blonde hair and blue eyes and she is playing in Circe. You know she was the original Nell Brinkley girl in the Folies. Cecil Mays was born in San Francisco, April 9, 1901, and she is playing in Ben Hur.

Flossie F.—Take my advice, never argue with a man who talks loudly, for you couldn't convince him. Thomas Meighan is about forty. Yes, his hair is naturally wavy. You should term it a boyish bob. He is married to Frances Ring. Write him at the Famous Players Studio.

Mamie.—Your joke was a good one, but try this. Suppose you had to get seven pints of water, and you had a three-pint vessel and a five-pint vessel and you could not guess at the amount. Tell me how you would do it. Address Mae Murray at the Tiffany Productions, Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

G. L.—Painters don't have skin deep. Mary Eaton is with Universal and Allene Ray with Pathé.

Clare L.—Grass widows are called such because they usually let no grass grow under their feet. Conway Tearle was born in New York City, in 1886, and he had an extensive stage career.

(Continued on page 76)
Learn Classic Dancing!

It's Delightfully Simple

By Marinoff's New Motion Picture Method

It is wonderful, indeed, this new way of teaching classic dancing. Nothing like it has ever been done before. I have spent months perfecting it. I had to make many trials and experiments before I found exactly the right way to use the motion picture for teaching dancing. But now it is done. And I offer this new method to my pupils without any extra cost. Not one penny.

No Screen or Motion Picture Machine Needed

Indeed not. I should not think for a moment of requiring my pupils to invest in such expensive equipment! By this new method of mine it is not at all necessary. But nevertheless you get all the marvelous advantage of the motion pictures in analyzing the graceful movements of the dance. The film catches every movement of the dance far better than the eye can do it. My instructions accompany every pose,—every transition from step to step. Everything is just as clear as though the dancer were dancing before you, and I,—Marinoff,—personally explaining every step.

My instructions are thus placed before you in a form you can't forget. The great trouble with personal studio instruction is that the student will understand perfectly while the instructor is explaining the dance,—but the next day it is gone. The student has forgotten. But by my new method you have all the movements and instructions in such form that you can always refer to them, you can repeat the lesson until you have it perfectly,—and then you can refer to it long afterward. Whenever you need it you have the whole dance pictured before your eyes.

Free Dancing Equipment!

I continue, as before, to create a dancing studio for you in your own home. I give my pupils with my course, five double faced phonograph records, a dancing bar, a dainty practice costume, and made to measure ballet slippers. With these, and with my new motion picture method, you will have everything you can possibly need to realize your dream of becoming a graceful and accomplished classic dancer. My voice directs you; the music inspires and guides you; my new method puts the movements unforgettably before you—the dancer dances before your very eyes!

Think of it. Now it is possible for you to do the thing you have always wanted to do without knowing just how. I have helped many others become classic dancers, and now, better than ever before, I can help YOU. Write me today, to find out all about my new Motion Picture Method.

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Send Coupon NOW!

Fill in the coupon below—it will take only a minute of your time, and place you under no obligation—and let me tell you all about my new method. Remember, you do not need a moving picture machine or screen. Let me tell you what I have done for others, and what I shall be glad to do for you. Send the Coupon TODAY.

SERGEI MARINOFF
SCHOOL OF CLASSIC DANCING
1924 Sunnyside Ave., Studio 12-66, Chicago, Ill.
before entering pictures. He is married to Adele Rowland and is five feet ten and a half, weighs 160 pounds. Dark hair and brown eyes. He is playing with Colleen Moore in Temperament and has released to Universal Studios, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California. Is that all?

Equator.—But nine-tenths of the world's pictures are made within a few miles of the heart of Los Angeles. The Goldwyn pictures, containing over fifty pictures, was the first release of which are covered with permanent buildings. Why, John Barrymore is forty-two. Mary Astor is eighteen. That was Willard Louis in Beau Brummell. Write him at 1437 Valley View Road, Glendale, California. Consuelo Vanderbilt-four and Norma is twenty-nine. I should say you were about sixteen.

Richard F.—Many a man has aimed at a chorus girl and hit a star. Richard Barthelmess is going to do The Song and Dance Man for pictures. Wouldn't you like to know my real self. Well, I'm over eighty and have a few more years to go. Jackie Coogan was born October 26, 1914. Baby Peggy was born October 26, 1918.

Gwen.—Guess who was in to see us the other day—Florence Turner, her real self. You know she is playing in Marion Davies' Janice Meredith. She looks the same as she did fourteen years ago. Leatrice Joy was born November 7, 1899. Nazimova has been selected for the lead in the next Edwin Carewe picture, Madonna of the Streets. Milton Sills is to play opposite. Thanks a lot.

Soup and Nuts.—Sounds like a course dinner. Gloria Swanson and I are friends, I have to tell you. Alice Terry with Metro; Alice Terry with Metro; Mary Philbin with Universal, and Corinne Griffith with First National. I think they will write you.

Nora W. A.—Why, Lorelei was a malignant, but beautiful witch, yes, spirit of a witch. I have seen. Maurice B. Flynn at 1269 Sweeter Avenue, Los Angeles, California. He is being separated right now. Gloria Swanson is twenty-seven.

The Swede.—And then too, mesmerism takes its name from Sweden; from that, wasn't Eugene O'Brien in Daddy-Longlegs, but Hamilton No. But Irene and Lilian Rich are sisters. You do pretty well for a working girl.

Babs Blair.—Well, all I can say about myself is that I live in a hall room all by myself. My picture looks just like me and I have never been married. Address Mrs. Wallace Reid at Beverly Hills, California. Ben Alexander at First National, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Q.—Glenn Hunter is to play the lead in Mary Roberts Rinehart's The Altar on the Hill. Well, if I made a punt, a pun my word, I did not mean to. Callen Landis is five feet six and he was born in Nashville, Tennessee. See you later.

Meryl B.—Lewis Stone is free lanceing, but you might address him at the Louis B. Mayer Productions, 300 Mission Road, Los Angeles, California. The letter was forwarded. No, we don't always love those whom we admire, unless it is ourselves. Write me again.

Asabel B.—Guess you refer to the stage production, The Hotel Monte. Tag N.—Anna Nilsson at F. B. O. and she is playing in Purchased Youth. Mary the Third will be released as Don't Deceive Your Children. Eleanor Boardman is the star.

Mrs. Jack.—I don't know about that. Curiosity is to blame for lots of improvements in this world, and lots of sin, too. I see, you are for Milton Sills and not for Valentino. Tom Mix is playing in Fine and Dandy, with Claire Adams and Earle Fox. Rouget de Lisle composed the Marseillaise.

Trow.—Semper paratus. No record of Margaret Faulkone. Alice Terry really has dark red hair. Write me often. Ernest Torrence is playing in The Side-Show of Life. I enjoyed your letter a lot—it was a treat.

Asabel G.—Well, all's fair in love; unless it is a bunette. No, Ben Lyon isn't married. He is five feet eleven. Rod La Rocque is not married. Pola Negri's next picture, made under the working title of Compromised, will be released as The Passionate Journey.

Melvin J.—That picture was released July 19th, 1921. Written Roberts in The Trifer, in January, 1920. Souls Adrift was released September, 1917. Gaston Glass and Mary Thurman are playing with Helene Chadwick in Troubled With Ellen. D. M. S.—Never write me. I am at home. Remember, some words hurt worse than swords. Anita Stewart in Mary Regan, released in May, 1919. She played in Invisible Fear, released April, 1922.

Miss Quer.—A right, Marie Antoinette was born in 1755, and she was the Queen of Louis XVI of France. She was guillotined in 1793, during the French Revolution. Your letter was forwarded to Ramon Novarro, as requested.

Mike.—Well, Miss, do you mean that I am of the fair sex. Well, I am not, and I am bale enough to know better. Hope Hampton is to play the leading part in The Price of a Party. Betty Blythe will be the vamp in Potash and Perlmutter.

Mrs. D. H.—I should say I feel the address Maurice Flynn at 1269 Sweeter Avenue, Los Angeles, California. Adolphe Menjou is being featured in Open All Night. St. Cecilia is the patroness of music—also a martyr. I should say.

Dotty J.—What a very nice note you have. So you would like to have a chat with me. All right. That is Jack Daugherty and he is twenty-seven. I see you are your cousin, and of course you know he is married to Barbara La Marr. Ramon Novarro has gone abroad to replace George Walsh in the lead for Ben Hur. Wonder if that thing will ever be released.

Marjorie B.—No, I don't bank my money. My advice to everyone young couple is to start a bank account. I have just returned from a visit to Wellington, where I saw a lot of washed up American women dependent upon the State. I shant forget that sight. One old lady I saw was one hundred and five years old. Edward Phillips is with Famous Players. Grace Darmond at 1337 Orange Drive, Hollywood, California. Oh, yes, the Bank of England was founded in 1694.

Marion.—So you have been reading this department for the last eight years. I'm glad to hear that. Now, I ask you—you want me to give you a New Year's measure and I will measure? Well, I know she has a mighty beautiful figure—but that's all I know. Agnes Ayres, Antonio Moreno, Dagmar Godowsky, Tyrene Power and Maurice Costello are playing in The Story Without a Name, which is being made at the Famous Players-Lasky Studios on Long Island.

Paul J.—Thanks a lot. You say Romaine Fielding is living at 6800 Delmar Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri, with his charming wife Naomi. You know their romance started out of this department, and I have always been interested in them. Thanks, indeed.

Laughing Lady.—Conservatism is the only thing our civilization can give us, but we have to earn that. Rod La Rocque is playing in Peet of Clay. Monte Blue is thirty-four. See here, young lady, I am over eighty years old. Now what are you going to do about it? Jacques de Auray in The humming Bird. Mae Murray in Circles.

Louise F. F.—No, indeed, I am not in favor of long engagements. They give people the opportunity of finding out each other's character before the marriage, which I think is never advisable. No, neither Pola Negri nor Gloria Swanson are married.

Virginia Anne.—Thanks very much for the fee, and most of all, for the pretty cards made with canceled postage stamps. Various colored birds made by cutting up the stamps. It was sure a unique idea and I have never seen it done before. I don't think you will have to pay duty, just the foreign postage. Hope you like the cover.

Nozzy.—Marion Davies in Janice Meredith, and she is twenty-three. Colleen Moore and Conway Tearle have the leads in Temperament, which was made under the working title of The Lady of}
Marvelous New Curling Cap Marcelle Waves any Hair

Startling new invention makes marcelling quick and easy

Here's the greatest beauty news you've had in many a day! It makes no difference whether you wear your hair bobbed or long—whether it's thick and fluffy or thin and scraggly—for this great beauty invention insures a mass of lovely ringlets, waves and curls all the time at practically no expense to you and with only a few minutes' time every few days.

Like all great inventions, McGowan's Curling Cap is very simple. There is no complicated apparatus. Nothing to catch in your hair or get out of order. It is a simple device that applies the principles of the curling iron, using a specially prepared, safe and harmless curling fluid—Spanish Curling Liquid—in the place of water and heat.

You can see at a glance how the Curling Cap works. Elastic head bands hold the six rubberized cross pieces in place. The hair is held in 'waves' by the cross pieces until it dries, when the Curling Cap is removed, and you have a beautiful Marcelle that would cost a dollar or more at a Beauty Shop and take about an hour's time.

A timely aid to beauty

There never was a more timely invention than this, when nearly all girls and young women are wearing bobbed hair—and wondering how they will keep it curled through the summer. Tennis, golf, boating, swimming and other summer sports always have played havoc with Marcelles and make it nearly impossible for the average outdoor girl to keep her bob looking as smart as it should. But now she can laugh at her former worries, for with McGowan's Curling Cap and a bottle of Spanish Curling Liquid she can have a fresh Marcelle every day in less time than it took to comb her hair when it was long.

Curly hair's the thing now

No matter what style of bob you favor, or even if you wear your hair long, you've got to keep it curly and wavy if you want to be in style. There never was a style so universally becoming and there never was one more rigidly demanded by the arbiters of fashion.

It makes no difference, either, whether you prefer the waves running across your hair or from front to back. The Curling Cap is adjustable either way. When not in use the Cap may be folded and carried in your handbag.

Read this amazing offer

If you are familiar with the price of other curling devices—none of which is to be compared with the Curling Cap—you would expect this one to cost at least $10 or $15. In fact, when Mr. McGowan first showed his invention to his friends many of them advised him to sell it for that price because it is easily worth it. But Mr. McGowan wants every girl and woman to get the benefit of his great invention, so he decided to put the price within reach of all. By selling in tremendous quantities it will be possible for him to make a price of $2.87 for the entire outfit, which includes a large sized bottle of Spanish Curling Liquid—as well as the newly invented Curling Cap. At this same bottle of Spanish Curling Liquid has always sold for $1.87, you can see that you are really getting the Curling Cap for the ridiculous price of one dollar, which is just about what it costs to make.

Send no money—just mail the coupon

You don't even have to pay for this wonderful curling outfit in advance. Just sign the coupon and in a few days the postman will deliver the Curling Cap and Spanish Curling Liquid to you. Simply pay him $2.87, plus postage—and then your Marcelle worries will be at an end. If you don't find it the greatest beauty aid you ever used—if it doesn't bring you the most beautiful of Marcelles just as we promised—if you are not satisfied with McGowan's Curling Cap and Spanish Curling Liquid in every way, just return the outfit and your money will be refunded.
On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 67)

of Charlie's temporary absence, the detectives made a sensational raid of the premises. Sure enough, they found a still. Also they found out that the still is there because Charlie just can't stand hard water; all that touches him inside or out has to be distilled. Exeunt the prohibition spleets with abject apologies.

One of the big high schools in Los Angeles took a poll of six hundred pupils not long ago as to the favorite actor and actress. Thomas Meighan led the men and Barbara La Marr the women. Tommy is now on his way to the north coast to make a picture of James Oliver Curwood's The Alaskan. It is a big undertaking and involves "locations" all along the Alaskan coast. Estelle Taylor plays the feminine lead. She wrote a forlorn letter home the other day. She said she wished she could see just one California geranium. So her loving friends picked out one lean, withered geranium, which looked as tho it had seen better days, and sent it to her.

Piscilla Dean remarks ruefully that she no longer fears getting fat. In the picture she is now making, The Siren of Seville, she has to fall out of a tree; do a native Spanish dance; drive a team of runaway horses thru the twisting, narrow streets of a motion picture set; climb the side of a building; engage in a knife fight; have a hair-pulling contest with Claire de Lorez, and finally wrestle with a trio of fire-eating bulls. Miss de Lorez is the beautiful vampy young lady who appeared in Three Weeks and Enemies of Women. She has announced that she is soon to be married to a wealthy Detroit business man—Dr. Montrose Bernstein. They are to live in Hollywood.

Bette Davis is making an odd request to charity. Having left comedies for drama, she is going to sell all her boys' clothes and give the proceeds to the Salvation Army.

Jackie Coogan feels very important: he is a godfather. A letter from Oklahoma City announces that the young son of a family named Wilhoit has been named Jackie Coogan Wilhoit. Jackie will give the usual advice and admonitions upon the proper conduct of life for his godchild. Also the usual silver cup.

With the last scene of his picture, Little Robinos Crusoe, shot, the old Metro Studio is to be dismantled and the ground subdivided into residence lots. It has been in operation for seven years.

Laurette Taylor is going to start a new theater in New York. With her husband, Hartley Manners, and Edgar Selwyn, she expects to build a new house some-

Just to prove that they are both good "troupers," and can "double in brass" with the best of them, Viola Dana hied off to a corner of the Metro lot with Doug Fairbanks, Jr., to pose for this photo.

...markable careers in the history of Hollywood. Getting into pictures through accidental friendship, Lyon came to Hollywood eight months ago, absolutely unknown. He is now regarded as one of the big cards of the screen. Buchowetzki, the Russian director, predicts that Lyon will be the most famous actor on the screen.

Harold Lloyd confided in the other day that, now Mildred Gloria Lloyd has arrived, he can't imagine how he ever came into the error of wishing for one minute that she would be a boy. As soon as Mrs. Lloyd is well enough, and Mildred Gloria is old enough, the little mother's screen career is to be resumed. Harold is thinking of starring her in Alice in Wonderland.

Walter Hiers is about to begin working on a series of two-reel comedies for the Educational Film Co. Walter looks fatter and gayer than ever.

Sam Wood, the Lasky director, has cut loose from all contracts and will freelance from now on. He says this is the only way he can do direct stories that do not appeal to him. His first freelance picture will be Harold Bell Wright's latest novel, The Mine with the Iron Door, which is to be made in the country back of Tucson, Arizona. Mr. Wood made his entrance into pictures by about the most curious route I ever heard of. He was an investor in Los Angeles and put some money into a series of comedies. The director made such a mess of the job that Wood went out to the studio and learned to be an actor and director to protect his investment.

Dog pictures have been so successful that Peter the Great, one of the most famous of all police dogs, has been brought over from Germany by Harry Rapf. He will be used for the first time in a police mystery story called The Silent Acover, in which Eleanor Boardman will play the lead. When Jane Murfin first announced that she was going to make a picture which had to do with the love affair of two dogs, Hollywood nearly passed out with laughter. Since then dog pictures have been among the biggest money winners of all pictures.

In this connection, the office of Will H. Hays, co-operating with S. P. C. A., has made a thorough investigation of the charges that screen animals are subject to the most horrible cruelty. A society headed by an excited Los Angeles lady issued a pamphlet in which were shown the implements used and accidents in training animals for the screen. Included were chains adorned with sharp spikes, and a lot of paraphernalia apparently taken from a Spanish Inquisition Museum. The Hays organization has announced that...

(Continued on page 108)
This superb 110-piece set, with initial in 2 places on every piece, decorated in blue and gold, with gold covered handles, consists of:

11 Dinner Plates, 10¼ inches
12 Dinner Plates, 8½ inches
12 Breakfast Plates, 7½ inches
12 Soup Plates, 7½ inches
12 Cereal Dishes, 6 inches
12 Fruit Dishes, 6½ inches
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12 Saucers
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12 Platters, 11½ inches
12 Platters, 13 inches
12 Celery Dishes, 5½ inches

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To get this splendid set for free examination in your home, just pin a dollar bill to the coupon and mail it. We will ship the set complete, and with it the 110-piece Porcelain Fish and Game Set absolutely FREE. Use both sets 30 days on Free Trial. See these beautiful dishes on your table, show them to friends, use them—then make your decision. If not satisfied, send them back and we will refund your $1.00 and pay transportation charges both ways. If you keep them, take nearly a year to pay balance due on the 110-piece set—every month. Pay nothing at any time for the 3-piece Fish and Game Set. It is free, Send coupon now. Order No. 320FFMA24.

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**79**

**PAG**
and boarded. It was such a lark! On the way, Hope told the sweet old lady everything, including the fact that she was the dead image of her darling grandmother who had been the best friend she had ever had in the world.

"Once was a grandmother—once," ruminated the old lady, her expression and tone changing into sad bitterness.

"Once?" inquired Hope, incomprehendingly.

"Yes, once—she's somewhere now—God help her! Say, you mustn't come with me!" cried the old woman, suddenly and almogt breaking down.

"Oh, please—you must let me," pleaded Hope, thinking she had offended her benefactor.

"All right," sighed the old woman, "there's the house just at the head of the street. Come along."

There were a half dozen women in the midst of having a late supper. Hope created a diverting sensation. They howled with laughter.

"Been out to Hollywood, Granny? Was she left out of a rube scene and couldn't find her way home?"

"Shame on you, robbing the Old Homestead!"

Then they gave it up, the toughest among them remarking, "I give it up; there ain't no such animal!"

They tried to make fun of her in their hard way, but failed utterly because of her crass ignorance and pure innocence combined. She only smiled awkwardly until they could not help being entertained by her, and she in turn thorougly enjoyed their society. She was a perfect scream and she stayed up with them until she fell asleep in her chair, imparting something of her sweet innocence of untroubled sleep that tortured more than one heart as each slunk away into the night of the streets.

Hope had no remembrance of when she had gone to bed. The next day passed in a whirl and evening found her at the end of her rope. She thought it would be easy to find her lover. On more than one occasion she was approached by strangers into whose faces she looked with an innocent smile that made them back hastily away as their purposes faded from their eyes with an "Oh, I've made a mistake! I thought you were—you."

And they hurried away. Hope moved on, keenly disappointed at this unexplained change in what promised to become both sociable and helpful. She met all who ridiculed her tight-fitting, backwoods rig with that sweet, innocent, forgiv- ing smile that filled them with a sense of half-shame, and for herself, not for her.

(Continued from page 39)

She went to the old square piano and in the dim light of the gloomy parlor began to "pick out" the treble

She found her way with difficulty back to the "boarding-house" that evening, tired and weeping. Forgetting all her own troubles at the sight of this pitiful object of misery, Hope went over to Susie and put her arms about her neck, asking her if there was not something she could do to help her! Susie threw her off and, thinking it was one of her tricks, was about to hurl some harsh invective, when she was convinced of the truth in Hope's gentle eyes and cried out distressfully, "Oh, you mustn't do that! Get away from me, please. I'm not your kind: I'm a bad woman!"

Hope was surprised at this rebuff, then she took some relief in the fact Susie had disclosed. She turned to Susie pleadingly.

"Oh, please tell me how to be really bad. Then I want to go back to the city for. People won't have anything to do with me and I must be bad because I'm so good. I don't want to be good; I want to be bad!"

Susie, the woman of the streets, was obviously struck in a vulnerable spot for the first time in years. She seized Hope and held her tight to her and the protecting her. Then she began to sob:

"Oh, kid, you've come straight from God Almighty! Tonight I'm goin' to make an honest decent is somehow and to-morrow I'll pay you back by keepin' you from the streets, so help me!"

She kissed Hope's face and hair as tho she had been an angel and then hurried out of the open door.

Hope went into the dining-room shaking her head unperturbingly. Several highly decorated ladies were nibbling crackers and noisily drinking their soup. The course landlady entered.

"Got that hoard money yet?" she harshly demanded.

Hope shook her head, frightened.

"I haven't a cent left!"

The landlady set down the tray she was carry- ing and put her red hands on her hips. "Then get out the receipts and earn some money the way all the rest of 'em here do! You're no better than they are!"

Thus put out of the only place in the city she knew, Hope stepped into the streets.

(To be continued)
Do you use the wrong shade of powder?

By Mme. Jeannette

You wouldn't think of wearing two different shades of stockings at one time—yet how often we see women with one shade of skin wearing an entirely different shade of face powder!

This is one of the very important considerations in using powder effectively—it must match the tone of your skin. Pompeian Beauty Powder is found in four shades, one for each of the typical skins.

The following general description will be a guide in deciding your shade of skin:

The Medium skin is found with almost any shade of eyes or hair, but the actual tone of the skin makes the type!

These skins need the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder. So many American women should use this particular shade, and it is so perfected in the Pompeian Beauty Powder that I would almost persuade any woman who hasn't a striking blonde or a brunet skin to try this powder in this shade!

The White skin appears in very blonde types, and occasionally in the very black-haired Irish type, but most frequently with red hair. If you are sure your skin is chalk-white, you may use White powder that is found in the Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The Pink skin is a skin that can be turned into a definite asset of beauty if it is properly treated. Women with pink or flushed-looking skins often make the mistake of using a white or a dark powder. This only accentuates the pinkness—but they should always use the pink tone of powder—the Flesh shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The Olive skin is rich in color tones, though the average person may believe the contrary, for few olive-skinned women have much red or pink in their cheeks. The shade of powder for this rich skin is Rachel Pompeian Beauty Powder. This powder shade on an olive skin accentuates the color of the eyes, the red of the lips, and the whiteness of the teeth.

All shades, at toilet goods counters, 60c per box (Canada, 65c). The very thin-model compact, $1.00 (Canada, $1.10).

After reading my descriptions of skin-tones, and the shades of powder they require, you probably will be able to go directly to your favorite shop and buy the shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder your skin needs. If you are in doubt between two shades, check them on the coupon below and I will send you, without charge, a sample of each.

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Also Made in Canada

Pompeian Beauty Powder

The new POMPEIAN POWDER COMPACT — a thin model —

Every woman who uses Pompeian Beauty Powder and is a devotee of its superior qualities will welcome the fact that the new Pompeian Beauty Powder Compact is now available. It is the same powder, with the same fine adhesive quality, and it may be had in the four shades — Naturelle, Rachel, Flesh, and White.

It comes in a gift lacquered case with a tracery of violet-covered enamel in delicate design on the top.

This is an exceptionally thin model—the correct compact for the smart bags—and it fits easily in the pocket of suit or wrap. It is sufficiently large in circumference to permit of good expanse of powder—and has a generous mirror in the top. The compact itself is covered with a satin-backed puff.

Examine this new compact at the same store where you buy your Pompeian Beauty Powder—you will find it as de luxe as a model from an exclusive jeweler's. Be sure to get your correct shade of powder according to directions given on this page. Pompeian Beauty Powder Compact, $1.00.

MADAME JEANNETTE,
Pompeian Laboratories,
Dept. 613, Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Madame: Not being entirely certain which shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder is best suited to my skin tone, I wish to test the two shades checked below.

Name: ____________________________
Address: __________________________
City: _____________________________
State: ____________________________

Please check the two shades desired for test

[] Naturelle  [] Rachel  [] Flesh  [] White
always was plenty of work to be had down here for the asking.

I landed in Los Angeles almost penniless and started looking for a job, but I don't believe there is a town in the United States where it's harder for the outsider to get work. There are thousands of people drifting thru California all the time, and employers are prejudiced against them, feeling that they're not apt to have the same sense of responsibility as native Californians. In a little while I was without money, and the soles of my shoes were worn thru. Still, I couldn't get a job anywhere.

One day over at the Fine Arts Studio, tho, a man came over to a bunch of us who were sitting around and said, "Say, fellows, I was thinking of going to Hollywood to see what it was, and I wanted to get in touch with some of you." We all made a dash for him. "It isn't acting, tho," he told us. "It's hard work digging holes for telephone poles, here in town. The job pays a dollar and a half a day." The other fellows all stepped out of line again, leaving me standing there alone. "Say," I reasoned, "if you've got a heart in you, you'll give me the job. I need it!"

So I went to work at the Fine Arts Studio—as a day laborer. I was glad to get the job, but even at that it wasn't long before I was addressing the men at noon on the Rights of Labor, as I had done in the lumber camps.

One noon I was ascending to the heights of oratory, when I noticed a change of expression come over the faces of the men gathered around to listen to me. They were looking at someone who had come up behind me. I turned around to see who it was and there stood the boss, D. W. Griffith. Well, I thought my job was gone, all right, but all he said was, "Keep it up, young fellow. I like to listen to you, but I don't talk any more than that day, tho. Somehow, my enthusiasm for oratory was gone.

A few days later one of his assistants said that Mr. Griffith wanted to see me. I was certain this was my finish, and perhaps you think I didn't regret those soapbox speeches. But Mr. Griffith had a surprise for me. He asked me if I could act. I said no.

"Well," he said, "I think you can. I want a man to harangue the mob in this picture, and I think you can do it."

They got me a script and started the cameras going and told me to go to it. But it was condition that I have to be an orator on the lot, and another on the stages under the 1st A. Camera—conscious and words seemed to freeze in my mouth. Presently Griffith came over to me.

"I'm giving you a chance a big chance," he said. "I wonder if you have sense enough to take advantage of it? Just forget the camera."

I started again, and training with Griffith went better this time. In fact, Mr. Griffith was pleased and wrote me a part into the picture for me. It was called The Absence, and Bob Edeson was the star. When it finished, it was given a guarantee of ten dollars a week with the company, the understanding being that I was to continue as a day laborer on the lot, but to have an additional five-dollar weekly check whenever I did a day's extra work.

The studio expanded soon after that. Mr. Griffith joined Ince and Sennett, forming the Triangle Film Corporation. At times there were as many as twelve and fourteen directors working on the lot, and I worked with one committee after another. I know now that I had found my life work.

But things weren't to go smoothly with me. It was discovered that I could do stunt work particularly on horseback, and almost before I realized it I became labeled as a "stunt man." Nothing more unfortunate could have happened to me at the time, for I was kept busy doing stunts and doubling for the more prominent players. It was a treadmill existence for me, made doubly hard coming, as it did, just when my ambition to become an actor was thoroughly awakened.

I made one good friend, tho, during these discouraging days. This was Douglas Fairbanks, who had come West to work in motion pictures. He thought I'd make a good heavy, and cast me in his first picture, The Lamb. He also gave me heavy roles in his other Triangle pictures.

I believed it was sometime during 1915 that Griffith started his great feature film, Intolerance. He didn't like to use tall men in his pictures at that time, and so I hadn't done much work with him but he offered me the position of field secretary on that picture, and I took it. This kept me off the screen for a year, and when the picture was finished, I was given a five-dollar-a-week raise. It was the end of my contract with the company.

I had no intention of leaving Hollywood, tho. My days of roving were over. After
What I Can Read in the Faces of the Film Stars

CONSTANCE TALMIDGE (Continued from page 42)

regardless of consequences. A love of the luxuries and nice surroundings: a person who must be with people. Not a very practical person.

Making a general summary of the character, I would say that Miss Constance is a very agreeable person, highly emotional, active and restless; very sociable, and one who loves the good things of life. A gay, magnetic personality.

CONWAY TEARLE (Continued from page 42)

which is highly individual, refined and well-bred.

Mr. Tearle has characteristics that would make a good lawyer, for he is combative and not easily swayed, and always puts forth a good argument. He has good judgment and keen discernment and high analysis, and is a logical thinker. He has a restless nature, and is highly ambitious, intense, and entirely too serious for his own good. A nature which is inclined to worry, and at times be irritable. A man who attends strictly to his own affairs, and likes others to do likewise.

NORMA TALMIDGE (Continued from page 43)

brows is shown a nature which thinks. The fullness over the eyes shows susceptibility to color.

Making a general summary, I would say that Miss Talmadge is a person of deep feelings, a thinker with good judgment and business ability, a strong will, pride and determination. A person of moods, dreams and visions. One who has the capacity for deep suffering and great joy. An emotional, high-strung, independent nature, highly intuitive, with an interest in mysticism, things psychic and unusual. A charming woman with kindly traits.

COLLEEN MOORE (Continued from page 43)

nature, good mentality, is industrious, persistent, determined, has good judgment, and an all-absorbing interest in her work.

She is self-confident and, above all, has the courage of her convictions. There are initiative, thoroness, patience, carefulness, ability to master details, and dramatic sense. She has vivid mental pictures of the things she desires to do, and usually accomplishes that which she attempts.

Join for Ten Days
The millions who fight film on teeth

ACCEPT this offer of a ten-day test. Learn the way that millions found to whiter, cleaner teeth.

It means new beauty, new protection—things you and yours desire. You should not go without them.

Combat the film
That viscous film you feel on teeth is what clouds and ruins them. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it, so much of it clings and stays.

Soon that film discolors, then forms dingy coats. That is how teeth lose their beauty.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

You are, almost sure of trouble if you don't combat that film on teeth.

Dental science has in late years found ways to fight that film. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Many careful tests have proved these methods effective. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

That new-type tooth paste is now used by careful people of some 50 nations, and largely by dental advice.

Some unique effects
Pepsodent differs widely from the tooth pastes of the past. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, multiplies its starch digestant. Those are nature's agents for fighting mouth acids and stanch on the teeth.

These unique results have brought to millions a new era in teeth cleaning. You will want the people in your home to get them when you know.

Ten Days Will Tell
Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

Then you'll realize why you see so many prettier teeth today.

CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

Next month Mme. de Revere will read for you the characteristics that she finds in the faces of Rudolph Valentino, Corinne Griffith, Reginald Denny and Nita Naldi.
Behind the Screen with Two Greenhorns

(Continued from page 47)

Watching her, from a point of vantage beneath the camera, was Allan Dwan, the director.

"It's not right yet!" he bawled thru his megaphone. "It doesn't lie straight, and thru the camera the wrinkles look like mountains."

"Is that Gloria herself?" I asked, with the proper awe in my voice, willing to confess that perhaps, after all, they do work hard in the movies.

"Oh, no," said our guide. "That's the girl who doubles for Gloria. Glory got Kleig eyes last year, and we have to save her wherever we can."

Now, doubling for a star in the movies seems to be an even more thankless task than understanding one on the stage. For while the understudy may, in some emergency, sometime, get a chance to appear before the public, the double never can. She (or he) simply does the tiresome preliminary effects before the camera, and then fades out of the picture for the star to step in, just at the psychological moment when the director yells "Camera!"

Her only opportunity comes in some scene of such daring and danger that the management feels the expensive star should be Risked. Then the double goes thru the fire or the water or whatever the hair-raising escapade may be, with face so indistinct that everyone will think it is the real star. So even if she survives, she gets no credit from the public.

So, after this double had survived her endurance test of posing for the draping of the train, Gloria appeared, lit it upon her own disdainful shoulders—Gloria, beautiful in spite of her green skin and purple lips, clad in a ravishing wedding-gown of real lace, with a veil which the Princess Mary had been proud to wear. An ancient gray-haired maid-servant followed her into the very eye of the camera, plunging and patting, waving and de-foating. Then came the call for the priest and the groom, the bell for silence, and the call of the director of "Ready, Camera!"

Camera!

Now in any movie scene which offered the dramatic possibilities of the heroine and the villain standing before the marriage altar with the priest at hand, one certainly would expect some action—especially on the part of the hero.

But not today. The hero, a beautiful matinée idol in pearl-gray tweeds, with a silver-banded cane carried nonchalantly over one arm, was in the rear of the room, chatting gaily with another lady. And when the director called "Camera!" the priest simply raised a gold cross, made the sign of the cross first before Gloria, then before the groom, and joined their hands to signify the knot was tied. Then they rested, all being over but the final clinch, which apparently doesn't happen in the Balkan states.

I was much disappointed.

"Rotten!" shouted the director. "Do it over again!" They did, slowly and accurately. "Do it over again!" he repeated. They did. "Now once more!"

Perhaps the director works as well as the double. The nice young man assured me he did. "The director's the whole cheese," he said. "Every tiny scene has to be made at least three times, for if there is the tiniest flaw we must throw it out."

"Mobs!" shouted the director, and the lords and ladies lined up to take their places in two long rows on either side of the altar. And they went thru it again—three solid times, then they moved the camera on its scaffolding from the center of the room to the back.

This first was only the close-up," said our guide. "Now they have to do the whole thing over again for the full-length picture."

"Heavens!" I ejaculated, my longings to be in the movies waning a trifle. In the two hours during which we had been watching them, scarcely enough finished film had been made to pass before the eyes in five minutes.

Fancy an eight-reel picture!

They Really Do

Oh, yes! I almost forgot to tell. They have music with their acting. They really do. Of course, I'd read about it.

(Continued from page 110)
Critical Paragraphs About New Productions

(Continued from page 57)
similarity to Rain, Broadway's biggest hit of the past two years, tho its missionary is blessed with more humanity and its heroine is not a product of the underworld. It also bears a resemblance to other pictures of the South Seas in its action and incident—such as projecting the heroine as the sole white woman of the locality, and making the missionary a victim of suppressed desires.

She becomes involved in the simplest of triangle situations—in running away from her husband and being rescued by the natives after she has attempted suicide in jumping from his yacht. The love conflict becomes dominant when the husband conveniently reappears on the scene. The dominie has a mental struggle with the commandments in his trying to play square with the husband. But Providence saves him. The husband meets his death in a subsequent storm, which is executed with a fine thrill.

The production is much better than the story and offers some enchanting exteriors and an abundance of atmosphere. It is adequately cast and played with creditable feeling by Leatrice Joy, Percy Marmont, Laska Winter, and Adolphe Menjou. The latter has little opportunity to flash his familiar subtleties. He seldom uses his talented eyebrows.

Those Who Dance

That great American industry, bootlegging, is dealt with here—in a story that is decidedly timely and provocative of good suspense. The author deals with life in the raw—and whisky in the wood—and he tries to point out, and succeeds in a melodramatic way, the effect of bootlegging on our modern social fabric. Everyone should find interest in it. The story opens with scenes ("hic") of the filthy holes where wood alcohol is bottled as imported stuff and the effect of this poison on a jazz party which winds up with a realistic auto wreck that kills a girl. The boy driving has been blinded by the hooch. Then we are drawn into the actual story and shown some exciting rum-running scenes.

Here is where Blanche Sweet enters and proceeds to give a characterization com-

(Continued on page 106)

Somewhere ahead “Beauty's Pathway” will reach the crest of the hill. Behind you, will be the many opportunities you have had to improve your appearance. Opportunities to develop and preserve the Beauty of Youth for the time when nature can no longer respond to your efforts. Now! is your big moment—your time in life to develop your beauty to its highest degree. To give to the skin and complexion the enchanting charm that only “Beauty’s Master Touch”—

Gouraud's ORIENTAL CREAM

can render. An alluring, entrancing appearance that will remain with you over the years to come, so that the hand of time rests but lightly. Gouraud’s Oriental Cream is highly antiseptic—your assurance of a pure, soft skin, free from blemishes. Its astringent action counteracts wrinkles, flabbiness and excessive oiliness. For over 85 years it has been showing women, the world over, the way to a greater personal attractiveness. It is waiting now to unfold to you the secret of a new, lasting Beauty. Start its use today. Made in white, flesh and black so as to perfectly harmonize with your particular type.

Gouraud’s Oriental Comprimettes bring to you Gouraud’s Oriental Cream in compact form with all its beautifying properties. Your vanity bag now commands “Beauty’s Master Touch” for use at a moment’s notice, two sizes—50c and $1.00—6 shades, white, flesh, black powders, and light, medium and dark rouges. Each size complete in beautiful vanity case with mirror and puff.

Special Offer Coupon

I enclose 50c for a Comprimette (any shade), a bottle of Gouraud’s Oriental Cocoaanut Oil Shampoo and a bottle of Gouraud’s Oriental Cream.

Name
Street
City

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, New York

Blanche Sweet, Matthew Betz and Warner Baxter in a thrilling scene from Those Who Dance
The service of knowledge

The youthful Alexander Graham Bell, in 1875, was explaining one of his experiments to the American scientist, Joseph Henry. He expressed the belief that he did not have the necessary electrical knowledge to develop it.

"Get it," was the laconic advice.

During this search for knowledge came the discovery that was to be of such incalculable value to mankind.

The search for knowledge in whatever field it might lie has made possible America's supremacy in the art of the telephone.

Many times, in making a national telephone service a reality, this centralized search for knowledge has overcome engineering difficulties and removed scientific limitations that threatened to hamper the development of speech transmission. It is still making available for all the Bell companies inventions and improvements in every type of telephone mechanism.

This service of the parent company to its associates, as well as the advice and assistance given in operating, financial and legal matters; enables each company in the Bell System to render a telephone service infinitely cheaper and better than it could as an unrelated local unit.

This service of the parent company has saved hundreds of millions of dollars in first cost of Bell System telephone plant and tens of millions in annual operating expense—of which the public is enjoying the benefits.

Our Own Little K-K-Klan
(Continued from page 25)

us has had time to read, of shops which contain the strangest clothes; of the time, energy and concentration it takes to achieve individual dressing. Of husbands—of which Madge possesses one and I do not. Of a book of Chinese poems Madge adores, given her by Harrison Ford. And we brought all our philosophy to bear on life—of how difficult it is to walk "in the middle of the road." Of the courage and wisdom it takes to carry on.

"I try to look upon life," said Madge wisely, "as just a series of steps in character building—phases and experiences which are the straws and sticks to mold the foundation of our completed selves. And we can sum it all up in this: If life is worth living, we must live worthily. It must be like bookkeeping; it must balance in the end."

We were nearing the city, and a glorious sunset over the Hudson cast a glow on Madge's face and lingered there as the unwilling to leave a resting-place so unutterably sweet.

To me Madge is like a poem of perfect rhythm, or a piece of music without one discordant note. And because she has withdrawn for a space from the busy throng to search her heart in some still place, she has remained unspoiled. One cannot possibly be with her without absorbing some of the goodness she unconsciously radiates. So broad is her understanding, so far-reaching her vision, and so simple her heart.

If the Tall Young Man sees this, he'll shrug cynically and say I told 'em so."

But I defy him or anyone else to try to write about Madge and not use up all the adjectives there are, and then try to invent others more adequate. It simply can't be done.

That's Out
(Continued from page 61)

many other obstacles have arisen to block their progress that very little actual filming has been done to date, in spite of the fact that Director Brabin and company have been in Rome for over four months.

On very good authority I learn that in all probability another director will be sent to Italy to complete the production, and, strangely enough, both Marshall Neilan and Fred Niblo have announced in the past few days that they are starting for Europe on some vague and mysterious journey. According to "dope," one of these men is going to take over the direction of Ben Hur—or perhaps both—who knows?

Whatever develops, future events will do no doubt prove that the production could have been made more economically, and just as convincingly, right in little old Hollywood. But, then, it has been a wonderful pleasure trip for the company. If Ben Hur ever makes a nickel of profit for its producers, it will be the miracle picture of the age.

How to See the World at No Expense

Speaking of Ben Hur and pleasure trips, it stimulates the thought that these unnecessary journeys to foreign climes are assuming such proportions that it is time
some of the producers awoke to the fact that they are being bamboozled.

Of late, it has become quite the fad for directors to see the world at the company's expense by simply picking out each time a story laid in some different foreign land and announcing that it will be necessary to go to the native country to "get the proper atmosphere."

Every day one reads the announcement that a director and company has gone to the Sahara, the South Seas Islands, Alaska, Zanzibar or Peru to get natural backgrounds.

And in each instance, when the film is finally viewed on the screen, it is a great disappointment, and we learn that, so far as pictorial values are concerned, far better results could have been achieved by building the foreign country to order in Fort Lee or Culver City.

However, directors can't be blamed for wanting to travel at someone else's expense. We'd probably do it ourselves if we had the chance.

---

**Preaching but not Practising**

The worst of these reform movements and organizations, which set out to uplift the screen, is that they are long on talk and short on doing anything actually helpful. Here is more concrete evidence of it:

The National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teacher Associations recently met in Detroit and launched a violent attack on the current epidemic of sex motion pictures. And yet *Boy of Mine*, a clean and beautiful film, played to poor business in Detroit, while *Three Weeks* packed them in.

Where were the Mothers and Parent-Teachers organization members that they didn't patronize *Boy of Mine*? The answer is that they were down to the other theater viewing Elinor Glyn's *Three Weeks*.

---

**Bring out the beauty of your teeth with Colgate's**

*NATURE* made teeth beautiful. With Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream they can be kept that way—safely. Colgate's has the washing action that protects, rather than the harsh scouring action that scrapes and scratches.

**How to Protect your Teeth from Grit**

The U. S. Public Health Service warns against grit. Avoid it in your dentifrice as you would avoid sand in your toilet soap. Colgate's is a common sense dental cream, without grit or strong drugs.

Its purpose is to keep your teeth clean every day—to keep them beautiful as nature made them.

**Safe for a Lifetime**

You will find that more Dentists recommend Colgate's for daily brushing than any other dentifrice. The Colgate habit is a health and beauty habit for you and yours.

A large tube 25c at your favorite store. If you prefer a sample, mail the coupon and we will send you a generous trial size.

*On page 12 of the book "Good Teeth", Keep Well Series No. 13, issued by the U. S. Public Health Service, is the emphatic statement: grit is "too hard for continuous use".*

**COLGATE & CO.,** *Established 1866*
Adventures Off-Scene

(Continued from page 40)

the day's work, its stupidities and troubles. When I go to see a picture I do not want to be "educated," or solve problems, or think. I want to be lifted out of myself. I want to see my heroes and my heroines doing the things that I dreamed of doing in my youth—that I want to do now. I want to give my adventure complexes an airing. Screen rondo does for picture lovers what music does—rebilds the world, the nerves and emotions.

I saw Novarro just before his sailed on the Leviathan to do Ben-Hur for Metro-Goldwyn Mayer over there. He is Latin—all Latin, and he breathes mystery and fire and adventure.

"I believe," he said, "that life was invented in order to play. Life is a romance. It is always young. If I can fire the world to romantic action thru my roles, I feel that I am living millions of lives at once."

Ramon, you've got the right dope.

The Great Question

Why not Louis Wolheim for the part of Peter Pan? Here are grace, ethereal movement and magic wistfulness. Has Sir James Barrie seen Louis in action? One glimpse will convince.

(Talking about Peter Pan, recalls a children's matinee of the Barrie play at the Empire, Theater, some years ago, at which Mark Twain was the guest of the children. I was there with the famous humorist and his young admirers. It was such a magical two hours—Mark Twain, Maude Adams, the children and the play.)

About Those Two

Just before they left for Europe I had the great pleasure of a private audience with the Thief of Bagdad and Dorothy Vernon of Hartfield Hall. They are, as you may have guessed, somewhat and sometimes known thruout the world as Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. They are even known as Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, but this is unusual. I once came near asking the gentler branch of the family whether she was Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks or Mrs. Mary Fairbanks, but my courage failed, and as I was about to ask the question Mary's brown eyes (she positively has brown eyes, and not blue ones, as Harriette Underhill has averred) opened so wide that I got quite lost in them. She was mumbled, "It is a fine day," "A'ful murder—wasn't it?"—something like that.

As I was ushered into her apartment at the Ambassador, Prince Leap-O'er-the-pond, with no less a person than Jack Dempsey. I believe Doug was going to spar about fifteen rounds with him at Madison Square Garden—"just to limber up a bit before hitting the trail for Russia," he said afterward.

Doug leaped out of conference with a bound to greet me, and wrung my hands with such warmth that I fear for Jack Dempsey if ever he curls up that hand and goes after him. Doug is dynamite and laughter, a spring always uncurling in all directions.

"I've got Jack on my hands, and I'll see you in a minute," he said, as he catapulted himself back into conference.

As I sat in the big bedroom alone, or rather in the front of the bedroom alone, I could see the world, and the walls, and the roof, and the ceiling, and the floor, and the bed, and the chairs, and the bureau and the sofa.

Doug, I've just shipped his mother so long on the sets at Hollywood that he refused to walk or run, and found the air-line the shortest route between two given dog points. Doug, at the sight, stove me all over as much as to say:

"Are you looking for a job, or are you a friend?"

I was told afterward that he gave a sharp bark for job-hunters, and if he remained silent it was a sign for Mary and Doug that the coast was clear—it was only a friendly call.

As there was no bark, Mary herself appeared at the door, a cordial greeting in her whole attitude.

If Doug is all action, Mary is all repose. Here is a couple that complement each other in every way. Mary is Doug's balance-wheel; Doug is Mary's life-inspiration. The absolute of masculinity united to the absolute of femininity. I could never conceive of these two ever being apart.

This time I was going to have it out about Mary's eyes. I popped the question.

"Many people believe my eyes are blue,"

(Continued on page 98)
Are You Beauty-Lazy?

Indifference to your appearance may mean failure in your life's ambition

September Number of Beauty will stimulate you to seek Grace—Charm—Beauty

Comitting Obesity
A fat body—the eighth deadly sin, says Edna Goit Brintnall. Read her article and you won't commit it.

The Mad Masquerade
A serial by W. Carey Wonderly—of twisted lives, broken fates, romance, love.

Gorgeous Señoritas
Graceful physique, rich coloring, smoldering ardor, constitute Spanish beauty, says W. Adolphe Roberts.

After Eighteen Years
A unique short story translated from the French of Léon Lafage by Wm. L. McPherson.

Frances Harmer tells how to wear beads—it's delightfully told, and you'll need to know.

Facial Exercises, in which you are told how to overcome wrinkles, hollowness, over-fatness.

Penelope Knapp discloses what your forehead shows. Do you know your type?

Restoring the Bloom of Youth to the skin, in which you are told how to do just that.

Read: Custom and Commonsense—it's a question of individuality.

Read: To Drink or not to Drink—water with your meals. Do you?
For that Jolly Beach Party

Pack your week-end bag, say goodbye to the hot, noisy city and set out for a day or two of real fun and healthy sport at the lake or sea. And don’t forget to take along your pocket orchestra so there’ll be plenty of good music for those who want to dance. If you want to be the hit of the party, be ready with a Hohner Harmonica—

The World’s Best

There’s nothing like good music for happiness and there’s nothing like a Hohner for good music. Hohner Harmonicas are true in tone, accurate in pitch and perfect in craftsmanship. Get a Hohner Harmonica today and play it tonight. 50c up at all dealers.

Ask for the Free Instruction Book. If your dealer is out of copies, write M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 175, New York City.

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I MAKE THE BEST CHOCOLATE BARS
Mints and Chewing Gum. Be my agent. Everybody will buy from you. Write today. Free Samples.

MILTON GORDON, 132 Jackson St., Cincinnati, Ohio

When You Go to the Movies Over There

(Continued from page 69)

I visited the five most important houses and found them alike in importance for different reasons, for they were each and every one so individual in decoration and appeal, that it would be difficult to pick out “the greatest.”

The Union Palast, built above a fashionable restaurant, has as an approach to the auditorium an exceptionally broad staircase, richly carpeted, with the adjoining walls alternating with huge framed mirrors and handsome brocades. The auditorium itself is a cube-shaped room, simple and restful in design, and paneled in dark wood, with a very high ceiling which gives an air of vastness to the odd shape of the auditorium. Magnificence was displayed in the uniforms of the doorman and the tall, liveried ushers, who took the tickets and pretentiously bowed you to your seat.

We were quite thrilled at the plum-colored resplendence which was very much bejeweled in bright metal and bejeweled in silk braid, to say nothing of the galantry of the men who wore the uniforms. One fine old fellow, a veritable giant, with the most elaborate and gorgeous gray mustache, who, with a pair of scissors, literally folded us under his broadcloth wing. He took us to our seats, checked our hats, fetched us programs, and actually acted as a call-boy. We had confided to him that we had an early dinner date, and at the appointed time he invited us to leave, as per instructions, and bowed us all the way to the door.

One night, for the nine o’clock performance, we visited the famous Marmorhaus, across the street from the Union Palast. The Marmorhaus is famous for its expressionistic decorations, for they were executed by the finest exponent of the expressionistic art in all of Europe. The theater is a glory of scarlet and green and gold and black, with amazing figures and lines of compelling force.

It certainly is the real thing—not an imitation, and there is a vast difference between the two in the European theater today. The imitation is the crazy wildness which expresses the unrest of the period and is found in many houses, whereas the uniform modernity of the art in this theater has a central idea with motifs carefully worked out that make for balance and restfulness. There is rhythm of line and balance of color here. The stage curtain was the pièce de résistance, for it was gloriously embroidered in silks, and had appliquéd figures in brilliant colors. Two large gold figures, in the true expressionistic style, stood guard at each side of the curtain.

In the Princess we found a contrast, for it is like neither of the other two theaters. It is not so conservative as the Union Palast, and yet by no means expressionistic in style. It is a fine example of the best in more conservative modern decoration. The building was not originally erected for the movies, but was made over into a very cozy and charming little theater, decorated by the well-known poster painter, Lucian Bernhard.

All of the attractive lighting figures, brackets and sconces, as well as a very remarkable central cluster of lights, were especially created for this movie house. To cover the electric bulbs, there are lovely flower-shaped buds, made of soft, pale-yellow silk, with outer petals of rose-pink; and the arms that hold these lights are long, graceful, flower-like stems. It gives a very lovely garden effect. The silks used in the hangings were also specially printed. The architectural lines of the house are along the modernized Gothic, which give it an air of dignity and weight as a welcome setting to the dainty details.

In contrast to this small theater is the Ufa Palast, which seats nearly three thousand, and is a handsome building of extremely modern architecture, modernly but conservatively decorated. It adjoins Ernst Lubitsch’s studio, which is the largest in the city of Berlin, and is the place where he made his last picture—Pharaoh—and also where he made his first big success as a director.

Last, but by no means least, there is the extravagant Taunztein Theater. It is very elegant indeed, and ultra smart in its modern decorative treatment as to interior decoration, lighting, over-attentive attendants, and general contour, externally and “interiorally.” We had to stand in line ever so long, trying to buy a Million-Mark-Seat, to be told, as we reached the window, that they were entirely sold out! Then our next best bet was the Million-Five-Hundred-Thousand-Mark seats. So we had to pay thirty-five cents after all!
Letters to the Editor
(Continued from page 72)

In Defense of Pola Negri

Dear Editor: I do not as a rule rush into print, but R. Fox's letter in June
Motion Picture Magazine, criticizing Pola Negri is, I consider, sufficient cause
for my doing so, and I hope that you will
allow this letter to be printed.

R. Fox judges Miss Negri by one pic-
ture, Shadows of Paris. This is a flagrant
injustice, and should never be done. I
have not seen Miss Negri in this picture,
but I have seen her Du Barry in Passion
and her Bella Donna. In Passion, she is
wonderful, because she is sincere and com-
pelling, and acts without restraint. In
Bella Donna, the director tries to make her
over into a mixture of wickedness and
mawkish sweetness—an impossible com-
bination. Considering the disadvantage
under which she worked, she did well, and
won an editorial from the editor of our
most important daily paper. This editor is
an exceedingly clever critic and an
author of no mean ability. My only
criticism for Miss Negri in Bella Donna
is that she was a little too stagy in the
tent scene with Zaronti. Miss Negri is
one of the finest actresses in the motion
picture world and, given proper direction
and suitable pictures, should go far. I
would like to see her in her own envi-
ronment. She could not play Mary Pickford's
pictures, nor could Mary Pickford play
hers. The censor and the American direc-
tion are responsible for her bad pictures.

Mr. Valentino and Mr. de Roche can
not be compared. The one is a costume
man, the other can do anything. Valen-
tino, in ordinary clothes, does not appeal.
He has his own type. I would like to
see him play with Pola Negri. Mr. de
Roche is a fine actor, he only needs to let
himself go a little more. Give him time.

I wish all fans would bear in mind that
criticism should be helpful, not stingy and
cruel. Bearing in mind that tho an actor
or actress may not appeal to certain fans,
they most certainly have other fans who
are devoted to them. Therefore, you fans,
helpfully criticize the stars you admire,
and avoid the pictures of those you do not
like. Also bear in mind that the directors
make the pictures, not the stars.

I think Ramon Novarro would make an
excellent Romeo, and I would like to see
May McAvoy, that delightful and whim-
sical little actress, as the blind girl in The
Last Days of Pompeii.

I would like to throw a bouquet to Miss
Colleen Moore as the flapper in Flaming
Youth. She was excellent. Miss Myrtle
Stedman as the mother was also excellent.

To Ernest Torrence the laurel crown.
As the clown in Spain's Wings he was
perfect. Laughter and tears. Comedy
and tragedy. We laughed at him with
the tears in our eyes for the tragedy of
it. All hail, Mr. Torrence!

To all the actors and actresses who give
us of their best, a thousand thanks.

Thanking you for your patience,

Very truly yours,

N. A. F.

British West Indies.

Telling Tales on Rudolph

Dear Editor: In the May number of
this magazine you printed a short little
comment expressing admiration for the
way in which Rudolph Valentino met the
unpleasant innuendos concerning his tem-
perament and upish manners which had
(Continued on page 95)

The family choice

Fig Newtons, with their
golden brown cake filled
with real fig jam, not only
taste good but are nourishing.

N.B. C. Graham Crackers
and milk make a nourishing
lunch for both children
and grown-ups. Their delicious
nut-like flavor comes only
from using real graham flour.

Lorna Doone Shortbread
is liked by the whole family.
It tastes good eaten alone
or with crushed fruits.

NATIONAL
BISCUIT COMPANY
"Uneeda Bakers"
The Most Precious Perfume in the World

Riegers' Flower Drops

are unlike anything you have ever seen before. The very essence of the flowers themselves, made without alcohol. For years the favorite of women of taste in society and on the stage.

The regular price is $15.00 an ounce, but for 20c you can obtain a miniature bottle of this perfume, the most precious in the world. When the sample comes you will be delighted to find that you can use it without extravagance. It is so highly concentrated that the delicate odor from a single drop will last a week.

Sample

20¢

Send 20c (stamps or silver) with the coupon below and we will send you a sample of Riegers' Flower Drops, the most alluring and most costly perfume ever made.

Your choice of odors, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Romance, Lilac or Crabapple. Twenty cents for the world's most precious perfume!

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Flower Drops

Send the Coupon Now!

Paul Rieger & Co., (Since 1872)
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San Francisco

Enclosed find 20c for which please send a sample bottle of Rieger's Flower Drops in the odor which I have checked:

□ Lily of the Valley  □ Rose  □ Violet
□ Romance  □ Lilac  □ Crabapple

Name:

Address:

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GRAY HAIR—NEVER!

If You Ask Me How to Restore It

This asking is easy, just fill out and mail me the coupon. My answer will be a free trial bottle with full directions for testing on a single lock of hair.

This test is a revelation, proving how easily, safely and surely gray hair can be restored to its original, becoming, youthful color. I perfected this efficient, scientific preparation many years ago, to restore my own gray hair. I have since shared my secret with hundreds of thousands of gray haired people.

Keeps You Young

Gray hair is never becoming, even to those who are old. To young people, prematurely gray, it is a tragedy.

These unbecoming gray streaks, those aging silver threads, they add at least ten years to your age.

My wonderful restorer brings back the natural, youthful color and keeps that color for you.

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer

Over 10,000,000 Bottles Sold

On the cover—CLAIRE WINDSOR—September

Loveliest blonde in Hollywood

Outshining the Stars

THE STORY OF FRANCES MARION, famed scenario writer and beauty, illustrated with pictures almost lovelier than those of the stars themselves

(Continued on page 102)

Revealing the Dana

A FICTIONALIZATION OF "REVELATION," the Nazimova stage success. Viola Dana plays the lead in the film, her first serious role, an interesting study

The Face on the Cutting-room Floor

AN ARTICLE TOLD IN DOROTHY DONNELL'S delightfully human and humorous way of the silent tragedies that are enacted when the "Extras'" role, upon which she builds her hope of the future, is cut out!

The Wittiest Man in America!

GUESS WHO? JIM TULLY TELLS YOU in his article. But then Mr. Tully has a way of discovering things for himself.

Be Sure to Get the September Issue

That "Different" Screen Magazine

On the Newsstands August 12
Have You Wondered Why Some Toilet Goods Clerks So Persistently Push One Line?

A REPRESENTATIVE of the Federal Trade Commission made an address at the last convention of the National Association of Toilet Goods Manufacturers calling their attention to a situation which threatens the good faith between department stores and their customers. Now that the spotlight has been turned on this evil practice which has grown up slowly, it must inevitably disappear.

Many women have, no doubt, been at a loss to understand the persistent and often adroit methods by which clerks at toilet goods counters in department stores attempt to make them take some brand other than the one they had intended. They are frequently irritated by this, but how completely they would resent it if they knew the real facts.

The young woman who is trying to substitute is not an unbiased clerk of the store, but in truth, the employe of a manufacturer masquerading as a clerk.

In a great many department stores of this country the salaries of all the clerks at the toilet goods counter are paid by individual manufacturers. The advantage to the manufacturer is that the young woman so employed will divert to his brand all wavering or undecided customers, and within the limits laid down by the store rules, switch from other brands.

There can be no objections to the open demonstrator. She often serves to perform a useful demonstrating and sampling job. But the hidden demonstrator—who masquerades as an unprejudiced clerk speaking in the interests of the store and with its authority—tends to break down the good will that is the greatest fundamental asset which the department store possesses.

At present the only real protection the customer has is to know what she wants and insist upon getting it.

The Story of My Life

(Continued from page 82)

years of wandering all over the country and working at all sorts of jobs, I had found the one thing I wanted to do, and I determined to stay with it.

Douglas Fairbanks became a Lasky star, and as he thought I was a good heavy type, he used me sometimes, and he introduced me to Mary Pickford, who was a star with the same company at that time. It was given a part in her picture, M'liss, playing the Indian who killed the heroine's father.

Following this, Miss Pickford was to make Johanna Enlists, and she was looking for a leading man suited to the role of Pie-Faced Vibbard. Mr. Fairbanks thought I could play the part, but I was becoming established as a heavy, now, and Miss Pickford couldn't see me in the rôle.

Say, but I wanted it, tho, not only because it would be a great step forward for me to become Mary Pickford's leading man, but because I actually felt that I was Private Vibbard.

Fairbanks was on my side, and one day he told me to go to the wardrobe, put on a uniform and make up for the rôle and see if Miss Pickford couldn't be persuaded to use me. I did, and as a finishing touch I stopped by the cafeteria and got a big piece of pie. When Miss Pickford saw me she burst out laughing and said I could have the rôle, that I was Pie-Face to the life.

Following this picture, I made Private Pettigrew's Girl, with Ethel Clayton. I cant say enough for Miss Clayton's kindness to me during the making of this picture. She was the star, but she gave me every advantage in lighting and close-ups. The fans seemed to like Private Pettigrew and I signed a two-year contract with Lasky, playing various leads with Miss Clayton and Mary Miles Minter. Cecil De Mille gave me the rôle of Henry Adams in Something to Think About, and I was then featured in The Jacklins and The Kentuckians.

When my Lasky contract expired, I went East to make Peacock Alley with Mae Murray, and then once more worked for D. W. Griffith, playing Danton in Orphans of the Storm. It seemed great to be back under Mr. Griffith's direction again, and of all the rôles I've played on the screen, Danton remains my favorite.

I free-lanced in the East for a while, in December of 1922, and returned to Hollywood and signed my present contract with Warner Brothers, my first picture with them being Brass. This was followed by Main Street, Lucretia Lombard, and The Marriage Circle.

At present I'm looking forward to the filming of Debureau, the Belasco stage success. The rôle of the great French pantomimist who loved Camille is widely different from the tired husband parts I've been playing recently.

That's one reason I'm enthused over it, probably. The urge to escape monotony, which in earlier days led me from the coal-mines of Pennsylvania to the logging camps of the Northwest, from clowning in a circus to day-laborer on a motion picture studio lot, is still strong in me. I dont want to do one stereotyped sort of thing all the time.

I dont regret the years spent wandering around, before I found myself. If I have any ability to portray life realistically on the screen, it's because I've lived it. I've seen life from all sorts of different angles, and have found that my experiences all
Letters to the Editor
(Continued from page 91)

so disturbed him and which he felt he must
dissolve.

I am not at all surprised that he handled
the matter so well, for he is both a gentle-
man and a sport, and I’ll tell you how I
know it.

I have just arrived in New York from
California. During several years I was
with one of my sons in his Berkeley home.
Like many other families we were very
much interested in discussing the different
movements in musical life and politics.
As a rule, the men were not at all com-
plimentary to him. I think they all suffered
more or less from jealous qualms when his
name was mentioned—they would not admit
it, of course; but I always main-
tained throughout all their discussions that
he was one of the few real gentlemen on
the screen and a good sport to wit.

One night as we sat down to dinner my
son with smiling face said, “Well, mother,
I must hand it to you for being able to
pick out a sport and a gentleman. I saw
a young friend of yours in action today
and I must say I was carried away with
admiration for him, he certainly runs true
and is a good sport, and a gentleman.”

Then he told his story.

He was driving around a large body of
water (if I remember rightly the upper
waters of San Francisco Bay), when he
saw a moving picture outfit busy taking
pictures of a couple of University of Cal-
ifornia rowers, evidently practising;
and as the waters were rough, and they
were having a hard time, he stopped to
see them.

When they did land he saw that Valen-
tino was among them, bidding them good-
bye and thanking them warmly for their
time, and the way they had co-
operated with him to get a good picture,
and hoping to meet them again.

When the boys found out my son was
on his way to Berkeley, their home town,
they asked for a lift in his car and some
dozens or fifteen boys piled in.

After a while, when they had got their
wind and found out that my son was also
a U. of C. boy, tho’ of some years past,
they began frankly discussing the event
of the day.

It appeared that the rowing club of the
U. of C. had been engaged by the moving
picture company to supply the swimming
scenes in The Flame of the Rajah, and they,
like a great many other males of that time,
were rather prejudiced against him (Valen-
tino) and thought of him as difficult,
as hard and disagreeable, for him as pos-
sible. “Give him a taste of real work.”
“Have a good laugh at him.” “Let him
know what was really involved in heading
a college team.” And in this spirit they
began their day’s work. They did all sorts
(Continued on page 105)
No Sunburn  
No Freckles, No Windburn, No Peel or Blister This Summer  
And still you can enjoy all the sunshine you wish if you protect your skin with  

**SUNEX**  
The Sunshade in a Tube  
This is a new scientific discovery which, spread on the skin, absorbs the ultra-violet—the burning rays of sunshine—keeping the skin white, cool, unburned and unfreckled. 

SUNEX is a soothing, healing, transparent, vanishing cream which not only protects the skin against sunburn but relieves the skin already burned and improves the complexion. 

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**THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS**  
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Offers You Its Specialized Services in Choosing a School  

Last year the School and College Bureau of The Chicago Daily News saved many busy parents and questioning boys and girls both time and worry by sending them prompt, reliable information about just the kind of school they wanted—personal requirements as to location and tuition charges being considered in each individual case.

Again this year many young people will be perplexed by the problem of finding the right school. Why not let us help you?

The Chicago Daily News maintains this service absolutely free of charge to you. No need to select a school hurriedly on mere hearsay when expert advice can be obtained by telephoning, writing, or calling for a personal interview at  

**THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS**  
School and College Bureau  
IS N. WELLS ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS  

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**Dont Deceive Your Children**  
(Continued from page 52)  

Mary's father stormed and raged about the room calling upon Heaven to witness that he had done what was right by his children while she had done everything wrong.

see if Lynn had. So Lynn went back to his cot, well content.

The little excitement of the unexpected cocktail had not quite worn off for Hal. Down on the beach he watched Tish dive off Max's shoulders and Max tumble in hastily after her. She stared at the water a moment and then turned back toward the tents.

"Why, Hal!" exclaimed Mary in surprise, as the boy purred thru the half-opened flap. "Run along now, like a good boy. I dont want to swim."

"Oh, come on, be a sport, Mary." He opened the flap a little farther.

"Stop!" cried the girl, gathering the blankets around her. She got up and walked toward the opening. "I wont have this, Hal."

"You darling." muttered the boy thickly, and reached out his hand.

"You're being contemptible," exclaimed Mary, angrily.

"I cant help it, I'm mad about you. I've got to have you—"

That was what he said but what Mary heard somehow or other, was the gentle voice of her mother saying, "Remember I trust you absolutely, anywhere, under any circumstances." And Mary suddenly had enough of modernism, radicalism, call it what you will. She reverted to type in a breath-taking second. She made the swiftest decision that ever was made. She ripped open the tent flap, brushed the startled Hal aside, walked over to the camp fire, stood still with her head in her hands for a moment, gave one frightened cry, and collapsed in a tumbled heap on the ground. Hal went to her and Max and Tish came dripping from the lake in response. But Lynn got there first. "Mary," he murmured, keeping the others away. "Dont get sick, dearest. This has all been a horrible mistake." He clasped her hands. They seemed quite warm, but her eyes were closed. "Darling girl," he went on feverishly, "we've been wondering what life means and I know now it means you and me for eternity. I've always known it and you must learn it, dear. Get a blanket," he ordered suddenly, "we'll take her right home. This may be serious. We've all acted like a lot of darn fools. If anything happens to Mary because of this, I'll never forgive myself."

Mary opened an inquiring eye. Arrangements for their departure were proceeding satisfactorily. She closed the eye again delicately and relaxed into her former unconsciousness... still in Lynn's arms.... she was glad she had thought of it...

Safe at home the hour of four A. M. Mary decided to resume consciousness. "I wasn't really sick," she said. "I just had to get us all back home, so I did something desperate—"

"Well, what was the idea?" queried Tish, in lusty disgust.

"I wanted to go thru with it, but suddenly I saw things the way our parents did. It didn't seem fair to make them suffer," Mary shook her head. "There is something very beautiful about even their old-fashioned ideas."

"Oh well," said Tish philosophically.

"I'll probably have to marry Max now. Im compromised!" Max flung his arms around her happily. "And I might as well," she continued in her incongruous voice, "marry him first and experiment on him afterwards. He doesn't necessarily have to be final."

They started to go and Hal feeling himself defeated turned with a parting shot: "I'm horribly disappointed, Mary," he said, "you were thinking with some distinction, but you've gone back to the average level."

Mary smiled politely and Max and Tish followed Hal out. Her eyes dropped and her face softened, however, as Lynn...
 lingered long enough to whisper, "You didn’t tell the whole truth; you can’t call it back because you found out which one you wanted to marry—"

But he was gone before Mary could either affirm or deny. Now Bobby came tiptoeing gingerly down the hall to tell Mary to "lay low—someone is coming."

The someone was her father followed by their mother, and Mary and Bobby sank down behind the couch. As long as Mary lived she would never forget what followed; could never forget the look on her mother’s face as her father stormed and raged about the room calling upon Heaven to witness that he had done what was right by his children while she had done nothing. She had her gentle mother say, "When you grind out that old stuff, I could shriek! Sometimes I can’t breathe in the same room with you. I loathe everything you say or do. When you tell me how ‘right’ you always are, I— I could strike you—" She heard her father’s furious reply. She clutched Bobby’s hand and the two stood up and confronted the quivering pair.

"I wish," said Mary slowly, "I wish to God I had never come back."

"Look here, young woman," muttered her father recovering himself, "have you no conception of the sanctity of the home?"

"Yes," answered Mary, "it was because of that, that I came home. Now I know it’s a joke." She laughed shrilly.

"Oh, my dear," said her mother, "you must not talk like that. Your father and I are devoted. We love each other and our home is blest—"

"Oh, we heard the row," interrupted Bobby.

"And you needn’t keep up the pretense any longer for our sakes," added Mary.

Father and Mother looked at each other helplessly. All their years of pretending were wasted now. They couldn’t go on as they had been before, but could they change? Mary the Second felt very old, older than Mary the Third, and the disillusionment of eternity lay on the shoulders of Mary the Third. Robert was looking at his wife anxiously, still angry but utterly perplexed. "I’ll go," she said wearily, "I’ve often wanted to—there is no further use in our standing together now—"

"Mary!" exclaimed her husband in surprise, "you don’t really mean that—"

"Yes," answered her daughter for her.

"Why not? It is better that two people separate who loathe each other as you two seem to—"

"But Mary," said Robert again, "you can’t leave me—"

"Let her go," answered Bobby this time, "give her some chance to find happiness."

"Mary," cried Robert again pleadingly.

But his wife had gone and the man stood wordless before his children. Finally Mary the Third put her arms around his neck. "Unless," she whispered, "unless, Father, you could make her love you again as you did before. Couldn’t you try? It would be so wonderful!"

"I can’t think of life without her," answered the humbled man, "we must—"

There was a sudden crash and the horrible unmistakable thud of a falling body, then a hideous quiet. Robert got upstairs in two steps. There on the bathroom floor lay his wife, very white and very still. In shattered fragments beside her was a bottle, the label of which bore ironically intact, the dread familiar skull, and crossbones of the druggists’ warning, poison!

(Continued on page 103)

"What a whale of a difference just a few cents make!"

—all the difference

between just an ordinary cigarette
and—FATIMA, the most skillful blend in cigarette history.
said Mary, "because they change in the light. Then sometimes my golden hair gives that impression to people, but they really are brown, as you can see."

I looked, I saw, I knew.

"I had the finest time of my life as Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, while Doug was being the Thief of Bagdad. You know, we made the two pictures at the same time, and finished them on the same day. The last scenes of Dorothy Vernon and The Thief of Bagdad were, in fact, shot simultaneously."

"Some family teamwork, I'll say!" says I.

"Sometimes we would visit each other in our costumes, I as Dorothy and Douglas as a Bagdadian. We lunches together in costume—but never got our parts mixed."

"Well, you know, it is written that East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet."

"Only in Hollywood at the lunch hour," broke in Mary, with a merry twinkle in her voice.

Just then, Doug, having got out of conference with Dempsey, rushed in the room and told me of the "stupendous fun" he'd had doing the Thief.

I think these two lovers have "stupendous fun" just living. They are natural people, just regular folks, with the glamour of romance about them always.

Blanche Says a Sweet Mouthful

A wild race in a taxicab against time—
I needed an hour—to get to the Olympic twenty minutes before she cleared. Was I going to Europe? No. I was going to meet Blanche Sweet—Tess of the D'Urbervilles—before she sailed. Tess is going to become "the Sporting Venus" over there. Can you conceive of a greater contrast in titles or character?

Stars are rolling-stones that gather moss—you can bank on it, and they bank the moss. Blanche's eyes? Blue. Her hair? Blonde. Her expression? Wistful. As she sat in her luxurious state room with Marshall Neilan, her husband, a single word came into my brain—Romance. Yes, Blanche Sweet is Romance.

"You ask me how I like married life," she said. "Well, personally, I believe it to be the only state in which there is any degree of happiness to be had for a woman in this naughty world. I do not lay it down as a principle for others, but I have noted this in the motion-picture world—that among the actresses those that are married look happier, and seem to put something more mature into their work, than do those that are single. I do not believe in the dogma that artists do better work when single. It may be so with men—but Mr. Neilan can enlighten you on that score better than I—but I am sure it is not so with women.

"In a sense, marriage is taken too seriously—that is the reason there is so much tragedy and friction. I mean, there should be more play and laughter between husband and wife. Who was it said, "The half of love is laughter'? Why enter marriage as a solemn state? Are there to be no more skittles and ale because people are married?"

But it was time to leave before I could ask half the questions I had thought of asking, and as I escaped down the gang-plank I thought that Marshall Neilan was a pretty lucky man.

Ben Talks It Over

Ben Lyon blew in off the Famous lot at Hollywood and I landed him on the fly at the Algonquin at lunch-time. He has just finished A Passionate Journey, playing opposite Pola Negri. Ben has been in pictures only eleven months and he is already bound starward. And there's a reason. He is twenty-three. He is every bit as handsome as Novarro and Valentino. He has a vivid personality—simple, natural, electric. If the girl wants to know, I'll tell them Ben has blue eyes, black hair: he is dark, with regular features, and has a smile that would lure a contract out of a statue's pocket.

"I credit my success," he said, "to the

Three minstrels who add to the picturesqueness of a scene in Gloria Swanson's new picture, Her Love Story
She Found A Pleasant Way To Reduce Her Fat

She did not have to go to the trouble of diet or exercise. She found a better way, which aids the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone and sinew instead of fat.

She used Marmola Prescription Tablets, which are made from the famous Marmola prescription. They aid the digestive system to obtain the full nutriment of food. They will allow you to eat many kinds of food without the necessity of dieting or exercising.

Thousands have found that the Marmola Prescription Tablets give complete relief from obesity. And when the accumulation of fat is checked, reduction to normal, healthy weight soon follows.

All good drug stores sell Marmola Prescription Tablets at one dollar a box. Ask your druggist for them, or order direct and they will be sent in plain wrappers, postpaid.

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Ben Lyon opening one morning's fan mail—twenty letters—all from the ladies!

Have Shapely Feet Unmarred by BUNIONS

Fashion and comfort demand that feet fit snugly into the dainty pumps of to-day. If shoes are too big or too small, they are no hump to mar shapely feet—no racking torture to upset comfort. Bunions are unnecessary and dangerous. You can remove them quickly, harmlessly, pleasantly with the new, marvelous solvent, Pedolyne. Pedolyne stops pain instantly, softens and relieves the distorting hump and relieves the pain. 

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Write today and I gladly arrange to send you a box of Pedolyne Solvent for you to try. Simply write and say “I want to try Pedolyne.”

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If You Had a Face Like a Monkey

You would try to change it. But just because you wear a pair of pants and a coat to cover the rest of your body you don't seem to have a mark what you look like from the neck down. Come out of it, relatives. Get style. You're going to like it. It makes you look far more human.

I Make Strong Men

No one looks at a narrow-shouldered, flat-chested dyspeptic. Such a man is no good to himself or anyone else. It's the strong, robust, energetic man who gets ahead. He is admired and sought after in both the business and social world. No matter where you find such a man, he is the whole work.

Come to me—snap into it. Right now—this minute. This is your day. This message was written for you or you wouldn't be reading it. I am all set and waiting for you, and oh how I'd like to see you before this day is out. I am not asking you to be an obnoxious, showy boss, but to be no worse than the kind of a man I'm going to build up your whole body with good, solid muscle. That means attention every vital organ and about a quiver up your old spine that will make you feel like a buck rabbit.

I Can Do It

Just because a man is built like an ox doesn't mean he is all man. Nothing could be far from the mark. He is a man of strength and he is a man of weakness. I can give you a strength training program that will make a lot of strong men to-day who couldn't tell you how they ever did it. I made my reputation by building and training others. And my biggest achievements have been made during the past year, not because I have more than 2000 articles, but because I have been working with my clients for a year.

When you come to me your success is assured. I don't promise strength—I guarantee it. Are you ready? Let's go.

Send for my new 64-page book "MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

IT IS FREE

It will show you what I have done for others and what I guarantee to do for you. It contains forty-three full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning monkeys I have trained. Some of their heads to me as smiled weaklings, impinging me to make the most of their physical endowments. It is a book that you will want to keep at your side. It will train you from the neck down and up. I ask ten cents to come to cover the cost of printing and mailing and it is yours to keep. This will not obligate you at all, but if you think the future health and happiness you do not cut it off. Send to-day—right now, before you turn this page.

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KLEIN & CO. 130 West Madison St.
Chicago, Ill.

Nearly One-Quarter Century In Same Location.
The Realtors of Filmland

(Continued from page 29)

Illustrative of Ruth's cold-blooded business sagacity, she hires her divorced husband as her business manager. She was so cross with him that she refused to have him as a husband, but she wasn't too mad at him to take advantage of his sound business efficiency.

And so it goes. Nearly everyone in Hollywood has an ear in. Even Jackie Coogan. He has a lot of Los Angeles realty and a big cattle ranch in Nevada.

Conway Tearle has a big real-estate tract on the market, but for some reason does not want to be known in the matter. So, on reading this, kindly do not reveal Conway's secret and tell anybody that he has a real-estate tract.

Anna Q. Nilsson is an enthusiastic real-estate. Also an extensive oil operator. She is making a lot of money out of California. Norma Talmadge has very extensive investments both in real estate and oil. But then, of course, Norma was rich to start with. She and her husband are supposed to have thirty million dollars or more between them.

Mary Pickford does most of her business in bonds, so as to be safe; but the last time I saw her she told me that both she and Douglas had plunged heavily into downtown Los Angeles real estate—both in Hollywood and farther downtown in the business section of the city.

Pola Negri says she has taken only one flyer in real estate. She has no cause for tears in that one, however. She bought a piece of property on Hollywood Boulevard and sold it a few weeks later at a profit of thirty thousand dollars.

It's not only the big stars either. Tom Wilson, who has been so long with Charlie Chaplin, has made a lot of money turning over Hollywood real estate. Hal Cooley has a real estate tract all his own down in the hills near Beverly Hills way. Barbara La Marr, Bessie Love, Louise Fazenda, Aileen Pringle, and a score of others have made big money in Los Angeles.

One of the heavy plungers in realty about to put up an apartment-house in Hollywood. She is going to be a landlady, too. She says she knows beforehand that nobody will ever pay the rent, and that she will never have the nerve to put anybody out. So she will be running a sort of public housing establishment.

Tony Moreno's case is a little different from the rest of the Hollywood realtors. He is no amateur. Altho his real fame as an actor is of comparatively recent date, he has drawn a good salary for many years, and has always saved money. From his investments in oil alone he has a permanent income of from fifteen thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

His wife is a very rich woman. She was the daughter of Charles Canfield, the old-time mining and oil partner of E. L. Doheny of recent fame in the senatorial investigations. So Tony was well heeled when he became a realtor.

The Morenos bought a considerable tract of land surrounding their magnificent Spanish mansion overlooking Silver Lake in a range of hills that lines Los Angeles River. They have thrown this tract on the market as "The Moreno Highlands," and are cleaning up a new fortune on it. The property had lain neglected for years while the city raced on down toward the sea. Only recently has there been a movement toward the hills. Tony started this movement and will make a lot of money thereby.

Probably the greatest realtor of them all is Ruth Roland. Her case is also different. She has lived in Hollywood since she was a little girl. When she first went out there to live with an aunt, the present business part of Hollywood was a hay field and the present Lasky studio was an old barn. Ruth came of good stingy Swiss-Irish stock.

The result is that one of the finest residence districts in Los Angeles is called Roland Square and Ruth has the money to her name. She owns several apartments and houses and is reputed to be worth something over two million dollars.

Mickey Daniels is one of the stars appearing in "Our Gang" pictures. He is seen at right in this illustration. Hal Roach and distributed by Pathé.

How to Speak and Write Masterly English

Every time you speak or write you show just what you are. Mistakes in English reveal you as a person who lacks education and refinement. Each of us has his own way of talking, and he reveals it in the stamps, postmarks, and post offices of his speaking and writing.

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Only 15 minutes a day a few weeks will make you a master of English. A simple but complete system that teaches you the English language in a new and better way. It teaches you how to think and how to speak and write in correct English, and gives you a new power to think and use that power in speaking and writing in such a way as to make you understood. You can learn English in 15 minutes a day. You can read a newspaper in English. You can make your own English. You can make your own newspaper.

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WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE LIMITED

Authorized Capital $1,250,000.00

69 Colborne Building, Toronto, Canada.

Monte Blue is preparing to write a check for another piece of property in the hills near Los Angeles
and oil is Mack Sennett. Owns something over two hundred acres in city lots.

One of the actors who has grown rich in Hollywood is Milton Sills. He was a college professor and became an actor solely to make money. He has made it. He is a skilled, conservative investor who always balances his real estate speculations with gilt edge bonds that are not subject to income tax.

In this list I do not include Cecil De Mille. He is the richest man in the movie colony. He has made millions; his investments are such that it means that his children will be in possession of one of the great American fortunes.

From which it seems that they do not live for art alone in Hollywood.

Ruth Roland is the greatest realtor of them all

Coming Events

THERE is one question all persons ask about the stars in whom they are interested. In the October number we open a department devoted to the answering of this question. Watch for it!

YOU’LL be sure to like Fables in Celluloid, which also opens for a six-months’ run. These are written by Margaret Norris and illustrated by Helen Hokinson.

NOT to speak of the two brand-new pictorial departments about which we are most enthusiastic, and which we know will delight you. It’s hard not to tell you what these will be!

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clear, soft, smooth skin is
Ingram's
Milkcweed Cream
Used by discriminating women
for more than thirty years.
It is a thorough cleanser, and yet
light enough in body to form
a comfortable foundation for
powder. But it has certain re-
medial properties that subdue
redness, roughness, tan, freckles
and such imperfections. It is dis-
tinctive. Whether you use it as a
cleanser, a protection, or a powder
base, its nourishing and healing
properties will bring fresh beauty
and new life to your skin.
A little scientific care now may
save months of effort later on.
Get a jar at your druggist's to-
day, the dollar jar is the more
economical for you:
Or send ten cents (color or stamps)
for precut samples with the
Dermoscope which will show
you its beneficial effect.
Frederick F. Ingram Company
Established 1885
In Canada: 421 Tenth St.,
Windsor, Ont.
In Detroit:
Duf-Field, Inc.
311 Michigan Ave.

Trailing the Eastern Stars
(Continued from page 93)
Young Mr. Dix had the opportunity
of being starred by other companies, but at
the time the offers were made he didn't
believe himself ready for such an honor.
If he can find time from the hectic life
of a star late in the fall, Dix plans a
hunting trip. He is quite mad about hunt-
ing. Whether the "maed" dates back to his
shooting a deer last year in the wilds of
California, we don't know. But the new
star is mighty proud of the deer's head he
brought into his collection of prizes.

Mary Carr and the Wasted
Regeneration
(Continued from page 63)
the ones who, in centuries to come, will be
recognized as the leaders in thought, and,
to a great extent, the molders of the con-
cepts and opinions of our day.
I can see the students of some future
generation poring over the words of
Havelock Ellis, who, with the World War
flaming across Europe and the detonation
of heavy guns and bursting of shells
showing in his mind, figures as a "large
and harmonizing conception, that Man and
the Earth, after their long and agitated
career, surely unique in the cosmos for
fantastic charm, are at length declining to-
gether toward their sorely needed Rest."
And then, suddenly, and without the
shameful lack of respect for the philoso-
pher, I see a slim little gray-haired woman,
with wise blue eyes and quiet hands,
laughing, laughing.
Mrs. Mary Carr. One of the mothers
of the world. Too busy rearing her chil-
dren to write books on philosophy, but
with a breadth of vision which looks down
thru the centuries, and a faith in life
which sees, in the Youth of each genera-
tion, a new progress, a new beauty.
Flapperism, petting parties, the extrava-
gant follies and indulgences of youth-
every generation has known them in some
measure, she says. Let the passing genera-
cion clasp hands with the coming one,
forge the links of humanity's chain with
sympathy, comradeship, understanding.
"So much responsibility rests with the
parents," adds Mary Carr. "There is a
great difference between being just a good
parent, and being an understanding one."
What philosopher knows a wisdom
greater than that?

PIN-MONEY
For
Married Women
We know there are many
married women who are
anxious to earn pin-money;
but they have never been
able to obtain employment
that would not interfere
with household duties or
permit them to take the
proper care of their chil-
dren and earn money at the
same time.

Now Here Is Your
Opportunity
Our proposition will not
interfere in any way with
your domestic duties, for
you only need devote a few
hours a day to our work to
earn quite a bit of money.

 Hundreds of spare-time
representatives have found
our plan very remunerative
and the work easy and
pleasant. We want a rep-
resentative in your locality
to obtain new subscribers
and collect renewals for
Motion Picture Magazine,
Classic, Pictorial of Screen
and Stage and Beauty. If
you are interested in earn-
ing a little extra money,
send in the coupon for
further particulars of our
plan.
Dont Deceive Your Children

(Continued from page 97)

"Oh, mother!" came from Mary's white lips.

"Oh, my daughter," came from a terrifed Granny, suddenly appearing on the scene.

"My wife, my wife," murmured a broken man. "I can't face life without you. Why did you do it? Come back to me. Mary, my Mary, come back."

Bobby flew to the telephone and Mary helped her father carry the limp form to the bed. Moments of agonized waiting, eternities of regret and remorse, and the closed eyes slowly opened. "Thank God," Mary heard her father say, and then, "why did you take poison, Mary, oh, why did you do such a terrible thing?"

Mary the Second looked up at the staring terrified faces around her, dazed, tired. "It's a mistake," she whispered, "I didn't take poison—just fainted—didn't take anything—just reached for—aromatic spirits of ammonia—and fainted—I won't leave you, Robert—after all."

"Come away, children," said Granny suddenly, for Robert had buried his face in his wife's arms to hide repentant tears. "Life's not all beer and skittles, young lady," she said to Mary with a return of her old sharpness, "nor being happy all the time."

Mary smiled thru her tears and gave her an ecstatic hug, "Go to bed now, Granny, everything is all right—everything."

The next remark Mary was heard to make was over the telephone. "I don't care if it is five o'clock in the morning, you'll just have to come," Bobby grinned understanadly and disappeared from view. Mary waited impatiently and when, a few minutes later she heard the bell ring, she tore down the steps and collided with a breathless young man. They tumbled down on the couch, the couch, and held each other tremulously in strong young arms. "Oh, Lynn," said Mary, "so much has happened, and all of it seemed to prove that you were the one, somehow."

"You won't make any mistake in taking me," the boy answered, "because we have been so intelligent about it."

"I know," said Mary rapturously, with magnificent disregard for facts, "I know. Lynn darling, because there has never been a love as great as ours!"

---

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$5, $6, $7 & $8 Shoes

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Women of fashion should know that we have in our stores a most attractive display of distinctive, up-to-date Women's shoes in exclusive styles which appeal to those who desire stylish and comfortable shoes at reasonable prices.

W. L. DOUGLAS Pegging Shoes at 7 Years of Age

WEAR W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES AND SAVE MONEY

They are exceptionally good values. Such quality, comfort and service are rarely found in other makes at our prices. Only by wearing them can you appreciate their superior qualities. Our exclusive, smart models, designed especially for young men and women, are leaders everywhere.

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WHEREVER YOU LIVE, demand W. L. Douglas shoes. They are sold in 120 of our own stores in the principal cities and by over 5,000 shoe dealers. If you are not for sale in your vicinity, write for Illustrated Catalog, showing how to buy shoes by mail.


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Through the semi-annual compounding of the interest, your investment will have grown in five years to

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Under the law, each member of a family, adult and minor, may hold up to $5000 (maturity value) of each annual series.

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Buy Treasury Savings Certificates at your post office or send to the Federal Reserve Bank of New York.

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Sketch of an Asiatic girl by Rex Ingram
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NOW IS THE TIME TO GET RID OF THESE UGLY SPOTS

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—beautiful, unique—strength—is guaranteed to remove them completely.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful, clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength. Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Youth-Ami Skin Peel
A New Scientific Discovery

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YOU CAN earn good money at home in your spare time making show cards. No canvassing or selling. Work where you how, supply both men and women at home, no matter where you live and pay you each week. Full particulars and booklet free. AMERICAN SHOW CARD SYSTEM, LTD. 211 Adams Building Toronto, Canada.

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We Offer An Apology

In the July number of Motion Picture Magazine we printed a "Vignette" of the Vitagraph Studio in Hollywood, from which readers might draw the conclusion that this studio was fairly inactive. We wish to correct this impression. Vitagraph is action itself. We are informed by the organization that, during the current year, Vitagraph produced in Hollywood, besides a number of comedies featuring Larry Semon, ten special productions, among which were Rafael Sabatini's Captain Blood, directed by David Smith, and The Clean Heart, by A. S. M. Hutchinson, directed by J. Stuart Blackton.

The Editors.

Gloria Swanson is on Joseph Hergesheimer's preferred list—he says she is on her way to becoming great.

Lillian Gish possesses such an amount of creative vitality that she has a luminosity that can almost be felt.

"The Movies Have a Long Way to Go"

(Continued from page 21)
an order to decorate a wall six feet square, would immediately plan something eighteen feet square and then chop it up to fit! He would get a great effect and doubtless would be hailed as a post-post-modernist by ladies in bright green smocks and men in Windsor ties, but the poor old public would sit around trying to look wise, but really wondering what the devil it was all about, particularly if they had paid to see it.

"And I am not thru talking about the production end yet. Why, oh why, does it cling to the Belasco tradition of stage sets? And not even content with that, but the poor old tradition must be taken out and loaded down with all sorts of excess baggage. I don't doubt that if one of the ex-Babylonians wangled therethrough a movie set (supposedly depicting the home of a millionaire) that he would murmur faintly before passing out in a swoon, Who said, "Splendors of Babylon"?

"Now, having got that out of my system, I will go back to the original theme: business of creating movie characters. I find that I can only repeat that simplification should be the watchword in settings, in stories and in acting. I would like to mention three or four more actors who are doing great work and helping to establish a criterion for acting in the movies. Tully Marshall is one. He is a character actor of fine and sensitive perception. Ernest Torrence is another. A fine actor, and he has great capabilities. While Lillian Gish possesses such an amount of creative vitality that she has a luminosity that can almost be felt; and I have recently added Gloria Swanson to my preferred list. She has improved enormously, and it is my idea that she is on her way to becoming great.

"You can see by the preceding ideas that the movies have a long way to go (which you probably realized before I told you) before they reach anything like perfection. However, in time, production mistakes may be rectified, but the problem of the writer for the movies will always remain—the problem of composing a story that will be liked by those who are intellectual and also by those who are not."
Letters to the Editor (Continued from page 95)

of disagreeable stunts to try the patience, and the nerve and the courage of their victim. You know what college boys are capable of doing under such conditions.

He came up smiling every time; he never was ruffled, always courteous; he never permitted them to discover that he saw thru their actions, but was just good-natured and jolly, tho they tested him to the uttermost, until he was all but ex-husted. He never shirked, still kept unruffled and smiling. He won them, one and all, and earned the admiration of all his unbounded admirers and good-fellowship; he became one of them.

It has been a strenuous afternoon, and when they began to make for shore they begged him to stop rowing, but he in-sisted upon doing his share of the hard work, and arrived at the shore with a great honest sweat pouring from his body. Every inch a gentleman, and a sport.

I am writing this in a spirit of fair play, and I know you will be interested in my little contribution to the end.

Cordially yours,

(Mrs.) William Watkins, 17 West 64th St.—apt. 19-B.
New York City, N. Y.

Actors, to the Rescue!

DEAR EDITOR: May I write a word or two about the old films being shown here at our local theater?

We see pictures that would be good, but they seem so old or worn they sometimes end abruptly, or a great deal is not there.

Many have rehined good movies, but the worn-out films cause people to get disgusted with them.

The last picture I saw of Florence Vidor's was of "Alice Adams." What it was all about no one could tell. It broke off in the most interesting parts and ended in a blue.

I certainly think these worn-out films are an injustice to the actors, and everyone connected with them, and especially the public that must pay to see them.

In Your Views Department. Box 388, Green River, Wyo.

What is Wrong With Him?

DEAR EDITOR: Yniold, the half-ethereal boy in that beautiful but dumb drama, "Effusion" by Maeterlinck, after a fantastic speech, exclaimed: "I must go tell something to somebody."

I have just been reading the Motion Picture Magazine. Altho I bought it solely for the pictures—I like fine photographs of lovely things—I did not miss your suggestion welcoming letters from your readers and immediately I was seized with an impulse to 'go tell something to somebody.'

But what shall I tell? I am afraid I do not have—shall I say sympathy?—the proper sympathy for the moving pictures; but I should like to discuss them. I fear I should present myself as a heretic and a non-conformist, for my approval or disapproval of a picture raffles that of my friends. There is something wrong with me.

Recently, following a conference with the dean of a Mid-Western college, I suggested to that very erudite and sagacious gentleman that we drop into a movie. "I am not a moron," he replied, "I do go." Well, I do not seem (Continued on page 116)

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In dark and cream colored rubber. For abdomen, hips, thighs and waistline. Send waist and hip measurements.

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Name
Street
City

105 PAGL
Critical Paragraphs About New Productions

(Continued from page 85)

parable to her portrayal of Anna Christie. The situation which develops when she foists a federal officer on the bootleg king as her "reg'lar guy" and lives with him in the bootlegger's home to get the information needed to save her brother from the chair, is just about as daring as well as dramatic stuff as we've seen on the shadow stage in a long, long while. The picture will be talked about because of its unusual characterizations and its timely plot. In the cast and performing well are Bessie Love, Frank Campeau, Warner Baxter and Matthew Betz.

The Sea Hawk

One of the best pictures ever made is The Sea Hawk. It is big and it is intimate, it has romance and color, it has sweep and it has moments that are vitally thrilling. Rafael Sabatini wrote the novel from which it is adapted and, therefore, such things as romance and color and sweep were to be expected. Frank Lloyd directed it. Therefore it was expected that such ingredients as the original work contained would be transferred to the screen gracefully.

Mr. Lloyd, with this production and his previous efforts with Norma Talmadge, has been heralded by the second guessers as a great director. He is. And, ten years ago, we knew it. At that time Mr. Lloyd, just a "heavy" man with Otis Turner's Universal company only too well in charge of affairs as director when Mr. Turner left the studio for the East. The difference in the product of the company was remarkable. And Mr. Lloyd has been developing ever since. Today he stands with Messrs. Niblo, Ingram and Griffith. The triumvirate is a quartet. Mr. Lloyd has come into his own, that own which opportunity has been so long in awarding him.

The Sea Hawk is a tale of olden days, when Spain was ruler of the seas, when galleons, manned by hundreds of punting, sweating slaves, were the craft of the waves, when chivalry was determined by boats locking oars, their men fighting hand to hand, bow and arrow to bow and arrow, instead of miles apart and by explosions of TNT. Yes, The Sea Hawk revives the days of romance and adventure. That seems a trite observation, but it is true. Watching it, we are strangely tempted to forget the commercial present and to live ourselves with the romantic past—even tho' it often does appear romantic to us because we are so remotely removed from it.

Milton Sills covers himself with glory in the name part of the production. Wallace Beery duplicates Mr. Sills' endeavor in the character comedy rôle. Enid Bennett is a satisfactory heroine and Lloyd Hughes is a sympathetic villain. J. G. Hawks prepared the scenario and, from all appearances, prepared it excellently.

The White Moth

IZOLA FORRESTER's story, Maurice Tourneur's direction, and First National's lavish production are all completely dominated herewith by Barbara La Marr, the most vital and vivid of the screen's alluring heroines. We can't write much about the worth of the story, fairly worthy as it is, nor the skill of M. Tourneur's direction, complete as it is with the picturesque atmosphere of certain places in Paris and New York, because Miss La Marr is there and—

Miss La Marr changes the complexion of things completely. A picture in which she appears is a Barbara La Marr picture. Nobody else has a chance. And herein are such loved heroes as Conway Tearle, Ben Lyon and Charles de Roché. But all three together count for little beside the lady who we've mentioned a bit already. Here she is a dancer on the Parisian stage, and she dances well and looks most Parisian, and if you know what Parisian means you know what we mean—and what Miss La Marr's performance means.

(Continued on page 112)
THE PRIMROSE PATH PROVES PERILOUS

A FEW short days after she resolved to be truly wicked, and had begun by leaving her rather unpleasant home, Hope Brown, pathetic in her pitiful attempts to "go astray," found herself in Hollywood. Moreover, she had discovered a young man, rich and idle, who was a good "prospect"—or so she thought.

But there are guardian angels for innocent little girls like Hope. In her case the angel was handsome, and wealthy, and didn't seem like a guardian at all. And he was surrounded with most unangelic companions who were engaged in most unholy revelry.

Hope drank champagne, smoked a cigarette, and felt thrillingly wicked. Altogether, life looked pretty cheerful to her. Until Stanton Braithwaite felt called upon to interfere, thereby antagonizing Isabel, the woman who considered him her own particular property. It's all very interesting and absorbing, and you'll like the

Fourth Instalment of

THE GIRL WHO COULDN'T BE BAD

By Henry Albert Phillips

Mae Murray’s Autobiography

IN this absorbing story she tells Motion Picture Magazine readers of her early struggles for a career. Not parental opposition, not convent walls, not lack of money—nothing daunted Mae, the first deserter from the Follies to the screen.

Lew Cody’s “Girls”

GLADYS HALL reveals the real loves of this gentleman villain. And she tells what kinds of women he likes, as well as the kinds that adore him.

When They Are Off The Screen

THE stars are different, says Harry Carr. And he tells you how they are different, and how they act when they think he is interviewing them, and what they do when they are not on parade.

MORE CHARACTER READINGS

F. VANCE DE REVERE continues her fascinating character readings. Four more screen stars are analyzed for you. There are no secrets left when Mme. de Revere takes a look at your face, and feels your head.

October Motion Picture Magazine

On the News-stands September First
The Olive Company

Agents Wanted

Agents—Write for Free Samples. Sell Madison "Better-Made" Shirts for large manufacture direct to women. No capital or experience required. Many earn $100 weekly and more. MADISON MILLS, 564 Broadway, New York.


Big Money and Fast Sales. Every owner buys gold initals for his auto. You charge $1.50, make $1.41, 10 orders daily easy. Samples and information free. World Monogram Co., Dept. 18, Newark, N. J.

Make $75 a week taking orders for our strictly All-Wool Made-to-Measure Suits at one amazing low price. You collect profits in advance and keep them. We supply finest selling outfit in America. No back work. No making linings. Tailoring, railroad and sideline men, part or full time, write at once in confidence. GOOD WEAR, Chicago, Inc., Dept. 171, Chicago.

HELP WANTED

All Men, Women, Boys, Girls. 17 to 45, willing to accept Government Positions $117-$250, traveling or stationary, write Mr. Uucem, 294, St. Louis, Mo., immediately.


HELP WANTED—MALE

Be a Detective—Exceptional opportunity; top money. Travel. Thousands of dollars offered in rewards. Established 1869. Part-time free. Write C. T. Ludwig, 56 Westminster, Kansas City, Mo.


HELP WANTED—FEMALE

Ladies Earn $6-$18 a dozen decorating Pillow Tops at Home; experience unnecessary. Part-time for stamp, Tapestry Point Co., 125, Easting, Ind.

Motion Picture Business

$35.00 Profit Monthly—Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by government institutions. Catalog free. Atascocita Moving Picture Co., 431 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

News Correspondence

Earn $35 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines, experience unnecessary—details free. From Syndicate, 961, St. Louis, Mo.

Your Figure

Has Charm Only as You Are Fully Developed

BEAUTY OF FORM

can be cultivated just the same as flowers are made to blossom with proper care. Woman, by nature refined and delicate, craves the natural beauty of man sex. Wonderful to be a perfect woman!

Bust Pads and Ruffles

ever look natural or feel right. They are really harmful and retard development. You should add to your physical beauty by forming your bust and figure to its natural size. This is easy to accomplish with the NATIONAL, a new scientific appliance that brings delightful results.

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If you wish a beautiful, womanly figure, write for a copy of the treatise by Dr. C. S. Carr, formerly published in the Physical Culture Magazine, entitled "The Bust—How It May Be Developed." Of this method Dr. Carr states:

"Indeed, it will bring about a development of the busts quite astonishing!"

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A $500 Cash Prize is offered for the best SECOND VERSE TO "FILL ME WAITING." Those wishing to compete may receive a free copy of this protected copyrighted title. RADIO LICENSING MUSIC CORPORATION, 1658 Broadway, N. Y. C.

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Vaudeville

Get on the stage. I tell you how! Personality, confidence, skill developed. Experience unnecessary. Send for illustrated book and particulars. M. D. Upton, Box 567, Los Angeles, Cal.

On the Camera Coast (Continued from page 78)

it finds no evidence of cruelty to screen animals, and this report is indorsed by officers of the S. P. C. A.

Having galloped thru Morton of the Movies in record time, Glenn Hunter has gone back to spend the summer in his cabin in the Catskills. Some time next fall he is to star in a picture to be made by First National from Mary Roberts Rinehart's The Altar on the Hill.

Daddy Paley, one of the very first of motion picture cameramen, is dead at the age of sixty-seven. He has been a cameraman since 1892, and made the first news reel ever shown—the charge of the Rough Riders at San Juan Hill in Cuba in 1898. Recently he was in an accident in which both legs were lost; he never fully recovered.

Jack Dempsey, the champion of the world, who has been making a series of two-reel fight dramas at Universal, says the chief difficulty about being an actor is to make your nose stay on. Like most fighters, Jack has a broken-in face. He builds it up with putting before each scene but, to his huge disgust, something usually knocks it off.

Virginia Lee Corbin, one of the babies of the screen, has grown up and is to be seen as a regular full-size actress in The Café of the Fallen Angels. Nazimova is coming back to the screen to play the lead in Edwin Carewe's Madonna of the Streets, with Milton Sills.

Monte Blue has been selected to play Debora, when it is made at Warner Brothers' studio. It is called The Lover of Camille.

A great many letters have reached us praising the cover of our July number, and asking where this unusual study of Naeimrah Talmadge was made. We herewith inform our readers that the painting by Albert Vargas was made from a photograph by Lucas-Kanamaru.
Adventures Off-Scene

(Continued from page 99)

had already lost a ten-round "go" with her several years ago on a question of Carmelita's entering pictures. Tom said "nay." Carmelita said "yes." I laid my bet on Carmelita. Papa Tom threw up the sponge in the tenth round—and the screen has now a baby star that is rapidly climbing the beavers of popularity to the zenith. Fight and Win is a prophetic title for Carmelita. It is her slogan in all she undertakes. Youth, beauty, courage are the Conquerors. There is no Rubicon, Alps or Delaware that they cannot cross. And Carmelita has them all.

The Madman of the Screen

Do you remember the Magician to the Emperor in The Thief of Bagdad? That is Sadakichi Hartman—half Jap, half Austrian. He has a face that scares. He dances the weariest dances in the studio, while waiting for the director to call him. Then they can never find him. Scouting parties go in search of him. He is sometimes found lying out on the tin roof in costume, praying to the sun. He is painter, poet, playwright and actor by turns—and nothing long. Out in Hollywood they call him "the madman of the studios."

The Spectrum Films

Mr. Claude Friese-Greene gave a showing recently at Wurlitzer Hall of his new color film process. It was the first time this work has been shown in America. An interesting program had been arranged, consisting of The Dance of the Moons, A Quest of Color, a picturesque travelog, and some scenes from Shakespeare's Stratford-on-Avon. I thought them among the best color pictures that I had seen because of their subdued tones. They were never blatant—which is the fault of other processes. These films can be colored and shown on the same day the picture is taken. They are owned by the Spectrum Films, Limited, of London.
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The Urge to Write?

If there is something inside of you that demands the right to express itself, something which commands you to sit down—perhaps, for one moment, whenever you can find a little spare time—and try to pour forth upon the page the thoughts which continually trouble you, then you have the urge to write.

This urge to work in wood and stone would not make you a builder, and no desire to write would not make you a writer. Inclination to write may be supported by training in order to make one proficient in any future.

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A Chance for Free Training

If you are seriously interested in learning to write, and want to know when and how it has helped others and can help you, Palmer Institute of Authorship will send you a copy of its new Annual Catalog of Authorship. It contains information of vital importance to you, whether your children or mere curiosity seekers.

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A Beautiful Hawaiian Guitar

Three mermaids of the movies are Marie Mosquini, Blanche Mehaffy, and Eta Gregory

Behind the Screen with Two Greenhorns

(Continued from page 84)

but I never believed it. Even when they are rehearsing, before the director calls "Camera!" the musicians—two violinists and a pianist—play some appropriate melody, either lively or dreamy, to put the actors in the fitting mood.

"Pretty cold acting without it," explained our knowing guide. "Like telling funny stories at a wake."

So, during the wedding scene, they played Schubert's well-known Serenade, such as is always played back home while the guests are waiting at the church for Lohengrin's March to start.

As we passed to the Valenino and Nita Nalbi set, the musicians were playing there, also, but a lively tune, since the heavy love scene, they told us, had not yet started.

Rudy, the Incomparable

As we came in, Rudolph, the immortal, had just stepped out of the picture to powder the face that is his fortune. He was scrutinizing himself closely in the mirror and dusting his flawless features with bright yellow powder, that being the color which shows up best on the screen. He wore a riding habit of faultless tailoring and carried gloves and riding-crop with the proper nonchalance. Taken all in all, he looked quite as much of a Sheikh in person as on the screen, and fulfilled all our expectations. But he was younger than we had pictured him; in fact, he seems just a boy.

This set gave the same atmosphere of picturesque confusion as did the other one, with even less action in progress. Here, too, there seemed to be a wedding in the offing (where there is always not in the movies!). The delay, we were told, was caused by the search for a loving-cup of the proper period in which to drink the bride's health— that is, not a mustache-cup or a golf trophy, but one which would suggest the palmy days of Spain.

"Nothing doing here," said our guide. "Want to see the rest of the studio?"

The room he took us into now was filled with nothing but doors—hundreds and thousands of them, placed like letters in an upright filing case. Each one had a number and was labeled Colonial, Victorian, Director, Spanish, etc., etc.

"These help us to construct our sets," he said; "the proper one for any country or any period. And here's the rain-and-storm room."

The ceiling of this room was lined with perforated pipes, and the floor was of cement with many drains. While chancing my neck in order to miss nothing, I bumped into a large iron machine which looked like a gigantic electric fan.

"Our wind machine," he explained. "It's surprising the storms we can conjure up in this room. Over there is the tank for shipwrecks, diving, and the like."

Out another door, and here we were in a Spanish court surrounded by a low stone wall, just the height for Rudolph to leap, with artificial vines growing all over it. It was built for the outdoor scenes of The Saints of Devil. A donkey, tethered to a post, began braying when he saw us—not fiercely, just in a spirit of friendliness.

Shoved in one corner was a beautiful, pink French coach, with medallions on the door, the kind the Louis's rode in in their halcyon days.

"Made from an old taxicab," said the young man. "Used in Monsieur Beaurecau. Not for this picture."

Everywhere we looked, everywhere we went, we were with some carpenters, platers, plumbers—the hundreds of people it takes, in addition to the actors, to make a picture.

And as for the actors, the stars them- selves, they stand around in costume for hours, and work only ten minutes, maybe. Lost all day, work like a dog far into the night; drenching wet for hours; risking lives in fire or daring ride. That's the movies!

"Think you want to go into the movies?" I asked Hokey, as we stepped out into the sunlight and the familiar world again, grown almost unfamiliar in our absence from it.

"Tell you later," said Hokey, lovingly fingering the sketches she had made.
MAH JONG
Learn This Fascinating Game in a Few Minutes

Do you know how and when to "pong" — and when to "chow," and what the "winds" stand for, and how to go "Mah Jong"? Do you know what "characters" are? and "tiles"? and "Dragons" and "Bamboos" and "Circles"?

Sounds mysterious and complicated—but it is not. Mah Jong is a wonderfully interesting game that you and your family and friends should enjoy. It combines the pleasures of all games. It is truly the "game of games."

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On sale at news-stands and good book stores.

The Answer Man
(Continued from page 76)

HERM C.—You're like me, I appreciate little gifts more than great ones, for the will, not the gift, makes the good giver. John Beverly is being separated right now, and he is six feet tall. Glenn Hunter has dark-brown hair. Barbara La Marr is married to Jack Daugherty. Yes, he played in "Hunted." Helene Chadwick has light hair and brown eyes. Edith Johnson is married to William Duncan. I know, but years count for nothing; a person is as old as he feels. I'm able to look about, and that will keep you young in New York.

TOM.—Yes, the Classic Answer Man and I are one and the same. We like each other tho, and get along quite well together. Leatrice Joy is married to Jack Gilbert. Jacqueline Logan was born in 1902 and is five feet four, weighs 120 pounds. Leatrice Joy was born in 1899 and she is five feet three, weighs 125. Jacqueline has auburn hair and gray eyes. Ronald Colman has just been signed to play in the next Constance Talmadge film.

NOVARO-SWANSON FAN.—That's quite a combination. Gladden James did play in The Heart of Wotana some years ago. Gloria Swanson is American and was born in Chicago. Shirley Mason is with Fox right now. Ramon Novarro's first was Man, Woman and Marriage.

INGRAM ADMIRER.—Somebody once said "When you are in love, you should forget what you would otherwise remember, and remember what you would otherwise forget. Just write to Metro for a picture of Rex Ingram, and that is his right name.

HELEN M. K.—Huntley Gordon is married, and he is with Universal right now. Mahlon Hamilton is married. William Faversham, Kathleen Martyn, Charlotte Walker and Neil Hamilton in The Sixth Commandment, for release thru Associated Exhibitors.

WINNIE.—Rod La Rocque was born in Chicago and he is playing in Feet of Clay. You say you feel sorry for me. A bachelor is unfortunate, he has no home to stay away from.

HILDETH H.—So you want Roscoe Arbuckle back again and you say you don't think his comedies could hurt anybody. I agree with you. Dorothy Mackall and John Harron in What Shall I Do? Charles Ray's first under his new Ince contract will be released as Dynamic Smith. Jacqueline Logan and Bessie Love in the cast.

ROSEMARY.—Gaston Glass and Mary Thurman are playing in Trapping With Ellen. Bessie Love, Lewis Stone, Wallace (Continued from page 115)
The departure of the coach—a scene from Janice Meredith

Critical Paragraphs About New Productions

(Continued from page 106)

The Good Boy

It is seldom that producers err on the side of childhood studies. We cannot remem-ber when a kid picture failed to impress the spectator because the juvenile incident is lifelike enough to carry rich appeal. The author of this one is not credited, but the director, Eddie Kline, surely is in sympathy with youth. He has compiled a rich assortment of scenes—all of which are well balanced with humor and pathos—and he gives us a most enjoyable hour. The story is human, the characters seem genuine—and the action is perfectly intelligible to anyone—even a child.

In presenting a youngster with a bad reputation, there is a certainty that he will win sympathetic appreciation right at the start. With his struggling parents composing a background—to say nothing of a bunch of dogs, and the inevitable little girl playmate, one can understand that the story has something of that homely, homely quality about it. Of course, the plot is a skeleton to hang the various episodes upon—but still it carries enough substance so that the piece doesn’t look sketchy.

The story is built around this boy living down his mischievous reputation and saving his “old sox” father’s invention. There is a novel comedy scene when the youngster’s dog summons his clan—or rather his barking rotarians—and pursues a police dog that had played the buddy too long. The picture is nicely played by Joe Butterworth, Mary Jane Irving, Forrest Robinson—and others.

The Trouble Shooter

Tom Mix’s latest is a remarkable adventure yarn—one rich in the exploitation of hazardous stunts—and yet perfectly coherent in plot. It gives the star one of those he-man characters who is forced to overcome tremendous obstacles before he can win the girl. The idea isn’t new—but who cares so long as there is a rapid flow of action scenes? The actual thread of the story is based upon conflict between rival factions desirous of gaining control of a valuable strip of land—and the only novelty of characterization arises from Mix’s role—that of a lineman whose job is to repair damages to wires and poles.

We will catalog the plot, theme and characters as old stuff. But regardless of its obviousness, the picture starts with a bang and maintains its pace—sending forth on the way a full quota of thrills. Mix has been putting over several stunts for several seasons. He dishes up some new ones here. He dashes on his spirited horse across a yawning chasm, pursued by an express train. Another time he and the horse have a narrow escape from drowning while stemming the current of a turbulent stream. And to furnish a real novelty, Mix puts his horse on snow-shoes and mushes thru the white spaces. A real
Western, this—one symbolizing perfectly the wide, open places. It is competently played.

The Gaity Girl

This romantic drama of modern English social life showing the sacrifice made by a daughter of the proud Tudor family to bring happiness to her grandfather, has enough good qualities to make it a satisfying film with nine patrons of ten. The locale is rural England—with a few shots of London and South Africa. The action opens in an ancient castle owned in the heroine's family for nine hundred years. The present baron, burdened with debt, is forced to give up the ancestral home, and there are some human misunderstandings when he and the girl start off for London—accompanied by the faithful retainer. At this point the picture presents interesting life back-stage—showing among other scenes the Gaity company rehearsing, as well as the show itself—with Mary Philbin, in the title-role, the center of attraction.

There is a bit of triangle building up to the climax, and it is satisfactorily developed. The picture is neatly mounted, carrying several scenes of the suspense and, at all times, stays in the character of its atmosphere. As a production, it is technically perfect.

The Masked Dancer

They've tackled an alluring title on this opus, and collected a cast of seasoned troopers, but the story is not so good, dependent as it is upon a single situation. The spectator will discover a twist in the eternal triangle theme, but because it fails to get down to the rock-bottom of emotional conflict his interest will be attracted principally to the interpretation and the mechanics of producing a husband whose affections have cooled toward his spouse. Which prompts her to win back his love by assuming a different personality. Therefore she becomes a masked dancer in a cabaret—and one of her most ardent suitors is her husband. This is a premise difficult to accept if one is searching for realities. It is forced reasonable to believe that a husband can be fooled when he has lived in an intimate relationship with his mate. The inflection of voice and certain unconscious mannerisms would preclude such a possibility. Let it be said that the husband wins out in the love-stakes. And the wife has her say when she upholds him for falling in love with her masquerading self.

It is a sophisticated character, which indicates that it should have been embroidered with comedy. None of the players have any acting opportunities, the same Chadwick, Lowell Sherman and Leslie Austin meet the demands of their roles. There being little plot, the director is forced to use much repetitious action and detail.

The Reckless Age

The Reckless Age and its star, Reginald Denny, come nearer filling the long-felt void left by the death of Wallace Reid, caused by the cessation of his series of pictures than anything else that has been placed on the amusement market. In the freshness of plot, the strong lift of the action, the appealing personality of the star, the delightful thread of romance in which Mr. Denny is so ably supported by Ruth Dwyer, and in the spirited treatment accorded the production by Harry Pollard, the director, The Reckless Age sets a pace.
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for modern comedy-drama production that
is simply infectious.

The story tells of an English Lord who
takes out an insurance policy against his
failure to marry an American heiress.
The insurance company puts one of its
agents on the trail of the lord, palpably to
see that the course of love runs smooth.
But of course the agent complicates mat-
ters by falling in love with the heiress
himself. Here is a comedy situation
which the author, Earl Derr Biggers, has
developed to its fullest possible extent.
Universal has had lots of fine words
handled it for producing spectacular pro-
ductions. Just as fine words should be
awarded the company for dealing out such
a delightful comedy as The Reckless Age.

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everything, including complete instruc-
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Wants a Girl
—and Now!

The Modern Woman

Wants Money
—and Gets It!

When Grandma
Was a Girl

—And Now!

The Modern Woman

Needs More Money
—and Gets It!

The modern woman needs more
money than her grandmother did.
The demands of her every-day life are
far more complicated, involve expendi-
tures undreamed of when "grandma
was a girl." And, unlike the women
of past generations, the modern
woman can—and does—go after
whatever it is that she wants.

Extra Money for
Extra Things!

How much more interesting and
enjoyable life is when you can bring color
and variety into its prosaic routine,
by indulging an occasional whim.

Yes, of course, whims are apt to cost
money. But that need not worry you.

To show you why it need not, we have
taken the time and space here to tell
you about a little booklet called "The
Open Road to An Independent In-
come," which will tell you how you
can easily earn from as little as $5.00
as much as $100.00 extra each month.

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Motion Picture Magazine is one of
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in the country, and now has a serial
novel in addition to all its other splen-
did features. Classic, which has been
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more diversified and cosmopolite appeal
than ever before. Beauty is the only magazine published which
caters exclusively to this subject, so
all-important to women, and because
of its unique appeal, is acclaimed with
enthusiasm everywhere.

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The Answer Man
(Continued from page 111)

Beery and Lloyd Hughes have the leads in The Last World from the Conan Doyle story. Irene Rich is with Warner. Wesley Barry, Warner, also. No, not a bit.

E. J. P.—Yes, and you may be excused from being blue, but never for being green. Harrison Ford is with Cosmopolitan Productions at 2478 Second Avenue, New York City.

Mango P.—That’s right. Write to me any time. I like to receive letters. Tell me what you like and what you don’t like. You know we have a new editor with this number. Glenn Hunter is not engaged now. Mighty interesting letter you wrote.

Kitty C.—I don’t know why you think everybody sends their letters to Mr. Hopfmuller—he is our artist and a mighty busy one. Warren Kerrigan is not married, and he has black hair and hazel eyes. Write me any time.

JAY, PHILADELPHIA.—Arthur Rankin is playing in Purchased Youth.

THE GUMPS.—Men sometimes think they hate flattery; but they hate only the manner of it. And that’s right. They are the only kind of stars to play with. Betty Compson will probably be married to James Cruze, in October.

ELBERT B.—Colleen Moore is five feet three, twenty-two years old, and her real name is Katherine Morrison. Address her at First National, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California. Gloria Swanson’s next, which is from the Mary Roberts Rinehart story, Her Majesty the Queen, and which was made under the working title of The Women of Fire, will be released as Her Love Story.

MADRORIE.—Gloria Swanson is twenty-seven, five feet three and weighs 112 pounds. She has brown hair and blue-grey eyes. Her daughter is three.

PAGGY.—Pola Negri is not married and she is twenty-seven. Carmel Myers is abroad right now. Well, to be great, we must know how to push our fortune to the utmost.

TWAIN.—Mae Murray was born May 9th, 1886, and christened Marie Koening. Derived the name of Murray from dancing in a restaurant of the same name. Has been married three times, to William Schwenken, J. Jay O’Brien and now to Robert Z. Leonard. Virginia Valli was Margaret Deland in The Confidence Man. (Continued on page 118)
Here is an interesting study in motion picture make-up, demonstrated by Wallace Macdonald in Love and Glory. At the left, he is the romantic youth, at the right, the man of seventy. It requires three hours to put on and take off this make-up to react properly; so, as I have suggested, something's wrong. Perhaps I am not even a good moron. That being the case, you won't publish this letter; for, while it may be the case that the moving pictures cater to morons, I am not so sure that they cherish us sub-morons. Your moving picture magazine, then, wouldn't have little recognition for one whose insight was obvious (especially because of his intellectual depravity) for the movies is not nearly so rich as villainy. It is, for instance, in a Universal picture. So, while I am greatly interested in the cinema, I shall spare your time and my own feeble mental energies. I shall not try to tell you that to me The Hunchback of Notre Dame is a dull, depressing picture; in every other respect it is more than artistic, and that whoever told Norman Kerry he could act spoiled a good cigar-store Indian. I shall stop before I tell you that if I had directed that weome Woman of Paris, you, even, might never have heard of it. And lest I should add that Lilian Gish and Sir James Barrie are my favorites.

Yours, rather truly,

WILLIAM MORRELL
Pittsburgh, Penn.

Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 105)

Cuticut Talcum
Unadulterated
Exquisitely Scented

Here is an interesting study in motion picture make-up, demonstrated by Wallace Macdonald in Love and Glory. At the left, he is the romantic youth, at the right, the man of seventy. It requires three hours to put on and take off this make-up to react properly; so, as I have suggested, something's wrong. Perhaps I am not even a good moron. That being the case, you won't publish this letter; for, while it may be the case that the moving pictures cater to morons, I am not so sure that they cherish us sub-morons. Your moving picture magazine, then, wouldn't have little recognition for one whose insight was obvious (especially because of his intellectual depravity) for the movies is not nearly so rich as villainy. It is, for instance, in a Universal picture. So, while I am greatly interested in the cinema, I shall spare your time and my own feeble mental energies. I shall not try to tell you that to me The Hunchback of Notre Dame is a dull, depressing picture; in every other respect it is more than artistic, and that whoever told Norman Kerry he could act spoiled a good cigar-store Indian. I shall stop before I tell you that if I had directed that weome Woman of Paris, you, even, might never have heard of it. And lest I should add that Lilian Gish and Sir James Barrie are my favorites.

Yours, rather truly,

WILLIAM MORRELL
Pittsburgh, Penn.

Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 105)

Wanted: A Talking Film

DEAR EDITOR: The vital necessity for "original" screen stories has long been in evidence, but it was not until I witnessed...
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Dorothy Donnell, author of “Fortunate Misfortunes,” and of “Out, Damned Spot,” will contribute an article to each ensuing issue of Classic. Jim Tully, who wrote “The Man You Love to Hate” and other stories, will contribute monthly, also. These two writers have drawn countless letters of approbation from our readers.

Kenneth Macgowan, distinguished among the dramatic critics of Broadway, will review the stage plays of each month in an illustrated article. Laurence Reid, inveterate movie goer and reviewer, will give his opinion, which has come to be an authority, on the screen plays of the month, illustrated with film stills.

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Vaudeville and the Screen

By WALTER HAVILAND

GILBERT SELDES has written a book called The Seven Lively Arts, which I find distinctly lively, in spite of the rather postifical manner in which he places his hands, so to speak, on the heads of the popular amusements and says, “Bless You, My Children!” He includes motion pictures and vaudeville among the seven. Naturally — seeing that both are unescapably American and of our day.

But, did you ever stop to think that there is practically no interchange between the two? Screen favorites and the stars of the legitimate stage are constantly invading one another’s territory. Let a sweet young blonde make a hit in a Broadway show, and the next thing you hear of her is her cooing before the camera at Hollywood. Marie Prevost and Theda Bara retort by playing “in person” Vaudeville people, on the other hand, rarely furnish recruits for the silent drama, and the two-a-day has no lure for Theda and Marie. Why is it so?

I hazard the opinion that vaudeville is simply not a training ground for the qualities that make for success in a motion picture actor. It is a highly individual medium, in which contact with the audience is held by all the top people — garrulous, top people — and the young actress simply finds the camera so much more direct and less friendly than the audience. Pantomime does not ordinarily succeed on the variety stage, but Thea Payne and a few others have done well with it. In the one-act plays of vaudeville, there is little acting and much travesty. The results would be pretty kid if the performers could not intoxicate themselves with wise cracks and burst into song without waiting for the slightest dramatic excuse.

Contrariwise, the experience acquired on the motion picture lot is altogether along the lines of visual drama — drama, too, that can make its appeal at long range and is not concerned with the temperamental whims of the audience before which it is enacted on a given date. The movie heroine adapts herself to the requirements of the legitimate, because in the latter, as in pictures, “the play’s the thing.” She would have a harder time facing a vaudeville crowd, which would expect her to spell the new words (or at least very accentuated) like a very off-key and并购 absentminded piano, and would be largely indifferent to her line histrionic fervors.

The other day, I asked Ruth Roye, the vaudeville headliner, whether she expected to go in for musical comedy. She shrugged her shoulders and opined that a good offer might tempt her, tho she preferred the two-a-day. I then wanted to know whether she had ever given a thought to the movies. She stared at me as if I had gone mad, and chirped: “You’re kidding me! I wouldn’t know how to act before a camera.”

More than one cinema player has mentioned variety to me in terms that proved they regarded it as a profession followed only by low-brow oddities. These contrastive views serve to make my point.

There have been exceptions, of course. Most notable of all, Charlie Chaplin was working in a variety sketch when Mack Sennett first hired him for the movies. But Charlie was thoroughly out of his element in vaudeville and probably would have found it a long, hard road to success. The change in medium quickly revealed his superlative genius. Mrs. Sidney Drew made her reputation while playing with her late husband over the Keith and Orpheum circuits. Ray Griffith graduated from the same calling.

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 115)

A NOVARDO FAN.—Ramon Novarro is twenty-three, and not married. Alice Terry in Metro’s The Red Lily.

B. C. G.—Single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all misfortunes is generally followed by a much greater one. Yes, I like Lily Lee. Robert Ellis is at Garden Court Apartments, Los Angeles, California. Well, I will let you know when I bob my beard. That will be some time yet.

JUANITA.—All philosophers are simple, but to be affectedly simple is simply to be a fool, for fools also are simple. Rod La Rocque is not married. Monte Blue says he is not married, and he is thirty-four. Address him at Warner Brothers.

C. B. S.—You want to know if Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell are engaged. That’s a hard one. Alice Terry has dark-red hair. No, Nita Naldi is not married. Aileen Pringle is not married. Shirley Mason, William Collier, Jr., and Jacki Saunders in The Phantom Jury. Guess that will be about all. Good night!

(Continued on page 121)
Letters to the Editor  
(Continued from page 116)

The Meanest Man in the World that I came fully to understand. This picture, while adequately produced and quite interesting, held little for me. Perhaps this was due to my lack of broadmindedness to refrain from comparing it with the highly successful stage version, for which it was only intended.

The stage play, as portrayed by George M. Cohan, was a delight; something ever to be remembered. It had sparkle in abundance and the Imperator Cohan "sturt" will always live in the memory of those fortunate who saw it. But the motion picture—I say this with reliefs, because Bert Lytell is and always has been one of my favorites—was mediocre, comparatively.

Why? Just because this play, like everything, needed the assistance of the human voice. I compare the performances of the actors for but one purpose: to show that the legitimate actor had everything his way, while the exponent of the cinema was working under a huge handicap.

When Mr. Cohan undertook the leading rôle, he had new, direct material with which to work; but the part handed Mr. Lytell was altered and mutilated, unsuited to the purpose. Just such an example as this leads people to believe that the stage is the superior art, and under the circumstances it is hardly deniable.

When producers cast a player to portray a rôle that is secondary, and expect that player to create and make the performance of the original artist, after it has been altered to fit screen requirements, their intelligence is questionable. They do not seem to realize that they are not only ruining their players, but cheapening the art as well.

How can the cinema progress under such conditions? This, maybe the producers can answer, but it is the conception of the writer that under these conditions the silversheet can but only travel in the narrow path set by its pioneers.

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The Answer Man
(Continued from page 118)

ANITA U.—All right, when a man is walking on the street with two women, he should always walk next to the curb, and never between the women. Patsy Ruth Miller is with Fox. Lucille Rickson is with Fox.

MICKEY ME.—Address Pola Negri at Famous Players, 1320 Vine Street, Los Angeles, California. Herbert Rawlinson is with Universal.

ELAINE A.—Some women say they want a vote, when what they really want is a voter. Eugene and John Gilbert are no relation. Sidney Chaplin and Lucille Rickson are not married to each other. Why, the average weight appears to be 120 pounds.

LUCILLE.—Luck is the idol of the idle, but not when you put a P before it. Write to our Circulation Department for February, 1923, issue of the magazine. Hope to hear from you again.

LOOY.—You are a little late for the July issue, you see. Yes, talk is cheap, but food is as high as ever. Elaine Hamme rstein is starring in The Foolish Virgin, with Robert Frazer opposite her.

W. N. D.—Mary Beth Melford is with Universal. Betty Francisco is not connected now. Bill Hart was with Famous Players last. Alaska was transferred from Russia to the United States in Sitka, in the year 1867.

NEW S.—I cheerfully forwarded your letter to Wallace Macdonald.

Miss J. De W.—Queen Victoria Mary, daughter of the late Duke of Teck and wife of George V, is the present Queen of England. Robert Agnew in Love's Whirlpool, and he is five feet eight and a half. Address him at Universal; he is playing opposite Clara Bow in Winx. So you really cried when your favorite player was shot in the picture. That's drama for you.

BELLE OF UTAH.—Why, of course. Fright causes a person to grow pale because it enlarges the heart and draws the blood from other parts of the body. Millon Stils is with First National, and John Bowers with Vitagraph. "Don't get high-hat," as the flapper says. Write me again.

MRS. GOODWIN.—It is pretty hard to get into pictures unless you happen to be the type they are looking for, and then you must be at the studio. He was born in 1892. Constance Talmadge in Lessons in Love.

TUTTY.—Address Lila Lee at Ince Studios, Culver City, California.

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IN PRAISE OF THE ABSURD

The improbable is the life of pictures.

The public thirsts for the absurd, the thing that never happened in real life, the other side of routine.

Every once in a while lofty articles appear in journals that consider themselves emissaries of the Uplift, anent the "improbability" of the stories that are fed to the motion picture public by the producers.

The "movie" is an escape, not a teacher. It is, and should be, fundamentally, a dramatization of the absurd, a glorification of the jinx of invention. Besides, any combination of situations or characters that the imagination of the screen-writer can think of, is not "improbable" psychologically.

Should pictures be "true to life"? Yes—but what is life? We read every day in the newspapers of the most "improbable" and "absurd" of happenings. Yet when they are transposed to the screen, we call them "trash."

A famous scenario-writer once showed us five stories that he culled from one day's reading of the newspapers, with the remark:

"If we saw these stories reproduced on the screen, the critics would say, 'It is such absurd stuff that keeps pictures on such a low level.'"

The absurd and the most improbable series of pictures ever done are the old Mack Sennett comedies. They riantly burlesque everything we humans ever have done. They are the most delightfully untrue bits of hocus-pocus ever acted. But the essence of truth is in them—they show us the human race as we probably look to eyes in the fourth dimension. "What fools these mortals be!" might be their slogan.

There is really no such thing as probability and improbability in the realm of fiction and entertainment.

"It never could happen!" you may say after leaving a picture show. You buy a paper on the street, and, behold! it has happened—something more ridiculously true and improbable than what you have just seen on the screen.

Fifteen million people go to the movies every day in America. They go there to get something they could not find during the day, something they cannot find at home—life turned topsyturvy, ideal heroes, ridiculous adventures, delirious love scenes, improbable triangles, hair-breadth escapes, stupendous luxury sets, improbable endings and miraculous repentances.

Logic! They have that all day long. What they want to see in pictures is what never can happen, never does happen—or at least what never happened to them.

Away with reality! Let us have more of the absurd!
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(signed) GILDA GRAY

Photo by Edward Thayer House

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Our Portrait Gallery

Beverly Bayne

This famous star has lost none of her radiance in the few years she has been away from the screen, as she will prove to you in her new picture, Her Marriage Vow.
SYLVIA BREMER

It is said of Sylvia Breamer that she has the most alluring profile of all the stars of the screen. Her last picture, *The Woman on the Jury*, has just been released, and she is now working with Doris Kenyon in *If I Ever Marry Again*.
Here is the world's most celebrated flapper, in one of the costumes she wears in her latest picture, *Flirting With Love*. Notice her hair—she adopts a new style for every new picture. It was a straight Dutch cut in *The Perfect Flapper*; what will it be for *So Big*, her next starring vehicle?
ALBERTA VAUGHN

Alberta Vaughn established herself as a comedienne of the highest rank by her interpretation of *The Telephone Girl*, in the series of that name. She is working now with George O'Hara in another series, *The Go-Getters*
Alice Calhoun is most appealing and charming in society roles, it is the rôle of the Western girl that seems to fit her to perfection. At the left she is pictured as Ruth Harkness, in The Code of the Wilderness.
Tho J. Warren Kerrigan has been a favorite of the fans for many years, his work in The Covered Wagon brought him a long line of new admirers. He is now playing the title role in Sabatini's Captain Blood, and at the right we reproduce a portrait of him in costume.
SHIRLEY MASON

Shirley Mason is one of the most convincing ingenues of the screen. Her last picture, The Great Diamond Mystery, was recently released, and she is now playing the heroine of My Husband's Wives.
On a hillside, back of the ranch proper, are the graves of William S. Hart's two loved dogs. He made and lettered the headstones himself, and he spent the Fourth of July last year, all alone on his ranch, burying his pet bulldog, Congo.

The photographs on this page, and the two that illustrate the article, Horseshoe Ranch, were taken specially for Motion Picture Magazine, and are the only pictures that William S. Hart has ever permitted to be made of his famous ranch.

At the left are the foreman of Horseshoe Ranch, and the owner himself, who is having a chat with Pinto and Cactus Kate. When you see this famous motion picture star in these surroundings, it is hard to realize that he ever has been anything but a rancher.
HE valley lies smiling in the California sunshine. Far to the north the ranges of Santa Susana and San Gabriel stand out in clear relief. Rose, violet and gray, the desert Portal Range and Sierra Pelona wall off the furnace heat of the Mojave.

It is not without historic interest, this valley. Fremont passed this way. Thru the near-by hills the famous Fremont Pass was hewn in 1847. A monument marks it now.

Not far away the old mission of San Fernando dreams peacefully—dreams perhaps of more colorful days when Spanish dons rode thru the valley, and mission bells called the Indians to prayer; days when the padres walked thru fields of yellow mustard flowers, shoulder high, as they trod El Camino Real from one mission to another.

Little towns, those lazy, sun-scorched inland towns of Southern California, dot the valley. The broad, rolling acres of Bill Hart's Horseshoe Ranch sweep nearly to the outskirts of one of these.

I doubt that the original owner of this Spanish hacienda would recognize it now. To him the hundred or more white and live oak trees which stand on the property would no doubt be familiar. Even the interior of the ranch-house, all of California redwood, and the crude, comfortable fireplace, with pots and pans still standing on blackened stones, would seem like home. But the yellow stuccoed exterior, the gayly painted new red roof, the irrigation system which keeps the lawns a vivid green and permits the growth of tropical flowers and massed vines—these the original owner would not know at all. They're a few of Bill Hart's improvements.

