Packard Campus
for Audio Visual Conservation
www.loc.gov/avconservation

Motion Picture and Television Reading Room
www.loc.gov/rr/mopic

Recorded Sound Reference Center
www.loc.gov/rr/record
The First Fan Magazine Celebrates Its 14th Birthday

See Pages 50 to 66
LUBIN

The World's Most Exclusive Parfumeur

ONLY fastidious women, who have been accustomed all their lives to the superlatives—women who can afford to be exclusive—only such fortunate women as these are numbered among the users of Lubin perfumes.

For since the days of the Empress Josephine, when they first won the acceptance of the Continental aristocracy, Parfums Lubin have retained their charm by retaining their exclusiveness.

For Parfums Lubin are acknowledged the function of being made in France. The firm of Lubin manufactures in France only.

So quite naturally these are the most expensive perfumes in the world. For today that is the only way they can be kept from becoming common. Everyone would like to have these scents and no fortunate few may have them. Only in the name the exclusive shops in America will they be found. A few of those specially selected are listed below. Or madame may write to us and we will refer her to one who sells LUBIN.

NEW YORK CITY
B. Altman & Co.
John Wanamaker
Franklin Simon & Co.
Lord & Taylor, Inc.
Saks & Co., Inc.
Stearns Bros.
Gimbels Brothers
P. M. Engles
Munch,Promptan Co.
John E. Thomas
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Icornham & Siprau, Inc.

CHICAGO, ILL.
Marshall Field & Co.
J. C. Cagles, Drake
Hotel Pharmacy and
Backus Hotel Pharmacy
Atlantic Hotel Pharmacy
Davis Dry Goods Co.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Bonwit Teller & Co.
The House of Wagner

BOSTON, MASS.
C. Creffield & Company
B. N. Stearns Company
Melvin & Rosenthal
E. T. Slattery Company

Cleveland, Ohio
The Haile Bros. Co.

ST. LOUIS, MO.
The Famous-Barr Co.
Stix, Baer & Fuller Dry Goods Co.
Jefferson Hotel Drug Store Co.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
J. W. Robinson Co.

KANSAS CITY, MO.
Emery-Hand-Thayer Dry Goods Co.
Fred Harvey's Union Star Drug Store

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
L. Liebes & Co.

ALLENTOWN, PA.
-H. L. H. Co.

ASHBURY PARK, N. J.
Steinbach Co.

ATLANTA, GA.
Franklin & Cox, Inc.

BELLEVILLE, ILL.
C. Beery Hiles Pharmacy

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.
Hill McLean & Hawkine, Inc.

HARRISBURG, PA.
Augusta Friedman Shop, Inc.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.
Edw. C. Bissell

CHARLESTON, W. VA.
Scott Bros.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.
D. B. Loveman Co.

CINCINNATI, O.
The Lawton Co.

COLUMBUS, GA.
B. F. Marché

COLUMBUS, OHIO
The Merchants-Martens Co.

DAVENPORT, Ia.
Carl E. Schlegel Drug Stores

DAYTON, OHIO
The Hike-Kamier Co.

DURHAM, N. C.
Harris-Emery Co.

DURHAM, N. C.
Harris-Emery Co.

FORT WAYNE, IND.

FORT WORTH, TEX.
Sekermesworth Co.

HARTFORD, CONN.

HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

JOHNSTONSTOWN, PA.

JOPLIN, MO.
The Christian Dry Goods Co.

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

MACON, GA.—Person's Inc.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
L. A. Davidson Co.

MUSKOGEE, OKLA.

NEWARK, N. J.
Anchor Drug Co.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.
E. H. Holm Co., Inc.

OAKLAND, CALIF.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

OLYMPIA, WASH.

OMAHA, NEB.

PASADENA, CALIF.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

PORTLAND, ME.

RICHMOND, VA.

ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

Sacramento, Calif.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.—Biena

Savannah, Ga.

Solomon's Company

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—A. L. Crawford

TOMAH, WIS.

TOLLEDO, OHIO

TOLEDO, OHIO

Valleymark, Lubin & Co., Inc.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Salt Lake Drug Co.

SAVANNAH, GA.

SANTA ANA, CALIF.

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.—Diamonds

Saratoga, Calif.

Solomon's Company

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—A. L. Crawford

TERRE HAUTE, INDI.

Toledo, Ohio

Tulsa, Okla.

VICTORIA, CAN.

VICHITA, KAN.—Tillotson Drug Co.

CORRUGADA, TEXAS

Portland Drug Company, Inc.
Tonight's a Paramount Night!

The Movies and Radio are the entertainment twins.

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

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

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

Paramount Pictures

10 Current Paramount Pictures

Produced by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation

Adolph Zukor and Jesse Lasky present

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

J. M. Barrie's
"PETER PAN"
A HERBERT BRENON PRODUCTION
Assisted by Roy Pomeroy. From the immortal story and play. Screen play by Willis Goldbeck.

"ARGENTINE LOVE"
AN ALLAN DWAN PRODUCTION
With BERE DANIELS, Ricardo Cortez. From the novel of the same name by Vicente Blasco-Ibanez.

"TONGUES OF FLAME"
STARRING THOMAS MEIGHAN
A JOSEPH HENABERY PRODUCTION
From the story by Peter Clark Machlaine. Screen play by Townsend Martin.

"FORBIDDEN PARADISE"
STARRING POLA NEGRU
AN ERNEST LUBITSCH PRODUCTION
With Rod La Rocque, Adolphe Menjou, Pauline Starke. From "The Countess" by Biro and Lenayel. Screen play by Agnes Christine Johnson and Hans Kraly.

Rex Beach's
"A SAINTED DEVIL"
STARRING RUDOLPH VALENTINO
A JOSEPH HENABERY PRODUCTION
Adapted by Forrest Haliday. From the Rex Beach novel "Rope's End".

"NORTH OF 36"
AN IRVIN WILLAT PRODUCTION
With Jack Holt, Lois Wilson, Ernest Torrence, Noah Beery. From the story by Emerson Hough.

"MANHATTAN"
Starring RICHARD DIX
Based on "The Definite Object" by Jeffery Farnol. Directed by R. H. Burnside.

"MERTON OF THE MOVIES"
A JAMES CRUZE PRODUCTION

"LOCKED DOORS"
A WM. de MILLE PRODUCTION
LUBIN
The World's Most Exclusive Parfumeur

ONLY fastidious women, women who have been accustomed all their lives to the superlative—women who can afford to be exclusive—only such fortunate women as these are numbered among the users of Lubin perfumes.

For since the days of the Empress Josephine, when they first won the acceptance of the Continental aristocracy, Parfums Lubin have retained their charm by retaining their exclusiveness.

For Parfums Lubin are acknowledged the finest made in all France. The firm of Lubin is one of the rare French houses which manufactures in France only.

So quite naturally these are the most expensive perfumes in the world. For today that is the only way they can be kept from becoming common. Everyone would like to have these scents—only a fortunate few may have them. Only in the most exclusive shops in America will they be found. A few of those specially selected are listed below.

Or madame may write to us and we will refer her to one who sells LUBIN.

NEW YORK CITY
B. Altman & Co.
John Wanamaker
Franklin Simon & Co.
Lord & Taylor, Inc.
Saks & Co., Inc.
Stemp Bros.
Gimbels Brothers
T. N. Evarts
Munsch, Protzman Co.
John E. Thomas

BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Abraham & Strauss, Inc.

CHICAGO, ILL.
Marshall Field & Co.
J. F. Coughlin & Co.
Blacksone Hotel Drugs

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Bonwit Teiller & Co.
The House of Wagner

BOSTON, MASS.
C. Crawford Hollidge
H. H. Stairman Company
Salsin & Balder
E. T. Slattery Company

CLEVELAND, OHIO.
The Halle Bros. Co.

ST. LOUIS, MO.
The Pomona—Starr Co.
Six Bros. & Fuller Dry Goods Co.
Jefferson Hotel Drug Store Co.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
J. W. Robinson Co.

KANSAS CITY, MO.
Emery Bird-Thayer Dry Goods Co.
Penn Harvey's Union Station Drug Store

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
H. Littell & Co.

ALLENTOWN, PA.—H. Leh & Co.

ABERYTHWICK PARK, N. J.
Steinbock Co.

ATLANTA, GA.
Franklin & Cox, Inc.

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.
Beverly Hills Pharmacy

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.
Hills, Metson & Hawkline, Inc.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.
Augusta Friedeman Shop, Inc.

EATZ DE COLOGNE

LOTIONS

PARFUMS

PUDRES

SAVONS

EXAUX DE TOILETTE

NEWARK, N. J.

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

OMAHA, NEB.

RICHMOND, VA.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

THE CHANDON COMPANY, 509 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, EXCLUSIVE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE UNITED STATES
Tonight's a Paramount Night!

The Movies and Radio are the entertainment twins.

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

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

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

10 Current Paramount Pictures
Produced by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation

Adolph Zukor and Jesse Lasky present
"THE GOLDEN BED"  
A CECIL B. DE MILLE PRODUCTION

J. M. Barrie's
"PETER PAN"  
A HERBERT BRENON PRODUCTION
Assisted by Roy Pomeroy. From the immortal story and play. Screen play by Wilma Goldbeck.

"ARGENTINE LOVE"  
AN ALLAN DWAN PRODUCTION
With Bebe Daniels, Ricardo Cortez. From the novel of the same name by Vicente Blasco Ibanez.

"TONGUES OF FLAME"  
STARRING THOMAS MEIGHAN  
A JOSEPH HENABERY PRODUCTION
From the story by Peter Clark MacFarlane. Screen play by Townsend Martin.

"FORBIDDEN PARADISE"  
STARRING POLA NEIGRI  
AN ERNEST LUBITSCH PRODUCTION
With Rod La Rocque, Adolphe Menjou, Pauline Starke. From "The Casanova" by Ber and Lengel. Screen play by Agnes Christie Johnston and Hans Kraly.

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

"NORTH OF 36"  
AN IRVIN WILLAT PRODUCTION
With Jack Holt, Louis Wilson, Ernest Torrence, Noah Beery. From the story by Emerson Housh.

"MANHATTAN"  
Starring RICHARD DIX
Based on "The Definite Object" by Jeffery Farnol. Directed by R. H. Burnside.

"MERTON OF THE MOVIES"  
A JAMES CRUZE PRODUCTION

"LOCKED DOORS"  
A WM. de MILLE PRODUCTION
NO MONEY DOWN!

No C. O. D.—Nothing to Pay for Dishes on Arrival

Not a penny now. Just mail the coupon and Hartman, the Largest
Home Furnishing Concern in the World, will send you this complete
110-Piece Dinner Set, and with it absolutely FREE the handsome 7-piece
Fish and Game Set. It’s easy to get this set from Hartman. Nothing
to pay for goods on arrival. No C. O. D. Use the sets 30 days on Free
Trial, and if not satisfied send them back and we will pay transportation
charges both ways. If you keep them, pay only for the Dinner Set
—a little every month. Keep the 7-piece Fish and Game Set as off
from Hartman. It is FREE. Only by seeing this splendid dinnerware
can you appreciate its exquisite beauty and superior quality. Every
article in the Dinner Set is a clear, white, lustrous body, decorated
with a rich gold band edge, a magenta blue follow band and two pure gold initials in Old English design.

Many expensive imported sets have not such elaborate decorations. Every piece guaranteed perfect.

FREE BARGAIN CATALOG

Most complete book of its kind ever issued. Hundreds of pages, many in
actual colors, of the world’s greatest bargains in furnishing, rugs, beds,
carpets, draperies, almirahs, water glasses, dinnerware, china and
much more. Free for 30 days' trial. Every monthly comes complete.

FREE GIFTS

Mail this coupon today for Your FREE COPY

Send Post Card Today

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.
Dept. 7050

Furniture & Carpet Co.

No. 110-Piece Dinner Set.

Our Bargain Price, $33.85.

No Money Down. 4.90 Monthly.

7-Piece Fish and Game Set Is FREE.

Order No. 320GMA27.

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.
Dept. 7050

Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
WE WANT WHAT WE WANT—SO THERE

SEVERAL foreign directors and a few of the native-born are wasting considerable talent in an effort to sophisticate the American motion-picture public. Of which we are a part.

They feel that the movie public is unfortunate in its taste; that a demand for happy endings and pure heroines is a sort of malady that can be overcome by patient and persistent effort.

The Swedes think that we ought to like gloomy endings, where everybody jumps in the lake except the heroine's illegitimate daughter; and she starves to death.

The Russians think that our failure to cry for tales of black despair is an infirmity; while the Austrians and the Germans are politely incredulous that any audience could bother about a story wherein everybody loves the wife of his bosom; and the true lovers are happy forever afterward.

"Very sweet and domestic," they say, "but wherein is the drama?"

All of these gentlemen of genius are laying the seed for many future heartaches. As the old Arkansas farmer said, "It can't be done."

The good horse sense of the situation is this: when baking pies to sell in a bakery, pick out the kind of pie that the largest number of people like.

By its very nature, the motion-picture industry is bound by a law of general averages. The movies have, by very long odds, the most enormous audience that ever witnessed any form of entertainment since the world began.

Remember this: that no one book, with the possible exception of the Bible, was ever read by as many people as go to the movies every night. It must inevitably be the aim of the producer to find the artistic area which is common ground for all these people. This is especially true as regards moral standards and ethical vantage-points.

From these accepted standards as a base, they can soar on to whatever artistic flights they wish. But unless—or until—the American public changes materially, it is hopeless to ask it to accept cynicism or sophistication.

Charlie Chaplin's A Woman of Paris, and Ernst Lubitsch's The Marriage Circle were two of the most superbly artistic pictures ever made. Yet they have been only moderately successful. This on account of the sentiments expressed and cynical view-point.

The public will stand for and patronize bathing-girl comedies, and even google at much that is risqué in flapper drama; but the moral must emerge triumphant at the end. Virtue must end the tale, with its foot upon the dragon's neck.

Perhaps we are still primitive and crude and Puritanic—even Babbittical. But anyhow, "that's the way we are, Mabel." If you are going to sell us dramas, that's the kind of dramas we are going to buy.

The foreign director seeking our national pulse would do better to consult Harold Bell Wright and Gene Stratton Porter and other admitted traffickers in naïveté, rather than the young sophisticates who represent a superior few—who do not go much to the movies.
Elinor Glyn, author of "Three Weeks," has written a sensational novel called "The Price of Things." This book will amaze all America! Thousands of people will say it is not fit to be read. Small-minded critics will claim that Elinor Glyn should not have dared touch such a breath-taking subject—that she has handled a delicate topic with too much frankness. But we want you to read the book before passing an opinion. This you can do at our risk—without advancing a penny!

"The Price of Things" is one of the most daring books ever written—!

"The Price of Things" is one of the most sensational books ever written—!

"The Price of Things" will be one of the most fiercely criticized books ever written—!

But—we don't ask you to take our word for all this. Simply send us your name and we'll send you the book. Go over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—let it thrill you as you have never been thrilled before—then, if you don't say it is everything we claim—and if we do not—simply mail it back and it won't cost you a penny. Isn't that fair?

YOU'VE heard of Elinor Glyn—everyone has. She is unquestionably the most audacious author in the world. Her books have a great success. "The Philosophy of Love" was so successful that it is the most daring book ever written. Her sensational novel, "Three Weeks," shocked the whole world a few years ago. But "The Price of Things" is far more daring than "The Philosophy of Love" and much more sensational than "Three Weeks." Need more be said?

After you have read "The Price of Things," you will understand why Elinor Glyn is called the most daring writer in the world. You will see that she is the only great living author who dares reveal the naked truth about love and passion—in defiance of silly convention and false hypocrisy. Madame Glyn never minces words—she always calls a spade a spade—she doesn't care a snap of her fingers for hypocritical people think. And it is just this admirable quality in her writing—this fearless frankness, utter candor, and absolute daring—which makes her the most popular writer of today!

An Uncensored Story of Love and Passion

The books of most French and English novelists are "toned down" when published in America. Not so with "The Price of Things." This book comes to you exactly as written by Elinor Glyn. From the Magic Pen of Elinor Glyn flows a thrilling tale of audacious characters, startling incidents, sensational situations, daring scenes, thrill after thrill! Oh! what an amazing story it is—the like of which you never dreamed of!

So realistic is the charm, the fire, and the passion of this fiercely-sweet romance, that the hot breath of the hero seems to fan your face. Your blood races madly at the unconditional surrender of the delicious heroine. You feel her soft arms about your neck. You kiss her madly and seem to draw her very soul through her lips.

And then comes the big scene! Midnight has struck—and the heroine, sleeping peacefully, dreams of her husband. . . . The door squeaks! . . . Breathless silence! . . . Then "Sweetheart," a voice whispers in the darkness, "Oh, dearie," she murmurs, as but half awakened, she feels herself being drawn into a pair of strong arms. . . . "Oh,—you know I—?"

But we must not tell you any more—it will spoil the story.

This Book Will Shock Some People!

NARROW-MINDED people will be shocked at "The Price of Things!" They will say it ought to be suppressed—that it is not fit to be read. But this is not true. It is true that Madame Glyn handles a delicate topic with amazing frankness, and allows herself almost unlimited freedom in writing this burning story of love and passion. Still the story is so skillfully written that it can safely be read by any grown-up man or woman who is not afraid of the truth. Furthermore, Madame Glyn does not care what small-minded people say.

And she doesn't write to please men and women with childish ideas and prudish sentiments. She always calls things by their right names—whatever phase of life she writes of, she reveals the naked truth. And in "The Price of Things!" she writes with amazing candor and frank daring of the things she knows best—the greatest things in life—Love and Passion!

SEND NO MONEY

YOU need not advance a single penny for "The Price of Things." Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter—and the book will be sent to you on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only $1.97, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply mail the book back to us. We will gladly refund your $1.97 within five days and your $1.97 will be refunded gladly.

Elinor Glyn's books sell like magic—by the million! "The Price of Things," being the most sensational book she has ever written—and that's saying a lot!—will be in greater demand than others. Everybody will talk about it—everybody will buy it. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. We know this from experience. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below AT ONCE. So don't say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

Get your pencil—fill out the coupon NOW. Mail it to The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y., before it is too late. Then be prepared to read the most sensational novel ever written!
Amazing New Method Brings Skin Beauty
OVERNIGHT!

Free book describes in full and tells how to apply Susanna Cocroft's New Discovery—as effective as a hundred dollar course of beauty treatments, yet you can apply it yourself at home at insignificant expense.

No longer need thousands of women and girls submit to a muddy, salow, blemished complexion and rough, aging skin—disfigured by large pores, blackheads, pimples, blotches and other unsightly imperfections. Nor need any woman resign herself to those tell-tale little crow's feet and tired, nervous lines about eyes, nose and mouth—those pouches at the sides of the cheek, the double chin and an angular, scrawny, ill-favored neck.

For all these can now be corrected by a simple treatment which you apply in your own home. Even if your skin and complexion have been poor for years—even though you are no longer young, this wonderful new method so stimulates the circulation that your face is freshened and rejuvenated OVERNIGHT.

Bring Out Your Hidden Beauty

You've seen actresses and society women whom you KNEW to be 40 years old and more. Yet they looked no older than 20. You've seen others of 50 who didn't look a day older than 30. They know the secret of keeping young, or they visit high priced beauty specialists and give them big fees for keeping young.

Look Years Younger

Now, you, too, can look years younger and in many times more beautiful—without paying a cent to high priced specialists.

For Susanna Cocroft, who has done more for the health and improvement of American women than any other person, has evolved a method which enables you to apply in your own home a new scientific treatment taking ONLY 2 MINUTES EACH NIGHT to apply and which freshens and rejuvenates your skin as nothing you have ever used.

Wonderful Change The First Night

It works so rapidly that users say the very morning following your first use it shows an improvement that will delight you.

And you do want this new skin beauty, don't you? For no matter how regular the features, you can't be beautiful unless the skin is soft, clear, smooth and fresh. And no matter how irregular the features, if the skin is clear, girl-like and radiant, one has a distinctive attraction.

Learn This Beauty Secret

You know every fresh, healthy clear skin is beautiful and now YOU may bring out this rose-petal beauty as well as do the stage, society and screen beauties who have taken 10 to 20 years off their age. You, too, may obtain the clear white skin, the sparkling eyes, the delicate, pink cheeks, the white, well-rounded neck of which they are so proud. You, too, may obtain new social triumphs; you, too, may excite the envy and admiration of less fortunate acquaintances. And you do it in a safe, rapid, easy, delightful way, without using any harmful drugs, mercury, or caustics. And not only that, you can do it QUICKLY—
you can bring an astonishing improvement OVERNIGHT.

Send For This FREE Book Today

This amazing method is disclosed in an interesting FREE BOOK which will be sent to every woman as long as the supply lasts.

Make sure of YOUR copy by mailing the Coupon today. See how easily, how rapidly and how inexpensively you may obtain the clear, radiant complexion, the soft, white, well-rounded neck, the delicate, full, peach-like cheeks of youth. See how easily tired eyes and crow's feet vanish and the eyes become bright and youthful-looking.

And see how this is done without paying any specialists' fees—without RISKING A SINGLE PENNY.

Send for this amazing book today—it will not cost a penny and will not put you under any obligation. But write AT ONCE—before the edition is exhausted. Do it NOW. And soon, the very morning after you BEGIN this treatment, you will doubtless astonish your family, your friends and even YOURSELF by the remarkable improvement.

Thompson Barlow Co., Inc., Dept. F-152
64 Fourth Ave., N.Y.

Thompson Barlow Co., Inc., Dept. F-152, 64 Fourth Ave., N.Y.

Without any obligation on our part send me the free book which explains Susanna Cocroft’s new method whereby I may obtain an astonishing improvement in my complexion almost OVERNIGHT.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY...STATE...

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Mellin’s Food

The use of the Mellin’s Food Method of Milk Modification will enable your little one to have the healthy and robust appearance so typical of all Mellin’s Food babies.

We will be pleased to send you our book, “The Care and Feeding of Infants,” also a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin’s Food.

Mellin’s Food Co., 177 State St., Boston, Mass.
With this issue, Motion Picture Magazine celebrates its fourteenth birthday. We have included a special anniversary section covering pages 50 to 67, an illustrated article on pages 20-21, and many reproductions of interesting and valuable old pictures besides.

Portraits and Picture Pages
Betty Blythe—A painting by M. Paddock, from a portrait, by Edwin Bouwer Hesser ................................................................. Cover
Our Portrait Gallery—New studies of Midge Bellamy, Bessie Compton, Ramon Novarro, Frances Howard, Lois Wilson, George O'Brien, Alice Joyce, Norna Talmadge, and Buster Keaton .............................................. 11-19
The Valentinos—An exclusive study of Mr. and Mrs. Valentino and Rudolph's brother ................................................................. 22
Love's Old Sweet Song—Doris Kenyon and Ronald Colman in a scene from their new picture .................................................. 23
His Highness, Adolphe Menjou, impersonating an Arrogant Prince—a sketch by Eldon Kelley ..................................................... 26
The Boy Who Never Grew Up—Three scenes from the film version of Sir James Barrie's Peter Pan ............................................... 38
The Laundress Who Loved an Emperor—Studies of the principal characters in Madame Sans-Gène .............................................. 39
We Present Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost, Hollywood's Newest Newlyweds ................................................................. 42
We'd Like to See Them Again—Portraits of stars who left the screen at the height of their career .................................................... 50
Presenting the Queen of the Motion Picture Serial—Studies, new and old, of Pearl White .......................................................... 56
Scenes from Our Mary's Very First Pictures—Selected from the file made by the old Biograph Company .......................................... 59
Reproductions from Old Motion Pictures—Here you see again your favorites of the Early Days .................................................. 60-61
A Few Scenes from Some of the Popular Comedies That Brought Down the House a Few Years Ago ........................................... 64-65
Famous Directors Who Were Once Popular Stars—Dramatized bits from old features ................................................................. 66
An Original Picture with an Original Director—All about Josef von Sternberg and The Salvation Hunters ......................................... 70
Colleen Moore—Her remarkable impersonation of Selina Peake De Jong, in her new starring vehicle, So Big ........................................... 73

Feature Articles
Stories About the Old Times, Told by the Old-Timers—A wonderful collection of anecdotes .......................................................... 20-21
Confidences Off-Screen—Chats with Frances Howard, Conway Tearle, and others ................................................................. 24-25
Irish—and in Love—The story of Pat O'Malley's screen début by Harry Carr ................................................................. 27
Betty Was a College Widow—Harry Carr discloses a wonderful chapter in the life of the girl on our cover ..................................................... 28-29
What I Can Read in the Faces of the Film Stars—An analysis of Mary Hay, Richard Barthelmess, Bebe Daniels and Harold Lloyd by F. Vance de Revere ................................................................. 40-41
Shots from the First Fan Magazine—Reprinting prophecies made in the first numbers of this magazine .............................................. 51
The Story of My Life—Covering twelve years of motion picture work by Ruth Roland ................................................................. 52-53
The Movies Are Growing Up—Comparisons between the old and the new by J. Stuart Blackton ..................................................... 54-55
“Close-Ups of Cut-Backs”—John Bunny's partner talks about their first comedies by Flora Finch ................................................................. 57-58

For Light Entertainment
New Year's Resolutions That the Stars Will Try to Keep in 1925—Four pages of good intentions ................................................................. 30-33
Romola—The beautiful story of Lillian Gish's new picture, made in Italy by Dorothy Donnell Cahoon ..................................................... 34-37
Whose Hand?—The second instalment of our exciting mystery story by W. Adolphe Roberts ..................................................... 43-45
"Them Good Old Days"—When the magazine was a mere infant by The Answer Man ................................................................. 62-63
That's Out—Keen Comment about the people and affairs of Movieland by Tamar Lane ................................................................. 67

Departments
We Want What We Want—So There!—An Editorial ................................................................. 3
The Winners of the Month—The four best pictures recently released reviewed by Laurence Reid ..................................................... 46-47
Reeling with Laughter—A number of amusing scenes from current comedies by Harry Carr ..................................................... 48-49
On the Camera Coast—News about stars and studios on the Pacific Coast by Dorothy Herzog ..................................................... 69-70
Trailing the Eastern Stars—News about stars and studios in the East by Dorothy Herzog ..................................................... 71-72
Critical Paragraphs About New Productions—Reviews by the Editorial Staff ................................................................. 74-75
We're Asking You—A Question-Box for Our Readers conducted by the Editorial Staff ..................................................... 76
Letters to the Editor—A department containing prize-winning letters from readers, and excerpts from letters by Gertrude Driscoll ................................................................. 78
The Answer Man—Brief replies to readers who have asked for information about stars and studios ..................................................... 80
What the Stars Are Doing—Information about screen players conducted by Gertrude Driscoll ..................................................... 82

A scene from Vitagraph's The Haunted Hotel. This was made in 1907, and was the very first picture to use "trick stuff"
SOME women have a better complexion at thirty or thirty-five than they ever had in their twenties.

The reason is simply that they have learned to take better care of their skin.

At twenty, contrary to popular tradition, a girl's complexion is often at its worst.

Too many sweets — late hours — and above all, neglect of a few simple rules of skin hygiene, result in a dull, sallow color, disfiguring blemishes, and ugly little blackheads.

By giving your skin the right care you can often gain a lovelier skin at thirty than you ever had before.

Remember that each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. Whatever your complexion has been in the past — by beginning, now, to give this new skin the treatment it needs, you can gradually build up a fresh, clear, radiant complexion.

Use this treatment to overcome 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.

How you can free your skin from blemishes

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 until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes; then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

A special treatment for an oily skin

First, cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and luke-warm 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.

How to give a sallow skin color and life

Once or twice a week, just before retiring, fill your basin full of hot water — almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

No matter what your type of skin happens to be — you will find the treatment that exactly meets its needs in the booklet of famous skin treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin your treatment tonight. You can get Woodbury's Facial Soap at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for regular use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. For convenience — get Woodbury's in 3-cake boxes.

Three Woodbury skin preparations — guest-size — for 10 cents

The Andrew Jergens Co.
1301 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 dose of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."


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

Cut out this coupon and send it to us today

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
MADGE BELLAMY

The little heroine of *Love and Glory* and *The Iron Horse* will next be seen in the rôle of Una, in *The Dancers*. 
Tho this popular star has just received a new title, that of Mrs. James Cruze, she has already directed this famous director to tell the world that she'll continue starring as Betty Compson. She's now making Locked Doors. At the left she's flirting with Warner Baxter in a scene from The Garden of Weeds.
Every mail brings us dozens of letters from Ramon's admirers asking when they are to see him in *Ben Hur*. As this production is still being filmed in Italy, we can make no definite answer to their inquiries. Therefore, we give them, as a sort of "consolation prize," these wonderful studies of Ramon, as himself and in the character of *Ben Hur*.
Frances Howard was “the talk of the town” when she, a girl unknown in the world of motion pictures, was chosen as the star of *The Swan*. But having watched Miss Howard at work in the studio, we prophesy that, as soon as the picture is released, she will become “the toast of the town.” At the right you see her with her two small picture-brothers, and their tutor (Ricardo Cortez).
Do human beings ever remind you of inanimate things? Valentino, for instance, reminds us of a rare old violin; as we watch Lillian Gish we seem to be watching the stars come out, one by one, in a Colorado sky; but when we see Lois Wilson, we also see our great-grandmother's sampler. It is worked on linen that she wove herself and is now turned an exquisite creamy yellow. Her sterling qualities shine forth in the mottoes she chose; her sense of humor in the quaint little designs that she embroidered. Sometimes the colors on it are delicate and elusive, and sometimes they are so intense that they burn. See if you can understand what we mean by this comparison when you see Lois in North of 36.
All the flapper fans will readily agree that George O'Brien is the embodiment of the ideal American football hero. His film career is only one year old, but in that time he has battled his way to the top. Of course, you have seen him in the Fox super-feature, The Iron Horse. Watch for him in the rôle of Tony, in The Dancers.
ALICE
JOYCE

For the past few years the fans have been faithfully singing Alice, Where Art Thou? Constant repetition brings results, as any good advertising copy-writer will tell you, and now Alice has come back to the screen. You'll see her in White Man, and, after that, in A Man's World.
After gazing at this lovely study, don't you all feel like chanting, Norma, Norma, you must never bob your hair. Norma's hair is a glorious brownish black, with glints of red when you see it in the sunshine. She has finished her work in The Lady, a scene from which we reproduce at the right, and is now sailing for a long vacation in Europe.
We asked Buster to give us a portrait of himself in which "he cracked a smile," but he said he couldn't take the risk, that it might crack the loyalty of his fans if they knew he could look other than solemn and cynical. He's now making Seven Chances, which will be reproduced on the screen in color.
D. W. Griffith discovered most of the big stars who are now on the top of the heap. He told me, once, how he happened to find them.

The very first one he picked was Arthur Johnson, now dead. Many critics consider Arthur Johnson to have been the finest actor ever on the screen.

Griffith said he was making one of his very first pictures at the old Biograph Studio on Fourteenth Street, New York. He simply had to have an actor who could look like a society man without too great a strain on his imagination.

There was no one then at the studio who would do, so Griffith went down to a theatrical agency on Broadway. As he went in the door, he bumped into a man coming out the door. He was exactly the type Griffith was looking for.

Dashing wildly into the office, Griffith asked the name of the man he had seen going out; found his name was Arthur Johnson and tore downstairs in pursuit of him.

D. W. was all out of breath when he overtook the tall, fastidious figure. He had just enough wind left to gasp:

"Say, are you an actor?"

Johnson stopped; hung his cane on his arm, took off his hat; wearily smoothed back his hair.

At the left, Mae Marsh as she looked when D. W. Griffith discovered her; at the right, Bobby Harron, who was his greatest actor, and who met with an accidental death a few years ago.

Then he said: "There is some difference of opinion about it."

Mary Pickford found herself for Griffith, so to speak.

The Biograph was located in an old New York house. The drawing-room of this house was in use as an office. An ogre was in charge. She was a lady ogre, but none the less fierce.

She could get rid of a pest with one glare.

One day as Griffith was coming downstairs, over the banisters, he heard the ogre say "Dear" to someone. He leaned over the balcony to see who could have extracted a "dear" from her; but before he looked he says he had decided to give her a job—whoever it was.

What he saw was a plump and self-confident young miss, to whom the ogre was saying: "But, dear, how can you see Mr. Griffith, he doesn't know you."

"Well," said the girl promptly, "how can Mr. Griffith know whether he wants to see me until he has seen me? He's got to see me before he knows if I would do, hasn't he?"

The ogre hesitated. "Who shall I say wants to see him?"

"You just tell him Mary Pickford wants to see him; and if he doesn't know who Mary Pickford is I'll come up and tell him."

After Mary Pickford had been working for the Biograph Company for a while, she appeared one day with two very badly scared little girls. She told Mr. Griffith that they wanted to be movie actresses, like her.

Down thru the center of the old drawing-room was a rail to divide the public from the promised land.

Mr. Griffith smiled.

"Now, Mary," he said.

"Be careful. These little girls are on the outside of the gate. If they pass thru, Mary Pickford may have some very dangerous rivals. Look out."

Mary tossed her head with scorn. "Mary Pickford," she said, "isn't afraid to have any girls pass thru that gate."

And so Lillian and Dorothy Gish got into the movies.

Shortly after he came to California to make pictures, Mr. Griffith was directing a scene in which Marguerite Loveridge was working. She asked him if she might bring her little sister to look on.

Little sister came and watched with eyes big with wonder. She was a quaint, elfin, little thing. Mr. Griffith kept watching her out of the corner of his eye. Finally he crossed over to where she was sitting on an old log.

"Get up and turn around two or three times as tho you were so happy you couldn't hold yourself in."

Stories About the Old Times
Told By the Old-Timers
The little, scared girl did it. "Now, imagine that you have waited a long time for your beau, and there he goes with another girl on his arm. Now, how do you feel?"

And the little, scared girl showed him.

Then Mr. Griffith turned to the company. "All of you are now excited. None of you need come back tomorrow except this little girl.

The little, scared girl, was Mae Marsh.

Griffith found Mack Sennett waiting in his outer office asking for a job as a strong man. He was an adventurous, romantic young Irishman who had left his home in Canada to see the world and was working at any old job he could get in New York. Almost at once he became one of the leading comedians of the screen.

Blanche Sweet first got into the Griffith studio in reply to a request for a dancer. She was a young professional dancer, and had no thought of being a movie actress. With D. W.'s strange prescience in detecting genius, he made her an actress. She was one of the first girls of the screen to show symptoms of real greatness.

Mabel Normand's story was very much the same. She was a cloak model and was employed at Biograph to appear in a scene as an extra to wear some beautiful clothes.

Robert Harron was a prop boy in the company. One day the parish priest brought two young boys around to the studio. He said they were good boys and he wanted to get them jobs. They both got the jobs.

One was James Smith, who has been with Griffith ever since as his film editor. Bobbie Harron was the finest actor Griffith ever had until his death by an accident with a revolver a few years ago.

Florence Lawrence, one of the great stars of the old Biograph days, was found by Mr. Griffith at a society dance. He asked for an introduction and invited her on the spot to become a movie star. She is now in Hollywood in the real-estate business.

Griffith found Monte Blue among the cow-punchers who rode at day's wages in the Ku Klux scenes in The Birth of a Nation. He considers Monte one of the finest actors that ever worked in his studio.

Altoh Jack Pickford is still a boy on the sunny side of thirty, he is one of the veterans of pictures and has been in the business since the earliest days of the old Biograph.

He says that one day Mary came home in a very haughty and important mood; she announced that she was now a movie actress. This was too much for Jack and his other sister, Lottie; they didn't propose to let Mary get away with that. So they hustled down to the nearest rival studio. As I remember it, it was the old Pathé.

The man at the window handed them out a printed slip with a lot of questions: Could they ride, shoot, swim, dive, perform acrobatics? Also, had they experience as actors?

Jack said the truth was they couldn't do anything but eat; but a small formality like that was not allowed to stand in the way. So he and Lottie wrote "Yes" to every question on the slip. Such genius was not to be overlooked; so the manager made haste to sign up two persons of such enormous versatility. That night they came home and informed Mary and uplifted noses that they, too, were motion-picture actors, and had important parts.

Soon after Jack joined, the company moved to California—then a pioneer picture land. Nearly all the pictures they made then were Westerns.

Jack says the grandees of the company rode out in automobiles; but he wasn't one of the grandees. Every morning, about daylight, he could call at a certain house with his bicycle and a boy would come out and perch himself on the handle-bars and they would ride thus to the distant location; the boy who rode the handle-bars was Robert Harron, afterward one of the great stars of pictures.

Texas Guinan's movie reminiscences come in a volley of re-echoing shot and shell, the beating of horses' hoofs and the hiss of the lariat. "My big chance for the movies," said Texas, "came when a Vitagraph manager saw me ride a snow-white charger down the runway of the old Winter Garden theater, all dressed up in black lace chaps and swinging a lariat. Of course, we poor chorus girls at the Winter Garden were always looking for some new stunt whereby to distinguish ourselves, so when I asked the manager if I might ride a horse down the runway instead of merely dancing down, he said, 'All right, if you don't kill too many of the customers.'"

"I'll admit most of them got under their seats when they heard my steed thundering above their heads, but a few stayed up to watch me, and after the show a Vitagraph man in the audience signed me up for the movies at $1,200 a week—a salary then unheard-of in screen land.

For the next two years I made a two-reel Wild Western picture every two weeks, and what a time I had! I could throw a lariat, rope a steer, ride and shoot to beat any

(Continued on page 84)
Rudolph Valentino returned from a long vacation in Europe recently, wearing his new and already celebrated beard, which he defended thus: "My next picture, The Scarlet Power, is to be a Spanish-Moorish story of the Fourteenth Century, and in those days it was simply unknown for a gentleman of Spain or Morocco to be clean-shaven. Now, I'm opposed to fakery—so I refuse to wear a ridiculous false beard."

Bravo! Valentino!

In the picture at the top of the page you will see Rudolph Valentino chatting with his brother on the terrace of their villa overlooking Nice. At the right is Mrs. Valentino (Natacha Rambova) wearing one of the many exquisite costumes designed especially for her by a celebrated Parisian artist.
If the stage and the screen had not claimed Doris Kenyon, she would undoubtedly have become a distinguished musician. She plays beautifully, and makes her own musical atmosphere for her new picture, *A Thief in Paradise*, in which she stars with Ronald Colman. Isn't it too bad that the camera doesn't translate melody? However, by observing the way that Ronald makes love when you see the picture on the screen, you will realize Miss Kenyon has achieved the desired effect.
Confidences Off-Screen

By

W. Adolphe Robert

Wild Women and Beards and Sudden Stars

The latest fad among motion-picture stars is to proclaim that their work should not be called acting. On the legitimate stage, they say, certain definite values are obtained with the voice and accompanying gestures. And that is acting. For the screen, one must be a silent portrayer. The trick is to be so imbued with one's rôle that everything done before the camera seems natural and inevitable.

I quoted Adolphe Menjou to the above effect last month. He made it convincing, and I agree he couldn't have found a better formula for his method. But it's only a formula. It's another way of saying that he makes his characters live, which is the object of every mime, silent or otherwise. To clarify the point, I beg to assure the reader that a real prince would not be half so effective in The Swan as is Monsieur Menjou. The prince would be incapable of a false move, yet would seem dull because he lacked the art of acting.

All of which brings me to the subject of this confidence off-screen—the extremely talented Jetta Goudal. After several other stars had declared their joy in the new title of portrayer, I went to see Miss Goudal at Famous Players studio, where she is playing the lead in the film version of Anzia Yezierska's Salome of the Tenements.

She was born at Versailles near Paris, and is three-quarters French, one-quarter Dutch. Here is a vivid, exotic type, a blending of Latin street gamine and international vamp. If I could express her singular at traction in snaver terms, I'd gladly do so; but these seem to fit. In Open All Night, she played a daughter of joy infatuated with a six-day bicycle champion, as such a rôle was never before played in an American-made picture. It was real, it was subtle, it was Parisian. You gasped at the gaudy nudility of the character, and saluted the artistry of Jetta every moment she was on the screen.

Now, in the Yezierska Ghetto drama she is to be a young Jewess with a soul and a passion for luxury, who marries a millionaire settlement worker. How did she feel about it? I asked.