Bill says the Horseshoe Ranch belongs to Pinto. Certainly the famous little horse and his four companions, Cactus Kate, Yucca Sal, 'Lis'beth, and the colt King-Valentine, have the run of the place. They gallop over the hills which rise in terraces back of the ranch-house. They stand in the shade of the oak trees and, one supposes, talk horse-sense to one another. They're never permitted on the lawn, but every other inch of the property is their own. And Pinto is boss. Having been a motion picture celebrity, he naturally has the drop on the others. They know it.

It is a most hospitable place, that ranch, and some of the most famous actors, authors, and artists have been Bill Hart's guests there. An invitation over the week-end is to be prized, for Hart is an excellent host.

Mary Garden, Pola Negri, Kathlyn Williams and her husband, Charles Eyton, Mr. and Mrs. Will Rogers, the celebrated K. C. B., James Montgomery Flagg, are a few of those whom Bill Hart and his sister, Miss Mary Hart, have entertained at Horseshoe Ranch.

If the house is filled to overflowing, some of the guests occupy the quaint New England cottage not far from the ranch-house proper, or bunk in the log cabin which stands atop a high hill overlooking the valley and the far mountain ranges. This bunk-house you'd probably recognize if you saw Singer Jim McKee, for Hart used it in this, his last picture.

I say his last picture, for he says it is improbable that he will ever appear on the screen again. Everyone, of course, knows of his split with Famous Players-Lasky, but the Bill Hart fans, and they are legion, have held out the hope that the famous Westerner would sign a contract with some other film company.

Hart declares, tho, that the only way it is possible for him to make pictures, is as he has made them for the last several (Con. on page 106).
Rudolph Valentino Dances the Argentine Tango

Motion picture fans will be delighted to learn that in his new picture, *A Sainted Devil*, Rudolph Valentino dances the tango again, for the first time since *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, three years ago. At the right you see him with Helen d'Algy, costumed for the dance.
Charles Chaplin journeyed to far-away Alaska to make special scenes for his new picture, which is tentatively titled Chilkoot Pass. The setting above is a deserted miner's cabin in which Chaplin, in the rôle of an innocent prospector, has found temporary shelter.
I cant too highly praise the Italian workmen who carried out in such minute detail the exact setting of the story. Nothing was too much trouble. Over and over they would work on a set in order that it might be an exact replica of fifteenth century architecture. That's why I say that the hardships we endured were worth while. The picture is perfect.

I learned why Italians make such wonderful workmen. They are willing to be "told," and possess an astonishing ambition to do anything exactly as it should be done. They are loyal to the Italian ideal. They must have said to themselves: "We will show the world the beauty of Italy's handicraft, back there in the Middle Ages when the rest of the world was not so clever." And they did.

But it must be that loyalty is characteristic of the Italians. It was interesting to see them when Mussolini would pass. Cries of "Mussolini!" would go up from the cheering mob, accompanied by waving caps and bright bandannas.

"No! Not Mussolini, but Italy!" the great man would shout in response.

The phrase made them his adorers more fervently than ever.

But when I speak of hardships, please dont think I regret the experience or am complaining. One cant expect to do new things in the ease and comfort of an American studio. And then, too, I would be an ingrate if I did not credit the trip with the complete restoration to health of our dear mother. I remind myself of this when I am tempted to think of the difficulties we underwent, such as trying to do necessary shopping.

America spoils one for shopping. One can go into a department store anywhere in this country and buy anything needed from a needle to a complete wardrobe. But over there! One must trudge about in the mud for hours in order to buy a spool of cotton to match a given color.

At the time these things seem tragic, but now, of course, they seem picturesquely cheerful.

(Continued on page 109)
To Get Back Home

(And the American movie fans missed the Gishes every bit as much as the two stars missed America and things American. These articles are a very sincere expression of their feelings toward their native land and its people, and their state of mind on return)

By

NOW I realize why Christopher Columbus kissed the ground on reaching America. I almost did myself. I know that's what he did because I read it in a history book once. And historians always tell the truth. They're like press-agents in that respect.

The man who saw America first was a wise one, I'll say. He knew a good thing when he saw it.

You see, Columbus was born in Italy and came to America. I was born in America and went to Italy. Each of us saw both countries. Now I know he had excellent judgment. I realize from personal experience why he was glad to get here.

Italy is a fine place to visit, but I know I'll never take any citizen's papers. No, indeed. I'm not making a rash, unpremeditated statement, either. For my visit there was no tourist's trip. I lived there for eight months—"dwell, beneath those sunny Italian skies," as the poets say—and never saw so much rain in my life!

It came down in bucketsful day after day, week after week, month after month. Yes, I've got to be dramatic about it. It's a sort of solace to my sufferings to do a little sob stuff over Florence—it's a city, you know—not a girl. It's the place where we made Rómola.

If the weather had been at all considerate we might have finished the picture in half the time, but it wasn't, and that's that!

Well, working in Italy is nobody's business—no lady's, anyhow. Eliza had more fun crossing the ice than we did crossing the location—her path wasn't so slippery.

Every evening after work I'd rush to the hotel and take a hot bath and all the cold-in-the-head preventatives I could lay my hands on. I'd be so damp and chilly all the time I was working that my teeth chattered. I flirted with pneumonia for eight months and got away with it, so came to the conclusion that I must be immune.

After the hot plunge came dinner. A truly delightful repast! It consisted of that famous army dish—beans! More and more did I come to realize why the boys in France didn't mind facing death. Those beans! Well, I can even look at a tin-can now.

And the price of them! You'd think they were truffles. Can you imagine paying ninety cents for a can of beans? Talk about the high cost of living over here. All the grocer in Italy needs is a dark lantern and a gun and he'd be a bona fide robber and a candidate for a hold-up union or the bobbed-hair banditti.

When we didn't have beans, we had salami. It's a funny thing about salami. Each town makes it a little different from the rest, and you have to pay a tax to bring it from one place to another. The officials search your trunks for it. You can carry as many valuables about you as you like and get away with it, but salami! Well, no customs officer is more avaricious than the Italian to discover salami in your jewel-case.

After the evening's repast of beans and salami, and salami and beans, we'd sit down to that thrilling indoor sport—checkers.

Boasting aside, I'm sure I can

(Continued on page 109)
A Study in Pessimism and Optimism
The Story of My Life

By

Mae Murray

FROM my earliest childhood, I have danced. When I was just a tiny child I used to follow the hand-organs thru the streets of New York, and dance the soles out of my stockings to their music.

I lived with my grandmother in Varick Street, in Greenwich Village. Altho I was not born in New York City (someone has said there is no such person as a native New Yorker), my earliest memories are identified with that city, for I was sent to live with grandmother there, at the death of my father, when I was four years old.

Portsmouth, Virginia, was my birthplace, and my birthdate was May 10th, 1893. I am of Italian and Austrian descent. Father was an artist, and he must have been either a very poor artist or a genius, for he never contrived to make more than a bare living. I do not remember him at all, and I was never very close to my mother, for I was separated from her when I was so small.

I was an only child, and grandmother took the place of an entire family to me. No doubt she was glad there were no brothers or sisters to follow my example, when she found how determined I was to tour the streets with the hand-organ grinders!

I really didn't mean to disobey her. I think that in other ways I was quite an obedient child, and sometimes, when I had followed the organ men for hours, and turned toward home hot, tired and dusty, with my stockings worn thru from dancing and my feet blistered, I would make staunch resolutions to ignore the lure of their music.
in future. Probably I was influenced on these occasions by gloomy forebodings of punishment to come.

Grandmother had an unusual way of punishing me. She would not whip me, nor even scold me. She simply would ignore me for three or four days at a time, not speaking to me at all. She wanted, I know, to break my will, but the urge to dance was stronger than the good resolutions with which I fortified myself, stronger than my dread of her displeasure, and within a few days away I would go again.

When I was nine she placed me in a convent near New York. I believe that I was a fairly good student, tho by no stretch of the imagination could I have been classified as a bookworm type of person. My desire to go on the stage, and dance, overshadowed every other interest I had in life.

Second to this was my interest in sketching and designing. As a child I would make elaborate tissue-paper dresses for my dolls, and as I grew older I designed my own clothes. I attended classes at the Art Institute in 57th Street, and during summer vacations I went up to Woodstock in the Catskills where the Institute's summer school was located.

At the convent was a girl a year or so older than myself, whom I admired very much. I suppose every schoolgirl has the experience of having a "crush" on some older girl who seems to her just a little superior to the common run of humanity. Probably one reason I admired this older girl so much was because her mother was an actress. I was thrilled at the opportunity to associate with anyone even remotely connected with the life of the theater.

One day my friend did not appear at any of her classes. When I inquired for her some of the other girls said that she had gone to Chicago to join her actress-mother. Immediately I was consumed with a desire to go to Chicago, too. My friend, I reflected, would probably go on the stage with her mother. She might even become a famous theatrical star while I sat in school poring over Latin and algebra.

The more I thought of the gay and-colorful adventures undoubtedly in store for her, the more restless I became with my own commonplace existence. At the close of the spring term I determined to go to Chicago, locate her, and persuade her to help me get on the stage. I was just fourteen at this time.

The enthusiasm and faith of Youth! I had but little

At the left is a scene from Mae Murray's latest picture, Circe, which was written specially for her by Vicente Ibanez. Contrast this characterization with the one on the opposite page, which is from the same picture. Miss Murray has so perfected her art that she is equally convincing as the wistful, innocent child, and as the sophisticated "Jazz baby"

The portrait of Miss Murray reproduced below was made at the age of fourteen, less than a year before she entered the Follies, and long before she dreamed of a screen career.
more than enough money to pay my fare to Chicago, and I hadn't the faintest idea where to locate my friend when I got there, yet I cheerfully set forth on the journey, without questioning that everything would turn out splendidly for me.

My grandmother, of course, knew nothing of this. I had been in the habit of spending my summer vacations at the convent, going into New York occasionally to visit her. The Sisters permitted me to leave. My grandmother, on the other hand, believed me in the convent and it was several days before my disappearance was discovered.

I arrived in Chicago one morning, and after checking my bag, which held nearly all my wardrobe, I started out on my tour of stage entrances, inquiring for my friend.

There is a watchman at every stage door, just as today there is one at every studio entrance, and his most important mission in life is to scare off ambitious little schoolgirls with theatrical aspirations. I think, that in the search for my friend, I was ordered away from nearly every stage door in Chicago.

The extraordinary thing is that I actually located her! She was in the chorus of a musical comedy, and most wonderful of all, I was given a try-out and placed in the chorus, too. You can imagine how thrilled I was.

This show did not last long—I've forgotten the name of it, even—and during the year that followed I was in the chorus of four different musical comedies. One was called Fascinating Flora, after that I was placed in one of Gus Edwards' Revues, and at the close of my first year on the stage I was back in New York in the chorus of The Alaskan.

Do not think that I was permitted to pursue my theatrical career without protest from my relatives, however. Three times during that year I was taken back to the convent, and all three times I fled back to the fear of Mr. Ziegfeld. He is one of the kindliest men I have ever known, and I feel that I owe a great deal to him, for he single-handedly out of thousands of stage-struck girls in New York, and gave me my first real opportunity. Every time I thought of leaving the Follies, it was my first real opportunity. Every time I thought of leaving the Follies, he was standing in the lobby of the theater, and he called me by name.

"Why haven't you answered my letters, little girl?" he asked.

After assuring me that he wasn't an ogre, and wouldn't eat me alive, we discussed a try-out for me, and as a result I entered the chorus of the Follies in 1908. I soon found how absurd had been my theater at the first opportunity. I was attracted to it as steel is attracted to a magnet. I simply couldn't do otherwise than I did.

It was while I was dancing in The Alaskan that Florenz Ziegfeld saw me, and sent me a letter, asking me to come and see him, as he would like to give me a try-out for the Follies. But I wouldn't go. I was afraid of him. He sent me two more letters and I ignored them all.

One night he happened to see me, as I was going home after the evening performance. He was standing in the lobby of the theater, and he called to me.

"Why haven't you answered my letters, little girl?" he asked.

After assuring me that he wasn't an ogre, and wouldn't eat me alive, we discussed a try-out for me, and as a result I entered the chorus of the Follies in 1908. I soon found how absurd had been my

When Nell Brinkley glimpsed Mae Murray in the Follies, she wrote of her: "She's exquisite! I might have made her myself, with my pen point and a piece of clean cardboard. She's little, little. And her waist is not tight and small. Her nose turns up in wonderful fashion, and her mouth pouts; her eyes are big and lazy, and her jaws delicate, but square, square! And she puts up her chin and patient shoulders, and spreads out her pink fingers and arches her brows in high jaunty insolence, and stands with flattened back, like a lazy-hobbled boy. Oh, she's a ripping Bettina! Her face is a Betty face, and her wonderful poses of hands and head and knees and shoulders are 'pies,' my 'pies.' I might have made her"
Two's Company—

When you see Single Wives, John Patrick and Phyllis Haver will demonstrate to you, much more in detail, this new use for the popular scarf.

In this scene (below) from Helen's Babies, Edward Everett Horton doesn't seem to appreciate Baby Peggy's company as he should.

Two were very proper company indeed, way back in the '90s—witness the love-sick pair above, in a scene from Dynamite Smith. Charles Ray is proving that he is a youth of high ideals and principles by carrying on a long-distance courtship with his best girl.

Tho this divan was really built for three; Edna Hanan, in Puppy Love, slowly proves to Gordon White that it can seat two very comfortably.

Glenn Hunter and Viola Dana, in the scene from Morton of the Movies, pictured below, show that two can be very, very good company.
Three's a Crowd!

We give you three guesses which one of the two chauffeurs, in this scene from *The Telephone Girl*, is going to be left out of the crowd when the taxi starts with its company of two.

The expression on Adolphe Menjou's face, as he gazes upon Vera Reynolds and Robert Ellis, demonstrates that he is fully conscious of being the unwelcome third in this scene from *For Sale*.

We know exactly how Matt Moore and Patsy Ruth Moore felt when her kid brother (Ben Alexander) insisted upon joining the party. We had a pleasant evening spoiled that way ourselves, not so long ago.

This happy trio proves that there are exceptions to all rules, and that an addition to a company of two is occasionally welcome.

Find the officer, in the scene from *Lily of the Dust* pictured below, who is contemplating challenging his brother officer to a duel, for spoiling his tête-à-tête with the pretty librarian (Pola Negri).
THE actors call it “doing their stuff.” Sometimes it is just “acting” off the screen. Sometimes it is the sincere expression of their personality. 

For instance, Norman Kerry. When you first meet him off the screen, he has a regular line of stuff that he pulls for your benefit. A sort of heavy haw-haw lifeguardsman blasé elegance. But when you get in beyond that, he is one of the most genuine and least affected gentlemen in Hollywood. He fools you by this world-weary pose. This fact dawns upon you the first time you see Mr. Kerry working with children. He is absolutely crazy about kids and they are equally devoted to him. If there is a child in a Norman Kerry picture, the director groans in anticipation. It means one long search for the leading man; means digging him out of marble games and playing house and playing horse twenty times a day.

Adolphe Menjou on the screen is a very different person from Adolphe Menjou off. On the screen, he is a blasé and wicked roué, case-hardened and callous—aware of the futility of everything. The world, to the screen Adolphe Menjou, is a sucked-out orange and death is just a sardonic jest. Off the screen, he is the best informed man in Hollywood.

For some strange reason, everybody speaks of him and thinks of him as a Frenchman. He is an American from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and graduated from Cornell. Every time you meet him on a set he is wrestling with some enthusiasm which has knocked him into a heap. One day it is the tennis stroke of Miss Helen Wills; the next day it is Eric von Stroheim’s picture, Greed; or the new Death Ray. Ernest Lubitsch says, jokingly, that he likes to have Menjou acting in his pictures because it saves him the trouble of reading the editorial pages. When Menjou comes on the set, Lubitsch says with a flourish, “Good morning; here’s the daily paper.”

Raymond Griffith is something like that. Only with Ray, it is always a warm discussion. At the Athletic Club the other day I saw Griffith in the middle of a furious argument with an army officer about the British defences of India; that was when I went in to lunch. When I came out, he was arguing with a Catholic priest about the right of the Pueblo Indians to dance their pagan religious dances. Later on he and Sam Wood, the director, were leaning over the cigar-stand holding forth on the general duplicity and depravity of scenario writers.

Lew Cody is the literary director of Hollywood. He has the monthly bulletins of the Authors’ League whipped to a whisper. While the electricians are changing the lights, Lew will shout to you from the set: “Pete Kyne is back in town; yes, he’s starting to write another South Sea novel.”

While the pure and lovely heroine whom he is about to assault is powdering her nose preliminary to that event, Lew sits down on the nearest prop and tells you how Frank R. Adams has decided to change the climax of his latest story or why they couldn’t get Theodore Dreiser to film Sister Carrie.

Lew likes to tell as a great joke how the public thinks that his screen villainies are also his private character; how he never meets a girl socially that she does not prepare to yell for help if worse comes to worse. He laughs about it but I think it hurts him too.

Carmel Myers is his only rival as a literary guide. Only Carmel’s specialty is newspaper men. I don’t know just why, except that she was more or less brought up in that atmosphere and is an extraordinarily clever girl; but anyhow Carmel’s suitors are always writers. She is the undisputed belle of that circle. Carmel knows just how everybody scooped everybody and why all the star reporters fell down at critical moments. On the
eve of her departure for Europe to appear in *Ben Hur*, some of her friends gave her a party and, in midst of it, some one discovered a fact previously unnoticed; that every one there was in the newspaper business.

Two of the most popular girls in Hollywood are maddening to try to talk to. They are Bessie Love and Betty Compson. You ask them a question; and right in the middle of the answer, they gallop away to ask some electrician how his wife's operation came out. You try again and they stop to wave to a photographer. I think, however, there is more method than madness in their madness. Underneath her simple, light-hearted girlliness, Betty Compson is an exceedingly shrewd girl with a keen instinct for the politics of the situation. Bessie is a hard-headed little business woman with a big dairy ranch and a lot of real estate to look after.

Pola Negri is the most candid soul in Hollywood. Right in the middle of some thrilling and agonizing remark, she will suddenly stop and say: 'Of course, that's only a bluff [she calls it bluff]. That's what we all are—just bluff.' Pola has an uncomfortable way of seeing underneath all the pretence of herself and all her friends. She doesn't go out very much socially; but she says she can't bear to be alone. So she always has some frantic intimacy in progress. You never can tell how you are going to find Pola. One day she will slip up behind you on a set and put her hands over your eyes, shrieking with laughter as you pretend to guess who it is; another time, she will be as gloomy as a thunder-cloud.

Jetta Goudal, the little French girl who has made such a sensation in Hollywood, is a lady full of troubles. Every time you see her something has happened to envelop her life with woe. One day the railroad has lost her trunk; the next day something else has happened.

If there is a child in a Norman Kerry picture, the director groans in anticipation. It means one long search for the leading man; means digging him out of marble games and playing house and playing horse twenty times a day.

You ask Bessie Love and Betty Compson a question; and right in the middle of the answer, they gallop away to ask some electrician how his wife's operation came out.

When you just talk to her, she has one manner—quite simple and sincere. When it dawns upon her that you are interviewing her, she becomes quite dramatic and thrilling—with a low tense voice and eyes that do various and fascinating peregrinations hither and yon. She is a good talker, however.

Mary Pickford occupies a curious position in Hollywood. She is the object of adoration of all the younger screen actresses. They follow her when she goes into department stores; and they watch her walking along the street just as other fans watch them. If there is one tiny streak of affectation in Mary's cosmos I have never been able to find it. She is always practical and matter-of-fact. You seldom see Mary down-town. The place you usually see her is in her little bungalow at the studio; or in the tiny Japanese lunchroom where she and Doug dine with their staffs. Mary is always late and always comes bustling in with arms full of packages; and she always has the funniest little apologies and alibis to excuse herself.

Blanche Sweet is always associated in my mind with long talks held in the most extraordinary places—such as sitting in wheelbarrows or on the steps of cutting-rooms. Blanche will never pretend to be interested if she isn't interested. She has a stark almost savage honesty. If you bore her, she never lets you rest in doubt about it. Happily, she is easily interested, however.

Louise Fazenda—Well, there are two Louise Fazendas. One is a rather posey and somewhat affected young lady who makes witty remarks. The other is a very matter-of-fact, genuine, hilariously funny girl who

(Continued on page 84)
MR. AND MRS. JACK PICKFORD

Marilynn Miller was a famous Follies beauty, and the very popular star of the successful musical comedy, Sally. She married Jack Pickford in 1922, and it is rumored that they have lived happily ever after.
The Question of Jack Pickford

An appreciation of this young star who, if he stood alone, and were measured in the public eyes only by the merit of his work—as an artist should be measured—would accomplish very great things indeed

By GRACE HALTON

He sat there behind a desk in the small studio office-room, and from time to time he lit a cigarette, rather nervously. When he smiled, it was quite quickly but with no reflection of an inner amusement in his eyes. He talked rapidly, but without ease. I felt that in his mind he was wondering what I would ask him next and wishing quite fervently that I would leave.

Outside the summer sun beat hotly down on the Pickford-Fairbanks lot. The walls of Mary's old Rosita sets seemed to curl and quiver in the downpour of tropical sunshine. The minarets of Bagdad rose, an eye-piercing blaze of silver against the hard blue of the sky. Only in the shelter of the mammoth walls of Doug's medieval castle, erected for Robin Hood and later serving Mary well in Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, was there shadow and cool.

And, quite wisely, a Pickford-Fairbanks chauffeur had parked one of the family's Rolls-Royce cars in this grateful shade.

So Jack Pickford and I sat in the little office—Jack most immaculate in white trousers and well-cut gray coat—and when the riveters, working on a giant gas-tank near-by, did not drown out our conversation with their staccato clatter, we talked of various things.

But I knew, even as I asked him questions and he answered them obediently, like a little boy who hopes he'll grade at least eighty per cent. in examinations, but rather doubts it, that it was no sort of interview.

One gets no glimpse of the real Jack Pickford this way. I know, for I've met him a dozen times in the last half-dozen years, at parties, formal and informal, at the various dancing places, on transcontinental trains. Times when he was his natural, youthful self.

He was not himself the other day. His manner was guarded. He was earnestly striving to uphold the dignity of the Pickford family.

He endeavored not to arouse interest in himself and in his reactions, veering ever from the personal with talk of Marilynn, of Mary and Doug.

"It's lonesome around here without them," says Jack. "Sure." He has a way of saying "Sure," as tho to emphasize his remarks.

News had come that day of a decoration bestowed upon Doug in Paris by the Ministry Beaux Arts. Two gold palms, crossed, and suspended by a purple ribbon. A great honor for Doug. No actor has ever before received this decoration, which was originated by Napoleon and has heretofore been awarded only to educators.

Doug and Mary "have a new stunt"—thus the conversation continued. They like to go down to the Orpheum sometimes, when they're here at home. It's hard on Mary never having a chance to go out anywhere without being mobbed, and at last she and Doug have solved the difficult problem of how to enjoy a peaceful evening at a vaudeville show. They buy seats in the last row on the aisle, dress most inconspicuously and put on dark glasses. Then they slip into the theater after the show has started and out again just before the last act is over. The stunt works fine.

Then—Marilynn, Marilynn Miller, before whom jaded first-night Broadway has bent the knee in homage, more than once. Marilynn of the soft golden curls, the babyish face, the twinkling toes. The adored "youngest star on Broadway." Jack's wife.

Of these he will talk.

He and Marilynn are going abroad later in the summer, he says. Marilynn is to meet Barrie. She's bringing Peter Pan to the stage in the fall and, well, it seems a good idea to meet Barrie beforehand. It's an awful responsibility, you know, following Maude Adams in Peter Pan. Sure. Jack likes London. He has lots of friends in London. He lit another cigarette. No—he doesn't like Paris.

It is later, perhaps, one remembers that Jack's first wife, the beautiful Olive Thomas, met her tragic death in Paris, and one senses that Jack has been remembering all the time.

One brings him back from London—and Paris to the sunshine and heat of the Pickford-Fairbanks lot, the ratatat-tat of the riveters working on the gas-tank, the light laughter of Marilynn and some other girls playing badminton on the studio lawns.

Jack's next picture, he says, will be made in New York. Marilynn will be working there, he explains, as sufficient reason why he should desert Hollywood. Young Mr.
Dudley is the title of the story and, the plot being conveniently laid in New York anyway, they're going to shoot everybody from the Battery to the Bronx.

His ideas of what he would like to do in future seem rather vague. The majority of actors, when one has talked to them for one consecutive minute, will tell one confidentially of their burning desire to bring to the screen some certain story or play, to create some certain character known to history or literature. But not Jack Pickford. In the main, his life has been mapped out for him by The Family. One feels that decisions as to what Jack will and will not do, rest with them usually, rather than with himself. Initiative is not developed under such circumstances. One feels also, that if he did cherish a secret longing to create some daring, difficult rôle, to depart in some manner from the comfortable, even routine mapped out for him, he wouldn't be apt to say anything about it until he had The Family's O. K.

In some obscure way, this irritates me, belonging as I do among those useful persons who consider him an actor with tremendous possibilities. His work before the camera is stamped with authenticity. He possesses the rare ability to submerge himself in the character he is portraying. He never struts and poses in the well-known Hollywood male star manner. If his wild, primitive mountaineer boy in The Hill Billy isn't as genuine a portrayal as the screen has seen this year, I'll eat my fall chapeau. But he won't talk about himself. Facing the inter-

viewer, he becomes inarticulate. He's not thinking of his work. He's wondering just what sort of impression he is making on one. He is self-conscious, lacking the egotism on which a less sensitive soul might rely.

That soul of his has been scarred. He has seen his name in ugly headlines blazed across the world. That slight, nervous body has bent before the storm, and the years have passed, Jack Pickford hasn't forgotten.

As I say, it was no sort of interview.

I left him presently, and the white-hot glare of the Pickford-Fairbanks lot, with the haughty Rolls-Royce still standing in the thickening shadows of grey stone castle walls, and the silver minarets of Bagdad writing fairy tales unnumbered across the sky.

But the feeling of irritation persisted. I found myself wishing that Jack wasn't a Pickford. That he hadn't the fortunes of Hollywood's royal family behind him. That the rare, delicate artistry of his work might draw strength from some harder atmosphere. In short, that Jack wasn't quite so smothered in The Family ermine.

After watching the sensitive play of expression across his face for an hour, it intrigues one to muse on what Jack might accomplish if, freed from all prejudice, he stood alone, measured in the public eye by the merit of his work, as an artist should be measured.

It is good work, that the boy of Seventeen, The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, and innumerable other

(Continued on page 95)
The Girl Who Couldn't Be Bad

By Henry Albert Phillips

Illustrations by May Cornelia Burke

PART IV

(A synopsis of Parts I-III appears on page 76)

Hollywood, California, is filled with all sorts of things and people, just like the rest of the world. Yet Hollywood is quite unlike all the rest of the world. It is a weird, yet not unlovely, combination of the real and the unreal thing. Nature has been prodigal with Hollywood. It sets snugly in a pocket of hills that grow in stature as they recede, all picturesquely cut up into canyons with snowcaps crowning the whole. The little city itself is a mass of exotic verdure the year round; sprouting palms everywhere giving it the tropical touch. But the unreal has become the real thing in Hollywood. Acre upon acre of the beautiful suburbs has been usurped by the motion picture companies, whose great glass studios and open-air stages may be seen in every direction. Here we find the 'lots' strewn with picturesque fragments of the whole world—Cairo, Stamboul, Cheapside, Venice, Cheyenne, Wall Street, No Man's Land, and the Bois de Boulogne, all within a stone's throw of one another.

Hollywood! Where Rome is built in a day and Babylon will be overthrown by a handful of workmen day after tomorrow. Hollywood! Where there are no evil stepmothers to prevent flaxen-haired Cinderellas from drawing their incredible salaries and fat men sell their avoidipos on the screen for fabulous sums and pretty men and women strut and fret their weary half-hour before the camera for never less than a hundred dollars a day! Hollywood! Where limousines clutter the gutters and real money is like German marks! Is it any wonder that in such an atmosphere of exalted hokum and exaggerated values some people lose their heads and others lose their souls?

For all its loose money, beautiful women and multiformious temptations, Hollywood was no worse than the average little city of its size. It fared worse, tho, in the public print because its sinners were a bit brazen and by force of habit made no effort to conceal its crimes any more than it did its other soul escapades. It simply "played" everything before the glaring spotlight. Tragedy or comedy, it must have its audience. Dope party, homicide or suicide; it enjoyed the gaping crowd and nobly acted the part to the last.

In the eminently successful circles of Hollywood's real workers, life was much as it is with you and me. Then, of course, there was "the bunch." Now the bunch went in for practically everything that had a kick to it: wine, women and jazz, and occasionally something with the poppy flavor.

Stanton Braithwaite was a member of the bunch. Every day of the week he called himself a fool and won the right to it. Stanton with his never-failing income was a favorite with the bunch. He kept a rather luxurious apartment in Los Angeles and tore
back and forth to Hollywood in his Stutz several times a day.

Stanton was just a spoiled youth who didn’t know what he really wanted, but thought it was wild oats. There was one young lady in particular to help him. This was Isabel. Isabel was a blonde person who was undoubtedly gifted with rare bodily charms once upon a time, the memory of which now kept her busy most of the time imitating them in elaborate cosmetics. She was “made-up” from crown to toe. But the very glamour about her attracted Stanton from the first. He felt smart in having made the conquest of a “mature” beauty. Isabel did “character” parts to perfection, altho she did her own character part in life very badly. She seemed to exercise a hypnotic appeal over the boy, who forgot all the things he should have remembered while in her presence.

For instance, one afternoon, a short time after Stanton had left his mother alone at home so angrily and abruptly, he was writing home to her and telling her how much he really cared for her after all, when Isabel burst into his apartment with several breezy companions. Stanton put aside his letter with a feeling that was half relief and half regret. The day was warm and the Bunch were thirsting for cool cocktails. While Stanton and one of the boys were mixing them, Isabel casually read the half-finished letter Stanton had been writing, after which she tore it into small pieces and threw it into the fireplace.

When Stanton “came to” sometime the next morning after the Bunch had spent the day and evening drinking and carousing in his apartment, the letter was not altogether forgotten, but rather was thrust in his memory behind a curtain of shame and self-disgust. He felt that he was not worth his mother’s consideration and let it go at that, without giving due thought to the effect on his mother.

Months passed in boisterous indolence until this particular night upon which the liveliest dinner party of the season was planned—largely at Stanton’s expense. When Stanton dared think of it at all, he knew full well that this was going to bring him rolling to the bottom of the hill financially as well as morally.

The party was to be staged in Isabel’s luxurious bungalow on the outskirts of Hollywood. Each guest was supposed to pull off something startlingly original and each could be counted on to do so.

By seven o’clock that evening Stanton Braithwaite was already well “lit up” for the occasion and was making his way along Seventh Street, near his apartment, hailed every passing vehicle as a taxi which he was seeking to take him to Hollywood. He was mending along in anything but a straight line when he perceived a very oddly dressed young person, carrying a valise, directly in his path and try as he would to pass her, he could not avoid colliding with her.

“I beg your pardon!” said Stanton in his most polished manner. Altho he removed his hat with one hand, he was quite unable to let go the girl’s sleeve with the other. He simply had to hold himself up by something.

The young lady was no less awkward than he. She stood speechless, fearful, yet with a curious pleading look in her eyes.

“It’s all my fault, you know,” Stanton protested, deepening his guilt. “You see——”

But now the girl was smiling. His manifest kindliness had disarmed her. “Wont you take me home with you?” she asked, the smile fading into seriousness again.

Stanton scratched his head, wondering if he had heard aright. He looked the pretty little scarecrow over again and then grinned. He had heard that request before, but there seemed to be a mistake somewhere this time. He frankly did not know what to do, but was in that balmy state of affability wherein he would not displease the devil himself knowingly. Then the happy thought came to him. He would take her along to the party and she would be his “stunt” of the evening! She would make a hit all right!

With her aid he hailed a passing taxi and again with her aid he helped both her and himself into it. Stumbling over the valise (thinking it was the girl), he apologized to it. “Oh, and by the way. What’s your little name?”
meaning to be very distant tho he was leaning against her shoulder.

"Hope—Hope Brown," she answered simply, sighing contentedly.

"Well, mine's Stanton," he said, somewhat doubtfully. "My mother and I quarreled," he added in tearful confidence and so low that the chauffeur would not overhear. "But we're going to a party, Hope—some party! You just see that I behave myself, will you?"

TURNING from tragic comedy, we lift the curtain upon comic tragedy.

Ezekiel and Sarah Brown arrived in Pocusville at an early hour in the morning. Sarah's condition made it imperative to take a hack to the house. They were amazed to find all the shades drawn and the house still closed. For tho it may have been early for trains, it was two hours late for such dilatoriness as this.

Ezekiel had the key to the side door which he opened with a jerk that gave one the impression that there was no balm in Gilead after all.

There seemed to be someone stirring in the kitchen. Ezekiel strode into that room and found Aunt Charity raising her head from its favorite position on the corner of the sink. The room reeked of Para- plus.

"You're a fine one!" snorted Ezekiel, pulling the shades and letting them fly up with a bang. "Pretend to be such a Christian, too! Where are them children?"

But Aunt Charity was speechless and could only gaze at him with uncomprehending, bloodshot eyes.

Ezekiel, now furious, hastened toward the barn with blood in his eye. A passing neighbor called Ezekiel to the fence and told him graphically of the high goings-on. Ezekiel made no comment. As he entered the barn, he took the horsewhip from its socket in the buggy.

In the filthiest part of the stable, with an empty bottle beside him, he found his son. Ezekiel paused as tho he had been struck. He felt something enter his heart for the first time in years. An undefinable pain pierced his breast and his eyes burned with a strange saltines. The whip dropped from his hand. His jaw sagged and he could not speak for a moment. Then he moved unsteadily toward the boy, one hand advanced with something of softness in its gesture.

"Hank," he murmured, dropping to one knee and laying his hand on his shoulder. The boy only gave an ugly grunt. Ezekiel raised his eyes and closed them and his lips moved in the most fervent prayer he had ever made. As if in answer, Hank sprang up. But there was a fearful wildness in his eyes. "Who the hell are you?" he cried, glaring at his father.

"Hank! Hank!" pleaded Ezekiel. "Dont you know me? It's me, your father!"

Hank frowned darkly for a moment, then he seized the bottle and turned upon him fiercely. "Father!" he cried, witheringly. "You ain't no father to me. I never had a real father! I ain't been thought as much of as the hogs. They at least got enough to eat!"

Ezekiel took the bottle from his upraised hand and the boy collapsed in his arms. He folded his arms about him and pressed him tightly to his breast. It was the first flesh-to-flesh contact with Sin that Ezekiel Brown had ever known, this senseless drunken thing that he hugged to his heart as tho it were dear to him. Ezekiel Brown stood there alone with his fallen son for a long, long time, to the great wonderment of the swallows that darted here and there. One might have thought it was the boy who was sobbing that way like a child. But it wasn't poor Hank who was crying, but his father, hard old Ezekiel Brown!

Inside the house an equally distressing scene was taking place.

For a long time Mrs. Brown had stood holding to the baluster, quaking with alarm. She hastened with what strength remained to Hope's room. She threw herself on the bed that had not been lain in and wept bitterly. She was the supermother now—too late.

After a long while Charity entered the room. "She clumb down the roof and run away. She told me only the night before that she was just going to go to the bad, but I tell you, Sarah, she was bad anyway; got it from them Pettingills in your mother's family."

(Continued on page 76)
Jobyna Ralston is just eighteen years old. She went to Hollywood with her mother less than two years ago, and pluckily made the round of the studios until she was taken on as an “extra” for a Hal Roach picture. Her work registered, and she remained with that company until recently, when Harold Lloyd gave her a chance to make good as his leading lady—which she did and is
"There is Nothing Half so Sweet in Life as Love's Young Dream"
—Sir Thomas Moore

Picturing May McAvoy and Pierre Gendron, the youthful stars of *Three Women*, in one of the many lovely scenes from this picture, which is directed by Ernest Lubitsch.
Presenting
His Majesty,
Peter the Great

Peter the Great, who has a stellar rôle in *The Silent Accuser*, is the latest dog star on the screen. His full and imposing title is Peter der Grosse von Osteck, meaning Peter the Great from East Corner. He is the son of Dorn von Oertzial, Germany's most famous police dog, who served all thru the World War; and he is the grandson of Alex von Westfaleheim, the highest prize police dog in that country. Peter was three years old last April. He has exhibited an uncanny faculty for registering his elemental emotions before the camera. His intelligence is remarkable and his understanding and ability are almost human.

Since he has signed a real contract, and is to become a real star, Peter the Great will, of course, receive quantities of fan mail, as do other stars. Therefore he feels that it is necessary for him to learn the gentle art of wielding a fountain pen.

At the top of this page you see Harry Rapf explaining the terms of the contract to Peter the Great. Above, the dog star has just put his mark of approval on the document.

At the right Peter is proving that he is not always amiable; that he can register other emotions when necessary.
Adventures Off-Scene

With

Charlie and the Cold Lamb

NOT so long ago—it was late one Sunday afternoon—Mrs. Ben and I were sitting quietly in our library reading. Like most writers, we hadn't a thing on our minds. Not a telephone stirred. The cold lamb was in the ice-box. The dinner hour approached on the wings of the twilight.

The bell rang—twice, three times—insistently. Mrs. Ben and I looked at each other in dismayed silence. Visitors—and only cold lamb in the ice-box! I went to the door, opened it stealthily, and was about to say, "No one lives here by that name," when two figures dodged past me (the hall was pitch dark) and turned on the electric light.

They were Charlie Chaplin and his old partner, in a thousand and one mystifications, Tom Geraghty.

"Have you got a bite, Boss, for two little boys from the West who are tired of Ritz cooking and long for a cold cut with real family atmosphere?"

It must have been telepathic—if cold lamb can radio. Mrs. Ben spread the feed for the two lone, lost travelers from Hollywood—and our lamb was soon non est. After a glorious evening in which Charlie and Tom kept us in an uproar with imitations, stories and Houdini-like tricks—interspersed with observations on Spinoza and Shelley from Charlie, and philosophic quips by Tom—we sent the two lone kids back to the dismal reaches of the Ritz.

Old Man Muller is a butcher just around the corner from our house. He is glum, morose and saturnine. Nothing ever disturbed the even tenor of his grouch. Mrs. Ben went marketing the morning after the visit of Charlie and Tom, and dropped in to see Old Man Muller, who had sold us the lamb. He was swinging a mighty cleaver on a huge piece of roast beef and cursing war, taxes and England under his breath.

"Who do you think ate your lamb last night?" Mrs. Ben asked Muller casually.

"Dun know—dun know," grumbled old Muller mournfully, while his five children nibbled at the bologna in the window.

"Charlie Chaplin ate your lamb," said my wife in ringing tones.

"Vass?" screamed Muller, dropping his cleaver while his face lit up for the first time since Hindenburg took Warsaw. "Vass? Vass? Charlie Chaplin et das lamb! Kinder! Kinder! listen—Charlie Chaplin et papa's lamb!" His face looked like the conquest of Paris!

And for weeks afterward Old Man Muller could be seen with the kids of the neighborhood gathered about him narrating the saga of how Charlie came to Washington Heights to eat his lamb.

And, incidentally, my wife received choicer cuts than she had ever had before.

A Star Who Doesn't Care

I had lunch recently with the most enigmatic screen star that I have ever met. She is beautiful, famous and one of the greatest money-makers in the world. But—and here is the astounding part of the story—this star does not know she is a star, she does not know she is acting, she really believes that what she does in the studios is absolutely real, she has never read a notice about herself, she has never seen a pay envelope, she does not know that she is more beautiful than the Mediterranean at night, she does not know she is the idol of millions of people, and she has never read her name in electric lights—and they blaze from coast to coast, and even in Europe.

You may believe I was more mystified by this almost inconceivable being than by anything that has happened to me since my salary was raised voluntarily.

"Fame? Money? Beauty? I do not understand you," she said to me as she dug into her cantaloup. "Acting? What is that? Oh, yes, I love pictures and think I look fine in them, but how did I get on that white sheet?" And her beautiful dark eyes looked at me ingeniously as much as to say, "Stop kidding me!"

And then her parents told me all about the way they kept the soul of this star absolutely unspoiled. Of course, you know her now—Baby Peggy, a five-year-old darling known to more people in her brief lifetime than Julius Caesar in all his imperial glory.

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Of the fantastic and bizarre I sing!

On my hunt for adventures off-scene I am always looking for pictures that are "different," pictures made directly contrary to the flat American formulas; pictures that wing me to remote places in the universe of time; pictures that induce rare moods; pictures that stimulate the nerves and imagination like cocktails made of radium; pictures that center on "nut stuff." I found fountains of aesthetic (hence "nutty") delight in One Glorious Day, The Golem, Dr. Caligari, Above All Law, and Max Fleischer's Out of the Inkwell. After viewing the long list of Broadway triangle stories and Open Spaces blah, I had almost despaired of getting another thrill in my fantastic narrowbone when I was

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What I Can Read in the
A Complete Analysis

MISS GRIFFITH'S charm is in her femininity. Because of her beauty, her gentle, easy manner, she is given no credit for thinking. Being the type of woman who is not always or readily understood by men, she is frequently misunderstood when expressing her viewpoints.

In reading her character, her mouth and chin are particularly significant. The upper lip indicates a kind, sympathetic nature that would not wilfully hurt anyone, a person who likes praise and appreciation, and is ready to praise others. Here there is also shown poise and self-control. In the lower lip is found a very affectionate nature, and one with the maternal instinct well developed.

The small, rounded chin indicates a nature which must have affection and calls affection forth. One who has always been shown attention. Miss Griffith has great nervous force, which makes up for a lack of physical energy; she also has a very sensitive nature, with deep feelings. When she loves, she loves wholly; and when a friend, she is very loyal. In the chin, too, is shown great self-confidence.

In the jawline there are signs of a persistent nature and much determination; strong in her likes and dislikes. Miss Griffith is one who likes people and is interested in human nature, but at times enjoys solitude and her own company.

In the cheeks appear reserve, caution in making friends, and the courage of her convictions.

In the forehead are lines which show a person who

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Rudolph Valentino impresses the observer because of his innate good manners. He is well poised, gracious, and courteous.

In reading his character, his nose is particularly noticeable as it is very well formed. It shows a person who does not like to do things in opposition to his tastes. We find in the nose a vivid imagination and good constructive ability. A person who gathers together quickly from that which he sees and hears, and one who is combative and has resilience. A very intuitive nature, which senses and knows things instinctively.

The jaw indicates a very independent nature and one that does not like interference.

In the chin is shown a love of all that is beautiful. There is also shown great self-confidence.

The forehead has good breadth and height, showing a good mentality. There is also shown a good memory for locations and faces, and an interest in people.

Above the eyes the location for sound, tune and rhythm is well developed; one who likes dancing. There is also shown the power of visualization; he is a person who has vivid mental pictures of everything. Back to the hairline the language sign is large, showing linguistic ability. The appetite sign is also well developed, showing one who enjoys eating and drinking and is a good judge of foodstuff.

In the cheeks are shown daring and a love of adventure and change. Also fine recuperative powers, and a love of ease and comfort.

In the upper lip there is shown enthusiasm and ardor, good poise and control. The lower lip shows a love of animals and of children; a warm nature. He is a person who enjoys an argument.

In reading Miss Naldi's character, one is immediately impressed with her frank, outspoken nature. Nita doesn't mince words and is very direct, coming to the point quickly.

Her nose indicates a very observing nature, a vivid imagination, and constructive ability. These qualities are found in all successful actresses or actors on the stage and screen. There is also a dislike for minute details and a highly intuitive nature. Her intuition is so keen that she is not easily fooled.

Above the eyes is shown a good fulness where the color sign is located. This denotes a nature susceptible to colors and greatly affected by them. Here is also shown a splendid memory for locations.

Daring and physical courage are in the cheeks, denoting a fearless, restless person, endowed with a spirit of adventure. A person who would try anything once. A very intense nature.

The chin and jaw show a persistent nature, with plenty of endurance. A love of beauty in form, shape and coloring.

In the lobe of the ear is shown longevity. Her ears are beautifully formed, and show a social, active nature.

In the mouth is shown a love of children and of animals. An intense, ardent, passionate nature. One with great regard for her friends. A good conversationalist, and one who enjoys talking, and likes people.

Her hands are very flexible, which is a quality found in Latin people and indicates a social nature that quickly
FABLES IN CELLULOID

By Margaret Norris and Helen Hokinson

Once the villain in the play fell in love with the little ingénue, but he did not tell her, thinking she must hate him because he was so rough. So he passed her by, ignoring her, fearing to terrify her if he told her. And the little ingénue's heart fluttered at the approach of the villain, but she thought he must despise her, being so simple and demure. So they passed each other with downcast eyes.

He said, "She cannot love me, I am too fierce and rough."

So when he finished the picture he shaved off his big black mustache, slicked back his hair with brilliantine, manicured his nails, dressed up like a dandy and became a soft-mouthed sheik.

She said, "He cannot love me, I am so simple. He likes 'em wild."

So she made up her eyes with an almond slant, took up cigarettes and cocktails and told naughty stories in mixed company.

The next picture they met again. She looked at him and said, "How sissy!" He looked at her and said, "How vulgar!"

Moral: Don't try to be what you are not.

Once upon a time a motion picture producer chose a thrilling best seller to be his next picture. And he wrote his own version of it for the scenario.

But the author looked it over and said, "I'll never let you ruin my story like that!"

So they changed it to suit the author.

And the hero read it over and said, "I'll never act in a story where I have to do this and that."

So they changed it to suit the hero.

And the director read it over, jumped on his derby, and cried:

"I'll never direct a picture of that kind!"

So they changed it to suit the director.

When the picture was finally shown, the audience all had to be wakened to be told it was time to go home.

Moral: Too many authors spoil the plot.

A pretty little country girl, ambitious but poor, was carrying home a basket of eggs which she had bought from a neighbor to put under a setting hen. She carried them in a basket balanced on her head.

"From these eggs," she mused happily, "I will raise at least fifty beautiful Leghorn chickens, which I will sell for $2.50 each. That will be more than $100. Add that to what I already have and I can fulfill the dream of my life. I can go to California and become a movie queen. My beauty and my youth will make me irresistible. I will be rich and famous. I will have many lovers, and thousands of fans, and wherever I go everyone will crowd the streets to catch a glimpse of me. How the girls at home will envy me!"

Thinking of her happy future, she tossed her head in glee, the basket fell, and her dreams smashed in the dust with the eggs.

"Ah, my poor child!" said her mother, thinking to console her, "don't count your chickens before they are hatched."

Moral: (See paragraph above.)

A screen hero whose chief claim to his salary and his name in headlights lay in his handsome face and athletic figure, chanced, during the making of a picture, to fall into bad company. Instead of going home when the day's work before the camera was finished, of eating a simple supper and getting in his beauty sleep, as had been his wont, he spent his nights carousing midst wine and wild women. Instead of rising with the sun, playing eighteen holes of golf before breakfast, or galloping over the hills on his coal-black charger, he appeared on the lot heavy-eyed and full of sleep, long after the director had been shouting "Hero!"

Under this regime his appearance quickly changed. Dark circles came under his eyes; he grew puffy, and developed enophthalmitis. His clothes grew tight in some spots and loose in others. At the close of the picture the director called him, saying, "You have changed so for the worse during this picture that no one would recognize you in the eighth reel for the man you were in the first reel. You are fired, your contract is broken!"

Moral: No one can burn the candle at both ends.
MARY AND MARY

A study made in London, especially for this magazine, of Our Mary and her little niece
One Night in Rome

This picture was adapted for the screen by J. Hartley Manners, from his stage success bearing the same title; and was directed by Clarence G. Badger. Permission was given by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company for this short novelization

By H. M. HAMILTON

COULD anything be more annoying! She was many miles from Rome; the white road shivered in the blazing sunlight, and—her horse had gone lame! Disconsolately she sighed, then straightened her slim shoulders.

"Ah, well!" she murmured. "Cioè che sarà, sarà—what will be, will be! If I must walk, then walk I must! Come, you unlucky beggar!"

Catching her horse's bridle, she started. Her beautiful eyes were clouded ... but not because of this contretemps. God knew she had bitterer things to think of! Patiently she trudged along that white ribbon that led to Rome. She had gone only a little way—then ...

"Is it permitted to offer one's services?"

The big gray car had come up behind her noiselessly. It stopped. Two men—one middle-aged, one young—looked down at her, then they stepped out of the car. The older man bowed.

"We are going to Rome," he said. "If Madame cares to ride..."

"My horse has lamed himself," she smiled. "And the sun is hot."

Perhaps she was not even aware of her own beauty at that moment—in a riding-habit that fitted her perfectly—tall, graceful, aristocratic in every gesture. Yet both men's eyes bore tribute. The elder continued:

"Permit me: I am George Millburne. And—Mr. Richard Oake, my nephew!"

"Mr. Millburne?" she echoed. "Then ... you are the British Ambassador! In any case I should have met you soon. I am the Duchess Marenzo. Tonight—at the palace of my husband's father—the Prince Danaili."

"I count on being present," said Mr. Millburne. Then, with a sly glance at his nephew: "Dick, here, didn't intend to go, but—"

"Nothing could keep me away!" cried Dick—adding, with an admiring look at the Duchess beside him: "... now!"

She felt the color flood her cheeks. But the ice was broken; they chatted gayly. For a little while she allowed herself to forget.

Yet it came back as they neared the city; she grew silent. ... Ah, the ignominy of it all! She couldn't even invite them in. Her husband ...
When she had left that morning, he was beginning again, after a night of debauch. She had heard him clinking glasses with Dorando; they had seemed to have some huge joke between them.

At the gate of the Palazzo Danaili she got out of the car; she smiled.

"A thousand thanks!" she murmured. "A fiuvederci!"

They were gone. She gave her horse to a groom, and entered the house. It seemed strangely quiet. Suddenly from her husband's room came a stifled scream—of terror, of desperation, even. A woman's voice. "Oh, sir, please."

One stride, and she had reached the door—she pushed it open. Her husband, in his dressing-gown, had put his arms about a woman's waist—was clumsily trying to kiss her.

"Oh, my lady!" cried the woman, breaking away from him, and running to the Duchess' side. "Protect me! He lured me here... he pretended..."

It was the gardener's young wife. Duke Mareno cringed before his wife's eyes, then began to murmur, with a drunken effort at jauntiness:

"All a mistake... only a little joke. Didn't mean anything..."

Under the scorn of her gaze he seemed to wither; she led the woman away gently.

"I didn't understand, my lady!" moaned the terrified voice. "This morning my husband was arrested... by his orders! Now, I know it was to get my husband out of the way! Then... he tried... with Count Dorando to help him... they tried..."

Sobs choked her. The Duchess' eyes were dry and hard. After all, what could she expect—what could she ever expect? She said softly:

"Do not weep, my little one. I shall arrange to have your husband set at liberty at once. It shall not happen again!"

"My husband—he will beat me when I tell him!" moaned the girl.

Bitterly, the Duchess turned away.

It was an easy matter to secure the gardener's freedom.

When he heard the story, the man's harsh face worked with fury.

"I am a servant—but I am also a man!" he cried. "And I call God to witness, I shall have vengeance."

He subsided, muttering. The Duchess' heart was heavy. Yet after all, what had to be, would be! It was no new matter: her husband had always been like that—foolish, vain, eager for conquests...

If only she could go away—leave him forever! Yet where? She had no resources of her own. Unbidden the memory of that young man she had met but a short while since flashed into her mind. How he had looked at her—admiringly, yet respectfully, too! How pleasant, how kind he had seemed to be! That night, perhaps...

Resolutely she put the memory away. She had her duty to follow. It would be her duty, that night, to smile, to be agreeable. What if her heart were breaking behind that mask she had to wear?

Prince Danaili, her husband's father—white-haired, stern, yet kind—had begged her to exert herself to make his guests feel at home. There were a hundred things to be seen to. The rest of that day passed swiftly.

It was impossible for her to hold rancor. In a few bitter words she had told her husband her opinion of him. They had cut deep; his sullen eyes told her that. Sometimes she was aware that—just as she despised him—he hated her, and was waiting only for a chance to vent his hatred.

Well, what was to be, would be! She felt curiously indifferent. If she were fated to be unhappy... But surely men were not all like her husband! That young man in the automobile...

Even in her bitterness of heart—at that memory she smiled!

The Palazzo Danaili gleamed with thousands of lights. The guests had come; all Rome seemed to be there. As in a dream, she heard laughter, and the hum of voices. In her heart something sang. He had come!

Wicked? Surely not! For he would never know. She was true to her husband, tho he had been false to her a thousand times. She knew her duty as a wife. But...
Exaggeratedly making use of many gestures, she told their fortunes. Once Count Dorando, her husband's boon companion, faced her across the table. Their eyes met. In his, she read cynical dislike. That man, like her husband, hated her!

It gave her a warm feeling, just to know that he had come. Life, after all, had its moments!

Amid the murmur of voices she heard some one say: "Your Grace . . . will you not tell our fortunes?" A dozen took up the plea. She smiled.

"If I have not forgotten how," she said.

It was her one gift. What it meant she did not know. She felt no unusual power within herself. But she could see things in a face—in a hand. . . . They usually turned out to be true—the things she saw!

Exaggeratedly making use of many gestures, she told their fortunes. Once Count Dorando, her husband's boon companion, faced her across the table. Their eyes met. In his, she read a cynical dislike. That man, like her husband, hated her!

But where was her husband? Only a little while before he had been flirting outrageously with the Countess Natsi—a beautiful woman of by no means unblemished reputation. Now they had disappeared!

She grew suddenly inattentive. She slipped out; at a door she paused. She opened the door. In a deep easy-chair sat the Countess. Duke Marenno leaned over, his lips close to hers.

"So!" said his wife icily. "Two in one day, eh? You do well, carissino!"

With a muttered oath he leaped to his feet. He clenched his fists; for a moment she thought he intended to strike her. Then he said:

"Come with me to the library! We must arrive at an understanding!"

"But the guests . . . ?" she mumbled.

"They can wait. This spying has gone far enough!"

They were alone—her husband and herself. He turned to her in a fury; he had just started to speak, when there was a knock at the door.

"Count Bertholde . . . to see you alone . . . " came a footman's voice.

The angry words died on Duke Marenno's lips. The color left his face.

"Me? Tell him . . . tell him I can't . . . "

But a stern-faced soldier in uniform had pushed past the frightened servant. With a commanding gesture he strode up to the Duke.

"Everything else must wait. I represent Italy. We must talk alone, and now!" He bowed to the Duchess.

"If Your Grace will excuse us . . . ."

She was puzzled—but after all, what did it matter? One more scene avoided—that was all. She returned to the drawing-room. The gaiety was at its height. She heard a friendly, hesitating voice:

"All evening I've been wanting to talk to you again. Can't you spare me a little of your time?"

Richard Oaké—the young man of the morning's adventure—smiled pleasingly. Suddenly the load of weary disgust with life which she had been bearing, seemed to slip from her shoulders. Into her lovely eyes came a look of happiness.

How long they talked together she did not know. But suddenly she heard what sounded like two pistol-shots—or one and its echo. Silence fell instantly upon the room. Then there was a rush toward the library-door. Prince Danaili was in the lead. The Duchess drew back . . . her heart missed a beat . . . There on the floor . . .

It was her husband! "Di mio!" she mumbled. He lay very still; in his hand was a revolver. It still smoked. Some one leaned over him and felt for his heart-beat.

"E morto . . . , he is dead!" The guests drew back. Horror was on every face. Prince Danaili was white and erect. He mumbled:

"My son!" It was a cry of infinite grief. The Prince
caught up and unfolded a bit of paper that lay on the table. His
countenance changed. It grew ter-ible—like an avenging spirit's. He
turned to the Duchess.

"So you ... you ..." he
choked. "Here ... in this note...
... he accuses you! You were
false; death is to him the only way
out. ... Murderess!"

She drew back. "I ... false?"
she murmured. "No ... no! I
swear ... ."

"Silence! His last words tell
the truth; they say that he is killing
himself so that you—unfaithful
woman—may be free to marry your
lover!"

There was a stunned silence. She
heard Richard Oake exclaim:
"It's false! She didn't ... she
couldn't ... ."

But the Prince lifted his hand
solemnly; he pointed straight at
her.

"I say—cursed woman!—that
you have killed my son as truly as
if your finger had pulled the
trigger! And I swear that my
vengeance shall follow you ... if
need be ... to the ends of the
earth! I shall drive you to seek
the same death ... I shall make your
life torture—so that you will welcome death. . . ."

"Oh! Oh!" With a low, wailing cry she turned. The
company had moved away; they stood in a circle.
Dorando looked at her with blazing eyes. Only the two
Englishmen showed pity or sympathy. The English
Ambassador burst forth indignantly:
"Cowards, all of you! You haven't given her a fair
show;"

A dozen angry voices silenced him. As the Duchess
paused, bewildered, at bay, Dorando hissed close to

She had heard the Duke clinking glasses with Count Dorando; they seemed to
have a huge joke between them

her ear: "Murderess! You have killed my friend!"

"You cur!" It was the young Englishman this time.
He leaped forward with clenched fists. Dorando
cowered. But the Duchess whispered in Richard Oake's ear:
"In the name of pity ... only let me get out of here!"

"Then follow me!" Before his aggressiveness the
onlookers fell back; as thru an aisle they made their way;
a moment later, and they were out in the night. She
cought his arm; piteously she cried:
"It isn't true ... it isn't! I was always faithful ... but he ... with his last words he lied ... as he has
always lied! Dio mio!"

"I know!" he answered savagely. "In this
world there are such men! But you ... .
Of course, I believe you; and yet—the
Prince was so angry that I don't see
how you can stay here. My uncle
and I will ... ."

"Oh, no!" she cried. "Don't
you see—if you protect me, that
will only confirm their suspicions.
I must hide ... I must go
away."

"But where? Don't be fright-
ed! I ... I must tell you the
truth; since I first saw you, I have
thought of no one else! Do you
suppose I'm going to desert you
now? I'll fight them ... I'll
protect you. . . ."

"No, no!" Yet his words were
sweet. "I must go away. No one
must know where I am! Oh, please believe me—I appreciate
this—but I must go! I'm afraid.,
You English don't know Italian
vengeance!"

"I swear I'll protect you with
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Reeling With Laughter

A new pictorial department of scenes from various comedies that will be released early this Fall, with a few amusing scenes from other new feature productions.

Harold Lloyd, in his new picture, *Hubby*, is fleeing from the substantial ghost of his mother-in-law which haunts him continually from morning until night.


The three village gossips above contribute much amusement to *The Unknown*, featuring Virginia Valli.

The scene below, from *Captain Fearless*, is captioned on the film: "The Emperor was the Candy Kid of Mexico." The lollipop fan at the right is Reginald Denny, who plays the title role.

A migratory lamp-post and a supposedly magic pheasant's feather, are the stuff that dreams are made of in *Fools in the Dark*, F. B. O.'s new bizarre production, starring Matt Moore.

The Century Comedy, *The Blow-Out*, features three clever kid actors—Willie McDonal, Spec O'Donnell, and "Bubbles." Above you see them behind the piano, listening in on two of their playmates.
Louise Fazenda as "Dizzy Daisy," in the comedy by that name, holds an amusing conversation with a seal.

In the scene below, from a Christie comedy recently completed, the humdrum hero, who is tired of his romantic sweetheart's ravings about handsome sheiks, stages a realistic Arabian adventure to cure her.

Martha Sleeper and Arthur Stone are two of the cleverest burlesque dancers on the screen. Watch for them in the Hal Roach Comedies—we recommend them as a sure cure for the very worst case of blues.

Charles Ray's new picture, Dynamite Smith, brings back to the screen the Charles Ray that the fans adore—the gawky, appealing country boy. The story is laid way back in 1898, and is rich in amusement.

A traveling lunch-wagon manned by three expert comedians, and a bicycle bearing a whopping black mammy with a basket of laundry on her head, bring forth gales of laughter when they meet in a new Century Comedy.

Below, we picture an incident from one of the Puppy Love series of comedies, in which the Boy Hero (Gordon White) reverts to his pirate self of other days.

In this scene from Darwin Was Right, a Fox flight of fancy, we have two scientists who invent a Serum of Youth, and by its use are enabled to meet themselves in a former incarnation. And it is the monkeys who do not feel flattered by the theory of evolution!
The Winners

The best Modern Drama, the best Costume Picture, the best Western, and the best Comedy, of the many motion pictures released this month

THE ENEMY SEX
The Best Modern Drama

The finest exposition of the battle of the sexes—as it concerns the male hunter and the girl who holds him at bay thru gift of wit, superb poise, self-restraint and self-assurance—which has ever been put over on the screen, is revealed in this film version of Owen Johnson’s popular tale of a few seasons back, The Salamander.

As interpreted by Betty Compson, she makes this figure truly sympathetic. Yet she shows a fine grasp of emotional and humorous shading of the part. She is quaint and unique; charming and personable—a little wise-cracker, who knows what to say and how to say it at the proper time. She succeeds in putting up an impregnable defense by playing on the vanity of men. Her intuition is remarkably keen. And so she plays her game. Yet lack of her mask is a girl possessing a warm, sympathetic heart—who is genuinely lonesome for love. She apparently likes the trait of indifference in men—for she naturally turns to the man who does not look upon her with eyes of desire.

James Cruze has guided Miss Compson—and all the other players, for that matter— thru scenes which carry rich mirth, neat subtleties, and flashes of real humanity. There are certain absurdities of plot which strain credulity now and then, but the few bad spots are so over-balanced with the wistful human touches, and the shafts of satire that we find it easy to forgive the lapses.

Miss Compson at last has a part that may be compared, in shadings and depth, to the one she enacted in The Miracle Man. It contains something more than spice, altho there is plenty of that, too. As the spirited chorine who refuses to surrender to the enemy sex, who refuses to parade sex appeal, altho she is perfectly aware that she possesses it, she gives a thoughtful, intelligent performance.

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THE TROUBLE BUSTER
The Best Western

If you have ever asked yourself what makes Tom Mix so popular, you’ve probably answered that it is because he is ever in search of novelty. This exponent of life in the open places never stands still in the same old rut. He is ever on the lookout for bright ideas. If none are forthcoming, he will turn his attention to dressing up the old gags—so that they appear new. On Tony’s back he has ridden into fame thru his daring horsemanship and his execution of stunts.

The Trouble Buster gives him opportunity to dress up an old stereotyped plot and make it ring with excitement. Yes, Tom Mix is basking in a large spotlight of popularity—and it’s because he is not content to follow the beaten path. He occasionally ridicules the Western formula with all its accompanying heroism and villainy. He doesn’t ridicule this present number but he does see to it that it is packed with a breezy line of balancing humor, which sort of takes away the sting of the hokum.

The picture succeeds principally thru its comedy incident. You can pass up the romantic interest. It doesn’t amount to much. But while we’re mentioning it, we will tell you that the story revolves around the oldest of the triangles—the hero, the heroine, and the rival suitor. Yes, you’ll forget the love passages in the cowboy’s efforts to prevent his sweetheart’s wedding, expose the villain, and win the girl. His attempts to

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of the Month
Selected and Reviewed
by
Laurence Reid

TIGER LOVE
The Best Costume Picture

THERE is a ringing sound about this title which gives one the impression that it contains plenty of color—plenty of hot passion—plenty of dash and adventure. The spectator who is impressed by titles will walk into the theater where it is playing and, once in his seat, he will be disappointed. As it is founded upon a Spanish grand opera, El Gato Montes (The Wildcat), one may expect to find a story of hot Castilian love—with romance the dominant factor.

The sponsors have substituted some interesting episodes to take the place of words and music. And with a real Spaniard (Antonio Moreno) perfectly cast as the outlaw who robs the rich to give to the poor, it is easy to see that no better choice could be made. Moreno goes about his work with fine abandon and nonchalance. The portrayal is comparable to the one he enacted in The Spanish Dancer. Indeed, he touches this role with graceful poise—and a real sense of adventure.

We are unable to say just how much of the story was taken from the opera, but we will assume that the adapter and director collaborated in incorporating sufficient picture incident to sustain its conventional and rather slight plot. Oh, there is no getting away from the fact that it is wholly conventional. It is easy to anticipate each scene as the action unfolds. You can almost see the orthodox finish, revealing that the bandit is a genuine Don—and that the señorita will be glad that she was kidnapped on her wedding day. (She has become betrothed to the customary rival.)

But with all its conventions—its obvious treatment, Tiger Love will prove enjoyable because of its lively incident, its few thrills, its romantic expression, its picturesque backgrounds and atmosphere—and its colorful acting.

(Continued on page 115)

A SELF-MADE FAILURE
The Best Comedy

ANY first-class comedy must be fortified with a good idea—and it must be interpreted by players who can discriminate between spontaneous humor and the kind that is forced. But even tho it is fortified in these directions, it is very apt to go upon the rocks unless it is treated so that its spontaneity is ever in front, maintaining a good pace.

J. K. McDonald, who produced this picture, was responsible for a couple of juvenile studies, Pneum and Sam, and Boy of Mine, and he demonstrates that he has a good gift for story-telling. He fashioned this yarn and turned it over to William Beaudine to direct—and this director has come thru as splendidly as he did with the two numbers mentioned above.

We have no recollections of having seen this idea exploited before. It is one light-comedy picture that appears to be as sound in plot as any drama carrying realistic pretentions. We look upon a good-natured adventurer—a hobo in other words—his little pal, and the latter’s dog, hopping off the bumpers in a hick town which boasts of sulphur springs. He is mistaken for a medical adviser, this tramp, by the proprietor of a health resort. And it is his duty to restore the property to its rightful owner—a boarding-house keeper. He is aided by the boy—and, of course, the dog.

Lloyd Hamilton, who

(Continued on page 117)
Solid Ivory, Perhaps

THE newspapers, consciously or unconsciously, never miss an opportunity to take a crack at a screen star. Sometimes they become humorous. Recently, a movie celebrity was injured in a fall, and here is the headline one of the dailies carried in describing the accident:

"Film Star Hit on Head; His Injuries are Slight."

Beating the Censors

MANY and various are the wiles employed by producers in an effort to fool the censors. Recently at a preview of a certain film that was soon to be released, someone called the producer's attention to several rather colorful scenes that had little bearing on the story.

"We put those scenes in specially for the censors," said the producer. "Censors, you know, always have to cut something out of a picture or else they feel that they are not justifying their jobs. The rest of our picture is quite all right and we don't want them to meddle with it. So we stick these colorful scenes in the film. The censors will be delighted in cutting them out, and will leave the rest of our picture alone."

Hail to a New Screen Comedian

It is only at very rare intervals that a really fine comedian arrives on the screen. Of mediocre buffoons we have always had large numbers, but from the very inception of the silent drama there has been but a scant dozen of fun-makers whose work has been marked by any appreciable degree of originality and superior talent.

The trouble with our comedians has been that to produce their fun, they have found it necessary to depend on objects external and independent of themselves. Their humors have not come from "within," but is effected only with the aid of outside props and gags. Even some of our best comedians of today, such as Lloyd and Keaton, are somewhat marred by this failing. After all, in the films of our present-day clowns, it is the situation they are placed in that we laugh at, and not the comedian's own facial expressions and reactions to the scene. This denotes a grave shortcoming in the abilities of our fun-makers.

The notable exception to this is Charlie Chaplin, who produces his humor, not from what he does, but from the manner in which he does it. There are three or four other comedians, such as Lloyd Hamilton and Douglas MacLean, who to a certain degree are able to produce humor from within themselves. Of the latter-mentioned player I am going to have more to say in a later issue.

And now we come to Harry Langdon.

This newcomer to the screen, in the few films in which he has appeared, gives every evidence of being the finest and most whimsical comedian that has flashed on the silversheet since the arrival of Chaplin. He is droll, he is pathetic, and he has a most original and distinctive style of expression. But most important of all, the greater percentage of his humor comes from within.

I do not say that Langdon has shown any brilliance to date, but he does appear to have tremendous potentialities; and with proper handling should quickly establish himself as one of the most popular comedians of the day.

Schildkraut and the Silent Drama

The failure of Schildkraut—the attractive young Austrian actor who was introduced on the American screen by D. W. Griffith in The Two Orphans—to make a favorable impression on the screen and win for himself the same popularity with film fans that he won before the footlights, is an interesting but baffling enigma. Not only is Schildkraut personally attractive, but he is intelligent, a splendid actor, and of splendid poise and grace.

Yet for some reason or other he does not "get over" on the screen. Since The Two Orphans he has played in two or three other films, and in each instance has proved a disappointment. According to individuals who should know what they are talking about, Schildkraut was first selected by Victor Seastrom for the leading rôle in Name the Man, but after many scenes had been filmed and much footage had been ground thru the camera, Schildkraut proved such a disappointment to Seastrom that he persuaded the actor to quit the part.

Schildkraut was replaced by Conrad Nagel. It is doubtful if Schildkraut will consent to return to the silent drama for a few years.

Lord Help Poor Jackie

SPEAKING of Jackie Coogan, recalls a conversation overheard in...
Hollywood recently. Some folks have peculiar ideas as to what is needed to create a popular idol. Since the huge salary that Jackie draws was printed in the dailies thruout the land, there have been hundreds of parents who have rushed to Hollywood with their offspring in the hope of getting them into the movies. But a mother who arrived recently from Peoria with her youngster beat them all. She had engaged a publicity man and was giving him emphatic instructions. There was nothing to it. Little Willie was soon to be the greatest star on the screen.

"Get busy immediately! Flood the country with stories and photos of Willie," she ordered the press-agent, "I want you to cut the legs right out from under Jackie Coogan!"

Judging America by Its Movies

Not only was the ride of Paul Revere a transcontinental journey, but this hitherto comparatively insignificant individual was actually responsible for our winning the Revolution.

The Sex Appeal of Harold Lloyd

An analysis of Girl Shy, Harold Lloyd's latest comic, indicates that the screen's most popular comedian is going to strike out in a new direction in his future films. He is going to endeavor to introduce new elements of appeal into his personality. In this, young Mr. Lloyd is not only very bright, but he is once again proving that not a little of his success has been due to good business judgment and management.

Strange as it may seem, a great deal of Harold Lloyd's popularity has been due to a certain type of sex appeal. Not the Valentino sex appeal, but the sort of sex appeal that Mary Pickford has as compared to Gloria Swanson or Barbara La Marr. There are great numbers of fair damsels thruout the globe who have lost their hearts to Harold. His appeal to them is more as a fine, charming young fellow than it is as just a funny knockabout comedian.

The reason that Girl Shy, while it is not nearly so clever or laugh-provoking as any of Lloyd's four previous films, will undoubtedly eclipse them all in popularity and box-office receipts is because for the first time Harold has injected to a large degree the elements of love and romance into one of his films. The pretty little love yarn spun in Girl Shy is just what his millions of feminine admirers have been hankering for. Harold is, no doubt, wise and will give them still more of it.

Killing Off the Screen Child

Apparently the era of the kid picture has passed—for the time being at least. Films starring children are showing very poor box-office receipts at theaters thruout the country. Even Jackie Coogan, who a year or two ago was one of the five biggest drawing cards on the screen, is now rapidly losing ground as an attraction.

This is what comes of trying to place the burden of the whole production upon the shoulders of a youngster. Theatergoers enjoy seeing children woven logically into screen stories, but they rapidly become "fed up" when they are forced to sit thru five or six reels wherein the little tots act as tho they were sages, and the grown-ups like infants.

Eugene O'Brien—a Rare Personality

One of the chief questions asked of writers and other individuals who come in contact with screen stars in off-screen moments, is the query "What are the stars like in person; which ones are more attractive in real life, and which are disappointing."

The writer has met many gracious screen actors and actresses who more than fulfilled expectations. But there is one actor who stands out head and shoulders above all the rest. That is Eugene O'Brien. Not only is Eugene the finest, most democratic and most unaffected individual I have ever met in the motion picture business, he is also the most intelligent and most witty. In fact, this star is the biggest and best-hearted chap it has been my good fortune to meet either in the studios or elsewhere. The motion picture fraternity gains much in dignity and prestige by having such a character as Eugene O'Brien within its gates.

(Continued on page 87)
A Page of Promising Newcomers

PEGGY SHAW
Not so long ago Peggy Shaw was a very-much-raved-about Follies beauty. Then she decided suddenly that she wanted a career that was something more than just one song and dance after another, so she left New York for Hollywood and immediately was given work as an extra in a Fox production; now she has a real part in the feature: In Hollywood with Potash and Perlmutter

OLIVE HASBROUCK
Olive Hasbrouck broke into the movies thru a nervous breakdown. The doctor prescribed out-of-door life and horseback riding, so she sought a job as an extra-on-horseback in the Hollywood studios. Her crack riding and her pretty face won her the attention of Jack Hoxie’s director, who was filming Ridgeway of Montana. So, at seventeen, she became a leading lady

Claire Adams first attracted the attention of people in and out of the movies when she played opposite Tom Mix in Oh, You Tony. Afterward she was given a role in Baby Peggy’s picture, Helen’s Babies; and recently appeared opposite Larry Semon in The Girl in the Limousine; at present she is playing in The Fast Set, a picturization of the Broadway success, Spring Cleaning

Arthur Rankin, who plays the role of Vainia du Maurier’s son in the F. B. O. production, Vanity’s Price, has one of the most interesting family trees that ever grew and flourished in the theatrical garden. He is a nephew of the famous Barrymores, John, Ethel, and Lionel, and is also related to John Drew. His first work in motion pictures was with Lionel Barrymore in The Copperhead

Billy Sullivan, the star of The Leather Pusher series, and The Steppers series of race-track stories, did his first “dramatic” boxing as a member of the famous company acting The Star Bout in vaudeville. Sullivan was just a youngster then, but his clever boxing attracted considerable attention. He made his bow as a screen star when he was appointed successor to Reginald Denny as the hero of the Leather Pusher stories, and at present he is working on a new series, The Fighting Cowboy

Claire Adams

Arthur Rankin, Billy Sullivan

Edwin Bower Hesser

Olive Hasbrouck

Freulich

W. F. Seely

Freulich
How Do You Like Them?

We mean, how do you like the new features in this magazine? First of all, there is the department, What the Stars Are Doing. If you'd like to know what picture your pet hero is making for you now, just turn to page 72, and you will find out all about it—the stars are listed alphabetically by surname. . . . Then, on pages 52 and 53, is Number One of our new pictorial department, Reeling with Laughter. Every month we shall devote these pages to reproductions of amusing scenes from comedies and other dramas, soon to be released. . . . And, last of all, is this page itself. It's to be our own editorial Question-Box, and we hope our readers will like it well enough to reply very frankly to the queries we make.

Yes?

Any number of our popular stars were given their real start because, when they were playing minor roles, the fans "picked them out" and wrote to the directors for information about them. Norma Talmadge is one of these; also Zazu Pitts, Florence Vidor, Charles Ray, Bessie Love and many others. How often have you seen an "unknown" in a recent picture who you think shows signs of promise? The next time you spy one, let us know, and we'll try to include a picture of your "find" on our Page of Promising Newcomers, which makes its bow in this number, on page 58.

Do You Want a Prize?

If you do, send us a number of slogans—and perhaps one of them will win the reward. You'll find out all about this slogan contest if you will turn to page 94.

Can You Sketch a Star?

If you would like to see your sketches reproduced in a magazine, send them to us. For the best drawing of a motion picture star received each month we will give a prize of $10.00. Those receiving honorable mention will be published, also, with names and addresses. This is to be a regular feature of Morrow Picture Magazine; if you fail one month, try again. Sketches submitted in September will be published in the January number.

Please observe the following rules:

DO

Sketch on white, unruled paper, using pencil or pen.

Draw a man, or woman, or a juvenile star.

Put your full name and address on each sketch.

Mark on the envelope, "Art Department—for Contest."

DONT

Copy a portrait.

Use paper larger than 12 x 12.

Expect us to return sketches unless you send full postage.

Ask us to comment on your work; or to correspond about it, or about this contest.

Address: 125 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Can You?

Can you wield what the young artists call "a wicked pencil"—or "pen"? If so, enter the Sketching Game that is outlined in the box below. There you will see what the "wicked"—and also "charming"—pencils of six of this magazine's artists did to Pola Negri. But remember, you must not copy a photograph! Sketch your stars as they appear to you in real or reel life.

Have You a Double?

Doubtless there are many of our readers who have been told that they bear a striking resemblance to one of the motion picture players, or that some one feature is the same—they have eyes like Bebe Daniels, or a mouth like Dorothy Gish, or Pola Negri's nose, or a head shaped like Mary Pickford's. These lucky fans then should be "doubly" interested in the series of character readings of the film stars made by F. V. and de Revere. This unusual series began in the September number, with an analysis of the Talmadges, Colleen Moore and Conway Tearle. In this number, on pages 44 and 45, Rudolph Valentino, Nita Naldi, Reginald Denny and Corinne Griffith are analyzed. Next month you will find out about the Gishes, Antonio Moreno and Richard Dix. And on this page, in that number, we will tell you who is to be analyzed in December. If you are one of the fortunates who is a double, or semi-double, of a screen star, won't you write us? Then we shall ask Mme. de Revere to include your special star in her series.

59
Doug Fairbanks’ Thief of Bagdad had one of the finest openings ever seen in Hollywood. It was at the Egyptian Theater where Cecil De Mille’s Ten Commandments had just closed. Everyone whose name means anything in electric lights was there in all her best clothes.

The celebrities had a terrible time. Every celebrity engaged in a soul-tearing contest to come in later than every other celebrity; and, of course, somebody had to be the one to come in first. It’s a hard life.

Those who had the inspiration to dine at one of the Hollywood cafés, and just stroll over at theater time, had a fearful struggle to get in at all. The crowds jammed the streets and sidewalks for blocks in every direction.

When Milton Sills made a speech introducing the actors, who stood up in the spotlight and bowed their thanks, a curious fact became emphasized: there were no stars in this stupendous picture. Doug was the only one—unless Julanne Johnston can be said to have attained that distinction.

Julanne told me that when she got this part in The Thief it was as tho Santa Claus had invited her to breakfast with him. She was one of the few movie girls really “raised” in Hollywood. When she was a little bit of a girl she used to live around the corner from Mary Pickford; and every once in a while she and her little pals would get all dressed up in their white lawn dresses with their faces scrubbed and they would take great bouquets of flowers to Mary’s front door. And Mary would always come out and kiss them. And now she is leading lady of Doug’s picture.

Doug is going to plunge into another picture soon after his return. Letters from him state that he is considering three stories and can’t make up his mind which. Doug has a great hankering to do a picture of ancient Roman life; something intimate and domestic, with Mrs. Cesar telling the cook what to have for dinner, and Cesar superintending the work on the farm.

The letters that they get from Mary also indicate that she is bored with traveling and is anxious to get back to work. She has hinted to Ernst Lubitsch, who is to direct her next one, that she wants something with a lot of comedy. She feels that both she and Lubitsch are more at home there.

Jack Pickford is having a wonderful time playing amateur detective. Few weeks ago, his house at 1001 Eld Avenue was robbed, and $40,000 worth of...
Harry Carr's department of news and gossip of the Hollywood picture folk

of Marilyn Miller's jewelry was stolen—Marilyn being Mrs. Jack.

Another disaster that befell the family was an accident to Jack's manager and producer, Tom Geraghty. Coming home late at night from calling on a fellow author, Mr. Geraghty saw a dark figure lurking in the shadow of the trees: looked like a bandit. Attempting to circumvent the hold-up, Mr. Geraghty went thru a gasoline oil station and fell into an oil pit in the darkness, breaking his hip.

Pola Negri has just returned from Del Monte where she has been staging another romantic party. When her engagement was announced to Charlie Chaplin, Pola went on a vacation trip to Del Monte, followed by an immense throng of agitated reporters.

Altho her engagement to Rod La Rocque has not exactly been announced, Pola's party this year principally featured Mr. La Rocque. She gave him a dinner at the same Del Monte café at which she gave her famous engagement dinner to Charlie. Well, y'know, one gets used to doing a thing in a certain way.

Pola has now returned to begin work with Lubitsch on the picture that is to be made from the play, The Czarina, given in New York last winter. It is a waste of time to state the screen name. From experience I know that it will be named nearly everything before it finally sees the screen. Pola's pictures always are, The Song of Songs was changed to Compromised; then to The Passionate Journey, and finally was released as Lily of the Dust.

Barbara La Marr's former husband, Phil Ainsworth, is writing his recollections of his beautiful bride—considerably to the lady's dismay. Mr. Ainsworth has plenty of leisure in which to collect his material and his fond recollections: he is serving a term in State prison. He states that every effort has been made by Miss La Marr to stop the writing of the book.

"Barbara," said the literary ex-husband to a recent visitor at the penitentiary, "is a nice girl, but she just can't stick to anything—not even to a husband."

The Hal Roach Comedies studios, like most similar institutions, was made very largely by the old swimming-tank; and now it has been saved by one. Last week, the studio caught fire and would have been destroyed except for the fact that the swimming-tank hap-

(Continued on page 90)
If you want to see Pat O’Malley in a temper, just persuade his director to keep him at the studio until it’s too late for him to give his little daughter her dinner.

“The cup that cheers” isn’t the real reason why Mr. and Mrs. James Kirkwood (Lila Lee) are so cheerful, but partaking of it has long been their favorite indoor sport—three lumps of sugar to a cup.

Priscilla Bonner and her violin are ever in close harmony when this little actress is away from the studio. She says it’s the best bow in the world—or did she mean “beau”?

Sylvia Breamer has a perfect passion for imbibing tall glasses of orange juice. She indulges in one first thing in the morning, several times during the day, and says it’s the best beauty “nightcap” in the world.

“There’s no indoor recreation,” declares Jack Gilbert, “that equals a quiet nook, a comfortable chair and dressing-gown, and a ripping detective story.”
Adolphe Menjou (right) swears that there is no indoor sport like unto that of making an after-dinner speech—especially if the occasion calls for formal clothes and manners. However, knowing Mr. Menjou's reputation for "kidding," we feel sure that he made this declaration with his tongue in his cheek.

Milton Sills finds the greatest pleasure and relaxation in a good cigar and a game of solitaire, after a long, hard day at the studio.

Lew Cody (below) loves old-fashioned melodies, and spends an hour or more at the piano every evening.

Blanche Sweet is a fervent radio fan at present, and has a beautifully equipped radio room in her home. However, when the justly unpopular static breaks in, as it did when this picture was snapped, she is almost persuaded to place the radio at the bottom of her list of indoor sports.

Monte Blue is an expert at nearly every outdoor sport on the calendar—from playing golf to shooting craps; so it is only natural that he should name another athletic sport—boxing—as his favorite indoor recreation.

Jacqueline Logan tells us that she adores writing letters, and—mark this well—she spends many a delightful evening in her library, answering her fan mail.
Critical Paragraphs About New Productions

W HILE we may expect that some day Baby Peggy will be given a story comparable to Jackie Coogan's *Oliver Twist* in containing energy and imagination, let us be satisfied for the present in seeing her in stories as fragrant with sentiment as *Captain January*. While it is slight and a trifle sugary, and thoroughly obvious, it is told with marked simplicity and with decided emphasis upon the heart-strings. Any tale revolving around the adoption of a little piece of human flotsam by a gentle old man of the sea, who is torn from him for the sake of being eventually reunited to him, is always sure-fire.

It is to the credit of the director that he has fashioned the simple 'threads so that no mawkish sentimentality is present. He admirably blends the humor with the pathos—and establishes a pleasant heart appeal as a result. No mushy romantic touch is employed—a touch too often used in studies of childhood. Instead, it is a story of the spiritual communion between age and youth. Its brightest moments are when Baby Peggy frolics about the lighthouse—and the scene when she is torn from the aged keeper. If the action stops occasionally, it is because the story is extremely slight.

The tiny youngster has taken a large emotional leap since she appeared solely in two-reelers. She expresses changing emotions with a real gift of talent, there being little evidence of coaching to make her feel the shadings of her rôle. As a result, she does not appear precocious—a trait which has proved irksome for many spectators in witnessing juvenile sketches. Hobart Bosworth plays the old keeper with fine sympathy. Take the children.

**Recoil**

T HE vengeance of an outraged husband, who compels his eloping wife and the scoundrel who stole her affection to spend the rest of their days together, serves as the pièce de résistance of this picture, which was written by Rex Beach. It is pretty crude punishment to inflict, but if you think the author hasn't seen the sunshine thru the

**Captain January**

Betty Compson and two of her pals in *The Enemy Sex*

Baby Peggy and Hobart Bosworth in *Captain January*

Betty Blythe as the erring wife, begs forgiveness of her husband (Mahlon Hamilton) for the twentieth time in *Recoil*
clouds we will tell you that he permits the vindictive husband to relent and forgive his wife—because she has saved him from blackmail.

It provides fair entertainment when it gets away from the morbid side of this romantic entanglement. It fairly shrieks with so-called dramatic punches when a murder is committed, and again when the husband’s anger guides him “to telegraph” some body blows upon his enemy. Mahlon Hamilton, as the outraged husband, is rigorously correct. Many wives will agree that his attitude is wrong—that he doesn’t know how to accept defeat. On the other hand, there are many wives who will secretly admire his “go-getting” qualities.

Personally, we are more interested in the scenic display which features a few show places of Europe—the real thing, incidentally. There is a scene suggestive of Cecil De Mille’s creations. It presents a wild party at which the ten most beautiful women of Europe are the guests. That is, they are called such in the story.

Betty Blythe is the woman in the case. Her wardrobe will command more attention than her emotions. Being a picture of fast life in high society, everything is naturally exaggerated. Some day we’ll probably be given a real surprise. Then we’ll see a film of high-society life in which the characters act like human beings instead of puppets—and the sets will be of more modest dimensions than those modeled after the size of Madison Square Garden.

The Code of the Wilderness

This very ordinary Western has at least a good title—one which has some bearing on the picture, tho its story is disappointing. Its creaks and wheezes are founded upon the simplest of triangles, featuring the customary triumvirate—the girl, the hero and the villain. Anyone accustomed to fast-moving action and novel incident framed against picturesque backgrounds will find little of interest here. The Code of the title applies to Western justice meted out thru a quick-trigger finger. And because a ranch foreman defends this Eastern girl (not a school-teacher this time), accustomed to such strenuous measures—defends her honor by getting the “drop” on his opponents—she naturally upbraids him. There is your conflict. The climax features the heroine adopting the code of the open spaces when she has to use her trigger finger in defending herself against a human coyote. The captions aren’t entirely pertinent to the story. One will suggest a pursuit of rustlers—but the incident isn’t ever developed—another will treat of a nester’s daughter.

(Continued on page 80)
The Women Who Love Him

You all know that Lew Cody is adored by flappers with dancing feet and shingled heads and a penchant for doing the Tango Twist rather than the Kitchen Sink, but how many of you know that he is equally adored by numberless old ladies, and that Lew himself doesn't fancy the flappers half so much as he does their grandmas.

By

GLADYS HALL

GOOD women always love children. You can tell that they are good women if they love children, no matter what other little ethical defects you may know of them, or hear of them.

Good men generally love dogs. Of course, O. Henry once disproved this popular theory in a story of his in which a murderer is traced by his fondness for a dog and his antithetical brutality to a woman. But as a rule, if you are not psychologically erudite, when you see a big strong man fondling some whimpering cur you say to yourself, bucological:

"There's a good fellow!"

Good children always love their parents. If they don't love their parents, there is something radically and rationally wrong with them.

And so forth and so forth... by our loves are we made manifest... such as good cats loving fat mice... and good editors unknown writers... husbands the wives of their bosom, et cetera.

All of these tests are considered pretty nearly infallible. Or so "they" say—whomever "they" may be. And the supreme test of man, or men, is the women they love. By the woman he loves is the man known.

It is occasionally amusing to speculate concerning this. Dick Barthelmes would love, one might imagine, some slim and legendary maiden, some sort of entowered princess whose binding spell his dreamer's lance might break.

Tommie Meighan would seek out a lady of smoothly bound hair, golfing proclivities, friendly hands, and definite will. A wife, a mother and a friend.

Lew Cody... well, one might imagine Lew Cody fancying the fancy girls, with dancing feet and shingled heads and a penchant for doing the Tango Twist rather than the Kitchen Sink.

But right here is where one stops speculations. As well cease one's imaginings concerning one's fellowmen, whether they be stars or stockbrokers.

For Lew loves old ladies. Real old ladies. Rocking-chair old ladies. Old ladies with silver-rimmed spectacles and cookie-filled jars, and rose gardens, and mothering laps.

And old ladies love Lew. They love to have him in their homes. They love to have him confide in them. They love to be a mother to him. He appeals to their maternal instincts.

After dinner they sat out on the front porch together, and she told him all her secrets.
These little old ladies, all the land wide, don't think Lew is wicked and dare-devilish and gay. These nice little old ladies. These decent little old ladies. From country kitchens, from New England gardens, from New York apartments, everywhere that old ladies sit and rock and knit, or sit about and bake and do up jams and spices and string-beans, they write to Lew: go to see him on the screen, and in the flesh when they can, talk about him as mothers talk of their absent but dearly beloved sons—all because they love him.

Man cannot have a greater tribute, nor a realer love. Girls of young years and young affections will love a man for many glittering reasons, not always real ones. They love him with some sort of hope, some kind of ambition, not necessarily sound. But when little old ladies love a young man, it is simply and beautifully because they do. Wells deeper than skin are tapped and touched, the wisdom born of age conceives a love sparedly without dross. Wise old ladies, who can see behind more screens than one.

No, they don't think Lew is wicked; these old ladies. They never believe any of "the talk" they may hear about him. They see the little boy in the grown man. Still a wistful little boy, wanting someone to bake his cookies and scold and pet him. The nice little boy Lew must have been and still is, anxious to be friends, comfortable and chummy.

Just to prove that this is fact rather than fiction, I'll tell you a story about Lew and one of the little old ladies who love him.

It happened in Seattle, where Lew was making a personal appearance. After he had told his funny stories and sung his funny songs he told the audience that he hoped to get away from the type of work he has been doing and go in for more virile and vital parts. A voice, a rather cracked and quavery-sweet voice, suddenly said, loudly:

"Well, I should hope so!"

Lew answered her, and they carried on an impromptu conversation from stage to audience until he was finished. When the talk was ended, Lew jumped from the stage and went down to the seat where the old lady was sitting to shake hands with his enthusiastic friend.

To his incredulous amazement and embarrassment, when he held out his hand, the old lady refused to shake hands with him. He couldn't understand it. For there she sat, looking up at him from behind her spectacles as a mother might look at a son, long absent and happily returned. Then, quite as suddenly, she pulled him down on her lap, put both of her loving arms about his neck and said, "I won't shake hands with you because I want to kiss you," which she forthwith did, not once but many times, heartily and unashamedly.

The next night she asked Lew to have dinner with her at her home, a little cottage out in the country, all neat and shining like the well-known pin. She cooked him a home dinner, and after dinner they sat out on the front porch together and she told him that she had five daughters, all pretty, and that she wished Lew would marry one of them, as she had to have him in the family "some way."

At another special time Lew visited the State Penitentiary in Ohio, and told the men stories and jokes and sung them funny songs, and some days later he had a letter from the old mother of one of the inmates, blessing him and telling him how much she loved him because he'd made her boy laugh for the first time in many months.

There are many such stories to tell of Lew and the old ladies who love him. But after all, it isn't so much the specific incidents as it is the fact that the dear old ladies do love him, because, in the twilight of life, he gives them something to hold onto and to cherish.
HAVE you ever heard of a nose winning a friend? It helped a lot in “melting the ice” between Gloria Swanson and six-year-old Bert Wales, a newcomer to the screen, who plays the young'un in Gloria’s new picture, *Her Love Story*. He was one of many youngsters to apply for the part, and he got it.

When he was introduced to Gloria, he showed no signs of shyness. He walked right up to her, gravely shook hands, and stated courteously: “How do you do, Miss Swanson?”

This rather captured the star. Then she observed his nose. And yes, his nose was a miniature edition of her own. Whereupon, the bars were down!

Bert started his career at the age of four, starring as a dancer in his own vaudeville act. Later, he toured the country as the leader of an adult jazz orchestra, for the little fellow has an instinctive understanding of rhythm. Now, at the age of six, he seems well started on a successful screen career.

**Dick Barthelmess** has made a new discovery in Polly Archer, leading lady in his latest picture, *Classmates*. Polly is about five-feet-three, weighs about a hundred pounds, has blonde hair, and dark-blue eyes.

Her mother, Evelyn Archer, is well known on the stage. It was while playing on Broadway in *The Copperhead*, with Lionel Barrymore, that she suffered a nervous breakdown. She and Polly left New York for St. Petersburg, Florida, where they expected to remain four weeks.

The four weeks stretched into four years before they returned to the metropolis. During that time neither was idle. Mrs. Archer was appointed executive secretary of the St. Petersburg Chamber of Commerce, quite a responsible position. Polly took up swimming and became an expert.

**Trailing the Eastern Stars**

The latest news about motion picture people who drift in and out of the Studios in the East

**By DOROTHEA B. HERZOG**

In 1922, when the Festival of the States was held in Florida, Polly represented her adopted state in the swimming contests and came out the winner. She also won the beauty contest. The news cameramen made much of her and she became imbued with the ambition to take a fling at pictures.

Her mother sanctioned this, and they returned East. Tho Polly was only seventeen, and lacking in experience, she had no trouble in getting a bit in *Java Head*. Thru Ned Wayburn, she joined the Ziegfeld *Follies* last season, and was rehearsing for the new show when her lucky picture break came.

If you saw Dick in *The Enchanted Cottage*, you may remember Polly as one of the beautiful ghosts in the double-exposures scenes. Many people did remember her, and letters poured into the Inspiration offices inquiring about her. Dick was looking for a leading lady for *Classmates* at the time. This spontaneous recognition of the newcomer, and his own and Director John Robertson’s

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hammerstein (née Dorothy Dunton) have just returned from a honeymoon in Europe

Valentino, in addition to his other talents, is a very good photographer
interest in the girl, induced them to promote her to the importance of lead with one scratch of pen on paper.

Delighted and thrilled, tho not beyond words, Polly resigned from the Follies.

"You know," she remarked, her blue eyes contemplating us musingsly, "I believe thirteen must be my lucky number. I signed to play in The Enchanted Cottage on Friday the thirteenth, and my screen promotion occurs with my thirteenth picture.

"I don't know whether I'll return to the stage or not," in response to our query. "If I make good in pictures, I'll most likely devote myself entirely to them. But I do like musical comedy," wistfully.

Speaking of Dick Barthelmess, his new production, Classmates, is due to create a stir of interest because of its very nature. It picturizes the detailed training of a United States Army officer, for the first time in screen history, many of the exteriors being actually taken at West Point.

We were told that this was accomplished thru Dick's wife, Mary Hay, whose father, Colonel Caldwell, started negotiations with the Government on the star's behalf. Dick's cadet uniform was made by the Government. The script of the story was O. K'd by a West Point officer.

In fact, every detail has been minutely supervised. Dick's room at West Point, that you will see in the picture, is an exact replica of a cadet's quarters.

Marion Davies finds a little spare time before starting work on her new picture, Zander the Great, to pose for the celebrated Italian artist, Edmund Pizzella.

was necessary to duplicate the room in the studio, of course, but the furniture and decorations were loaned by West Point.

Life for a movie star is oftentimes what a glass-covered road is to an automobile tire!

For instance, there is Doris Kenyon, who was recently signed to a five-year star contract by First National. It happened as a result of Doris' excellent work with Rudolph Valentino in Monsieur Beaucaire. Two big producing companies wanted her, after seeing her work in this feature, but First National stepped in ahead of all comers.

At the time she signed the contract, Doris was completing work in Born Rich, with Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell. She was on location when a wire came ordering her to the Coast within the week, to start at once in the featured role of the Thomas H. Ince picture, Dr. Nye.

There were nine hundred and ninety-nine things to attend to before leaving, but Doris vows she didn't get beyond the hundredth! And then she was on the verge of a collapse. Upon completing Dr. Nye, Doris makes her first starring film on the Coast with If I Should Marry Again. After finishing this picture, she returns immediately to New York, where her other pictures will be made.

A mid a fanfare of excitement, Cecil B. De Mille, who struggles under the superhumanly heavy title of Director General of Paramount Productions, arrived in New York to make his first production in the East, The Golden Bed. No, neither Elinor Glyn nor Mr. Ostermoom wrote this story. It is from Wallace Irwin's pen.

(Continued on page 98)
Letters to the Editor

Pollyanna and Pola Negri

Dear Editor: Your editorial, Nothing But the Truth, in your July Motion Picture, inspires me to write this article. I like your magazine because of your policy.

Dear Editor: Your editorial, Nothing But the Truth, in your July Motion Picture, inspires me to write this article. I like your magazine because of your policy.

I read with bokum and more sincerity from magazines in general would be gratifying to the intelligent reading public. More real criticism of pictures and actors would go a long way to improve both; and it is quite obvious both are in need of improvement.

To as good pictures: I consider The Famous Mrs. Fair one of the best pictures ever produced, both as to continuity and real human interest.

HUNDRY GORDON

Nita Naldi is stereotypically offensive, and as to Gloria Swanson, if she could forget herself, not pose so much and do more work like in The Humming Bird, she would show her wisdom. Society Scandal with La Rocque and Swanson was what I call “Fresh.”

POLA NEGRI

Pola Negri may be madcap, temperamental and all the adjectives that are attributed to her, but to me she is dull, heavy, and bovine; trying most ardently to display temperament and failing assiduously.

Barbara La Marr seems to instill intelligence into her characterizations.

Why isn’t Jack Holt sought after more as a lead? He is clever and clean cut in his work and exceedingly handsome.

Edmund Lowe is very good; and Milton Sills, Thomas Meighan, Richard Barthelmess, Huntley Gordon and Ramon Novarro are all splendid.

Novarro did a finished piece of acting in Scarface, which by the way was the best picture I ever saw.

MATT MOORE

Rod La Rocque should be in other lines of work. It is unfortunate they do not realize it.

(I am not clever at sarcasm so I should label the above as such.)

Lon Chaney never received enough praise for his wonderful work as The Hunchback.

Billy Sullivan of the last Leather Pushers, has more the mannerisms of Wallace Reid than any man on the screen.

Reid was dashing and clever and had a spontaneity that Denny has not and cannot affect, regardless of the ads likening Denny to Reid.

I refer to Reginald Denny.

D. W. Griffith as a director puts real atmosphere into his pictures. He does not try to dress his characters up like circus horses, nor does he have to rely upon exotic brilliant settings to get his point across.

M. P. M., Denver, Colo.

My Sainted Aunt!

Dear Editor: Will no good kind director deliver us from their million dollar summer home wearing a cotton kimono, and carrying a lighted candle. She has been disturbed from her innocent slumber by the clear-thinking hero, who is in the act of denouncing the girl for her wicked ways.

Of course, our saintly intruder explains matters favorably and all ends well for everyone but the onlooker.

Or maybe, somebody, who has long been recognized barrister, by the way, has become infatuated with his “actually common stenographer.” Mother intervenes, despite the fact that her wandering boy is old enough to care for himself, and work out his own salvation.

This old offender may not always be a doting parent. Often she is titled aunt or grandmother. Nevertheless, she remains the same—cloyingly sweet, simpering, snobbish, whining—rather dumb, and, oh! so old.

Now the average modern woman of sixty-five or so, does not confine herself to her armchair. Neither does she dress according to the styles of Victoria. She is a clear-minded person, active and intelligent, and is the better for the experience that lies behind her.

It is our sincere hope that motion pictures will some day come to realize that all the clever elderly women of the nation are not included in the ranks of the “Four Hundred!”

A LICE L. LYMAN,

Cleveland, Ohio.

Reissues and Recriminations

Dear Editor: I was more than surprised to learn recently that Viola Dana is starring in Revelation, that play in which Nazimova so gloriously acted some years ago. Why do some of these stars and producers insist on re-releasing pictures that have always remained favorite with the public? The public, I am sure, would rather see a famous old film released than made over again. I doubt if Viola Dana can surpass or even equal the Joline of Miss Nazimova. Not that I have anything against Miss Dana; on the contrary, I consider her a clever little actress, but she seems far different from Nazimova’s type. Nazimova made the role of the underworld sprite vital, fiery, strikingly human, and unforgettable!

In several pictures that were re-made, lately, I have been disappointed. The Cheat, for instance, starring Pola Negri, nowhere reaches the popularity enjoyed by the former film with Fannie Ward and Susse Hayakawa as players. And then there was The Spoilers. Was Anna Q. Nilson’s portrayal of the dance-hall girl as good as Kathleen Williams’ really? I hope so. I wish we could always have Cleopatra.

Sincerely,

Julia Maria Charpentier,
Oregol

(Continued on page 88)

We are giving our readers a chance to express their opinions in print, and to be paid for it. For the best letter (which we will illustrate) we will pay five dollars. Writers of other letters published will receive three dollars; extracts from letters, one dollar. Be brief, and to the point. Write us a snappy, interesting letter of from two to four hundred words in length. Give your reasons for your likes or dislikes. Do not neglect to sign your name and address, altho we will use your initials only, if requested.
Gloria Gould tells why the care of the skin is vital

"The women of the younger set today never permit the strain of many engagements or the attacks of wind and sun to mar the smooth delicacy of their complexions.

"Fatigue and exposure can leave no trace on the skin that is cared for by Pond's Two Creams. They are really remarkable."

Gloria Gould, who has recently become Mrs. Gloria Gould Bishop, is the youngest—and many think the loveliest—daughter of one of America's oldest families of great wealth. She commands a unique position in New York's exclusive younger social set.

When in the cream-and-blue drawing room of her smart East Side apartment she gave me her views on the care of the skin, the simple friendliness of her manner delighted me, but still more, her vivacity, her enthusiasm. Even her lovely ivory skin seemed to breathe life.

"Mrs. Bishop," I asked, "what in your opinion is the most important factor in a woman's looks?"

"Three things, I think," prompted Gloria Gould, "are vital to the woman who wants to keep an important place in the social world. Fine eyes, white teeth and a lovely skin. The latter, luckily, any woman may possess, if only she'll take the right care."

Then we spoke of the young women of her set, who in their need to keep themselves looking fresh and lovely have turned to Pond's Two Creams which prevent all weariness from showing and keep the complexion satin-smooth and exquisitely protected.

The first step in the Pond's Method is a thorough daily cleansing of the skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Smooth it on generously over the face and neck. With a soft cloth wipe it all off, and rejoice at the black look the cloth gives you! Repeat the process, finishing with a dash of cold water or a brisk rub with ice.

The second step in the Pond's Method is to smooth over your freshly cleansed face a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Do this before powdering and especially before going out into the wind, sun, dust or cold. This delicate cream renders a four-fold service—it protects the skin from the weather, gives it a soft, smooth finish, holds rouge and powder evenly and long, and freshens and rests it amazingly.

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What the Stars Are Doing
A department for the fans, in which they are informed of the present picture activities of their film favorites

Conducted by Gertrude Driscoll

A

Adams, Claire—playing in The Past Set, a William de Mille Production.
Agnes, Bobby—playing in Wine, a Universal Production.
Allison, May—playing in The River Road, an Ernest Shuman Production.
Arch, Polly—playing opposite Richard Barthelmess in Classmates.
Astor, Mary—playing in Oh, Doctor!, a Universal Production.
Aye, Mary—just finished work in The Last Man on Earth, a Fox Production.
Ayres, Agnes—just starting work on Worldly Goods, a Famous Players-Lasky Production.

B

Baby Peggy—just finished work on Helen's Babies, a Sol Lesser Production.
Barnes, Roy T.—playing in Clinging Fingers, a Universal Production.
Barthelmess, Richard—playing in Classmates, an Inspiration Pictures Production.
Baxter, Warner—playing in The Female, a Famous Players-Lasky Production.
Bayne, Beverly—just completed work on Her Marriage Vows, a Warner Brothers Production.
Beery, Noah—playing in North of 36, a Famous Players-Lasky Production.
Beery, Wallace—playing in Madouina of the Streets, a First National Production.
Bellamy, Madge—just completed work on Glory, a Universal Production.
Bennett, Alma—playing in The Cyclone Rider, a Fox Production.
Bennett, Constance—recently completed work on Her Own Free Will.
Bennett, Enid—recently completed work on The Red Lily, a Metro-Goldwyn Production.
Binney, Faire—playing in The Man Without a Heart, a Whitman Bennett Production.
Blue, Monte—playing in The Lover of Christine, a Warner Brothers Production.
Blythe, Betty—recently completed work on In Hollywood with Potash and Perlmutter, a Samuel Goldwyn Production.
Boardman, Eleanor—playing in The Silent Accuser, a Metro-Goldwyn Production.
Bonner, Priscilla—playing in Tarnish, a First National Production.
Bosworth, Hobart—playing in Hearts of Oak, a Fox Production.
Bow, Clara—recently completed work on Wine, a Universal Production.

C

Bowers, John—playing in Empty Hearts, a Cecil De Mille Production.
Bremer, Sylvia—playing in If I Ever Marry Again, a First National Production.
Brockwell, Gladys—playing in The Foolish Virgin, a C. B. C. Sales Production.
Bryson, Winifred—just finished work in Flirting with Love, a First National Production.
Burns, Edward—playing in Gargantua, a German Production.
Busch, Mae—playing in He Who Gets Slapped, a Metro-Goldwyn Production.
Butler, Fingers—playing in In Hollywood with Potash and Perlmutter, a Samuel Goldwyn Production.
Butler, Lawson—playing in Barriers Burnt Away, an Associated Exhibitors Production.

D

D'Algy, Helen—playing in A Sainted Devil, a Famous Players-Lasky Production.
Dana, Viola—playing in Open All Night, a Famous Players-Lasky Production.
Daniels, Bebe—playing in Sinners in Heaven, a Famous Players-Lasky Production.
Davies, Marion—playing in Under the Great, a Cosmopolitan Production.
Dean, Priscilla—playing in A Cafe In Cairo, a Hunt Stromberg Production.
Dempster, Carol—playing in Da-Da, a D. W. Griffith Production.
Denny, Reginald—playing in Oh, Doctor!, a Universal Production.
De Vore, Dorothy—playing in The Prairie Wife, a Metro-Goldwyn Production.
Dexter, Elliott—playing in The Fast Set, a William de Mille Production.

E

Edeson, Robert—playing in Feet of Clay, a Cecil De Mille Production.
Elliott, Frank—playing in Mrs. Parson, a Metro-Goldwyn Production.
Ellis, Robert—playing in Lover's Lane, a Warner Brothers Production.

F

Fairbanks, Douglas—last picture The Thief of Bagdad. Disengaged at present.
Farnum, William—recently completed The Man Who Fights Alone, a Famous Players-Lasky Production.
Fawcett, George—playing in Clinging Fingers, a Universal Production.
Faye, Julia—playing in Feet of Clay, a Famous Players-Lasky Production.
Fazenda, Louise—playing in Clinging Fingers, a Universal Production.
Ford, Harrison—recently completed work in The Price of a Party, a Howard Estabrook Production.
Forrest, Alan—playing in Captain Blood, a Vitagraph Production.
Fox, Lucy—playing in Teeth, opposite Tom Mix, a Fox Production.
Francis, Alec B.—playing in The End of the World, an Allied Production.

HUNDREDS of inquiries reach this office every week, from movie fans all over the country, asking for information about the new pictures their favorite stars are making. In consequence, we have opened this department, which henceforth will be one of the regular features of the magazine. We give information that is accurate when we go to press, but changes may occur in the time that elapses when the magazine is being printed and distributed.

Corbin, Virginia Lee—playing in A Drama of the Night, a Famous Players-Lasky Production.
Cortez, Ricardo—playing in Feet of Clay, a Cecil De Mille Production.
Crane, William—playing in Empty Hands, a Famous Players-Lasky Production.

(Continued on page 104)
No more shiny nose!

Discovered—a new principle! Shine and oiliness stopped for hours at the touch of a dainty cream

Something to keep your nose from getting shiny—
Something to rid you of that unsightly oiliness on chin, forehead, etc.—
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Vauv is based on an entirely new principle; made from a secret new formula, perfected only after a year of laboratory research. It absorbs excess oil, it reduces enlarged pores! These are the conditions that commonly cause shine.

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Men find in Vauv the same relief from shine and oiliness, the same delightful finish. And in addition, they find it an ideal after-shaving cream that closes the pores, tones up the skin and gives them a refreshing feeling of cleanliness that lasts!

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The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, a list of film manufacturers, etc., must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should contain the name and address of the writer, but a fictitious name will be used in answering inquiries if it is written in the upper left-hand corner of the letter.

P. 0. W.—Here we are after another hot summer ready for hard work. I hope you have all had a pleasant vacation. Kenneth Harlan is playing in Two Shall Be Born. You know Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is playing in vaudeville. I should say Buster Collier is not married. No, he is no relation. Corinne Griffith is playing in Wilderness. I hope she doesn't get lost.

Winsome P.—Well, you know I bob my whiskers in the summertime and let them grow for the winter. You shouldn't mind writing to me because you don't know me, that's the difference. So you saw The Four Horsemen four or five times. It was good.

Doey.—Well, dates and peaches never come in the same basket, but they are often observed in the same neighborhood. Write to Gloria Swanson at the Astoria, Long Island, studio of Famous Players. I can tell you about Bebe Daniels' brothers and sisters, if she has any—all I can do is to keep track of Bebe.

Myrtle M.—Very well said, but happiness is in the taste, not in the thing; and we are made happy by possessing what we ourselves love, not what others think lovely. Yes, Billy is Claire Windsor's own child and his name is Billy Bowes. Let me know more about this picture you are going to produce. Sounds good.

Press.—That sure was a story you sent me. You really have some fine satire. Keep at it—you are reading the right kind of books and I am sure you are bound for a literary career. Did you see The Sea Hawk? Milton Sills was superb in it. Best wishes.

Huspe.—Old age gives good advice, when it is no longer able to give bad advice. Al St. John was born in Santa Ana, California. He is five feet six and a half weighs 150 pounds. Light complexion, blond hair and blue eyes. He doesn't give his name in Beverly Bayne and Monte Blue have the leads in Warner Brothers' Her Marriage Vows.

For the Host.—Yes, I have found that eating on an empty stomach is apt to be followed by loss of appetite. Ernest Torrence was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. He has been on the stage some time and is considered quite musical. Yes, Adolphe Menjou is married. Yes, I like Clara Bow very much. Last I heard, Barbara La Marr was separating herself from her husband, Jack Daugherty. I see, you want someone to let Ray Griffith be a hero. I thought he was a hero. But few people know how to be old.

Lillian G. L.—So you really think I am interesting. Thanks, I shall add that to my $12 yer. No, Alice Terry did not play in Trifling Women. William Schwenken and Jay O'Brien were Mae Murray's former husbands. Norman Kerry's name was Kaiser once. Ramon Novarro was born February 6th. Yes, sure, send him a birthday card. Gloria Swanson on March 27th. You say you want to get acquainted with a chap on the street behind you. Well!

Neil W.—The population of the United States was estimated by the National Bureau of Economic Research at 112,826,000 on January 1, 1924. Lewis Stone was Lee, Irene Rich was Fanny, Alma Rubens was Savina and Constance Bennett was Claire in Cytherea. Richard Dix is thirty. Stop in again some time.

B. B. Shots.—Cheer up, the worst men often get the best advice. John Milton wrote Paradise Lost, in 1665, and sold it for ten pounds, half of which was not paid him until 1,300 copies had been sold. He was totally blind when he wrote it. Pauline Frederick is to play in Shoshering Fires for Universal.

Vee.—Wee, wee, and then some. You want to know if I have side-boards, wear bell bottom trousers, and whether I look like a sheik. Horrors, no; you are trying to make a blooming fool out of me. Ivor Novello is still in England. But to love is to admire the heart; to admire is to love with the mind. Vive voce.

Gertrude W.—But God created women only to tame man, but not Answer Man. Upon her return from Europe Gloria Swanson began work on The Wages of Virtue. Virginia Valli and young Hughes in In Every Woman's Life. Conway Tearle is at First National, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California. The same for Milton Sills. Always send stamps, they are better than coins. So you like my style; you should see the clothes I wear!

Vive M.—A little hot air now and then is relished by the best of men. Bring on the electric heater. Frank Mayo was born June 28th, 1889. He is playing in Barriers Burned Away. Shirley Mason is playing in Her Husband's Wives, written by Barbara La Marr. You see Barbara on stage as well as act.

Mary B.—We never know the worth of water until the well runs dry. Robert Ellis, Gertrude Ols- tend, Crawford Kent and Baby Bruce Guerin are playing in Warner Brothers' Lover's Lane. Alma Rubens is in Hollywood working on The Price She Paid. But the woman never pays.

Ellaine O.—How are things in Hong Kong? You must see The Arab, when it goes to China. Ramon Novarro is the dragonman and not the lovely sheik that Valentino was. Novarro looks very picturesque, the scenes and photography were beautiful, but Alice Terry better watch her calories. You must write to me again.

Retta Romaine.—Well, well, well. Yes, four well! Been married two years and forgotten all about your Answer Man. We (Continued on page 78)
Women who use the right shade of powder are never obviously "powdered"

Your powder should always complement the color-tone of your skin — and be applied to cover it evenly. 

SOMETIMES we have the experience of seeing a woman approaching us on the street and we have a horrible feeling that her face is deformed. Then when she reaches us we see a very pretty person with her nose so powdered that it is accented out of all proportion to her face.

This unpleasant result is especially noticeable if the wrong shade of powder is used. The shade of your powder should match the natural tone of your skin. If we are of the Caucasian race, we all naturally think we are "white" women, and therefore must use white powder. This is a mistake — there are several gradations of color-tone in our skins. Even sisters are frequently found whose skin-tones are as different as though they belonged to different races. So we should study our skin and determine its classification.

In a general way, there are four distinct tones of skin found among the women of America — the medium, the very dark, the white, and the pink skin. And because of this fact there are four shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder — a right shade of powder for every typical skin.

The Medium skin is more variable than the others. It is harder to determine, for it is frequently found with light or dark hair, light or dark eyes, or combinations of middle shades. The medium tone of skin is neither milky-white nor swarthy, it is pleasantly warm in tone, with faint suggestions of old ivory, and fleeting suggestions of sun-kissed russet.

Medium skins need the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder. If you find it difficult to determine whether you have a light skin or a dark skin, the chances are that you really have a medium tone of skin, and should use the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The Milk-White skin that is quite without trace of color except where the little blue veins show is the only skin that should ever use white powder.

The Pink skin can be turned into a definite asset of beauty if it is properly treated. Women with pink skins often make the mistake of using a white or a dark powder. They should always use the pink tone of powder — the Flesh shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The Olive skin. Many artists think there is no type so beautiful as the clear, dark skin we frequently see in beautiful Spanish or Italian women. The shade of powder for this rich skin is Rachel Pompeian Beauty Powder. Pompeian Beauty Powder is made from the finest, selected ingredients. This powder has an exceptional adhesive quality that keeps the skin well covered over an unusual period of time. 60c a box. (Canada, 65c.)

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The new Pompeian Powder Compact is a graceful, round, golden-finished case — thin, of course, to avoid ugly bulging when carried in pocket or bag. The top is engraved in a delicate design, the cuttings filled with violet enamel, the color that is typical of the regal purple of the Pompeian products. The mirror in the top covers the entire space to give ample reflection — and the lamb's-wool puff has a satin top. At toilet counters $1.oo. Refills 50c (slightly higher in Canada).

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The Girl Who Couldn’t Be Bad

(Continued from page 39)

Summary of Parts I, II and III

S E P T E N T H, pretty and — discontented, Hope Brown hated her home in Pocustown, California; her very unhappy parents and the drudgery of housework. She was allowed no movies, no dances, nothing but prayers and piety. Her parents’ departure to San Francisco for a missionary convention gave her the chance for which she longed. Aunt Charity, left in charge of Hope and her brother Hank, collapsed under the strain of these young persons’ rebellions. Hope boldly accepted the invitation of Miles Orkney, a bootlegger, and a newcomer to Pocustown, to attend the movies, and talked him to the house the next evening. Now, Miles was a man not to be treated with any young girl, and besides he had a wife in the city. But he was good looking, had nice manners, and returned Charity and Ezekiel to Hope. Aunt Charity objected to his visit, but did nothing more than to write Papa to San Francisco. Meanwhile Hank was being indestructible, also consisting, and the disreputable element of Pocustown, playing cards and drinking whisky. These men planned to demolish Hank in revenge for his father’s unsparing attitude on the house smuggling, which they were engaged. The night of Miles’ call Hope entertained him to the back porch door. To her disappointment nothing happened to her, for he spoke of her rather coarse and unsophisticated efforts to lure him, glories her extreme innocence, and respected her, contrary to his previous plans. He made a very short call and went back to the city, leaving Hope, discontented and rebellious. Aunt Charity locked the girl in her room and this treatment enraged Hope so greatly that she took the money from her clay bank and ran away to Los Angeles. She went into the station by a kindly old woman who directed her to “boarding-house.” Alas! Hope was not aware of the fact, this house was the residence of a number of ladies of easy virtue. From there she started the next day to search for Miles Orkney, the man who lived there in that city. She failed in this and she failed to be affected in any way by the atmosphere of the boarding-house. Finally the landlady discovered Hope’s finances were exhausted and turned her out to the street, clothed in the queer contrived garments she had worn from Possum. Stanton Druthere was a young man of wealth who lives in Los Angeles. He prefers to live apart from his mother who adores him. Possessed of a certain talent for acting, Stanton occasionally puts in a musing moment to Hollywood. Most of his time is spent in wild parties.

Then the mother with trembling lip looked straight into the father’s eyes and the cloud of gloom burst. Ezekiel rose without a word and Sarah threw herself into his arms, sobbing as the hope in his heart would break. He held her tightly, looking up to God with tears streaming down his beamed face. At this moment Charity entered and instantly let fall the pièce de résistance which was to have been the real breakfast. But nobody minded, for they all realized that they were in the presence of some kind of miracle. As if by instinct, the two parents kneeled down and Ezekiel prayed fervently, Charity meekly joining them near the door. But a new note had crept into Ezekiel’s manner of addressing his God, as if he had been convicted of some evil.

Ezekiel could eat nothing. He kissed his wife and hurried out into the village to see if he could learn anything of his precious daughter. The ticket agent at the railroad station was the only one who could tell him anything. She had bought a ticket and gone on the last train to the city the night before.

Ezekiel turned home to confirm their

(Continued on page 97)
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A First National Picture
The Answer Man

(Continued from page 74)

forgive as long as it's for love. I'm still in my eighties, well and healthy, drink plenty of buttermilk, and manage on my $12 per week. 

J. A. G., Chicago.—At your service—write to Buster Keaton at the Metro-Goldwyn Productions, Culver City, California.

Melvin T. Shawnee—Your first letter—where have you been during the past ten years? Headinglist at LaSalle and Richard Barthelmess at the Inspiration Company, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Wallace MacDonald and Harry Carey in Roaring Rails. S. E. S.—No, I am not in the Brooklyn society set—society welcomes only those who amuse, or flatter. Bessie Love has the female lead opposite Glenn Hunter in The Silent Watcher. Hobart Bosworth is also in the cast.

Pell.—Another interesting letter. Mr. Brewster lives at Morristown, New Jersey, you know. So you were disappointed at meeting Valetino face to face. Normal Talmadge's next under the working title of The Fight will be released as The Sacrifice.

Herbert Ross.—The famous Iris Murdoch of that name has written a novel, A Book of Miracles, which she has just signed with a New York publisher. She is expected to have the novel out this spring.

Rae Hee.—The most celebrated pictures representing the Holy Family are by Michelangelo at Florence; by Raphael at London and by Leonardo da Vinci in the Louvre. Address Bertram Griswold at 207 Madison Avenue, First National and Richard Rogers at 1450 Broadway, New York.

Bombo.—Yes, there are the Strand, Rivoli, Capitol and Rialto Theaters in New York City. Also Loew's State Theater, which shows half pictures and half vaudeville. Rod La Rocque is with Famous Players right now. Monte Blue was born in Indianapolis in 1896. He is six feet three, weighs 195. Playing in The Lover of Camille, from the stage play Deburod. Rod La Rocque was born in Chicago, Illinois. Six feet three, also; weighs 181. Playing in Feet of Clay.

Leonard M.—You spoiling me? Sent your answers to the address given and the letter returned.

Mary A. A.—Yes, by all means be sure to enclose 25c in asking for a picture of a player. Victor Varconi is replacing Theodore Stipons in Los Angeles, California. Jean Harlow is in New York, starring in a picture with E. H. Sothern, entitled The Big Sleep.

Pamela.—So you want more of Charles King, who played in One Exciting Night. Charles, what are you doing? Marguerite de la Motte and Owen Moore are playing in a picture from Richard Cornell's story, Where is the Trojan of Capri? which has been changed to East of Broadway. And the more a man knows, the less he believes. What say you?

Mary Agnes.—No trouble to answer you at all. Irene Rich has just signed a long term contract with Warner Brothers. Her first picture will be The Lost Lady. Edward Burns is free-lancing right now. Honest, I am over eighty, don't you believe me?

Freha G.—Gracious—there is no way I can tell you how to become a movie actress.

Tom. Overbrook.—No, I don't mind criticism, not in the least. Run if you like, but try to keep your breath; work like a man, but don't be worked to death. How about it? Jacqueline Logan in Linehouse Polly. She was born in Corsicana, Texas. Played half the part in He Who Would Be Woman, was the flapper. Beverly Bayne and Monte Blue in Her Marriage Vow. Run in again, same story.

Billy A. Q.—No, I am not another Diogenes. He was born in Sinope, in Asia Minor, in 412 B. C. He was a cynic who spent most of his life in Athens, begging alms and teaching philosophy from a tub. He died in 292 B.C. At last report, F. O. James Morrison has been cast for the juvenile lead in Captain Blood starring J. Warren Kerrigan, with Jean Paige and Charlotte Maurial also in the cast.

Marion.—Lloyd Hughes is playing in Every Woman's Life and in Welcome Stranger. Eileen Sedgwick and Jack Daugherty in The Fighting Ranger. Barbara and Claude.—So you are fond of Alma Rubens. Cheer up, some men are born golfers and some never can think up a good alibi.

Josephine B.—Why, Francis Bret Harte was born in Albany, New York, in 1839, and died in England in 1902. Just address Gloria Swanson at Famous Players, Astoria, Long Island. She is not married. Shirley Mason is with Fox. Viola Dana is twenty-six and Shirley Mason is twenty-three. They are sisters, you know.

Toots.—But all great men are in some degree inspired. Margaret Landis is playing opposite Jack Hoxie in On Parade. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is playing in vaudeville, so I understand.

Tom Mix Fan.—You sure are one. He was born January 6th, 1889.

Edna O.—I may be small, but then most of the eminent men in history have been diminutive in stature. Aben! Aileen Pringle and John Gilbert in His Hour. Clara Bow at 1714 N. Kingsley Street, Hollywood, California. She was born in Brooklyn, you know.

Jean.—You say you want Julian Eltinge to come back in pictures. Reginald Denny, Laura La Plante and Ethel Grey Terry in The Husbands of Edith. Oscar Wilde says "To have been well brought up is a great drawback nowadays. It shuts one out from so much."

Lalorah H.—I can see you are a strong admirer of Gloria Swanson. She was born March 27th, 1897. She is not married right now, but she has a small daughter. Stands five feet three and is playing in The House of Virtue. William Fairbanks and Eva Novak in The Battling Foot. George Hackathorne has finished working on Gold Heels, for Fox.

June.—You say "died character is as picturesque as a ruined castle." I pass. Huntley Gordon is with Schulberg Productions, and Harrison Ford is with Cosmopolitan, and the other players you mention are with Famous Players. Ann Cornell has been signed to play opposite Bobby Vernon in Christie Comedies.

Mary Ann.—Viola Dana with Famous Players, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, California. Ben Lyon, Noah Beery, Raymond Griffith and Pola Negri in Lily of the Dust. I know, but there are some born with a glow in their heart.


Nettie L.—That was some letter you wrote. I liked it a lot. Mae Murray can be reached at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California. Rosemary Davies, who is a sister to Marion, has signed a contract to play a series of four productions for Fred Wiesth Productions, the first of which will be from the Sir Bulver-Lytton novel Alice. Yes, indeed, write me any time you feel like it. Katz—Why, Little Women was produced some time ago. I haven't the cast. We had an interview in August, 1924, issue. Eric von Stroheim is to write the scenario as well as direct Mae Murray in The Merry Widow.

Barbara B.—Most of the players you mentioned are with Famous Players. Lon Chaney in playing in Heaven's Gate. Lloyd, for Universal. Well, the reading of romances will always be the favorite amusement of women; old, they peruse them to recall what they have read in their own lives, and to anticipate what they wish to experience.

Handy Andy, Paris.—Thanks for your kind offer to assist foreign films. You say that La Donna de Bergere was filmed in (Continued on page 84)
It's difficult to weep when your very name is Blythe

The Music-Man Tells It

IT'S a crisis. What's to be done when a screen actress, or actor, just cannot summon a tear, or perhaps a spontaneous laugh? You know what happens; the director summons the musicians to work on the feelings. Then quite naturally the tears respond to the call of the sobbing violins, or the "ha-ha's" ring out with the laughing saxophone.

These musicians see a totally different, tho no less pleasant, side of the screen personalities. Motion Picture has the inside story according to the musicians, and with amusing comments by the Talmadges, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Pola Negri, Conway Tearle, Monte Blue, and all the other favorites.

There is so much to tell, and so many new pictures of stars, and directors, orchestras and things that this story will have to appear in three parts. It begins in the November number.

*Is the Silent Drama Silent?* is part of your motion picture education. But unlike some knowledge which is acquired painfully, this is "easy and pleasant to take."

HOPE BROWN certainly seemed to be well started in the general direction of being "bad." She had rather a qualm, despite her resolution, when she was escorted by the owner, very early in the morning, to Stanton Braithwaite's bachelor apartment. And Stanton himself was a bit puzzled to know what to do with this girl. She was bold, in some ways, and then again, she was so bashful.

But it was a most unconventional hour, and the girl had no place to go. So this rich young man decided that, for his good and her good . . . But you'll find Stanton Braithwaite asleep in a Morris chair when you read the

Fifth Instalment of

THE GIRL WHO COULDN'T BE BAD

By Henry Albert Phillips

November

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

On News-stands October 1

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Critical Paragraphs About New Productions

(Continued from page 65)

A dramatic scene from Behind the Curtain

who listens as unwisely to the villain's avowals of love as the heroine does—but she is a neglected character, merely being present to augment the chief characters.

With so little to do, the players find expression principally thru their entrances and exits. Still, Alice Calhoun succeeds in appearing charming and sincere. Alan Hale is more colorful as the villain than John Bowers is as the hero.

Revelation

Revelation is one of the stories considered such good screen material that it is given a second production. When George D. Baker first produced it over six years ago, with Nazimova as its star, it did much to establish both director and artiste in the front ranks of the producing art. The present picture is also the work of Mr. Baker, but this time Viola Dana is cast as Joline, the Parisian cabaret dancer who scoffs at God, only to suffer a tremendous spiritual awakening at a later stage. Miss Dana's characterization is totally different from Nazimova's. The former is at her best in delineating the lighter and more abandoned side of Joline's character. The latter excelled in the climaxes dealing with the woman's spiritual awakening.

While the first Revelation took its place as one of the best pictures of its day, such praise can hardly be meted out to its successor. Perhaps Mr. Baker's work is a little less inspired here. And perhaps, too, Miss Dana was not the ideal choice for the stellar rôle which so dominates the picture that little is left to be said of other players and other departments of the production. The supporting cast, including such names as Monte Blue, Marjorie Daw, Lew Cody, Otto Mathieson, Frank Currier and Edward Connelly, is adequate.

For Sale

It's all in the manner in which you take it, whether you will enjoy this picture. If you take it seriously, you are almost certain to be bored—and you're apt to condemn it without a hearing. But if you take along your sense of humor, you will find plenty to entertain you—what with its pretensions to resemble life in the high society circles, and its huge sets comprising drawing-rooms on the scale of the lobby in the Grand Central Station. But, best of all, you will find amusement in the plot—that of the girl whose financially embarrassed parents sell her to the highest bidder.

The author goes his predecessors one better on this theme. He has her sold twice instead of just once. The heroine cannot expect sympathy, lacking so little spirit. But her first fiancé meets a sudden death after her poor, but proud lover is discarded. The latter has insulted her with a toast before the guests at the reception. Here it is: "To the modern girl who knows her price to a penny." A bad, foxy part—and enough to send him away in disgrace. So she is sold again to a social climber—a rôle given to Adolphe Menjou, who is miscast again. Menjou is a distinct type—and certainly not suggestive of the social climber. It is his duty to make an "about face" when realizing the girl's love for the ill-mannered youth—who has drunk himself to the lowest depths of Paris, only to come bounding back and be regenerated.

It is old-fashioned—a story reminiscent of the Bertha M. Clay school, and the picture has been executed in a highly professional and orthodox fashion. While it is lavish, the atmosphere isn't convincing—because it is exaggerated. The production benefits vastly by the appearance of Claire Windsor in the cast. She has that aristocracy that makes her look and act every inch the social

In this scene from Changing Husbands, which is a delightful comedy, you meet and behold (Lenore Joy, who plays a dual rôle) and one of the heroes (Victor Varconi) in light. Mary Carr and Tilly Marshall try hard to be human in their rôles of the parents.

The Arab

It was to be expected that Rex Ingram's excursion into the Orient would be fruitful of some of the rarest and richest photographic effects the screen has ever captured. This director never fails in production matters. He is a master of composition. He appears to have been shown enough to appreciate the shortcomings of Edgar Selwyn's drama by emphasizing the pictorial side of it. Certainly the ornate horizons of the East as caught in The Arab will evoke the highest praise for their scenic display. In comparison with these backgrounds the plot is of little consequence. It lacks both substance and variety. The complexion of this story, however, cannot be ascribed entirely to the devastating competition of the background against which it plays. It is slight and reminiscent of countless serials—and it seems like a late day to attempt the experiment of exciting an audience over impending massacres of Christians by the Moslems. So we turn to the backgrounds to find the appeal of this film, together with Ramon Novarro's study of the title-rôle. His is an insolent, bold and scornful rendition, but pleasant for all of that—and of course his heroism in the interests of the missionary and daughter toward the end constitutes a final stroke in the interest of the happy solution of the plot.

Alice Terry, displaying the brunette tresses with which nature has endowed her—appearing quite as beautiful as

(Continued on page 83)
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The Story of My Life

(Continued from page 29)

By rare good fortune I came into prominence in the Folies almost at once. There was a "Nell Brinkley Number" in the show, and Mr. Ziegfeld was searching for a girl who could express easily, thru poses and mannerisms, the unique personality of the Brinkley girl. I was simply determined to do this Brinkley number, and after I was a newcomer, and so very, very young, Mr. Ziegfeld let me try it.

Overnight I became known as "The Brinkley Girl," and this title, to some extent, has clung to me ever since.

That year, too, I married a college boy. Like so many youthful marriages, this, and my second marriage a few years later, turned out unhappy. I am certain that my friends among the readers of Motion Picture Magazine will not wish to pry into these early romances. One thing that brought me unhappiness: I do not take marriage lightly, and so cannot speak freely of them.

I might say that I grew up in the Folies. One brief year transformed me from a schoolgirl into a dancer on Broadway. I remained with the Folies for several years, but I would not permit myself to get into a rut. I continued my art classes and the study of costume designing. This training has been invaluable in later years, for it has enabled me to design the costumes I wear in my screen productions. It fostered individuality in me.

But I wished to know more about dancing. You know that, particularly before the war, if one wished advanced study in any form of art, one went abroad. In 1913, I managed to save up five hundred dollars. This seemed quite a large sum to me at the time, and I happily planned a trip to Paris with it, altho it was necessary for me to part with half the sum for passage.

On the ship going over I met a Mrs. Woods, who was going to Paris with her daughters, and she was extremely kind to me. She had been abroad before, and in Paris she always stayed at a tiny pension, the Hotel Burgundy, that stood near the Church of the Madeleine. I decided to stay there too, and when the ship docked at Cherbourg and I realized how far from home I was, my five hundred dollars was dwindling. I was glad to be under her friendly wing.

We caught the train for Paris, arriving there in the evening. Paris—the city of dreams! I loved it. The pension immediately became home to me. In the inspiring atmosphere of such a city one could study, one could dance.

But—I had no money with which to take lessons. There was only one way for me to study dancing in Paris, and that was to watch the different famous dancers in the theaters and cafes. Various of my friends from the art school were living in the French capital at the time, and with them I went nightly to the Café Royal, L'Abbé, the Café Fischer and particularly I watched Mignon, who danced at Maximi's. I studied the way she danced the tango, the maxixe, the peri-ome.

Fortunately for me, I have the ability to do any dance after I have once seen it. My stay in Paris was necessarily brief, because I had so little money, but I sailed back to New York confident that I could interpret the dances I had seen abroad, and eager to try them in New York.

Upon my return home I joined Mitzi Hajas' show, Her Little Highness, in which I did special numbers. My horizon had broadened, tho, and I was not content to be just a dancer.

At that time the supper clubs and roof gardens were at the height of their popularity in New York. I was offered a partnership in four of these, with the understanding that I was to act as hostess and dancer at one or another of them nightly. They were the Folies Marquiny, the Sans Souci, the Café Boulevard and the New York Roof. This business venture of mine proved quite a financial success, for a twenty-one-year-old girl, tho it entailed a good deal of hard work.

It was about this time, too, that I filled in a moment in Watch Your Step, dancing with Vernon Castle. I had only two hours of rehearsal, before the first (Continued on page 88)
Critical Paragraphs About
New Productions
(Continued from page 80)

when she adorns herself with a blonde wig—brings considerable charm and appeal to a rather inconsequential rôle. A colorful picture, conventional in story—but lacking incident and dramatic suspense.

Romance Ranch
The belated letter, instead of the time-worn locket, is the pièce de résistance of this plot. Because of its absence there has developed a dispute over property rights. In pointing out that the letter arrives late—fifty years late, to be exact—we are not casting aspersions on the mail service. It is shown that Indians were as adept in stealing mail-bags as they were in taking scalps—back in the old pioneer days. This particular letter is unearthed thru modern excavation methods. After it is introduced, we are treated to the conflict.

Can you guess it? Surely you must know by this time that the youth, who is making the legal fight for the rightful ownership of the property, is reluctant to claim it owing to the presence of the heroine—the pretty daughter of the present owner. By winning the girl, it is unnecessary for him to start court proceedings.

The picture is satisfactory in pointing out a fair amount of Western action tho it doesn't give John Gilbert much emotional opportunity. It releases a few thrills—and an adequate amount of atmospheric backgrounds. Some day Gilbert will be given a real high-class story. Then we'll be able to measure his talent correctly.

Behind the Curtain
This picture has as its author William J. Flynn, who is better and sometimes known as a detective. The facts on which he has based his present story serve to expose fake spiritualists. The story is trite and misleading, due to the fact that it is thrown in several different keys. Universal seems to have stinted quite a bit on the production of it and as a result it is not a picture that can be classified as among the best or even the near best. The main portion of the story is melodramatic in character with a murder mystery thrown in. Lucille Ricksen and George Cooper do the most distinguished work.

Changing Husbands
Here is a comedy decidedly in the sophisticated manner. Its basic idea is a farcical one, inasmuch as our old

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When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
The Answer Man
(Continued from page 78)
Paris by an Italian company. Lionel Barrymore was Prince Lubinoff; Alma Rubens was Alicia; Pedro de Cordoba was Atello; Gareth Hughes was Spadoni; Gladys Hulette was Vellonia; William H. Thompson was Colonel M.; William Collier, Jr., was Gaston; Betty Boulton was the Maid; Madame Jean Bendear was Mme. Spadoni; Ivan Linow was a Terrorist and Paul Panzer was Cersac in Enemies of Women. Write me again, some time.

CARELLOTTI, L. W.—Women should be careful of their conduct, for appearances sometimes injure them as much as faults. Louise Lorraine was born October 1, 1901. She is five feet one and weighs 104. Betty Compson in The Fast Set, taken from the stage play called Spring Cleaning, Dorothy Mackaill will play the lead in The Mine With the Iron Door.

BINGO.—But there are many more fishes in the sea than were ever taken out of it. Percy Marmont at the Ince Studios, Culver City, California. Buster Keaton is at the Metro Studios. You’re welcome.

VINA V.—Charles de Roché is thirty-one and not married. Conrad Nagel is twenty-eight. Jane Novak is twenty-six and her sister Eva is twenty-four. May McAvoy has been chosen to play a part in Ben Hur and is now in Italy. Harrison Ford in The Price of a Party. But you see our moods are lenses, coloring the world with as many different hues.

Post Post.—You want weights, do you? Marion Davies weighs 125 pounds, Mary Pickford just around 100. Madge Bellamy was born June 30, 1903, at Hillsboro, Texas. She has brown hair and eyes. Mae Murray is five feet and weighs 100. Jack Pickford’s next will be Her Son. S. E. H.—Well, you know women are made to love and not to be understood. Corinne Griffith was born November 24th, 1897. Kenneth Harlan, July 26, 1895. Irene Rich, Charles Post, Rosemary

(Continued on page 87)

When They’re Off the Screen
(Continued from page 33)
pokes fun at the other Louise. The trouble is, you never can tell which one you are going to find.

Corinne Griffith always looks, when you see her on a set, as tho she were waiting to be summoned to the guillotine—and didn’t care. She is always drooped over in a chair and her eyes are always sad and dissatisfied. Her voice is sweet but weary. She always impresses you that she has bustled life open to see what it was made of; and found a very inferior quality of sawdust. When you break in upon her meditations, however, you find an unusually clever and well-read girl with the most charming thoughts and the most charming way of expressing them.

Anna Q. Nilsson is always wandering around the sets talking real estate or doing her family sewing.

Norma Talmadge has a little soirée at luncheon time every day. You are likely to meet anybody and everyone there. She has a little cafe of her own in the studio—a little bungalow, in fact, with her dressing-rooms bath and dining-room. Norma is a child of sunshine and shadows. She is very funny and full of Hollywood gossip. And the instant the topic turns onto something that does not interest her, she walks out on the party without the slightest compunction. There is no girl in Hollywood so absolutely on the level with her friendships as Norma. If she doesn’t like you, you will never be in doubt about it. Norma is a square shooter.

Takes Off 41 Lbs.
In Exactly 7 Weeks!
The lady in the picture is close to an ideal weight. Yet two months ago she was far too stout—was heavier by more than forty pounds! Mrs. Ella Carpenter, New Orleans, explains how she reduced with such success:

"I had long wished for some means of reducing my 170 lbs. Being a business woman I had no time nor money to waste on fad. But two months ago I decided to try a method that somehow seemed sensible. The trial didn’t cost anything, it required only a week—so I gave Wallace reducing records a chance and here is what happened.

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"Fifteen minutes each evening I took the reducing movements—to music. It was unusually interesting; I felt better from the start. But I watched my weight, and that is what thrilled me: I lost 45 lbs. that first week. Naturally, I went on with it. The second week I lost 8 lbs. more.

"I didn’t do a thing to supplement my course with Wallace—no Turkish baths—no starvation, nor patent foods or drugs—I just got thin to music as the offer said I would. It was delightfully easy. Today, my bathroom scale said 129—not bad for my 5 ft. 3 inches!"

Reduce without punishment: without any “red- dagged look!” Proof that you can count nothing.
The trial is really free. Coupon brings the full first lesson-record and all—without payment now or ever.

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Please send me FREE and POSTPAID, for a week’s free trial the original Wallace Reducing Record.

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Demand it at your druggist. Send 10 cents for samples of Java* with either Ashes of Roses* Rouge, dark and rich, or Rouge Mandarin*, light and bright.

B. BOURJOS & CO. INC. New York

There are two Louise Fazendes. One is a rather posey and somewhat affected young lady who makes witty remarks. The other is a very matter-of-fact, genuine, hilariously funny girl who pokes fun at the other Louise. The trouble is, you never can tell which one you are going to find

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Montague Love, one of our greatest screen actors, is now playing in *Love of Women*.

Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 70)

Douglas as Cyrano?

Dear Editor: It seems to be the awful truth that the really capable artists of the screen are given the most senseless stories. Gareth Hughes, for instance—a splendid actor who has had scarcely one decent rôle since *Sentimental Tommy*—would be just the one for *L'Aiglon*. He is the only actor who is capable of being physically fitted to the part and capable of playing it.

May I also suggest that John Barrymore would be superb in *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. Why manufacture drivel when there are Eaglets and Dorian Greys to be filmed? *Cyrano de Bergerac* would be wonderful in pictures, and if Walter Hampden couldn't appear in it, how about—well—if Douglas Fairbanks would consent to an extra nose, or perhaps Wallace Beery. I am delighted that La Negri is at last realizing that she is La Negri and not an Americanized version of herself.

I am about to make a no doubt useless plea that the original names of well-known novels be retained, instead of being changed to something like *Her Awful Mistake*, as is usual. Is the Bertha M. Clay public so large? In everlasting admiration of your magazine, I am,

Yours truly,

Irene K. Cooke,
Hamilton, Ont., Can.

Choosing a Romeo

Dear Editor: I have read that Bar- tholomew will not be Romeo after all and I am glad. He is prime favorite with me but I cannot visualize him as Romeo. There are only two of our screen players whom the part would fit perfectly, Val- entino and Novarro. As for Juliet, there are Mary Philbin and Mary Astor, who have the youth and are the type.

I have never been enthusiastic over a screen version of Shakespeare, anyway. It seems to me that the plays would revert to their original form, old tales told by authors of each generation, for it is the text that makes them deathless. Someone else might have managed the mechanics of them, but never the words: they are Shakespeare. So a beautiful voice and clever lighting make a mature Romeo and Juliet enjoyable on the stage when it could not be so without the voice and in the revealing glare of screen photography.

Very truly yours,

C. S. S.,
Tallulah, Louisiana.

(Continued on page 92)

---

A Beauty Secret

of The Old French Court

There, among this magnificent grandeur and multitude of beautiful women, was born France's fame for beauty. A name destined to live forever. In the midst of this splendor, Gouraud's Oriental Cream played its part, a beauty secret, closely guarded for the chosen few. When gathering clouds foretold the doom of this spectacular reign and scattered its attachés, this secret found its way to the chemist shop of Dr. T. Felix Gouraud. From then on its popularity quickly spread to all parts of the world.

**Gouraud's ORIENTAL CREAM**

is today the cherished beauty secret of many women. Let it be yours, as well. Know the wonderful, fascinating complexion and soft, velvety skin it renders. An appearance glowing with radiant beauty. Gouraud's Oriental Cream exerts a strong astrigent, antiseptic action. Blemishes, wrinkles and other complexion ills are greatly discouraged by its use. It gives beauty to the skin instantly. No messy treatments or periods of waiting. Its use is going to open a new world of beauty to you that will mean added joy and happiness. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel.

**Gouraud's Oriental Comprimettes**

At Last! Gouraud's Oriental Cream in compact form. You have never used anything like it. A soft, silky adhering powder, containing all the subtle beautifying properties of Gouraud's Oriental Cream. Two sizes, $0.50 and $1.00 and in six shades, White, Flesh, Rachel Powders and Light, Medium and Dark Rouges.

**Special Offer Coupon**

I enclose 50c for a Comprimette (any shade), a bottle of Gouraud's Oriental Coconut Oil Shampoo and a bottle of Gouraud's Oriental Cream.

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When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Adds Lustre
Keeps Your Hair Soft and Easy to Manage

Just moisten the bristles of your hair brush with a few drops of Glostora and brush it on your hair. You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing the wave and color. It keeps the wave and curl in and leaves your hair soft and easy to manage, so that it stays just as you arrange it—even after shampooing.

Use little once or twice a week and you will be delighted to see how much more beautiful and attractive your hair will look and how much easier it will be to manage—whether long or bobbed.

There is nothing better for children, whose hair lack natural life and lustre, or is inclined to be stubborn and hard to train and keep in place.

Glostora is inexpensive and you can get a bottle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Keeps Hair Neatly Combed

Glostora gives the hair that rich, natural gloss, refined and orderly appearance, so vital to well-groomed men and women.

A little Glostora rubbed through the hair once or twice a week, or after shampooing, keeps it soft and pliable, and prevents it from staying in place or combing or brushable and bell-like. hair can be a care mixed up or disarranged. Not sticky, pasty or greasy.

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If your dealer can't supply you, send money-order direct.
Booklet, "How She Won Her Husband," including testimonials and beauty hints sent free. Write today.

For: 1.00
Dr. 3.00
Mrs. 5.00
All 6.00
Purified, Scented

Zephyr sat sullenly resentful—looking the other way while Richard talked to Madame L’Enigme.

One Night in Rome

(Continued from page 51)

my life—if it’s needed!” he cried. A moment she clung to him, there in the darkness; she had never had anyone to cling to. Only for a moment—then she shuddered. “Good-bye,” she whispered. “I think I hear them coming! I must go. No... don’t follow! If they come, keep them back.

Then, a towering, hunted thing, she slipped away in the darkness—homeless, desolate—with darkness deeper even than the night’s in her own tortured soul!

“. What will be, will be. Life must be—by brave hearts at least! She was brave; she had always been brave.

There was, besides, to comfort her, that last moment. She had one true friend—just one. With one friend—and God—no brave heart is lost.

So she lived on. Her jewels furnished her with a little money. In Berlin, in Madrid, she lived for a time—secluded, for always, night and day, she heard in her heart the Prince Danail’s words: “I shall give you to the same death... I shall make your life torture... you will welcome death.”

Terror and poverty drove her almost to desperation. How could she continue to live? She had been raised in luxury; she knew no craft.

Suddenly, in her extremity, an idea came to her. She had one talent, that of telling fortunes. She could read hands and faces. A little thing, perhaps—yet it offered hope.

She decided to try it.

Of course, there must be some “hocus-pocus” about it. People were never impressed by plain truths. So she spent her last money on paraphernalia; she surrounded herself with mystery—with suspense—she called herself “L’Enigme.”

The Enigma. And because she had an uncanny skill, she succeeded. People flocked to her. It was easy; she charged high prices. She made herself inaccessible. In a year, she was prosperous; in two years her name was famous.

She took precautions. She disguised herself as well as she could; over her abundant hair she wore a tight black wig that gave her a gypsyish look. She wore jade earrings, and a peacock-embroidered scarf. Her entire personality seemed to have deserted her.

As to her nationality, she was non-committal. She knew languages; when she was confronted with the question: “Are you Spanish? Italian?” she would say—“I speak it a little.”

So time passed. She was not happy. Only one memory was a happy one; the memory of a few brief moments.

And always, in her heart, was that terror of the vengeance she knew was pursuing her—slowly, perhaps, but implacably. She knew the Italian heart!

Four years had passed. “Madame L’Enigme” was in London. Society had taken her up. One day she heard in her anteroom a voice that thrilled her. Her one friend—Richard Oakle! Should she go out?

“My uncle—Mr. Millburne—would like to have Madame come out to his house. It is a bazaar—a charity. He will pay well.”

So his voice explained to her assistant. She stepped out, saying: “Bon jour, Monsieur! I am Madame L’Enigme. Kiara, you may go.”

He stared at her; bewildered was in his eyes. “You are Madame...”

“Yes.” Her heart beat wildly. But she went on: “You wished...”

“But...” He was looking down into her eyes. His voice was gentle as he said: “You! I am not mistaken. You are not L’Enigme; you are...”

“Sh!” She lifted her hand warningly. “Not here! Do not say it. But you are right. I am... the woman you once knew—and helped!”

It was not all joy in his eyes; there was despair as well. “And... and free?” he whispered. She winced; she thought she understood.

“You are you free?” she asked him. Slowly he shook his head.

“No, God forgive me! I searched for you as long as I could. Then I came back to England. A woman... I am engaged to her... But that does not...”

(Continued on page 99)
The Answer Man

(Continued from page 84)

They, Harry Myers and Marguerite de la Motte in Behold This Woman, the new Blackton production, filmed entirely in color.

FLUFF.—I can see that children are your weakness. But that is as it should be. Little Joseph Keaton is about two now. Yes, Shirley Mason is playing in That French Lady, and The Great Diamond Mystery. Write me again, some time.

Miss D. F.—No, Richard Talmadge is no relation to the Talmadge girls, that is just an assumed name. Playing in American Manners now and you can address him at F. B. O., 780 Gover Street, Los Angeles.

WINK.—Well, there are very few things people remember so well as their predictions—after the event comes to pass. No, Rod La Rocque and Monte Blue are not related. Trilby is to be done on the Phonofilm with voice and action. Arthur Edmand Carewe will again play Svensgall while Hope Hampton will portray Trilby. I sure did like your paper. Did you get it just for me?

ADLINE H.—Welcome to the throne. So this is your first letter to me. Well, I'll guarantee not to bite or snap back. If I get a bit sarcastic, just take it in fun, as I don't mean to be rough. Elliott Dexter and Adolphe Menjou also in The Fast Set. Now that we are acquainted, you must write to me often. So long.

(Continued on page 95)

That's Out

(Continued from page 57)

Thompson—A New Type of Westerner

In Fred Thompson it looks as tho the silversheet has a forthcoming popular Western star. Thompson brings a new and refreshing type of Westerner to the screen just at the moment when he is badly needed.

This actor is a big, clean-looking fellow of pleasing personality, of an appeal entirely different from Hart, Mix, or any of the other famous players of Western characters. Altho he is by no means a finished actor, having played in the films for but a short period, he shows fine possibilities for development, and given a few good vehicles, should forge quickly to the front.

The Good Advice

Which dentists the world over give today

Leading dentists of some 50 nations are advising a new way of teeth cleaning. Millions have adopted it. The results are seen in every circle—in the glistening teeth you see.

This offers you a ten-day test. Accept it. Learn how much it means to you and yours for all the years to come.

You must fight film

Film is the great tooth enemy—that viscous film you feel. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it. So few have escaped tooth troubles, and beautiful teeth were seen less often than now.

Soon that clinging film discolors, then forms dingy coats. That is why teeth look cloudy. Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Few had pretty teeth, few escaped tooth troubles, when the film was left.

Dental science has in late years found effective film combats. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring. Many tests have proved these methods effective. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Today careful people of some 50 nations employ it, largely by dental advice.

Essential helps

Pepsodent offers other helps which research proves essential. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, also its starch digestant. Those are there to neutralize mouth acids and digest the starch deposits on the teeth.

These combined results have brought to millions a new era in teeth cleaning. We urge you to learn how much they mean to you.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combator which contains harsh grit.

You'll be amazed

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

You will be amazed and delighted at how much this new way means to you.

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REG. U. S.

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Tre-Jur's treasure chest of compacts designed to fill every need!

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a compact of handy circumference with no more depth than a seaside swamp. Yet it yields an ample supply of powder and full-sized puff. Price $1.

THE "TRIPLE"
a compact that combines powder, rouge and lip-stick in a case. At a touch—the famous "sliding drawer" reveals lip-stick—and rouge. Price $1.25

THE "PURSE-SIZE TWIN"
Powder and Rouge ingeniously presented in a little case that snuggles comfortably into the smallest purse. Price $.25.

THE "PETITE SINGLE"
—a generous compact and refill. The case is of gunmetal and inconspicuously beautiful. (With extra refill.) Price $.50.

All Tre-Jur Compacts contain a quality of powder and cosmetic that will delight the most delicate skin;—scented with Joli-Memoire, a perfume singularly alluring!

Sold everywhere in your own shade of powder and rouge. Or by mail from us on receipt of price. Refills always available.

THE HOUSE OF TRE-JUR, 19 WEST 18th STREET, NEW YORK

TRE-JUR

The Story of My Life
(Continued from page 52)

performance. During that two hours I had to have dresses altered, and learn the music and words of two songs. Vernon was such a marvelous dancer, I had no difficulty in mastering the different steps. Learning the songs was hardest, on such short notice.

The year 1915 took me back to the Ziegfeld Follies as its star, with Leon Errol. Up to that time I had not given motion pictures a thought. I had led such a busy life that I had little time to consider any branch of theatrical work other than the one with which I was identified. During the earlier days, too, motion pictures were not considered very seriously by the people of the stage.

One number in the Follies of 1915, was a burlesque on motion pictures. I, as the star, was "Mary Pickum." The day following the opening of this show, I received a starring offer from every motion picture producer in New York. My contract held me to Mr. Ziegfeld for several months. Before its completion I studied the motion picture held carefully and was convinced that there was a future for me in this work.

In 1916 I signed my first motion picture contract, as a star for Famous Players-Lasky. It was quite a serious step to take. I was the first Follies girl to desert the stage for the screen, and I felt quite like a pioneer when I packed my trunks, left Broadway behind, and took the train for California.

I liked Hollywood and soon formed new friendships here. Fannie Ward, then a Lasky star, has been a close friend of mine ever since those early days. Wallie Reid was my leading man in my first motion picture, To Have and to Hold. I was very happy working with him, he was always so bright and joyous.

It was during that first year in the studios that I met Mr. Leonard, who directed one of my pictures. He says that he fell in love with me at first sight, but my life had been shadowed by two unhappy matrimonial ventures and I was not thinking of a third romance at the time.

Before my Famous Players-Lasky contract was completed, in 1917, I was wrapped up in my screen career. Night after night I would sit in the projection room and dream of what was coming up next—Continued on page 103
What I Can Read in the Faces of the Film Stars

RUDOLPH VALENTINO
(Continued from page 45)

In the hands is shown a social nature, high inspirations, and an interest in things mechanical.

Making a general summary of the character: Mr. Valentino has an alert, intense, highly emotional nature, very observing and highly intuitive. Liking all the creature comforts and material things, he enjoys ease and luxury. He is a person who is particular as to details in clothes; neat, and liking others to appear neat and trim.

NITA NALDI
(Continued from page 45)

adjusts itself to other people and conditions.

Summarizing her character, Nita Naldi is a positive personality with great physical magnetism. Impetuous, highly intuitive, and very temperament. A person who would accomplish what she resolved to do against all opposition. Bright, genial, witty, and a good talker, with a great deal of common sense. She likes the opposite sex and understands it.

REGINALD DENNY
(Continued from page 44)

does not miss much in life, and one who notices that which goes on about him. He is witty and has a keen sense of humor. Likes all sports. A happy nature, and a person who gets much out of life.

CORINNE GRIFFITH
(Continued from page 44)

thinks about things and turns them over in her mind. She has a poor memory.
The appetite is well developed, showing one who likes to eat and is a good judge of foodstuff.
The hands have lovely, smooth, jointed, tapering fingers, showing an inspirational nature and love of the beautiful. The flexible thumb shows a love of ease and luxury.

In general, it may be said of Corinne Griffith that she likes the good things of life; enjoys ease and comfort; is a person greatly interested in her work and friends; and is endowed with all the feminine traits.

Gems of Oriental Splendor

Omar Pearls

In Barcelona nestling on the Mediterranean, quaint old Spanish center of art and song, a group of inspired artists create the Omar Pearl.

So perfect is their brilliant, iridescent gleam, their ebb and flow of tender color, that they have won a world wide reputation as the gems that only nature herself can match.

Yet these gems of Oriental splendor cost you little because they come to you from Spain instead of the Ocean bed.

At better shops everywhere. If you cannot find the genuine write direct to us and we will inform you where to obtain them.

Send 10c for a copy of the RUBATYAT illustrated with pictures from the film of Omar and our catalog.

INDRA PEARL CO., Inc.
392 Fifth Avenue - New York
Barcelona - Paris

Scene from the film "Omar The Tentmaker"
Produced by Richard Walton Tully.

The EMIR . . . $7.50
to $15 according to length and clasp. In heart shaped velvet case.

The CALIPH . . . $15
to $25 according to length and clasp. In squared velvet case.

The SULTAN . . . $25
to $100 according to length and clasp. The magnificent pearl in a magnificent jewel case.

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MAGAZINE

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buckskin,
small,
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90
26
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Youth-Ami
Discolorations,
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healthy
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Are you giving your EYES
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them always clear, bright and
healthy?

Often dust, wind and undue strain
cause the EYES to appear dull, life-
less and unattractive. To make the
most of their natural charm and
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feel hot, tired and heavy, Murine
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Send 10 cents for a sample box.

Compact Lablache
Rouge
with puff, in handy size box, 50c. Orange and Pink (darker shade).
BEN LEVY CO.
Dept. 38
125 Kingston St.
BOSTON

The younger screen celebrities in Hollywood have organized a club among
themselves that they call "The Regulars." They meet one evening a week,
discuss the new phases of their motion picture work, furnish various forms of
entertainment, and provide refreshments, which are prepared by themselves.

Reading from left to right, the members in the front row are: Marion Nixon,
Priscilla Bonner, Marjows Aye, Mary Philbin, Pauline Calf, Betty Broder, and
Pauline Garon. In the back row: Duane Thomas, Marjorie Bonner, Margaret
Johnstone, Virginia Brown, Faire, Dorothy Devore and Lucrett Hutton

On the Camera Coast
(Continued from page 61)

RALPH and Vera Lewis have been mar-
ried and on the screen since the early
Griffith days; but for the first time they
find themselves cast in the same picture—
In Every Woman's Life.

Hollywood is much occupied right now
with hair. The girls are beginning to
rebel against bobs; and the boys against
sliced-down sheik patent-leather hair-
cuts. Constance Talmadge announced a
week or so ago that she is sick of bobs
and is letting her hair grow again. Estelle
Taylor has followed suit. A few girls
like Virginia Valli, and Dorothy Mackai,
and Mary Pickford never have cut their
hair. As to the slick-'em hair of the young
men, it is the feeling in Hollywood that
the public is turning to the American type
of screen lovers again. The flappers have
had an overdose of Latin. It is signifi-
cant that one of the big contracts signed
in Hollywood this summer is with Fred
Thomson, who will make Westerns for an
independent organization at a huge salary.
He is a typical American athlete, having
won the all-around athletic championship
of the world two or three times in suc-
cession.

LAURETTE TAYLOR has had a crushing dis-
appointment. In One Night in Rome
she had a wild Indian actor named Felix
Whitefeather. She always said that when
she got around to it she intended to ask
him about his experiences upon the war
trail and such. The other day she got
around to it. She found, to her dismay,
that the nearest to a war trail he ever got
was being a jockey at a horse race.

JACKIE COGAN is returning to the kind
of work that first made him famous. Willard
Mack has written him a story
called The Rag Man, which seems to be
(Continued on page 102)
Watch For Your Theatre’s Announcement of These

26 Special Screen Plays

THE PAINTED LADY
From the story by Larry Evans
A Chester Bennett production

GERALD CRANSTON’S LADY
From the novel by Gilbert Frankau
An Emmett Flynn production

TOM MIX in THE OH, YOU TONY!
A zinging Comedy Melodrama
A J. G. Blystone production

DAUGHTERS OF THE NIGHT
Secrets and perils of the telephone girl
An Elmer Clifton production

TOM MIX in TEETH
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FOX FILM CORPORATION
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NEW YORK
Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 85)

Short Sayings from Screen

I quite agree with P. A. M. 's indictment, appearing in the August edition of Motion Picture, of Gloria Swanson's costumes and the interiors of the homes of the "Four Hundred," as represented on the screen. There can be little doubt that both are overworked and untrue to life—but unlike P. A. M., I do not wish to see them changed. We must remember that to many of us the cinema offers an escape from reality; a fairy carpet to transport us to lands of romance. If some of us prefer to see society women on the screen attired in exotic fashion, should this pleasure be denied merely because real society women are often dowdy and always simply dressed?

R. B.,
New York City.

A man sitting back of me during the recent showing of Code of the Sea made this remark as George Fawcett's well-known face was flashed for the first time: "There's Fawcett. Hope he doesn't have to die in the first act." A point well taken. Such a genuinely good actor as he is, it usually fails to his lot to be the grand-father of the leading man, who just puffs out just as the story opens; or the sick father who dies clutching a priceless tapestry or cameo. Much better if some of the delinquent sons or grandsons did the early dying, leaving the very able Fawcett to carry on to the finish.

D. S. v. K.,

Why not leave it to the police and the public? The former may be relied on to see that nothing exercising a really immoral influence is allowed to get past; while the natural good taste of the latter will reject any film which is definitely unpleasant and likely to have a debasing effect.

For the unwholesome prudes who would put a skirt on the Venus of Milo, I have no use, and I honestly believe the public has none either; yet such people seem to be bossing the movie business today.

It is a pity they do not pay more attention to something that really does matter; namely, the maltreatment of helpless animals, especially in alleged comedies, by those whose idea of humor is the sight of a cat half-drowned in blue-wash, or a turkey being haggled along by one wing (as was done in Giants and Tangles, a two-reeler recently released here).

Yours very sincerely,
W. M. C. Stroze,
London.

MOTION PICTURE

Classic

"Master!"
That's how they all, stars and extras, greet a mighty film director. B. F. Wilson gives you some idea of these exclusive personages and of those others, the poor, long-suffering stage-directors.

A Fifty Million Dollar Hole

DOROTHY DONNELL never fails to tell the things you want to know about screen people, and what's more, to tell ALL about everything. In this issue of CLASSIC she writes on the puzzling question: "Now where was the camera when they pulled that stunt?"

You'll like to know about the way of a director with a camera. And you'll learn what methods are used by Griffith, by the DeMilles, and by von Stroheim.

You're out of luck if you miss the October number of

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arrested by Between Worlds, which blazed at me in incandescent from the Capitol Theater in New York on a hot summer's night.

"Ah!" I gurgled mentally, "another nutty picture last! Me for it!"

Between Worlds came absolutely unheralded to Broadway (this is not a review, but a personal psychological experience). It is of German origin. It is one of the greatest pictures ever put on the screen. It kept me "outside of myself" for ninety minutes by its instant and overwhelming appeal to my imagination, my sense primitive instinct for the weird, and my love for pictorial beauty and fine characterizations on the screen.

I want to salute Katherine Hilliker and H. A. Caldwell, who did the English titles for Between Worlds. I want to salute both "Roxy" and Bowes for having the courage to put it on.

It's a pity we Americans are so wide-awake about in this. There is no room for the fantastic, the bizarre, the "nutty" stuff of the moron's vocabulary.

The Hunt Magnificent

On the trail of Barbara La Marr, in order to ask just one question:

"Is a husband, if any, of any earthly use to a self-sustaining woman?"

9 A.M.—Arrived at her house. Barbara had just taxied into Central Park for her morning ozone cocktail.

9:10 A.M.—Hired taxi and sped up Broadway going into open and closed cars for my prey.

10 A.M.—Dismissed taxi at 110th Street. Bought bag of peanuts and walked downhill the rest of the way to the theater. You see, if I go to the theater, I am out of the market.

10:45 A.M.—Passed Hotel Plaza, flipping last peanut shell at traffic cop, when I saw Barbara's skirt switch thru the door, elevator door closed in my face as she went up. Laid around drinking sodas till 1 P.M.

1:30 P.M.—A phone from one of my secret scouts at the Algonquin. Barbara was lunching there with Lew Cody, Ben Lyon and "Jack" Meador. How did she escape from the Plaza?

2 P.M.—Got out taxi at Algonquin just in time to see her whirl away in touring car. Flying leap for running-board while I howled, "Miss La Marr, is a husband, if any—7?" Missed running-board, and skinned my newly crinkled trousers in knee-patch. Barbara rolled on.

3 P.M.—Discover her destination was Ashbury and Graham at 3:30. Saw Barbara with crowd in surf at 5.

5:10 P.M.—Barbara comes toward me looking like Aphrodite coming in to greet Hepburn. She was decorated so beautiful in her sea garb that I forgot her. I had pursued her, got shaky in the legs and took to my heels, leaving Barbara amazed and statuesque.

10 P.M.—Buttercups in Childs? Out $17.50.

Can You Pick 'Em?

"Do most of the famous people of the screen look like themselves?" asked a young "fan" friend of mine. "I mean do they all dim-shed the screen just the way they do on the screen, making allowance, of course, for make-up and acting?"

"Some do and some dont. Some of the stars have a distinct screen personality and a distinct off-screen personality. George Fawcett, for instance, would be instantly recognizable anywhere. Charlie Chaplin, on the other hand, is hardly recognizable off the screen unless he is pointed out. I have sat with him in restaurants on Broadway where he was not recognized, and when he was spotted many persons had to be satisfied by asking him personally.

"Gloria Swanson can be recognized anywhere. Those tense, hungry features of hers cannot be hidden. Tom Meighan's screen and off-screen personalities are almost identical. In fact, he can walk right from the breakfast table to the set and play all his parts.

"You will fool you. Alto one of the best-known faces on the screen, Rudy could pass almost anywhere without being recognized. This is one of Nature's tricks that I cannot explain. On the contrary, George Arliss cannot possibly hide himself. Lila Lee looks entirely different on the screen from Lila Lee at lunch. It is not a question of make-up—it is almost an uncanny change of countenance. Nita Naldi is always the same. Bill Hart cannot disguise himself, and the like.

"Can you tell Ben Turpin?"

"Now, dont kid me, young lady," I replied, as I walked away in a dignified manner to say bow-dee to Lois Wilson.

Lois: Born, Not Made

Speaking of off-screen and on-screen personalities, there is Lois Wilson, for instance. Lois is the least theatrical, the least stagey and, in many respects, the most genuine of film actresses that I have ever met.

In her face there is that quality which to me is greater than all the icky regular and splendidly null features which pass for "beauty"—and that is sweetness. Lois has that inerasable sweetness and genuine girlishness in her face that no publicity parlor can put there. And when she talks, her face fairly bursts with smiling sincerity and heart-light.

Everything about her is genuine—her voice, her clothes, her walk. I should say that Lois has an innate horror of pose of any kind. She never talks as tho she were broadcasting for publicity purposes. She is never "on guard," never has that now-be-careful—about-what-you-say air that So-and-So and So-and-So have.

What we talked about just before she

You, too, can play the Banjo!

Have you ever watched with longing some musical friend of yours as he sat at the center of an admiring, enthusiastic group, playing an instrument of which he was master? Have you ever wanted to do it? Without much effort! How enthusiastic all his friends would be about you! That same easy mastery, the same popularity may be yours if you want it.

The "Washburn" Banjo will give it to you.

Easy to Learn

You don't have to be a genius to play the banjo. A little consistent practice in odd moments, and before you know it you will be amazed at the progress you have made. A few days spent in getting the hang of it—along with a short instruction course will have you ready for any party. You will be surprised at the favorite you have become.

Sure Popularity

And how the "Washburn" repays the effort you devote to it! No more hanging around on the outside! Once the master, you are the sought-after, necessary center of every party. You will be surprised at the favorite you have become.

Of course you will want a Washburn

For half a century "Washburn" has been the choice of professional. "Washburn" banjos are accepted by band masters as the finest in the world. No others have such wonderful quality, such resonance. Absolutely accurate scales make easy playing certain. The new Washburn Resonator—the greatest advance in the banjo world, the instrument—gives a marvelous fullness and tone of sound.

The price range of all "Washburn" instruments—$15.00 to $90.00, Mandolins and Guitars, $20 to $150. Ukuleles, $15 to $30—is exceptionally wide, but the same high quality dominates each model.

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Hear one of these famous "Washburn" Banjos in your home for a week's FREE trial. Prove its beauty tone, its wonderful quality. Write for Catalog! Easy terms can be arranged, if desired. The coupon will bring full information.

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went to Europe, I cannot remember. It probably didn't amount to much. One listens to Lois' voice, not to her words. And I, the time, and space, I should compose an article about Lois Wilson in the manner of Joseph Hergesheimer's beatification of Lilian Gish.

The Secret of Jackie and Peggy
THIS is a conversation subconsciously arrived at between Baby Peggy and Jackie Coogan—for it is said that out of the mouths of babes comes wisdom:

PEGGY: Jackie, what do you think of the future of motion pictures?

JACKIE: As my director says that motion pictures are still in their infancy, it is natural, my dear Peggy, that they, like you and me, will grow.

PEGGY: Of course they will grow, you funny boy, but what do you hope out as to the nature of their tendency?

JACKIE: Don't use the word dope, Peggy; it is vulgar!

PEGGY: I heard my director use it, and he's a gentleman. Well, if you don't like it, I'll ask you what have been your cognitions on the subject?

JACKIE: We ought naturally believe that Captain January and A Boy of Flanders are at present the ne plus ultra—

PEGGY: You mean the Ultima Thule, don't you, Mr. Coogan?

JACKIE: Maybe it is. But when I saw you as Captain January I said, "Jackie, Peggy has hit her high spot at last. She's the Duse, the Jane Cowl, the Maude Adkins of the screen." I really do not believe, Peggy dear, that pictures will ever go beyond us—do you?

PEGGY: That's what I said to myself when I saw you, Jackie dear, in A Boy of Flanders. You put it all over John Barrymore—

JACKIE: When you grow up, Peggy, what movie actress would you rather be?

PEGGY: Either Norma Talmadge or Mary Pickford—

JACKIE: Foolish girl, you can't be one or the other because one is tall and the other is short.

PEGGY: Well, how do I know now when I grow up whether I'll be short or tall, so I guess I can take my pick now. Look out you don't look like Louis Wolheim when you grow up!

JACKIE: That's a nasty slam! I'm going to look like Richard Dix, and smile like Adolph Menjou and dance like Valentino!

PEGGY: Vain youth! What egotism! Well, then, I shall have the sweetness of Mary Pickford, the exotic beauty of Anna May Wong, the lure of Gloria Swanson, the magnetism of Leatrice Joy, and the regal sweep of Clare Eames.

JACKIE: You left out Claire Windsor.

(Continued on page 96)
The Answer Man

(Continued from page 87)

G. A. L.—Lucy Fox is with Fox. Helen Lynch is playing in Richard Talmadge's next picture, American Manners, for F. B. O. Lillian Rich is with Ince.

FRANKIE.—Well, I am glad you like to read this department. Your first was right. Mary Kornmann in Our Gang Comedies. Richard Barthelmess is twenty-nine. No, I am not a genius. There is no distinguished genius altogether exempt from some infusion of madness. Florence Vidor, Virginia Browne Faire, Noah Beery and Lloyd Hughes in Welcome Stranger.

L. L. PETE.—Never heard of the young man you mention. Sorry.

RUTH H.—When a man is not amused he feels an involuntary contempt for those who are. Rod La Rocque is not married, and he has black hair, brown eyes, stands six feet three and weighs 181 pounds. Playing in Feet of Clay. No, I dont mind answering questions.

CONSTANT K.—John Bowers is with Vitagraph. Robert Frazer is under contract with Louis B. Mayer, but he will play in The Foolish Virgin, with Elaine Hammertstein.

WINNIE.—Percy Marmon is playing in Joseph C. Lincoln's new novel Dr. Nye, for Ince. This is just a tentative title. Well, repentance is not so much remorse for what we have done, as the fear of consequences. (Continued on page 116)

The Question of Jack Pickford

(Continued from page 56)

Photoplays of the native American type, has given us. To one who watches with somewhat bored amusement the tug-of-war now going on between our middle-aged film heroes and the Latin lads, a Jack Pickford performance with its subtle blending of humor and pathos, provides a welcome distraction.

We find it within us to hope that some day he may contribute to the screen a truly great performance.

FACE POWDER OF SPUN MOON BEAMS AND AZURE NIGHTS

What Princess Pat did by Perfecting the Almond Base

When Puck was abroad with his fairies, weaving the spell of a Midsummer Night's dream over hill and dale, his enchantments were the delicate gossamer of thought and fancy. Sometimes in a workaday world men have achieved almost the fabric of dreams with the stuffs of sense and sight. Almost always this super-achievement has been wrought in the name of beauty, with womankind for audience and inspiration.

So it is with Princess Pat Face Powder. Always there has been face powder "of a fineness," as the French say. But what of the face powder that some alchemy of loving care should transform into spun moonbeams and the allure of azure nights. What of the face powder which should call forth all the feminine superlatives, which would be as smooth as the satin skin it adorned, as delicate as the rose tints of dawn.

Truly, of such a powder, you would say it is different—and delectable. And that is what women do say of Princess Pat. It is no more possible to try Princess Pat Face Powder and miss its excellences than it is to deny the spring its flowers.

Yet patient chemists working steadfastly for months brought into being this new kind of face powder—and not some inspired being from fairyland.

The secret of imitable softness in Princess Pat is Almond—Almond used as a base instead of all those ingredients which have gone before, since the remotest days when chemistry was but the crude hint of today's knowledge. Princess Pat—because of Almond—is a more clinging powder. Its affinity for the skin is productive of marvelous smoothness. It seems to blend with and become part of the skin texture—not so much something put on as some new quality of fineness added to the flesh. And Princess Pat, correctly applied, resists moisture. Face and neck and arms once given the loveliness of Princess Pat Powder retain their beauty for hours. It is even possible to powder with Princess Pat so that it withstands the supreme test of a plunge in salt or fresh water.

Then there is the exquisite fragrance of Princess Pat. It is not an aggressive perfume, but one that steals forth modestly and captures the senses with suggestion, with allurement and delicacy. It speaks the language of refinement.

But best of all perhaps, Princess Pat is new kind of powder in that it is good for the skin. Almond again! For this happy choice of an exclusive base possesses all the soothing qualities that women well know. It lends pliancy to the skin and helps keep it free of blemish. Hence it is the powder for those whose skin ordinary powders of all kinds.

In short Princess Pat Face Powder is a genuine achievement, with a real reason for being different. It is the only powder with an Almond Base, and the qualities this beneficent ingredient makes possible.

Now that you may know this distinctly better powder—without the obligation of investment—you will be sent a generous supply for thorough trial. It comes in a little metal container ideally suited for the purse. The makers of Princess Pat will esteem it a favor to have you use the coupon right speedily and obtain your complimentary supply.

Princess Pat

Princess Pat, Ltd., Chicago, U.S.A.

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Exactly FREE! Send sample of Princess Pat, "The

Only Powder with an Almond Base." Check shade you desire:

FLESH—Light, blended rose.

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**Adventures Off-Scene**

(Continued from page 94)

Barbara La Marr, Betty Compson and about fifty-seven others—why so modest?

PEGGY: Well, to tell you the truth, Jackie, I'm getting sleepy—and here comes my nurse. But don't let it out that we know more than any two kids in the world. And keep our Great Secret till we grow up!

JACKIE: Our Great Secret—you bet I'll never squeal, dear Peggy! But won't it be great, in fifteen years, to see in blazing lights of Broadway—

PEGGY AND PEGGY

We shall be the Mary and Doug of the next generation!

PEGGY: Good-night, hubby dear!

JACKIE: Sweet dreams, little wifey!

**An Algonquin Bedtime Story**

I heard a quaint story around the Third Most Famous Table in the Hotel Algonquin, where the extras never cease from troubling and directors never take a rest.

It concerns a well-known male star who had to pay a fat sum in alimony each month to one whom he had married neither wisely nor well. I have the name of the gentleman—but it must remain like the lady in Poe's poem—nameless here forevermore. We'll call him Jim.

Jim, like most of his tribe, was generally impecunious just at the time when it was necessary for him to "fork over." Besides, he and his ex-wife were the best of friends. When alimony time came around, Jim was always put to it very hard to scrape up the goodly sum ordered by the court.

Jim was a superb piano player, and in their wooing-cooing days She had been a deep-vine listener. He played Chopin, Liszt and Wagner with the same ease that Jeritza can sing.

And this is the way, dear children, Jim paid his alimony each month—at least, nearly every month: When, after a few days' grace, he received a letter from his ex-partner threatening him with the law if he did not pay up, Jim would go to her house with a bunch of roses, a quart of Old Tom, and play Chopin for her declamatory till the tears swam in her eyes—for did they not recall the happy days of their wooing-cooing? So she would let Jim off for that month. Thus Jim paid and paid—in rose, Old Tom, and Chopin. And so we see, dear children, how music hath charms to soothe the savage Alimony.

---

**Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.**
This experienced woman had never before been so strung to the soul with jealousy as now.

W hen Hope and Stanton Braithwaite arrived at Isabel's apartment, the party was in full swing. There were about a dozen very noisy and devil-determined people present. Seven of these were women; beautiful, unconventional, wearing startling short skirts and shockingly low necks. They were all smoking and giving expression to the contents of the several empty gin bottles that stood upon the side-board.

Hope was thrilled. She knew that they were devilishly bad the moment she saw them.

A perfect uproar followed Stanton's entry. They all thought he was up to one of his pranks again. None of them had ever seen him do anything quite so funny as this. Hope with her long skirt, choker collar and hair combed straight back was one of the best "character" bits they had yet seen on or off the screen.

"Stan, you're a scream!" one lady with a very odd shade of red hair told him.

But Isabel was quite vicious over the matter and it was plain to be seen that she meant nothing less than murder for this little upset, whoever she was.

And Hope herself felt rather ill, for she soon joined in the merriment and their effort to make a monkey of her failed abjectly. The bunch was puzzled. They (Continued on page 105)
Wash Off Your Fat
Simple, Easy, Old-Fashioned Formula Takes 15 Inches Off Hips

Have you been looking for an easy, cheap and external way to reduce bulk, fat folds, we have for you—Dr. Folt's Soup for Reducing. A fat woman was given the formula by a country doctor, she tried it herself and it worked wonders! Now it is put up in convenient soap form and sold to the public through their own drugstores. Here are some letters from fat people who tell of results:

No. 1. "My hips were 61 inches, now 15 inches less."—Louise, 31st St., New York City

No. 2. "My bust was 50 inches, now only 18 inches."—Helen, 115 St., New York City

No. 3. "I had an awful double chin, now it has all gone."—Mrs. Spade, Chicago, Ill.

If you have large hips or ankles, a big bust or a double chin, try Dr. Folt's Soup. When it comes to taking inches off places where it shows, it's a winner. Use it as you would any other soap, only make a good lather—rub well on fat parts for a few moments. Then wash off; with the lather goes the fat! After you have taken off those ugly inches of fat, you can soap twice or three times a week. It will keep your figure trim and slender. You will be able to eat all you want, yet you will not see any fat get on your body. REMEMBER THE NAME—Dr. FOLT'S REDUCING AT ALL GOOD DRUG STORES.

Pay for 3 Get 1 Free
If this coupon is sent with order, for a limited time only the Scientific Research Laboratories, 315 West 35th St., New York City, will send ABSOLUTELY FREE one full size cake of Dr. Folt's Reducing Soup to everyone who buys 2 cakes for $1.00.

BE AN ARTIST
Centres: California, Connecticut, Georgia, Colorado, and Magazine Illustrations, are offered to men and women of artistic talent. Appointments for trial in the East and West will be given to students of artistic talent. AND TO ART STUDENTS, Dept. J., 100 W. 33rd St., New York. 

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Nine-fifths out of every hundred people own a ring, and this SPRITZER GLASS makes it of at least a 10-carat diamond. Send for the 'Golden Ring,' a magnificent, handsomely cut eight-carat diamond, at a price that will amaze you. 10 MONTHS TO PAY.

Send No Money
Dine and play as you do now, with your name and address in sets and the SPRITZER GLASS for free admittance. If satisfied, pay only $5.00 per month, until the $50.00 has been paid.

NO RED TAPE
Our system enables you to send a sample without any trouble. A trial dinner, containing a prize diamond, is sent absolutely, Order Today!

FREE
Three thousand extra valuable rings in Duplicates. Washable, no metal, no prongs. Five months to pay on everything. Write for list today.

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY
L. W. SWEET INC.
5144 Broadway, New York

Miss Emily H. S. (Continued from page 69)
and was originally titled Tomorrow's Bread. What this has to do with The Golden Bed you'll have to figure out for yourself.

Rod La Rocque and Estelle Taylor have come on to be the featured players. Rod, by the way, is due to start making star pictures for Paramount shortly, tho at this writing we haven't any more specific information.

B A B Y P E G G Y made her annual pilgrimage to New York, and while in town "threw a party" for her mother, who isn't too old to celebrate her birthday. Last year, Peggy commemorated her own birthday, on October 26th.

We were especially interested in meeting the famous little star and her family. Her father is a slim brunette of medium height, with a quick sense of humor and a kindly, managerial attitude toward his small family—something like a hen chalking around and marshalling her offspring.

"This is my eldest daughter," introducing Louise, who looks a little Peggy but is a few years older. She appears in films with her little sister now and then. Louise curtsied and smiled.

"Peggy," he called to the tiny one, who looked up inquiringly and came over. Peggy is only six and an ankle-high to a grasshopper, but she has a "way with her" already.

"And this is my big daughter," Mr. Montgomery completed the round of introductions as he presented his wife, Peggy joined in the laughter.

"Yes," he replied to our question. "I direct Peggy in all her pictures. The director must realize what he wants and I interpret the idea to her. Peggy is going to make only four big pictures a year from now on. We'll probably do the next one in New York, but the story hasn't been decided upon.

"How many hours a day does Peggy work?"

"Only four—from nine in the morning until one."

As we turned to leave, we heard someone ask Peggy to autograph her photograph, and in large, round letters, Peggy concurred, herself gravely with the business of being famous.

O V E R H E A D at the Algonquin Hotel:

Rex Beach, tall, muscular, with the kind of iron jaw he gives his husky heroes, was dining with Larry Trimble, Strongheart's director. (We hope Larry will overlook the descriptive bit. After all, we mean to be complimentary.)

Says Mr. Beach to Larry: "What's playing at the Rialto this week?"

Enlightens Larry to Mr. Beach: "Unguarded Women."

Business of Mr. Beach quirkling an eyebrow. "Really? I didn't know Unguarded Women came that far up Broadway!"

S P E A K I N G of Rex Beach, we were told that he gets around $50,000 for a screen story. Now, how can a man who only writes regularly for the highest paying magazines, and only sells six or seven stories a year to producers, plug along on such a paltry income?

The other day we trailed over to Paramount's Long Island studio to catch a glimpse of Valentino in his last picture for that company, A Sainted Devil—one of Mr. Beach's stories, by the way. The glimpse of Rudy was intriguing. The Sheik clamped and jingled around in an outfit similar to that in which he tangled in The Four Horsemen. Which was exactly what he was doing when we saw him. Wow, what a dancer he is! Also, his burning, smoldering glance—the kind that gives us girls the hickey-jeckies—was much in evidence. The picture has all the scene-marks of a romantic thrower.

(Continued on page 113)

Helen d'Algy and Nata Naldi play the rôle of rivals in Rudolph Valentino's new picture, A Sainted Devil.
One Night in Rome

(Continued from page 86)

matter! I love you! She is vain, foolish, heartless. I shall tell her.

"No. I am Zephyr, you'll love her. She shall have Dorando's Facial

voice!" she said, looking into Richard Oak's eyes. He smiled and nodded. "Then I'll stay!"

But that girl, Zephyr, Redlynch was her name—the girl Richard was engaged to.

Beautiful—yes. But she sat sullenly resentful—looking at the other girl while Richard talked to Madame L'Enjime, for so she insisted on being called.

"Now that we're all cozy together . . ." began Mr. Milburne genially—"Mayn't I tell something about Madame . . ."

"No, no!" she cried. "Not that . . ."

The smile froze on her lips. Zephyr stared at her haughtily. She relaxed in her chair. With trembling lips she added.

"I'd rather not . . ."

"Excuse me, sir?" The butler tip-toed in. "A gentleman—an Italian, I think. . ."

"Oh!" whispered the Duchess. She had gone white. "Don't let him . . ."

Go out and see who it is, Dick." But Zephyr, with a jealous glance, followed Richard, then finally Mr. Milburne. The Duchess Marenlo listened . . . Dorando's voice! "Santo Dio!" she breathed.

A moment later, smiling, bowing, Dorando greeted her. "Your Grace," he began, "I have just heard . . ."

"Your Grace," cried Zephyr. "What in the world!"

"Yes." Dorando turned to her with mocking eyes. "Her Grace the Duchess

(Continued on page 118)

She crept into his arms; there she found peace at last.

Is this a Miracle?

Faces restored while you wait! Facial tissues revitalized in an hour! To remove all traces of time from the face is now a matter of moments!

A miracle! Yes. The modern miracle of Facial Filming.

To realize what this discovery means, study the photograph. If you think it cannot cope with age—"the lady in the picture is 54 years old! If you doubt that facial filming always works, on any human skin—and will work on yours—read the arrangements for letting you try it.

Facial Filming was born in France. Because of the tremendous cost, its use has been restricted until now. Its base is benzylamine, worth $5,000,000 a pound! The perfectioning of this film in solution has brought it to America in an affordable form, giving beauty power which forever solves the problem of perfect complexion. A face with tell-tale lines is now in excusable. Even deep furrows may now be removed from the commissures, wrinkles from the brow, and a single application of neo-benzylamine film, every minor blemish in skin young or old dissolve almost with the brush.

When women realize the full significance of this discovery there will be no "old" young faces—"withered" faces at any age—no old eyes in young heads—or "sacks" beneath the eyes in middle age. Lines from the corners of the mouth to nose, and down to chin are dispelled by the film. A face fresh at any time, in any season.

In this age of creation and change, and endless other "beautiful" it is hoped that neo-benzylamine film will not be regarded as a cosmetic. It is gentle, to be sure, but it is a physical re-agent accomplishing the same astonishing changes for which women have undergone plastic surgery. The results are the same—without the risk, discomfort or expense. You have read of the remarkable results of "face-lifting"; neo-benzylamine 

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Critical Paragraphs About New Productions

(Continued from page 83)

friend the dual rôle makes its appearance again. A rather bored wife changes places with her double, a young person, nearly so sophisticated at the start of the story as she turns out to be when things wind themselves to a happy conclusion. Naturally, such a premise, when developed by writers of the skill of Sada Cowan and Howard Higgin, offers many opportunities to trespass on situations of an intimate and sophisticated character. And the directors, Messrs. Unson and Iribe, working under the personal supervision of Cecil B. De Mille, trespass just as far as the censor boards will permit.

Naturally, when Mr. De Mille is connected with a picture of this type, there is a bedroom in the action. It is a most gorgeous, exotic bedroom. It suggests "all the perfumes of Arabia" and more besides. We are sure Lady Macbeth, if she had been able to enter such a room, would have forgotten all about the murder. And such a bedroom gives rise to wild speculations as to what C. B. will do when he starts on his next picture, The Golden Bed. He has glorified and gilded the bed to such an extent already that it appears nothing remains to be done.

Leatrice Joy appears in the dual rôle of the present bedroom comedy. Raymond Griffith, Victor Varconi, Julia Faye and Zazu Pitts provide delightful support.

Young Ideas

Sophie Kerr writes likely stories—and it is reasonable to believe that the original, Relative Values, carried more plot substance and convincing touches than are exposed here. The picture carries an exceptionally sound idea—one which could have been treated for its human note—and it would have been compelling. Instead, those in charge have turned it into a hokum comedy which contains but few laughs because the humor isn't spontaneous, while the situations and captions are overstressed. The sponsors, in giving Laura La Plante this story, have worked along the idea that she must be given farce-comedies because she has shown herself a charming ingenue with a sense of humor. Because she has youth and personality, she is attracting attention, but she could develop just as well if some of her stories were tempered with more realities and humanities and less artificial comedy.

What a human little study this might have developed with its plot revolving around a girl whose good nature permits her to make a drudge of herself for her indolent, complaining, selfish relatives. In the vernacular of the sophisticates she would be called a "step-child." The relatives indulge in several creaking gags and the title writer places a full quota of wisecracks in their collective mouths.

The situations are often silly—when a little repression would have worked wonders. As a result, the piece becomes tedious thru its exaggerated hokum. It is adequately cast.

How to Educate a Wife

Monta Bell, a graduate of the Chaplin School of Suggestion, whose first effort, Broadway After Dark, met with favorable response, now turns his attention to one of Elinor Glyn's stories. The title is typical of Madame Glyn. She loves to trespass upon the domains of the sob sisters. But don't take it from this that the picture is an animated lecture on a subject pertinent to matrimony.

There is nothing "soby" about it. Really it is a pointed satire on modern wedlock in which we are shown how impossible it is to educate a wife. It is executed with dash, intimate touches—the director preferring to keep it light and fluffy instead of packing it with heavy pic- torial platitudes. But with all its fluffiness it offers some genuine observations. It sparkles joyously in its depiction of a jazz party in which fermented fruits are tabooed by W. J. Bryan, flow freely, flappers flirt furiously and the tipsy
Beauty and the Business Woman

These two are no longer strangers since the woman, always eager to advance, has found the road to beauty plainly marked. She knows where she is going and her guide book is

Forward, March!

Harvey Fergusson, author of Women and Wives, believes that woman has progressed remarkably. In “The Woman Problem” Mr. Fergusson says she is “the radical and the innovator, while man is the conservative and the upholder of tradition.” This article contains help for you in your arguments with these same stubborn conservatives.

Fashions

If they are sincere, fashions are always beautiful. For beauty is form and color. The lovely pictures which accompany this article are real illustrations of the very interesting comments written by a French woman who knows her subject.

Week-end Joys

“Short Cuts to Loveliness” tells how a busy woman finds leisure for her beauty culture. So many of us feel that we cannot afford to take the time for this from what we consider to be the necessary business of life. Yet, can we afford not to? This practical article tells exactly what to do, and when to do it. Of course, the secret is concentration, and it’s a secret worth knowing.

At Last

Here’s another man who is optimistic about the ladies, and writes out his feeling. It is heartening to see how one by one they are coming to believe that there is hope for us. The title is “The Passing of the Homely Girl.”

Are Your Eyes Round or Long?

Are they steady, or shifty? Shapes, colors, and expression are all indications of the real you. Penelope Knapp goes into detail about what to look for. Read this article, and remember it when you meet a new man or woman. With this knowledge of eyes you may save yourself later unhappiness.

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Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
The Story of My Life
(Continued from page 88)

room, watching the day’s “rushes” and
studying how to improve my work and my
make-up.

When my contract expired, I signed for
a year with Universal and it was while
I was with them, in August of 1918, that
my husband, the late Leonard, and I were
married. We were then living in a small
apartment at Lake Tahoe, in northern
California. Mr. Leonard was directing
me in a picture called What Am I
Bid? and the location trip proved to be
our honeymoon as well.

It was not until two years later that
we had a real honeymoon trip abroad. In
the meantime I had completed my Uni-
verson contract and three of the four
pictures I made for Famous Players-Lasky
on a second contract.

There was quite a contrast between this
and my first trip abroad. I had realized
a great many of my ambitions dreams.
When we were in Paris I took Mr.
Leonard to see the quaint, shabby little
pension in the shadow of the Church of
the Madeleine, where I had once lived.
I made The Gilded Lily under Mr.
Leonard’s direction, upon our return. This
was my last picture for Famous Players-


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Can you do any of them? I can and many of my
peers can. It is remarkable the things a man can
accomplish when he is determined to
achieve them. I have been working on the
gains for the human body to be strong. It is unnatural
to be weak. I have taken men who were flabby
because of their frail make-up and developed them into
the strongest men of their locality.

I Want You For 90 Days

These are the days that call for speed. It once
took me four weeks to cross the ocean—now it takes less
than one. In addition it took me two years to develop a strong,
healthy body. I can completely transform you in 90 days.
Yes, make a complete change in your entire
physical make-up. In 60 days I guarantee to
increase your bicep one inch. I also guarantee
to increase your chest two inches. But I don’t stop
there. I will completely transform you in 90 days.
I will broaden your shoulders, develop your chest and
improve on your height.

A Doctor Who Takes His Own Medicine

Many say that any form of exercise is good, but this
is not true. I have seen men working in factories
literally kill themselves for the sake of
their hearts or other vital organs, ruptured them-
soever killed off what little life they possessed.
I was a frail wrecking myself in search of health
and strength. I spent years in study and research,
analyzing my own defects to find what I needed.
After many experiments I discovered a secret of progressive
exercise. I was six feet six inches and a half
inches, my neck three inches and other parts of my
body in proportion. I decided to give the secrets
of heretofore unknown to science to the world.

Send for my new 64-page book
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It contains forty-five full-page photographs of my
self and many prize-winning pupils. Some of these
came to me as pitiful weaklings, looking to me to help
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their present physique. This book will prove an
inspiration and an inspiration to you. I am in
the habit of giving you an autographed picture.
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Dante and the Tempress—a scene from the film version of Dante's Inferno

What The Stars Are Doing

(Continued from page 72)

Frazier, Robert—playing in The Foolish Virgin, a C. B. C. Sales Production.

Frederick, Pauline—playing in Smoldering Fires, a Universal Production.

Gerard, Charles—recently completed work in Ciri, a Metro-Goldwyn Production.

Gibson, Hoot—playing in The Cactus Kid, a Universal Production.

Gilbert, John—playing in He Who Gets Slapped, a Metro-Goldwyn Production.

Gillingwater, Claude—playing in The Madonna of the Streets, a First National Production.

Glass, Gaston—playing in Alice.

Godowsky, Dagmar—recently completed work in The Price of a Party, a Howard Estabrook Production.

Gordon, Huntley—playing in The Breath of Scandal, a Schulberg Production.

Gould, Jetta—playing in Open All Night, a Famous Players-Lasky Production.

Gowland, Famous—recently completed work on The Red Lily, a Metro-Goldwyn Production.

Grassby, Bertram—playing in Captain Blood, a Vitagraph Production.

Griffith, Corinne—playing in Wilderness, a First National Production.

Griffith, Raymond—playing in Open All Night, a Famous Players-Lasky Production.

Hackethorne, George—playing in Gold Heels, a Fox Production.

Haines, William—recently completed work in Ciri, a Metro-Goldwyn Production.

Hale, Alan—recently completed work in One Night in Rome, a Metro-Goldwyn Production.

Hale, Creighton—playing in The Mine With the Iron Door, a Principal Production.

Hamilton, Mahlon—playing in The River Road.


Hammerstein, Elayne—playing in The Foolish Virgin, a C. B. C. Sales Production.

Hampton, Hope—recently completed work in The Price of a Party, a Howard Estabrook Production.

(Continued on page 110)

Motion Picture Magazine—Adverting Section

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TEN he met this girl. She had read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood," a daring new book which shows how any woman can attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. Any girl can learn to be equally helpless in a man's hands. You, too, can learn the secret of this book and can enjoy the worship and admiration of men, and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice. Just your name and address on the margin of this page with 10c for packing and mailing will bring you a free booklet (in plain wrapper), outlining these amazing revelations. Send your slim pencil to PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, Dept. 12-J, 117 So. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.

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**Advertising Section**

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE—Advertising Section

**The Girl Who Couldn't Be Bad**

(Continued from page 97)

couldn't tell just what this rag and a bone and a hank of hair was. Most of them thought she was acting, others that she was kidding them, and the men all thought her great!

But a remarkable change had come over Stanton Braithwaite. From the first, he was quiet and almost sullen. As he sat there looking on, he realized that he had made a great moral error and was doing this innocent child-like person an almost irreparable injury. His protective spirit rose higher and higher. He looked on with growing disapproval as Hope tried more and more with ludicrous effect, to enter into and participate in the wild revel which had been resumed.

While Isabel was engaging Stanton in an angry colloquy in which she demanded to know how Stanton had picked her up—not to mention how he dared to do it—and furthermore demanding an instant relinquishing of the girl, Hope was whisked off to the ladies' room where a further attempt to make a fool of her was made. But again Hope took the barb out of it by entering into it with a fresh enthusiasm which the others could not keep pace with.

Hope had asked them innocently, "Do all you ladies belong to some circus?"

"She's kidding us, girls," one of the ladies told the others.

"Why that remark?" asked another.

"Why you all dress much the same as they do," Hope informed them in all earnestness.

At first they had been startled by her question; now they roared over her reply. Then it was that they took her to the dressing-room. There she tucked in the high neck of her dress in imitation of theirs. She tried to fix up her straight hair, too, in the same manner their mounds of false hair were dressed. As a result, she returned to the table looking like a circus freak.

Hope was greeted with huzzas and noisy applause by everyone—except Isabel and Stanton. Each sat in silent disapproval, still from a different motive. But Hope did not notice them. She was infected with the wild atmosphere. She knew that she was successfully carrying on the brunt of the entertainment. Next, she attempted to smoke a cigarette and was taken with a fit of sneezing, the most amusing that set all the others laughing hilariously in which the girl joined. She was trying in vain to be really bad and had never had such a good time in her life—which is exactly what she had always thought

(Continued on page 108)

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Motion Picture Magazine—Advertising Section

Horseshoe Ranch
(Continued from page 21)

This cabin of hand-hewn logs was erected on Hart’s estate during the filming of Singer Jim McKee, and from its porch one looks far over the Castine Valley to the desert ranges. Many famous film stars have bunked overnight here, while visiting Horseshoe Ranch.

years, that is, an actor-producer, working independently at his own studio and merely turning over his finished product to some film organization for release. And alas, Bill opines, it seems easier for a camel to go through a needle’s eye than for an actor-producer to market his product.

Now, the trials and tribulations of the actor-producer are many, but one great compensation is granted him: His word on stories, direction and casts is law. If his judgment is good, this arrangement works out very nicely; if not—why, that’s another story. Charley Ray’s spectacular failure as an actor-producer is recent history.

Hart’s case does not parallel Ray’s in any way, of course. Hart has successfully supervised his own productions for years. There is little doubt that he knows the West as no other actor knows it. Transferring the spirit of the old West to the screen has been a religion to him. Because he takes his work so seriously, he says, he cannot consent to any sort of compromise which does not permit him to have the last word in the selection of stories, cast and directors.

“I’ve always made pictures that way,” he said. “That is how I made my reputation and won my friends. People who know the West have traveled hundreds of miles on horseback and by dog team to see my pictures because they are correct and true to the West. The motion picture public loves my pictures and I am going to keep faith with it, no matter what the cost to myself.”

That he regrets leaving the screen there is no doubt, but his head is not bowed down with grief or anything like that. He has a very handsome town house, an office where he busies himself daily conducting his business affairs, and sending out fan photographs (of these, he now sends out a thousand weekly, attesting his undying popularity), and he has Horseshoe Ranch, a real honest-to-God Western ranch, as he describes it.

From the time of my first meeting with Bill Hart, nearly two years ago, on the night when the California Limited fled a Chicago blizzard, on the first lap of its long journey westward, I have realized that his is a complex nature.

He combines a strange, almost fierce sincerity, with an unyielding will. He possesses the exaggerated ego necessary to one who is destined by Fate always to be a leader—the ego of a Columbus, a Napoleon, a Cesare Borgia, whose principle “out Caesar out nikih,” might indeed be Bill Hart’s motto. Yet, I have seen him break down and weep at the grave of a dog he had loved.

When he leaves the screen, the motion picture profession loses one of its few really great individuals. What he loses in giving up his work, I cannot say. But there is at least one place where he can always find a measure of happiness and contentment.

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The Girl Who Couldn't Be Bad
(Continued from page 105)

would happen. Hope was the decided hit of the evening with no help from her sponsor, Stanton Braithwaite, or from her hostess, Isabel. She herself all the while was absolutely certain and confident that she was a perfect devil.

The entire approving part of the company unanimously agreed to drink her health. One of the young men, who had been trying to edge into her favor from the first, now filled a glass of champagne and placed it in her trembling hand. Hope followed their example and raised the glass to her lips and looked around at each one of the company with sparkling eyes. Last of all, her eyes squarely met those of Stanton Braithwaite. For one second they looked deep into each other's souls and spoke wordlessly. The fire smoldered in her eyes and as the in-response to a solemn request she half nodded and put the glass down on the table again.

For a moment there was a full in the liveliness, then one of the women quaffed off her glass and the others followed suit.

Another of the young men filled the momentary pause by springing to the piano and striking up a lively air. The next moment the floor was filled with whirling figures in a slightly alcoholicized version of the fox-trot. All else was forgotten in the madness of the dance.

Hope was looking enviously, stirred to new depths of adventure by the wild lift to the music and the unbelievable intimacy and mutual participation of the men and women. She wanted to plunge into this whirlpool, too. Hardly had she given the subject a thought when temptation presented itself in the person of the Mephistophelian young man who had offered her the champagne. He seized her familiarly about the waist and was bearing her toward the center of the room, when he was roughly jerked away from her.

"Here! We have had about enough of this!" Stanton Braithwaite stood scowling by her side and Hope looked up at him pouting with disappointment. "Come," he said peremptorily to her. "We are going home."

Hope pouted more, for she wanted to stay. But he picked up her valise and she meekly followed as tho she were his property, turning, however, at the door and looking back with a worried glance at the company and pretending to wink devilishly at them until she was jerked out of sight by the unseen hand of Stanton.

The joke was on Hope now, Isabel whose feline eyes followed the girl and her obvious lover out. This experienced woman had never before been so stung to the soul with disappointment. This was a jealousy such as revenge alone could satisfy.

(To be continued next month)

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
When Marriage is a Crime

Ask yourself, before you propound your marriage ideas—whether you are fit for Matrimony, whether you can support the father of your children—and are you,—are you and your woman the healthy youngists—a joy to you both, or sickly, defective little cuties, only a burden and reproach to you as long as you live. You care as you are, your children are bound to be, and your occupation or surrender will be left to them all to do the living of you and the living of your lot of woe. This is the important question: ‘Can you not avoid it? You dare not need it.’

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Morse, Harry T.—playing in The Painted Lady, a Fox Production.

Mulhall, Jack—playing in The Breath of Scandal, a Schulberg Production.

Murray, Mabel—playing in Lilies of the Dust, a Metro-Goldwyn Production.

Myers, Carmel—playing in Ben Hur, a Metro-Goldwyn Production.

N

Nagel, Conrad—playing in Mrs. Par- paramore, a Metro-Goldwyn Production.

Naldi, Nita—playing in A Sainted Devil, a Famous Players-Lasky Production.

Naziyova—playing in Madonna of the Streets, a First National Production.

Negri, Pola—recently completed Lily of the Dust, a Famous Players-Lasky Production.

Nilsson, Anna Q.—playing in The Breath of Scandal, a Schulberg Production.

Novak, Jane—playing in The Man Without a Heart, a Whitman Bennett Production.

Novaro, Ramon—playing in Ben Hur, a Metro-Goldwyn Production.

O

O'Brien, Eugene—playing in The Sacrifice, a First National Production.

O'Hara, George—playing in The Getters, an F. B. O. Production.

Olmstead, Gertrude—playing in Lover's Lane, a Warner Brothers Production.

O'Malley, Pat—playing in The Mine With the Iron Door, a Principal Production.

Paige, Jean—playing in Captain Blood, a Vitagraph Production.

Philbin, Harry—playing in The Best Thing of Life, a Universal Production.

Pickford, Jack—recently completed The End of the World, an Allied Production.

Pickford, Mary—last picture Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.

Pitts, Zazu—playing in The Fast Set, a William de Mille Production.

Powell, David—playing in The Man Without a Heart, a Whitman Bennett Production.

Prevost, Marie—playing in The Lover of Camelot, a Warner Brothers Production.

Pringle, Allen—playing in One Hour, a Metro-Goldwyn Production.

R

Ralston, Jobyna—playing in Hubby, a Harold Lloyd Production.

Rawlinson, Herbert—playing in The Prairie Wife, a Metro-Goldwyn Production.

Ray, Charles—playing in Dynamic Smith, an Ince Production.

Reynolds, Vera—playing in Feet of Clay, a Cecil De Mille Production.

Rich, Irene—playing in The Lost Lady, a Warner Brothers Production.

Ricksen, Lucile—playing in Vanity's Price, an F. B. O. Production.

Roberts, Edith—playing in Roorin' Raids, a Hunterson Production.


S

Seigman, George—playing in A Sainted Devil, a Famous Players-Lasky Production.

Semon, Larry—recently completed The Girl in the Limousine, a First National Production.

Shaw, Peggy—playing in In Hollywood With Pashak and Pertnam, a Samuel Goldwyn Production.

Shearer, Norma—playing in We Who Get Married, a Metro-Goldwyn Production.

Short, Gertrude—playing in Barbara Frietchie, a Regal Production.

Sills, Milton—playing in The Madonna of the Streets, a First National Production.

Standing, Wyndham—recently completed Strathmore, a Fox Production.

Stanley, Forrest—playing in The Breath of Scandal, a Schulberg Production.

Starke, Pauline—playing in Hearts of Oak, a Fox Production.

Stedman, Myrtle—playing in The Breath of Scandal, a Schulberg Production.

Steele, Vernon—recently completed The House of Youth, a Regal Production.

Stewart, Anita—playing in Never the Twain Shall Meet, a Cosmopolitan Production.

Stone, Lewis—playing in The Lost World, a First National Production.

Stromberg, Gloria—playing in Wages of Virtue, a Famous Players-Lasky Production.

Sweet, Blanche—playing in The Sporting Venus, a Metro-Goldwyn Production.

T

Talmadge, Constance—playing in One Night, a First National Production.

Talmadge, Norma—playing in The Sacrifice, a First National Production.

Talmadge, Richard—playing in American Manners, an F. B. O. Production.

Taylor, Estelle—recently completed The Alaskan, a Famous Players-Lasky Production.

Taylor, Laurette—recently completed One Night in Rome, a Metro-Goldwyn Production.

Tearle, Conway—playing in The Great Divide, a Metro-Goldwyn Production.

Tellegen, Lou—playing in The Breath of Scandal, a Schulberg Production.

Terrell, Alice—playing in The Great Divide, a Metro-Goldwyn Production.

Theby, Rosemary—playing in The Best Thing of Life, a Universal Production.

Trevor, Nona—playing in The Wages of Virtue, a Famous Players-Lasky Production.

V

Valentino, Rudolph—playing in A Sainted Devil, a Famous Players-Lasky Production.

Valli, Virginia—playing in In Every Woman's Life, a First National Production.

Varconi, Victor—playing in Feet of Clay, a Cecil De Mille Production.


Vidor, Florence—playing in Christine of the Hungry Heart, an Ince Production.

W

Walker, John—playing in Judgment of West Paradise, a Universal Production.

Walthall, Henry—recently completed Single Wives, a First National Production.

Welsh, Lon—playing in a picture of 36, a Famous Players-Lasky Production.

Windors, Claire—recently completed Born Rich, a First National Production.

Wong, Anna—playing in The Alaskan, a Famous Players-Lasky Production.
Motion Picture Magazine—Advertising Section

Trailing the Eastern Stars
(Continued from page 98)

There was Nita Naldi, too. Rudy, we were told, refused to have anyone else play her important role. He stood pat for the slant-eyed, why-men-leave-home-looking Nita. Judging from the entrancing scene we witnessed, Nita is certainly making good.

Nita is what may be termed a darn good scout, with a sense of humor two yards wide and all wool. "Do you know?" she shot at us in her breathless, breezy way, albeit a merry twinkle did a "Gilda Gray" in her eyes, "I'm the only actress in pictures who has never been photographed with a child?"

Marion Davies is due to start work in the screen version of Alice Brady's stage hit, Zander the Great. No, Zander is neither fish, nor fowl, nor royalty. Zander is the name of a little motherless boy, but Marion isn't playing the title role. She has the part of the girl who adopts the youngster and sets out to cross the country in a Ford and find his daddy somewhere in the wilds of Arizona. This proves that, in a way, the picture is a comedy. In other ways, it's a drama.

Exteriors will be shot out West, but Marion returns to her New York studio for the interiors. Harrison Ford will be her leading man.

In this department last month we stated that Billie Dove was starring in the new edition of Ziegfeld Folies. She was due to. She rehearsed strenuously in Atlantic City with the show, but at the last minute changed her mind and left it hot. Perhaps there were reasons, but many of us females don't need such commonplace excuses to do a right-about-face. Billie is now back in Hollywood, where she expects to resume work in pictures.

Following a long New York run in her own play, Hurricane, Olga Petrova enjoyed a well-earned vacation on the Continent, from which she has just returned. Years ago, Mme. Petrova starred in a series of films, but for unknown reasons her cinematic career seems to be definitely ended. However, she busies herself with writing and starring in her own stage plays, so her life is not an idle one.

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Critical Paragraphs About New Productions

(Continued from page 100)

toddle terribly. And so we see a spirited spouse flirt outrageously while her husband is helpless to prevent her. Which brings on a separation—and the subsequent failure of the young beneficent to keep his house in order. It is all very pleasant—and very little to life—even when the separated couple pretend they have patched up their quarrel. The humor is repressed in several compact scenes—and the excitement registers occasionally. It is capably played by Marie Prevost, Monte Blue and Claude Gillingwater. A pleasantly palatable offering—much more sincere than the trashy stuff that is usually cataloged under the Glyn name.

Dark Stairways

The property effects and atmosphere are in their accustomed places in this crook melodrama, which is as it should be in a story of this kind. It's all about a bank cashier, son of the banker himself, who is waylaid and robbed—and arrested upon circumstantial evidence.

Of course, the usual formula in the development of this yarn is followed. The circumstantial evidence must be planted by painting the cashier as exceedingly generous in showering gifts on the girls. So it is easy to convict him for the theft of a necklace and a bagful of the bank's collateral—even when he is picked up unconscious in a dark alley. The theft of the jewels is never shown—so we don't know how the crook got away with it, nor is it shown how he escapes from prison. A subtle touch is to that the prosecution hints at his being on the outside of the local bastile.

A fault with this melodrama—which is common with most of them—is that the hero is never allowed to track down the real crooks through his own intelligence. He has everything conveniently arranged for him.

This particular picture could have been treated as a comedy. There is one humorous scene which could have formed a good background for a film along comedy lines. It shows the hero playing burlager to test the loyalty of his girl friends.

Herbert Rawlinson is best suited for this type of story. His tense expressions and angular gestures make him adaptable for unraveling crime. Ruth Dwyer is the feminine foil—and a charming one.

The Perfect Flapper

Colleen Moore's newest flapper picture is an inconsequential affair. It starts off with something of a rush, and you get all set for a revelation of high jinks—when along toward the middle it peter's out. For a couple of reels it is really interesting and full of promise for some enjoyable fun later on—but then like a damaged phonograph record it starts going round and round in the same groove—showing considerable repetitious detail.

We are presented again with the old-fashioned girl who makes herself over into a flapper to win popularity with men. It is all a pose, for in reality she is thoroughly conventional. At the finish she has her chance to upbraid one of those conservative, proper youths who has misjudged her character.

Look for the fun in some rather unique parties. You may be bored with the ending which introduces a few platitudes on morals. The devices are convenient and closeups of Colleen—and the manner in which she makes her sudden changes of hair-dress indicate that the editing of the opus was faultless. It's actually a very good pace. The acting is a little too heavy aside from the star's performance. Even Sydney Chaplin is guilty of taking it all too seriously.

Babbitt

This picture is not Babbitt, the book. In place of being a profound study of a man bound by conventions—who uses platitudes to get on in the world—who is an accurate picture of your neighbor or your favorite merchant, it tries to cover too much ground. It would offer comedy where comedy was not intended.

Sinclair Lewis is difficult to transfer to the screen. His photographic mind places a tremendous task upon the adapter and director. To take this story and treat it in the manner in which it is written, would necessitate arduous patience, untold sympathy—and the most skilful treatment. There is nothing salient of theatrical drama in the novel. It is a true cross-section of the forces which drive a man along the monotonous road of life—forces which he takes with as much good nature as possible, the realizing the futility of combating conventions. In some respects Babbitt was unimaginative; in others he showed a deal of native shrewdness. But he always did the obvious thing—and said the obvious thing. These points are not brought out in the film.

Any criticism of the screen version goes right back to the book. The words and words and words that Lewis employs to note some little detail are thoroly dovetailed in the novel—so that there is a unity of plot structure—and a meaning to the characterization. The book is either fairly praised highly or dismissed as of little consequence. The imaginative reader who can sense humor, irony and satire will enjoy it.

The picture will be best approved by those who haven't read it in the original. But it is a puzzle to make it out just the
The Winners of the Month

The Enemy Sex
(Continued from page 54)

She is adequately supported by Percy Marmont—and more than adequately supported by Huntley Gordon, who never steps out of his character of a finely bred gentleman. Sheldon Lewis, on the other hand, is miscast, and he is unable to convey the impression that he is a member of the smart, exclusive circles—chiefly because he hasn't Gordon's tailor. And he "telegraphs" his intentions too plainly, to look like a gay old dog at the game.

The picture has been a good production without any sets being unduly elaborate. You are sure to enjoy it.

The Trouble Buster
(Continued from page 54)

"get something" on the rival furnish mood of the excitement and fun. He has aided this good-for-nothing to wed another girl five years before, but the proof is late in arriving. And so the wedding preparations continue. It ends up by Mix taking extreme measures—even to kidnapping all the ministers in the vicinity to prevent the ceremony.

The goods are finally put on the villain—and he is lugged off to jail for theft.

Mix has a lot of fun with his chamois gloves. We don't understand his fetish for wearing them—unless he wants to appear eccentric. But he does put over his well-known brand of stunts—and gives Tony a chance to steal some of the picture.

The high comedy spot of this opus is when his colored pal attempts to pull the door off the jail with the aid of a team of horses, but instead moves the whole hoosegow on a wild gallop.

There isn't so much rip-roarin' action—and perhaps audiences will be disappointed. But Mix compensates with some highly enjoyable comedy which carries laughs as well as adventure. George Scarbrough wrote this story, and Jack Conway directed. The cast has such capable trouper as Frank Currier, Tom Wilson, William Courtright, Esther Ralston, and Cyril Chadwick.

Tiger Love
(Continued from page 55)

George Melford has done better by this story than usual. He has kept in mind
(Continued on page 117)

Charm Him— Make Yourself Irresistible!

Perhaps, because of an old-fashioned scruple, you have hesitated to rid yourself of the disfigurement of under-arm hair. Are you thus needlessly handicapping your charm? Are your arms constantly pinned to your sides? Or do you scorn to wear the flimsy or sleeveless frocks that the vogue of the day decrees?

In either case, He is apt to think you unlovely and behind the times. He will notice you holding your self aloof from the swing of convention that is carrying America back to the old Greek ideal of womanly beauty—the unhampered, active, supple body.

It is not necessary to use a razor—in fact, it is much safer not to do so. Neet removes the disfigurement of unwanted hair simply, surely and in a dainty feminine fashion that women naturally appreciate. It is ready for instant use; it is easily applied; and you merely have to rinse the hair away.

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If it should happen that your favorite drug or department store is, for the moment, out of Neet, use the coupon in the corner of this advertisement and a generous tube will be mailed you at once.

Ramon Novarro and his fourteen-year-old brother, Edward

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The Answer Man
(Continued from page 95)
JANE G.—Carmel Myers is in Europe right now, but you might address her at Goldwyn, Culver City, California. Gloria Swanson at Famous Players. Mrs. Valentine also at Famous Players. Why, John Gilbert, Norma Shearer, Ford Sterling and Tully Marshall in Metro-Goldwyn's He Who Gets Stamped with Lon Chaney.
NYMPH.—You say a hope chest might well be called a tule box. As long as you take all the hammers out, you're all right. Wanda Hawley played in Bread. Gloria Swanson has reddish brown hair. Well, we will have to get after Joseph Schildkraut for not sending his picture to you. Neil Hamilton was the brother in America.
LILY R.—Yes, that was Patsy Ruth Miller in Daughters of Today. Anita Stewart in The Great White Way. Malcolm McGregor in The House of Youth. Also Vernon Steele and Richard Travers. That's no place for me, anyway.
MILDRED HARRIS WORSHIPER.—Veni, Vidi, Vici—I came, I saw, I conquered. Used by Julius Caesar in announcing the victory at Zela. Huntley Gordon played the lead in His Wife's Husband. So you think I am old enough to resign and give a young chap a chance. Are you looking for my job? Herbert Rawlinson is with the new Metro-Goldwyn combination.
LILLIE B.—Gaudenosis ignitae means so let us be joyful. I'm sorry, but the judge in Slander the Woman is not mentioned on the cast. Elaine Hammerstein in The Foolish Virgin.
LIE PAPIILON.—Poor child. You certainly have made me out every kind of a person. Guess again. Leatrice Joy and Richard Dix are both with Famous Players. Dorothy Devore has gone in for more serious work and is playing in The Prairie Wife for the Metro-Goldwyn Company. PATRICIA, HONGKONG.—Well, after all, those nice compliments, I must be pleasant. Margaret Armstrong was Miss Dupont's name. Patsy Ruth Miller is nineteen. Ralph Graves is not married now. I hardly think this mention will ever play together. You want Ralph Graves and Malcolm MacGregor on the cover sometime. Who do you like better, men or girls on the cover? Thanks for all you say.
A DUB.—Nowadays, those who love nature are accused of being romantic. Ralph Graves at the Mack Sennett Studios, and Florence Vidor with Producers Distributing Corp. Corinne Griffith at First National.

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WM. DAVIS, M.D.
1241 Grove Avenue
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The Winners of the Month  
(Continued from page 115)

that all Spanish patterns must be rich in color—that they must offer exciting moments, whether the scenes call for bandits skulking their prey or a duel to the death between rival lovers. He has provided a little bit of everything of a Castilian flavor to the full story of colorful and convincing. His high spots include the bandit's raid on a gambling hall, as well as the kidnapping of the heroine. For added measure he introduces some Carmenescues touches—with Estelle Taylor's brunette beauty fitting perfectly into the rôle of Marcheta. She might have played her rôle more spiritedly. You'll like this Tiger Love. It is a sort of Spanish Robin Hood.

A Self-Made Failure  
(Continued from page 55)

plays this hobo, catches the sparkle of the piece and puts over some delightful comedy in his own imitable style. And he never oversets the boundary-line of the far-reaching fields of hokum. His assistance is most commendable, as turned in by Ben Alexander rapidly growing in adolescence these days (remember him in Hearts of the World?), Matt Moore, Patsy Ruth Miller, Mary Carr, and Sam De Grasse. Matt and Patsy attend to the romantic interludes.

It is a comedy packed with effective comedy touches—none of which are exaggerated. It moves spontaneously, as all comedies should, and progressively straight to its conclusion without a suggestion of slap-stick. Snap-stick? This stuff is all right in its place, but it doesn't belong here. It's thoroughly amusing—consistently amusing.

What we like about it is the holding back of the humorous reserves, to be distributed as the piece progresses. McDonald works like a master politician, keeping back all the full strength of his stuff and refusing to show all the tricks in his bag. As a result, there is something left at the finish. The comedy doesn't overshadow the other elements, tho it is the dominating factor. The points, humorous and melodramatic, are finely dovetailed. It is neatly staged. We recommend it as a sure laugh-getter.
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THEDILLMANCO.,

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Hawaii.

One Night in Rome

(Continued from page 99)

Marenò, whose husband

"In God's name, what have you to say?"
cried the Duchess.

"Only this: that your father-in-law, the
Prince, has located you—by the help of Scotland Yard—and will be here to-

ight.

She held out her arms to Richard.

"Save me!" she cried. "You did once—
ow now once more . . . He has . . . he will never rest until . . ."

"Dick!" cried Zephyr warily. "I forbid you to—"

With an agonized cry, the Duchess ran
from the room. The library was dark.
She fumbled with the window-catch. Then she felt Richard's arms around her.

"Of course I'll help you!" She heard
him struggling with the lock . . .

"So?" the lights flared on. Zephyr
looked at them angrily. Richard's arm
was around L'Enigme's waist. "All right . . . if you prefer this mounthank to me . . .

Zephyr's ring fell to the floor. "Take
her!" she concluded, and turned away.

At that moment the bell rang again.

"Don't be afraid!" said Richard. "I'll
fight them all—for you."

The Prince Donato—began the butler—but the Prince himself swept the man
aside. He looked at his daughter-in-law.
She trembled. He held out his arms.

"My daughter!" he said. "I have come
to ask you to forgive me—to make amends."

"So?" said Richard. "I think you ought
to!" But she whispered:

"Don't, Dick!" Timidity she went over
toward the Prince. He embraced her.
There were tears on his wrinkled cheeks.

"It was all a mistake—I know that
now!" he said slowly. The gardener has
confessed—" and Count Berthold has
made everything clear."

"I think," said Mr. Millburne, "you ought
to tell us just what has been made clear.
After what you said to this young lady
that night . . ."

"I can tell it in a few words," said the
Prince. "The Count called upon . . .
upon my son that night, to tell him
It's hard for me to say—but my son—Duke
Mareno—had played traitor. The Count
gave him his choice: he could stand
by court-martial—and be shot—or kill him-

self. My son chose the latter. But he
had no intention of doing that. He wrote
a hurried note—blaming my daughter-in-

law, his wife. She returned the note,

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE—Advertising Section

all sorts of infamies. He laid this note

on his desk. He was just ready to slip

cut of the house when the gardener—

whose young wife he had insulted—ap-

peared at the window. The two men faced

one another. My son drew his pistol from

drawer; the two fired at the same instant.

My son fell. The gardener escaped. That

that is all, my friends. My flesh

and blood has dishonored me—but if you,

my dear child—will forgive me.

Her arms were about his neck. Richard

came up slowly. When the Duchess—her

face alight with happiness—turned to him,

he said:

"I'm waiting . . . I've been wishing . . .

ever since that first morning."

She smiled into his eyes, then she said:

"C'est ce zard, zard—what will be, will be,

if you think, Dick."

She crept into his arms; there she—who

had so long sought it in vain—found peace

at last.

Two days later the following advertise-

ment appeared in the London Times:

For sale or rent, fully equipped fortune-

telling studio. Devices lacked by four years

distinguished success in chief cities of

Europe, Asia, and America. Good will in-

cluded. Offer to return to private life.

Address Box 27X, Times.

On the Camera Coast (Continued from page 102)

to let Rex make the pictures in Europe;

and Rex refuses to come back to Holly-

wood, which he hates. Meanwhile, Mr.

Ingram is occupying his time illustrating

The Rubaiyat, a task which he began when

a student at Yale.

The Lasky Company is soon to begin

production on another big Western pic-

ture, intended to follow in the footsteps

of The Covered Wagon—Emerson Hough's

North of 36. Irwin Willat will direct it,

and Jack Holt, Lois Wilson and Noah

Beery will lead the cast.

CONWAY TEEARL has finally achieved his

tearful ambition and shaken off his dress

date. No one on the screen ever looked

ever better in evening dress or hated it worse.

He is playing a he-man part in The Great

Dixie. He has a sombrero and chaps and a

big shoot-em-from-the-hip gun, and high-heeled cowboy boots, and a blue

handlerchief around his neck to keep the

alike dust out of his throat, and all the

rest of the Tom Mix stuff. Mr. Teearl

says that this is the only part he has ever

had that was really eager to play.

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If you have the trouble, send this card and ask for your ten-day trial of Dr. Kales' fat-reducing prescription. This prescription does not in any way affect the heart or kidneys of a person, and is harmless to the health. You will not be sent anything in the mail, but will order the prescription at your local drug store or directly from Dr. Kales. A small amount of the prescription will be charged to you. Your name and address will be kept absolutely confidential. There is no charge for the trial. Use the prescription or return it for a full refund of the small amount charged.

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The Stranger of the Night

With all the Fergusons, MacGregors and MacTavishes in the cast of this brilliant directorial comedy is a strong, sustained melodrama. The story is laid in the Canadian lumber country and shows as its hero a former member of a Scotch regiment who calls on his old mates to help him fulfill a lumber contract when the villain gets in his way. The picture possesses the ingredients of strong and sustaining melodrama. The best has not been made of them; that is the chief trouble. That better values could be derived by a little revision is obvious.

Richard Travers appears in the principal rôle and Ruth Dwyer, as persoanal young woman as has ever graced the screen, does good work as his opposite. Pat Haggerty, whose opportunity to play his villainy.

Monte Blue gives Marie Prevost a lesson in making up in this scene from How to Educate a Wife

Critical Paragraphs About New Productions

(Continued from page 114)

same. It is something of a character study—and there is something of comedy, drama—and narrative about it. So it hasn't much head nor tail. And it often becomes tiresome.

So maybe we may find it difficult to make out what it's all about. And Willard Louis in the title rôle can help them any—because he appears to be bewildered by it all. He tries to be like the author's Babbit—and he might have succeeded had the film kept in the channels of a character study instead of trespassing into the fields of comedy, holism and drama. There is no excuse for touching it off with burlesque types—yet a quartet of figures grope about in it whose actions will remind you of a Sennett comedy. But it isn't a poor picture by any means. Once in a while a real flash comes forward indicating what a compelling film could have been made from it. But it is mostly uninspired. It would take fifteen reels to tell Babbit truly—and accurately. As it is, it is merely a sketch.

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"Flirting With Love"—Colleen Moore and Conway Tearle in a story of a quick tempered young actress who starts out to get revenge, but falls in love instead. Directed by John Francis Dillon from the novel, "Counterfeit," by LeRoy Scott.

"Born Rich"—a story of the difficult art of spending money and keeping happy. With Claire Windsor, Bert Lytell, Cullen Landis, and Doris Kenyon. Directed by Will Nigh.


"In Hollywood with Potash and Perlmutter," in which the leading partners of the cloak and suit industry become movie magnates. George Sidney and Alex Carr have the leads in this second Potash and Perlmutter picture. A Samuel Goldwyn production.

Norma Talmadge in "Secrets"

BEYOND anything else, you have waited for Norma Talmadge in a picture, as tender, as beautiful, as poignant as "Smilin' Through." That picture is here. It is "Secrets," from the stage play by Rudolf Bessier and May Edgington, directed by Frank Borzage.

Its story is that of a woman who learned the secret of love and who held it steadfast from the time of her first romance down thru the years. You will see Norma in the hoop-skirt days of England, as the young wife of an American frontiersman; as the gentle, middle-aged mother; and as the white-haired old lady whose love for one man never faltered. "Secrets" has been shown for extended runs in big cities thruout the country. It will be the movie event of the season when it shows in your local theater.

And Now At Last—"The Sea Hawk"

THE whispered prophecies of the past year have come true. "The Sea Hawk," made by Frank Lloyd Productions, Inc., with Milton Sills in the title rôle, is now being shown, and the dreams of those who have read Sabatini's novel are realized. Here is the strange adventure of the exiled English lord; here the naked galley slaves struggle at the oar 'neath the crack of the lash; here ship is lashed to ship and scimitars flash. Here is the greatest of all pictures of romance and adventure; the most realistic of all sea stories. Below is a scene taken on shipboard with Milton Sills and Emil Bennett in the center. On the right is Miss Bennett and on the left Wallace Beery as the hypocritical sea captain.
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Is your skin fresh, lovely, attractive? Or have you allowed it to become sallow, oily? Women who do not protect their complexions age unnecessarily. Here is the simple secret all may know.

The supreme test of a wife's charm, a famous novelist recently was quoted, comes after two years of marriage!

Sparkling life and warm cheeks, wives who are ever brides—how few women realize the part these play in modern life. Today is a day of youth prolonged, with freshness and charm at every side; no woman can afford to neglect herself.

You may not be beautiful, but you can be charming, and that surpasses all beauty. Start with correct skin care—not costly beauty treatments, but common-sense, daily care. The means are simple, as thousands will tell you, just the balmy lather of Palmolive—the perfect blend of palm and olive oils scientifically saponified.

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Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both washing and rinsing. If your skin is inclined to be dry apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all.

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Thus in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty, charm and Youth Prolonged.

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Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. The Palmolive habit will keep that schoolgirl complexion.

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The celebrated Mrs. Ingram, seen through her husband's eyes
Pages 24-25
Still the thrill of courtship

Is your skin fresh, lovely, attractive? Or have you allowed it to become sallow, oily? Women who do not protect their complexions age unnecessarily. Here is the simple secret all may know.

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Man's Habits and Instincts Traced Back to Their Source

All civilization is but a thin veneer over the surface of savagery. The habits, customs, impressions, fears, impulses and passions accumulated by our ancestors since the beginning of life still slumber within us.

For instance, there existed in the dawn of life a human pairing-off system which took place at a time that corresponds to what is now June. That accounts for the modern urge to marry in June.

Similarly, we throw rice after the bride because it satisfies a certain primitive impulse, and we dare not say in words what this curious old custom suggests.

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A Zone Gree’s Production With Jack Holt, Kathlyn Williams, Noah Beery and Billie Dove. Screen play by George H. Hull and Victor Irvin.

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Paramount Pictures
THE PASSING SHOW AND THE SILVERSCREEN

It is time for exhibitors to realize that they are not making the most of their opportunities in featuring the passing show of life. They underestimate the value of the news-reel.

Or so it seems to us.

For quite a while now, we have been checking up the applause given to this and that big moment on the screen. The manager of a musical comedy counts the laughs, to discover whether his play will go. Our quest being for the things that had human interest, we counted the hand-claps.

Our score card shows that about fifty per cent. of the climaxes of starred photoplays were thrilling enough to be clapped. But always the appearance of a popular political figure, a champion sportsman, the winner of a beauty contest, or the hero of a romantic exploit like the flight of the United States Naval aviators around the world, was hailed with enthusiasm.

And perhaps more significant still, the feature as a whole received the tribute of absorbed interest. The moment the first news flash appeared, whispering in the audience ceased.

We maintain that news-reels should run longer, that the exhibitor who cuts down on the events of the day because he fears they may bore his public is not showing good judgment.

It might not be a bad plan for a whole hour to be set aside in the afternoon and another in the evening, between the regular performances, for the showing of live topics. We believe that many persons would remain for the added attraction, which would tend to increase their loyalty to the house. Besides, an entirely fresh clientele could be educated into dropping in at the "news hour," much as they would be willing to buy a newspaper. No paper, however, could hope to be so fascinating and original as the world in action on the silverscreen.

From this point, it is not such a difficult leap of the imagination to foresee the time when there may be special movie theaters in the big cities, in which nothing but the news is shown. They could give a continuous performance, with judicious editing to furnish mid-day, afternoon and evening "editions," as fresh features arrive from the distributors.

Right now, a happening can be filmed and shown the following day in the city in which it occurred. There is talk of a process which will make it feasible to exhibit it within a few hours.

We throw out this idea for what it is worth. If our readers agree with us that, as a beginning, the present news-reels should be longer, they have only to write to their local motion picture theater and say so. The exhibitor always responds to popular demand.

F. M. Osborne, Managing Editor
Harry Carr, Western Editorial Representative
A. M. Hopfmuller, Art Director

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Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Women Tell of Amazing Reductions With Madame X Girdle

Thousands of delighted women everywhere say it makes them look thinner the moment they put it on and quickly takes three to ten inches from waist, hips and thighs. Many report one to three inches taken off the very first week.

"The moment I put on the Madame X. Girdle I was five inches smaller around the hips," writes Mrs. V. M. Winters of No. 2823 13th St., N. W., Washington, D. C. "Now, I have truly reduced 12 inches around the hips. I really think this girdle is the greatest boon to all women-kind, both robust and thin, and the comfort is marvelous," Mrs. E. Reid of Vicksburg, Miss., writes that she has reduced her waistline 8 inches, hips, 9 inches and thighs 10 inches in three months.

Almost every mail brings letters like these from women who are wearing this girdle to tell us of astonishing results. They do not realize that their experience is not exceptional—that thousands of women are now reducing quickly this new way. And so, when 6, 8, 10 inches are quickly taken from the waist and hips, when the figure becomes daily more slender and graceful, they write to us in wonder and gratitude.

The secret of these great reductions is simply this: the Madame X Reducing Girdle is made of soft, live, supple rubber that fits as snugly as a kid glove. You wear the Madame X over an undergarment so that no rubber touches the skin. But through the undergarment, the flesh is held firm by the supple rubber, you do not feel, and that does not interfere with the free and easy movement of the body. Only live, plant, uncoerced rubber can do this.

And when you wear the Madame X, you are getting thinner, for with every breath you take, with every step and motion, the flesh is working against the live rubber, producing an unconscious massage that quickly kneads and warms the face you do not want. Athletes use similar rubber belts—health authorities have long advocated them.

New Open Front Model

The Madame X is worn in place of a corset and has garters attached. There are two models, the original "step-in" and a new "open front." In both models, the back lacing permits easy adjustment as you become more slender, while the special cut-front front insures perfect comfort and freedom. Another exclusive feature is the length, for the Madame X Reducing Girdle is the only garment of the kind long enough effectively to reduce the thighs as well as waist and hips.

The Madame X is so comfortable you hardly know you have it on. Indeed, many of our test women have worn it night and day to reduce wear for its superior comfort. Physicians specifically recommended it to its many thousands of customers for it to fit into every curve, holding right to the figure, and not slip down the back. Women who have worn it write that they would not take off the well-fitted corset again for it gives them exactly the straight, boyish lines the Vogue demands—makes them look thin while getting thin. Conceals hips, waist and abdomen and actually reduces without the aid of dieting, exercises, weakening baths or drugs. Keeps the pores open—perfectly beautiful. So popular, one of the biggest New York stores has had to open a special Madame X Department to handle the crowd!

Gives remarkable service, because the dry-heat cured rubber of which it is made is the strongest and most durable known to science. And the special hand-turned form prevents splitting or tearing. The girdle is strong enough to hold you in without splitting, because of the unusual new way of reinforcing.

And Now a New Madame X Brassiere

After months of experimenting, there is also a wonderful new Madame X Brassiere, to complete the famous girdle. It does for the upper figure just what the girdle does for waist, hips and thighs. Made of live, flesh-tinted rubber of the same high quality, carefully moulded, the figure without binding or bulging and gently massages away the fat. Popular hooked, clasped round style. Special fasteners to hold it down front and back, rubber gussets to keep it from rolling up; generous length to prevent finicky laces. Write for free illustrated "The New Healthful Way to Reduce," explaining in detail what the Madame X Girdle really is and how it reduces waist, hips and thighs so quickly, easily, comfortably.


What They Say—

"The Madame X Girdle is too wonderful for words. At one time I was almost my weight, now I weigh 142 pounds. Before using the girdle I wore—Mrs. Vida Shepard, 116 West Somonth St., Bithart, 1d."

"I am more than pleased with Madame X. I have reduced in the abdomen and thighs, and certainly do feel much better in every way."—Mrs. Ketere Gallbaha, 150 Wooster St., New York,

"When I started I was 150 lbs. but it looks like only 130 lbs. when I am wearing my girdle.

"When I started to wear Madame X Reducing Girdle in March, I weighed 192 pounds. I have now taken 125 lbs. off...I am wearing it in all my clothes. Give me something that I really want to wear."—Dr. C. Maxwell, 3856 Thomas Street, West Haven, Conn.

"Have worn my girdle three months and have regained my former figure. Reduced almost four inches through the waist, and abdomen, I shall continue to wear a Madame X. Reducing Girdle, it is the most comfortable than anything else and gives one such a trim, neat appearance."—Mrs. R. Taylor, 128 Dr. 3. 2nd Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

"I am wearing your Madame X. Reducing Girdle and it has reduced my size 15 inches in a few months. Got my figure back in three weeks and am more than pleased with it. Have taken five inches from my waist and four and a half from my abdomen and hips. No more corsets for me. I can do my work comfortably and still wear the girdle all the time and it is more comfortable than a real corset."—Mrs. J. L. Colburn, 3317 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, 111.

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Suppose your eyelids failed to close

when a cloud of dust blows toward you

Dust in the eyes? How rarely does this unwelcome experience occur, for the protecting eyelids “quick as a wink” snap shut when trouble looms.

Unhappily there is no such protection for the skin. And often its soft, natural fineness is sacrificed because the tiny, delicate pores are subject to the irritating effects of this same dust-laden air.

Nature does her best. The little pore ducts night and day cast out foreign particles and preserve the pliant fineness of the skin. Still, we must help.

To be sure, we use our face creams faithfully to cleanse and nourish. Most face creams have one common purpose—to soften and nourish the skin—but they leave the pores wide open, unprotected as before. Tired, overtaxed, the pores become weak in functioning. And then we wonder why they become enlarged.

Some of us accept this condition as “just natural to my skin.” But those of us who really care find ways to reduce and refine the pores to normal invisibility.

Ice is one tested way. Its quick chill instantly contracts the pores and stimulates the circulation. But it is harsh to tender skins, and always more or less inconvenient to use.

Now there is a new and better way—with all the instant pore-contracting benefits of ice, and with none of its fussiness and trouble—a delightful, soothing, refreshing cream, that feels and acts like ice on the skin.

This new cream is called Princess Pat Ice Astringent. It does not take the place of your nourishing creams. It simply finishes the task that they have begun—closes to normal fineness the open, unprotected pores.

While the nourishing cream still remains on the face, apply this delightfully icy and refreshing cream right over it. The sensation is like a cool lake breeze—the effect, an immediate contraction of the pores.

Princess Pat Ice Astringent does not enter the pores. Its smooth contracting action merely restores the refinement of texture to your skin; and its welcome “freezy” chill gently stirs the tiny blood vessels to renewed action, bringing a tide of fresh natural color.

**Powder adheres wonderfully—yet cannot clog the pores**

You will be entranced at the youthful beauty which Princess Pat Ice Astringent brings to your complexion. And you will be amazed at how wonderfully your powder adheres—without possibility of its entering and choking the pores.

---

**Advertorial**

**How I put my complexion to bed**

by "The Princess"

Night is nature’s opportunity to build youth into your complexion. First every pore must be thoroughly cleansed with a soft, solvent cleansing cream that removes all sebum, dust and grime, Manipulate gently, with strokes of the finger tips and wipe off with a soft cloth. Now rejuvenate the oil cells of the skin with a soothing, nourishing cream. Manipulate very gently, and let sleep do the rest. I suggest Princess Pat Skin Cleanser and Princess Pat Cream for this night treatment.

**How I awaken my complexion in the morning**

Cool—not cold—water is permissible. Dry the face. Now again use your nourishing cream. Just a thin coating this time, manipulating with the finger tips. Then while the cream still remains, spread your ice astrignent right over it. Now your pores are contracted—protected. And when both creams are wiped away together you have the ideal base for your powder and tint.

**How I Tint**

My way of applying Tint gives, I think, the nearest approach to nature. Use a dry rouge as its transparency lets the luminous quality of the skin show through, and for waterproof, lasting effect, I apply before powdering. Pat it on in the shape of a V with the point toward the nose, leaving a space in front of the eye clear of color. Blend softly. This is nature’s own design, I recommend Princess Pat English Tint as for the most natural, but there is also Medium Rouge if you prefer it:

**How I Powder**

If you value the natural refinement of your skin—do not powder over open pores. But the pores are naturally contracted. Powder profusely over face and neck but take pains to blend softly to leave no chalky patches. All beauty specialists agree on almond as one of the most beneficial ingredients for the skin. For this reason I use an almond base with upward and outward beautifying. And it adheres wonderfully.

**Free**—this demonstration package

Containing a liberal amount of both Princess Pat Ice Astringent and Princess Pat Cream. After several days trial on your own complexion, entirely without cost, let your mirror be your guide.

| Princess Pat, Ltd., 2601 S. Wells Street, Chicago |
| Please send Free Demonstration Package to |
| Name | Address | City | State |
| Print Name and Address Please |
JANE NOVAK
This little star makes a most picturesque and appealing heroine in
Two Shall Be Born
The "highbrow" fan contingent is excitedly awaiting the release of *He Who Gets Slapped*, for they wonder if the artistry and atmosphere which is so important in this play can be successfully transferred to the screen. We know that Norma will make a perfect Consuelo, and that Lon Chaney was the right choice for *Her*. 

**NORMA SHEARER**

Henry Waxman
Those who delighted in his characterization in *Blood and Sand* will be doubly intrigued by *A Sainted Devil*, which is also a picture with a Spanish background. Nita Naldi plays the naughty heroine.
Whenever Pola Negri prepares for a new picture, all Hollywood wonders whom she'll choose for her leading man. We applaud her choice for *Forbidden Paradise*—Rod La Rocque.
Virginia Lee Corbin
Not so long ago Virginia was going to kindergarten and making mud pies after school. Now, tho she's really only a very young flapper, they're giving her grown-up parts in pictures. We're glad to note, however, there's still more than a hint of the child in this new photograph.
We like Jackie in a sailor suit, and we like him in a Buster Brown collar, but we adore him when he wears raggedy clothes, and looks wistful and forlorn.
BABY PEGGY

Meet Her Royal Shyness, Baby Peggy. She's just finished a mischievous and delicious part in Helen's Babies and is now "enjoying a brief vacation"—just like the grown-up stars.
Gene Kornman

JOBYNA RALSTON

She's Harold Lloyd's leading lady, and we know she'll please the public, for she's the last word in pep, prettiness, piquancy, and pertness—in short, she's a pippin!
Henry Waxman

JOHN GILBERT

John Gilbert is a very dignified and imperious hero in *Her Hour*; and he's a boyish, sensitive hero (right) in *He Who Gets Slapped*, as you can see; will he be snobbish in *The Snob*, his new picture?
If you delve into motion picture history you will be amazed to discover how many instances there are where reputations have been made by a single "bit," or just one flash from a scene. The motto of the novice should be: "Every little bit helps—to Stardom"

Zazu Pitts (standing at the extreme right) broke into fame thru a bit in Mary Pickford's picture, The Little Princess. A director made her cry one day, and Marshall Neilan gave her this bit to console her, never dreaming that he had discovered a real artist.

Sessue Hayakawa became famous from a single glance of his eyes in The Cheat, in a scene that he played as the Japanese lover of Fanny Ward.

At the right is Charles Ray doing his bit as the juvenile in The Coward. His appealing and sincere characterization won him a big contract afterward.

On the opposite page is a scene from The Little School Ma'am, in which Dorothy Gish and Elmer Clifton were featured, and which brought her into the limelight.

Scenes From Old Photoplays Depicting Bits That Started Four of Today's Stars on the Road to Fame

Valentino put himself on the movie map in The Four Horsemen, in the love scenes with another man's wife, a part played by Alice Terry.
REMEMBER you," said the Distinguished Visitor. "You were the girl who got her first real start by doing a bit in *The Tale of Two Cities.*" "Yes, yes," said Norma Talmadge, "So I did."
"Yes, yes," said Florence Vidor, sitting on the other side of him. "You are right: so I did."

Whereupon Norma looked with astonishment at Florence; and Florence looked with astonishment at Norma. And they realized for the first time that they both owed their start to the very same spot in the very same story.

Norma was an extra girl when they gave her a "bit" to do in an old Vitagraph picture: *The Tale of Two Cities.* It was the part of a little seamstress carried to the guillotine in a cart, with Sidney Carton. So poignant was the pity she put into that scene that it "made" her overnight. Exactly the same thing happened to Florence Vidor in a later version of the same story, with William Farnum as the star. From the moment that parting scene in the executioner's cart flashed on the screen, Miss Vidor has been one of the big personalities of motion pictures.

This co-incidence struck everyone as being so very remarkable that the Distinguished Visitor asked if there were any other instances of the screen where reputations have been made by a single "bit" or a flash from a scene. And, comparing, they found there were many.

Perhaps the most extraordinary case is that of Sessue Hayakawa. He became famous not only in a single part, but in one single glance of his eyes. It was in *The Cheat,* in a scene that he played with Fanny Ward. A cold-blooded adventuress, she had flouted the Japanese lover; found that she had made a blunder. When she tried to get him back by the soft suasions of love, he met her advances with a single glance of cold scorn.

It sounds like an exaggeration; but it is an actual fact that, with that glance, Hayakawa not only made himself famous, but actually started a new school of acting—the school of repression.

He explained it to me afterward.

"I was raised in the traditions of a Japanese boy of the Samurai class. I was always taught that it was disgraceful to show emotion. Consequently in that scene, as in all other scenes, I purposely tried to show at all times the cold-bloodedness of a man who had lost everything."

Every Little Bit Helps—to Stardom

By HARRY CARR

Bessie Love made this scene from *The Eternal Three* poignant and agonizing.
nothing by my face. But in my heart I thought 'God how I hate you.' And of course it got over to the audience with far greater force than any facial expression could."

Valentino put himself on the movie map in a single close-up. This is admitted throughout the motion picture industry. It was in the love scene with the other man's wife in the studio in The Four Horsemen. That one close-up implanted him as the great lover of the screen.

The experience of Dorothy Gish was very much like this. Dorothy had been dubbing along in pictures for years as a serious actress without much prospect of ever getting anywhere. Then, to her own alarm, Griffith cast her for the comedy part in Hearts of the World. The painful smile with which she returned the love-lorn look of the boob lover was the making of Dorothy. Thereafter her career was determined for her. Comedy for her.

In that same picture another, even smaller, bit made another career. This was Eric von Stroheim; and the place was where he went into the cellar with the French refugee women to call the roll of those ordered to be deported. The mockery of his stiff, formal Teutonic bow was a flash of real genius that told the film world that some one worth while had happened in.

A great many people have been made by bits in Griffith pictures. Wallace Reid found himself and his chance as the blacksmith boy who fought the villain in The Birth of a Nation.

Gloria Swanson got her chance thru an eight-foot flash of a little sad-faced girl standing at a doorway. I dont remember the name of the picture. Cecil De Mille told me that he didn't remember the name of the picture; but he said that he realized Gloria's dramatic possibilities when he saw her in this "bit." He was looking at the picture, by the way, in order to scrutinize the work of some one else. He had never heard of Gloria.

Bebe Daniels stepped from bathing girl comedies into big drama by the way she did the tiny bit in the historic episode—the lion's den episode—in Male and Female.

Zazu Pitts broke into fame thru a bit in one of Mary Pickford's pictures: The Little Princess. She was a scared, skinny little tike hanging around the studios begging for a chance. Some thoughtless assistant director made fun of her and made her cry. This touched Marshall Neilan's impressionable Irish heart and he gave her a tiny bit in the picture to console her sorrow. She did this with such remarkable artistry that he kept on enlarging the part and when it was shown on the screen, little Zazu was a celebrity.

Constance Talmadge made herself a star by the scene on the auction block in Griffith's Intolerance.

Charley Ray was doing heavies and was being fired with regularity when Thomas H. Ince gave him a tiny juvenile part in one of his old Westerns, and Charley found himself with a big contract. Raymond Griffith, considered by many critics to be the best

(Continued on page 82)
MARY AND DICK ARE KILLING TIME

They’re in their own back-yard, and they’re hiding the face of the sun-dial, for it doesn’t matter to them what the time of day may be. They haven’t a care in the world—except their great care for each other, and for little Mary, Junior
A Rex-Ray View

Being an intimate word-portrait of Mrs. Rex Ingram

Transcribed by

“Mr. Ingram’s not giving out interviews,” said the artist friend with whom the youthful movie director visited in New York. “You’ll never get an interview with Rex Ingram,” a motion picture critic on the leading metropolitan daily declared.

And probably there would not have been an interview if it had been confined to Mr. Ingram’s doings. But we wanted to hear about Alice Terry, we told him. A word picture of Mrs. Ingram thru her husband’s eyes, since she herself was busy on The Great Divide in California. Well, now, that was something else again. Were we quite sure that we would speak about Alice Terry alone? Some morning before eleven, then.

We were late, but Rex Ingram was later. He came down from the balcony surrounding the sunlit studio, his feet, in brocaded sandals, still wet from his bath, his long lean figure wrapped in a most fascinating bathrobe of varicolored checks. He had an appointment with his dentist, he said, and could talk only half an hour, but it was more than an hour later that we said good-bye.

You know that practically, without exception, movie husbands and wives are to each other, for publication anyway, “best pal and severest critic.” Hardly a story appears without that immortal line and no satire of Hollywood is complete without it. Our pencil was poised for Rex Ingram to say it, too, when:

“I haven’t been quite fair with Miss Terry,” said he. “If I had given her a fraction of the opportunity she deserves, she would be recognized for what she undoubtedly is: one of the great actresses of the screen. I can say this without proprietary pride. My opinion is shared by David Warfield, D. W. Griffith and John Barrymore.

“In my judgment, she is one of the most versatile women on the screen. While the line of parts she has played under my direction has been anything but diverse in character, I would not hesitate to cast her for a comedy rôle, or, on the other hand, one requiring the talents of a deeply emotional tragédienne. I know that she would come off with flying colors in both cases.”

Mr. Ingram spoke in the quiet, unemotional voice that is characteristic of him. He might have been telling of a chance acquaintance of his, whose talents he respected. There was none of the customary sugariness of “best pal and severest critic.” But his opinion of his wife seemed all the more unbiased and convincing because of it.

He drew at his pipe in silence for a while.

“Miss Terry’s nicely balanced sense of judgment at all times makes her advice to me invaluable, not only in the work of directing, but also in business. Her instinctive knowledge of the fitness of things convinces me that she would make a good director. In fact, it is to her I have always gone when in a quandary over some ticklish point in a production. And her advice, given in an unassuming way, has solved many a problem that seemed insurmountable in filming The Four Horsemen, Prisoner of Zenda, Black Orchids (which, with all due respect to the Metro-Low organization, I refuse to call by their title—piped with a fine sense of the unfitness of things—Trifling Women), and Scaramouche.

“In The Four Horsemen, the dance-hall scenes in the Buenos Aires water-front dive, scenes that were only barely suggested in the novel, were worked out the way they are now in the picture on her suggestion. She had seen a picture I had made years before, for another firm, with a Bowery dive in it, into which the hero came and demanded a dance with the entertainer. Her partner objected, with the result that the hero knocked him under the table and took the dance with the lady in spite of him. At Alice’s suggestion, I transposed this whole sequence from the Bowery to the Bocca, rebuilding the same set from the stills of the old picture and changing the signs on the walls from Fourteenth Street English to water-front Spanish. And from the letters I receive, this seems to be the most popular sequence in the film.
of Alice Terry

as seen thru the eyes of her director-husband

Selma Robinson

"If Alice had been married to some one else when I met her, I think I would promptly have engaged her as my business manager," her husband chuckled reflectively. He pointed to the wall, to a portrait his friend, the artist, had painted of Alice Terry. It showed a lovely, reposeful woman with a sweet stateliness that was further enhanced by her striking youth. A cloud of gold hair surrounded the face like a halo. Then Rex Ingram told us the story of that hair.

By this time it is fairly common knowledge that Miss Terry's blonde locks in the movies are not her own. It was Mr. Ingram who had her wear a wig, the only thing that stood between her and a perfection for the part she was given to play—Dora Woodberry in Hearts Are Trumps. In that picture she was supposed to be a lovely example of English womanhood—beautiful, gracious, soulful and blonde! She had all of the necessary qualifications except that last, Rex Ingram thought as he saw her. And since it was the least difficult to change, he gave her the yellow hair by which she is now so well known. Her skin was so fair, her coloring so delicate that they blended perfectly with blonde hair.

After her first big part, Alice was given another one, historic by now, in The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

"This time," continued Rex, "she had to wear the blonde wig for contrast. She played opposite Rudolph Valentino, and as a balance for his Latin swarthiness, she had to be blonde; so people learned to know Alice Terry as the golden-haired beauty who played in The Four Horsemen. By that time she was established as a blonde. It was only to be expected, I suppose, for with the exception of a few tiny bits, she was practically unknown to picture patrons. Even such a well-known actress as Dorothy Gish, who first played with her own blonde hair and later made her biggest hit under a dark wig, has been literally forced to keep on wearing that wig. It would have been inadvisable for an actress as little known as Alice was then to switch back to her own color hair.

The transition would have been too sudden. So she has worn the blonde wig until her last picture, The Arab."

We remembered what a friend had said to us—that Alice with her own gorgeous auburn hair looked like a blonde Alice masquerading as some one else. And as a matter of fact, it did take us quite a long time to get used to the new Terry in her newest rôle, so we can quite appreciate what it would have meant at such a critical point in her career.

"I hope that the future will see Alice Terry in the sort of part she deserves. A rich, profound, subtle rôle, as natural and dramatic as life really is, as humorous and as tragic; that is the kind of a character she could play to perfection," continued her husband. "From what I have seen her do at the studio, and away from it, I know that Alice can do the most difficult part with verity and charm.

"In all my experience in directing, I have only had one other leading woman whose results were obtained with so little effort on my part. That was Cleo Madison. While Alice has had nothing like the experience of this splendid artist, they have so many qualities in common that I have always directed them both in the same way, that is, by suggesting to them rather than directing them. Each expresses her emotions in the most direct and natural way, with a minimum of effort. Each thinks her rôle rather than acts it, and each has a depth of feeling and a highly sympathetic understanding of the parts she portrays.

"The farewell scene in Zenda, and the scene in The Horsemen where Marguerite burns the letter and remains by her blinded husband are played with the utmost simplicity and with an infinite amount of feeling by Miss Terry. Years ago, I did a version of La Tosca with Miss Madison. Her scene

(Continued on page 105)
The Man With the Taking Ways

GEORGE HACKATHORNE makes us think of an elevator-man we once knew named Joe. Joe had run his ear from the bottom of a publishing house to the top—fifteen stories—up and down again for thirty-five years. And every summer, when his two weeks' vacation came, he dressed up in his Sunday clothes and rode up and down in the elevator as a passenger.

Whenever George gets a chance to escape from the camera for a few days, he takes a camera and goes gunning for views. Sometimes he pursues the wild snapshot with a kodak, sometimes he trails his photograph to its lair with a graflex, but when the scenery is blonde and chic, and arrayed like Mrs. Solomon in all her glory, he uses a plate camera and calls the well-known little birdie into play.

Pictures are like Gelett Burgess' purple cow to George. He would almost rather see than be one. Whenever he goes on location, his kodak goes along with the make-up box.

California has the most versatile landscape in the world, sheiky deserts, an ocean populated with bathing girls, great open spaces, African jungles and better Italian scenery than Italy has. But George Hackathorne's pictures don't look like California or Italy or any place we know of. They are like landscapes seen in dreams, strange story places where surely tourists cannot go and scatter profane banana skins—they are fairy-lands forlorn—

The elusive and delicate study of trees in a mist, reproduced on this page, was taken, as a matter of cold fact, at Keene Camp in Northern California while G. H. was making a motion picture. But it might be anywhere—or nowhere. The Never-Never Land. For an hour four of the finest intellects in Hollywood (including George's and the writer's) grappled with the problem of a name for it. Its suggestion of a Japanese etching brought forth: Just Before Dawn in Japan, with the subtitle: "If it were a little lighter you'd see it was Japan."

"If we label it California Scene," said George, the loyal Booster, "we must add the word 'Unusual' to explain the weather!" Finally, the sheltering attitude of the larger tree bending over the smaller determined the name, The Protector. Whatever its title, it is an exquisite fantasy wrought not so much with a camera lens as with a sensitive imagination.
The Hermit of Hollywood

The picturesque character who dares to reprimand even the greatest of the film stars

By DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN

HOLLYWOOD is haunted! Up and down its boulevards, thru its studio lots, among its stucco villas and disappearing-bled bungalows stalks a strange figure, barefooted, with flowing white locks and beard, and staff in hand. Perhaps some convivial souls are enjoying a midnight scoff-law party in a famous movie star's home. Out of the night, without warning, steps a patriarch in a coarse, spotless white shirt with a great collie at heel, and stands scowling upon the scene.

"Sure, there's an evil spirit in this house!"—being bootleg, it probably is. He tosses his arms in Old Testament style, "Woe upon ye who profane the, Timple av the Livin' God which is your body!"

His voice booms out—the voice of one crying aloud in the wilderness of real-estate signs, glass roofs and illegal oases which is Hollywood. His eyes, bright blue, and like the Ancient Mariner's, glittering, blaze upon them. Then he is gone. But the party is a total loss so far as gaiety goes thereafter.

Perhaps a particularly "pash" scene is being shot on a studio stage, with the vamp doing her stuff and the poor young man being led astray. Onto the set strides the familiar figure and addresses the hapless actor with withering scorn:

"Why are ye demeanin' yourself with that degenerate stuff! Don't be talkin' to me av your contracts! Go out and get a clean job collectin' honest garbage rather than fill the minds av young folks with such licentiousness!"

Or it may be a stout continuity writer waddling along the Boulevard who draws down the lightning of his terribly fearless tongue. "Lave the flesh pots be, ma'am, and drink orange-juice!" Or a gouty director leaning heavily on his cane who is adjured, always in a bell-like shout, "Throw away that cane and walk upright, mon! You're an insult to the God who made ye. Eat no more of the flesh av swine and cattle and you'll be all right!"

Peter, the Hermit, has a vocabulary of robust and hearty words. Who he is and where he came from, nobody knows, but for years he has lived in a tent under the live oaks, high in the Hollywood foothills, with his goats and jackasses. And every day he descends from his hillside to walk among men and scatter precepts and admonitions of such salient honesty that he might be called the Conscience of Hollywood. The most famous star quails, the most successful director falters, the richest oil promoter shrinks under his bright blue, penetrating gaze. No respecter of persons is Peter—or, as he puts it pungently, he "'oulds onto nobody's shirt-tails! "I've got nothin' and I want nothin' and so I'm the most feared man on earth!" says he, striking his great chest a mighty blow. "What could I buy with money? I can do more with the power of thought and the truth that is in me!"

Hollywood has many strange characters, but none stranger than its Hermit. Artists look longingly at his rugged figure and weathered face, like that of a John the Baptist, and beg him to sit for them, but Peter only shakes his white mane and swings away, peddling his roots and herbs for bread and fruit. Curiosity has several times lured him into the cast of a motion picture—Men, Women and Marriage, and Souls in Bondage—but you have only to mention the word "movie" to him to bring down an avalanche of Biblical phrases of scorn.

"Sex and jazz and crime!" he proclaims, flourishing his staff; "how can they build a faine, clean structure out av rotten material? But if a director ever makes a film with the love av Christ in his heart, the pictures will become the church av the Future!"

Up the steep hillside to his primitive home is a path worn by the feet of visitors, for—they say in Hollywood—Peter, the Hermit, can heal many illnesses. Here Mae Murray's French heels have clambered when doctors could not ease the pain of her Kleig eyes—and Peter cured her.

(Continued on page 86)
A Brief for the Butcher

By
EARL HUDSON

Illustrations
by Eldon Kelley

Novelists and playwrights bitterly criticize the film “doctors” for operating upon their brain children.

If stage plays and popular novels are worth buying for screen productions, why are they not worthy of being screened exactly as written?

This argument is put forth by quite a few authors and playwrights, who bitterly criticize the picture producers for “mutilating” or “butcher ing” their brain children. On the face of it, the argument appears conclusive and unanswerable, but like all arguments there are two sides to this one.

As a member of the brotherhood which has been the object of the scorn of the perturbed author and playwright, I am “going into court” as it were, to present the case for the producer. It is not a defense which I am to offer, for the word “defense” immediately connotes guilt, and I do not wish in any way to convey the impression that we admit that we are in error or that we have an alibi or excuse to offer.

Legitimate Liberties

One must admit that the producers have taken “liberties” with books and plays purchased for the screen, but these so-called liberties are taken for good and sufficient reasons.

Literature, the stage, and the motion picture represent three distinct arts. Each has its own peculiar technique. In literature the story which the author wishes to tell is presented by means of the written word. On the stage the dramatist presents his story by means of the spoken word, assisted, of course, by the expressive voice of the actor. But to the screen there is only one means of telling a story—by a visual expression of action by the members of the cast.

In one respect the screen is limited in its story-telling scope. The writer of a novel has an unlimited scope. Not only can he give a word-picture of action, but also he can treat with mental reaction and mental process. In other words, he can make his reader understand and appreciate what his characters are thinking. Unfortunately for the picture-maker, no camera has yet been invented that can photograph the mind in action.

Then there is the matter of time. A reader can take just as long as he pleases to read and digest his written entertainment. A chapter that he doesn’t quite grasp or understand at the first reading can be re-read. A turn of the page does the trick. But there is no opportunity to go back while watching the film unfold its story. Then again, the picture-maker must tell his story in a given length of film, with a time limit for the usual feature of about an hour and a half. In this comparatively short space of time he must tell the story that the author probably used three hundred pages to narrate.

In the case of the stage, the playwright has the great advantage of the spoken word—even more impressive than the written word—with which to tell his story. Of course, the picture producer has his subtitles, but there is a limit to these. Picture patrons go to the theater to be entertained by action. They want to see the story unfolded in action, not by descriptive titles.

Gradually the subtitle is growing less popular. The producer is endeavoring to use as few titles as possible, realizing that lengthy titles are boring to the audience. Of course, motion pictures will always have subtitles, for it is impossible to relate a film play without them. I do believe, however, that we shall soon be making pictures with half, or even less than half, the titles now carried in the average picture. The titles of the future will be confined only to direct dialog that is assumed to pass between the players.

Screen-Proof Yarns

Appreciating the limited scope of the motion picture, it is easy to understand why certain situations in a book or play cannot be transferred to the screen. Unable to tell these incidents in action, we naturally are forced to discard them for something that can be told in action.

Not one book in a thousand can be produced on the screen as written. This chiefly for the reason that they are designed primarily for fictional consumption and not written with any regard to the widely different technique of pictures.

The stories that we refer to in the industry as “screen-proof” are rare indeed. One of the best examples of a “screen-proof” story that has ever come to my notice is The Sea Hawk. This because the story from start to finish was one of action—action that could be told pictorially. Sabatini, its author, dealt with action alone. There were no lengthy chapters in this book devoted to the mental processes of the characters, describing what they were thinking about or debating in their minds.
There are always two sides to every argument, and in response to the request of countless movie fans we have asked one of the brotherhood, who is accountable for the so-called “mutilation” or “butchering” of novels and dramas, to tell his side of the story—to explain why it is necessary, when a popular novel is prepared for the screen, to change situations and endings, or to omit much of the “business” that seems so important in the book. Mr. Hudson has been connected with First National Productions for many years, and not only has supervised the preparation of many of their most successful pictures made from “best sellers,” but is the author of original screen stories as well, among them, “Sundown,” soon to be released.

Their thoughts were transferred into action. Every piece of action in the story conveyed to the reader the thoughts and the mental process that were behind it. To transpose the interesting and adventurous tale to the screen, Frank Lloyd, its producer and director, interpreted the action of Sabatini’s written word to the visual action of the film and produced a marvellous picture.

But stories like The Sea Hawk are few and far between. For the most part a story is purchased for its theme, or for one or two incidents in the book around which a screen story can be evolved—a story which very often is infinitely better than the original book.

Often a producer purchases the screen rights to a book that he may use but one incident in the story. As a whole, the story is “unfilmable.” Yet the producer is willing to purchase the book in order that he may use this one original idea.

Filming Philosophy

Take the case of Edna Ferber’s widely read novel, So Big. The theme of this story is based on a young woman’s desire for the better things of life, contrasting the drear existence which had been forced on her by circumstances. After her marriage to an uneducated, unsympathetic Dutch farmer, she becomes the mother of a son, and at his birth resolves that she will devote her life to giving her offspring the finer benefits which had been denied her.

The first section of the story is devoted mainly to a psychological study of the condition existing between the young woman, Selina Peake, and her father. The second half is almost wholly devoted to an account of her son’s later life, but, in the telling of this, the most “filmable” part of the story, Selina Peake is but a minor character.

In filming the story it would be almost impossible to visualize the philosophy of the earlier sequences and connect it with the more realistic picture material in the latter half of the book.

In producing it, it was advisable to devote the play to almost entirely to the story of the young woman and her son.

To give a perfect picturization of the Edna Ferber story would mean the introduction of characters in the first half of the play which, while important to the telling of the story of Selina Peake and her father, would have to be dropped when interpreting the second and more important phase of the young woman’s life.

One Story at a Time

While in a book it is possible to introduce important characters, and again drop them as the main thread of the story is taken up, this cannot be done successfully in the picture. A picture play can deal only with one story at a time. Characters are introduced to tell a story which must progress and build logically to its climax.

When once we start to unfold the story, we must stick to one direction. We cannot leave the main thread of the plot or theme to treat with extraneous characters, not essential to the telling of our story, although this can be done, and often advantageously, by the novelist.

Not all authors and playwrights would convict the picture producer of mutilation. For instance, Bernard K. Burns, the author of the stage play The Woman on the Jury, admitted recently that the picturization of this tensely dramatic play of the courtroom was far better than his successful drama of the spoken play. And most of the dramatic critics in the cities where this picture had been shown have agreed with him.

The reason that the film version of this play was accorded wider approval was no doubt on account of the liberty taken in making the two principal characters in the play married instead of being engaged.

In the stage play, “the woman on the jury” was a single young woman, engaged to be married to one of the male jurors. The case they were trying was one of murder—a girl charged with killing the man who had ruined her and then deserted her. The woman on the jury had had an experience in her earlier life similar to the accused—the same man being her seducer. But this was unknown to her juror husband-to-be.

The dramatic highlight of the play takes place in the jury room when the girl, in order to save the accused young woman, bares her past life and her experience with the dead man, although she fully realizes that she jeopardizes her sweetheart's love.

(Continued on page 90)
Sweet Belles
Out of Tune

If Mary Philbin (left) were "making up" that face at us, we'd prepare immediately to dodge the pitcher she carries so lovingly in The Rose of Paris.

Does a duchess ever become perturbed? It seems possible; Laurette Taylor (right), much upset, plays the duchess in One Night in Rome.

Just look at these terror-widened (or rage-distended) eyes that Bebe Daniels (below) displays in Sinners in Heaven. And Richard Dix looks fairly determined and noble.

Jane Novak (left, center) doesn't display any great degree of calmness, either, in Two Shall Be Born. Something unwelcome has certainly got on her nerves.

It seems impossible that John Patrick (above, right) can listen so calmly to those shrieks of Colleen's. Really, he should be the one to have his hands over his ears. But he is probably accustomed to such outbursts, for in Temperament he plays the part of press-agent.

Betty Jordan, in the person of Corinne Griffith, looks as if she has just had the kind of shock that demands a low moan. It's in Single Wives.

The old limerick, I really insist that I shall not be kissed, But then you are stronger than I am, is illustrated by Marguerite Snow in K—
JUST a few dramatic close-ups of a number of your favorite stars as they appear in tense scenes in their new pictures, which will be released this fall.

I HATE a girl who’s always sweet, and always smiling and contented; give me a dame who’ll stamp her feet, and shriek and pound and act demented. This sugary stuff—let others try it; I want some pepper in my diet.

—from Songs of Don Juan, Jr.

No, this isn’t “Arms and the Men”; it’s Gloria, gorgeously mad in *Wages of Virtue*. If she could reach it, she’d likely be tearing that handkerchief to shreds with her teeth.

Madge Bellamy’s eyes can shoot fire, as well as rain tears and scatter smiles, as witness this picture from *Love and Glory*.

Valentino, pleading for a hand, seems to have succeeded in getting a handful. And it looks very much as tho Doris Kenyon would shortly “hand him one”—poor, handsome Beaucaire.

Furs and fury and Frederick—Pauline of that name—ably assisted by a gun and a gardenia will all be found in *Three Women*.

Perhaps Ronald Colman is telling Marie Prevost to hold her shoulders back, in *Tarnish*, and then again perhaps he isn’t. It’s uncertain. But there’s no doubt that she is peeved.

Doesn’t it seem possible that Eve Southern has some sort of lethal weapon in her hand that you cannot see? If she has, we will positively not be responsible for consequences. When any lady looks like that—for the real answer, see *Sinners in Heaven*.
The Story

“I was the world’s bashfullest kid,” says Charles Ray, “and I used to long for a nickname; so I was as pleased as punch when the fans began to call me ‘Charlie,’ it seemed so friendly.”

other fellows. And even now—well, my friends call me “Charles,” and every once in a while an interviewer hints that I’m exclusive or up-stage, when the real truth is I was scared to death of him!

Somehow I’ve always been glad that the fans called me “Charlie”—it seems friendlier, as tho they felt acquainted.

I suppose a good place to begin is with my ancestors. According to those eugenic charts they print, a man depends largely on the kind of ancestors he’s picked out. Mine were Scotch-Irish, with a little bit of French. Father and mother were Kansas homesteaders in a day when Kansas was Far West. Their ranch was twenty miles from a neighbor, but they used to have their good times—father had the only musical instrument in the state, I guess, an old parlor organ, and whenever they held a community dance he used to load the organ on the spring-wagon and take it along. I used that incident in a photoplay you may remember.

My sister, Birdie May, was born in Kansas, but before I came along two years later my parents had moved to Jacksonville, Illinois, where father ran a big grocery—the kind that carries confectionery, perfumery, and notions on the side. They named me Charles Edward Alfred Ray, after my father and two uncles on either side of the family, so there wouldn’t be any hard feelings, and I signed all four names up to the time I became a picture-star and dropped the middle two to save electric-light bills for the theater owners.

The first thing I remember was being dressed in a starched Fauntleroy lace collar and getting into the rain-water barrel by the back door to take the stiffness out. I also—I am told—had

Talking about yourself is the hardest thing in the world—at least for me. You see I’ve always been rather shy and aloof from people. I am still, tho Heaven knows it isn’t because I want to be. There are words you hear a lot of these days—“suppressed,” “inhibited”—maybe that’s what is the matter with me. Anyhow I know I’d made up my mind to be an actor when I was eight years old and I never told my family till I was sixteen, tho it was the biggest thing in my life—I just couldn’t put it into words somehow.

When I was a kid I didn’t belong to a gang and I never had a nickname like “Peanuts” or “Sport” or “Shorty.” While the other boys in town would be putting crossed pins on the railroad track, robbing melon patches, or going to the old swimming-hole, I was playing theater all by myself in the backyard where I’d rigged up a stage of soap-boxes and a curtain of burlap bags. At sixteen, when everyone was giving parties, I used to stand in a corner and look on, and wish I dared to kid the girls like the
of My Life

By Charles Ray

the sinful habit of throwing the family silverware out into the alley to hear it jingle. Let the psychoanalyst make the best of that!

For some reason the name "Peoria" always brings a laugh. It was to this humorous town we moved next. There, at the age of five, in kilts and round ringlets, I made my first public appearance, reciting a poem of twenty-two verses entitled There Is No Sex in Heaven, at a Sunday-school concert. And there I was taken, chiefly because there was no one to leave me with—to the theater to see a road-show performance of The Royal Box, an old-fashioned melodrama filled with sneering villains, gold-braided uniforms, and soul-satisfying bloodshed. From that moment my future was decided. I was an actor!