"I love doing Sonia (the heroine)," she answered intensely. "For the time being, I am Sonia. First as a child in the tenements, then as a beauty-mad girl who knows how to make life give her what she wants. It won't be acting. It will be living the part in a picture."

"You, too! I thought. But my next question was: "Do you prefer extreme rôles?"

"Absolutely. I want chance after chance to go to extremes in portraying character. I have been a Hindu in The Green Goddess and a half-Chinese woman in The Bright Shawl, a Paris cocotte and now an East Side immigrant. I have enjoyed all of them."

We chatted along these lines for a delightful half-hour. I had rarely met any one whose temperament was so completely that of the actress. By asserting that she merged herself in the heroine of the moment and that she liked to pass from one strange part to another far removed from it, she merely proved her devotion to the technique of her profession. Eventually, I told her so.

She thought it over, her eyes twinkled, and she said she'd known it all along. Even race was of little consequence, she added. I didn't admit that an artist can wholly put off the cloak of nationality, but that is another story.

For esthetic satisfaction, avoid the amateur. And when you find a good thing, shout about it. I present to you, therefore, Jetta Goudal—one hundred per cent. conscious actress.

Bearded for Sincerity

On his return from Europe to star for Ritz-Carlton Pictures, I dropped in for a talk with Rudolph Valentino. He was wearing his new and already celebrated beard, and for some reason he thought it well to lose no time about defending it.

"Our first production is going to be a Spanish-Moorish story, with the scene laid in the fourteenth century," he said, fingering the beard with a picturesque gesture. "In those days, it was simply unknown for a Spanish gentleman to be clean shaven. Then, there is an episode in which I take refuge among the Moors and pass as one of them. The Moors have always worn luxuriant whiskers. A barbered fugitive in their midst would be a conspicuous object."

"And a false beard is never convincing. Is that it?"

"Precisely. I am opposed to fakery of any kind. The picture starts off with me as a boy, when naturally I'll be smooth-faced. But as it develops, I've grown to be a man of about thirty, who is noted for his sinister appearance. It would be pretty hard for me to appear sinister without a beard, and in a false one I'd only succeed in being comical."

For my part, I thought the beard suited Valentino. It gives him the final romantic touch, makes him look like a real sheik. But he's afraid the fans wont like it. What do those who read this think?

There will be more about him in the next department. The picture has been titled The Scarlet Power, and June Mathis has written the scenario from the novel by Justus Laine. Valentino's contract gives him the free hand he
has always wanted. He impresses me as being on his way to greater success than ever.

How the Movies Lost One Extra

Frances Howard gave a party the other day for the lucky writers of the motion-picture press. A regal party it was, in all senses of the word. for Miss Howard received us in costume as the princess in The Swan, and the luscious tables were laid at Famous Players studio beside one of the most gorgeous court sets ever built. One looked down a vista that fulfilled every illusion concerning ballrooms in the palaces of kings. The furniture was sumptuous. The chandelier—but enough about material details. The chief attraction was charming Frances Howard.

She was playing on Broadway in a comedy called The Best People when it was suddenly announced that she, and not Elsie Ferguson, would be starred along with Adolphe Menjou in The Swan. It was a big surprise. One didn’t exactly ask, “Who is Frances Howard?” because she had made a decided hit on the speaking stage. But one searched one’s memory for a record in pictures that would justify her promotion—and failed. The next bulletin avowed nonchalantly that this would be her screen début, that she had been chosen because she looked the part, had the temperament, and had come thru the photographic tests triumphantly.

I found it hard to believe. So I made an opportunity at her party, and backed her up against the scenery.

“Is it true,” I demanded in my most impressive tone, “is it true that you are acting before a camera for the first time?”

“Cross my heart,” she answered, and crossed it.

“You were never even an extra in hard times?”

“Never,” she swore. But my use of the word “extra” proved to be fortunate. It led her to give me a confidence that ranks high among the romances of a romantic calling.

“I wasn’t indifferent to motion pictures,” she said, “No actress very well could be. But I didn’t know how to get into them. My connections were all with the theater. I was sincerely modest, too.

about my lack of experience, and felt I’d have to begin at the bottom of the movie ladder. Someone told me about the opportunities for extras, and do you know what I decided to do? My full name is Frances Howard McLaughlin. I made up my mind I’d go out as unknown Frances McLaughlin, and ask for work as an extra at this very studio. When Frances Howard later tried for a big rôle, no one need know how or when she had got her training. Just as I was about to do it, Famous Players offered me my contract to be a princess. Almost like a fairy-tale, isn’t it? The movies lost one grand little extra in Miss Howard, but they have gained a star.

Conway Tearle and the Critics

A correspondent, Marianne Carpenter, dropped me a line in praise of Conway Tearle. “Ask him to express his ideas about the effect of newspaper criticism upon the popularity of a player,” she suggested, “and also his individual reactions to the opinions of professional critics.”

When a fan wants reasonable questions asked, I am happy to comply. So I went to see Mr. Tearle at the New York studio where he and Madge Kennedy were working in The Ultimate Good for the Associated Exhibitors. I showed him the letter, which ran to four pages and afforded good material for an interview.

Conway Tearle, Miss Carpenter, is a finished actor with a long career both on the stage and in motion pictures. He is, as you know, one of the handsomest men in the game, and he looks particularly well in evening clothes. This has caused him to be in demand to play opposite beautiful women stars, and in any such combination it is the woman who gets the best of the break. Producers and directors—or so he says—have done their (Continued on page 111)
His Highness, Adolphe Menjou, Impersonating an Arrogant Prince

Sketch by Eldon Kelley

The rôle of prince of the royal blood, which he plays in his latest picture, The Swan, is peculiarly fitted to Adolphe Menjou, since he is one of the really-truly highbrows of the screen. He is a graduate of Culver Military Academy and of Cornell University and, on top of all this, he is a hero of the World War. This sketch was made in the Famous Players-Lasky Studio, on Long Island, while the director, the cameramen, the electricians, and the musicians were all busily working—as well as the actors.
Irish—and in Love

Pat O’Malley tells Harry Carr all about the early days when a film actor called himself lucky if he received fifteen dollars a week

More Irish than potatoes with their jackets on: that’s Pat O’Malley.

Pat says it is like to ruin his life. At a time when mysterious young sheiks with stove-polish hair are in high demand, Pat can’t even make his red hair stay down—much less look like a wet sea-lion.

Not only his hair but his heart—that Irish heart that was always making him fall in love.

“It began when I was a little boy,” said Pat, setting a match to the old Irish dudeman.

“One day I went to a circus and fell in love with a lady horseback rider in pink tights. I decided to be a circus actor right there and then. Not having a horse to practise on, I decided I would have to be a tight-rope walker.

“I went right home and stretched my mother’s clothesline out between two fence-posts and practised until I was plastered with black-and-blue spots—more spots than a turkey’s egg.

“They laughed at me until I got sensitive. I decided I would have to perfect my art in private. I strung the old clothesline between two door-knobs in my mother’s kitchen. This also ended with embarrassment. I hadn’t paid the rent for some time and the landlord happened to come in just as I pulled both the door-knobs off.

“From what he said and my mother said, I couldn’t see where I was going to find much encouragement in my art around home. I went away and got a job with a circus. And sure enough I learned to walk the tight rope. It’s a trick, like anything else. You think you will never learn how; then all of a sudden you find yourself doing it. But alas, by the time I got with the circus I had forgotten all about the girl with the pink tights—which is the way with life and circuses.

“I stayed with the circus for some years. Most of the time I was a tight-rope walker. Sometimes I played a strong man and flung a girl all around the ring; sometimes I got dressed up and played the girl who was flung around. That stuff is all tricks, you understand.

“I was falling in love again that made me an actor. I forgot her name entirely. But anyhow she was an actress with the old Kalem company. I saw her in Chicago while I was waiting to go out with a big top show. Well, I haven’t been inside a circus-tent since.

“I heard she was going to Florida, so I parted with my old yellow diamond, which looked like a fried egg, and followed her.

“I made up my mind that I should not fail to win her on account of any possible deficiencies in my own scenery. When I arrived in Florida, I was a vision in a red suit with white spats and chamois gloves turned down at the wrists.

“To my enormous delight, the manager gave me a job the very first day. And that without me speaking for it at all. He gave me a look and said, ‘Are you an actor?’

“With those clothes he thought I must be something queer. ‘Sure,’ said I, very careless.

“And so he gives me a job in the same company with the charmer. She didn’t work the first few days I was there. They told me I was a policeman and gave me a club and told me to arrest Robert Vignola, at that time he being an actor and playing the leading part. He is now one of the great directors of the world.

“I wasn’t going to fall down for lack of zeal. When they told me to arrest him, I gave him a whack with my stick that made his eyes bulge out, and grabbed him by the arm. I didn’t know I was supposed to let him go when the director called ‘Cut’. So when he tried to struggle loose, I gave him a couple more good cracks and pretty near wrenched his arm off. I’d have killed him if he hadn’t come along. They told me to arrest him, so I arrested him.

“My heart almost stood still when at last the dream girl came out to work in a scene. It started to move along at its regular pace again when I saw, following along in her wake, her loving husband and three children. That’s the way with the Irish; they never calculate.

“But once started, I thought I might as well keep on being an actor anyhow. Maybe I fell in love again or something; but anyhow I found myself working for Sidney Alcott, who has since become one of the highest-priced directors in the world. Maybe he was high-priced then; but I sure wasn’t. My, my, what that Irishman made me do for my living!

“One of the first parts I had with him was in a melodrama. I never could make out what it was all about and I don’t think he could either. Anyhow, I was somebody’s brother; and there never was any busier brother, I can promise you that.

“They poured some gasoline out on the water and set it on fire and told me to dive in under it. I asked him what I was to do when I came up in the middle of that fire. He said, careless, ‘Oh, you can just brush it away or something with your hands when you come up.’

“Well, I did and escaped with my life.

“Between times of acting I was prop boy and stage carpenter. I hammered together the sets and then acted in them. For all this I got fifteen dollars a week. Every time I made a kick, Alcott would

(Continued on page 102)
Above, meet Betty in the rôle of her real self; below, meet her as the heroine of Chu Chin Chow

Betty Was a College Widow

Before Betty Blythe was a movie star she was reigning belle of her home-town college. Such a good sport was Betty that every football hero would gladly have died for her

By HARRY CARR

BEETLE BLYTHE is one of the few stars who know which fork to use without watching out of the corner of her eye to see which tool the hostess is going to eat with. Betty knows how. She has always known how. She was "reared up thata way," as they say in the South.

When I first knew Betty Blythe, she had no thought of going into the movies. She was a college belle.

Los Angeles is, in a way, a college town. There are several football institutions where they provide genius, learning, and yell leaders for a waiting world. Betty was the shining queen of one of these colleges.

She was the greatest belle I have ever known. When the shattered fragments of the plunging halfback were tenderly carried off the field on a stretcher, he considered that his sacrifice had not been in vain if the lovely Betty's voice could be heard shrilling from the grandstand in recognition of his heroism.

If Betty wore the colors of one class, the sheiks of the other classes sulked out behind the gymnasium and meditated the best methods of suicide—some kind of a suicide that would make her spend the rest of her days mourning to think what she had done.

"Blythe" is just a screen name. Her real, home-grown name was Elizabeth Slaughter. From which came the prize, catty joke of the lesser belles of the college. They used to call Betty's suitors, "Betty's lambs"; you see, the lambs that were led to the Slaughter.

But Betty was so good a sport that she adopted the joke herself; and she used to say that she couldn't accept this
invitation or that because one of the lambs was coming to call.

At any season Betty was a charming girl; but to see her really in full bloom, you had to see her in summer. And sometimes you saw quite a lot of her.

The summer life in California is carried on with a charming freedom. The flappers wear bathing-suits just as short as the boys, and, between bathing-suits, they wear white duck sailor-trousers—also just like the boys. It is so matter-of-fact and innocent that it is disarming.

And so Betty, of course, wore the same bathing-suits that the other girls wore, entirely oblivious of the fact that the figure encased in her's was one day to become famous around the world.

In those days she was the best girl swimmer I ever saw; also the best dancer.

Betty and her gang of college boys had evolved a peculiar jazz dance all their own. We used to have a summer cottage at Balboa, where so many movies are made, and that cottage used to be the scene of their dances.

The boys used to come arrayed for the occasion with rubber-soled shoes that would stick to the floor and workman-like trousers—ready for business.

As well as it comes to my startled recollection, the When Betty played baseball, she dressed up like the boys. She could sweat home-runs like Babe Ruth and pick hot fouls off the bat with a catcher's mask over her face. Note the Betty of today at the right and imagine her long, lithe, beautiful body shooting up in the air to spear a passing ball
dance was partly Paris apache and partly American jazz. They made it up as they went along. All I can remember about it is the way they used to fling Betty around the room from one football halfback to another. How it happened that she was never broken into pieces I have never figured out. But somehow she survived.

Betty thought it was great.

When they were not dancing, they played baseball on the broad, firm sands of the long beach.

Betty could hold up her end with any of the college baseball stars. She could pitch, wildly but well; she could "pick" the hot fouls off the bat with a catcher's mask over her face; she could swat out home-runs like Babe Ruth.

To this day a scene comes back to me, of a college boy hot-footing down to first base, with the sand scattering

(Continued on page 98)
Perhaps my greatest desire for the coming year is to make another trip to Europe. Last year I made my first trip since I left England in 1911 and it is my sincere hope to make it an annual affair.

Ernest Torrence

My resolution for 1925 will be to try to disprove my earlier beliefs that no girl can successfully carry on two careers at the same time -- the careers of actress and wife.

Betty Compson

Pretty is as pretty does in 1925.

Betty Blythe

My resolution -- To abide by all rules & regulations of Mother, Hay.

Ben Lyon
That the Stars Will Try to Keep in 1925

I want to carry on the process of getting acquainted with the American people. The coming year, 1925, will be my third year here. I have taken out my first papers and I want that year to bring, thoroughly and completely, the feeling of belonging which is necessary for every true American citizen.

Pola Negri

During 1925 I would like to make two interesting pictures which would make friends of those people who so far have not been pleased with my work.

Rod LaRocque

I resolve not to break any New Year's resolutions.

William Sills

I resolve to get up early in the morning and always be on time for work.

Goldeen Moore

31 P. Page
I wish try to make all critics who haven't liked me like me a little bit more this year.

And Still More Resolutions

Resolved that I were always keep the other fellow who is also trying for success, say a kind word, lend a helping hand to the fellow who is down on his luck and always try to profit by advice and suggestions.

Speaking from the screen standpoint, my hope for 1925 is a deeper understanding of people that the characters I play may be increasingly true to life.

I resolve not to make any New Year's resolutions.

Antonio Moreno
The Laundress Who Loved an Emperor

These are scenes from Gloria's newest picture, Madame Sans-Gêne, which she has just completed in France.

CHARLES DE ROCHE
AS
MARSHAL LEFEBVRE

This picture is a chronicle of one of the most romantic and colorful episodes in all French history, which has for its central figure a little Alsatian laundress who loved Napoleon and had faith in him while he was still a poor lieutenant. Even after he grew famous Napoleon never forgot her. Thanks to the co-operation of the French government, the picture was taken in the settings where the events themselves actually took place. The beautiful château at Fontainebleau, with its famous winding staircase; Malmaison, the little home built for Marie Antoinette; many famous historic buildings and relics, all appear in the picture.

M. DRIAN
AS
NAPOLEON

GLORIA SWANSON
AS
MME. SANS-GÊNE

A cast of distinguished French players support Miss Swanson, M. Drian, one of the most famous Napoléons of any time or stage, plays the Little Corporal. Charles De Roche, well known to fans in this country, and called the Valentino of France, plays the rôle of Marshal Lefebvre. Great masses of French soldiers in actual Napoleonic uniforms, march thru the streets of Paris and under the Arc de Triomphe before the eye of an American camera. Gloria herself was housed, during her entire stay, in one of the most palatial residences in Paris, the home of the Marquis de Brantes, a general in the French army with a title dating back to the time of Louis XIV.
What I Can Read in the
A Complete Analysis

WENT to the Barthelmess home to make this analysis of Mary Hay. The home, like its little mistress, has a comfortable, friendly atmosphere.

In reading her character I noticed first that her face was nearly harmonic. By this I mean that no one temperament is wholly dominant, that the three temperaments—the vital, motive and mental—are all represented in the disposition; with the vital or social side of the nature more developed than the others. You will notice that the vital or social side of Mr. Barthelmess is not so well developed, while the mental and the motive sides are more developed. He, at times, prefers solitude, whereas his wife always enjoys people and does not like to spend much time alone.

In the mouth (upper lip) there is found an enthusiastic, ardent nature; one that is sympathetic and kind and interested in people. In the lower lip is found a well-developed maternal instinct.

The nose shows good observation. Mrs. Barthelmess notices especially people's clothes; she has a good imagination, is easy-going and lacking in aggression. She is not naturally studious but gathers information quickly from that which she sees and hears. She is very intuitive, and feels and knows things instinctively. Her judgment is quick and, because of intuitive ability, it is usually accurate.

In the forehead the music signs, tune and rhythm, are well developed. Development of these signs means the ability to hear sounds accurately, to memorize music easily, and a natural liking for dancing. Such people always dance well. (Continued on page 99)

If motion pictures had never been invented, I am very sure that Harold Lloyd would have been a successful business man.

In reading his character, I noticed first his forehead, which has good height and breadth and shows excellent mentality. The reflective faculties are well developed. He has an excellent memory for facts and things concerning business. There are lines across the forehead which denote a serious nature and a capacity for logical thinking. There are also lines at the root of the nose and in between the eyes which denote a conscientious nature.

The nose indicates an analytical person, one who looks for the reason of things. By the nose we know him to be also an observing person, one who has good powers of concentration and constructive ability.

Above the eyes is shown good power of visualization and extreme individuality. The narrowness across the eyes shows that he is not at all mathematical.

The mouth (upper lip) shows a kind, sympathetic, charitable nature. The lower lip shows affection, loyalty to friends, and clannishness where family is concerned. A person of this type makes a staunch friend but a bitter enemy. The paternal instinct is well developed; the parentheses about the mouth show dignity and pride.

In the chin and jaw are found great endurance, persistency, and ability to put thru whatever he undertakes to accomplish.

The hands show he is a practical person, one who is impulsive and very sensitive, a frank, outspoken individual.

The cheeks show he is cautious but courageous, with the courage of his convictions. (Continued on page 99)
WHEN Margot Anstruther pressed the electric switch that flooded the darkness of her room with light from the reading-lamp, she felt that she had made the first throw of the dice in a game with death. The creature whose hand she had seen flit out from under her bed, to extinguish the flaming match on the rug—would it take this as a challenge, or as a natural move on the part of a girl who had found she could not sleep? Margot picked up the novel she had let fall on the coverlet, and rustled its pages ostentatiously.

The dark, at all events, had been a condition of pregnant danger. The lurker might have crept forth at any instant. Now he might wait, as he had waited all evening, for the light to be turned off again. If only his suspicions had not been aroused! If only he imagined her to be reading!

Brief, but leaden-footed, moments passed, and Margot told herself that she had won the throw. There was no sound from under the bed. But what she had gained was no better than a respite, a chance to plan. If she delayed too long, that would invite action from her enemy. He would cease to think it normal that she should lie there with a book into the small hours of the morning.

Margot measured the distances to the bathroom and to the door leading to the hall. Impossible to think of making a dash for either of them. The intruder was undoubtedly armed, and would shoot. If she got out of bed on any pretext, she reasoned, her brain whirling, he would strike no less quickly than if she had called for help. Her fear became sheer anguish, the more unbearable because she had not seen the face and body of her enemy. How to cope with one who might be man or woman, sane or insane, violent or craven, for all she knew?

It flashed into her mind that if she had not forbidden Eugene Valery to telephone to her, this might have been the time he would have chosen to call. The tinkling bell would have given her a priceless con-

“Oh, Gene, I'm not so clever,” she cried. “A couple of hours ago I was telling you I didn't need any man's help, but I wouldn't know what to do without you right now”
heart was choking in her throat again. Suppose Gene had changed his mind about going home! Suppose he had gone for a walk in the Park! Perhaps Central was not calling the right number. In an agony of suspense, Margot signaled again for the operator, started to repeat the combination of figures. Then—God, the relief—Eugene Valery's drowsy "Hello!" reached her. Controlling her voice to a pitch of cool friendliness, she said: "That you, Gene? Did I get you out of bed?"

"Margot!" His naive joy at hearing from her verged on the ludicrous, seeing how sorely she needed him to be quick-witted and strong. "Wonderful of you to call up. Wonderful, you dear thing."

"Awfully sorry to disturb you," she answered carelessly, "but I've been reading a French book, and I came to a passage I can't understand. It's keeping me awake, thinking of it. I want you to translate for me."

"Translate—translate French?" Eugene's tone was mystified, faintly hurt. "I guess I can do that, all right."

"These are the phrases," pursued Margot calmly: "Il y a un homme au dessous de mon lit. Venez tout de suite. Pas besoin de frapper." She pronounced each word clearly, with the tingling realization that if the lurker happened to know French it would be all up with her in a few seconds. He might wait until she hung up the receiver, aware that any sudden cry would give an alarm over the wire, but no longer than that.

"You're just fooling, aren't you, Margot? Surely you know what that means," replied Eugene, laughing.

"I'll repeat it," said the girl, trembling. She must make Gene understand. So she uttered the foreign words again, slowly, striving to pierce the distance and convey a meaning by the color of her voice and the force of her will.

But Gene was dense. He translated on a flippant note: "There's a man under my bed. Come at once. No need to knock. What sort of a yellow-back thriller are you reading, Margot?"

A third time, she reiterated the French, then added with a cautious urgency: "Get it right, won't you, Gene? It's important that you should."

At last Gene comprehended. She heard him gasp, and his teeth click, "Good God!" he muttered. "All right, dear. I'll be there on the jump."

"Thanks so much for translating," she said, to complete the pretense, tho the receiver on his end had already been hung up. "Awfully sorry to have waked you. Good night."

She relaxed upon her pillow with a little cough and a sigh so profound that it created in her almost a sleepy contentment. Her body cooled from fire to ice with the transition of thought. She expected to be attacked now by the intruder, but that no longer appeared to matter greatly. Hours and days rolled over her, while she lay benumbed. Odd that she should still be safe, she reflected vaguely. Well, Gene would have to ring the bell to get in downstairs, but it connected with the basement. No one in her room could hear it. She might still be rescued.

Suddenly she caught a faint, creaking sound upon the stairs. Feet shuffled on the landing. A hand fumbled at the knob of her door. Her muscles stiffened again. She was as rigid under the coverlet as a dead woman when the door was thrown wide open, and she saw Gene. His face was white and haggard, and he held a revolver, thrust in front of him. He gave her only the swiftest glance, to see she was alive, before he called hoarsely:

"Out from under there! Out!"

There was no answer. The camera man was a fair mark as he stood in the doorway. "It's he who's going to be shot," thought Margot miserably.

"Get out from under that bed," ordered Gene again, and advanced a few steps. "If you try any nonsense, I'll kill you."

But the enemy did not come. The purpose in Gene's eyes become a concentrated fire. He dropped to his knees and the palm of one hand, peered and crept forward, his weapon aimed along the floor. As he approached the foot of the bed, Margot could see only the curve of his back. Thrilled by his courage, she was no longer afraid for any one, least of all for herself.

Then Gene rose abruptly. A look of blank wonder had overspread his countenance.

"Margot—why, Margot," he stuttered. "There's not a living thing under that bed!"

She thought he had gone mad. "I saw a hand, I tell you, a hand," she cried shrilly. "It put out a match on the floor."

He pushed the hanging coverlet aside, placed the reading-lamp onto the carpet and made a thoro survey. "Nothing there," he asserted briefly.

Margot was out of bed with a bound. No consciousness was in either of them that she stood beside Gene in her nightgown. She, too, must look before she could believe.
A minute later, she was forced to acknowledge that they were the only two persons in sight.

Turning about dazedly, her forehead scored by three perpendicular lines between the eyebrows, she put her hand on Gene’s shoulder. “Something was there,” she said, with almost tragic earnestness. “When I phoned, I was in danger.”

“Of course, Margot, of course! But it’s O. K. now,” he answered soothingly.

She perceived that he was treating her as the victim of an unaccountable fit of hysterics, and her tone sharpened: “I’m not the kind who’d fetch you on a wild-goose chase. We’ve just begun to solve the mystery in this room. Get that!”

If Gene had apologized, it would not have helped him so much with Margot Anstruther as the response he made. It was comprised half in his glance of loyal admiration, half in his words: “Right,” he said briskly. “It’s a job for both of us. You furnish the brains, and I’ll do the scraping that may turn up.”

Margot’s eyes welled with swift tears. “Oh, Gene, I’m not so clever!” she cried. “A couple of hours ago, I was telling you I didn’t need any man’s help. I wouldn’t know what to do without you right now.”

She had leaned closer to him. Her red hair brushed his cheek, and as his arms slipped hungrily about her all barriers between them were broken down. Gene’s lips found first her temples, then her shut eyelids, her quivering mouth. She relaxed against him like a trusting child. An immense tenderness glowed in her flesh, and drove the last murky shadow of fear from a spirit that had been thru a somber ordeal.

“You love me? You do love me, after all?” murmured Gene, pleading for the reassurance of words as well as caresses.

“Looks like it, doesn’t it—dear?” she conceded, her happiness a marvel that waxed slowly.

But at the short, inarticulate cry of passion that broke from Gene’s lips in reply, she withdrew definitely from his arms. Her frown was not one of anger. It served simply to recall him to the facts of a situation that demanded a prompt and energetic course.

“If I’m ever to sleep in this room again, I’ve got to know all about that creature who was under the bed,” she declared.

“Right,” answered Eugene steadily. “Give your orders. What do we do first?”

She stared broodingly at the carpet for an instant, then stooped and examined the spot where the match had fallen. “Look at this, Gene,” she said, and pointed out that there was a distinct hollow in the nap, a hollow the size of the tip of a human finger, into which the black char from the burning wood had been pressed and smudged.

“That settles it,” she snapped. “I wasn’t just seeing things. No ghost could have made that mark. We’ll call in the police.”

He picked up the telephone. “Shall I ring?”

“Yes.”

He obeyed tranquilly, asking that two officers be sent. “Thanks,” said Margot. “Now, I’ve got to change this nightgown for my gingham house from Canastota. Just venture into the bathroom, old dear. It might be tenanted. So shut your eyes and ears, and hold your revolver ready in case I have to throw shame to the winds and yell for help.”

Margot dressed rapidly, but she had barely adjusted the last hook when the banging of the front door and a heavy trampling downstairs announced the arrival of the police. They came up to her landing with a rush, and close at their heels scurried Mrs. Cora Bellew, the woman of the house, a retired actress, to whom an invasion by the law was a glorious sensation.

Patrolmen Michael Quinlan and Shane Boyle stood each of them nearly six feet tall. Their pugnacious Irish, their broad, blue-coated chests and their nightsticks had the psychological effect of making the room seem about the safest place in New York. Safe, yes, for the moment, thought Margot, but none the less mysterious.

Quinlan glanced sharply from the girl to Eugene Valery. “Speak up,” he said. “What’s been going on here?”

“I’d turned in for the night,” started Margot on a crisp note. “I carelessly threw a lighted match onto the floor, and as I looked to see whether it had gone out, a hand reached from under the bed—”

“Sneak thief, eh?” interrupted the officer. “Is he still around?”

“I’m positive he must be.”

Quinlan lurched in the direction of the bed, but Margot halted him with a gesture. She told the rest of her story then, declining to be shaken by the expressions of doubt, the faintly scornful amusement, that showed on the countenances of both the policemen. When she had finished, Boyle remarked bluntly:

“Sounds like a pipe dream to me.”

“It isn’t any kind of dream, (Con. on page 90)
HOT WATER
The Best Comedy

It is just as easy to call a Harold Lloyd picture the best comedy of the month as it is to call it a day after you have put in eight hours of steady toil. This star has never been known to fail—and Hot Water will attract heavy patronage everywhere because the Lloyd person is a great architect of comedy. Here he has a scintillating number—one that furnishes him with a complete assortment of brand-new gags—and some old ones which have been refurbished so as to appear genuinely up to date.

Like most of his other pieces, the action starts on high (which is Lloyd's way) and offers no let-down in its momentum. He believes in getting the laughs early—thus placing his audience in a most receptive mood for what follows in his scheme of things. And so he comes on the scene as a married youth trying to get home with an armful of bundles—the complications being developed as he tries to sit (or stand) in a trolley-car. Perhaps it is the first time that Lloyd has appeared in the opening scene as a victim of matrimony. No wooing here by a bashful lover. He's an easy-going benedict—so easy that he allows his wife to burden him with her exasperating relatives—the teasing little brother, the shiftless big brother—and worst of all—the nagging mother-in-law who would rule the roost.

You call it an old idea? Well, you are right. But look how serviceable the mother-in-law joke has proved in vaudeville. Harold surely makes rich material of the aging Amazon. He breaks the conventions in drawing "mother" just a little bit different. Still, it took real character acting by Josephine Crowell to color it and make it real.

The laughs? They mount from the moment that Harold takes his trolley ride and takes his family in his new car. The machine becomes a total wreck.

(Continued on page 97)
HE WHO GETS SLAPPED
The Best Drama

The selection of Andreyev's sardonic study of life for screen production has proved an extraordinarily happy one in motion picture enterprise—thanks to a wholly fortunate blending of the art of playwriting, direction and acting. He Who Gets Slapped thus meets a far happier fate in its transfer from the stage to screen than is the lot of most plays. The benefits of this rare circumstance accrue as much to the screen patrons as to the producers—who will count in dollars a reward equal to the amount of pleasure this film will afford the devotees of photoplay art.

The picture is a clean-cut score for Lon Chaney—who climbed to fame as a "master of make-up" and is now justifying his place in the sun of popularity with a display of an amazing skill in the delineation of character. It is, moreover, a credit to the intelligence and sound methods of the director, Victor Seastrom. Between these two, we are given a moving and beautiful rendition of the play.

The merit of the play has been demonstrated and acknowledged in America thru the success of its production on the stage. It is the story of a scientist who turns to clowning with a circus after he has been robbed of the honors due him as the formulator of important scientific theories, and also robbed of his wife by the man who had posed as his friend. "He" determines to amuse the populace with his act of getting slapped, a performance which proved highly amusing when he asked for justice before the Academy of Scientists and at the hands of the wife on whom he had lavished his love.

In the skilled hands of Lon Chaney, "He" becomes the personification of the Andreyev character. As his most sensational display of emotional expression, we point to his depiction of bewilderment and anxiety as his friend the Baron reads the paper prepared for the Academy. As the reading progresses and no mention of the scientist is made, it dawns on him that the Baron will pose as the discoverer of these new theories. But in every scene Chaney lives the emotions of the character and he rounds out a performance that ranks with the finest given the screen.

The director has never permitted the irony of the play to touch the mark of bitterness and the result is a touching, warm, and, at moments, tender narrative. The atmosphere of the picture has been created with a fine regard for theatrical effect and

THE TORNADO
The Best Melodrama

Here is melodrama at its very best. Indeed, the picture belongs among those photoplays that provide incontestable testimony to the superiority of the screen over the stage as a vehicle for this dramatic form. Realism and the spectacular scenic elements—bone and sinew of melodrama—are employed in a scale never even to be attempted within the four walls of a theater.

For the sweep of its action and the tremendous power of its climax there is nothing more adequately descriptive of The Tornado than the title itself.

The picture has been cast in the same mold which shaped such splendid examples of the melodramatic art as The Storm and The Signal Tower. It is the equal of those remarkable films in every respect and the superior in many.

House Peters again proves his claim to the leading honors as an interpreter of these Homeric heroics. He is an actor who can perform the astonishing acts credited to these heroes without once suggesting the consciousness of self-superiority. A credible person, one whose very motives, even, loom up in the stultified hero's eyes he brings to the screen.

The Tornado is provided with a commendably simple plot. It is the story of a man who seeks forgetfulness as a worker at a lumber camp. He is a rough, hardy character in a calloused community, but the measure of his sturdiness is not even traced until there is a climax in which he rescues the woman he had loved and who had married another, from a train swept into swirling waters by a tornado.

This story Universal has depicted with a splendid economy of action. It is a concentrated study in action, with the march of events swinging along at that steady, vigorous stride of the inevitable. The climax is a marvel of camera work. The fire scenes

(Continued on page 97)
Reeling With Laughter

Above, the Spats, three intrepid fox-hunters. Everyone's off but old Dobbin! The joke's on the hunters instead of the fox. Frank Butler, Laura Roessing and Sidney D'Albrook, in a Hal Roach comedy.

"Yes, we have no accident insurance," sings Wanda Wiley (right). Watch your step-ladder, Wanda! It's a new Century comedy.

Meet the Gumps in the movies (below). "Fore," yells Chester and they're off down the parlor fairway.

Ralph Graves forgot to ring up fares when Alice Day stepped aboard. He's Off His Trolley about her in his new Sennett comedy.

Ben Turpin mixed his dates as he mixed his costume and he's not sure just what happens next. But you can be certain he'll do what's expected of him, for he's a Reel Virginian.
A DEPARTMENT devoted to the daily dozen for the funny-bone—getting it in practice for comedies soon to be released. An advance showing of amusing scenes from coming productions.

The brave torcador might better have died in the ring with honor. You'll think so when you see Bull and Sand with Sid Smith, Madeline Hurlock and J. J. Sidney.

"The smile was on the face of the tiger." A heavy joke on poor Sambo, but merely one of many in Roaring Lions at Home, a Fox comedy.

She's in love with a perfect 38, but Walter Hiers still thinks he has A Fat Chance, and is tipping the scales to prove it to the lady in his new Christie comedy.

Harry Langdon can preach when his life depends on it. The picture is Feet of Mud.
We'd Like To See Them Again

Favorites who left the screen at the height of their success

MARY FULLER

In the good old days Mary Fuller was almost as popular as Mary Pickford, especially in child roles. We are sorry she decided to give up her career.

E. K. LINCOLN

Tho E. K. Lincoln was in great demand as a picture hero, he deserted the films for a farm-de-luxe, and kennels of prize-winning chows.

MARGUERITE CLARK

Never since Ann Little left the screen has there been a Western heroine so popular as she. And who has been able to take Marguerite Clark's place?

Carlyle Blackwell and Robert Warwick were the screen's "matinee idols" for many years. Now they are both starring on the legitimate stage.

FLORENCE TURNER

"Broncho Billy" Anderson was the King of the screen when motion pictures were in their infancy, and was adored by all the girls.

CARLYLE BLACKWELL

Florence Turner and Crane Wilbur were long idolized by the fans, before they chose other careers. The one has just come back to us, but the other is still writing successful plays.

WILLIAM ANDERSON

ROBERT WARWICK

Never since Ann Little left the screen has there been a Western heroine so popular as she. And who has been able to take Marguerite Clark's place?

CRANE WILBUR
OFERTEEN years ago, while the movies were still shown in the back of stores—dark, ill-ventilated holes in the wall—and the pictures were shaky and t remenous dancing things which hurt your eyes, Eugene V. Brewster, thru the pages of this magazine, was valiantly prophesying that the day was not far distant when the people would pay at least one dollar for admission to a glittering Broadway picture-palace: and that this palace often would flaunt aloft the sign: Standing room only.

"Motion pictures are the books of the masses and they have come to stay," reads the very first number of Motion Picture Magazine, February, 1911. "Nothing in ancient or modern times has taken such a hold on the public and the reason is not hard to find. Do they not supply at once education, entertainment, culture and gratification of all the emotions? The motion picture will take its place among its sisters—poetry, drama, literature, painting, sculpture, architecture and music—and form a staff for them all.

An avalanche of protest in the form of Letters to the Editor from indignant Sunday-school superintendents followed the appearance of the first issue of Motion Picture Magazine. But the storm of indignation reached its crest when Mr. Brewster suggested, in an editorial, that Bible history might be most effectively taught to the children by showing the sacred stories in motion pictures in the churches.

"It is indeed a strange notion that some hyperbigoted people seem to have," he wrote in 1911, "that in every motion-picture machine lurks a devil with red horns, tainting every film that runs across the lens. A motion-picture machine is no more out of place in a church than an organ. We must learn to distinguish between the use and abuse of a thing and its possibilities of the motion picture. It would be an interesting experiment if a dozen children should be taught by means of motion pictures all the school branches such as geography, history, botany, astronomy and the classics, and at the end of a year, their education should be compared with that of a dozen other children who had been five years learning this by the usual methods."

But, of course, the magazine, like the industry, had its staunch and loyal friends, who rejoiced in its appearance and deluged it with letters of approval. Representative people and leaders throughout the land were expressing their faith in motion pictures and openly approving them. Before the magazine was a year old it quoted a statement of Jane Addams' under the title of "The speech that made Jane Addams famous."

"The motion picture," said Miss Addams, "is one of those peculiar mushroom-room growths in the amusement of a great people which has sprung up suddenly, somehow, no one knows how or why, and which has to grow because at rock-bottom it is too big and splendid to allow the little evil in it to control and destroy it."

From the very beginning the magazine sponsored the improvement of pictures, continually emphasizing the

(Continued on page 86)
The Story of My Life

"I wonder if many movie actresses have had the fun I have had making pictures. I've loved every minute of the last twelve years"

By

My own mother I remember was very beautiful, and the one faded picture I have of her confirms me. She was a protégée of Adelina Patti and a concert singer whom the papers referred to as "The California Nightingale." When I was a tiny baby I had a nursery behind the scenes in the Columbia Theater where she was prima donna, and my father was manager, and—so her diary tells me, in pale violet ink—I never cried so long as there was music and bright lights to entertain me.

My other mothers are my aunt Bertha and my aunt Edith, with whom I live now, the "Auntie" whom all my friends love. Not long ago Bebe Daniels, who has known the family ever since she was a little girl, started to introduce her to someone, and had to confess she had never heard her last name!

My father and mother separated soon after I was born, and I did not see my father until I was six years old, and then only as I might meet any stranger. But I don't imagine that my childhood was forlorn; I had too much to do to be lonely. I learned to talk before I was a year old, and at two I was reciting that classic of the Third Reader, Papa's Letter's Gone to God, to all the callers who came to the house, until I struck and said flatly that I wouldn't post Papa's letter another time.

When I was two, my mother decided to try me with a juvenile "Cinderella" Company opening at the local theater. I was too small to use in the show itself so I was given a specialty act to do between scenes, a little skirt dance and two songs, They Won't Have Any Babies Like Me, and What Could the Poor Girl Do, Boys?

Naturally, when the time came for my first public appearance, my mother was so nervous that she stood in the wings wringing her hands, but I sang and danced, and when they applauded

O NE thing is certain. They will never take a brass tablet, Birthplace of Ruth Roland. Visitors Admitted Between 2 and 4 Week Days, on the front of the three-story frame house in San Francisco where I entered the ranks of Native Daughters, for the main and simple reason that there is a fifteen-story office building standing on the spot now. All of which goes to prove I grew up with Hollywood.

From the very beginning I always felt as tho I had several mothers. First there was my grandmother, born in Switzerland, who would tell me the mountain legends of her girlhood and sing to me sleep with Tyrolese lullabies. She could yodel beautifully, too. Yodeling takes a certain throat formation which I have inherited. I used to love to do it on the open ranges in my Western pictures, with the cowboys, when I was on location.

Ruth at the age of six months

Henry Waxman

At the left you see Miss Roland as she looks at the present time. At the bottom of the page you see her as she looked in her first picture, called The Chance Shot.
I sang and danced all over again. I was having such a beautiful time that they had to send my mother out onto the stage, finally, to carry me off by main force.

As "Baby Ruth" I played in stock companies and vaudeville for five years. In long golden curls and white organzie ruffles I ascended to Heaven as Little Eva; in long, golden curls, velvet pants and lace collar, I was Little Lord Fauntleroy. I reunited stage parents, softened the hearts of stage misers, prayed by stage beds in calcium moonlight—always in long golden curls—and took it all as glorified play.

When I was eight my mother died and I came to Los Angeles to stay with my Aunt Edith in a bungalow in an orange grove, where Hollywood stands today. But after the life of the theater it seemed pretty dull to play with dolls and have tea-parties with the next-door children. When I went back to San Francisco to visit some cousins, I slipped away from the house all by myself one morning and returned two hours later to announce serenely that I had signed a nine weeks' contract in vaudeville!