Mother used to read Tales From Shakespeare to us, and I rigged up a toy theater and produced them. I suppose to anyone else it looked like a box with a red bandanna handkerchief that rolled up and down over a spool, but to me it was a stage which I peopled with soldiers and kings to suit my will. Afterward I made a back-yard stage, and was my own playwright, manager, cast of characters and audience, too, tho when the marble season was over and before the kite season began every kid in town would be there.

By this time I was going to school, tho I confess here and now that I never took any medals for scholarship and mine was too often the kind of report card a boy tries to lose on the way home. There seemed so many more important things to think about than the whereabouts of Botany Bay and the case of the boy who was given forty-seven cents and told to buy six-and-a-half pounds of sugar at four-and-a-half cents a pound.

My first romance occurred at this period, when I was seven or eight. All the little boys in the second grade had little girls to walk home with except myself. We had moved again to Springfield, Illinois, in the middle of the school term, and I guess the girls had all been taken. But the curlyhead across the aisle used to ask me to sharpen her pencil, and one day I stammered that I wouldn’t sharpen any more unless she promised to be my girl. She nodded agreement and whispered a request to borrow my pocket-knife. I handed it across the aisle and that perfidious woman of seven experimented until she could sharpen her own pencil. Then she handed the knife back, made up a face, and wrote upon her slate a large derisive "No!"

Springfield was a large town to a small-town boy, and many road shows stopped to give a one-night performance at the Opera House. All this time I’d never even hinted my theatrical ambitions at home—my father used to talk of making a
When I was ten, the Ray family came West to Needles, Arizona. Father had gone on ahead and wrote back that the Indians were so tame that they would come up and look into the windows, which naturally filled me with the liveliest anticipations. At Needles, for the first time in my life, I saw mountains, incredibly high to eyes which had known only rolling cornfields. A few miles away from town was a spot where a meteor had fallen, and at four every afternoon a wind whistle thru a cleft in the hills with a weird sound—all of which captured my imagination.

That summer I worked in a grocery-store, sweeping, wrapping bundles of sugar and soap, but as always my dream world was so much realer than the actual one that I remember that my employer voiced it as his opinion that that “wool-gathering kid won amount to much in this world.”

There was a cash register in that store which I was deathly afraid of. I never touched it if I could help it, but one day when I was alone a man came in in a hurry and asked me to change a twenty-dollar bill. In my confusion I rang up twenty dollars’ sales instead of pressing the “No Sale” key. When the clerk returned from lunch he found me in a panic and proceeded to have a lot of fun with me. He painted such a vivid picture of the owner’s rage when he discovered twenty dollars’ shortage in the till that I saw prison bars dancing before my wretched eyes. I went into a dark corner and it seemed to me that I would die of shame and disgrace. To this day I can remember with a feeling of sickness the drip-drip of the molasses spigot nearby and the unfamiliar, queer look everything had.

Whenever it has been necessary for me to register despair and misery in a picture I have only to think of that dark hour among the soap-boxes and excelsior! But I must have got over my dread of handling money, for the next summer I was cashier in the Fred Harvey railroad restaurant at Needles.

When I was in my early teens and entering High School, we moved to Los Angeles. The real-estate boom hadn’t commenced, and it was a sleepy country town with orange groves and ranches where Hollywood is today. By the way, I wonder whether most people know that Hollywood was first “Hollywood,” named by a religious sect which planted groves of trees there?

The highest light of this period of my life was when, after escorting my mother and sister to a circus bench, I made some excuse to leave them and appeared before their astonished—and I imagined dazzled gaze—half an hour later dressed in red ravin tights and a top hat and leading two prancing ponies into the ring for the Sisters Starr the Equine Marvels!

And still I hadn’t told the folks that I wanted to become an actor, tho they had begun to guess it from my devotion to the theaters, where I would usher or distribute hand-bills to earn a chance to watch a show from the front, and would nearly kill myself tugging trunks about, and hauling a weighted curtain up and down in order to be allowed behind the scenes. Once in a great while the manager would let me “supe,” and I would have a glorious evening toting a spear or serving a papier-mâché banquet with entirely uncalled-for moustaches, or full sets of beards adorning my round countenance. I was six feet tall by this time, all hands and feet, and I must have been a funny sight from the audience’s viewpoint.

When I was in another Ince two-reeler—a story of the Civil War
When Constance Plays

She takes her cue, a fleet smile on her face;
She estimates her stroke with guileless care—
And plays the game with a delightful grace.

The ivory ball rolls swiftly into place;
Another stroke is hers—so, debonair,
She takes her cue, a fleet smile on her face.

Though other balls give hers an even chase,
She ever wins, with many counts to spare,

And plays the game with a delightful grace.

When the Director megaphones through space,
Amid the deafening din, and the kleigs' glare,
She takes her cue, a fleet smile on her face.

And though the hours are long, and hard the pace,
She never tires, complains, or seems to care—
But plays the game with a delightful grace.

May your life, Constance, ne'er be commonplace;
Though should you meet Misfortune anywhere,
You'd take your cue, a fleet smile on your face,
And play the game with a delightful grace.

—Larry Moore.
SITTING in the darkened movie around the corner and watching our favorite star in the throes of bitter anguish, we do not realize that her tears and emotions are real. We think her a wonderful actress! As recently as five years ago, in the majority of cases, when tears were needed in a dramatic scene, glycerin was smeared in the eyes and on the cheeks of the maiden or youth forlorn, and the necessary effect (such as it was) was gained. Now the director, the cameraman, and the electricians sit silently by, while the musicians play upon the emotions of the star with Home, Sweet Home, or Massenet's Elégie, or a selection requested by the star herself, until her snow-white bosom rises and falls with unfeigned emotion.

The director watches her, much as the proverbial cat watches the mouse, until the desired expression of agony is gained, then a rapid call of "Camera," and the crew answer as one man. Thus, the wonderful dramatic scene in the climax of the million-dollar production, Flaming Fires of Fievolent Love, comes into existence, to be recorded in the immortal archives of the Hall of Photographic Fame!

But everything has a beginning, and to Billie Burke belongs the honor of being among the first stars to realize the usefulness of music. Her initiation was something like this: Biff! Bang! Biff! Bang! Crash!—thru the uproar a whistle—and then quiet! Out of the sudden silence a small voice wailed: "It's no use, I can't do it with that awful din either! Everything is so unnatural; no audience; no atmosphere; nothing but mechanical sounds that frighten me!"

The voice belonged to none other than Billie Burke, the musical-comedy favorite. It was to be her first appearance on the screen, and, much to the disgust of both Billie Burke and her director, she had camera-fright so badly that she could not do a thing when she heard the click-click of the crank and the hiss of the Kleig lights. Her rehearsals were perfect, but the minute the business of actual "shooting" commenced, Billie Burke lost her head. So in desperation they had told all the carpenters to pound with might and main at the call of "Camera." Now this expedient had failed.

Deep gloom prevailed until an electrician on a near-by set happened to whistle a popular air from The Pink Lady. This tune was familiar to Billie and brought the answer to her problem. Triumphantly she exclaimed, "I have it! Music, of course! We must have something to create atmosphere as well as cover up the sounds." So they found a violinist, and he played earnestly and lustily every time the camera began to grind. Tho his choice of music might be anything from Hearts and Flowers or Forgotten, for light-comedy scenes, to Yankee Doodle for drama, Billie Burke could act. The music concealed the hated sounds.

In the days of Billie Burke and a few years before, a violinist was used here and there, where a director or star demanded it. But the producers were hard men to convince when it came to musicians, being a necessity; therefore, no musician could make a decent living by sticking to playing for the movies. Today, there are quartets that have persisted thru the years, receiving a weekly check which would tempt a successful bootlegger to give up bootlegging and take lessons in Harmony. And the demand for appropri-

The director and three assistants are endeavoring to find the tune that will make Marjorie Daw weep

Douglas Fairbanks is directing his famous trio, who have played for him more than two years
IN this first article the motion picture stars tell you what they think about the influence of music in the business of creating emotion. Next month the directors will give their ideas on the subject; and then the musicians themselves will speak to you in the last article of the series.

By DORIS DENBO

Music and the production of pictures has caused a music-publishing company in the East to pay a fabulous sum to Victor L. Schertzinger, famous composer and director, for fifty themes a year to be used in pictures where certain emotions are paramount.

Sweethearts, wives and husbands take note! Mr. Schertzinger says he can harness all the human emotions to the strains of melody. When Friend Wife is in a bad humor because Friend Husband was out late the night before, losing at poker, he will ease over to the old Victrola and put on Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms, Home, Sweet Home, Forgotten, or Promise Me. Or, if fortunate and forearmed, he will have some of Schertzinger's special themes on hand, and play those marked, Gentle Happiness, Romance, Tears, Contrition, Love. And he will soon have the rate one hanging on his neck in loving concern.

Betty Compson often picks up a violin and plays with the musicians until she is in the mood of the scene; while Pola Negri needs only a measure from a Polish folk-song to bring tears to her eyes.

for his well-being and happiness, Mr. Schertzinger says it will work, for he has never used an artificial emotional effect or glycerin tear in any picture under his direction. He says he substitutes the studio organ, violin and cello for a megalophone.

Marshall Neilan has his own special stringed quartet under contract to him. The McCarger Quartet must always be ready for him whenever he starts a picture. Often they are sent for to go East; and they have played for every star, old and new, for seven years.

And yet, Constance Talmadge foiled their every attempt to bring tears to her snappy brown eyes while playing for her latest comedy, Heart Trouble. It took a wheezy old phonograph, much to the chagrin of the boys, to do the work and accomplish the sob stuff.

Constance likes all the latest Memphis and Birmingham Blues—snappy jazz for her! But in this one scene, Sidney Franklin, her director, said she just must cry. That is an ordeal for Constance at any time, and this day she was particularly cheerful. The McCarger boys confidently started out on all the old sob standbys, with the greatest of feeling. But the tunes over which Marshall Neilan's stars and many others had wept copiously failed. Constance's director and musicians were at their wit's end; Constance was frankly thoughtful. She would like to help them make her cry—and, besides, those horrible old dirges were getting on her nerves terribly!

Suddenly she remembered that on a dusty old shelf in the studio the other day she had run across an old talking machine and a few old records that were popular in her childhood days, and, as she remembered it, she had wanted to cry! The good news was told to Sidney Franklin, and a few minutes later the screechy old phonograph was (Continued on page 94)
THE DEAREST SCREEN MOTHER OF ALL

The screen has many fine actresses who excel in playing the rôle of the fashionable modern mother or grandmother, but Mary Carr surpasses them all in portraying the old-fashioned homely mother, radiating tenderness, sympathy and contentment.
Theodore Roberts is a native Californian and has climbed to an enviable place on the topmost round of the ladder that leads to success on both the stage and screen. As a young actor he preferred the rôle of villain—his favorites being Svengali and Simon Legree. But when he deserted the footlights for the Kleigs he discovered gradually that the rôle which made him happiest was that of the gruff, but really kind father. And it is a rôle in which the fans doubly adore him. At present Mr. Roberts is recovering from a long illness, but his followers will surely meet him on the screen again this winter. This photograph was taken specially for this magazine, in the sun parlor of his home in Beverly Hills, California.
The next moment he had turned and left the room, slamming the door behind him.

STANTON BRAITHWAITE arrived with the kitten-like Hope at his bachelor apartment at an early hour in the morning.

Hope in her innocent manner made it embarrassing for him at every turn. There were two rooms and a kitchenette. When Stanton took Hope into his bedroom, there came into the girl's eyes for a moment that primal fear of innocent maidenhood. Then she shook it off with a toss of her now tousled head. But Stanton thruout was very stern. He told her with a frown—which her suddenly lowered eyes did not see—that she was to sleep here in his bed. And as he explained no further, the look of fear returned. But again Hope threw it off by taking a broad step in the direction of her fears.

She was now vainly trying to untie a knot in her frayed shoestring. She looked appealingly at him several times and finally without a word he bent down trying to assist her. Hope lifted her skirt slightly before him and he pulled it down with a jerk and a frown. Hope resented this Puritanical streak, as she considered it. It reminded her disagreeably of her trials at home. For a moment she was disappointed in him again.

Having made everything ready for her to go to bed, Stanton stood in the doorway uncertainly a moment.

"Now, you be all in bed when I return!" he said peremptorily. The next moment he had turned and left the room, slamming the door behind him. Stanton stood still on the other side of the door for a moment and sighed. He felt that he had been unduly harsh with the girl and longed to go back and tell her so. But he turned resolutely to the kitchenette. She must be hungry, he thought. He was.

So he forthwith prepared some coffee and made some sandwiches and, with a little feeling of pleasure over the way he would surprise her, he tiptoed to the door and knocked, bearing a huge cup of coffee which he prided himself on making and several very chunky sandwiches.

But weary and worn in ill-doing, Hope had fallen asleep almost as soon as her head touched the pillow.

Stanton stood there beside her bed for a long while, contemplating the beautiful innocence of her with a new sensation in his heart that made him feel like a guilty wolf. Then with tears near the surface and in some perplexity as to just what to do with her now that he had her, he kissed her cheek with a sigh and turned off the light and quietly left the room, closing the door behind him just as tho he were leaving a church into which he had prowled unreligiously.

Hank Brown had overheard his mother and Aunt Charity discussing the runaway of Hope, and his own cowardly soul was inspired to go and do likewise. All that he could remember was that he had been drunk, and in his father's Biblical code there was no balm in Gilead for such an offense. For he had no recollection of his father's return and their dramatic meeting. That dread of his father would have driven him to even greater lengths and breadths.

Hank had secretly hoarded just about enough money to carry him to the city. He, too, had Orkney's address and he knew that his troubles would be over just as soon as he got to Orkney and told him the whole story. Besides, Hope would be there and he felt, with a shudder of misgiving, that somehow he would be well taken care of because he was her brother.

But Orkney had just undergone an ordeal that was not calculated to put him in the best of humors. He had
come home to his apartment with a feeling of sensual triumph. He was quite sure that sooner or later, Hope Brown would come walking into the trap he had partially baited for her. If she did not, he would return in a few days and bring her by sheer force of his persuasive personality.

Orkney reentered his apartment filled with these pleasing anticipations and found to his dismay that his wife, no longer able to bear the strain of her yearning for him, had returned!

"I am sure it has all been my fault," she told him tearfully, "because of my lack of devotion to you!"

Orkney had not quite reached the point of baseness where he could tell her what he was then thinking. "You're too damned devoted; that's the trouble!" he thought.

Orkney was unrepentant and remained sullen and ugly until the inevitable quarreling began again and then he became furious. So sometime the same night his patient and long-suffering wife again took her departure.

"Come for me whenever you want me, and I'll return," she had told him, and the words lashed and cut him with ranking remorse all the following day. He was sulking gloomily about the apartment when the doorbell rang. He half-hoped and half-feared it might be his wife returning. He nervously opened the door. It was Hank!

Orkney forgot his wife instantly in a surge of expectancy. "Where's your sister—Hope?" he asked.

"That's what I came to ask you," stammered Hank. The boy then proceeded to tell all that had transpired. But when he disclosed that Hope had in all probability been in the city for forty-eight hours, Orkney threw up his hands in disgusted dismay.

"Either an accident's happened to her, or—" he sighed and smiled unpleasantly. "Or somebody's got hold of her! Somebody else like himself, he meant. Hank understood him and grew pale. Then he broke out into a spasm of fury at the way Fate had bowled him over on all sides.

He vented his rage on Hank, "Now, scoot, you, and take your bad luck with you! When you can bring your sister back here with you, come back. But not until then!"

Hank turned and faced the city with a soul that was ready to stoop to anything that would save his body.

Hope rose at her habitually early hour and found Stanton sleeping uneasily, cold and cramped, in a Morris chair. Something, too, which she did not altogether comprehend came into her heart then and there. For as she stood there gradually realizing the caliber of the sacrifice he was making for her, Hope fell dead in love with Stanton Braithwaite. Suddenly Stanton turned with a groan, and she had a great desire to go forward and minister gently to him. But instead, ran hurriedly away from him, covered with confusion.

Hope then turned to and with a practice born of long service she found the necessary victuals and prepared his breakfast. She was in the kitchenette behind the "sooty" when she saw him rise with a start. She kept perfectly still for a moment. He looked at his watch and registered with a frown the ungodly hour. But he rose and put on a dressing-gown and tiptoed into her room. He hurried out with a much-disturbed countenance which broke into a happy smile as he espied her before the little gas stove.

"You shouldn't do that," he said, unconvincingly.

"Why not?" she asked in dismay.

"Why, I have a woman who comes in—and—"

"A woman?" asked Hope, her voice catching.

"A sort of housekeeper; as old as the hills."

"Oh—uh," murmured Hope and she resumed her job.

Hope sat down opposite Stanton. They looked at each other seriously for a moment, then both smiled. It was a curious situation.

"Best breakfast I ever ate!" Stanton avowed when he finished. They would take at least two meals at home, he thought. That would provide a temporary "position" for her.

An hour or so after breakfast, Stanton went out and a few minutes later the housekeeper arrived.

To say that Mrs. McDowell was amazed, is putting it mildly; she was scandalized. She checked the honest indignation of a good woman until she could wheedle all the dreadful and disgusting particulars from the very-ready-to-talk Hope.

"It was I yesterday, just as it is you today, and heaven knows who it will be tomorrow!"
“Been here all night, ain’t you?”

“Yes,” replied Hope awkwardly. “I slept in his room and he slept here.”

“Humph,” doubted Mrs. McDowell, who was thinking that it was Mr. Braithwaite’s first absolute departure from decency by bringing one of his many lady friends home for the night. She put the worst and, after all, most natural construction on Hope’s presence. She was quite sure the sort of person Hope must be. The more she thought about it the more outraged she felt until her houseworker’s refined conscience could no longer stand for such a mistress and she came out plainly and told Hope so.

“You know what you’re adoin’ then, I suppose?”

“Of course I do,” retorted Hope, irritated by Mrs. McDowell’s manner.

“Well, then, you won’t mind my tellin’ you that you must be a very, very bad woman to be livin’ with a nice young man this way!”

“You don’t have to tell me I’m bad. I know it, don’t I?”

She faced Mrs. McDowell defiantly.

You could have knocked the virtuous Mrs. McDowell over with a feather. She had looked for a tearful denial and had generously intended to do a little reformatory. But upon Hope’s brazen acknowledgment there seemed but one clean course to pursue, so she picked up her things peremptorily and left.

When Mrs. McDowell had departed, Hope sat down and thought it over. She was not altogether displeased to learn that she had become a bad woman in the eyes of others, altho a little surprised at how little she had to sacrifice and how surprisingly delightful it all was.

Then Stanton came in and she delightfully repeated the whole story. Stanton was furious.

“I want to stay always here with you and cook your meals and everything!” she continued.

“Look here!” said Stanton almost roughly, turning upon her sharply, “Are you trying to be smart, or just funny? This is serious business for both of us. Can’t you realize it?” Then he saw that he had wounded Hope and he was immediately repentant and could almost have taken her into his arms.

“Forgive me, if I have hurt you; but I am trying to think what is best for you.” Hope was weeping now. On seeing her in such distress he yielded all his scruples. “Please, don’t do that, Hope—I’m going to call you Hope—

—I have thought of a way. You can be my cook now that the estimable Mrs. McDowell has resigned. You won’t really be my cook, you know, but—”

Stanton paused, realizing that this new status was, if anything, worse than the old. “Oh, the devil with it all!”

Hope looked up, smiling through her tears. “I’ll do all the work and I’ll sleep in the Morris chair,” she said, beginning the new régime by carrying out some dishes. “No, you won’t, either,” he contradicted. “I’ll do at least half the work, and I’ll buy a divan, all for myself!”

Ezekiel Brown

and his wife felt the stigma of their guilt resting upon them like a bereavement. They knew that the return of their children was the only way in this world to lift it. They sat down in the gloomy parlor and talked it all over in low voices which Aunt Charity just outside the keyhole strained until she threatened a blood vessel trying in vain to make it intelligible. When they had finished, it was decided to go without delay to the city and leave no stone unturned. They knelt down beside one of the horsehair chairs and prayed with more fervor than ever before. Sarah’s thin hand was tightly clasped in Ezekiel’s; their heads bowed low with care.

They were just getting ready to leave the house when the Reform Committee entered en masse to discuss the serious way in which the war was inevitably going to affect the future of Syrian brides.

Ezekiel, with some return to his former austerity, told the Committee to get out. The Committee returned to its several homes too mad even to pray.

When they arrived in Los Angeles that night, Ezekiel and his wife realized that the very course they wished most to avoid would alone bring solution to the whereabouts or return of their children. The police informed them that no young people of the description of Hope or Hank had been reported. The city seemed to have swallowed them up.

“We can’t encourage you and we don’t want to discourage. Better hang around a few days and come in and see me once in a while,” the police sergeant on desk duty told them. And they trudged back to their hotel with heavy hearts. When they had left, the sergeant turned to a plainclothes man who sat reading a paper in the corner.

(Continued on page 80.)
The Girl Who Wanted To Look Exactly Like Herself

Whenever a picture calls for a slovenly servant, or a vicious villainess, or a maudlin moron, the casting director always says: "Aha! Dale Fuller can do it!" But finally, Miss Fuller lost her temper and said she wouldn't—she wanted to be dressed up and look like herself. So Elinor Glyn promised her a part to her liking in *His Hour*. Behold her as Countess Olga, posing with the author of the play. She doesn't look like even a thirty-second cousin to the Maria pictured above.
When Mae Busch

She told Harry Carr that she had "something many friends that she forgot what the has revenged himself by

NEVER found out what Mae Busch had on her mind.

She said she had something confidential to say to me. I am sure it must have been weighty and important.

In the first instance, she tried to tell me in front of the casting director's office at the Mayer-Goldwyn-Metro Studio. We were interrupted by about seven different people in every second. The casting director broke in with a funny story; two publicity men butted in, and an agitated young man without any hat came stewing and fuming into the group. He said he wanted to get a copy of Miss Busch's signature to make a stamp for the fan photographs.

"It's no use trying to talk here," said Mae, "I know a place where we can talk."

Wherever the place was, she never got there, En route she was held up by a costumer. Before the costumer had let her go, Major Rupert Hughes came along with a funny story about a censorship board. He was right in the middle of a good one when that same agitated young man came galloping up with more excitement than Mr. P. Revere felt upon the occasion of his moonlight horseback ride. It seems that in signing her name for the fan-mail stamp, Miss Busch had used the wrong kind of pen—or something.

Well, evidently it was no use trying to talk there. Miss Busch led the way to a secluded garden that had been used as a set for the Prince Hoozis palace in some former film drama. We sat down on an ancient stone settee, and Miss Busch said:

"Well, it's this way."

At this point, an assistant director hoo-hoed from the light studio across the way. He bounded over the shrubbery to tell Miss Busch to be sure to be on the set at two o'clock.

The still photographer, attracted by the noise, came over also to show her some proofs. He would have been there yet if he had not been thrust aside by an agitated young man with a paper in his hand. It was the young man who wanted to get Miss Busch's signature for the fan mail. It seems that she wrote it too small.

ONE time I read a novel by Gilbert K. Chesterton called The Man Who Was Thursday. It wasn't so much of a novel, but it suggested a valuable idea. It concerned some anarchists who found that their secret plots were always found out when they sneaked down into dark cellars to hold their meetings. They found the way to hold secret meetings was to do it right out in the open. So they picked out the most conspicuous table in the most crowded café in London and did their plotting at the tops of their voices. And, of course, nobody ever found out.

That may have been a great scheme for anarchists, but it was no good for Miss Busch and me. We tried it. We took a couple of chairs and placed them on the edge of Victor Seastrom's set; where

MAE, THE DIGNIFIED

Mae, The Demure

Mae, The Child

Mae, The Friendly

She is never too busy to chat with the electricians and other workmen in the studio
Grew Confidential
on her mind,” and then she chatted with so
“something” was—so our interviewer
telling stories about her

he was making the picture, *He Who Gets Slapped.*
In the first three minutes we were interrupted by three
electricians who wanted to say “Howd’do” to Miss
Busch; by two publicity men; by Conrad Nagel and two
other actors; and by Irving Thalberg, the manager of the
studio. Also by a wandering lady guest who felt that
she had a call from heaven to shake the hand of Miss
Busch. Lastly by an agitated young man who said that
in signing her name for the fan mail, Miss Busch had
used the wrong kind of ink, which wouldn’t do at all.
I was licked. They just outgamed me. So I never
found out what portentous matter was agitating the soul
of Mae Busch.
As I couldn’t find out, I will console the audience by
telling a couple of stories about Miss Busch.
Of all the women in Hollywood’s film colony, she is the
most original and refreshing. Charlie Chaplin says she is
the best actress on the screen. Some of the literary critics
say she is one of the best of our modern poets. Mae
herself says she lays claim to no such distinction. The only
accomplishment to which she points with pride, and possi-
bly some pardonable arrogance, is that she can roll her
own cigarettes without spilling the tobacco—much.
One of these stories is about Mae Busch’s dignity.
They decided in the “front office” that Mae was not digni-
fied enough for a regular star. So they led her gently
to one side and reasoned with her. They told her that
she had a position to consider; and if she could...

*MAE, THE FLAPPER*

*MAE, THE SOPHISTICATED*

*MAE, THE LOVABLE*

*MAE, THE IMPUDENT*

When she won a bet, made with Helene Chadwick,
that she could wear men’s clothes and not be
found out

well y’know . . . just a little bit more . . . y’know.
Mae was hurt, but she promised.
The next morning the old gate man was waiting for
her. He wanted to tell her a good one he had heard. Mae
inclined the tip of her nose just nine-sixteenths of an
inch and passed him with a “Good morning!” you could
hang icicles on. The old man looked astonished; then
he hurried after her:
“What’s a matter, Mae, sick or somethin’?”
Mae stifled a grin and hurried on.
As she passed one of the electricians to go on the set,
she said, “Say, have you got a
match, Mae? My pipe’s gone
out.”
With crushing dignity she
handed him the match and
passed on without a word.
The man looked thunder-
struck. Then he hurried
right onto the set after her:
“Is there anything the
matter, Mae?”
“No,” she said, with cutting
coldness, “there is nothing the
matter.”
The electricians just let the
lights go hang while they con-
sulted about the case. Finally
one of them walked right out
in front of the camera and
drew her to one side.
“Looka here, Mae,” he
said, “if there’s somebody
been doing something that
ain’t right to you, we want
you to tell us and we’ll knock
his teeth down his throat.
You just tell us who it is.”
It happened that one of the
Master Minds was on the
edge of the set. He sighed;
then he laughed. “For heav-
en’s sake,” he said ruefully,

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The King of the Fun-makers

The clown of today is a direct descendant of the devil who appeared in medieval miracle plays. The jester is his ancestor, and Pierrot, Harlequin and the mountebank are his first cousins. All who love this merry character will be delighted to meet him in the person of three famous motion picture actors this season, and note the difference in make-up and manner.

Monte Blue plays the rôle of Deburau in The Lover of Camille, but his make-up for the pantomime which is a part of the play is that of Pierrot, rather than King Clown.

Lou Chaney at last has been given a rôle other than villain. As the title character in He Who Gets Slapped, he wins the love and sympathy and praise of all who see him.

The make-up which Ernest Torrence chose in depicting the mountebank in The Side Show of Life, would without fail be awarded first prize by every lover of the circus. He is truly the clown that all small boys idolize.

THE SAUCY CLOWN

THE SAD CLOWN

THE MERRY CLOWN AND HIS PARTNER
FABLES IN CELLULOID

By Margaret Norris and Helen Hokinson

Max Bennett bathing girl grew tired of wearing immodest bathing-suits and of being shoved into the water, and longed to be the heroine in eight reels of adventure and romance.
"I am tired of being a comedy queen," she said, "and of making people laugh. I want to be a vamp in a glittering frock, or the little ingenue who swings on the gate in pink organdie, waiting for Him to come home. All I need to play the part is the right sort of clothes."
So she dressed herself in a Paris gown, such as Gloria Swanson might wear, and a beautiful drooping picture hat that hid her eyes with their comedy squint, which the public paid money to laugh at, and shaded her nose with its ridiculous pug that had put her name in headlines. Then she went to her manager and said: "Now cast me in the right sort of part."
But her manager looked at her and roared, "Ha! Ha! Go back to your bathing-suit! Fine feathers do not make fine birds."
Moral: (Re-read last sentence.)

Once there was a handsome hero who had made love to so many leading ladies before the camera that he had the art down to an irresistible finish. All the heroines swooned beneath his kisses, saying, "Does he not make love enchantingly! But it is all make-believe. He is only a man in a play, and he wears his heart on his sleeve."

But one day, as he kissed a pretty little ingenue, he felt an unexpected thumping in his chest and his heart came tumbling off his sleeve and fell at the lady's feet. Then he knew, for the first time, he was really in love.

But when he murmured, "I love you," she thought it was still part of the picture. When he kissed her passionately, saying, "Now won't you believe me?" she replied, "You have kissed a thousand girls that way. You are a deceiver." So the harder he protested the more scornful she became, until, in the end, she married a life-insurance agent who made love so crudely that she offered to teach him the art.

Moral: A liar is not believed even when he is telling the truth.

Handsome screen star used to laugh at his double who did all the routine posing for him, and stepped out of the picture just when the camera began to grind. "You are a poor prune," he would say to his double, "a tailor's dummy, content to stay in second place and shine in reflected glory."
But there chanced to come into the picture a perilous ride on the top of a narrow ledge, full of leaps and hazards. The hero pondered it and said to the director: "That is too dangerous for me. I cannot afford to risk my expensive neck in that. Let my double do it."
So the double led the coal-black charger to the top of the perilous ledge, and, before the eye of the camera, rode like the wind to glory.

Moral: "Such skill and bravery I have never seen. You are engaged at three thousand a week as hero in our next picture."
Then it was the double's turn to look at the hero and laugh, saying, "He laughs best who laughs last."
(Which is also the moral.)

A country girl once looked in her mirror and said, "I am too pretty to be a village belle, to watch the trains come and go, and vamp the country bumpkins. I will go to Hollywood and make my face immortal." So she gave her parents no rest until they scraped the family cash-box to buy her a ticket to California. She said to her weeping mother: "Soon I will send for you to come live with me; I will hang you with ropes of pearls, and we will live in a house like a palace." She said to her tract father: "Soon I will pay off all your mortgages, and you can snap your fingers at crops and bad weather." She said to her village lover: "Soon you can see me for fifty cents."

But in Hollywood the casting director took one look at her and wouldn't even bother to tell her why it was she wouldn't screen well. So she came home to find another mortgage on the farm, her mother weeping harder than ever, and her village lover married to the girl next door, who hadn't the wanderlust. So she went aloof and cried, "Why do the fairest fields always look the greenest?"
Moral: Be content with your lot.

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What I Can Read in the
A Complete Analysis

ONE occasionally has the good fortune to meet an old-fashioned girl. I had this pleasure when I made this analysis of Lillian Gish. All her success has left her just as unspoiled, modest, and natural as she can be.

The thing that impresses me most is the splendid way her brain functions. She has a way of thinking things out and expressing them in the most clean-cut fashion. An hour seems like five minutes when conversing with Miss Gish.

Her mouth is a very sensitive one, showing in the upper lip sympathy, a charitable nature with kindly interest toward her fellow beings, splendid poise and control. In the lower lip is found a well-developed maternal instinct; she is one who is a decided asset in the sick-room.

In the cheeks there is found industry, caution, and proof that she is a very reserved nature, and one who is too much repressed for her own good. She is a person who is very much interested in human nature. Society in general would have no interest for her; she would prefer solitude to association with uninteresting people; she always finds plenty to interest her even when alone, and enjoys reading and developing her mentality.

In the chin and jaw there is found persistency and determination; a very strong will; an affectionate nature; one who feels deeply.

The forehead shows a very good mentality and interest in things intellectual. Back of the hairline is shown a fullness which denotes a good command of English.

In the nose there is shown a good imagination, constructive ability,

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Faces of the Film Stars
By F. Vance de Revere

HAVING met and analyzed Lillian Gish, I found it doubly interesting to meet her sister Dorothy.

The thing that impressed me most in connection with Dorothy Gish was her friendly manner and her kindly interest and enthusiasm. Being sisters, and in the same vocation, it is only natural that I should compare them.

Dorothy's mouth is somewhat similar to Lillian's, with sympathy, kindness and a charitable nature in the upper lip; but here is also found ardor and enthusiasm. In the lower lip is found an affectionate nature.

In the cheeks there is found proof that hers is a nature that has the courage of its convictions; she is less timid in expressing her opinions than is Lillian, altho she is not an aggressive nature.

In the chin and jaw there is found love of the beautiful—she is a person who likes smart clothes and nice surroundings. Here there is found also persistency, determination, good powers of recuperation, and endurance. She is an affectionate person, with great loyalty toward her friends.

The forehead shows a good mentality and an unusually good memory; a far better memory than her sister.

In the nose there is found a good imagination, constructive ability, self-protection, and the ability to gather together knowledge from that which she sees and hears. She is a person who analyzes things.

In the hands there is shown a highly inspirational nature, tact.

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A VERY serious young man is Antonio Moreno; quiet and unassuming when with strangers, preferring to listen rather than to talk; a very sensitive, sympathetic nature, kindly disposed toward his fellow beings.

In reading Mr. Moreno's character there is shown in the upper lip a kind, charitable, sympathetic nature; in the lower lip, affection, steadfastness and loyalty in friendship.

In the chin there is an appreciation of all that is beautiful; he is one who loves nature, and likes to roam thru the country enjoying its beauties. His jaw shows endurance; a determined and persistent nature, with plenty of stick-to-it-iveness.

In the cheeks there is found honesty of purpose, industry, daring, and physical courage; a very intense, warm nature.

In the forehead there is found a good intellect; he is a person who thinks; who is earnest, and who takes life seriously, too seriously for his own good—he should develop a sense of humor. He has a good sense of location and can find his way about readily in strange places.

In the nose there is found a good imagination, high inspirations and ideals. He is an observing person, and one with a sense of economics; a person who will always look out for the "rainy day." In the hands, there is found an honest nature, with high ideals and inspirations.

In making a general summary of his character: "Tony" Moreno is idealistic, highly romantic and inspirational. He is one who lacks mathematical ability, but nevertheless has a sense of money values. A very kindly person is "Tony": a man who cares little for society or social life, but who is very loyal and fond of his friends and his family; a person who, when

(Continued on page 88)
WHEN I was a youngster, I remember being taken, in my very remote and very small native town, to see my first movie—and turning up my nose at it. Billed ponderously as So-and-So's "Epoch-Making Cinematographic Demonstration," it consisted of rural scenes with the slightest thread of drama, some feeble slap-stick comedy, and a flight and pursuit across the back-lots. There was also an obviously faked volcanic eruption, in which liquid paint oozed down a papier-mâché cone. The film flickered so, it was difficult to follow the action. One's eyes ached.

Without making allowances for the problems of what was then a new-born art, I sniffed: "Why don't they give us pirates, and dances in Turkish harem's, and Spanish bull-fights, and Japanese geisha girls? They've got the world to choose from." And being at that time a conceited tadpole, I added, "Leave me show 'em when I get to New York," or words to that effect.

It did not prove to be my rôle to elbow D. W. Griffith out of his job, or to show the movies anything on the technical side. I became a writer of a rather adventurous sort, who has been in out-of-the-way places and lived in many of the great cities of the earth. Everywhere, I found the pictures ahead of me, doing precisely the things I had bovishly demanded of them. The camera has missed few bets in recording the romance of Alaska and Java and the Seven Seas, to be included in the gigantic feature productions of our studios. On the other hand, the American pageant is a daily spectacle on the screens of theaters from Ireland to Tahiti.

I no longer scoff. I have joined in the applause.

And yet, as Joseph Hergesheimer pointed out in this magazine in August, the movies have a long way to go before they reach perfection. When the editor asked me to take a department in Motion Picture, and to make it as personal, as different as I could, I realized that usually I would be enthusiastic in what I wrote, and sometimes critical. Very well! With the free-lance spirit acknowledged to be at large in Confidences Off-Screen, both my readers and I should enjoy ourselves with some profit.

First Out of the Bag

ON receiving my assignment, I took the train out to the Famous Players' studio, at Astoria, Long Island, which sounds as if it might be a country town, but is really an outgoing section of New York City. It is easily the most pretentious studio in the East; I had never visited it before, tho I had been in many other studios, including the best in Europe. You've often read descriptions, so I refrain.

The following is surely enough to show what a fortunate moment I had dropped in: Rudolph Valentino was working with Dagmar Godowsky in one set. Gloria Swanson with Norman Trevor and Ben Lyon in a second, Bebe Daniels in a third, and Richard Dix in a fourth.

Scenes from four of the outstanding attractions for the winter were being shot as I looked on. It was decidedly interesting. I strolled from one to the other, and stopped finally on the edge of the Valentino outfit—A Sainted Devil would be the title of the picture, some one whispered in my ear, a Rex Beach tale with a South American background. Valentino had just started for his dressing-room, and Dagmar Godowsky was flaunting it alone in a boudoir scene. Her costume was black lace underwear, and I hope the censors don't veto it, for the effect was charming. Cast for a vamp who almost lures Rudolph from the heroine (Helen d'Algy as Julietta), Dagmar was a study in black and red: black hair parted in the middle and sleeked like the plumage of a bird, black eyebrows and eyelashes, rouged lips, a consistent intimation of a toored heart. I knew her to be a Russian, yet she looked amazingly Spanish. "That's all right, far as it goes. But does she understand the Spanish temperament?" I wondered. My curiosity on the point led me to wait until the cameraman stopped turning and I could be presented. It explains how my five-minutes chat with her comes to be first out of the bag as an off-screen confidence.

"You are interested in the rôle? Yes. Otherwise, you

Gloria Swanson, Norman Trevor and Ben Lyon were rehearsing a scene for The Wages of Virtue

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Note the tight belt of heavy leather that Raymond Hatton has buckled around his waist, with the Sam Browne shoulder effect to hold it in place. Do you observe the loop just this side of his right arm? This is the most important part of the make-up.

When putting on his right shoe, he laces a long leather tongue to his foot. This protrudes thru an opening in the toe. The leg is drawn upward and this leather tongue buckles thru the loop on the belt. Another leather tongue clinches the snugness with which the leg fits to the body.

The actor faces the camera again, in the picture below. Now you will see another tongue in front glued to the leather and fastened to the belt. In his hand he holds the false leg. He is now ready to step into it.

The picture below shows him as the one-legged, sea-going character in Half-a-Dollar Bill. His coat hides the slight bulge of the leg strapped behind, and the strap just above the "false leg" holds it very snugly.

Raymond Hatton

Raymond Hatton, one of the sincerest artists on the screen, consented to give you a pictorial demonstration of the very difficult task of making up as a one-legged sailor for his characterization in Half-a-Dollar Bill.

RARELY does a motion-picture actor divulge the secret of an intricate make-up. But Raymond Hatton, one of the sincerest artists on the screen, consented to give you a pictorial demonstration of the very difficult task of making up as a one-legged sailor for his characterization in Half-a-Dollar Bill.
MANHANDLED.
The Best Modern Drama

IT is seldom that a picture reaches the screen with the humanities, the realities and the humor which this story contains. Written by Arthur Stringer and not carrying much of a plot, it is another feather in the cap of Allan Dwan who demonstrated again his gift for catching the subtle sparks and showing life as a blending of the comic and serious.

It is a simple little boy and girl love affair—the boy an automobile mechanic, the girl, a department store clerk. And they have adjoining furnished rooms in a boarding house which has all of O. Henry's atmosphere. Now this girl would like to get out of the basement trenches. She has personality—and it is recognized. And soon she is carried to the heights by gentlemen of leisure who see in her a legitimate victim for their lustful advances.

But does she sink to the depths? No. Dwan is not that kind of a director. He takes the unreal melodramatic sting out of it and tosses it far, far away. Instead he plays upon the humor and the heart-strings.

The girl rides home in a crowded subway train—jostled by the workaday folks—plain folks like herself. It is a scintillating scene—the opening one, to be exact—and it starts the picture off with a fine flourish. She comes home tired and rests a little—and the boy talks of a theater party for two. But he is called to Detroit to interest capitalists in his invention. And while he is away—the little girl plays and plays safe. She is wined and dined—and makes a hit with her imitations. We never knew that Gloria Swanson is a talented mimic.

And the boy comes home and draws the wrong conclusion. There are her clothes—rich clothes—hanging guiltily in the room. Is there a scene? Is there any demonstration of gunwork or fistic display? Does he demand payment from the wealthy idlers? No, the humanities are perfect. They just have a crying scene—a little scene of pathos—and it is unusually effective. The boy is rich and the girl is glad. He has sensed her faithfulness in her expressions of love dashed off on the calendar in his room.

The finish may smack of fiction—but it isn't weak. There are no huge sets. For once Dwan comes down to earth and shows life in all its simplicity.

NEVER SAY DIE
The Best Comedy

DOUGLAS MACLEAN seems to be running into no end of good luck. For the past season or two he has helped himself to some winning stories—stories which were tried out on the stage and proved meritorious enough for long runs. He hasn't gambled with untried material, but with subjects which have been thoroly tested—and which came thru with flying colors. He has tried out a comedy or two of Willie Collier's—and one of Raymond Hitchcock's. Especially the latter's The Yankee Consul offered highly mirthful film possibilities—with its races and chases—and hero's plights and hero's fights.

The dizzy pace still continues. And MacLean, today, is basking in a strong spotlight of popularity. Can he keep it up? It appears so because he seems to sense a comedy piece when he sees it—he seems to understand just how it can be picturized to bring out the laughs. He merely substitutes dazzling action for crisp dialog. The Yankee Consul took him way up high on the ladder—and he is content to stay there with Never Say Die, which served Collier on the stage.

It is a lively farce-comedy carrying the same tempo as Going Up and The Yankee Consul. It makes great comedy material with its idea of a youth given three months to live and who settles his fortune on a young lady by marrying her. But he keeps right on living—and the complications enter. The laughs come early and continue to the end.

It is a hilarious scene when the wealthy scion is mistaken for a patient by three doctors and put thru a thrilling examination. A buzzing bee gets into the stethoscope and "sits down" in the vicinity of the youth's heart. Naturally the verdict is ominous. Then he is given the walking test. Blindfolded, he walks out of a window and onto a cornice of a skyscraper. And when he fails to ring up the undertaker, efforts are made to get rid of him. The farce becomes melodramatic here—with considerable chase and rescue stuff.

MacLean gages each scene to a nicety. He doesn't overdo a single trick. His repression helps in furnishing suspense—

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of the Month

Selected and Reviewed by
LAURENCE REID

FOOLS IN THE DARK
The Best Melodrama

Occasionally producers forget the traditions and conventions and take a plunge into the fields of novelty. What is more serviceable than melodrama? But the trouble is it isn't satirized often enough. We, who have become a trifle tired of seeing the same regulation tricks, accept this picture as a work of real consequence. Why? Because the director has been shrewd enough to make it a work of humor. Oh, there is melodrama packed away in it. You can find it when you get excited over the thrills—one of which shows a party motoring in a flivver and their escape from a dynamited mountain barely in the nick of time.

It is keen satire—revolving around the courageous hero who must show his mettle before he can win the girl. Of course, he is not wise to the scheme of her father to test him. So he is set upon by a party of thugs—the girl is kidnapped—and presto!—just to keep the melodrama going, the real villain turns on the father and tries to beat him at his own game.

It is all done to the tune of ratting fast action. The dominant element is mystery. And there is where the director is at his best. He mystifies us and keeps us on the alert with his scenes. Here is the hero engaging in much spooky business in a house fitted up for the occasion. His pal is a colored street-cleaner with all the superstition of his race.

And the director, Al Santell, takes these oft-used scenes and fairly kids the life out of them. All the time-worn devices are satirized—so that the picture takes on the form of novelty. It constantly affords plenty of surprises. And there is no let-down in the pace. The rescue of the heroine occurs in due time—the guilty are punished—and love triumphs.

It is a comedy-melodrama which should serve as a model for other producers who would get away from the fields of hokum. It is capably played by Matt Moore who gives it just the right shading. He wears a quizzical expression which heightens the mystery and adds value to the humor. Patsy Ruth Miller is the frightened girl—and manages her role very

(Continued on page 97)
Mary Standish stood at the lake's brim waiting for him, and smiling. "You!" he managed to say at last. "I thought ..." She smiled. "I didn't think you would mind—if I came up here!" But he could not speak. He caught her in his arms silently. At last he said: "Day and night I have been thinking of you ... hating myself because I believed I had killed you!"
HOME! He was coming home at last! That was Alan Holt's one thought as he stood at the rail of the Nome, looking out across the moonlit waters. Beneath his feet the boat pulsed softly. They were feeling their way thru the Wrangell Narrows—the "Inside Passage"—and very near the shore. His heart leaped. This was his country . . . the land he loved!

The boat was crowded. From the cabin he could hear dance-music, and the chatter of many voices. But on deck he was alone with his memories. Alaska! From earliest childhood he had loved it. His father, his mother—both were buried there. . . .

At that thought his lithe body grew tense. He clenched his fists. His father—murdered; his mother's grave desecrated by the one man he hated—the man who had come to Alaska only to despoil it for his own profit: John Graham!

"Mr. Holt, please——"

He turned. She stood before him—Mary Standish—the girl he had met once or twice since they had left Seattle. She had come on board hurriedly, the Captain said, and in great excitement. No one seemed to know anything about her. . . .

"I am alone on this ship," she said. "I have no friends. I want to ask questions. Will you help me a little?"

He could see only the lustrous richness of her smooth hair. There was challenge in her gray eyes. Vaguely it crossed his mind . . . if he had had a sister, he would have liked her to be like this girl!

"Questions?" he echoed. "For instance?"

"Why did you say what you did about John Graham?"

At that name, Alan Holt forgot himself. In a tense voice he answered:

"That he should be hung? I will tell you, Miss Standish. Because that man is a thief—and a murderer! A thief—because he came to Alaska to strip it of its wealth, giving nothing in exchange! He overfished the salmon—runs—and the people, my people, starved before my eyes! He——"

Her gray eyes were wide. She seemed to have grown pale suddenly.

"A thief, yes. But—a murderer?"

"I will tell you. My mother . . ." For an instant his voice broke. He waved his hand toward the North. "She was buried—up there. Her grave lay in the path of John Graham's projects. My father—when he learned of it—tried to interfere. He reached her grave just as the blast was exploded beneath my mother's tomb. He was caught in the wreckage, and badly hurt.

But—wounded as he was—he attacked John Graham with his bare hands. Graham struck him down as ruthlessly as he has struck down every other ob-tacle in his path. He killed my father. . . ."

"And you?" Alan Holt could hardly hear the words, so faint they were. He smiled bitterly.

"I learned, just too late—from Sokwenna, an old Indian chief—what had happened. I came as soon as I could. I . . . I made Graham beg for mercy. But what was the use? My father died in my arms—with his last breath begging me to carry on the fight. That is all."

"And—have you done it?"

"I have done what I could. I am just coming home now from Washington. I went there with Carl Lomen to try to get justice. Perhaps we have done some good. Sokwenna and his granddaughter are on this boat tonight. Keok is the girl's name. She is to be married to Tautuk. Perhaps you have seen them. . . ."

The girl seemed not to hear. Softly she said:

"Oh. I wish I were a man!"

"I wish you were," said Alan grimly.

For an instant her mouth lost its softness. Alan did not see this. His eyes were on the distant mountains. For the moment, he had forgotten that he was not alone.

AFTER that talk, he thought often of her. She mystified him. There was that business of Rossland. Rossland was one of Graham's men. Why he was on the Nome, Alan could only conjecture. He was a brute; no doubt about that! Once, in the steerage, he had found little Keok alone. . . . Tautuk had told Alan about this. Rossland had tried to kiss her.

"If you touch me, these nails of mine will tear you to pieces!" the girl had cried. And Tautuk, in telling the story, had added quietly:
“It is for such things that men are killed!”

But—here was the point—Mary Standish knew this man Rossland. Alan had heard them talking in low tones outside his porthole one night. There had been other suspicious things, too . . .

"Pshaw! What did it matter to him? A few days, and he would see her no more. . . .

Yet the thing troubled him. Surely he wasn't—he couldn't be—falling in love with her himself!

It was after midnight. Alan was alone in his cabin. Something tapped lightly on the door. Then it opened. Mary Standish came in.

"I want to talk to you, Mr. Holt."

He stared at her in amazement. There were tears in her eyes. She sank into a chair.

"Did you ever feel like killing a man?" she asked him suddenly.

"Often. But . . ."

He was troubled. It didn't seem like her—to come to a man's room at such an hour to ask questions. She straightened, then said:

"Will you help me? I must leave this boat before we reach Cordova. I want to do it in such a way that the world will believe I am dead. I have no plan. But—can you arrange one? I must disappear—all overboard—anything.

His doubt of her made his heart hard.

"That is silly, Miss Standish."

"If you don't," she cried, "then the other thing must happen. I must really die!"

"I see—a threat of suicide! You expect me to believe that?" he asked her sharply. The light went out of her eyes, as she mumbled:

"I had hoped you would. But if you won't . . . good night, Mr. Holt."

Before he could stop her, she was gone. Then he wished he might call her back. But it was too late.

The ship was slackening speed. Probably they had passed Cape St. Elias and were drawing inshore. Alan closed his book, and yawned drowsily.

What was that? A woman's scream? Then . . . a piercing cry of terror, of agony. . . . A man shouted. The engines stopped—reversed: there was a voice of command. The loud alarm of a bell was heard, calling the boats' crew to quarters . . . .

"What is it?" cried Alan, to a shape in the darkness. The man did not pause, but he flung back:

"Some one overboard . . . a woman! They think it is Miss Standish!"

After that, a night of agony—of remorse. The boats came back, one by one. Alan went to the Captain. He told him briefly of his talk with Mary Standish. "I believe that man Rossland knows something!" he cried in sudden fury. "God forgive me! I wouldn't help her!"

His face was like a mask. He wanted to reach out his arms to the sea and ask Mary Standish to forgive him. "Let us find Rossland," said the Captain.

Together they went to his cabin. The door was locked. The Captain knocked—there was no answer. The Captain tried the door, then put his shoulder to it. It gave with a crash . . .

Rossland was in bed. His face was upturned, his eyes closed. There was blood on his clothing and on the sheet. The Captain made a brief inspection.

"He is dead! His door is locked. . . . it must have been a knife-stab thru the window!" His eyes searched Alan's face sternly. "We've got to believe it was a man who murdered him!" he added.

Alan Holt's mind was in a daze. Rossland's death was only a minor part of the mystery. On his hands he felt the guilt of Mary's death. Why had he not listened to her . . . why had he not tried to help her?

The next morning the Nome docked at Cordova. To Stampede Smith, Alan said briefly:

"I want you to go on to the ranch. I've got to stay here. I have . . . work to do!"

Cordova lay before him like a great hole in the darkness of the mountains, for a storm was breaking. Thru the gloom he made his way to Olaf Ericksen's cabin. Olaf, great, gray-bearded, fierce-eyed, gripped Alan's hand.

"We've got to find her, Olaf! She's out there . . . somewhere!"

Yet—afloat in Olaf's boat—it seemed a hopeless task. All that day they searched. At last, heart-sick, Alan was willing to give up. Olaf pointed out a tiny cabin on the white shore. "McCormick's," he said.

They went there. Sandy McCormick and his sweet-faced wife, Ellen, met them. To them Alan offered an unheard-of reward if they could bring him news of Mary, alive or dead. Ellen McCormick looked into his eyes.

"You'd give a great deal to have her back, Mr. Holt?"

"Everything I possess!" he cried.

"You—you loved her?" her voice trembled.

"Yes," he answered simply.

In the woman's eyes was a curious, tremulous expectancy. But Alan could do no more. Ahead of him was Alaska—home. . . . Life was ahead of him. But now it seemed strangely empty!

Then followed a long trip home, away from cities, off across the miles of tundra—the "Barren Lands"—toward the mountains where he could be alone.

Yet he seemed not to be alone. It was as if Mary Standish were with him, invisible, voiceless, but there! The mountains seemed touched with her presence. At dawn, in the silence, he would awaken with dreams of her fresh in his heart . . .

Vain dreams! He thought. She was somewhere—back there in that dreary waste of waters—and he . . . he had been the cause of it all!

But as he pressed forward—by rail—by boat—on foot—her memory kept pace with him. He knew now that she would never leave him—never!
It was late June when he left Nome. The days were twenty hours long; there was no night—only a vague twilight, then dawn again. Under his feet were flowers—daisies, and sedge, and iris. Life was everywhere about him—but the one life he cherished . . . that was lost to him forever!

Ahead of him at last he saw a lake of silver, lying at the base of mountains covered with eternal snow. Home at last! He was almost in sight of his own cabin. Another turn in the trail would bring him there.

Who was that . . .? Was it Keok? He saw the slender figure turn; in her hair was the glint of sunshine. . . . Was he mad?

"Mary!" he called. "Mary Standish!"

It was the dead he had been thinking of. But the living greeted him. For it was Mary Standish who stood there at the lake's brink—waiting for him, and smiling!

"You . . .!" he managed to say at last. "I thought . . ."

She smiled. "I didn't think you would mind—if I came up here!"

But he could not speak. He caught her in his arms silently. At last he said:

"Day and night I have been thinking of you . . . hating myself because I believed I had killed you!"

"Didn't you get my letter at Nome?" she asked him. He shook his head. "And all this time you've been thinking that I was dead?"

He could not trust himself to speak. She freed herself from his arms. Between them there was still some unnamed shadow. But . . .

"What does it matter?" he thought exultantly. "She's alive!"

Not all at once, but little by little, he learned what had happened. Tautuk, the lover of little Keok, the Indian girl, had had his canoe on the boat. He had lowered it overboard; then, when Mary jumped, he had rescued her and paddled her ashore in the darkness.

"Now I am here," she said, simply. "I didn't think of it when I left the ship. It came to me afterward. So—I am your guest, Mr. Holt."

It was hard to believe. He told her about Rossland's death. It was all clear to him at last. Tautuk had—at the last moment—avenged the insult to little Keok. It was an Indian's way—the only way he knew!

Stampede Smith, Alan's friend, had helped Mary find her way to Alan's camp. When the first flush of joy at finding her alive had passed, Alan realized that there were still many questions unanswered. Who was she? Why had she wanted to disappear . . . to be thought dead? What was her connection with Rossland? Why had she been interested in John Graham?

Yet now, Alan realized, there was a difference. He didn't know the answers. There was still a mystery about her which he could not solve.

But . . . he trusted her! That made all the difference in the world. He couldn't doubt—now!

Not even when—after he got the letter—Stampede Smith came to him in great perturbation with a scrap of letter he had found.

"It looks," he said, "as if she was one of John Graham's spies!"

Alan read the letter. Then he frowned. "If you work carefully and guard your real identity . . ." it said. It was John Graham's writing.

Even above the hatred of John Graham that was rooted deep in his heart, was a confidence in Mary that nothing could shake. He took the letter. He had made up his mind to ask her what it meant.

They were alone together. Suddenly

(Continued on page 102)
Reeling

Pictures from new comedies that will soon be released

Why does Harry Langdon feel apprehension in *The Hansom Cabman*? Does he think he is worth more than the $1000.00 offered for him?

Perhaps Bobby Vernon and Ann Cornwall take the rooster along so he won’t crow and wake the family, in *Bright Lights*

Lloyd Hamilton is using both hands to drive in a most ungallant way, in *Jonah Jones*. Babe Loudon is not discouraged, tho

Alligator is well enough for traveling bags, but we’d not choose it for a steed, as does Lige Conley, chaperoned by “Moonlight,” in *Wild Game*

As *Sweet Dreams* is a comedy, we have a large idea of what Wanda Wiley will do to her partner when he starts down-hill with those buckets. You remember what Jill did to Jack in the nursery rhyme?

This touching scene occurs in *Short Change*, and the human elements are Walter Hiers and Duane Thompson

The window in this diver’s suit (below) is to show you that Buster Keaton is still serious in *The Navigator.*
With Laughter

With a few amusing scenes from other new productions

Antony and Cleopatra, jolting a joy-ride in a Rolls-Royce of the period— in a Hysterical History Comedy

Richard Dix, in Manhattan, finds that an ice-cap inevitably follows a "night-cap"

Is Larry Semon preparing to join an old-fashioned picnic party, or is he remembering his best girl's birthday with flowers and fruit? You'll find out when you see The Girl in the Lirousine

Bubbles Berry plays hookey, and then brings Dorothy Seastrom the watermelon he hooked, in Oh, Teacher

If you've ever parboiled yourself, or watched another stew in an electric bath, you'll like One Third Off, written by Irvin Cobb

Isn't this a fetching Juliet cap that Natalie Kingston (below) wears to fascinate her Romeo (Ben Turpin) in the Sennett burlesque?

There was a time when you dressed up and made merry in foolish clothes (or perhaps in your mother's Sunday-go-to-meeting bonnet and shawl). That's what Our Gang does in the good old-fashioned way in their jolly comedies

Can you recognize Jack Dempsey in this Bolshevik disguise? He wears it in So This is Paris
Imagin e Our Gloria a Comedian!

G LORIA SWANSON must be breaking the hearts of a lot of critics—and also various film fans, in general. When this writer, about two years ago, ventured to say that Gloria was not half the poor actress that she was being labeled but that in spite of the freakish clothes that were being forced on her she was in reality a capable actress, he was greeted with loud and boisterous laughter from both press and fans.

In the past year Gloria has made such remarkable headway that those who formerly sneered are now forced to applaud. The odd part of it all is that these late arrivals on the Swanson band-wagon talk as tho Gloria had only learned to act in the past few months. As a matter of fact, while Gloria's late vehicles have given her far more opportunity to show versatility, the former De Mille star was always a capable player of potential power, only many persons were too prejudiced or too near-sighted to see it.

In Manhandled—a very enjoyable film in spite of its far-fetched plot—Gloria bursts forth as a comedienne of rare talent, and does some work that would do credit to even Mabel Normand or Mary Pickford. Comedy is just about the last thing that one might expect Gloria to be capable of, but she puts it over in a manner which makes it look as tho she will just have to be rated as one of the best actresses on the screen today.

Enter the 5-and-10-Cent Producer

A new type of film producer has sprung up in Hollywood in the past season. He makes pictures quickly and cheaply, and turns them over rapidly—a sort of Woolworth of the silent drama. While the “big fellows” are taking one to six months to produce a film and expending from $100,000 to $600,000 on it, these small-fry producers are making five and six-reel features in from six to ten days at a total cost of only $5,000 to $15,000. And, oddly enough, some of these small-time producers will make as much net profit in the year as many of the big fellows, and they have a lot less to worry about.

One of the chief tricks of this new “Woolworth” type producer is to take an unknown actor and tack a name onto him closely resembling some noted screen star. Thus we find them featuring such actors as “William Fairbanks,” “Richard Talmadge,” “Franklyn Farnaum,” or “Neal Hart.” In all probability the correct names of these fellows range anywhere from Callahan to Cohen, but such names wouldn’t mean anything at the box-office. For some reason or other, no attempt has yet been made to work his stunt with unknown actresses. The screen is young yet, however, and who knows but what we will soon have with us a Margaret Negrí, a Viola Compson and a Louise Griffith?

Even Homer Nods

T he Herbert Brenon production, The Side Show of Life, shows, if nothing else, that even a good actor can sometimes be bad. While this film version of Locke’s novel, The Mountebank, is a very commendable subject for the screen, I cannot agree with the reviewers that it is anything better than just a fair photoplay. While Brenon has undoubtedly tried hard to make a good picture, The Side Show of Life lacks feeling. It is not nearly so good (Continued on page 96)
THE MADONNA OF THE STREETS

Alla Nazimova forsook the screen after the completion of Salome, more than two years ago, to the disappointment of all picturegoers. She returns this fall in the tragic rôle of The Madonna of the Streets.
On the Camera Coast

POLA NEGRIL is at present a raven-black brunette—pro tem.

The first thing that Ernst Lubitsch did when he came over to Lasky’s to direct the lovely Pola, was to make her get a wig. The way Pola did her hair in Men and in some of her other recent pictures was a matter for grief. It made her tresses look like alfalfa. Lubitsch prescribed a jet-black wig with the hair wound about her head like a coronet. She looks lovelier than I have ever seen her before.

Just before she started work on the Czarina picture, a horrifying rumor was abroad that she had quarreled with Rod La Rocque and that all was over—again. The battle occurred in the morning. At noon he was calling her “Polita” in a tender voice and she was giving him advice on the way to brush his hair; so harmony must have been restored. So everyone can breathe easily again.

Pola says she is about to buy an estate at Monterey, to which city she usually goes when her love affairs are in fullest blossom; where she and Charlie Chaplin, and later, she and Rod looked upon the sunlit seas together. There is nothing like being prepared for eventualities.

Pola has forsaken Europe forever. As soon as she finishes this picture, she is going back to Poland; there to sell her estate and move her mother over here.

MARY and Doug are home again. All Hollywood went down to the train to meet them, only to find that they had left the train at Pasadena and motored in. Two or three days after their arrival, Valentino’s picture, Monsieur Beaucaire, opened at one of the downtown theaters. When Mary and Doug came in, it almost stopped the show.

Mary made a special call on Herr Lubitsch to ask him “how come.” Before they went to Europe, Lubitsch told them how cheaply they could live in Berlin if they visited there. Mary says she had to pay thirty-five dollars to take a four-hour ride in an auto. They only stayed two or three days. She intimates that if they stayed a week, they would have had to buy Germany. The most thrilling sight Doug saw in Europe was Doug, Jr., in Paris. “He’s six feet tall. Gosh!” said Doug.

Lubitsch motored out to our little ranch at Tujunga on a recent Sunday. As a result, he has the farming complex. He says the real ambition of his life is not...
Harry Carr's department of news and gossip of the Hollywood picture folk

to direct pictures; but to write plays. When he starts playwriting, he intends to have a California ranch with a lot of ducks and geese.

Meanwhile they have bought a very large house in Beverly Hills and are building a swimming pool, without which no Hollywood house is considered to be more than a hovel.

As soon as he gets thru with the Pola Negri picture, Lubitsch is to direct one for Mary Pickford; but they seem to be very much at sea as to a story.

Mal St. Clair, the director, came back from Oregon the other day. He had been up on location with Rin Tin Tin, the German police dog. He brought back some surprising information. The little town where he visited is on the edge of the Klamath Indian reservation. Most of the audience at the village picture theater are Indians, most of whom are rich from their timber lands. St. Clair says that they seemed to care very little for Wild West pictures unless, strangely enough, the villain was an Indian. Their favorite picture was Lillian Gish's The White Sister. A fact made still more unusual by the fact that they couldn't read the sub-titles. Anyhow, the house manager was just playing the picture on its third return engagement.

To the vast relief of the Mayer-Goldwyn-Metro-studio, something has been found to soothe the ruffled temperament of Eric von Stroheim. Eric was writing the continuity of The Merry Widow, which he is to direct with Mae Murray. He locked himself up in the house and fretted himself into nervous prostration; then he fled to a remote and distant ranch which nobody could find. He would see no one. When the studio offered to send him an assistant scenario writer, Eric simply made the telephone wire sizzle with his furious declamation. At last Benjamin Glazer met him. Mr. Glazer is the gentleman who translated and adapted all the Franz Molnar plays. He and Eric simply fell into each other's arms. It seems that Mr. Glazer knows the Austrian angle of thought—what the Austrian angle of thought is. When Mae Murray went to the opening of Beaucaire the other night, I observed that she took Glazer along with her. Evidently she means to take no chances on losing the soothing potion.

Miss Murray has taken advantage of the gap between her pictures to satisfy her life's ambition. She says she has always wanted a Rolls Royce. The one she got was worth waiting for; it is one of the most beautiful cars

(Continued on page 84)

Robert Frayer and his new Ford "donkey"

Monte Blue doesn't believe in halfway measures or slipshod methods. For instance, when he wanted to master the art of playing Mah Jong, he didn't "pick it up" from a book, he employed two native experts to teach him
We're Asking You:

Are You Yearning to Know?

HAVE you always longed to know whether or not your favorite star is really as sweet in real life as she looks to be when she's filmed? Or, if it's a screen hero who has captured your affections, do you want to find out about his voice? His particular likes and dislikes? If so, write your request to Mr. Roberts, as he asks you to do in this month's Confidences Off-Screen. Tell him whom you would like to interview, and what questions to ask.

Do You Remember?

Of course, you have read Every Little Bit Helps—to Stardom. Interesting, isn't it? But were you one of those who saw the artists in the pictures mentioned? As you looked at our illustrations, did you realize with a thrill of pleasure that you had seen these very pictures of Dorothy Gish, wearing the amusing garments? And did you believe, at the time you saw Valentino in The Four Horsemen, that he would come to be the "great lover"? And Norma -Talmadge; doesn't she look different—and did you recognize her talent when you saw her, years ago? Then there are the two Bessie Love pictures, those in which she made the two separate "hits," wistful bits, both of them. Lots of us remember Sessue when he played in The Cheat, and first launched the fatal "look" that gave him a look-in on a star's salary. And isn't Charles Ray a perfect dear in those old-fashioned clothes. Apparently, he has always had that same appealing, diffident manner and appearance that he uses today. Everybody must have seen Mary Pickford's picture, The Little Princess, which gave Zazu Pitshers chance. Who could forget the "bit" she did there.

Have You Ever Put a Plot Into Practice?

See what happened to Peter the Playgoer when he tried it

Have You Forgotten?

THAT fifty dollars is waiting impatiently in this office for the winner of the Slogan Contest. Put your brains to work, and send us some sure-fire sentences. That "half-century" would come in very handy around December twenty-fifth. And think of the glow of pride the winner will experience each time he sees his own words in print. Everybody knows The Voice with the Smile Wins. Miss Carolyn Wells, the novelist, wrote that slogan for the telephone company, and no one ever forgets it. Now it is up to you to invent one that will be equally famous. If you did not see our notice of this contest, turn to page 121.

Did You Miss It?

WHEN you gave this number a hasty once-over before settling down to savor it, page by page, did you miss the Peter Pan story on page 74? The past few weeks our Answer Man has been asked more than one thousand times, "Who will play Peter Pan?" So he answers the fans with a picture and story of the lucky star. Watch for an exquisite study of Miss Bronson in the December Gallery of Players.

Have You Heard?

THAT Lillian Gish, referring to her return to New York and how glad she is to be back after her long stay in Italy, said: "I love the solitude of a big city."

That James Rennie, Dorothy Gish's handsome husband, is now appearing on Broadway in a play called The Best People. (Yes, Jimmie is part of the title rôle.) That Douglas Fairbanks said, when asked how he liked New York: "Well, New York is like a show. It's been running for over three hundred years, so it must be a success."
Sessue Hayakawa Comes Back

Sessue Hayakawa, when a mere youth, was an actor of real merit on the Japanese stage; but he deserted it after six years and sailed for America, where he became greatly captivated by motion pictures. He obtained a small part as a servant in a feature production, and immediately roused the interest of the fans to such an extent that he was given the important rôle, opposite Fanny Ward, in The Cheat. His success was tremendous, and he was starred in a number of pictures—all revolving around the racial barrier. Now, after an absence of more than two years, he comes back, with even greater artistry, in The Danger Line.

A real battleship was turned over to Hayakawa for certain scenes in this picture.

The Danger Line has little in common with the racial barrier—albó it projects something of a triangle when a British Naval officer tries to steal the affections of the wife of a Japanese. It's an original, exciting story, the highest spot being a naval battle. Hayakawa acts impressively and convincingly, and his wife, Tsuru Aoki, gives admirable support.
Critical Paragraphs

Tess of the D'Urbervilles

This is pretty heavy reading, any way you take it. Hardy, being a realist, sacrifices nothing to reach the maximum of realism. And his tragic tale has been approached in the same manner by Marshall Neilan. But there the comparison ends. Neilan allows too much depression—and holds his scenes of Tess's tragic experience altogether too long. He allows sufficient time for the players to feel their emotions, but they strive too hard to make it convincing—and much of the forcefulness is lost.

Thomas Hardy has been patterned by Bertha M. Clay, and several of her school; consequently the picture appears somewhat old-fashioned. It is not expertly captioned, nor is it well cast. Blanche Sweet makes the pitiable character convincing, but Stuart Holmes spoils much of the good impression by his exaggerations. There is far too much unintentional humor.

Bread

This story in its film guise might have been an exceptionally human story had it not been cluttered up with insignificant detail—and had the director shaped his scenes to establish a sympathetic treatment toward the characters. It's a story carrying an average amount of holism, and is laden with much subtle patter concerning marriage, which gives one the idea that something important will be proved. It pretends to show a cross-section of marital life when two daughters of a poverty-stricken mother marrying only to escape drudgery and drabness at home encounter these joy-killing forces in matrimony. And while it reveals a few realities and humanities—these could have been expressed with more meaning—more emphasis. It fairly cries out for pathos—but this element is almost negligible.

Charles G. Norris, the author, makes his points more real in the novel than they are painted in the picture. His idea that a woman must have either a career or a husband, and cannot conceivably have both is more acceptable when expressed thru neatly dovetailed arguments. In the picture nothing argued has any weight. The acting is not of a high quality aside from Mae Busch's shading of her rôle.

The Sawdust Trail

You will find Hoot Gibson still playing the boob, when viewing this picture. He can wear the most simple expression, as if he was a little bit shy of gray matter. And when he makes his appearance behind tortoise-shell glasses with a freshman's skullcap atop his head, he brings forth a laugh. His part is that of a collegian who is too lazy to work. So he masquerades...
as an invalid when facing father. The story hinges upon Hoot's joining a traveling rodeo show and taming a wild woman—the Annie Oakley of the troupe.

It's rather mild considering that it pretends to be vigorous. But there is no variety of incident. The scenes rotate around the boy's tormenting the girl who has posed as a man-hater. Then along comes the collygen and his boobery gets the best of him. He tames the wild woman by taking her on a wild auto ride. It's nothing much to make a fuss over. The most exciting moment is introduced in a cabaret set. Into this set the police volleyed and thundered, starting a raid that sent Hoot packing toward home and eventually into the wild-west show. You, who like Hoot, will say that he can do better.

**Between Worlds**

Here is a picture from Germany somewhat extensively advertised as spectacular (which it isn't, except in one or two brief episodes) and purporting to deal with reincarnation—and naturally it is difficult to comprehend what it is all about. By making a story worthy thru making it impossible of comprehension is a theory which cannot be accepted. Simplicity is the virtue which spells greatness. There is a touch of allegory in this effort; also something of a fanciful character. And if one guesses rightly, it has a great deal to do with the simple American credo: that self-renunciation effects salvation.

But we are puzzled over the German philosophy—that a girl cannot find true love until she becomes a superwoman thru giving up selfish claims for affection. It is often tiresome—and consistently morbid.

**One of the many intriguing scenes from Wine of Youth—a picture that is the last word in flappers and jazz**

And it is incoherent. Occasionally it descends to simple emotions—and these are the moments when it reveals some fine acting. It comes far from being another Caligari in point of novelty. We liked the settings and much of the interpretation.

**Being Respectable**

Monte Blue is allowed to play one of those indecisive young benefactors who cannot make up his mind whether to remain in his own menage with his spouse whom he never cared much about, or to flee with the other woman. And it takes pretty compelling acting to make such a figure attractive. He made it perfectly obvious that the character was unworthy, so we suspect that he played it very well. It takes courage to play such a weakling.

The picture introduces the triangle as outlined above and doesn't provoke much interest and suspense because it is so clearly mapped out for you. The wife refuses to shoot herself and the husband becomes reconciled to her. It might be called a film patterned after the "little-child-shall-lead-them" formula. Louise Fazenda plays well an irrelevant role—and Irene Rich as the wife succeeds in registering the necessary emotions.

(Continued on page 78)
Trailing the Eastern Stars

Gloria Swanson is the happiest girl in pictures. Maybe we're taking big chances with this statement but we can back it up. First, Gloria's latest film, *Manhandled*, has been received with superlative praise throughout the country. Second, just as soon as she finishes her new picture, *Wages of Virtue*, she is going to her beloved Paris to create the title role in *Madame Sans-Gêne*. This is an adaptation by Forrest Helsey of Edmond Rostand's play in which that famous French actress, Mme. Réjane, starred. Third, in *Wages of Virtue* Gloria doesn't wear a thousand and one sumptuous gowns. In fact, she told us that she has fewer opportunities for attractive gowns than she had in *The Humming Bird*.

Now, why shouldn't she be the happiest girl in pictures?

Gloria was in the midst of a hectic cabaret scene supposed to be somewhere in Algiers, when we arrived at the Paramount Long Island Studio. Ben Lyon and Norman Trevor, her two leading men, were conspicuous in the group of soldiers in colorful red and blue uniforms hovering around the bar and seated at tables.

Director Allan Dwan called a halt to the work while the cameramen set up the cameras farther back for a long shot. Gloria's special Russian trio of violin, cello, and piano struck up a lively Parisian air, and the star swung into a dance as she shouted the fiery melody.

"How-de-do," she sighted us and came over.

We eyed the long flowing skirt and round-necked, short-sleeved bodice of her costume.

"Quaint, isn't it?" catching our eye. "But this is my costume throughout practically the entire picture."

"No lavish gowns?"

She shook her head. "Nope." That means Gloria will have an acting rôle de rôle.

"We heard the other day that you were going on the stage," launching forth. "Is that a wild exaggeration?"

"Why not?" in quick denial. "I want to go on the stage. Perhaps soon. I don't know whether I'll be a success or not but," shrugging, "it would be a fascinating experiment. That's only one of my ambitions."

"Have you others that haven't been gratified?" surprised.

Gloria's straight black brows drew together, her blue eyes regarded us patiently. "I have. I love sculpting, for one thing. In fact, I am doing a bust of my four-year-old little girl now. She's a beauty, you know. I haven't had any lessons in sculpting, but I love it. And I want to write some day."

Director Dwan called her. Gloria took her position in front of the bar, slumping against it as she dreamed about something or other. At a word from Dwan, a big, brawny soldier of some thirty-odd years entered the cabaret. That was Ivan Linow, who plays the rôle of Gloria's godfather, or something of the sort. He's an ex-wrestling champion with the physique that goes with that profession.
Dorothea Herzog gives you the latest news of the picture folk who drift in and out of the Studios in the East

"Ah, ma chérie," he booms at the sight of Gloria. Her face brightens. With a shriek of joy, she races toward him, her foot finds his hand, and with a bound she is launched atop his shoulder. It's an intriguing scene and proves that any time Gloria wants to desert the screen for vaudeville, one way of making her "two-a-day" début is with a gymnastic troupe!

May Allison is in our midst for an indefinite stay. May just finished her latest star picture, *The River Road*, by Hamilton Thompson. By the way, Mr. Thompson is the Eastern head of the Fox scenario force, which does not interfere with his writing or selling his own stuff to other concerns.

We met May for the first time, chatting for a few minutes in the lobby of Town House on Central Park West, where she is living.

As she came toward us from the elevator, we glimpsed a pair of dancing violet eyes, a vivacious, slender girl of medium height with a complexion—well, have you seen the advertisements of "the skin you love to touch"?

"Hello," a suspicion of a Southern drawl slurried the greeting.

"'Lo," we enjoyed a firm handshake.

Business of getting settled. "I just returned from location in Huntington," May breezed.

"Huntington, Tennessee?"

May stared at us in amazement.

"You actually know where it is?" "You bet. Memphis is our home town."

"You don't tell me. Birmingham, Alabama, is mine." We shake on that.

During our brief chat, May said she hoped to return to Broadway in either a musical comedy or a comedy-drama. She had read lots of plays, but none measured up to what she wanted. She was a popular figure in the "speakeys" prior to entering pictures. The footlights are attracting her again, but she won't abandon the screen. She'll combine the two.

Gregory Kelly, Broadway star, has been high-salaried into pictures and he makes his début supporting Richard Dix in *Manhattan*. Gregory is on the Glenn Hunter type, only not quite so tall and with a bit more fire. He's wistful, and we gotta have a few wistful ones in the fillums. Hence, the chances for success are in his favor.

Jacqueline Logan is in our midst, to be Richard Dix's leading lady in *Manhattan*. She's been on the Coast making pictures for a long time. In fact, she has an attractive bungalow out there where she and her mother live. Her mother came on with her to New York. Jacqueline will have plenty of opportunity to wear clothes in *Manhattan*. We mean the latest things from the expensive shops, yuh know.

(Continued on page 115)
Letters to the Editor

Cross-Sections of Life

Dear Editor: Speaking merely as a fan who has gone to see many pictures and who has helped in the making of one, I should say that producers are too prone to believe that sensation can be aroused in an audience thru a sensational incident. "Show the audience ocean waves six feet high," I imagine they argue, "and they will be interested. Twelve feet high and they will be mighty interested! Eighteen feet high and it'll pull 'em out of their seats!"

Now I question whether you can pull anybody out of his seat thru an isolated incident. You cant scatter thrills deliberately and munificently as you could plums in a pudding. A climax "gets over" not by virtue of itself but by virtue of what has led up to it. Take, for instance, the case of a horse-race shown in the pictorial news film. The audience enjoys it, but nobody gets anywhere near to cheering. Supposing, however, that the audience is familiar with the exact train of incidents which led up to that race—say, that those behind the people who will win or lose thru that race—then they are likely to be aroused far beyond the casual interest created by the "pictorial," aren't they?

It seems to me that you can interest an audience only thru making the characters in the story real to them, and thru leading up skilfully and gradually to the climax.

Speaking generally, it has occurred to me that a good many pictures try to cover too much ground, with the result that they merely skim over that ground and dont raise any crops on it. I saw recently a picture which took a famous historical character through the vicissitudes that she endured in her career between the ages of seventeen and forty-seven. Thats a pretty good deal of vicissitudes to crowd into a film playing for an hour and a half.

Sometimes if you dont try to work your whole farm all at once, but concentrate instead on an especial field, you can raise more crops. Maybe its the same way with pictures. Perhaps you can show a person more vividly if you go deep into a short section of his life!—out right thru and show the whole cross section!—than if you try to present his entire career. Time limits in the latter case may prevent your results from being more than superficial.

Yours very truly,
Sara Owens,
St. Louis, Mo.

Paging House Peters

Dear Editor: I wonder where House Peters is now? Why doesn't somebody snap him up and produce a picture that will be remembered in years to come as Tolable David and The Covered Wagon will be remembered? House Peters has the power, and yet he has been wasted in films pictures utterly unworthy of his talents.

I remember seeing him once as a village wheelwright. It was a splendid piece of acting.

O Rex, Live Forever!

Dear Editor: The opportunity you give one to discuss pictures and those who make them is one of the most delightful features of your magazine. We readers find much pleasure in discussing a subject which affords such entertainment as Tolable David and The Covered Wagon, If Winter Comes, The White Sister, The Four Horsemen, The Prisoner of Zenda, House Peters is all Ends, Scaramouche and The Arab. These are more than just pictures.

As an old player, I love weeping with the tragic Lillian Gish; am always spell-bound by the great screen headdress of Pola; ever enthralled by the innocent beauty of Madge Bellamy's eyes: and I waste much time in the effort to

(Continued on page 87)
Mrs. Marshall Field urges women to give their skin the wisest care

"I am always impressed with the charming youthfulness of American women. They manage to keep such clear, delicate skins in spite of the strain of their many activities and strenuous out-of-door life. I believe that women everywhere can have the same lovely complexions with the aid of Pond's Two Creams."

Perhaps it is one of the President's cabinet who dines with her tonight; a visiting diplomat; or a returned explorer; some one who is contributing his vivid bit to contemporary history.

It is as a gracious and cosmopolitan hostess that Washington knows Mrs. Field. The drawing room of her lovely home is as nearly a salon as one finds in America. Against its pearl grey walls moves the brilliant, shifting pageant of official and diplomatic society.

Abroad and at home, Mrs. Field has had opportunities accorded to few. She has met the young and gay, the middle-aged and clever, the old and distinguished of many countries.

It is from the crown of this full, interesting, sophisticated life that Mrs. Field speaks when she advises the younger woman how to take proper—and regular—care of her skin. For this two famous creams have been perfected. They answer the two great needs every normal skin demands—a rejuvenating cleansing, and a delicate protection and finish.

How exquisite women keep their youth

A thorough cleansing every night with Pond's Cold Cream. Apply it on the face and neck with the finger tips or a bit of moistened cotton. This pure soft cream works deep into the pores, ridding them of excess oil and powder, dust and dirt. Wipe the cream off with a soft cloth. Now, apply the cream a second time and wipe it off once more. Look at the cloth. The dust and dirt on it are shocking! But now, how soft and smooth your cheeks are, how clear and fresh looking.

Preparation of the skin before powdering, protection before going out. Before you powder, smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream—just enough for the skin to absorb. It gives you just the soft, pearly finish you need and makes the powder cling much longer. And when you go out, this light greaseless cream under your powder protects your complexion from the bad effects of wind, sun and cold and keeps it soft and satin smooth.

Pond's is the method lovely women everywhere are depending upon to have the exquisite complexions Mrs. Marshall Field commends. Try it yourself today. See how fresh these two creams keep your skin. The Pond's Extract Company.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont
The Vicomtesse de Frise
Mrs. Corinella Biddle Duke
Mrs. Julia Hoyt
The Princesse Matchabelli
Mrs. Gloria Gould Bishop
Lady Diana Manners
Mrs. Conde Nast
The Duchesse de Richelieu

are among the other women of high position who have expressed their approval of the Pond's method of caring for the skin.

FREE OFFER—Mail this coupon at once and we will send you free tubes of these two famous creams

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What the Stars Are Doing

A department for the fans, in which they are informed of the present picture activities of their film favorites

Conducted by Gertrude Driscoll

Adams, Claire—playing in The Love Thorn—W. F.

Agnew, Robert—playing in Troubles of a Bride—W. F.

Allison, May—recently completed work in The Right Road—F. S.

Aston, Mary—playing in Oh, Doctor—U.

Aye, Maryon—playing in Thorns of Passion—W. F.

Ayres, Agnes—playing in Worldly Goods—F. P. L.

Baby Peggy—recently completed work in Helen's Babies—P.

Barnes, T. Roy—recently completed work in Clinging Fingers—U.

Barthelmess, Richard—playing in Gold Rush—U.

Baxter, Warner—playing in Christine of the Hungry Heart—T. H. I.

Bayne, Beverly—appearing in The Tenth Woman—W. B.

Beery, Noah—playing in North of 36—F. P. L.

Beery, Wallace—playing in The Great Divide—M. G. M.

Bellamy, Madge—playing in Hard Cash—A. A.

Bennett, Alma—playing in The Silent Watcher—F. N.

Bennett, Enid—recently completed work in The Red Lily—M. G. M.

Bisce, Monta—playing in North of 36—W. B.

Blythe, Betty—recently completed work in The Breath of Scandal—B. F. S.

Boardman, Eleanor—playing in So This Is Marriage—M. G. M.

Bonner, Priscilla—recently completed work in Tarnish—F. N.

Bosworth, Hobart—playing in If I Ever Marry Again—F. N.

Bow, Clara—playing in This Woman—W. B.

Bremer, Sylvia—playing in If I Ever Marry Again—F. N.

Brent, Evelyn—starring in a series of Gothic Productions, the first of which is The Prude.

Brockwell, Gladys—playing in So Big—F. N.

Bryson, Winifred—recently completed Flatfoot with Love—F. N.

Burns, Edward—playing in Garragang, a German Production.

Busch, Mae—playing in The Great Divide—M. G. M.

Butler, David—recently completed work in In Hollywood With Potash and Perlmutter—F. N.

Carey, Harry—recently completed Roaring Rails—P. D. C.

Carr, Mary—playing in The Mine With the Iron Door—P. F.

Chadwick, Helene—is to have the role of the "ugly duckling" in The Dark Swan—W. B.

Chaney, Lon—playing in The Monster—R. W.

Chaplin, Charles—playing in Chilhow Pass.

Clay, Charles—recently completed work in The Breath of Scandal—B. F. S.

Cod, Lew—playing in The Sporting Pass—M. G. M.

Coller, Buster, Jr.—playing in The Lighthouse by the Sea—W. B.

Colman, Ronald—playing opposite Constance Talmadge in Heart Trouble—F. N.

Compson, Betty—playing in The Female—F. P. L.

Cooghan, Jackie—recently completed The Bag Man—M. G. M.

Corbin, Virginia Lee—playing in The Polly Girl—R.

Cortez, Ricardo—playing in This Woman—W. B.

Crane, Ward—playing in Here's How—U.

D'Algy, Helen—recently completed work in A Sainted Devil—F. P. L.

Dana, Viola—playing in Lord Chumsley—F. P. L.

Daniels, Bebe—playing in Dangerous Money—F. P. L.

Davies, Marion—playing in Zander the Great—C. P.

Dean, Priscilla—playing in A Siren of Seville—H. S.

De la Motte, Marguerite—playing in The Clean Heart—V. P.

Dempster, Carol—playing in Dawn—D. W. G.

Denny, Reginald—playing in Oh, Doctor—U.

DeVore, Dorothy—playing in The Narrow Street—W. B.

Dexter, Elliott—recently completed work in The Fast Set—F. P. L.

Dir, Richard—appearing in Manhattan, his first starring picture for F. P. L.

Dove, Billie—has the role of Felicity Arden in Thorns of Passion—W. F.

Edeson, Robert—playing in The Rag Man—M. G. M.

Elliot, Frank—playing in This Woman—M. G. M.

Ellis, Robert—playing in Smouldering Fires—U.

Evans, Madge—playing the leading feminine role opposite Richard Barthelmess in Classmates—I. P.

Fairbanks, Douglas—last picture The Thrift of Bagdad. Disengaged at present.

Fawcett, George—playing in Here's How—U.

Faye, Julia—recently completed her work in Feet of Clay—F. P. L.

Fazenda, Louise—playing in This Woman—W. B.

Fellows, Rockcliffe—playing in The Border Legion—F. P. L.

Ferguson, Elsie—returning to the screen in The Swan, an adaptation of Fernac Molnar's famous Broadway success F. P. L.

Ford, Harrison—playing in Zander the Great—C. P.

Forrest, Alan—playing in Captain Blood—V. P.

Fox, Lucy—recently completed work in Teeth—W. F.

Francis, Alec B.—playing in Here's How—U.

Frazer, Robert—playing in The Mine With the Iron Door—P. P.

Frederick, Pauline—playing in Smouldering Fires—U.

Gerard, Charles—recently completed work in Circo, the Enchantress—M. G. M.

Gibson, Hoot—playing in The Hurricane Kid—U.

Gilbert, John—playing in The Suol—M. G. M.

Gillingwater, Claude—playing in Idle Tongues—T. H. I.

(Continued on page 109)
Why You, too, Can Have Beautiful Hair

How famous Movie Stars keep their hair soft and silky, bright and fresh-looking, full of life and lustre.

BEAUTIFUL hair is no longer a matter of luck. You, too, can have hair that is charming and attractive.

Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it.

Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonsfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp. After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up the lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be soft and silky in the water. The strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can, and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy, and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone. You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children—Fines for Men

Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

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The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, a list of film manufacturers, etc., must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should contain the name and address of the writer, but a fictitious name will be used in answering inquiries if it is written in the upper left-hand corner of the letter. Address: The Answer Man, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Ethel C.—Yours was mighty interesting. Questions are never indiscreet; answers sometimes are. Right now, Jack Holt is playing opposite Lois Wilson in North of the Rio Grande. Thornton Pickford is No. 2 Beery in the cast also. Malcolm McGregor is with Ince, and Hoot Gibson with Universal.

A. M.—Yes, I really am an old man over eighty. We hope to grow old and we dread old age; that is to say, we love life and flee from death. I won't run the J. Warren Kerrigan with Vitagrav, you know. That was Johnny Fox, playing the banjo in The Covered Wagon. Robert Ellis and Elnora Fair in The Law of the Prairie.

Dorothy.—Right! Richard Barthelmess is married to Mary Hay. He is five feet seven, weighs 135, and has black hair and brown eyes; twenty-nine years old and playing in Classmates. Gloria Swanson is going to Paris to do More. Sans Gène.

Kathors Kat.—You want to know whether men have a larger vocabulary than women? As the flapper says, don't be silly—but I'll say the women use their vocabulary largely. In the men. Creighton Hale is playing in The Mine With the Iron Door now. You know he is married and has two sons. Blue eyes of Mabel Normand didn't leave the Sennett field—she is going to play in Mary Ann soon.

Carol C.—The salary of the Vice-President of the United States is $12,000 a year. Mine is $12.00 a week, minus the three balls, that's the only difference. Alice Calhoun is with Vitagraph, playing in the Rembrandt. She is also twenty-two and unmarried. Yes, Niles Welch is playing. He and Sheldon Lewis, with Dorothy Revier, have the leading roles in Marie. Bronson is big, but not always wise. Yes, Huntley Gordon is married. Norma Talmadge in The Sacrifice. Viola Dana is twenty-six.

Bernice.—Oh, yes, I have been up the Hudson River on a boat many a time. It is a delightful sail from New York to Poughkeepsie. Robert Fulton began a successful trip up the Hudson River from New York to Albany in his steamboat, the Clermont, on August 11, 1807. Well, at this writing Betty Compson is not married. Can't tell what might happen by the time this appears in the magazine. Lloyd Hughes married to Gloria Hope. Harrison Ford in Janice Meredith and in The Price of a Party. He is married to Beatrice Prentice. Now playing with Marion Davies in Zander the Great. Monte Blue and Marie Prevost in The Love of Carette. You're welcome.

Fairy Tails.—Well, well, so you have hesitated all these years to ask me whether or not her hair is her own or someone else's. Well, you see, without any pain or excitement the deed is done. Her hair is her own, but she sometimes wears a wig. Yes, an expensive one. How can you tell me a woman? Do I act like a woman? K. J.—Well, under some circumstances it may not be disagreeable to a man to have a jealous wife; for she will always be talking of what other men have an awful disease. Mary Pickford is on the Coast now, and so is Richard Dix. He is a bit, brown eyes and hair. How did you like him on last month's cover?

Elisa T.—History, all right. The Battle of Ticonderoga occurred May 10, 1775, and the U. S. were victors. Ethan Allen was responsible for the victory. Claire Windsor and Pola Negri are both twenty-seven years old. Richard Dix is thirty-three.

M. A. R.—No, I am not married, never have been. Just a happy old bachelor. Love affairs are all alike; it is only the lovers who are different. He is with Inspiration Pictures, but he lives at Marmonauek, New York. You were a little late for October—sorry.

Vena V.—Are you sure his right name is Albert Lytell, but his mother probably called him Bert for short. May McAvoy in Jazz Parents. Lionel Barrymore has started work in Germany on Decameron Nights. Alma Rubens has been signed up to star in Gerald Cranstoun's Lady, for Fox. No, I'm not so interested in football.


Grace S.—Three strikes you're out. You only want the addresses of twenty-five players. If you know the company they are with, consult the list of studios in the back, giving all the addresses. The title of Eleanor Boardman's Free Love has been changed, at her suggestion, to Summer in Silk.

Smiles.—About one-half of a man's life is devoted to rectifying the mistakes of the other half. Yes, we all have our troubles, some in small doses and others in large. I like Rod La Rocque and Ben Lyon. You bet you can be my pal. He's me pal!

Lillian N.—And how are things in South Africa, where the diamonds grow? Rubye de Remer in A Fool and His Money, Ruth Dwyer in Clay Dolls. That was Evelyn Peck, in East Lynne and Claude Anderson in Who Am I? Clive Brook, the English actor, is now in Hollywood with Frances Vidor in Christie of the Hungry Heart. M. K. R.—No, I am not that old, just over eighty. To live long is almost everyone's wish, but it is rather undermining the ambition of a few. My eightieth year warns me to pack up my baggage before I leave off. Harrison Ford is married to

(Continued on page 76)

Here's the Answer! To 1001 Questions

Betty Bronson Will Play Peter Pan

Six years ago Betty Bronson read Barrie's Little Lord Fauntleroy. Last spring, when she heard that Peter Pan was to be filmed, she moved her family to Hollywood, and presented herself without any test pictures before the studio gatemans of the Lasky lot.

"I've come for a screen test," she told him calmly. There is nothing more hard-boiled than movie gatekeepers. Beside him the Warden of Sing Sing is as simple as a child. When you say that this individual opened the gate without hesitation to let Miss Betty Bronson inside, anyone who knows the movie game will believe in fairies, too.

Once in the casting director's office, Betty calmly applied for the job of Peter Pan! Gloria Swanson would have given her kingdom for the role! Mary Pickford once wanted it! Lilian Gish was mentioned as the likeliest Peter, and Betty Bronson, seventeen, whose only movie experience had been two small "bits," in long-age pictures, asked confidentially for Peter Pan, without realizing the enormity of her daring. Oddly enough, instead of laughing at her, the casting director looked at her tiny figure ("I have the dickens of a time to weight ninety," says Betty), as her pointed little chin, big round eyes and elfin features, and said: "Well, we'll see!"

Her test pictures for the role were made late one night on the Cecil B. De Mille Heaven-and-Hell set—a trying place in which to act like Peter Pan, surely! And then, for weary weeks she waited. Anyone hears of her hopes would have smiled at the absurdity of them, but Betty knew—yes, she just knew she would be Peter!

Then a cablegram: Betty Bronson chosen to play the role of Peter Pan. Regards—Barrie. It's easy to see why this little unknown was chosen—she is exactly the Peter Pan! From shaggy dark head to tiny hoppetty feet Betty Bronson was Peter Pan. She seeks, as tho it were Christmas, the Fourth of July and her birthday all rolled into one. She received the telephone message with the Big News, by the way, while she was reading Coolidge's Collected Speeches—tho I don't expect you to believe that! She was given a flapper role once in Its Children's Children, and told to light a cigarette. But the smoke wouldn't come out—"I haven't the expression," as tho the director saw I wasn't really a flapper and I didn't get the role.

Lubitsch wanted her to play in Pola's new picture, but when he saw her beside Rod La Rocque he shook his head. "Oh, I can look much smaller," she pleaded. "But you're too tall!" But the director shook his head.

And now she has the part of Peter, for which she is exactly right!
The Nestle Home Outfit for Permanent Waving [by the Famous “LANOIL” Process]

Creates a Sensation Wherever It Goes. Entire Families Enjoy Naturally Wavy Hair ALL THE TIME, Through a Single Application

N o other recent invention has won such friendly attention from women all over the world as has permanent waving. This year, in the United States alone, Nestle Permanent Waving tripled its popularity over 1923, mainly through the discovery of the “LANOIL” process. This simple method, as if by magic, removed every element of danger from permanent waving. It reduced the heat and the time required to almost nothing. It simplified the application to the point where even children, twelve years old, can follow the instructions intelligently and successfully. Scores of thousands of women have sent for the Nestle “LANOIL” Home Outfit on trial and found it—mostly—when better than advertised. They have kept their Outfits, and waved their children’s and their friends’ hair, as well, for the work is interesting, and brings the cost of the best permanent hair wave down to the price of two or three ordinary waves, made with hot irons.

“My Curls Cost Me Exactly 2c Per Day”

Writes Miss Mary Arthur, of Louisville, Ky., “and what is more, they save me hours of tedious trouble daily. My hair is positively growing better since I used the Nestle ‘LANOIL’ Permanent Waving Outfit.” We believe this. Hundreds of others have said the same. Naturally so. Because, after all, the Nestle Process of Permanent Waving only makes a wrong right. It does something to the hair far more natural than when such hair is put into clippers, or pressed with heated irons. By the “LANOIL” Process, the hair is waved by expansion under slight steam pressure. That is why, forever after, humidity, perspiration, rain, shampoo, log etc., make such hair more instead of less curly as they do hair waved with curlers or hot irons. This is as it should be. We should have hair which responds to moisture by forming waves and curls. Such hair is usually called naturally curly and IS the hair of our race, although we seem to be losing it gradually through over-washing the head in babyhood.

“Our Hair Has Shrunk”

Said Mr. Nestle, famous inventor of permanent waving, at a recent lecture, “because this daily washing in early life removes all sustaining fat from the tips of the hair shafts. The structure then shrinks, and thereafter refuses to take up humidity which always surrounds the body, and to which naturally curly hair owes its waviness. The “LANOIL” process opens up this closed structure again so that, after your ‘LANOIL’ Wave, your hair, even under the microscope, looks as if it had never been straight. That is why it is called permanent—it keeps curling and waving forever.”

Is it surprising that practically every progressive hairdresser has installed a large professional Nestle apparatus with which to give permanent waves by the “LANOIL” Process, and that our Home Outfits go in legions into the United States, to bring relief, new pleasure and a better hair appearance to women and children, everywhere?

30 Days’ Free Trial In Your Home

Send a letter, postal or the coupon below immediately, enclosing your check, money order or bank draft for $15 as a deposit, or pay the postman when the Outfit arrives. We send you an extra package of free trial materials. You may use this, and then test the curls and waves you get, in every way you can possibly imagine. If they do not suit you in every way, you simply return the Outfit within 30 days, and every cent of the $15 cost will be refunded to you immediately without question or delay. This is not a special offer. We have sent out the Home Outfit in this way since September, 1923. It is successful everywhere it goes. Join the hundreds of thousands of women who give thanks to this wonderful invention which brought them permanent relief from their straight hair affliction. Write for your Outfit on free trial today.

The Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit in Use

A whole head can be waved comfortably in just a few hours. The work is interesting, simple and safe. The result is permanent and lovely.

Send for free booklet and testimonials, or better still, send for the Home Outfit directly on 30 days’ free trial.

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Fill in, tear off and mail coupon today

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Please send me the Nestle “LANOIL” Home Outfit for permanent waving. I understand that, if after using the Outfit and the free trial materials, I am not satisfied, I may return the Outfit any time within 30 days, and receive back every cent of its cost of $15.

☐ I enclose $15 in check, money order, or bank draft as a deposit.
☐ I enclose no money. Please send C. O. D.

Or check here... if only free by mail.

If further particulars is desired:

(From foreign countries and $15 check, money order or cash equivalent in U. S. currency. Canadian order must order from Raymond Harper, 487 College Street W., Toronto, Canada, 250 duty free.)

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The Answer Man

(Continued from page 74)

Beatrice Prentice. No, Marion Davies has never been married. Her husband, Chadwick opposite Antonio Moreno in The Border Legion.

Miss Curiosity — That was I. Stuart Blackton himself with the megaphone in Behold the Man. And didn't you like Irene Rich, and the beautiful scenery? Rudolph Valentino is twenty-nine. Tom Mix is with Fox. Your letter was mighty interesting.

Jenny: — Oh, yes. But Bebe is simple. No, Edith Storey is not playing now, and she is living at her home in Northport, Long Island. Ann Little was in a serial last. I don't think Dickens' Old Curiosity Shop has been done in pictures. Marguerite Courtot is not playing right now. Frank Mayo is playing opposite Alma Rubens in The Price She Paid.

Lavene: — Well, you know some of the flappers today dont believe in true love, but they do believe in steady backing. Buck Jones in The Merry Men of Oracle, which will be released as The Deseret Outlaws. Why dont you write to Agnes Ayres in care of Famous Players?

Amelia F.: — Send a stamped addressed envelope to a list of the manufacturers.

Grisnfield: — Why the Battle of Bunker Hill occurred June 17, 1775, the English were the victors; there were 445 of our soldiers killed and wounded and 1054 of the English were killed and wounded. Lubitsch is directing Pola Negri in Forbidden Paradise. Harold Lloyd is playing in Hot Water. Rex Ingram will make The World's Illusion. Norman Talmadge in The Lady, and Constance in Learning to Love. You're very welcome, no trouble at all.

Miss Inquisitive — Cheer up, it is only the tree loaded with fruit that people throw stones. Eugene O'Brien was born in 1884, and he is not married. Antonio Moreno has only been married once, to Mrs. Daisy Canfield Danziger. Harrison Ford in Zander the Great, opposite Marion Davies.

Ada N.—L. Cheney is with Universal and Lila Lee was with Ince last. Virginia Lee Corbin, Kathryn Williams and Ricardo Cortez are in James Cruze's next production, The City That Never Sleeps. Yes, but old birds are not caught by chaff. Try bird seed!

Edna M.: — So you like my beard. It is rather good looking. No, that was Allene Ray in The Way of a Man. Edgar Norton played the Baron in Men and Edward Connelly was the count in The Goldfish. Richard Dix is to play in The Last of the Mohicans. From the story, The Jungle Law, by L. A. Wyle.

Dream Lassie: — I should say I was glad to hear from you. How are things in China? Keep on sending me those interesting letters. Vive, vive.

Mitzie: — But you see, Mitzie, it is not enough to have great qualities, we must also have the management of them. Yes, Norman Kerry in Clinging Fingers, with Virginia Valli. No, Melvyn Douglas in his first picture.

Lyle W.: — The Barbados, in the West Indies, were ravaged in 1831 by a hurricane. Lucy Fox is not married so far as I know. No, Barbara La Marr is not married so far as I know now. Pola Daza, Jutta Goudal, Adolphe Menjou and Raymond Griffith are playing in Open All Night.

E. M., California: — Well, if you enjoy it, it probably isn't good for you. Rod La Rocque is playing opposite Pola Negri in Forbidden Paradise, which is adapted from the comedy-drama, The Carmilla, and is being directed by Ernst Lubitsch. Richard Dix was the good son and Rod La Rocque was the wicked one in Ten Commandments. You must see that picture.

Enziother: — So, you can get Beauty in New Zealand. Why dont you subscribe to it and make sure of getting it? Willis Goldbeck probably makes more money writing scenarios than he does writing interviews. Hazel Naylor isn't writing for us right now. She has a young son who needs a great deal of attention. Here you are. Laurence Wheat was born in Wheeling. West Virginia. He was on the stage twenty years before entering the picture business. He is five feet nine and weighs 150 pounds. Brown hair and hazel eyes. Ben Lyon and Jack Carson in So Big with Colleen Moore. That sure was a mighty interesting letter of yours. An reviv! Mrs. F. K.: — See here, young lady, you must give your correct name and address, otherwise I cant help you. Louise F. F.: — Mac Murray has very blonde hair. Monte Blue is with Warner. Yes, that is Gloria Swanson's real name. Pauline Starke is going to play in Forbidden Paradise, also. Jo—Of all runs, the ruin of man is the saddest to contemplate. Ernst Lubitsch is married. Edith Roberts in Roaring Rails.

A. L. N., California: — I drink a quart of buttermilk every day. There is nothing like it. Still in my little hall room. Cant afford anything larger. Lew Cody was born in 1885. He is playing in The Sporting Venus, starring Blanche Sweet, which Marshall Nellan is directing in England.

Equator: — Yes, Oliver Goldsmith wrote The Deserted Village. How you must have suffered. Helene Chadwick has been selected for the Ugly Duckling, the rôle of Cornelia, in The Dark Swan.

Princess B. — Franz Lissot, the eminent Hungarian pianist and musician, was born in 1811, entered a convent in 1865 and died in 1886. Theodore Kosloff was born on January 22nd. Barbara La Marr is twenty-seven. Well, I'm afraid you a Princess would have little chance of getting a position as an actress. However, there is nothing I can suggest, unless you call at the studios.

Edna L.: — I dont believe it. We forgive as long as we love. The Q. stands for Querencia Al'Mona with Bebe Daniels. Just send a stamped addressed envelope for a list of the correspondence clubs. Milton Sills has the lead in The Lost World.

The Larchers, Surrey: — I say, ole chap, that was a clever letter. What! No Glenn Hunter is not married yet. Neither is Tom Moore right now. All the records show that Barbara La Marr has had four or five husbands. Last picture Natalie Talmadge played in was Hospitality, with her husband, Buster Keaton. Isn't there some way you can get U. S. stamps? Run in again some time.

Miss Curiosity — Hello, you here again? Guess you lose—Valentino made The Four Horsemen first and some time later Blood and Sand. Don't take it too hard. You know J. D. William has purchased the screen rights to Cobra, which will be a forthcoming Valentino production to be started after his contract with Ritz-Carlton Pictures takes effect. Judith Anderson, who has the lead in the stage play, is a possibility for the screen version.

H. W. A.: — If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances thru life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair. Irene Rich at Warner Brothers and Ben Lyon and Gladys Brockwell in So Big for First National. Lilian Gish will probably play in Lounie, from the famous opera.

Maxine M.: — Tradition wears a snowy beard, romance is always young. But, I don't call marriage of a chap twenty-three to a woman sixty-nine romantic. If you say so, Richard Barthelmess and Ramon Novarro on the cover. Better write direct to Mack Sennett about that picture. See you later.

H. F.: — We dont count a man's years until he has nothing else to count. Norma Talmadge is going to play in The Lady, which is from the stage success of last season which starred Mary Nash. Wallace MacDonald has the leading male rôle. So you are fond of May McAvoy.

B. B. — Yes, Moony. — Tis pleasant-sure to see one's name in print; A book's a book, altho there's nothing int. — Tom Moore is with Famous Players. He played in Dangerous Moonlight, opposite Marie Doro.

Valentino Fan: — I should say you are, but why don't you like him in costume? You say you want Kosloff to play in Deborah. You think Monti makes a fine American husband, but as a sophisticated French genius, not so good. Well, I am glad to know what you like and what you dont like. Tell me how did you like the last magazine under our new editorship?

(Continued on page 118)
This unusual 110-piece set is with initial in 7 pieces on every piece, decorated in blue and gold, with gold covered handles. Consists of:

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Critical Paragraphs About New Productions

(Continued from page 67)

Larry Semon looking his prettiest in The Girl in the Limousine

Dashing Harry Carey and his black mask in The Lightning Rider

Boardman, William Haines, Pauline Garon, Robert Agnew, Emilie Jensen and E. J. Ratchet. A lot of the boys and girls after seeing it will say, "This is the life!"

The Sideshow of Life

Here is a circus story treated with fine repression. It may not contain the heart throbs characteristic of the big tops (when a clown is endeavoring to make the audience laugh while his heart is breaking), but it is told with splendid humanity—even if it is lacking in humor. It isn't so much Locke as it is Brenon. The author, whose original tale was known as The Mountebank, is noted for his wistful humor and gentle sentiment. This picture does not generate these qualities in such large doses as the book.

What we like about it is Ernest Torrence's portrayal of the clown who leaves his native England to cast his fortunes with a French show. The war comes, and when it is over he is jeered. We also like Louise La Grange's vivid sketch of the French girl who made herself a partner of the buffoon. And Brenon's atmosphere is richly expressed. A first-rate picture.

The Girl in the Limousine

In an effort to keep pace with Lloyd and Keaton, who left the short comedies some seasons ago, to frolic in larger pastures, Larry Semon bids for recognition here. The rough-and-tumble comedian, adept at ground and lofty tumbling—who has adhered strictly to the champagne ever since he gave up drawing cartoons for the New York Evening Sun to become a comedian—has a subject which fits his style of comedy in first-rate fashion.

He has put on the soft-pedal and clears the hurdles nicely in his first effort with the feature-length film.

He takes a former stage success and enlivens it with the typical Semon gags; and to do this he has taken some liberties. A—a play was written by Avery Hopwood, collaborating with Wilson Collison, the bedroom is very much in evidence—also the pajamas. It breezes thru with some brisk comedy, the high jinks revolving around a bashful youth who in breaking too late allows his rival to win the girl. The complications follow in the bedroom. And features some crock farce and melodrama.

The Lightning Rider

We need not stretch the imagination hunting for any originality of plot, or search for any

(Continued on page 92)
Have you learned how to select your correct shade of face powder?

When you use the shade of face powder that matches your skin, you get the most natural and the most beautiful results.

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**WOMEN** all have a keen appreciation of results. Every woman has a desire to improve her appearance when she uses cosmetics—and if she is clever, she will strive to make this improvement look as though it were a natural result rather than an artificial one.

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**Little hints in judging tones of skin**

I have prepared a few simple descriptions of typical skin-tones to provide a guide to women who are uncertain about their own skins.

If every woman would select her powder shades with the same care and discrimination she shows in matching materials for a new frock, the results would be most gratifying.

**The Medium skin.** It is not always easy to determine whether your skin is medium, for its tone is not determined by the color of either eyes or hair. Women with medium skins may have almost any shade of eyes or hair, but the actual tone of the skin makes the type.

Medium skins are warmer in tone than white skins, lighter in tone than olive skins, and less roseate than pink skins.

These skins need the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder. So many American women should use this particular shade, and it is so perfected in the Pompeian Beauty Powder that I would almost persuade every woman who has not a strikingly blonde or brunette skin to try Pompeian powder in Naturelle shade.

**The White skin.** We do not often see this white, white skin, though it still appears in rare types. Few women, even of these white-skinned types, should use a pure white powder. White Pompeian Beauty Powder mixed with Naturelle Pompeian Beauty Powder is frequently the answer to this need.

**The Pink skin.** Women with pink or flesh-looking skins often make the mistake of using a white or a dark powder. This only accentuates the pinkness. They should always use the pink tone of powder—the Flesh shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

**The Olive skin.** The shade of powder for this rich skin is Rachel Pompeian Beauty Powder. This powder shade on an olive skin accentuates the color of the eyes, the red of the lips, and the whiteness of teeth. Pompeian Beauty Powder, 60c (slightly higher in Canada). At all toilet counters.

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### The Girl Who Couldn't Be Bad

(Continued from page 42)

Esekhu Brown and his wife knelt down beside the chairs in the parlor and prayed with more fervor than ever before. Sarah's thin hand was clasped in her husband's.

"Here's another case of a young girl comin' in town lookin' for Hollywood. We'll have to have a special Movie-squad if they keep blowin' in at this rate, Doherty. Better go over to Mol's place and see if she's there. I hope the Gang hasn't got bold of her and done her dirt already. Old Mol will be gettin' us in 'Dutch' one of these days!"

The Browns returned to the Police Station the next morning early. They were told there had been seen or heard of Hank as yet and that Hope was not in the place where they had fully expected to find her.

Just as they were about to leave, Susie, the woman of the streets, was brought in with her information which, however, could not scarcely be called a clue. She explained how Hope had befriended her and had actually caused her to live a better life. But Susie went on in the same strain, telling how she intended to return and rescue her from the house of ill-fame and then look after her.

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**Synopsis of Parts L-IV**

SEVENTEEN, pretty and discontented. Hope Brown hated her home in Focastown, Canada; her streets were desolate and the drudgery of housework. She was allowed no movies or dances, but constant prayers and piecy. Having to leave to San Francisco for a missionary convention, gave her the chance for which she longed. Ann Auntie, left in charge of Hope and her brother Hank, collapsed under the strain of these young persons' rebellions. Hope boldly accepted the invitations of Miles, a bootlegger, and a newcomer to Focastown, to attend the movies; and invited him to the house the next evening. Now, Miles was a man not to be trusted with any young girl, and besides he had a wife in the city. But he was good-looking, had nice manners, and represented Romance and Adventure to Hope Auntie. He was independent, also, consulting secretly with the Salvation Army, in San Francisco. Now, Miles, Hank was being independent, also, consulting secretly with the Salvation Army. The night of Miles' call Hope entertained him behind the locked door. To her disappointment nothing happened to her, save the opinion of Miles' finances. She returned to the previous plans. He made a very short call and went back to the city, leaving Hope discontented and rebellious. Ann Auntie locked the girl in her room and never visited her again.

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**Advertising Section**

When she had returned to Mol's place however, Hope was gone and she was told that she had gone out on the streets soliciting that very night. Susie said that she had searched the streets and the haunts of the night cities, but the police returned.

The police sent Mr. and Mrs. Brown away again and then turned their earnest attentions to Susie.

"Say!" said Doherty taking her wrist and giving it a twist. "You kid these rubes, but you'd better not try it on us! Come! Cough up! Where's the kid?"

"I told a straight story, you heard it!" Susie told them defiantly.

"Now, look here, Susie! You're goin' to get all that's comin' to you if you don't cut the comedy!" growled the Sergeant.

"Cant I tell the truth, if you want to! Cant I try to be good, if I want to!" pleaded the poor woman.

"No, you can't!" snapped Doherty, bringing her to her knees by an extra twist of her arm.
“Good God! Are you tellers going to drive me out into the streets again?” whimpered Susie. “I want to go straight, I tell you! I don’t know anything about the kid—and I'd give my life to save her from Ma’s. Christ! If you’d only believe me, it would start me out straight! Honest, I am.”

“Damn your soul! Tryin’ to bully us, are you?” snarled the Sergeant. Go on, give her the limit, boys. She won’t tell what we want then, we’ll see that she goes where we can wait for her!”

After a few hours’ stout resistance, Stanton Braithwaite pushed aside all scruples and appointed Hope to be his cook—with notable exceptions. For instance, before the day was over, he had bought her an outfit of beautiful clothes and many other pretty things in an effort to express his great affection for her.

Stanton’s beneficence, coupled with the circumstances of Hope’s coming and residing with him, was bound to create talk on every hand. It had all the earmarks of notorious precedents. It was Hope herself who emphasized matters, it being her bent daily to imitate the street-walkers and fast women in every detail that she could recall of her brief sojourn among them. She would stand, for instance, in front of the open window smoking a cigarette, leaving her point of vantage only when the smoking had made her sick.

Harboring a vague fear of what she did not know, just what—possibly of losing her—Stanton did not permit Hope to go on the streets unless he accompanied her. He arranged this to his satisfaction by taking her for a daily spin thru the outskirts of the city in his car. It needed just this touch to give his friends meat for gossip.

Two of Stanton’s acquaintances in particular who saw him and Hope joy-riding were Isabel and the young man who had taken such a fancy to Hope at the breeze party. Isabel became furious on seeing the obvious role of mistress to her lover that Hope was playing and resolved to be revenged.

That night, the man who accompanied her met Stanton and dug him in the ribs remarking, with a wink, something about Hope that caused Stanton to knock him down.

Stanton hurried away from the scene of his violence, worried half to death as he realized fully the grave injury he was doing the little girl whom he had come to love so passionately. When he returned to the apartment Stanton acted so strange and aloof that Hope secretly worried for fear that she had displeased him. Their combined actions widened the breach between them.

Not until the next morning did Stanton arrive at any satisfactory solution of his and Hope’s predicament. He decided to go home to his mother and bring her back to take charge of Hope.

Before evening they had drifted farther apart, Hope becoming more and more pervaded with her pique and Stanton growing almost cross at her perversity.

“Evidently, you don’t think I’m bad enough for you!” she told him pettishly. “You couldn’t be bad if you tried!” he retorted. “And I wouldn’t have you here if you were!”

Hope quite misunderstood him, taking his remark as a taunt for her failure. At first she was furious and went about pouting until after he departed on his mysterious mission. The moment he was gone she began to cry. She had tried so hard and now he was disappointed in her because she had not sufficiently impressed him with her badness. She had thought

(Continued on page 108)
Ali Hafed, a Persian farmer, sold his acres to go out and seek his fortune. He who bought the farm found it contained a diamond mine which made him fabulously rich. Ali Hafed overlooked the great opportunity at his door to go far afield in search of wealth—which illustrates a great truth.

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**Advertising Section**

This bit as the masseuse in *A Woman of Paris* started Miss Baker on what promises to be a highly successful screen career

**Every Little Bit Helps—to Stardom**

(Continued from page 22)

actor on the screen, was made by a single part—albeit it could scarcely be considered a "bit"—in *Mickie Neilan's Fools First*. Bessie Love perhaps had the single most significant experience in regard of any actress in Hollywood. She was made as an actress by doing a "bit" in one of the early Griffith pictures. By reason of an unfortunate exploitation angle and bad contracts, she slipped down again and almost passed out as a movie figure, when Providence dealt her another hand. For the second time she made herself famous in a single scene—in a single close-up. This was in Marshall Neilan's *The Eternal Three*. The scene was on the bed where the girl makes it plain that a tragedy has occurred. She does absolutely nothing yet makes the scene poignant and agonizing.

Eleanor Boardman came to the old Goldwyn lot and jumped at once into the top line by a tiny scene in Rupert Hughes' *The Bitterness of Sweets*, in which she fainted in a theater box.

Oddly enough, it was another scene in a theater box which transformed Eileen Pringle from an extra girl into a leading lady. This was also in a Rupert Hughes picture—*Souls For Sale*.

Wesley Barry got his start thru a bit that was in the way of being an accident. He was one of a number of small boys playing in one of Marshall Neilan's pictures. Marshall tried to have him do a stunt in a toy wagon. He fell out and was badly hurt. Instead of drying his tears in the usual way, Mickie, with quick Irish wit, sent for a small stove-pipe hat and some small boots and made him the ring-master of the circus. To Mickie's own astonishment, the boy did it so well and with such urgence that he became the leading child actor of the screen almost overnight. Of course, he is no longer in the child-actor class.

Ben Alexander, another infant "phenomenon," was made famous by the single scene where he stood crying by his mother's grave in *Hearts of the World*.

The most famous bit done in recent days was the scene where the amiable stool boy Edna Purviance in one of the dramatic scenes in Charlie Chaplin's *A Woman of Paris*. The masseuse was a Miss Baker who was a telephone operator at the Chaplin studio. She has quit her job and become a movie actress. It remains to be seen whether she has enough talent to step on from that charming bit—emerge from the status of "a girl named Baker" and make her name known and felt through the world as the others have done.

**Confidences Off-Screen**

(Continued from page 50)

would not be playing it," I fired at her. "Well, why do you like it?"

"Because it gives me a chance to go deeply under the surface. I don't have to be an ordinary vamp. The author and the scenario writer have made it a suave part, and that is the idea I am developing."

The reply was an admirable one. Spanish man-eaters (I've met 'em) are not houndish, nor do they resemble the stage adventuresses in hearts, with her familiar bag of tricks. Their ardor smolders. They are subtle and smooth—until the day the deluge bursts."

"And, vamping apart, why does a Spanish rôle appeal to you?"

"Because Spaniards know how both to be happy and unhappy. They know how to live. I feel closer to them than I do to my own people. Russians have quite a talent for being unhappy, they worry too much about their souls. The French have
made a cult of boredom. The Northern racers have the knack of being happy gracefully, but they’re ugly when they’re sad. Only the Spaniards are artistic in all their moods.”

A sweeping statement this, with which some might disagree. It served to prove, however, that Miss Godowsky is enthusiastic, and that she has gone below the surface in studying her part. I predict that as a South American vamp she is going to ring true, and furnish more than one thrilling moment in A Sweet Devil.

Gloria and the Glorious Legion

I picked my way thru a tangle of props, and came upon the elaborate and unusually realistic set where Gloria Swanson was working. It showed a wine-shop in Algiers—a soldiers’ canteen, I was told, but it could not have been meant to be an ordinary regimental canteen, seeing it was a spacious affair in Moorish architecture, with a long, well-stocked bar. A canteen is apt to be merely an outhouse or a rear room at the barracks. Nevertheless, the realism was all right. In Algiers, the French soldiers often take over the nearest wine-shop in preference to starting a second-rate one of their own.

Gloria herself was perched cross-legged at one end of the bar. She was creating her stellar rôle as the canteen girl in The Wages of Virtue, from the novel of the same name by Percival Wren. It is certain not only to delight those who already admire her, but to add to her following. There seems to be no limit to her versatility. She is something else again in each new picture. Only the older day, she was playing the part of a patrician schoolgirl in Hot Love Story. A far remove, indeed, from the gay rondeau, reminiscent of Ouida’s “Cigarette,” whom I watched giving life to a glamorous African scene.

The men who crowded about Gloria’s bar were in the uniform of the most picturesque of all military services, the French Foreign Legion. You heard a deal about it during the World War, but I wonder how many Americans are aware that the Legion is a permanent institution? Those enter it who are willing to gamble desperately for fame, or who have a past to conceal. A solde’s club, in any case, it is in the front line of every campaign waged by France—and no year goes by without some sort of minor colonial war. I know the Legion well. A number of my friends, including the poet Alan Seeger, fought and died in it. It gave me a thrill to see the familiar uniform, there at Famous Players’. Better still, the most careful scrutiny revealed that the equipment was correct. I talked with the men and discovered that two or three of them had seen actual service as légionnaires. One, a Belgian, had (Continued on page 103)

One Happy Day

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Hardly one in fifty escaped film trouble under old ways of tooth brushing.

That’s why dental research sought ways to fight that film. Eventually two ways were found. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

These methods have been proved by many tests. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

The results are so remarkable that careful people of some 50 nations have adopted this new-day dentifrice.

The hidden results

But the visible results are not alone important. Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, also its starch digester. Thus it gives Nature multiplied power in the fight against starch and acids on teeth.

These combined results mean a new dental era. The benefits belong to you and yours. Let this delightful ten-day test show you how much they mean.

Pepsodent

The New-Day Dentifrice

A surprise

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

You will be amazed and delighted. You will want that new beauty, that new safety all your life. Cut out coupon now.

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 389, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Nobody wants

Gray Hair

—Nobody has to have it!

I am waiting to tell every gray-haired person how to get back the original color easily and quickly. I send a trial bottle of my famous hair color restorer absolutely free. Results of the test tell their own story.

What the test proves

That a clear, colorless liquid, easily applied by combing through the hair, works an apparent miracle. The grey strands simply fade away—the natural color returns!

This restored color is perfectly even and natural—no streaks, discoloration or artificial dyed look. There is no interference with shampooing, nothing to wash or rub off. Use Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and forget you ever had gray hair!

Mail the coupon

Acceptance of my trial offer is easy—just fill out and mail the coupon. State carefully the natural color of your hair. If possible enclose a lock in your letter.

By return mail I send you, absolutely free and postpaid, my special patented free trial bottle. Make the single-lock test as directed—learn what my restorer is and what it will do. Then get a full-sized bottle from your druggist or direct from me.

Mary T. Goldman's
Hair Color Restorer
Over 10,000,000 bottles sold

Please print your name and address

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer

Black — dark brown — medium brown — auburn (dark red) — light brown — light auburn (light red) — blonde

Name

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Wrestling Book FREE

The how-to-WIN, starting with a swing movement to the finish. How to win, how to lose. Includes rules, strategies, fight techniques, physics, psychology, condition, medicine, gymnastics, all sports. Illustrated. Send 10c for Free Book today. State your name.

Wrestling School, 1058 Kilkenny Bldg., Omaha, Nebr.

CHECK SNEEZING Colds

Rub nasal passage with

Mentholatum

COOLING, ANTISEPTIC, CLEARS HEAD

Write for free sample.


Try the New

Cuticura

Shaving Stick

Freely Lathering, Medicinal and Emollient

On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 63)

There has never been such a galaxy of stars as those engaged for a dinner scene in Mrs. Paramore. From left to right around the table they are: Norma Shearer, William Haines, Mae Murray, Robert Leonard, May MacAvery, Conrad Nagel, Robert G. Vignola, Pauline Frederick (Mrs Paramore), Harry Rapf, Hohart Henley, Mae Busch, John Gilbert, Mario Carillo, Aileen Pringle, Paul Nicholson and Patterson Dial

Emmund Lowe has signed off from matrimony; and signed on with star pictures. Suit has been filed against him by Esther Miller Lowe, whom he married in 1914. They separated in 1918. She was not an actress. After the divorce, Mr. Lowe plans to marry Elyan Tashman, a stage star who has recently come into pictures. Mr. Lowe has recently finished Barbara Frietchie with Florence Vidor at the Ince studio and has now signed with Fox to star in four pictures. The first of these is to be The Brass Bowl, in which Robert Harron was playing some years ago when accidently killed in New York. Miss Tashman has just signed to play her old stage part in The Garden of Weeds, which James Cuno is direct at Lasky's.

Cech, De Mille seems to have changed his mind about making The Golden Bed in the East. It will be made in Hollywood. Another crushing blow for the East is the return of Kenneth Harlan who has been making a picture in New York. He says New York is an all-right town and he wouldn't like to see it abolished or anything like that; but it has one vital difficulty for the actor. It takes too long to get to playing the part under the direction of Monta Bell. Bell is the young scenario assistant to Charlie Chaplin who has been so sensational a success as a director. He used to be a newspaper editor and magazine writer in Washington. I saw him the other day on a set, directing one of the big scenes. 'Dont ever reveal my wife's secret,' he said with a grin behind his hand. 'But I am going to tell you the truth. Every city editor in every big newspaper in the country has a more difficult job than this; one that takes more brains. Directing pictures is a pipe—honest.' Numerous others who have tried it, have not come to the same conclusion.

John Gilbert is the only prominent actor willing to place art above vanity that the Mayer-Goldwyn-Metro could persuade to play The Snob. The leading part in the picture is so ungrateful that most of the actors backed off. The producers didn't have the nerve to ask John Gilbert—in view of his recent successes. But Mr. Gilbert volunteered cheerfully. So he is
"locations." You have more time to yourself in Hollywood.

A quaint story is told in Hollywood about Nita Naldi. She is the unterrified and undiscouraged young lady of the films. When Cecil De Mille was making The Ten Commandments, the actors, as usual, burned incense before him. When he was reading the script to them, they screamed with laughter at the jokes and wept floods at the sad places. Dutiful "Yes Men" all! Not to mention "Yes Women!"

One day Nita came in late—she is always late—and found them sitting in an awe of semi-circle around him. Nita swept Mr. De Mille a deep bow and said just one word: "Yes."

They all shuddered and expected to see her annihilated where she stood. But Mr. De Mille simply roared with laughter. The truth is, De Mille is a regular person and hates all this boot-licking as much as any other regular person naturally would.

DOROTHY GISH who discovered Valentino and Dick Barthelmess and a lot of them seems to have spotted another one. When she returned from Europe, Irving Hartley, a news photographer for the New York World, went down to the boat to snap some pictures of her. Dorothy took one casual look at him and told him he ought to be a picture actor. Whereupon he threw his camera overboard and set out for Hollywood. After a long siege, he has finally landed a contract with the Mayer-Goldwyn-Metro studio.

When First National films Papini's Life of Christ, it seems likely that Milton Sills will be cast in the title role—perhaps the most difficult ever undertaken by any film actor.

Mabel Normand is still up in the air as to future film engagements but has made some fortunate investments in oil that make it unnecessary for her to be a movie anything more.

Fatty Arbuckle also has recovered from his financial cataclysm and is building a new home in Beverly Hills.

Inasmuch as every newspaper critic at least thinks he knows all motion pictures, the Warner Brothers gave them a chance to say it one day last week. A big banquet was held in the studio with about two hundred and fifty guests, nearly all of whom were newspaper writers. At the conclusion, they were asked to tell the Warner Brothers what is the matter with the movies. As the results were not specially bewildering in brilliance, I asked Jack Warner to tell me instead. He said that it is largely three things—three diseases. The market is cornered to such an extent that it is too hard for bright independent producers; producers are too much inclined to put a time limit on the directors; and the movie houses have too much vaudeville as an accompaniment of the pictures.

"Thickest"

A TRE-JUR Compact scarcely thicker than a gold-piece... and as precious

The convexity of the beautiful metal case fits the palm—And in the large mirror the swiftest glance shows every facial detail.

The touch of Tre-Jur powder is as soft as a lover's caress—perfumed with the new Joli-Memoire, a scent that savours of happiness.

"THINEST" will vastly surprise you. It looks so expensive and costs so little—to be exact, One Dollar! Ask at your favorite store for your own shade of powder and rouge... or order by mail from us.

THE HOUSE OF TRE-JUR
19 WEST 18TH STREET, NEW YORK

TRE-JUR

THE "TRIPLE"
Combina's powder, rouge and lip-stick in a delightful case—with the famous sliding drawer $1.25

THE "PURSE SIZE TWIN"
Powder and rouge ingeniously presented in a case that snaps into the smallest purse $1

We award Bessie Love a platinum medal for bravery

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Delicious' Dainties
for you
to serve

"Uneeda Bakers" sugar wafers are deliciously good to eat, served by themselves or with other desserts. They add a new distinction to ice cream, frozen pudding, or similar desserts.

At your next party, or for dessert at home, serve NABISCO. Its two crisp wafers enclose a delicious creamy filling.

Another welcome delicacy is HARLEQUIN—three layers of golden wafers with alternate layers of delicious creamy filling.

And then FESTINO — the delectable little sugar wafer that looks and tastes like an almond.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
"Uneeda Bakers"

The Hermit of Hollywood
(Continued from page 27)

Here came Rex Ingram suffering from an old illness—and Peter cured him as long as he followed the old Hermit’s homely rules.

"Cure yourself! I say to 'em!" Peter cries, stamping a bare foot in the dust beside his door; "sickness is selfishness. Live out of doors—like me! Eat only fruit and vegetables—like me! Be cheerful, that's the only doctor you’re needin’. No bird ever sang in a dark cell!"

Everybody, he explains, has an aura visible to him. A yellow halo denotes spirituality, a blue shows devotion to noble ideals, but a red aura means anger, and a black one tells of death thoughts.

Last spring a scenario writer, suffering from a nervous breakdown, went up to Peter’s aerie to beg him to help her. As she waited for him, the thought of suicide entered her sick mind.

When the Hermit appeared, leading his two milk goats, he looked at her shrewdly and benignantly. "Don’t do it," said he, "killin’ yourself wont help matters!"

"Sure, many's the time I’ve met people on the streets who were plannin’ to commit suicide," says Peter calmly, "and I’ve gone up to them and begged them not to for the love av God! But, I don’t know! They must heal themselves. Every pot has to stand on its own bottom."

He milks his goats as he talks and brings a bowl of warm milk with a kindly graciousness. "But dont you get lonely up here by yourself?" the visitor asks.

"Lonely, with all the angels of Heaven for company?"’ scorns Peter. "No, no! I couldn’t please my neighbors if I tried, and I’ll never try!"

Sometimes Pat O’Malley takes him to a picture show, staff, bare feet and all. Sometimes Peter dons sandals as a concession to elegance, puts on an even cleaner white shirt than his usual clean one, and dines with some director or scenario writer at the Writers’ Club. But even the most verbose writer is no match for Peter when it comes to slingin’ words—it is whispered joyfully that Elmer Glyn herself, who holds the local long-distance conversation record, was talked down for once when she met Peter at a screen star’s party.

Hollywood children greet Peter joyously wherever he and his collie appear
in sight. Hollywood grown-ups are suddenly able to locate their consciences.

Standing before his tent door in the sunset glow, like a prophet of old, Peter, the Hermit, waves his visitor farewell. "Everything will be all right!" he calls reassuringly. "Everything’s got to be all right!"

Hollywood went quite to the demission bow-wow so long as Peter is around to keep an eye on things!

Letters to the Editor
(Continued from page 70)

look like the beauteous Alice Terry. I think Richard Barthelmess is splendid; I’d spend my last dime to see Valentino; and Ramon Novarro—I’d toss my last quarter thru any ticket window just to see him be impertinent, and besides his being so admirably impudent, he is an artist.

Now, you will please pardon me while I rave about my idol. But after spending monotonous days at a desk in the business world, one is naturally grateful to the able magician who transports one from the land of polite hostility to lands of flowering orchards, sun-kist islands, mystic desert, picturesque old castles, beautiful women, chivalrous men—Romance!

Were I a writer, I should go to this magician with my stories. Were I an actor and he should give me an opportunity in his pictures, I should feel my success assured. As it is, I, one of his millions of admirers, go to see his every picture—and know no disappointment.

Such is the artistry of this gifted god: Rex Ingram!

CARLA MCCALLUM, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Pomp and Circumstance—and Emptiness

DEAR EDITOR: That overrated question "What’s wrong with the movies?" has been discussed, argued, and fought over ever since the moving pictures have reached a point where they have been worth fighting over. There have been many solutions; some made by those who presumably know what they are talking about, and by those who talk for the sake of talking, knowing nothing of the matter.

A close observer, however, finds one outstanding fault—the lavishness of the film to cover up a poor story, bad direction, incompetent acting, and a lack of sincerity.

Beau Brummel is one of the best examples I know of beautiful sets, good acting, fine direction, and sincerity on the part of all involved in the film. As a contrast, I offer Enemies of Women. The picture had in its cast many well-known and recognized names. Lione Barrymore failed to impress one, while Alma Rubens didn’t have any more life than a rag doll. However, the sets were beautiful, and the picture was cataloged as a "picture of stupendous beauty and force." What this picture needed was some influence to make it live, whether it be actors or a director. It is like a beautiful picture, the hardship of an artist’s life—with beautiful color and form, but without life. So it is with half the films we see; they do not live.

This is just one little phase of that big question, "What is wrong with the movies?" and I hope before very long, it will be corrected.

Sincerely,

ETHEL KAHN

Takes Off 41 lbs. in Exactly 7 Weeks

Just think of taking off more than 40 lbs in about as many days! That’s exactly what Mrs. Carpenter did—through a method anyone can use!

I weighed just 129 today—by the same scale in my bathroom that less than two months ago pointed to 170! This is what Mrs. Carpenter, a New Orleans lady, wrote Wallace about her experience with reducing records. It ought to convince anybody that superfluous flesh is as unnecessary as it is undesirable.

Reduced 41 Lbs With Ease

"I had long wanted a means of reducing, but being a business woman I had no time nor money to waste on fads. I didn’t dare deny myself the nourishment an active woman must have. I grew steadily stouter—then something told me to try Wallace records. Somehow, the method sounded sensible; the free demonstration seemed fair; so I started.

‘Fifteen minutes each evening, I took the reducing movements to music. It was mighty interesting; I felt better from the start. But what thrilled me was this: I lost 6½ lbs the first week!’

‘The second week I lost 8 lbs more. The following week only six more. But in seven weeks I had reduced to 129—not bad for my 5 ft. 5 inches!’

What You Can Lose
By the Same Method

Mrs. Carpenter states that she made this wonderful reduction solely through Wallace reducing records; that she got thin to music and did nothing else—no Turkish baths, no patent food or drugs, no punishing diet.

Compare your present weight with the weight for your height and age in the table below, and you’ll know how much you can reduce. There’s no theory about it—for results are guaranteed.

Here is what you ought to weigh, and can weigh:

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Free Proof to Any Woman Who Really Wants to Get Thin

Thousands of women (men, too) have reduced by use of Wallace records, all by themselves, with their own phonograph, at home. The reducing movements are scientific and certain. They can’t harm; and they can’t fail. It’s a perfectly natural, normal and healthful way of correcting the cause of any amount of overweight. And proof is free.

Just fill out the coupon—you’ve seen it before—but this time make it out and mail it! You’ll receive the whole first week’s lesson complete, record and all, for a full and free trial. Let the results decide whether you want it.

WALLACE (410)
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Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for a week’s free trial the Original Wallace Reducing Record.

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Has Charm Only as You Are Fally Developed

BEAUTY OF FORM

can be cultivated just the same as flowers are made to blossom with proper care. Woman, by nature refined and delicate, craves the natural beauty of her sex. How wonderful to be a perfect woman!

Bust Pads and Ruffles

never look natural or feel right. They are really harmful and retard development. You should add to your physical beauty by enlarging your bust-form to its natural size. With the NATIONAL, a new scientific appliance that brings delightful results.

FREE BEAUTY BOOK

If you wish a beautiful, womanly figure, write for a copy of the treatise by Dr. C. S. Carr, formerly published in the Physical Culture Magazine, entitled: "The Bust—How It May Be Developed." Of this method Dr. Carr states:

"Indeed, it will bring about a develop- ment of the busts quite astonishing."

This valuable information, explaining the causes of non-development, together with photographic proof showing as much as five inches enlargement by this method, will be sent FREE to every woman who writes quickly. Those desiring book sent sealed, enclose ac rs. postage.

THE OLIVE COMPANY

Dept. 205

CLARINDA, IOWA

The Breath of Scandal

Do you prefer to know "the truth" about the private lives of your favorite stars?

Does this make you more—or less—interested in their films?

Gladys Hall puts this question to the readers of CLASSIC in a lively fashion.

Animal Actors and Human Stars

They work together very calmly (sometimes) says Dorothy Donnell. And as for the pictures! You'd want one of the cubs, or perhaps a full-grown tiger, the minute you see these photographs we have to illustrate the story.

The Man Who Sold Himself

Monta Bell, the director of one of the best pictures of the year, "Broadway After Dark," broke all the supposedly cast-iron rules for directing. And got away with it. Jim Tully tells the story.

On the news-stands November October 12th

RICHARD DIX

will lose heart and abandon his undertaking. Do not make an enemy of him, for he would be vindictive. He is fond of the beautiful and artistic; conscientious about giving advice, and likes to be consulted in important matters. He likes to talk, enjoys people and has a good time. Above all things else, Richard Dix is frank, outspoken, and wholly honest in expressing his opinion. He is one of the few people I have met who admits his faults frankly and readily. He is a popular and very likable fellow.

DOROTHY GISH

and proof that she is a person who is not easily swayed when her mind is definitely made up. She has a frank, outspoken nature.

The greatest difference in the two sisters is shown in the lower portion of the face. Dorothy is a positive type, Lillian a negative. Dorothy is more social by nature and has greater interest in all people and in human nature. She is more analytical, has a better memory, and a wider variety of interests. She talks more readily and more easily than her sister, and takes life a little less seriously; represents people less, and is more frank and outspoken. She is also more demonstrative. She thinks more about clothes and is more careless about details; she is also less economical and more luxurious in her tastes. From a vocational standpoint she would fit into other professions more readily than her sister would, her face being more harmonic. She, like Lillian, is very wholesome, very natural, and has plenty of good common sense. She is also very alert, observant, appreciative and considerate.

ANTONIO MORENO

depressed, is extremely depressed; and when happy, is very happy. His is a nature that is very sensitive to harmony and inharmony; one that feels deeply, and is quick to sense things. He is a man with his feet firmly fixed upon the earth, but with his head in the sky; an intense lover of nature, and alive to all its beautiful influences; an enthusiastic lover, and one who would be devoted to his wife.
Brewing Beauty

"Olive oil, oatmeal, lemons, salt, and cornmeal!"

Any bachelor would order this list of groceries for food, and for food only. But a woman buying these things might not have thought of eating them. Far from it! But she would use them in another life-saving way which is, perhaps, just as valuable—for the magic beautifying properties. It's astonishing what happiness and comeliness can be found on the pantry shelves. If you believe it isn't so, read all about what's what, in The Kitchen Beauty Shelf. And when you have read, you'll not be able to resist trying their effects on that ever-present problem that is yourself.

The Problems of the Girl Who is Not an Acclaimed Beauty are those that concern Mary Eaton. She is well qualified to write on this subject, for is she not radiant, blondely, beautiful? And hasn't she been "glorified" by Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld in his Follies?

The Problems of the Acclaimed Beauty are those that concern Mary Eaton. She is well qualified to write on this subject, for is she not radiant, blondely, beautiful? And hasn't she been "glorified" by Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld in his Follies?

If you care to keep your five senses "until the end," you'll care for your eyes and ears and nose now. See how to do this in Coddling the Five Senses.

Beauty For NOVEMBER

Pin a Dollar Bill to this coupon and receive the next five big numbers of "Beauty" Magazine. Mail at once to BEAUTY, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Name: .....................................................
St. and No: ....................................................................
City ........................................ State ..........

On the news-stands October 15th

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Suzanne Powers, seen this past season in "Tarnish," "The Potters," and "The Bluebird" explains the mystery of her fashionably smooth way of wearing her hair. She writes: "Women who have adopted the new severely plain mode in hair-dressing find in Stacomb a delightful and effective aid. Very few women can achieve this desirable effect without it."

Stacomb is a light, velvety, invisible cream. In jars and tubes, at all drug and department stores.

**Stacomb**

Free Offer

Standard Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 14-0
113 West 18th Street, New York City
Please send me, free of charge, a generous sample tube of Stacomb.

Name

Address

---

**A Brief for the Butcher**

(Continued from page 29)

It is easy to see that this situation was intensely dramatic. But how much more dramatic and intense was this same situation in the photoplay where it was established that the two principal characters were already married!

A Successful Operation

The story, *Flaming Youth,* was purchased by the producers because hidden among the involved and the more or less salacious details of the book was a powerful and opportune theme. By retaining the story of Patricia Pentrice, eliminating the romances and adventures of the less important characters, and by discarding the salacious details, a picture was made which has proved one of the most successful pictures in the history of the industry.

It would be almost impossible to produce *Flaming Youth* on the screen as it was written. Had it been made with fidelity to the book, the story would have appeared disjointed and uninteresting, because for one thing it would have been impossible to tell, except by lengthy and boring titles, the thoughts and impressions in the minds of the many characters involved in the story. Warner Fabian, its anonymous author, was able to use page after page in his book to describe the mental reactions of his characters, all of which made excellent reading. But, as I pointed out before, the screen can deal only with those features of a book which can be portrayed in action.

Beware the Censor!

This brings us to another very important reason why many books and plays cannot be transferred to the screen in toto. And this is censorship.

"The daring and risqué details in *Flaming Youth* could never have been presented on the screen without engendering the ire of the censor. Now, I am not in favor of making capital out of salaciousness, but, in the matter of censorship, it would seem that the film industry is the only "naughty boy in the class." When the novel, *Flaming Youth,* was placed on sale in the bookstores where all could buy it, irrespective of age, there was no general movement to suppress it, yet if a quarter of the risqueness of the book had been transferred to the screen there would not have been a state in the union in which the picture could have been shown.

The same is true of *Lilies of the Field.* On the stage this play ran without interference. But I sincerely doubt if a true film depiction of the play would have been so fortunate. As it was, the producers of this picture took only the features of the play that were screenable and from these incidents built a highly interesting and cleanly told photoplay.

New Titles for Old

Another phase of motion picture making that has disturbed certain novelists and critics is the picture producer's practice of changing titles. The author feels about this as he does about the changing of his story and asks himself the question: "Why, if the title is good enough for the book, is it not good enough for the picturization of the book?"

In picture-making it is the same. Our artistry is confined to the making of the picture and not to the titling of it.

Take the case of the novel. Its life is indefinite. Published today, let us assume, it will probably be many, many months before its success is assured. At first, it has a few readers—these readers tell others of its value and thus by a slow process of word and mouth advertising it becomes known, perhaps finally reaching the point of success which lists it among the "best sellers," and copies of it are available in bookstores for months after it is first issued. Hence, the publisher and author can depend upon the contents, rather than the title, to create a demand.

But the life of the motion picture is transitory and short-lived. It is here today and gone tomorrow. Success or failure is stamped on it almost at its first... (Continued on page 92)
Marvelous New Curling Cap Marcelle Waves any Hair

Startling new invention makes marceling quick and easy

HERE'S the greatest beauty news you've had in many a day! It makes no difference whether you wear your hair bobbed or long—whether it's thick and fluffy or thin and scraggly—for this great beauty invention insures a mass of lovely ringlets, waves and curls all the time at practically no expense to you and with only a few minutes' time every few days.

Like all great inventions, McGowan's Curling Cap is very simple. There is no complicated apparatus. Nothing to catch in your hair or get out of order. It is a simple device that applies the principles of the curling iron, using a specially prepared, safe and harmless curling fluid—Spanish Curling Liquid—in the place of water and heat.

You can see at a glance how the Curling Cap works. Elastic head bands hold the six rubberized cross pieces in place. The hair is held in "waves" by the cross pieces until it dries, when the Curling Cap is removed, and you have a beautiful Marcelle that would cost a dollar or more at a Beauty Shop and take about an hour's time.

A timely aid to beauty

There never was a more timely invention than this, when nearly all girls and young women are wearing bobbed hair—and wondering how they will keep it curled through the summer. Tennis, golf, boating, swimming and other summer sports always have played havoc with Marceles and make it nearly impossible for the average outdoor girl to keep her bob looking as smart as it should. But now she can laugh at her former worries, for with McGowan's Curling Cap and a bottle of Spanish Curling Liquid she can have a fresh Marcelle every day in less time than it took to comb her hair when it was long.

Curly hair's the thing now

No matter what style of bob you favor, or even if you wear your hair long, you've got to keep it curly and wavy if you want to be in style. There never was a style more universally becoming and there never was one more rigidly demanded by the arbiters of fashion.

It makes no difference, either, whether you prefer the waves running across your hair or from front to back. The Curling Cap is adjustable either way. When not in use the Cap may be folded and carried in your handbag.

Read this amazing offer

If you are familiar with the price of other curling devices—none of which is to be compared with the Curling Cap—you would expect this one to cost at least $10 or $15. In fact, when Mr. McGowan first showed his invention to his friends many of them advised him to sell it for that price because it is easily worth it. But Mr. McGowan wants every girl and woman to get the benefit of his great invention, so he decided to put the price within reach of all. By selling in tremendous quantities it will be possible for him to make a price of $2.87 for the entire outfit, which includes a large sized bottle of Spanish Curling Liquid as well as the newly invented Curling Cap. As this same bottle of Spanish Curling Liquid has always been sold for $1.50, you can see that you are really getting the Curling Cap for the ridiculous price of one dollar, which is just about what it costs to make.

Send no money—just mail the coupon

You don't even have to pay for this wonderful curling outfit in advance. Just sign the coupon and in a few days the postman will deliver the Curling Cap and Spanish Curling Liquid to you. Simply pay him $2.87, plus postage—and then your Marcelle worries will be at an end. If you don't find it the greatest beauty aid you ever used—if it doesn't bring you the most beautiful of Marceles just as we promised—if you are not satisfied with McGowan's Curling Cap and Spanish Curling Liquid in every way, just return the outfit and your money will be refunded.

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A Brief for the Butcher
(Continued from page 90)
showing. The average theater run of a picture is only a week; in the smaller towns two or three days. If the picture is to be a success to the exhibitor, the patrons must be entered into. It is evident the first night that the showman may depend on those favorably impressed to advertise his pictures among their friends. He has the largest circle of photoplays but titles that will quickly intrigue and at the same time convey to the patrons an idea of the type of picture to be expected when they get into the theater. So, we have to attract the public and sell our productions by sheer force of title alone—to get the maximum of patronage in a very limited time.

Critical Paragraphs About New Productions
(Continued from page 78)

novel development here. It is just another Western—and a pretty good one. The Western as they come to us. It features the usual hard riding, fighting, quick-trigger finger shooting—all of which are executed against the background of a frontier town suggestive of the wide open spaces. Harry Carey is the hero who rides like a streak of lightning—with something of a dash of "Klu Klux Klan" about him. He wears a mask that is black instead of white—and he wears it to catch the Black Mask, a night-riding. This type of story used to be a favorite with mothers who told it to their excitable little boys before they consented to go to sleep. These same excitable little boys will enjoy it just as well now as when they were youngsters.

Carey hasn't much range of expression, but he'll get our vote because he doesn't try to "ham" all over the place. The girl is played by Virginia Browne. Faire with acceptable charm and spirit.

Wandering Husbands
The pendulum swings both ways in exposing erring husbands and their erring spouses. All kinds of tales have been concocted onto stories of marital discord until it has become a race among producers to project the most compelling, eye-smashing title to attract the screen goer. We cannot say that the title of this picture will win a blue ribbon, nor can we say that its plot is particularly stimulating. It offers nothing new except a rather unusual climax. We have here the oldest of the triangle situations—with the neglected wife employing extreme measures to "show up" the other woman. She even goes so far as to invite the gay charmer home for the week-end. Which is stretching plausibility to the breaking point.

The unusual climax? The wife, determined to have a show-down on the affair, invites her husband and the affianced for a ride in a leaking launch. When the craft is about to sink, she asks the husband to choose between them. We do not need to tell you that he selects the woman who stood at the altar with him. If the picture is the bright spot of the picture and she surely works hard to make the situations plausible.

Along Came Ruth
This farce-comedy has gone thru several variations since its adaptation from the original French. It came to the New York stage—and scored a fair amount of success—and now it comes to the screen as
Dreams of a fascinating, radiant beauty—of a soft, pure complexion filled with bewitching charm. How often have you gazed into your mirror and longed for that “subtle something” your appearance seemed to lack? That illusive “master touch” of beauty that would inspire the admiration and attention now going to others. Your Dreams can come true. You can give to your skin and complexion “Beauty’s Master Touch.” For over eighty years

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**Behold This Woman**

J. Stuart Blackton is making as consistently good pictures as any director in the business. He has followed up *Between Friends* (a first-rate opus of its kind) with a satisfying photoplay—an adaptation of the story by E. Phillips Oppenheim. It carries that much-sought-for quality—novelty. But Blackton in searching for novel touches hasn’t overlooked such good old standby ingredients as heart appeal, love interest, vigorous action and a neat thread of adventure.

The much-publicized town of Hollywood is the background of this picture—and naturally one might guess the plot would develop a note of romance around the personality of a screen star. Sure enough, that is just what it does. And the masculine figure is a cowboy. It’s a simple but straightforward yarn which unfolds here; one which depicts some romantic conflict before the cowboy wins the celebrity. Look for the novelty in the way the old plot is handled. And look for an excellent interpretation by Charles A. Post as the cowboy.

**The Back Trail**

The Universal foundry is grinding out a lot of Westerns exploiting the open spaces and nature’s nobleman, whose indomitable courage guides him to rescue the girl in the clutches. The company has two exploiters of the far-flung Western ranges, Jack Hoxie and Hoot Gibson. The former, not being a comedian, is permitted to play in the straight, customary manner; while Hoot is allowed to trifle with burlesque occasionally, Hoxie is present in

(Continued on page 101)
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Thousands of men and women in all parts of the U. S. and many foreign countries, who had given up after trying every conceivable method, are now reporting in healthy, clear, attractive complexion after my delightful treatment a few days. These letters are typical of thousands.

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Mr. Warren: Lingayen, Pangasinan, Pardon me for not writing you immediately when I received your treatment and your letters. I am glad to inform you that your treatment has caused practically all the pimples on my face to vanish. I will tell my friends about this great improvement and get them to order from you. Yours, JOSE S. ESPINO.

Removes Pimples In 6 Days

Dear Friend: Pittsburg, Pa. I thank you enough for Clear-Plex! I have used it eight days and all of my pimples and blackheads are all gone now and my face is smooth and soft. ALMA CORSTENSEN.

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Dear Friend: Bay City, Mich. I can't praise your Clear-Plex enough for what it has done for my 14-year-old daughter. This skin was ruined for life till I began using your Clear-Plex. Now her face is almost entirely well and she has a beautiful, clear, soft, velvety complexion. HATTIE JOHNSON.

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This old saying is literally true. An unsightly skin makes many an otherwise attractive man or woman a wallflower—makes them sensitive, embarrassed, and repels others. A fair face, one that skin draws friends to you and wins admiration, for beauty is more in the complexion than in the features. Declare your independence today from your blemishes by using my wonderful home treatment.

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To prove that you can be rid of pimples, acne, brown spots, oily skin, blackheads and blemishes I want you to try my simple home treatment under plain wrapper to try ten days. You will find it wonderful. After ten days the sale of this medicine shall be used as toilet water. Without obligation, just write or print your name and address and send the coupon below for your introductory 10-day FREE TRIAL OFFER. W. H. WARREN, 906 Gateway Sta., Kansas City, Mo.

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when I tried to jump carelessly into the saddle, I found myself on the other side of him. Finally, in desperation, I had the musicians play *Pony Boy*, and the atmosphere was great! By the twentieth bar I was usually on top of the animal's back. The music seemed to put the long-suffering beast in better spirits, too. So now we are the best of friends, and I mount with a jaunty air to the strains of *Pony Boy* with such abandon that it almost puts me in a class with Tom Mix himself!' he added proudly. "But all joking aside, the way I feel about music with scenes is that, when it's good it's very, very good; but when it is bad it is horrid! Used intelligently by real musicians, it is a decided help."

At this moment Alice Terry, who is appearing in the picture with Conway Tearle, as the woman in the situation, picked her way to us over fallen trees and studio bushes. "I like music because it covers up the sounds of whispering or talking behind the lights and helps one to concentrate; but I do not like to be conscious of the music itself—it must be only a background."

Just then Conrad Nagel popped his head around some scenery near by, and he was called into the conference. He was working on a Hobart Henley production a few yards off on the same stage, and had come for a visit between scenes with Conway and Alice Terry. He said, "Music? Oh, yes, I think it is essential, for the reason that on the screen you must leap right into the climax of the emotion without any gradual working up to it. Music makes this easier to do. It helps the actor and actress feel the wave more sincerely."

Madame Nazimova is one of the very few stars who does not like music when she is making a picture. She is having her first musicians with her present production for Edwin Carewe, *A Madonna of the Streets*, but this, she assured me, was at the particular request of Mr. Carewe. "Being a musician myself, I am conscious of a single wrong note when played and it comes at me like a cannon-ball, destroying any concentration I may be attempting in spite of the music. For mostly I do have to work in spite of music. These musicians of Mr. Carewe's I do not mind. But oh, the most of them are impossible to me and I cannot do my characterization properly to their music. I would howl with laughter if they gave me music with my drama on the stage: so why on the screen?" And thus the very charming Nazimova dismissed the subject with which she was not in sympathy.

A smile and a nod of acknowledgment is the reward of Norma Talmadge's musicians whenever they play "Pale Hands I" (Continued on page 104)

May McAvoy says beautiful music distracts her too much—she forgets that she is acting, and wants only to listen

*The Brush-Waved Bob!*

**Wonderful New Brush Is a Boon to Bobbed Heads**

**Helps Hair Curl Instead of Straightening It**

**An Amazing Aid to the Natural Wave**

Now, the bob is a blessing. Bobbed hair need NOT be a constant care. The inventor of Wavex—the new, curling hairbrush—must have had bobbed heads in mind! No more bother and expense of almost daily clipping and waving to prevent those straight ends from spoiling the trim, chic effect of your bob! No more ragged sides from sleeping on the short locks that are stubbornly straight by morning!

All you have to do is use the right hairbrush. Simply brush-wave your hair with Wavex—the brush that brushes in waves. A glance at the pictures tells why this new type of brush coaxes to a curl. The brush itself will demonstrate its effectiveness in short order. *You can have one to try*. An actual test on your own hair is free. No sale if you don't see real results, and you can't count its purchase an expense—Wavex brushes soon saves many times its cost in fees paid for frequent wavings!

While the idea is still new, the makers will forward one Wavex curling hairbrush at the special price of three dollars. It is a bargain at that price! For Wavex is genuine Ebony from India, with the rich, colorful markings of the imported ebony, unstained and highly polished. Real, penetrating China hog bristles hand-drawn. Will stand wetting and washing.

For hair that always looks its best—that just naturally falls into soft curl after every brush—get a Wavex brush and begin using it. You'll be glad you did—your satisfaction will know no limit—for a Wavex is a joy. Short hair, long hair, any human hair responds to the gentle undulation of the bristles in wave-formation. A deluge of letters is proof of what it does for the appearance and health of the hair. It aids and abets curliness with every stroke. It brings a buoyancy and billow to the hair. It does away with that severe look which bobbed hair has when flattened by the old, straight-type of brush. The friction in brush-waving polishes the hair to a brilliancy no dressings can ever equal in effect.

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Advertising Section

Unless He Gets Slapped is jazzed up with movie hokum, it will meet with a cold reception

That's Out
(Continued from page 60)

as the book, and perhaps Ernest Torrence is somewhat to blame. Torrence is a great actor, but he was like a fish out of water in the rôle of "mountebank." He seemed self-conscious and insincere—something quite unusual for this splendid performer.

This was especially noticeable in the portion of the story wherein he was called upon to be a romantic lover and wear a dinner-suit, etc. In the latter part of the film he played with much more sincerity and effect. To the critical observer it would seem that Torrence is far better suited to characterizations than to "straight" rôle wherein he is called upon to be merely "himself."

Forecasting Another Good Director

MONTA Bell, having proved that it is quite possible for a young man to step in and direct a picture without previous megaphone experience and still make a good one, the producers are now willing to take a few chances. In most cases, the producers will undoubtedly profit by this transference of new blood into their directorial stock.

Famous Players-Lasky has just appointed Paul Bern, former scenario writer, to the post of director. Bern has never directed before, but is now working on a film entitled Open All Night. Knowing something of Bern's scenario work, and knowing him to be a clever and intelligent craftsman, one may safely wager that he will not only turn out a good picture, but it might even be predicted that Open All Night will be a far better film than many of those which will be made by many of Lasky's older and more experienced directors.

Well-Known Novels as Film Attractions

To those who argue that because a book has a wide circulation it must of necessity be a big drawing card at the movie-box offices, the film version of Babbitt is quite a set-back. In spite of the fact that Babbitt has been one of the biggest sellers in recent years, it is not doing any better as a cinema attraction than many original screen stories. It will probably be many

(Continued on page 107)
**The Winners of the Month**

**Manhandled (Continued from page 52)**

And Gloria Swanson humanizes this girl and makes her genuine. A new Gloria surely—a Gloria triumphant as a comedienne. A new Gloria with a colorful role. Tom Moore is also human as the youth—and the others are highly competent. A gem of a picture.

**Never Say Die (Continued from page 52)**

and his play of expression stamps him as one of the screen’s most gifted light comedians. He has surrounded himself with competent players. And shining forth with good performances are Lillian Rich, Helen Ferguson, Wade Boteler, Hallam Cooley and George Cooper.

The picture is realistically mounted. It offers an avalanche of laughs.

**Fools in the Dark (Continued from page 53)**

well. The colored man is played by Tom Wilson who has had considerable experience with burnt cork. The oily villain is Bertram Grasby.

*Fools in the Dark* has ingredients which are well shuffled. They even bring in the marines to show up the flag-waving hokum which has carried so many pictures to success. But dragging in the soldiers of the sea is just another satirical thrust.

**Janice Meredith (Continued from page 53)**

Franklin’s audience with the French King who has promised aid to the Colonies is one that will linger in the mind.

It’s been given intelligent treatment—intelligent co-operation by director, players, and technical staff. The settings are atmospheric and correct down to the last detail.

The acting is of a high quality—with Miss Davies giving a finely shaded performance of the title role. She shows a fine gift for comedy, Harrison Ford makes a manly lover. And Holbrook Blinn, George Siegmund, Macklyn Arbuckle, Joseph Kilger (looking a trifle too heavy of feature for Washington, but making the immortal figure convincing, withal), George Nash and W. C. Fields are conspicuous with finely rounded performances. It carries the atmosphere of reality—and an irresistible glamour which is just far enough removed in the background to provide a rich appeal. A magnificent picture—finely staged and acted. Don’t miss it.

**—and now for those “three golden minutes”**

*I call my own*

“The long, busy day over at last.

“And now for those ‘three golden minutes!’ I call my own, when I wipe away all of the day’s dirt and tiredness. Then my skin can function normally all night and by morning be fresh and radiant.

“T’have found a cold cream that cleanses, revives and smooths out tired lines all at the same time; one of such pureness, doctors prescribe it—Daggett & Ramsdell’s Perfect Cold Cream.

“If you, too, will make it a rule never to let your face touch its pillow at night until your skin is thoroughly cleansed with this perfect cold cream—you’ll notice a difference.”

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**How to use those “Three Golden Minutes”**

1. Smooth a coat of this famous cold cream over your face and neck.
2. Leave it on a minute or so and wash it off with the following cold cream:
3. Use the cleansing cold cream with a smooth cloth and finish with a dash of cold water.

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When Mae Busch Grew
Confidential
(Continued from page 45)
"go back to your own stuff, Mae, or we'll never get any pictures made in this studio."
So Mae borrowed a cigarette from one of the carpenters, and they all smiled, and the world went very well then.

AND this is a story about Mae's kindness of heart.
Reginald Barker was making a picture in which Mae had to be caught in a burning building. She and the other actors had to stay inside the flaming set until the very last possible minute, then literally and actually run for their lives. There wasn't any joke about the danger part.
There was one little electrician who had to stay for an instant after the actors had fled; then he was to run for his life.
Mae and the other actors got out just in the nick of time. The electrician was too late. Blinded by the smoke, he tripped and fell. When they dragged him out, he was horribly burned.
They took him to the hospital. During the days that followed nobody took the trouble to visit him. Nobody but Mae Busch. She was there every day as regularly as the doctor. Finally, as he was getting well, she held up everybody in the studio for a contribution for the boy. She made them make out checks in her favor.
One day she staggered to the boy's bedside, carrying a bag. He raised up one corner of his bandages and took an astonished look out of the squint of one eye.
"What you got there?" he demanded.
For reply, she opened the bag and scattered gold all over his bed in a shower. Gold pieces flowed all over the covers and spilled all over the floor. She had changed all the checks into five-dollar gold pieces.
When she comes onto the set now, two adoring eyes follow her every movement.

AND a story about Mae's impudent tongue:
People really are rude when they see movie stars. This woman was awful. She followed Mae Busch around the railroad depot with absolute shamelessness. Wherever Mae went, this woman was four feet behind. If Mae bought a magazine, the woman peeked over the edge to see what she was reading. When she went to the café to eat, the woman sat down at the next table—always staring.
Finally, Mae Busch turned to her.
"Madam," she said firmly, "it's no use your hoping. I refuse positively either to jump up on the trapeze or scratch for fleas unless you give me peanuts. That's the rule—peanuts, or we don't do a thing."
The woman fled in dismay.
acting in deadly seriousness, and I remember once when the minister objected to the exclamation, "Ye gods and little fishes!" in a play and made us change it to "Oh, dear!" as being less profane. I had an attack of artistic temperament then and there! The drama was, I recall, My Country Sweetheart, and I played, not the honest country youth, as I have done so many times in the pictures, but the slick city chap.

And now I gathered up my courage to beg father to let me leave high school and take a dramatic course instead. I had been exposed to Cicero's orations and plane geometry, but they hadn't taken to any great extent, while I had memorized a cheap little handbook of the stage, by Samuel French, from cover to cover, and spent the time, when I should have been getting my lessons, in front of the mirror in my own room trying to paint my face according to the instructions in a make-up manual I had found.

Mother was certainly a brick to put up with having a budding Booth around the house, streaking her best towels with grease-paints, melting mascara in her saucers. At any moment she was likely to be confronted by a terrible-looking tough carrying a pistol, or a negro or Chinaman. I rigged up a string system of taking flash-light pictures of myself in various roles, and the peace of the family evenings was disturbed by muffled ex-

I would make myself up as a desolate character, then take a flash-light picture of myself by means of a string system I had rigged up.
Charles Ray in his first country boy role

plosious from above, or sonorous declamation.

"Sounds as the Shakespeare was going on up there!" my father would say dryly.

NATURALLY, in a family composed largely of munsters, my proposal to study for the stage met with disapprobation.

"There aren't any good people in the acting profession!" my father stated flatly one night when the discussion raged about the dinner table. I suppose my face must have shown my misgivings, for suddenly Birdie May spoke up:

"Then I think it's high time there was one good person in the theatrical profession!" she cried, "and I'll lend Charles the money I've got in the bank to go to dramatic school after his high-school classes are over!"

Now I felt my career was really begun. I endured high school in the mornings for the sake of the afternoons at the Wallace Dramatic Institute. When Miss Wall came to town, they sent over to the school for a lot of us to wear Jewish beards and sit in the Wailing Place at fifty cents a night—my first earnings from the drama! But half way thru the week I lost my beard, and consequently my engagement.

In the dancing class at the dramatic school there was a pretty little Boston girl named Clara Grant, whom I was to meet again several years later. For the present I thought nothing of girls, parties or good times. When I got a chance to go on tour with a one-horse musical comedy company, at twenty dollars a week, I wouldn't have changed places with a millionaire.

Those companies I joined when I was eighteen. I played everything from juveniles to heavies, and even did a comedy soubrette. We would start out for a ten weeks' tour—and return in three. At last, when I had come home for the fourth time, half-starved from railroad lunch-counter fare, my father put his foot down.

"You've had your chance to prove you could act!" he said, "and now you're going to a business college and learn to bank money, if you should ever happen to earn any, which I admit looks unlikely!"

I don't wonder he thought so. It's lucky that I did finally become an actor, or I guess I would have been a bum. I never learned to do anything else.

Well, I went to business college and got a diploma. It was just at that time that the pictures were coming out here from Fort Lee, and everybody on the legitimate

(Continued on page 110)

Keep Musterole on the bath-room shelf

Years ago the old-fashioned mustard plaster was the favorite remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, colds on the chest and sore throat.

It did the work all right, but it was sticky and messy to apply and how it did burn and blister!

The little white jar of Musterole has taken the place of the stern old mustard plaster.

Keep this soothing ointment on your bathroom shelf and bring it out at the first cough or sniffle, at rheumatism's first warning single.

Made from pure oil of mustard, with the blister and sting taken out, Musterole penetrates the skin and goes right down to the seat of the trouble.

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Critical Paragraphs About New Productions

(Continued from page 93)

this melodrama, portraying a cowpuncher who, losing his life as a result of injuries sustained in the late war, is made to believe that he has committed a number of crimes. It features the usual hard riding—and some quick-trigger shooting. And there is the rescue of the heroine from the runaway stage-coach. This incident comes early, to introduce the girl and the spark of romance. It is all perfectly obvious and the story has several loose ends which detract interest. Hoxie is given too many close-ups. The exteriors and the last action are the redeeming features here.

There's Millions in It

This English importation does not pretend to be anything else but a thriller; it will succeed or fail in its effort to create excitement. And even the jaded picture-goer who considers the triumph of heroism as so much hokum will be forced to admit that it glued his attention to the screen—particularly when the huge dirigible catches fire and plummets to earth. It is full, unadulterated melodrama based upon conflict between rival groups of financiers to gain valuable radium concessions in the Balkans. Of course, one group is dishonest, but before its members are thwarted we are presented with some stirring scenes having to do with the above-mentioned dirigible disaster; a jump from the big aircraft by the hero in a parachute; an auto chasse, and some desperate villainy. It does not come within the realm of possibility, but the patrons who enjoy this type of story care little whether it has rhyme or reason, just so long as it thrills. The cast is not well known aside from Clive Brook and Catherine Calvert. The former, who has supported Betty Comson in a few of her English-made pictures, executes the customary heroes with creditable repression.

Love of Women

The age-old subject of divorce is never allowed to collect dust on the shelf of the picture producer's library. It is lugged forth continuously—and with such little variation that it has come to be somewhat a bore. If, however, this subject is coupled with less moral issue, it would stand a better chance of carrying a few likeable dimensions. But it would have to be done with a large slice of humor—after the manner of The Marriage Circle. This particular picture sponsors the ancient formula: "a little child shall lead them." It deals with the usual ambitious father who betrays his daughter off to the highest bidder, a rich brother. But daughter elopes with her own choice. Follows then the melodramas, theatrics and heroics—with mother driving the couple from home—and the disappointed Creusus stooping to blackmail to break up the marriage. The injury to the child brings the couple together. Fairly well acted by Helene Chadwick, Lawford Davidson, Montagu Love, and Maurice Costello.

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MONAHATO

The Alaskan (Continued from page 57)

he cried: "Mary Standish, in God’s name, tell me the truth. Tell me why you have come up here!"

"I have come because I know that a man like you—when he loves a woman—will protect her, even tho he may not possess her."

"But you didn’t know I loved you... then?"

"Yes. I knew it in Ellen McCormick’s cabin. I was there... hidden... that day you came. I knew it was true... so had Ellen ask you."

He looked into her clear eyes. "There was no other reason?"

She bowed her head. "Yes."

"It has to do with John Graham?" he cried. She nodded. "The man I hate... the man I want to kill? What do you mean, Mary?"

"Only this," she said quietly. "I am John Graham’s wife."

It was a blow—the deadliest he could have received. But he listened in silence while she told her painful story. It went back to her stern, harsh grandfather’s time... that rich old man who had wished to see two great fortunes united by her marriage to John Graham—Alaska’s despoiler. It had been represented to her that the marriage was merely a business transaction. Forged letters and unscrupulous advisers had prevailed upon her to take a step whose meaning she scarcely understood.

Not until John Graham had caught her roughly in his arms, the day of their marriage, had she realized the unbearable truth. Then...

"Then I knew what it would mean—and I knew I couldn’t stand it! I realized the folly, the wickedness of it, so I ran away! Only one idea was in my mind—escape! I went to the wharf—I saw the Nome. You know the rest, Alan." Proudly she lifted her head. "At any rate, I am clean of John Graham—clean!"

Alan’s heart was like a stone. "I will settle with him, if God gives me the chance!" he said in a low, hard voice. "Mary! I’ve got to go up in the hills. Will you promise me to be here when I return?"

"Yes. But after that I must go," he bowed his head. "But... I’m not afraid now, of anything—because I love you, Alan!"

He left her then. Above the tumult in his heart was that knowledge—a knowledge so sweet that nothing—not even the thought of losing her—seemed to matter—since she loved him...

(Continued on page 116)
Confidences Off-Screen
(Continued from page 83)
been an officer. He showed me his papers, with citations for distinguished conduct. Very properly, he was in charge of rehearsing the general run of extras in their duties as soldiers.
I looked on at only a few scenes in the making. But they were good ones. There was none of the filling of details, which has caused many an ambitious picture to seem cheap. I'm willing to say: "Watch out for The Waves of Virtue. It promises to be a winner."

Non-Dutible

It is said that a certain lovely and especially stylish star returned from Europe the other day, with a trunk or two of strictly non-dutiable treasures. She hated to think of the custom-house officials burrowing into the pictures, she offered to autograph one for him. This involved seeking a pen and ink at the desk, where the other inspectors saw what was happening and crowded about her. She politely, sweetly, autographed photos for every official, including the chief inspector.

It is said that burrowing in her trunks was reduced to a minimum. The happy custom-house men could see at a glance that her knick-knacks from abroad were as non-dutiable as the photographs. And—

It is said she feels embarrassed at the idea of this story being printed. She thinks that her name, at least, should be suppressed. But I don't think so. I hint broadly that it is Ida R. R. C.

To the Reader

This department is not going to be run in a conventional way. It will not attempt to give you the news of the cinema world, which is a vast subject already covered in the body of the magazine. Nor will it retail the pet stories of press-agents. It will consist of confidential messages to you from the stars and directors with whom I happen to talk during the month, of comment from me on the things that hit me hardest.

Please write and tell me what you think of it. If there is anything you would like me to ask of one of your favorites, send it in. I shan't pay attention to foolish questions, but I shall follow up those that seem interesting and print the answers here.
A Tune for A Tear
(Continued from page 95)

Loved on her first appearance in the morning. It is her favorite, and she hums it constantly when she is standing off the set. Bill Bailey, manager of her trio, studies every desire and pleasure of the beautiful girl. He has found that she had reached what he considered the peak of opportunity in playing for pictures when he found himself playing for Miss Talmaide. He decided many years ago that he wished to be this dramatic star's musician. "I consider Miss Talmadge supreme in her art, and it is a privilege to be able to play for her," he said. "She is particularly appreciative of music, and responds to our themes very quickly. Oriental classics and music with Oriental strains are her favorites, so we play these as much as possible."

Sweet Alice Ben Bolt brings instant tears to this emotional star's eyes. "When I was a little girl," explained Norma Talmadge, "a young friend of mine, dear to me died. I went to the funeral, and at the same time I must have heard Ben Bolt, for whenever I hear this old piece all my sorrow at the time comes vividly back to me. It was my very first experience with death, and everything seemed very mysterious and terrible to me, and my grief was deep and profound."

Douglas Fairbanks likes lively tunes with plenty of activity. Not necessarily jazz, but everything that expresses action, to go with his roles. Miss Douglas, leader of the Fairbanks Trio, said, "His favorite is a little Spanish song, Cielito Lindo. He has us play it almost constantly while he is producing. We are often driven to the Fairbanks' home in the evening to play for Douglas or Mary when they have a preview of a picture for some friends, and sometimes from the presence of the guests at a gathering of the four hundred of moviedom at Pickfair.

"We were asked to play for the initial private showing of Charlie Chaplin's A Woman of Paris. It was an ordeal, for we did not know what was the theme of the story. But Mr. Chaplin sat beside us as a 'prompter,' so we fitted our music into the scenes very well." Miss Douglas and the two other girls who make up the trio have played for Douglas Fairbanks for about twenty-five years. As is known, "The Fairbanks Trio," for he expects always to have them, he says, "Whenever Miss Pickford is not busy she comes over to her husband's set to watch him work, and asks us to play some of their favorites."

The scene was a deep forest, three hunters and a girl came in looking about them with interest. Suddenly they saw something in the distance which froze their very souls in terror! Every expression must change from calm investigation to one of transfixed terror. The music played an even tonal manner up to the time that the director yelled, "See it!" Immediately the musicians broke forth with a great clamor, staccato notes, and thunderous chords. But, lo! the atmosphere was charged with excitement, nothing about the entire scene had changed. There was nothing for the actors to see, but somehow the music made them feel the tensions of the situation.

This took place in a scene for The Lost World, and the actors were Wallace Beery, Bessie Love, and Lewis Stone. They freely admitted that music is their greatest asset and where the mood must change radically in the middle of a scene. Wallace Beery added: "Music covers up a multitude of direc-
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A Re-X-Ray View of Alice Terry

(Continued from page 25)

over the dead body of Mario is just as fresh in my mind today as it was the day I made it. Miss Madison's work had that same sincerity that carried absolute conviction. And it is this quality, chiefly, in my opinion, that makes the difference between an actress and an artist.

"Miss Terry is a sharply observant person with a keen sense of the humorous and a delightfully dry wit. She is a rare mimic, and her imitations of well-known screen actors and actresses are so true, and colored with such good-natured satire, that she has us holding our sides."

"At times, it seems to me that Alice would have been as much of a success in another field, besides movies. In music, for instance. She may suddenly get an urge to play the piano, that persists for about a month, and in that period, she will acquire a familiarity with the instrument that is nothing short of amazing to me. Other times, she will watch me as I work over a piece of sculpture. She will study the work intently, saying nothing. The next thing I know, she will be putting about with pencil and paper, drawing a really commendable sketch. It is the same with our work in the pictures. I know that if I ask her advice on matters artistic or pertaining to business, I will get counsel as mature and as valuable as an expert could give. Alice has keen eyes and a keen mind. She observes things closely and stores them away in her head."

Alice has been acting before the camera since her fifteenth year. Her first was a part in a Bessie Barraise picture. She had just come from her home in Vin-cennes, Indiana, to try her luck as an extra. She worked just for the fun of it, and for a time she didn't even consider the thought of a film career. But she returned to it, this time seriously, and it was shortly afterward that Rex Ingram met her. He was in search of some one who must be beautiful enough to prove an inspiration for an artist, the hero of his
picture. He was tremendously impressed not only with Alice's overwhelming beauty but with her great intelligence as well. It was not until three years ago that they were married, however, for Alice was too young. In that time, he has presented his young wife in The Prisoner of Zenda, Where the Pavement Ends, Scaramouche and Androcles as leading woman opposite Ramon Novarro, who, like Valentino and Barbara La Marr, was an Ingram discovery.

Rex Ingram apologized once more for his wife's lack of real opportunity: "The fact that Miss Terry happens to be married to a star, as I said before, is the thing that has held her back on the screen more than anything else. In fact, most of the time she has practically supported people around her. But her story forced—she really enjoyed the dance? Will she say "yes" when you ask her for the second dance? Does any girl want to dance with a clumsy, awkward leader? Does she want to stumble along with a partner who is constantly falling out of step?"

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The Girl Who Couldn't Be Bad
(Continued from page 81)
all the while that she had accomplished all her aspirations in this line so devilishly!
She sat thus for an hour, poised between resentment and regret. The door-bell rang
and she sprang up with a cry of joy at the thought that Stanton had returned re-
pentant.
But it was Isabel. She had been in-
formed of Stanton’s departure and she
had stolen in to poison the mind of his
inamorata.
Isabel was most friendly and soon
won over the unsuspecting girl. She
had come, she told Hope, out of pity and sym-
pathy for her plight. “My dear, you don’t
know Stanton as I do; he is charming,
but fickle. It was yesterday, just as it
is today, and heaven knows who it will
be tomorrow!” Isabel sighed and Hope’s
heart sank at this unbelievable picture of
her hero.
“I am thinking only of your good—and
your happiness, my dear! Read this.” She
spread a portion of a letter before Hope’s
eyes and the girl read:

to prove to you how much I love you,
I ask you to marry me . . .

It seemed to be Stanton’s writing.
“We are sisters, my dear, in adversity,”
sighed Isabel. “Now this is what I have
really come to tell you, to save you from
shame and disgrace. This you must un-
derstand, my dear. Stanton Braithwaite
will never honestly permit himself to love
a poor girl—like we are—or a bad girl.”
Then Hope confessed petulantly that
he treated her like a child.
“That’s his way, my dear. He has run
away from you and gone home to marry
a rich girl to whom he has long been
engaged!”
“Then I tried to do everything to please
him,” whimpered heartbroken Hope.
“I wanted so to be bad like you; and
he wouldn’t let me!”
Isabel paused as the struck a blow, as
she was brought face to face with her
sinful life for the first time. Deeply
affected, she rose and left the apartment
without another word.
A half hour later Hope followed her,
dressed in her Pocusville clothes and
carrying the battered old suitcase in the
bottom of which she had tucked Orkney’s
address the day before. She was now on
her way to Orkney, on whose mercy she
would throw herself.

(To be continued)
What The Stars Are Doing
(Continued from page 72)

Godowsky, Dagmar—playing the role of Doña Florecia in A Sainted Devil—F. S.

Gordon, Huntley—recently completed work in The Breath of Scandal—B. F. S.

Gowland, Gibson—recently completed work in The Prairie Wife—M. G. M.

Griffith, Corinne—playing in Wilderness—F. N.

Griffith, Raymond—playing in Lord Chumley—F. P. L.

H

Hackathorne, George—recently completed Gold Heeds—W. F.

Hale, Alan—playing in So Big—F. N.

Hale, Greigton—in playing in This Woman—W. B.

Hamilton, Mahlon—recently completed work in The River Road—E. S.

Hamilton, Neil—playing in Down—D. W. G.

Hampton, Hope—is going to desert the screen to take the stage in Mme. Pompadour this fall.

Harlan, Kenneth—playing in Hard Cash—A. N.

Hatton, Raymond—playing in The Mine With the Iron Door—P. P.

Haver, Phyllis—in playing in The Snob—M. G. M.

Hawley, Wanda—playing in Reckless Romance—A. C.

Hearn, Edward—in playing in Winner Take All—W. F.

Herbert, Holmes—playing in Wilderness—F. N.

Hiers, Walter—playing in Christine of the Hungry Heart—T. H. I.

Holmes, Stuart—in playing in In Every Woman's Life—F. N.

Holt, Jack—playing in Emerson Hough's North of 30—F. P. L.

Hughes, Lloyd—playing in Isles of Hollywood—F. N.

Hunter, Glenn—in playing in The Silent Watcher—F. N.

J

Johnson, Julanne—playing in Garragon, a German Production.

Johnston, Charles—playing in Winner Take All—W. F.

June, Mildred—playing in Troubles of a Bride—W. F.

K

Keaton, Buster—playing in Seven Chances—M. G. M.

Keith, Ian—playing in Wilderness—F. N.

Kenyon, Doris—playing in Idle Tongues—T. H. I.

Kerrigan, J. Warren—playing in Captan Blood—

Kerry, Norman—playing in The Best in Life—U.

Kirkwood, James—playing the leading role in the play opposite of Gilbert Frankau's sentimental English novel Gerald Cravenston's Lady—W. F.

L

La Marr, Barbara—playing in Sandra—F. N.

Landis, Cullen—playing in Tumbledove—

La Rocquce, Rod—has the leading male role opposite Pola Negri in Forbidden Paradise—F. P. L.

(Continued on page 111)
Charles Ray, in another character role which he concocted in his early teens:

The Story of My Life

(Continued from page 100)

stage was talking contemptuously about them. You couldn’t get into a dinky road show if they knew you’d ever been in pictures, but I heard they needed men to ride horses in Westerns, at Inceville, and out I went. I could ride a horse, but wrapped the reins around one wrist and clung like grim death to the saddle with the hand on the opposite side from the camera, while with the other side I tried to express nonchalant ease. Luckily, the horses kicked up such a dust nobody noticed my newness to the saddle, and there I was a movie actor at the awespiring salary of thirty-five-a-week.

I expected a bigger bit when I told the Big News to my family—it was a lot of money for a nineteen-year-old boy to make twelve dollars a week. There are boys of that age out here making five times as much. Even then, when Hollywood was poor but honest, my career might have been very different if it had not been for my family and home and the words which my mother used to call after me when I went out in the evening: “Good night, Charlie—be a good boy!”

Only a battered movie chapel built on a cliff above the sea still remains of the old Inceville, but there was a colorful place with a log fort—in reality, the dressing-rooms at the top of a steep hill and ninety Indians living in tents nearby and nobody was willing to be identified among the middle summer sun.

I played in two-reel Westerns for three years. We had to buy our chaps and sombreros, pay a steep transportation back and forth, and by that time the boy in my old arithmetic problem, who started to the store with forty-seven cents, couldn’t have bought more than four pounds of sugar with it. It was hardly a time to think of marriage! But at a party I had met the little girl of the dancing-school class, Clara Grant, and as they say in the Middle West we were “going together.”

It was a traveling courtship. I would come home the twenty-two miles from Inceville, put on my best clothes, drive twenty miles to Long Beach, where Clara lived, bring her back to Los Angeles to the theater, take her twenty miles back, and return home between one and two in the morning. It looked as tho I would be doing that for years when suddenly my real chance came. Mr. Ince wanted a juvenile for the title part in The Coward, and as they say in the Middle West we were “going together.”

Advertising Section

Health Commissioner Advises

FAT PEOPLE HOW TO REDUCE

NEW DISCOVERY DOES AWAY WITH DANGEROUS DRUGS, EXERCISES, CREAMS, DIES, ETC., ETC.

"If you want to safely and easily become slender and healthy," says Dr. Randolph, former Health Commissioner, "ask Madame Elaine, she will gladly tell you what to do. I have thoroughly investigated her discovery, and I consider it a most remarkable and simple process. After you have tried diets, exercises, creams, and various reducing methods without success—if you are living under the burden of too much fat, and overtaxing your heart, lungs, and circulatory system—then Madame Elaine will tell you how to feed a tremendous relief and improvement in your health. If you are only slightly overweight, it is difficult to get clothes to fit you, or if you have been a sufferer of obesity for a long time, it case may be, with this new French discovery you can go through such a wonderful transformation that even your friends will hardly recognize you.

Not only will it reduce you, but it will take off ten years from your appearance. Just recently, of Trenton, writes to Madame Elaine on the 9th of March, 1924: ‘Let me express my thanks for your discovery. It is wonderful. When I wrote you, I weighed 178 pounds; to-day, after five weeks, I weigh 158 pounds, which is just what I want for me. I cannot thank you enough for the benefit I have received.' Madame Elaine herself lost 50 pounds in two months with this discovery, and to-day physicians, nurses, fat men and women all over the country seek her advice if they want to safely and easily reduce. For the first time in history, there is a special arrangement with Madame Elaine, and she will send free of charge a sample of the new discovery, and she is offering you a LUCRATIVE FREE gift, to be sent to you to test its value. One word of advice: Don’t send money. The discovery is free. Madame Elaine offers her free gift to you, under the condition that you will tell at least 50 other persons about it. No subscription, no money. Take the chance. You can’t lose.
rôle in the picture. I got a raise of salary, and once day Clara and I slipped away for an auto ride and were quietly married at Riverside.

We went to live in a four-room bungalow. Clara did the housework and I helped with dishes and put up curtains when I got home from the studio.

The rest the public knows. For the most part these last years have been uneventful except for the house we bought in Beverly Hills and proceeded to take to pieces, alter, enlarge and remodel so that for years we breathed plaster dust and entered our domicile by climbing under scaffolding. Now we have it exactly as we want it, and I feel vaguely lost without something to worry about and plan for.

In 1920, after seven years as an Ince player, I started out for myself—the pioneer strain in my ancestry I suppose, the Mr. Ince and all my friends tried to discourage me, and the climate joined in the conspiracy by washing away the sets for my first picture in torrential floods, and with it ninety thousand dollars of my savings. In the three years I produced my own pictures I met with almost every calamity in the category, except a plague of grasshoppers, and in spite of that I made sixteen pictures and seven of them almost satisfied me—Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway, The Tailor-Made Man, Scrap Iron, The Old Swimming-Hole, Peaceful Valley, The Girl I Loved, and Miles Standish.

The last picture took about everything I had in the bank and the fortune I put into it, in time—and it may not. Anyhow, my reason for making it—to do honor to American history and to try to do something fine—makes it worth while to me.

And now I am back with Mr. Ince, as the unsophisticated country boy people seem to like. Well, if the public wants me to wear rustic clothes and go without a hair-cut, it's a small enough thing to do, after all it has done for me!

What The Stars Are Doing
(Continued from page 109)

Livingston, Margaret—starring in The Follies Girl, in which she has the rôle of an Irish show girl—T. H. I.

Lloyd, Harold—playing in Hot Water.

Logan, Jacqueline—appearing in Manhattan—F. P. L.

Love, Bessey—playing in The Silent Watcher—F. N.

Lowe, Edmund—playing in The Love Thorn—W. F.

Lyons, Ben—playing in So Big—F. N.

Lyttel, Bert—playing in Sandro—F. N.

M

Mackall, Dorothy—playing Marta in The Mine With the Iron Door—P. F.

Marmont, Percy—playing in Idle Times—T. T.

Marshall, Tully—playing Reckless Romance—A. C.

Mason, Shirley—playing in My Husband's Price, written especially for her by Barbara La Marr—W. F.

Mayo, Frank—playing in The Price ShePaid—C. F. C.

McAvoy, May—playing in Here's How—U.

McDonald, Wallace—playing in The Love Opposite Northbridge.

McGregor, Malcolm—playing in Idle Tongues—T. H. I.

McKee, Raymond—recently finished work in The Silent Accuser—M. G. M.

Advertising Section

Make Hearts Leap

With the amazing beauty of your skin—keep it hair-free and lovely this easy way.

Know why beauty-loving girls and women everywhere are demanding Neet. Why both mothers and daughters all around you depend on it for fresh and lovely beauty of skin where unwanted hair grows come on legs and arms, underarms and neck. See how swiftly and gently this ready-to-use, fragrant hair-removing cream will bring thrilling loveliness and charm to you.

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Buy Neet at your drug or department store today and use it according to the simple directions in each package. Call for Neet by name. Accept no substitutes. Test it out critically. If you wish, on hand or underarm. You will agree that no other method, regardless of cost, equals this quick, simple, hair-removing cream. When Neet is used note whiteness of underarm in contrast to dark texture of skin after shaving. If your favorite drug or department store is for the moment out of Neet, mail fifty cents with the coupon below.

Note: Ask your Neet dealer for Immac Aloes, the dainty cream Deodorant that rids perspiration of all odor and insures personal fragrance.

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For years the Orientals believed that the North point fragrances, a powerful influence over the people and dealings of nations in the Orient. Following this custom we introduce a High Grade Fragrance with all the lovely qualities of the oriental parfum. This new perfume is a delicate, lovely fragrance that thrilled and made for many a Oriental woman and man. The scent is over a love note and open to pleasure. "BELLE" will embody a Dollar bill and stamped "Believe" as a symbol of love. 20 t in. High.

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Make your figure slender and attractive by slipping on an Annette Bust Reducer. Thousands of women are now wearing this wonderful reducer and have written letters of appreciation for what it has done for them. No massaging, no rubbing, no exercise of any kind—the reducer does the work, bringing about a reduction the moment you put it on. Most comfortable, made of the finest fabrics and so ingeniously woven that no rubber touches you. Ideal to wear to make your figure in keeping with present fashions calling for slender, graceful lines.

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Mail me a postcard and I will send you descriptive literature of my Reducers for hips and waist—giving you straight, slender, graceful lines. My Ankle and Abdomen Reducers are illustrated and described. Other items of interest to women are listed. Write today.

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Meighan, Thomas—playing in Tongues of Flame—F. L.
Menjou, Adolphe—playing in Forbidden Paradise—F. P. L.
Merriam, Charlotte—recently finished work in Captain Blood—V.
Miller, Patry Ruth—recently finished work in The Breath of Scandal—R. S.
Mix, Tom—playing in The Deadwood Coach—W. F.
Moore, Colleen—playing in So Big, in which she plays a young mother—F. N.
Moore, Matt—playing in The Narrow Street—W. B.
Moore, Tom—playing in Dangerous Money opposite Bebe Daniels—F. P. L.
Moreno, Antonio—playing in The Border Legion, adapted from the Zane Grey story—F. P. L.
Morey, Harry T.—playing in Thorns of Passion—W. F.
Mulhall, Jack—playing in Here's How—U.
Murray, Mae—just starting in The Merry Widow, which Eric von Stroheim will direct for M. G. M.
Myers, Carmel—playing Iras in Ben Hur—M. G. M.
Myers, Harry—playing in Reckless Romance—A. C.

N
Nagel, Conrad—playing in So This Is Marriage—M. G. M.
Nalda, Nita—recently finished work in A Sainted Devil—F. P. L.
Nazimova—returning to the screen in Madonna of the Streets—F. N.
Negri, Pola—playing in Forbidden Paradise—F. P. L.
Nilsson, Anna Q.—appearing in Inez of Hollywood—F. N.
Nixon, Marion—playing opposite Tom Mix in The Last of the Duanes—W. F.
Novak, Jane—playing in Two Shall Be Born—V.
Novarro, Ramon—playing in Ben Hur—M. G. M.

O
O'Brien, Eugene—playing in Sacrifice, opposite Norma Talmadge—F. N.
O'Brien, George—playing in Thorns of Passion—W. F.
O'Hara, George—playing in The Go-Getters Series—F. B. O.
Olmstead, Gertrude—recently completed work in Lovers Lane—W. B.
O'Malley, Pat—playing in The Mine With the Iron Door—P. F.

P
Paige, Jean—recently completed work in Captain Blood—V.

(Continued on page 114)
**Advertising Section**

**That's Out**  
(Continued from page 107)

Seastrom is to be commended on selecting such a subject for the silent drama. If he wishes every man his own luck with it, but unless Andreyev's original manuscript is turned inside out and jazzed up with a quantity of movie hokum, there is little but scant hope that it will ever meet with anything but a cold reception from cinema audiences.

**Nazimova the Great Is Back**

The return of Nazimova in the Edwin Carewe production, *The Madonna of the Streets*, will mark the reappearance on the screen of one of the greatest personalities that ever flashed on the silversheet. Of course, Nazimova is also a fine actress. But we have plenty of actresses. What the screen needs is big personalities—and the loss of Nazimova removed from the silent drama one of its most magnetic individuals. If Alla tempts her screen performances with good judgment, she should rapidly climb back to the high position on the movie ladder from which she stepped a year or two ago.

**Is Barbara La Marr Another Clothes-rack**

**Barbara La Marr** is another actress who is meeting with either prejudice or near-sightedness on the part of many critics and fans. She is in the same boat that Swanson was in two years ago. Because she plays bizarre, over-dressed and under-dressed roles, there has come to be a general impression that Barbara cannot act. Yet, in reality, La Marr is one of the finest actresses on the screen. Witness her work in *The Young Idea*. In the same picture in which she dressed in simple peasant costume, and in which she gave one of the most potent and subtle performances of the year. Barbara has contracted one bad mannerism which somewhat mars the effectiveness of her work—that is an absurd habit of puckering her lips and curling up in a smug manner when she is absolutely no sense to it. If she can overcome this foolishness and get a few human roles to portray, there is no question but that Barbara can quickly duplicate much of the success that has lately come to Gloria.

**Coming**

**The Star Who Refused To Twinkle**

Why did Viola Dana refuse to renew her starring contract?

Read it in the DECEMBER ISSUE

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Thousands of stout persons have testified to the wonderful results obtained from DAINTY-FORM FAT REDUCING CREAM. Thousands of doctors and druggists of this have written us saying that DAINTY-FORM makes old people look younger—men of forty in their twenties. DAINTY-FORM is a fat reducing cream. Its use has helped me to become slender.

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SOLVE THIS EASY.

Simply make five first names of boys or girls—any names you like—and put the letters in "Great Lakes Merchandise Company." Try the first one in your state to send them in with your own name and address and get Free a 6 Jewel wrist watch, White Gold Filled Case, a $6.00 watch. 25 years old. It's easy. Example: Take GRA and EoF of "Great" and C of "County," no "Grace." Here are all letters to be used.

**GREAT LAKES MERCHANDISE COMPANY**

More than 50 names can be made. You need only 5. Then send names and addresses of four girls you know—two in your neighborhood and two out of town. Everybody who answers with names gets Valuable Gift Free. First one in each state to answer gets Import- ed Bead Necklace. There are no tricks, no obligations in this ad. Only those sending in 4 names and addresses of the girls with their gift.

HURRY!

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**Science Discovers the Secret of Caruso's Wonderful Voice**

A few very fortunate persons—like the late Caruso—are born with the ability to sing well. But even Caruso had to develop his Hyo-Glosus muscle before his voice was perfect. You can develop a beautiful singing or speaking voice if your Hyo-Glosus muscle is strengthened by correct training. Professor Feuchtinger, A. M.—famous in the music centers of Europe for his success in training famous Opera Singers—discovered the secret of the Hyo-Glosus muscle. He devoted years of study to scientific research and finally perfected a system of voice training that will develop your Hyo-Glosus muscle by simple, silent exercises right in your own home. The Perfect Voice Institute guarantees, that Professor Feuchtinger's method will improve your voice 100%. You are to be your own judge of your voice is not improved 100% in your own opinion, we will refund your money.

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NAME.

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Age.

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What The Stars Are Doing
(Continued from page 112)

Philibin, Mary—recently completed work in The Best in Life—U.
Pickford, Jack—recently completed work in The Last of the Lash—P.
Pickford, Mary—last picture Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.
Pitts, Zaza—playing the role of the social outcast in The Gad Set—taken from the Broadway play Spring Cleaning—F. P. L.
Post, Charles A.—playing in The Tenth Woman—W. B.
Prevost, Marie—playing in The Dark Swan—W. B.
Pringle, Aleen—recently completed work in His Hour—M. G. M.

R
Ralston, Jobyna—recently completed work in Hot Water opposite Harold Lloyd.
Rawlinson, Herbert—recently completed work in The Prairie Wife—M. G. M.
Ray, Charles—playing in Dynamite Smith—T. H. L.
Reid, Mrs. Wallace—appearing in Broken Laces—F. B. O.
Reynolds, Vera—recently completed work in Feet of Clay—F. P. L.
Rich, Irene—playing in This Woman—W. B.
Rickson, Lucille—playing in Idle Tongues—T. H. I.
Rin-Tin-Tin—playing in The Lighthouse by the Sea—W. B.
Roberts, Theodore—playing in Lord Chumley—F. P. L.
Roland, Ruth—playing in Out Where the West Begins.
Rubens, Alma—playing in Gerald Cranston's Lady—W. F.

S
Santschi, Thomas—playing The Grandstand Play—F. B. O.
Seigman, George—playing in Manhattan—F. P. L.
Semon, Larry—playing in Her Boy Friends—P. D. C.
Shaw, Peggy—playing in Winner Take All—W. F.
Sheerer, Norma—playing in The Snob—M. G. M.
Smith, Gertrude—playing in The Gal-Getter's Series—F. B. O.
Sills, Milton—recently completed work in Madonna of the Streets—N. B. F.
Stanley, Forrest—recently completed his role in The Breath of Scandal—B. F. S.
Starke, Pauline—playing in Forbidden Paradise—P. I.
Stedman, Myrtle—playing in Here's U.
Stewart, Anita—playing in Never the Twain Shall Meet—C. P.
Stone, Lewis—playing in Ines of Hollywood—F. N.
Swanson, Gloria—playing in Madame Sans-Cate—P. B.
Sweet, Blanche—playing in The Sporting Venus—M. G. M.

T
Talmadge, Constance—playing in Heart Trouble—F. N.
Talmadge, Norma—just starting work on The Lady.
Taylor, Laurette—recently completed work in One Night in Rome—M. G. M.
Tearle, Conway—playing in The Great Divide—M. G. M.
Temple, Clara—playing in Greater Than Marriage—H. P.
Terry, Alice—playing in The Great Divorce—M. G. M.
Theo, Rosemary—playing in The Best in Life—U.

(Continued on page 118)
Trailing the Eastern Stars

(Continued from page 69)

Speaking of Manhattan reminds us that when we were out at the studio, Dix had started his first day's work as a full-fledged Paramount star. His production staff celebrated the occasion by giving him a big silver star mounted on a staff, on which was painted a black horsehoe and the words "Good luck." Dick is a popular boy with the "gang." He's popular with the ladies, too, which was why we asked him: "Come on and tell us about your matrimonial plans so we can pass the news on to the fans." "There's nothing to tell," Dick regretted. "I'm not engaged and I haven't any prospects." "Shucks," we deplored. "It's the truth. I may be a married man inside a year's time and then again I may not. Of course, I haven't any prejudice against matrimony," in reply to our raised eyebrows. "It just happens that if I had wanted to marry years ago, I wasn't in a financial position to support a wife the way I want to. I had responsibilities to meet and they left me high and dry." "Are you prejudiced against marrying a movie actress?" "No. In fact, I believe she ought to be either in the movies or on the stage. If she isn't, she may get some false notions about me thru my work. For instance, if I embrace her the way I embrace a screen sweetheart, she may reach the point where she'll start to wondering. "Suppose she speaks to me about my movie love-making. My natural answer is it's part of my job. I'm an actor. Suppose she gets a notion that I'm even acting with her? No," Dick shook his head. "I would like my wife to be in the profession." That report of his engagement to Lois Wilson was only unfounded gossip. Dick is quick to say Lois is a mighty sweet girl, but they aren't, nor were they ever, engaged.

Did you ever wonder how movie stars were selected? Here's Doris Kenyon, for example. Doris has been doing mighty good work in pictures for any number of years, but somehow or other she never seemed to get the breaks for stardom until recently.

Richard Rowland, general manager of First National, was the man who signed Doris to a five-year contract with the kind of weekly salary that makes the income collector feel good as he receives his yearly check.

"I saw Miss Kenyon working in a scene in Born Rich when I went out to the Biograph Studio one day," Mr. Rowland told us. (Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor are also in the cast.) "I asked the director who she was." (That may sound like an amazing question, but it's the gospel truth. Mr. Rowland is a business man and not a fan, you see.) "The director gave me details about her." Mr. Rowland continued. "I watched Miss Kenyon off the set. She could act; she could wear clothes. She was well known and liked in pictures. She had sex appeal. So I signed her up to a contract. She's going to be one of the biggest stars in pictures within a year's time," he prognosticated.

Doris has just finished Dr. Nye on the Coast and when she completes her first starring vehicle for First National, If I Marry Again, she returns to New York for her future pictures.

(Continued on page 120)
It was while he was in the hills that the most unwelcome news of all came to him. Stamped Smith brought it. "Rossland's down there," he said.

"Rossland? But... he's dead?" cried Alan in amazement.

"No, he! Men like that don't die so easily! He's down there... in your cabin! That letter I showed you—"from John Graham—"was to him. He has been talking to Mary... and looking over your papers...

"I'm going down!" said Alan tensely.

"There's going to be trouble. If Graham wants his wife, he will stop at nothing to get her!"

"Get the herdsmen together!" said Alan.

"We'll need them all."

Their hands gripped. Alan set off at top speed for his camp. It was far, but fear for Mary gave him strength to travel as he had never traversed before. Seventeen sleepless hours—and he reached Sokwenna's cabin. He tried the door, calling out his name. The bolt shot back.

The room was like an armed camp. Keok and another Indian girl had knives in their hands; Sokwenna carried his gun. And there, facing him, was Mary Standish. She held out her hands to him blindly.

"Rossland is in your cabin!" she said.

"And John Graham is coming! Rossland says if I don't go of my own free will—"

"I understand," he said. "I'll go over and see him—Rossland, I mean. You're sure—you love me?"

"Yes."

He looked into her eyes. He felt the flush of battle in his heart. Without another word he left her, going straight over to the cabin where Rossland was. He opened the door. A mocking smile greeted him.

"I've been waiting for you," said Rossland.

"You know that Mary Standish is John Graham's wife?"

"Yes."

"Very well. He wants her. Not her money—her. He has always wanted her. Now look here. Your property isn't worth over a hundred thousand. But Graham will give you five times that. I've a check here for two hundred and fifty thousand. You clear out... and let him have his honeymoon here... and I'll pay you the balance."

Alan had held himself back. But now his eyes blazed.

"I'd give ten years of my life to have Graham's here—Rossland. I'd kill him, and you. Get out—before I kill you!"

Crying, Rossland evaded him and reached the door. In Alan's heart was triumph. When a little later, Mary came, her eyes were shining.

"You sent him away!" she cried softly. Gently he stroked her hair. She lifted her flushed face, and let him kiss her lips. Then she freed herself from his arms.

He planned, that night, to take her back to Nome. But old Sokwenna came to him muttering, "I hear feet; I smell blood! Many feet are coming near!"

"We must hurry!" said Alan. "I'll make sure the way is clear."

Together they went. The darkness of a storm was upon them. Suddenly she caught his arm. "Shadows!" she cried. "No, not shadows—men!"

Then he knew it had come. John Graham was not going to give her up without a struggle. He had many men at his call; men who would stop at nothing. In that strange gloom a thousand terrors dwelt. He asked her:

"You are not afraid?"

"No."

Their lips met. Then they ran; in that weird half-light it was impossible to see exactly where. But they found Sokwenna's cabin at last. There they waited. Darkness surrounded them. They talked in whispers. Suddenly there was a loud knock at the door. "Open—or we'll burn the place down!" It was Rossland's voice.

After that, everything was confusion. They were firing into darkness. The windows were splintered; the door still held. Suddenly Sokwenna pitched forward, in his throat was the death-rattle. But he cried:

"I kill him—that man Rossland! It is enough. I die happy..."
The fire of the guns had ceased. But something crackled outside and cast a fitful gleam into the room. Alan caught Mary's hand.

"They're setting the house on fire! Come, quick!"

In utter darkness he led the way. Mary and the two Indian girls followed. Just as they entered the tunnel they heard cries. The door had given way.

"This leads up to Ghost Kloor—it's a chasm in the rocks!" Alan whispered. "If we can reach it..."

Behind them there were voices. Mary shuddered. "Graham is there—he's coming!" she moaned. "Oh, I can't..."

They had reached the open air—in a cave as dark as night itself. Close behind their pursuers came. In the lead was Graham—big, relentless, the mighty bulk of a man who had always made his way by brute force. He closed in; there was a flash, a report... then Alan sank down, only half-conscious, with a bullet thru his body. He was vaguely aware that Graham had seized Mary in his arms—crushing her glisteningly..."

"Ho! Alan, where are you?"

It was Stampede's voice. Help had come at last. Before them Graham's men melted away. But Graham faced them. With Mary there's a trump here!"

"Go ahead! Shoot! You'll kill her if you do!"

Alan was only half-conscious. But when he saw Graham level his gun at Stampede, the strength came jack to him. He struck the weapon down, then threw himself upon Graham with a fury that comes to a man only once in a lifetime.

He had met a powerful antagonist. There, in the darkness, they struggled—one against another. Into Alan's heart came the memory of his father... of his mother's deserted grave.

It gave him power to do what he must. It was one man's life against another's. One of them had to die! Slowly, inch by inch, he bent his antagonist back. With the strength of desperation, Graham resisted. They were like wild beasts. But Alan's grip never relaxed. He made one last tremendous effort.

Something cracked. John Graham fell without a sound. He lay on the ground, strangely twisted, grotesque, even! The crowd was silent. With Graham around... But John Graham did not stir. He was dead... Mary. Alan gathered her into his arms. "You're mine—now, at last! And we've freed Alaska of this man—forever!"

But it was not Alaska—but Mary—that was foremost in his heart as their lips met!
Keeping the Telephone Alive

Americans have learned to depend on the telephone, in fair weather or in foul, for the usual affairs of the day or for the dire emergency in the dead of night. Its continuous service is taken as a matter of course.

The marvel of it is that the millions of thread-like wires are kept alive and ready to vibrate at one's slightest breath. A few drops of water in a cable, a faulty connection in the wire maze of a switchboard, a violent sleet, rain or wind storm or the mere falling of a branch will often jeopardize the service.

Every channel for the speech currents must be kept electrically intact. The task is as endless as housekeeping. Inspection of apparatus, equipment and all parts of the plant is going on all the time. Wire chiefs at "test boards" locate trouble on the wires though miles away. Repairmen, the "trouble hunters," are at work constantly wherever they are needed in city streets, country roads or in the seldom-trudged trails of the wilderness.

Providing telephone service for this great nation is a huge undertaking. To keep this vast mechanism always electrically alive and dependable is the unending task of tens of thousands of skilled men and women in every state in the Union.

What The Stars Are Doing

(Continued from page 114)

Thurman, Mary—playing in Greater Than Marriage—H. P.
Trevor, Norman—recently completed his work in The Wages of Virtue—F. P. L.

V

Valentino, Rudolph—has the role of Don Alfonso Castro, a dashing young Spanish Señor in A Satiated Devil. In this picture he also revives his well-known tango—F. P. L.
Valli, Virginia—playing in In Every Woman’s Life—F. N.
Varconi, Victor—recently completed work in Peck of Cigars—P. L.
Vaughn, Alberta—playing in The Go-Getter’s Series—F. B. O.
Vidor, Florence—playing in Christine of the Hungry Heart—T. H. I.

W

Walker, Johnny—playing in The Grandstand Play—F. B. O.
Washburn, Bryant—playing in His Husband’s Wives—W. F.
Williams, Kathryn—recently completed work in The City That Never Sleeps—F. P. L.
Wilson, Lois—playing in North of 36—F. P. L.
Wong, Anna May—playing in Lord Chumley—F. P. L.

ABBREVIATIONS USED

A. A.—Associated Arts.
A. C.—All Christie Productions.
A. P.—Allied Productions.
C. P.—Cosmopolitan Productions.
E. S.—Ernest Shipman.
F. P. L.—Famous Players-Lasky.
F. B. O.—Film Booking Offices.
F. N.—First National.
H. P.—Halperin Productions.
H. S.—Hunt Stromberg.
J. P.—Inspiration Pictures.
M. G. M.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
P. P.—Principal Pictures.
P. P. C.—Producers Distributing Corporation.
U.—Universal.
V.—Vitagraph.
W. B.—Walter Brothers.
W. F.—William Fox.

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 76)

Villa Como.—All the players you mention were born in this country. No record of any players who were born Sept 1st.
I. L. D.—Isn’t it so? We always love those who admire us; but we do not always love those whom we admire. Richard Barthelmess was married to Mary Hay on June 18, 1920. She has a young daughter. Madge Bellamy is twenty-one. She is playing in Hard Cash, with Kenneth Harlan. Harry Myers, T. Roy Barnes, Wanda Hawley and Sylvia Breamer have the leads in Reckless Romance for Christie.
Blue Eyes.—Yes, Low Chaney is married, and he is with Universal.
The She Hawk.—Youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; and old age a regret. No, she have never been married. Richard Talmadge is no relation to the Talmadge girls, the former being his assumed name. George Walsh was scheduled to play in Ben Hur and it was later changed to
Advertising Section

Scene from "Judgment of the Storm," written by Mrs. Ethel Middleton

HAVE you seen "Judgment of the Storm"? It is undoubtedly one of the big screen successes of 1924 and has not only been shown in leading motion picture theatres throughout the country, but has also been published as a novel by Doubleday, Page & Co.

"Judgment of the Storm" is such an outstanding success and bears the marks of such expert craftsmanship that it is difficult to believe that it was written by a new writer. Yet it was!

Mrs. Ethel Middleton, the author, had never had a single story accepted for publication.

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$10,000 for One Story

Miss Winifred Kimball, a Palmer student living in Apache-cola, Florida, won the $10,000 prize offered by the Chicago Daily News in the scenario contest conducted in collaboration with the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation.

Mrs. Anna Blake Mozquia, another Palmer student, won the second prize of $1000 in the same contest, and seven $500 prizes were also won by Palmer students.

In another contest, A. Earle Kauffman won a $1500 prize with a scenario headed, "The Leopard Lily." Another student, Miss Kuphanie Nolte, sold her first story, "The Violets of Yesteryear," to Hobart Bosworth.

"What Did the Bishop Say?" written by Bernadine King, was released through Selznick under the title, "The Bishop of Hollywood." Mr. Fred Caldwell who bought the story maintains that it is plain that the writers you are training combine a keen dramatic sense with inventive imagination.

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IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN!
Pshaw, Mr. Shaw!

We do not often take up the challenge when a noted intellectual knocks the movies. Why answer critics who speak from a high and mighty pinnacle of misunderstanding, who condemn the good along with the bad? The world's most popular form of entertainment does not need to be defended from such.

But George Bernard Shaw draws our fire. We have caught him in a contradiction in terms that could scarcely have been deliberate, acknowledged master of paradox tho he may be. The public for once has an opportunity to chuckle at Shaw, instead of with him.

In Harper’s Magazine for September, he writes of motion pictures: "The colossal proportions make mediocrity compulsory. They aim at the average of an American millionaire and a Chinese coolie, a cathedral-town governess and a mining-village barmaid, because the film has to go everywhere and please everybody. . . . As they must interest one hundred per cent. of the population of the globe, barring infants in arms, they cannot afford to meddle with the upper ten per cent. theater of the highbrows or the lower ten per cent. theater of the blackguards."

One hundred per cent. is commonly admitted to be the whole in any calculation. If the films leave out of reckoning the upper ten per cent. and the lower ten per cent., they are obviously catering to the tastes of the remaining eighty per cent. Is that what Mr. Shaw meant?

If it is, his observation was paralleled by Will Hays, who said at a trade luncheon in New York the other day that a simple morality was more essential in pictures than in books, because the former must not risk offending the many by emphasizing questions that only the few could judge wisely. Every movie appears before a world-wide, majority audience. A book is confined to those in sympathy with its special slant; they buy it or leave it.

Mr. Shaw ignores the fact that he, or anyone else, is free to manufacture an art film and show it in his "upper ten per cent. theater of the highbrows." We are strong for the idea. We believe the day is near when there will be a demand for such films. The profits may be small, but the credit will be great.

Why, in the meantime, does he trouble to criticize motion pictures at all? His own plays exist side by side with melodramas and musical comedies of wide popular appeal on which, we feel sure, he would scorn to express an opinion. He and his admirers (which include ourselves) are not unduly downcast by the fact that there are several purchasers of cheap novels to every one who buys a published book by Shaw.

The cinema is a scant generation old. Give it time, and it will show all the forms, all the facets of appeal, that other arts have taken centuries to develop.
Frank Lloyd Presents "The Silent Watcher"

FRANK Lloyd, whose "The Sea Hawk" took you back to the pirate ships and buccaneers of the Elizabethan era, is now going to usher you into an American home, introduce you to the most human folk the screen has ever held, and tell you their love stories and the drama of their lives. His new picture is "The Silent Watcher," adapted from Mary Roberts Rinehart's Saturday Evening Post story, "The Altar on the Hill."

Glenn Hunter and Bessie Love are the young lovers of the picture.

"Christine of the Hungry Heart"

KATHLEEN Norris has written one of her most fascinating stories in "Christine of the Hungry Heart" and Thomas H. Ince has made one of his best pictures from it. It is one woman's life. A woman who hungered through the years for love and contentment. And heart-hunger, as the Christine of Mrs. Norris's story learned, is insatiable; it demands unswerving devotion, and the opportunity to give even as it receives. Florence Vidor and Clive Brooke are in the scene above, and in the circle is Walter Hiers.

"In Every Woman's Life"

THERE's a double thrill in M. C. Levee's "In Every Woman's Life" which Irving Cummings directed. First a tender love story with thrills of romance, then a night rescue at sea that keeps you tense. The picture is an adaptation of Olive Wadley's novel, "Belonging," and the cast includes Virginia Valli, Lloyd Hughes, George Fawcett, Vera Lewis, Marc McDermott, Stuart Holmes and Ralph Lewis.

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Then came a flash of fur, a deep-throated growl, and Buddy, the police-dog, leaped at the man who was his master's enemy. — Page 14

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The wedding scene in the Richard Barthelmess picture, *Classmates*, with Madge Evans as the bride

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Your skin need not fade and grow old as some inanimate substance would do. Each day it
renews itself—each day old skin dies and new skin takes its place. Keep this new skin, as
it forms, in healthy condition, and you will have through life "A Skin You Love to Touch."

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ONE thinks of a beautiful skin as
something fragile, delicate, easily damaged, quick to fade.
Yet no covering ever made by
man has the same wonderful endurance as the human skin.
The skin is a living tissue—this
is what gives it its great resistive power. As fast as it wears out it is
able to renew itself. Each day old
skin dies and new takes its place.
Keep this new skin, as it forms, in healthy condition by giving it the
best care you can. Don't grudge the
few minutes' time it takes to use the
right method of cleansing. You will
be a thousand times repaid in seeing
how your complexion will gain in
freshness and beauty.
Proper cleansing will help you to
overcome common skin defects,
such as blemishes, blackheads, con
spicuous nose pores, etc., and will
keep your skin soft, smooth and clear.

To free your skin from blemishes
Blemishes are one of the commonest
skin troubles arising from an out-
side source.
To free your skin from blemishes,
use the following treatment every
night, and see how helpful it will
prove:

JUST before you go to bed, wash
in your usual way with warm
water and Woodbury's Facial Soap,
finishing with a dash of cold
water. Then dip the tips of your
fingers in warm water and rub
them on the cake of Woodbury's
Facial Soap until they are covered
with a heavy, cream-like lather.
Cover each blemish with a thick
cost of this and leave it on for ten
minutes; then rinse thoroughly,
first with clear, hot water, then
with cold.

Special Woodbury treatments for
each different skin need are given
in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to
Touch," which is wrapped around
each cake of Woodbury's Facial
Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today—
begin the right treatment for your skin
tonight! A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's
Facial Soap lasts a month or six weeks.
For convenience' sake—buy Woodbury's
in 3-cake boxes.

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

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
1312 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature
set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:
A trial-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin
You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens
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State ..........................................................

Cut out this coupon and send it to us today!
The fans who have been clamoring for nearly three years for Miss Frederick's return to the films, will give her a rousing welcome when they see her new picture, Three Women.
EUGENE O’BRIEN

Eugene is handsomer and more aristocratic than ever in his last picture, which is tentatively and engagingly titled Frivolous Sal. At the right you see him with Norma Talmadge in his next-to-the-last picture, The Only Woman.
After a two-year vacation from the screen, Elsie Ferguson returned, to play the haughty princess in *The Swan*. But after two weeks in the studio, she exercised a woman’s privilege and changed her mind, and is now rehearsing a play that will appear on a Broadway stage this winter. We regret Miss Ferguson’s change of mind, for she is supremely lovely on the screen. We prove it by the picture at the left, a scene from *Peter Ibbetson*, in which she played with Wallace Reid.
MABEL BALLIN

Mabel Ballin has the adorable quaintness of the old-fashioned girl whose portrait used to be painted on ivory and worn over the heart of a brave cavalier. We saw her last in *Barriers Burned Away*. 
Jean Paige forsook the screen more than two years ago to become the wife of Alfred E. Smith, the Vitagraph director and president. But she was lured back again by the rôle of Arabella Bishop in Captain Blood.
Blanche Mehaffy was a much applauded Follies girl last year; now she's starring in Hal Roach Comedies, and is winning every bit as much applause on the screen as she did on the stage.
We approve Sir James Barrie's choice for his wistful, elfin Peter Pan
None of the younger stars is gaining ascendancy faster than handsome young Pierre Gendron. His claim to fame was made complete as the young son of Deburau in The Lover of Camille, in which character he is pictured at the right.
Bessie the ragged, the forlorn, the hungry-looking, is well known to the fans. Now we introduce to them a new and exquisite Bessie—quite unlike the one you see at the left with her pet calf, in Sundown.
In the opinion of the wise folks in Hollywood, Viola is just standing on the threshold. She ought to do something really big. She is one of the few girls on the screen who can play a child of twelve or a mature woman. She has experienced life with the cover torn off. If flappers' stories come back, she can do them in a shower of confetti. If grown-up stories are to come in with the foreign directors—as seems likely—Viola will also be on hand. The patois of Hollywood, "Vi is sittin' pretty"
The Star That Refused to Twinkle

The true story of Viola Dana's career, and why she snaps her fingers at contracts

By HARRY CARR

Viola Dana has torn the epaulets of rank off her shoulders; busted her sword and has stepped back into the ranks.

So far as I have been able to find out, she is the only star in the history of the screen who, ever voluntarily surrendered stardom; the only star who ever refused to go on twirling.

Right at the top of her career—on the very crest of the wave—Viola has astonished the motion picture world by refusing to renew her starring contract; by refusing all other starring contracts. She has voluntarily joined the army of the anxious free-lancers who find work when and where they can—in any studio where there is a job.

It wasn't due to any misunderstandings; it wasn't due to any unhappy conditions. Everything at Metro, where she had been a star, was as peaceful as the proverbial May morning.

Yet when Metro came around with the usual contract to be renewed, Viola astonished them by refusing to sign it.

She told me all about it the other day.

She said it was the only way to escape being a little jazz comedienne for life. She said that one more series of Viola Dana comedies and she would be fixed in the public mind for life as a jazz baby. And little Viola, it seems, has some soaring ambitions.

We may as well go right back to the beginning and tell how she happened, so to speak.

"You know I never dreamed of doing comedy until five years ago," said Viola. "I spoke as though five years were just a minute of her life. "Before five years ago, you were not thinking of anything much except dolls."

Viola laughed and shrugged her shoulders.

"Go on with your blarney," said she. "You may not know it, but I have been in pictures since the very early days. And before that I was on the stage."

"I don't know why it was; my folks weren't theater people; but my mother was possessed to make actresses of us. She sent me to dancing school when I was so little I could hardly walk.

"My elder sister Edna and I used to dance at all the entertainments we could lay hands on. I was five years old at that time. We used to come out as little Dutchmen; then we changed to Irish, and finally blacked up and were little coons.

"I fear, even in those days, I did not live for my art alone. I can remember dancing down at Coney Island at the old Stouches Hall. They used to throw money on the stage to us, and I always broke up the show by stopping the dance to make a dive for the nickels. I guess I always had an eye on the main chance.

"I remember another time when I was dancing at an Elks' banquet. Somebody sent me a bouquet. Even at the tender age of five, I had some ideas beyond soft sentiment. Just as soon as I got the bouquet in my hands I stopped dancing and began tearing the flowers apart to look for the money that I knew ought to be there. I couldn't find any, so I turned to the wings and yelled to my mother in a voice of indignation and dismay, "Mama, I can't find the money." In a frantic stage whisper, she signaled to me that she had
Viola can look like a twelve-year-old; no wonder, then, that Monte Blue makes her promise to be a good child.

One day Johnny suggested that we should try a comedy, just as a variety.

"It was the first time I had ever tried being funny. The name of the picture was Opportunity. That was what it proved to be for me. Somewhat to our own astonishment, it proved to be such a hit that the company demanded another comedy right away. Johnny wrote a story himself and called it The Gold Cure. This made a hit too, and after that I was apparently sentenced for life to jazz flapperdom."

It was not very long after that Viola encountered the crushing tragedy of her life. Her husband died of the flu in one of the first epidemics.

She picked up her life, however, with a gameness that not many women have accomplished, and went on with her comedies.

And so on to the end of her contract.

"I guess they were funny to the end," said Viola. "But I was sick of them. I had just worked out the vein.

"To tell the truth, I don't care much about comedies anyhow; and never did. "I know that I can accomplish something in big serious drama; and I knew if I went along any farther with these light zippy pictures, I would never have a chance. This is an odd business—this business of being a public amuser. The great danger is that they will mentally catalog you, and you, never can get out of the pigeon-hole."

"I'll admit I took a long chance as it was. There was a great danger that they would just refuse to see or accept me as anything but a flapper.

"The circumstances, however, made it possible for me to take a chance."

What Viola meant by the "circumstances" was money. She has made some exceedingly fortunate investments in Hollywood real estate. She need never worry about money any more. She has joined the ranks of the plutocrats. So if it means a long fight for recognition, she is equipped for the fight.

Luckily for little Vi, there will not be any fight.

Just before she left Metro, they put her into Nazinova's

(Continued on page 110)
POLA NEGRI

Her moods are ever changing like the sea.
Now calm and pensive like the sea at evening,
Now sapphire blue and smiling,
Almost too dazzling to look upon,
As is the sea beneath the summer noon time sun;
Now anger-tossed like waves, white-frothed,
That break in passion on a stormy shore
Or struggle to rise higher, ever higher,
To meet the yellow moon.

-M. A.
My Two Years in America

"America stirs my blood—it is young; so sympathetic; so happy"

By ERNST LUBITSCH

ON the whole, they have been very happy years. I will be frank about it: they have been happier than I expected.

No one will be surprised to know that I was in doubt as to various phases of my coming to America.

Men who were supposed to know all about America gave me long and intricate warnings about the peculiarities of American taste. I was given the impression that the Americans were as different from Europeans as the inhabitants of Mars from Earth-children. They said that the Americans didn't like this; they wouldn't stand for that: they had to have it this way; they couldn't be interested if it was that way.

As a final cheering message, they advised me to deny my German parentage and birthright. They suggested that I should call myself a Pole or a Roumanian or an Austrian.

Something in my heart would not allow me to follow their advice. I had an honest admiration for America. I wanted the Americans to like me. But I couldn't bring myself to begin my new life here with a lie. I made up my mind that I would not sail under false colors. If they would not accept me as I was, then I would have to go back to Europe.

With these uneasy apprehensions weighing upon me, my entrance into Hollywood was not what you would call merry.

It happened to be the most disagreeable night I have seen in California. It was cold and foggy and dark. Mile after mile I rode out thru this strange city in a taxicab.

I was cold in body and spirit. I was homesick and miserable in every way.

The next day dawned brightly, and the world seemed more cheerful. That morning I rode over to Mary Pickford's studio where I was to make my first American picture.

My first sight of Hollywood, by daylight, surprised me. I had always heard of it as one big motion picture studio. I had expected to see a sort of factory town, with the studios standing along in rows. With perhaps electric plants interspersed.

But as I rode thru the streets that day I couldn't see a hint of the motion picture industry. Instead, I found the most beautiful suburban town in the world. With a background of picturesque mountains and picturesque mountains which seem to tower right over it.

Hollywood is a dream city. Nowhere in the world are there to be found such charming homes. What especially impressed me were the bungalows. The small artistic house was invented in and for Hollywood: it is there seen in its finest flower. Some of these little homes are English of the time of the Tudors; some are early Spanish; some Moorish, and some of the architecture was created by the Mission Padres of early California. It is all quaint, artistic and charming.

As we rode thru Hollywood, we would occasionally pass a series of low, attractive buildings with a high fence. Those were the studios.

That first morning, I was impressed by the sunlight. It was so white and clear. It seemed as tho you could put your hand and touch the mountains. We have nothing like these cloudless skies in Europe. Day after day, Hollywood is under a great blue bowl of sky, unpecked by a single cloud. Such a day would be regarded as a single phenomenon in Northern Europe.

Well, finally I got to Mary Pickford's studio. There I had another surprise. In Europe, we have nothing like such physical equipment. Especially the electrical equipment. In California, power comes from the mountain streams. It is absolutely
unlimited in quantity. In Europe we have to husband our electricity very carefully. It is precious and expensive.

Everything at Miss Pickford's studio reflected wealth and generosity. I was made to understand that I had only to make the pictures. Others would do the worrying about the wherewithal. In other words, they loaded the guns; I fired them. I felt as tho someone had supplied me with an entire collection of Aladdin's lamps.

Almost as soon as I arrived at the studio, the newspaper reporters began to come. I had been duly warned about reporters. My first interview was an ordeal that I dreaded.

I had fortified myself with a good interpreter. The gentleman from the newspaper sat on one side of the table; I sat on the other side. I drew a long breath. I prepared for the worst. The interview began.

To my surprise, there was no drawing forth of notebooks in which my halting words were taken down. There were, in fact, very few questions. It was just a pleasant, amiable conversation—a charming experience, in fact.

Since then I have learned to have the highest personal regard for newspaper men. I have come to number some of them as among my best and closest American friends. I have come to rely very much upon their advice. Oddly enough, altho they are in the business of telling the news, they are the safest confidants I have ever known. I have talked with them of the most confidential matters; they have never betrayed my confidence.

Presently we began taking the picture with Miss Pickford. It was a charming and wonderful experience. Miss Pickford was very sympathetic. In spite of her fame and her predominant position, she followed my direction with the eager sympathy of a child. At the same time her alert and intelligent mind worked like forked lightning. Miss Pickford is a very remarkable woman. She is not only of the highest personal character, but she is an artiste of real genius. It was a pleasure to work with her.

After Rosita, I went to the Warner Brothers Studio where I made two of the most enjoyable pictures of my career: The Marriage Circle and Three Women. In each of these pictures I worked under the best conditions and came in contact with remarkable artists.

At the present time—as this is written—I am direct

On the lot with Mary Pickford, during the filming of Rosita

ing Pola Negri. As everyone knows, my earliest success were made with Miss Negri as the star. It seemed quite like old times when I said, "And now, Pola"; and I saw Miss Negri come onto the set. She is a very fine artiste; one of the very finest the screen has ever seen.

But working with the American stars, and then again with Pola, only served to point to my own mind the fact that these differences between America and Europe they prate so much about are largely imaginary. An artiste is an artiste whatever language she speaks.

All this stuff they had been telling me about the peculiarities of American taste—All bosh!

There is no essential difference in taste here, and in Europe. In Berlin they adore Jackie Coogan and Charlie Chaplin just as here; and understand their humor just as well. And if there were a difference anywhere, it would be in humor. The human heart is the human heart no matter what language the lips speak. I found that all those differences in taste were just superstitions in the minds of some of the producers.

Except for better physical equipment, I found that making pictures in Hollywood was just the same as making pictures in Berlin. Altho they have more money and usually come to their work in motor-cars, the studio

(Continued on page 104)
Ramon in Rome

RAMON NOVARRO is taking his impersonation of Ben Hur very seriously. At the right we have Mr. Novarro standing before the Vatican, where he was received in special audience by Pope Pius XI and given the blessing of His Holiness before he started work on the picture. As a further honor he was photographed by the papal photographer in the Sistine chapel and in the private gardens of the pope, a privilege rarely conferred.

It was the second week in August that Ramon cracked the whip over four great Arab chargers and, as Ben Hur, was off on his mighty film course. Before he completes it, a new year will have dawned, and many miles will have been traveled. In addition to filming the scenes in the Colosseum, at the Joppa Gate, and in the Campagna outside Rome, the company will sail to the ancient port of Anzio on the Mediterranean for the famous battle of the galleys, and later will go to darkest Africa for the scenes in which Ben Hur rallies the nations of the world in defense of Christ. Director Fred Niblo estimates that more than twenty thousand people will be used in these scenes.

Mr. Niblo declares that he chose Novarro for Ben Hur above other screen heroes because he best combines physical beauty with magnetism and idealism. His possibilities as an actor, says the director, have only been faintly realized thus far; and following this picture, he prophesies, Novarro will be the greatest idol the screen has ever known.
In the Art of Make-Up

These scenes from brand-new pictures are only for lovers who have quarreled. Choose the one that best fits your case, then follow the directions given. We guarantee perfect results.

When wandering down Lovers' Lane, it's sometimes just as well to put the fence between you. If you don't believe this, ask Gertrude Olmstead and Robert Ellis.

Treat 'em rough, says Ian Keith. Even shake her a bit. It worked with Florence Vidor in Christine of the Hungry Heart.

Look indifferent and coy; make him beg a little. That's the way to Get Your Man. June Marlowe proved it with Eric St. Clair.

There's nothing like a nice, fat check to check a husband-and-wife quarrel. As Rabbit, Willard Louis wonders just how many figures he must write to dry the fair Carmel's tears.

Catch her alone and dreamy-eyed—make her confess she was thinking of you. That will cure those Idle Tongues, say Lucille Ricksen and Malcolm MacGregor.

If you're in The Fast Set with Adolph Menjou and Betty Compson (below), a word of advice is not amiss after you've made up.

Only Peter-the-Great looks on while Eleanor Boardman and Raymond McKee (left) are "canoodling" in The Silent Accuser.
This is the true story of a famous motion picture star, and the rough road she had to travel before the fans began chanting her name. It is told for the benefit of the movie-struck girl, who thinks the screen is the short-cut to fame, and is about to start on the long and heart-breaking pilgrimage to Hollywood, without the price of a return-trip ticket.

Illustrations by Eldon Kelley

The first thing you want to do when you start out for Hollywood to become a movie star is to buy a return-trip ticket. I'm not one of those statistic addicts who can figure that the ink used in writing fan letters for one year would float a battleship and things like that, but the chances are something like a hundred to one that you'll need to use the second half of that ticket.

Yes, yes! I know that you're as pretty as Alice Terry, and can wear clothes like Mae Murray, and act as emotional as Lillian Gish. When your friends tell you you look like Norma Talmadge and your work in the high-school play was a funny as Fazenda's, I don't doubt them for a minute. And I admit there have been unknowns who came out here and became famous without the usual preparatory course in starvation and discouragement. Since the Peter Pan-ic is over at last and a little schoolgirl without influence or experience has walked off with the prize rôle of the year, I suppose every youngster who has got as far as Cicero's orations and algebra will reason that he or she could do the same thing.

Now understand me. I'm not trying to discourage any budding Bartholomew or any potential Pola. As a rule, things like Betty Bronson's luck don't happen, but you may be the exception instead of the rule. If you still want to come after I get thru telling you just exactly what you're up against, then I say, "Come on and the best of success to you!"

It all reduces to a matter of dollars and sense. Of course, it's just as well to be passable-looking and have a trace of dramatic talent besides. If you can arrange to have been born in an old Southern family, that helps, too.

Most of the authors who have written articles on the Dangers of Hollywood know a lot of things that aren't so. You'd think to read them that every train that arrived in Los Angeles was met by a waiting line of sheiks in dress suits with the Worst Possible intentions and that the only way even to get cast in a mob scene was to take dinner with the director—that the way to a fan's heart was thru the director's stomach, as it were. You ought to hear Hollywood laugh when it reads one of these "inside" stories of the way stars are made.

But if you don't have to Pay the Price, in the sub-title sense, you do have to pay all sorts of prices that maybe you haven't taken into consideration when you decided to leave Cicero flat or give up your job pounding the typewriter, and come out here to show Betty Compson and Lew Cody how to act.

There are the clothes you'll need, for instance. When I started seven years ago, that part wasn't so important. I remember I had just one suit, a cheap blue serge that gradually turned green in the service—but there wasn't so much competition then either. Now, with society debs, titled English ladies, beauty-contest winners and Ziegfeld chorines standing in the line before the casting window, cheap and shabby clothes won't help your case any.

There was a time when a fifteen-dollar evening gown or a take-me-home—for twenty-five bucks dress suit would qualify an extra to take part in a café scene depicting the diversions of the idle rich—but not now. That "best" dress that looked the height of elegance when you packed it back to Oskaloosa, Iowa, or Terre Haute won't do in Hollywood. The men extras always have to supply their own wardrobes, and while Famous Players and one or two others of the big companies furnish the "dress girls" with their screen trousseaux, most studios will employ only extra girls who have adequate clothes of their own.

If you don't possess a riding-habit, smart tailleurs, sport clothes, a handsome evening gown, you will have to rent them for the occasion. Lady Jane Lewis who has the biggest costume renting place out here asks three-fifty for an evening gown for one day. For the same day's work the wearer...
On this page we present four screen heroes in characterizations that are either far more or far less exemplary than their usual roles. And on the opposite page you will meet four screen heroines who have completely changed their personalities for their new pictures.

In *The Breath of Scandal* Lou Tellegen appears for the first time as a man grown older, but that doesn't mean Lou himself is feeling the years—oh, dear me, no! He is quite as charming as ever in his usual man-of-the-world role, as may be seen by glancing to the right, where he appears as the Lou you know, in *Single Wives*.

Milton Sills dons the cloth and the surplice to play the very Reverend John Morton in *Madonna of the Streets*. Notice his ministerial air, and his frown of distress over the wickedness of the world. It almost makes us forget how well he looks in a dress-suit, until we glance to the left, and see him with Mr. Tellegen in *Single Wives*.

Beneath the heaving chest of every screen actor, who has always played the handsome hero that can do no wrong, beats the desire to play the villain. And the star who has always been cast for the role of a bad, bad, man, burns to show the flapper fans that he too can be handsome and heroic. Watch for these transformations when the new pictures of this quartet of favorites are released.

No one expected to see Percy Marmont behind the bars, but here he is in the conventional garb of the convict. In *Idle Tongues*, he becomes a much-wronged prisoner, but of course is released on good behavior.

We've grown so used to Conway Tearle in well-tailored clothes that it's difficult to think of him as a Wild Western hero. But in *The Great Divide* he becomes one. Can you find a handsomer cowboy?
WARREN A. NEWCOMBE, who is D. W. Griffith's art director, has one of the most interesting slants on motion pictures I have ever heard expressed. An enthusiastic friend told me that Newcombe had worked out a project for a great national temple to the silent drama, that his ideas on lighting and the construction of theaters were revolutionary. It sounded formidable and dull, but one can't afford to overlook anything that hints at a finer artistry in the movies, and I asked for an interview.

The result was an afternoon visit to Newcombe's home at Rye Beach, N. Y. I found him to be an engaging combination of the practical man and the dreamer. He designed the sets for Griffith's America, which ranks him as being among the best in his line. And I am pretty well convinced that his dreams are practical, too, and will be adopted generally.

His most striking notion is concerned with the screen—the actual white square in a frame on which motion pictures are thrown. He says it is utterly wrong, that it is too small, too white, should not be square at all, and should not have for background a curtain and a regular stage. The first house built especially for the showing of pictures stuck to the old model, because the promoters feared the movies might flivver (Just imagine that!) and they wanted to protect themselves with a theater in which plays could be put on. They also felt it would be necessary, any way, to relieve the monotony of the cinema with song-and-dance acts. Other builders slavishly followed their lead. Even the Capitol in New York, the most pretentious theater dedicated to the new art, is nothing more than an opera-house with boxes and a balcony, old-fashioned decorations and a dinky little screen suspended above the heads of the orchestra.

Mr. Newcombe would change all this. He has drawn plans for a dignified, beautiful structure which he would like to see erected in Washington, with the backing, if possible, of the Government. For the enterprise should be national, and serve as an object-lesson for other cities to copy if they approved. The interior would have very straight lines, the walls flat and unbroken by any decoration except colored frescoes placed rather high. There would be, of course, no balconies or boxes. The lighting would at all times be subdued.

The screen—his pet theory—would be nothing less than the entire far wall of the theater. The surface would be prepared over a wide space so that it would register the picture, but there would be no frame and the audience would be unable to tell its dimensions. The smallest scenes and the largest could be shown, and in any shape—tall, narrow panels, or great oblongs. Spectacular action episodes, such as the night riders in The Birth of a Nation, could be enormously extended and create the effect of miles of panorama, he says.

Some distance out from the screen, he would place an elevated platform for the orchestra, with steps leading to it from all four sides. He believes that music is the only logical, the only appealing, accompaniment of motion pictures. The living actor should never appear in a theater dedicated to the cinema; his presence and voice jolt one out of the mood best suited for the enjoyment of a play told by means of fleeting, flickering shadows.

In 1922 and 1923, Newcombe wrote and filmed at his own expense two charming one-reel fantasies, The Enchanted City and Sea of Dreams, which were shown by Riesenfeld at the Rivoli, New York. The sincerity of Newcombe is impressive, because he is a whole-souled fan. "I believe this newest of the arts to be the greatest of them all," he told me earnestly.
Music is his second love. He is convinced that a “movie opera”—a great score interpreted by great pictures—would be superior to grand opera as we now know it.

I should like to see his ideas tried out.

**How Does One Pringle?**

Rupert Hughes, who has been a kind of screen godfather to Aileen Pringle, is responsible for adding a word to the language. While directing her in one of her first pictures, he countered occasional lapses from her best manner by crying across the lot to her: “You’ve got to pringle for us, Aileen. Ah, that’s better! Now you’re prizzling.”

This sounds like a press-agent’s yarn. But it isn’t one. Miss Pringle told it to me herself after I’d happened to mention the name of Rupert Hughes. There is a harmony in the syllables which makes his new verb absurdly haunting—I pringle, thou pringlest, he (or she) pringles. Once get started on it and it’s difficult to stop.

But, after all, the important question is, How does one pringle? The lady herself is the sole answer. Whatever she says and does is may be described as prilling. By making a few leading remarks, then sitting back in comparative silence and watching her intently, I appeared to encourage her to pringle along most brillianly for nearly an hour.

She vowed the thing she most abhorred was being asked to play vamp parts. She didn’t want the public to think of her as a vamp, not because she particularly objected to man-eating, but because she loathed the way that vamps went about it. She—Aileen—did not look like a vamp and was incapable of acting like one. She did not shiver her shoulders or sketch Egyptian gestures with her hands when making love. So why should she be forced to falsify for the screen? In *Three Weeks* she had refused point-blank to play the heroine as a vamp. She had made her patrician, sensitive, and fundamentally romantic. As for *His Hour*, her latest, she had done her best with it, but it was a man’s picture. The kind of rôle she would really like to play, that of some genuinely interesting historical figure, was not tolerated at present by the producers.

And so on. And so on. Her ideas were pungent, but since the art she has elected to adorn is the silent drama I concentrated on her mobile features and her mannerisms in my quest for the inner significance of prilling. Let it be said right away that I found her exquisite. Her gray eyes are of the true, rare shade to go with a bright complexion and black hair. They are able both to glitter and to melt. Her lips curl with a fine scorn, or smile with sudden sweetness. She is not cold, as some interviewers have written. Far from it.

But there is an arrogance in all this that sets her apart from the sentimental type that has hitherto been supremely successful in motion pictures. She is going to create her own public and conquer in a very big way, or she is going to fail. For myself, I admire the subtleties of prilling, tho’ I see it as an accomplishment for the legitimate stage rather than the cinema. Aileen Pringle in the flesh, in a sparkling comedy by Maugham or Shaw, would be Aileen Pringle at her fullest and best.

**Harold Lloyd Is Not Girl Shy**

Snaughting a moment between shots of *Dangerous Money*, at Famous Players studio the other day, I asked Bebe Daniels how she rated her early experience in comics with Harold Lloyd. Bebe—she has recently had her hair bobbed, by the way—was in the hands of her coiffeur and by no means at leisure to give an interview. But her mind works like a streak, and this is what she flashed back at me:

“Nothing could have been better for me. Harold Lloyd was splendid to work with. We used to make a comic a week, fifty-two weeks a year. They were one-reelers, of course. If we wanted a vacation, we had to crowd two pictures into one week, so as to take the next one off. I was at it for four years, and I’ll tell you why it did me good. After that sound drilling in comics, I know when I’m in danger of being absurd in tragedy.”

As I watched the industrious, lovely Bebe snap back into action on the set, I fell to thinking of Lloyd and (Cont’d on page 96)
1: Now this picture opens
With a picket fence and trees,

2: And a close-up of the heroine,
As pretty as you please;

3: And a close-up of the hero,
Whose heart is at her feet,

4: And then Bad Mike, the renegade,
comes lurching down the street.

5: What he tells the heroine,
We cannot mention here.

6: The gal is simply terror-struck,
And overcome with fear.

7: "You dog! I'll make you pay for
this!"
The gallant hero cries,

8: And glares at the villain
From the corners of his eyes.

9: The villain's guns are pointed
At the hero's vital spot,

10: The heroine can plainly see
That things are getting hot.

11: "Lay aside those firearms;
I'll fight you man to man!"

12: A close-up of the heroine,
Who is hoping that he can.

13: Now comes the part that hurts us,
But to tell the truth we're bound—

14: The villain knocks the hero out
In—the—very—first—round.
How Cecil De Mille Picks 'Em

A story about the latest De Millionaire heroine, and how she passed the grim ordeal that turned her into a star

By H. D. CARDON

To be given a lead in a De Mille picture is like being tagged for a Harvard secret society. It's more than that; it is as tho the king has whacked some one over the shoulders with his sword and commanded him to "Rise, Sir Hubert."

It is a matter of cold fact that only two girls out of the long list selected by Mr. De Mille have failed to find a lead in one of his pictures the doorway to fame and fortune.

Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Agnes Ayres, and many others have been handed keys to glory by this great director. And the last one now to receive a precious key is little Vera Reynolds.

But every one of these stars had to pass a peculiar ordeal before she was picked for a part. And perhaps it is necessary at this point to explain just what this ordeal is like: to explain how Cecil De Mille picks 'em.

He has a gorgeous and impressive office with cathedral stained-glass windows and other appurtenances calculated to fill the heart with awe.

And in this office is a huge chair which has witnessed much agony. When De Mille is looking for new genius, the trembling candidates are brought in and deposited in that chair while he asks them questions.

A great many have been questioned; but only a few have passed.

Usually, they are courteously excused and led sadly out ... to oblivion.

When a rare girl interests De Mille, another ordeal begins.

They dress her up. She is hugged away to the wardrobe department and presently returns with an anxious com-

pany equipped with pins and scissors and bolts of cloth. They hang opera wraps on her, and they pin her into impromptu evening gowns.

Mr. De Mille told me the other day, however, that all this procession is only incidental to the real test. He naturally wants to see how his candidate is going to look in various kinds of clothes; but the test, like the questioning, is mainly to see with what poise the girl will carry off a difficult situation.

"It's really the eyes that I consider," said Mr. De Mille. "When I ask a question, it is more to see what answer the eyes give back than the words the tongue gives back. It is the eyes and the mental poise."

And now let us take the case of Vera Reynolds, and the reason that she passed the ordeal.

Mr. De Mille said that, of all the hundreds of girls who have endured the ordeal of sitting in that inquisitorial chair, Vera Reynolds was unique in one regard.

She was the only one, of all the hundreds of girls who have obeyed the command to take off their hats, who did not sneak up her hands to fix her hair.

Vera wasn't worried about her hair. And that fact got her the job. Not alone, of course. De Mille had been watching her work in comedies for a long time. But at least this was a confirmation of an independent, poised personality.

And so the gate opened for her, and another De Millionaire heroine was born. As a

(Continued on page 105)
What I Can Read in the
A Complete Analysis

ANITA STEWART

The moment I entered the door of Miss Stewart's home I felt the atmosphere of the real home. It was a cheery place with much light and sunshine and everything in harmony.

Miss Stewart is a very girlish, wholesome person, very much the thoroughbred. Her refinement, sensiveness and delicacy impressed me immediately.

In reading her character, we noticed first her eyes, for they are very expressive, proving her at times, the sad, pensive dreamer, one filled with inspirations and ambitions but, at the same time, mentally alert, with great intelligence and interest.

In the mouth—upper lip—we find a very trustful nature, with great belief in her fellow beings; sympathetic, ardent and enthusiastic. In the lower lip, we find high ideals which are never fully realized; an affectionate person, who feels deeply and is too sensitive for her own good.

The nose shows a good imagination, constructive ability and self-protection; a very observing person who particularly notices clothes.

The cheeks show an intense, serious nature, one who is daring and has the courage of her convictions.

The chin and jaw show persistency and independence of thought.

The high, broad forehead shows a splendid intellect, a very good memory, and musical ability.

In making a summary of the character, we would say that Miss Stewart is a generous, friendly person, a good conversationalist with much sincerity and honesty.

(Continued on page 87)

BEN LYON

BEN LYON is a friendly person, with the faculty of pleasing people and making himself generally liked.

In reading his character, I noticed first, that his face is almost harmonic, which would give him the ability to fit into several vocations and each equally well. It is usually very difficult for such a person to concentrate on any one thing; in fact, a person of this type seldom concentrates unless particularly interested.

He has a splendid forehead, broad, with good height, which shows a fine intellect. There are lines in his forehead which are unusual in one of his age. These lines denote a nature that worries and is impatient. There are other lines at the root of the nose which show a serious nature and that he is one who is puzzled over life.

In the nose is shown a sensitive, intuitive nature, good imagination, constructive ability; this proves that he is an observant person with quick judgment and synthetic reasoning.

The chin and jaw show a love of beauty, especially of a pretty face; plenty of determination and persistence, much endurance and physical strength, a great interest and liking for the opposite sex, pronounced likes and dislikes.

Above the eyes are good powers of visualization and the ability to see and plan ahead.

The lobe of the ear shows longevity.

The mouth—upper lip—shows a sympathetic, charitable nature, one with much ardor and enthusiasm, and entirely too much trust and confidence in human nature. The lower lip shows an affectionate nature with strong desires. The parentheses about the mouth denote pride and dignity.

The hands show that he has a practical turn of mind, that he is a frank person, too outspoken and honest for his own good.

(Continued on page 87)
Faces of the Film Stars
By F. Vance de Revere

BERT LYTELL

BEFORE making this analysis, I watched Mr. Lytell on the set making scenes for Sandra, and was greatly impressed by the seriousness and earnestness of his work.

In reading his character, one notices first his chin and jaw. The chin has great breadth, and is large and square. The jaw-line is long and well developed, showing strong faculties of will; he is a person whose thinking is along individual lines, and he is independent of the thoughts of others. There is found great physical strength, endurance, fortitude and hardihood in this chin and jaw; a person who can be relied upon; one who will fight for a principle and who is fair and just in his dealings with others. There is a great love of the beautiful and the artistic.

In the nose there is found a fine imagination, and constructive ability; he is a sensitive, intuitive nature, with good powers of concentration. The shape of the nose denotes that he is one who does not like to work at things in opposition to his tastes.

The cheeks show an intense nature, earnestness, seriousness of purpose, and good recuperative powers.

In the parentheses of the mouth there is found pride, dignity; he is one who likes to lead and excel.

The mouth—upper lip—lacks firmness, and is extremely full and well developed; this would denote an individual who would be easily swayed by his sympathies or where his affection was engaged. His natural kindness and his charitable nature would be easy to impose upon. There is also found in the upper lip an ambitious nature, with great enthusiasm, ardor, and trust, and confidence in human nature. The lower lip shows a sensitive person, one who understands human nature and is a good judge of women.

Above the eyes there is shown well-developed perceptsives, and proof that he is an artistic person. The

(Continued on page 87)

GLORIA SWANSON

If there were fifty-seven varieties of human nature, I'd say that Gloria Swanson was the fifty-eighth.

In reading her character I noticed, first, the fullness above and completely across the eyes. This shows well-developed perceptsives and artistic faculties, which give the ability to sketch and draw; also strong likes and dislikes for certain colors.

Have you ever noticed Gloria's mouth? You have heard of the "Come hither" look in people's eyes; well, Gloria's mouth gives the same impression, while her eyes and placid expression contradict it. It is very expressive and shows clearly a well-developed emotional side; a generous, sympathetic, kindly nature, with great loyalty in friendship; a person whose love and affection would overrule her head and good judgment. She is blind to the faults of her friends and those she loves. This is a weakness, for such people are frequently imposed upon. There is a fondness for children and animals and a desire to pet and mother those she loves. In the upper lip is found a love of display.

She has an unusually long line from the metus of the ear to the point of the chin, which denotes much determination and will. She is an independent nature, and does not rely upon others to do her thinking for her.

The forehead is both broad and high, showing a good mentality and good reflective faculties; a serious nature, especially in regard to her work. At the root of the nose is shown a fulness which denotes high individuality.

(Continued on page 87)
Eleanor Boardman grew weary of being a flapper, so here she is, a regular boy. "Peter the Great" has sworn allegiance to this new master and will protect her with his life. The two are great pals in The Silent Accuser.
The Girl Who Couldn’t Be Bad

The Concluding Chapter of Our Interesting Serial

By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

(A synopsis of preceding chapters will be found on page 78)

THREE days of acute privation had made a veritable hobo of Hank Brown. His many weaknesses had become his strength under adversity and in his bitterness he was ready to stoop to anything.

On the very threshold of crime, however, Providence seemed to favor him, for as he sat in the park out towards Hollywood, he saw the amazing sight of his sister arrayed in the clothes of a lady, huddled down beside a fashionably dressed young man in the low cushions of a sport-model automobile. The car was going along leisurely as tho the driver contemplated stopping.

Sure enough, just about a block away, the car drew near the curb and the young man pointed out the buildings of the largest motion picture company in the world, where The Dark Lady’s Secret had been filmed.

Hank ran as fast as his enfeebled legs would carry him and arrived behind the sport car just as its driver threw it into gear and it began slowly to move. There was but one thing to do. Hank climbed up on the rumble space in the center of the two tires.

The car was turned round and driven back to Los Angeles.

Hank waited until Hope and Stanton entered the apartment, having resolved in a mean spirit of envy over the contrasting conditions between him and his sister, to take the information to Orkney. He changed his mind at the thought of immediate reward and ran into the apartment house and blusteringly tried to force his way upstairs. He was promptly thrown out into the street and this completed his half-formed resolve to betray his sister.

He hurried toward Orkney’s, which was a couple of miles distant.

It was plain that Orkney had been drinking steadily since he had last seen him and any finer tissue in him had been roughly coarsened. He received Hank half-sullenly until Hank imparted the coveted information, when his attitude became one of ingratiating generosity and assumed friendliness.

So another fellow was keeping Hope, was he, thought Orkney. His wicked smile made it plain what he intended to do in the matter. As a reward, he gave Hank the run of his liquor hoard.

STANTON BRAITHWAITE’s mother had long since abandoned hope of a reconciliation between her son and herself. She at length came to believe that the boy was not only lost to her, but lost to all things save immorality.

Mrs. Braithwaite would have gone immediately to her boy, had she not brooded upon and been so thoroughly convinced of the fact that she herself was responsible—in the weakness of her love for him—for all that he had or had not become. She gave up her many society engagements and shut herself up in her great country house, a woman and a mother whose great love in life was forever lost.

And it was in this impasse of life that Stanton, her son, returned one day and found her. She could scarcely believe her eyes and ears as he stood before her and spoke to her.

“Mother!” cried Stanton, and he took her into his arms with something, of that sympathetic and understanding fervor that had been his as a fond and thoughtful son before the World got hold of him.

“My son!” was all she could say, but it expressed all her yearnings, her love and her convictions. They were again mother and son!

But all of the benefits of the wonderful miracle seemed on the point of vanishing when Stanton told his mother that the great change had been due to a woman. She was sadly familiar with his women.

“I want . . . you . . . to return at once with me, mother,” he pleaded. “She—she—need your help.”

So, with a heart that momentarily grew heavier, Mrs. Braithwaite accompanied her son back to the city.

In the hallway of his apartment house Stanton found Hank struggling with the attendants, bawling out that it was his right and he wanted to see his sister who was being detained by Braithwaite. Mrs. Braithwaite could not help overhearing this and her fears were confirmed when Stanton had her escorted to the apartment while he stayed behind to pacify Hank.

When Mrs. Braithwaite entered, she was confronted by a woman who in every way typified the sort she had apprehended finding. It was Isabel.

It seems that Isabel had been more deeply affected than she realized. She returned to Hollywood, but the pitiful vision of Hope haunted her, accompanied by pangs of what must have been conscience. She wrestled all night and by morning her better self had conquered. She resolved to do the unheard-of thing of doing good to an arch-enemy. She was admitted to the apartment as an old friend of Stanton’s. No one was there. She found only a note stuck in the corner of the mirror. All it said was: “I’ll just show you whether or not I can be bad—I hope.”

Stanton assured Hank that things were all right and then invited the half-ashamed boy upstairs. There he found his mother and Isabel facing each other. He was stunned. Mechanically, he took the note which Isabel extended.

“It is all my fault,” confessed Isabel, simply. “I came here and frightened her away.”

Stanton turned fiercely upon her. “Get out! And I
hope I never see your face again!"
In his harshness Stanton did not comprehend the magnitude of Isabel's sacrifice or realize what a different woman she had almost become.

**Orkney returned home for the second time, uncertain what course to pursue in getting hold of the person of Hope, who he fondly believed was being restrained from coming to him. He had been drinking heavily again and his thoughts turned toward violence. The next moment he softened at the glow of the prospect of seeing her so soon again under such auspicious circumstances. He was bathing in this mood when the doorbell rang and a minute later his housekeeper ushered none other than Hope herself into his presence.

"Aha—ran away from me, did you?" He chucked her under the chin.

Hope only smiled. She was so tired, albeit happy to have accomplished her end.

"Now tonight, young lady, we are going to celebrate the occasion of our happily meeting again in the most fitting manner!" He winked, and Hope nodded and smiled. From all that he had heard, he now thought Hope quite equal to anything he could propose. Nothing less than a devil of a night of it would do. He set about at once to arrange with the restaurant in the building to prepare a regular chorus-girl feast. He had his own stock of cocktails and champagne to give it the right touch!

Hope was really delighted with these renewed prospects of being had again. She really liked this bad life, she told herself, but underneath it all was a desire to seek some diversion that would throw off the real sorrow she felt on leaving and being left by Stanton Braithwaite, whom she would not grant she loved.

Only one thing got on Orkney's nerves, and that was the Focussville togs Hope wore and which had brought a smile on the lips as she had gone. He puzzled over how to overcome this esthetic point and then somewhat reluctantly handed her a key. "In heaven's name, change that clown rig you're wearing for some of the things you will find in there!" He indicated a small room which had evidently been his wife's storeroom. He then left to see that the champagne was properly iced and to mix the cocktails.

Hope was delighted when she found a sort of dressingroom containing several large trunks filled to the brim with dresses. She went over them piece by piece for the sheer delight of handling them. Thus she emptied two trunks. A third seemed to be separate and contained dresses too. Then she noticed a costume of many years gone. She was barely able to decipher a faded inscription written on a square card and tacked on the lid of the trunk. She made it out to be: "Our Little Jennie's Things." Hope puzzled long golden curls lay outspread on her shoulders.

By this time, Hope had forgotten the true state of affairs. She was just a child at play, a girl in a garret, a blooming young woman surrounded by furbelows! There was a package of keepsakes in the tray which she examined excitedly. The keepsakes were all marked. There was an old piece of music across the top of which was written: "Jennie's Favorite Piece." In the spirit of the moment, Hope thought that she would like to play it if she could. She opened the piano and sat down and began picking out the notes laboriously.

Orkney had closed the dining-room doors and while the waiter from the restaurant arranged the spread of food, he concentrated on the drinks, sampling them from time to time until he became recklessly drunk. Those who knew Miles Orkney also knew that there was no stopping him once he got this way.

Orkney now dismissed the amazed waiter, who had been told to remain and serve the repast. He doublelocked the door after the man, pulled down the shades and lit the candles on the table. Then with a leer and a lurch he opened the door into the room where Hope was.

**From** the descriptions furnished by Ezekiel, the police had finally located a girl that partly corresponded to Hope. A plain-clothes man confirmed the identification. Ezekiel and Sarah were notified, the police, intending to make a big, but sure thing of such a notorious example. The saddened, the expectant, parents only resolved to accompany the police to the place of capture and provide means for unimpeachable identification of their child and conviction of the culprit.

But a surprise and a disappointment awaited them all, for they arrived a little while after Stanton had departed with blood in his eye and a revolver in his pocket for Orkney's apartment. For Stanton after repeated effort had wheedled the whereabouts of Orkney from the drunken Hank. Incidentally, he learned the terrible significance of her visit to the licentious liquor salesman.

Hank was roughly awakened by the strong arms of the Law and fear of them sobered him sufficiently to disclose that the real danger lay elsewhere. The police left one of their number to correct any false alarm and hurried away on the new clue.

Ezekiel and his wife had taken their, poor broken boy
Miles Orkney, swaying from the effects of the last strong cocktail, lurched toward the separating door. He carried a tray before him on which two “preliminary” cocktails balanced themselves unsteadily. A lustful glint shone in his eyes, as he paused a moment to straighten himself out for the auspicious occasion. Then with a leer he opened the door and stepped into the room.

Orkney stopped dead and the two glasses went crashing to the floor. He heard the sound and the sound he heard struck him deep and vitally. This was no ghost, but a poignant reality. Yonder sat his daughter—she whom he had loved more deeply than anything in his life. The dress, the figure, the attitude—even the same favorite sweet song that she had always played to please him—there was no mistaking them all. There! Even the voice was like! He groped for the corner of the square piano, cold sweat pouring from his brow, his muddled mind a wild conflagration of flaming phantoms. He stood there until his evil passions were consumed in the blaze.

Hope was so intent in picking out the music and softly singing it, that she had heard nothing. Suddenly she became conscious of his presence and turned, smiling and embarrassed.

Orkney raised his clumsy hand to the shut out the sight. Then he cried out, “My God—where did you get those clothes—where did—” He sank down into a chair groggily, his hands before his eyes shutting out Hope and his premeditated sin and trying to recall the vision of his beloved, innocent daughter. Then he looked at the half-startled Hope again, half-swaying in his effort to tell her some-thing, his lips moving, but no sound coming from them. Again he hid his face, his befogged mind crowding with memories.

Hope saw his distress and came over and laid her hand sympathetically on his arm. He sprang away with a shudder as tho she had branded him. “No, not that, please. Just play for me—play and sing that song for me again—please do!”

And as Hope played, part of the actual scene faded. He was again with them—with his family. His erstwhile emotions of a pure deep love were duplicated. He could feel the arms of each of them about him again. So emotionally immersed were both of them that they did not hear the sinister crunching of locked doors under the pressure of crowbars. By the time Stanton had made a few hurried inquiries and reached the upper floor on which the Orkney apartment was located, the police were in the hall below.

Stanton was in the act of trying to force the door with his shoulder when they appeared at his side with two crowbars. The police and Stanton exchanged significant looks, but that was all. For the moment, they were all bent on the same purpose and turned with a will to carrying it into execution.

Finally, the bolt within gave way and Stanton Braithwaite who had until now been half-crazy with fear at the delay, now stepped back hesitating to be the first to enter and witness what seemed to be inevitable ruin. And the police, as tho about to face a desperate criminal on the defensive, cocked their revolvers and advanced into the apartment.

The two intervening doors were easily unlocked with skeleton keys. They now came to the parlor door which, strangely, stood a little ajar. Within, the next room, however, they could hear voices and Stanton noted with a sinking heart that there seemed to be a suggestion of perfect accord in the conversation. Again he drew back. The police threw back the door and entered, covering both the occupants with their weapons.

The invaders—more especially Stanton—were dumbfounded at the scene before them. Hope did not hear them and so was not conscious of what had taken place. As for Orkney, he stood there a half-dazed man, tears of repentance in his eyes. As they burst in, he manifested no other sign than a signal for them (Cont. on page 78)
Still eating well, thank you, and able to take in money, that's me, Walter Hiers.
Funny as ever in Short Change

Girls will be boys these days! Observe Kathleen Clifford, with Jack Duffy, in Grandma's Girl, a brand-new Christie comedy

When you decide to have a permanent, don't engage Viola Dana to do it. At least not until after you've studied the picture below. It's called The Beauty Parlor. We'd call it the Inquisition Chamber

Neither the billiard player nor Wanda Wiley (left) misses a cue in Her Fortunate Face. Below, Owen Moore in East of Broadway is concentrating to make the other man depart for points farther East

Gangway! Here comes Johnny Hines! (Below) Put on the brakes, Johnny, you're exceeding the speed limit! His picture is called the Speed Spook; he looks anything but spookish

Buddy Messinger is up to his usual tricks in this latest of the Century Kid Comedies, and is going to get the usual reward. But Buddy never seems to learn by experience
Scenes from new comedies that will soon be released; with a few amusing bits from other new productions

Fancy the dashing Adolphe Menjou needing to have his hair dyed! His valet gives him advice on the subject in *The Fast Set*.

How can Glenn Hunter (below) keep eyes front with dangers like this on every side? Doesn't he look like a schoolboy delivering the valedictory? He's well worth watching in *The Silent Watcher*.

Eileen Manning is horrified to discover that her heart is fluttering in a flapperish manner over Dr. Robert Ellis. The picture is *Lovers' Lane*.

How do you like Gloria (left) as a barmaid? And where did she learn to wield a dust-mop? And would you recognize handsome Ben Lyon? They're together in *Wages of Virtue*. Below is Harold Lloyd, in trouble as usual. Look out, Harold, you seem to have dropped something. The picture is *Hot Water*.

Below is poor Harry Langdon, peeling miles and miles of pommes de terre. But no need to feel sorry for him; he feels sorry enough for himself, as you'll find out when you see *All Night Long*.

Betty Blythe (below) plays Nelly, the beautiful cloak model, for Potash and Perlmutter in Hollywood. Do you wonder she almost bowls them over? Her clothes, they say, put out the eye of the camera.
A Tune for a Tear

II: What the Directors think of the business of acting to music

By DORIS DENBO

Music with your acting is like music with your meals. It glosses over mental indigestion and puts you in a mood you do not feel.

For just as the diner in a restaurant can attack a piece of tough beefsteak with more zeal when the orchestra behind the palms is playing a lively tune, so the movie actor with an early morning grog can put more heart into the joy he must feign before the camera when the studio is ringing with a gay piece of jazz.

For if the musicians are strumming, For your lips tell me No, No, but it's yes, yes, in your eyes, then no matter how morning-after an artist may be feeling, he can stand before the camera and smile and smile and smile. And even if the first two smiles do almost crack his face, by the time the third smile comes, it's almost human.

On the other hand, if on a gay and sunny morning his part happens to be to weep and wring his hands, Nearer My God to Thee, played by almost any studio orchestra, will bring the glycerin tears coursing down the cheeks, no matter how merry he may be feeling.

"Music in the studio is a little luxury we allow the actors to help them forget themselves," said Allan Dwan, who undoubtedly has pumped atmosphere into more successful pictures than any other director in the East, and with the same physical effort with which a bicyclist pumps air into a flat tire.

"Camera acting is a spasmodic affair at best. The artist is not permitted to work up into a climax gradually, nor has he the inspiration of an audience to throw him into the mood. He must simply plunge into it head first. He arrives of a sunny morning, feeling very much in tune with the world, and I say, 'Do the death scene. Register the agony of a soul in torment.' We can't take time for him to go out on the lot and gradually work himself up into a fine frenzy of emotion. He in the same studio, each with its own bit of music, playing, respectively, tunes suggestive of joy, sorrow, humor and romance, and I was scarcely conscious of any of them. But my players act better when the tune is in harmony with the mood desired.

"Now, there's Gloria Swanson, for instance. Gloria is a temperamental little thing—insists on music, and has her special kind; prefers the waltz, tin-panny kind of two violins and a piano, to the full-blown, harmonious chords you get in a symphony orchestra; reacts better to it. Remember the wedding scene in Gloria's last picture, Her Love Story? You know in that she marries the villain, not the hero; yet she goes thru with the ceremony, and it becomes a very unhappy affair. For that, Gloria insisted on very waltz and unhappy music. The heart-breaking mood into which she worked herself under spell of that waltz music, would have made anyone less hardened than I am long to interrupt the ceremony and throw out the villain. But years of directing these feigned emotions have left me quite without heart myself."

With Cecil B. De Mille, however, it is very different. Mr. De Mille will not tell you in so many words that he weeps with one tune and laughs with another. But he does admit that the music so plays upon his moods that in strong scenes he has had to stuff his ears with cotton to concentrate on his directing.

"Music helps everyone but the director," he said.
"There have been times when, if I had my way, I would smash every instrument playing for me. Yet I must have it for my actors and the crew, as it throws them into the spirit of the scene as nothing else does. Given the scene of a son parting from his mother; the musicians start up Home Sweet Home; they play it very well, and I find my own eyes filling with tears. 'What an affecting scene!' I think. And in the meanwhile I have failed to notice that the actors have fallen down in some little touch which would have put over on the screen the emotion the music made me feel.'

Ruth Dickie, one of the seniors among the movie-clan of musicians, has long played for Mr. De Mille. She has many incidents to relate.

"Not long ago," said Miss Dickie, "I was called to a Betty Compson set and asked to try to make Betty weep. The situation called for tears but Betty refused to shed even a glycerin tear, or even to feel sad. Then I remembered that she used to be very fond of George Van Loan Tucker and had felt very badly at his death. So I tried playing one of his favorite old melodies—and Betty broke down and wept like a baby. 'We have to be cruel at times, we musicians.'"

William de Mille has his own very definite ideas about the music for the plays he is directing, and doesn't leave the choice of the selections entirely to the stars. He prefers classical music to jazz, and will not let a bar of the latter be played in his studio. Pictures, he declares, attain their best artistic achievement under the best music. There is plenty of classsic music in the world to fit each mood. Why not use it? The results, he declares, are surprising.

James Cruze likes light, snappy music. Being something of a wag himself, always, full of gaiety and good humor, he wants to maintain this same atmosphere in his pictures. No mournful hearts and flowers for Mr. Cruze! He has one favorite musician, Babe Egan, who has studied his likes and dislikes until she can fit her tunes exactly into his moods and never plays a false note. Mr. Cruze often sings in with her, especially when things threaten to go low, or often improvises with words of his own, and something always comes of it.

The temperamental Eric von Stroheim is just as temperamental about the music he wants in his studio, and has decided ideas about it. One of the scenes in Greed called for a very fantastic effect. To achieve this von Stroheim asked his musicians to play a score of the music backward. They protested a bit, but he insisted. "The effect is all I want," he told them. "The strange thing is, he got it!" For several years Mr. von Stroheim has employed as musicians two brothers, Jack and Jim Brennan, veterans in the movie-music business, who can remember when studio musicians used to go begging for jobs.

"Time was when the musician was used in the studio only for a dance scene," said the Brennans, "or when there was actually a musician in the picture. Then we used to wonder where the next meal was coming from. Now every director insists on music with his job and the demand exceeds the supply."

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If we are to believe this perverted proverb, then the Talmadge sisters in the large photograph above are very, very good, and in the smaller ones they must be very, very bad. At the left, Norma is having a blazing quarrel with Eugene O'Brien, which you'll be able to watch to the finish in The Only Woman. And at the right, Constance is gnashing her teeth over Jean Hersholt—you'll learn the result when you see her new picture, Her Night of Romance.
Judging America by Its Movies

All Westerners are diamonds in the rough, and all Easterners cads. All country maidens are pure and innocent; all city damsels wicked flappers.

The only purpose for which canes are now carried is to secrete a little liquor in them which is obtained by merely pressing a button and turning the handle.

Lubitsch Hits the Bull’s Eye Again

While Lubitsch’s production, The Marriage Circle, was received rather favorably by the press and public of the country, it has never been accorded the full credit and applause that it merits. There was far more hullabaloo from the critics over The Woman of Paris, and while Chaplin is to be commended for making a fine picture and introducing some new ideas in scenario treatment, nevertheless his The Woman of Paris was by no means so fine a piece of work as The Marriage Circle.

Chaplin tried hard to break away from the old movie conventions and cruise into new channels, and his voyage was almost successful. It took Lubitsch, however, with his The Marriage Circle to do what Chaplin had hoped to do. Films alone it begins to look as tho Herr Ernst must be rated as the leading director in the industry today.

It Can’t Be Done

There are any number of schools and books that tell a feller how to write scenarios, but what we’d like to find is someone who can tell us how to sell them.

Those Titles

Now that we have been presented with Single Wives on the screen, why doesn’t somebody give us a sequel to it entitled Married Husbands?

What’s Wrong With the Movies?

To mention only one of the film industry faults, there is that confounded habit producers have of taking the small amount of talent and ability we have in the silent drama, and wasting it on inferior product. Thus we find such a rare cinema flower as Mary Philbin wasting her fragrance upon a series of mediocre productions, and such a superior director as James Cruze devoting his energies to potboilers. If this practice were followed in other businesses, we would probably find Babe Ruth in the position of bat boy and mascot on the Yankee team, and Arthur Brisbane conducting the radio column for the Hearst papers, or Epinard drawing a milk wagon.

That’s Out

Keen Comment by TAMAR LANE

Illustrated by Harry Taskey

If you are to judge America by its movies, then all city damsels are wicked flappers.

With his picture, The Marriage Circle, Lubitsch broke away from the old movie conventions and cruised into new channels.

Here’s one thing that’s wrong with the movies: Producers waste rare talent on an inferior product. How long would Fairbanks, Chaplin and Lloyd be popular if suddenly they appeared in simple, slapstick roles?

Not only is The Marriage Circle entitled to be rated as the best picture of the year, but it is one of the greatest films that has ever flashed on the screen since the inception of the silent drama.

Lubitsch now comes to the front with Three Women, another superb photoplay handled along distinctly original lines, and on the basis of these two films alone it begins to look as tho Herr Ernst must be rated as the leading director in the industry today.

(Continued on page 83)
THE IRON HORSE

The Best Drama

LIKE The Covered Wagon—Universal’s The Iron Horse records a vivid chapter of America in the making. Peopleed as it is with vital figures of history—from Lincoln to the hardy pioneers who drove the spikes and laid the tracks for the first transcontinental railroad (from which the picture gets its title), it is certain to be accepted everywhere as a marvelous achievement.

It is as much a picture of American pluck and perseverance as The Covered Wagon, tho a later group of pioneers are introduced—the railroaders who were destined to link the East with the West. There is romance in the driving energy of these people who spanned the country and opened the West for colonization. How insignificant appears the average film story compared to the realities unfolded here. It takes on value because it records accurately events that actually transpired.

The Iron Horse breathes the spirit of those exciting days—when the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific raced each other in order to win land tracts and bonuses authorized by Congress. With every turn of the camera, adventure and romance loom ahead. It is all very uplifting, very impressive and convincing. The buffalo hunt, the fording of the river, the stampede of the Indians—and the race of the railroads—these are vivid episodes in a large assortment of them.

We cannot imagine anyone failing to respond to the emotional appeal of this wonderful picture. Even if the spectator is not an American and knows little of its development, he will catch the romance and adventure, the struggles and hardships of these pioneers.