"Bub—but what will you do?" gasped my relative, gazing respectfully at the legal-looking contract I displayed.

"Oh, that's easy!" said I; "I'll just sing and dance and things." And so I did, first in Indian costume, then in darky make-up. Already I was qualifying as a serial star in hairbreadth escapes from death. While I was acting in vaudeville I fell off the park merry-go-round (I must confess because I was looking around to smile at a little boy behind me!) and had to have fifteen stitches taken in me. Indeed, I have been sewed up so often that I would be beautifully embroidered if they had only done it with colored thread.

A few weeks later—likewise while I was looking back over my shoulder at a little boy on the street—a fat Dutchman ran over me on a bicycle, knocked out several teeth and fractured my shoulder.

Again, while I was exploring an abandoned house, I slid down the banis-

Important members of the Kalem crowd twelve years ago—Mickey Neilan, Ruth Roland, and the director

In one of the roles that made her famous as the daredevil heroine of twelve-reel serials

ers and, being old and rotten, they had splinters in them, and—well, I stood up to eat for some time afterward!

But my worst accident was when I fell off the top of the bleachers at the circus and landed fifteen feet below astride a sawhorse. A small newy, recognizing me, had greeted me with "Hello, Baby Ruth!" and a friendly slap on the back which upset my small balance and over I went, breaking five blood-vessels and sending so many women into hysterics that it broke up the performance.

After this vaudeville engagement I retired into private life, and went back to Hollywood and to school.

The movie houses of those days were characterized tersely by my aunt as "dumps" and I was not allowed inside one. Mary Pickford and Owen Moore were the reigning favorites and I used to stand entranced before the posters and imagine my own face among Mary's golden curls. It's a queer thing, but I have never wanted anything in my life that I haven't had, sooner or later. (Just a moment please while I find some wood to rap on!) When I stood before those posters I used to want more than anything in the world to be in the pictures—

(Continued on page 96)
I FEEL rather like one of those discoveries they unveil monuments to in the news reels. Still, I suppose that if Sir Isaac Newton hadn't happened to sit down just under that apple, eventually somebody else would have discovered gravity, and if Columbus hadn't hocked Isabella's jewelry some other explorer would have happened across North America in the course of time.

When Eugene V. Brewer and I issued the first copy of the first fan magazine, fourteen years ago this month, we had no idea what we were starting. My principal plan was to have some sort of medium in which to answer the questions people were constantly asking Vitagraph (without enclosing a two-cent stamp for replies).

"How do they make ghosts in the pictures?" "Do you have to know how to act in the movies?" "Is Maurice Costello's hair really curly?" —that kind of thing. I may as well add right here that the only difference between the questions the fans asked then and the ones they ask now is the name of the actor whose hair they are interested in.

Dates, which are tiresome things when they concern the Phenician wars or the invention of printing, are fascinating to all of us when they are within the range of our own experience. In 1910 then, just a fifth of an ordinary lifetime ago, the motion pictures were an outcast profession, a poor relation of the theater.

Regular Broadway actors sneered at the "galloping tints." You can hardly blame them. The fourteen thousand cinema houses in existence at that time were practically all of them "store shows," empty shops or warerooms with wooden chairs and a dirty white cloth screen at one end, in which an attendant went up and down the aisles squirting some violent-smelling perfume every hour or so to enable the audience to survive the atmosphere. The five- and ten-cent admissions filled these places with laboring people, foreigners, toughs and hoodlums. The better class of audience could see motion pictures only as one of the acts in a vaudeville program.

Bill Shea was our "kidnapper" at Vitagraph. His duty was to go over to New York when he wasn't needed as a sheriff in a Western, or to paint a "flat" curtain of a city street, or sweep out the studio, and plead, coax and bribe actors to come over to Flatbush and work in our pictures. Theatrical managers were throwing out dark hints that anybody who ever hoped to get a stage contract again would do well to keep away from the upstart cinema. But now and then—possibly by force—Bill was able to bring back a recruit disguised with glasses,

Above, Earle Williams and Anita Stewart, the popular screen lovers of Vitagraph, in a scene from The Goddess. At the left, a set from His Conscience, made by Lubin in 1912 and considered one of the most magnificent interiors that had been filmed up to the time. Earl Metcalfe and Ormi Hawley are seated in the foreground; Earl Metcalfe is standing, in the center.

The Movies Are Growing Up

A comparison between the motion pictures of this day and of the early days when screen acting was an outcast profession and the directors had to kidnap their stars.

By J. STUART BLACKTON

Maurice Costello, the famous Vitagraph leading man, and his small daughter

Page 54
a fake beard, and a *nom de plume*. Charles Kent was the first legitimate actor to enter the despised profession of pictures openly, and it must be admitted that his real reason was not so much faith in their future but the loss of his speaking voice.

In 1910 the eight leading companies, Selig, Biograph, Vitagraph, Kalem, Lubin, Méliès, Essanay, and Edison, banded together, took out patents on all apparatus used in projecting pictures, and charged each "store show" two dollars a week for their use. Such ruinous taxation soon began to put the cheap little, smelly hole-in-the-wall places out of business, and theaters devoted entirely to pictures gradually took their place. Vitagraph, by the way, is the only name left in all that list, the oldest film company in existence.

Cheap admissions put the pictures over in the beginning. A workingman could take his whole family and still have change left from a dollar bill. Now, when most first-run houses charge eighty-five cents to two dollars for a seat, the audiences are undoubtedly higher class, cleaner, and there is no further need of the perfume spray, but I sometimes wonder what is to be the end of this price-boosting both in production and in theater admissions. There are so many more people who have a nickel than there are those who have a dollar!

As a matter of fact, there are still nickelodeon houses scattered throughout the small towns, where inexpensive pictures are shown and people know and love humble screen stars whose faces never appear in the fan magazines. The other day I saw a picture in Los Angeles for ten cents.

The dingy, little theater is crowded in between an orange-drink stall and a place where they sell Oriental jewelry, made in Fall River, Massachusetts. They don't squirt perfume in it—tho it wouldn't hurt if they did.

It is only a hundred feet away from Grauman's Million Dollar Picture Palace, with its orchestra of forty-seven pieces and uniformed doormen. But the whole distance traveled by the pictures in the last fifteen years is represented by that short block!

In 1910, when I helped to launch the *Motion Picture Magazine* on its career, the Vitagraph studio was the biggest in the business, having three stages covered with glass. Old Sol attended to the lighting. When he didn't shine, we didn't make any pictures. It wasn't until three years later that we took movies by artificial light and they were still shooting with natural illumination at Universal City in 1913.

When I step out onto one of our immense stages now, with its sun arcs, its Kleigs, its spots and mercury tubes, making all of us who are not an inch deep in grease-paint look like corpses, I think of that little old sun-lighted stage with regret. Three-thousand-dollar-a-week stars spend half their time now sitting about waiting for sixty-dollar-a-week electricians to push and shunt and drag the various lights into place—at least, that's the feeling of the man who is signing his name to the salary checks!

In that old Vitagraph studio cleats of wood were nailed to the floor in the form of a triangle. What went on inside these cleats showed in the picture. If a man stuck an arm outside of them, it was pictorially amputated. The actors used to feel for the strips with their feet to make sure they were still in the picture.

In 1910 we had a stock company of forty-five people at the studio, among them Norma and Constance Talmadge, Anita Stewart, Anna Q. Nilsson, Earle Williams, Rosemary Theby, John Bunny, Flora Finch and—the Valentino of his day—Maurice Costello, with his famous dimples and his masculine beauty which won the hearts of more women than even Wallie Reid did, five years later.

Except for Cos, every actor, cameraman and director hammered sets, ran errands, rummaged the neighborhood for props, and generally took the place of the (Continued on page 108)
Pearl White was the daring, dashing darling of the fans for all the years that she clung to the profession of screen actress. Now she's the hit of a sparkling revue on the French stage. You can see for yourself that her youth and spirit are eternal.
Read 'Em and Laugh

ONE of the most amusing of recent events was the publication of the income taxes paid by various personages prominent in the public eye.

After a perusal of the figures given out, it becomes apparent that Denmark is not the only country wherein something is sour. It has always been a common belief in this country that John D. Rockefeller was one of the richest men in the world—if not the richest; and that J. Pierpoint Morgan was running him a close second for honors.

Banish the thought! Rockefeller and Morgan are just moderately well off, that’s all. At least, according to the tax reports they turned in. For while John D. stated that it was necessary for him to pay a tax of only $124,266.47, and J. Pierpoint announced that his income tax amounted to only $98,643.67, our screen favorite, Douglas Fairbanks, paid the Government no less than $225,769.04. In other words, almost twice as much as the famous oil magnate and almost three times as much as the famous financier!

Even Thomas Meighan was forced to pay $51,239.97 and Carl Laemmle, president of the Universal company, $50,249.89. Jack Dempsey, with a tax of $90,831.31, paid almost as much as Morgan. It strikes us that either the reported wealth of some of our noted millionaires is nothing but the work of ex-motion-press-agents, or else our screen celebrities have not yet learned the knack of the proper way in which to make out an income tax report.

Charlie’s Silence Means Something

For the past few months there has been a long and heavy silence from the direction of one Charles Spencer Chaplin. To those who know and appreciate Charlie’s love of publicity, and how he delights to bask in the head-lines of the daily press, this means much. It is an important piece of business that will make the premier comedian lose all interest in seeing his name in print, and if we are any judge of Chaplin, theatergoers can look forward to something very fine in the way of celluloid entertainment when the comedian’s next film is released.

Call It Anything But Good

PARAMOUNT recently released The Story Without a Name. We saw it, and we don’t wonder that they were unable to discover a name for this strip of celluloid. As a matter of fact, if they had found a name for the thing, it would have been The Name Without a Story. This film is so bad it should make a lot of money.

The Big Hollywood Auction Sale

It is funny what strange ideas people have concerning Hollywood and the motion-picture colony. For some reason or other the opinion seems to prevail that there is so much money in the film business that every studio member has a large bank-account and two or three Pierce Arrows to ride about in.

Some jewelers came to Hollywood recently, took over a store, and started a big auction sale. I witnessed the sale on the opening night. The jewelers put up for sale such little trifles as $5,000 rings, $4,000 tiaras and $8,000 necklaces. They must have thought everyone in the town was a millionaire.

There were no bids received on these articles and they were tucked away back in their cases. A little later in the evening the auctioneers got more reasonable and they did a very good business in such Hollywood luxuries as thimbles at 50 cents and alarm clocks at $1.25.

Eleanor Boardman to the Fore Again

WHEN Eleanor Boardman burst upon the screen in her first important role, she drew forth many predictions for (Continued on page 110)
POLA NEGRE'S heart is broken again. The other day I went to call on the lovely Pola in her dressing-room on the Lasky lot. Her secretary came out looking scared and white and said that Pola couldn't be seen. She added lamely that the reason was Pola had cold-cream on her face. But it appears that the cold-cream was around her aching heart. For at that moment, someone else whispered hoarsely to me, "Come away; she has another broken heart."

I don't know what was the trouble or who the swain this time. Keeping track of Pola's emotions is too fast for me.

Anyway, she went to a party the next night at Noah Beery's and was the belle of the ball; so I guess the broken member was mended.

Meanwhile, Pola gave a party for Kathleen Williams, who is going back to the Orient for her third visit. This time she will spend five months in India, after short stops in Japan and China.

Pola is doing some of the greatest acting of her career in East of Suez, which Raoul Walsh is directing, with Edmund Lowe as the leading man. The other day Pola did a big emotional scene, and when it was over she couldn't stop crying; they had to carry her to her dressing-room.

Certainly, life is not monotonous when Pola is around.

In this same picture some of the finest acting I have seen for a long time is done by some Chinese from Chinatown, most of whom never saw a studio, much less a motion picture camera, before.

As this is written, the production of Peter Pan is nearing a close. Already they are beginning to worry what is to be done with little Betty Bronson. After playing this part of parts, they cannot permit her to do small ones. They are considering A Girl of France for her.

The Peter Pan production nearly ended in a wholesale funeral the other day. They had a score or more of young children out in a pirate ship in the Santa Cruz Islands off the California coast when a storm blew up—the first of the rainy season. The ship snapped both anchor chains and drifted around all night in the storm-tossed channel, to the yowls of the children and their frightened mothers. The ship was far from seaworthy and there was nothing to eat or drink aboard. When the storm finally abated, they found themselves in a cove of one of the islands, and in safety. Betty Bronson, as it happened, was not on the ship at the time.
Harry Carr's department of news and gossip of the Hollywood picture folk

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has started his career again at the Lasky studio, this time playing small parts in various pictures instead of attempting to star; also this time without chewing-gum. It seems that when Doug, Jr., was playing in the studio before, gum was his undoing. They couldn't separate him from his cud. During the taking of one scene, the director had to wrench the gum away from him seven times. And what with the natural grief on both sides and the mental wear and tear and the nerve strain, the scene had to be retaken twenty-four times—which didn't help Dougie's career to any considerable extent.

The huge box-office success of some of the recent animal pictures has brought back lions, tigers and other critters to the world of art once more. No studio is complete without a jungle. The other night they were using a lion in Dixie, which Reginald Barker is directing at the Mayer-Goldwyn-Metro studio. Being awakened suddenly from his beauty sleep and confronted by a battery of blinding lights, was too much for the king of the jungle. With a whoop or a yell or whatever it is that lions use by way of sound, the creature went straight up over a twenty-foot wire-meshed fence. It was a wonderful leap, but tame compared with the leaps that followed as cameramen, props, directors, etc., suddenly excused themselves. They phoned to the Culver City police station for help. Two cops, in a frenzy to arrive to the rescue, ran their car into a telegraph pole and so got there late. When they arrived, the lion was nowhere to be found. The police hunted for him until daylight, when he meekly climbed into his cage.

The other day I saw the lovely Madeline Hurlock working in a picture at the Sennett studio. She was in evening dress and was standing as still as a statue. She bowed with frigidity and care. At which point I happened to peer around the corner of her personality and saw an enormous lion sitting composedly on the train of her dress.

"Aren't you scared?" I asked from a discreet distance. Miss Hurlock always speaks with a slow, deliberate voice. And so she said in her measured way, "No, I am not exactly scared, but I am not what you would call easy in my mind."

Whenever you see a lion working on a set, you see also great dignity on the part of the actors and stage hands. No bustling to and fro. The reason for this is that safety lies in standing still, as it were. The only dangerous thing you can do (Continued on page 88)
The picture is The Salvation Hunters, and Charlie Chaplin calls it "a marvel of composition and rhythm." The director is Josef von Sternberg, and this is his first picture.

Above is Nelly Bly Baker who plays "The Woman" in The Salvation Hunters. She first was brought to the attention of motion-picturegoers by her interpretation of the masseuse, a rôle which was given her by Charlie Chaplin in his Woman of Paris. With Miss Baker, in this new picture, is only one other star well known to American fans, Stuart Holmes, who plays "The Gentleman."
Trailing the Eastern Stars

News and Gossip from

DOROTHY HERZOG

ILA LEE is as happy as a lark working opposite Tom Meighan in his new picture, *Coming Through*, at Paramount's Long Island Studio. The last time Tom was on the Coast, he induced Lila to return to the screen as his leading woman in this picture and Lila agreed.

Shortly after the arrival of the new member to the James Kirkwood family, the entire family came East, Jim to commence rehearsals in David Belasco's production of *Ladies To Wait*.

There was considerable excitement in the Meighan unit when negotiations for Lila's services seemed headed for disaster. A matter of money and, anyway, Jim didn't exactly approve of Lila's working so soon after the baby's arrival. But everything is O.K. now and everybody happy. In addition to Lila, Tom's supporting cast includes Wallace Beery, Larry Wheat and Frank Campeau.

Pauline Garon, friskiest of screen flappers, is expected in New York. Having completed several pictures on the Coast, Pauline is due in Paris soon to start work on a melodramatic thriller by the author of *Twenty Leagues Beneath the Sea*, which will be directed by Leonce Perret, who put Gloria Swanson thru her dramatic paces in *Madame Sans-Gêne*.

Pauline admits Paris is a nice "little town" and it will be nice to go back for a brief stay. Last time she was abroad a German producing concern signed her up at about three thousand dollars a week for a picture with a name we confess we can't spell! But Pauline can't handle Germany much, and she vows she'll never make another picture in Teutonland—not for all the marks in the world.

One hears so much about Conway Tearle. And justly so. If you love him in pictures you'll fall even harder if you meet him personally. But his wife is a dear, too—Adele Rowland, vaudeville artist and head-liner. When we asked Mrs. Rowland why she never went into pictures, she made a droll face and retorted: "Why, in pictures you're not supposed to be over twenty-two. I'm twenty-three, you see."

Of course, Nita Naldi is now on the Coast, but we must invade Western territory to tell a good diet story. When Nita returned from abroad with the Valentinos in November, she had the slim figure of a Peter Pan. "My dear, how did you do it?" gasped the curious ones, remembering her former avoirdupois.

A bit of good old Scotch was brought to America for Dorothy Dalton, stage and screen star. The item in particular is a new French Voisin car, painted in Scotch plaid and the only model of its kind here. It was a gift from her husband, Arthur Hammerstein, who is shown with Miss Dalton.

Gilda Grey, the famous Queen of the Shimmy, has just signed a contract to do a series of pictures this spring in Paris.
Nita smiled and valiantly defeated a tendency to boredom. "Spinach," laconically. "I breakfast on imagination. Lunch on spinach, and sup on spinach." Saying which, she nonchalantly stepped upon a conveniently handy scale and nodded at the one hundred and twenty-nine pounds it registered.

Robert Frazer has a hobby. He confesses. Bob adores tinkering with radios. No, he isn't keen about radios as radios, but he relishes rigging up an outfit in an obscure kind of place—like a piano bench, or something of the sort. In Hollywood, Bob told us when we breezed in to see him while he was playing opposite Bebe Daniels in Miss Bluebeard, he has a spacious workroom, where he keeps all sorts of paraphernalia suitable to radio dickering.

Anybody can get Dick Barthelmess' "goat" these days, Honest, it's a fact. In New Toys, his new picture, there's a shaggy old goat that plays a part in the story and a playful electrician, to whom the goat took an unreasonable fancy, got Dick's goat. But only for a minute. Director John Robertson ordered the contrary actor back on the set, an order executed with difficulty—but executed.

Espied Wallace Beery the other day partaking of nourishment by his lonesome at the Algonquin Hotel (the mecca of movie celebs in N. Y. C.). Wallie had just completed a day's work as the heavy in Tom Meighan's new picture, Coming Through, now in production under Eddie Sutherland's direction at Paramount's Long Island Studio.

"Did you bring your wife with you?" we hailed.

"No," flourishing a fork, "she's in Hollywood."

"Working in pictures?"

"Oh, no," corolling a slippery carrot, "no, she isn't going to work in pictures. I lost one wife that way (Gloria Swanson, you know) and I'm not taking any more chances."

Ben Lyon is a most amusing youth. Everybody likes Ben. He just finished work with Anna Q. Nilsson in The One Way Street, directed by John Francis Dillon at the Biograph Studio. Trailing up to the studio one day, Ben caught sight of us and insisted we pose with him for a photograph. It was terrible. We haven't the nerve to look at it.

However, quoth Ben: "The last time I was in Hollywood, there was a girl who accosted me every time I left the studio to ask, with tears in her eyes, for an autographed photograph of myself. Well," shrugging,

"I couldn't bear to see her sad, so I gave her the picture in a hurry. But after the fifth one, I stopped to question her: 'See here, I don't mind giving you an autographed picture, but why the wholesale order?" Whereupon, with tears glistening in her eyes, she quavered: 'You see, a girl friend in my block agreed to give me an autographed picture of Ben Turpin if I gave her six of you!'"

Milton Sills, who has just started work in his new First National starring picture, U. S. Flavor, by Richard Kirk, is a one-hundred-per-cent. New York booster now. When he came on to the Big Town to co-star with Doris Kenyon in The Interpreter's House, he disliked the need of making the picture in the East. Once here, however, with the many new Broadway plays and the art and literary interests of the metropolis, he capitulated completely to its charm. Now, he wants to make all his pictures here.

(Continued on page 100)
About New Productions

The Silent Accuser

Another dog-day has arrived for wintry weather. And patrons attending a picture theater to get out of the cold will become thoroly excited over a new police dog, Peter the Great. The film is nothing but a vehicle and any one attempting to find logic and reality would be blind to its canine appeal. It simply wont stand analysis for a plot, as events transpire here which lack any motivation. So it should be accepted as a dog story. There is found the entertainment. Peter can raise a good and lusty bark over his performance. He shows uncanny intelligence and the director has seen to it that the dog never steps out of character by assuming to grasp the faculties of the human mind. Pete's life is guided by instinct.

It is the dog's job to rescue his master from jail (a trumped-up charge) and track down the real murderer. And these scenes provide a quota of thrills. It is all dog—is this story. The animal furnishes all the action and suspense.

The Fast Set

It all depends upon whether you've seen the original, if you like this adaptation. If you have seen it as Spring Cleaning, you must admit that it is much more sparkling and bright. If you haven't seen the play, the picture will please you. The dialog had much to do toward making it successful in the spoken version, inasmuch as there was little action. So in order to make it adaptable for the screen, the sponsors have been compelled to substitute this precious element.

William de Mille, however, has given the production some of his artistic direction—which makes it skip and hop about with a semblance of abandon. With the aid of Clara Beranger he has substituted some peppy subtitles for the original dialog. The story treats of the unusual frankness of a husband in introducing a woman of the streets into his home to save his wife from a bounder. The picture is delightfully acted by Betty Compson, Adolphe Menjou (you couldn't keep him out (Continued on page 101).

At the left, is our old favorite, Harry Carey, in a scene from a good old fashioned melodrama called Roaring Rails

A quartet of good players—Pauline Frederick, Mae Busch, Conrad Nagel and Huntley Gordon—make Married Flirts fine entertainment.

There's old stuff, and entirely too little suspense in The Great Diamond Mystery, but you'll like Shirley Mason and William Collier, Jr.
We're Asking You:

Will March Come In Like a Lion?

It will! We are weather prophets! At least, we are for that particular month, for Ben Lyon will be on the cover of Motion Picture Magazine for March. It will be a handsome head of your hero, the lad who today is acknowledged to be the Flappers' Delight. At the request of many of our readers we have removed the price-stamp and the date from the body of the cover, and put them at the top instead, so the portrait of Ben is all ready to frame and hang above your pillow to bring you happy dreams.

New Year's Resolutions?

Did you make any yourself? And are you going to keep them? 'I resolve, etc.'—broken the next day—perhaps the same day. Read the resolutions of the biggest stars in screenland, given in their own handwriting on pages 30-33. Write us what you think are the chances they will keep them for a month. Can you suggest more helpful resolutions any of them might have made? If so, pass them on to us.

Did You See It?

Our brand-new roto insert, of course, the eight new picture pages in the middle of the book.

This new section, added to the sixteen rotogravure pages that we always have included, makes Motion Picture Magazine (editorial matter proper) the biggest and finest of all the screen magazines. Henceforward this new section will appear regularly. Watch for it.

Like Our Anniversary Number?

Nothing quite like it has ever been put on the market by any screen magazine. In order to get it, we scoured the studios from coast to coast for old pictures and reminiscences of the days when the movies were just beginning, a stepchild industry. We pestered the stars of a decade ago till we made them tell tales on themselves, and dig up stories they thought were safely buried forever. Look carefully at their pictures—you'll laugh, and agree with us that all of them still alive look much younger today than they did fourteen years ago.

Is a Movie Hero Really as Brave as He Looks?

If we are to believe what the screen tells us and shows us about our favorite daredevil hero, Big Bob West, then we know that there never lived a man braver and nobler than he

He leaps from one hazard to another without even missing his hair. He climbs a skyscraper or a rocky cliff like a human fly, and does wild tricks in his puddle-jumper. He acts as tho the word 'fear' just wasn't in his vocabulary

BUT——

He is just scared to death of his wife

Which way do you love him more? Turn to page 22 and decide. Nothing since the bobbed-hair craze has created a greater furor than the news that Rudy has grown a beard! To do it, he fled far from the maddening throng to his villa in Italy. Now he is in California making The Scarlet Pover, in which he is the bearded hero, for some of the scenes. Do you prefer him with or without?

Did You Read It?

Meaning "Them Good Old Days"? In which the Answer Man reminiscences, on page 62. If you didn't, you missed one of the most interesting features of the month. All about the days when the movies were young, even tho the Answer Man was already old and whiskered; when stars worked for thirty-five dollars a week, or less, and didn't get their pictures in the papers.
The Lady Diana Manners
the most beautiful woman of English Aristocracy praises this care of the skin

"Beauty is the touchstone of life. So, for her own, for everybody's sake, it's every woman's duty to foster her beauty. She can effectively accomplish this loveliness by the Pond's Method, by using Pond's Two Creams."

Diana Manners

The Lady Diana Manners is the most beautiful woman of her generation.

Beauty is in her blood. Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall was one of her ancestors. And her mother, the Duchess of Rutland, was a creature of rare loveliness when she was lady-in-waiting to the Queen.

Lady Diana's beauty sets the pulses racing, the imagination afire.

The modeling of her face, the lift of her head, the dignity of her figure, declare her "the daughter of a hundred earls." But the glint of gold in her hair, the starry blueness of her eyes, these touch the heart-strings, being heaven sent.

And the lily's own petals are not more snowy-white, more satin-soft, than Lady Diana's skin. As a great English artist who painted her said, "she has the most beautiful complexion in the world."

How Lady Diana Keeps her Beauty

Lady Diana—whose creed is, "Beauty is the touchstone of life"—knows the need of keeping all her own beauty untouched by wind and cold, the harsh light and make-up of the theater, and the late hours of her exacting social life. So she bathes her face and neck in cold cream and protects them with a delicate finish provided by a second cream.

For, like so many of the beautiful women of England, of America, Lady Diana Manners has found the Two Creams that keep the skin its exquisite best no matter how it's taxed.

Before retiring or after any unusual exposure apply Pond's Cold Cream generously on 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.

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 holds your powder smoothly.

Like Lady Diana Manners you can "effectively accomplish this loveliness." Begin to use Pond's Creams. Soon you'll have a beautiful skin, tax it though you may. The Pond's Extract Company.

FREE OFFER. Mail this coupon and we will send you free tubes of these two creams and a little folder telling how to use them and what many famous beauties think of them.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. B
143 Hudson Street, New York

Please send me free tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.
Name...........................
Street...........................
City..................................State............................

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Letters to the Editor

Were They the Good Old Days?

Dear Editor: Since Monsieur Beaucarne came to town, everything has changed. The ladies’ skirts take up more room than a circus tent and the men are wearing silks and laces. The cafés have closed because everyone has sore ankles from being whacked by dangling swords; two long lines have formed; and the bankrupt, they can carry only one Pompadour per seat. The elevators have a waiting list four miles long; yesterday a woman dressed like a queen ran for a street-car; she missed it. The stenographers have all lost their jobs; they can’t get near enough to their typewriters to work. Half the city has burned down while the fire department put out fires on ladies’ wigs; the women will smoke, you know, and are used to doing it in bobbed hair. Potential Jackie Coogans are weeping loudly, for rags are no longer popular; no more Soviet reds or Santa Clauses; whiskers fail to intrigue. Gone is the glory of the military uniform, every man looks like a Christmas tree; married couples no longer play bridge, they fight with swords instead.

The beautiful and elaborate costumes of Beaucarne’s day are mighty pleasing to the eye when looked at from afar and the gray grace necessitated by wearing them is quite all right on the stage or in dreams. But save us from the hypersentimentalist who pines and sighs that the dress and manners of today aren’t what they used to be! In our crowded world we haven’t the room and in our great hurry to live we haven’t the time to bother with them. And, strange as it may seem, in spite of our drab feathers and our bad manners, we manage, somehow, to have a pretty good time.

M. C. S.,

Washington, D. C.

From the Land of the Midnight Sun

Dear Editor: Going to the movies in Norway is quite a different experience from going to them in America. Motion pictures are very popular all thru Norway; even very small towns have their picture theaters, but these theaters, instead of being the palatial ones we know over here, are usually the “lokaler,” or community hall where meetings and dances are held. I had a few days to discover the movie theaters in Christiania, for the entrance to them is, as a rule, merely a long corridor leading back from the street to the theater proper, which is built in the rear of a commercial building. American-made films are shown almost exclusively and Paramount pictures more than the others. However, the names of the productions are so changed as not to be recognized. For instance, Where the Pavement Ends was called Two Persons, and To Have and To Hold was shown as With Sharp Weapons.

During my entire sojourn in Norway I saw only one Swedish production and that was a study in unadulterated gloom. On shipboard I saw Samson, the last picture Pola Negri made in Germany. It was interesting but badly cut. It was said by Pola to be a bit like the hunchback; he is just as good an actor as a director. Jenny Hasselquist, a very popular Swedish actress, appears in this picture, but her bad make-up and the bad lighting detracted much from her charm. Pola was her old self, but the story is not a pretty one and would have to be purified a great deal before it is shown in America. After seeing this film I can understand the need for censors.

On a train from Bergen I met members of a German film company on location in Norway. None of them are known here, but the height of their desire is to get back to Germany. One member of the company was a clever little girl of three with all of Jackie Coogan’s sparkle. Another a trained dog whose tricks were truly remarkable. The leading lady was a beautiful German girl whom I thought quite on a par with our American actresses.

Motion Picture Magazine is easily obtainable in Norway and widely read.

C. O. H.,

Chicago.

The Friendly Growler

Dear Editor: Don’t take me too seriously, but there are a few explosives I must get off my chest, concerning your admirable magazine.

First, why do they call Novarro a “sheik”? The man is primarily an actor and a great one at that. Minus his beauteous locks and classic features, he could play the part of an old man as well as a young hero. So why decrate him with the title of sheik?

Second, I’m weary of hearing that absurd, plaintive cry, “What’s wrong with Pola Negri?” They say she falls short of something or other in every picture, yet, given identical parts with Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson and other celebrities, she actually outshines them. I refer to Mary’s Rosita and Gloria’s The Flying Bird as versus Pola’s Spanish Dancer and Shadows of Paris. Of course, Pola may have lost out a bit because she seemed to be following right on the heels of the other two actresses, which was bad taste, to say the least. But that was the fault of the producers. Why is the matter with them, anyway? Have they developed a contest complex? Don’t they realize that to exhibit each his particular star in the same sort of picture can only hurt each one of them? As for Miss Negri’s taste in clothes—if that is indicative of all Polish women’s idea of good dressing, I think we would better go to Poland instead of to Paris for fashions.

Next, why do most stars “over-make” so? (Continued on page 122)
How Famous Movie Stars Keep their Hair Beautiful

Try this quick, simple method which thousands, WHO MAKE BEAUTY A STUDY, now use.

See the difference it makes in the appearance of YOUR HAIR.

Note how it gives new life and lustre; how it brings out all the wave and color.

See how soft and silky, bright and glossy your hair will look.

THE attractiveness of even the most beautiful women depends upon the loveliness of their hair.

The hair is a frame or setting upon which the most beautiful, as well as the plainest woman, must depend.

Fortunately, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you shampoo it properly.

Proper shampooing is what makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

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.

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 thousands of discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greasless 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 all through the hair.

Two or three teaspooonfuls 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, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. 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.

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 use 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.

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.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
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 Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CARL A.—Yes, this is the anniversary number, and I have been serving you all with answers for the last four, ten years. Even so I am eighty years old. I think I can serve you a little longer. Lionel Barrymore is going to play the Street Singer for Chadwick Pictures.

MARY E. C.—No, my dear, you have me wrong. I am really a lamb in wolf’s clothing. Thomas Meighan was born April 9, 1884. Ramon Novarro was born February 6, 1898, while Richard Barthelmess was born May 9, 1895. Miss Dupont was Margaret Armstrong.

GERBY.—Yes, it is true that Thomas Ince, the director, died November 19, 1924, of acute indigestion. It was a shock to the industry. Rudolph Valentino is anxious to play the lead in a screen version of Firebrand, in which Joseph Schildkraut is playing the lead on the stage. Valentino’s next picture will be The Scarlet Letter. Yes, Berton Collier is sometimes called William, Jr. Norman Trevor and Ben Lyon in Wages of Virtue.

SOPHIA.—That’s a good one, but why is an author a queer animal? Because his tale comes out of his head. Whoopie! Alice Taite is Alice Terry’s right name. Write me again some time.

HAUL M.—Jane Novak can be reached at the F. B. O. Productions, and Norma Shearer at Metro-Goldwyn.

LILY LEE.—Well, as they say in Greenwich Village, you are not truly sophisticated until you wish you could forget most of the things you know. Yes, Ben Lyon is twenty-three. Wait until you see him on the cover next month. Yes, I think Richard Barthelmess will send you his picture. Why don’t you write him.

FLUFF.—Sure, I was glad to hear from you. telling me all about the kiddies. Well, you know that Pat O’Malley has red hair, so that accounts for it. As someone once said, opportunity seldom knocks in a small town, but the neighbors make up the difference.

SALLY FOOTE.—Lloyd Hughes is with First National, and he is twenty-five. Robert Agnew is twenty-three and he is with Metro-Goldwyn in The Square Peg. I should say Clara Bow is kept busy. She is playing in The Adventurous Scre and then she is going to play in Capital Punishment and after that in The Boomerang.

HOMER W. K.—That sure was a gem of a letter. Cullen Landis has a sister, Margaret. Didn’t you know that?

R. E. U.—Well, in 1890 it was Wine, Women and Song, in 1924 it is Moonshine, Flappers and Static. No, I haven’t a radio yet. My neighbors all have loud speakers. You can address Valentino at the Ritz-Carlton Co., 6 West 48th St., New York City.

CHICKIE.—Glenn Hunter in The Silent Watcher. Gareth Hughes is in California. Yes, I, too, dislike ranting. That player certainly weeps too loudly. You know the silent appeal has the greater reach. Try it some time.

MARGIE.—We have a new dog actor about to make his bow to the public. He is a Vitagraph star, his name is Wolf, and he was awarded the Croix de Guerre by Joffre. He is to be starred in the Curwood novel, Barce, Son of Kazan. Richard Dix is with Famous Players.

NOROIL: M. B. M.: BILLY: MONTE BLUE: ADMIRER: VERNON C. AND BEE.—All of your questions have been answered up above.

TONY’S FAX.—Well, the strongest day of the seven is Sunday, because the others are week days. And she thought flat mignon was fish! So you are going to frame the one dollar you get from the editor. Good for you. I would like to see the one dollar I could frame.

MAYBELLE — Frances Howard is to play the lead in The Swan and she is under a long-term contract with Famous Players. Her next will be A Kiss in the Dark. Why, Anna Q. Nilsson and Ben Lyon have the leads in The One Way Street, you know. Address Conrad Nagel at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios.

GERTRUDE S.—You ask “Who was Hamlet?” What, you go to Sunday school and don’t know that? Rudolph Valentino is five feet eleven. So you like my beard. I like it. Find it very comfortable on these cold days.

ABE.—Grace Cunard played in The Broken Coin. Raymond Hatton is still in pictures. He recently signed a contract with Famous Players. You know he played on the stage since he was ten years old. George Melford was his first director, and now he is directing him in The Top of the World.

U TELLE.—All right, I will. Which is the most awkward time for a train to start? 12:00, as it’s ten to one if you catch it. Richard Talmadge can be reached at 5617 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

(Continued on page 127)
"What Makes My Home so 'Homey'? I'll tell you the Secret" says Ruth Roland

In our study of interior decorating we have found one thing to be true (and all good interior decorators agree on this point) that no home can be really attractive without the right sort of rugs. Rugs should play the leading role in every scheme of interior decorating. For they make or mar the appearance of your home. Worn or unattractive rugs and carpets destroy the effect of good furniture, wall coverings, drapes. Beautiful rugs add to the charm of your furnishings—a form a background which sets them off to best advantage. Your rugs should be the keynote—the foundation on which to build. Everything depends on the rug.

"In selecting rugs for my home, my Interior Decorator approved my choice of Olson Rugs. First, because the soft, neutral colors and the new one and two-tone effects set my furnishings off to best advantage; second, because these colors in Olson Rugs give to any room the appearance of being larger than it really is. Personally, I love the restful colors and the soft, rich, deep texture of Olson Rugs."—Ruth Roland.

One might think that because Olson Rugs are found in so many of America's finest homes, the cost must be unusually high. But the astonishing thing about these beautiful rugs is the low cost. Strange as it may seem, you can buy them for much less than you pay for ordinary rugs.

Of course there is a reason for this, which is fully explained in a beautiful book on rugs and home decoration now being distributed to home lovers free of charge. This book tells all about a wonderful patented weaving process by means of which your old, faded, worn out, threadbare carpets, rugs, and other materials, are washed, bleached, sterilized, carded, combed and spun into the finest kind of rug yarn, and then dyed and woven into beautiful new rugs.

They are woven to your order in one week's time, in any size, shape or color you desire, regardless of the color of your old material. Olson Rugs have a rich, soft, deep, luxurious nap that is everlasting, and reversible to give twice the wear. You will find them in more than 1,000,000 homes in America today.

Learn all about Olson Rugs for yourself. Write today for the free Rug Book, illustrated in actual colors, that explains everything and tells how you can secure rich, new rugs at a savings of one-half. The coupon is for your convenience. Tear it out and mail it—now.

OLSON RUG CO. 28-38 Laflin Street Chicago Illinois

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

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 henceforward 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 126.

Adams, Claire—playing in The Devil's Cargo—F. P. L.
Adoreé, Renée—will next be seen in Rupert Hughes's adventure, The G. M.
Agnew, Robert—playing in The Man Without a Country—B. H.
Ailen, Mary—recently completed work in The Blind Trust—F. P. L.
Alexander, Ben—playing in Pampered Youth—F. P. L.
Allison, May—will have an entirely different role than she has heretofore enacted, that of a married woman flitiously inclined, in Interpreters House—F. N.
Astor, Mary—has been signed by Ince for a period of three years. Her first picture under her new contract will be playing with Souls.
Ayres, Agnes—recently completed work in Tomorrow's Love—F. P. L.

B
Baby Peggy—latest release Helen's Babes. Disengaged at present.
Ballin, Mabel—recently started work in The Riders of the Purple Sage—W. F.
Barnes, T. Ray—playing in Seven Charles—M. G. M.
Barry, Wesley—playing in Battle's Ransom—W. D. R.
Barthelmess, Richard—playing in New Teen, a comedy of domestic life, with Mrs. Barthelmess (Mary Hay) for his leading lady.
Bette Davis—playing an important rôle in Cecil B. De Mille's production, The Golden Bed—F. P. L.
Bayne, Beverly—will play Countess Gneska in The Man From Mexico, taken from Edith Wharton's prize-winning novel—W. B.
Baynes, Brandon—has signed a contract to appear in Throttle. In rare productions. Her first part is opposite Charles Ray in The Desert Duster—T. P. L.
Beery, Noah—playing in East of Suez—F. P. L.
Beery, Wallace—has just arrived in town from the coast to play in Coming Through—T. P. L.
Bollamy, Madge—will portray her first “heavy” rôle, Una, in The Dancers—W. P.
Bennett, Alma—recently completed work in The Last Word—F. N.
Bennett, Constance—has been placed under a long term contract with F. P. L., as her reward for her work in Cole of the West. She is now appearing in James Cruze's production, The Goose Hangs High.
Bennett, Enid—latest release The Red Lily. She is vacating in Italy, where her husband, Paul, is directing Ben Hur.
Blue, Monte—recently completed work in The Dark Skies—W. B.
Blythe, Betty—has the rôle of a Spanish “campa” in The Desert Duster—T. P. L.
Boardman, Eleanor—playing in The Sensations—M. G. M.
Bonner, Priscilla—playing in Charley's Aunt—A. M.
Bosworth, Hobart—playing in My Son—F. N.
Bow, Clara—playing in Capital Punishment—B. F. S.
Bowens, John—just starting work in Kings in Exile—M. G. M.
Bremer, Sylvia—has recently become Mrs. Harry Martin. It is rumored she will desert the screen for a domestic career. Her latest picture is Woman at Bath—G. P.
Brent, Evelyn—has been cast as the leader of a band of crooks in Silk Stocking Sal. It is a thrilling crook play with unusual complications—G. P.
Bronson, Betty—playing Peter Pan for F. P. L. She had to bob her hair to become Peter.