The spread of civilization in America is perhaps its sustaining note. And projecting it, we are caught in a tight embrace of action and suspense.

Great personalities of the past—personalities who made history in the West such as Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill Hickok, General Dodge—and a host of others—stalk across the screen. They are finely humanized.

The most stirring—the most human moments are those centering around the exploits of the pioneers—the humor among the track-layers, excellently suggested by J. Farrel McDonald, James Welch and Francis Powers—and the incidents in the lives of Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill Hickok,

(Continued on page 106)
THE MAN WHO CAME BACK
The Best Melodrama

THIS was a great success on the stage—and because it contains so much picture material we predict that it will score as large a success on the screen. We don't hesitate in cataloging it as one of the best melodramas ever filmed. Any story founded upon a youth's redemption contains popular appeal. When such a story is fortified with graphic action that contains a substantial spiritual note, you may well imagine its entertainment values.

Emmett Flynn directed the picture from a script by Edmund Goulding—and these sponsors have worked it out with direct treatment which moves vigorously and progressively to its climax. Not a scene is out of harmony in the development of the plot and characterization. Truly we cannot recall having seen a more vivid and compelling picture of redemption. The realities are so graphic—the humanities so absorbing—that we assume the identities of the characters.

It surely tugs at the emotions thru the very human conduct of its figures, there not being a single instance when the humanities are sacrificed for the sake of melodramatic punches. Yet it carries these punches which have a perfect place in the action.

The tale is that of a pampered youth who is ejected from home by his father—a tale of a boy whose fine sensibilities are warped thru contact with a life of hectic pleasure. And before redemption is brought about, the youth is carried from San Francisco to Shanghai, to the pineapple fields of a South Sea island—and back to the U. S. A. again. This mileage does not destroy the interest. The sequences are finely dovetailed together.

The simplicity of the story is one of its good qualities—and the vivid enactment of its scenes by two gifted players holds the spectator in a tight embrace. It would be difficult to find a more natural and convincing performance than that contributed by George O'Brien, given his first important rôle after seasons devoted to playing small parts. His shading of the rôle—the manner in which he depicts the despicable side of his character and balances it with the spiritual is executed vividly and easily. And

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THE NAVIGATOR
The Best Comedy

BUSTER, of the Keatons, is sailing the briny deep again. Having shown that he knows something about navigation in several of his comedies, he has elaborated on the others—or compiled them together, so to speak, with the result that his latest will be recorded as one of the most laughable celluloid skits of the screen. Instead of using some Goldberg contrivance—he rides the ocean waves as the skipper, mate and handy man of an ocean liner. He has no other companion except the girl he loves.

You ask how he found himself aboard ship? Well, thru a series of logical circumstances which develop, the young couple take to the waves. They had decided upon marriage thru being inspired by the embrace of colored lovers. The boat has been cast adrift by the enemies of its owner.

There are rich humorous possibilities here—and all of them have been realized by the gag writers associated with Buster. The idea is original in conception and treatment. And once the boat gets under way the fun starts—showing considerable chasing around the decks before the young passengers discover one another. There is unbounded humor in the incident featuring the lovers preparing their first meal in the galley.

It isn't all comedy. There is plenty of excitement to keep pace with the laughs when the passengers attempt to find sleeping quarters. Eventually each is established in a redecorated furnace. A good gag introduces this scene. Buster and the girl (Katherine McGuire) are disturbed by a ghostly tenor when a phonograph is accidentally started. The song is "Asleep in the Deep."

The concluding scenes are mostly melodramatic, tho the laughs are well distributed. The boat grounds upon a cannibal isle—which gives Keaton a chance to dress up in a deep sea diver's suit. When he reaches the bed of the ocean, the girl keeps him alive by pumping him air. The cannibals interfere with the air line and kidnap the heroine. What follows is familiar rescue stuff when a submarine appears and takes them away.

This finale is the only flaw in the picture. It is of little consequence, however, when stacked up against the array of bright and amusing gags leading up to it. It is well produced—and capitaly played. The titles are good.
Why Did They Doll Up Dempsey?

By WALTER HAVILAND

I AM frankly a lowbrow who finds his pleasure in the more personal amusements. (See The Seven Lively Arts, by Gilbert Seldes, where I am done the honor of being quoted in several places.) Only a flat pocketbook ever kept me away from a prize-fight at which I knew the talent to be good. The pungent humor of vaudeville tickles me under the fifth rib. And, of course, I go to the movies. On the screen, I prefer slapstick to refined comedies, and realism to the vapid heroics of the picture that sets out to convey any sort of message. I insist either on laughing blatantly at clever nonsense, or on being brought to my toes by some highlight of the sole two passions that are deeply rooted in mankind—love and strife. For a perfect evening’s entertainment—and in the interests of variety, let them be in the order named—give me: Charlie Chaplin’s feet, Lillian Gish’s ruined face and Jack Dempsey’s punch.

Which brings me to the subject of this literary outburst. Dempsey has broken into the movies, sure enough. Several months ago, Universal engaged him at a sum reported to have been a round million dollars. I was delighted when I heard the news. It seemed logical to stage his highly specialized genius in the one medium that reaches everybody. Few citizens of Podunk, Ashtabula and Kalamazoo can afford to go to New York for a Dempsey-Firpo bout, but all may be supposed to take an interest in how the champion struts his stuff. The screen, being potentially an art, I said, can bring out effects which occur in only the greatest actual fights.

My optimism, however, has received a severe jolt. The Dempsey of the Fight and Win series and a later oddity called So This Is Paris! is a pretty good cinema actor, but in appearance at least he is not the heavyweight champion of the world. The director has taken Jack’s picturesque mug and doctored it until it approximates that of a matinée idol. The somewhat battered bridge of his nose, which first was built up with putty, has now been permanently repaired by the skill of the plastic surgeon, and the rest of his countenance has been massaged, powdered, mascaraed, tinted—yes, and even false black for all I can tell. The naturally tousled hair has been slicked with oil, and divided with a mathematical part slightly off center to left.

Now, I ask you, is that a sensible way to treat one of the best advertised mugs in the United States? Surely the fans pay their money to see the Dempsey of the Toledo arena and Boyle’s Thirty Acres, and not a brand-new hero of the school of silent histrionics. If Babe Ruth is ever annexed by the movies, will they paint a cupid’s bow above his wide, tight trap of a mouth, and jolly him into confining his tummy in corsets? I hardly think so, but it will be simply because nearly all the theatergoers are also baseball enthusiasts who would resent the absurdity. The boxer is a more remote figure than the home-run king.

I dont want to give the impression that I object to make-up, as make-up. Heaven knows, I dote on it when it is used by, say, Betty Compson, Barbara La Marr or cute Colleen Moore. But on Jack Dempsey—NO, in large capital letters. In The Wages of Virtue, French soldiers appear without the slightest make-up, and the result is excellent. Why on earth should the prize-ring be handled more sentimentally than the Foreign Legion?

Furthermore, in the Dempsey pictures, conventional story plots cause Jack to waste his talents in many scenes that have nothing to do with his profession. In one of the Fight and Win stories, he is presented as a policeman—not even a rough-neck cop, but a most dapper officer of the law, a regular fashion plate in a tailored uniform that looks as if it had been turned out on Bond Street, London. In So This Is Paris! he masquerades for a while as a Frenchman with a luxuriant crop of false black whiskers. Then he changes the disguise to a dinner coat, a hard-boiled shirt and the most stately white beard I ever laid eyes on. He is knocked down in a scrap (imagine Dempsey being flattened by a mere apache!) the alfalfa goes flying, and up he jumps to assert his real character.

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Pipe Dreamers
You’ve Dreamed About

Percy Marmont, the dreamy philosopher, always brings his pipe into the picture when possible.

Wallace MacDonald can’t work out his roles unless he’s smoking. Sometimes he grows very serious over the matter.

Gene Korman

Harold Lloyd admits it adds savor to the smoke when a lovely somebody leans over his shoulder to light the pipe. Yes, it’s Jobyna Ralston, his new leading lady.

When Maurice Flynn plays the bold, Western hero, he puffs at a trusty corn-cob pipe. But when he’s just himself he smokes a handsome, silver-handed affair with lots of English swank. Note the jaunty angle at which he carries it.

Ben has become such a Lyon we were requested to show him snapped off guard. His fans have a heavy rival in Lady Nicotine.

Two is a crowd when Lloyd Hughes is engaged with Lady Nicotine. Notice the warning look in his eyes that seems to say, “Flappers, stand off!” But all the dear little girls know that he really isn’t so fierce as he’s pictured here.

Young Mr. Lyon’s idea of solid comfort is to day-dream the hours away with a book and a pipe and a footstool.

Woodbury
On the Camera Coast

Peter Pan is on his way—or her way. The production has started.

Herbert Brenon, the director, came straight from England, from a conference with Sir James Barrie. From his account of that conference it must have been as charming as a little side talk with Santa Claus.

Barrie lives in a quaint old apartment in Adelphi Terrace, London, and there they settled the fate of Peter Pan. They looked at the film tests of sixteen actresses before Sir James decided upon little Betty Bronson. She came second on the list.

Sir James asked to see her test run the second time; then he turned to ask Mr. Brenon: "What did you think of her legs?"

"Why," stammered Brenon, completely taken aback, "Why, I shall have to confess that I didn't notice them at all."

"Neither did I," replied Barrie. "And that is one of the reasons why I want her to play Peter."

Mr. Brenon asked Sir James to settle the long controversy between the critics as to the mystic and symbolic meaning of the various characters in the story. Does Peter Pan mean Youth or the Soul, or what? And what does Wendy mean? Sir James looked startled and said:

"Why it is just a story. I don't know that it means anything."

He said, however, that he had always thought of Peter as a little boy who died the day he was born, and never got a chance to live. It came out during the course of the conference that Sir James had never seen Maude Adams play Peter Pan, although he owned the old threadbare, ragged suit she had worn. He presented this to Mr. Brenon.

Agnes Ayres, whose romantic engagement to Ricardo Cortez was one of the thrills of Hollywood, is a married lady, but Mr. Cortez, alas, is not the husband in the case. It develops that Miss Ayres was secretly married to S. Manuel Reachi, commercial attaché of the Mexican consulate in Los Angeles. The wedding took place some place in Mexico, July 13; but was only admitted one day this week.

After she finishes playing the lead in Worldly Goods at Lasky's, the couple will go on a long honeymoon trip. Miss Ayres was married once before to Captain Frank P. Schucker, an army officer whom she divorced on the ground of desertion and failure to provide. Inasmuch as Miss Ayres made a fortune in real estate during the boom, the judge who sat in the case, was not so much impressed by the failure to provide as the desertion.

Pauline Frederick wearies of providing free entertainment for studio visitors. Word has gone forth at the Universal, where she is making a picture under the direction of Clarence Brown, that even the studio staff is to be chased away when Miss Frederick emotes.
Harry Carr's department of news and gossip of the Hollywood picture folk

The only other case I have known of this was Geraldine Farrar, when she was starring at the old Goldwyn Studio. Mabel Normand used to drive the lady to rage and desperation by pecking thru the cracks of the set at her.

Mabel, by the way, seems to have vanished from our midst. At the present time, there seem to be no prospects of a continuance of her screen career.

The threatened exodus of the movies from Hollywood to New York and other distant parts seems to have died. Joseph M. Schenck, president of the Producers' Association, made an announcement the other day that a survey of the activities for next year shows that six hundred and eighty pictures will be filmed at a total cost of $137,000,000. He stated that ninety per cent of these pictures will be made in Hollywood.

Another important announcement came from the bankers of San Francisco. Perhaps it could not probably be called an announcement. But anyhow, the big banking interests are said to have held a meeting up there and decided to drop the attempt to wean the movies away from Hollywood. They recognize that the studios are too strongly planted here. Consequently the plan is to start a big movement to finance productions made in this State with San Francisco and Los Angeles money. At the present time, the studios usually have to pay murderous rates of interest. This will result in cheaper money for productions—and general joy.

At the last meeting of the Producers' Association, the producers pledged themselves, at Schenck's suggestion, to stop the practice of forcing the actors to work long and unreasonable hours. Sometimes when a picture is behind the schedule, the actors have been forced to work fifteen and sixteen hours at a stretch without rest. The producers have come to the conclusion that, in the long run, there is no economy in this.

The overworked, overwrought actors often do such poor work in these circumstances that it has to be done over again.

There are four actors who are always complaining that they never get a chance to do the stuff they were trained for. Conway Tearle used to be a prize-fighter, but they never let him prize-fight on the screen; Pat O'Malley can't get a chance to do his old tight-rope walking; Helene Chadwick is never allowed to be a screen artist's model, ahhho she started that way; and Marguerite de la Motte, a professional dancer before going on the screen, was never allowed to dance. For the first time she is to have a chance in The Beloved Brute, which Commodore J. Stuart Blackton is to direct for Vitagraph. William Russell is to play the male lead.

After a Hollywood career that has been, in some ways exciting, Ian Keith is going to turn a ruthless back upon the movies and is going to (Com. on page 82)

Mae Busch and Renée Adorée are great chums, and their favorite outdoor sport is kidding other motion picture actors who haven't an afternoon off, like themselves

Meet three of the most interesting personalities in motion pictures, who are in frequent consultation over The Merry Widow: Eric von Stroheim, the director, Benjamin Glazer, who is adapting the play, and Mae Murray herself, the star

Between scenes while making The Border Legion, Helene Chadwick, Rockliffe Fellowes, Gibson Gowland, and other players, give a concert

Patsy Ruth Miller cools off, after a day's work in the hot California sun

Colleen Moore and Milton Sills play a game of night golf, using balls covered with phosphorus paint
Daughters of Eve

CARME MYERS
In view of your poor, sick wife, and the ten small and starving children, you had best run for your life when Carmel Myers, the capable screen-siren, looks this way at you. Of course, she may only be saying, "It's all applesauce".

Our Betty Compson may or may not have found the well-known fraction of worm in her apple. Anyway, she looks to us to be just the least little bit (or bite) annoyed. Let no one ask her for the core; he might get it—in the eye.

BABY PEGGY
"Have you a good appetite?" says Baby Peggy, and then gives a running little giggle and a sidelong look to see whether or not you are amused by her tiny joke. Of course, if you do not smile, she'll tell the truth, "Well, it isn't my joke, anyway." But when Peggy grows a little older, she will have no time for jokes; she will be too busy eating that apple, after someone has named it and snapped it, so that she can count the seeds. You know:
One, I love;
Two, I love;
Three, I love I say;
Four, I love w'th all my heart;
And five, I cast away.
Six, HE loves ... And so on.

BETTY COMPSON
Like to Solve a Mystery?

If you saw an arm reach from under your bed and extinguish a match you had dropped on the floor, what would you do? Would you scream—especially, when you discovered that the arm was attached to no body!!! In our January number begins a brand-new, thrilling serial, a mystery tale of life and love, which probes the only half-discovered realms of that miraculous element, radium, whose qualities still baffle science. It is told by that interesting teller of tales whose stories you have read here and elsewhere, W. Adolphe Roberts. Do you like to lie awake and shiver, wondering what is coming next? If so, start our serial. Hollywood? If you’re planning to go with only a one-way ticket, don’t start until you’ve read Just Exactly What You’re Up Against, on page 32 of this issue—the true story of a famous star before she became a star.

Who’s Next?

Whose life story would you like to read next time? We have given you biographies of Leatrice Joy, Monte Blue, Mae Murray, Charles Ray, and this time of Corinne Griffith, and next time of Jack Holt—intimate, little personal glimpses which otherwise you might never have caught. Who else would you like to have tell My Story? Advise us, please.

Do You Prefer 'Em Rough or Handsome?

Jack Dempsey, caveman, famous for his rough stuff, went into pictures as a fighter but came out on the screen as a sheik. In Fight and Win he is transformed to a sleek-haired, perfumed hero, nothing like the rough-and-ready, scrapping Jack you’ve always known. What do the women think of him this way? Which is the Jack they love? Walter Haviland wants to know in Why Did They Downtown Dempsey? Do the girls and women who are Dempsey fans agree with Mr. Haviland? Read his article and let us know.

Want to Be a Movie Star?

Have you friends ever told you you were so pretty you ought to go in the movies? Have you ever fancied the screen was the shortest cut to fame? Did you ever think of cashing in your resources and starting off for

Now that photography can be transmitted by telephone, how long before movies will be sent?

Where’s Your Slogan?

What does Motion Picture Magazine signify to you? We want you to tell us in a few well-put, snappy words. We are looking for a slogan for this magazine, and who but our readers should give us one?

Like Scandal?

Especially, do you like the kind mothers can tell on their daughters? “We never thought Mother would tell that!” the stars all cry with their hands in front of their faces, when they read Their Mothers Tell On Them in our January issue. Mothers never forget, even the littlest things, and here are some of the juiciest bits which no one ever dreamed would get out—little intimate, appealing side-lights on them. But there won’t be any falling stars, nor will any of your idols crash to bits, with this interesting little article which you must watch for next month.
News and Views of Eastern Stars

Lew Cody greets America after a vacation abroad. His latest picture is *The Sporting Venus*, in which he appears with Blanche Sweet.

At the right we have Dick Barthelmess in Florida, whither he went to make *Classmates*. Judge for yourself whether or not Richard believes in all work and no play.

Richard Barthelmess is the hero in a real fish story.

At the left we have Dorothy and Lillian Gish agreed that there is no place like America, on their return from six months in Italy, spent making *Romola*. Clutched firmly between them is James Rennie, Dorothy's husband, who is now playing on Broadway in *The Best People*.

The author of Dick's scenarios and his director consult about his picture.

Conspicuous among returning travelers this fall was Blanche Sweet with her latest fad, the Paris doll which she has named "Lucky." In private life Miss Sweet is Mrs. Marshall Neilan, wife of the director.

Gloria Swanson (seen at the left) is an ardent radio fan. She has installed a set in her home and just before she sailed for Europe she was hostess at a very gay studio party, at which all the guests danced to music that came over the air currents.
A new pictorial department in which the fans will be given, each month, the latest snap-shot news of Eastern film favorites.

They caught President Coolidge smiling this time. It is his interest in Mr. Edison's camera. Mr. Edison was one of a group of distinguished men, all of them on vacation, who paid an informal call on President Coolidge.

Julianne Johnston (right) has gone to Berlin to make a new picture, Garroon. Julianne was Douglas Fairbanks' leading lady in the Thief of Bagdad.

Julianne Johnston in Berlin greets Goethe, Germany's idol.

John Ford will henceforth be known to the world as the man who directed The Iron Horse, the story of the first continental railroad. Sometimes he does stop working and take a rest. Here we have Mr. Ford vacationing on his farm in Maine. Meet also Mr. Ford, Jr., and Miss Ford.

When Gloria Swanson sailed abroad to make Mme. Sans Gêne, she traveled on the S. S. Berengaria, and occupied the same suite which the Prince of Wales had used on his trip over. Bon voyage, Gloria.

Jackie (above, right) is appearing in a brand-new rôle—that of fairy god-brother to the little sufferers of the Near East, and the big ones, too. Jackie sailed to assist personally in the distribution of relief supplies.

Jackie Coogan lent a hand to help Captain Walters in the loading of supplies for the Near East sufferers.

Hope Hampton and Harrison Ford played a pretty game of indoor golf in The Price of a Party. Now Miss Hampton has deserted the screen for the stage and Mr. Ford is appearing with Marion Davies in her latest picture, Zander the Great.

In order that there might be no complaints of "wrong number," officials of the Bell Telephone company supervised details in the making of the picture, Daughters of the Night.
Critical Paragraphs

Captain Blood

Here is Vitagraph's most ambitious effort. This much-heralded picture easily lives up to the fulsome praises sung in its behalf by its sponsors. Rafael Sabatini surely knows how to write stirring sea stories that have film possibilities written all over them. Like The Sea Hawk, it tells a vivid, absorbing, romantic tale of the Spanish Main when pirates roved the seven seas. Like that memorable picture, it carries all the elements of drama to appeal to the imagination. Seeing it, we become transported to the adventurous days of the past. It stimulates the mind and quickens the pulse in its action-full revelations of adventure and romance. It capitalizes courage and colors life in such compelling manner that the reader or spectator quickly adapts himself to that life.

It is a tale of heroics that overcome all obstacles. What greater meat for picturization? The sea for a background—the sailing ships with their broadsides, the pirates, the adventurers—and the faire ladies who loved. From the moment that the adventurous Blood is exiled by King James to Barbados, to the hour when he gives up piracy to fight for the English flag, the picture commands unwavering attention. It is truly colorful. It glorifies romance and adventure in a day when life was held cheaply.

The story is told in a straightforward manner, revealing in the journey to its climax—scene after scene of tense action, vivid drama, intimate romance, delightful humor and incident. The photography is excellent—and more than excellent when the ships are caught, full sail, against the horizon. And when it flashes its big battle scene as the ships come abreast with the guns belching powder and flame and smoke—and the men pouring over the sides to fight in hand-to-hand encounters, there is revealed one of the most stirring shots ever caught by a camera.

The picture is finely treated in story and direction. Its intimate episodes are especially captivating because they give spark to the romance. It stands as a credit to David Smith, the director. The acting is also of a high order—with J. Warren Kerrigan giving the best performance of his career. A large cast renders fine assistance.

Circe, the Enchantress

An extravagant little character study of a temptress of the salamander type who, learning to measure all men thru suffering disillusionment with one—and comparing them to beasts, gives Mae Murray something new in characterizations. It
About New Productions

Wallace Beery and Charles Ray stage a fight in *Dynamite Smith*

The movie-mad Merton comes to the screen as a clever humanization of Harry Leon Wilson’s memorable character. While there have been departures from the story and the play, in many respects it is an improvement on each. In that the broad scope of the camera can reveal so much of the incident that can only be imagined otherwise. We may miss Glenn Hunter’s droll humor as expressed in his voice—and the perfect naïveté suggested from that voice, yet on the whole he lives as Merton.

It is all very realistic—with more being made of the studio activities than that which the stage version offered. James Cruze has done an excellent job in his direction. And Hunter’s supporting players carry on the Wilson portrayals with good authority.

**Sinners in Heaven**

The theme of this picture may be trite, and its plot old-fashioned, but thru its locale, which offers many colorful exteriors entirely suggestive of the atmosphere, and some surprising touches in the treatment—to say nothing of its convincing interpretation, there’s no doubt but what it will please the majority.

What’s wrong with this picture is its central plot, concerning a couple marooned on a cannibal isle—who, thru close association, learn to trust

(Continued on page 74)
Letters to the Editor

Lo! The Poor Extra!

DEAR EDITOR: I saw Triumph last night and enjoyed it as an escape (not a singing of Rod La Rocque. But I've got a good kick coming, and here it is: Every time we read about the terrible hardship of the lowly extra who must climb to movie fame (if he ever gets there), his feet are long, weary road trodden by the thousands of extras. But if every director made his cast of characters as Cecil De Mille in Triumph, pity the poor extra!

In nearly all the scenes, parts which should have been played by extras were played by prominent actors and actresses.

Why was Jimmy Adams, the comedienne, cast as a sign-painter for thirty seconds of film? Why was Raymond Hatton given the part of a bum? Why did they let Ricardo Cortez play the insignificant one of the diners, in the fire scene? And why did they give him, also, the part of the gentleman who was King of France in When Knighthood Was in Flower? Why was he cast as an otherwise unknown part? Why was a person like Alma Bennett wasted on her part?

And why, oh, why was such a splendid character actress as Zazu Pitts given the highly insignificant rôle she had?

Pity the poor extra! Why cheat him out of his, or her chances just because some prominent actor or actress needs work? Besides, the prominent actor or actress doesn't gain by it, for the part he or she plays is valueless. It merely deprives some new extra of a chance to come to light and climb one step upward on the long, weary road to fame.

R. W. G.,
Porterville, Cal.

A Hair-Cut for Jackie!

DEAR EDITOR: Of course, Jackie Coogan's hair is one of the landmarks by which he is recognized—that and the oversized golf cap—but a sense of fair play impels me to this outburst.

The least Mr. and Mrs. Coogan can do for their son is to give him a regular boy's hair-cut.

It may be rank herey to recommend the hair-cut, but if Jackie is to represent boyhood in this particular day and age, we certainly suggest a good barber.

Today is to play a rôle such as the Boy of Flanders, a boy of eight, today with a Dutch bob, as rare as a flapper in braids and a corset.

Now that I have seen Rudolph Valentino again in Heavenly, especially everything else seems like so much apple sauce. The same marvelous personality, fine appearance, and acting exactly right! But no prince of the blood of the Louis period could look so manly as did Rudolph in that foppish costume of that day.

But in all of these productions which feature a popular star, the public feels a little cheated. They want less atmosphere and more star. Atmosphere is important, but it isn't paramount, and when an audience flock to see Valentino they want to see plenty of him. In this picture many fine, rare bits of acting and expressions were cut off before they were finished. American women are hungering for romance and, given a couple like Valentino and Bebe Daniels, we want to watch them at their wooing. It

We are giving our readers a chance to express their opinions in print, and to be paid for it. For the best letter (which we will illustrate) we will pay five dollars. Writers of other letters published will receive three dollars; extracts from letters, one dollar. Be brief, and to the point. Write us a snappy, interesting letter of from two to four hundred words in length. Give your reasons for your likes or dislikes. Do not neglect to sign your name and address, as the we will use your initials only, if requested.

gives us something to day-dream about when we go back to the humdrumness of our existence; a mirage to reach for out of the steam of our dishpan water, our cooked cereals; something to smile about when our brave come home and rave because dinner is late.

No wonder Rudolph is unpopular with the men folks! D. S. von K., Philadelphia.

England Doesn't Kick About the Stars!

DEAR EDITOR: Reading your excellent Journal, which, by the way, is about three times the size of any magazine of its ilk over here, I am always rather puzzled by the purport of most of the Letters to the Editor. They all seem concerned only with the star, the whole star and nothing but the star, whereas, we, over here, are inclined to criticize films from an entirely different angle.

Here we take into consideration the highest artistic viewpoint, we appreciate the exquisite settings, the light and shade which follow nature's changes; the small-part actor who really lives his part and the subtle suggestion which saves many feet of film, as Chaplin used in his Women of Paris. These are the things we English people praise or blame in our Letters to the Editor.

Stars who only pose through the piece, precious children who have no counterpart in real life—these we rate at a discount. But players who sacrifice vanity and personality to the part, we praise with the highest praise and admiration. Three players who do this thing are Lewis Stone, Bessie Love and Frankie Lee.

Maybe I am an out-and-out highbrow. Maybe I have happened to read a lot of misrepresentative letters from your "fans." But, in any case, these are my sentiments

S. M. H.,
Surrey, England.

A Bit Bored With the Youngsters!

DEAR EDITOR: One of your most interesting departments, in my mind, is That's Out, by Tamar Lane. But, of course, we all ways like to read writers who voice our own opinions, and Tamar Lane so often voices mine.

Recently he spoke of the decline in popularity of "kid pictures," and I have often wondered how it could be otherwise. All of us like an attractive child in a picture, but not as chief protagonist, and for the same reason that we do not read Red Riding Hood or Jack, the Brave.

I recognize fully the genius of Jackie Coogan, but he has never been so irresistible as he was in The Kid—one of the most delightful comedies ever filmed. I grant the charm of Baby Peggy, but an entire evening of her pals.

Let us keep the children by all means, for some of them are charming and truly stars. But let us have them as members of the

(Continued on page 108)
The Princesse Matchabelli on the importance of caring for the skin

"I have been so much impressed by the way American women do not allow the effects of exposure to mar the smooth delicacy of their complexion. Indeed, their charming youthfulness is due largely to their clear, fresh, beautifully cared-for skins. Women everywhere can acquire the same perfection with the use of Pond's Two Creams."

Princesse Matchabelli

SLENDER but commanding; features of chiseled beauty; fine dark eyes; a skin as ivory-white as the roses that bloom in the gardens of her Italian villa.

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"Princesse," I asked her, recently, "tell me how American women have impressed you."

"But they are beautiful," said the Princesse Matchabelli. "So fresh and young. Their skin — it is like satin. And that is because they are now doing what European women have done for years — caring for their skin with cold cream."

Then we discussed the method these lovely American women are following to keep their complexions so youthful — the simple use of just Two Creams — which together provide the balanced care every normal skin requires.

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Before retiring or after any unusual exposure apply Pond's Cold Cream generously to the face and neck. Wipe it off with a soft cloth taking away the day's accumulation of dust, dirt, and powder. Finish with a dash of cold water or a rub with a bit of ice.

Before you powder, smooth over your newly cleansed face a delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It keeps your complexion fresh and protected for hours against any weather, gives it a soft finish and makes your powder stay on longer and more smoothly than ever before.

Begin for yourself this method which the beautiful women of the beau monde everywhere are following. Buy Pond's Two Creams today. Soon you'll find a new radiance appearing in your skin, that very smoothness, that clear delicacy, that look of youth which the Princesse Matchabelli finds so charming. The Pond's Extract Company.

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are among the other women of distinguished taste and high position who have expressed approval of Pond's Method of caring for the skin.

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THE ANSWER MAN.

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, a list of film manufacturers, etc., must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should contain the name and address of the writer, but a fictitious name will be used in answering inquiries if it is written in the upper left-hand corner of the letter. Address: The Answer Man, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Mae Murray.—Have received your letter objecting to the date I gave as your birth. I had what I believed to be reliable information for this date. However, even Napoleon made mistakes. To err is human, to forgive divine. I hereby record the fact for those who have written in that you are thirty-one.

Oscarito.—No, Alice Terry does not play in Ben Hur, but May McAvoy does. Marguerite de la Motte at the Vitagraph Studios, Hollywood, Cal. is right about Ramon Novarro playing his first part in Man, Woman and Marriage. He was one of the dancers.

Kathleen of Detroit.—No, I never weep. I really should, tho, for some of my readers. "Crocodile tears" is an expression meaning hypocritical grief, the crocodile being said to weep as it ate its victim. Susse Hayakawa was born in Tokio, Japan, in 1889. He is five feet, seven and a half and is now making pictures in Berlin. Married to Tsuru Aoki, who, here, don't call me an angel. Did you ever see an angel with a beard?

Eugenie.—Yes, I have a great many readers in New Zealand, but there is always room for one more. That was Irene Rich in Brasse, Cynograph and Kisses, for instance. I'm afraid there isn't anything I can do for you, about getting into pictures.

Elean J.—You say you can tip the soda clerk with a wink, but you can't tip the Pullman porter that way, nor can you tip a bellboy. Jean Paige is back in pictures. Captain Blood was her last. Anna Q. Nilsson, Nita Naldi and Claire Windsor are about the same size. William Collier, Jr., is playing in The Lighthouse by the Sea, for Warner Brothers.

Margaret Weir.—There are a few of Mark Twain's "English as she is spoke": "Aha, a good man in the Bible; ammonia, the food of the gods; franchise, anything belonging to the French; irrigate, to make fun of; parasite, a kind of umbrella, and tenacious, ten acres of land." And so you like Tom Mix's last two pictures. Address him at the Fox Studio, 1401 Western Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. He is married to Victoria Forde. Yes, it's true you are many, many miles away from me. However, you say I am a very wise man. Shhh!

Miss Auckland.—Happiness lies in the taste, and not in the things; and it is from having what we desire that we are happy—not from having what others think desirable. Tom Moore is with Famous Players at Astoria, L. I. David Lowell: free-lance: that is, not playing for any one company steady right now. Percy Marmon is with F. B. O. Mahlon Hamilton not playing right now. Pauline Starke in Pola Negri's Forbidden Paradise. It ought to be good.

Miss Frances.—Send him a note thus: A little explained, a little endured; a little forgiven, the quarrel is cured. Glad to hear you have been reading this magazine the last eight years. Keep up the good work. You should have written to me before. Edde Phillips is playing in Hard Cash for F. B. O. Johnny Hines in The Early Bird. Run in again some time.

A Reader.—Delighted! You want Richard Dix to do Romeo. Well, he is going to do A Man Must Love next. How would you like to be in Hungary. In Hungary, girls marry at sixteen, and every girl who reaches her twenty-third birthday without being married is called an old maid. It would never do for this country. The girls aren't marrying these days.

W. N. D.—You want a picture of Mary Beth Milford, Louise Lorraine and Wanda Hawley in the magazine. You really ought to write a letter to the Editor. Theodore Roberts is coming back in Betty Compson's Locked Doors, in which Theodore von Eltz, Robert Edeson and Kathryn Williams also appear.

Tzarina.—If a man does not make

new acquaintances as he passes thru life, he will soon find himself alone. A man should keep his friendships in constant repair. Yes, I shall look forward to receiving your picture. No, I don't think I will ever see the day when a man will be flying around in the air. I have all I can do to stand on my feet. Every now and then I trip in my beard.

Salamanader.—So you think I am worth more than twelve dollars a week. So do I. That's one thing, we agree upon. That was Norman Kerry in Merry-go-round. Yes, Ben Lyon. Ian Keith is more of a stage player than he is a movie player. It is worth a thousand dollars a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things. I wish I had it. Clara Bow and Creighton Hale have the leads in This Woman, for Warner.

Peggy.—Yes, Rudolph Valentino is an Italian. It was twenty years ago last September that Edna May made such a hit in musical comedy in London. She has retired from the stage, you know. Constance Bennett in Code of the West.

Katherine Mc.—Peace begins just where ambition ends. Donald MacDonald is with F. B. O. No, Rod La Rocque is not married. Wallace Beery in the important part Victor Fleming production, The River Boat. Yes, you may write to me any time you like. I'm always here in my hallroom, and my typewriter is always waiting.

Tired Business Man.—Ah there, shake! I happen to be right there, old top.

Alice A.—Well, you know, to know what you like is the beginning of wisdom—and old age. But I guess not in your case. George O'Hara has another in the works. "The Lost Corner." You should see it. William Desmond's next Universal will be The Meddler, in which Jack Daugherty and Georgia Grandee, who has been recruited from the "two-a-day," also appear. Your letter was interesting, indeed.

Ruth D.—Charles Jones is with Fox. Yes, he is married, with blond hair and blue-gray eyes. Why, Pearl White is still in Paris. You know her picture, Terror, is to be released in this country under the title of Perils of Paris by F. B. O.

Pansy S.—Theodore von Eltz was born in New Haven, Conn., and he played in stock about ten years ago, before appearing in pictures. He is five feet eleven and weighs 150 pounds. He has brown hair and gray eyes. What makes you think I am unhappy. Stevenson says, "To be truly happy is a question of how we begin and not of how we end, of what we want and not of what we have. I can be happy.

Pat R.—That's right. Mary Miles Minter is twenty-two. She certainly has gained in avoidousipos. No, she isn't married yet.

Cora E. W.—Hunley Gordon is married. He was born in Montreal. Canada. Blue eyes and brown hair. But there is something in all hearts that can be reached, some cord that will give forth sweet music if we only have skill to touch it. Bryant Washburn is here again, playing opposite Shirley Mason in The Star Dust Trail. Shannon Dyal also in the cast.

Jack K.—Ruth Roland is thirty-two. Eddie Polo is not playing now. Who is the last player I saw? Well, only last night at the Ritz Revue I saw Rod La Rocque, then there was Marilyn Miller and Jack Pickford. Also Hope Hampton and her husband. William Russell is playing in The Beautiful Brute for Vitagraph. Victor Mclagen, the British film star, has the male lead.

Emma M.—No, I don't know anything about Ben Funny. Are you trying to have some fun with the old Answer Man?

Apolom.—I don't remember who said "We are never alone if we are accompanied with noble thoughts." Theodore von Eltz was
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Photograph by Evans - Los Angeles

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BEN. LEVY COMPANY

PARIS

'Dept. 56— 125 Kingston Street, BOSTON, MASS.'
Jim in The Woman With Four Faces. George O'Brien and Dorothy Mackaill are playing in The Painted Lady.

IDEALIST.—Eloise was the god of the winds and son of Jupiter. Adolphe Menjou is five feet ten and a half. Jack Pickford is five feet four. Joe E. Brown is six feet four. Valentine Moe, who won the title of Monsieur Brancoure in his next picture for release thru Selanick entitled Rhabour Vascito in Monsieur Don't Care. Irene Rich in The Last Lady.

CONSIDERATION.—According to the Legend, The Man in the Moon was the first man who broke the Sabbath. Norman Kerry was born in New York. Reginald Denny is with Universal. Don't mention it.

Eve C.—No, I haven't read The 'Eve' of the French Revolution, by Marie Antoinette. Corinne Griffith is five feet four and weighs 120. Marjorie Daw is five feet four and a half and weighs 112.

Helen C.—So you don't believe that I am an old man at all. And you have been reading this department for over eight years, and don't believe in me. You'd be surprised. Mabel Julienne Scott, Edward Connolly and Warner Oland have been signed for roles in the Biblical insert in So This Is Marriage. Eleanor Boardman and Conrad Nagel have the leads.

BETTY.—You're like the chap who said "He gave away nothing so liberally as advice." As for all those addresses, Betty, that's out. Gladys Brockwell plays in an occasional picture. The next Emory Johnson picture will be released as Life's Greatest Game, and Jane Thomas,��

HINEMOA.—Well, if you build castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundation under them. No, that was Joseph Schildkraut, and not Ivan Nikonov in Superior Tone. Jack Gilbert is with Metro. Let me hear from you again. At your service.

MARY B.; KITTY C.; FRANCIS T.; DOROTHY Q.; MOVIE PAN; DONALD T.; JOSEPH G.; JULIA K.; ELLA F.; DAM B.; ANNA S.; CORAL G.; L. D.; JAMES E. S.; PAULINE; ANNA B.; SKEEZIX; UNNACE A. C.; RABE; JENN D.; LILLIAN GISH FAY; COWETTE H.; HELEN B.; THANKES; CAROL P.; AND ISABELLA. Sorry to have to put you in the alsonars, but your questions have all been answered above.

W. C. R.—You're right; no sort of boarding can be the same as housekeeping. It is demoralizing to board, in every way; it isn't a home if anyone else takes the care of it off your hands. I may live alone, but I have never boarded. You say that Lillian and Irene are not sisters. I have always been led to believe that they were.

DOTTIE D.—What a very fine letter you write. I haven't Norma Shearer's age. Well, to live in hearts we leave behind is not to die. Edmund Loring's second for Fox is The Brass Ring. Claire Adams opposite. Eva Novak and William Fairbanks are being featured in The Beautiful Sinner.

T. TELLUM.—Are you in again? Just send to Famous Players-Lasky for their picture scrip.

PULL.—Hello, Pell. Thanks for sending me the picture. It looks just like you except that you appear to be reducing. Glad you like the magazine. Your letters are very interesting. Write more.

MAUDE A.—Actions, words, looks, steps, from the alphabet by which you may spell character. No, Betty Blythe was to play in Hollywood With Potash and Perlmutter. It is The Story Without a Name. Viola Dana will play Pan in the screen version of Pandora La Croix for First National. Milton Sills opposite.

LEEDS L.—Why, Claire Windsor is twenty-seven. Honest, she is. Harold Lloyd and his wife, Mildred Davis, are planning to film "Edna Lytall's Wonder of Wonder." It hasn't been decided when it will be started. He was in to see us here at the office last time he was in New York. I didn't see him, tho.

A WALKY PAN.—I doubt whether you will ever see the Wallacel Reel pictures again. Few people can stand prosperity. A man should always consider how much he has more than he wants; and secondly, how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. Miss R. C.; AM. M.; MEDA R.; MARJORE B.; LILLIAN S.; MAGGIE; JOSEPHINE B.; MITZIE; KATIE S.; MARA H.; NOBA G.; MONROE G. Your questions have all been answered.

BETTY BSS.—You bet you do. I forwarded yours, as requested.

MARGARET K.—Colleen Moore has been in pictures over five years. Yes, Clara Bow, John Bowers, Lillian Rich and Charles Murray have the leads. Edith Roberts is playing in The Age of Innocence, in which Beverly Bayne and Elliott Dexter have the leads.

COUNTRY Flake.—I bet you are not such a country one, at that. Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, Minn. Eustace, Bill Williams plays in an occasional picture. Molly Malone is playing in Christie Comedies.

THE LADY.—In the United States there are more than seven thousand women who are engaged professionally in directing public recreation work. Patsy Ruth Miller at Whitan Bennett Studios, 327 Riverdale Avenue, New York City, N. Y. All right, here is the cast for Ben Hur: Ramon Novarro, May McAvoy, Francis X. Bushman, Carole Lombard and Anna May Varney. Under de Brulier, Claire McDowell and Frank Currier. Production is expected to be completed by the first of the year.

BILLET.—It is mighty hard to get a little admittance to the various studios. There really nothing one can do to you, sorry.

CUTIE.—That was Eileen Percy in Within the Law. Charles de Roche is playing Le Fevre in Gloria Swanson's Mme. Sans Gêne. The rest of the cast is composed of some of the most noted French players. Plant the crab-tree where you will, it will never bear pippins. In other words—

GERALDINE.—You say against three score have something in store. The best I've got is a pair of old shoes. You refer to Being R talkative. Yes, everybody likes Irene Rich. Dorothy Block was Rose, the baby in Lilies of the Field. See you later.

BUSY.—Mahlon Hamilton in Under the Lash. That was Harry Myers in A Connecticut Yankee. And he was very good, too. Ruth Cummings and Margaret Moser in Master of Men. Alice Lake is playing in The Lost Chord. Buck Jones has, started work on his next after Winners Take All, and it is from the story, The Man Who Played Square.

SUGAR.—No, Queen Elizabeth ruled in England from 1558 to 1603, and she was the daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn. You'll have to be patient, Bubbles. Doris May opposite Tom Mix in The Deadwood Coach.

LOVE.—Some dreams are as sweet as one's waking thoughts. Dreams are the touchstones of our character; our truest trust is when we are in dreams awake. Larry Sennon, who is producing a series of two-reelers for release thru Educational, has been placed under contract to bring them to you. The story will be syndicated throughout this country and Canada. He was a cartoonist on the New York Evening Sun and Telegram ten years ago. Address Barbara La Marr at the Sawyer-Lubin Productions, 1350 Broadway, New York City.

G. F. G.—Didn't you know that Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada?

GLORIA B.—You say you don't know my name. Just call me anything—Angel Marn, Rip Van Winkle, Moses, Solomon, or anything. That was an error. Enid Bennett and not Alice Terry in The Red Lily. You win the big red apple—your answer was right.

HARRELL.—Well, I'll try to brighten the corner where you are. So now you like Warren Kerrigan. Wait until you see Captains Blood. Address him at Vitagraph, Hollywood, Cal. He is thirty-five, and is six feet one. Black hair and hazel eyes. No, he is not married.

ADAM.—Just like the rock, what? Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, Minn., so I am afraid he isn't from your home town. Yes, Margaret and Cullen Landis are brother and sister. Ricardo Cortez is to play opposite Bebe Daniels in Argentine Love, from the French story by Edouard Thomas.

BOW WOW.—Now see here, you want me to tell Richard Dix you liked his hair-corn in Icebound, but not in The Unguarded Woman, Richard, hearest thou? Shirley Mason in That French Lady. Florence Vidor has started work on The Mirage, at the Ince Studios with Clive Brook and Vola Vale.


SIN TWISTER.—You mean tongue-twister, don't you? Have you tried one yet? You have every instinct of a journalist. That was Joseph Dowling in The Miracle Man. So Florence Vidor is your ideal. May McAvoy was born in New York City in 1901. She is four feet eleven and weighs 94 pounds. Dark hair and blue eyes. The Menjou will play the part of the Prince in the famous Players-Lasky production, The Swan, which is being directed by Dimitri Buchowskis.

PELL.—Yes, I saw Will Rogers out at the polo ground. Ooho. He has his arm around Patricia Burke Ziegelhead. I haven't read your A Piece of Life as yet, but will report later.

So long.

ANNYSA—Thanks for sending me the "Think 'Bout You" card. That was Anna Nilsson in Frivolous Sal. (Continued on page 80)
A Nestle “LANOIL” Home Outfit for Permanent Hair Waving

The Most Exciting Gift That Santa Can Bring Into Any Home—Price Only $15

Thirty-Five women were blinded through the use of hot curling irons in 1912, according to a recent publication of the Government Statistical Bureau. What would an investment of $15 for a Nestle “LANOIL” Home Outfit have meant to the lives of these unfortunate ones? Here is a perfectly safe article—an invention sometimes classified as one of the greatest ever made for personal comfort and safety—by the use of which, once climbed to unprecedented heights. What it means to the straight-haired girl and matron to have curly, wavy hair under all possible circumstances can be realized only by those who have actually tried the Nestle Outfit, never to give it up again, except perhaps in favor of professional treatment. We recommend this where the money and convenience are available, but millions of girls and women are not so fortunate. Accordingly, the Nestle “LANOIL” Home Outfit is just the thing. It lasts forever, and with it, they can, at very little cost, wave not only their own but other heads as well.

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Above is an illustration showing the way the Home Outfit is used. You curl the hair strand by strand. Each strand, wet with the sympathetic “LANOIL” lotion, and wound on a Nestle mechanical curler, is controlled for only seven minutes, and each strand comes out transformed, as if by magic, to naturally curly, even though, when waved by ordinary methods, it never could curl or wave for more than a day or two.

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each other—and marry without benefit of clergy. The ceremony is the redeeming twist. Otherwise we follow the orthodox trimmings of a cannibal assault—and a last minute rescue by aviators. The English atmosphere and the desert isle scenes are suggestive of romance. Richard Dix, Bebe Daniels and Holmes Herbert furnish excellent performers.

**Flirting With Love**

This is a likely little number concerning life back stage—with Colleen Moore’s vivacious charm coming into good expression in playing the central character. It tells of how the heroine after a long struggle, when on the very verge of success, has her hopes blasted by a noted alienist and advocate of clean plays. She starts to avenge the wrong done her, only to fall in love with the uplifter.

The plot is slight—one almost devoid of complications. But it is direct in its treatment—and carries simplicity which compensates for its lack of dramatic sparks. It fails to strike a good climax. But it is competently played by the star and Conway Tearle.

**The Speed Spook**

Speed, dash, action and excitement are dished up in this Johnny Hines attraction, patterned after melodramatic lines. Any audience that has become surfeited with jazz parties and flappers as they are presented in current celluloid, should react to this out-and-out melodrama with a small town setting—and its village villains, cut-ups, sweet girl heroines, and dauntless heroes.

The piece lives up to its title—with Hines playing an auto race driver with plenty of dash and a large dental smile. It capitalizes the value of publicity by showing the hero driving a “ghost car.” There’s plenty of melodramatic meat—and it depends upon its speed and hokum for appeal. Dashingly played by Hines, Faire Binney and others.

**Dynamite Smith**

The old triumvirate of Triangle days—Thomas H. Ince, Gardner Sullivan and Charles Ray—is at it again. The latter has come back into the fold after straying abroad after new laurels. Sullivan has written a vivid melodrama of the type which capitalizes heroics. As is customary with Ray, his characterization is that of a timid youth who overcomes his cowardice thru sheer will-power.

The scenes are tense—some are lurid, but it holds you in a tight embrace because of its vivid action and acting. There is romance to boot—and a deep flash of pathos. Not so quaint and humorous as you may expect, but carrying plenty of melodrama. The atmosphere is first rate—and the acting more than competent as turned out by the star, Wallace Beery and Bessee Love.

**His Hour**

One look at the title—and it’s easy to guess that Elinor Glyn wrote the story. It’s not a sequel to Three Weeks, tho the author uses the same exotic tones and tints in coloring it. The picture is sheer romance and features an ardent Russian prince who sweeps an English widow off her feet by the ardor of his love-making. He brooks no arguments. He listens to no entreaties. And eventually conquers her.

The Glyn asterisks—so frequent on the printed page—are missing.

But there is a dash of bold suggestion in a lord’s boudoir. It is slight of plot—being thoroughly dependent upon characterization and settings for appeal. John Gilbert occupies most of the action as the prince. His romantic ardor should excite the younger generation. Aileen Pringle makes the widow fascinating.

**Open All Night**

Smart and sophisticated is this comedy of domestic and romantic complications—something suggestive of the same cloth as the memorable Marriage Circle. It carries a Continental flavor—and features the old formula of a discontented wife who yearns for an occasional display of brutality from a mild-mannered husband. It has sex magnetism in its play of characters—and a dash of subtlety. There are no morals to burden the plot.

The principal setting is the

(Continued from page 67)

(Continued on page 100)
Amazing New Curling Cap
Marcel's Your Hair
in 15 Minutes

Now You Can Always Keep It Beautifully Marcelled—
At Practically No Expense

You'll welcome this news with open arms if you realize just how much beautiful curly hair adds to your appearance, for this startling new invention banishes all hair wavier troubles forever and makes it easy for you to keep your hair stylishly Marcelled at practically no expense.

If you've ever used a curling iron, you'll understand at a glance just how this marvelous new Curling Cap works, for the principle is very much the same. But instead of applying heat directly to the hair (which common sense will tell you is very injurious to both the delicate strands of hair and the scalp), the elastic crosspieces of the Curling Cap simply hold the hair in "waves" until it dries in that position, and leaves the hair beautifully Marcelled. The Curling Cap is aided in this natural action by a specially prepared curling fluid—McGowan's Curling Liquid—which is furnished with each outfit. This delightful balsam not only accentuates the curl, but acts as a tonic for scalp and hair, promoting rich, luxurious growth.

For every type and style

Whatever style of "bob" you prefer—shingle, Ina Claire, cross-wave, center or side-part bob—whatever kind of hair you have—soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short—this new curling device is guaranteed to give you just the kind of Marcel you want in fifteen minutes' time. And the beauty of it is that you can have a fresh Marcel every time you need it with as little trouble as it ordinarily takes to comb long hair.

Think what a saving this will mean in a few months' time! Instead of paying $1.00 to $1.50 plus a 25c or 50c tip every time you need a Marcel, now it will cost you only a few cents.

More important even than the saving of money is the improved condition of your hair that this method will bring. Instead of the harsh, scalp-drying, hair-searing treatment, which sooner or later will ruin any suit of hair, give you broken ends, thin and unruly, you have a simple, natural method that not only keeps the hair beautifully Marcelled, but enrichts and nourishes it, making it silky and more beautiful all the time.

Amazing introductory offer

When you consider the remarkable results this new Curling Cap insures and the price asked for curling devices that can't compare with it in any way, you would expect it to retail at $1.00 or more. Without a doubt Mr. McGowan, the inventor, would be justified in putting such a price on the cap, for it is easily worth that and more. But Mr. McGowan knows that the best advertisement is the satisfied user. He knows that if he can just get this invention in the hands of a few thousand women in a comparatively short time, it will mean thousands and thousands of sales from their recommendations alone—for every woman that tries this device is delighted with it and naturally tells her friends. So in order to introduce his Curling Cap as quickly as possible to as many users as possible, Mr. McGowan has figured the price down to the minimum—$2.87 for the entire outfit, including a generous sized bottle of McGowan's Curling Liquid.

You'll save enough on the first few Marceis to pay for the entire outfit. And then you can have all the Marceis you want without any expense. With a little attention the Curling Cap will last indefinitely. It is made of especially treated elastic and may be washed freely without detriment. With each outfit there is included enough McGowan's Curling Liquid for many treatments, and when your supply is exhausted this delightful fluid may be purchased separately at a very low cost.

Send no money—just mail the coupon

You don't risk a cent nor do you have to pay for the Curling Cap and outfit in advance. All you do is just sign and mail the coupon. In a few days your postman will bring the Curling Cap and McGowan's Curling Liquid and then you pay him $2.87, plus a few cents postage. You'll be delighted the very first time you try your new-found beauty secret, but the greatest joy will come after you have used it a few times and begin to see your hair getting trained the way you find it most becoming.

And after a thorough trial, if you are not delighted with results—if you do not feel it is the best investment you've made for beauty in all your life—simply return the outfit and your money will be refunded.

COUPON

The McGowan Laboratories
710 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 990, Chicago
Dear Mr. McGowan: Please send me your hair curling outfit, which includes the new McGowan's Curling Liquid, which is claimed to be a marvel in the hair industry. I enclose $2.87 (postage paid) with the coupon. I agree to pay $2.87 (plus postage) to the postman upon his delivery. If I am not satisfied with results, I will return the outfit to you and you will refund my money.

Name:
Address:

Postage:

If you wish to return your Curling Cap, please enclose $1.00 with your order and the McGowan Laboratory will refund the entire amount.

When you write to advertisers, please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
What the Stars Are Doing

A department for the fans, in which they are informed of the present picture activities of their film favorites

Conducted by Gertrude Driscoll

A

Adams, Claire—playing in The Brass Bowl—W. F.
Agnes, Robert—playing in Troubles of a Bride—W. F.

B

Baby Peggy—recently completed work in Helen's Babies—V.
Barnes, Roy T.—playing in Reckless Romance—A. C.
Barry, Wesley—playing in A Little Outcast—W. B. R.
Barthelmess, Richard—recently completed work in Classmates—I. P.

Bayne, Beverly—next role will be Countess Olenska in The Age of Innocence, taken from Edith Wharton's prize-winning novel—W. B.

Beery, Noah—playing in North of 36—F. P. L.

Beery, Wallace—playing in As Man Desires, taken from Gene Wright's Pandora La Croix—F. N.

Bellamy, Madge—playing in The Greatest Thing—A. E.

Bennett, Alma—recently completed work in The Silent Watcher—F. N.
Bennett, Constance—playing in Zane Grey's The Court of the West—F. P. L.

Bennett, Edna—last release The Red Lily. Vacationing in Europe at the present time—Blue Monte—playing in The Skyline—W. B.

Blythe, Betty—last release The Breath of Scandal. Disengaged at present.
Boardman, Eleanor—playing in Wife of the Century—M. G. M.
Bosworth, Hobart—playing in If I Ever Marry Again—F. N.

Bow, Clara—recently completed work in This Woman—W. B.
Bremer, Sylvia—playing in Reckless Romance—A. C.

Brent, Evelyn—starring in a series of the Goth Productions, the first of which is The Prude.
Brockwell, Gladys—playing in So Big—F. N.
Bronson, Betty—who has finally been chosen to portray the role of Peter Pan in the film version of Sir James Barrie's story for F. P. L.
Brook, Clive—playing in The Mirage—R. P.

Busch, Mae—playing in a F. N. production tentatively titled Frivolous Sal.
Butler, David—recently completed work in In Hollywood With Pola Negri and Permatzer for F. N. Disengaged at present.

C

Carey, Harry—playing in The Man from Texas—P. D. C.
Carr, Mary—playing in Hard Cash—F. B. O.

Chadwick, Helene—playing the role of the "ugly duckling" in The Dark Swan—W. B.
Chaney, Lon—playing in The Monster—R. W.

Chaplin, Charles—playing in Chikoot Pass.

Cody, Lew—playing in The Sporting Venus—M. G. M.
Collier, Buster, Jr.—playing in The Lighthouse by the Sea—W. B.

Colman, Ronald—next picture will be A Thief of Paradise taken from Leonard Merrick's novel, "Worplings." This is his first picture under his starring contract with Samuel Goldwyn Productions.

Compson, Betty—playing in William de Mille's next production, Locked Doors—F. P. L.
Coogan, Jackie—recently completed work in The Rag Man—M. G. M.

Corbin, Virginia Lee—recently completed her role in The Chorus Lady—R. P.
Cortez, Ricardo—is to appear opposite Bebe Daniels in Argentine Love—F. P. L.
Crane, Ward—playing in Jazz Parents—U.

D

D'Algy, Helen—recently completed work in A Painted Devil—F. P. L. Disengaged at present.
Dana, Viola—playing in As Man Desires—F. N.
Daniels, Bebe—playing in Argentine Love—F. P. L.
Davies, Marion—playing Mamie in Zander the Great—C. P.
Day, Shannon—playing in So This Is Marriage—M. G. M.
Dean, Priscilla—playing in A Café in Cairo—H. S.
De la Motte, Marguerite—playing in The Beloved Brute, a J. Stuart Blackton Production for V.

Dempster, Carol—playing in Dawn—D. G. W.

De Roche, Charles—playing in Madame Sans Gène, which is being filmed in France by F. P. L.

Desmond, William—playing in The Meddler—U.
De Vore, Dorothy—playing in The Narrow Street—W. B.

Dexter, Elliott—playing the role of Newland Archer in The Age of Innocence—W. B.

Dix, Richard—playing in A Man Must Live—F. P. L.
Dove, Billie—has the role of Felicity Arden in Thorns of Passion—W. F.

E

Earl, Edward—playing in The Prude—F. B. O.
Edeson, Robert—playing in William de Mille's next production, Locked Doors—F. P. L.

Edouard, Frank—playing in Wilderness—F. N.
Ellis, Robert—playing in A Café in Cairo—H. S.

Evans, Madge—recently completed work in Classmates—I. P.

F

Fairbanks, Douglas—latest release The Thief of Bagdad. Disengaged at present.
Faire, Virginia Brown—playing in Peter Pan—F. P. L.
Fawcett, George—playing Captain Forrest in A Lost Lady—W. B.
Fazenda, Louise—playing a dramatic role in The Lighthouse by the Sea—W. B.

Fellows, Rockcliffe—playing in The Garden of Weeds—F. P. L.

(Continued on page 86)
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No deposit required. Simply send your name and address and say what article you want. Only if satisfied pay $1.00 deposit on arrival. If after 10 days trial you are not in every way satisfied that you have gotten an amazing bargain, your money will be refunded immediately. Otherwise pay balance in installments. You take no risk. Transactions strictly confidential. Don't delay—order today. Address Dept. T-24

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When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
No more shine on nose or forehead

Such a wonderful new cream! Smooth just a touch of it over nose, forehead, chin. Instantly, the shine disappears. In its place, a delightful freshness; a soft, lovely finish.

This finish lasts for hours and hours; because Vauv does not just cover up shine, but actually corrects it—by absorbing excess oil and reducing enlarged pores.

It is also a perfect powder base. This means double protection, for Vauv keeps the shine off and the powder on!

Vauv is absolutely harmless. In fact, it is an increasing benefit. No fear that it will clog the pores. It cleanses them instead; for when it is washed off, it carries away all the impurities it has absorbed.

In just a week or two, if you have used it regularly every day, such an improvement—less and less trouble with enlarged pores, less trouble with such blemishes as blackheads!

Send for tube today

Vauv is now on sale at most drug and department stores, price 90c. But if your dealer cannot supply you, just send us your name and address with 35c (regular price plus postage) for a generous, full-size tube. Or for 90c we will send you a week’s trial sample tube. THE VAUV CO. (for Jane Morgan), 333 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
After 200 years, the perfect powder

Now, after centuries, a totally new and different principle brings beautifying qualities never before known in complexion powder

In fancy every woman has visualized the perfect complexion powder, fine as evening mist on meadows, soft as summer clouds, petal-like in smoothness, and scented as delicately as springtime in some orchard lane.

Every woman has sought such a powder, keenly, persistently—for powder is the final beauty touch, and makes or mars loveliness after all else is done to care for the skin. Now the ceaseless quest is ended.

"The stuff that dreams are made of" now come true in this different powder

Our search to create the perfect powder was as persistent and tireless as your search to find it. For hundreds of years powders had been much the same. The principal base used was rice. But we felt there could be a more perfect base—and set out to find it.

Innumerable tests—then inspiration

Laboratory experiments were made with various substances—practical beauty tests were essayed on all types of skin. Many highly superior powders were developed, but not enough finer, softer, smoother than some of those already in the shops.

And then like a flash came inspiration—a woman's inspiration, from a totally different tangent:

"What," she asked, "is the one ingredient of all that is the greatest aid to complexion beauty? Isn't there some one thing that is better for the skin than anything else? I am not speaking of powder—I am speaking of beauty. What is that one ingredient? Can we not start with such an ingredient and thus make a perfect powder?"

There could be but one answer to this question:

"Why, almond, of course—known and recognized by all beauty specialists and found in practically every authentic beauty formula for lotions and creams."

Who ever dreamed of face powder with an almond base?

"Create a powder with an almond base," urged our inspiration, "give it all the beautifying properties that women desire—the alluring fineness, softness and smoothness that give a true velvet texture to the complexion. And give it in addition, the one element that surpasses all others in its definite benefit to the skin—the soothing, softening, whitening effects of almond."

Thus Princess Pat the only powder with an almond base was created—bringing to your skin a wonderful natural beauty such as no other powder has ever given it; bringing a remarkable, even waterproof adhering quality, impervious to perspiration or even a plunge in the surf; plus the definite benefits of almond in soothing and refining the pores, preventing "drying out" of the skin, and soothing its texture.

"Olde Ivory"—the new shade in powder—another "Princess Pat" triumph

In seeking to create a new shade in powder, to blend so perfectly with the skin as to seem in truth a part of it, Olde Ivory, a soft pastel shade between "flesh" and "almond," was finally devised. We asked 3000 women to try it. The result was beyond our fondest hopes—for the overwhelming majority acclaimed Olde Ivory as the long-sought-for universal shade by day or night. Among 3000 women are all types of skin—your type.

Free—this demonstration packet

Containing a liberal supply of Princess Pat Powder, the only powder with an almond base.

Princess Pat, Ltd., 2701-9 S. Wells St. Dept. 212, Chicago

Entirely FREE! Send sample of Princess Pat Powder. Check shade you desire.

FLESH □ Light, blended rose
WHITE □ Pure, snowy white
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BRUNETTE □ Warm, tawny olive

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"Another $10 Raise!"

THAT makes the second increase in salary in a year, and I'm earning $43 a week now. That's pretty good for a girl. It certainly was a lucky day for me when I decided to take up the I.C.S. course.

Why don't you study some special subject and prepare to earn more money? There's no surer way to do it than by studying at home in spare time with the International Correspondence Schools.

The I.C.S. has a number of courses especially arranged for women. Some I.C.S. women students are making as high as $50, $75, and $100 a week as private secretaries, artists, expert letter writers, pharmacists, assistants in chemical laboratories, high-priced sales executives, office managers, advertising writers and solicitors, and in Civil Service and banking.

Mark and mail the coupon and we'll be glad to send you interesting descriptive booklets telling what the I.C.S. can do for you.

Mail the Coupon for Free Booklet

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Without cost or obligation, please send me your 48-page booklet, "How Women Are Getting Ahead," and tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject below which I have marked an X:

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HAIR

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EXTRAORDINARILY

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RESTORES COLOR AND BEAUTY TO GRAY AND PAID HAIR

PARKER'S H Air Balsam removes dandruff and dandruff-stopping falling hair. It has been used with success for more than 40 years.

Address Theodore Kosloff at Famous Players, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, California. You would like to see Tyrone Power's "Cyrano de Bergerac." He has a daughter, but I don't know whether she is crippled. Call in again, and ask me to see the film.

D. FAIRBANKS RUSSIAN FAO --Well, well, and you all the way from Russia. It must be pretty cold there right now. We had an interview with Douglas Fairbanks in the February, 1919, and November, 1922, issues. He played in "The Nut," "The Molly Coddle," "His Majesty The Americans," "Arizona," "In Again," "Out Again." You must write to me again, some time. Your letter was mighty interesting.

SALLY--That's beautiful stationery you have. Yes, Ethel Wines. You might try 1533 Vista Street, Hollywood, California. She was Elsa Jordan in "Icebound." Marin Sais is back in pictures.

ETHEL CLAYTON ADMIRER.--Ethel Clayton is looking for material to fulfill a contract with Grand-Asher to make four pictures.

C. F. M.--Your letter was very interesting. Jack Mulhall is your favorite, I see. He has blue eyes and brown hair. Five feet eleven and weights 150. Playing "In The Breath of Scandal." So you liked Lenore Ulric in "Tiger Rose." Marion Davies in "Zander the Great," from the stage play which Alice Brady started in.

VLMA.--Gloria Swanson is twenty-seven, and so is Pola Negri. Mae Murray is thirty-one. Huntley Gordon is married, you know. Cortine Griffith has light brown hair. Old friends are best. Yes, the film rights to the famous Barrymore stage success, "The Jest," have been purchased by Fox. Haven't heard whether John Barrymore will play in it.

A NOVARO FAN.--Here's my hand, shake! I like to meet people like you. Ramon Novarro is with Metro-Goldwyn. Right now, he is playing in "Ben Hur." Natacha Rambova is Mrs. Valentino. No, Richard Barthelmess' mother does not play in pictures. She is very much interested in...
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Fur Trimmed
Silk Plush Coat

$100 Down

Only $1.00 down brings you this stunning, latest side effect coat of rich silk plush. Large collar and cuffs of the popular Viatka coney fur. Lined throughout with splendid quality, fancy pattern, high lustre sateen. Fastens in front with fancy ornament. Black only. Bust sizes 34-44. Length 50 in. A bargain value you can't afford to miss.

Order by No. F-22. Terms: Only $1.00 with coupon, then only $4.85 a month. Total price only $29.95.

6 Months to Pay

Why be without a new coat when we offer you such liberal credit? You will never miss the few dollars a month and you will be well dressed wherever you go. Send only $1.00 now, and—if perfectly satisfied when you see for yourself the style and the material in this stylish coat—pay only $4.85 a month!

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I enclose $1. Please open a charge account for me. Kindly send me the Silk Plush Coat No. F-22. If I am not delighted, I can return it and get my $1.00 back. Otherwise, I will pay $4.85 a month until I have paid $29.95 in all.

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Adves Glossy Lustre, Instantly!

Keeps Your Hair Soft and Easy to Manage

Just moisten the bristles of your hair brush with a few drops of Glostora and brush it on your hair. You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair a unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing the wave and color. It keeps the wave and curl in and leaves your hair soft and easy to manage, so that it stays just as you arrange it—even after shampooing.

Use a little once or twice a week and you will be delighted to see how much more beautiful and attractive your hair will look and how much easier it will be to manage—whether long or bobbed.

There is nothing better for children, whose hair lacks natural life and lustre, or is inclined to be stubborn and hard to train and keep in place.

Glostora is inexpensive and you can get a bottle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Keeps Hair Neatly Combed

Glostora gives the hair that rich, naturally glossy, refined and orderly appearance, so essential to well-groomed men and boys.

A little Glostora rubbed through the hair once or twice a week, or after shampooing, keeps it so soft and pliable that it stays in place just as combed or brushed and does not become mussed up or disarranged.

Not sticky, pasty or greasy

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Print Your Own

Cards, stationery, labels, labels, Press iup, Paper Duties Fall Off, Rate Money. Trade others, big profit. All easy, rules. Write us for blank order. True price.

AID TO THE PRESS CO., Inc., Hartford, Conn.

AVOID CRACKED LIPS
Massage gently with protective, healing

Mentholatum

Write for free sample

Here is a trick shot taken on location with Alberta Vaughn and George O’Hara in the Go-Getters, showing the director and his staff at work in the mirror, which is used as a reflector.

On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 61)

return to the stage in New York. He is now playing opposite Corinne Griffith in Wilderness.

Another little Sennett bathing girl has graduated into regular parts. This is Thelma Hill, whose bounteous proportions have become known far and wide. She is said to have one of the most beautiful figures of any girl who ever played on the Sennett “lot.” She is to be the leading lady of Ralph Graves in a series of comedies.

The natives were astonished on a recent night when the Horticultural and Nursery Association had a convention in Los Angeles. Famous botanists and floriculturists came from far and wide. They were addressed by a recognized expert in plant culture. Well, who do you think it was? None other than Milton Sills.

When not on the screen, Mr. Sills spends most of his time in a woodsy garden, where he has performed some very important experiments. At this convention Mr. Sills announced that he has discovered that the hardy annuals of the East often become perennials when transplanted to California—if that means anything in anybody’s life.

Also, Conway Tearle is making a remarkable collection of books about Buffalo Bill—if that means anything to anybody.

Edmund Lowe, one of the highbrow young men of pictures, with a university career and such, is about to be married to Lilyan Tashman, who was in the cast of The Gold Diggers, and other of the big Belasco successes in New York. Miss Tashman is going into the movies herself, one of her first engagements being with Marie Prevost in The Dark Swan.

We might as well be frank about this. When the first Ben Hur company that went to Rome blew up with a loud crash, most of the executive staff blew up also. Among those who went out with the administration was June Mathis. Every one of her friends felt anxious about her future fate.

They might have saved themselves the mental wear and tear. The fair June has emerged “bigger and better than ever” as the auto advertisements say. First National grabbed her at once. She is to work with Colleen Moore; write her stories and handle her productions. She will also write and supervise Rudolph Valentino, when he begins his new starring contract for the Ritz Carlton people.

Miss Mathis practically discovered Valentino and knows the problems of his productions better than any other person.

Altogether, June may be said to be sitting on the top of the world.

Richard Talmadge is a young man with an astonishing streak of luck. About a month ago, he had an accident in a "stunt" picture and broke his neck. No one thought it could be otherwise than fatal. Now he is out blithely sapling his garden, with his neck literally in a sling. His physicians say he will recover and be able to work again.

Mary Philbin worries her managers at the Universal. They called her into the August presence the other day and commanded her in plain terms to get dressed up and to get fat. Mary is a little wistful child, recognized as perhaps the greatest genius that the past ten years had brought forward; but they can’t persuade her into

(Continued on page 89)
That's Out
(Continued from page 55)

They Do It on the Screen

**Husbands always kiss their wives good-bye when leaving for the office.**
Trains are always on time.
Heroes are able to buy safety-razor blades sharp enough to shave with.
Matches strike without breaking into three or four pieces.
Shirts are received from the laundry with only five pins in them.

Why Not?

With the film production of Ben Hur, now well under way, it is rumored that William Fox will soon start on another production to be entitled Mary Hur.

**Best Comedy of the Season**

*The First Hundred Years,* a Mack Sennett comic of a high order, in which Harry Langdon makes still further claims to fame as a rival over whom Lloyd and Chaplin must do some worrying.

What's the Use?

Another instance of the peculiarity of the public taste, it is to be observed that *The Virginian,* one of the finest pictures of the season, is meeting with only moderate success, while such a celluloid lollipop as *When a Man's a Man* is breaking all kinds of box-office records. Is it any wonder that sometimes the believers in the future of the silent drama grow a little discouraged?

Stars That Will Shine—

*Vera Reynolds,* whose work in *De Mille's Feet of Clay* proves her to be a very charming and able actress who will bear watching.

The Return of the Old School

One of the outstanding features of the past screen season has been the surprising success scored by old-time film favorites who had almost been relegated to the motion picture down-and-out club. Such old idols as Blanche Sweet, Henry Wallhall, Bessie Love, Bushman and Bayne, Pauline Frederick, and Betty Compion are not only regaining their old positions in the public heart, but they are pushing aside some of the newer celebrities in so doing. Well, we're for them, and here's wishing them all kinds of luck.

Smooth - rosy — needs no separate polish remover

No wonder this Liquid Polish is a success!

If you are a very, very particular person, — fastidious about every detail of your manicure, you will be delighted with this wonderful Cutex Liquid Polish.

It gives the nails a velvet smooth surface, even and brilliant.

It is tinted just the rose color the most exquisite Parisienne uses for her nails this season. Yet it is so thin the nails look naturally pink and glistening — not artificial and over-colored.

And when you want a fresh manicure, you do not have to trouble with a separate polish remover. For a drop of the polish itself, wiped off before it dries, removes every trace of the old polish, leaving the nails clean and smooth.

Already Cutex Liquid Polish is such a success that you can get it everywhere you find the other splendid Cutex preparations, and for the same price — 35c. It comes in two of the complete Cutex Manicure Sets. Sets are 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00. Cutex preparations are on sale at all drug or department stores in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England.

**The Complete Manicure—send 12c for Introductory Set**

First shape the nails; for this Cutex has fine emery boards. Then soften the cuticles and remove all the dead skin with Cutex Cuticle Remover and a Cutex orange stick. Then comes Cutex Liquid Polish or the new Powder Polish.

Send the coupon below with 12c today for the special Introductory Set containing trial sizes of all these things. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. Mr 2, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada.

Mail this coupon with 12c today

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When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Don't neglect a Cold

Dangerous sickness often starts with a cold. Ward off your colds with Musterole before pneumonia starts.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It has all the healing properties of the old-fashioned mustard plaster but none of the unpleasant features.

Musterole is not messy to apply and does not blister.

At the first sneeze or sniffle take the little white jar of Musterole from the bathroom shelf and rub the ointment gently over the congested spot.

With a tingling warmth it penetrates the skin and goes right down to the seat of the trouble.

Rheumatism, tonsillitis, lumbago, coughs and colds are all symptoms that call for Musterole.

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Advertising Section

Movies in Our Foreign United States

The romantic road to the Screen in Porto Rico

By KATHERINE MERIAM

Going to the movies in a half-Spanish mountain town of Porto Rico has a romantic thrill about it that never comes from a picture show at home in Indiana or Massachusetts. I realized before I had finished the first dinner in one of the native homes where I had gone to visit that there would be more entertainment than the film would supply.

A loud rocket went up on the Plaza and interrupted the meal course. It wasn't the 4th of July, so I anxiously asked one of the daughters of the family who spoke English what the rocket meant. "Oh that means the film arrived on the guagua," she politely explained. "Would you like to go to the cine this evening?" I guessed the cine must mean the movies in English and said I should be delighted.

A few minutes later the rattle band marched around our street playing the silliest little come-on movie tune to remind us about the picture show and drum up business.

Immediately after dinner the girls scattered to their rooms and came back with mantillas that gave a very Spanish touch to their American mail-order dresses. We strolled up to the Plaza. I wondered why the men of the family didn't accompany us! A glance at the Plaza explained that. All the girls were milling around the Plaza in one direction and all the young men in the opposite direction, just as I had read in Spanish and South American stories about their doing. The chaperones sat on benches around the outside of the Plaza.

The girls linked arms with me and drew me into the gay procession as they flirted with eyes and fans when they met their beaux each half-circuit of the Plaza; apparently their strict customs wouldn't let them stop to talk for a second.

Suddenly the band came out again and burst into that haunting come-on tune to remind us that the main business of the evening was to go to the movies As the band worked up a climax, a shrill gong on the theater went off like an alarm-clock.

All the girls stampeded from the Plaza to the theater. The men hung back. The girls bought their own tickets! Then went in and took scattered seats all over the house. I began to wonder if only the women were picture fans. Then the men came pouring down the aisles, selecting their seats carefully so as to sit in front of their sweethearts or behind them—anywhere but beside them! This queer old-world etiquette certainly cramped their style. The men began making loud remarks in Spanish, but never talked directly to their sweetheart; still the remarks must have been very complimentary, for the girls giggled and blushed a great deal.

Soon the house was full. The lights went out. A familiar buzzing sound came from the projection booth. The familiar glare on the screen as the operator focussed his machine. A slide went into place showing a woman in a huge picture hat with the caption Will the Ladies Please Remove Their Hats! Thru the semi-dark house I saw—high-combs, mantillas, roses tucked into jet-black hair—no one hat to remove!

In the next fifteen minutes each merchant in town advertised on a slide at least three times. Then we had a six-months-old news reel. The feature was thrown on the screen. It was a poor program picture I had seen in California two years before!

Yet there was no time to be bored. They were running two sets of titles, English with a Spanish translation beneath. My high-school Spanish that was useless for conversation helped me read the titles fairly quickly. It didn't take long to discover that the Spanish titles were not literal translations of the English ones. They told a different story entirely. One couple in the story that was supposed to be married according to the English story was not married in the Spanish version, in fact the whole tone of the Spanish story was more risqué than the English one.

But I wasn't left to concentrate on the titles long. Pet dogs began scratching themselves under our seats. A couple of them met somewhere near my seat and flew into a fight. I drew my feet up. The screen in front of me went blank. The operator put in a slide that requested
ADVERTISING SECTION

RAMON NOWARRO, Metro Star, says:

I never go on a set without first looking to my teeth. I've done this ever since I discovered Pepsodent. It removes that cloudy film, which, before strong lights and a camera, shows up so unluckily. A noted dentist told me about it and I've never stopped thanking him. Most of the people before the camera do the same.

Ramon Nowarro

FREE Mail Coupon for 10-Day Tube

COLLEEN MOORE, First National Star, says:

Results are really astonishing. On the advice of my dentist I use Pepsodent exclusively—I've never found any old-fashioned method with nearly the same effect—one never knows what pretty teeth she has until she attacks the film.

Those $100,000 a year smiles in the movies

How motion pictures' famous stars gain the gleaming, pearly teeth that make smiles worth fortunes—how you can clear your own teeth in the same way. A simple test that reveals the most amazing of tooth methods—a new method urged by leading dental authorities of the world.

SMILES in the cinema world sell for thousands—that is, some smiles. Gleaming teeth are essential. Otherwise a smile can have no value. So these people follow the method here explained not only for the satisfaction and beauty they gain, but as a matter of cold business.

Now a test of this method is offered you—simply use the coupon.

The amazing effect of combating the film which forms on teeth

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel a film. A film no ordinary dentifrice will successfully remove, yet which absorbs discolorations and clouds your teeth.

Remove it and your teeth take on a new beauty. You may have gloriously clear teeth without realizing it.

Film clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It holds food substance which ferments and causes acid. And in contact with teeth, this acid causes decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. They, with tar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

You must remove it at least three times daily and constantly combat it. For it is ever forming, ever present.

New methods remove it

Now in a new type tooth paste, called Pepsodent, this enemy to tooth health and beauty is successfully fought. And that is the famous tooth "make-up" method of the greatest stars of screen and stage—the dental urge of world's leading dentists. Its action is to curdle the film, then harmlessly to remove it. No soap or chalk, no harsh grit so dangerous to enamel.

Results are quick. Send the coupon for a 10-day tube free. Find out what is beneath the dingy film that clouds your teeth.

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Only one tube to a family.

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Page 35

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Every young man and woman with a liking for drawing should read this Free Book before deciding on their life's work. It is illustrated and tells all about illustrating as a profession and about the famous artists who have helped build the Federal Course. It also shows remarkable work by Federal students. Just write your name, age and address on the margin, mail it to us with six cents in stamps and we will send you a copy of the book free. Do it right now while you're thinking about it.

Why Did They Doll Up Dempsey?

(Continued from page 58)

This is just as ridiculous as it would be to inveigle Calvin Coolidge into allowing himself to be filmed at the White House, and then insist that he help along the suspense by appearing in turn as Secretary Hughes, an aged office-seeker from the hookworm belt, and a negro barber, before he finally stripped off the props and bowed, smiling, in his native freckles. If Cautious Cal could be inveigled—which, of course, he couldn't—the American public would want to see him functioning from the start as President. That's the job for which he has been advertised. Precious little in the way of a story would be needed to carry the human interest.

I suppose all sorts of people share the blame. But I'm going to concentrate on one of them and blame Jack Dempsey's director. A director should know how to interpret, one hundred per cent, the qualities of his star. Maybe he had to take the scenarios that were handed to him by the producer, but he should have played them for the boxing scenes and soft-pedaled the mystery hokum. And he should never, never have slicked the beauty doctors onto the champion's craggy map.

Jack Dempsey, like jazz, is an American phenomenon. He needs a director to stage him realistically in the movies the way Ted Lewis dramatizes jazz in vaudeville.

What the Stars Are Doing

(Continued from page 76)

Flynn, Maurice—playing in The Millionaire Cowboy, the first of a series of outdoor productions to be produced by F. B. O.

Forest, Alan—playing in The Great Divide—M. G. M.

Fox, Lucy—recently completed work in Teeth—W. F. Francis, Alec—playing in Jazz Parents—U.

Frazer, Robert—playing in The Birth of the West—B. F. S. Frederick, Pauline—playing in Smouldering Fires—U.

G

Gendron, Pierre—playing in The Proude—F. B. O.

Gerard, Charles—latest release, Circe, the Enchantress—M. G. M.

Gibson, Hoot—playing in Let'er Buck—U.

Gilbert, John—playing in Wife of a Contender—M. G. M.

Giants, Claude—playing in Idle Tongues—T. H. I.

Godowsky, Dagmar—playing in Greater Than Marriage—H.

Gordon, Huntley—playing in Never the Twin Shall Meet—C.

Gowland, Gibson—playing in The Border Legion—F. P. L.

Grey, Gloria—playing in The Millionaire Cowboy—F. B. O.

Griffith, Corinne—playing in Wilderness—F. N.

H

Hackathorne, George—playing in The Lady—F. N.

Haines, William—playing in The Midnight Express—C. B. C.

Hale, Alan—playing in So This Is Marriage—M. G. M.

Hale, Greighton—recently completed work in This Woman—W. B.

Hamilton, Neil—playing in Dawn—D. W. C.

Hammerstein, Elaine—playing in The Midnight Express—C. B. C.

Hampton, Hope—is deserving the screen to a peer on the stage in Mme. Pompadour this fall.

Harlan, Kenneth—recently completed work in Hard Cash—A. A.

Harris, Mildred—playing in Frivolous Sat—F. N.

(Continued on page 99)
What I Can Read in the Faces of the Film Stars

ANITA STEWART

(Continued from page 44)

sationalist; a dreamer with high ideals and inspirations, a quick, restless, nervous, spontaneous person with dramatic ability, but one who is not very practical. She does not like to hurt people's feelings but will fight for a principle. She takes life too seriously and worries over things. She is honest of purpose, tactful, loves pretty things, and tends toward the luxurious. She is very susceptible to color and harmony in her surroundings, is always either high-spirited or sad and depressed; is interested in the mystical, occult, and the unusual. Anita Stewart is too sensitive and sympathetic for her own good and should develop more self-confidence in her own ability.

BEN LYON

(Continued from page 44)

In the cheeks are found daring and the courage of his convictions, a love of variety and change.

Making a summary, we would say that Ben Lyon is a nervous, restless, insip- tional, intuitive person, who, is, because of his good nature, easily swayed by those about him. He is ambitious and gets great satisfaction out of things he acquires for himself. He is loyal and faithful to every trust, but when opposed or treated unkindly he would become a relentless critic. If Ben continues to develop his strong faculties and leaves his weaker ones undeveloped, he has an unusual and big future before him.

BERT LYTELL

(Continued from page 45)

narrowness across the eyes shows that he is one who is not good at figures or mathematics, and is more artistic than commercial.

The hands show dramatic ability, well-developed; he is a person who is social by nature, highly inspirational, and one who likes nice surroundings.

In summarizing his character, we would say that Bert Lytell is a man with great physical strength and endurance, and interested in human nature in all its forms. He is a thinker, with a very good intellect; he is logical and analytical. He is not commercial enough for his own good.

GLORIA SWANSON

(Continued from page 45)

The nose, which hollows at the top, shows a lack of aggression, but near the tip indicates a person who has high self-protection and is able to look after her own interests. In the nose is found constructive ability, an interest in mechanical things, a good imagination, intuition, one who analyzes and looks for the reason of things.

The hand shows a quick, impulsive nature, highly emotional with great interest in the occult and unusual and a love

(Continued on page 101)
A Sainted Devil

(Continued from page 37)

in a wedding-gown embrace him. You thought this was Julietta, but it was really Carlotta, dressed in the wedding-gown.

Don Alonso nodded. Julietta was dead—what mattered anything else?

"Wild with rage, you rushed in," Carmelita went on. "I saw a chance for Julietta and me to escape. I took her to a convent a few miles away. She is there now—today—alive!"

"Julietta alive!" Don Alonso's look pierced her. "Alive! And safe in a convent! Tell me more!"

Carmelita gave him directions for finding the convent. "And now—go to her!" Carmelita found happiness, of a sort, in seeing the joy upon his face. But when he had gone, she crumpled up, burying her face in her hands upon the wine-stained table in the café.

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 80)

her son's career. Mae Murray, Aileen Pringle, Jack Gilbert, William Haines, May McAvoy and the directors, Robert Leonard and Hobart Henley, are appearing as extras in Metro-Goldwyn's Mrs. Paramor, which stars Pauline Frederick, Conrad Nagel, Mae Busch and Huntley Gordon. Just you wait.

Billie—Well, I don't know whether to advise you to follow a career or not. A great career is a dream of youth realized in mature age. That was Leatrice Joy in Changing Husbands. Anna Q. Nilsson in Top of the World.

Bennie L.—Pola Negri is twenty-seven and Tom Moore is thirty-seven. Milton Sills is forty-two. Gloria Swanson is twenty-seven, Monte Blue is thirty-four and Dorothy Dalton is thirty. Dustin Farnum has signed up with Pathé to make a series of four pictures.

Happy.—You will have to write direct for that picture.

CUTIE.—Be checked for silence, but never taxed for speech. Maurice Costello, Florence Turner and Paul Panzer, who were known as Vitagraph stars some years ago, are playing in Rosemary Davies' picture, Souls Adrift. Gaston Glass, Montague Love, Walter McGrail and Mary Thurman are also in the cast. Miss Davies is a sister to Marion.

LILI CURLS.—No, Betty Compson is not married. Yes, that was Lois Wilson in The Man Who Fights Alone.

CARMEN R.—That's all right, we should have but little pleasure were we never to flatter ourselves. You refer to Robert Agnew. He is twenty-five. Cullen Landis is playing in Cheap Kisses.

PEACHES.—Theda Bara is not playing now, but her little sister Lola has been engaged for a part in Norma Talmadge's Sacrifice. Bert Lytell is playing opposite Barbara La Marr in Sandra.

Potato Salad.—That's a nice name to have. Of course, I believe in dancing lessons for children. A good grace is to the body what good sense is to the mind. Doris Kenyon is not playing on the stage right now, but her next picture will be If I Marry Again. She isn't really married, you know.

ELEANOR A.—That is Tom Mix's real name. He is forty-four. Sidney Chaplin has been signed up by Al Christie to play the lead in Charlie's Aunt. Fata morgana means a mirage in the Straits of Messina. Emily Stevens is playing in the stage play by that name.

LILLIAN F.—I sure am glad to see you. Why not write me often? Yes, I go to the movies about once a week, and I try to

(Continued on page 116)
On the Camera Coast
(Continued from page 22)

the fine-feathers complex—or calories either.

LEatrice joy, jr., has arrived. She is a lovely eight-pound pocket edition of her lovely mother. She did not arrive, however, at a happy moment. Miss Joy is suing her husband, Jack Gilbert, for divorce.

DOROTHY PHILLIPS is going back to the screen. She has been in retirement since the death of her husband, Alan Houb- bar, last year.

Hal Roach, the comedy magnate, has just finished a six-thousand-mile voyage in his yacht, The Gypsy. Most of his travel was along the Alaska coast.

TONY MORENO has decided that the life of a star is the bunk; hereafter he will free-lance around the different studios. His first roving job will be to play the lead with Constance Talmadge in a new comedy written by John Emerson and Anita Loos. After finishing that picture, he is going to take Mrs. Moreno to Spain to visit her mother whom he has not seen for years. She lives in a little town in the south of Spain, near Gibraltar. Every time one of Tony's pictures is shown, the old lady drives in a wagon for miles across country. That is the only way she has of keeping in touch with him. She has never missed one of his pictures.

One of the big features now in preparation is Pandora La Croix, a story of army life in India. In the cast will be Milton Sills, Viola Dana, Vivian Oakland, Rosemary Theby and Hector Sarno. Irving Cummings will be the director.

For BLANCHE SWEET Fans

A BEAUTIFUL new portrait of Blanche Sweet, one you have never seen before, is on the cover of the January number.

There is also an interesting new story about her, by Harry Carr, facts you have never read before.

How the Shape of My Nose Delayed Success

BY EDITH NELSON

I HAD tried so long to get into the movies. My Dramatic Course had been completed and I was ready to pursue my ambitions. But each director had turned me away because of the shape of my nose. Each told me I had beautiful eyes, mouth and hair and would photograph well—but my nose was a "puig" nose—and they were seeking beauty. Again and again I met the same fate. I began to analyze myself. I had personality and charm. I had friends. I was fairly well educated, and I had spent ten months studying Dramatic Art. In amateur theatricals my work was commended, and I just knew that I could succeed in motion picures if only I were given opportunity. I began to wonder why I could not secure employment as hundreds of other girls.

FINALLY, late one afternoon, after another "disappointment," I stopped to watch a studio photographer who was taking some still pictures of Miss Morena, a well-known star. Extreme care was taken in arranging the desired poses. "Look up and over there," said the photographer, pointing to an object at my right. "A profile—" "Oh, yes, yes," said Miss B,—instantly following the suggestion by assuming a pose in which she looked more charming than ever. I watched, I wondered, the camera clicked. As Miss B walked away, I carefully studied her features, her lips, her eyes, her nose—"She has the most beautiful nose I have ever seen," I said, half audibly, "Yes, but I remember," said Miss B—"is Maid, who was standing near me, "when she had a 'puig' nose, and she was only an extra girl, but look at her now. How beautiful she is!"

IN a flash my hopes soared. I pressed my new-made acquaintance for further comment. Gradually the story was unfolded to me. Miss B—had had her nose reshaped —yes, actually corrected—actually made over, and how wonderful, how beautiful it was now. This change perhaps had been the turning point in her career! It must also be the ray of my success! "How did she accomplish it?" I asked confidentially of my friend. I was informed that M. Trilety, a face specialist of Binghamton, New York, had accomplished this for Miss B—in the privacy of her home!

I THanked my informant and turned back to my home, determined that the means of overcoming this obstacle that had hindered my progress was now open to me. I was holding my nose with hope and joy, just no time in writing M. Trilety for information. I received full particulars. The treatment was so simple, the cost so reasonable, the result so satisfactory, that I decided to purchase it at once. I did. I could hardly wait to begin treatment. At last it arrived. To make my story short—in five weeks my nose was corrected and I easily secured a regular position with a producing company. I am now climbing fast—and I am happy.

ATTENTION to your personal appearance is important. If you expect to succeed in life, you must look "your best" at all times. Your nose may be a bump, a hook, a pug, flat, long, pointed, broken, but the appliance of M. Trilety can correct it. His latest and newest nose shaper, "TRADOS," Model 25, U. S. Patent, corrects now all ill-shaped noses, without operation, quickly, safely, comfortably and permanently. Dissected ones except. Model 25 is the latest in nose shapers and surpasses all his previous Models and other Nose Shaper Patents by a large margin. It has six adjustable pressure regulators, is made of light polished metal, is firm and fits every nose comfortabily. The inside is upholstered with a fine chamois and no metal parts come in contact with the skin. Being worn at night it does not interfere with your daily work. Thousands of unsolicited Testimonials are in his possession, and his fifteen years of studying and manufacturing nose shapers are at your disposal which guarantees you entire satisfaction and a perfectly shaped nose.

Model 25 jr. for Children

CLIP the coupon below, insert your name and address plainly, and send it today to M. TRILETY, Binghamton, N. Y., for the free booklet which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses. Your money refunded if you are not satisfied, is his guaranty.

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The Story of My Life
(Continued from page 29)

And always, year by year, the Mardi gras wore thru the grayness of life a scarlet thread of laughter and music. Every year I was dressed in pink taffeta, with fairy wings and a mask over my hot cheeks, and sat in the stands to watch the grotesque maskers and the gorgeous floats wind by. On the last night of the week I would go with the rest of the family to the old French Opera House for the carnival ball where, years later I was to dance with a young man named Rollin Sturgeon before he came out to Hollywood and became a movie director, where I was to be crowned Queen of one of the Mardi gras and wear a really royal train at last.

My mother's health took us back to Texas—a trip that almost finished my story then and there, for the train was wrecked and many people killed. I seem to have a natural attraction for wrecks—since that time I have been in half a dozen of them.

There were no schools in Texarkana which the family considered "suitable," so back I came to New Orleans and entered a private school for girls, the Sophie Newcomb, where I seem to have spent my study hours chiefly in drawing Harrison Fisher heads all over the fly-leaves and margins of my books. That year I made my first dramatic appearance before the public (the parents and long-suffering relatives who had not been able to escape attending) in a play about which I have forgotten everything except the long train I wore.

As a present for my mother I painted an ambitious canvas of a life-sized lady clinging precariously to the side of a Swiss Alp, picking edelweiss. It was a copy of a picture I found in a magazine except that, whereas the lady in the original picture had gone out to gather flowers airily attired in a tulle scarf and nothing else, I very properly dressed my edelweiss gatherer in a white chiffon ball gown with satin slippers and kid gloves. This work of art I carried home rolled in a huge cylinder, which I never let go of during the trip, even sleeping with it in my berth. But when, with all the artist's pride, I presented it, my mother thanked me—and instead of having it framed in glittering gold leaf as I had fondly expected, she tacked it onto the wall with two nails!

That ended my artistic career. I have never touched a paint-brush since, tho I often sketch the designs for my gowns. Now the crash came. My father's investments turned out badly and suddenly;
from seeming to have everything we had nothing at all. The little house was sold at public auction, the servants departed, and we moved again, this time to a tiny frame cottage on the Main Street of Mineral Wells, a frontier town where tourists came to drink the Crazy Water, said to have strange powers.

Instead of being crushed by the loss of our money, I was happier than I had ever been before. For the first time in my life I had something real to do. I made a dress out of three yards of blue-dotted muslin and wore it to a dance with more pride than I had ever worn the finest French creation. I was still shy of boys, but regarded them as an indispensable evil, to be tolerated for the sake of dancing, which I adored.

But if I took joyfully to poverty, my poor father was crushed by it and died literally of a broken heart, two years later. Mother took the tiny bit of life insurance and set out for California to invest it in real estate, leaving me in the care of a married sister. Poor I might be, but sheltered I should be still.

When mother sent for me it was evident, even to my schoolgirl apprehension, that something Must Be Done. And quite obviously I was the one to do it. But what could I do to earn actual money, with an education that had been interrupted at the first year of high school, the ability to make a dress out of bargain remnants, and a talent for wearing trains?

As the answer to my problem, a neighbor in our apartment house at Santa Monica invited mother and me to dine with him and his wife at his Pavilion restaurant. It happened to be Brunette Night, with a silver loving cup for the best dark-haired dancer but I was quite unconscious of competing for a prize. To my amazement, at the end of the evening, the cup was handed to me and to fill it to overflowing with joy, a motion picture director asked to be introduced. It was Rollin Sturgeon, a boy from my own hometown, but he had forgotten that he had ever danced with me at the Mardi Gras ball (to do him justice I must admit that I had worn a powdered wig, a marquise coiffure, and a simmering pink mask on that occasion so perhaps it was no wonder).

He was directing for Vitagraph, which was then established at Santa Monica, and offered me a part in his picture, not—so I discovered later—because he thought that he had detected any talent, but because he hoped to get a little publicity from engaging a local beauty-contest winner.

Mother was much distressed at the notion of my earning a living; she couldn't quite reconcile it with being a lady. For the first months of my new career I used to issue stealthily forth from our apartment, heavily veiled and disguised as a working girl!

And the name of my first picture, and in it I played a vamp of the most chest-heaving, eye-rolling type.

I was in my early teens at the time, and Nell Shipman, who had an ingénue role, had been married twice and written a book! Ann Schaeffer—she has just finished working with me in my latest picture—told me that I was living on the edge of the stage scene—left to my own devices, I would have resembled nothing so much as a Comanche Indian in full war-paint—and I entered into the spirit of the picture as tho it were some delightful game, not realizing that my whole future depended on my success.

People did not take pictures so seriously then. When David Wark Griffith had the

(Continued on page 103)
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On the Dotted Line

will bring you a complimentary copy—with no obligation whatever to you—of the newest and most interesting of all detective magazines.

This magazine is on sale at every news-stand in the United States at 10c a copy ($4.00 a year), but in order to introduce it and give it a wider distribution among lovers of detective fiction, the publishers will bear the entire expense of sending you a copy of this new weekly bearing the title:

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The editor of this weekly is none other than WILLIAM J. FLYNN, for twenty-five years in the Secret Service of the United States Government, with headquarters at Washington, D.C. There is no more experienced detective, living or dead, with a greater authority in the art of detection, none who has had closer contact with the dangers and snares of the game which begins with the pursuit of man and ends with his capture.

One of the ideal features of this magazine will be a series of stories by Arthur B. Reeve, creator of Craig Kennedy, the most interesting detective character in fiction since Sherlock Holmes. There is no better writer of detective fiction, particularly of the scientific and psychological type, than Mr. Reeve.

RICHARD E. ENRIGHT, Commissioner of Police in the City of New York, is contributing "Vultures of the Dark," probably the first story of its type in which the slightest attention has been paid to the rules and regulations that govern the Detective Bureau. This story in itself is so remarkable that book-fans have been sold in most principal countries, and the film version will appear in every American city late in October or immediately after the story concludes in FLYNN's.

All you have to do to get a copy of this interesting new detective weekly is to sign your name on the dotted line, using the coupon or a postcard—no further obligation to you. If you like, we will also write you the name of the newsdealer in your vicinity who will deliver it to you regularly later, if you want it.

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A Tune for A Tear

(Continued from page 53)

Edwin Carey never directs without music and Madame Nazimova never acts with it, so when these two agreed to put on a picture together, there came a clash of forces. Mr. Carey prevailed. Now Nazimova admits that music is a help.

"At least," she laughed, "if the musicians are not too bad, they cover up the sounds of the studio and help you to concentrate."

A story is told of the actor Harry Carey, who was supposed to make love on horseback, but was so stiff that the lady refused to capitulate to his wooing.

"How can I act when I can't hear the music?" Harry finally asked, in desperation. So, to remedy this, the musicians crawled into a large, low-hanging branch of a tree, just above the spot where Harry was staging the love scene. They played Indian Love Lyrics, and suddenly Harry became so fiercely amorous that the heroine begged for mercy and the cameramen whooped for joy as they ground off the film. Another time, during the filming of a sorority party, the only place where the musicians could be heard and still not be seen, was in the bathtubs. So in they climbed, and ground off tones that were liquid indeed.

The important part which music plays in Mary Pickford's pictures has never yet been told. Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall could never have been made without the McCargars, Mary herself has insisted. The McCargars are the comedians among musicians, and can achieve miraculous effects, especially in the little bits of comedy which our Mary loves so well. Before they are thru with a picture they have a special theme in comic vein for everyone who appears on the set—a theme which simply makes each person be funny. For one effeminate noble of the court they always played Bright Eyes. Whenever anything went wrong and tragic gloom threatened to disperse comedy, they would play the Mosquito Parade, whereupon Marshall Neilan would start dancing around Mary Pickford, everyone would laugh, and good humor would be restored again. Mrs. Pickford, Mary's mother, always signed her daughter's checks, so whenever she appeared, the irresistible McCargars would start up a funeral march. Rupert Julian has called music one of the most essential factors in the making of an artistic picture.

"The moving picture is the art of
pantomime," he said; "every emotion must be expressed in the face and in every gesture of the body. Music is one of the greatest inspirations for this. Hence I consider good musicians a necessity for my direction. They must, however, know the difference between Humoresque and Yes, We Have No Bananas. And that is not all music is good for. It is a wonderful relaxer. Sometimes after hours of intense emotional work, I ask the musicians for a little jazz; everyone is laid off for ten or fifteen minutes and told to relax—to dance a little if they like; then we go back to work with new spirit and enthusiasm."

(To be continued)

Whose Hand?

SHERLOCK HOLMES himself would be puzzled in solving the mystery. Would you like to try?

WHOSE HAND? is the title of a thrilling new serial of mystery, romance and intrigue, which begins in our January issue.

"Margot, more asleep than awake, with her bedroom light already extinguished, dropped on the floor the flaming match with which she had lit her last cigarette. A second later, alert with the consciousness of what she had done, she leaned over the side of the bed to make sure it had gone out. As she did so, a thin hand, followed by a forearm, reached out from under the bed, flitted to the match and blotted it out with a soft tap of the fingers."

Whose Hand?

a six-part serial by W. Adolphe Roberts

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The Girl Who Couldn't Be Bad
(Continued from page 78)

tell my reasons now," said Stanton stubbornly.

"Well, young feller," said the sergeant, tightening his manner, "there's just one thing that you can do to clean up this case—to suit your talking neighbors—and me! Of course we'll go thru the Grand Jury in the regular way. She'd probably get the work-house and you the stone pile."

"What do you mean?" For the first time Stanton was frightened.

"Marry the girl! That's what I mean!"

The sergeant was the police bulldog again who would bear no trifling.

Stanton Braithwaite braved a deep sigh and then smiled. "Darn it, sergeant, you've gone to work and spoiled for me what is the finest moment in a man's life. You've gone and proposed to the girl I love, for me. If she would consent to marry me now—or I'd tell her I wanted to—we'll always think we had to, to keep from going to jail. Now if you'll leave us alone just a minute, I'll tell you whether or not you'll have to put the handcuffs on us. Perhaps she'd rather go to jail."

The sergeant beckoned Orkney who stood dizzily by the door and they stepped into the hall and closed the door.

"Hope," said Stanton, rushing in instantly and taking her into his arms, "we've got to be married for the sake of our families' reputations! Aside from that, I'm just crazy in love with you. You're the one woman I've always de-

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Advertisement Section

Just Exactly What You're Up Against
(Continued from page 33)

The only trouble is, every boy or girl is above the average—to their parents and friends! And if you can come out here, and stick, and take your time, opportunity may knock on your door or ring up your phone number. Time is money tho, so in addition to your car-face (return-trip ticket!), your clothes, photographs and make-up, you must have a hundred a month for living expenses and you should be able to plan for a stay of six months at least. If you are a man, you can live a little more cheaply—you must have to keep your hair marcelled, for instance!

Dont come to Hollywood thinking, "well, if I cant get into the movies I'll find some other kind of work." All the quick-lick counters in town have beauty-contest winners shouting "draw one in the dark!" Adam and Eve on a raft, "wreck em!" Ex-chorus girls sell you baby ribbon and safety-pins in the ten-cent stores. If you go into a hotel, a singer for Mary Pickford gives you your coat-check; you order roast beef rare from Valentine's double; the Hollywood typos are visions of delight. Every opening has a hundred applicants who all came out—like you—to apply for a job!—Not that I would discourage anybody for the world! I'm only telling you just exactly what you're up against when you come to Holy-

wood. It all depends on you. If you're the stuff screen players are made of—and are able to keep-up the habit of eating—I've an idea that in spite of glummy statistics and deadly percentages, some director is going to find it out. If you're not—there's where the return half of your ticket comes in!

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Confidences Off-Screen
(Continued from page 41)

the reasons for the strong individuality of his pictures. His brand of humor is his own and cannot be successfully imitated. But that does not tell the whole story. Lloyd has always been supported by notably clever, beautiful girls. Beginning with Bebe Daniels, then blonde Mildred Davis and finally Jobyna Ralston, he hasn't been afraid to invite comparisons between their talent and his own. He has been dead right, because such feminine support helps to bring out the work of a comedian without actually rivaling him. But I can think of some actors who have not been so shrewd in their judgment of this matter as Harold Lloyd.

I decided to ask him to make his own comments. He was on a short visit to New York, and I was lucky enough to corner him in his suite at the Biltmore for a few minutes. I had never met him before. I rather expected to see a boisterous, self-satisfied young man, and wouldn't have been at all surprised if he had worn enormous horn-rimmed glasses off-screen. The real Harold Lloyd proved to be one of the most delightful, modest persons imaginable. There is no pose about him. Only when made up professionally is he the type with whom we are all familiar. Like Charlie Chaplin, he could walk for hours thru crowded streets without being recognized by a single admirer.

"How is it you've had the courage to train brilliant girls, and give them the chance to steal the picture?"

He grinned in an embarrased, pleased way, like a boy who has been paid an unexpected compliment. "Why, it hasn't been courage," he said. "It's only been good sense. All my leading women have helped a lot. I couldn't have played their parts myself, even if I'd wanted to, could I? The public wants nice heroines. It wants clever stories, too. A funny man like myself isn't enough to make a show. You'll notice I don't take credit for the program for writing my own stories, or for anything else I haven't done. If a girl who works with me can run away with the picture, let her do it. It would be a confession of weakness to take any other stand."

"In other words, you're sure of your own stuff, you know that is what draws the audience to a Harold Lloyd picture. A pretty feminine star may aid, but cannot injure. Isn't that it?"

"Yes," he agreed shortly.

Which is what I call the right kind of self-confidence. And which goes to prove that, in spite of the title of one of his latest hits, Harold Lloyd as an actor-director is positively not girl shy.

Jackie Coogan and the Goose-Neck Lens
The press-agents say that Jackie Coogan earns a million dollars a year. A million—Hi! But at any rate he earns a good many hundred thousand, more than half a million. A vast fortune is being piled up for him, and some day he will have to manage it himself. How is he being prepared for this responsibility?

For all I knew, he was not being prepared then. But the question to his father just before Jackie sailed for Europe on his Near East Relief mission. The story Mr. Coogan told was a more entertaining account of the canny psychologizing of a child than I had ever heard or imagined. Jackie is due to be an A No. 1 American business man when he grows up.

In the first place, remember Jackie is
only nine years old and has never been allowed to know that his income is greater than that of many financiers. He gets a salary of just eighteen dollars a week, which is paid over to him solemnly every Saturday. He was notified at the start that out of the eighteen he should pay his manager ten dollars. Other minor obligations were set at a dollar for this, fifty cents for that, and so forth. For the service of cashing his pay check, he was charged fifty cents.

It was not intended that he should be forced to continue these payments. The idea was to make him think about money and discover how it could be economized. One day, on his own initiative, he telephoned to a bank in Los Angeles and asked how much they charged for cashing checks. On being told there was no charge, he announced indignantly to his father that the fifty cent fee would have to be stopped, or he would do business with the bank. As an afterthought, he decided he wanted his money in gold and silver. No more checks for them. They were too much trouble.

Getting on to the fact that his manager was paid any way, Jackie began to keep the extra ten dollars in his own pocket. This was O. K., and whenever he could show sound reasons for it he was allowed to cut down on expenses.

But his most valuable lesson was in connection with the goose-neck lens.

Coogan Senior hatched a plot with a cameraman. The latter went to Jackie and told him that he had invented a marvelous attachment which would permit of the taking of close-ups while the camera was grinding away at long-distance shots. This was the goose-neck lens. It was at the end of a tube, connected with the body of the machine. A second operator could focus it on an actor no matter how distant—and presto—a close-up would be registered. The invention would earn millions, but capital was needed. Would Jackie buy shares?

Jackie was tremendously impressed. He refused to listen when his father warned him that nearly all stock-selling propositions were fakes. He dug up one hundred dollars of his own money and became an investor. A little while later there was an exhibition of shots supposed to have been made by the inventor. Old film had been scratched and smudged with acids. It was a mess. Then a letter from an

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A scene from Warren Newcombe's picture, *The Sea of Dreams*.

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expert” was read, in which the gooseneck lens was declared to be a fraud. “I feel sorry for the misguided stockholders, for they have lost all they put into it,” was the concluding statement.

Jackie's way of taking this justified the experiment. He was downcast, but not broken-hearted. Kidding his little heart slyly, he said, “Such things happen, I guess.” When afterwards, another pretended inventor tried to interest him in shares, he chased him off the lot.

There isn’t much doubt that he’ll know how to handle his fortune when the time comes.

Rumors of War

A writer in this magazine in October remarked, that, for unknown reasons, Olga Petrova's career on the screen “seems to be definitely ended.” But Madame Petrova told me a while ago that she had every intention of making motion pictures anyway. I have heard that she intends to sue a group of producers, including Famous Players-Ladd and Metro, for the sum of $7,000,000, charging a systematic boycott of her services and of Petrova pictures already in existence. Seven million dollars is a lot of money. Such a suit should create considerable stir.

Dix's Tribute to Wally Reid

By the time this is printed, Richard Dix will have just about completed his work in Manhattan, his first picture as a full-blooded star. His popularity has been increasing rapidly of late, the flappers adore him for his good looks, and I have heard many comments to the effect that he is the legitimate successor of Wally Reid.

But Dix thinks it an injustice to the memory of Reid that any such comparison should be made. He showed genuine modesty and sincerity in discussing the matter with me at the Dayton studio.

"Wally Reid was one of the greatest light comedians that ever lived. Mentioning my name in connection with his is the highest compliment that could be paid to me, but it embarrasses me all the same. I couldn't do Reid's stuff, and I wouldn't even try to. There was only one Wally," he declared.

Asked to define Reid's appeal to the public, this, word for word, was what he said:

"Wally had sweetness, strength and charm. He had the face and body of a protector of women, but the mind and soul of a man who is just a little bit naughty."

Dix is delighted with Manhattan as a vehicle. He told me it gave him the opportunity he had always wanted—to appear as a modern young American hero, "a regular guy," without the Wild West background or meretricious trappings of any sort.

He was decidedly effective in the scene I watched him rehearsing. A cute girl named Vera, with smooth bobbed hair and shoe-button eyes, who was standing on the side lines, remarked that his face looked fuller and more natural than in some of his recent pictures. And oddly enough, Dix’s first remark to me covered the point to which Vera had referred.

"I like this role," he said, "because I don't have to hold any chews artificially. I don't have to make up in any absurd way. In Manhattan, the public is going to see Richard Dix himself."

(Continued on page 109)
Movie Plots Wanted
Send your plot to us in any form. We copyright, criticize, revise and...
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You are young—until a change in weather brings rheumatic twinges.

Or you are limber—until stiffness follows some hard or prolonged exercise or exertion.

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Keep beauty parlor hair dress in your own home. If after trial you are not pleased, return it and we will refund money. Remember, this article would cost at least twice as much if bought elsewhere.

The Traywin Co.
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Critical Paragraphs About New Productions

(Continued from page 74)

area of a six-day bicycle race in Paris—with the disillusioned wife becoming deeply interested in a bike rider before he spoils the charm with his crude manners. He loses the race, the husband loses his temper. Result? Reconciliation. It is delightfully sketched with charming comedy strokes and capitaly played by Maurice Flynn, Jetta Goudal, the clever Adolphe Menjou and Raymond Griffith.

Messalina

This is an Italian importation and, like the majority of its predecessors from the land of the Cæsars, it presents a spectacle of life in ancient Rome. It compares very favorably with any spectacular film which has come from Italy or Germany—in its fidelity to ancient history—and also in its reproduction of correct atmospheric settings and details. But it does not compare with spectacular features produced in America because of its technical faults.

The effort is made to stimulate interest thru mass effects—rather than thru any intimate drama. The photography and lighting are poor—and the acting (typically European) is overemphasized. They believe in body and facial distortions to register emotions. The picture smacks of court intrigue during the reign of one of the world’s greatest vamps. The gladiatorial scenes are good. It is interesting in spots.

The Female

This adventure-romance of the South African veldt has the word "conventional" written all over it. Cynthia Stockley's novel, Dalla, the Lion Cub, may have sparked in the original, but in its picturization it simmers down to a triangle, and stripped of its backgrounds and atmosphere it serves up no entertaining features. The action and incident are almost negligible.

We look upon the making over into a lady of a native Boer girl, whose sensitive nature has rebelled at the snobbery offered by the English settlement. The Boer husband is conveniently killed—and the wife marries the more personable and sincere of her two English admirers. The most genuine note is struck by Noah Beery as the Boer. Betty Compson is not so successful in trying to inspire much sympathy. It isn’t the proper story for Betty.

Sinners in Silk

This is another contribution to the jazz pictures—and like its forerunners it throws into bold relief the carrying-on...
**New Way to Reduce Waist and Hips Almost Instantly**

At last! The simplest way to reduce waist and hips for the newcomer to the flapper world. Use it within the next week and you will be amazed at the results. This little gadget is worn under your regular girdle. The results will astound you. Everyone will think you cut off pounds simply by being delicious!

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Try our Madame Boss Reducing Girdle. Simply wear this magnificent girdle and within the next few days you will see the result. It is made of genuine elastic and thus avoids the discomfort and clinging to the abdomen which causes skin irritations. A unique feature of this girdle is the rubber flange which adds to its effectiveness and comfort. It is made of pure cotton rubber and acts as a binding for the figure. No hardware or pressing material is used for the rubber flange. It is made of rubber and will not come loose. The Madame Boss Reducing Girdle is a Cinch worth your trying.

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**You can be quickly cured, if you STAMMER**


**Clara Bow is a frivolous flapper in "Fute"**

Clara Bow is a frivolous flapper in "Fute." The picture has a De Mille title, hasn't it? And there are certain scenes suggestive of Cecil at his exotic best. Which makes us wonder if Hobart Henley, the director, has ever stood at Cecil's elbow while he made a picture. There are some dashing episodes of a modern touch, Adolphe Menjou is present. So are Conrad Nagel and Hedda Hopper.

**The Cyclone Rider**

The thrill which raced up and down the spines of the gallery that attended the ten, twenty, thirty melodramas of yesteryear, may be enjoyed by the new generation of picture-goers when looking over this document of Lincoln J. Carter's. A firm believer in vivid action in this play, it has concocted a melodrama of speed and thrill in which the hero wins the girl after a series of spine-quivering adventures in seeking to avoid the efforts of a gangster to keep him from a big road race. It begins at breakneck speed and never loses its momentum thru its succession of startling scenes.

Sky-scrappers, tunnels, jumps from buildings to taxis, the cutting of a cable eighteen stories up, a climb hand over hand—and the race—these are a few of the stunts executed by a newcomer, Reed Howes. Much like a serial—and nothing like it about it. But its array of heroines will furnish a fast hour of action and suspense.

**Hit and Run**

Here is a bus leaguer humanized on the screen—the same type of busker made famous by Ring Lardner. He is found in a lively story, rich in characterization and incident, packed with humor and realities. And Hoot Gibson scores with his best picture as a result. Hoot is playing out in the "tall and uncouth" when a big league scout watching him while "on a mile, signs his name to a contract. And in the big circuit, the busker is another Bart Ruth.

It is most enjoyable incident—easy to follow, finely knit together—and never getting out of character. Real ball-tossers enter the story—and the climax shows the gamblers at work trying to throw the series. It's a colorful yarn, colorfully

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Mabel Ballin visited her director-husband, Hugo Ballin, while he was making The Prairie Wife. Left to right, you will find: James Chapin, Ballin's assistant, Mrs. Ballin, Mr. Ballin, Dorothy Devore, Leslie Stuart, Francis Frimann, and Gibson Gowland

acted. Be sure to see it. And take the boys.

It Is the Law

H ere's a mystery melodrama totally unlike anything of its kind ever presented, the solution of the mystery and the denouement offering a different conclusion from the usual murder case. An adaptation of the stage play, it follows an unsuccessful suitor's diabolical vengeance toward his best friend for winning his sweetheart—a girl who had been attentive to both. This apostle of vengeance has the soul of an Othello—and Arthur Hohl, a newcomer on the screen, touches every shade of emotion in carrying out his diabolical plot. He employs a drug fiend of marked resemblance to take his place—and then conveniently kills him—so that at the psychological moment the young husband is convicted of murder. Years later the youth executes revenge of his own and is given freedom on the ground that a man cannot be convicted twice of the same crime. A tense, suspenseful story. And new in its idea.

The Battling Orioles

S traight from the Hal Roach fun factory comes this enjoyable slice of merriment—which moves vigorously and releases a volume of highly amusing gags. It opens with some excellent comedy depicting baseball as it was played in 1870—and builds to a climax, which offers an uproarious piece of slap-stick burlesquing, the conventional ending which features so many "action" pictures.

The gal is in the hands of some ruffians who try to force her to enter into their crooked schemes. The hero gamely fights them, but it is a losing battle until the aged Orioles get back some of the fighting spirit which terrorized the umpires in their ball games of the middle '80's and wade into the ruffian ranks. Glen Tryon and Blanche Mehaffey are the featured players and score their points easily. The piece sags badly in the middle, but comes to life and finishes with good sparkle.

Wine

T his may be intended as a piece of propaganda aimed at the reputed highly profitable enterprise of bootlegging. A foreword stamps it as such. But as soon as the picture starts, the propaganda enters a "speakeasy" of its own—never to emerge. The veil of melodrama is too strong.

As screen fare it is a rather aimless and wholly conventional "flapper" film which reduces itself along about the third reel to the scene of the wealthy man who faces financial ruin, consenting for his daughter's sake to become associated with a bootlegger. The development of the episodes is tiresome, and rounds of gaiety over the cheering cups. The best performance goes to Walter Long as the bootlegger. Clare Bow is the personable flapper.

Another Scandal

I t has been pointed out many times and long since that Cosmo Hamilton, the author, loves to skate on thin ice; the thin ice representing the surface of risque, oh very risque, situations. Mr. Hamilton cuts all sorts of fancy and attractive figures. But the remarkable thing about his thin ice is that it remains ice at all. Some day we are certain, that it is going to melt. Then Mr. Hamilton and his director, whoever he happens to be, and the entire cast are going crashing thru! And then, my goodness, wont the censors have a party! That crash almost occurs in Another Scandal. Intimate situations are developed just a bit farther than they have been developed before. They have been developed out of the American class and almost into..."
Why Not You?

The Story of My Life
(Continued from page 91)

tempery to prophesy that some day a motion picture would be shown on Broadway, and he would pay regular theatrical prices to see it, he was laughed at as a visionary.

But the pictures had come to stay, and it seemed that I was to stay with them. From playing leading lady, I was co-featured with Earle Williams, and at last starred by Vitagraph, going East to work in their Flatbush studio. I had always intended to keep on with school some time—perhaps vaguely I had thought at first that this picture-acting would be temporary, and some day I would go abroad to him to make his life according to the family's plans. Whenever I could spare a few hours from the studio I had a Columbia University tutor come and read with me during my New York stay, but as my parts grew more important I had less time for myself.

Still, my education has progressed. Life is a stern tutor, and from work, hope, happiness, disillusion, and heartbreak, I have learned lessons more valuable than those in textbook. My personal career has been unusually serene and uneventful, without those picturesque periods of starvation which make such good reading but such bitter remembering. My personal career.

But you must forgive me if I do not speak here of my unhappy first marriage, and my banishment here. Every after all these years before the public, being photographed and interviewed, I still find it hard to discuss my deepest feelings with the world. If you have brought up, remember, to be a lady!

I think that perhaps an autobiography should only be written by an old person, who is no longer subject to his joys and sorrows, but looks back on them from a serene distance, and sees his life as a story that is told. Most of my story—

I hope—is still ahead of me, and somehow I believe that it is going to be a very happy one.

What I Can Read in the Faces of the Film Stars
(Continued from page 87)

of dramatists: frank, outspoken, almost to the point of being blunt.

Miss Swanson is a quick, restless, active, emotional, high-strung person, quick-tempered, but soon over it. She is sincere, determined, has executive ability and unconsciously dominates those about her. She is a person who usually accomplishes what she desires to do against all opposition. She is bright, witty, a good conversationalist and is quick to learn and absorb things. She loves the beautiful and is artistic in her tastes. Gloria Swanson is highly magnetic, with well-developed intuition. Her thoughts are so intense that they are transferred readily to the individual whose mind is passive. I doubt if she is aware of the fact, but her intuitive powers are so keen that, with little effort or training, it would be difficult to hide anything from her. I found in Miss Swanson such a wide variety of characteristics that I hope some day to analyze her again.

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result of her work in *Feet of Clay*, Vera was given a contract with Famous Players.

This makes little Vera's career read like a story which might be entitled *From Rap to Riches*. For, before Mr. De Mille picked her, her line wasn't exactly a clothes-line. She used to play little country girls or gutter girls. But that's all very different now. I saw this at a glance when I chatted with her.

She was working on a set representing a typical De Mille bedroom when we arrived (you know—a gold dressing-table, a chaise-longue, a bed covered with black lace over pink satin, etc.), and as we saw her we murmured to ourselves:

"How true it is clothes make the man, and lack of them the woman!"

Miss Reynolds' bodice in the back consisted of a simple string of pearls and some powder. Without the pearls, she certainly would have taken cold. The rest of the costume was white satin embroidered with jewels, and with a large green bow on one hip. In styles, De Mille is several jumps ahead of fact. From some of those we saw yesterday, we say Paris was hopelessly behind and would never catch up.

"Do fine feathers make the heart grow fonder?" we mix-photographed, approaching cautiously. "In other words, do the fans love the actress more if she wears gorgeous gowns?"

"If an actress is good enough," declared Vera, taking out her powder puff and making repairs on her costume, she could play Juliet in a man's hat and the audience would never realize it! Professionally, I'm not interested in clothes; personally, I adore them! Especially evening gowns; and there was such a wonderful chance to wear them in *Feet of Clay*. Just think, the heroine became a mannequin in a modiste's shop!"

"Describe those gowns!" we begged—"that is, if you have time."

"It doesn't take much time to describe some of them," she twined. "The bathing-suit I wore, for instance—you could have the whole truth by simply telling the truth. I'm usually so excited about a part that I never really see most of the dresses until I look at them on the screen."

She is a walking curvilinear, is this little Vera, with dark brims trivially wound about small head and saucy, quaint features. We understand Mr. De Mille considers her the perfect type of the flapper who has begun to grow up—the young, disillusioned type, that discovers the rift in the saxophone; finds the dew is off the rose but on the florist's bill; realizes with amazement that the world is not her own oyster cocktail.

"What," we asked, "are the reactions of a disillusioned flapper to clothes?"

Vera Reynolds considered, thoughtfully.

"Well, the little girl dresses to please herself; the flapper dresses to please men; most women dress—don't they—to make other women envious."

Just then a grimy, ten-dollar-a-day electrician, who had been keeping a million-dollar cast waiting half an hour while he moved a sunlight arc from one side of the set to the other, changed his mind and moved it back again, waved a signal, and the latest De Mille discovery moved away in all her glittering drapery.

"And to think he murmured bitterly, "to think, she is paid to wear them!"

---

**How Cecil De Mille Picks 'Em**

(Continued from page 43)
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You CAN be beautiful, attractive, charming!
Once I was lonely. The portrait above is living proof of what I can do for you, too. If your features are fairly regular, you can be as temptingly beautiful as thousands of other women I have helped. You will be astonished at the improvement you can easily and quickly accomplish. My

Monseur Beaureca (Continued from page 56)

artist. The acting is fully up to histrionic requirements. All the players bring a fine appreciation of the demands of their respective roles. Lois Wilson makes a charming Queen and Bebe Daniels achieves the pinnacle of her career as the Princess. Doris Kenyon acts the Belle of Bath with delightful grace—and with a feeling of true aristocracy. Others presenting splendid dialogues are Lowell Sherman as the decadent monarch and Ian McLaren as the English trickster, Lord Winterstet.

The Man Who Came Back (Continued from page 57)

Dorothy Mackaill, as the girl who sinks to the depths herself thru steadfast love for the youth, gives a depth of understanding and feeling to the role. There are other fine performances, too—but those mentioned above easily take the honors.

The picture reveals the girl’s life with a complete elimination of drawn-out scenes, the lapses being covered thru a reading of a diary.

Such compact treatment is noticeable in every episode. A picture of color, atmosphere and realism.

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Critical Paragraphs About
New Productions

(Continued from page 102)

the naughty French school. They deal with a quadrangle instead of a triangle. Its two chief points are husband and wife and its other two points are two very interested parties. There are many beautiful shots including night-sowned silhouettes, ginger closeups and boudoir long shots.

E. H. Griffith, the director, has produced the piece in decidedly the proper spirit and Lois Wilson, Holmes Herbert, Ralph Bunker and Flora Le Breton (a charming importation from England) assist him admirably in the principal roles. Miss Le Breton knows how to be delightfully naughty on the screen.

Western Luck

While there isn't anything that comes within a mile of being new in this Western, it isn't due, to the dashing work by Charles Jones and the manner in which Beatrice Burnham holds you up at the point of her eyes. It features a story of brother versus brother—with neither aware of their relationship. They are separated in infancy—the bad boy being reared in the environment of Wall Street, the other growing up among the vast open spaces.

It all centers around an option held by the Wall Street capitalist (father of the boys) on a ranch. Out on the great rolling prairies the bad boy employs his father's typically movish representative, who has his hands on the option and his eyes upon the ranchman's pretty daughter. The ranchman has "brung up" the Westerner from a babe when a fire separated him from his dad. Naturally, the latter thinks the child perished. The villain tries to play fast and loose—his object being to let daylight into the hero.

It is all quite wild—the action shifting from the open spaces to the severs and sidewalks of New York—with a lot of devilish thug stuff introduced to capitalize the hero's courage.

Jones is as serious as ever—and it might be to his advantage to lighten his roles occasionally, thus humanizing them instead of appearing so deadly in earnest. He rides well and puts over some thrills—one of which can be deep and heavy mood—we

(Continued on page 111)

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(Continued on page 111)

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ary for 'The Miracle' is the
simplest man I know."

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The Man Who Knew the
Czar of Russia

General Lodijenski, the imposing-look-
ing minister of war in Her Love
Story, with Gloria Swanson, is a really-
truly military man who once hobnobbed
with the Czar of Russia and others in
high court circles, back in the halcyon days
when crowns carried some weight.

Being thoroly familiar with all details of
court etiquette, court weddings, etc., he
first became connected with the picture as
official adviser, and prompter of court
etiquette, and later was given a part to
play himself.

General Lodijenski's own story is one of
the front-line trenches and a Bolshevik
prison, which would in itself make a first-
chartreous or a thriller. He became inter-
ested in motion pictures long ago, when he
led the camera squad which made the first
Reduced 53 Lbs.
In Nine Weeks!
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"I NEVER dreamed you could do it, Mr. Wallace," wrote this young matron from one of America's smartest suburbs. Her letter is an eloquent testimonial to the effectiveness of Wallace's pacing records. A reduction of more than 50 pounds in a few weeks! But read her own story:

"Here I am, back to 138 lbs. after my avoidiropois had rounded over the impossible two hundred mark! I am perfectly wonderful music movements—nothing else did it. You have reduced my weight from 191 to 138, and lightened my heart as no one can know who has not had this joy and enjoyment curtailed for years—and suddenly restored.

"Thanks to Wallace I am dancing, golfing and 'going' as of yore, and wearing styles I would have had to forego with my figure when was. Because I once laughed at the idea of getting thin to music I am now humble足以 this letter, my photographs and permission to publish them you should desire."

It's SO Easy to Do! No Starving, No Punishment
Most women of bulky figure would make almost any sacrifice to attain the symmetry Mrs. Bayliss' photo reveals. But you need not sacrifice your health, comfort or even convenience. The process is enjoyable. You use Wallace's records but ten minutes a day! Yet the reduction is felt within five days of starting; the second week will bring a noticeable improvement; the third or fourth week will find you lighter by many pounds.

The beauty of Wallace's method is its absolutely natural reduction and redistribution of weight. Unlike the drastic dieting and drugging methods, there is no loss of flesh where you cannot afford to lose it.

How long will it take? Some lose seven or eight pounds in the first few weeks' test period—others but two or three. Much depends on the individual constitution. But you can and will lose steadily by this method—as fast as is good for you. And everyone who ever reduced this way will tell you it's downright fun.

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Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for a week's free trial the original Wallace Reduction Record.

Name
Address
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Confidences Off-Screen
(Continued from page 98)
Four Memorable Pictures
The I do not claim to have sat thru all the pictures that were ever made, I must have seen most of the good ones. Four stand out in my memory, as follows:
Broken Blossoms—because of the marvellous photographic effects, the verity of the London "atmosphere," the pathos and poignancy of Lillian Gish, whom I regard as the greatest of motion picture actresses.
The Kid—because it gave us Charlie Chaplin at his best, the inspired clown, the incomparable comedian with an uncanny sense of his own making.
Dr. Caligari—because it was utterly original, and conveyed a genuine sense of the supernatural.
The Devil's Pass-Key—because it was a corking story, and was the only picture I have seen which handled in a thoroughly civilized spirit the adventures of an American hero in Paris. An early von Stroheim production which seems to have been forgotten.
I expect to add to this list from time to time. It should not be difficult to name the classic "twelve best," but I am optimistic enough to hope to find twenty-fifth worthy naming.

This portrait was taken when Mr. Lodijenski was Major-General of the Russian Imperial Guard.

pictures of the Eastern front. When they were shown before the Czar, Nicholas gave the General a beautiful gold watch studded with diamonds.

In the political débâcle which followed the war in Russia, General Lodijenski was thrown into a Bolshevik prison, where he lay for fifteen weeks; but eventually he cut his way out with a steel saw and fled to America, arriving in New York with just twenty-five dollars in his pocket.

Here he struggled along for a few years, working by first as a ship-builder at twenty-three dollars a week, then as a groom in a livery stable, and later as a ladies' tailor. Now, as almost everybody knows, he is proprietor of the Russian Eagle, a glittering restaurant in New York City, where beautiful Russian ladies of fallen nobility serve as waitresses, and Russian boys, once heirs to titles, but now mere immigrants, are the entertainers.

But the General's ambition is to be a screen star.

Advertising Section

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old part in a re-made Revolution and, whatever the public thinks of it, the "profes-
sion" thought she was quite wonderful.

Since then she has played the principal
girl part in Merton of the Movies, and the
girl lead in Open All Night, directed by
James Cruze in the first instance, and by
Paul Bern in the second. Just now she is
on the First National lot, playing Pandora,
the heroine of As Man Desires.

The Lasky people are delighted with her
work and would undoubtedly jump at the
chance to sign her as a star.

But no more stardom for Viola.

"It's the bunk," said Viola with finality.
"These names in electric lights.

"I don't worry about the way they bill
me. They pay me considerable money to
act for them, and it stands to reason they
are not going to conceal my identity in the
process. It is just as much to their in-
terest to feature me as it is mine to be
featured.

"By keeping out of star contracts, I stand
a better chance of getting good
stories and good directors. I am looking
far ahead."

"I want to be on the screen all my life. I
will be sticking around somewhere when
I am sixty, if they will give me a job.
What would I do otherwise? I am bored
to death when I am not working."

In the opinion of the wise folks in Holly-
wood, Viola is just standing at the thresh-
hold. She ought to do something really
big.

Stories and motion picture ideas are
rapidly changing in type and style. Pro-
ducers and directors and the public are
getting tired of little sappy stories about
the love affairs of little girls and little
boys. Viola stands in the favorable posi-
tion of being able to reach in either direc-
tion.

She is one of the few girls on the screen
who can play a child of twelve or a mature
woman. She has experienced life with the
cover torn off.

If flappers' stories come back, she can
join them in a shower of confetti. If grown-up
stories are to come in with the foreign
directors—as seems likely—Viola will also
be on hand.

In the patois of Hollywood, "Vi is sittin'
pretty."
I can do for you what I have done for thousands to every branch of athletics—whether it be for pugilists or a profession, I can guide you. Ask Charles E. Blaney, former world champion, Harry Babcock, world's champion pole vaulter, and a long list of others. They will tell you that my system always starts a new right and makes him fight. My system is a new and a successful method of training a trainer in all branches of sport. It is based on the fact that I can still make the present-day modern bodily counter to the system of the past. It is a combination of the best devices and training methods in my power. In fact, you will find several features of this system that you can use with great success.

One of the old-fashioned belles in Life's Greatest Game

Critical Paragraphs About New Productions
(Continued from page 107)

are speaking of the fight on the cliff. You can guess the finish with its identification of the missing son—and a family reunion.

One Law for the Woman

They're bringing on the old ones. Straight from the dusty shelves come Charles E. Blaney's old-time melodrama which brought mean hisses and vociferous applause from the gallery gods in the good old days when a dime took you to "nigger heaven" and a nickel bought you a bag of peanuts. These mellow mollers of yester-year by not carrying any preconceptions are much more sincere than many of our modern pieces which capitalize heroism. One might term them "compressed serials.

This particular effort from the Vitagraph foundry is a startlingly frank exposition of courageous youth overcoming tremendous obstacles. The chief obstacle is a mine explosion which gets in the way of our hero before he thinks of a hangover for two. Yes, the villain—as mean as they make them as by Stanton Heck—is thwarted in his devilish schemes. He floods the mine and the entombed miners do a little blasting—and eventually ride forth on a young Niagara into the lake.

The picture is played in crisp style by the players—with Cullen Landis and Cecil Spooner, the erstwhile soubrette of the Blaney stock company, carrying on the hokum. As is customary with pictures of heroes, Landis knocks out several opponents twice his size. It's no wonder that the gallery type of melodrama has passed out of existence. It can be done twice as well on the screen.

THO the producers claim that ability, real acting ability, is the one necessary qualification for a picture-play, I do not think thousands of millions have been noticed that no forty-year-old, two-hundred-and-ten-pound woman is being signed up for the series.
Advertisements Section

Letters to the Editor
(Continued from page 108)

well, let it rain cats and dogs. I have
umbrellas enough to defy the storm.
A. U.,
Detroit, Mich.

Excerpts from Letters

I have just seen "Moulin Rouge." Isn't it pretty! But WHERE was
Valentino?
F. R.M.,
Germantown, Phila.

Thank you for giving us that picture
of Mrs. Valentino in your September
number. I think she is the most
interesting and attractive as her talented husband—a
fitting comrade who is further proof of
Valentino's intelligence, good taste and
ability to charm us all. We do wish we
might have a reading of Mrs. Valentino's
character; we would be interested to know
what are the qualities which laid low our
sheik.
J. A.,
Corvallis, Ore.

Norma Talmadge certainly is a winner
every time, and why doesn't she do her
hair more simply? I do not like her
with curled and waved and so elaborately
coiffed. She is beautiful herself and to
emphasize her beauty she should wear her
hair simply as in the picture of her
on your July cover design. By the
way, her "Ashes of Vengeance" took Sydney
by storm.
E. M. A.,
Sydney, Australia.

I think Motion Picture Magazine is a
delightful book to read, but I really do
wish the divorces of the different screen
stars would not be published in it. We
readers want to read about the different
pictures and the stars themselves, not
about their divorces. That is absolutely
terrible. There seem to be so few in
Filmland who are not divorced or
re-married that a divorce is no more
news than the announcement that
dinner is served.
E. M. D.,
Victoria, Australia.

As for the stars wearing too many gowns
—why, I want them to dress their
prettiest. No clothes are too smart and
it does no harm to see them. If I want to
see common things in clothes, I can
look in a mirror. It would be a real
crime to me if Gloria didn't come up to
my expectations in her fancy finery. I
failed utterly to see anything "fresh," as
someone called it, in A Society Scandal.
It went over big here, as Gloria always
does. She can go over without the clothes,
of course, but why be so mean?
C. M. G.,
Hamilton, O.

I wish your splendid magazine would use
its influence to get some of the former
players back to the fold from which they
have strayed, sometimes purposely,
sometimes not. Why can't we have Olga
Petryova back on the screen? She is cer-
tainly a wonderful artist. They say she
is not wanted on the screen, but that is
hard to believe. She is an individual type,
and Nita Naldi does not take her place.
And what has happened to Evelyn Clancy?
It is a shame we are denied the pleasure
of seeing her in those domestic dramas,
which were the best of that type. She
has so much charm and personality, which

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Motion Picture Magazine
many of the newer stars lack—especially charm. Another star who possessed both these qualities is May Allison. Why can't we see her again? I also miss Vivian Martin; she isn't so much of an actress, but is dainty and beautiful, like a Dresden doll, and much better than the majority of comedians. I don't mean to infer that all the artists have deserted the movies—not while we have Mary Pickford, Gloria, Mae Murray and Claire Windsor, Elaine Hammerstein and Corinne Griffith. But if we could only get some of the old ones back!