Brook, Cline—recently started work in Playing with Souls—T. H. L.
Burns, Edward—has returned to the States from his visit abroad. He will be seen in The Redemoning Sin shortly.
Busch, Mae—will next be seen as an American Society girl who seeks a fortune in the Paris underworld. She will display a variety of fashionable gowns in this production—B. F. S.
Butler, David—has been added to the cast of Code of the West—F. P. L.

C
Callahan, Alice—will be seen in the title rôle of a mystery melodrama, The Phantom of the Opera, which has as its base course setting the underground tunnels of Paris. There are over three thousand extras employed in this production—U.
Chaplin, Charles—playing in Chillon Pass.
Chaplin, Sydney—will play the favorite role of a man in the mystery melodrama, The Phantom of the Opera, which has as its base course setting the underground tunnels of Paris. There are over three thousand extras employed in this production—U.
Clifford, Ruth—playing in Frank Lloyd's next production, Judgment—F. N.
Cody, Lew—will be a playing a different kind of villain in Dixie—M. G. M.
Collier, William, Jr.—playing in Playing in Wall Street—F. P. L.
Colman, Ronald—appearing in A Thief of Paradise, taken from Robert Merriott's novel, Waddington. This is his first picture under his starring contract with Samuel Goldwyn Productions.
Compson, Betty—just starting work in New Line for M. G. M.
Coogan, Jackie—latest release is The Boss Man—M. G. M.

D
Daw, Marjorie—will be seen in a picture to be released in October—F. N.
Day, Shari—will be seen in The Star Dust Trail—W. F.
Dean, Priscilla—has just started work in a society drama. The scenes will be laid in Austria.
De La Motte, Marguerite—has been engaged for the leading rôle in Once for Mary—M. G. M.
Dempest, Carol—playing the leading rôle in D. W. Griffith's production First Life Wonderful, formerly titled Dawn—D. W. G.
Denny, Reginald—playing a leading rôle in Crime Straight Ahead—U.
De Rochefort, Charles—playing in Madame Sans Grits, which is being filmed in France. The entire cast with the exception of Gerda Swanson and Charles De Rochefort is made up of French actors—F. D. S.
Desmond, William—playing in The Burning Trail—U.
De Vore, Dorothy—playing in The Broadway Betty—F. P. L.
Dexter, Elliott—has been cast for an important rôle in Desert Song—F. P. L.
Dit, Richard—will be seen as a “bally Englishman” in Honeymoon in Paris—W. M.
Dove, Billie—playing in The Folly of Vanities—W. M.
Du Pont, Miss—playing in Raffles—U.
Dover, Rutl—has been chosen to play the feminine lead opposite Twister Haven in Seven Chasers—M. C. M.

E
Farle, Edward—playing in The Dangerous Flirt, which was formerly titled The Devil of England—U. A.
Faire, Virginia Brown—playing in Peter Pan—F. P. L.
Fawcett, George—will be seen as the old King in The Merry Widow—M. G. M.
Fay, Louise—will be seen cast as Cookie Dale, a Vivacious curios girl, in The Broadway Barettes—W. B.
Fellow, Rockcliffe—playing in East of Suez—F. P. L.
Flynn, Maurice—playing in the sequel of his outdoor productions, The New Chris Man—F. B. O. P.
Forrest, Alan—playing in In Love with Love—S. B. W.
Fox, Lucy—appearing opposite Ruck James in The Wild Rider—W. F.
Francis, Abe B.—playing in The Bridge of Night—W. B.
Frederick, Robert—playing in Wife of the Century—M. G. M.
Frederick, Pauline—recently completed work in Married Hypocrites—U.
Frederick, Pauline—has recently returned from Paris with several trunks of new gowns which she will display in her new picture, Parisian Night—F. B. O.—M.
Gendron, Pierre—playing in The Dangerous Flight—G. O. T.
Gilson, Hoot—next feature will be a horse story titled North Bound—B. F. P. L.
Gilbert, John—has finally been selected for the rôle of Prince Danilo in The Merry Widow—M. G. M.
Glidden, Claude—playing in A Thief of Paradise—F. N.

(Continued on page 120)
Woe
Powder
of
Tent.
Its
soft
petaled
Res
as
unobtrusively
as
friendship.
Its
linger ing
frag rance
is
as
delicate
as
an
old-
fashioned
nosegay.

Lablache has been the instinctive choice of
gentlewomen for three generations and Lablache
accessories de toilette are companions in
choice of gentlewomen everywhere.

If your druggist or favorite store does not have
the new Lablache Requisites, write us direct, en-
closing stamps, money order or check, and we
will mail you by next parcel post any Lablache
Requisites you desire. Sample of Lablache Face
Powder—Flesh, White or Creme—sent free on
request.

BEN LEVY COMPANY
Dept. 56, 125 Kingston Street,
Paris

Boston, U. S. A.
I would get a job in the movies, should she come to New York.

"Jokingly I replied, 'Sure!' and never gave the thing another thought.

"At that time the old Vitagraph studios were, as you remember, in Brooklyn. I had just returned to my hotel in New York after a busy day at the studio, when my phone rang and the hotel desk announced that Miss Ward from Washington was downstairs to see me.

"'Miss Ward?' I queried. 'I never heard of her.'"

"But she insists that you know her and she will not leave until you have seen her. She has been here already several hours,' came the response.

"Reluctantly I descended. There in the lobby stood Miss Ward, a none-too-attractive looking girl, surrounded by many suit-cases, hand-boxes and indiscriminate luggage. By her side was a woman looking like a comic Valentine, whom she presented to me as her mother.

"'Well,' she said, gaily enough, 'Here I am!'

"On the strength of my 'promise,' given her in Washington, she explained, she and her mother had sold the boarding house which was their home and had arrived, bag and baggage, to

of D. W. Griffith, at the old Reliance studio. What reminiscences are called to the minds of those who got their real start within those hallowed walls!—but that's another story."

William S. Hart tells this story on himself:

"We used to put on some pretty hard fights and stunts in making Western pictures, but there was always something funny happening to keep us in good humor. Probably the funniest of all was a joke on me.

"In Branding Broadway, I was supposed to go to New York to act as a 'nurse' for a wild young college man. He hired a cafe bouncer to lick me. The cowboys at the studio brought a

(Continued on page 95)
Marvelous New Discovery

will thicken your hair and make it stylishly fluffy in 30 days—or quickly grow it "back to normal"

If you don't like your bobbed hair—if you are beginning to tire of it—if you're sorry you ever cut it off—most likely it's because your hair is not as thick and "fluffy" as it should be. Without a doubt bobbed hair is becoming to most girls and women—and it will be to you if you make your hair fluff out, as fashion and good taste demand.

You can do it, too! A marvelous new discovery has now made it possible to thicken and curl bobbed hair in a remarkably short time, making it much softer, richer and lovelier than ever before. This good news isn't limited to "bobbed heads" either. It's for all women who want gloriously beautiful hair, whether long or short. It's also for those women who want to grow their hair "back to normal" as quickly as possible.

After the very first treatment, when you begin to spray your hair and massage your scalp with McGowan's Hair Grower, you will see and feel new "life," new vitality in your scalp and hair. Before you have finished the first bottle the difference will become apparent. Your "bob" will soon become thick and fluffy, and much more becoming than you ever dreamed it could be. And if you have a "bob" to lengthen, you will find your hair extending down your back in an unbelievably short time.

These results are guaranteed. I want that understood. For it is only on such a guarantee that I can show my unbounded faith in this remarkable discovery.

Science Responds to Fashion's Decree

Now that Paris has definitely decreed that long hair is the thing, every woman must follow one of two courses—she must either grow her hair back to normal as quickly as possible, or she must have thick, fluffy bobbed hair. The new millinery is now being made in larger head sizes, and the girl or woman with thin, scrappy bobbed hair is going to find it hard to get properly fitted.

Luckily for womankind, Science has come forward with this amazing new discovery that will help them out of the dilemma—for McGowan's Hair Grower will promote rich, fluffy growth and either thicken and beautify your "bob" if you want to continue wearing it short—or quickly lengthen it if you want to follow Paris' decree.

McGowan's Hair Grower is the most powerful hair growing product Science has ever known. It is a fusion of Nitrogen and Oxygen, combined and liquefied by a formula of my own, discovered after years of experimenting. As you know, oxygen in the air and nitrogen in the sunshine are the two elements absolutely necessary to the nourishment of all growing things. And the average human scalp gets far too little of these precious elements in these days of tight fitting hats and humid indoor atmosphere.

In addition to thickening the hair, McGowan's Hair Grower rides the scalp promptly of all dandruff, fluff out dead and listless hair, and gives it a wondrous light and sheen. And it is so easy to apply—just 5 minutes a day at bedtime. No matter how thin your hair may be—no matter how "straggly" or hopeless—I guarantee that McGowan's Hair Grower will make it grow twice as fast, rid the scalp of dandruff and give new life to your hair.

Sent Fresh from Laboratory

The vital elements in this remarkable fluid evaporate rapidly, and to be efficient McGowan's Hair Grower should be used when it is fresh. That is why I will not sell it in drug or department stores. Because of the perishable nature of its growth-producing properties I insist that you get only the freshly compounded product—put up daily under my personal supervision and mailed direct to you.

At first, we contemplated selling McGowan's Hair Grower at $10 a bottle—for it seemed easily worth that to any woman to make her hair stylishly thick and fluffy, or to save four or five months in getting her hair growth back to normal. But that price would restrict my discovery to a very limited market. As McGowan's Hair Grower is the greatest achievement of my laboratories, I am anxious for it to become universally known and used. So I have decided to retail the first 10,000 bottles at only enough to pay the cost of production, handling and advertising—which I have figured down to just $2.47 per bottle, plus a few cents postage.

Send No Money—Just Sign the Coupon

Whether your hair is bobbed or long; if you want to control its length and add to its splendor; if you want to make the most of Woman's Crowning Glory by developing your hair to its most glorious possibilities—don't delay another minute. There is no formality for you to go through. I do not even ask that you send any money. Just fill out and mail the coupon. In a few days the postman will bring your bottle—and then simply pay him my special laboratory price of $2.47, plus a few cents postage. Don't put it off.

Mail the coupon today!

M. J. McGowan, Chief Chemist

The McGowan Laboratories

710 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 625, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. McGowan: I am willing to let you prove to me, at your expense, that McGowan's Hair Grower will make my hair thick and fluffy, free my scalp from dandruff and give new life to my hair. Please send me a bottle at once. I will pay the postman $2.47 (plus postage) when it arrives. It is understood that the full amount will be refunded if I am not delighted with the results in every way.

NAME.................................................................
ADDRESS...........................................................

NOTE: If you are likely to be out when the postman comes you may remit $2.60 and your bottle of McGowan's Hair Grower will be sent postpaid.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
"She's the best girl in the office"

"She hasn't been here as long as some of the other girls, but she knows ten times as much about this business. I've watched her work during the last six months especially—ever since I heard she was studying at home with the International Correspondence Schools. I know she's ready for bigger work and I'm going to give her Miss Robinson's position at a raise in salary. I wish we had more girls like her."

Why don't you study some special subject and prepare to earn more money? There's no better 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 $35, $50, $75 and $100 a week, as private secretaries, artists, expert letter writers, pharmacists, assistants in chemical laboratories, high-priced sales representatives, office managers, advertising writers and in Civil Service and banking.

Mark and mail the coupon and we'll be glad to send you interesting descriptive books telling what the I. C. S. can do for you.

Mail the Coupon Today

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 6165-B, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me your 68-page booklet, "How Women Are Getting Ahead," and tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

- Advertising
- Bookkeeping
- Assistant Bank Teller
- Accounting
- Chemistry
- Chemical Engineering
- Business English
- French
- German
- Spanish
- Better Letters
- Stronger Penmanship
- Script Lettering
- Show Card Lettering
- Girl Service
- High School Subjects
- Illustrating
- Cartooning
- Bookkeeping
- Business Law
- Corporation Secretary
- Mechanics
- Drafting
- Drawing
- Business Service
- Window Trimming
- Naval Art
- Dressmaking
- Millinery

Name
Street
City
State

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

FREE

Annette Kellermann's Secret to

Perfect Health

Don't send a penny for this valuable and interesting book. Read how a little概括ed girl became an actress of the first rank around the world. Read how Kellermann's methods can not be used by you, on 10 days' free trial. Don't be handicapped by ages and pains, don't be satisfied with a poor complexion or an awkward figure. Get this book free.

Annette Kellermann's Secret to Perfect Health. Only a limited number of copies available. Write at once. Miss Kellerman's personal endorsement (just plain sample丛丛). You don't even need the first day. Don't miss this training book.

Annette Kellermann, Dept. 353, 225 W. 29th St., New York

Shots from the First Fan Magazine

(Continued from page 51)

fact that the industry could not grow bigger unless it grew steadily better.

"Let the makers of pictures beware!" said an editorial in an early issue. "There is a large, new class of photoplay patrons growing every day. This class is not the kind that will be entertained by the old-fashioned picture plays that told of murder, divorce, burglary and crime. A high standard must be fixed and maintained. So far as I am concerned, I cry, 'Down with melodrama in pictures!' unless it be genuine melodrama, which is far different from yellow drama."

One of the most interesting features of the early issues was a debate on censorship, a subject which even then attracted nationwide attention. The question was, "Shall the plays be censored? Does censorship assure better plays or is it beset with dangers—promise or menace?"

Another interesting feature of the earlier years was a popularity contest, the first of its kind ever held, staged by the magazine. It was called the Great Cast Contest, and, by means of a ballot issued by the magazine, readers chose the ideal cast for a hypothetical picture, presumably the best of its kind. The results of the contest are interesting, in view of the light of succeeding events and the present status of many of the players. Some of the players suggested by the readers, tho raging favorites of a decade ago, are no longer even known to the picture audiences of today, their faces, once beloved and watched for, have disappeared entirely from the screen. Others are only dim memories whose fame is not revived by an occasional futile at-tempt to stage "a come-back in pictures."

Still others, ranking high in the contest, are even stronger that they were ten years ago—Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Greta Garbo and Tony Moreno.

The cast which was given the leading place in the contest is as follows:

Leading man.............Earl Williams
Leading woman...........Mary Pickford
Character man...........Romaine Fielding
Character woman........Norma Talmadge
Comedian, male..........Charlie Chaplin
Comedian, female........Mabel Normand
Handsome young man....Antonio Moreno
Beautiful young woman....Anita Stewart
Villain..................Bryan Washburn
Favorite Child...........Bobby Connolly

Altho the word "fan," short for fanatic, had not yet been incorporated into the English language at the time this magazine was started, already there was springing up a far-flung audience for whom the title "picture enthusiasts" was a much too clumsy term.

This crowd made clear, in methods by no means vague, their adoration of the stars which the magazine featured, deluged it with poems and compliments which they begged to have passed on to the objects of their admiration thru the columns of the magazine.

The "Chats With the Players," featured by the magazine, were probably the first authentic interviews ever given out by motion picture stars. They are different from the interview of today, for stars, as well as writers, have grown bolder.

If an average man was asked to select the most talented woman screen star, he would probably pick out the prettiest. If the average woman was asked for her opinion, she would doubtless select the one who wore clothes with the most style.
The Most Daring Book Ever Written!

Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks," has written an amazing book that should be read by every man and woman—married or single. The Philosophy of Love is a novel—tells a penetrating searchlight fearlessly turned on the most intimate relations of men and women. Read below how you can get this daring book at our risk—without advancing a penny.

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

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

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

Should a bride tell her husband what happened at seventeen?

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

Do you know how to make people like you?

IF you can answer the above questions—

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

What Do YOU Know About Love?

DO you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with devoted, virtuous wives, often become secret slaves to creatures of another 'world' —and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard conventions? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims?

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

In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn courageously solves the most vital problems of love and marriage. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

"The Philosophy of Love" is one of the most daring books ever written. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of real value, could not mince words. Every problem had to be faced with utter honesty, deep sincerity, and resolute courage. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade—while she deals with strong emotions and passions—she neverthe

What Every Man and Woman Should Know

—how to win the man you love.
—how to win the girl you want.
—how to hold your husband's love.
—how to please and make people love you.
—why "petting parties" are deadly for true love.
—why many marriages end in despair.
—how to hold a woman's affection.
—how to keep a husband home nights.
—how to keep men from turning men.
—how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon.
—how to grease the "dinner door" of married life.
—how to ignite love—how to keep it burning—how to relight it if burnt out.
—how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men.
—how to attract people you like.
—why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age.
—can there be any real grounds for divorce?
—how to increase your desirability in a man's eyes.
—how to tell if someone loves you.
—things that make a man "cheap" or "common."

You need not advance a single penny. Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter—and the book will be sent to you on approval. When the postman delivers the book, please keep it, for if it is actually in your hands—pay him only $1.98, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded.

Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories or have seen them in the movies. Her books sell like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below AT ONCE. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

Get your pencil—fill out the coupon NOW. Mail it to The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y., before it is too late. Then be prepared to read the most daring book ever written!

The Authors' Press, Dept. 329, Auburn, N. Y.

Please send me on approval Elinor Glyn's masterpiece, "The Philosophy of Love." When the postman delivers the book to my door, I will pay him only $1.98, plus a few pennies postage. It is understood, however, that this is not to be considered a purchase. If the book does not in every way come up to expectations, I will have the right to return it to you five days after it is received, and you agree to refund my money.

The Levee, Leather Edition—We have prepared a limited Edition, handsomely bound in genuine Blue Silk goat leather, with gold Blocking and Gilt edges. Each copy is beautifully presented in an attractive gold-seamed pocket box with maroon edges. Upon delivery, please sign and return for approval. The cost is $2.98. Will pay the postage, $1.00, when you receive the book, or remit the balance, $1.98, against your approval. If you like the book, retain it; if not, return it to us at once and we will refund the purchase price of $2.98, less $1.00 for postage. The book is yours to keep, without the slightest obligation.

Please write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Advertising was strike Hollywood in am that tiny hand the corner, saw That thirteen little

Colds  Headache  Neuralgia  Lumbago
Pain  Toothache  Neuritis  Rheumatism

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monosaccharide of Salicylic Acid.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin

SAY “BAYER ASPIRIN” and INSIST!

Unless you see the “Bayer Cross” on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians 24 years for

The Arch Bigamist
Huntley Gordon has been married to thirteen different women. On the screen, of course. Read his impressions of these stars in Classic.

Whose Hand
(Continued from page 45)

Officer,” she answered with cool dignity. “The mark on the rug proves that. Your duty, as I see it, is to investigate.”

While Boyle started for the bathroom, Quinlan dragged the bed aside and made a search that was punctuated with heavy raps of his nightstick on the metal frame, the mattress and the floor. There was no cupboard behind the bed, no aperture in the wall other than a tiny radiator proctected by a grill thru which a mouse could scarcely have passed. From the bed he moved to the clothes-closet, to every nook and recess of the room. He did not omit even to throw up the lid of Margot’s trunk, which stood unlocked in a corner, and to prod with his baton among her gauds. He finished at the same moment that Boyle returned, shaming his head.

“Look here, Miss; may I ask you what business you’re in?” asked Quinlan, with a touch of malice.

“I am a motion-picture actress,” answered Margot curtly.

“It don’t surprise me, at all, at all. You movie queens like to pull anything that will make a story in the papers, dont you?”

Swift anger blazed in her eyes. “I’ve told you the plain truth. I saw a hand put out the match. You’ve no right to insult me.”

“Easy there, now. I meant no harm. You say you were scared stiff for several minutes. And then you phoned to this young man—Mr. Valery, eh? Is that straight?”

“Yes.”

“And he was able to walk in without your leaving the bed, because the door was unlocked?”

“Yes.”

“Well, well, Miss Anstroeter,” exclaimed Quinlan triumphantly, “didn’t it strike you at all that your visitor could have crawled in the dark to that door, opened it without making a sound, and got clear away after he’d shut it behind him?”

For a moment, Margot was overwhelmed by the simplicity of the theory, sure tho she felt deep down that her fear-keyed brain could never have missed the least move on the part of the harker. It was the landlady, Cora Bellew, who spoke first.

“Oh, my God!” she exclaimed hysterically. “That crook’s roaming thru my

The folks in Hollywood are not a little depressed these days about the changes being made by the foreign directors. Harry Carr will have an article about it in Classic.

Are They Worth It?

That is the question being put by so many people who are believing the absurd reports about the enormous salaries received by the stars. At last you will have the truth.

Be Sure to Get the February

That "Different" Screen Magazine
On the News-stands January 12

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
an uprear. Carlo, from the shadow of a pillar, saw Romola seize the uplifted hand of a burly workman.

"God is speaking thru his lips!" she flamed. "Will you stone God?"

The artist hurried to her and tried to draw her away from the hideously yelling mob. But Romola only stamped her small foot. "They will kill him! And you stand here and let them! Is there no man in Florence to stand up there beside him?"

She was struggling thru the press of sweaty bodies. Carlo caught up with her at the foot of the Duomo steps.

"Wait! I will speak to them." He was terribly afraid. The nose of the crowd was that of wild beasts; there was blood-rage in the sound. His sensitive imagination felt the impact of their missiles, the touch of hands, horribly strong. He put her aside and leaped up the steps, standing before the cowled figure of the monk, arms spread wide.

"People of Florence! Free people of a free city—do you value freedom so meanly that you hold out your hands for your old chains?" Amazement held them silent, and, in the rush, Carlo swept on.

He had been a silent man, now, when he spoke with golden tongue, urging, cajoling, pleading, conscious of Romola's watching eyes. He was carrying the mob with him when a laugh rang out, drawing all eyes to the winsome figure of Tito Melema sitting his horse jauntily, on the outskirts of the crowd.

Immediately theickle thong echoed the laugh. The devastating sound of their guffaws drowned Carlo's voice, and, responsive to a sign, two burly men-at-arms seized him by the elbows and propelled him, ludicrously hanging back, into the Duomo, but not before he saw that Romola had taken his place at Savonarola's side. He struggled frenziedly as they dragged him across to the prison and thrust him behind bars.

"Romola!" he gasped, when Tito Melema appeared at last in response to his messages. "Was she hurt?"

"My poor, mistaken wife," Tito smiled suavely, "is quite safe. But you and she should not meddle in politics, my friend. You're two weak-spirted in the game of both of you. Chess in a quiet room is fitter sport for you!" He made the great drum of his chest boom with a blow, "I am different! I take what I want from life—I am the heir of the ages, I wanted wealth and I took it, I wanted power and— I took it! I wanted Romola—and I took her—" his white hands with their thick fingers seemed to close on something frail—helpless.

Carlo spoke in a smothered voice.

"How long am I to be kept here?"

Tito laughed lightly, turning away. "Not long," he called back, "merely until your unexpected eloquence can do no harm, until that cynical hypocrisy of a monk is dead, and Tito Melema, the friend of princes, is where destiny intends him to be!"

In the gray half-light of the prison, night could only be told from day by the ringing of the cathedral bells. Carlo made a mark for each of these periods, and when the tally had totaled a fortnight, the roar of another mob came to his ears and shadows like fleeting flames danced upon the wall of his cell. For hours, it seemed, the human storm spent itself above, while Carlo paced back and forth in .silence at the throes of Romola. Then came silence, more terrifying in portent than any sound.

The creak of hinges drew his haggard

(Continued on page 106)
"Mary, I Owe It All to You"

MR. WILLIAMS called me into his office yesterday and told me he was going to raise my salary $50 a month.

"I am glad to give you this opportunity," he said, "for the best reason in the world. You deserve it.

"You may not know it, but I have been watching your work ever since the International Correspondence Schools wrote me that you had enrolled for a course of home study. Keep it up, young man, and you'll go far. I wish we had more men like you."

"And to think, Mary. I owe it all to you! I might still be drudging along in the same old job at the same old salary if you hadn't urged me to send in that I. C. & S. coupon!"

How about you? Are you always going to work for a small salary? Are you going to waste your natural ability all your life? Or are you going to get ahead in a big way? It all depends on what you do with your spare time.

More than 110,000 men are getting ready for promotion right now, in the I. C. & S. way. Let us show you what we are doing for them and what we can do for you.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Without cost or obligation on our part, please tell us how you can qualify for a position in the subject when I have mastered it.

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

Business Management
Business Letter Writing
Bookkeeping
Secretarial Training
Typing
Stenography
French

TECHNICAL INDUSTRIAL COURSES

Electrical Engineering
Mechanical Engineering
Metalworking
Machine Shop Practice
Auto Mechanics
Steam Engineering

No More Wrinkles

You too can have a firm
wrinkle-free complexion
PARISIAN FLESH FOOD

Makes Men and Women of 50 look 25

Removes youthful freshness, revives beauty marred by time, illness or neglect.

A new way to regain the charm of a clear, wholesomely girlish complexion. Amazing results in short time. Removes wrinkles, crow's feet, frown lines. Restores elasticity to skin, and firmness to underlying tissues. Fills hollows of face, neck and eyelids.

FREE ROYAL ROYAL ROYAL

Remarkable Bust Developer

Removes youthful firmness. Makes skin smooth and soft. Most welcomed discovery—not an experiment—thousands made happy during many years.

FREE ROYAL ROYAL ROYAL

Remarkable Beauty Secret

Mme. Fournier, 103 Parisian Blvd., Cleveland, O. Asprey Wanted

Note to the Editor:

"Well, here's your old article complete. I have made it as dignified and scholarly as I know how. If you don't like it, please let me know—I'm too busy with troubles of my own, Selah. Likewise forever. And hereafter, please let the shoemaker stick to his last. That will be all about it, Finis. (Which means finished—the end.)"

—The Answer Man.

ARTISTS, ATTENTION!

Are You Sending in Your Sketches of the Stars?

Another page of them will appear in the March number, and a price will be awarded for the best sketch.

SEE Motion Picture MAGAZINE for March

How to care for

Dull Hair

You cannot expect hair which is naturally devoid of luster to look brilliant or exceptionally bright after an ordinary shampoo. If you use only one shampoo, that is different—a shampoo that will add real beauty to your hair—GOLDEN GLINT Shampoo. This shampoo will make your hair look so much more brilliant, so much more attractive, that you will just love to fuss with it. In addition to the many advantages good shampoo gives, it offers something unusual, something new, something more than genuine. This "something" is a secret you'll discover with your free Golden Glint "Sample Pin." It's a package at toilet counters or direct.

new man on to the set that morning. When they introduced him—a man my height and a little heavier—I thought he acted sort of funny. He barely shook hands and then walked away. It was explained to him that we would put on a terrible fight, pulling our punches as much as possible, and when I shouted, 'Go!' he would do his fall, knocked out. After the director got thru, I tried to talk to the man, but he muttered in a surly fashion, nodded and went on.

"The fight started. It was a dandy. We went to it pretty rough and when two big men begin swapping punches somebody is bound to get hurt. When Lambert Hillyer shouted, 'Go!' this man tore into me and almost knocked me apart. I just managed to save myself, and during the next few minutes I was so busy trying to protect myself that I could hardly figure out his game. Of course, I thought that I had been framed, and that he was sent in to beat me up. I tried 'cuing' him a few times but each time I did he fought all the harder.

"Of course, the director and cameraman were so excited with the unexpectedly great fight they were getting, that they didn't come to my aid. After I collected my wits, I discovered I had more science than my opponent, and the next time he came in charging like a mad bull, he ran into the hardest walllop I could hit. He dropped like an ox.

"While he was coming to, I set out with blood in my eye to find out the truth. Some of the boys were convulsed with laughter, some acted a little scared. When they confessed to me that the man was deaf, I surely felt sorry. The poor fellow had been afraid to let on he couldn't hear the cue and thought my shouts and gestures meant to come on and fight. Which he surely did."

"My first impression of motion pictures," said Monti Blue, "was gained thru a post-hole. I was digging it. My second was a tall man with an eagle face, surmounted and partially concealed by a large, misshapen Panama hat. He was leaning against a pole nearby a studio building at my back, while I, unaware, harangued a crowd of argumentative studio workers, I was agitating against agitation. When I discovered the silent watchter, my flight of oratory ceased abruptly, and unconsciously I started taking off my overalls. My job was gone, I thought. The man was D. W. Griffith, and as I had just escaped starvation a

(Continued on page 128)
The Story of My Life
(Continued from page 53)

After two years of high school I went to El Paso, Texas, to visit another aunt, and the first week I was there I ran away and joined a road company! We got stranded on our maiden trip and I caught the whooping-cough from a baby I held at a railroad station. (I was always borrowing babies.) I got back to my aunt's town with fifty cents, whooping-merrily, but I was too proud to confess failure; so I didn't let her know I was back but went to a theatrical boarding-house with the rest of the troupe. Something had to be done, so we decided to put on a play at the local opera-house. But we had no money to pay a royalty fee, and at this crisis I performed a feat of which I am prouder than any flame-riding, chasm-leaping or trestle-walking I ever did in a movie serial. I repeated Paul Revere's ride, by heart, to one of the actresses who was a stenographer, and the next week we opened in it! Before I went on every night I uttered a prayer that I might get thru without a whoop.

The next time I went out with a road company we got as far as a little tank-town in Oklahoma, named Muskogee, before the manager and the leading lady decamped with the funds. I became the landlord of the little one-horse hotel in Muskogee held my trunk for my board, and when I got a chance to make a little money by doing a turn at an Elks' benefit performance in town I had to beg him, practically on my knees, for one dress out of the trunk to wear in my act. When I came down from the roof with the dress in my suitcase, he made me open it before a whole lobby full of grinding small-town loafers, because he suspected me of trying to carry away more than I had promised.

"Just now," I said, looking him straight in the eye, "I'm nobody; but you wait! Some day I'm going to be very successful and then I hope to meet you and can tell you what I think of you!"

I haven't even seen him again—but I may yet. And I shall certainly tell him!

Another vaudeville engagement soon had me in funds again and this time I went home to California with a trunk filled with presents for my friends. After two years of Texas flatness, the foothills and roses of Los Angeles looked pretty good to me, and I made up my mind that, whatever my future was, it was going to be here.

By this time there were several picture companies working in the West, and one day I borrowed a hat with a forty-dollar
The Winners of the Month

(Continued from pages 46 and 47)

Hot Water

thru the young Benedict's inability to control the gas and the brakes. His facial expressions here are cause for spontaneous laughter. The concluding scenes in which "mother" is routed are put over with quickness and despatch—with every incident timed to the second. The titles are gems of pointed wit. For instance: When the little brother is introduced it reads—"A skin you love to touch—with a strap."

The picture develops a lively climax with the house turned into a bedlam of excitement as Harold, fortified with strong "licker," develops courage. By playing ghost, he scares the household out of its collective wits. He even chloroforms the mother-in-law—and his wrathlike figure sends her out into the night air—for good.

It may not be so strong in plot interest as some previous efforts, but there is no denying its mirthful gags and high jinks. Lloyd certainly has a staff that scores as many comedy touchdowns as Notre Dame scores legitimate touchdowns against any of its opponents. The Lloyd steam-roller surely crashes thru here.

The Snob

these moments are not new in film situation and climax; they have only been treated more deftly, more suggestively—and with considerable more humor.

A thoroughly absorbing drama—this, one that offers no stressing of emotions or sentimental flourishes. It carries charm all the way. It's not a study in gray overtones. Indeed, there are many bright shafts of humor which temper it and aid in making it human.

The picture is marked by fine interpretation. Norma Shearer gives a performance which hasn't been excelled this season. It's an intelligent portrayal of a role marked by fine restraint and yet she saturates it with feeling. There is also an unnamed child actress who is a wonder.

See The Snob, and you'll admit that the screen occasionally scales the high places.

He Who Gets Slapped

at all times He Who Gets Slapped maintains the illusion.

Norma Shearer is charming and effective as Consuelo, and the other sympathetic role is finely handled by John Gilbert, Marc MacDermott and Tully Marshall account for two more of the several splendid performances.

The Tornado

in The Storm meet their equal in these views of the torrent which is let loose when the gate of a huge dam is lifted. The flash-and-cut system of film editing is used to work up a fever of suspense which film spectators will remember long.

The picture may well be expected to record a notable success as a box-office attraction and it will add to the already illustrious name of Lincoln Carter. As a writer of melodramatic stories, the adaptation was made by Grant Carpenter and King Baggot directed it in a manner to reflect new brilliance to his record.

Ruth Clifford, Richard Tucker, Saitz Edwards, Dick Sutherland and Jackie Morgan are prominent in a cast which is something more than adequate. The Tornado provides a tremendously thrilling hour or so of screen entertainment.
Why
Warner Bros. Pictures
Are America's Choice

MADE FROM THE WORLD’S BEST
NOVELS AND STAGE PLAYS

"Three Women"
By Ernst Lubitsch and Max Kraely.

"Find Your Man"
"The Lover of Camille"
From David Belasco's Stage
Production of Sacha Guitry's
"Deburau."

"This Woman"
From the Novel by Howard Rockey.

"The Narrow Street"
From the Novel by Edwin Bateman
Morris.

"The Dark Swan"
From the Novel by Ernest Pascal.

"The Age of Innocence"
From the Prize Novel by Edith
Wharton.

"The Lighthouse By the Sea"
From the Play by Owen Davis.

"A Lost Lady"
From the Novel by Willa Cather.

"A Broadway Butterfly"
"The Bridge of Sighs"
From a Song Theme by Charles
K. Harris.

"How Baxter Butted In"
From the Play by Owen Davis.

"Eve's Lover"
From the Novel by Mrs. W. K.
Clifford.

"The Man Without a Conscience"
From the Novel by Max Kretzer.

"My Wife and I"
"Recompense"
From the Novel by Robert Keable,
Sequel to "Simon Called Peter."

"The Dear Pretender"
From the Novel by Alice Ross
Colver.

"The Eleventh Virgin"
From the Novel by Dorothy Day.

Now Ready for the Season 1924-25

DISPLAYING THE GENIUS OF LEADING
STARS AND DIRECTORS

Irene Rich    Louise Fazenda    Harry Beaumont
Dorothy Devore  Willard Louis    William Beaudine
Monte Blue     John Roche    Phil Rosen
Beverly Bayne  June Marlowe    Millard Webb
Marie Prevost  Ernst Lubitsch  James Flood

At Leading
Theatres Everywhere

WARNER BROS.
Classics of the Screen

WHERE CLASSICS OF
THE SCREEN ARE MADE

Betty Was a College Widow
(Continued from page 29)

from his flying feet with what looked like
a safe hit to his credit. Then out in the
"field" Betty's long, lithe, beautiful body
shot into the air and one long, white arm
shot up to its full stretch.

A yell of triumph went up from her
side as Betty "spared" the ball and put
the runner out.

I remember the first night of her ap-
pearance as a vaudeville star.

Her mother was the widow of a minister
of the gospel and the family was very
poor—the worst possible kind of poor—
the poor of well-bred, cultured people.
The kind of poor that hurts. So, to be
frank about it, Betty had to go to work.
The family had raised and scraped to
ducate her voice. The time had come
for Betty to deliver.

As I remember it, most of the football
stars then out of the hospital attended
Betty's vaudeville début. Betty came out
with some kind of a peacock gown and a
bad case of stage-fright. She says it was
a rotten vaudeville act; but, anyhow, the
football boys nearly raised the roof.

It was the beginning of a long, hard
struggle.

There were times when it looked as tho
Betty was due for a big success; there
were other times, in New York, when it
looked as tho she had a fine chance liter-
ally to starve to death; when she had to
do serving for chorus-girls to get enough
to eat; when she found her adornment in
taking the ribbons off the flowers that
were sent her; when it seemed, as she says,
as tho there was just one too many people
in the world—and she was the extra one.

But in those bitter days, Betty took her
medicine without a whimper, as becomes a
girl whose little-girl pals were football
heroes, without one unbroken carcass be-
tween them.

She took her licking from Fate stand-
ing up and smiling.

And now that she is successful, famous,
and in a fair way to be rich, she is just
the same good sport as the tall, willowy
girl who spared the hot-liner that nearly
broke her fingers off on the beach that day
at Balboa.
And they didn’t dream they could sell their stories

Many new writers are winning outstanding success by writing for the screen and the magazines

MAGAZINE editors and motion picture producers are searching as never before for stories that are gripping and new, and they are offering large prizes in addition to the usual cash payments for acceptable material.

This is indeed the day of opportunity for new authors, and scores of men and women who never dreamed that they could enter the ranks of the professional writers are actually securing stories to the magazines and to motion picture producers.

The photographs of just five of these new authors are shown on this page, and their stories will be sold in the spirit of hope and guidance and an inspiration and a guide to every man and woman who has the priceless urge to write.

Scores of other students of the Palmer Institute of Authorship are also selling short stories, novels, plays, special articles and photo-plays.

The list includes Phyllis Cumberland, who sold "Tangled Lives," to Thomas H. Ince; Theodore Harper, who wrote "The Mushroom Boy," Miss Berenda King, who wrote "What Did the Bishop Say?"; John M. Byers, who sold his first play to a New York producer; Charles Shepherd, who wrote "The Ways of Ah Sin," Tadema Busiure, whose play, "The Open Gate," was given its premiere at the Morocco Theatre, Los Angeles, in October, 1924; C. G. Rahb, who sold "The Night Hawk," to Harry Carey, and Earle Kaufman, who won a $1,500 prize with his scenario, "The Leopard Lily." Another Palmer student has just sold a novel to Double-decker, Page & Co.

Few of these writers had ever written a line of publication before they enrolled with the Palmer Institute of Authorship.

Learn the technique of writing

Through the Institute's course in Short Story Writing and Photoplay Writing they learned the technique of story building and plot development—they learned right at home in spare time to write stories and photoplays acceptable to editors and motion picture producers—they learned how to write stories that sell.

Winfred Kinball, with this $10,000 prize in the contest, recently directed by the Chicago Daily News. His picture was produced by Goldwyn.

WINNER JOSYLN

We sold two stories for him in six months. "Ribbon Collector's Journal" and "Light Fingers and Tend."
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."

Mr. Eugene V. Brewster, publisher of Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture 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

---

Are You Reading Beauty?

BUIST'SSEEDS

OUR Free Garden Guide and Catalog is now ready to mail. This book contains 136 pages of expert advice—Also a Coupon worth 25c. on Seed Purchases of $1.00 or more. Send for a Free Copy Today

Bust's Record—Growing and Suppliy ing Seeds of the Highest Grade since 1825.

Free Flower Seeds with orders of 50c and over

ROBERT BUIST COMPANY

Dept. 10 Philadelphia, Pa.

---

Trailing the Eastern Stars (Continued from page 72)

Mr. Sills' daughter joined him around the Christmas holidays, his wife having left on a trip to India.

Did You Know That

M ARY MACLEAREN, sister of Katherine MacDonald, married a British army officer and is now living in her husband in India? Betty Bronson, the screen's own Peter Pan, played one of the ghosts in Dick Barnthelmess' picture, The Enchanted Cottage.

Rudolph Valentino speaks with an Italian accent.

Bebe Daniels has been seen frequently with Maurice, the dancer, but nothing more romantic to report.

S IDNEY OLCOTT, who has just completed work on his latest Paramount special, Salome of the Tenements, featuring Jetta Goudal, vows he made the first screen version of Ben Hur, and it was only a two-reeler.

"A pyrotechnic display was given at Sheepshead Bay, about fifteen years ago, along with a much advertised chariot race. 'Here's a beautiful opportunity to make Ben Hur cheap,' we all figured. So I took a cameraman and a couple of actors down to the track and shot the race. A reel of interiors added to this and, presto, Ben Hur was screened."

F RANCES HOWARD has made good. Having been hustled into the rôle of the Princess in Paramount's version of The Swan, Miss Howard made good. This despite the fact that it was her first experience in the movies and she continued her work as leading woman in The Best People, one of the season's stage hits. Frances has been cast by Paramount to play the featured feminine rôle in A Kiss in the Dark, adapted from the Cyril Maude stage success, Aren't We All? Adolphe Menjou and Ricardo Cortez are also featured.

C ONNWAY T EIBLE's wife, known in vaudeville as Adele Rowland, a star song-and-dance attraction, took an unusual step for her, upon returning recently for a brief (Continued on page 105)
there's nothing like it

No household should be without Sani-Flush. There is nothing else that does the same good work.

Sani-Flush cleans the toilet bowl—makes it sparkling white. It cleans the hidden, unhealthful trap which cannot be reached by other means. It destroys all foul odors. It makes the toilet sanitary.