E. B. B., Jr.,
Chicago.

When will a plot for a motion picture be different? They are all the same. Friend Husband falls in love (or thinks he does) with the vamp of the village, and amiable wife puts a period to the affair by flirting with the president or some notorious personage or Vice versa. Or, pretty little, wild, weak and willing flapper falls in love with some "nice" man, who undertakes to reform her—in real life she usually reforms him. Why does not some author give the world a shock instead of going across with an old plot, instead of the same old, disgustingly bromide theme?

"Boo,"
Red Springs, N. C.

I consider Nita Naldi the finest vamp on the screen, bar none, and a beautiful woman. Don't alter yourself, Nita; you can't improve on perfection and you are perfection itself. May your shadow never grow less! Sweet Mary Pickford may grow up or do anything she likes so long as she doesn't desert us. Sweet Bebe Daniels of the pouting lips looks as tho she lived her parts and enjoyed them. That is why I love her. And now here is a little matter I propose to kick about. Lots of writers, under the guise of critics, pull to pieces stars whom they do not happen to care about. True criticism never savor of ill-nature, yet many of these writers are unkind. I count these artists as dear friends who have helped me over many a weary hour. The world gives plenty of hard knocks without the worry of these paltry critics. Just remember that the stars, even if not your favorites, brightened up an hour when the world seemed too kind, and gave you a merry laugh when laughs were few and far between.

C. W.
Liverpool, England.
I SUPPOSE if I told William Farnum to his face that he was sweet, I would have to run for my life. But, nevertheless, and in spite of bodily risks involved, I say there is something about him of the ineffable, shy, sweetness of a child.

It is something that many cultured Irishmen have. It is the stuff that makes John McCormack a great singer. It is the stuff (somewhat heavily disguised) that makes the baseball players adore John McGraw. It is the stuff that makes all the electricians and carpenters on the set call William Farnum "Bill."

It is the stuff that made Paramount, in the days of triumphant young sheiks and varnished hair, recall Mr. Farnum from his retirement and his maturity to become a picture star again.

Something hard to figure Farnum as an actor when you meet him "off stage." He says himself that he doesn't set any store by his genius as a portrayer of mimic roles. Bill has just one probe; at just one point his ego bursts out flamboyantly and shamelessly. Bill says—alas he says it that he shouldn't—that he is one of the most accomplished farmers that ever held a plow or broke a cobt.

"That," says Bill firmly, "is one thing that I can claim that I do know."

A visit to this son of the soil is a charming experience. He lives in one of the most magnificent homes in Hollywood—at the top of a high hill which looks down over the studio properties; it is like seeing Hollywood from a kite.

All over the house are scattered playthings. The infant machinery of a jazz-band adorns the living room.

"My nephews and nieces have been here to visit me," explains Mr. Farnum. "They stayed any less time I should have been broken-hearted; if they had stayed any longer I should have been in a state of collapse. For some weeks I have been the leading jazz dancer; the chief toy mender; the heavily featured tag player; the drummer in the band and the first baseman in the baseball club. To say the least, the flapper generation is neither monotonous nor inert. They are great playfellows if your wind and legs hold out."

By this time we were sitting at the lunch-table and the talk turned to Farnum's boyhood days in Tennessee.

It was a quaint and charming story. When he was a little boy, he said, and his brother lived with their adoring grandparents in Millville, Maine.

They came from a theatrical family. Their mother was an actress whose stage name was La Grue. "To William she was the most inconspicuous creature that ever drew the breath of life. William wanted to be an actor and spent most of his time getting up thrilling dramas and playing the best parts in them.

"Early in my career," he said, "I learned about the rapacity of the box-office. I learned it from Fustin, my brother. Dyn-
Advertising Section

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If you want a musical treat ask to hear Victor Record 1942, by Borrah Minevitch.

MACKAILL, Dorothy—recently finished playing the role of Marta in *The Mine With the Iron Door*—P. P.

Marmont, Percy—playing in *Broken Lays*—F. B.

Mason, Shirley—playing in an original story by Frederick and Fanny Hatton called *The Star Dust Trail*—W. F.

May, Doris—playing opposite Tom Mix in *The Deadwood Coach*—W. F.

Mayo, Frank—playing in *If I Ever Marry Again*—F. N.

McCaw, May—role of Esther in *Hue*—M. G. M.

McDonald, Wallace—playing opposite Norma Talmadge in *The Lady*—F. N.

McGrail, Walter—has the role of Gordon Ibottlesigh in *Gerald Cranton’s Lady*—F. N.

McGregor, Malcolm—playing in *Swol-dering Fires*—U.

McKee, Raymond—recently signed up to play in *Mack Sennett Comedies.*

Melghan, Thomas—playing in *Tongues of Flame*—F. P. L.

Menjou, Adolphe—cast as the Prince in *The Scourge.*

Meriam, Charlotte—playing in *So Big*—F. N.

Metcalf, Earle—playing Texas in *Zauder the Great.*

Miller, Carl—playing in *The Dark Scour*—W. B.

Miller, Patsy Ruth—playing in a society melodrama called *Those Who Judge*—B.

Mick, Tom—playing in *The Deadwood Coach*—W. F.

Moore, Colleen—playing in *So Big,* in which she makes her departure from her popular flapper parts and plays three distinct parts—a girl of 18, a woman of 25, and a woman of 50—F. N.

Moore, MATT—playing Neil Herbert in *A Lost Lady*—W. B.

Moore, Owen—playing in *East of Broadway*—A. E.

Moore, Tom—playing in *The Greatest Thing*—E.

Moreno, Antonio—playing opposite Constance Talmadge in *Learning to Love*—F. N.

Mulhall, Jack—playing in *Jazz Parents*—U.

(Continued on page 117)

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What the Stars Are Doing
(continued from page 115)

Murray, Mae—just starting work in The Merry Widow, which Eric von Stroheim will direct for M. G. M.
Nagel, Conrad—recently completed work in So This is Marriage—M. G. M.
Nagel, Nita—playing the role of a Moorish girl in Rudolph Valentino’s next picture.
Naziromina—recently completed work in Garden of the Streets—F. N. Disengaged at present.
Negri, Pola—playing in James Cruze’s next picture, A Woman Scorned—F. P. L.
Nilsson, Anna Q.—playing in If I Ever Marry Again—F. N.
Nixon, Marion—playing in Let'er Buck opposite Hoot Gibson for U.
Novak, Jane—playing in Cheap Kisses—F. B. O.
Novarro, Ramon—playing in Ben Hur—M. G. M.

O

O’Brien, Eugene—playing in a First National Production tentatively called Frivolous Sal.
O’Brien, George—playing in Thorns of Passion, adapted from Robert Service’s The Ruined Beggars—W. F.
O’Hara, George—playing in the Go-Getter Series—F. B. O.
O’Malley, Pat—playing opposite Agnes Ayres in Worldly Goods—F. P. L.

P

Paige, Jean—latest release Captain Blood.
Percy, Eileen—playing in Tongues of Flame—F. P. L.
Phillin, Mary—playing in Moonlight Kisses—U.
Pickford, Jack—recently completed work in The End of the World—A. P. Disengaged at present.
Pickford, Mary—latest release Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall. It is rumored her next picture will be Cinderella.
Pitts, Zazu—playing in The Great Divide—M. M. G.
Powell, David—playing in The Lost Chord—W. B.
Powest, Marie—playing in The Dark Swan—W. B.
Pringle, Aileen—playing in Wife of a Centaur—M. G. M.

R

Ralston, Esther—playing in Peter Pan—F. P. L.
Ralston, Jobyna—recently completed work in Hot Water.
Rawlinson, Herbert—recently completed work in The Prairie Wife—M. G. M. Disengaged at present.
Ray, Charles—playing in The Desert Fiddler—T. H. I.
Reid, Mary Wallace—playing in Broken Laces, written for her especially by Adele Rogers St. John—F. B. O.
Reynolds, Vera—cast as Kitty Dillingham, an millionaire’s daughter who withstands the temptations of jazz, cocktail-drinking, etc., in Cheap Kisses—F. B. O.
Rich, Irene—playing Marion Forrester in The Last Leaf—W. B.
Rich, Lillian—playing in Cheap Kisses—F. B. O.
Richen, Lucille—recently completed work in Idle Tongues—T. H. I.
Rin-Tin-Tin—playing in The Lighthouse By the Sea—W. B.

Advertising Section

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A miracle? Yes. The modern miracle of facial filming.

To realize what this discovery means to the condition and appearance of the skin, study the photographs. If you think it cannot cope with age—the lady in the picture is 84 years old! If you doubt that face filming always works, on any human skin—and will work on yours—read of the arrangements made for giving you an actual demonstration without risking a penny.

Facial Film was born in France. Because of the tremendous cost, its use has been restricted until now. Its base is neoplasma, which is worth $5,000 a pound! The perfecting of this film in solution has brought it to America in affordable form, giving all womankind a beauty power which forever solves the problem of perfect complexion. A face with telltale lines is now inexcusable. Even deep furrows may now be removed from the countenance; wrinkles succumb to a single application of neoplasma film; all lesser marks, every minor blemish in skin young or old will dissolve almost with the first touch.

When women once become aware of the full significance of this discovery there will be a great change. There will be no "old" young faces—no "withered" faces at any age—no old eyes in young heads—or "sacks" beneath the eyes in middle-age. Folds from the corners of the mouth to nose, and down to chin are dispelled by this regeneration of tissue. So are the fine lines which cause necks to look old before their time. It makes no difference what caused these wrinkles—whether they are due to the general condition of age, organic trouble, under-nourishment, or just nervous strain—the filming process revitalizes and makes firm the whole skin structure and flesh beneath. It "takes up the slack" and draws the sagging tissues as taut and smooth as in early youth, for youth is only high vitality. (Filming naturally has the same effect on hands, and on any part of the body, as it does in facial use.)

In this age of creams and clays, and endless other "beautifiers," it is hoped that neoplasma film will not be regarded as a cosmetic. It is gentle, to be sure, but it is a physical re-agent that accomplishes the same astonishing changes for which numbers of women have undergone plastic surgery. The results are the same—without the risk, discomfort, or expense. You have seen or read of the remarkable results of "face-lifting;" neoplasming is just as effective and being Nature’s way is vastly safer

and more satisfactory. Facial filming brings a new era of beauty and beauty methods. It dooms the superficial, surface preparations which are of no scientific activity, for as may well be imagined, this process of rejuvenating the tissues puts a swift—almost instantaneous—end to skin impurities of all kinds. Neoplasma solution renders the skin pores as clear, clean, and plush as in childhood. Any further beauty effort is superfluous.

And now for the proof: Neoplasma sufficient to supply in solution to as many as will respond to this first public announcement will be distributed by mail from Chicago. The film is used without special knowledge or skill; it is effective in the hands of anybody who but applies it according to the simple instructions issued with each supply. It is a liquid film and comes in a vial which is airtight and seals the contents against any deterioration even while in use. Your skin may require one neoplasming, or several, depending on its condition, your age, and other factors. But your first filming will bring such youth to your skin as will astound you. It is a fresh wonder of Science that is comparable to radium. It is the true neoplasma which in other forms has been found in the practice of medicine to restore the activity of a heart that has ceased beating. All-powerful but harmless, a mysterious but natural force to which the human skin structure responds in a few seconds.

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You Can Now Learn to be a Popular Dancer
Overnight—for Almost Nothing! Here's How:

YOU can have a good time at the next party you go to.
Don't sit by and envy others. You can learn to dance
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Dance every step like a professional. Arthur Murray, in-
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It doesn't make any difference whether you know one step
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learn in a few hours. Mr. Murray is so positive of this that
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He will tell you free: (1) The Secret of Leading; (2)
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the lessons will be sent to you by return mail. No obligation!
Surprise your friends. Write today to ARTHUR MUR-
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for the postage, printing, etc.

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WRITE A SLOGAN FOR
Motion Picture MAGAZINE

Contest Closes December 1st
Address: SLOGAN CONTEST
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

What the Stars Are Doing
(Continued from page 118)

Theby, Rosemary—playing in As Man
Desires—F. N.

Thurman, Mary—playing in Those Who
Judge—B.

Torrence, Ernest—cast as Captain
Hook in Peter Pan—F. P. L.

V

W

Walker, Johnny—latest release, Life's
Greatest Game—F. B. O.

Washburn, Bertram—playing in The
Star Dust Trail—W. F.

Whitlock, Lloyd—playing in The
Midnight Express—C. B. C.

Williams, Kathryn—playing in William
de Mille's Locked Doors—F. P. L.

Wilson, Lois—playing in North of 36—
F. P. L.

Windsor, Claire—latest release, Born
Rich. Disengaged at present.

Winton, Jane—playing in Cecil
De Mille's next production for F. P. L.,
The Golden Bed.

Wong, Anna May—playing in Peter
Pan—F. P. L.

Worthing, Helen Lee—cast as Wanda
in The Swan—F. P. L.

Key to Abbreviations
A. A.—Associated Arts.
A. C.—All Christie Productions.
A. E.—Associated Exhibitors.
A. F.—Allied Productions.
B.—Banner Productions.
C. B.—C. C. Burtt.
C. F.—Cosmopolitan Productions.
E. S.—Ernest Shipman.
F. P. L.—Famous Players-Lasky.
F. B. O.—Film Booking Offices.
F. N.—First National.
H. F.—Halperin Productions.
H. S.—Hunt Stromberg.
I. P.—Initation Pictures.
M. G. M.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
F. P.—Principal Pictures.
F. D. N.—Producers Distributing Cor-
poration.
R. P.—Regal Productions.
U.—Universal.
V.—Vitagraph.
W. B.—Warner Brothers.
W. B.—Whitman Bennett.
W. F.—William Fox.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Have You Health—Charm—Popularity?

NOT ONE OF US has so much of any one of these priceless possessions that we are not interested in increasing our supply. How to take care of our bodies so that we will be physically beautiful, how to be lovely in manner and how to be popular with all people—these are questions which are uppermost in the hearts of women and girls. You will find them answered more fully than ever before in articles which appear every month in Beauty Magazine.

HAVE YOU A ROLL of superfluous fat on your shoulders or an extra amount of fatty tissue on your hips? If you have these grievances, you will be grateful for suggestions in "Are You Fat in Spots?"

LEARN HOW FRENCH women fashion a lovely gown from a few yards of material. "Beauty by the Yard" will give examples of the French woman's art.

ALL IS FAIR in love and war is an easy way to dismiss an age-old question. Whether you agree or disagree, you will want to read "A Battle in Brocade," a serial in three parts.

"HOW TO BE POPULAR at the Dance" will tell you how a popular débutante manages always to escape such unpleasantness as unpopularity at a ball.

Beauty

For DECEMBER

Pin a Dollar Bill to this coupon and receive the next five big numbers of "Beauty" Magazine. Mail at once to BEAUTY, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Name
St. and No.
City. State.

On the News-stands November 15th

When you write to advertisers please mention Motion Picture Magazine.
The Greatest Advance yet made in 

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This Beautiful Marshall 4 Tube Non-Oscillating Receiver Complete with all accessories

$5.00 DOWN

Write today for full particulars of this most exceptional offer. Marshall Sets embody the very latest improvements known to radio. The wonderful new principle involved is proving the sensation of the 1924-25 radio season. Zero Coupling—the problem which radio engineers have been working on for years—has at last been solved. As a result, the Marshall has no need for neutralizing condensers or other make-shift methods of avoiding internal oscillations which invariably reduce efficiency. The Marshall Tuned Radio Frequency Receiver brings to radio a new degree of musical quality. Its selectivity will delight the experienced radio operator. Yet it is so easy to tune that the novice will handle it like an expert.

Easy Monthly Payments—2 Weeks Free Trial

This is the remarkable offer we are prepared to make you! Two weeks to prove that the outfit you select is everything we have said for it. If it doesn't make good our claims, back it comes, and your deposit will be cheerfully refunded. But if it fulfills all your expectations, you may pay for it in easy monthly installments. You don't risk a cent when ordering from us. You must be satisfied, or we don't do business. Is it any wonder that radio buyers the country over are rushing to take advantage of such an offer? If YOU are interested, figure on getting your order in early, while prompt shipment can be made. Everyone predicts a serious shortage of radio supplies this season. Send for full particulars today.

Beautiful Solid Mahogany Combination

Compare the beautiful Combination Cabinet, pictured above, with the usual radio box and base. Here the receiver and Loud Speaker are contained in a single handsome cabinet. Or, if you prefer, we also have the Receiver in a separate cabinet of the same design. These cabinets are the work of a master designer, fashioned of solid mahogany and will harmonize with the furnishings of the finest homes. In spite of the extra value, these Marshall sets are surprisingly low in price. Compare them with other well-known radio outfits of Marshall sets. You can order a Marshall outfit on two weeks' free trial and pay for it on very easy terms.

Complete Outfits If Desired

In buying from Marshall, you have the choice of a set complete with all accessories, or the set alone. You have choice of dry cell or storage battery outfits. Unless you already own the accessories, you can buy them from us at less-than-market prices, with your set, on easy terms. Your outfit will come all ready to set up and operate within a few minutes—saving time and trouble—and saving money, too.

MARSHALL RADIO PRODUCTS, INC.
Marshall Blvd. and 19th Street
Dept. 12-69 Chicago

Send Coupon for Special Offer!

If you have any idea of buying a radio set this year, don't let this chance slip by. Our terms and liberal guarantees have set a new pace in the radio business. The low prices we will make you on a 3, 4, or 5 tube Marshall set will surprise you. A letter, postcard, or just coupon will do. But send it today.

We also have a most favorable offer for radio dealers. Write.

Marshall Radio Products, Inc.
Marshall Blvd. and 19th St., Dept. 12-69 Chicago

Please send me your special offer price, terms and full description of Marshall Radio Outfits. Though I may change my mind on receiving your proposition, my preference now is for a:

3 Tube 4 Tube 5 Tube (Please check)

Name
Address

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

EDWARD LANGER PUBLISHING CO., INC., JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY.
When grandfather was a little boy

EVERY fall there would come a day when his mother would say to his father, "John, it's time to see about the children's shoes."

Shoes were matters to reckon with in great-grandfather's family. As in many other families of the countryside, calves had to be killed and skinned. The skins were taken to a tannery across the river, and in due time young John would set off with the leather to the cobbler to have his measure taken.

Old Sam, the cobbler, was a friend of the family. They knew him. They knew his work. They knew the quality of the leather they had furnished him. They could have estimated pretty accurately the time young John's shoes would wear him.

Those days are gone forever. No longer do you know personally the makers of your shoes. Your clothing, your food, your furniture, your household utilities are produced by men and women you will never see.

That element of confidence, however, which in former days came from personal contact of neighbor with neighbor and friend with friend is still present.

Nowadays, advertising is the bond between manufacturer and consumer; between merchant and patron.

Through advertising, maker and dealer build with you their reputations.

Through advertising, they make a bid for your friendship.

To them, your friendship is essential, and to assure it, they see to it that their goods are as advertised.

By reading advertisements, you know where and what you can buy with confidence.

In buying advertised goods the element of risk is removed
Toasting brings out the hidden flavor of the world's finest tobaccos. A combination millions can't resist.

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
While you are giving—
give health

The greatest gift of all is health. You can give that priceless treasure of health to many this Christmas. Buy Christmas Seals. Everywhere are solitary sufferers and whole families stricken by the Great White Plague. Often they have no help except that furnished by the Tuberculosis Associations, which are financed by the annual sale of Christmas Seals.

Give—and feel the joy that comes with giving. Buy Christmas Seals. They have helped stamp out half the ravages of consumption. Buy Christmas Seals, and help stamp out the dread disease entirely.
Women Tell of Amazing Reductions With Madame X Girdle

Thousands of delighted women everywhere say it makes them look thinner the moment they put it on and quickly takes three to ten inches from waist, hips and thighs. Many report one to three inches taken off the very first week.

"The moment I put on the Madame X Girdle I was five inches smaller around the hips," writes Mrs. M. V. Winters of No. 2632 1st St., N. W., Washington, D. C., "Now, I have truly reduced 12 inches around the hips. I really think this girdle is the greatest boon to all womankind, both stout and thin, and the comfort is marvelous." Mrs. E. R. Benet of Providence, R. I., writes that she has reduced her waistline 8 inches, hips, 9 inches and thighs 10 inches in three months.

Almost every mail brings letters like these from women who are wearing this girdle to tell us of astonishing results. They do not realize that their experience is not exceptional—that thousands of women are now reducing quickly this new way. And so, when 6, 8, 10 inches are quickly taken from the waist and hips, when the figure becomes dolly more slender and graceful, they write to us in wonder and gratitude.

The secret of these great reductions is simply this: the Madame X Reducing Girdle is made of soft, live, supple rubber that fits as snugly as a kid glove. You wear the Madame X over an undergarment so that no rubber touches the skin. But through the undergarment, the flesh is held firm, without rubbing or bulging, and muscular gases away the fat. Popular, narrow, length-ground style. Special fasteners to hold it down front and back; rubber gussets to keep it from rolling up; generous front to prevent flabby bulge. For free trade book, "The New Healthful Way to Reduce," explaining in detail what the Madame X Girdle really is and how it reduces waist, hips and thighs so quickly, easily, comfortably. Address Dept. C-451, Madame X Company, 410 Fourth Ave., New York City.

What They Say—

"The Madame X Girdle is so wonderful for weeks at one time it is too tight in the length, for the Madame X is the only garment of the kind long enough effectively to reduce the waist as well as the hips and abdomen."—Mrs. E. R. Benet, Providence, R. I.

"When I started to wear Madame X Reducing Girdle in March, I weighed 192 pounds. I am down to 171, giving the card all credit as I gave up nothing that I really wanted to eat."—Edith C. Maas, 1560 Alamo Street, West Haven, Conn.

"I am very much pleased with my Madame X Girdle and have waistline three inches and even do so much better in every way."—Mrs. Estelle Callahan, 1114 Goodwin, Albany, N. Y.

On Sale at All Leading Stores Where Corsets Are Sold

Madame X Reducing Girdle Makes You Look Thin While Getting Thin

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WHETHER a picture’s title interests you or not, don’t be guided by it alone!

Get down to basic principles! Who made the picture? Who is back of it?

The brand name is the real inside information and if it’s the leading brand name, “Paramount,” so much the better!

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

CURRENT PARAMOUNT PICTURES
Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present

GLORIA SWANSON in “HER LOVE STORY”
An ALLAN DWAN Production. From the Cosmopolitan story and novel, “Her Majesty, the Queen,” by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Adapted by Frank Tuttle.

“EMPTY HANDS”

WILLIAM de MILLE Production
“THE FAST SET”
With Betty Compson, Adolphe Menjou, Zasu Pitts, Elliott Dexter. Screen play by Clara Beranger from Frederick Lonsdale’s play “Spring Cleaning.”

Zane Grey’s
“THE BORDER LEGION”
With Antonio Moreno and Helene Chadwick. Directed by William Howard. Adapted by George Hull.

JAMES CRUZE Production
“MERTON OF THE MOVIES”
Starring GLENN HUNTER with Viola Dana. From the story by Harry Leon Wilson and play by G. J. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. Adapted by Walter Woods.

BEBE DANIELS in
“DANGEROUS MONEY”

RUDOLPH VALENTINO in
“SAINTED DEVIL”
A JOSEPH HENEBERY Production. From the Rex Beach novel, “The Rope’s End.” Screen play by Forrest Halsey.

POLA NEGRI in
“FORBIDDEN PARADISE”
ERNST LUBITSCH Production
CASTING PICTURES FOR "BIG NAMES"

THIS is the ledge from which the motion picture producers appear to be dangling between the devil and the deep blue sea.

On the one hand, the public undoubtedly demands actors with names that glitter with fame. One of the finest pictures made in recent years was Driven, directed by Charles Brabin. On the occasion of its New York presentation, it received some of the finest notices ever accorded a program picture. Yet it failed because the exhibitors had no big names to advertise. They had no selling point with which to "bring 'em in."

On the other hand, many fine pictures have been wrecked by the struggle to get big names. They cast actors for their fame rather than for their fitness for the part. A flagrant instance of this was the selection of Ernest Torrence to play the clown in The Side Show of Life—the picture version of W. J. Locke's The Mountedank. Mr. Torrence is a character actor of rare ability and originality, as he showed by his masterly work in Toleable David, and The Covered Wagon. But, temperamentally, he is just as well adapted to play Peter Pan or Mona Lisa as the part of a clown.

The rival views as the propriety of casting for big names is about to have an interesting test. The two greatest productions now under way are Peter Pan and Ben Hur. In Peter Pan, the Paramount Corporation has discarded the "big name" theory in a somewhat sensational manner. They have selected Betty Bronson to play "Peter." She is a girl absolutely unknown to screen patrons. Yet Peter is the prize part for which a hundred famous actresses have sought. In taking over the Ben Hur production from the old Goldwyn organization, the first act of the Mayer-Goldwyn-Metro company was to throw out all the actors of unestablished reputation, and put in famous actors, with the result that the cast, when completed, will be a stunning array of famous names. Happily, in this case, great care has been taken to assure the fitness of the actors for the parts.

In the long run, the producers will discover that they cannot consistently follow either one system or the other. A reasonable middle ground must be found. It is almost a safe prediction that this middle road will be the original story written with the personality of the actress in mind, as Paramount made Manhandled for Gloria Swanson. It is too much to expect Pola Negri to make herself over into the Lily Czepenick that Sudermann wrote into The Song of Songs; just as Blanche Sweet had to be a Tess of her own imagination: not the cow-eyed Tess of Hardy's novel. In other words, if Mahomet cant get over the motion picture mountain, they will have to move the mountain over to him.
Pin ONLY a Dollar Bill to Coupon

Read this sensational offer from Hartman, the Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World. Then send for this beautiful 110-piece Blue and Gold Decorated Dinner Set while the bargain price lasts, and get FREE with it the handsome 7-Piece Fish and Game Set. It's easy to get this set from Hartman. No post or express order needed, no check to write—only a dollar bill, that's all, and that is your first payment. Nothing more to pay for 30 days, then only small monthly payments if you keep the set. Only by seeing this splendid dinnerware can you appreciate its exquisite beauty and superior quality. Every article in the Dinner Set has a clear, white, lustrous body, decorated with rich gold band edge, a marquis blue follow band and two pure gold inlays in Old English design, surrounded by graceful gold wreaths. All handles covered with gold. Many expensive imported sets have not such elaborate decorations. Every piece guaranteed perfect. 110-Piece Colonial Initialled, Blue and Gold Decorated Dinner Set

To get this splendid set for free examination in your home, just pin a dollar bill to the coupon and mail it. We will ship the set complete, and with it the 7-Piece Porcelain Fish and Game Set absolutely FREE. Use both sets 30 days on Free Trial. On those beautiful dishes on your table, show them to friends, use them—they make your decision. If not satisfied, send them back and we will refund your $3.00 and pay transportation charges both ways. If you keep them, take nearly a year to pay balance due on the 110-piece set—a little every month. Pay nothing at any time for the 7-Piece Fish and Game Set. It is FREE. Send coupon now.

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Could She Love Him Were He Bald?

On what a slender thread hangs interest—Affection—Love!
She notices, for the first time, some tell-tale specks of dandruff on his coat, and that his hair is getting thin on top. What if he should lose it! Could she love him then—if he were bald—bald as Uncle Charley?
The very thought is a severe shock to her, for she has always been so proud of his personal appearance—and her own. Wherever they have gone together, the verdict of their friends has been, “What a good-looking couple.”
But if he should lose his hair—if he had a shiny, bald head—she just couldn’t stand it. Anything but that. She wouldn’t mind a sweetheart or a husband, whose hair was gray, or even one with a red head—but a bald head...
Could any girl’s romance survive that blow?

New Hair For You In 30 Days
—Or No Cost!

Don’t let thin, scanty hair ruin your personal appearance.
It isn’t necessary...
If you are worried over the condition of your hair
—if it is falling out
—if it is getting thin on top
—if your bald spot is growing larger every day
send at once for our free booklet, which gives you full particulars of an easy, simple home treatment that has grown new hair in one month’s time for hundreds of people.
Don’t say “It’s too good to be true.” Don’t be skeptical. Don’t doubt. Investigate. That’s the only wise thing to do. It costs you nothing to find out what this treatment has done for others—what it can do for you.
So, mail the coupon now. Learn all about this marvelous, new treatment that produces such amazing results.

Proof of Success

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Free Booklet Tells All

All you need do, to obtain full details of this easy, pleasant, home treatment, that grows new hair in thirty days or costs you nothing, is to sign and mail the coupon at the bottom of this page.
This interesting, 32-page booklet, not only fully explains our simple, scientific system of growing new hair, but it gives you positive proof of what we have done for others, together with photographs showing what can be accomplished.
Act promptly. The sooner you get this informative little book, the sooner you can stop your hair from falling out—start to cover up the bald spots—begin to improve your personal appearance.

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512 Fifth Avenue
New York

ALLIED MERKE INSTITUTES, Inc., Dept. 561, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York.
You may send me, in plain wrapper, without cost or obligation, a copy of your new booklet telling all about the Merke Institute Home Treatment for stopping hair from falling out, growing new hair and improving one’s personal appearance.

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

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FULL OF THRILLS

IN MOVIE ADVENTURES you'll always find the stories of the best motion pictures that are about to be released.

Choose which is your kind of story—Western, Mystery, Comedy, Sport, or straight drama. These are all in the magazine. When you have read, you can decide which ones you want to see on the screen.

The January Number
The Battling Fool
The Western Wallop
Reckless Romance
Border Intrigue
Stepping Lively
Courage

On Sale Now

The January Number
The Beloved Brute
The Speed Spook
And Never the Trains Shall Meet
Lighthouse by the Sea

On Sale Now

The Bank Robbers
Forgot, when they kicked over the telephone instrument, that the "daughters of the night" were on guard. They saw the little flash on the switchboard that told the story, those brave girls in the telephone office. But what happened then is part of the secret, and you'll find the story told in the January number. It's called Daughters of the Night.

ASK YOUR NEWSDEALER

MOVIE ADVENTURES

January Number

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
A scene from the First National production, "SAnderson"

**THIS NUMBER CONTAINS:**

**Portraits and Picture Pages**

Blanche Sweet—A painting by M. Paddock, from a photograph by Edna Bower Hesser ........................................... Cover
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Laughter - grace - and the charm of “A skin You Love to Touch”.

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Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Zasu Pitts

Mary Pickford discovered Zasu Pitts, several years ago, when she was looking for a young girl to play the starved orphan slavey in *The Little Princess*. And that hungry, beseeching expression has won for Zasu many an important role ever since. Her latest characterization is that of a crippled mountain girl in *The Re-creation of Brian Kent*.
MILTON SILLS

We're wondering how the fans will like a mustachio-ed Milton. He achieved this decoration for his rôle in *The Interpreter's House*, which is now being filmed in the East. You will agree that it makes him look much more awe-inspiring and stern than he does in the little snapshot at the right, with the Princess of Persia on his lap.
RENÉE ADORÉE

No one who saw Renée Adorée in *The Bandolero* will soon forget her delicate Spanish beauty. Her first director found that she wept so effectively on the screen that he predicted for her a stellar career as a great emotional actress—and his prediction has come true. At the left we glimpse the Adorée with Manuel Granado, in a scene from their new Spanish picture.
HELEN LEE WORTHING

Miss Worthing was declared the most beautiful blonde in the Ziegfeld Follies; but she finally answered the call of the screen. Her first rôle was Mrs. Loring in Janice Meredith; and soon you'll see her as Wanda von Cluck in The Swan.
DOROTHY GISH

She's a dear Peter-Pan sort of girl, is Dorothy, who never seems to grow up, and who never disappoints her audiences in the gay, saucy rôles she plays so well. When you see Romola, you'll find her delightful as Tessa, the little peasant girl. She's now in New York with her husband, James Rennie, who is starring in a successful Broadway play, The Best People.
Dont wear out your supply of adjectives expressing superlative admiration for Vera in *Feet of Clay*; you'll need a large supply when you see her new picture, *The Golden Bed*. At the right, meet the little Miss Reynolds that the people of Hollywood know.
ANTONIO MORENO

In order to play the roles he likes, Tony has become a free-lance in the movie world, under contract to no one but himself. It is predicted that his following of fans will be doubled by his picture, Mare Nostrum, which he is now filming abroad, under the direction of Rex Ingram and the author himself, the famous Ibañez. At the left is the Tony you'll see in The Border Legion
Doesn't this famous star look altogether too flapperish and unsophisticated to be the mother of the two strapping young lassies you see in the picture at the right? It isn't a fish story, either; they really are her daughters, Jane and Frances, by name. And they are Mother's enthusiastic fans as well, and say that she is adorable as Marion Forrester in her new picture, *A Lost Lady*
It was a wise director indeed that cast Bebe and Ricardo as the heroine and hero of *Argentine Love*, for they are both of Spanish ancestry, and all the fire and ardor and bravado that is their rightful heritage comes to the fore when they play Consuelo and Juan.
At Poison Well von Stroheim (extreme right) and his companions found the bleached bones of animals that had gone mad from thirst and drank the poison waters, only to die immediately.

**Thru Death Valley with von Stroheim**

How the director of *Greed* and his workers braved Death for the sake of realism

**By BERYL DENTON**

"TAKE a party of forty men into Death Valley just for the sake of a picture? Why, man, you must be crazy! You'd never come out alive!"

The man from the big insurance company whose business it was to take risks, looked at Eric von Stroheim and shook a credulous head.

"Back in 1849," the insurance man continued, "sixty-five miners went into Death Valley prospecting for gold. Sixty-three of them died, and the two who escaped never went back to claim their treasure. Hundreds of parties have perished there since. There's not an insurance company in America would risk a dollar on any of you!"

But von Stroheim merely looked at his man, then drew back his head and laughed.

"My dear fellow," he exclaimed, "I can see you are one of those people who think the movies are all make-believe. I'm directing the filming of *Greed*—from Frank Norris' book, *McTeague*—remember? McTeague fled thru Death Valley; he found it Hell, all right, and Frank Norris described it as such. That's why it's a great book. Do you think that to make this picture I'll drag some sand into the studio, put my actors before the camera, and say: 'You're out in a desert, old chappie—rightfully uncomfortable, you know. You're dying of heat and thirst; tarantulas are crawling over you. Look the part, old fellow; register agony!'"

"No, you're all wrong, my dear man. My actors are going to follow McTeague's flight into Death Valley, cover his whole trail step by step, suffer the hardships he suffered, just as it is in the book—get me? I'm for realism in pictures, and I get it at any cost. And every man jack of us is coming out unharmed—so what do we care for insurance?"

And with a disdainful snap of his fingers, von Stroheim strode out of the office.

Thus it was by sheer grit and magnetic determination that von Stroheim led his party—his actors, a staff of technical experts, and Fritz Tidden, publicity man, forty-two in all—during the hottest month of the year into the hottest, dryest spot this side of Hades; endured it all without a whimper, even tho they suffered the agonies of McTeague's original journey, and emerged thirty-seven days later without permanent injury to one of them!

The story of how they did it is one of the miracles of the industry. The results he achieved with his camera have left the critics speechless.

It was von Stroheim himself who told me about it one hot California afternoon—the reticent von Stroheim, who doesn't like to be interviewed and has to be coaxed to talk, but who waxes eloquent in spite of himself under spur of this adventure. Beside him sat Fritz Tidden, a member of the Death Valley party—"a gritty, old devil," explained von Stroheim, "who suffered the most on the trip of any of the party." For a physical disability makes it necessary for Fritz to wear a steel brace; and altho this is covered with leather, and padded, the burning sun of the Valley so heated the steel that it seared his very flesh, leaving scars which he will carry thru life.

"You know the story of *Greed*," explained von Stroheim—"how McTeague, fired by the lust for gold, kills his wife, steals her money, and then flees from the law into Death Valley. Here, strangely enough, he discovers
gold, but in a fit of jealous passion for all of it, he is drawn into a fight with his partner in crime and dies in agony on the desert. That is what we had to reproduce in our picture.

Death Valley is a slit in the earth in Southern California, several hundred feet below sea level. It is the lowest spot on the globe not covered by water. Dig down a few feet and you come to Hell.

"When the great Creator made the earth, the Devil claimed one spot for his own, so the Lord gave him Death Valley, and here he has established his playground. It is a natural seething inferno, bound round by jagged palisades, a place in which no living thing can grow—that is, unless you count the trade rats, scorpions, rattlesnakes, tarantulas, etc., of whose presence we were painfully aware.

"Geographically speaking, this valley is a narrow crevice seventy-eight miles long and twenty-two miles wide, lying between Telescope and Panamint Mountains, with the cliffs rising to the sky the height of a mile or more, sheer as a plumb-line—rocks of every conceivable color, until the beauty of the place is bewildering, in spite of its terror and death-dealing effects.

"So, with every head in Hollywood wagging ominously and prophesying our gloomy end, we set forth.

"For our illumination the insurance company had listed our hazards. A few of them were:

"Temperature from 120° to 150° Fahrenheit and not a tree in the valley.

"Water-holes poisoned with arsenic; one drink brings instant death.

"Air pockets of death-dealing gas and poison fumes.

"Poisonous reptiles and insects.

"Treacherous quicksands.

"Long marches in the blinding light, breathing alkali dust which brings nausea.

"Trackless wastes in which hundreds of parties have been lost.

"Gay with the spirit of adventure, we left Lone Pine and crossed Panamint Valley into the deserted town of Skidoo. Skidoo had once twenty-three gold mines and five thousand inhabitants; now its sole occupants are two old hermits, Sam Bull and Shorty Harris, plus an army of gila monsters and poisonous reptiles. No one knows why these two men remain here, but they seem to thrive upon it.

"From Skidoo we scaled a peak called Sheep's Mountain, over an almost impassable trail, and here we shot the scene where McTeague gets his first glimpse of Death Valley. There it lay, eight thousand feet below us, a seething inferno, mocking us with its inaccessible beauty. For, altho it looked so near, it took three days of winding trails to reach it. The boys all kidded me, saying I was looking for McTeague's footsteps—none of them dares to say we didn't find them.

"No," interrupted Fritz Tidden, "they'd be afraid you'd drag them back there to prove it."

"Remember those scorching days and freezing nights on Sheep's Mountain, Fritz? Those frightful extremes of temperature were worse than the heat we got later, in the Valley. The sun at noon cooked an egg in three minutes; at night the water, if we had any, froze beside our beds. It was here we took a picture of a tarantula and an egg, to show the relative size. While I did this, what little hair I had stood on end as the wired, for the tarantula waved as they do before striking, and those boys strike quick and to the death! The picture finished, I dropped the egg. It broke in two, a coagulated mass, cooked hard during the taking of the picture.

"After three days of rounding about trailing, we entered Death Valley over the Emigrant Trail. This is so named for the (Continued on page 92)
The Master Magician Shows Us Dawn!
The first exclusive photographs, taken in Germany, from the picture of regeneration that D. W. Griffith is now completing. It has been titled, Isn't Life Wonderful.

Above: In the midst of post-war Germany's bitter struggle for food, her youth still has time for the eternal sweet melody of love. Carol Dempster and Neil Hamilton in an idyllic scene.

Griffith calls this an international picture, tho the scenes are laid in Germany. There are English, French and Spanish, as well as American and German actors in the cast.
Do you recognize the girl farthest back in this line outside a meat shop? She is Carol Dempster, portraying the drama of famine on the convulsed frontiers of Central Europe.

To D. W. Griffith a lost cause is the most romantic of themes. Remember The Birth of a Nation? He has nothing but horror for militarists and the cause that they have lost. But he has found an infinite pathos in the suffering of innocent ones in the backwash of defeat. His new picture, he says, is dedicated to humanity.

Above: Two German actors one wouldn't want to meet at night.
Dreams That Did Not Come True

Harry Carr tells of the air-castles of many famous directors, and explains why they eventually collapsed

THIS is the story of the dreams that woke up; of air-castles that collapsed.

Every director and every actor has had his special "some day" picture. Just to get daily bread and butter and now and then cake, he has made such pictures as came along. But all the time he has the bright golden vision of the picture he would make one day. The masterpiece that would live forever.

And when he finally had a chance to make it, the noon has almost invariably turned to green cheese. In nearly every instance that I have ever heard of, these air-castle pictures have failed.

Perhaps the most notable instance in motion picture history was D. W. Griffith's Intolerance.

Griffith has had this in mind for a long time; the idea of a huge spectacle that would stand forever as a protest against narrow-mindedness and uncharitableness. The chance to do it came somewhat unexpectedly. He had screened The Birth of a Nation and had started to make a picture called The Mother and the Law, which had for its theme the cruelty of puritanism and self-righteous meddling.

Then the returns came in from The Birth of a Nation. The success of that epic was so enormous that D. W. found himself supplied with the necessary resources to make his great dream come true.

Intolerance was the most tremendous motion picture project ever undertaken. Griffith literally put his youth and his life into it. Also his entire fortune. He spent two years in the making. He expanded the idea behind The Mother and the Law into a huge and terrific spectacle. During the making of this picture I do not believe that Griffith ever had one single qualm of doubt.

When it was first shown on the screen, almost everyone in the picture business thought something epochal had happened. To tell the truth, it seemed as though all previous motion picture history had been effaced with one gesture.

But the picture failed. Nearly every important critic has explained just why it failed. I have never read any two of them who agreed. Gilbert Seldes in The Seven Lively Arts says it was because Griffith tried to expand The Mother and the Law beyond its limits. Another well-known critic says it was because the public couldn't remember the characters of the different parallel plays, as Griffith switched them from France, and then to Babylon, and back to New York. Perhaps the sagist criticism was offered by an old property man, who squirted out a stream of tobacco juice and said: "Ever see one of them guys in vawdail who kin play Yankee Doodle with the left hand and Marching Through Georgia with the right hand, at the same time? Well, did you like it? Well, neither did I; nobody does; well, there you are."

Anyhow, Intolerance was a tragic failure. It left Griffith crushed in finances and in spirit.

Cecil De Mille also had a dream. It was a beautiful picture with a wonderful idea of the unseen influences that mold our lives. It was called The Whispering Chorus. He threw his whole soul into it. It was subtle and delicate, yet terrific in its strength. De Mille made it without thought of money. It was his beautiful gift to the world. And nobody understood what it was all about. Part of the public thought it was about

A scene from The Whispering Chorus, Cecil De Mille's beautiful dream into which he threw his whole soul
spooks; and one very well-known critic wrote that Mr. De Mille had "produced a picture about spiritualism."

Only the other day, Mr. De Mille told me that he never could be disappointed again. The failure of that picture exhausted his capacity for disillusionment.

He has made several pictures since then that contained sermons, like The Ten Commandments; but, to paraphrase Brander Matthews' remark about Charles Dickens: he has since then been careful to cut his humor thick and lay his pathos on in slices. Mostly, he has been content to make commercial pictures filled with beautiful clothes, elaborate settings, and a golden glitter of opulence.

King Vidor brought more air-castles to the business of making screen pictures than any other director I have ever known. He was young and glowing. Dissatisfied with the restrictions put upon him by commercial producers, he got some financial backing; built his own studio and started out to make the picture of his dream. It was a lovely thing about an old man and a boy. The name of it was The Jack-knife Man. There wasn't any love in it and no thrills. There was no heroine who had to be rescued, and no villain. Also there was no money in the box-office. It was a staggering failure. The King Vidor studio passed into the hands of some hard-boiled gent who made pictures about horsemen galloping to the rescue. Vidor's castles were in ruins. He makes commercial pictures now.

Norma Talmadge also had a dream. She had been the heroine of so many box-office pictures that she persuaded her husband, Joseph Schenck, to let her put on one gorgeous costume picture filled with lords and ladies and long trains and swords and cardinals and huge sets. This was the Ashes of Vengeance. It proved to be the Ashes of Wish I Hadn't Done It for Miss Talmadge.

And Mary Pickford had a dream; a couple of dreams. After all the years of being a little ragamuffin with bare legs and a wistful smile, Mary wanted to be a grown-up lady with an emotional role. She wanted to tear passions to tatters and all the rest of it. She did—in Rosita and Dorothy Vernon. Miss Pickford is now looking for a story where she can play the part of a little girl with bare legs and a wistful smile.

There was one grand air-castle which was shared by several people. This was the ambition to put Shakespeare on the screen. Sir Beerbohm Tree must have dreamed it the hardest. So he came from England to Hollywood and they screened Macbeth. Nobody else will ever screen Macbeth. I have it on the authority of the men who paid the bills that this was the most tragic, ghastly failure in the entire history of the motion picture industry. It effectively finished Sir Beerbohm Tree's screen career.

And then there was Nazimova's dream. Oh, this was a shudderer. She had been literally sitting on the top of the motion picture world. I never remembered to have seen any other star who held such a whip-hand. If she frowned, the whole studio shivered. She would do this and she wouldn't do that. She was the only actress, thus far, who had attained the height of fame where she felt sure enough of herself to refuse to be interviewed. She

(Continued on page 102)
To Please the Ladies

For the sake of those who have suggested that more pictures of our men stars might be welcome, we have herewith assembled a group of the handomest profiles ever flashed across the screen.

Some of these heads might have been carved in stone by the chisels of the old masters, and come down to us as immortal works of art. From the pure classic profiles of Charles de Roche and Ramon Novarro, to the strictly American profiles of Lew Cody and Richard Dix, every type of masculine beauty of every age and nation can be found among our motion picture heroes.

Freslich
Charles de Roche

Ramon Novarro

Edward Thayer Monroe
Mahlon Hamilton

Rudolph Valentino
Russell Hall

Lew Cody
Clarence S. Bull

Richard Dix
Evans

Richee
Rod La Rocque

Edmund Lowe
Clarence S. Bull
The Best-Known Least-Known Girl

In which Harry Carr tries to explain Blanche the sensitive and Blanche the cynical

BLANCHE SWEET is an anachronism. She is three or four centuries too late. She should have been the bride of a viking like Eric the Red—battling wild Polar seas in search of new lands and strange adventures. Or perhaps the wife of Charon who ferries the dead souls across the River Styx. Or perhaps the queen of a race of Amazon warriors, slashing their way thru the world—and weeping at the havoc they have wrought.

And, instead, she finds herself playing love scenes in the movies.

Blanche has a fierce, unconquerable heart and a tender, sensitive soul. It's a terrible mixture. Such people are never happy. But sometimes they achieve greatness. I am afraid this is impossible; but I am going to try to explain Blanche. Both Blanches; for there are two. One of them the world knows as a skilled actress of rather cynical and hostile scorn. There is another Blanche Sweet, of whose existence Blanche herself is only dimly aware ... a sensitive, brooding soul with thoughts and impressions so sensitized and an emotion so deep that she dares not bare it to the world—nor to herself.

If this Blanche Sweet ever tears away the veils and the barriers and comes out to shake hands with the world, we are likely to see one of the greatest actresses of all time. I think the chances are about fifty-fifty. She is quite likely to "lead these graces to the grave and leave the world no copy."

I have known Blanche for many years. I remember her first as a pretty girl with a mocking, bitter tongue. She had a way of catching herself on the brink of revealing some depth of inner tenderness and turning her tongue to a cruel and bitter jest.

Even in those days it was plain that she was licking a wound that had pierced her soul. To be plain about it, Blanche hated herself and the world. I remember when she used to ride around Hollywood in a big racing car with a half-crazy chauffeur. It was perfectly and horribly plain that she was trying to be killed.

Hollywood tried, in those days, to find the cause of her secret sorrow—over the teacups. But they never found out; she didn't know herself.

It was only this. Blanche was a girl of deep and sensitive soul. She had read much—too much. Too much heavy Nordic philosophy. Hers was the deepest wound that any human soul can know—the wounds of disillusionment and futility.

She found out what the old English music-hall song says: "What's the use of anything—nothing." She had gone too deeply into the heart of things—and yet not deeply enough.

In those days she was an extremely difficult and disagreeable girl—about ninetenths of the time. She went out of her way to insult newspaper critics. Very few...
directors would work with her—after the first picture. They hadn't brains enough to realize that this bitter, cynical, lashing tongue was wounding her own soul in a queer perversion of self-torture.

Year after year, I have seen these barriers—these inhibitions—fall away from Blanche Sweet.

A great love affair tore away much of it. She is, in private life, the wife of Marshall Neilan—an Irish counterpart of her brooding Scandinavian soul. Underneath his gay indifference, Mickie Neilan has a tenderness and a quaint wonderment as lovely as Blanche's.

Blanche sneers at the world because she does not dare to open her heart to its overwhelming message. Mickie gaily hoots at the world because he is afraid someone will discover that he believes in fairies.

Every year I can feel that the real Blanche Sweet is closer. Every year I can see that what the world thinks becomes less important to her.

One of these days, thru a great sorrow or a great joy, she will cease to care altogether. The business of playacting will cease to be of any importance to her. Then she will become a great actress—how great a one I dare not let myself think.

Every important experience makes her more tolerant and more gentle. And she has just now finished an important experience.

She and her husband tried to make two pictures in Europe this summer; and it was a ghastly ordeal.

Blanche says ruefully that it is not a help in the business of play acting in the movies to love the director.

It had long been a dream of theirs—to go thru Europe on what should be half a belated honeymoon and half a motion picture tour.

"It started as a dream," she said. "But it turned out to be a nightmare. If I were making a futurist painting of this trip to Europe, I would have to paint it all in blues."

Blanche had just been home a day or two when I saw her. The Neilans, whom you might expect to live in the jazziest part of Hollywood in a get-rich-quick house, do not, in fact, live in Hollywood at all. They live in a quiet side street, ten miles from Hollywood. It's a new house because all the houses in Los Angeles are more or less new. But somehow it gives you the impression of an old Revolutionary house of New England—a place of shadows.

Blanche looked worn and tired—like a small and pitiful child.

"Men are awful; husbands are the awfulest of them all. You can't do anything with them. Marshall had been ill for a long time. We really went to London to consult a specialist. He told Marshall to go at once to a hospital and stay there. Otherwise, all sorts of things might happen. Well, you know how men are. He stayed there one day. The next day he got up and said he just had to go to work.

"I shall always remember that picture with a shudder. I shall remember it as trying to do comedy in front of a camera and looking back, beyond it, to see Marshall's white, suffering face."

"We will not make this account too harrowing. They wandered thru Europe in misery.

Of course, it wasn't all misery. There were some funny things and some charming. They met many wonderful people in England—men and women who stand with their hands on the helm of the world. In Paris, Blanche tried to buy some clothes. But she couldn't get within a mile of the modistes. The New York buyers were there and they had captured the works. No dressmaker would even listen to her. But finally she bought a hat under thrilling circumstances—in that famous millinery establishment which floats on the Seine in an old steamer. And she found someone to make her the most

(Continued on page 104)
Below, is the Ben you saw in *A Self-Made Failure*. He looks like a "reg'lar feller," who'd rather play hooky and go swimming, any day, than study geography and arithmetic. At present he is playing in *Frivolous Sal*, with Eugene O'Brien and Mae Busch.

**Alexander-the-Great, Jr.**

**Ben Alexander** has conquered the modern American world, and won for himself a host of admiring followers, just as completely as did his famous surnamesake, Alexander-the-Great, conquer the ancient world. Ben was born in Goldfield, Nevada, thirteen years ago. When just a "little shaver," he appeared in *Penrod* on the stage, but soon left it for the screen, playing first in David Wark Griffith's picture, *Hearts of the World*. And the hearts of the world have been his ever since.
Their Mothers Tell on Them

Stories about the funny or naughty or bright things your favorite stars did when they were children, and for which they were scolded or spanked or kissed

Told to DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN

You know how mothers are. You too have felt that shiver of apprehension, that earnest desire to sink thru the floor when mother begins, "I remember once when Annabelle was six—" or, "Johnny always loved animals—why, when he was only a baby he would——" in front of the callers you are trying so hard to impress.

You, too, know the way your smile aches as you listen to the familiar family anecdotes, and the politely attentive visitors learn how you looked in the bath at the age of six months, and the cute remark you made about the angels' wings moulting when you were only four and a half. There is no escape from a mother's relentless memory. Not even years of discretion, earnestly acquired dignity, fame, an impressive girth at the waist-line can enable you to live down that time you stole Uncle John's false teeth to crack nuts with and put them down on a chair and the minister sat on them.

Even being a famous movie star with a hundred fan letters a day doesn't make you immune to mother's stories of your childhood, if the interviewer is lucky enough to catch her daughter cant signal her to silence by frowns, nudges or other symbols of the domestic code.

It is an odd and interesting angle one gets on the sheiks and shebas of the screen from a talk with their mothers, to whom the handsome leading man is only the small boy with a whole-souled abhorrence of soap and an affinity for cookies, and the gorgeously beautiful star is merely the little girl who used to dress up in the tablecloth, and lug kittens about in her pinafore and catch cold in that classic nose.

No matter how much fame Raymond Hatton acquires in life, any acquaintance who meets his mother will be certain to hear of the time when she followed him to school a mile away one morning, and led him home by the ear to make him hang up his nightgown, which lay in a circle on the floor where he had blithely shed it.

And there is one person at least who doesn't think of Mary Pickford as the World's Sweetheart, or Our Mary, or even as a famous actress whom kings and queens are proud to meet. When Ma Pickford looks at her daughter she sees a tired little eight-year-old asleep in a wardrobe trunk, her make-up streaked with the tears she had shed at the pathos of her own dramatic death. She sees the small child who could only be kept awake to walk home from the theater by a desperately invented game of "who can count the most cracks in the sidewalk," the budding actress who fled into a fit of rage because her dressing-room wasn't to her liking and stamped a tiny foot as she screamed, "I'm the star! I'm the star!"

Perhaps Mary's modesty in the years of success dates back to the shaking she received then and her mother's admonition, "Nonsense! You're just a naughty little girl!"

It is from Mary's mother one learns how, as a child, she brought her week's wage home clutched tightly in her fist so that she would not be tempted to spend any of it on the way. The candy stores were the hardest to get by; each one meant a separate battle between hungry little stomach and stoic little conscience as Gladys Smith, as she was in those days, stood with nose pressed to the glass gazing at tempting gumdrops and succulent chocolate creams. But if she spent any of her money, Lottie and Mother and Jack wouldn't have so much to eat—and that thought always carried her by in the end.

Then, there is the story of Mary's first movie contract, which Ma Pickford loves to tell. She had gone
down to talk it over with Fine Arts and had signed her name to a document entitling her to a thousand dollars a week, a wage beyond her wildest hopes or dreams. With an advance check for the first week in her hand, Mary went to the bank and asked for the money in dollar bills. These she stuffed into a sack and ran all the way home thru a pouring rain to empty it out at her mother’s feet!

"I couldn’t believe it!" Mrs. Pickford smiles with wet eyes. "The bills seemed to fill the room! I stammered, ‘Mary, is this a joke? Mary, this isn’t true!’ and we wept for joy together."

It wasn’t always the child actor who suffered from depth scenes. Colleen Moore’s mother describes how she took Colleen as a three-year-old to see Uncle Tom’s Cabin, and as Little Eva ascended to a Heaven of painted canvas clouds, to soft music, Colleen burst into a very passion of grief. "She cried so hard that I was frightened," Mrs. Moore laughs. "I tried everything I knew—kisses, candy, scolding—to no avail. She would not believe that the beautiful little girl in the white dress and yellow curls wasn’t really dead.

At last I explained the situation to the manager, and he took us behind the scenes and introduced us to Little Eva. She had a hole in her stocking and was sucking a lollipop, and she managed to convince Colleen that she was still very much alive. The day was saved, but it was a long while before I took my impressionable youngster to the theater again and exposed her to the devastating effects of the drama!"

Dorothy Mackaill was another emotional child, according to her mother. She used to cry at the slightest pretext or at no pretext at all and actually seemed to enjoy her tears.

Claire Windsor, on the other hand, never cried, if Claire’s mother is to be believed, even when she had to wear a let-down dress to her first party. "She was too proud to make a fuss," Mrs. Cronk relates, "but she went away in a sensitive state, and then when she got to the party they played a trick on her—told her to smell of a plate of warm molasses, candy and suddenly stuck the end of her nose in it! Claire didn’t scold or cry. She simply went upstairs, got her wraps and came home. She wouldn’t tell me what had happened either! An-

As the pretentious prima donna swept grandly from the stage, Buster Keaton strutted after her, burlesquing her majestic manner, and even walking squarely on her long train!

July when five-year-old Claire disobeyed her instructions not to touch the firecrackers till Daddy came home and set one off in the back yard. It exploded in her face, but instead of rushing into the house for sympathy, Claire was overwhelmed with conviction of her sin. Dropping to her knees in the back yard she prayed fervently for forgiveness. Then it occurred to her that God probably couldn’t hear her from down-stairs, and she ran up to her own room which she knew to be within Divine earshot, and continued her prayers.

Richard Dix may be a human screen star to several thousand palpitating young women fans, but to one white-haired woman he is the small, sturdy youngster who, with the back of a chair for a pulpit and his mother and aunts for audience, used to preach innumerable sermons from the inevitable text: "If a man wants to do it, let him do it; if he doesn’t want to do it, don’t make him!"

Buster Keaton’s mother reveals at last the reason why he never smiles, "In vaudeville," she explains, "it’s bad business to laugh at your own jokes, but Buster, who was six, used to snigger audibly whenever his father got off a funny line. So one night Joe said, ‘Young man, if you crack a smile tonight, I’m going to throw you into the audience!’ The threat didn’t bother Buster much, for he could take almost any kind of a fall and come up unhurt. But before we got to our act, a party of men in one of the stage boxes began to kid the show. One fat man especially had everybody on the stage fussed by his drunken sallies and my husband was furious. When our number came, and Buster grinned at his father’s first joke, Joe saw a way to punish two with one stroke, so he picked up Buster and threw him straight at the dazzling, white shirt-front of the fat man in the box. The youngster

(Continued on page 80)
THE kiss that's freely given is right pleasing,
The kiss you have to beg for is real sweet;
And of course you like the kiss you win
by teasing,
But the kiss you have to steal just can't
be beat —from Songs of Don Juan, Jr.

We wouldn't have been so timid as Jack Mulhall
if we'd caught Connie under a cluster of green
leaves and white berries.

If someone should catch you beneath
the mistletoe and
hold you there
like this, what
would you do?
Struggle? But
making love divine-
ly is one of the
best things Monte
Blue does. Can't
you just hear
Marie Prevost's
heart going pitty-
pat? Watch for
this scene in The
Lover of Camille.

Who could say no to May McAvoy when she gives
an invitation like this? Certainly not the lucky
Lev Cody.

The alluring light that lies in Lilyan Tashman's eyes
was kindled by Arthur Rankin in The Garden of
Weeds.

Dorothy Mackaill and Pat O'Malley seem to be equally
happy to have met
under the mistle-
 toe bough. And
Dorothy looks
just as pretty in
her calico gown as
she does in the
robes of a princess
royal. We're guess-
ing their only fear
in this picture is
lest someone sepa-
rate them.

If we should
take down the
mistletoe, do you
suppose they'd
break away? It's
Aileen Pringle
in a very close-
up from His
Hour, a new
film story by
Elinor Glyn. Yes,
you're right,
there's a lot of
romance and in-
trigue in it.

Do you recog-
nize your little
friend, Mae
Busch? She's had
lots of kisses,
but never seems
to grow blase.
At least, you'll
agree that she's
giving a good
imitation of a
person enjoying
this one. Her
hero is Huntly
Gordon.
Presenting a few close-ups from brand-new screen stories, which illustrate how a popular Christmas custom should be observed.

Charlotte Stevens and Bob Seiter are the youngsters of the screen. But one needn't be very old to know what's supposed to be done when a handsome lad catches a pretty girl under the mistletoe. They are very apt pupils, don't you think?

All's fair in mistletoe season, says Warner Baxter, so Betty Compson's new husband needn't be jealous.

Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien are a pair of the screen's most famous lovers. One would think their love-making would grow old, but that's one of the peculiarities of the art—every time it's as tho it had never been done before.

Three guesses who is the stranger with Agnes Ayres. You'll find the answer in Worldly Goods.

Why does Alma Bennett hesitate when so handsome a hero as Lloyd Hughes has caught her?

How many of you feminine fans would be so shy as Edith Roberts if Elliott Dexter had found you underneath the mistletoe? Does she give in? You'll find out when you see The Age of Innocence.

Even tho it's not on the hospital schedule, rules don't count when Dr. Percy Marmont prescribes for such a pretty nurse as Virginia Valli, a treatment which must be taken under a certain celebrated green bough.
How Our Readers See the Stars

The best sketches received in response to the Artists' Contest featured in our October number

GLENN HUNTER
Sketched by Aline Fruhauf
New York City

BEN TURPIN
Sketched by Mary E. Johnson, Dayton, Ohio

LEW CODY
Sketched by Tom L. Johnson
Dayton, Ohio

MARY PICKFORD
Sketched by W. H. Lawless
Topeka, Kansas

DOROTHY MACKAILL
Sketched by Charles Wyman, Jr.
Glendale, California

NITA NALDI
Sketched by Carmen Dozey
Hollywood, Calif.

BABY PEGGY
Sketched by Sophia Koehntop
Oakland, Calif.

POLA NEGRl
Sketched by Louis Jopewy
Dublin, Georgia

Meet Lew Cody in reel life (right), as seen by Tom L. Johnson. For this sketch the artist was awarded the ten-dollar prize.

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Sketched by W. H. Lawless
Topeka, Kansas

DOROTHY MACKAILL
Sketched by Charles Wyman, Jr.
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POLA NEGRl
Sketched by Louis Jopewy
Dublin, Georgia
Outside of screen hours, Betty Compson and her mother have the most charming musical evenings. Betty's mother is an accomplished pianist and Betty herself is an artist with the violin. Miss Compson surprised everyone recently by becoming the bride of James Cruze, her director in The Garden of Pleasure. Now she makes sweet music for her new husband.
The Story of My Life

"I was born a minister's son, and have had a varied career as proprietor of a lemonade stand, overseer of a gang of tunnel-diggers, mining engineer, prospector, road mender, cowboy—and finally motion picture actor, where I play at the adventurous life I really lived in the old days."

By

Jack Holt

Queer how life upsets our plans! My earliest ambition was to be a garbage collector. It seemed to me—at four—that nothing could be more desirable than to sit on that high, haughty seat, driving the great, gray horses with their shaggy feet and throwing the cans crashing to the pavement with a glorious noise.

But if I've never quite realized that ambition, I have come as close to it as possible—I've turned my wishes into horses anyway! It is born in Virginians to love the saddle; even when I was a baby, the cock-horses I rode to Banbury Cross didn't appeal to me. Father was a minister and couldn't afford a riding horse, but some parishioner who bought one that was too wild for him to handle presented him to the ridin' parson—a great black, snorting, plunging fellow, named Joe.

The morning of his arrival they had him tied to the front porch pillar and my darky mammy discovered me sitting contentedly under him, cuddling one of his hind legs. I learned to walk and to ride Joe at the same time, thru the sun-flecked valley of the Shenandoah.

Before I was of school age we left Winchester and came North to Fordham, which is now a part of New York City, but which in those days was a country town with cow pastures where now a thousand autos an hour roar along the Grand Concourse.

The changes that the years have brought aren't all apartment houses and skyscrapers. My father was the rector of vine-clad St. James, and his salary.

At the left is the only picture of Jack taken in Alaska, in the days when he was really and truly roughing it, not posing for a camera. Would you recognize in that grimy youth with the grin, peeking round the knees of the standing figure, the dapper hero who now does Wild Western stunts without ever soiling his collar?
of twenty-five hundred a year was considered quite munificent. It certainly bought all sorts of luxuries, which people who earn five times that can hardly afford now—private tutors for six children, several servants, dancing lessons, and, above all, books.

Father was a gentleman of the old school. He believed in a classical education and considered that a man who couldn't chuckle over a pun in the original Greek was illiterate. But he was broad-minded, read Latin plays, and attended the theater, and if we children went to church and Sunday school on Sunday morning, he was willing for us to do what we pleased with our Sunday afternoons, even to swimming, fishing, or riding horseback over the lovely country roads which have been "improved" these later years with macadam, telephone poles, and gas stations.

How he understood a boy! I remember one occasion when my eldest sister, who had ideas of making me a credit to the family, assisted by my mother and the maid, dressed me, frantically struggling, in velvet kilts, a starched lace collar, yellow bow-tie and—crowning ignominy—buttoned boots. They practically had to tie and gag me to do it, but at last I was clad and started out for dancing school, seething with shame and rage. Several school companions who met me on the way, found cause for amusement in my appearance and called attention to it with loud and insulting words, not to be borne. The roads in Fordham were dirt, and it had been raining. When I rose triumphantly from the gutter five minutes later, I was so richly coated with mud that it was a wonder that my father, who came along at the moment, recognized me. But he did, and what's more, he sympathized with me, as one man with another. I never had to wear a lace collar or the loathsome buttoned boots again.

The parishioners of St. James indulged in much headshaking and quoting of the old adage about "ministers' sons and deacons' daughters" while I was growing up. They are still telling the story of the time I climbed a ladder, which workmen had left on the church roof, and, straddling along the ridge-pole, cut my initials in the great gold cross. When I came to retrace my steps, the ladder slipped and slid down on the ground, leaving me stranded on a steep-pitched slate roof, which in the summer sun soon grew blistering hot to my bare toes. I have always suspected that my father knew of my misadventure long before he finally sent the janitor to my rescue, after I had perched on that ridge-pole for three hours in stoic silence, trying to choose between the alternatives of a spanking if I called for help, and sitting on the roof all night. At another time, when I was twelve, three boon companions and myself decided to journey to the South Seas in search of high adventure. We went to New Rochelle, boarded a small yacht which we untied from the dock there, and took a can of mock turtle soup and three cans of baked beans as supplies for the voyage. The wind blew us out into the open sound. All day we drifted, looking eagerly for white beaches and palm trees until we decided that we must be close to England at least.

Our provisions were eaten, it grew dark, and we suddenly recollected hearing that there were cannibals on some of the South Sea islands. It was a distinct relief when a miraculous change of wind blew us back to our starting-place after a day and a night, even if we did find our parents and the whole police force of New Rochelle waiting for us! The police force, I remember, said that he was in favor of "lickin' the stuffin' out of them young scapegraces then and there," but my father interceded for us. It is a real advantage for a boy to be born a minister's son!

All this time I was going to the Trinity School in New York City, where I did not distinguish myself particularly in arithmetic and spelling but was always called upon to speak "pieces" at the school exercises—you know the kind, where the announcement that "the gay Thanksgiving time is here and all the world is jolly!" is followed by an

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Miss Murray, petite and fragile tho she is, is a dog-fancier of remarkable discrimination. She likes to be seen in pictures with dogs almost as big as she, and they don't have to be so very big, at that. Dana, her favorite collie, is a slim, beautiful creature, shading delectably from red brown to palest gold, and he follows his mistress about in the frankest adoration.
Doris Kenyon is a regular outdoor girl. She loves her mount and the open spaces and—it's an open secret that she writes very beautiful poetry. Watch her fine riding, as well as her fine acting, in her new picture, *A Thief in Paradise*.
What I Can Read in the
A Complete Analysis

THOMAS MEIGHAN

When meeting Mr. Meighan, one is immediately impressed with his bigness— not only in stature but in nature. He is a big-hearted, wholesome person, kindly disposed toward his fellow beings.

In reading his character, one notices in the mouth, that his kindly instincts are well developed. In the upper lip we find an ardent, enthusiastic nature, sympathetic, charitable, and with great interest in human nature. Here too, are found self-confidence, poise and control. In the lower lip, we find patriotism, and a love of children and pets. In the parentheses about the mouth are found the leadership qualities, also pride and dignity.

The nose shows he is a person who is analytical, one who is always looking for the reason of things; he is very observing, has a good imagination, quick judgment, constructive ability, foresight and excellent powers of concentration and application. Here, too, is found self-protection. The general outline and shape of the nose show a nature which does not like to work at things in opposition to his tastes.

The forehead denotes good mentality, a man whose thinking is logical, who takes his work seriously and is very conscientious about it.

There is a good fulness above the eyes, showing well-developed perceptive. Splendid ability to visualize, even in minute detail and in a highly individual manner. The narrowness across the eyes shows one who would never choose a mathematical vocation. The chin and jaw show great physical strength and endurance, persistency, determination and self-

(Continued on page 90)
CONSIDERING that Mr. Fairbanks seldom remains in one spot more than a minute, it was difficult to make this analysis. He is one of the most active, restless persons that I have ever met. He is as active mentally as he is physically.

In reading his character, the thing which impressed me most was the fact that his face is harmonic, showing a person who is very versatile and able to do many things. It is difficult for such an individual to concentrate upon one thing for any great length of time.

The nose shows that he is a very observing person, with a good imagination and constructive ability, and with the ability to gather together quickly knowledge from that which he sees and hears. He is a man who prefers to handle the larger things and is not interested in petty details. There is also shown a lack of economy; a person who likes to do things on a large scale.

In the cheeks are daring and a love of change and adventure—not a very cautious nature but one that is frank and outspoken.

The upper lip denotes a kindly, charitable nature, very enthusiastic and ardent. Here is also shown a love of display. The lower lip shows an affectionate nature with strong desires, one that is loyal in friendship.

The chin and jaw show great endurance, energy and strength, a persistent person, ambitious and self-willed. Back of the hair-line are shown a ready use of words and literary ability.

Above the eyes the perceptive qualities are well developed, showing a love of the beautiful and the artistic.

(Continued on page 90)

It takes but a few minutes' association with Mary Pickford to realize that she has an unusually fine mind. I had expected to find her a sweet, lovable little person. I did; but I also found her a great natural leader and executive.

In reading her character, I discovered in her high, broad forehead a very good mentality. The lines of her forehead show she is a logical thinker and of a serious, conscientious nature. The reflective faculties are good, and she has a splendid memory for faces.

The nose shows her to be an observing person, with a vivid imagination, constructive ability, quick, accurate judgment, a lack of aggression but high self-protection, good ability to concentrate, and a very intuitive nature. She is a person who feels deeply and knows things instinctively. The shape of the nose denotes one who does not like to do things in opposition to her tastes.

Above the eyes are well-developed perceptsives, good powers of visualization, and great susceptibility to color.

The chin and jaw prove that she has executive ability, great determination and remarkable independence. She has more nervous energy than physical energy, and is strong in her likes and dislikes.

The cheeks show she is a person with the courage of her convictions; an industrious, intense nature, with splendid powers of recuperation.

The mouth (upper lip) denotes a kindly, charitable, sympathetic, ardent nature, very enthusiastic; and interested

(Continued on page 90)
Reeling With Laughter

Can you blame her for jilting *Her Boy Friend* when he has table manners like this? No one but Larry Semon could confront one lone hot-dog on a platter with such a smile as this. Mind your manners, Larry, and show the fans that you've read the book of etiquette.

The fair flower in the vase is Neal Burns.
Can you foresee a calamity that suggests *Court Plaster*?

If two spinsters (left) won't come in out of the rain, why should Matt Moore argue with them in *The Narrow Street*?

Underneath his gold braid and medals, Earl Foxe's heart (right) quavers at those muscles. Pity poor Paul Jones, Jr.

What's a nickel between friends, Johnny Hines wants to know. Johnny's disdainful manner and hungry look makes even the cashier laugh. You'll have a hearty laugh over this when you see Johnny's new comedy.

Mary Astor (below) is always lovely, especially dancing to the pipes of Pan, of Reginald Denny. It's in *Oh, Doctor*, from the Harry Leon Wilson story.

The fair mermaid (Vera Reynolds) and her buxom merman (Lincoln Stedman) have no idea of going near the water. They're beach vamps, and prefer *Cheap Kisses* on dry land.
Scenes from new comedies that will soon be released; with a few amusing bits from other new productions

Remember Flora Finch? You used to laugh at her when she played with John Bunny back in the days of the Vitagraph comedies. Now Flora's staged a comeback and is funny as ever in a brand-new comedy, *Hi and Dry*. Careful, Flora! You'll be arrested for loitering.

You never can tell what's just around the corner. Glenn Tryon gets a surprise when he meets Blanche Mehaffy in their new comedy.

Be glad you're out of ear-shot of this rollicking harmony! (right) Max the monkey seems to be the center of attraction as well as of noise in *Stolen Sweets*.

What will *His New Mama* do when she hears him? Harry Langdon boasts he can play any instrument made. You'll have to show us, Harry.

It all happens in *The Knicker Time*, one of the *Go-Getter* series. The beautiful lady with the eye on the goose is Alberta Vaughan (below).

**Why Hurry** when you've already missed the train? So say Jimmie Adams and Kathleen Myers (above). The distressed lady with the baby is Natalie Joyce.

Louise Fazenda (left) is a bird when it comes to trimming hats. You'll laugh at her harder than ever when you see her in *This Woman*.

Pull for the shore, sailor! Or is he worth saving, after all? He is Martha Sleeper. Her rescuers are Arthur Stone and Marie Mosquini.
The Royal Robes That Pola Negri Wears in Her Latest Picture

Pola dons a robe of black-and-silver cloth, bordered with lynx, when she wishes to melt the heart of the hero (Rod La Rocque) after a quarrel. But the ruse fails, as you can see.

Pola floats upon the scene in a delectable white negligée of the filmiest chiffon, trimmed with yards and yards of ruffles of white net, and with a long train, which no one could manage so gracefully as she.

The uniform of the Czarina is of white broadcloth, decorated with gold braid and insignia. The cape into which the hero so gallantly assists her is bordered with ermine.

Her princess gown of pomegranite velvet is embroidered with real gold bullion, inset with seed pearls. The hem and neckline are also bound with real gold bullion and decorated with loops of pearls.

There is scarcely a princess royal in Europe today who could afford such costumes as are worn by Pola Negri in her picture, *Forbidden Paradise*, adapted from the play, *The Czarina*. No crowned queen has in her wardrobe a court dress richer and handsomer than the one Pola is wearing above. It is of cream-colored taffeta, embroidered in gold-brocaded flowers, edged with pearls. From a deep collar of ermine, fall long sleeves that form a train, lined throughout with cloth of gold. Drop-pearls are scattered over the gown in bewildering profusion.
Margot Anstruther loll'd among the vivid orange and green cushions of her only divan, and mused that it was a funny thing about parties. They either went with a rush, or they flitted miserably. That was why one felt it to be such a gamble with boredom to accept the average invitation, and hesitated doubly over giving a party of one's own. Outdated was the tranquil in-between affair, where it had been sure to be a pleasure to meet friends and an interesting stranger or two. Girls and men, when they got together, depended on the inspiration of the moment for gaiety. They were as sticky and temperamental as the jazz age in which they lived.

This party of hers, now—it was one of the good ones. Margot was glad she had given it, to celebrate her promotion from the ranks of the extras to a really decent role in A Torero's Love, the Spanish production upon which Superfilm intended to spend half a million dollars that fall. Everybody had been so sweet to her. She had wanted to do some little thing to show she appreciated it. And here they were, all having a good time, herself included. Nice to have had a triumph that called for a jamboree... To have broken thru... Nice party!

Frederick Stoner, her burly director, was standing beside a table, compounding bright-colored cocktails with a great deal of orange juice and very little gin. He had insisted on taking over this phase of her duties. Causing the ice to make an unnecessary racket as he swung the big shaker, he jested in his boisterous way about the innocuous nature of the cocktails, the craftsmanship of Margot in guarding thereby against a rough-house, her talents as a hostess generally.

"And what's the matter with this room? Why did you think you had to apologize for it when you asked us, Margot? Swell room for a party, I'll say," he shouted.

Margot's wide but beautiful mouth parted in a smile.

"It's a bedroom," she declared emphatically. "It's not even camouflaged. I can't pretend it's a parlor, not with the walnut bureau in one corner and that big brass bed in the other. But it's all I've got."

"And it's all right," persisted Stoner. "Say, you're not the only actress in the Roaring Forties who lives in one room. I've sat on more beds than I could count, when there weren't enough chairs to go around."

"Beds don't scare us in the movies," chirped May Cheshire, a blonde, bobbed member of the cast. "Ain't they among our best little props? Ain't we jumpin' in and out of them in half the scenes?" Margot felt slightly bored at the obviousness of this comment. She turned to the young man who shared the divan with her. He had said nothing for fifteen minutes, but she had known without looking at him that his eyes had not strayed for an instant from the curve of her cheek and neck and shoulder. A likable fellow, she thought. Good-looking, too, with his straightforward, boyish smile, his cleft chin and his curly black hair. It was a pity he was so absurdly in love with her.

"The reason I really do prefer this place to a flat," she said, "is because the house has atmosphere. It was built in the Sixties. Picturesque old moldings, high ceilings, and all that sort of thing. Don't you like these brownstone left-overs in New York, Mr. Valery?"

"Mr. Valery!" he repeated in a low, reproachful voice. "I thought you promised to call me by my first name."

Adorable little wrinkles appeared at the corners of her eyes, as she half-closed them and stared quizzically at him. "Very well, Eugene. Now we've got that settled, perhaps you'll find my remark about brownstone houses in New York worth answering."

"Aw, it's not fair to kid Gene!" boomed Stoner. "When he's asked to shoot a brownstone house, he shoots it. He's one of our brightest young cameramen. What he don't know about lenses and film! But the inside dope on architecture and periods is the art director's bluff, not his."

Valery's wrathful look, but inability to snap back with the proper repartee, made every one laugh. Margot's merriment, however, was not whole-hearted. She knew that a situation existed between these men, on her account. Stoner, also, had tried to make love to her, and Valery..."
was jealous. Idiotic, but so it was. She had done nothing—nothing, to give either of them an excuse for indulging in emotions about her. Why, Stoner was actually repugnant to her the moment he tried to become personal. The other—well, Gene was a charming boy. But she didn’t want to be annoyed with love. She wanted to have a career. Men were frightful handicaps, with their continuous harping on romance and the help they flattered themselves they could be.

“Listen, people!” She modified the subject adroitly. “The best thing about this house is that it makes good on its appearance. Mysterious lodgers have stayed here. Strange things have happened.”

May Cheshire, Lulu Leinster and the three other girls from A Torcador’s Love were a unit in shrieking for details.

“I only heard about it yesterday,” said Margot, making the most of her budget of gossip. “I was talking to the landlady. She says that about three months ago, a girl who was living in this very room disappeared in the funniest way. I don’t mean that she walked out, bag and luggage. She literally disappeared, leaving all her belongings—even to her comb and toothbrush—behind her. And she never came back.”

Stoner hurriedly poured the last cocktail from the shaker, picked up the tray and started to pass it around. “That’s interesting,” he said, his eyebrows puckered. “What sort of girl was she?”

“Her name was Stella Ball. She was supposed to be working half-time at Macy’s—in the afternoon, when the store is busiest. But after she’d vanished, the landlady called up Macy’s, and they’d never heard of her.”

“Killed in the streets, by an automobile, I guess. There’s not anything so mysterious about that. Lots of accident cases aren’t identified, because they have no papers on them.”

“Ah, yes! But wait until you hear the rest of it,” declared Margot, enjoying the suspense. “On the same day, an old man named Murchison, who had a room on the top floor, also disappeared with equal finality.”

“A really old man?” asked Lulu.

“Yes, dear. I know you’ve jumped straight to the conclusion that they eloped. But this Murchison was at least sixty. Wiry rather than feeble for his age, the landlady says; but a repulsive, hatchet-faced, stoop-shouldered person. It’s too much to imagine any girl looking twice at him, especially as he stuck in his room evenings like a hermit and was barely civil to women.”

“Where did he have a job, Margot?” asked Eugene.

“Nobody knows. He’d always refused to tell.”

“If the old bird had money, this Stella might have fallen for him,” argued Lulu.

“Nonsense, dear. He wasn’t a miser, with bags of gold in his trunk, such as you read about in fiction. That sort doesn’t hold down a job. Murchison did work, and he earned next to nothing, to judge by the way he lived.”

“Call it a case of hypnotism and be done with it,” cried Stoner, flippantly.

“Wait until you’ve heard the rest of it,” said Margot, enjoying the suspense. “On the same day, an old man named Murchison, who had a room on the top floor, also disappeared with equal finality.”
Margot Anstruther

"There may be a clue there," retorted Margot, running the fingers of one hand thru her gorgeous red hair. "I'd thought of it. Only, why would he want to hypnotize the girl? And if he did, what could be his purpose except an immoral one, which wouldn't have required his taking her out of this house? No one here ever bothers as to what his neighbors are doing. One could literally get away with murder, and not a soul would be the wiser."

"You're taking awful chances living in such a place," broke in Eugene, disregarding her quick frown.

"I've a private telephone, remember," she answered drily. "Two women, who shared the room between Stella Ball's time and mine, had it put in. I could always raise an alarm by calling the police."

"If you could reach the phone quickly enough," murmured the cameraman.

Margot shrugged. "Well, to get back to Stella and old Murchison—"

"Why get back to them?" pleaded Stoner, in comic supplication. "Much better turn on the jazz and let me shake another round of Bronxes."

"Oh, all right!" laughed Margot. "You've evidently not got the detective sort of mind."

"Have you?"

"I've quite a slant in that direction. Ever since I've been old enough to read, mystery and detective stories have been my fad. Bulwer's The House and the Brain, and Sherlock Holmes, and Gaborian's tales. I've analyzed the methods of most of the great detectives."

"Gaborian is my favorite," commented Eugene.

"He would be. You're of French descent, and you probably read him in the original. I vote for Conan Doyle's immortal Sherlock."

"You and Gene are some pair of highbrows to find in the motion picture industry," said Stoner.

"I'd hardly call it highbrow to go in for detective fiction," quizzed Margot. "But I attended medical college and specialized in chemistry, before I suddenly decided to be an actress. How's that?"

"Hot stuff for your press-agent when I'm directing you as a star some day," clamed Stoner. He stared at the girl, nevertheless, with a new respect and an obvious sense of fear that his loud-voiced studio partner had not been the most impressive line to follow with her.

Margot set her victrola going and danced in turn with her men guests, including a blond actor whose complete lack of an intelligent vocabulary had made his remarks in the preceding discussion not worth quoting. May Cheshire and Lulu Leister, for want of partners, slipped into each other's arms and jazzed expertly. A tireless rage for the dance pulsed in every one of these children of the Twentieth Century, banished the feeling of inequality that Margot's superior mind had for a moment caused. Caught up by the rational rhythm, they were marching deliriously to hard, glittering fox-trots played by Ted Lewis's band, by Whiteman's band. What if the music were only at second hand? Syncopation and the phonograph record had come into being at the same time, and swept away with a single victorious gesture the sentiment of the waltz and the musician's fingers flying over a white keyboard. Here were new measures that gained rather than lost by being utterly mechanical. Margot and her friends preferred them.

But with the approach of midnight it became well to shut down on the racket, even in a somewhat free-and-easy old house in the Roaring Forties of Manhattan. A supper of sandwiches and cake made its appearance from the cupboard which served as a kitchenette. There was more orangeade flavored with the forbidden stuff, and then the party began to break up.

Stoner had offered to see May Cheshire home. She lived in the wild reaches of the Van Cortlandt Park section. They were the first to leave. Margot observed with a faint amusement that Eugene intended to be the last. The other girls had jauntily declared that they needed no escort, and he had not argued the point. Linger until only Lulu and a certain June Moore were left, he said good-bye along with them, but turned back on the stairs, ran lightly to Margot's landing and tapped on her door.

She had expected this. "Silly boy!" she greeted him, holding the door ajar.

"Margot—dear—I can't go without telling you I'm absolutely crazy about you," he stammered.

"My, my, Gene, what a surprise! Of course, this is the first time I've heard it."

"Please don't kid. I'm in love. I've got to keep on begging you to take me seriously. If I don't succeed in putting that much across to you, I'm bound to lose out. I'm not altogether a sap. I'm not blind."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"I mean Stoner," he muttered, jealousy blazing in his eyes. "He's a loud-mouthed motion picture man of the old school. Not your kind at all. I know that. But he's your director, and you take his being in love with you seriously. He's got a start. He—he might be able to convince you."

"Oh, he might, might he?" she retorted sarcastically. "Honestly, Gene, if I didn't like you well enough to make allowances, I'd be insulted. A man who never lets me forget he gave me my job, the way Frederick Stoner does, is the sort of man I hate." At the last word, she threw her head back imperiously and stamped her small foot.

"Forgive me, Margot."

"It's all right. Only, I wish you'd advance just one practical argument why I should be sentimental about anybody—you, for instance."

"Are you joking?"

"Not at all."

"We're both young," he cried eagerly. "We could go ahead together in the pictures. I don't intend to be a cameraman all my life, and——"

"There you are," she interrupted. "You've got almost the same idea that Stoner has. You think you could help me."

"As your husband, why not?"

"Well, I don't need a husband. I can look after myself."

"In every way?"

"Yes."

"Hard, self-sufficient Margot!"
She smiled, as at a grateful piece of flattery. "One has to be, these days. Now, say good night like a sensible boy, Gene, and I'll promise you to talk about it some other time."

He leaned forward. "One kiss for good night?" he begged.

She shook her head emphatically.

"Then let me give you a ring in the next half hour. I shan't sleep unless I hear your voice again."

"Idiot!" she exclaimed, chuckling affectionately, in spite of herself. "It's way after midnight. I absolutely forbid you to telephone me at such an hour. I'll be in bed before you've turned the corner, and asleep before you use your latchkey."

She placed her hands on his shoulders, pushed him on to the landing and definitely closed the door.

Contrary to her assurance that she would be in bed in a few seconds, Margot, with a glance at her inviting pillow, and a sighing, comprehensive stare at the supper dishes and innumerable ash trays spilling over upon tables and chairs, took off her dress, put on a gingham house gown, and went to work. It was half an hour before she sighed again, this time with a sense of luxurious comfort, as she put an extra pillow behind her shoulders in bed and drew up the covers. She felt wide awake, and had decided to read something stupid enough to make her sleepy. She always kept a few novels on hand for such a purpose.

Margot read and smoked until a pleasant drowsiness began to steal over her. She allowed the book to slip out of her hand onto the coverlet, then pressed the button that extinguished the electric light. But, perversely, she wanted a last cigarette. She lit one, lazily intent upon taking a few puffs, and then, more asleep than awake, she stretched her arm over the side of the bed and dropped the still flaming match on to the floor. A second later, she was alert with a consciousness of what she had done. A lighted match upon a thin and worn old rug had dangerous possibilities. She raised herself on her elbow and leaned quickly over the side of the bed, intent upon locating the match and making sure that it had gone out.

The big first-floor room was in almost complete darkness. A single ray of light streamed faintly from the tall back window. But on either side of this the darkness was opaque. As Margot stared at the floor, she first noted the match flickering in the band of twilight—quite close, it seemed. Then noiselessly a small, thin hand, followed by a forearm, reached out from under the bed. Her heart strangled in her throat and her breath was choked off. Stricken with terror, Margot watched the hand flit to the match and blot it out with a soft tap of the fingers. This done, the arm withdrew smoothly and disappeared under the bed.

The girl slipped back upon her pillows and lay rigid, her eyes wide open, her lips parted and stiff. Her first recoil from the incredible thing she had seen quickened definitely to an overwhelming fear for her safety.

Someone—a man, of course—was under her bed, had been lurking there all evening. He had extinguished the match to prevent a fire which would have led to his discovery, and doubtless, too, with the object of keeping the room quite dark. He would wait until he was sure she was asleep, then he would come creeping out and he would—What would he do? Was it mere burglary she must combat, or something more sinister? Burglary! Oh, no! Margot's brain was functioning clearly now. She felt it was unlike a New York burglar to hide for hours in a house where all the rooms were occupied. He would have broken in later. Besides, what had she for anyone to steal? It was not—could not—be theft. Some maniac escaped, some paranoic, who had picked her out as the one on whom to avenge an imaginary grievance? In her years as a medical student, she had come to know the possibilities concerning paranoids.

It was murder, then—murder? How long would he wait? She dared not scream, and who would hear her in any case? The old house had been built in a period when walls and doors were made thick, soundproof, almost. How long could she endure the suspense, she wondered, without giving way to hysterics? And she must keep cool!

With a violent wrench, Margot fought her nerves into subjection, raised one cold hand, and switched on the reading light at the head of the bed.

(To be continued)
Many of you remember Madge Evans, the child star of the screen. Do you recognize her with Dick Barthelmess in the scene at the top of the page, and at the right? She's grown up now, and is the leading lady in *Classmates*.

In *Classmates*, Richard Barthelmess, a country boy, loses his commission at West Point thru the dishonesty of a cadet from his own district. The plot is thickened by the fact that they both love the same girl. Dick exonerates himself in a valiant engineering trip down the Amazon River; the villain confesses. Dick marries Madge and all is well. To film the picture, the movie cameraman took possession of West Point; and the scenes on the Amazon were made in the Everglades, in Florida.
The Winners

The Best Melodrama, the Best Drama, the Best Comedy, and the Best Costume Picture

THE SILENT WATCHER
The Best Melodrama

If ever there was a flesh-and-blood picture—one vivid with life, Frank Lloyd's The Silent Watcher is it. Indeed, it is the sort of picture for which the spectator needs more than anything else his heart-strings. Given a reasonable amount of these, and this fine adaptation of Mary Roberts Rinehart's story, The Altar on the Hill, will do the rest. And yet it carries sound, logical drama—the kind of drama that holds one in a tight embrace thru its very human situations.

It is touched with deep, poignant feeling. And, watching it, we feel like trespassers against something sacred—because we look upon the home of young newly-weds crumbling to pieces. But above all, it is the humanities that give this picture such eloquent expression.

Frank Lloyd has again demonstrated that he knows pictorial and dramatic values. He keeps his balance—and displays good, common sense. The picture will rank with his earlier achievement, The Sea Hawk, in its entertaining qualities. Being a student of human nature—and having a knowledge of dramatic form and technique, he brings out one of the most absorbing films ever screened. He seems able to humanize any story—whether it deals with romance out of the chivalrous past, or deals with life as it is lived today.

Here he uncovers the hundred and one little things which make up character. He doesn't paint broadly, but uses soft shades. And so we see a story of every-day existence.

We look upon Mary and Joe—Joe, a hero-worshiper of his employer, a candidate for United States Senator. It is his loyalty to his boss that starts the house crumbling. Mary is faithful, but she sees in the "chief" nothing less than an ogre. So Joe keeps silent when to speak would bring him into disrepute. And in his silence Mary misjudges him.

How keenly, how poignantly Lloyd brings these touches out. There is conviction about it—a ring of truth which is expressed realistically—and with much simplicity. The characters mold under your very eyes. They take on shape as they enter each situation—and these situations are as perfectly dovetailed as the figures in the pattern of an Oriental rug. How seldom it is that one sees a picture with characterization that develops and grows as the plot develops. As a result we have continual surprise and suspense.

(Continued on page 89)
of the Month
Selected and Reviewed by
LAURENCE REID

IN HOLLYWOOD WITH POTASH AND PERLMUTTER
The Best Comedy

The film industry is burlesqued to a fare-you-well in this extraordinarily funny comedy. While this is an adaptation of Montague Glass' stage success, with Business Before Pleasure, it goes much further than depicting the celebrated partners, Abe and Mawruss, in such commercial enterprise as selling "klucks and suits."

His stories are rapidly making screen history. There is no question that the latest one will be voted an exceptionally bright and inventive piece of humor. There is a laugh—a regular diaphragm laugh, in every scene—and in nearly every subtitle—and the film is rich in breezy subtitles. These carry truthful wisecracks, characteristic of the author and the partners. It is safe to say that Glass had a great deal to do in fashioning the captions.

We follow Abe and Mawruss in their efforts to enter and buck the film game. They engage a studio and make Benny Hur, and The Fatal Murder. And in seeing them trying to interest the buyers—and continually arguing over matters of production, certainly gives the picture genuine realism—besides a fulsome quota of laughs.

But don't think that most of the fun is contained in the captions. Every time Abe and Mawruss—whether they are in their offices or in the projection-room or out on location—get together, there are scenes of uproarious mirth. It is very clever burlesque of a business which has romance written all over it. And it is true in that many of our film magnates started just like the celebrated partners.

Abe is just about to close a deal—when Mawruss says or does something which spoils everything. Or it may be Abe is responsible for the mistakes. Or again, it may be their argumentative wives—who are ever registering complaint. Especially when the partners engage a famous vamp to star in their productions.

The plots of the two productions are rich in humor. The partners get in bad with the buyers and the capitalist. Look to the projection-room and have a big laugh. Their names are spread all over the screen. And the wives keep up a constant chatter which brings their husbands to the

(Continued on page 89)

DANTE'S INFERNO
The Best Costume Picture

This is what we would call a film "Cook's tour" thru hell. And because it is different, we'll put it down as a distinct novelty. Any picture visualizing the hot regions where all earthly sinners are punished (according to the hell-and-brimstone theories of the old-fashioned preachers) must be chalked up as a radical departure from the conventional pattern. While we catalog it as a costume drama, in that its general scheme is of costume design—its allegorical scenes have little costume, since the employees and guests of His Satanic Majesty present mostly studies in the nude. It is only in the modern tale interwoven with the allegorical side of it that the picture passes into conventional pastures.

For several centuries it has been conceded that Dante is an authority on hell. No writer since the melancholy Florentine has been able to paint it so vividly. Henry Otto in filming the Inferno has achieved a grotesque and fantastic subject. Certainly it offers thrills in its play upon the imagination. It seems to us as if it was a triumph of the cameraman's art. Still, it is entertaining because of the logical building of its modern story—which pictures a superman man of wealth who refuses to entertain the poor and needy—and who, receiving a copy of the Inferno from one of his unfortunate victims, takes a descent into hell. He takes it via a dream situation—and we are his guests—we, of the audience.

It is positively uncanny—yet completely fascinating to watch Virgil guide Dante and the modern sinner into the lower regions. It is a perfect visual sermon on the lesson of being good as hammered home by the brimstone talkers who frightened our forefathers—not so many years ago.

We follow Dante, who is led by Virgil, in looking over Satan's acres. Fiery pools of brimstone, rivers of blood, a rain of fire, hundreds of nude figures writhing in agony as the flames and torture give them eternal punishment—these and other equally weird sights greet the eye in a colorful array of grim and picturesque sequences. The millionaire is redeemed after his devilish delirium and it all ends happily for the unfortunates of the modern story.

The film is completely acted by Ralph Lewis as the Cresus, Howard Gaye as Virgil, and Lawson Butt as Dante. Butt really resembles the accepted likeness of the
A Few Studies in Expression
Which you may observe more in detail when the films are released this winter

![Norma Talmadge](image)

Norma Talmadge
The Norma-in-the-twenties is adorable, Norma-in-the-fifties will be equally lovely and charming, as she will prove to you as you watch her grow from young girlhood to gray-haired middle age in her new picture, The Lady.

![Conway Tearle and Alice Terry](image)

Conway Tearle and Alice Terry
The Snow Princess in the old fairy-tale—that is what Alice Terry reminds us of; a princess icy and aloof, but sparkingly beautiful. Will her austere expression change, and will her eyes melt before the burning gaze of Conway Tearle? You'll learn the answer when you see The Great Divide.

![Lois Wilson](image)

Lois Wilson
You'll be eager to discover what has happened to the merry Lois of The Covered Wagon to make her look like this in her new picture, North of 36. All the sorrows of the world seem to have fallen upon her shoulders.

![Corinne Griffith](image)

Corinne Griffith
Here is a surprise for the fans—Corinne has a fiery temper. You have long adored her for her sweetness, but when you see her in Love's Wilderness, you'll adore her all the more for the dash of pepper that has been added to her rôle.

![Elliott Dexter](image)

Elliott Dexter
This star is not his familiar poetic, romantic self in his new picture, The Fast Set. There you will be introduced to him as a suave, cool, cynical husband, who gives his negligent wife an amazing object lesson in behavior.
Improve Note

Ver thirty productions were released last month, and yet:

Not one old gray-haired mother was threatened with the foreclosure of a mortgage.

Not one close-up was flashed on the screen showing a coffee-pot boiling over.

Only six films had scenes showing expectant mothers crocheting baby clothes, to the complete surprise of the unsuspecting husband.

Is the Silent Drama Progressing?

The Cecil B. De Mille production, The Whispering Chorus, made in 1917, was shown again recently in Los Angeles, and it gave a very discouraging outlook as to the progress the silent drama is making.

In spite of the fact that The Whispering Chorus was produced seven years ago, it could be presented on the screens of the country today and more than hold its own among the finest artistic productions of the year. Photographically and artistically it is superior to ninety-nine out of one hundred present-day films.

In fact, an appraisal of The Whispering Chorus from every angle reveals the undeniable fact that the art and drama of the silver screen has progressed but very little in the last seven years. The Whispering Chorus is one of the finest films that De Mille ever turned out, and none of his recent efforts can be compared with it.

Nothing Succeeds Like Success

It's funny how people like to attach themselves to something that is successful. A half-dozen individuals claim credit for the discovery of Jackie Coogan, and a dozen for the discovery of Rudolph Valentino. Because these celebrities are on the top.

But no one is heard clamoring for the discovery of those celebrities who have failed to make good. That's different.

Jazzing Up the Classics

Slowly but surely the movies are annihilating all of our cherished illusions regarding not only historical characters but famous poems. Under the plea of "dramatic license" the producers make such radical changes in our former friends that they are ground forth from the projection machine only to become total strangers to us.

Thus it is that we find Longfellow's village blacksmith riding under the spreading chestnut tree in a Ford; Dangerous Dan McGrew drinking his liquor and working his villainy, not in Alaska, but several thousand miles away in the South Sea Islands; Barbara Frietchie, a young and sprightly damsel of twenty; instead of old and gray; and Stone wall Jackson (shades of John Greenleaf Whittier, may you rest in peace!) speaking such titles as:

Who touches a hair on that woman's head,
Die like a dog. Pass THAT along!

All that is now needed for the producers to make a complete job of this sort of thing is to give us pictures showing Horatius holding back an army of commuters at Brooklyn Bridge; the boy who stood on the burning deck putting the fire out with a can of Pyrene, and young George Washington speaking the title:

I cannot tell a lie, father, there ain't no such animal.

(Continued on page 107)
Confidences Off-Screen

By W. Adolphe Robert

“What a World We Live In”

Going to see Lillian Gish isn’t just another interview with a popular star. It is a privilege and a rare pleasure. For she is the heart-breaking girl of Broken Blossoms—the screen’s greatest actress, in my opinion. She is a tragedienne with power to evoke beauty by means of tenderness, pity, and a quality of glamour that defies all analysis. Her genius, as understood and developed by Griffith, stands as our best assurance that motion pictures are a new art, not merely an industry. And in saying this, I do not overlook the contribution made by Charlie Chaplin. He is very great. But tragedy, inevitably, is more lofty than farce. He would be the first to admit it.

When I went up to Lillian Gish’s suite at the Ambassador, do you know what I found her doing? In a mood of wondering delight, she was playing with her first radio set, a portable contrivance finished to resemble a suitcase, which she had placed on a chair beside an open window.

“Ah, Mr. Roberts! Look at this, listen to it!” she cried. “Voices from the air. Sounds and music that have always been about us, but that we’ve only just learned how to hear. What a world we live in!”

She sat down then on a divan, her hands crossed in her lap, like an exquisite child, and talked of the magic kingdom of art.

One of the most admirable things about her is the complete sincerity with which she takes her work. She would never lend herself to the making of a picture that pretended to be what it was not. The scene of Romola, for instance, is in Florence at the height of the Renaissance, and had it been asked of her she would have refused to do the film with sets fabricated in a Hollywood studio.

“It’s possible to reproduce an old street, or to build a seemingly perfect copy of a palace where men and women have loved and died, and yet fail utterly to capture the spirit of the place,” she says. “The very stones of Florence have individuality. The sun shines there, and the rain falls, thru an atmosphere tinted otherwise than ours. The human throng moves to a different rhythm.”

She told me she had dreamed for years of making The White Sister, for the sake of the scene in which she takes the veil as the bride of Christ. The initiation of a nun is literally a wedding, a mystic ceremony of great beauty. As Miss Gish shows it, no detail is faked. She steeped herself in the ritual before she was willing to use it as an actress. And she declined to give the picture the conventional happy ending that would have meant having the nun escape from her vows and marry the lover who had lost her thru no fault of his own. It would have cheapened the whole conception, she says.

Miss Gish is now planning to do Charpentier’s opera Louise as a motion picture. Final arrangements have not been made, but if the project goes thru the public has an artistic treat in store for it. You see, Paris—the real Paris of poets and artists—has never been portrayed on the screen except in the most faky manner. Louise is the masterpiece that furnishes that picture. It means a film of incomparable charm.

Meet D. W. Griffith’s Susie

Think of Lillian Gish, and immediately one thinks of Griffith, too. But it happens the story I have to tell about him this time does not relate to her, or to any of the stars he has made famous. Nor will it show him as the great producer. It has to do with Susie. Pretty soon now, Susie is going to be a public character. This is your first chance to meet her.

I was talking to Mr. Griffith at his Mamaroneck studio, shortly after his return from Germany. He was allowing himself to be coaxed into giving me advance tips on the picture for which he made all the exteriors abroad last summer. Suddenly he turned, smiling to me.

“How would you like to meet the only German actress I brought back?” he asked.

There hadn’t been a word in the newspapers about his bringing back a German actress. “I’d like it very much,” I answered, astonished and pleased.

“But she doesn’t speak English,” he warned me.

With an odd gesture familiar to those who know him, he draped a plaid overcoat on his shoulders like a cape, put on his hat at any old angle, and started for the back
yard. I really thought I was on my way to be introduced to some blonde Gertrude or Gretchen taking the air eccentrically in the midst of garden truck and hay. As we crossed the yard, Griffith gave me a quizzical side glance, chuckled at his little joke, and boomed:

“She’s a hen.”

And that was the plain truth. Susie is a Plymouth-Rock hen from a village near Berlin. Fate brought her into some shots made of a humble homestead, and it was clear from the beginning that she was no ordinary fowl. She was friendly and intelligent, would stay put on location, could even be made to act. At the slightest encouragement, she would spill her head and sing lustily. It wasn’t just cackling with her. Her merry voice rang tunefully all day. She was that rare bird, a “crowing hen,” as British and New England country folk say. But Griffith prefers to call her a singing hen.

He used her in a number of scenes, and then decided he would need her on this side of the ocean. He offered to buy her for a sum that seemed huge in German marks. Her owners almost wept. They were sadly tempted, yet would not agree to sell. Everyone in the family was absolutely devoted to Susie.

So this is the charming compromise that Griffith made: He hired Susie at a monthly salary, and promised that as soon as the picture was finished he would ship her back to Germany in state, in the same coop that had been built for her westward voyage.

I met her after nightfall, and like all chickens she was bewildered at being hailed from her roost into artificial light. But when her director, “D. W.” himself, bent down and spoke to her, she put her head knowingly on one side and sang.

Watch out for the professional début of Susie. You’ll find her a wonder.

Ole! Bébé de la Plaza!

I have often wondered why Bebe Daniels hasn’t been given Spanish roles by preference. Her type is distinctly Spanish, what with her jet-black hair, her ripely curving lips, the arrogant, high, straight bridge of her nose. Yet Bebe has been cast at least fifty times to one as a flapperish charmer of Anglo-Saxon vintage. She makes good, because she is always the competent actress. But looking the señorita as deliciously as she does—well, why hasn’t she been used instead of the Ma Murray, etc., etc., who are put forward as Spanish heroines without rhyme or reason?

The above had been the burden of my complaint when I heard the good news that Bebe was to do a Blasco Ibañez story especially written for the screen, and called Argentine Love. I immediately rushed over to the Famous Players studio, offered my felicitations and got her to tell me the plot. It’s a mighty good one. Bebe is to be a girl who has acquired modern ideas in New York, but who on her return to her native pampas finds herself up against the primitive makings of an Argentinian of the old school. This obstreperous person is a chain-smoker. He lights one cigarette from the butt of the last, and is invariably preceded by a puff of smoke. Bebe made it seem thrilling as she spun the yarn for me.

“Then blue smoke rolled round the corner of the door,” she said, “and the girl knew the villain was there.”

And so on. And so on.

But the most interesting result of my visit was the discovery that Bebe is of Spanish descent. We all like to have our judgment confirmed.

Her great-grandfather was the Governor-General of Nueva Grenada, now the Republic of Colombia. The name was De la Plaza, which has a fine ring about it, and has been borne by many a swashbuckling grandee. A daughter, Bebe’s grandmother, married the American consul. A match of this kind occurs in nearly every romantic novel with a South American

(Continued on page 86)
On the Camera Coast

They are making a strenuous effort to fatten Mary Philbin for fame. At the insistence of the executives at Universal City, little Mary has absorbed calories in every known form without success. She just can't acquire fat.

The studio has now employed a special physician who claims to know all about fat to dance in constant attendance at her every meal.

They feel that all Mary needs is poundage to be the greatest actress the screen has ever known. Sven Gade, the Danish director, who has just finished directing a picture with Mary says she is anyhow—fat or thin. Mr. Gade told me that he has seen all the great actresses of this generation here and in Europe. The greatest he ever saw was, of course, Duse; the next, in the days of her youth was Astra Neilson, a Danish actress. Then comes Mary Philbin. She is like clay in the hands of a director. It is an extraordinary case of a sensitive, plastic personality. Mary is just exactly as good an actress as her director is good. No better; no worse.

She is now working under the direction of Rupert Julian on an elaborate production of a story called The Phantom of the Opera.

Someone has been circulating all sorts of stories about Peter Pan and little Betty Bronson; that she had failed in the part and the production has been stopped, etc., etc.

I have seen several reels of the picture. It will be a success. Little Miss Bronson is charming in the rôle.

The Bronsons have been very much hurt over sensational accounts of their rescue from dire poverty by Betty's getting this rôle. The truth is, they had modest but adequate means.

Betty is terribly thrilled because a fortune-teller "read the cards" for her on the Peter Pan set the other day. She was an actress who had learned her art from the Gypsies. She told Betty she would suddenly become rich at the age of twenty-nine.

The fortune-teller also peered into the future of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who has been signed on a long contract to play juvenile rôles at the Lasky studio. The cards told Doug, Jr., that all his life he is going to be up and down—alternately broke and rich—which disturbed the young man's peace of mind considerably.

Why the startled expression on Tony Moreno's face? Is a flapper fan sending him a proposal? At the right you will meet a happy family—James Kirkwood, Sr., and Jr., and the Mrs., who was Lila Lee.

Three friends of Alma Rubens surprise her while making Gerald Cranston's Lady; they are Marion Davies, Mrs. Don Lee, and Anna Q. Nilsson.

He House Peters recently ran away from Cameraland and indulged in what we call an ideal vacation in the land where swift mountain streams are rich in trout. His only companion was an old guide, who shared with House the chores of the camp, including cleaning the fish and cooking them.
Harry Carr’s department of news and gossip of the Hollywood picture folk

Doug, Sr., is at this writing still hobnobbing with near-royalty. The Duke of Alba and a party of Spanish nobility are guests at the Fairbanks house. This week Doug and Mary are taking them to Catalina where a special camp has been erected in a secluded bay under heavy guard against sightseers. They are fishing for tuna and other big game of the deep.

Mary is still undecided about her future productions, although I understand she has about decided not to go thru with her plan to play Cinderella.

Hollywood is very much stirred up over the terrible slam that Mary Miles Minter gave screen celebrities in an interview in an Eastern newspaper. Mary said that all one needed to be a movie star was a French maid, a pedigreed dog and a ribbon-decked footstool. By way of a deep and terrible revenge, the Hollywood folk are telling how fat Mary has become since abandoning her screen career.

Mabel Normand says the worm turns at this point. She has endured all the rest of the scandal; but when a woman named Mrs. Norman Church named her as co-respondent in a divorce suit—well, that was just that much too much. Mabel say that the only time she ever saw the recreant husband was when they were both in a hospital and he was wheeled by her door on an operating table. She has brought suit against Mrs. Clark for five hundred thousand dollars libel.

Kate Lester, once a famous stage beauty and latterly a player of mother parts in pictures, met a horrible death at the Universal Studio recently. A gas heater in her dressing-room exploded and she was burned to death.

Louise Lorraine had a narrow escape almost on the same day. She was working in a serial of circus life with an elephant named “Minnie,” regarded as the most amiable of all movie beasts. Minnie became frightened at a wind-storm stirred up by the aeroplane propellers and stampeded. She kicked over the circus wagons and all but trampled on Miss Lorraine.

Lew Cody has returned from Europe filled with excited reminiscences and denials. He acted as second to Mike Gibbons when Mike knocked out Jack Bloomfield, the heavy-

(Continued on page 52)
A Monte Blue Monday

Do you have the Monday Blues?
If so, read how Monte Blue overcomes the handicap of his name on Monday

7:30 A. M.
Under the cold shower; then toast, coffee and a cigarette

8:00 A. M.
The early bird finds him headed for the bridle-path for a thirty-minute canter while the dew is still on the grass. Then home again for a regular breakfast

9:30 A. M.
Time for just one set before he's off for the studio. Tennis keeps him graceful and lithe—besides, he's hoping some day soon to meet Helen Wills across the net

5:00 P. M.
No social engagements on Monday; instead of five-o'clock tea, we have five-o'clock golf. By giving the free hours of the day solely to the business of keeping fit, Monte Blue's Monday becomes his very favorite day of the week

12:30 P. M.
A bit of foolishness on the set at the noon hour, with Marie Prevost, helps to break the hoodoo of the day

10:30 P. M.
Squint a little south of south-east and you see our hero in his last hour of training before bed. Observe the grin with which he faces the end of a perfect day. There are only pleasant dreams at the end of a Monte Blue Monday

6:30 P. M.
There's always the business of fan mail. To do it when you'd rather be lounging is fine Monday discipline

8:30 P. M.
The famous McCargar Quartet—E. E. McCargar, 'cello; Cecil Crandall and Raymond Martinez, violins; A. L. Randell, bass viol

A Tune for a Tear

Part III: What the musicians think of the business of acting to music

By DORIS DENBO

The slap-stick comedian on the Mack Sennett lot doesn’t need the inspiration of sweet music in order to throw his custard pies and hurl his pots and pans very deftly and accurately, and to the entire satisfaction of his audience.

When Tom Mix mounts his horse and rides away, flourishing his gun, he doesn’t stop to listen whether or not there is any soul-stirring music in the offering.

With Tony, the famous Mix horse, however, it is different. Tony is a temperamental aristocrat of the equine world, and Tony refuses to dance or do any of his tricks without at least a victrola. He prefers a three-piece orchestra, but in an emergency he will perform to the right sort of record. Without music he sometimes grows stubbom and stands as dumbly as any old Dobbins harnessed to a truck.

Most of the artists of the silverscreen agree with Tony in the matter of music. When put before the camera and told to run the entire gamut of emotions, from smiles to tears and stormy passion, and back to smiles again in swift succession, they find that the right sort of music does much to throw them into the required mood.

"Yes we want music with our acting," cry stars and director in chorus. But where to find the musicians who can give them the kind they want, is more easily said than done. For a man may play with the soul of a Paderewski or Fritz Kreisler, or do jazz like a second Paul Whiteman, and still not be able to inspire in the actors the mood which they must bring into the picture.

Playing to make the screen stars "emote" is a definite trade in the music game and requires a definite technique. To do it successfully, the musician must be able to slide from jazz to the Moonlight Sonata and Handel’s Funeral March, thence back to jazz again, with all the agility with which Babe Ruth slides around the bases.
diamond and triumphantly hits the home plate. What is more, he must anticipate the effect of a certain tune upon the artist, whether the artist be man, woman, child or beast, and follow the mood which the artist must assume as a "cellist follows the orchestra leader.

It frequently happens, therefore, that talented musicians, who think to fill in their time between engagements by taking a fling at the movies, are often sadly disillusioned, and that a couple of players from the Boston Symphony Orchestra are less successful here than a group of impromptu musicians who have studied the movie game.

Among the musicians most successful at producing "atmosphere" is the McCargar Quartet, four veterans in the game. They used to play for William Farnum, back in the days of his famous Westerns, and the tales they tell of the days on location with "Bill" are replete with humorous incidents.

"Bill was so insistent upon music with his acting that he used to take us every place with him, even to the dan-

Once the mule of the bass-viol player ran away, threw his rider, and smashed the instrument, and only the comedy relief of the incident saved it from being a tragedy."

Harry Carey's colored jazz orchestra follows his camera as faithfully as the cub follows the old bear. Harry is quite certain that he could not make a Western picture without them.

"It isn't only that I like jazz myself," he explains, "but my pictures have action as their key-note. The music helps to give it. Besides, these darkies of mine are a bunch of comedians themselves, and to have them with us is like carrying a full vaudeville."

Ben Turpin, on the other hand, scorns the idea that an actor needs music to make him "emote."

"See me in Three Foolish Wives," says Ben, rolling his famous eyes, "and observe the fiery passion which a real actor can assume without one note of music!"

Nevertheless, the Sennett studios have, in one of their famous comedians, also one of the best musicians on the Coast, Harry Langdon, and they call for his services whenever a temperamental star refuses to "emote." This often happens with Ted, the famous Sennett dog, who will play nothing more exciting than dead dog until Harry

(Continued on page 114)
Edna Murphy said that, of all her jewelry, the piece she loves best is a string of sapphire blue, crystal beads. (Is it because they match her eyes?)

Edwin Lowe Hess

Claire Windsor adores diamonds—in rings, bracelets, necklaces, and even a coronet

Edith Mackay

Gloria Swanson has a strange necklace, of heavy, dull gold, which is so barbaric in effect that it delights her to wear it as her only ornament, especially with a simple costume.

An exquisite bracelet of diamonds, with one huge black pearl, is Marie Prevost’s most precious possession.

Phyllis Haver has an antique topaz brooch, too large for a dress, but just right for a hat!

Clarence S. Irwin

Nita Naldi will part with all her jewelry, rather than give up one pair of her many pairs of beautiful earrings.

Jetta Goudal has many antique necklaces—indeed, you might almost call her a collector of them. Her favorite is of pearls and sapphires, and has a locket with a secret spring.

Eugene Schueller
Critical Paragraphs

Barbara Frietchie

FOLLOWING the usual pattern of Civil War romances in that the central figures must represent a young officer of the North—and a belle of the South (for purposes of conflict)—this adaptation of Clyde Fitch's celebrated play provides moments of interest in its war scenes—in the glamour of atmosphere suggestive of ante-bellum days—and in the very sympathetic and sincere performance of Florence Vidor in the title rôle. This pattern has been ground thru the movie mill for many, many years. It has lost much of its appeal as a result. Certainly there can be no indication of suspense or novelty. But somehow it succeeds in stirring the pulse with its war episodes—and some thrilling bits when Colonel Frietchie's daughter defies Stonewall Jackson's troops and unfurls the Stars and Stripes. A good picture of its kind.

Feet of Clay

CECIL DE MILLE, the grand architect of films, has again constructed a picture which is saturated with opulence. He pilots a group of characters thru domestic complications, attempting to point a moral on the way—and while his latest may not measure up to realities, it carries ocular appeal, a goodly amount of sex appeal—and much fine photography. Cecil plunges into the hereafter, too. Because he is always doing the unexpected, one is constantly surprised. Which probably accounts for long lines at box-office windows where a De Mille picture is the attraction.

Presumably Cecil has seen the novel drama, Outward Bound, which cast an uncanny spell over its New York audience last winter. Anyway, he takes his sinners, a trespassing husband and a trespassing wife, and makes them wander in the eerie atmosphere between life and eternity. It is well suggested—this bit of the picture. Up to this point we see a lot of carryings-on by a little group of playboys and playgirls. It is much too long—and is mostly hokum. But De Mille never becomes boresome. He knows the value of surprises.

Her Love Story

Perhaps you can blame it on the law of averages, but the fact remains that Gloria Swanson, after triumphing in several outstanding photo-plays, has one which suffers badly in comparison with Man-handled. There isn't much for her to do except to look like an ill-treated and much-
About New Productions

Louise Dresser, Virginia Corbin, and Ricardo Cortez in The City That Never Sleeps

abused woman. And because of the Graustarkian character of the story, it doesn't carry the ring of conviction. Too much stress has been laid upon the happy ending—and the effort to achieve it becomes tedious.

It tells of a princess forced into a marriage with a king of a neighboring principality. She is, however, in love with a captain and had previously been married to him by a gypsy ceremony. A little child shall lead them—that's the pattern to conclude the tale. And these final scenes offer some melodrama. It is all very obvious. But it is well mounted.

The Alaskan

You will not find Thomas Meighan "at home" in this picture. What's wrong with it? Well, Tom is out of place in an old-time Bill Hart melodrama. It's very much blood-and-thunder—with virtue and villainy painted in extremely vivid colors. And it concerns an Alaskan fighting the cause of the homesteaders against those irresistible "big interests." Then he protects the girl in scenes of hackneyed hokum.

Meighan misses Tom Geraghty and Al Green, his former scenarist and director. They fashioned human pieces for him. He tries his best to be convincing here—but the plot is against him. And Estelle Taylor, as the girl, emotionalizes her rôle far more than the importance of its demands. Look to the backgrounds and photography—the redeeming features.

Tarnish

Gilbert Emery's forceful drama, which was a highly successful Broadway play of last season, comes to the screen with all its essential features. It is an excellent job on the part of George Fitzmaurice who, in taking Frances Marion's well-constructed script, has brought forth all the force and logic of the original. Particularly skilful in the manner in which he has established its poignant drama—and yet he has not sacrificed its humor and humanities.

The theme woven around the idea that most men are tarnished of character—that the best solution for a woman in love is to accept one who cleans easily—is easily understood—and as played here by a clever cast comprising Marie Prevost, Albert Gran, May McAvoy and Ronald (Continued on page 84)

Renée Adorée is a fascinating señorita in The Bandolero

Viola Dana is her clever, impudent self in The Beauty Prize

In Oh, You Tony! Tom Mix burlesques a Westerner acquiring culture

Mary Philbin plays the title rôle in The Rose of Paris
News and Views of Eastern Stars

Bebe Daniels and Bessie Love spent part of their vacation on the Thomas Meighan estate on Long Island and they behaved just like kids.

Ricardo Cortez rehearses his part in *The Swan* at the Paramount studio. Ricardo being the handsome tutor with whom the Princess falls in love.

May McAvoy sailed for Rome to play Esther in *Ben Hur*, with Mother along.

Richard Dix makes a handsome angel but his halo won't stay on; neither will his wings. Observe the cherub waiting with his harp.

Sessue Haya-kawa has become a golf star. It is his chief recreation from cinema acting in Europe.

Rex Ingram sailed for Spain to film *Mare Nostrum*. At his side is the Arab boy he adopted in Northern Africa.

Herbert Rawlinson, Claire Windsor and Ailesa Pringle tripped from Hollywood to St Louis to be present at the opening of a new theater.
A pictorial department presenting the latest snap-shot news of Eastern film favorites

Barbara La Marr and Bert Lytell celebrated the finishing of Sandra by having a little ice-cream—just the way the rest of us do when we finish a good job.

Before Jacqueline Logan left New York for Hollywood she staged a famous luncheon in the diner of the Twentieth Century Limited. Among those present were Ann Pennington and her legs, also heaps of other picture people and a few representatives from the press. And everyone had a good time, even the hostess.

Puzzle, find Gloria Swanson! Who says Gloria won't be in a picture unless she can wear beautiful clothes?

At the right are Helen Lee Wortling and Adolphe Menjou having a merry time while making The Show. In circle above Nita Naldi strolls along Paris without the husband she was supposed to acquire.

In the center above you see how Harold Lloyd really looked when a clever girl reporter caught him in Central Park and made him give an interview. Just a little peeved, Harold, eh? Not much like the famous comedian you know on the screen.

One of the great triumvirates of Filmland: Mary, Dick and Mary Jr. The elder members are making New Toys together; Mary's first picture since Way Down East.

It is in the car at the left that Thomas Meighan rolls thru the streets of New York. We grow so used to seeing Tom on a horse and in his Western clothes that it's hard to recognize him all dressed up, with a limousine, 'n chauffeur, 'n everything.
We’re Asking You:

Do You Know That This Magazine Was the Very First of the Movie Magazines?

YES, we were really the pioneer in the flood of all those which have come after, and in February we will celebrate our fourteenth birthday—quite grown up, we feel. So in our anniversary number, February, 1925, we are doing a lot of reminiscing, telling all sorts of funny things that happened long ago. Remember way back when to be a movie fan was more or less of a disgrace? When the movies were all tremly, shaky pictures that hurt your eyes to watch, full of custard pies and tumbling and very little else? When, if you were going to them, you sneaked out the side door and didn’t tell mother about it? It was a small and unpretentious little magazine, our first number, that appeared in February, 1911, under title of Motion Picture Story Magazine, illustrated with pictures that don’t look much like the stars of today. But those who helped to get it out will tell you all about it in the next number. It will be interesting!

Is Yours Among Them?

Aren’t they rather clever, the stars as our readers see them? Turn back to page 34 if you’ve missed the first page of sketches in the drawing contest, which we told you of in October. We received a great many pictures; our artist-jury found it hard to choose among them. We’re sorry we couldn’t reproduce them all, but there will be another page of them in an early number. So it isn’t too late for you to send us your efforts, and, maybe, win a prize.

Have You Ever Put a Plot Into Practice? II: See what happened to Peter the Playgoer when he tried to be a comedian

Because if you did, you’re sure to finish it—you can’t help it. Of course, we refer to our new serial, Whose Hand? that begins in this number, on page 47. The month will seem very long, waiting for the next installment. Later on, if you have a bright idea, and think you can guess Whose Hand it was, we’ll be glad to have you send us your solution of the mystery. How many guesses do you need?

Does Yours, Too?

Does your mother, too, tell tales out of school that make you blush and say, “Oh, Mother, don’t!”? Wont Raymond Hatton just die when he reads how his Mother dragged him home by the ear to hang up his nightie? And wont Mary Pickford howl when she is reminded how she carted the dollar bills home in a sack? Did you ever read anything so cute and funny as Dorothy Donnell Calhoun’s Their Mothers Tell on Them? It’s right here between the covers of this book and if you miss it, you are missing one of the best things Motion Picture ever printed.

Were You Sorry?

When the page that used to be Eastern Gossip became merely a picture page with the news told pictorially instead of in the form of a story? Starting with our February number, this department, which thru December and January was merely picture pages, will appear in its old form of text illustrated with pictures. Our readers seem to like it better that way, and, of course, we aim to please. This change comes in deference to those who wrote us that they were disappointed.
A charming new Gift for her personal use -

The very latest aid to personal loveliness is the charming new Cutex Marquise Set. The case is of metal—beautifully decorated, rich and substantial. It contains everything for the most luxurious Cutex manicure—and everyone knows how women appreciate the Cutex manicure above all others.

This handsome gift contains the famous Cutex Cuticle Remover that gives smooth shapely cuticle, Nail White for spotless finger tips, the new Liquid Polish, Cake Polish and a beautiful buffer, sterile absorbent cotton, orange stick, steel nail file and fine emery boards.

The price is moderate—only $2.50 in the United States—$3.00 in Canada.

The various Cutex Manicure Sets offer a delightful selection of gifts ranging in suitability from the friendly inexpensive greeting to the substantial gift of permanence.

The colorful Christmas wrappers breathe the spirit of this friendly season.

They are on sale at all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada, and chemist shops in England. Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City, or 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada.

Cutex Gift Sets
in Special Holiday Wrappers

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Letters to the Editor

Too Good for the Movies

DEAR EDITOR: In a recent issue of the Detroit Times, Ralph Holmes, dramatic critic, complimented Constance Binney upon her triumphant return from the screen to the legitimate stage. "The stage welcomes her," wrote Mr. Holmes; "she is entirely too good for the movies."

It should be admitted Miss Binney is a captivating little creature and an excellent dancer; but so far as dancing is concerned, the screen has Mae Murray, and if Mae has ever thought of retiring from the movies, she has never exposed her plan. It is my belief that Constance Binney did not retire from the movies because she considers her talents superior to the opportunities afforded by the silver sheet. In all probability she left the silent drama for the stage because she believes that in the latter she registers more fully. To catalog it as "another Ann Pennington case" would be safe, since anyone who ever saw Miss Pennington realizes that the place for her is behind the footlights, if her cuteness is to be registered in entirety.

The movies are the entertainment of a far larger public than the stage. In view of this, how can anyone be too good for them? The crux of the matter is this: not everyone "takes" on the screen. May not this be the reason for Miss Binney's change to the stage?

L. J. C.

Detroil, Mich.

Why Brand All the Fans As Dumbbells?

DEAR EDITOR: One of the best known luminaries of the film world in an unguarded moment recently unburdened herself of the statement that "Art is the bunk!"

Similarly, an equally well-known purveyor of film fare declared, "Art doesn't go. We've tried it!"

While not flatly contradicting either of these opinions, I am convinced that the maker of films is foolish and not at all far-seeing in having 90% of the films which are produced, conceived, directed and acted for the one purpose of satisfying the soul cravings of our little friend, "Minnie McGluke."

By doing so he disheartens the more ambitious souls who month after month invade the movie palaces in the vain hope that von Stroheim has done another picture; and frightens from the box office that potential increase of movie goers who dare not take the risk of seeing still another hand-some hero in a check shirt riding his fleet mustang to the rescue of the girl with the million dollar smile.

Without doubt there is today an army of potential film fans who realize the unlimited artistic possibilities of the screen and who are far from simple minded, and who, until there is a higher percentage of productions from von Stroheim, Charles Chaplin, Lubitsch and their like, will remain away from the box office.

This wail of the submerged one-tenth of film fans, "We can't get the kind of pictures we want to see," has apparently been uttered before. At one time it brought rumors of a Little Theater for the movies. Let us hope it matures.

In the meantime we take off our hats to: Mr. Chaplin for A Woman of Paris; to Austria for hitching von Stroheim; to Mae Busch, Dorothy Wallace, Irene Rich and Maude George for bestowing the citadel of the personification of the movies; to Nita Naldi and Barbara La Marr for giving a Dempsey wallop to that post-war atrocity, the girl with the boyish figure! Yours for better pictures,

W. G. P.

Blackpool, England.

Changing the Title

DEAR EDITOR: The scene is set, the cast assigned, the picture half-finished—when someone is stricken with a bright idea.

"Let's change the title!" he cries. "The author has been too highbrow!"

Follows a heated discussion as to whether the picture shall be called Flirting Fathers, Dancing Daughters, or Up In Gertie's Room.

The company may have paid the author a colossal sum for the right to use his title, but that doesn't seem to matter. The public, believe certain film luminaries, is a fickle body that doesn't know what it wants and is primarily stupid, an insult which this infant industry delights to hurl in the faces of the American people. Here is an intelligent and imaginative nation, fairly well read and educated. Here are our present day novelists writing stories which become recognized under titles to which they have given a great deal of time and thought, in an effort to make them show originality, sparkle and inspiration. Why, then, do motion picture producers change these titles into something which makes the productions themselves appear insignificant?

Why do they think the public would prefer to see a picture entitled Don't Detest Your Children, instead of a dignified Mary the Third? Why Flirting With Love, instead of Counterfeit? Why a melodramatic and lurid Sideshow of Life, instead of The Montebank? Think it over, Mr. Producer.

A. L. L.

Cleveland, O.

(Continued on page 110)
Those of us who really want beautiful skins, have them. It is simply a matter of caring enough and of helping instead of fighting nature. Nature gave every one of us a soft, clear, lovely skin with pores so fine as to be almost invisible—and meant us to keep it.

And then the parching sun came up, and the wind blew, and the dust swirled—and one night as we looked in the mirror, we found not the satin-like complexion of yesterday, but the first unmistakable signs of waning beauty.

With cleansing and softening creams we labored arduously at restoration. And we enjoyed the benefits of good creams in helping to cleanse and replenish the oil cells of the skin.

But the task is not finished—the pores have not usually been closed. And if we go forth with relaxed pores we simply invite the dust and germs to work new damage to our complexions.

Then we wonder why we have large pores.

But some of us who really want beautiful skins and have them, have taken care to close the pores to their natural fineness before going out into the air and before powdering.

Many of us use ice every morning to contract the pores—others use cold water. Both are effective to a certain degree, but such treatment is troublesome, inconvenient and harsh to tender skins.

Now a new and better way—
Princess Pat Ice Astringent

Instead of ice, fastidious women are now using a smooth, snowy cream which gently chills the extended pores back to their normal fineness, stimulating the tiny capillaries to renewed action and reviving the natural glowing color.

The sensation is one of pure delight—a cool, refreshing thrill. And the effect on your skin is instant—the firm, youthful, velvety texture that nature meant you to have.

Different from all other face creams, Princess Pat Ice Astringent does not take their place—it supplements them. It completes the task which the nourishing cream has left unfinished—contracts the open pores. It is applied while your accustomed cream still remains on your skin. Then both are gently wiped off together.

And how wonderfully your powder adheres! Too, you may powder without the slightest fear of its entering the pores.

BeautyHints
by "The Princess"

My morning treatment

Awaken the skin with cool, not cold, water. Dry the face. Now just a light coat of nourishing cream, again gently manipulating, always with upward and outward strokes. Now your ice astringent right on top of the nourishing cream. Then wipe off both together.

My night treatment

Cleanse the skin thoroughly with a soft, solvent cleanser cream. Remove with soft cloth. Feed the pores generously with nourishing cream, gently manipulating with finger tips. Let sleep do the rest. I suggest Princess Pat Cleanser and Princess Pat Cream for this night treatment.

Yesterday—Commonplace
Today—a Beauty!

Only a difference of pores—enlarged or invisible. Think of this new "freezy" cream that does what ice does in contracting the pores, but so much more gently, swiftly and daintily.
HELLEN M. H.—Once again the Christmas spirit is in the air, and when you are reading this, Helen, I want you to know that the Answer Man wishes you and all of his readers a very Merry Christmas. Yes, that is Ben Lyon's real name. He was born in Atlanta, Georgia.

ACREY L.—Thanks for sending me a copy of The Diamond. It was mighty interesting, and your department fairly sparkles. You say that I will never marry amid if I marry a rich and pretty widow. You must write me soon again.

LE P., PHILA.—So, you think I must be Irish. Think as you like. Mee voto. No, I am not married and never have been. Pola Negri is to do East of Suez, a Somerset Maugham play with Raoul Walsh directing.

HER V. HAY.—As someone once said, the things one stands for are called convictions; the things one falls for are called flappers. Harold Lloyd in Hot Water. Richard Barthelmess in New Toys. Johnny Himes is playing in The Early Bird.

MAIZE.—No, I am not Russian by birth, but I am most of the time. The Romanoffs were the ruling house of Russia which ended with the assassination of Nicholas II, in 1918. Huntley Gordon was born in Montreal, Canada and was educated in England. He is six feet, weighs 193 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. That was Tempier Powell as Mr. Molyneaux in Montreur Beaucar.

A. F. S.—But see all the money I save by not cutting my beard! It costs you girls a good penny to keep your hair bobbed or shingled, or whatever you call it. And you want to be an actress. Most girls do. I wish you luck.

C. C. R. S.—With all the Little Church Around the Corner is on twenty-ninth Street in New York City. You know it is noted for its romance, and celebrated its seventy-sixth anniversary recently. It still continues to be one of the sightseeing spots of New York. Conway Tearle is usually with First National, and he is playing in The Great Divide.

ANETA E.—South Africa for you, Aneta. They tell me that no woman dreams of doing the least bit of her housework in South Africa. Honest, I'm over eighty. Clara Bow is nineteen. Yes, the child's name is Mildred Gloria Lloyd. Hope to see you out soon. Jacqueline Logan is back in Hollywood working on Off the Highway.

FANNIE E. E.—Well, you couldn't be any fancier than that.

I. C. S. T.—I haven't Adolphe Menjou's age. He is with Famous Players, Shirley Mason in Her Husband's Wife. John Barrymore is forty-two and Alice Terry has red hair. Lionel Barrymore has completed December Night, at the U. F. A. Studios in Germany and is now going to play in The Woman Who Did, also in Germany. Marjorie Daw and Niles Welch have the leads in Vignette of Fear Bowed.

JUST FLO.—I sure do like ice-skating. Yes, my beard makes a warm muffler. So you would like to be my assistant. Flo, Flo! Of course, Wesley Barry's freckles are real. Poor child, there's nothing false about him. Virginia Lee Corbin is fifteen and Frances Carpenter is thirteen. You're welcome, I'm sure!

RED HEAD GAL.—Welcome to the throne. Yes, according to the Income Tax, there are 67 millionaires in the United States. No, I am not listed among them. Phyllis Haver is in Single Wives. So you don't like Gloria Swanson as a shop-girl. I thought she was very funny in Manhandled. Remember that good advice is a punishment we should forgive, but not forget.

BRE—Yes, I understand that there are thirty-three widows of the soldiers of the War of 1812, that are still on the government pension rolls. You refer to William P. Carleton in Inside of the Cup. Never met Jack Gilbert personally. Ruth Roland was in to see us when she came to New York. She is getting younger-looking every day, and her bobbed hair is very Ritzie.

JUST M.—My motto, what the world needs is more love and less food. Tell him to see Douglas Fairbanks or Thomas Meighan pictures. James Remie is playing in Argentine Love, with Bebe Daniels and Ricardo Cortez.

BLUE ROB.—Sorry, but he isn't on the cast. Oh, yes, Doris Kenyon is playing in A Thief in Paradise, with Alleen Fringle, Ronald Colman, Claude Gillingwater, Alec B. Francis, and John Patrick. Totem poles are used by the Indians to show at a glance the "names" or symbols of the families residing in a village.

ZIFF.—Yes, I manage to keep warm these cold nights. I have my fireplace burning. It consists of an electric heater. Frances Howard has been signed to succeed Elsie Ferguson in The Swan. She is nineteen years old and is playing the society flapper on the stage in The Best People. Leatrice Joy was offered the part in The Swan, but declined because she thought her baby, now about three months old, too young for the trip.

T. S. C. H.—Monte Blue is with Warner Brothers; Robert Frazer with Louis B. Mayer; Kenneth Harlan at F. B. O, and Conrad Nagel with Metro Goldwyn. Just like that!

GIBRALTAR.—Sounds a bit rocky, eh, what? You say your answer gave you a thrill of a lifetime. YOU'D be surprised. I am over eighty and have a bald pate. By the way, do you like my new picture up above. Speaking of divorce, people take great pains to catch each other, but very little to hold on.

RIP VAN WINKLE.—That used to be my name, once upon a time. Mahlon Hamilton played in Daddy Long Legs, Colleen Moore in Flirting With Love; also in So Bio. Edith Roberts, Virginia Lee Corbin, Gaston Glass, Jack Mulhall, Miss Dupont and Stuart Holmes in Three Keys. Oh, yes, Owen Moore is playing in East of Broadway. Conrad Nagel and Norma Shearer in Escape Me.

MISS H. G. A.—Pretty frosty, what? Richard Barthelmess is five feet seven and weighs 135. He is twenty-two. His baby is now two years old.