Simply sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl—follow directions on the can—and flush. It is harmless to plumbing connections. Keep a can handy in the bathroom.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-size can.

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

The Hygienic Products Co.
Canton, Ohio

PLAY PIANO BY EAR


Advert.

BE A JAZZ MUSIC MASTER

Play Piano by Ear

Be a master of the piano. Learn to play Beethoven, Chopin, Debussy, or any composition in 5 weeks. No previous knowledge required. Supplied with music and full directions. Published by Henry L. Austin, 110 W. 23rd St., New York City.

Send for free book

FREY'S, 141 W. 36th St., New York City.

BUESCHER Band Instrument Co.
428 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Ind.

Don't be a wall-flower. Don't be a dawdler. Step out of the crowd and into the picture. Be able to do something to earn your welcome. Learn to play a Buescher Saxophone.

Easy to Play

Easy to Pay

You'll be astonished how quickly you master this beautiful instrument. It's not necessary to be talented—to be musically inclined. The Buescher Saxophone is so perfected and simplified that practically anyone can learn to play. The scale can be mastered in an hour; in a few weeks you will be playing popular airs. Practice is pleasure, because you learn so quickly. 6 days trial and easy payments.

Free

Send coupon or postal for a free copy of our latest Saxophone Book. Tells all about the various Buescher Saxophones, with pictures of the famous professionals and orchestras. Mention any other instrument in which you may be interested. 147

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.

Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments

428 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Ind.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Almost Unbelievable
You can hardly realize the wonderful improvement to your skin and complexion your mirror will reveal after using

GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM
It renders a charming, fascinating appearance instantly. No mussy rubbing in or long time treatment. But best of all, your appearance will show constant improvement through its consistent use.

Gouraud's Oriental Comprimettes
Are Gouraud's Oriental Cream in compact form with all of its Beautifying properties faithfully retained. Made in two sizes, 60c and $1.00, and seven shades, White, Flesh, Rachel Powders and Orange, Light, Medium and Dark Rouges.

SPECIAL OFFER
Send 50¢ for a Comprimette (any shade), a bottle of Gouraud's Oriental Cream and a bottle of Gouraud's Oriental Cleansing Oil Shampoo.
Name,...........................
Address,.........................
City,...........................
FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON, NEW YORK

"I Can Teach You to Dance Like This"
—Sergei Marinoff
You can study classic dancing in all its forms, Greek, synthetic, 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 the dance. Marinoff makes the training easy and fascinating. You have a complete studio in your home. The equipment consisting of practice costume, slippers, phonograph records, and dancing bat, are furnished free with the lessons.

Write Today!
Everyone interested in dancing should write to Sergei Marinoff at once and get complete information about his extended system of home instruction in Classic Dancing. This information is free. Write today.
Sergei Marinoff, School of Classic Dancing
2004 Southside Ave., Studio 12-13, Chicago

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.

———CUT HERE———
Subscription Department
BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
I am interested in your money-making plan. Please send full information at once.
Name,...........................
St. and No.,...........................
City,...........................
State,...........................

Advertising Section

Pat O'Malley in his first feature picture, which was a circus story.

Irish—and in Love
(Continued from page 27)
look at me reproachfully—like I had murdered his mother—and say, "Don't you appreciate this chance I am giving you to become an actor?"
"I told him it was the first time I ever knew an actor had to use a hammer; since then I have found out different.
"One day D. W. Griffith offered me a job at ten dollars a day. Then Alcott came and offered to raise me to thirty dollars a week, to play leads, if I'd stay.
"Is this one of those leading parts I play with a hammer and nails?" I asked. Alcott swore this was a regular part with nothing but-honor and glory.
"The company was about to go to Ireland to put on a picture there; but when we got there I found that part of my job was to square the police and borrow all the old furniture.
"One day they asked me to get a bed that belonged to a queer old codger. I think it was the County Donegal we were in. They wanted to borrow the old fellow's bed, but he wouldn't listen to it at all. Finally Alcott appealed to me to go down and wheedle the old man into it.
"And so I did. I told him that all his relatives in America would be fancying that they, with all their riches, had it over him and here was the chance for him to show them such a bed as no one of them ever saw in their whole lives. And so we got the bed. And of course the prop men forgot to return it and a rain came on and here was the old fellow sitting up all night in the rain, without his bed to sleep in, and getting no better in temper as he got wetter. The next morning we heard that he was out with his gun to shoot the first motion picture man he saw.
"And here comes Alcott and says: 'Pet, just go down and explain it to the old man, will you?'
"And me being that good nature I never could refuse, I went down to be murdered.
"I escaped with my life by joining the old man in his man hunt. I got a gun too and we went around together hunting for motion picture prop men with borrowed beds. And so we went from one saloon to another until the old fellow was so drunk he couldn't see a bed; and so I didn't get killed."
Pat says after all these adventures it was falling in love that turned his luck.
He got married and now he has the happiest home in Hollywood, with a charming wife and three beautiful little daughters.
And Pat says he can't understand how it is at all: but as he has stopped falling in love, he has become in great demand as a screen lover.
I WAS FAT
NOW I ONLY WEIGH
130 POUNDS
Took Off 50 Pounds in 8
Weeks—No Diet, Exercises,
Creams, Dangerous Drugs
or Worthless Reducing
Girdles.

Latest French Way to
Take Off FAT—It's Safe
and Lasting

"Dear Fat Folks: Let me tell you the truth about fat. Do not be fooled by believing you can check a fatty condition in your system by going through weakening diets, strenuous exercises, rubbing your body with creams or lotions or by using any of the old ways of reducing. If these were effective, THERE WOULDN'T BE A FAT MAN OR WOMAN IN THE COUNTRY today, as diets, exercises, creams and old remedies have been tried for years. Do not think for a minute that you can take off fat by wearing so-called reducing garments—it cannot be done. I personally know the horror of being fat—I went through it. Not only did I feel ashamed of my figure, but, worse still, I never was or happy like the rest of the girls—I always had pains in my back or limbs, my feet ached, my head was dizzy—ALL THAT BECAUSE I WAS PLAXING MY FRAME WITH 50 POUNDS OF EXCESS FAT WHICH NATURE DID NOT INTEND FOR ME TO CARRY. I had spent a small fortune trying everything known to reduce, but never succeeded until one day I met a French Scientist who had devoted his life to the study of 'fat forming cells' in the human body; he found out how to stop any fat man or woman into a normal regular size person. Thanks to his advice, I easily and safely lost 50 pounds in eight weeks, and improved my looks and health 100%. I want every one of you fat people to do the same. Since I have explained my discovery in this country I have literally been stopped with letters of thanks from men and women who have taken off from 10 to 50 pounds of excess fat. What did I do? I can do for you. I hope any desire after a healthy, happy, young and vigorous life, I can help. Use the coupon below and mail it to me. As a gift with this advertisement, I will write and send you ABDULECTLY FREE OF CHARGE personal and confidential directions on what to do to reduce your weight and get a normal, perfect figure.

SEND TODAY FREE COUPON BELOW
MADAME ELAINE, Dept. 35
50 West St., New York City.

Name...........................................
Town...........................................
State...........................................

To receive free of charge full information on how to safely and easily reduce. If you care to, enclose 5 cents in stamps to help cover expenses.

Wonderful, new device, guides your hands, corrects mistakes, prepares in five minutes, improvement in one hour, no failures. Complete outline FREE.
Write C. J. Urment, Dept. 35, St. Louis, Mo.

Bebe Daniels and Tom Moore
Do excellent work in Dangerous Money

Critical Paragraphs About
New Productions
(Continued from page 101)

Married Flirts

A LESSON in morality is served up in this picture. For it tells of badly balanced marriages—of women who flirt with other women's husbands,—of women who make careers and break their hearts. The film is adapted from Louis Joseph Vance's novel, Mrs. Paramar, and features a vamp who wins another woman's husband. She casts him aside and marries another man. And the outraged wife proceeds to adopt the same tactics. She vamps the vamp's husband, a quartet of players, Mae Busch, Pauline Frederick, Huntley Gordon and Conrad Nagel, succeed pretty well in making it entertaining.

The Great Diamond Mystery

GREAT effort is made to build up a line of mystery in this picture, the plot of which doesn't warrant it. One looks for a story within a story when the heroine has a murder mystery tale accepted by a publisher. But it soon loses contact with this thread and develops around this very heroine attempting to prove the accepted theory that a murderer returns to the scene of his crime.

Several convenient devices and loose ends are uncovered which tend to destroy the unity of the plot. One surprise is offered. The director does not show a last minute chase with the governor saving the youth with a 'nick of time' pardon. Shirley Mason is the star—and William Collier, Jr., the innocent boy she saves.

Roaring Rails

It's good, old-fashioned, primitive melo-drama that is with us in this Harry Carey number. The star instead of driving a horse of flesh and blood drives an iron horse in a picture which calls upon every conceivable element to bring forth unadulterated action, suspense, thrills, heart interest and sentiment. Villainy is painted in the deepest-dyed colors—and virtue wears a halo.

The action comes right out in the open and tells of a locomotive engineer who permits his train to plunge over a bridge while rescuing a youngster from falling out of the cab. Discharged, the engineer becomes a hobo—and takes the kid along with him. And the trump wins back a job, saves the

(Continued on page 124)

40 Days' Free Trial

Yes, We Will Positively
Ship You

this splendid Underwood upon receipt of only $5.

It is by far the most liberal typewriter offer that has ever been made on so perfect a machine. Nearly two million Underwoods have been made and sold, proving conclusively that it is superior to all others in simplicity, ruggedness, mechanical perfection and all-around excellence.

5-Year Written Guarantee

Easy Monthly Payments

You can take this Underwood tomorrow and pay for it with six or ten easy monthly payments. Just fill out a coupon, send it in, and we will send you the Underwood, either in exchange, 100% HD, or your money refunded. You can take this Underwood and pay for it with six or ten easy monthly payments.

Your Money Back

If you decide for any reasons whatever that you do not care for it, you may return it to us at our expense and every penny paid will be refunded.

Obligation on Your Part

If you agree to take this Underwood now at the special price of only $5, you have no obligation on your part.

Free Book of Facts

Free with Every Typewriter

A complete course in touch typewriting. You don't have to know how to operate a typewriter. You can learn to operate this machine in one day. We give free a waterproof cover and all tools that come with a typewriter.

ACT NOW! Mail his coupon today.

SHIPMAN-WARD MFG. CO.
1028 Shipman Bldg., Chicago

Send me your big bargain catalog and complete details of this surprising offer, without obligation on my part.
NAME...........................................

STREET...........................................

CITY...........................................

STATE...........................................

WASHINGTON NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION INC.
1111 16th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

103 PAGE 28

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
**The World Measures Men "Head First"**

GLO-CO LIQUID HAIR DRESSING

~ For Real Men and Boys: Insures that business and social asset, a neat and natural hair comb all day.

At Drug Counters and Barbershops Everywhere

(M) 10c

Send 10c for Sample Bottle to Noremy Products Co., 611 McKinley Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Name

Address

How Many Pounds Would You Like to Gain in a Week?

If you are thin and want to gain weight, weak and want to be strong, I will send you a sample of famous Alexander Vitamines absolutely Free. No money, just name and address for sample. Alexander Laboratories, 2251 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.

---

**Advertising Section**

“Close-Ups of Cut-Backs" (Continued from page 58)

sophistication. I was the wife and while I sat at my window, I noticed out in the street that everybody was wearing a new hat. I wanted one and Bunny and I went out to shop. I tried on hat after hat and nothing pleased me. Finally, just as I saw the hat I wanted, another woman bought it, and walked out of the shop with it. In my frantic dash after her, I broke my leg. But I pursued her in a wheelchair and at last persuaded her, by offering twice the original price of the hat, to sell it to me. The last scene showed me wearing my new hat and a blissful smile, even tho Bunny had lost control of the wheelchair and I was coasting down hill.

John Bunny was one of the most dearly beloved of the film stars, both in the studio and out, tho he was funny only when he worked. On the streets, people would follow him for blocks and call out, "Oh, Bunny!"

Whenever he passed thru towns, he was spotted immediately. His extraordi-
nary girth and his kindly face never escaped recognition. At baseball games he was received as the Prince of Wales is now. He was very good-natured about the insistence of his numerous admirers, even tho some of them sorely tried his patience. Around the studios, Bunny loved to sleep and he fell asleep almost as soon as he sat down, with no work to do. Many was the tug at his sleeves required to bring him back to consciousness.

Bunny was the soul of kindness. When he had saved enough money, he bought what is every actor’s dream of Paradise, a permanent home. He raised chickens and never got over enthusiasm about the wonder of new-laid eggs. Every chance he had he brought the fresh eggs with him and distributed them to the company as if they were theirs. Mrs. Bunny was just as good-natured. She used to make English puddings for us, and cakes.

Everyone outside the studio insisted on calling me Mrs. Bunny, and Mr. Bunny and I once agreed to have a picture taken of him and me and Mrs. Bunny. Even after he died, that rumor persisted, and people used to eye me first with pity for my bereavement and contempt afterward, if I laughed or jested.

I was often recognized, but not so

---

**Gray Hair Banished in 15 minutes**

Thousands of women of the most exacting discrimination are jointly using INECTO RAPID Notox for this one

INCTO RAPID Notox, created by science expressly for coloring the sensitive portions of human hair, has been scientifically guar-
anteed to remain permanently the original color of the hair or faded hair. It may be had in 18 shades, from radiant blonde to raven black and even under the closest scrutiny in application cannot be de-
tected. This is another rub of not be af-
fected by shampooing, greasing, salt water, perspiration, sunlight, Turkish or Russian baths, or without permanent wav-
ing—and permanent waving does not af-
flect INECTO RAPID Notox. Contains no paraphenylenediamine.

The highest class Hairdressing from coast to coast we endorse INECTO RAP-
ID Notox as do the many thousands of American women who apply it in in-
numerable ways within the privacy of their homes. The perfect color-Area of limitations—look for NOTOX on the package. It is your protection.

SEND NO MONEY

Merely ask to send particulars about INECTO RAPID Notox and our Delicious Chart. L.13.

INCTO, Inc.
Laboratories and Salons
913 West 68th Street
New York, N.Y.

Sold by best beauty shops.

Drug and Department Stores

---

**Deafness**

Perfect hearing is now being re-
stored in every condition of deaf-
ness, caused by all causes such as Cataract Deaf-
ness, Related or Sunken Drum, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drum. Discharge from Ear, etc.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums "Little Wireless Phonos for the Ears" require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the naturally ear, and are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they remain, being almost invisible to the outside world. Write today for our 16 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.

Wilson Ear Drum Co., Incorporated.
617 Inter-Southern Bldg., LOUISVILLE, KY.

---

**DON’ T WEAR A TRUSS BE COMFORTABLE**

Wear the Brooks Appliances the modern scientific invention which gives support, comfort and the feeling of being free. It has no obtrusive springs or pads. Artificialized leather in every part of the appliance and draws together the broken parts. No nails or pins or Durable Cloth. Brooks is the only guaranteed appliance. None of other make or kind. See and examine before you buy. No cost. E. P. B. Brooks, E. P. Brooks, Inc., 820 Broadway, N. Y. or Brook’s Appliance Co., 211 State St., Marshall, Mich.

---

**TALKING MACHINE WE PAY CHARGES**

Handsome metal case including 1 record given. Prepaid for selling only 12 boxes Men and Women Save the thirty special price, Inc. Return the U.S. Mail post card in 30 days. We trust you. Order today.


---

**GIVEN - TALKING MACHINE WE PAY CHARGES**

Handsome metal case including 1 record given prepaid for selling only 12 boxes Men and Women Save the thirty special price, Inc. Return the U.S. Mail post card in 30 days. We trust you. Order today.


---

**Banish Your Moles**

with DESINEV—GUARANTEED HOME TREATMENT

Write for booklet of information, Inc.

O. C. B. BROWNAMON, INC.
1207 Laclede Plaza, St. Louis, Mo.

---

**Sweeter Song**

Charles Brown and Flora Finch in an old Vitagraph comedy, The Minister’s Daughter

---

**Glo-Co**
Mansfield

Altho. J. her 250 have a photograph.

The Craig Fiction Novelettes of Howard Cook's the twenty-five-cent psychological detective. Craig Kennedy is known the power of the human brain over the forces of the evil dog.

Craig Kennedy is modern. The crimes he solves and the methods that he uses are those of to-day and those of to-morrow. He is a regular contributor to this magazine of detective fiction.

The most popular authors of detective fiction and special articles on crime are regular contributors to this new and spontaneously popular weekly.

The January 3rd issue, now on sale at all newsstands, contains the following feature stories:

Serials

Escape! 

Mansfield Scott

Ghosts House

J. S. Fisher

The Marchmont Mystery

Monacle of Manhattan

Richard E. Knight

The Sign of Evil

Anthony Wynne

Special Articles

Forty Years a Manhattan Jack.

What Thought Did

Ray Cummings

192 Pages 10 Cents Fiction with the Thrill of Truth!

The Red Star News Company

280 Broadway New York City

Advertising Section

often as Bunny. And that reminds me about the "personal appearances" that were so popular. We were paid ten dollars every time we appeared in person in movie theaters, in conjunction with our pictures, and some of the best known stars today, who are careful never or hardly ever to let themselves be seen by movie fans on the street, were pleased beyond measure for making extra money. And quite a bit we made, too.

Sometimes we visited theaters in an evening or two a week, but every little bit helped. We usually spoke about the picture, any difficulty in its making or kindred subjects.

Movies were not so popular then as they are now, to be sure, but we each got our share of fan mail and how we cherished those letters. Every one of them was answered by hand and often accompanied by a photograph. It was a great expense but worth it, for the realization that one pleases is always gratifying.

Many of the old stars are now no longer heard from. Some have died but more have simply dropped out. Those who have remained are among the leading actresses and actors in the world and their success is, I feel, due in no small degree to the talent of Mr. Griffith. He discovered so many hidden talents. It took his unerring eye to perceive Constance Talman's gift for comedy and her wild charm. He emphasized these qualities in "Intolerance", where she played the mountain girl. He recognized Lilian Gish's wistfulness. And Mary Pickford's winsomeness. My own talents lay in comedy, for which no doubt my old-time appearance has fitted me. Altho I am about five and a half feet tall, I weigh only one hundred pounds, and from the start I have been in comedies. Some have said that I played in custard-pie comedies, but that is not true. I have never in all my days had a pie thrown at me, and that in itself is a distinction few actors in old comedies can claim.

Trailing the Eastern Stars (Continued from page 100)

stay in the two-a-day. Mrs. Tread was advertised as Mrs. Conway Treadle. He marked this first time in her sparkling vaudeville career that she has abandoned the name, Adele Rowland.

That night Jack Pickford's charming and adored young wife, Marilyn Miller, appeared as the star of the musical-dancing version of Barrie's "Peter Pan", the attention Jack sent her an enormous floral gift. Enclosed in a miniature cabinet, eight feet high and five feet wide, were flowers. The next day she sent her husband's offering and all flowers received to the children's hospital.

Bessie Love is another Hollywoodite who has decided to make her home in New York. When Bessie came on to play with Tom Meighan in his last picture, "Tongues of Flame", she liked our lil' town so much that after a serious confab, her mother returned to the Coast to dispose of their home. Bessie has her ukulele with her and in the midst of assembling a Bessie Love jazz orchestra like she had on the Coast. Bessie sure strums a mean uke!

Barbara La Marr is one movie star who must work steadily in stories like hers or she becomes moody and unhappy. She is completing work in "Hail and Farewell", and when she talks about the picture, her eyes sparkle and she fairly radiates enthusiasm.
AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Write for Free Samples. Sell Madison “Detective” Stare in your locality. No capital or experience required. Meta Chemical, Cleveland, Ohio, is the manufacturer. MADISON MILLS, 561 Broadway, New York.

Why not sell us your spare time, $2 an hour, $10.50 daily wage for full time, introducing New Style guaranteed honesty, 57 styles, 37 colors. No capital or experience necessary, write orders. We deliver and collect. YOUR PAY DAILY, also monthly bonus. Free autos besides. Elegant outfit furnished. All colors, grades, including silk, velvets, chiffons. Walbro Cloth Co., Station 2852, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents—Quick sales, big profits, outfit free. Cash or credit. Sales in every home for our high-class line of Pure Food Products, Sauces, Perfumes, Toilet Articles, etc. Write to-day for money-making proposition. Michell Products Co., 2122 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio. $250.00 to $600.00 a month! You can earn this and more, every month taking orders for our sensational $2.50 all wood suits and top-coats from the town of your town and county. Experience isn’t necessary and spare time will do, provided you’re honest, dependable and willing to work. If you are, write us at once to Dept. 222, WILLIAM C. BARTLETT, Inc., 550 W. Adams St., Chicago.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

U. S. Government positions. Men, women, 16 up, $500-$1250 monthly. Steady, Paid vacation, Vacations paid. Applicants must be capable of filling orders, Write Mr. Osmund, 294, St. Louis, Mo., immediately.

Girls, women, 16 up. Learn gown-making at home. Earn $25.00 week. Learn while earning. Experienced women can write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. W-598, Rochester, N. Y.

Make money at home. Write for a free card. We instruct and sell materials. Knits, Shawl Yarn System, 62-K Bond, Toronto, Canada.

HELP WANTED—MALE

Be a Detective—Exceptional opportunity; earn big money. Travel. Thousands of dollars offered in sure and decent contracts. Write G. T. Ludwig, 556 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.


HEMSTITCHING AND PICOTING


HOW TO ENTERTAIN


MAIL ORDER METHODS

$5 A WEEK EVENINGS HOME. I made it with small mail order business started with $3. I guarantee you will make $5 a week, if you work 4 hours a day, 5 days a week. No capital required. It will cost you only 25 cents. One dozen Articles free. I trust you for $3. Along Scott, Cohoes, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

FORMULAS—Processes, new and easy to make—sell Cash, Checks, etc. Weeds killer, cedars, syrups, Extracts, Beverages, etc. Valuable information all sent for free. Allmotion Moving Picture Co., 3322 White Building, Seattle, Wash.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 Profit Monthly—Small capital starts you. No experience necessary. Write for full facts. All supplies and instructions are on deposit by government institutions. Catalogue free. All Motion Moving Picture Co., 451 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

NEWS CORRESPONDENCE

Earn $25 weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines, etc. Write, 15 S. Wabash, Chicago. Copyright book free. Press Syndicate, 961, St. Louis, Mo.

OLD MONEY WANTED

Old Money Wanted. We paid $2,500.00 for one silver dollar to Mr. Manning, of Albany, N. Y. We buy all rare coins and pay highest cash price. Send for your free price list. WE PAY CASH. Clarke Coin Co., 1 S. 10th, St. Louis, Mo.

PATENTS


PHOTOPLAYS

Send to-day for free copy Writer’s Digest. Tells how to make your own Photoplays, poems, songs, short stories, novels. Writer’s Digest, B-22, East 126th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Stories and Photo Play Ideas Wanted by 49 companies; big pay. Details free to beginners. Producers, 934, 441, St. Louis, Mo., and Peoria, Ill.

$8 FOR PHOTOPLAY IDEAS. Plots accepted in any form; revised, criticized, copyrighted, marketed. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corporation, 500 Secord Bldg., Los Angeles, California.

Successful Photoplays Bring Big Money. Our new method secures big sales. Full instructions for writers. Send for free copy. Successful Photo Play, Box 43, Des Moines, Iowa.

STORIES WANTED

Earn $25 weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines, etc. Copyright book free. Press Syndicate, 960, St. Louis, Mo.


Stories, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Good ideas bring big money. Seeinm Mfg. or write Literary Bureau, 159 Hamilton, Mo.

Short stories, novels, articles, etc., revised and published. Let us handle your work. Send manuscript or write H. L. Hurst, Des Moines, Iowa.

Typewriters


VAUDEVILLE

Get On the Stage, I tell you how! Personality, confidence, skill developed. Experience unnecessary. Send for postage free illustrated Stage Book and particulars. M. LaBelle, Box 557, Los Angeles, Cal.

Romola (Continued from page 93)

eyes toward the door where his jailer stood beckoning. The man answered the question of his look. "Savonarola was burned for it," he said, "but he and with unctious, "but his heart was found whole in the ashes and would not burn. People say it is a sign they have killed a holy man, but I believe the first step was to make him walk with his pockets full of jewels worth a man's ransom. It was not until several days later that they found him. Tito was not the only one. The city is full and there is a rumour that there is a special train to Melema to take the blame of the deed!"

Tito Melema's destiny, which had led him to become the idol of Florence, led him to take the end which he had chosen for himself three days before when he first set foot in the city with his pockets full of jewels worth a man's ransom. It was not until several days later that they found him. Tito was not the only one. The city is full and there is a rumour that there is a special train to Melema to take the blame of the deed!

O n a fair spring day, when the hillsides above Florence were starred with peach blossoms and the highway was a carpet of white, Tito was set in a sky of blinding blue, Carlo Bucellini stepped once more thru the bronze gates of the Palace Bardi. But now his face no longer burned under the cloudless sky. His eyes were bloodshot and his face thin. He was not the same man that had left his country with the scent of antiquity. A shem of childish laughter drew him to the loggia with its outlook over the roofs of Florence and the hills beneath the moon. A tiny boy with bold, beautiful, dark eyes dashed by him and a woman's tones rose in delighted protest, "Oh, Tito! What a splendid one—whatever shall I do with you?"

"Don't scold him, Tessa!" Romola's voice answered; and then, in a rich throaty coo, "See, she is salec. I am almost afraid to breathe."

Thru the doorway he saw her in a gown of some blue stuff beating above the baby in her arms and he looked away. What man, he thought, was worthy to gaze on such a sight? Then her eyes lifted to him, and she laid the child in the arms of the man who had hurried by him with a stare of curiosity from wide childish eyes.

The days when he was a child, standing before her, "I shall paint you as a Madonna."

"Tessa's baby," Romola said gravity, "will soon be too big to hold."

A silence fell between them, filled of unspoken things. And then far in the distance the bells of the Duomo began to ring. Romola turned. "They are the first sounds I can remember. They will be ringing centuries ago, you'll see."

The sun was warm upon Carlo's head. Life ran thru his veins. He leaned toward her with the question that was on his lips, "are we here, Romola? The world belongs to us for a little while. Some day I shall tell you a story of a man who lived among dreams because he was afraid to wake up until his eyes were opened and he saw that Life was more beautiful than any dream could have been.

He stopped, trembling at his daring. Perhaps she had frightened her—perhaps she would draw away in anger. But the little hand lying close to his did not stir and dare to raise her face to his eyes. No, he had been afraid! he had been afraid! he had been afraid! he had been afraid!

"Why, we were some day?" said Ro-

mola. "Tell me now—"
On the Camera Coast
(Continued from page 88)

have been filming Peter B. Kyne's *Never the Twin Shall Meet*, under the direction of Maurice Tourneur.

**Henry Lehman** has had another unfortunate love affair. He is suing Mary Alice Lehman for divorce. They were married in 1922, and he says she offended him by throwing the household furniture at him.

At this writing, Hollywood is in a state of bewildered excitement as to whether or not D. W. Griffith is coming back to California. Joseph Schenck, the new boss of the United Artists, says in great confidence that he is, and from the Griffith office in New York comes the equally confidential whisper that it's all bunk; he isn't. As every one knows, Mr. Griffith dislikes California, but he has found production in the East to be impractical.

Another social explosion! Jacqueline Logan's mother comes to the front and announces that it is absurd to suppose that she would allow her angel child to become engaged to George Melford, her director. "Why," she said, "do you suppose I would allow Jackie to be engaged to a man who already has a wife?" Anyhow, he is too old for my baby girl. She is not yet twenty-two.

Jacqueline, for her part, corroborates the fact that Hollywood's most sensational romance is at an end. "There never was an engagement," she explains. "As he was my director, there was bound to be a little attachment."

**Nazimova's** worries are over. She started the making of *Madonna of the Streets* with the very frank statement that she didn't know whether or not the public would continue to accept her. The result of that picture was a triumph, at least, for her personally. As a result, she is making another picture; it is *The Pearls of the Madonna*, with J. Stuart Blackton, for Vitagraph. After finishing this, she is to be starred in a series of pictures by Edwin Carewe. She appears to be just as strong as ever with the public.

**Avv Cornwall**, after a long absence from the screen, is with Douglas MacLean as his leading lady.

George Fawcett is to play the part of the old king in *The Merry Widow*, with von Stroheim directing.

James Kirkwood is going back to the stage again.

Margaret Edwards, the young girl who took the break away from the film world some years ago by appearing in Lois Weber's *Hypocrites* absolutely, unclothed, is back in Hollywood. She is looking for a film engagement—this time with clothes.

Hal Roach has sent a company out to Nevada, with his horse, Rex, to round up and picture the last band of wild horses in the United States.
Many a poem has been written about Milady's fingers. Many a picture has been painted. But never a poem, or never a picture that equals the grace and loveliness of beautiful nails themselves!

Now that Glazo has made them a matter of seconds, there's no longer any reason why the hands of even the busiest woman should not always look their loveliest.

Just a deft touch with the handy Glazo brush once a week! That's all you need to keep your nails in the pink of condition and glowing with that soft lustre that good taste and good breeding demand. Soap and water will not dull your Glazo manicure, nor will your nails crack or peel when protected by this splendid polish.

Use the Remover that comes with Every Package

GLAZO is the original Liquid Polish. It comes complete with separate remover, which not only insures better results but prevents the waste that occurs when the Polish itself is used as a remover.

Stop at your favorite toiler goods counter today and get the GLAZO package. It will mean lovely nails always, with the minimum of exertion and expense. 50¢ at all counters.

The Movies Are Growing Up

(Continued from page 55)

Mary Fuller and Maurice Costello, great favorites of the early days, in a scene from Dr. Le Fleur's Theory, produced in 1907.
COMING—
The funniest farce-comedy ever screened—
"CHARLEY'S AUNT"
with
SYD CHAPLIN

As a stage play "CHARLEY'S AUNT" made millions laugh during its 34 years of continuous showing all over the world. It is the most successful farce comedy ever written.

Al Christie's film production is one of the high spots in the history of motion picture comedy. Watch the announcements in local newspapers for first showings. "CHARLEY'S AUNT" will be shown at BEST THEATRES EVERYWHERE. Don't miss it!

A CHRISTIE PRODUCTION MEANS QUALITY COMEDY ENTERTAINMENT
Released through Producers' Distributing Corporation.
That's Out

(Continued from page 67)

a bright future. Then suddenly something happened. Eleanor seemed to slide backward instead of forward. In the past year she has been eclipsed by several other young actresses who have come rapidly to the fore. The writer has always felt confident that Miss Boardman would one day fight her way to the top by dint of personality and clever performances, and it is comforting to note that this capable young actress is once again coming into the limelight.

In Sinners in Silk Eleanor gives a performance that proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that, if given the proper roles, she can take a place beside the most talented young actresses of the day.

The Prize Film of 1924

A DOLPH ZUKOR has offered an award of $10,000 for the best picture story filmed during 1924, up to September first, the idea being to encourage authors to write better material for the screen.

Our choice for the prize is the J. K. McDonald production, Boy of Mine, from the pen of Booth Tarkington. Not only was Boy of Mine in many ways the finest film of the year—and one of the greatest pictures of all time—but it was an original story written expressly for the silent drama, which should be one of the most important considerations.

Boy of Mine was great because of its humanness, its simplicity and its sincerity. So far as continuity and treatment are concerned, it is probably the most nearly perfect photoplay that has ever been made. But perhaps its naturality and unpresumingness will be the very factors that will count most against it with the learned judges who are going to decide what kind of pictures the screen should have, for Boy of Mine had neither mammoth sets, huge mobs nor did it cost a million dollars to produce. And how, in the name of all our critics and judges who are setting up our movie standards, can a film production be worth of much consideration when it lacks all of these important elements?

The Big-Hearted Banker

A GATHERING of prominent bankers in New York recently announced that they have come to the conclusion that (Continued on page 117)

Federal School of Illustrating

Federal School of Illustrating, 209 Federal School Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Name______________________________Age______________________

Occupation__________________________Address__________________

Learn Illustrating

Our new catalog "A Road To Bigger Things" tells you how. You will also be interested in the illustrations and comments by Nyea McMein, Leyendecker and other nationally known artists who are among the Federal authors and contributors. Just fill out the coupon below, send it to us with six cents in stamps and we will send you your copy.

209 Federal School Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

ADVERTISING SECTION

WASH AWAY FAT...and Years of Age

La-Mar Reducing Soap

The new discovery. Results quick and amazing—without diet or exercise. Reduces any part of body desired without affecting other parts. No dieting or exercising. Be as fat as you please. Acts like magic in reducing double chin, abdomen, unattractive wrists, arms and shoulders, large breasts or any superficial 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. Use to three cakes usually accomplishes its purpose. Send cash or money-ordertoday. You'll be surprised at result.

LA-MAR LABORATORIES

504-L Perry-Payne Bldg., Cleveland, O.

DEVELOPS BUST LIKE MAGIC!

Develops bust, neck or arm development from 21 inches to 36 inches. Effect is permanent and unprecedentedly quick. Nonsense cast off, normalcy is accomplished quickly.メール untarnished elegance. Conditional free trial of knack now—free sample given. For tomorrow's bust, you now—Millie. Sophie Rapport, Inc.

ASEL 1, 605 Fifth Ave., New York.

PLAYS


ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE. WRITE NOW.

I. S. Demson & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 45, Chicago

Superbly HAIR ALL GONE

Forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root without pain or injury to the skin in the privacy of your own home.

Send today's stamps for free booklet.

D. J. MAHLER CO., 63-8 Mahler Park, Providence, R.I.

FREE WRIST WATCH

With every wrapt order of 12 or more wraps, your name engraved FREE. Loosen your purse strings and order now. Day and night success is ours. Send today's stamps for free booklet.


FREE WRIST WATCH

With every wrapt order of 12 or more wraps, your name engraved FREE. Loosen your purse strings and order now. Day and night success is ours. Send today's stamps for free booklet.


High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home in just 2 years. You need only one hour daily. Easy-to-follow lessons teach all required high school subjects. Write today and we will describe our easy course in detail.

AMERICAN SCHOOL

Dept. 5-255, Brentwood Ave. & 5th St. Chicago.
A Clear Soft Velvety Skin Quickly Yours

"Through My New Secret Methods"

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 astounded at the improvement you can easily and quickly accomplish. My Secrets of Beauty tell you the beauty secrets based on the arts of beauty culture used in the days of the old French Courts, by the most beautiful women of all times. Those and many other beauty secrets to give you a soft, velvety skin, flushed with the true tints of nature, to restore and preserve youthful appearance, and make you the center of admiration and attention, are all disclosed in my Booklet entitled "Making Beauty Yours." Read your free Booklet, "Making Beauty Yours."  

Send for My Booklet—FREE

Just clip this coupon, write your name, address, and city, and mail it to me today. Don't pass this golden chance to win Real Beauty! Imagine! It can be yours, for absolutely nothing, and you'll be delighted that you did. There is information in the booklet valuable to every living woman, whether home or beautiful.
If you lack this one thing—

Many of your friends have lost it—many others are losing it—and if you lack this one thing...

But it’s no use dwelling on the unpleasantness of being over-weight. Every woman hates it. Every woman fears it. Yes, it is so unnecessary!

Slenderness can be acquired easily and pleasantly. For many years Marmola Tablets have brought the health and vigor of a slender figure to thousands of men and women. No diets, no exercises—just Marmola Tablets. Try them.

All drug stores have them—one dollar a box. Or they will be sent in plain wrappings, postpaid, by the Marmola Co., 1714 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

February Motion Picture Classic

Genuine Diamonds Sent for BARGAINS

These articles cannot be equalled anywhere for cash. Guarantee with each article absolutely satisfaction of money back.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lady’s Ring</td>
<td>$25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Platinum Ring</td>
<td>$29.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 Day’s FREE TRIAL</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lady’s Ring</td>
<td>$25.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gentle Man’s Ring</td>
<td>$57.50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Simply Send $2

We will then send you your choice of above list. Wear it ten days and if you don’t agree it is an amazing bargain, we will refund your money. If satisfied, pay balance in 10 equal monthly installments. You take no risk. Don’t delay.

Free

Send today for big catalog showing thousands of other bargains in diamonds, watches and jewelry. Prices $10 to $100. Wonderful values. Cash or Credit.

Established 1890
Write Dept. 228

LET US SOLVE YOUR MONEY PROBLEM

You are probably like hundreds of thousands of other good people—you just simply can’t get enough money together to buy needed comforts or little luxuries that you so much desire. You probably are permitting your financial difficulties to give you a great deal of worry, and you know worry is likely to make you very dissatisfied with life; now we can help you if you are willing to help yourself.

There Is No Investment Necessary For Our Proposition

All you need do is to carry out our instructions. Our work will not interfere in any way with your present duties. We only ask you to give your spare time to our light, pleasant task of collecting renewals and soliciting new subscribers for our universally known magazines, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, BEAUTY and MOVIE THRILLERS.

Fill in your name and address on the attached coupon and let us tell you how you can increase your present income materially.

Subscription Dept.
BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc., 175 DuBay St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

I am interested in having more money. Please tell me how I can get it through your plan.

Name

St. and No.

City

State

(Continued from page 96)

The Story of My Life

willow plume, a lace coat and a silk umbrella to complete the elegance of my costume, and went out to the 101 Bison Co. Studio, the company that later became the Triangle. Cowboys, Indians and other inhabitants of the great open spaces were hanging about the outside of the frame building.

Henry B. Seidler, the manager took my name. She was Bebe Daniels’ mother. While I waited to see the director I glanced about at the other women who were also waiting, and my heart sank. One of them was Miss Ginger. The girl beside me wore a shirtwaist with a V-neck, too low to suit my ideas of propriety. I began to wonder whether I were not in a “bad crowd,” such as I had read about, and when I was ushered into the director’s office I was sure of it. He sat and stared at me, his eyes never leaving my face as I told him of my ambition to become a picture star. By the time he spoke I had made up my mind that if I got safely away I would come back.

He offered me a part in a picture which they were going to begin making the next morning. With trembling knees I got up and, murmuring something, fled for the door, as later I was to flee from dark-browed villains. Afterward I learned that the poor man was quite deaf and, being too proud of his ability to have formed the habit of watching people’s lips and reading them. But I did not return the next morning, and that ended my first experience with the movies.

My funds were very low, so I accepted the best thing I could find, a part of a “sister act” in a Los Angeles vaudeville house, and at the same time went out to the Biograph Studio, where the Lloyd Hamilton comedies are made now, and registered, without much hope, for the Biograph was the aristocrat of Hollywood. Mr. Griffith saw me as I came out and had a man follow me to find out where I lived. When I came home from the first night of the “sister act,” there was a phone call telling me to report at the Biograph Studio the next morning!

Mary Pickford had just left the company. Mr. Griffith asked me a few questions and then abruptly offered me a small part. “Take off your hat now,” he said; “you can begin work right away.”

I could hardly keep from crying as I explained miserably that it wouldn’t be honorable for me to leave my act without notice. He shrugged his shoulders and glanced away—and my second chance was gone! Unfairly enough, I connected my disappointment with that wretched “sister act” and hated it religiously, though I stuck it out. The stage manager, who tried to cover a soft heart with a gruff exterior, told me I ought to be in pictures and he was going to get me in, but I did not take him seriously. By this time I had met most of the movie people, and Mack Sennett used to call me up and tell me he had a part for me in one of his comedies.

Is it the lead? I would ask. The nerve of me! “I’ll succeed or fail as a lead, but I won’t do bits or atmosphere or extra.”

You certainly are independent, young lady,” Mack would exclaim. I was doing a “single” in vaudeville at San Diego when I got an offer to sing in a musical comedy. They wanted to sign me for six weeks, but I would only promise to try it out for two. I traveled all night to attend the first rehearsal, and found a message waiting me at home. “Mr. Chandler of Kalem wants you to call him up.”
Movie Acting!

A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are adapted to this work? Send for our Tenth Booklet, "Movie Acting." It tells like for twelve years how to succeed in this fascinating work. Send dime or stamps today. A large, interesting, illustrated booklet on Movie Acting included FREE.

FILM INFORMATION BUREAU, St. W., Jackson, Mich.

Have Shapely Feet Unmarried by BUNIONS

FASHION and comfort demand shapely feet. Unmarried by BUNIONS is thetitle ot our new booklet, which contains up-to-date facts about the origin of bunions and how to prevent and cure them. Send 10 cents or two stamps for your copy. Address the Foundation, 64 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Advertising Section

FURNESS—BERMUDA LINE

BERMUDA—
Playground of Eternal Springtime
(Average Yearly Temps of 70°)

On the York
Sailings Twice Weekly from New York—Wed. and Sat.

Tickets good on either trip, including unexcelled express service, safety and via Palatial Twin-screw Oil-burning Steamers.

"FORT VICTORIA"
"FORT STE. GEORGE"

Including Golf, Tennis, Sailing, Bathing, Horse Racing, Fishing, Riding, Driving, etc.

ST. GEORGE HOTEL. St. George, Bermuda. Especially attractive, located on and near the picturesque and quiet part of Bermuda, Excellent cuisine and service. Magnificent swimming pool.

WEST INDIES

Delightful refuge to the citizens of the Caribbean Sea.

For Illustrated Booklet on Bermuda or St. George Hotel, or West Indies, write

FURNESS BERMUDA LINE
34 Whitall St., N.Y., or any Local Tourist Agent

The Movies Are Growing Up

(Continued from page 108)

The hills, and the theater owners rattled a couple of dried coconut shells. It wasn't until 1914 when the Vitaphone feature, "The Million Dollar," opened the Vitascope, first picture palace on Broadway to have an orchestra, a pipe organ and regular theatrical prices, that any movie ever ran continuously without a break between reels.

A one-reel picture cost at the most one thousand dollars, or a dollar a foot. Now we try to keep the cost down at twenty thousand a reel or twenty dollars a foot. Most of the expense of a picture fifteen years ago was the actors' salaries. A set was considered unusually extravagant if it cost more than seventy-five dollars. It consisted of two walls coming together at right angles and much of the furniture was painted on the wall. If a character slammed the door, the whole room visibly swayed. Stone walls did not make a prison in those days—they rippled in the breeze if anyone passed. When we needed furniture we sent out some of our actors to borrow a parlor set from some of our neighbors close to the studio lot. And if any piece of borrowed furniture showed great dramatic talent, it was likely to stay borrowed for a long time.

Naturally, as a result of the various tastes of the householders around Flatbush, our sets displayed Chippendale and mission, chummily side by side with soap premium plush chairs and bead portières. Nowadays it takes artists, interior decorators, antiques, architects, sculptors, cabinet makers, drapers and set designers, to turn out a drawing-room scene costing sometimes as high as thirty thousand dollars, and then perhaps: the whole sequence in which it is used may be cut out of the picture!

The price paid for a scenario in 1919 was fifteen dollars, and every morning brought several bushels of them in the studio mail. We used only originals, naturally, in a picture of this budget. So the actors often wrote their own scripts. (If they were allowed to write them nowadays, there would be only one character in the cast!) And if a scenario was needed for Monday morning, the director, or one of the producers or perhaps the janitor, would stay at home from the Saturday ball game and turn out one couple on a few sheets of foolscap. There was plenty of room on the two sheets for

J. Stuart Blackton

© Underwood

EARL E. LIEBERMAN

The Muscle Builder

A Wart On Your Nose

would not be noticed nearly as much as a frail, weak body. Yet, if you had a wart on your nose, you would worry yourself sick—you would pay any price to get rid of it. But what about that body of yours? What are you doing to make people admire and respect you? Wake up! Come to your senses! Don't you realize what a strong, robust body means to you? It makes no difference whether it be in the business or social world—everybody admires the strong, robust fellow—everyone despises the weakling.

Will Transform You

I make weak men strong. That's my job. That's why they call me "The Muscle Builder." I never fail. A bold statement, but true. I don't care how weak you are, I can do the trick. The weaker you are, the more noticeable the results. I've been doing this for so many years, it's easy now. I know how.

In just thirty days I'm going to put me full inch on those arms of yours. Yes, and two inches on your chest. But it's not simply putting on the extra inches. I'm going to teach you how to go about it. I'm going to teach you how to do your work. I'm going to broaden your shoulders and strengthen your back. I'm going to tighten your spine so that every breath will literally penetrate every cell of your lungs. I'm going to teach you how to walk with muscular oxygen. You will feel the thrill of life glowing throughout your entire system. I'm going to make you conscious of those muscles in and around your heart, kidneys and stomach. I'm going to show you how to get a queer little spurt of energy that will stretch out your big brawny arms and shine for bigger and better things to come. You can't escape from me. Sounds good, doesn't it? You can bet your Sunday socks it's good. It's wonderful. And the best of all is, I don't just promise you these things—I guarantee them. Do you doubt my word? Come on and make me prove it. That's what I like.

Are you ready? Atta boy! Let's go.

Send for my new 64-page book

"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It is FREE

It contains forty-three full page photographs of myself and some of the many picture-winning people I have trained. Many of these are leaders in their business professions today. I have not only given them a body to be proud of, but made them better doctors, lawyers, merchants, etc. Some of these case to me as pathetic weaklings, impelling me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physique. This book will prove an inspiriting and real inspiration to all. It will prove you through and through. A 64-page book of 64 pages in high grade paper. This will not oblige you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off. Send today-right now, before you turn this page.

EARL E. LIEBERMAN

Dept. 302, 305 Broadway, New York City

JARLE E. LIEBERMAN

DEPT. 302, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir—I enclose herewith 10 cents, for which you and me, without saying anything, whenever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscuar DevelopmCENT". (Please write or print plainly.)

Name:

Street: 

City: 

State: 

113

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
The Story of My Life
(Continued from page 112)

Mr. Chandler was the gruff, kind-hearted stage manager! I telephoned him and he told me to go to Long Beach that evening and see Mr. Hardigan, the director, because he needed a leading woman for Westerns and he had made him promise not to engage anyone until he had seen me. All day I rehearsed the songs and steps for that musical comedy, and at seven, after twenty-four hours without a chance to so much as comb my hair or powder my nose, I appeared at Mr. Hardigan's house. It was a new house and the lights hadn't been turned on yet. We talked in the dark front-porch with only the faint radiation from the street lamps. “What do you want for a salary?” he shot at me suddenly. I did some quick thinking. I was getting a hundred a week in the musical comedy company, but I knew that was beyond the reach of a movie company. I have always had hunches, and when I follow them I never go wrong. I had a hunch now that it would be worth my while to make a sacrifice to get into the pictures. “Would—would thirty-five a week be too much?” I asked. “No, it wouldn't be too much,” came, non-committally, from the darkness. Then he got up. “Wait, I'll bring a lamp and take a look at you!” He brought in an old-fashioned oil-lamp and, holding it close to my face, examined me for a moment while I wondered miserably if I had a smooth across my nose. Then he set the lamp on the table. “Very good! You will start Monday!” And there I was, saddled with a two-weeks' promise to play in that wretched musical comedy! “Mr. Hardigan,” I said, swallowing hard, “I'd do almost anything to get into the pictures—except break a promise,” and I told him the whole situation. “I'll hold the position open for you for a week,” he offered, “and that will give them time to fill your place.” I went to the musical comedy manager, Mr. Leroy, and threw myself on his mercy. Would he let me off from my second week's contract now that he knew how much it meant to me? Hurrah! He would! And a week later I did my first day's work in the films. The studio “lot” at Santa Monica.

Are You Anxious to Increase Your Present Income? If So, Why Not Let Us Help You?

If you are ambitious, trustworthy and conscientious, if you are one who can persevere and one who can be relied upon to carry out instructions, we want your services and we are willing to help you. Liberal compensation for such services as you render. We have helped hundreds of good people to increase their income within the past year.

Our work consists of collecting renewals and soliciting new subscriptions for Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic, Beauty and Movie Thrillers.

This proposition certainly should interest you if you are ambitious and in need of more money. We will give you full information about our plan if you will fill in your name and address on the attached coupon and mail immediately.

Subscription Dept.
BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
I am interested in having more money. Please tell me how I can get it thru your plan.
Name
St. and No.
City
State

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Do Your Eyes Invite?

Do men feel, on a slight acquaintance, that they would like to know you better? Do your eyes appeal, lead on, enchant?

Make your eyes tell by emphasizing the lashes. Daren your lashes with Winx and see how much longer, and thicker, they look, how dir instantly and lasts for days, in spite of water, perspiration or tears. Absolutely harmless.

Winx (black or brown) 25c. To nourish the lashes and make them grow, apply by night. Cream alone, at night. Cream Lashdom (black, brown or colorless) 50c, At drug or department store.

Send a dime today for a sample of Winx—enough to last a week. Another dime will bring you a generous sample of Pert, the rouge that lasts all day.

ROSS COMPANY
242 West 17th Street
New York

Every Woman Can Be Beautiful
By CECIL PHLEPS

I am considered pretty! I have a little something too. I now have a nice nose, sparkling, big brown, and a remarkable mouth. When I was a little girl, I only used to cry. My eyes, but isn't that child dimples to the extent where I have been almost painless at all. The other girls, the ones who have eyes to see at all.

The other girls, the ones who have eyes to see at all.

There is an Easy Method

that I have used and which has changed me from an unslightly, clumsy fat girl, to an attractive and capable woman.

I will give the opportunity which my water sprayed and which transformed her from a scrappy to a gentle type.

Realize This Now! Every Woman Can Be Made Beautiful

Whether you are the least bit of beauty, your figure can be scientifically perfected and improved.

You can become another member of the legion which helps to glorify the Advertising World.

Every woman who can see and who is interested in a method of improving herself, here is the answer to your problem:

DEAL MORE LOSS HAPPINESS. DO IT NOW

CECIL PHLEPS
15 Park Row, Dept. T-25 New York City
Dear Mrs. Phleps:

Please send me your wonderful booklet, without any obligation to me. I want to see how I can be helped to become more attractive.

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

City ____________________________ State ____________________________

SWITCHES—BOBS—CORNET BRAIDS

made the row out of your own combings or cut hair.

Write for FREE style booklet. Price Reasonable.

MRS.VANDERVOORT, Dept. B, EAVENFORD, (C.

GIVEN WATCH KNEE AND CHAIN

Real American Watch, 5 year guarantee. Case, looks and wears like gold. Just sell $25.00. 2 for $45.00.

MRS. CLARK & MRS. MURDOCK, 242 West Street, N.Y.

Salary 300.00 and receive watch or choice of 47 special premiums free. Address.


Advertising Section

boasted a single wooden set, bought from Broncho Billy Anderson, painted on one side to represent the interior of a house, on the other to represent the inside of an office. A tumbler-down barn scene, a stall with swing-doors, with a shelf across one end at which we stood to make up.

The picture was called The Chance Shot, and in it I had to be tied to a tree in the Indians. The rope battered the skin off my wrists, but I insisted I was quite com- fortable, thank you. It was Decoration Day. I remember three hun- dred picknicks stood about munching bananas and chicken sandwiches and staking at me with angry comments; but I didn't care. I was in the movies at last and I was happy.

I stayed in Westerns for a few months and then switched over into comedies, while my salary gradually rose to fifty a week. When it reached that figure I began my real estate career by paying ten dollars down on a lot and agreeing to pay ten dollars a month. It wasn't very much of a lot—in fact, I have it on my hands today—but it taught me the fun of saving.

When Ma said she was giving me a munific- ent offer to go into his comedies, Kalem countered by raising my salary to ninety- five a week, and so after I entered the pictures I was making almost as much as I had given up on the stage.

They called me "The Kalem Girl." A number of future stars were in my com- pany: Marshall Neilan, Mildred Harris (then a little girl with long, corkscrew curls), Bebe Daniels, Lloyd Hamilton, Sena Owen, Jane Novak and Wes Barry. When the comedies began to get rough and I saw custard pies coming, I asked to be moved to the Kalem dramatic lot and my big burly and the most pernicious girl in pictures began. In my long serial career I have been on the point of scenario decease from dynamite, poison, cobra bite, hanging, suffocation, wild bears, fire, falling from a cliff, being sawed in two in a mill, and a hundred other terri- tors, at the end of each installment of a twelve part serial, only to be saved the next week by a brave, handsome hero who never got his beautiful white silk sport ruffled or his hair ruffled, no matter what he went through.

I wonder if any movie actresses have had the fun I had making pictures! I've loved every minute of the last twelve years, even the times when there was real danger in the action—and there were many times like that—in lurid thrillers like The Red Glove, The Tiger's Claw, Who Pays?, Hunted Valley, and The Avenging Arrow.

And the best part of my story is, that, like my serial pictures, it ends with a sub-tile, What Happens to Ruth Now? Con- tinued Next Week!

NEXT MONTH:
Where the Atmosphere Is, At
By HARRY CARR

Inside Secrets About "Location"

Egypt and the Pyramids and the River Nile are all just a stone's throw from Hollywood. So are the South Sea Islands and Scotland and the Canadian Northwest—at least, the way they ought to look, even if they don't.

New Way to Make Money at Home

WOULD you like to turn more loose into dollars? Would you like an inde- pendent business of your own? Here is a new way to earn money, unlike anything ever offered before. There is no canvassing, no tedious drama- iery. This is the most delight- ful kind of work. And it pays amply. Just send in the coupon below. If our members earn from $20 to $50 a week.

No Special Ability or Experi- ence Needed

The national organization known as Fireside Industries has openings for new members to deco- rate Art Nouvelles at home. You have only to follow the simple direc- tions for decorating all kinds of fas- cinating articles, hand-painted can- dlesticks, plaques, picture frames, grotto cards, wooden furniture, lamps and lamp shades, hand-painted furniture, bulk and boxwoods, by Deco- art novelties. Under the wonder- fully simple method devised by our Art Director, Mr. Petit, even a child could do the work. Complete outfit, worth at least $100.00, is furnished every member without a penny of extra cost.

Money-Back Guarantee

Think of decorating a pair of candlesticks, for example, in one hour and realizing a profit of $2.00. Best of all, we are sure that you can learn to do the work successfully. Your money will be refunded in full if, after completing the instruction, you are not entirely pleased. That is our guarantee to every member.

Beautiful Book FREE

No matter where you live you can be one of the happy, success- ful members of Fireside Indus- tries. Mail the coupon or write today for the beautiful illu- strated Book that explains how. We will send it FREE. But you must be prompt in your response. This golden opportunity may not come to you again. Order your Book and stamp to help pay postage.

Fireside Industries

Adrian, Mich.

[Address]

Switches—Bobs—Cone Braids

made the row out of your own combings or cut hair. Write for FREE style booklet. Price Reasonable.

Mrs. Vandervoort, Dept. B, Eavenford, (C.

GIVEN Watch and Chain

Real American Watch, 5 year guarantee. Case, looks and wears like gold. Just sell $25.00. 2 for $45.00.

Mrs. Clark & Mrs. Murdock, 242 West Street, N.Y.

Salary 300.00 and receive watch or choice of 47 special premiums free. Address.


When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
The Favorite Luxury of Gentlewomen

To step into a bath that smells like a flower garden—into water so soft and limpid, it tells you by its very feel how good it is for your skin; to step out of your tub with an indefinable almost, “scentless” fragrance clinging to you—no wonder so many gentlewomen call this their favorite luxury. It is the luxury which Bathasweet has brought them for twenty years. Once you have tried it you will wonder that you ever did without it. 25¢, 50¢ and $1 at drug and department stores.

BATHASWEET

Giving You the Best

HE POURS dreams, energies, perfection into his product—determined to give you the best.

A food perhaps. He thinks, “Somewhere the finest grain is milled” or “the finest fruit is grown.” “My product must have the best.” He isn’t satisfied until he has found it—for you.

He tells you proudly thru his advertisements, “You can buy all the dreams, energies and perfection I have poured into this product—for 25c.”

He doesn’t say, “I like it.” He forgets self. He holds out a promise and a fulfilment. He says, “You’ll like it.”

Read the advertisements that come your way. Not only to know what is printed there—but what is not printed there . . . the striving toward perfection.

When you buy advertised goods, you buy definite satisfaction

Confidences Off-Screen
(Continued from page 111)

Morocco, who had tumbled out of bed to answer the call, hung up, with an unquotable remark.

“The fellow at the other end of the wire was no fool, all the same,” smiled Corinne. “It turned out he was a writer—I met him later—who had a story to submit to me. His greeting was for the purpose of arousing my interest, and was to have concluded with the statement that the sole person in the business who had earned his homage was Corinne Griffith, A regular go-getter’s line, that might have worked, but for one miscalculation—he shouldn’t have phoned as early as nine o’clock.”

She spoke of the old days, when she was working for Biograph, and when deciding on a new picture was a matter of running to the corner, buying the latest magazine and seeing what plots they had to offer. Movie rights could be had from the author for a few dollars, and Miss Griffith isn’t so sure that the present costly, much-advertised productions haven’t lost some of the spirit of their fore-runners. She regrets the funny stuff that has been refined away. Pie-throwing was all right, in its place. It was naive, but it moved one to an honest, pangent mirth, she said.

Nevertheless, she was very happy about Declasse as her next vehicle, and assured me that the picture might be closely connected to the drama as played by Ethel Barrymore on the speaking stage. Miss Griffith does not believe in revamping plots that have proved their worth. She is also opposed to changing titles, and if in this case she has won a long fight to keep the name. Certain objectors on the production end urged that a French word like Declasse would not be understood in “the sticks,” that it would seem pretentious and scare away patrons who didn’t know even how to pronounce it. But Miss Griffith held that if it was good enough to accompany the play to success, it was good enough for her. The meaning will be explained in the advance publicity, and she thinks the public will approve.

To Correspondents

I have had many letters asking me to interview this or that star, and suggesting subjects. Please keep on writing. I am delighted to hear from you. Your most interesting questions will be answered in the department—by the stars, thru me. But don’t expect action earlier than the number of dates please mention when you write in. We go to press way ahead of time, you know.

Addressing myself particularly to “Dear,” I wish to say that under no circumstances can I grant requests made in anonymous letters. Names and addresses should always be given; they won’t be published if you so specify.

Tony Moreno in a scene from one of his early serial pictures
motions pictures are now a stable business
and that the film industry is no longer to
be considered in the speculative class.
This should hand the film producers a
good laugh. So far as the bankers are
concerned, the picture industry has never
been a speculation. Every time the bank-
ers invested in a production it has been
secured by a pound of flesh and double-
checked by something like twenty-five-per-
cent, profit on their money. The specula-
tion is all on the part of the producer won-
dering what will be left for him after the
bankers get thru deducting their share of
the spoils.

It Can't Be Done

First National announces that it will
make a film version of Papini's Life of
Christ. That's splendid! We need films
like that on the screen. But if the pro-
ducers intend to give a sincere pictur-
ization of the life of Christ as written both
in the Bible and in Papini's book, how on
earth do they hope to get by those superior
critics, the censors, who, judging by every-
thing we have ever observed, do not by any
means approve of many of the acts and
teachings of the Messiah except in con-
versation.

Heaven vs. Hell on the Screen

In Feet of Clay C. B. De Mille gave us
his impression of what Heaven is like,
and in the Fox production, Dante's Inferno,
Director Henry Otto presents his idea of
Hell. Personally, we are not acquainted
with either place and there is no way of
our knowing for certain that Messrs. De
Mille and Otto are correct in their presen-
tations. But we will say, after viewing
Dante’s Inferno, that there are a devilish
lot of very attractive women running about
in the lower regions with very little clothes
on, and if Director Otto has any authorita-
tive basis for making the scene he has
injected into the picture, it certainly is very
encouraging information to many persons
up and above here in a world full of tem-
plations.

Those Geographical Movies

First they gave us South of Swed, next
came West of the Water Tower, and
then followed East of Swed and North of
36. Having been served all the main points
of the compass in silent drama, we may
now look forward to such variations as
Northeast of the Pumping Station and
Southwest of the Sanitarium.

It's a gift—this thinking up new titles for
the films.

Learning to Love

As taught by
Constance Talmadge
And Connie Ought to Know
How

Read the story of her finest
picture told in
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
For MARCH

That's Out

(Continued from page 110)

large salaries are paid to commercial artists, both men and women.
If you like to draw, there is a good income—perhaps a fortune—at
your fingertips in this interesting, highly paid field. Make
your spare time count in 1924; begin to turn your artistic talent into
real money by studying the Federal Course at home. It takes a com-
paratively short time to learn commercial art the Federal way—hun-
dreds of successful artists throughout the country will tell you they owe
their present success to the efficiency of Federal training.

FEDERAL COURSE QUICK AND PRACTICAL

The Federal Course, based on principles gained by 25 years of actual experience
in producing commercial art, is thorough and concise. We do not claim to turn
you into a success over night by any marvelous new, easy way to learn drawing.
Common sense tells you—and experience has proved to us—that this cannot be
done by any course or school. Neither do we say that anyone can learn to draw
successfully, because many cannot. That is
all the more reason for your succeeding in a
big way, if you like to draw and will train and
develop your natural talent. The Fed-
eral Course will bring you to the earning
point in the shortest possible time. You
receive exclusive, individual instruction in
every branch of commercial art, learning all the "short cuts" professional artists use
without wasting months of valuable time.

Send for Book "YOUR FUTURE"
If you are interested in learning commercial
art, you will want our book "YOUR
FUTURE," which explains the Federal
Course in detail, shows typical work of
students and clearly states the reasons for
the splendid opportunities in this field.
A book of real value, for any amateur or pro-
ductive student. Send 6c. in stamps today,
stating age and occupation. Use coupon below.

Nationally Known Artists Are Federal
Authors

Many of the best known and most
successful artists and illustrators
in the country have contributed
exclusive lessons to the Federal Course. Think of learning the
methods and secrets by which these
famous artists have won success!
Among these Federal authors are
Nyesa McMein, Franklin Booth,
Charles E. Chambers, Edwin V.
Brewer, Charles Livingston Bull
and many others. This course has
been endorsed as America's Fore-
most Course in Commercial Art, by
leading illustrators and designers.

1474 FEDERAL SCHOOLS BLDG., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
Please send me "Your Future" for which I enclose 6 cents in stamps.

Name
Age
Present Occupation

(Write your address plainly in the margin)

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
The Movies Are Growing Up

(Continued from page 113)

the continuity of fifteen or eighteen scenes.
A thousand dollars would have been considered an enormous sum to pay for the photoplay rights of a book or stage play then. And in 1913, when we gave ten thousand for Mr. Barnes of New York, for Maurice Costello, people went about asking each other what the movies were coming to, anyway! This was the first motion picture to have a star. Before that no company exploited its players’ names and Book had even refused to let them become known. But a trip around the country and among the exhibitors convinced us that the audience were particularly interested in personalities. Sometimes, I think we created a Frankenstein when we inaugurated the star system.

Nowadays it is a common thing to pay from twenty to fifty and even a hundred thousand dollars for the movie rights to a story, and then change name and plot so that it is entirely unrecognizable. It’s a wise father who recognizes his own child brain on the screen! I understand the owners of a very sensational stage play are holding photoplay rights at a quarter of a million. Pappi’s Life of Christ brought an immense sum, and it is said that Box Hurst had cost Goldwyn a million before the ink was dry on the contract.

One producer is forced to follow another in this dance of the dollars, for fear of getting out of step if he stops. And yet—does the public really want such extravagant pictures? Over the Hill cost very little and it has been a huge money-maker, inconspicuous, out-of-the-way studios right here in Hollywood are making pictures for the states right today for five thousand dollars, finishing in a month and selling them for ten thousand. Few big companies can hope to net a hundred per cent, on their investment and many a can of film worth literally its weight in gold lies gathering dust on the storehouse shelves, proving that lavish expenditure alone can save a picture.

The curls of film on the cutting-room floor, swept into the trash bin by a ten-dollar-a-week office boy is one reason why you have to dig so deeply into your pockets to see a film now. We were taking pictures more tightly then. A director making a thousand-foot picture never shot
Gloria Swanson and Phyllis Haver when they were Sennett bathing beauties

more than twelve hundred and fifty feet of film. Now it is the rule rather than the exception to take from three to ten times as much film as can be used, and then hire cutters to snip it out and throw it away. "Greed" is said to have filled one hundred and fifty reels of celluloid.

The theatrical profession has been, very slow to recognize its poor relation—until it became a rich relation. As late as 1917 Doug Fairbanks, Creighton Hale, and Tommy Meighan, old stage trouppers all, were classed as "non-professional" members of the Lambs Club! Today Tommy Meighan is the President of the Lambs. Any actor, think what he privately may of the films, is glad to sign on the dotted line to make a picture at a salary five times what he could earn on the stage.

Theatrical managers who threatened blacklist for any actor who entered the films in 1910, now look upon the pictures as they formerly looked on the gallery—as a life-saver for their plays. In the last five years stage producers have made far more money from selling the picture rights of their plays to the outcast movie profession than they have made out of the plays themselves.

Fifteen years—not a very long time, when you remember that it took generations of slaves to build the pyramids, that the great Cologne Cathedral was centuries in the building, that an Oriental workman weaves his whole life into one small rug!

And yet in fifteen years the motion pictures have advanced from the status of a cheap amusement device, like the dime museum, to a profession which famous actors, such as Barrymore and Maude Adams, and famous authors, like Sir James Barrie, are proud to be identified with; from an outcast to a place of honor where the cousins of kings, as are the Duke and Duchess of Alba, come to California to visit—not society folk, but Mary and Doug and Charles Chaplin, who was born and raised in a London slum! It has grown from an experiment, to be the fourth industry of the United States, occupying miles of glass-covered studios, spending and making fortunes on one picture, delighting ten million fans a day.

Those of us who have stood by from the beginning have seen too many incredible things come to pass to venture prophecy's for the future. Indeed, we can not afford the time to think of it, with the Kliegs rattling, the cameras whirring and the salaries of our casts mounting into several ciphers with every revolution of the hands on the studio clock!

Imagine taking off eighty-five pounds in four months!

Miss Crawford used Wallace reducing records to play off this huge excess of weight, and this is what she has to say of Wallace's method:

"The day my weight reached 235 lbs. was the date of my awakening. I sent for the free trial record and put in one earnest week of daily use, and that week I lost eight pounds. I kept on, of course. I used the movements faithfully and nothing else. I didn't take any medicine, I didn't starve myself, and lost at least five pounds each week. My present weight is 150. Whenever I find that superfluous flesh is creeping back I take out my Wallace records, use them a few days, and I'm soon back to the 150 mark. It took me only four months to lose 80 lbs., and I spent about a quarter of an hour each day with the reducing movements. I never felt better since getting rid of all that fat, and what it has done for my appearance you can guess from my pictures."

Anybody Can Reduce By This Remarkable Method

Thousands of women—men, too—have restored normal proportions in this way. Reducing 55 lbs. is unusual, but any number of women have played off thirty and forty pounds with Wallace Reducing records, and in about two months' time. Many more have used them for lesser reductions—those who were but fifteen or twenty pounds overweight. Such cases are ridiculously easy for Wallace; they ordinarily take less than a month. Many letters testify to a pound a day, and five pounds a week is easy indeed.

If you weigh too much, you owe yourself this relief. The method is too well known for sensible people to doubt. Miss Crawford only regrets that she did not heed Wallace's offer two years ago. She is a Chicago lady, her address is 6710 Merrill Ave., where anyone who wishes to confirm her story may write.

But a better way is to start reducing with the reducing record Wallace will furnish—for a free demonstration—read his offer and begin reducing this week.

Free Proof to Anyone

Send your name and address now and your first week's reducing lesson, record and all, will come by return mail, prepaid. Do not enclose any payment, don't promise to pay anything. Let actual results decide whether you want to continue.

Here's the coupon that brings everything for Free trial.

Mail This Coupon to W. ALLACE

630 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago
Brings First Lesson Free—Record and All

Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for a week's trial the original Wallace Reducing Record.

Name:
Address:

CLASS RINGS & PINS

Largest Catalog Issued—FREE

Class rings are sold at prices as low as 25¢. Largest catalog issued, prices to $25.00. Samples loaned class officers. Prices $2.50 to $8.00 each. In order for class, notify which problems too large for local, special printed grade made to order.

MERRILL ARTS CO., Inc.
7715 S. 5th Ave, Rochester, N.Y.

Be Sure to Read Page 129

INTRODUCING THE NEW SPREDTOP RING 1925

It makes the Diamond Look Larger

The new SPREDTOP Ring, sold exclusively by us is scientifically constructed to give the AA quality blue-white Diamond greater brilliance and a larger appearance. 1/10 WH. WHITE Gold hand-engraved mounting. Regular 500 value—our Special Introductory Price only $50.

Send No Money—We will send you a FINELY HAND-ENGRAVED SPREDTOP Ring for FREE on approval. We will pay you $4.50 upon acceptance, and you will only pay $5.00 with until balance is paid. Transactions Strictly Confidential.

SEND TODAY.

FREE—COMPLETE BOOK OF DIAMONDS. Worth $25.00 Retail. We will supply it gratis with our 500 Value SPREDTOP Ring. Send for them.

L. W. SWEET, Inc.
DEPT. 1650 Broadway
315-G New York City

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
What the Stars Are Doing (Continued from page 61)

Gith, Lilian and Dorothy—back from Rome, having completed playing little peasant girls in Rome.

Glass, Gaston—playing in The Three Keys—B. F.

Godowsky, Dagmar—just started work in Playthings of Desire.

Gordon, Hunting—playing in Never the Twin Shall Meet—C.

Goudal, Jette—will have an important role in Salome of the Tenements, a story of life in New York's Ghetto by Ania Yelezina—F. P. L.

Gray, Gloria—playing in Maurice B. Flynn in The Millionaire Cowboy—F. B. O.

Griffith, Corinne—will be starred in Deedles, the famous Broadway success—F. N.

Griffith, Rachel—will have an important role in Miss Bluebeard—F. P. L.

H

Hakahorne, George—playing in Capital Punishment—B. F. S.

Haines, William—playing in A Food and His Money—C. B. C.

Hale, Alice—upon completing his work in Dick Turpin, he is going to try his hand at the megaphone. He will direct Shirley Mason in her next picture for W. P.

Hale, Creight—will enact the role of a man who is falsely accused of crime and deserted by all his friends, except his faithful and courageous wife, in The Bride of the Ganges—Pathe.

Hamilton, Mahlon—a signed contract with Pathé to appear in their next serial.

Hamilton, Neil—has the leading male role in Start Life Woman—Missouri Films.

Hammerstein, Elaine—playing in Parisian Nights—Pathe.

Harlan, Kenneth—has been chosen to play Brian Kent in The Re-creation of Brian Kent—P. P.

Harris, Miss—I, in Wife No. 2—F. N.

Harton, Raymond—his first picture under his new contract with Famous Players-Lasky will be Contraband.

Haver, Phyllis—playing in Interpreter's House—F. N.

Hawley, Wanda—playing in The Wizard of Oz—C. P. L.

Hay, Mary—Richard Barthes has chosen his wife for the feminine in a new mystery that is being directed by Griffith's Hay Day Enthusiastic. This is her first appearance on the screen since she played in Griffith's Hay Day Enthusiastic.

Hearn, Edward—playing in Winner Take All—W. F.

Herbert, Holmes E.—playing in Up the Ladder—W. F.

Hiers, Walter—will give us some rare bits of comedy in The Triflers—M. G. M.

Hines, Johnny—has been chosen to play the Prince in The Snows, her first screen appearance.

Hughes, John—playing the dancing kid, a trainer of horses, in Desir—M. G. M.

Hunter, Glenn—has been discharged since completing The Silent Watcher—F. N.

J

Johnston, Julianne—is playing in Sir Philip Gibbs' City of Temptation. It is being filmed in Constantinople for an English producing company.

Jones, Buck—playing in The Trail Rider—W. F.

Joyce, Alice—is appearing in the screen version of Daddy-Go's-Hunting, to be released under the title of A Man's World—M. G. M.

K

Keaton, Buster—is cast as a young man who will inherit seven million dollars if he will marry within twenty-four hours in Seven Chances—M. G. M.

Keenan, Frank—is making Disney, his first picture since his return from his honey-moon—M. G. M.

Keith, Ian—playing in My Soo—F. N.

Kennon, Maxwell—has been chosen to direct the stage and the screen. Her screen fans will be glad to see her come back in The Ultimate Good, in which she appears opposite Conway Tearle for A. E.

Kenyon, Doris—will next appear in Interpreter's House—F. N.

Kerry, Norman—has the juvenile lead in Phantom of the Opera—Missouri Films.

Keye, Kathleen—is playing Ben Hur's sister Timnah 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.

Kosoff, Theodore—will next be seen in Cecil De Mille's production The Golden Bed.

L

Lake, Alice—recently completed her work in The Lost Chord—W. B.

La Marr, Barbara—will next appear in Hall and Farrell instead of The Second Chance, as previously announced.

Landis, Cullen—is cast as George Milsar in Pomped Youth—W. F.

Manufacturers, Distributors and Studios of Motion Pictures

NEW YORK CITY

Advanced Motion Picture Corp., 1493 Broadway

American Releasing Corp., 15 W. 44th Street

Armour Film Corp., 220 W. 42nd Street

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 W. 45th Street

Baltin, Hugo, Productions, 366 Fifth Avenue

C. C. Burr Prod., 135 W. 44th Street

Community Motion Picture Bureau, 46 W. 24th Street

Consolidated Film Corp., 80 Fifth Avenue

Cosmopolitan Productions, 2792 Street

Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Avenue (Biograph Studios, 807 E. 17th Street)

Educational Film Co., 729 Seventh Avenue

Export & Import Film Co., 729 Seventh Avenue

Famous Players-Lasky, 455 Fifth Avenue (Studio, 60th and Pierce Streets, Astoria, L.E.)

Film Booking Offices, 723 Seventh Avenue

Film Guild, 8 W. 40th Street

Film Market, Inc., 563 Fifth Avenue

First National Exhibitors, Inc., 383 Madison Avenue

Fox Studios, Tenth Avenue and 55th Street

Gaumont Co., Congress Avenue, Flush
ing, L. I.

Goldwyn Pictures Corp., 469 Fifth Avenue

Graphic Film Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue

Griffith, D. W., Films, 1476 Broadway (Studio, Oriental Prospect, Mamaroneck, N. Y.)

Hodkinson, W. W., Film Corp., 469 Fifth Avenue

Inscription Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue

International Studios, 2472 Second Avenue

Jans Pictures, 729 Seventh Avenue

Jester Comedy Co., 220 W. 42nd Street

Kenna Film Corp., 1639 Broadway

Mastodon Films, 135 West 44th Street

Metro Pictures, Loew Building, 1340 Broadway

Moss, B. S., 1564 Broadway

Oting Chester Pictures, 120 W. 41st Street

Pathé Exchange, 35 West 45th Street

Preferred Pictures, 1650 Broadway

Prima, Inc., 110 West 40th Street

Pyramid Picture Corp., 150 W. 34th Street

Ritz-Carlton Prod. 6 W. 44th Street

Selenium Pictures, 729 Seventh Avenue

Sunshine Films, Inc., 140 West 44th Street

Talmadge Film Corp., 1540 Broadway

Tories of the Day Film Corp., 1562 Broadway

Triangle Distributing Corp., 1450 Broadway

Tully, Richard Walton, Prod., 1482 Broadway

United Artists, 729 Seventh Avenue

Universal Film Corp., 1600 Broadway

Vitagraph Films, 1650 West and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn

Warner Bros., 1600 Broadway

West, Roland, Prod. Co., 236 W. 55th Street

Whitman, Bennett, Prod., 537 Riverside Avenue.

Advertising Section

MAGAZINE W. 175th

* order where.

[Advertisement text continues]

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Glostoput a few drops on your hairbrush

DIPLLES!

No beauty is so rare—so lovable—so miscellaneous—so captivating—as the girl whose dimples play hide and seek when she laughs. Their magic is irresistible. Plain girls are annoyed at the difference dimples make. Some women appear ten years younger. Yet everyone may have fascinating dimples now—the secret is in

DIPLLE DIPSOLY

A simple, harmless, easily used device that produces dimples quickly. New idea—patent pending. Recommended by facial specialists. Results positive in all cases. This is not something imported from girls and women everywhere. You, too, can have dimples. These are not "fake" dimples, unless conquered by dimple dipper. Dimples remain after use. Can be used in the bath or after dressing. One to a box. Only 50¢.

Diplle Dipper Co. 247 McDaniel St. Dayton, Ohio

Please send 50 cents for complete kit.

Name

Address

(3rd plate)

PAGE 120
La Plante, Laura—has just returned from Honolulu where the exteriors were filmed for Dangerous Liaisons—U.
La Rocque, Rod—will have the role of Adah Holz in Cecil De Mille’s next production, The Golden Bed—P. F. L.
Lena, Lisa—has just arrived in New York to play the feminine lead opposite Thomas Mehgan in Casino. This is her first picture since the birth of James Kirkwood, Jr.
Lewis, Mykhelle—playing in Wives No. 2—F. N.
Lewis, Ralph—playing in The Bridge of Sighs—W. B.
Lingstone, Margaret—playing in Capital Punishment—E. F. S.
Lloyd, Harold—is just starting work on his new comedy, which deals with college life.
Logan, Jacqueline—recently started work on her second Regional Production, Off the Highway.
Long, Walter—playing the villain in the White Man—B. S.
Lough, William—playing Baxter in New Baxter Built It—W. B.
Lov, Beatrice—will be seen as a half-breed Indian girl in Thunder of the Horses—F. P. L.
Lowery, Edmund—Fox has loaned him to T. P. L. to appear opposite Pola Negri in East of Salem.
Lyon, Ben—will next be seen in The Way Street for F. N. He has a new leading lady for every picture—this time it’s Anna Q. Nilsson.
Lyttel, Bert—will play opposite Anita Stewart in Never the Twain Shall Meet—C.
Mackaill, Dorothy—will have the leading feminine role in The Bridge of Sighs—W. B.
MacLean, Douglas—is just starting work on his next comedy which is tentatively titled Sky High—A.
Marmont, Percy—playing in A Man’s World—M. G. M.
Marshall, Tully—playing Sandoe in The Merry Widow—M. G. M.
Mason, Shirley—playing in The Scarlet Mystery—W. F.
Mayo, Frank—playing in The Tiller—B. F. S.
McCoy, May—will next be seen as the heroine, Esther, in Ben Hur—M. G. M.
McDonald, Wallace—playing opposite Shirley Mason in Forty to—W. F.
McReary, Walter—has been cast for an important role in The Dancers—W. F.
McQuire, Katharine—playing in Find the Man—U. McKee, Raymond—playing in Contraband—F. P. L.
Mehlmann, Thomas—just started work on Coming Through—P. F. M.
Menjou, Adolph—will appear as the Prince in The Son—F. P. L.
Meredith, Charles—playing opposite Florence Vidor in The Girl of Gold—B. F. M.
Messinger, Estelle—playing in a starring role in Pimpernel—V.
Miers, Carl—playing in The Reddening Six—V.
Miller, Patsy Ruth—has just returned to California after recent visit to New York, where she played in His Woman, a W. B. production. To be featured in Frank Lloyd’s next production for F. N. called Judgment.
Mills, Alice—has been chosen as Benny Leonard’s leading lady in Sons of Sin.
Mitz, Tom—and of course, his horse—just started work in Nick Turtles for W. B.
Moore, Colleen—will appear in Sally, an adaptation of Sondheim’s successful musical comedy for F. N.
Moore, Matt—playing in The Taming of the Shrew—M. G. M.
Moore, Owen—has the role of an awkward country boy in Code of the West—F. P. L.
Moore, Tom—has just signed a contract to play the leading role in Thin Ice—W. B.
Moreno, Antonio—has the leading male role in Judgment—F. N.
Murphy, Jack—playing in The Three Keys—B.
Murphy, Edna—cast for an important part in Richard Dix’s next picture, A Man Must Live—F. P. L.
Murray, Mae—will dance her way as Sonja in The Merry Widow—M. G. M.
Myers, Carmel—playing Ira in Ben Hur—M. G. M.
(Continued on page 123)
Why Does She Wear a Badge?

Soon you will see many of the salesgirls at the perfume and toilet articles counters of the department stores wearing conspicuous badges. These badges are to indicate that the girls are not regular store employees, but are paid by manufacturers to push certain lines of goods. In the past these girls have been called “hidden demonstrators,” because the fact that they were being paid to push certain lines was hidden from the public.