EDMUND J.—Quite right, but a absent—mindedness would be a boon if we could forget those things that we wish to forget. Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago, so I do not know whether her ancestors were Swedish.

MRS. J. C.—Yes, like the good old plum pudding mother used (Continued on page 74)
Amazing New Curling Cap
Marcel Your Hair in 15 Minutes

Now You Can Always Keep It Beautifully Marcelled—
At Practically No Expense

You'll welcome this news with open arms if you realize just how much beautiful curly hair adds to your appearance, for this startling new invention banishes all hair waving troubles forever and makes it easy for you to keep your hair stylishly Marcelled at practically no expense.

If you've ever used a curling iron, you'll understand at a glance just how marvelous this new Curling Cap works, for the principle is very much the same. But instead of applying heat directly to the hair (which common sense will tell you is injurious to both the delicate strands of hair and the scalp) the elastic crosspieces of the Curling Cap simply hold the hair in "waves" until it dries in that position, and leaves the hair beautifully Marcelled. The Curling Cap is aided in this natural action by a specially prepared curling fluid—McGowan's Curling Liquid—which is furnished with each outfit. This delightful balsam not only accentuates the curl, but acts as a tonic for scalp and hair, promoting rich, luxurious growth.

For every type and style

Whatever style of "bob" you prefer—shingle, Ina Claire, cross-wave, center or side-part bob—what ever kind of hair you have—soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short—this new curling device is guaranteed to give you just the kind of Marcel you want in fifteen minutes' time. And the beauty of it is that you can have a fresh Marcel every time you need it with as little trouble as it ordinarily takes to comb long hair.

Think what a saving this will mean in a few months' time! Instead of paying $1.00 to $1.50 plus a 25c or 50c tip every time you need a Marcel, now it will cost you only a few cents.

More important even than the saving of money is the improved condition of your hair that this method will bring. Instead of the harsh, scalp-drying, hair-searing treatment, which sooner or later will ruin any suit of hair, give you broken ends, thin and unruly, you have a simple, natural method that not only keeps the hair beautifully Marcelled, but enriches and nourishes it, making it silky and more beautiful all the time.

Amazing introductory offer

When you consider the remarkable results this new Curling Cap insures and the price asked for curling devices that can't compare with it in any way, you would expect it to retail at $10 or more. Without a doubt Mr. McGowan, the inventor, would be justified in putting such a price on the cap, for it is easily worth that—and more. But Mr. McGowan knows that the best advertisement is the satisfied user. He knows that if he can just get this invention in the hands of a few thousand women in a comparatively short time, it will mean thousands and thousands of sales from their recommendations alone—for every woman that tries this device is delighted with it and naturally tells her friends. So in order to introduce his Curling Cap as quickly as possible to as many users as possible, Mr. McGowan has figured the price down to the minimum—$2.87 for the entire outfit, including a generous sized bottle of McGowan's Curling Liquid.

You'll save enough on the first few Marcells for the entire outfit. And then you can have all the Marcells you want without any expense. With a little attention the Curling Cap will last indefinitely. It is made of especially treated elastic and may be washed freely without detriment. With each outfit there is included enough McGowan's Curling Liquid for many treatments, and when your supply is exhausted this delightful fluid may be purchased separately at a very low cost.

Send no money—just mail the coupon

You don't risk a cent nor do you have to pay for the Curling Cap and outfit in advance. All you do is just sign and mail the coupon. In a few days your postman will bring the Curling Cap and McGowan's Curling Liquid and then you pay him $2.87, plus a few cents postage. You'll be delighted the very first time you try your new-found beauty secret, but the greatest joy will come after you have used it a few times and begin to see your hair getting trained the way you find it most becoming.

And after a thorough trial, if you are not delighted with results—if you do not feel it is the best investment you've made for beauty in all your life—simply return the outfit and your money will be refunded.

The McGowan Laboratories
710 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 596, Chicago

Dear Mr. McGowan: Please send me your hair curling outfit, which includes your new invented Curling Cap and a bottle of McGowan's Curling Liquid. I agree to deposit $2.87 (plus postage) with the postman upon its delivery. If I am not satisfied with results in every way, I will return the outfit to you and you are to refund my money.

Name______________________________
Address____________________________

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
The Answer Man

(Continued from page 72)

he married Natasha Rambova. Louis Fazenda is playing in A Broadway Butterfly with Cullen Landis, John Roche and Lilian Tashman. Douglas MacLean in Sky High, with Anne Cornwall.

AUBREY.—Grass widows are called such because usually hot no grass grows under their feet. Joseph Schildkraut is Viennese and he is playing in Firebrand for the stage. He is a passionate lover in the role of Benvenuto Cellini.

KATHERINE W.—You just call me whenever you feel like it. No, Ivor Novello is not married. House Peters in The Tornado. Kissing is simply shaking hands with the lips. Germs or no germs, how are you going to stop it?

HOT T.—That was some ink you used. I haven't regained my sight yet. Ben Lyon in The One Way Street. And there are plenty of them in New York and Brooklyn. When I go out for an automobile ride nowadays I have to take someone with me to look after the one-way streets.

TOORS.—It takes two to make a bargain, but usually only one gets it. All. Terry is twenty-eight and playing in The Great Divide: Clara Bow in Black Lightning. Eleanor Boardman and John Gilbert have the leads in The Wife of the Centune.

ROSELLA W.—Well, you know, curiosity is to blame for lots of improvement in this world, and for lots of sin, too. So you have always thought Robert McJim the meanest man in pictures, but you have changed your mind now. Well, he was born in 1887, so figure it out for yourself.

MARY B.—I'm sorry Mary, but I cannot give you a pass to visit a studio.

MAY B.—You can reach George Hackathorne at The Talmadge Studios. Mary Philbin has been chosen for the lead opposite Lon Chaney in The Phantom of the Opera. Barbara Bedford is to play in Charles Ray's second production for Ince, called The Desert Fiddler.

You know Betty Blythe is also in the cast.

MRS. JUNE S.—You have a pretty back hand, but I hope you are never behindhand. Well, the newspapers are right and so am I, so figure it out for yourself. And speaking of bequests, where there's a will, there's a way—to be appreciative.

BERTIE C.—I'm sorry, but I cannot give you the addresses. Look for the list of studio addresses in the back of the book. Ruth Stonehouse has been signed by Ben Wilson to play opposite him in What's Your Name, Mister? Rosemary Thely and Phyllis Haver in the cast of Colleen Moore's So Big. So long and good wishes.

JACQUELINE.—Richard Dix is thirty. Norah Beery forty. John Gilbert is twenty-nine. Barbara La Marr's right name is Reatha Watson. Yes, the Yosemite is the loftiest waterfall in the world. It is sixteen times higher than Niagara, the famous eataract of North America. It takes a first leap of 1,500 feet, then comes a series of cascades for 600 feet and its final plunge of 400 feet. The Yosemite fall is in California.

ANTHONY.—Hello, Anthony. So you are still looking for posters in exchange (Continued on page 103)
Turn the key

At Christmas time you tell your children or grandchildren about Santa Claus, but don't forget there's a Santa Claus working all year round for you. His name is Industry. He directs his countless hammers, forges and looms to produce good things to make you happy.

If you don't read the advertisements, the only glimpse you get of his great Toy-room is through the keyhole... the only sound you hear is through the cracks.

Advertisements give you the key. They bid you enter, view for yourself, select from countless comforts and improvements the ones you want your life-stocking to hold.

Only children expect gifts. Yet with the advertisements you can get so much satisfaction for your money, it's the next best thing to getting gifts.

Don't throw away the key held out to you daily. Nor let it rust.

Read the advertisements—fresh.

Turn the key!

The key to better values, to money saved, to entire satisfaction is advertising
HUNDREDS of inquiries reach this office every week, from movie fans all over the country, asking for information about the new pictures their favorite stars are making. In consequence, we have opened this department, which henceforth will be one of the regular features of the magazine. We give information that is accurate when we go to press, but changes may occur in the time that elapses while the magazine is being printed and distributed. A key to the abbreviations will be found on page 120.

What the Stars Are Doing
A department for the fans, in which they are informed of the present picture activities of their film favorites

Conducted by Gertrude Driscoll

A

Adams, Claire—playing in The Devil's Cargo—W. F.
Agnew, Robert—playing in Trouble of a Bride—Bobby being the groom—W. F.
Alden, Mary—playing in The Beloved Brute—V.
Alexander, Ben—playing in a picture tentatively titled in Hollywood—W. F.
Allison, May—recently completed work in The Rock Roar—F. P. L.
Astor, Mary—recently completed work in Oh, Doctor—W. F.
Ayo, Maryon—playing in Thorns of Passion—W. F.
Bennett, Zane T.—playing in Tomorrow's Love—F. P. L.

B

Baby Peggy—latest release Helen's Babies. Discontinued.
Batlin, Mabel—playing in Code of the West—F. P. L.
Barnes, T. Roy—playing in Excuse Me—M. G. M.
Harry, Wesley—playing in Batlin's Runnin'—W. F.
Barthelmess, Richard—playing in New Toys, a comedy of domestic life, with Alex, Barthelmess (Mary Hay) for his leading lady.
Bayne, Beverly—will play Countess Olenska in The Age of Innocence, taken from Edith Wharton's prize-winning novel—W. B.
Bedford, Barbara—has signed a contract to appear in the De Mille productions. Her first part is opposite Charles Ray in The Desert Fiddler—T. H. S.
Beery, Noah—playing in North of 36—F. P. L.
Bennett, D.-playing in The Devil's Cargo, a story of the California Gold Rush in 1849—F. P. L.
Bellamy, Madge—playing in A Fool and His Friends—C. B. C.
Bennett, Alva—disengaged at present. Latest release, The Silent Witness—F. N.
Bennett, Constance—playing in Zane Grey's Code of the West—F. P. L.
Bennett, Edith—latest release The Red Lily. She is vacationing in Italy, where her husband, Fred Niblo, is directing Ben Hur.
Blue, Monte—recently completed work in The Dark Swan—W. B.
Byrde, Betty—has the rôle of a Spanish "vamp" in The Desert Fiddler—T. H. S.
Boardman, Eleanor—playing in Wife of a Millionaire—M. G. M.
Bosworth, Hobart—recently completed work in If I Ever Marry Again—T. H. S.
Bow, Clara—has had a very successful season in Hollywood since winning our last Beauty Contest. She is back in New York again to appear in Howard Houtnik's The Adventurous Sex.
Bremer, Sylvia—playing in Women and Gold—A. F.
Brent, Evelyn—starring in a series of Gothic Productions, the first of which is The Dangerous Pirate. It was formerly called The Pirate. Brockwell, Gladys—recently completed work in So Big—F. N.
Bronson, Betty—playing the rôle of Peter Pan—F. P. L. She had to bob her hair to become Peter.
Brook, Claire—playing in The Hinge—R. P.
Busch, Mae—playing in The Frenchie—V. P.
Butch, Mae—playing in a F. P. N. production tentatively titled Frieda Kol.
Butler, David—has been added to the cast of Code of the West—F. P. L.

C

Carr, Harry—playing in Fleming Forties—P. D. C.
Carr, Mary—playing in the 72-year-old Auntie Sue in The Re-Creation of Brian Kent—F. P. L.

D

Chadwick, Helen—recently completed work in The Dark Swan—W. B.
Chaney, Lon—just started work in The Phantom of the Opera—M. G. M.
Chaplin, Charles—playing in Chilhowis Pass.
Chaplin, Sydney—playing in Charlie's Aunt for A. C.
Cody, Lew—playing a different kind of villain in Dune—M. G. M.
Collier, William, Jr.—playing in The Devil's Cargo—F. P. L.
Colman, Ronald—appearing in A Thief of Paradise taken from Leonard Merrick's novel, Wedding.
This is his first picture under his starring contract with Samuel Goldwyn Productions.
Coppola, Betty—playing in William de Mille's next production, Locked Door, where she should be boxrooming with James Cagney.
Coogan, Jackie—latest release is The Rug Man—M. G. M. He's still in Europe, crumpling for the Near East Relief Commission.
Corbin, Virginia Lee—playing in The Three Keys—B. P. Als, another grown-up part.
Cowan, Wall, Ann—will have the leading rôle opposite Douglas MacLean in his forthcoming comedy called Sky High—A. E.
Cortes, Ricardo—playing the rôle of Tutor that the Princess falls in love with, in The Sues—F. P. L.
Crane, Ward—playing in Jazz Parentheses.

E

D'Algy, Helen—recently completed work in A Saunted Devil—F. P. L.
Dana, Viola—playing in As Man Desires—F. N.
Daniels, Bebe—has the rôle of Consuelo Garcia in Argentine Love Story—F. P. L.
Daw, Marjorie—playing opposite Niles Welch in Fear—F. P. L.
Day, Shannon—playing in The Star Dust Trail—W. F.
Dean, Priscilla—playing in A Cafe in Cairo—H. S.
De la Motte, Margaret—playing in Purchased Woman for W. F.

F

Drew, Richard—recently completed work in A Man About Town—P. L.
Dove, Billie—recently completed work in Thorns of Patience—W. F.
Du Pont, Miss—has been cast for an important part in The Three Keys—B. P.

E

Earle, Edward—playing in The Dangerous Fire, which was formerly called The Fringe—W. B.
Edleston, Robert—playing in Blood and Steel—U.
Elliott, George—playing in A Cafe in Cairo—H. S.
Evans, Magde—recently completed the leading feminine rôle in Czarlmats—L. P.

F

Fairbanks, Douglas—disengaged at present. His latest release was The Thief of Bagdad.
Fair, Virginia Brown—playing in Peter Pan—W. B.
Fawcett, George—playing in Up the Ladder—U.
Ferrandina, Louise—playing in A Broadway Butter-fly—W. B.
Fellows, Rockliffe—recently completed work in The Garden of Winds—F. P. L.
Flynn, Maurice—recently began work on the second of his outdoor productions called The No Case Man—F. B. O.
Forest, Alan—latest release The Great Divisor—M. G. M.
Francis, Alec B.—playing in A Thief of Paradise—F. N.
Francisco, Betty—playing in Wife of the Con-tant—M. G. M.
Frazer, Robert—coming on from the Coast to play opposite Bebe Daniels in Miss Broadway—F. B. O.
Frederick, Pauline—recently completed work in Married Hysterics—U.

G

Gerond, Pierre—playing in The Dangerous File—E. D.
Gibson, Hoot—next feature will be a horse story titled Dark Riders—W. B.
Gilbert, John—playing in Wife of the Century—M. G. M.
Gillingwater, Claude—playing in A Thief of Paradise—P. F.
Gish, Lillian and Dorothy—back from Rome, having completed play as little peasant girls in Romanza.
Glass, Guston—playing in The Three Keys—E. P.
Godowsky, Dagmar—just started work in Playboys of Deseret.
Goldstone, Henry—playing in Nor'e the Twin Stall Men—C.
Gould, Louis—will have an important rôle in Salome of the Terrors, a story of life in New York's gayest by Anita Vierstra—F. P. L.
Greer, Gloria—playing opposite Maurice B. Flynn in The Millionaire Cowboy—F. B. O.
Griffith, Corinne—will be starred in Della Reese, the famous Broadway success.
Griffith, Raymond—will have an important rôle in Miss Broadway—P. L.

H

Hackethorne, George—playing in The Lady—F. P. L.
Hayes, William—playing in Wife of the Centaur—M. G. M.
Hite, Alan—playing in what sounds like a high-wayman story, Dick Turpin—W. F.
Hite, O. S.—playing in The Bridge of Sienna—W. H.
Hamilton, Neil—is the leading male rôle in Isn't Life Wonderful—D. W. G.
(Can continue on page 120)
Now
marcel your hair
beautifully
—in 5 minutes—at home!

An alluring wave guaranteed, bobbed or unbobbed
And the cost is but half-a-penny!
Coupon offers free 10-day trial

THE loveliness of softly waved hair—chic, alluring!—may always be yours, now. No more times, between waves, when the curl has gone—when hair is not as pretty as it might be—when it is hard to arrange.

For now you can do as thousands of other attractive girls and women do—whether your hair is bobbed or long. Every day, if you wish, have a fresh marcel. Right at home—in five minutes! And the cost is actually about half a cent. It is a new method, approved by hair specialists.

The coupon below offers you an opportunity to try it, without cost, for 10 days. Send no money—simply clip the coupon.

An exquisite wave
This new way to keep your hair beautifully waved was perfected to do two things: First, to give you a really professional wave in a very few minutes at home; and second, to reduce the cost.

You use the YVETTE Marcel Waver to do it. Specially designed to impart an exquisitely soft, but very distinct wave.

Simply attach it to an ordinary electric light socket, as you would an old-style "curling iron." But the YVETTE does what no "curling iron" could ever do.

First of all, it uses less heat. So cannot possibly burn or injure the life and lustre of your hair in any way. And this heat is applied by a new principle, to all parts of all hair.

So it does not matter whether your hair is dry and brittle, or whether it is very oily. The YVETTE Marcel Waver gives a perfectly charming wave to any hair. Not a round curl, but a real, professionally-looking marcel wave!

In five minutes your hair is beautifully waved. How nice to have this help, for instance, when going to the theater some evening—with little time to get ready. What a comfort not having to bother with hairdressers' appointments and waiting!

Buy several $20 hats with what it saves!

In twelve months The YVETTE Marcel Waver will actually save you from $40 to $50 over and above its slight cost! And it will last for a lifetime. We guarantee it against defective workmanship or material, you know. Remember, too, that you take no risk at all in testing it for ten days.

A remarkable offer
This unusual, new waver will delight you as it has thousands of others. It was originally made to sell at $40—which is really a low price, when you consider the time and money to be saved. But we have determined to reduce the price—and, by selling still greater numbers, have just as large a business as ever. So we make this amazingly generous offer.

Simply clip, fill in and mail the coupon below. Don't send any money, unless you particularly wish to. We will immediately send you a YVETTE Waver. When the postman delivers it to your door, give him $4.97, plus a few pennies postage, the new, reduced price. But—note this:

Keep and use the Waver for ten days. Test it in any way you see fit. Then, if you are not entirely and completely delighted with what it does for your hair, with the saving in time and money, just send it back to us. Immediately, and without the slightest questioning, we will mail back your $4.97. Isn't that fair?

Just think what a pleasure it is going to be, having your hair freshly and beautifully waved all the time! And with enough money saved to pay for several very lovely hats, a new suit, or frock! Clip your coupon now. Mail it today, sure.

Send No Money—10 Days' Trial
Distributing Division, YVETTE et Cie., Dept. 13
719 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Chicago.
Please send YVETTE Marcel Waver. I will deposit $4.97 with postman when he brings it. You are to return this $4.97 to me if, after 10-day trial, I do not care to keep the waver.

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

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FREE: 10 DAY TRIAL!
Send no money. Simply clip coupon below.

YVETTE
MARCEL WAPER
pronounced EE-VET"
$100 a Week

"Wouldn't you like to earn that much, too?"

"I know you would, Bob—think what it would mean to us! It worries me to see you wasting the best years of your life when you could make them count for so much."

"Can't you see it, Bob? Don't you see that the reason men get ahead is because they train themselves to do some one thing just a little better than others?"

"If the International Correspondence Schools can raise the salaries of other men, they can raise yours. If they can help other men to win advancement and more money, they can help you, too. "I am sure of it."

"Don't let another year slip by and leave you right where you are to-day. Let's at least find out how the L. C. S. can help you. Let's mark and mail this coupon right now!"

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
6063-B, Scranton, Pa.

Without cost or obligation on our part, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X.

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Aeronautical Engineering
Stream Engineering

NAME ___________  
ADDRESS: __________________________

3-6-24

Ruth Clifford spent her fifty cents for ten dishes of ice-cream!

Their Mothers Tell on Them

(Continued from page 31)

deftly turned in mid-air and struck the shirt-front squarely with both feet, then turned a handspring and was gone. But on that opulent, yet conservative, he had left the prints of two black soles! Before coming on for the act he had smeared the bottoms of his feet with lampblack. Thus the audience hollered the fat belly out of the box, and that was Buster's last smile on any stage!

On the bill with the Three Katoons was a prima donna late of the Metropolitan Opera, as the program stated. She felt far above the animal acts and aerobatics connected with her—and showed it. Naturally, her associates had no great love for her.

One evening as she finished singing, bowed majestically and swept her handsome, yet trim, train preparatory to leaving the stage, a small figure dressed as a comedy Irishman strutted from the wings with a burlesque of her grandiose air, and taking himself squarely on the train! Unaware of what had happened, the singer paled regally off the stage, dragging the train with its passenger after her, while the audience cheered with delight and Buster acknowledged their plaudits by bowing to the right and left.

Rod La Rocque's mother has two tales to tell of his bread-and-jam days, one of the time when he was seven and played the part of a bugle boy in a melodrama called "Crimson Valley." His part was to stride out, speak some noble sentiments and "bagpipe," and, raising his bugle to his lips, bulge his cheeks out valiantly while a real bugler played Taps behind the scenes. On this particular evening, when his mother was on the front row as usual, she saw Rod deliver his line, raise his bugle and puff out his cheeks. But no sound came from his lips. He raised his finger at the stage door and had missed his cue. Terrified, the little boy kept his posture for a moment, then lowered the bugle, and as he removed from his lips a tardy Taps rang clearly from behind the scenes! In the face of a catastrophe so overwhelming, there was only one thing for seven years old! Ad

Madame Bean's stage grief became real hysterics and they had to lower the curtain precipitously.

Ice-cream for company dinner at Ruth Clifford's house always suggests this story to Ruth's mother. "There never was such a child for ice-cream," she relates: "she couldn't let a day go by without at least one dish, and I was worried for fear she would ruin her digestion. So I promised her five cents for every day that she went without any. For ten days she remained away from the corner drug-store and I was overjoyed at the thought that I had broken her of the ice-cream habit. I paid her the fifty cents that she had earned and she disappeared. When she came back half an hour later she looked sick, and in another moment there wasn't any doubt about it! She had taken the fifty cents to the drug-store and bought ten dishes of ice-cream—but that's what I wanted to earn the money for! she explained."

It's hard to imagine Norma Talmadge the victim of unrequited affection, but her mother, "Vegs," as the girls have always called her, relates with a twinkle the tale of once when Norma was thrown over. At fifteen Norma was working at Vita-graph out of school hours, and gabbling over a Latin grammar between scenes.

(Continued on page 95)
She is Still Forty!

Does Laura McRae appear more than Twenty Now? Can Facial Filming really give a New Complexion — another Expression? Do Faces ever Grow Younger?

Let these Photographs answer!

Mrs. McRae—Age 40
Aug. 9—one week did this

Mrs. McRae—Age 40
Aug. 2—after one filming

Mrs. McRae—Age 40
Aug. 1—before using film

AN OLD face made young by a new minute-method! It's true—as these pictures prove. Do you wonder that facial filming is spreading fast?

Facial film is not a mere cosmetic, nor surface "beautifier" but the deep-down revitalizing of the whole skin structure. It revives the skin cells. It stimulates the facial tissue. Minor blemishes, and even telltale lines, are dispelled by filming.

Facial film is a natural restorative.

These photographs tell only half the story. Photography cannot convey the marvelously soft texture and the better color which follow filming. But you can experience this remarkable rejuvenation process yourself—facial film is being distributed for all to try—but first read what facial film is and how it works its wizardry:

The revitalizing element in facial film is neoplasma, a pound of which is worth several thousand dollars! Its general use was out of the question until French chemists succeeded in capturing its potency in a thin liquid film—a few drops of which will cover the features. This liquid film is clear as crystal. Pure as the water you drink. But as it dries, this film becomes an outright seal and the neoplasma starts its gentle action. In less than an hour the film is removed—and one views the results with awe. Gone are the "care" lines (really caused by sagging tissues) gone are the age marks about the eyes and the loose skin beneath. The whole contour of the face is different after even single applications of this film. For instead of temporary stagnancy, facial film enlivens and strengthens the muscular and vascular tissue.

This scientific beauty method will soon supplant all the foolish things women do to their faces. Its benefits are far-reaching—with any type of complexion—the action is swift. You don't have to wait for results, nor imagine the improvement!

Filming is effective on skin of any age. Girls whose skins were apparently fair and clear as youth could make them have been made far prettier through this new aid to clarity and softness. Women so old that the skin was parched and deeply wrinkled report astonishing results from a more patient and persistent use of facial film. But a good average case is that of Mrs. McRae, a lady of forty. The very first filming was enough to convince her of facial film's peculiar powers! And after only one week, the effect of neoplasma could leave no doubt. What she accomplished in a month was a revelation; for in her looks she had removed a generation. Few would make a close guess of her age today—surely no one would place her in the forties!

You may have seen remarkable transformations in those who have resigned themselves to skin specialists, or facial surgeons. But here is a perfectly natural, healthful, hygienic, and altogether delightful process that removes evidence of age by simple regeneration!

Neoplasma corrects wrinkles and flabbiness because the new vitality of the skin brings firmness. But it has another virtue; its action dissolves all skin impurities. Pores are rendered clean and pliant as those of a child. It is just as effective on neck, arms, hands—any portion of the body where skin is the least coarse, rough or erupted. The skin responds immediately to this gentle, but all-powerful re-agent. It is impossible to sense the efficiency of such a product without witnessing an actual application.

If you would like to try facial film, you need only write the laboratory where it is made. An airtight vial of the film will be sent you for the most surprising demonstration you ever experienced. There is no fee to pay unless you are glad to give two dollars for the good done. You may send the $2 if you choose, or you can pay it on delivery. But your satisfaction is guaranteed in any case, and your money returned unless you are pleased and delighted with very real results. Think of the saving through filming; your complexion will never need anything else! The coupon below will open new possibilities in any woman's appearance; mail it and be convinced!

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456 S. State St., Chicago

Please send full vial of Facial Film for free trial. I will pay postman $2 and postage subject to return unless filming brings the remarkable benefits described. (If handler, enclose two dollars and save the postage; same money-back guarantee applies.)

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weight, in London; and he didn't get engaged to Nora Bayes. He says that he and Miss Bayes were motorizing together and the machine was wrecked. The gallantry of his rescue made the English reporters think they must be engaged or something.

Mae Marsh has also just returned from Europe. To the excited throng she announced that everybody goes hatless now in fashionable circles in Vienna; consequently Mae's bobbed hair has no lid. She says that movie experience in Berlin was interesting and that her young daughter learned to talk German like a native. Mae says that the directors over there like to get American screen actresses because they are more business-like. The German stars are all temperamental, coming to work whenever the spirit moves them. Also they all terribly overact. Miss Marsh has gone back to her residence in Flintridge, near Los Angeles, and doesn't care whether she ever acts for the screen again or not. She's fed up.

Milton Sills now emulates Mary, the young lady with the lamb. Only he is followed by a cow. He went to Catalina recently on location for a protracted period. As he is on a strict diet, requiring milk many times a day, they had to have a special string of milk-boats chasing wildly down from Avalon to the location place. Finally, the director Irving Cummings had a large and copious Holstein cow sent with instructions to drive her wherever Mr. Sills should wander.

Harold Lloyd and Valentino have both made contracts whereby their pictures will, in future, be distributed by Famous Players-Lasky. This will not, however, interfere with their independent production activities. Valentino will still make pictures with the Ritz-Carleton productions, and Lloyd will make his own. Those with weak hearts are advised to skip a few lines at this point. But the solemn fact is Harold Lloyd is now receiving the largest income ever paid to anyone in the history of the world for services in any capacity—if you can call making comedies that. He receives between $25,000 and $40,000 a week from his percentages from his comedies. All other picture stars are pirates, and the great operatic stars are paupers by comparison.

Helene Chadwick has encountered a new ambition in life. One of her remote ancestors, Lord Chadwick, started a town in New York State and had it named for himself. The fair Helene wants to buy one of the old California ranchos and cut it up into a model town with a community center and other modern fixings.

Pola Negri made a wild plunge into real estate this week. She bought Priscilla Dean's Hollywood mansion for something over $100,000. Now she is pliantly and forlornly searching for a cook. Pola says that acting for the screen is easy compared with corolling cooks.

Norma Talmadge has started on a long vacation. Her studio closed when the last scene of The Lady was shot, and will not be opened until next March. Norma has just returned from New York, breathing mad devotion for California.

Eric Von Stroheim is reported as broken-hearted over the way the studio executives have cut his picture, Greed. It was tried out in a theater in Pasadena recently. Von Stroheim wanted to keep it an enormous length and show it on two different nights.

A brand-new craft has been discovered by Marguerite de la Motte. Someone in the East has been advertising that for one dollar he will send anyone a "form letter" so couched that, addressed to any screen stars, it will bring a signed photograph and an autographed letter. Miss de la Motte discovered it by receiving four letters in one day all beautifully written—but exact duplicates of each other.

The Lambs Club members living in Hollywood recently gave a huge benefit in the Hollywood Bowl to build a new church for the parish of the Rev. Neal Dodd, known all thru the film world as the "Padre." Nearly all Hollywood baptisms, marriages and funerals come off in his church.

First National, which has been hankering for some time to make pictures in New York, is sending two companies with a special steel film car across the continent. They are to make two pictures, One Way Street and The Interpreter's House. Lambert Hillyer, the young director who has made so many hits for Thomas H. Ince, has signed with First National to direct one of the pictures.

On the other hand, Corinne Griffith is coming back to Hollywood. She has found that New York is quite a town for some things, but not for picture making.

The reason they like to make pictures in Hollywood is because they say they have everything conceivable thing here for making them. But twice, in the last week, Hollywood has missed its step in this regard.

In the making of The Devil's Cargo, a story of the early days of California, the Lasky Studio needed some old-fashioned revolvers—four hundred of them. The
Where Pyorrhea Starts

Is frequently in that dangerous film on teeth—(run your tongue across your teeth and you can feel it)

The simple new tooth care that foremost dental authorities now urge as scientific hygiene—what to do and how.

Are you living in dread of pyorrhea, think maybe you are susceptible to it? The hygienic rule most widely urged is very simple. Follow it, say men of science, and you will have better protection.

Combating film at least three times daily: that, in a few words, is what all are urged to do.

This offers you a 10-day test free of the new way to fight it. Simply use the coupon.

Look for film—then do this

Most tooth troubles today are traced to a film that forms on teeth. A viscous film that you can feel by running your tongue across your teeth.

That film is the chief enemy of good teeth. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It hides the natural luster of your teeth. If your present dentifrice doesn’t combat it successfully, it’s inadequate.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. In contact with teeth, this acid invites decay. Millions of germs breed in it. And they, with tartar, based on film, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

New now methods fight it

For years men of science have given their best in seeking an effective combatant of that film. Ordinary tooth pastes do not cope with it adequately. Harsh, gritty substances were discarded as dangerous to enamel. Soap and chalk were judged inadequate. Numerous methods have been tested and found wanting.

Now modern dental science has found two new combatants and embodied them in the modern tooth paste called Pepsodent.

Its action is to curdle the film. Then, harmlessly, to remove it. A scientific method different in formula, action and effect from any other dentifrice.

* * *

Throughout the civilized world, leading dentists urge this new method.

To millions it has proved the folly of dull and dingy teeth. To millions it offers daily a better protection against pyorrhea, tooth troubles and decay.

It meets better the exactments of modern tooth hygiene.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. It neutralizes mouth acids. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva to better digest starch deposits, which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Note, too, that it results in glistening teeth quickly. Under that film is the tooth cleanness you envy in others.

What you find will surprise you. You are urged to make the test. It will cost you nothing.

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Only one tube to a family

(Continued on page 93)
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Buy your Christmas Gifts on our easy confidential payment plan. Send only $1.00 and your selection will be promptly sent to you. When you have examined it carefully and convinced yourself of its exceptional value pay only one-fifth of the price. The balance in 10 equal monthly payments.

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FREE Send for our new Diamond and Gift Book, showing a wonderful selection of exquisite gifts—all on 10 months to pay. Send for it today.

The Rose of Paris

So, the Cinderella pattern bobs up again, tho this version of it fails to carry the whimsicalities of humor, the gentle pathos and the charm that one expects from such a theme. There are far too many characters and they clutter up the situations making them somewhat complicated instead of being simplified. Then again these characters are introduced with high-sounding French names which makes it difficult to identify them—especially when the plot is not confined to detailing its points with simple strokes.

The Bandolero

In taking a company to Spain to catch the proper backgrounds and atmosphere for The Bandolero, the director compensates for a story which is not unduly important. As told here it is rather cumbersome, over-subtitled and episodic in design. But there is eloquent appeal in its backgrounds, settings and costumes of Spain, old and modern, quaint architecture, the narrow streets, the colorful landscapes—and the climax which introduces a genuine bull-fight—these are the assets of a picture which is optically satisfying.

The plot has to do with the efforts of a bandit to get away with his hated enemy who has been the cause of his wife's death, to keep apart this enemy's don and his own daughter who are in love with one another. It is well played by Pedro de Cordoba, a real Castilian, and Renee Adoree. Manuel Granado is a picturesque matador.

Emory Johnson has made an interesting picture of baseball in the Nineties in Life's Greatest Game

Critical Paragraphs About New Productions

(Continued from page 65)

Colman, it carries on with a similitude of reality. There is a philandering husband and father who plays with a Broadway gold-digger. And his daughter is betrothed to a youth with a past. The pretty temptress sets matters straight. Mighty well done in every particular.

The Beauty Prize

Nina Wilcox Putnam's story of the beauty contest at Atlantic City (an annual affair, incidentally) doesn't fare very well in its celluloid shape. It's very slight material—which is padded out with repetitious scenes and a volume of wordy subtitles. Viola Dana is the big city manicurist who is urged to enter the contest by a sidewalk shiek. And the interest rests in her masquerading as a society debutante—and winning the prize.

There is a flush of the Atlantic City winners—a flash, evidently taken from the news reel—a bit of sentimental holism when the small-town youth comes a-courtin'—and one or two mild comedy scenes. Three reels would have been quite enough for this slender story. Five reels make it seem tiresome.

Life's Greatest Game

Baseball is on the griddle here. Emory Johnson having tried his luck with the fireman, locomotive engineer, mailman—and the soldier takes a fling at the professional baseball player. He has put to-
gather a fair-to-middlin' yarn which has its bolcure—but which manages to entertain with its atmosphere.

As is customary with professional baseball there must be gamblers ready to embarras the players. And so Tom Santschi pitching for the Cubs in the days when all ball tossers sported moustaches punishes a gambler who would bet on him. The gambler gets even by breaking up the pitcher's home. Twenty years later Santschi is manager of the Giants—and his own son, unknown to him, is the rookie pitcher who goes into the game and decides the World Series in favor of the Giants. There is a reconciliation between the manager and his wife whom he thought lost in a steamboat disaster. The best points are the incidents of dress and deportment of the early nineties—and what transpires on the diamond. Mostly stock stuff.

Oh, You Tony! Tom Mix comes thru again riding Tony to victory in a back-country stepple-chase. The stakes of which are the old homestead which the villains are after because of the presence of oil in the adjoining sod. This is the climax. Otherwise Tony hasn't many moments. The prelude to it introduces Mix burlesquing a Westerner acquiring culture in Washington whether he had journeyed to talk politics for the boys back home. The opposition is out to embarrass him. So they employ one of Pennsylvania Avenue's slickest vamps to take his money away from him.

The fun rests in Tom trying to absorb etiquette. Some of it is humorous, but it is dwelt upon too long. However, the piece is pretty good—even it there isn't much story to carry. Mix deserves credit for brushing up his pictures with satire.

The City That Never Sleeps If you can become convinced that the widow of an Irish saloon-keeper would give up her child in order that she may beceared in an atmosphere of culture and refinement, then this picture won't appear improbable. But Irish temperament isn't built that way. The easier manner would be to surrender the child into the custody of a convent. So eighteen years pass by—and the child grows into maturity—and lives to scorn her own flesh and blood when she accompanies a party of jazz-stoppers to the Irish woman's cabaret. The conflict of the plot rests in the

(Continued on page 96)

NEIGHBORS

When Ephraim Crosby made a clearing far out on Valley Road and built his house, he had no neighbors. He lived an independent life, producing on the farm practically all that his family ate and wore. Emergencies—sickness and fire and protection of his homestead from prowlers—he met for himself. Later he had neighbors, one five and another eight miles away. Sometimes he helped them with their planting and harvesting, and they helped him in turn. Produce was marketed in the town, twenty miles along the cart-road.

Today Ephraim Crosby's grandchildren still live in the homestead, farming its many acres. The next house is a good mile away. But the Crosbys of today are not isolated. They neighbor with a nation. They buy and sell in the far city as well as in the county-seat. They have at their call the assistance and services of men in Chicago or New York, as well as men on the next farm.

Stretching from the Crosbys' farm living-room are telephone wires that lead to every part of the nation. Though they live in the distant countryside, the Crosbys enjoy the benefits of national telephone service as wholly as does the city dweller. The plan and organization of the Bell System has extended the facilities of the telephone to all types of people. By producing a telephone service superior to any in the world at a cost within the reach of all to pay, the Bell System has made America a nation of neighbors.

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Only 15 minutes a day with Dorothy Mackall's New Invention . . . and you will improve your English and pronunciation—improve your spelling—improve your style—improve your whole personality. Learn English by reading English, listening to English, writing English, speaking English.

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Dorothy Mackall and George O'Brien play the leads in the graphic melodrama, The Painted Lady

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THAT makes the second increase in salary in a year, and I’m earning $45 a week now. That’s pretty good for a girl. It certainly was a lucky day for me when I decided to take up that I. C. S. course.

Why don’t you study some special subject and prepare to earn more money? There’s no sure way to do it than by studying at home in spare time with the International Correspondence Schools.

The I. C. S. has a number of courses especially arranged for women. Some I. C. S. women students are making as high as $50, $75, and $100 a week as private secretaries, artists, expert letter writers, pharmacists, assistants in chemical laboratories, high-priced sales executives, office managers, advertising writers and solicitors, and in Service and Technical Departments.

Mark and mail the coupon and we’ll be glad to send you interesting descriptive booklets telling what the I. C. S. can do for you.

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Without cost or obligation, please send me your 48-page booklet, “How Women Are Getting Ahead,” and tell me how I can obtain a position in the field before which I have marked an X.

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You too can have a firm wrinkle-free complexion.

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Remove youthful freckles, revives beauty marred by time, illness or neglect. A cure to regain the charm of a clear, wholesome, pink complexion. Amazing results in short time. Removes freckles, crowcombs, frown lines, furrows. Restores elasticity to skin, and firmness to underlying tissues. Fills hollows of face, neck, and décolleté bust.

FREE

Remarkable Bust Developer

A means of developing a size. Makes skin smooth and soft. Most welcomed discovery—not an experiment—thousands made happy during many years. Send name, address and to order for trial sample and FREE Beauty Secrets. Mme. Fontaine, 103 Parisian Bldg., Cleveland, O. Agents Wanted.

A brand new Menjou will be presented to the public, when they see him as the Prince in The Swan

Confidences Off-Screen

(Continued from page 57)

The Man Who Made The Iron Horse

John Ford is the first director I have interviewed for this department. I went to him because he is the man who directed The Iron Horse, for the Fox Film Corporation, one of the finest of recent spectacular productions. It tells the story of the building of the first transcontinental railroad. The picture sweeps along with a splendid unity of appeal. The eternal love interest is there, of course, but it is soft-pedaled. The work of the pioneers is made to count as the supreme romance. And that is no small achievement. It could only have been done by a director with talents quite out of the ordinary. So I looked up Ford.

"You have gone The Covered Wagon one better," I told him. "How did you do it?"

He was modest about it. But bit by bit he gave me a fascinating account of how he had planned great scenes on the prairies and in the mountains, of how he had handled thousands of men and women, including the several hundred redskins that figure in the Indian fighting.

It’s too long a story to tell here, but I touch upon it in order to arouse the interest of readers in the debt they owe to a good director. I have been told that movie fans want to hear only about the stars, that they refuse to get excited over the fellow who stages the show. If so, I want them to think again. Many of the films they most enjoy would have been impossible without the imagination of the director.

Ford remarked that if one point were to be emphasized more than the others, it should be this: He refused to allow his people to act. In big realistic spectacles, acting is deadly. The cast must be imbued with the idea that it is reproducing a pageant that was once lived; it must never try to interpret. Ford’s spike-drivers on the U. P. and the C. P. railroads drive spikes, and when they fight—believe me, they fight! A great show, any way you take it.

Menjou Says He’s No Actor

This interesting slant on acting, in the old sense of the term, being out of place in motion pictures was carried still further by Adolphe Menjou, in a chat I had with him at Famous Players studio. Every one knows Menjou as the delightful Frenchman of many recent pictures, including Open All Night, in which he and Jutta Goosdal scored the finest sort of artistic success. At first thought, it would seem that his method is deliberately picturesque. One remembers him as a suave person with a technique that if it had to be described in a hurry, one would say came straight from the best traditions of the Paris stage.

Yet Menjou made it clear to me that he avoids acting like the plague. He must feel a character before he will consent to play it. Then he goes before the camera, and just naturally is that character. He
says that motion picture artists should be called portrayers, anyway, and not actors. If Adolphe Menjou, as a Parisian man about town, reminds one of French plays, it is simply because men about town of the Menjou type have been used by practically every French dramatist. But on the screen, he sets himself the task of being alive every moment of the time. A slip into mincing, and the shot has to be taken all over again.

He is now working on The Swan, which was so successful as a play on Broadway. It has been whispered to me that the film version is a terrible massacre of the original. But that isn't the point that concerns us here.

Menjou, who will play the Prince, tells me that he intends to make of the character a real portrait of one of those cultivated fitters, those bored heart-breakers, who were to be found before the war at the Courts of Central Europe. "Like the Princes of the Austrian imperial family," I suggested, aware that the type had never been really shown in an American movie.

"Precisely!" Menjou nodded eagerly. "It is the Austrian Court I have in mind." And that promises to be no end of a treat. A brand-new Menjou will be presented to the public. There has been a danger in his being held to the French character part. He is versatile, and now has a chance to prove it.

The New Piccadilly

One of the most attractive motion picture theaters in the world was opened on Broadway in late September. It is called the Piccadilly. I have nothing but praise for the novel architectural design, the decorations and the comfortable seating arrangements.

But the picture, Barbara Frietchie, which was offered as the first picture—alas! How could I ever have been guilty of making it? Apart from the fact that Barbara is dramatized as a young girl, in place of the gray-headed woman of Whittey's poem, there are so many historical errors that it's difficult to count them. Men like Griffith have set a standard for the historical film which I thought that lesser producers were at least trying to maintain. It is absurd to use the Revolution or the Civil War, unless the facts presented are correct in every detail.

My Chat With Jackie

Last month, I told the story of Jackie Coogan and that marvelous invention, "the gooseneck lens." It took up so much space that I had none left for my chat with the child genius of the screen.

He was sitting in a taxi, in East Sixty-third Street, New York, waiting to be called for a shot in The Rag Man.

"Jackie, how do you like New York?" I asked him.

He put down the book he had been reading, The Scarf of Oz, and considered the question solemnly. "Not so much," he said. "It's too big, and I feel so—so lost here."

"Do you really like Los Angeles better?"

"Oh, yes! I'm wanted there. That's it."

"But you're wanted in New York, too," I assured him. "Haven't you noticed how the kids all crowd about to take a look at you?"

He pursed his lips. "I can get all I need of that in Los Angeles," he declared loftily.

"Do you look forward to your trip to Europe?"

"Sure. Seventeen countries, and I'm to see the Pope."

(Continued on page 105)
Beauty

A Gleamy Mass of Hair

35c “Danderine” does Wonders for Any Girl’s Hair

Girls! Try this! When combing and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair-brush with a little “Danderine” and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! You can do your hair up immediately and it will appear twice as thick and heavy—a mass of gleamy hair, sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance.

While beautifying the hair “Danderine” is also toning and stimulating each single hair to grow thick, long and strong. Hair stops falling out and dandruff disappears. Get a bottle of “Danderine” at any drug or toilet counter and just see how healthy and youthful your hair appears after this delightful, refreshing dressing.

Advertisements

Lloyd Hughes is now starring in The Lost World

The Confessions of a Free-Lance

Confessed to JUDY McGREGOR

They said that if Lloyd Hughes saw an interviewer coming, he could give a jack-rabbit a run for his money. And that’s just what happened. The greatest showman of Hollywood, Lloyd Hughes, gave me a job to sit on whose fragility was distinctly flattering. An alligator paddling at the end of a hidden chain in the sluggish stream was the dens ex machina.

“What a Life Props must lead,” we suggested idly, “with such items as alligators on his morning’s shopping-list.”

“Oh, you can rent anything around Hollywood,” said Lloyd, saying a pebble at a brightly feathered cockatoo tethered to a palm tree-top, “anything from a cradle to a grave. Most studios don’t try to keep props on hand any longer, they even rent the casts they need.”

The controversy over the respective merits of contract and free-lance playing rages hotly in Hollywood whenever there are two or three actors gathered together, each side accusing the other of acridulous grapes. But here was a screen player who had tried both systems.

“Do you,” we wondered, “prefer making the year by or by the piece?”

“Well, of course,” free-lancing has its pros and its cons,” hedged Mr. Hughes, “its greatest pro is the larger salary of an independent player while he is working; the greatest con is the possibility that he may not always find a chance to work. Personally, I wouldn’t go back to a long-term contract for anything.”

“This way a leading man plays opposite all the lovely screen lads instead of only one,” we suggested flippantly.

The hero of The Lost World smiled enigmatically. “It’s always pleasant to have a change of scenery,” said he. “If you stay too long on one lot they make you one of the family, and expect you to put the cat out and lock the door every night.

We thought of what a well-known star contracted to a big company once told us: “They call you upstage if you forget to kiss the cameraman good night!” he had waived. “Three hundred and sixty-four days you come in and scatter sunshine, ‘morning! Bill’! “Hello Tom, how’s the wife?” and then one day perhaps you’ve got a touch of Kleig eyes or you don’t feel so good. You don’t give a damn about the wife and you just say ‘Morning.’ And the first thing you know it’s gone around that you’ve changed your hat size.”

“Of course,” Lloyd Hughes admitted, “the transient player is nobody’s darling. He doesn’t get much publicity, because all that the company for, which he happens to be working is interested in, is the picture. But in the end he’s probably better known, for he has half a dozen releases instead of only one.”

“In short,” we commented, “it boils down to a paradox that when a player is so popular that he is sure to be in continual demand, it’s safe for him to risk the uncertainty of free-lancing.”

It is safe enough for Lloyd Hughes certainly. In his two years of film free-booting he has only been without a part three weeks. The supply of screen lovers is very low in Hollywood—indeed, many of the beautiful women stars are unable to find one at the present moment, and all the reliable lovers in the business are rushed to death.

And Hughes is not merely an operatic lover, holder, like so many leading men, a mere lay-figure for the star to shed costly tears over. He usually plays in all-star casts, tho when the occasion demands he can give a very fine performance on the second fiddle.

“When a slump comes tho,” we suggested, “it’s the fellow with the contract who is sitting pretty.”

“But there’s more adventure to free-lancing,” replied the Wondering Boy; “you never know what is coming next! And it keeps an actor always on his toes trying to make good for new directors. No siree, no more contracts for me—unless,” he grinned, “unless somebody offered me a pretty good one.”

Here the alligator put an end to the conversation by yawning close at our elbow with startling effect—

We knew that box wasn’t strong enough!
Learn to Play Piano
By Ear in 90 Days

Make the place at the piano belong to you. Be a master of jazz, syncopation, melody. It is easy to learn at home in spare time. Wonderful Niagara Method shows you how.

By R. C. JAMES

I was not able to play a note. I did not know a thing about music. In fact I had never even "touched a piano." But popular tunes would run through my head taunting me for days and days.

And how I used to wish that I could play. How I used to wish that I could sit down at the piano and pour out the golden syncopation of American melody, like the jazz piano players I had heard. How I used to wish that I could be the popular one in every crowd, always in demand instead of just another member of the party, sometimes asked and sometimes overlooked.

The Niagara Method Shows the Way
Then, somewhere—just as you are reading this—I read of the Niagara Method which makes piano playing wonderfully simple.

I sent for Director Wright's book "The Niagara Secret." I thank the lucky star which prompted me to learn all about his wonderful method of piano playing, for I read the book and I know it was right. I followed Director Wright's principles and in no time I had caught on to his ideas. In no time I was able to play the popular tunes, the latest songs and dances, all the music that is in demand today.

Simple—Easy—Delightful
And the best part of all is that there is nothing hard about the Niagara Method. Remember, I did not know a note. But in a short time, by following Director Wright's principles and by devoting a part of my spare time each day to the practical application of his course, I soon learned to play—soon mastered his wonderful secret which I know will be mine forever.

No terrors—no problems—no memory—no weary hours of practice—no drudgery—no meaningless exercises. If you know the Niagara Method you can sit down and reel off any popular song which the high-priced orchestra leaders play in the cabarets, supper clubs, hotels, dance halls, or theaters.

If you have never played a note or if you do play—no matter how well—you too may become a master of Jazz and melody by learning the simple, wonderful Niagara Method. Each pupil given individual attention.

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Don't wait another day. Send the coupon now for the "Niagara Secret," the book which has brought pleasure and popularity to thousands. This book is yours absolutely FREE. You can't lose by getting it. But you can miss many pleasurable hours the rest of your life by not having it. Send for it now. Enclose 6c, in stamps and you will also receive a most interesting chart.

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The wearing of these wonderful medicated rubber stockings and togs (or either light or dark stock) will not only reduce and shape the limbs but give excellent support in most and all appearances. They relieve swelling various veins and elimination promptly. Work next to the skin they induce natural heat and keep fit in the body. They stimulate the circulation and give a good protection against cold and dampness.

Asklest, per pair $7.00
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WRITE FOR BROCHURE TO
Dr. JEANNE M. WALTER, 329 Fifth Avenue, New York

(Motion Picture News, 1936, page 91)
Tell Me, Girls
Which beauty aid you want
by Edna Wallace Hopper

I am trying to aid girls to more beauty,
in ways that brought beauty to me. I am trying to bring women the prer-
natal youth I gained.

My 40 years I have searched the world for the best and latest beauty helps in exist-
ence. Now I use a number of aids combined in four preparations. All toilet counter supply them. So every girl may use exactly what I use.

The thousands who meet me daily on the stage see what those helps can do. I urge you to learn what they mean to you. Mail the coupon for a test of one.

My Youth Cream
My Youth Cream is a remarkable creation, complete in every factor. It contains products of both lemon and strawberry. Also the best helps science gave me to foster and protect the skin.

It comes in two types—cold-cream and vanishing cream. I use the vanishing cream, also daytime cream, as a powder base. Never is my skin dry. My complexion is complete with what this cream can do.

The cost is 60c per jar. Also in 35c tubes.

My Facial Youth
Is a liquid cleanser which I also owe to France. Beauty experts the world over now advise this formula, but its price is too high for most women.

It contains no animal, no vegetable fat. It cleans to the depths, then departs. All the dirt, grease, grime and dead skin come out with it. Facial Youth will bring you new conceptions of a clean skin.

The cost is 75c.

White Youth Clay
A new type clay, white, refined and darling. Vastly different from the crude and muddy clays so many have employed.

A small amount of all that clods and mars it. Removes the causes of blackheads and blemishes. Brings a rosy afterglow which amazes and delights.

Combats all lines and wrinkles, reduces enlarged pores. No girl or woman can afford to omit it. It multiplies beauty. My White Youth Clay costs 50c and $1.

My Hair Youth
The cause of my luxuriant hair, thick and silky, far far than 40 years ago, I have never had falling hair or a touch of gray.

A concentrated product combining many ingredients. I apply it with an eyedropper directly to the scalp. It combats all the stiffed hair roots. No man or woman will omit it when they see what Hair Youth does. The cost is 50c and $1 with eyedropper.

All toilet counters supply Edna Wallace Hopper's beauty helps. If you send the coupon I will mail you a sample of any one. Also my Beauty Book.

Your Choice Free
Insert your name and address. Mark sample desired. Mail to Edna Wallace Hopper, Inc., 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.

717-AMPM
White Youth Clay Youth Cream Facial Youth Hair Youth

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Lunch at midday in Death Valley was none too enjoyable, for the plates, cups, and utensils became so hot in the temperature of 130° that it was not pleasant to handle them.

Thru Death Valley with von Stroheim

(Continued from page 21)

hundreds of emigrants who have perished here by thirst. We were led by an eighty-year-old Indian guide—eighty years young. I should say, for that fellow is still good for many more miles. He saved our lives several times.

"He told us of the first party of emigrants who tried to cross the Valley. "I was only a lad," he explained, 'and they were the first white men I had ever seen. I was so terrified by the sight of them that I hid behind a rock until they had passed, then ran as fast as I could in the opposite direction. They were only a quarter of a mile from good, fresh water, and I could have saved the whole party by a word of direction. But they died, every one of them.'

"It was days before we reached the floor of the Valley and visited the Poison Well," continued Mr. von Stroheim. "Almost all the desert springs are poisoned and it is safe to drink from none except those marked by the Government. The Indians have secret signs on the rocks to mark the trail to the pure springs. All around are the bleached and blemished skeletons of men who have gone mad from thirst and drunk of the poisonous water, only to die immediately. I washed an undershirt in one of the springs, soaked it, and put it on a rock to dry. An hour later there was not a thread of it left; the arsenic had eaten it completely."

"We also visited Lost Wagon, where the shifting sands have not completely buried the wagons of an ill-fated group of travelers."

"During the filming of this picture we crossed Death Valley eleven times, with the thermomete-
r constantly registering from 120° to 135°, and all of us suffering the tortures of the damned. No man could carry water enough to last more than two miles. In order to live, one must drink constantly, day and night, from six to eight gallons in twenty-four hours, or be died to purgation by the heat."

"One day we almost touched fingers with death, purely from lack of water. It was at our last camp on the edge of the 'Sink,' the lowest spot on earth, three hundred, thirty-seven feet below sea level. The pressure is something terrific and the breeze is like a blast from a furnace. We had traveled on burros all night to reach it, but the trucks with our supplies and our water had got stuck between the springs and our camp. There we were, stingy for water, and one hour of thirst is worse than twenty-four hours of any other kind of torture."

"As a last resort, I sent our eighty-year-
old Indian runner to Ryan, twenty miles distant, one of the mines of the Twenty Mule Team Borax Company. They wired for an aeroplane to drop a cast-iron tank of water at our camp. The physician of the party gave it out, one-half of a cup at a time, with an armed man on either side of him to beat back the crazed members of our party."

"It was at the Sink we staged the famous fight between Mc-
Teague and his partner. No camouflage was needed to make that scene. The suf-
ferring of the men was intense. The air was stifling, and the sun beat down un-
mercifully. At one time I feared for the lives of the actors; I thought they were really dying."

"Following this we came out at Ryan, thence to Valley Junction, then Barstow and home."
On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 83)

Wedding-Bells are ringing overtime in Hollywood this fall. Marie Prevost was married to Kenneth Harlan recently after a long engagement which involved two divorces—hers and his. Betty Compton was married to James Cruze, the director, almost the same day. They had been engaged for a long time, but Mr. Cruze got a sudden inspiration, and whisked his bride away to the altar. As she was busily working in a picture, directed by William de Mille, she has had to postpone her honeymoon trip to the East.

What the Stars Are Doing

(Continued from page 76)

Hammerstein, Elaine—playing in One Glorious Night—C. B. C.

Hampson, Hope—is deserted the screen to appear on the stage in House of Pleasure this fall.

Harlan, Kenneth—has been chosen to play Brian Kent in The Re-Creation of Brian Keat—P. F.

Harrington, Raymond—plays in Private Sol—F. N.

Harrington, Marjorie—first picture under her new contract with Famous Players-Lasky will be The Top of the World.

Haver, Phyllis—playing in So Big—F. N.

Hawley, Wanda—playing in The Wizard of Oz—C. P. L.

Hay, Mary—Richard Barthelmess has chosen his wife for the feminine lead in New York. This is her first appearance on the screen since she played in Griffith's Way Down East.

Hearn, Edward—playing in Winner Take All—W. B.

Herbert, Holmes E.—playing in Up the Ladder—P. B.

Hers, Walter—will give us some rare bits of comedy in Essential Mrs.—M. G. M.

Hines, Johnny—engaged in making the comedy in The Early Bird—C. B.

Hollies, Square—playing in The Three Keys—B. P.

Holmquist, Sigrid—appearing opposite Johnny Hines in The Early Bird.

Holt, Jack—playing in Emerson Hough's North to M. P. L.

Howard, Frances—a stage favorite; has been chosen to play the Princess in The Sons, her first screen appearance.

Hughes, Lloyd—playing in If I Ever Marry Again—F. N.

Hunter, Glenn—has been discharged since completing The Silent Watcher—F. N.

J

Johnston, Julianne—completely completed work in Garraghn, a German production, and is now vacationing in Europe.

Jessen, Charles—playing in The Man Who Played Square for W. F.

Joyce, Alice—playing the wilful heroine in White Man—B. P. S.

Kane, Mildred—playing in Troubles of a Bride—W. F.

K

Kean, Banner—is cast as a young man who will inherit seven million dollars if he will marry within twenty-four hours in Seven Chances—V. M.

Keenan, Frank—is making Dixie, his first picture since his return from his honeymoon at C. M. G. M.

Keith, Ian—playing in Law's Wilderness—F. N.

Kennedy, Madge—starring in their own unknown star—M. W.

Laemmle, Madge—appears between the stage and the screen. Her screen fans will be glad to welcome her back in The Ultimate Truth which is the lead opposite Conway Tearle of A. E.

Kenyon, Doris—will next appear in A Thief in Paradise—P. N.

Kerry, Norman—has recently completed The Best of the West for U.

Kaye, Kathleen—is playing Ben Hur's sister Tiriel in Ben Hur—M. G. M.

Kirkwood, James—now the proud father of a son, is playing a dual role in Top of the World—F. P. L.

Krafft, Theodore—next seen in Cecil de Mille's production The Golden Bed.

L

Lake, Alice—recently completed her work in The Last Chance—W. B.

La Marr, Barbara—playing in The Second Chance (excellent opportunity for a witty remark, but we refrain). This is a race-track story written for her by Mrs. Vilma Woodring—P. T.

Landis, Cullen—playing in Cheap Kisses—F. B.

La Plante, Laura—will have Eugene O'Brien as her leading man in Dangerous Frontier—U.

La Rocque, Rod—is cast as Adah Hoot in The Golden Bed—F. P. L.

Lewis, Mitchell—playing in Freaks of Sol—F. N.

Lewis, Ralph—playing in The Bridge of Sighs—W. B.

Livingston, Margaret—playing in Up the Ladder—P. B.

Lloyd, Harold—is just starting work on his new comedy which deals with college life.

(Continued on page 100)

Adverting Section

Gray Hair?

Don't Have It!

Let me tell you the quick, easy way to get back original color.

"Why let gray hair spoil your chances?" is a question I so often want to ask.

It is such an unnecessary handicap, when restoration is so simple and easy. And—it costs nothing to learn how.

I invite everyone with gray hair to send for my free trial outfit, which contains a trial bottle of my famous hair color restorer. Just as directed—learn for yourself that you needn't have gray hair at any age!

FREE BOTTLE

A scientific laboratory preparation

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a scientific, reliable preparation which always does the work. It brings back the natural, youthful color of your hair so perfectly that no one will suspect you once were gray.

There is no streaking, artificial dyed look. Just the even natural, exact shade of early youth.

Apply it with a comb

My restorer is very easily applied—you do it yourself, without help. You simply comb it through the hair and watch the gray disappear.

No interference with shampooing—nothing to wash or rub off. My restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean and dainty as water. It leaves the hair soft and fluffy—lovely when waved and dressed.

Absolutely free trial—mail coupon

Remember the trial offer is absolutely free—so even prepay postage. Just mail the coupon—you will receive by return mail my special patented free trial outfit with full directions.

Then when you know what Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is and just what it will do, get a full sized bottle from your druggist. If you prefer it, you may order direct from me.

Fill out coupon carefully, making exact natural color of hair. If possible enclose a lock with your letter. When the trial outfit comes make the famous "single-lock" test. You will be overjoyed by results.

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Hair Color Restorer
Over 10,000,000 bottles sold

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medium brown........ auburn (dark red)........

light brown........ light auburn (light red)........

Name............

Address............

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The Story of My Life
(Continued from page 91)

The penny said "heads—Alaska" (if it had said "tails" I would have gone anyhow) and off I started to seek my fortune at eighteen. In my pocket was a letter of introduction from a New York friend to one George Merrill who was, so he said, a "darkie fine chap" and would show me the ropes.

I carried that letter in my pocket for two years.

The envelope grew frayed and grimy, and the superscription was almost unreadable, but, tho I often came across runways of George, I never caught up with him. Then one day I heard that he was only twelve miles away at a mining camp over the mountains and I trekked across over the rugged trail with the two-year-old postmark. An hour before I got to the camp there was a snow-slide that buried George Merrill and a dozen others, and I never knew if he had come through or not. I lived in Alaska seven years.

The great open spaces were wide open in those days. Valdez, the nearest town to our claims and the northernmost port open in the winter, consisted of some sixty buildings, fifty of them saloons. After the lonely months in bleak mining-camps where men lived in tents and grew to hate each other's faces, I learned, and bears were the only other life, and a letter from Back Home (we always pronounced it with capitals) had to be hauled over two hundred and fifty-nine miles of rugged trail before it reached us, the rough pleasures and crude excitement of Valdez soon emptied our purses of our year's accumulation of wages.

Three weeks after I came to town for the frozen winter season, I didn't have enough left in my pockets to jingle.I didn't care, the money doesn't mean so much when you are only twenty, and, besides, there was always the glamorous possibility of making a lucky strike and finding gold. Heavy Valdez was swarmed with unsavory millionaires of this kind, with diamond studs in flannel shirts. One old chap we called the Lucky Swede had diamond set in his front teeth. There was a motion picture show in Valdez with soap-boxes and planks for seats. The boys would pay their way in with nuggets, watch the cowboys riding over through, snow-shoes to deliver the note with the two-year-old postmark. An hour before I got to the camp there was a snow-slide that buried George Merrill and a dozen others, and I never knew if he had come through or not. I lived in Alaska seven years.

No Money in Advance
Any of the wonderful Christmas Diamond Values pictured above sent yours FREE EXAMINATION on one penny in advance. If you keep your selections, pay at the rate of Only a Few Cents a Day. Mere the small charge you now waste on trifles will soon pay for a wonder-

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Advertising Section

Milder Mustero for Small Children

Thousands of mothers tell us they would not use Children's Mustero, the new and milder form of good old Mustero especially prepared for use on babies and small children.

In the dead of night, when they are awakened by the warning, croupy cough, they rub the clean, white ointment on baby's throat and chest and then go back to bed.

Children's Mustero, like regular Mustero, penetrates the skin with a warming tingle and goes quickly to the seat of the trouble.

It does not blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster and it is not messy to apply.

Made from pure oil of mustard, it takes the kink out of stiff necks, makes sore throats well, stops croupy coughs and colds. In jars, 35c.

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MUSTERO
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

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Do not send any money—just your name and address to W. W. Hillton, 149 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.

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Send for free full particulars.
Their Mothers Tell on Them

(Continued from page 80)

One afternoon she came home with a black-face make-up on and foolishly tried to remove it with plain soap and water. As she splashed, her mother came to the foot of the stairs to tell her she had a caller, a boy from Erasmus Hall High School on whom Norma had set her youthful fancy. Without glancing in the mirror, Norma ran down-stairs and into the sitting-room, where she greeted him as usual. But his manner was odd. He looked away from her, shuffled his feet, stammered, and soon made his departure. As she turned away from the door, Constance came out into the hall, and her sister shouted of mirth sent Norma to a mirror—to see an even countenance of tragedy gazing back at her.

"What he thought, I don't know," laughs Peg, "but he never came back!"

When the family want to tease Constance, they have only to remind her of the way she got into the movies. At ten Constance was extremely skinny, but, undaunted by this fact, she used to hang about the Vitagraph studio, confident that someone would see her and invite her in to become a star. One day, for the fun of it, she dressed up as Flora Finch and the cameraman took her picture. Constance Talmaige has earned a good bit of money since then, but not enough to buy her mother's copy of this photograph—the one that got her first part in pictures—Constance with a puffy nose, and striped stockings on long, bony legs which—for some reason—appear slightly bowed. As long as there is a copy of this photograph in existence, Connie can never become up-stage!

Ben Lyon's mother has been brought up strictly by her handsome star son, and refused to reminisce until she had asked Ben which one of his baby exploits she might disclose. An exceedingly fat Ben of six months, dressed in baby bloomers, wearing nothing but diapers and a smile, stood enframed on one end of the mantel. A four-year-old Ben in Buster Brown suit and wide straw hat stood on the other.

"He always was a great boy to want sympathy," said Mrs. Lyon, "and so when the baby boy next door died and all the

(Continued on page 106)
For Christmas—
Ask Him For One!

On Christmas morning, when the curtains are pulled aside and the tree in all its splendor is disclosed to the happy, expectant children, be sure that among their gifts they will find a Hohner Harmonica.

There's nothing like good music for Christmas; and there's nothing like a Hohner for good music. Get a Hohner Harmonica today—50c up—and ask for the Free Instruction Book. If your dealer is out of copies, write M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 175, New York City.

If you want a musical treat ask to hear Victor Record 19421, by Borrah Minevitch.

In Vanity's Price that arch-villain, Stuart Holmes, does some creditable acting, especially in the scenes with Lucille Ricksen.

Critical Paragraphs About New Productions
(Continued from page 85)

mother saving her daughter from a young bounder. It is a study in mother love—tempered with some hectic drama of New York night life. Fairly human in places—and finely acted by Louise Dresser as the mother. It is colorfully mounted. But James Cruze is worthy of better material.

The Fast Worker
Renaud Denny is fast becoming one of our best light comedians. He appears to be the logical successor to the late lamented Wally Reid. They are giving him the same type of high-class material and so bright and zestful are his stories and so natural are his performances that he is rapidly making a name for himself.

His latest entry is a pleasant little number of a youth who assumes the identity of a family man—and even takes the latter's family to boot. While accompanying them to the Coast he falls in love with his supposed wife's sister. And the complications develop—complications after the style of Al Wood's bedroom farces. The comedy is spontaneous—with no heavy broadsides hurled to gain explosive laughs. It moves speedily—and the situations are strung together with captivating incident. You are sure to enjoy it.

The Painted Lady
This picture is suggestive of The Man Who Came Back in its play of graphic melodrama and the note of redemption, but it cannot compare with it in points of entertainment. In the first place the plot is crude—and beats around the bush considerably in getting down to rock bottom. There is a counterplot running thru it—one concerning a youth's pursuit of the brute who ruined and brought death to his sister. The lady of the title seeks the primrose path and is conveniently brought in contact with the hero in the far-off places.

The situations are mostly violent—and a space is called a spade through. It is realistic melodrama—acted with the necessary emotional expression of Dorothy Mackaill, George O'Brien and Harry Morye. It retools a colorful atmosphere—and several thrills.

A Sure Way to End Dandruff
There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. For this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring: use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the fingers.

By morning, most if not all of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store and a four ounce bottle is 50 cents. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

LIQUID ARVON

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Vanitv's Price

This is decidedly modern of theme—dealing as it does with such things as rejuvenation. It shows the length to which some women will go to retain eternal youth. It cannot lay claim to any originality of plot or execution and the situations follow the rut of photoplay construction in that they introduce a villain whose specialty is the ruination of womankind, a youth whose sweetheart is one of those ruined, a mother whose vanity leads her to accept the attentions of this cad—and a "strong, silent man," who takes care of Mr. Villain.

There are some sharp melodramatic effects—a flash or three of creditable acting—and a wealth of artistic settings. Anna Q. Nilsson is seen as the mother seeking rejuvenation. She has too many close-ups, tho her work is always pleasing.

Find Your Man

Dog stories seem to be cast in the same mold, tho this one offers a note of variety in its title. You might expect it to be another Northwest Mounted picture—with the sergeant out after his man. Instead it is a story of a buddy who brings a German shepherd dog back from the trenches. After a touch of heart interest the two find themselves aboard a freight bound for the open spaces.

What follows is conventional stuff made unconvincing by the long arm of coincidence. The buddy's sweetheart who had disappeared is right there in the lumber camp awaiting to be rescued by him. And the dog rescues both from the attacks of deep-dyed villains. Some of the incident is thrilling. The dog is always clever and possesses remarkable intelligence in going thru his exploits. It affords an interesting hour.

The Price of a Party

Bidding for popularity thru its expression of night life along Broadway this picture should be favorably received. Its plot has been used before. It features a cabaret dancer who is hired to ruin a busi-

(Continued on page 108)

The Brush-Waved Bob!

Wonderful New Brush Is a Boon to Bobbed Heads

Helps Hair Curl Instead of Straightening It

An Amazing Aid to the Natural Wave

Now, the bob is a blessing. Bobbed hair need NOT be a compromise. Our inventor of Wavex—the new, curling hair brush—must have had bobbed heads in mind!

No more bother and expense of almost daily clipping and waving to prevent those straight ends from spoiling the trim, ches effect of your bob! No more ragged sides from sleeping on the short locks that are stubbornly straight by morning!

All you have to do is use the right hair brush. Simply brush wave your hair with Wavex— the brush that brushes in waves. A glance at the pictures tells why this new type of brush coaxes to a curl. The brush itself will demonstrate its effectiveness in short order. You can have one to try. An actual test on your own hair is free. No sale if you don't see real results, and you can't count its purchase an expense— the Wavex brush soon saves many times its cost in fees paid for frequent waveings!

While the idea is still new, the makers will forward one Wavex curling hair brush at the special price of three dollars. It is a bargain at that price! For Wavex is genuine Ebony from India, with the rich, colorful markings of the imported ebony, unstained and highly polished. Real, penetrating China hog bristles hand-drawn. Will stand wetting and washing.

For hair that always looks its best—that just naturally falls into soft curl after every brushing—get a Wavex brush and begin using it. You'll be glad you did! Experiance will know no limit—for a Wavex is a joy. Soft hair, long hair, any human hair responds to the gentle undulation of the bristles in wave-formation. A deluge of letters is proof of what it does for the appearance and health of the hair. It aids and abets curliness with every stroke. It brings a buoyancy and billow to the hair. It does away with that severe look which bobbed hair has when flattened by the old, straight-type of brush. The friction in brush-waving polishes the hair to a brilliancy no dressings can ever equal in effect.

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P98 Ad

Advertising Section

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To introduce our lovely La Dora Pearls in all parts of the country, we offer, for a limited time, a full 22-inch necklace of perfectly matched and graduated La Dora Pearls fitted with solid white gold safety clasp set with genuine chip diamond, in beautiful velvet, silk-lined gift case, at the incomparable price of $4.83.

AN IDEAL GIFT

that will delight any woman or girl. La Dora Pearls are not to be confused with the cheap imitation pearls being offered on the market. La Dora Pearls are the great prestige product of France, where the art of creating incomparable pearls has been refined for years. La Dora Pearls are of solid gold, of different colors and riddiments of the true deep-sea pearls which cost thousands of dollars. The pacing of years will not lessen their glorious beauty. Absolutely guaranteed not to break, crack, peel, discolor, dent, stretch or lose color.

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Upon receipt of Necklace, if you are not delighted with the wonderful value, return it to us and we will promptly refund the full amount. In offering this guarantee, we make it clear that you have only 24 hours in which to return the necklace, if you do not desire it. But we are sure you will be so delighted that you will retain this necklace as a cherished gift or present. If you desire, we will send C.O.D., you to pay postage, handling, sales tax, etc., and charge it on delivery.

We'll send you FREE book, "La Dora Pearls That Never Wear." La Dora Pearls are sold to the trade at your favorite jewelers. Just send in the coupon below and we'll send you our attractive, informative book, "La Dora Pearls That Never Wear." This is a rare opportunity. Order now.

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charge of all government historical buildings and relics and whose permission must be granted for the use of any of the national properties.

The Minister, in turn, after due deliberation, appointed a commission of French experts to carry out the plans of Mr. Halsey and Leonce Perret, the director of the picture. The result was that Miss Swanson, her artists and technical experts, sailed at once for France, and Madame Sans-Gène is being filmed in the exact locations and with the actual backgrounds of the original story.

Among the scenes is the beautiful Château of Fontainebleau with its wonderful horseshoe staircase; Compogne, the site of so many of Napoleon's triumphs; Malmaison, the little château on the road to St. Germain, which Napoleon built for Josephine and which contains, perhaps, the most choice collection of Napoleonic relics in existence.

Even the French army, or such portions of it as may be needed, were placed at the disposal of Paramount officials. French troops clad in the uniforms of one hundred years ago, pass in triumphant review under the Arc de Triomphe before the Napoleon of the French star, Emile Drain, to celebrate Bastille Day.

The museums of France were thrown wide open that the accessories and costumes of this period might be authentically reproduced. More than three thousand costumes are used in this picture, and they are all copies of originals or of prints found in these museums. Among these is Napoleon's famous Costume du Sacre, which he wore when he was crowned with Josephine at Notre Dame. Snuff-boxes, with the imperial "N" set in jewels, were borrowed; also the emerald watch fob which the Emperor wears in so many of his paintings and the plumed fan which Empress Marie Louise carried.

In the enthusiasm and reverence for Napoleon which animates the entire French nation, France lent a cast of her finest actors and actresses in the country to support Miss Swanson. From the beginning, the French newspapers spoke of her as Madame Sans-Gène, and practically the entire nation is taking a real and personal interest in the picture.

As a result of all this, there has sprung up between the French and American motion-picture worlds, a very marked "Entente Cordiale," which is bound to bring about a higher type of picture for the entire world.

Betty Blythe
The Wittiest Girl in Hollywood

Gives Harry Carr an interview for the next number of this magazine

Betty Blythe in colors
Her portrait on the magazine cover

Advertising Section

Takes Off 41 lbs. in Exactly 7 Weeks

Just think of taking off more than 40 lbs in about as many days! That's exactly what Mrs. Carpenter did—through a method anyone can use!

I weighed just 129 to-day—bythesame scale— in my bathroom that less than two months ago pointed to 170! This is what Mrs. Carpenter, a New Orleans lady, wrote Wallace about her experience with reducing records. It ought to convince anybody that superfluous flesh is as unnecessary as it is undesirable.

Reduced 41 Lbs With Ease

"I had long wanted a means of reducing, but being a business woman I had no time nor money to waste on fads. I didn't dare deny myself the nourishment an active woman must have. I grew steadily stout—then something told me to try Wallace records. Somehow, the method sounded sensible; the free demonstration seemed fair; so I started.

"Fifteen minutes each evening, I took the reducing movements to music. It was mighty interesting; I felt better from the start. But what thrilled me was this: I lost 6½ lbs the first week!"

"The second week I lost 8 lbs more. The following week only six more. But in seven weeks I had reduced to 129—not bad for my 5 ft. 5 inches!"

What You Can Lose By the Same Method

Mrs. Carpenter states that she made this wonderful reduction solely through Wallace reducing records; that she got thin to music and did nothing else—not Turkish baths, no patent foods or drugs, no punishing diet.

Compare your present weight with the weight for your height and age in the table below, and you'll know how much you can reduce. There's no theory about it—for results are guaranteed.

Here is what you ought to weigh, and can weigh:

What You Should Weigh For Your Height and Age

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Thousands of women (men, too) have reduced by use of Wallace records, all by themselves, with their own phonograph, at home. The reducing movements are scientific and certain. They can't harm; and they can't fail. It's a perfectly natural, normal and healthful way of correcting the cause of any amount of overweight. And proof is free.

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69 Colborne Building, Toronto, Can.
The Answer Man
(Continued from page 74)
for views of our city. All right, write to Anthony Palmisano, 3040 Fern Street, New Orleans, Louisiana.

Doris M.—Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old. Just one of the inconsistencies of men, ness pa? Richard Dix is six feet and he is thirty and not married. Very handsome, I might add.

Nina H.—Yes, there was a picture of Warren Kerrigan in the October, 1923, and in the October, 1924, issue. Wallace Reid, in April, 1923, William Collier, Jr., in October, 1920. Well, George Sand said "Love is spontaneous. It surprises and in-
venty. It has need to interrogate itself, to surround itself with defenses, plans of attack, and projects of retreat. It betrays itself, and then only is it restrained." And she ought to know.

Cherry Tow.—Yes, Ransom Novarro was born in Mexico of Spanish extraction. Little Farina's real name is Allan Clayton Ely Jr. The best way to reduce weight, whether you want to reduce weight, expenses, or doctor's bills.

Augusta.—Of course, | have teeth; wouldn't you think | had? I'm quite a regular normal person. I'm not quite ready for the freak show. Mary Astor was born in Quincy, Illinois. Madge Bel-
lumy in Hilsboro, Texas. Yes, Mary Allison has been married to Robert Ellis.

Mlle. S.—So, Mac Murray hasn't sent you her picture as yet. Be patient, Miss Murray is a busy person. Well, all's fair in love unless it is a brunch. Owen Moore was born in Ireland and he came to the United States at the age of eleven. He was educated at Toledo, Ohio, and started on the screen in 1919.

Virginia F.—Yes, | like Charlie Mack's playing, especially under Griffith's direct-
ing. Do you remember him in Dream Street? Mahlon Hamilton played in The Heart Re-@read. You are wrong there; that was Irving Cummings in Rupert of Hentzan.

N. W. Thyn.—With young boys and girls love is usually only a passing fancy. They catch the disease quickly, but they are quickly cured. Young hearts don't break, they only say sorry. Lottie Dalrymple, Bronaugh, Joseph Cornwall and William Scott in Yesterday's Wife.

Curious.—Wireless telegraphy was in-
vvented by Marconi in 1906. Yes, | saw the Zeppelin ZR3 as she came in from Germany. She passed over my house. Sorry, but | cannot give you a list of the players who were born in Montreal. It would take quite some time to look that up.

Blondy.—Colleen Moore is twenty-two and is married to John McCormick. Ben Lyon is seventeen and he was born in 19*8 pounds. He has brown hair and blue eyes. And a mighty popular boy. | often won-
der if the primitive desire to be captured survives in a woman?

Little Miss Why.—|'m glad to hear you haven't missed any of the magazines. How do you like Miss Adele? | wish my readers would write and tell me what they think of it. Huntley Gordon is playing in Ne'er the Twin Shall Meet.

Virginia N.—An instrument for record-
ing the duration and direction of earth-
quakes is called Seismograph. Claire Wharton at Metro and Buster Collier at Warner.

Eleanor R.—Yes, Theodore Roberts has been very ill, but | understand he is
Advertising

“I Can Teach You to Dance Like This”
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You can study classic dancing in all its forms—Greek, aesthetic, interpretive, Russian, Ballet—under the direction of the famous Sergei Marinoff. This remarkable home study system, endorsed by well known dancing teachers and dancers, enables anyone to master the technique of dance. Marinoff makes the training easy and fascinating. You have a complete studio in your home. The equipment consists of practice costumes, slippers, phonograph records, and dancing bars are last word in quality.

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Everyone interested in dancing should write to Sergei Marinoff, School of Classic Dancing, 1924 Sunnyside Ave., Studio 1223 Chicago.

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Madame Williams, 4414, Buffalo, N.Y.

The Best-Known, Least-Known Girl

(Continued from page 28)

gorgeous bathing suit in Europe. It was to be used in The Sporting Venus which they were making. But when they got to Deauville to shoot the scene, they couldn’t make the sun come out.

Blanche talked about Europe and the plays she saw. She talked much about the attempt to revive war plays.

To her, it is a terrible idea; a horrible idea.

She said that the memory of the war still hangs over Europe like a pail—underneath the crust of frivolity.

“It is still too near to put on the kind of plays which look at the war with cold detachment; too far removed for plays with the thrill and the hurrah of killing. We have come to just the place where there should not be war plays. We have come to realize that it was a vast slaughter of men—a thing of blood and tears and sorrow. It is still too recent for us not to hear the cries of the wounded.

She was very frank in saying that the war had racked her to the bottom of her soul; and had left her shaken. She had suffered no personal losses. It was worse than that. It was a sense of overwhelming chaos and drenching horror.

We went on to speak of some of the plays she saw abroad. Among which was Joan of Arc.

I suggested that she would, herself, be the perfect type for Joan of Arc. But she shook her head. She says she doesn’t want to play this or any other historic character. She doesn’t believe in them for the stage or screen. Instead of reality, they always give an impression of unreality. This comes from mixing fact and fiction.

And then there is a deeper reason.

“It is impossible for anyone to play Joan of Arc. You have a Joan of Arc, I have one. Everybody has one. They are not the same. In New York, Joan was a woman obsessed with a spiritual idea; in the London production she was a woman of the earth earthy, with a strong peasant twang to her talk. One writer thinks of her as a military genius in Petticoats. Some one else says she was a half-wit with a sexual complex. Some make her out only half of this earth, hearing spirit voices; others as a roughneck peasant a little queer in the head. Very likely, Joan didn’t know herself—just what she was—or why or how she did things. Who of us does know?

“For the same reason I don’t want to

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
play Juliet, or Carmen or Camille. They aren't a bit more interesting or a bit more wonderful than the girl who lives next door.

"These parts have become stunts rather than characterizations. You always have to play them with one eye on tradition. That's the pity of the movies—the pity of all acting."

Blanche was silent a long time, looking out into the dim shadows of the dusk.

"If you only could be yourself. But, as it is in the movies, your ideas and your feelings and emotions have to be filtered thru a director and a camera and a scenario.

"Oh, if some day I could just be myself..."

To which I mentally added: Yes, if she only could be herself.

And some day—one day—she will be. And then we shall see—what we shall see.

Confidences Off-Screen

(Continued from page 87)

Remembering what Papa Coogan had told me about training Jackie to take care of his money, I asked: "What have you bought for yourself in New York?"

"Well, now, with my own money I've bought a race-horse game, and let's see—a couple of lunches, too," he replied naively. "But my father's bought a few things for me."

Just then, the director called him to work. I went away with the impression that I had met a real kid. I have heard people say that Jackie's life must be a hard one, removed as it seems to be from the amusements of childhood. But that isn't true in the least. He has a thoroughly good time, and the tutor who is always with him sees that his spare hours are properly divided between simple lessons and play.

THE ANSWER MAN

Tells His Story

That funny old rascal with the long, white beard who has been with Motion Picture Magazine since it started, will tell about the movies of long ago in the

February Number
of

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

For years he has been only answering questions. Now he will tell his side of the story and do a lot of reminiscing of the days when Motion Picture Magazine started, fourteen years ago this February.

Trade Commission

Unmasks 10,000

"Hidden Demonstrators"

WHEN MILADY BUYS HER BEAUTY AIDS she will find many of the salesgirls wearing large badges. This is in accordance with a recommendation of the Federal Trade Commission that all "hidden demonstrators" be identified. Photograph shows Huston Thompson, Chairman of the Commission, pinning the first badge on a "hidden demonstrator" in Washington, D. C. A "hidden demonstrator" is a salesgirl paid by a manufacturer to influence the public's choice of goods, unbeknown to the customer. There are more than 10,000 "hidden demonstrators" in the United States, all of whom will soon wear identification badges. The American cosmetic manufacturers have agreed to identify all their demonstrators to protect the public by showing they are not regular store employees.

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Their Mothers Tell on Them

(Continued from page 95)

neighbors sent flowers and came to the funeral, Binnie felt left out. They had hung the door-knob with streamers of white crépe, of course. And so, a few afternoons later, when I came up the street, I was amazed to see something white dangling from our door-bell. I was still more astonished when I got near enough to discover what it was—an undergarment taken from my own bureau drawers! Of course, I snatched it down and hurried into the house, to find Binnie looking hopefully out of the sitting-room window. "I wanted to be a fun'ral, too, Mamma," she explained, "but nobody's braug us a single flower yet."

To see Agnes Ayres, stately and beautiful, no one would ever guess that at the age of four she was a little country girl living on the farm. Her chief companion was a tiny lamb which Agnes fed every day from a bottle. Like Mary's historic pet, she followed Agnes wherever she went. As time passed, the lamb became a sheep. She grew so large and fat that she could hardly squeeze thru the house doors, but she insisted on regarding herself as a lamb, still, and would try to clamber up into Agnes' small lap. Another friend was a small, red, bantam hen that would stalk every morning into the sitting-room, where Agnes slept in a trundle-bed, hop up beside her, scratch herself a nest among the bedclothes and lay a tiny white egg. If shut out of the sitting-room, she indignantly refused to lay!

And so it goes.

"But, Mamma, how can you tell whether it's fine or not without looking around?" Leatrice would wait until Mrs. Joy, in self-defense, explained that all mothers had eyes in the backs of their heads, and this theory satisfied Leatrice for several years! Not successful stars, not world-famous celebrities, not men and women even, but to the mothers they are still the little boys and girls who did naughty things and funny things and bright things and were spanked and mended and scolded and kissed and admired.

Oh, well, you know how mothers are!
A Dinner and Dance—And Her Hands All Red and Rough

A WEEK-END in the country, tramping through woods and sketching bushes, dining rough, and all the irritating differences of temperament we had played for her with her hands. A dinner and dance! And again at night.

How could she go with such hands?

But she knew exactly what to do. As soon as she reached home, she washed her red and rough hands with TANFORAN.

And again at night.

In two days, hands that were rough and bitter a week before, were smooth and carefully washed skin that was soft and beautiful again.

That's Out

(Continued from page 55)

Literature Craze Hits Hollywood

Now that Pearl White and Bill Hart have started the literary fad in the film colony of writing books, no doubt screen celebrities will soon have their own five-foot shelf of literary works. Here are a few suggestions of books that may be forthcoming:

What I Know About Women, by Charles Spencer Chaplin.

What the Man Should Wear, by Bull Montana.

My Four Months in Italy, by Director Charles Brabin.

Eat and Grow Fat, by Nita Naldi.

Speed and Economy in Film Production, by Eric von Stroheim.

BeautyHints, by Farina.

The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire, by Cecil B. De Mille.

Ricardo Cortez Comes Thru

JUST a year ago in this department, under the heading, Another Prediction, I made the following comment:

"As an example of an actor who is being greatly underestimated by the producer who has him under contract, I wish to put forward Ricardo Cortez . . . Cortez has received unfavorable comment from the press, but, nevertheless, we quite confidently predict that Cortez will one day spring a surprise on everybody by proving himself a strong personality and a splendid actor."

In Feet of Clay, Ricardo springes the surprise and makes good our prediction. To us, he scores the outstanding hit of the film and proves beyond a doubt that in neglecting Cortez the Laity have missed an opportunity to develop a very promising star.

Guide to the Movies

The detective is always the fierce-looking "individual who keeps his hat glued to his head even when he is in the house."

The cowboy is the fellow in the cowboy's outfit who spends half the time putting stanchom on his hair and the other half in making love to the ranch owner's daughter.

The hero is the fellow who makes ardent love to the girl and gets away with it; the villain is the fellow who doesn't get away with it.

Something Wrong With Pola?

WHILE Pola Negri has shown a few flashes of dramatic ability in her American-made films, she has failed to

(Continued on page 109)

Advertising Section

Discover!

The Scientific Secret of Caruso's Amazing Vocal Power

A post mortem of Caruso's throat showed remarkable development of his Hyo-Glossus muscle—a discovery by the renowned voice specialist, Eugenia Fuchtinger, that is expected to help any man or woman by strengthening this muscle.

The recent death of the world-famous tenor, who discovered the function of the Hyo-Glossus muscle in vocal production, makes this discovery, which is revealing the singing of any speaking voice, of any man or woman by strengthening this muscle.

What does this mean to you? It means that you can improve your voice. You can improve your voice by strengthening your Hyo-Glossus muscle—a discovery which is expected to help any man or woman by strengthening his or her voice.

Thousands of men and women, from all over the world, have improved their voices by strengthening their Hyo-Glossus muscle. The remarkable fact is that this discovery is expected to help any man or woman by strengthening this muscle.

The Great Discovery

Professor Fuchtinger, a famous voice specialist, who discovered the function of the Hyo-Glossus muscle, has devoted years of his life to scientific research and has perfected a system of voice training which will develop your Hyo-Glossus muscle by simple, silent exercises right in your own home.

Opera Stars His Students

Since the Professor brought his discovery to America, thousands of singers, men and women, as well as teachers—over 10,000, to be exact—have received his wonderful training.

There is nothing complicated about the Professor's methods. They are ideally adapted for correspondence instruction. The exercises are silent. They guarantee privacy in the privacy of your own home. The results are positive.

100% Improvement Guaranteed

The Perfect Voice Institute guarantees that Prof. Fuchtinger's method will improve your voice 100%. You are to be your own judge—take this training if your voice is not improved 100% in your own opinion, we will refund your money.

Send for Free Book

Send us the coupon below and we'll send you FREE our valuable work on the Perfect Voice. We have found that Fuchtinger is able to give you this book. You assume no obligation but will do yourself a great and lasting good by studying it. It may be the first step in your career. Do not delay.

Perfect Voice Institute

1922 Sunrayde Ave., Studio 12-34, Chicago

Your FREE COPY (one per household) of "How to Improve Your Voice in 10 Easy Lessons." Enter Your Name. I have put an X opposite the subject that interests me most. I assume no obligation whatever.

Clicking [Speaker] [Recording] [Week Voice]

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Dr. Egan's Magic Medicated Night Gloves

Whiten and Soften Hands Thru Action of Impregnated Fabric

No true charm without beautiful white hands. No woman need any longer hide her hands in shame. No matter how abused your hands, how tawny or coarsened, they can now be beautified, whitened and softend—in one night! Just draw on a pair of Dr. Egan's Medicated Gloves on retiring and wake up with lily-white hands! It's Dr. Egan's wonderful solution in the fabric of the gloves that does it! No mere creams can compare!

Wear Them During Day, Too

Send today for a pair of Dr. Egan's Medicated Gloves. Try them out at our risk. With the gloves already medicated we send bottle of medicator to restore their potency from time to time; also a jar of Dr. Egan's Porelax to apply before donning the gloves. The Porelax opens the pores and hastens the action of the medicament in the glove fabric.

Yours to Try at Our Risk

The Egan Manufactory
446 So. State St., Chicago

Complete outfit—Gloves, Mail and Mail complete kit of medicator for 95c. Your order must be accompanied by check or money order for 95c. Suitably wrapped and sent on delivery by express, potted to be returned in 10 days. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded.

Complete outfit, 95c

Send today for a pair of Dr. Egan's Magic Medicated Night Gloves.

COMPLETE $5.00 OUTFIT ON THIS AMAZING INTRODUCTORY OFFER only 1 95

These gloves will soon be offered the public through the regular channels at $1.50. But a limited number of sets are now being offered for advertising purposes at practically cost. You can get this complete $5.00 outfit—Medicated Gloves, generous supply of Porelax and Medicator—all for $1.95 on this introductory offer. But you must act at once, only 10,000 sets to be distributed at the cost price. You may pay the postman or, if you prefer, enclose 95c with your order and receive gloves at a paid for. Be sure to send every penny of your money back if you don't. Clip and mail the coupon now before you forget.

Complete $5.00 Outfit on this Amazing Introductory Offer only $1.95

These gloves will soon be offered the public through the regular channels at $1.50. But a limited number of sets are now being offered for advertising purposes at practically cost. You can get this complete $5.00 outfit—Medicated Gloves, generous supply of Porelax and Medicator—all for $1.95 on this introductory offer. But you must act at once, only 10,000 sets to be distributed at the cost price. You may pay the postman or, if you prefer, enclose 95c with your order and receive gloves at a paid for. Be sure to send every penny of your money back if you don't. Clip and mail the coupon now before you forget.

Modernization of 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire'

Mary Astor, Hope Hampton, and Harrison Ford in a scene from The Price of a Party

Critical Paragraphs About New Productions

(Continued from page 97)

ness rival but falls in love with him after aiding him when she finds her employer trying to attack her sister. There are a few scenes of excitement and some refreshing twists—and the mounting given the film is appropriately colorful. Hope Hampton looks real charming as the queen of the cabarets and she sports some startling costumes. The good support from Arthur Edmund Carew, Harrison Ford and Dagmar Godowsky.

The Greatest Disappointment

By Geo. B. Jenkins

WHEN Lambert's wife left him, he managed to smile, tho he had been rather fond of her when they were married. Within a week, however, he had adjusted his life so that Margaret's exit left no mark.

Shortly afterward, Wall Street took a whack at him, chopped off seventy-eight per cent of his capital, and left him with such a meager income that he could not afford even a valet. Lambert chuckled taken he made this discovery, put his affairs in the hands of a trust company, hopped into a roadster, and started West.

In Ohio, he was informed by wire that he was named as a co-resident in a divorce case of unusual sordidness. The he was as innocent of guilt as an oyster, he grinned. "Farewell, Reputation" he murmured, and continued on his trip.

When he arrived in Hollywood, he was hired as an extra in a moving picture film depicting "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Lambert was a slave. He worked one day before being fired because he had a Roman nose. But Lambert knew that he was in the only scene that was taken that day.

Six months later, Lambert arrived in New York. He had almost starved in the interim and in California, his funds were tied up by a court injunction, he had sold his car, but—he looked life nonchalantly in the face.

That night he went to see the first showing of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." After seeing the film, he went out on the street and threw himself in front of a trolley-car.

He had appeared in one scene in the picture. And that scene had been cut out in the editing!
equal the fine work she did in Passion and some of her other German-made vehicles. For some reason negri cannot seem to get going since she arrived in this country.

Hailed as one of the greatest actresses on the screen by many critics when she first landed here, Pola has steadily lost ground, and the past year has seen Gloria Swanson, Barbara La Marr and Betty Compson succeed her in finely drawn and effective performances.

Ubisch is now directing Negri in her latest production, and perhaps under her old master’s guidance Pola will come to the screen with all of her old-time power and glory.

Those Movie Mansions

As a writer in the New York Telegram remarks, on the screen the rich do not live in simple mansions, but in so many Metropolitan museums. Every house, even the simplest, is filled with great vistas and all sorts of period furniture. The distances in these screen homes is something tremendous. Laid end to end, the rooms of some would reach from Forty-second Street to Central Park. And in the swimming pools which are included as part of every millionaire bathroom, the Olympic aquatic championships might easily be held.

What’s in a Name?

Wonder what the matter with the name of “Jack”? Nearly every individual who starts out in life with this name tied to him, drops it later when he begins to get up in the world and becomes “John.” Jack Barrymore did it; Jack Gilbert did it; and now since Jack Ford has directed the successful film, The Iron Horse, he has done it. The only one we know who remains loyal to “Jack” is Jack Pickford, and we expect him to be changing soon.

ROMOLA

Told in Story Form

By

Dorothy Donnell Calhoun

The beautiful picture, made in Italy, with Lillian Gish and Ronald Colman, which you soon will see on the screen, will appear in short story form, illustrated with pictures of rare beauty from the original production in The February Number of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
“on every woman’s lips”

TANGEES is the most discussed, widely used and highly recommended lipstick today. When you put a bit on your lips you will see the startling change of color that takes place—orange changing to natural red. Blonde or brunette, it blends perfectly with every complexion, bringing out the natural color of your lips while enhancing their attractiveness.

Does not come off on the napkin when eating or on the gloves or veil. Waterproof and permanent. Natural—not artificial.

Contains a cold cream base, therefore softening and soothing to the lips.

For sale wherever toilet preparations are sold—Price $1.00
(Will outlast five ordinary sticks)

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NEW YORK PARIS LONDON

Mons. Doriot
TANGEES
The Original Orange LIPSTICK

SEND FOR SAMPLE

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY
489 Fifth Avenue (Dept. M-1), New York City

Enclosed find 10 cents in coin for packing and mailing sample of TANGEES—the original orange lipstick that changes to natural red.

Name__________________
Address__________________

Letters to the Editor
(Continued from page 70)

Long Live Lon Chaney

DeAR EDITOR: Whenever I am asked who is my favorite screen actor, I immediately reply, “Lon Chaney!” There are many reasons why I like him, but there are two in particular.

The first is, that tho he is always given the very hardest roles in the movies, he always gives such an excellent portrayal of them that by his characterization he stands out as the one who makes the picture a success.

The second is, that you cannot watch him on the screen for a moment without realizing that he is not acting but living his part. His is the highest contribution that an actor can give to films, for he acts for art’s sake.

Does anyone dispute me when I say that Lon Chaney is the best character actor on the screen? Whatever the role in which he appears, he is immediately convinced that he was made for it. His Hunchback of Notre Dame was one of the most brilliant pieces of acting ever seen on stage or screen.

Of course, one receives a very vivid impression of the hunchback from reading Victor Hugo’s book, but after seeing Lon Chaney in the role, he stands out as a figure so pitiable yet so poignantly human that one can never forget him. And fancy the intense bodily torture Lon Chaney must have suffered while playing it!

I trust that the future, which throws everyone into their proper perspective, may hail Lon Chaney as the greatest screen actor of his age. He deserves that honor. Three cheers for him!

A. H.,
Rochester, Va.

Bumps and Boosts from Readers

DeAR EDITOR: Now there is Leatrice Joy—one could not call her beautiful, perhaps, but she certainly is delightful to watch on the screen, where her winning personality captivates her audience from the start.

Now, I’m single and I don’t intend to get into trouble right away by taking unto myself a wife to battle with the rest of my days. But when I do lead a blushing bride away from the altar, she’s going to be the sort of woman I believe Leatrice Joy to be.

P. H.,
Fort Myers, Fla.

John Bowers signing the required entry blank, which permitted him to enter the automobile races in Los Angeles on Thanksgiving Day.
PIN-MONEY
For Married Women

We know there are many married women who are anxious to earn pin-money; but they have never been able to obtain employment that would not interfere with household duties or permit them to take the proper care of their children and earn money at the same time.

Now Here Is Your Opportunity

Our proposition will not interfere in any way with your domestic duties, for you only need devote a few hours a day to our work to earn quite a bit of money.

Hundreds of spare-time representatives have found our plan very remunerative and the work easy and pleasant. We want a representative in your locality to obtain new subscribers and collect renewals for Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic, and Beauty. If you are interested in earning a little extra money, send in the coupon for further particulars of our plan.

Dear Editor: I wonder why someone doesn't promote Ricardo Cortez to the leading man class? He seems so sincere in his minor roles, I am sure he would make good as a lead. Poor fellow! He always seems to get left when it comes to winning the girl. If he weren't so nice it wouldn't matter, but watching him make love, I continually wonder how the heroine can refuse him.

B. H., Providence, R. I.

Dear Editor: Here's just a word in appreciation of Ronald Colman. His work is marked by such talent, such quiet charm and sincerity as to make it almost unique. We have a crying need for actors of his caliber. I believe another year will see his name at the top of the list if not in headlines.

Reginald Denny is as refreshing as a sea breeze. He radiates health and vitality, is modest, kind and good-natured; in fact, in type and personality he is the only logical successor to our beloved "Wally."

X. Y. Z., Baltimore, Md.

Dear Editor: Conway Tearle is no longer one of my idols. Perhaps I would like him better if he had his face lifted.

I. M. W., Cohoes, N. Y.

Dear Editor: Why doesn't Tom Meighan be himself? I am so tired of seeing him wasted on light comedy that I almost weep when I see him wasted in such light, weak things as his late pictures have been. They don't give him a chance to act; there is nothing to do. Please, Mr. Meighan, give us some real drama, such as a villainain? The answer must be yes, for here is Wallace Beery having his hair curled.

DEAR EDITOR: I like Norma Talmadge, but in many of her pictures that is all she does.

Elise Ferguson is another who does nothing but pose. I often wonder how she gets a contract—but I forget—she does dress well.

As for Corinne Griffith, every time I see her I feel like yelling. "Isn't there a physician in the office to relieve the pain?"

E. W. M., Seattle, Wash.

Big Money
and a Barrel of Fun

First-Class Saxophonists make big money, and the work is easy and pleasant. You might easily become a wizard like Tom Brown or Ross Gorman, or a great record-maker like Clyde Doerr or Bennie Krueger or Jos. Smith. $100 to $500 weekly is not unusual for such musicians to earn.

Talk About Fun!
There is always a good time for the Saxophone player. It's the ideal instrument for social entertainment. It is a key to social popularity. At parties, everywhere, the Saxophone player is the center of attraction.

Easy to Play—Easy to Pay
The Saxophone is the easiest of all instruments to play. You don't have to "study" it as you do other instruments. There's no practice drudgery. You don't have to be "talented."

3 LESSONS SENT FREE with the instrument start you. In a week you can play popular airs.

Besides being so easy to play— we make it very easy to pay for one of these Buescher Saxophones, with our simple plan of deferred payments. Play and earn while you pay.

Free Saxophone Book
- Very interesting. Tells all about the famous Buescher Saxophones, with pictures of the famous professionals and orchestras. Send coupon for a copy. Mention any other instrument in which you may be interested.

BUESCHEr BAND INSTRUMENT Co.
Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
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Elkhart, Ind.

Buescher Band Instrument Co.,
380 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Ind.

Gentlemen:
I am interested in the instrument checked below;
Saxophone ... Cornet ... Trombone, ... Trumpet ... (mention any other instrument interested in)

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Street Address
Town
State

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
How the Shape of My Nose Delayed Success  

BY EDITH NELSON

I

HAD tried so long to get into the movies. My Dramatic Course had been completed and I was ready to pursue my ambitions. But each director had turned me away because of the shape of my nose. Each told me I had beautiful eyes, mouth and hair and would photograph well—but my nose was a "pug" nose—and they were seeking beauty. Again and again I met the same fate. I began to analyze myself. I had personality and charm. I had friends. I was fairly well educated, and I had spent ten months studying Dramatic Art. In amateur theatricals my work was commented on, and I knew that I couldn't become a motion picture actress if only given an opportunity. I began to wonder why I was being secure employment as hundreds of other girls were doing.

FINALLY, late one afternoon, after another "disappointment," I stopped to watch a studio photographer who was taking still pictures of Miss B—, a well-known star. Extreme care was taken in arranging the desired pose. "Look up and over there," said the photographer, pointing to an object at my right, "a profile." "Oh, yes," said Miss B—, instantly following the suggestion by assuming a pose in which she looked more charming than ever. I watched, I wondered, the camera clicked. As Miss B—walked away, I carefully studied her features, her lips, her eyes, her nose. "She has the most beautiful nose I have ever seen," I said, half audibly. "Yes, but I remember," said Miss B—'s maid, who was standing near me. "When she had a 'pug' nose, and she was only an extra girl, but look at her now. How beautiful is that?"

In a flash my hopes soared. I pressed my new acquaintance for further comment. Gradually the story was unfolded to me. Miss B—had had her nose reshaped—yes, actually corrected—actually made over, and she, wonderful, how beautiful! I was now. This change perhaps had been the turning point in her career! It must also be the way of my success? "How did she accomplish it?" I asked freely of my friend. I was informed that M. Triely, a face specialist of Binghamton, N. Y., had accomplished this for Miss B— in the privacy of her home.

I

THANKED my informant and turned back to my home, determined that the same thing would happen to me. The obstacle that had hindered my progress was now open for me. I was bubbling over with hope and joy. I lost no time in writing M. Triely for information. I received full particulars. The treatment was so simple, so reasonable, that I decided to purchase it at once. I could hardly wait to begin treatment. At last it arrived. To make my story short—in five weeks my nose was corrected and I easily secured a regular position with a prestigious company. I am now flourishing and I am happy.

ATTENTION to your personal appearance is becoming essential if you expect to succeed in life. You must "look your best" at all times. Your nose may be a bump, a hook, a pug, flat, long, pointed, broken, but the appliance of M. Triely can correct it. His latest and newest nose shaper, "TRADOS," Model 25, U. S. Patent, corrects now all ill-shaped noses, without operation, quickly, safely, comfortably and permanently. Diseased cases excepted. Model 25 is the latest in nose shapers and surpasses all his previous Models and other Nose Shaper Patents by a large margin. It has six adjustable pressure regulators, is made of light polished metal, is firm and fits every nose comfortably. The inside is upholstered with a fine chamois and no metal parts come in contact with the skin. Being worn at night it does not interfere with your daily work. Thousands of unsolicited Testimonials are in his possession, and his fifteen years of studying and manufacturing nose shapers is at your disposal which guarantees an entire satisfaction and a perfectly shaped nose.

Model 25 jr. for Children

CLIP the coupon below, insert your name and address plainly, and send it today to M. Triely, Binghamton, N. Y., for the free booklet which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses. Your money refunded if you are not satisfied, is his guarantee.

M. TRILETY, 2149 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.
Dear Sir: Please send me without obligation your booklet which tells how to correct ill-shaped noses. Name:
Address:
Street Address:
Town:
State:

A sincere motion-picture star will sacrifice her beauty for the sake of her art. Enid Bennett is one of these. Above, you see her as she really looks; on the opposite page, you see her as she appears in The Red Lily as you can do; such as you gave us in The Miracle Man and The Prince Chap, with a charming leading lady, even if you have to stop being a star for awhile.

M. C., Colton, Cal.

THE cinema-goers of this district, at least, are all tired of Rudolph Valentino and his smiles, and if Douglas Fairbanks had heard the local opinion of Robin Hood—he might have been too surprised to exhibit his teeth. Robin's burial place at Kirklees is quite near here, so the cinema-goers were hoping for a treat which they didn't get. The torture of our cinema hours is the two-reel slap-stick comedy. How they tire us, and bore us, and make us wonder if it is considered funny in America to throw soft food-stuffs at each other and chase each other thru corridors and in and out doors!

E. A. S.,
Yorkshire, England.

Is Icebound the acting superb. Altho the play is a somewhat drab, cheerless study of New England life, it holds one's interests from the beginning to the end. There are no mob scenes, no shipwrecks, no automobile accidents, no mysteries, no hair-raising chases; to make the picture successful rested solely on the actors, and they certainly succeeded. Seldom was a cast so well chosen. Why not have more of this kind? Of course, it takes great actors, and they unfortunately are rare. But with Percy Marmont, Richard Dix, Bert Lytell, Cullen Landis, Ernest Torrence, Claude Gillingwater, Blanche Sweet, Florence Vidor; and a dozen more, we certainly should be able to get better results.

GERD PAGE GIELHOFF,
Holyoke, Mass.

Three Cheers for Three Weeks

DEAR EDITOR: I take quite a bit of interest in the letters published by your department, for they deal with the likes and dislikes of the public as a whole and the public as an individual. I think that some of the letters are right to the point; in fact, many of them are just in their remarks; but to all rules there are excep-
ADVERTISING SECTION

THE HUSBAND—"Your figure is perfect in that dress!"

His Wife—"That's a great compliment, my dear; I haven't any on."

Wives With Hips

It's PLAY to Take INCHES Off the HIPS this MODERN Way!

WHY try to conceal broad hips? Or to hide flowy thighs? It can't be done. But you can reduce every extra inch—every extra ounce.

No wise woman under fifty need have "matronly" proportions.

No woman who knows need "confine" her figure.

You can redistribute your weight with less effort—and with less expense—than resorting to corsetry and camouflage of dress. You can weigh and measure what you should.

Hips Six Inches Smaller in a Month Steady Reduction of 5 lbs a week

Here's a method that has slenderized thousands. Women of all ages, maids and matrons, have used it and know.

Use this remarkable method to dispel a double-chin in a few days.

Make arms that have grown flabby firm within a week. Reduce large bust four inches in a fortnight. Being waistline down to normal in a month.

Slanderize hips you thought "hopeless." Mold heaviest thighs to shapeliness. Take off excess anywhere. Restore and keep a figure.

Are these things really possible? Yes; and by a very pleasant process. Wallace reducing records give anyone with a phonograph absolute control of waistline. People try them for the fun of it—but they soon see real results! For those simple little movements, irresistible timed to music, soon dispense of superfluous flesh—every pound of it—at the rate of several pounds a week.

Wallace reducing records offer a normal and natural way of growing slender. They are highly beneficial to the health. How much safer than anything to swallow? How much more sensible than bulky things to wear.

Free Test of Get Thin to Music

To find out what these records will do for you in a simple matter; a week's test will tell: this test is absolutely free. If you would like to try one of the records Wallace has provided for this free demonstration of his famous reducing method, just mail the coupon:

WALLACE
195 W. Wash. Ave., Chicago
Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for a week's free trial the original Wallace Reducing Record.

Name

Address

City

Elinor St. Claire is wonderful, and has the acting ability to become a big star in the silver-screen firmament. I also think, taking everything into consideration, Three Weeks was good, evidently untold numbers (Continued on page 118)

WASH AWAY FAT
AND YEARS OF AGE

WITH
La-Mar Reducing Soap

The new discovery. Results quick and amazing—nothing internal to take. Reduce any part of body desired without affecting other parts. No dieting or exercising. Be as slim as you wish. Acts like magic in reducing double chin, abdomen, ungainly ankles, unbecoming wrists, arms and shoulders, large breasts or any superfluous fat on body. Sold direct to you by mail, postpaid, on a money-back guarantee. Price 50c a cake or three cakes for $1.00; one to three cakes usually accomplish its purpose. Send cash or money-order today. You'll be surprised at results.

LA-MAR LABORATORIES
504-K Beckman Building, Cleveland, O.
A Tune for a Tear

(Continued from page 62)

Langdon starts up some of his famous jazz, when Teddy frows about like a pup. Langdon, in his long vaudeville career, learned to play every musical instrument in existence. In fact, his hobby is collecting freak instruments, and his dressing-room is a pot pourri of every kind of music-box, from musical saws to banjos made from cigar-boxes, and ukuleles manufactured from tin cans.

Even the lions respond to Harry Langdon's irresistible music. A group of lions which were so surly and stubborn that they did nothing but growl and snarl, under spell of a violin and piano became as playful as kittens and as docile as lambs.

"Moral: always carry a violin with you when hunting wild beasts in the jungle," declared the irrepressible Harry.

In filming big mob scenes which employ a great number of foreigners, people of all nationalities who do not speak a common language, music is often the best interpreter. Certain scenes in The Ten Commandments were made by thousands of Hebrews who did not understand a word of English. But the director swayed them perfectly to his desires by the use of a twelve-piece orchestra which played their own Hebrew music—music which instilled in them the mood he wished them to interpret.

Cecil B. De Mille had the same experience in his Feat of Clay. The scene in which the great boat-load of people, supposedly dead, crossed the River Styx into the Great Beyond, included vast numbers of black slaves, Japanese, Russians, Italians—men and women of every race and every grade of intelligence, as well as many highly intelligent extras and stars, none of whom spoke a common tongue. But Ruth Dickey and her seven-piece orchestra played the Song of the Volga Boatman, weird, low, penetrating chords, whose meaning spoke to all and swayed them unconsciously into the mood.

"I felt as tho I had really died," one of the extras later said. "There was a mysterious trampling in the air which I could not explain but which sent the chills running up and down my back."

Babe Egan's music really saved the day during the filming of The Covered Wagon, and averted a tragedy with the Indians.

"Every evening Chief Standing Bear and his tribe came over to the white man's headquarters to sit around our camp-fire and smoke the pipe of peace," said Mr. Egan. "Indians are full of ceremony and easily offended. Once, thru an imaginary offense, they went on the war-path. Even Colonel McCoy, in charge of them, feared a massacre. Wakened from a sound sleep by their blood-curdling war-cries, we rushed out of our tents into the freezing cold, to see them working themselves into a frenzy by a war-dance around the embers of the fire. We felt sure that the next step in the ceremony would be adorning themselves with our scalps.

"At length Colonel McCoy came rushing over to us. 'They've got beyond me!' he cried. 'I can't stop them; they are killing mad over some imaginary offense. What shall we do?'

"Suddenly I remembered how they loved American jazz. So we hastily organized the orchestra, and with fingers so cold we could scarcely pluck the strings, made such gay and lively music as we had never made before.

"And within fifteen minutes, old Chief Standing Bear was appeased and all his tribe were standing around crying for more music."

But the life of the movie musician is not all beer and skittles. It brings its own difficulties. The stars are temperamental and the tunes which satisfy one do not appeal to another. Miss Douglas, leader of the Fairbanks orchestra, said that while making The Thief of Bagdad, she simply could not please both Doug and his director, Raoul Walsh, with the same tune at all.

"After I had thoroughly familiarized myself with the script of The Thief of Bagdad," said Miss Douglas, "I bought seventy-five dollars' worth of Oriental music—tunes full of the poetry and romance of the mystic East, yet with plenty of vigor and vim to appeal to Doug. But no sooner would my orchestra swing into this music than Raoul Walsh would come sauntering over and say, 'Now play My Wild Irish Rose' or, 'Let's have Mother Macree or Ma-cushla.'"

"It was perfectly remarkable how his face would light up and how dreamy his look would become at sound of some beloved Irish melody, such as When Irish Eyes Are Smiling. So if there is a bit of
Advising Section

Are you the “One-in-a-hundred” Who Awaits Discovery Through This Test?

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

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

If you are one of these fortunate men or women who has the urge to write—if you have been longing for years for some way to learn to make your stories sell—we have an important message for you.

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

Let us tell you if you can succeed as a writer

The Palmer Institute of Authorship was founded six years ago to cooperate with motion picture producers and magazine editors in the discovery and development of new writers.

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

We believe that a certain amount of natural talent is necessary to succeed as a writer and that we do not wish to encourage anyone to take up writing as a profession who does not have that ability.

What we seek, above all else, is the one man or one woman in a hundred who has a way with words, the precious gift of a creative imagination or the knack of inventing incidents and situations and developing them into the technique of writing to win large success. To such men and women we offer unusually fine training in photoplay and magazine writing.

Send for the Palmer Creative Test

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Address .......................................
All correspondence strictly confidential

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Learn This Fascinating Game in a Few Minutes

Do you know how and when to "pong" and when to "chow," and what the "winds" stand for, and how to go "Mah Jong"? Do you know what "characters" are? and "tiles"? and "Dragons" and "Bamboos" and "Circles"?

Sounds mysterious and complicated—but it is not. Mah Jong is a wonderfully interesting game that you and your family and friends should enjoy. It combines the pleasures of all games. It is truly the "game of games."

Mr. Eugene V. Brewster, publisher of Motion Picture Magazine, Classic and Beauty, is the author of a book that will unfold this game to you. Go to your news-stand or book store today, and purchase a copy of MAH JONG

Simplified and One Hundred Winning Points

By EUGENE V. BREWSTER

This handsome little book (red, green and yellow dragon cover) will teach you in a few minutes fully to understand Mah Jong. It explains the meanings of expressions used, customs, pieces, how to score, and gives you "One Hundred Winning Points" that will positively help you to win. You can easily become an expert player with this book as your guide.

On sale at news-stands and good book stores

blarney in The Thief of Bagdad, you will understand why. You will also understand how tactfully I had to shift from Oriental to Celtic tunes to keep both the star and the director happy.

LEO ZAHLER, conductor of the official Wampas orchestra, heads Priscilla Dean's orchestra.

"Miss Dean has her own ideas about her music," says Mr. Zahler. "Between scenes she wants the jazziest and peppiest of tunes, but the moment she goes before the camera for action, we have to shift like lightning into sentimental music, no matter what sort of character she is portraying."

"She explains this by the fact that she usually portrays characters whose emotions are primitive, and just between scenes, changed immediately to romantic music before the camera, gives her the necessary reaction to throw her into the proper mood. It takes lightning-quick calculations on our part to follow her, too."

Incidentally, Mr. Zahler is so fond of this star that he recently named one of his compositions Priscilla, in her honor. Miss Dean has sung this over the radio to the accompaniment of Zahler and his orchestra.

MUSICIANS who have played for Gloria Swanson declare that she changes her type of music as often as she changes her role.

"Just as Gloria never wants to play the same role twice, so she never wants to 'emote' twice to the same tune," explained the man who has the honor of being her pianist.

"In Hages of Virtue, in which she plays the part of a temperamentally Russian woman, she kept us playing for hours until we struck just the psychological note which gave her the feeling for that character. Yet altho Miss Swanson works us very hard, we all feel it is a great honor to play for her—she achieves such wonderful results."

Norma Talmadge directs the music on her set with the utmost care. Miss Tal- madge has a skilful group of musicians who have learned her tastes perfectly and who can recognize at once just the sort of music she needs to work herself into the desired emotion.

So, behind the success of every great picture lies the music which has helped to inspire it, and in the history of the movies and the great strides they have made, the musicians have written their chapters and played their part.

(The End)
A Long Evening—Yet Her Cheeks Will Remain Glowing

The brightest lights hold no revealing terrors for the woman who uses Pert Rouge. She never fears lest the lovely complexion she started with may have faded to a tired pallor. Pert Rouge stays on until she removes it herself with cold cream or soap.

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Match your Pert Rouge with Pert Waterproof Lipstick. Rouge and Lipstick for sale at drug and department stores.

Send a dime today for a sample of Pert Rouge
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Reduce Your Bust During the Daytime

Make your figure slender and attractive by slipping on an Annette Bust Reducer. Thousands of women are now wearing this wonderful reducer and have written letters of appreciation for what it has done for them.

No massaging, no rubbing, no exercise of any kind—
the reducer does the work, bringing about a reduction the moment you put it on. Most comfortable, made of the finest fabrics and so ingeniously woven that no rubber touches you. Ideal to wear to make your figure in keeping with present fashions calling for slender, graceful lines.

SEND NO MONEY

Just give your bust measurement and I will send you an Annette Bust Reducer in a plain wrapper. For 8-inch size, illustrated on the left, pay the postman $3.50 plus a few cents postage—for the 12-inch size, shown on the right, pay the postman $4.50 plus a few cents postage. If you prefer to send the money when ordering, the garment will be sent prepaid. Try it on when received, and if not satisfied, send it back at once and I will refund your money. Mail your order today. No C.O.D. to Canada, Hotels or General Delivery addresses.

Free Literature on Reducing Garments
Mail me a postcard and I will send you descriptive literature of my Reducers for hips and waist—giving you straight, slender, graceful lines. My Ankle and Abdomen Reducers are illustrated and described. Other items of interest to women are listed. Write today.

MME. ANNETTE, Dept. P-31, 30 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

The Story of My Life

(Continued from page 94)

bitten feet and hunger—only to find that the bears had been there before me! The earth was dug up and the food mostly eaten. What was left was spoiled by exposure, but necessity isn't fastidious. I ate the scraps and arrived in Valdez deathly ill from pernicious poisoning and raving with fever.

Working on the road commission was another way of grub-staking over the winter till the next pay envelope—if you escaped death from snow-slide and cold. Once I managed to get myself lost in a blizzard and wandered about for an hour till the search party found me with my toes frozen. They were so crippled by this experience that I cant move them today.

I suppose my nearest escape from death was when a huge slide came roiling down the mountain and overtook a gang of us before we could make the shelter of the trees. A few little chunks of snow rattling down from above warned us and all started to run. Most of the boys dropped their tools, but luckily I carried my shovel over my shoulder and when the slide struck us an edge of the shovel stuck out above the surface of the snow. The fellows who hadn't been in the path of the avalanche noticed it and dug me out, still breathing. The other men were all dead by the time they got to them.

A rough life and a dangerous one, but it was real living; hard work till your muscles ached; chow and man-talk by the evening fire; adventure, and always the struggle between man and the elements. I thought a dozen times that I had made my lucky strike and formed gold, but at the end of seven years I was still the struggling engineer. Then I realized suddenly that there was nothing ahead for me in Alaska, and when we were paid off for that year, one of my pals and I turned our faces toward the States.

We bought a small ranch in Oregon and started in to raise thoroughbred hogs. I had never realized before that the hog is a frail animal, subject to strange ills. The venture came to grief before long, but not until I had ridden the ranges for months on the back of a cow pony and learned many cowboy tricks of horsemanship, which were to stand me in good stead later.

When the ranch was sold and our debts paid, I reached into my pocket and drew out—one lone penny!

"Here's luck!" I said and tossed it up into the air as I had done years before. " Heads, Hollywood" — for I had heard
that they needed men who could ride in
the pictures, "tails—the Mexican Border!"
The penny tinkled down. The profile
of the copper-colored Indian looked up at
me. And I came to Hollywood.

My first engagement in the movies was
to double for House Peters when the script
called for him to ride a horse off a thirty
foot cliff into a raging river torrent.

While I was riding in Westerns at Uni-
versal, I met my future wife and we be-
came engaged. But it wasn't until long
after, when I began my career as a screen
villain, that I felt I was earning enough
to marry.

And now, after years of tailored parts
with Paramount, I am back in flannel
shirts and sombreros and the out-of-door
togs in which I feel at home. Now I am
only playing at the adventurous life I
lived in the old days, but when I get into
the saddle, with my pack and the wide
horizons ahead, I forget—almost—the long
trail I have traveled since I went out to
seek my fortune—and found it.

I have been a lucky man. The trail has
led me to a beautiful home, a family, hap-
piness, work, friends—and a whole stable
full of horses, which I ride in polo matches
with the Midwick Blues. It's a far cry
from a tent and a tin plate of beans in a
desolate Alaskan waste.

Still—well, it's like a sentence that I re-
member my father read aloud once from
some Latin book, in which the hero and
his companions have a lot of hard luck.
"These things," said the hero, "will be
pleasant to remember hereafter."—

They are. And when I see Tim, my
four-year-old son, cuddling his cheek up
against his saddle pony, I couldn't wish
him anything better than my own experi-
ence.

OUR ANNIVERSARY
NUMBER
Remember Way
Back When
The movies were all jiggly and
hurt your eyes?
And it only cost a nickel
to go?
Mary Pickford was just a budding star?
And Doug hadn't been heard of yet?

Motion Picture
Magazine
Will be fourteen years old in
February. It will be our an-
niversary number and full of
reminiscences. Pictures and
stories of the olden days;
reminiscences by Mary Pick-
ford, Flora Finch, Ruth Ro-
land, and other famous stars.
Pictures of the players in
funny clothes that were the
last word fourteen years ago.

Read About it in Our
February Number

United Bakers' sugar wafers are deliciously good to
eat, served by themselves or with other desserts. They
add a new distinction to ice cream, frozen pudding, or
similar desserts.

At your next party, or for des-
sert at home, serve NABISCO.
Its two crisp wafers enclose a
delicious creamy filling.

Another welcome delicacy is
HARLEQUIN—three layers of
golden wafers with alternate
layers of delicious creamy filling.

And then FESTINO—the
delightable little sugar wafer that
looks and tastes like an almond.

NATIONAL
BISCUIT COMPANY
"United Bakers"
Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 113)

Dear Editor: I have been an interested reader of your magazine for over two years now, but this is my maiden speech. I always turn straight to the "Letters to the Editor," as that is the only part of the magazine which gives us a glimpse of that all-important, but somewhat neglected part of the movies, the audience. I should like to remark upon the most unusual inside knowledge of the movies shown by Mr. W. D. Seidler, a correspondent in your September issue.

With that off my chest, I should like to offer a word of praise to Rudolph Valentino for his persistent bonhoming and goodwill in face of failure and often under hand criticism and opposition he has had to put up with since he first leapt into the limelight. There is nothing so inevitable to the handsome and talented young actor as the indifference or hostility of his male audience. It is most unfair, and the worst part of it is that the poor fellow has to carry on winning new friends, and having broken his heart for "goodness' sake," men, be sports, he realize and is only doing his job, and none too easy a job at that. Mrs. William Fawcett in her letter about Valentino was the nicest I have read for some time. I am glad that Ramon Novarro has gone to Italy to play Ben Hur. I think that George Walsh, tho a fine athlete, lacks that grace and elan which is so prominent in the other, and which, surely, we all picture in our conception of the hero of this famous novel.

A bouquet for la honte conciède in general. After A Woman Very Paris, we have The Marriage Circle, Why Men Leave Home, Don't Call It Love. Each—one with the possible exception of The Marriage Circle—an "also ran" in comparison with the Chaplin masterpiece, but still all heading in the right direction; life as it really is, everyday events subtly and delicately contrived, carefree and unhampered acting. Surely to the intelligent picture-goer, this is infinitely preferable to The Queen of Sheba, Nero, The Loves of Pharaoh and other sumptuous, costly and meaningless mammoths we have thrust upon us from time to time!

It is the best news in months that Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis in Alice in Wonderland. Doesn't your mouth just water when you think of the screen possibilities of that immortal classic in the hands of such a clever artist? And pretty, blue-eyed Mildred with her hair straight back, and that broad band over the top. Get a move on, Ford!

Finally, a bouquet for Victor Varconi, the young actor in Cecil De Mille's Triumphant, who carried off a very appreciable part of the audience. I hope you and Joy and Rod La Rocque. I think he has great possibilities, and we should hear more of him before so very long.

Sylvan C. Hegman, Stonewall, Canada.

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 103)

better now. No, Robert Agnew is not married. Claire Windsor and Lew Cody in Dixie. Esther Ralston is playing in Peter Pan as Mrs. Darling. Mae Marsh is back in this country again, having completed Arachusetts, in The Desert Lover.

Alice T.—No, I know you refer to William H. Powell. You might try the Lambs Club at 130 W. Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Most Everybody's Fan—Yes, you are a nice charitable soul. Ramon Novarro was born February 6, 1899. Agnes Ayres is playing in Tomorrow's Love.

Dolly Dimples—That was Raymond Griffith in Days of Faith.

Vamp—I see a living book on love is never written in any other ink than blood. You are quite some vamp. Well you have my age all wrong. Edward Earle, Pierre Gendron and Sheldon Lewis are supporting Evelyn Brent in The Dangerous Pierrot. You must come on and hear me again soon.

John W. N.—Your letter was very interesting. I think there is a new book about the making of pictures.

Elizabeth L.—Ramon Novarro has twenty-five. Norma Talmadge is twenty-nine. Claire Windsor is twenty-seven. So you don't like Betty Blythe with her bobbed hair. Yes, Barbara La Marr danced in The Shooting of Dan McGrew. You refer to Millie Dove and not Bessie Love. What's the difference Love-Dove?

Handsome.—Neither Rod La Rocque nor Warren Kerrigan are married. A good secret is to ask a man what wine is to a man, too good to keep. A secret can be kept by two, if one of them is dead.

Pansy.—Do you refer to Adelqui Millar— if so, she is with Metro. Yes, Percy Marmon is to play opposite Alma Rubens in The Miracle. The title will be changed because of the legitimate play of the same name which is in no way connected with the picture.

Nosef.—Well, I should say you were about seventeen. Do I get the fudge? And the only difference between me and Washington is that he couldn't lie, while I can, but wont.

Pell.—Thanks for the picture. It was right good of you. And you liked Youth Gone Wild? Not at all. I have a feeling you know. Let me know what you think of Firebrand. I saw it the second night. I should say a writer and not a minister for you are some time.

Judy.—Yes, licenses are getting to be a nuisance. You have to get one to run an auto, sell pills or administer them, to pull teeth, to own a dog, to run an employment

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
bureau, to run a peddler's cart, to run a detective agency, and to run a woman. Loe Chaney is playing in He Who Gets Slapped. Your letter sure was interesting.

UNKNOWN ADMIRER—Australia is the world's largest island. Its area is about three million square miles, or twice the size of China proper. It has no high mountain range, and its only important river is the Murray-Darling. No, I have never been there. Bebe Daniels is not married, and has bobbed hair. Thanks for your letter.

MARCIA OF HARLEM—Thanks, I wish I was there to get some of that real butter-milk. You say you didn't like to see Milton Sills crying in Single Fares.

LORNA DOONE—Yes, I had a fine time reading Lorna Doone. It was one of my favorite books. I saw the Prince of Wales at the Polo game, but it was quite dull.

New Club—"Our Club" Fans, Dorothy Lubow, 1015 E. 178th Street, New York City.

HoST STuff—There is really nothing I can do for you. I should advise school a little longer. You will not regret it later on in life.

Mr.—Yes, Theodore Roosevelt was shot at in Chicago, in 1912, by a would-be assassin. Arnold Daly was born in Brooklyn in 1875. Douglas McLean was born in Philadelphia, and he is twenty-nine. Eva Novak was a former Follies girl. Mae Busch played on the stage with Eddie Foy. So you see.

Bobby G.—Kenneth Harlan is twenty-nine. He is six feet, weighs 180 pounds, and has brown hair and dark eyes. Harry Cagney and Lillian Rich in Soft Shoes.

Florence Mc.—Well, which is the best man to deal with—he who knows nothing about a subject, and which is extremely rare—knows that he knows nothing, or he who really knows something about it, but thinks that he knows all? Bernard McCoTTIN and The Rosary. I give up about the fifteen-foot tree. Thomas Meighan in Tongues of Flame.

Lady Louise.—The leading rôle usually gets the leading role. That was Pauline Garon in The Marriage Market. Yes, Marion Davies has bobbed hair. Ben Deely in Lights Out.

THERE Petners.—Yes, it is true that Wallace MacDonald is to play opposite Norma Talmadge in The Lady. Was it a surprise to you? Just be patient and all the books you mention will be done in

Because It's the Easiest of All Instruments

Here's great news for you. The new York Saxophone, that is creating such a sensation in musical circles, is now said by amateurs and professionals to be the easiest of all instruments to play. That's why such movie stars as Anna Q. Nilsson, who have very little time to practice, play a York Saxophone.

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And you can get this wonderful instrument for 6 days' Free Trial in your own home. See for yourself how easy it is to blow and finger. Note the superb York quality and workmanship—the rich, mellow tone, true in every note and register.

Easy Payments

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Simply fill out and mail the coupon below, being sure to mention this instrument. No obligation.

J. W. YORK & SONS

119
Advertising Section

What the Stars Are Doing

(Continued from page 101)

W

Walker, Johnny—has been engaged to play opposite Alline Ray in Gallipoli Keys, the next George B. Seitz serial.

Welsh, Hal—will play a gay young blade in The Golden Bed—F. P. L.

Washburn, Bryant—playing opposite Shirley Mason in The Star Dust Trail—W. F. Welch, Niles—has been cast as the male lead in Four-hour—F. P. L.

Williams, Kathryn—playing in Locked Doors—F. P. L.

Wilson, Lois—recently completed her role in North Beyond the Sun—Ford, N. B.

Windsor, Claire—playing in Divine—M. G. M.

Wong, Anna May—playing in Peter Pan—F. P. L.

Worthing, Helen Lee—playing Wanda von Gluck in The Swag—F. P. L.

Key to Abbreviations

A. A.—Associated Arts.
A. C.—Al Christie Productions.
A. E.—Associated Exhibitors.
A. P.—Allied Productions.
B.—Banner Productions.
C. B.—C. C. Burt.
C. P.—Cosmopolitan Productions.
D. W.—D. W. Griffith.
E. S.—Ernest Shipman.
F. P. L.—Famous Players-Lasky.
F. B. O.—Film Booking Offices.
F. N.—First National.
H. P.—Halperin Productions.
H. S.—Hunt Stromberg.
I. P.—Inspiration Pictures.
M. G. M.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
P. P.—Principal Pictures.
P. D. C.—Producers Distributing Corporation.
V. P.—Legal Productions.
U.—Universal.
V.—Vitagraph.
W. B.—Walter Brothers.
W. B.—Whitman Bennett.
W. F.—William Fox.

Stanley, Forrest—will appear opposite Virginia Valli in The Lady on the Run—F. P. L.

Starke, Pauline—will have the feminine lead in The Devil's Cargo—F. P. L.

Steedman, Myra—recently completed work in Jass Parrot—U. F. L.

Stewart, Anita—playing in Ne'er the Twain Shall Meet—C.

Stowe, Lewis—playing in Fashions for Men—M. G. M.

Swanson, Gloria—has almost completed her work in Madame Sans Gene—F. P. L.

Talmadge, Constance—playing in Learning to Love—F. P. L.

Talmadge, Norma—recently completed work in The Last of the Lads—F. P. L.

Talmadge, Richard—playing in Hall the Hero—F. B. O.

Taylor, Estelle—playing in Plays and Desires of Desire.

Teare, Conway—has been engaged for the leading male role opposite George Kenneth in The Ultimate Good—A. E.

Teilgen, Lou—playing in Those Who Dance—B.

Terry, Alice—recently completed work in The Great Divide—M. G. M.

Thayer, Rosemary—playing in Se Big—F. N.

Thurman, the leading lady in His Woman—W. B.

Torrence, David—playing in Judgment—F. N.

Tremont, Albert—playing Captain Hoek in Peter Pan, and his characterization is superb—F. P. L.

V

Vale, Vola—playing Betty Bond in The Mirage—R.

Valentine, Rudolph—is vacationing in Europe at this time. His most recent picture is a Sainted Devil, in which he appears as a sizzling young Spanish seducer—F. P. L.


Varconi, Virginia—appears opposite George O'Hara in The Go-Getters—F. B. O.

Vidor, Mitchell—completed The Message—F. D. C. She is in New York now, having separated from Hollywood and husband—F. P. L.

W

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Thirty Days' Free Trial In Your Own Home

This is the most eloquent evidence of the success of the Home Outfit—that every Outfit ever sold in the two and one-half years since its invention was sold on 30 days' free trial. Send the Nestle Company a check, money order, or draft for $15, and get your Outfit. Besides, the regular supplies, you will receive free trial materials. Use these. Then examine your hair as to its quality. Test the curls and waves you get any way you like. Shampoo, rub, brush, and comb them, as you please. Then, if you are not satisfied with the results, return the Outfit within thirty days, and we guarantee to refund the entire $15 to you without question or delay. Above is an illustration showing the way the Home Outfit is used. You curl the hair strand by strand. Each strand, wet with the sympathetic "LANOIL" lotion, and wound on a Nestle mechanical curler, is warmed for only seven minutes, and each strand comes out transformed, as if by magic, to naturally curly, even though, when waved by ordinary methods, it never held a curl or wave for more than a day or two.

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Nestle Lanoil Co., Ltd., Dept. S
12 & 14 East 49th St., New York, N. Y.

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☐ I enclose no money. Please send C. O. D.
☐ Check HERE if you are in the United States.

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This is the remarkable offer we are prepared to make you! Two weeks to prove that the outfit you select is everything we have said for it. If it doesn’t make good our claims, back it comes, and your deposit will be cheerfully refunded. But if it fulfills all your expectations, you may pay for it in easy monthly installments. You don’t risk a cent when ordering from us. You must be satisfied, or we don’t do business. Is it any wonder that radio buyers across the country are rushing to take advantage of such an offer? If you are interested, figure on getting your order in early, while prompt shipment can be made. Everyone predicts a serious shortage of radio supplies this season. Send for full particulars today.

Beautiful Solid Mahogany Combination

Compare the beautiful Combination Cabinet, pictured above, with the usual radio box and form. Here the receiver and Loud Speaker are contained in a single handsome cabinet. Or, if you prefer, we also have the receiver in a separate cabinet of the same design. These cabinets are the work of a master craftsman—finished of solid mahogany. They will harmonize with the furnishings of the finest homes. In spite of the extra value, these Marshall sets are surprisingly low in price. Compare them with others which sell for far more. Then remember you can order a Marshall outfit on two weeks’ free trial and pay for it on very easy terms.

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