The Federal Trade Commission has maintained that the “hidden demonstrator” system has resulted in deception of the public. Retail merchants are regarded as the purchasing agents of the community, and customers rely upon the advice of retail salespersons, thinking that such advice in the selection of goods is unbiased. This is especially true in the case of toilet articles. Women freely ask the opinion of a salesperson on perfume, powder or cream. Never would such women dream that many salespersons have been paid to switch customers to certain articles.

The Federal Trade Commission has recommended that all hidden demonstrators be identified for the protection of the public, and the American Manufacturers of Toilet Articles have agreed to do this. It is estimated that there are close to 10,000 “hidden demonstrators” in the United States, all of whom will soon wear badges. The accompanying photograph is of Huston Thompson, Chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, pinning the first badge on a “hidden demonstrator.” It is expected that the work of preparing and distributing the badges will be completed by the first of 1925.

This identification of “hidden demonstrators” will protect the women of this country against the abuses which have crept into the system in the past. A customer will know exactly with whom she is dealing, for the badge will state the name of the firm employing the girl. And the demonstrator, no longer being hidden, will refrain from using subterfuges to switch the customer to the product on which a commission is paid. From now on all the cards will be laid upon the table and the sale of toilet articles will be entirely aboveboard.

Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 78)

Even He-men of the great out-of-doors are falling victims to this awful practice. As a result, some of them look ghastly, others a trifle clownish. I can name only three who use restraint in this matter—George Arliss, Tom Moore and Novarro.

Am I scheduled for the hangman’s noose after speaking my mind so freely?

P. J., Jersey City, N. J.

A Slam for the Fans from Eton College

Dear Editor: For many months I have been alternately amused and annoyed by the fan letters. Very few seem to have anything worth while to write or write it sensibly. Most of them either run down, in very superlative language, some star, play or director, or else praise something or someone in equally positive manner. It seems to me to be rather futile considering that they probably know nothing about it at all and are merely working off excess emotion, be it anger or pleasure.

I feel sure that their opinion would be far more valuable if they waited until they had cooled off somewhat and then thought a bit before sending it.

Having started off quite as hotly as anyone else:

I was very glad to see Earl Hudson’s A Brief for the Butcher, as there have been so many people rampaging around because some utter fool of a director has twisted their favorite book into all sorts of horrible, unrecognized forms. Now they know why it is and I hope they’re satisfied.

One fan said in his letter that he did not like sad endings as in Blood and Sand. I should like to say that I quite agree. I think stories should be written about people who find happiness at the end, so that the reader can feel he has a chance and is thus made happier.

E. W. H.


Muriel’s Resolution for 1925

I want to go up to fame
so I can help the poor.
Children and I hope to
have good sweet parts on
the screen, so everybody
will love me.

~ Muriel Frances Dana
What the Stars Are Doing
(Continued from page 121)

Myers, Harry—Is cast as Texas in Zander the Great—C. L.

Myers, Kathleen—one of the principal players of Christie Comedies, now playing lead in Dick Traven opposite Tom Mix—W. F.

N

Nagel, Conrad—playing in Chaper to Mary—M. G. M.

Nahl, Nita—has left for the Coast where she will be Rudolph Valentino’s leading lady in The Scarlet Page—K.-C.

Nazimova—will play Joan, Queen of the apaches, in The Redhead—M.

Negri, Pola—her next picture will be an adaptation of Somerset Maugham’s East of Suez—F. P. L.

Nilsson, Anna—has just arrived from the Coast to play opposite Ben Lyon in The One Way Street—F. N.

Nixon, Marion—playing opposite Tom Mix in Riders of the Purple Sage—W. P.

Novak, Jane—will have an important part in Cheap Kings—F. B. G.

Novarro, Ramon—is in Italy where he is playing Ben Hur—M. G. M.

O

O’Brien, Eugene—has the leading male role opposite Laura La Plante in Dangerous Intrigues—U.

O’Brien, George—playing Tony in The Dancers—W. F.

O’Hara, George—playing opposite, Alberta Vaughn in The Go-Getters Series for F. B. O.

Olmitstead, Gertrude—cast opposite Regional Denny in California Straight Ahead—U.

O’Malley, Pat—playing in On the Shelf—P. D. C.

Owen, Seena—is playing in The Hunted Woman—W. P. H. Her first picture to be filmed in Hollywood for over two years.

P

Percy, Eileen—has an important part in Tongues of Flame—F. P. L.

Peters, Hurlin—has the role of a daring, gentlemanly desperado who always keeps just inside the law in Raffles—U.

Phillbin, Mary—will play Marguerite in The Phantom of the Opera. This is to be an elaborate production to be directed by Wallace Worsley, who also directed The Hunchback of Notre Dame.

Phillips, Eddie—has just started work in Capital Punishment—B. F. S.

Pickford, Mary—disengaged at present. Latest release Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.

Pitra, Zazu—will create an entirely different part in The Re-Creation of Brian Kent—P. F.

She will appear as Judy, the educated mountain girl, who is crippled in childhood.

Powell, David—playing in Kings in Exile—M. G. M.

Prevost, Marie—at the present time she is honey-mooning with Kenneth Harlan, having completed her work in The Dark Swan—W. B.

Pringle, Albert—he has in a Theft of Paradise in which she wears a costume made of 18,000 Oriental pearls—F. N.

R

Rainsford, Esther—added to the cast of The Goose Hangs High—P. F. L.

Rawlinson, Herbert—playing in The Adventurers—A. E.

Ray, Charles—recently completed work in The Desert Mystery—S. B.

Reid, Mrs. Wallace—playing in Broken Laws, written for her especially by Adela Rogers St. John—F. B. O.

Rennie, James—finds time to appear in a picture every now and then. He is playing in Argentine Love—P. F. L. in the daytime, and delighting theater-goers evenings in The Best People.

Reynolds, Vera—Cecil De Mille liked her performance in Face of Clay so much that he immediately signed her up for an important part in his forthcoming productions.

Rich, Irene—playing in The Man Without a Conscience—W. F. S.

Rich, Lilian—is Cecil De Mille’s latest choice for an important role in The Golden Bed—P. F. L.

Bickens, Lucile—playing in The Square Peg—M. G. M.

Blu-Tin-Tin—just started work in Trocked in The North—W. B.

Roberts, Edith—playing in The Three Keys—B. I.

Roberts, Thelma—recently completed work in Locked Doors—F. P. L.

Roscoe, Alan—playing in One Glorious Night—C. B. C.

Rubins, Alva—has been cast as the leading lady in The Dancers—W. P. H.

Russell, William—has been assigned the role of the “heavy” in The Swastika—M. G. M.

This will quickly train your hair in any of the new smooth effects

JULIETTE CROSBY of “The Show-off,” one of New York’s biggest comedy successes, writes:

“To the woman who wishes to obtain the severely smooth arrangement of the hair that is now so fashionable, Stacomb is the most effective aid available.”

These new satin-smooth effects look so simple. But how achieve them when your hair is the fluffy kind that flies all over? Or so wiry it refuses to go new ways?

For all rebellious hair there is now Stacomb—the new light cream that women everywhere are finding indispensable in training their hair to the new styles.

Stacomb gently and safely persuades your hair to go the way it should.

It is actually beneficial and tends to prevent dandruff—keeps your scalp cleaner, makes your hair look better and healthier than ever before.

* * *

The slightest touch of Stacomb in the morning shapes your bob and keeps it that way all day. For long hair, Stacomb prevents stray locks. Stacomb holds your wave in longer. And to even the driest hair it gives the softest lustre that everyone finds so charming.

Non-greasy. At all drug and department stores. In jars and tubes, or the new liquid Stacomb. Canadian address: Standard Laboratories, Ltd., 727 King Street West, Toronto, Ont. Dept. O-16

Free Offer

Stacomb
KEEPS THE HAIR IN PLACE

Standard Laboratories, Inc., Dept. O-16
113 West 18th Street, New York City
Please send me, free of charge, a generous sample tube of Stacomb.

Name.

Address
The Real Truth

...Startling in its Frankness

...Intimate Inside

Secrets’ of Movie-

dom exposed

...Signed by the Stars

...You’ll find every-

thing you want to

know about filmdom in

The

TRUTH

ABOUT THE

MOVIES

What becomes of the movie-mad

girls who throng to Hollywood? What

price must they pay for success? If you

are not afraid to face the facts—read “The

Truth About the Movies.” The most

sensational, amazing reve-

lations—intimate stories—and all told by

the stars themselves! Learn what goes on

behind the scenes in Movie-land. Nothing

is hidden—no one spared. This remark-

able book bares all.

Your Favorite Star Has a Message Here for You

No longer shall lurid lies and exaggerated

rumors fool the public. Now comes the

truth—written by the biggest people in the

films—Rudolf Valentino, Mary Pickford, Cecil

B. De Mille, Gloria Swanson, Charles Chaplin, Mae Murray

and many other stars, directors, writers and producers.

Secrets Revealed at Last!

They will tell you anything you want to know about the movies. Ask a thousand ques-

tions—this book will answer them all. Fearlessly, they tell you of their experiences—the

experiences of others—and warn you against the pitfalls, mistakes and heartaches they

have suffered.

How to Get Into the Movies

Crooks and swindlers are constantly victimizing thousands of girls lured to the studios. This

book exposes fake directors, casting agencies, cor-

respondence and makeup schools and needlessly, em-

barrassing screen tests. Through “The Truth About

the Movie,” Filmdom’s greatest directors and the

stars themselves tell you, in their own words, what

types are wanted and how to get your start. Read

their advice—it will save you from costly mistakes.

Why Some People Condemn This Book

Because it prints the whole truth, this daring

book has made enemies. But defying wealth and

power—regardless of consequences and of repu-
tation—“The Truth About the Movies” tells

everything!

Who Dared Write this Book?

Over 240 leading stars contributed signed ar-

ticles! There are 230 intimate photos—some

startling poses never before published. Over 500

pages of daring truths—more thrilling than the

wildest fiction. A beautifully bound book that

should be read by everyone who wants to know

“The Truth About the Movies.”

Can a Good Girl Succeed in Pictures?

Is Hollywood immoral? What are the true facts

about movie scandals? Are the “wild parties” as

dead as rumor says? This book will tell you. If

you want to know how film stars entertain—how

they live—how much money they make—read “The

Truth About the Movies.”

How to Act for Movies

All the secrets of make-up, the technicalities of screen set-

ting and the professional “tricks” used in writing scenarios are re-

vealed in 500 fascinating pages. Every person of importance in the

motion picture industry has helped to make this book the most

complete and authentic collection of information in screen history.

Warning!

Only a limited number of these books have been printed. Millions of movie fans will want

copies. Many will be dis-

pointed and have to wait for the second edition. Don’t be too late! Mail the coupon now, to


Send No Money

It costs nothing to reserve your copy. Just sign and mail coupon at once. If edition is not ex-

hausted, your book will be mailed C. O. D. Just pay postage $2.50, plus few pennies postage. Then read the fascinating facts about the most alluring

profession in the world.

Critical Paragraphs About

New Productions

(Continued from page 103)

train from being dynamited, wins the girl, and

beats his enemies—accomplishing these

tricks against overwhelming odds. You

are apt to be thrilled even when you con-

sider it as so much holu-

um.

Teeth

Tom Mix’s “foot ensemble” has been

augmented by Duke, a dog. With Tony,

the cowboy star’s horse, the animals carry

the burden of this Western melodrama,

built around the hero unjustly accused of

murder and his faithful hound getting the

goods on the real culprit.

Every situation features the dog. Still

it seems as if he knew a little too much

even for a dog. He can spot a hub cap on

an automobile and lift keys from a jaller’s pockets. Eventually, he helps the

hero to rescue the girl from a forest

fire—a scene effectively thrilling. Not

much hard riding here. Mix does away

with his usual exploits to give the dog

a chance. And Duke can make a big bark

over his performance.

Dangerous Money

The difficult task of making a trite story

passably interesting has fallen to Frank

Tuttle—and this director, appreciating that

lifelike situations can overcome dramatic

pyrotechnics that have little meaning, has

done a first-rate job. There isn’t much to

the plot—which is of the Cinderella pat-

tern dressed up with the moral. And this

morality is that the possessor loses his or

her sense of proportion. Bebe Daniels is

the star, but we think her performance is

overshadowed by Tom Moore’s.

Worldly Goods

A picture that can take a crack at the

large and ever-growing army of “show-

offs”—who “bell” their way into every-

thing—deserves commendation. Which

makes this an especially fine treat for

America’s matrons, young and old. And

it will doubtless hit home with many—oh,

so many married couples. Paul Bern has

filled the picture with many human touches,

flashes of comedy—and appropriate at-

mosphere. And Pat O’Malley in the un-

pleasant rôle of the husband gives an

adroit study. Agnes Ayres is more adapt-

able for the rôle of the wife than anything

we have seen her in of late.

Darwin Was Right

Charles the Darwin said it some time

ago—that we were descendants of apes.

And the author and director of this pic-

Buck Jones does good work in a new type

of Western called, Winner Take All
tecture. Monkey comedies usually take up no more than three reels, but in trying to work out the Darwinian theory they have added more than humor. It tells of a scientist who in experimenting with an elixir of youth tosses off a goodly potion and reverts to type—that is, his immediate household thinks he has re¬verted to type. What does occur is a kid¬napping of the scientist, his secretary and his valet by a scoundrel who is after the fatal secret. And the monks descend upon his home. It is rather novel, but too slight for five reels.

The Garden of Weeds

This may not have been so much on the stage, but trust James Cruze to make something out of it. He has dressed up the timeworn plot—that of the innocent girl being compromised by a wealthy bounder and trying to keep her past from her husband—with sophisticated trimmings. That's the kind of a picture it is—one that paints the like in rather fashionable. A daring story which has been treated with a share of subtle shading.

The title gets its meaning from the bounder maintaining a lavish love nest for the pretty ladies. They, naturally, are so many weedy. Betty Compson is one of these weeds who transfers herself to a cleaner soil. And a smart performance she gives. The same may be said for Rockcliffe Fellows as the bounder. Fairly true to life.

Romance and Rustlers

It's seldom that a Western comes bound¬ing along that is treated with such hu¬man touches as this "horse opera" starring Yakima Canutt. Not only does its central figure appear genuine, but the incident is treated with a whimsical note of humor—which makes for rattling good entertain¬ment of its kind. The director has evi¬dently appreciated that a cowpuncher can have a sense of humor—and the scenes which might have presented the character as one of the grim fighting Westerners, release a happy comedy relief in the hero's taking life and love philosophically.

It goes over old ground, but has been freshened with bright and human inci¬dent. This Canutt fellow won his spurs and free publicity and plenty of fame as the champion rodeo artist of the world. That was last summer when he was with the Tex Austin Ranch, and he is a big rangy fellow—a skillful rider and quick with the lariat and the trigger finger. And he acts with creditable simplicity a rôle which calls for the restraint of the girl and saving himself from being framed by the ever¬villainous foreman. A neat little number.

Winner Take All

Buck Jones has hung up his saddle and spur for the time being—to take a holiday as a disciple of the manly art in a prize-fight story by Larry Evans. And with his horse in pasture Buck is allowed to display some versatility as a different type of Westerner. A group of shady promoters have seen him "rough-housing" some of the tough boys—and talk him into putting on the gloves. You know the rest.

A single-track story this, but made in¬teresting with its incident and characteriza¬tion. No hokum here—no gray-haired mother with failing eyesight wishing for a little gray home in the West. Buck just wants to settle down and build a bungalow of his own. But there is no mortgage involved. He is plumb set on getting mar¬ried some day. The fight gives him his chance. And the girl's faith is restored.
Sick at heart the trembling girl shuddered at the words that delved her to this terrible fate of the East. How could she escape from that frightful monster into whose hands she had been given—this mysterious man of mighty power whose face none had yet seen.

Here is an extraordinary situation. What was to be the fate of this beautiful girl? Who was this strange emissary whom no one really knew?

To know the answer to this and the most exciting tales of Oriental adventure and mystery ever told, read on through the thrilling, absorbing, and fascinating pages of the

MASTERPIECES of ORIENTAL MYSTERY

By SAX ROHRER

11 Superb Volumes

Written with his uncanny knowledge of things Oriental.

These are no ordinary detective stories. The hidden secrets, mysteries and intrigues of the Orient fairly leap from the pages. Before your eyes spreads a swiftly moving panorama that takes you breathless from the high places of society—from homes of refinement and luxury, to sinister underworlds of London and the Far East—from Piccadilly and Broadway to incredible scenes behind idol temples in far-off China—from hidden cities in the jungles of Malaya—along strange paths to the very seat of Hindu sorcery.

11 Mystery Volumes Packed with Thrills!

Be the first in your community to own these, the most wonderful Oriental mystery stories ever published—books that have sold by the hundred thousand at much higher prices—books you will enjoy reading over and over again. Handsomely bound in substantial cloth covers, a proud adornment for your table or shelf. A constant source of enjoyment at less cost than any other form of entertainment.

2 Beautiful Book-Ends FREE

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Advertising Section

What the Stars Are Doing

(Continued from page 123)

Starke, Pauline—will have the feminine lead in The Devil's Cargo—F. P. L.

Waldman, Myra—has already completed work in If I Ever Marry Again—F. N.

Stewart, Anita—and company have just returned from a trip where they have filmed some of the scenes of The Tuxedo Shall Meet—C.

Taylof, Lewis—playing in Chicago to marry—M. G. M.

Tellegen, Gloria—has almost completed her work in Madame Sans Gene—F. P. L. Her next picture is The Cost of Fully—Allan Dwan, who will direct the picture, has already sold for France with pictures of the interior scenes will be made.

Sweet, Blanche—playing in The Sporting Venus—M. G. M.

Talmadge, Constance—playing in Learning to Love—F. N.

Talmadge, Norma—recently completed work in The Lady's—N.

Talmadge, Richard—playing in Laughing at Danger—F. B. O.

Taylor, Esther—playing in Playthings of Desire. Tearle, Conway—has been engaged to play opposite Madame Kennedy in The Ultimate Good—A. E. Tellegen. Niles—cast as Lapiere, leader of the apaches, in The Redeming Sin—M. G. M.

Torrance, Ernest—playing in Captain Hook in Pete Pan—F. P. L.

Vale, Vola—playing Betty Bond in The Mirage—R. P.

Valentino, Rudolph—has just left for California to begin work on his new production, The Scarlet Power. It was necessary for him to wear a beard, but he has made a special effort to grow one.

Valli, Virginia—playing in a screen version of Owen Moore's play in The Lady's—R. P.


Vaughn, Alberta—appears opposite George O'Brien in The Go-Getter—F. P. L.

Vidon, Florence—portraying a spoiled daughter of a rich broker in The Girl of Gold—R. P.

Von Eltz, Theodor—playing in Flin Iz—W. B.

Walker, Johnny—has been engaged to play opposite the Rene Ray in Gallivanting Hogs.

Walthall, Henry—playing the gay young blade in Women Ahoy—F. K.

Washburn, Bryant—has been added to the cast of The Wizard of Oz—P. L.

Wells, Charles—playing the leading male rôle in Fear-bound—E. C.

Wells, Carlisle—playing in The Adventurous Sex—J. P.

Williams, Kathryn—upon completing work in William de Mille's Locked Doors—F. P. L. she will begin work on four more Westerns.

Wilson, Lois—cast as a young woman who owns and manages a newspaper in a small town. She is the only female part in the production—F. P. L.

Windsor, Claire—playing in Dize—M. G. M.

Wolfe, Anna—playing the leading rôle in Peter Pan—F. P. L.

Yanuh, Helen Lee—playing Wanda von Gluck in The Scan—F. P. L.

Key to Abbreviations

A. A.—Associated Arts

A. C.—All Christie Productions

A. E.—Associated Exhibitors

A. P.—Allied Productions

B. B.—Banner Productions

B. F. S.—B. F. Schulberg Productions

C. C. B.—C. C. Burr

C. P.—Cosmopolitan Productions

D. W. G.—D. W. Griffith

E. S.—Ernest Shipman

F. P. L.—Famous Players-Lasky

F. O.—Film Booking Offices

F. N.—First National

H. P.—Harper Productions

H. S.—Hunt Stromberg

V. P.—Inspirations Productions

M. G. M.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

P. P.—Principal Pictures

P. D.—Producers Distributing Corporation

R. P.—Regal Productions

T. H. I.—Thomas H. Ince

T. P.—Trend Productions

V. V.—Vitagraph

W. B.—Warner Brothers

W. B.—Whitman Bennett

W. F.—William Fox
**Now a Powder**

**Such as stage stars use**

By Edna Wallace Hopper

We on the stage and in movies are careful of our looks. And we are extravagant. I have always had my powders made to order by the greatest experts I know. They cost me $5 per box. They were so exquisite that all my friends asked me to order for them.

When I offered my beauty helps to women I did not include this powder. It was too expensive. But thousands asked for it. So I went to the makers. I said, “I can use a million boxes if put up to sell at 50 cents and $1.00.” They have finally agreed to do that.

So now you will find my powders—Edna Wallace Hopper’s Face Powders—at every drug and toilet counter. There are two types. One is my favorite—a heavy, clinging, cold cream powder. I use it always, because it stays. But the same powder is made light and flutty, for those who prefer that type. The heavy powder in square box costs $1.00, the light in round box only 50 cents. Both come in three shades.

You will find these exquisite powders—the powders which bear my name. In all my 40-year search I have found nothing to compare. Mail this coupon for samples. They will give you new conceptions of fine powder. I am delighted to now place it at your call.

---

**Sample Free**

Edna Wallace Hopper, 561st Ave. P.R.

I want to try □ Youth Cream Powder □ Face Powder □ White—Flesh—Brunette

---

**The Answer Man**

(Continued from page 80)

Robert B.—No, I haven’t any record of Helen Green’s returning to the screen. Is that her right name? Tell me more about her. It’s Laura LaPlante and Eugene O’Brien who are playing in Dangerous Innocence. It was taken in Honolulu; down where the chukleas grow.

Dixie of Memphis.—Just address Ben Lyon at the old Biograph Studios, 807 East 17th St., New York City. He is twenty-three. Colleen Moore is playing in Salty for the screen. Robert Frazer and Bebe Daniels in Miss Bluebeard.

Swee’ ’n Sixteen.—What do I do for excitement? Well, if you read all of these letters that are scattered on my desk, you would get enough excitement. I go to picture shows, the theater, then I re skate, dance, then occasionally play a game of mah jong. May McCaVoy at Metro-Goldwyn, Culver City, California. Run in again some time, you will always find me here.

Jean M., N. J.—So you are from New Jersey. A nice place. Kemeth Harlan at Principal Pictures, 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. Evelyn Brent is starring in Silk Stocking Sal Souundings.

Peter P.—So you think I ought to bob my beard. I suppose the boyish bob. I’ll consider it. Peter. Gloria Swanson played opposite Wallace Reid in Affairs of Anatole. There were many other stars in the picture. They also played in Something to Think About.

Scratch.—You, too? Richard Barthelmess’ Classmates. Richard does see splendid acting, and it is well done, but Inspiration also showed the Classmates which Biograph took some ten years ago with Blanche Sweet and Henry Walthall, and I want to tell you it was the funniest thing I have seen for some time. No, Clara K. Young is not playing now.

E. L.—Ronald Colman is English, and he is playing opposite Blanche Sweet and Lew Cody in The Sporting Venus. Why, Louis Calogero shot President McKinley.

Jane B.—You’re a bit twisted. Her Love Story was released first and then Wages of Virtue. They are two different pictures. Jan Keith is with Ince. Ramon Navarro is twenty-five. So long.

Ch.—If you lose your tempt don’t look for it. I easily distinguish myself, learn to distinguish between quick action and hasty judgment. Cyril Maude is not playing in pictures right now. N. J. James in 1889 for her. Forrest Stanley has the lead opposite Virginia Valli in Up the Ladder. Yes, there is a Charlotte Merriam and she is playing in Pompered Youth with Cullen Landis’ Vitagraph.

---

**Become An Artist This Easy Way**

Thousands who never dreamed they could draw can now easily become artists. You, too—without any previous training—and no matter how little apparent talent you have —can now easily learn Illustrating, Designing and Cartooning through this amazingly easy method.

You learn at home, yet your work receives the personal attention and criticism of one of America’s most successful artists. Many students actually sell enough work during their training to pay for it many times over.

**Big Money in Commercial Art**

Millions of dollars are being spent this year in advertising and story illustrations, commercial designs, and cartoons. And even more will be spent next year. Commercial art is a tremendous field—and a field where very big money is gladly paid anyone who can produce good art work. Advertisers, magazines, newspapers, printing houses, business concerns all need trained artists. Competent artists easily earn from $50 to far over $300 a week. And now you can easily enter this world’s most fascinating, best paid business.

**Mail Coupon for Free Book**

A new handsomely illustrated book has just been printed, which gives all the most up-to-date information on the thousands of wonderful opportunities in Commercial Art and shows how this startling new method easily enables you to enter this field. It tells about our students’ success—they say—actual reproductions of their work—how they made big money while studying. This attractive book will be sent without cost or obligation. Send for it. Mail coupon now.

**Washington School of Art**

Room 122-C, 1115-11th St., N.W., Washington, D.C.

**Mail Coupon for Free Book**

A new handsomely illustrated book has just been printed, which gives all the most up-to-date information on the thousands of wonderful opportunities in Commercial Art and shows how this startling new method easily enables you to enter this field. It tells about our students’ success—they say—actual reproductions of their work—how they made big money while studying. This attractive book will be sent without cost or obligation. Send for it. Mail coupon now.
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 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—

saves many times its cost in fees paid for frequent waving!

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—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 abets the hair to a brilliancy no dressings can ever equal in effect.

Try Wavex and be convinced! Read the makers’ generous offer appearing below and use the coupon now!

Special Free Trial Offer!

Until every letter can be supplied, we will forward one Wavex curling hair brush to any address for an actual test of its remarkable properties. You need not send a penny. Pay the postman who brings it 85 and the postage. This will be returned if you aren’t enthusiastic after even one week of brush-waving. Those who prefer paying now may do so and save the postage. If you enclose the 85 we’ll ship the brush prepaid: money back either way—if you want it! But if you want Waves at this price apply promptly, and please use the coupon:

THE WAVEX COMPANY
40 So. State St., Chicago
(67-A)

Please send me one Wavex curling hair brush for a week’s free demonstration which must not, on my money to be returned. I will pay postage 85 and postage. (Or enclose 85 now and get brush prepaid.)

Name:
Address:
P. O.

(Continued from page 95)

Stories About the Old Times

George Hackathorne wore a mustache in the early days of his screen career

Week before by landing this humble job, I wanted it badly. But D. W. just raised his hand, and said: ‘Keep it up, young man, keep it up. I like to hear you.’ But I must have been disappointed to him from then on. My thoughts had flown and I had to stumble along.

‘Two weeks later, I was still digging post-holes when D. W. sent for me. ‘Can you act?’ he asked. ‘No!’ I replied. ‘Well, you can talk,’ retorted D. W., and added, ‘I want you, just as you are, in your overalls, to climb up on that soap box and talk to this mob. Pick your own subject.’ A little voice inside of me kept saying: ‘Here is your opportunity, Don’t lose it!’ ‘I never talked in my life as I talked that day. Just as I got going good, I heard D. W.’s voice. Between laughs, he had been trying to stop me for several minutes. He had his scenes. And I had a new job. That made me an actor.’

Marie Prevost likes to reminisce, too. ‘One of my earliest and most poignant recollections of the screen,’ said Marie, ‘concerns a colored maid. I was it! Yes, it was a Mack Sennett comedy and Mack Busch was the featured player. I was her maid—my first part—and I made the most of it. In fact, I applied my make-up so thoroughly that I looked the part for a week.

The rest of the original Mack Sennett bathing girls, I had started a motion picture career at three dollars a day, six days a week guarantee. Out of that we trolleyed to and from the studio, bought our lunches and made our clothes (don’t laugh) and those were happy days! We were really school girls, all burning with the desire to learn to act. Gloria Swanson and Mack Busch were our ideals on the lot. They were getting somewhere as actresses.

“My ability to swim, dive and ride a surf-board eventually led to the golden opportunity. I was called upon to double for another girl in the long shots in the water. No doubt I was a much better bathing girl than an actress, but at any rate my skill as a mermaid finally led to the hanging of the bathing suit on the line for good.”

NEXT MONTH

CHARACTER ANALYSES

MILTON SILLS, BESSIE LOVE,
ANNA Q. NILSSON, ADOLPHE MENJOU

By MADAME VANCE de REVERE
Too Fat? Too Thin?

One condition is just about as undesirable as the other—and as unnecessary. Estelle Taylor, movie star, will tell from her own experience, in February BEAUTY, “How I Lost a Pound a Day—How I Gained a Pound a Day”

“How Not to Get Tired” is an article for the woman who stands all day, by Lydia de Vilbiss, M. D., well-known lecturer and writer, who has been associated with health work in many states.

Cold weather brings its own problems to the beauty seeker. You will find many valuable suggestions in “How to Protect Your Beauty from Winter Blasts.”

Dancing helps to create charm, according to Catherine Crandell, lovely dancer in the Greenwich Village Follies. She writes about it in “How I Acquired Charm,” to appear in February BEAUTY.

“What Hockey Can Do for You” will be the second in a series of illustrative articles on sports for women written by Mildred Smelker for lovers of sport.
Wooden Shoes

"THE peasants in America do not wear wooden shoes at all, even in the fields!" writes Abbe Pierre, of Gascony. "No, the peasants there wear shoes of leather, altho I should think that sabots would be much more serviceable, not only on the roads, but plowing. . . . And wooden shoes are far less expensive. Ah, that America is an extravagant country!"

Advertisements haven't yet taken the heavy wooden shoes from Gascon feet—nor yet the heavy wooden shoes from Gascon minds. Gascony thinks in the past. America in the future.

Advertisements make the difference. They crisscross improvements in countless directions across the miles. They distribute Fords, furnaces and electric lights so widely that foreigners think you extravagant to enjoy them. They put you in touch with the latest conveniences. They help so many people enjoy those conveniences that their cost to you is small.

You read advertisements to link yourself with the best—to substitute speed for the shambling progress you otherwise would have to make in the lonely wooden shoes of isolation.

Do you read them regularly? Good habits pay.

Advertisements are a reliable buying guide obtainable in no other way.
New 1-2-3 Method for

DOUBLE CHIN

OR

SAGGING

FACIAL

MUSCLES

BEAUTY cannot be
attained by a free use
of cosmetics alone.
Complexion is not every-
thing—the contour of the
face must also be correct.
Double chin, sagging
facial muscles, drooping
mouth lines mar what otherwise would be a pretty
face.
It is no longer necessary to labor under the handicap
of such facial faults. Use the Cora M. Davis 1-2-3 method,
consisting of an effective reducing facial cream, patented
chin and face strap, and astringent.

Worn While You Sleep

How simple—how convenient—how effective. Merely
apply the cream before going to bed. Then put on the
chin strap. The cream has so softened the skin muscles
that the strap is easily capable of starting its work of re-
ducing the double chin, raising the mouth lines and re-
turning to their proper places the sagging face muscles.
Then in the morning apply the astringent which tightens
up the skin and makes permanent the work done by the
cream and strap. Continue this for a few nights and see
the wonderful improvement in your facial contour. Special combination price for all three articles, only $4.00.
Anyone desiring either of these articles alone can obtain them at the stipulated prices.

CORAM M. DAVIS
Dept. X10
507 Fifth Ave.
New York City

These Stores Sell The
Davis Chin Straps:

ANGOLA, INO.
Edgar Cash Drug Store

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
St. James Drug Store

BOSTON, MASS.
Macy's, 35 Worth St.

CHICAGO, ILL.
American Drug Co.

CLEVELAND, O.
Henry Pontiac, 543 Superior Ave.

COLUMBUS, OHIO
Davis Drug, 449 E. Broad St.

DENVER, COLO.
Barnes Drug Co., 1137 Larimer St.

DES MOINES, IOWA
Davis Drug, 21 Grand Ave.

DETROIT, MICH.
William L. Beilby, 944 Gratiot Ave.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
Davis Drug, 222 Monroe St.

HARTFORD, CONN.
Davis Drug, 273 W. Main St.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
L. S. Donaldson Co.

NEWARK, N. J.
J. H. Hopp, 431 Broad St.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.
L. B. Relph, 740 Iberville St.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
James H. C. Davis, 127 W. 42nd St.

OAKVILLE, ILL.
Geoffrey Drug Co.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
D. E. Miller, 616 Chestnut St.

PITTSBURGH, PA.
C. I. Buie, 310 Liberty Ave.

SAN ANTONIO, TX.
Davis Drug, 132 Alamo Ave.

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. E. Miller, 310 Liberty Ave.

TRENTON, N. J.
Davis Drug, 222 Halsey St.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
Liggett's Drug Store, 611 E. St.

These stores sell the
Davis Chin Straps:

§. H. Macy

Bloomfield's

Columbus Ave. and

5th St. and at all other
deal stores.

Drug Merchants of Amer-

ica, Inc., Fulton St.

Liggett's Drug Store

Harley & Luther, 40th and

Broadway, and others.

NEWARK, N. J.

Kaufman Bros., 1 Main St.

PATERSON, N. J.

Liggett's, 145 Market St.

Palmer's Drug Store

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Sturtevant's, 213 Chestnut St.

Litt Bros.

Gene C. Kraus' Drug Stores

Rita A. Kraus, 1815 West

Walnut St.

Paul L. Campbell, 13th

and Spring St.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

McCarthy Co.

Kaufman Bros.

McGuiness Vandy Shop

Joseph Home Co.

Macy Drug Co.

POUGHEESPIE, N. Y.

C. I. Buie, 310 Liberty Ave.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

The Exchange, 144 Hope St.

RICHMOND, VA.

Hogue, H. H., 3rd St.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

Dr. C. E. Reddin

SOUTH NORWALK, CONN.

Liggett's 10 East Wash-

ington Ave.

TRENTON, N. J.

Davis Drug, 222 Halsey St.

UTICA, N. Y.

Rogers & McCaffery

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Liggett's, 1000 15th St.

WILKINS, P. W.

Mrs. B. Goddard, 81 Ran-

dor Ave.

WILMINGTON, DEL.

The Charlotte Shop, 245

For sale at Owl Drug Stores from

Chicago to the Pacific Coast.

Use this

Coupon

If your dealer
cannot supply you

This astringent is a
mild lotion but con-
tains the correct
essentials to produce
firmness without
harmfulness, tightening
the skin smoothly
wherever applied.

Price $1.25

CORAM M. DAVIS
Dept. X10, 507 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Send me the articles checked. I will pay the postage price
plus five cents postage on delivery. I am sure to get my money
back if not satisfied.

☐ Davis Chin Strap.......................... $2.00

☐ Davis Chin Reducing Cream............... 1.00

☐ Davis Special Astringent.................. 1.25

☐ Combination Special Offer of all three

above.......................... $4.25

Name........................................

Street....................................

City......................................

State....................................
Some day a debutante

The same mild daily cleansing that has retained mother’s schoolgirl complexion will give baby, when she grows up, an attractive, wholesome skin for which she will always thank you.

A debutante! That little bundle of fluff—baby. Mother remembers her own début, not so many years ago. The thrill of parties, attentions, popularity. Some day baby, too, will make her bow. Will she be lovely, attractive—popular? Or will she be handicapped by a poor complexion—a wallflower?

Mother’s duty to baby is obvious. The tender rose-petal skin needs the same simple care that mother’s does. Constant attention, the thorough cleansing that dermatologists recommend, will give baby, when she grows up, the complexion that others envy—men admire.

For by this simple method, superior to costly beauty treatments, the complexion is built, wholesome and protected, with a result which renders cosmetics, powders unnecessary or of secondary importance. For if the skin itself is right, artificial aids are little needed.

A simple, wholesome “beauty treatment”—do this just one week—then note results

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. If you do, they clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it gently into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both the washing and rinsing. If your skin is inclined to dryness, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and particularly before retiring.

Sallow, unattractive skin no longer excusable

Thus in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty and charm.

No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day’s accumulations of dirt, oil and perspiration, cleanse the pores, and nature will be kind to you. Your skin will be of fine texture. Your color will be good. Wrinkles will not be the problem as the years advance.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. The Palmolive habit will keep that schoolgirl complexion.

And it costs but 10¢ the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Note the difference just one week makes.
On pages 28-29
READ HOW PARIS COPIES STYLES SET BY HOLLYWOOD
"You would never guess they are married"

It is only of a clever wife that this is ever said. Why let youth slip away, youthful radiance fade, when to keep them you need but practice a few simple rules of daily care?

PEOPLE have changed, and ideals have changed. The "middle-aged" woman is conspicuously absent in the modern scheme of things.

In her place, we have the woman who values the social importance of youth—and keeps it. Glowing youth well into the thirties, even the forbidden forties, we see it today wherever our eyes turn!

Yet the secret is simple; and the means within the reach of everyone—first, last and foremost, correct skin care. The common-sense care that starts with keeping the pores open and healthy; just the regular use of palm and olive oils as scientifically saponified in Palmolive.

See the difference one week will bring

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on overnight. 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 dryness, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

The world's most simple beauty treatment

Thus, in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty, charm and Youth Prolonged.

No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day's accumulations of dirt and oil and perspiration, cleanse the pores, and Nature will be kind to you. Your skin will be of fine texture. Your color will be good. Wrinkles will not be your problem as the years advance.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. The Palmolive habit will keep that schoolgirl complexion.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), Chicago, Ill.
New Rejuvenating Silk Mask Worn While You Sleep—Brings New Beauty Overnight

Amazing! A simple, inexpensive treatment—yet you wake up with practically a new complexion. Just wear this sheer, specially-treated mask one night and see what happens. See how the tired lines and wrinkles begin to vanish, the blemishes clear away, the complexion becomes smooth, fresh, radiant.

No matter what methods you may have tried before, no matter how badly blemished, how hollow, how wrinkled your complexion may be—this astonishing new method will achieve a transfiguration overnight.

Here is a scientifically correct silk mask, so treated that it actually rejuvenates the complexion while you sleep—a mask that is at work every instant during the night, purifying the pores, reviving the starved skin cells, lifting and toning the sagging muscles, making the skin soft, clear and sleek. The simple, silk mask that you scarcely know you have on, yet in one night it acts to give you a new complexion for the old!

Not quite like this marvelous mask has ever been known before. It is based on an entirely new principle of beauty culture. Anatomically designed and perfected by Susanna Cocroft, famous health specialist—based upon her years of experience, and upon her unusual knowledge of anatomy of an art of rejuvenation of beauty and youth. The secret complete is yours. You just follow the simple directions, slip on the mask—and fall asleep. Let your mirror tell the story in the morning!

Here's what happens: The soft, sheer silk mask, which has unusual medicated properties, not only stimulates natural circulation, but acts to smooth away tired lines and to make the skin soft, glowing, elastic. The nourishing cream and tonic with which the mask is treated stimulates the natural functioning of the skin, helping to throw off all waste, all poisons and impurities in a natural way.

All night, as you sleep, the tiny cells breathe through the pores, and are nursed back to glowing health. Muscles are rejuvenated. The face is restored to youthful contour. The tiny eye muscles and with them the eyes are rested and thereby strengthened. Minute by minute through the night the skin is cleansed, purified, stimulated—and in the morning your skin is velvet-like in its smoothness, clear, fresh, radiant!

Send for Interesting Book and Special Offer

Discover what you really can do with your complexion! Find out about this new method that gives youth and beauty to the skin quickly, inexpensively, overnight. Learn all about the extraordinary Susanna Cocroft Face Mask. Let us send you today, entirely without obligation to you, our interesting illustrated booklet that tells you everything about the mask—how it works with the special tonic and nourishing cream, how it acts to cleanse the pores, lift sagging muscles, smooth away tired lines, restore youthful contour to checks, chin, throat.

This information is yours for the asking. May we send it? Mail the coupon NOW, before you forget. Remember, there's no obligation of any sort. We'll be glad to send it.

THOMPSON-BARLOW CO., Inc.
Dept. F-153
136 W. 31st Street, New York City


I am interested. You may send me your interesting illustrated booklet concerning the Susanna Cocroft Skintone Face Mask and how it works, and also details of your special Package Offer. I am thoroughly interested that this is a request for free information only, and that it does not obligate me in any way whatsoever.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Personalities of Paramount

Cecil B. De Mille

The name of Cecil B. De Mille is written in letters of fire and gold across the entire history of motion pictures.

In the uncharted land of Filming Life he has pioneered from picture to picture, devising and improvising point after point of technique that has since become axiomatic with the industry.

In the wake of his progress he has left more than a score of world-encircling productions, all Paramount Pictures, and all so successful that nothing short of his own "Ten Commandments" could out-shine them.

The glory of his example set such a torch to the ambition of others that he may be truthfully called director-maker and star maker.

His philosophy is that the motion picture can be made the greatest instrument of human entertainment and stimulus to perfection ever dreamed of, and every Paramount Picture he makes is practical precept and proof of it.

If you saw "Male and Female", "Man slaughter", "Feet of Clay", "The Golden Bed", or "The Ten Commandments", you know the art of this super-director.

Cecil De Mille is now making "Sorrows of Satan"

Jeanne Macpherson's screen play of Marie Corelli's story

Paramount Pictures

Setting the Genius of the Screen

Many kinds of talent go to the making of great photoplays.

Like a precious stone, motion picture genius requires setting, and to do this, guarantees and money and organization must be forthcoming from somewhere in advance of the creation of any real values whatsoever.

In the past the Great Aristocrat was the patron of art and within the portals of his palace a place was made for the Artist.

Today, Business Organization is the Patron, holding the sacred trust in fee for all the millions of people who seek the spirit of that intenser life called Art at the motion picture theatre.

And Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is proud to realize that there are millions who demand to know nothing more about a picture before they go than that its name is Paramount.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
HOKUM? WELL, WHY NOT?

A WELL-KNOWN motion-picture producer has lifted up his voice in anguish. He says he has tried to give the public good pictures; but they will have none of them. Therefore, he is prepared ruthlessly to forsake quality and wallow in hokum forever more.

It would seem to be time that someone rushed to the rescue of the much-belabored public.

There is something to be said in defense of the abused hokum. There are, in fact, certain sound and fundamental facts upon which the public's supposed appetite for hokum is based.

In the first place, hokum, when analyzed, discloses some surprising ingredients which go into the mixture.

What, indeed, is hokum but dramatic situations so sound in their basic elements that they have become trite and overfamiliar?

When the chemically pure young lady snaps her fingers in the face of the cruel villains and says: "Rags are royal raiment when worn for Virtue's sake," she is not depending upon bad drama. On the other hand, it is exceedingly good drama. It is drama so tried and so fundamentally correct that it is flourished with the deadly assurance of the family revolver. It is literally sure fire. So sure that the crudest hand can—and does—use it with success.

There can be no just criticism of hokum because of the nature of the beast. The criticism rests upon the producers for employing these fine old weapons with such crudity and such a lack of finesse that you can hear them creak before they strike.

The real reason that the public seems to prefer hokum to "good pictures" is due to the character of the good pictures. Too frequently they fall overboard into the morasses of "literature."

The truth is, very few producers or directors fully realize that they are dealing with a new medium. In their appealing and earnest effort to give the public better pictures they frequently stray off into fields that more properly belong to the spoken drama or written books.

So, in chagrin and with chastened spirit, they hurry back to the good old hokum which is "picture stuff."

The real remedy would seem to lie in doing hokum better, with more subtlety, and more beautifully.

F. M. Osborne, Editor

Harry Carr, Western Editorial Representative

A. M. Hopfmuller, Art Director

Published Monthly by the Brewster Publications, Inc., at 18410 Jamaica Ave., Jamaica, N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office at Jamaica, N. Y., as second-class matter, under the act of March 3rd, 1879. Printed in the U. S. A.

EXECUTIVE and EDITORIAL OFFICES, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Eugene V. Brewster, President and Editor-in-Chief; Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., Vice-President and Business Manager; George J. Trencham, Circulation Director; R. M. Heinsmann, Secretary; L. G. Conlon, Treasurer. Also publishers of BEAUTY, out on the fifteenth of each month; the CLASSIC, out on the twelfth; MOVIE THRILLERS, out on the fifteenth. MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is issued on the first of the month preceding its date.

Subscription $2.50 a year in advance, including postage in the United States, Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, $3.00. Foreign countries, $3.50. Single copies, 25 cents, postage prepaid. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

Copyright, 1925, in United States and Great Britain by Brewster Publications, Inc.
Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks," has written an amazing book that should be read by every man and woman—married or single. "The Philosophy of Love" is not a novel—it is a penetrating searchlight fearlessly turned on the most intimate relations of men and women. Read below how you can get this daring book at our risk—without advancing a penny.

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

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

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

Should a bride tell her husband what happened at seventeen?

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

Do you know how to make people like you?

If you can answer the above questions—

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

**What Do YOU Know About Love?**

Do you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with devoted, virtuous wives, often become secret slaves to creatures of another "world"—and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves battling against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men?

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

In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn courageously solves the most vital problems of love and marriage. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no action, no habit, no fear, is spared. She warns gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

"The Philosophy of Love" is one of the most daring books ever written. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of real value, could not mince words. Every problem had to be faced with utter honesty, deep sincerity, and utter courage. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade—while she deals with strong emotions and passions in her frank, fearless manner—she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sacredly that the book can safely be read by any man or woman. In fact, anyone over eighteen should be compelled to read "The Philosophy of Love"; for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the most dangerous sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage. As one mother wrote: "I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl—it would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering."

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

**SEND NO MONEY**

You need not advance a single penny for "The Philosophy of Love." Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter—and the book will be sent to you on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only $1.98, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded instantly.

Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories or have seen them in the movies. Her books sell like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below AT ONCE. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

Get your pencil—fill out the coupon NOW. Mail it to The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y., before it is too late. Then be prepared to read the most daring book ever written!

---

**The Authors' Press, Dept. 258, Auburn, N. Y.**

Please send me on approval Elinor Glyn's masterpieces, "The Philosophy of Love." When the postman delivers the book to my door, I will pay him only $1.98, plus a few pennies postage. It is understood, however, that this is not to be considered a purchase. If the book does not in every way come up to my expectations, I reserve the right to return it any time within five days after it is received, and you agree to refund my money.

---

**The Philosophy of Love**

Written by Elinor Glyn, author of "Three Weeks" and "Spend a Week." Published in London by the Trizon Press, now distributed in the United States by the Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y., by special license, in Lettered Leather Edition, as most people do. Simply fill in the coupon below and send it to the Authors' Press at the address below. You can order a handsome Lettered Leather Edition at a special price, or for immediate delivery. For normal prices see the publishers' catalog. Send your order now, and get your book before it is too late.

---

**Name.**

**Address.**

City and State.

---

**IMPORTANT:** If it is possible that you may not be at home when the postman calls, send your check or money order to the above address, and the book will be mailed to you, in a strong protective wrapper. This will come at no extra cost. If you order direct from the Publishers, you will receive a handsome Lettered Leather Edition at a special price. If you order from your bookseller, you will receive the regular edition. The price in the Lettered Leather Edition is $1.98, postpaid, and the regular edition is $1.75, postpaid. No extra charge for cash orders. Cash received in advance.

---

**Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.**
Wonders of 32-Piece Aluminum Set consists of 2 Bread Pans; Doughnut Cutter; 2 Loose Bottom Jelly Cake Pans; Combination Teakettle and Rice Boiler with lid; Saucepan Set with lid; Zipper; Colanders; Measuring Cup; Percolator; 2 Pie Pans; Casserole Set 14 pieces; Tea or Coffee Strainer; Fry Pan also Cooker Set of 5 pieces; making 31 separate useful combinations, as follows: Preserving Kettle, Coffee Kettle, Combination Cooker, Casserole, Frying Pan, Tubed Cake Pan, Coffee Pot, Roaster, Cord Topper, Drainer Set, Double Boiler.

FREE
Both 10-Piece White Enamel Kitchen Set—FREE!

Just mail the coupon with $1 and Hartman, the Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World, will send you this splendid complete 32-Piece Aluminum Cooking Set, and with it absolutely FREE the 10-Piece Combination Kitchen Set and handy 9-Piece Canister Set described at right. Use all three sets 30 days on Free Trial, and if not more than $1 satisfied, send them back and we will refund your $1 and pay transportation charges both ways. If you keep them, pay only for Aluminum Set, a little each month. Keep both the Kitchen Set and Canister Sets as gifts from Hartman.

A Complete Cooking Outfit—Guaranteed for Life

This is Hartman's famous, special, selected set of heavy gauge Aluminum Ware—a complete cooking outfit, light to handle, easy to clean, always bright as silver. Never will chip, crack or rust. So durable that we guarantee it for life—everything you need for baking, boiling, roasting, frying. And, think of it—

Nearly a Year to Pay

This offer proves that Hartman gives the world's most liberal terms and the world's greatest values in dependable merchandise. Send only $1 now and that will be your first payment on the Aluminum Set. Then, if after 30 days' trial you decide to keep it, take nearly a year to pay for the Aluminum Set only—a little every month. Pay nothing for the Kitchen Set or Canister Set at any time. Offer is limited. Mail the coupon NOW, while you can get these wonderful Free Gifts.


FREE 10-Piece Kitchen Set and 9-Piece Canister Set absolutely FREE.

FREE 10-Piece Kitchen Set and 9-Piece Canister Set absolutely FREE. Both sets Free with Aluminum Set. Kitchen Set includes: Potato Masher, Mixing Spoon, Measuring Cup, Two Liquid Measuring Cups, Pancake Pan, Pie Pan, Pastry Mat, Egg Beater, Wall Rack, All have stainless steel hardware and hang on wall rack. Canister Set includes: Large containers for Tea, Coffee, Sugar, small containers for Pepper, Cinnamon, Allspice, Nutmeg, Cloves and Ginger, all remitted in colors with gold lettering designating contents. Offer limited.

Just Pin a Dollar Bill to Coupon—Mail Today

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.
Dept. 7209
Chicago, Ill.

1 establish $1. Send the
32-Piece Complete Aluminum Cooking Set
No. 417GMAT14, Price $18.95.
Send $1 with order. Balance $2 monthly.

Name__________________________
R. F. D., Box No.__________________
Street and No.__________________
City__________________________State__________

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Give us Telephones

Following the war, when business and social life surged again into normal channels, there came the cry from homes, hospitals, schools, mills, offices—"Give us telephones." No one in the telephone company will ever forget those days.

Doctors, nurses and those who were sick had to be given telephones first. New buildings, delayed by war emergency, had to be constructed, switchboards built and installed, cables made and laid, lines run and telephones attached.

The telephone shortage is never far away. If for a few years the telephone company was unable to build ahead, if it neglected to push into the markets for capital and materials for the future's need, there would be a recurrence of the dearth of telephones. No one could dread that eventuality so much as the 350,000 telephone workers.

Bell System engineers measure and forecast the growth of communities; cables, conduits, switchboards and buildings are planned and developed years ahead of the need, that facilities may be provided in advance of telephone want. Population or business requirements added to a community must find the telephone ready, waiting.

Are You Anxious to Increase Your Present Income? If So, Why Not Let Us Help You?

If you are ambitious, trustworthy and conscientious, if you are one who can persevere and one who can be relied upon to carry out instructions, we want your services and we are very willing to pay you a liberal compensation for such services as you render.

We Have Helped Hundreds of Good People to Increase Their Income Within the Past Year and we are willing to help you, provided you are willing to cooperate with us. The work we would ask you to do for us is easy and pleasant and should not interfere with your present duties, whatever they may be, as it will only be necessary for you to give your spare time to our proposition in order to increase your present income materially.

Our work consists of collecting renewals and soliciting new subscriptions for Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic, Beauty and Movie Thrillers.

This proposition certainly should interest you if you are ambitious and in need of more money. We will give you full information about our plan if you will fill in your name and address on the attached coupon and mail immediately.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Subscription Dept.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N.Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I am interested in having more money. Please tell me how I can get it thru your plan.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name: ______________________</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. and No.: _________________</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>City: _______________________</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>State: _____________________</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
THIS NUMBER CONTAINS:

Where the Atmosphere Is At—Recounting the problems of the location director ........................................... by Harry Carr 20-21
Just a Little Family Affair—Portraits of stars with their mothers and fathers ........................................... 22-23
What the Fans Write to the Stars—All about the letters the stars really get and those they'd like to get ........................................... 24-25
The Doctor—Reproduction of a screen painting made from a famous painting ........................................... 26
The Boy on the Cover—An interview with the popular Ben Lyon ........................................... by Dorothy Day 27
Styles Are Dictated in Hollywood, and Paris Designers Follow Them ........................................... by Dorothy Donnell Calhoun 28-29
Snap Judgments—Pictures of well-known stars photographing other stars ........................................... 30-31
The Story of My Life—the autobiography of a "different" screen hero ........................................... by Ronald Colman 32-34
For the Picture Fans of 2025—Lillian Gish and Colleen Moore preserved in marble and bronze ........................................... 35
Confidences Off-Screen—Chats with Norma Shearer, Wallace Beery, the Talmages, and others ........................................... by W. Adolphe Roberts 36-37
How Our Readers See the Stars—A second page of cartoons in our Artists' Contest ........................................... 38
Learning to Love—Constance Talmadge's new picture told in short-story form ........................................... by Gordon Melcher 39-41
“This Business of Being a Vampire”—Two well-known vampas debate the matter ........................................... by Nita Naldi and Barbara La Marr 42-43
Pieces of Hate—Circulated among the Handsome Men and the Beautiful Women of Hollywood ........................................... by Saxon Cone 44-45
The Winners of the Month—Constructive reviews of Isn't Life Wonderful, Greed, Romola, and The Tornado ........................................... by Lawrence Reid 46-47
Have You a Pet Superstition?—Pictures of five stars who believe in Lady Luck ........................................... 48
Whose Hand?—The third instalment of our serial of romance, mystery, and intrigue ........................................... by W. Adolphe Roberts 49-51
Reeling With Laughter—A number of scenes from comedies that will soon be released ........................................... 52-53
What I Can Read in the Faces of the Film Stars—Analyzes of Bessie Love, Anna Q. Nilsson, Adolphe Menjou, Milton Sills ........................................... by F. Vance de Revere 54-55
Critical Paragraphs About New Pictures—Recent releases reviewed in brief ........................................... by the Editorial Staff 56-57
That's Out—Keen comment about the people and the affairs of Movieland ........................................... by Tomar Lane 58
Question: Can a Bishop Cheat at Chess?—Claude Gillingwater and Alec B. Francis answer this question pictorially ........................................... 59
Clara Bow and Dagmar Godowsky—In poses specially made for the readers of this magazine ........................................... 60-61
Picking Actors for Parts—Revelations as to the importance of certain types ........................................... by Harry Carr 62-63
Turning the Tables—Scenes on off stage with Conway Tearle and Madge Kennedy ........................................... 64
"In Days of Old When Knights Were Bold"—Introducing Marc Gentaile, a new screen hero ........................................... 65
Aileen Pringle—A study of this popular star made for you in her own home ........................................... 66
Along the Atlantic Way—News and gossips of stars and studios in the East ........................................... by Hal Howe 67-68
They're Getting Each Other's Number—An amusing snapshot of Richard Dix and his Director ........................................... 69
On the Camera Coast—News and gossip of stars and studios in the West ........................................... by Harry Carr 70-71
A Page of Promising Newcomers—Five new players which our readers recommend for Stardom ........................................... 72
We're Asking You—A Question-Box conducted by the Editorial Staff for the benefit of the readers ........................................... 73
The Answer Man—Brief replies to the fans who have asked for information about stars and pictures ........................................... 74-75
Letters to the Editor—A department containing prize-winning letters from readers, and excerpts from letters ........................................... 76
Fables in Celluloid—Written and sketched with apologies to Esop and his illustrator ........................................... by Margaret Norris and Helen Hokinson 78
What the Stars Are Doing—Brief information about screen players ........................................... Conducted by Gertrude Driscoll 80

New York's famous Hester Street, as duplicated in the Famous Players-Lasky studio for Salome of the Tenements
Blackheads can be overcome by the right cleansing method

Two boys, just out of college, were riding down Fifth Avenue on a bus top. They were watching the stream of women—women of every age, every type of costume and appearance, who fill that brilliant thoroughfare at four o'clock in the afternoon—the fashionable hour.

"They look all right from up here," remarked one of the boys, "but get down on the sidewalk, and just about one woman in ten really has a good complexion. With the rest it's a matter of make-up."

These were real boys—and a real conversation.

There is no way of successfully disguising a poor complexion.

But by using the right hygienic methods, you can overcome its faults!

Each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. If you give this new skin the right treatment, you can gain a complexion so fresh, clear, radiant, that there will be nothing you need to conceal.

To free your skin from blackheads

Blackheads are a confession that you are not using the right cleansing method for your skin. Use this treatment, and see how quickly blackheads will disappear.

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.

This is only one of the famous skin treatments given in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and find, in this booklet, the right treatment for your skin. See what a difference even a week or ten days of this special care will make.

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

FREE! A guest-size set of three Woodbury skin preparations, with one large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

The Andrew Jergens Co.
1303 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me free
The new, large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder, and the treatment booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 180 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.


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

Cut out this coupon and send it to us today

Copyright, 1924, by The Andrew Jergens Co.
ALLA NAZIMOVA

Not since she played Salome have we seen Nazimova on the screen. Now she is staging her comeback in The Redeeming Sin. Her next picture will be My Son, from the stage play of that name.
Such a versatile star is James Kirkwood that he is in demand both on stage and on screen, so he vacillates between the two, playing stage roles fall and winter, making pictures spring and summer. Now he's speaking for himself on Broadway in *Ladies of the Evening*. In the left-hand corner you see him in *Top of the World* with young Philip de Lacey. If Mr. Kirkwood looks unusually proud, you'll find the answer on the opposite page.
Once Jack Mulhall was merely “that good-looking young man” who played opposite Bebe Daniels. Now he is a star with a following all his own. You’ll see him soon in *The Three Keys*.
You will remember Willard Louis first for his remarkable impersonation of the Prince of Wales in *Beau Brummel*, the picture John Barrymore made famous. From this he leaped to fame in one jump as the imperturbable Babbitt. Now Warner Brothers are featuring him as *The Man Without a Conscience*. But you need only glance at the right where you see him with his little daughter, to know that he could never be given such a title in real life.
Altho Viola Dana is in demand everywhere, she refuses to sign a contract, but chooses her pictures and whom she will work for with enviable independence. Because she will not be pigeon-holed as Viola Dana, comédienne, she has gone in for things dramatic, as witness *As Man Desires*, made for First National with Milton Sills. These two have played together before, as you will see by the picture at left.
Where the Atmosphere Is At

Harry Carr tells you about the troubles of the much-maligned location director, who has to make things look like what they ain't

"I gotta find Egypt and the River Nile and a lot of pyramids," said the director looking in at the front door, "and it's got to be somewhere around Hollywood because I'm behind the schedule."

And the next director who pokes his head in at the door wants Scotland; another one demands the Canadian Northwest; and still another one insists that they've got to find for him a Massachusetts country town, and it's got to look exactly like New England and it's got to be in California.

These are among the reasons why the location director acquires gray hair and nervous dyspepsia.

Nevertheless he finds them. He finds a Scotland that looks more like Scotland—than Scotland, and a place that looks the way the South Seas ought to look, even if they don't.

In all probability, when you see the Canadian Northwest in the movies, you are in reality looking at Big Bear Lake in the San Bernardino Mountains, about sixty miles from Los Angeles.

One of the champion locations of California is another lake resort very near Big Bear. On its shores is a summer hotel, built in the manner of a French Norman village. Often you will see two companies working there at the same time. Probably the cameras will be standing near together. One will be pointed north by north-northeast at a village in France, where the actors are talking with their shrugging shoulders and saying La-la-la, and the other camera is pointed two points off to starboard at a Maine lake where the gallant, sad-eyed hero, with an honest heart and an empty pocketbook, is getting ready to rescue the millionaire's daughter from a canoe accident.

When you see a picture laid in rural New England, the chances are ten to one it was made in Pleasanton, California. When the director tells the location man to find him that Massachusetts town—oh, that's almost too easy. Pleasanton was made to order for him.

This is a curious old town near San Francisco. It was settled by Massachusetts and Connecticut folks back in the fifties. They brought their familiar architecture with them—even to the old country hotel with the piazza and the country church with the belfry. It looks more like the traditional New England towns than the real ones do now.

For the New England farm country, they often use a town in Northern California, called Jamestown. There is one solitary strip of road about twenty miles out from Los Angeles, near Glendora, that looks exactly like Rhode Island—stone walls and all. No doubt it happened to be settled by someone from that section.

Perhaps the champion location town in the whole world, however, is Sonora, in central California. It is the scene of most of the pictures supposed to be laid in the days of '49—the Bret Harte stuff. Griffith's Scarlet Days and dozens of other big pictures were made there. It is a curious old place, hoary with tradition. Mark Twain used to live there in his younger newspaper days. The old-timers snort with scorn, however, when you try to get Mark Twain stories out of them. They can't see why anybody would bother to read any of the writings of that lazy Sam Clemens. He just wrote a lot of foolishness. Now there was a feller who lived there once and edited the local paper who could write grand pieces. Now he was a real writer! Sam Clemens! Huh!

There's an old graveyard in Sonora which stands as a monument to piety and idealism. In the days of the gold excitement, they discovered that the bodies of the dead were laid in gold ore; that the whole graveyard was a
The pioneers had a meeting and talked it over. They decided that they would let "God's Acre" alone. If it was gold—well, it was gold. To this day they have never allowed anyone to dig into it.

The last location director who went to Sonora came home with a bleeding heart. He found that someone had put up a garage. Spoiled the whole thing. Took away the flavor. They will still continue to use Sonora; but they will have to disguise that garage with a false front which they will have to build for every picture.

Two of the best Western frontier towns are Tehachapi, which is quite close to Los Angeles, and Independence, in Inyo County—in the Owens River country, which is the distant source of the Los Angeles city water. Owing to the fact that Los Angeles has bought up huge tracts of land in that country in order to control the water rights, the towns thereabout have not gone ahead so rapidly as in other parts of the State. Independence also has the motion picture advantage of being the most American town on the map. As a matter of actual census fact, it probably has fewer foreign-born residents than any other town in America. It was settled in the fifties during the gold excitement. It was the early home of Mary Austin, the novelist. It looks very much as it did in the old days.

There are several other old gold towns in that part of the country—like Bodie—which remain very much as they were. Victorville, on the edge of the desert, is also much used in pictures. Not very far from Victorville is an old town called Ehrenberg which was a big, prosperous town once; but is now deserted. This is simply duck soup for the movies. They can do with it what they will.

For cattle pictures, the location directors have several "outs." One of the best cattle locations is Prescott, Arizona, where When a Man's a Man and most of the Tom Mix pictures were made. The location men also find good "cattle stuff" at Bishop, California, in the high Sierras, and on the famous old O'Neill Ranch between Los Angeles and San Diego.

In 1915, San Diego gave a World's Fair—a sort of twin of the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco. It wasn't such a very large fair; but it had the most marvelously beautiful buildings ever constructed. They were all old Spanish, the pre-Mission style of architecture. As these buildings are still standing, you can well imagine what the casting directors do to them. They figure in nearly all the South American pictures and the Spanish pictures and the Portuguese pictures and goodness knows what else. The Dictator was made almost entirely on the Exposition grounds.

When you think you are looking at the Mississippi, they've got you fooled: it's the Sacramento River in California. Luckily, it looks just like the Mississippi in the old Mark Twain days. The river steamers pull up to the grassy banks and load and unload just any old place— as on the Mississippi.

It has the additional advantage of being far more beautiful than the real Mississippi. Huck Finn and hundreds of other pictures have been made there. Oddly enough, for one of the first times in the history of pictures, it is just now being used by the Lasky company as its own self. They are taking a picture of the rough river days of '49, and for once the Sacramento River is the Sacramento River in a picture.

The Russian River and several other rapid streams in Northern California are used in various pictures for Canada and the Rocky Mountains.

"Snow stuff" is usually made in Truckee, California, near Lake Tahoe in the high Sierras. Of late years, the companies have got in the way of going to Banff, in Canada, but the best snow stuff ever made has been in Truckee.

That director who was looking for the River Nile found it at Balboa Beach, fifty miles south of Los Angeles. This was one of the funny tricks of the movies. Balboa is a gay summer resort, populated in July and August largely by flappers from boarding schools. They have canoe parties and launch parties and so on. But down the middle of the bay is a long sandy island. Most of this island is settled with summer cottages, but one end is forlorn and deserted. This is where they found the Nile. They faked in some pyramids and it looked so much like the Nile that you expected to see Cleopatra bob out at any moment. If the camera had as much as looked out of the...
Here's a jolly tea-party for three, served by Patsy Ruth Miller, who is rightly boastful about her beautiful, aristocratic mother and her jolly father, who wants three lumps of sugar in his tea—and gets four!

Even if Charles Ray didn't appear in this picture, we'd know to whom this mother and father belong. And isn't Charlie exactly "a chip off the old block," as they say in rural New England, when they mean "isn't he the exact image of his dad"?

MR. AND MRS. RAY AND CHARLIE

MR. AND MRS. MILLER AND PATSY RUTH
ARE the fathers and mothers of screen stars proud of their children? But, of course, that's a foolish question to ask, and deserves some such foolish answer as "Does the sun rise in the East?" or "Does a cat love cream?" And if you don't believe that screen stars are proud of their mothers and fathers, study these pages and watch for others that will appear in subsequent numbers.

Below, is a triangle situation that always has a happy ending. There are no finer family pals in Screendom than Lois and her mother and her dad. Daughter has just finished *Contra-band*, in which she has the only feminine role, and now she's starting *The Thundering Herd*.

Kenneth Harlan, to whom Marie Prevost was married recently, says he has the grandest mother-in-law in the world. As she stands by her daughter in the picture above, she could easily be mistaken for Marie's big sister.

LOIS WILSON
WITH
HER MOTHER
AND
HER DADDY
This is an article about You.

You, who cover millions of sheets of note-paper a month with incendiary words of adoration for the picture stars; you who spend a fortune in stamps yearly to tell Corinne Griffith, Valentino and Ben Turpin how beautiful they are; you who write from Main Street, from battleships, from Brazilian heat and Alaskan snows, from lonely ranches and just as lonely city offices, from Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and points west, to pour out your hearts before these glorious beings of the screen—you will all find yourselves here.

You search the dictionaries and synonym books more ardent than the crossword puzzle addict, for adjectives with which to tell what you think of the stars. But did you ever wonder what they think of you—their unseen admirers, their unknown friends, their uninitiated lovers?

I have just finished reading hundreds of fan letters—which leave me, an outsider, with sensations similar to those experienced in crossing the English Channel in a heavy sea and I am convinced that Harold Hayseed, who sits down in the Kansas farmhouse after supper to tell Gloria Swanson (or Mae Murray or Lois Wilson) all about himself and his emotions, winding up a seven-page epistle with the words "Now, do write me a nice long letter," I will be expecting it, remember," actually believes that Gloria (or Mae or Lois) is going to take her pen in hand, when she gets home from the studio and has the supper dishes done, and write him.

Harold Hayseed sits down in the Kansas farmhouse after supper and tells Gloria Swanson or Mae Murray or Lois Wilson all about himself and his emotions.
Write to the Stars

THE letters the motion picture players are really interested in are those which contain honest criticism, or offer suggestions, or praise some special bit of work in a picture. These notes are the only ones read personally by the stars. It was the volume of letters of this sort from the fans that decided Mary Pickford not to make Cinderella.

Donna! An old man of eighty-five has been writing charming, whimsical notes to "The Dear Little Madame" for two years.

Pola's fan mail varies from the little girl "named Martha, aged ten," who writes in painful, childish letters that. "When my chum, Jennie and me play movie star, Jennie is Norma Talmadge but I am always Pola Negri"—to love letters that come under the fire law and are hot to the touch, proposals, mostly from men in the lonely spots of the earth, South American diamond merchants, trappers, millionaire ranchmen (enclosing snap-shots of lean, bronzed men with wistful eyes), sailors and, above all, foreigners, exiles in a strange land, couched in quaint terms.

"You send me your picture! You do me that honor! Think of it, Madame Negri—me so magpie, you so great!"

The Japanese are ardent movie fans, but few of them can express their honorable sentiments of sincerest devotion in English. So in Japanese city squares there are booths where a professional fan letter-writer sits all day and covers rice paper with polite compliments for Sun-Hair Mary Pickford and Hon. Chaplin, who walks in different directions. In India they go still further and sell printed fan letter-forms with the name to be filled in according to the writer's preferences. Even our own country seems to have professional letter-writers. A man advertised lately in a New York paper that he would guarantee to write a note to any movie star, put in such terms that he or she would send a personal reply!

Tho there are still many fans who believe that Santa Claus brings presents, the stork brings babies, and a two-cent stamp invested in a letter to a screen hero or heroine will bring a reply from one whose time is worth two hundred dollars a day, some of the more sophisticated movie fans invent all sorts of artful schemes to acquire their idol's actual autograph. They send presents of jewelry, candy, home-made cake, fancy-work and money, which are returned if valuable, and given to charity if not. They send their letters marked Personal or Important or Serious Matter, by air mail, registered mail or special delivery, and of some them enclose checks made out to the stars and needing their own signature before they can be cashed.

Fan letters are of several very definite classes: First in numbers are the letters from those, mostly children, who want something for nothing. They usually enclose (or inclose or even enclose) a two-cent stamp and "Will you please send me a big picture of yourself, not one of the little ones like you sent Sadie Greenbaum in the next block, last week." Sometimes they forget to en, in or enclose the stamp.

When a child who collects movie stars' pictures grows up, he becomes an autograph fiend. One of the greatest nuisances of the fan-mail reader is the writer who sends in an autograph book to be signed, or a sofa-pillow top with Roosevelt's signature embroidered in green silk and Jack Johnson's in red. It is not betraying any state secrets to say that very few autographs of movie stars which find their way on pictures or paper into the homes of strangers, were written by the stars themselves. There is one man at the biggest studio in Hollywood who can imitate the handwriting of every player on the lot. A rubber-stamp signs the photographs, and a secretary or publicity man signs the letters.

When Wanda Hawley was a new Lasky star, some enterprising person conceived the notion of having monogrammed note-paper made with W and H entwined in gilt, and of hiring fifty girls to write personal letters to all the exhibitors purporting to be from Wanda, urging them, in the friendliest terms, to come to see her. The idea was to stress the intimate, human side of the business, and interest the exhibitors in viewing her first picture. But the writer of the form letter overdid the thing. The wives of the exhibitors, on their nocturnal forays thru their husband's pockets, discovered the friendly little notes all signed Wanda Hawley in a girlish hand—fifty different girlish hands and, never having heard (Continued on page 84)
THE DOCTOR

Here is the second in the series of famous paintings which Arthur Maude is transferring to the screen for Universal Pictures. There will be twelve pictures in all and Margaret Morris will be featured in every one of them. The first in the series was a story woven about Millet's famous canvas, The Angelus. The painting reproduced here, The Doctor, doubtless is familiar to all of you, and it will be interesting to compare this motion picture study with a print of the original picture, and observe how faithfully it has been copied for the screen.
And Paris Designers Follow Them

By
DOROTHY DONNELL
CALHOUN

seen in a raffia petticoat, she discovers a trunk of evening gowns and nègligées washed up on the beach, dresses in them, wins the heart of the young aviator whose aeroplane has been wrecked and turns out to be white and the daughter of a missionary.

Beautiful gowns are as essential to the success of a motion picture as a beautiful heroine.

American women never had the opportunity of seeing the creations of the great French modistes with their own eyes. In the old days before the movies, their nearest contact with the fashions was the spring opening of the Bon Ton, or the Bee Hive. Now at their neighborhood movie house they can sit and watch incredible gowns, improbable hats, and even the latest thing in nègligées and lingerie displayed upon the screen.

Listen in at the conversation of the outgoing matinee audience after a Norma Tal- madge picture. Eleven women out of every dozen are discussing the clothes, not the acting or the story. The other woman is so busy mentally ripping up her old brown satin and combining it with a yard and a half of metallic lace and some gold buttons, that she isn’t talking at all.

"Did you like that dress she wore in the scene where the villain was attacking her—the white with the lace panniers?"

"What I wonder is, why couldn’t I have a black velvet like the one she wore when she was eloping to escape from her cruel husband?"

"—gold net over black. Of course I’m a little stouter than Norma—"

Still, you argue skeptically, women after all don’t have much to say about what they wear. The styles are dictated to them by the commercial market. Well then, what about this? Twenty-two of the Paris dressmakers who are quoted as style authorities, send a staff of designers regularly to the picture houses where American photoplays are being shown, to get new ideas for gowns! And the Garment Capitol Center in New York, where for five years manufacturers have been designing styles for American women without consulting Paris, has a board of sketchers who attend the movies and copy the creations of Hollywood!

The movies may be in their infancy, but out of the mouths of babes and sucklings cometh dress wisdom!

American women have been dictated to in the past, but the films are teaching them to study types and to discover their own type, in size, coloring and age. Perhaps they are tall and dark like Betty Blythe, or tiny and dark like Marion Nixon.

Perhaps they are blonde and statuesque like Claire Windsor, vivacious like Viola Dana, wistful like Corinne Griffith, plump like Betty Compson, thin like Eleanor Boardman. It takes an artiste, not a dressmaker or mail-order catalog, to discover a woman’s type and bring out her possibilities by the right clothes.

Gloria Swan- son, when she first came to Lasky’s from bathing comedies, protested against evening gowns. "I can’t wear them," she wailed, "they’re not becoming to me!" (Continued on page 110)
Snap Judgments

We give you an opportunity to observe the stars snapping at one another

When Rudy's best pal and severest critic snaps him, she doesn't have to say, "Look pleasant, please!" For Rudy just can't help smiling from ear to ear when Mrs. Rudy is around.

Rosemary Theby (left), known to the world as a vamp, chooses for her subject Mary Philbin, the ingenue. But caught off screen, they both look very disarming and altogether charming, don't you think?

"One more look like that and you'll break the lens," Glenn Hunter warns Tommy Meighan. Glenn wants the world to know his camera set him back one full day's pay.

Max, the versatile monkey from Fox Comedies, can play any part from actor to cameraman. And even the baby doesn't seem to realize he isn't a human being.

No one will believe this stalwart lad on her arm can be Myrtle Stedman's own son. But then, Sonny was raised in a healthy country. "May your shadow never grow more!" cries George Hackathorne in despair from behind his camera, as he tries to get them both on one plate and sees Mother being crowded right out of the picture.
WHO ever heard of making one's work also one's hobby? But that's exactly what many of the movie stars do. Not only do they work daily with a camera, but they play with one in their leisure hours.

Lon Chaney and Ford Sterling were clowns together in *He Who Gets Snapped*. Above, they're posing in costume in a little comedy all their own called *He Who Gets Snapped*.

The picture at the left might be titled *Who Shoots First*? It is a friendly duel, in which *cameras have been chosen* instead of pistols, and John Gilbert and Aileen Pringle are the amicable enemies.

The back's the best part of the goose—even on the plate of a camera! Especially when the goose is Arthur Stone, the Hal Roach comedian who can set the whole world laughing. Marie Mosquini is the snappy flapper.

Here's a problem for you: Will Peter the Great exercise his dog's prerogative and snap at young Edwin Hubbell when the little cameraman snaps him?

The picture above, in which May McAvoy is posing for Ronald Colman, is number one of a pair labeled "Before and After Taking"—meaning taking a trip to Italy to play Esther to Ramon Novarro's Ben Hur. Ronald bet that May would come back at least ten pounds heavier; May swears she won't add one ounce to her ninety-six pounds. George Fitzmaurice, the director, has agreed to hold the stakes for the winner.
The Story of My Life

We give you herewith the true story of an Englishman and a scholar, a veteran of the World War, and a man of a thousand adventures, who hopes for another thousand of them

By

My cabby complex dates back to the age of five, when my mother used to take me up to London and would allow me to crook a finger at one of those proud beings perched up so gloriously high above the common run of mankind behind his cab. They were usually stout, and looked so top-heavy that I always expected to see the horse leave the ground at any moment and dangle in the air. Once inside the cab, my mother would allow me to poke up the trap-door in the top (with the umbrella that all Britshers carry) and discuss our destination with a beery voice rumbling out of sight above our heads. And it seemed to me then that no career could possibly equal that of driver of a hansom.

Here is a queer thing. From the first I can remember I seem to have been traveling toward California. Even in those days it was the best advertised spot in the world and, from the glowing adjectives describing it in articles and travel-folders, the word "golden" stuck in my childish mind. Then "the Pacific"! How different that would look from the cold, gray Atlantic I knew! In imagination I saw California as a fabled land with towers shining in some strange sun by the shores of a fairy-tale sea. I made up my mind then that some day I would come to golden California. And here I am!

My childhood home was a big, brick, suburban villa on the banks of the river, at Richmond-on-Thames (printer, don't omit the hyphens!). Father was an importer in the city and comfortably well-to-do—we had dogs, riding horses and a trap.

My recollections of the house are very vague—houses to a child are simply places to eat and sleep in—tho I have a scar just above one eyebrow to prove that this particular house had a long, steep flight of stairs to fall down. The thing I associate with being a child is the river—the deep, slow-moving Thames. English people enjoy their rivers more than Americans, or perhaps American rivers are not leisurely and deep and placid like ours, but in a hurry to get somewhere in the world. On Sundays and bank holidays the Thames is always covered all the way from London to Oxford with canoes, sculls, flat-bottomed boats of excursinists, gay with striped blazers and parasols.

I used to punt fourteen miles up the river and never found a spot where the water was not deeper than my twelve-feet pole.

Tho I was born in England, my people are Scottish...
Those of us who have seen Lillian Gish as the exquisite Romola will never forget her. And we count the fans of 2025 fortunate to glimpse her in marble.

For the Picture Fans of 2025

Colleen Moore, as Selina Peake, the young schoolteacher, in So Big

The marble study of Lillian Gish at the top of the page was made by the well-known sculptor, Elob Dereyinsky, in his New York Studio, and was on exhibition in a metropolitan gallery during the winter.

Colleen, as Selina De Jong, the bright-eyed, wonderful old mother

At the left you see Douglas Tilden immortalizing in bronze, Colleen Moore as the heroine-grown-old in So Big. This young star’s portrayal of youth and old age has not been surpassed on the screen.
Confidences Off-Screen

By

W. Adolphe Robert

Tea for Two and Tea for a Crowd

THERE is a special charm in meeting a star, like lovely Norma Shearer, shortly after she has arrived in a big way. The first glamour of success has not worn off, for her. She glitters with enthusiasm for everything connected with stardom—even for being interviewed. I don't mean to imply that publicity is scorned by older luminaries. But the latter—Oh, well, they've done it so often before, you know! I don't blame them for finding it hard sometimes to think up something new to say.

Miss Shearer is fresh from her triumphs in He Who Gets Slapped, The Snob, and one or two other corking pictures. I've been teasing with her in quest of confidences for this page, and she's given me the nice, flattering feeling that she had as good a time talking to me as I did in the rôle of interviewer.

In writing about Miss Shearer, I discover that I simply must begin by telling what she looks like. The black-and-white-of-the-screen does justice to her features and her fine aristocratic presence. But in the flesh she makes one long for the perfecting of color photography. Her golden hair is burnished with tints of red, and her skin has that brilliancy of pink and white which can only be acquired by a childhood spent in the far North. She is a Montreal snowbird of British descent, which is explanation enough.

"I can never forget how I broke into pictures in the first place," she told me, her eyes dancing. "I'd come to New York with my sister, and both of us were vowed to the program of the movies or nothing. We lived thru some black days, for there was jolly little money in the war chest. We had no pull. We were green. No aspirants on record knew less about what to do, or how to do it. Then, in a cheap agency, I was chosen as a type, and my sister was engaged, too, because I wouldn't go without her.

"We were to report at a studio in Mount Vernon, N. Y., a town I haven't been able to think of since without extremely mixed feelings. Up till then, we had never been in a studio and had only the vaguest notion of what one looked like. The uncivilized hour of seven A. M. had been mentioned as the time when work would start the next day, so we planned to take a six-thirty train, and in our anxiety we made Grand Central Station with half an hour to spare.

"The 'studio' turned out to be some sort of barn, thru the chinks in which the wind and snow careered at will. Nothing was ready, and for twelve mortal hours we sat in a corner, two shivering creatures who were beneath the attention of the director. Our spirits sank to the point where we confessed to each other that if we were being treated to a fair sample of movie life, we'd rather die quickly and be done with it. However, we returned the next day, and the picture was really started, and we really had parts in it."

"What was the name of it?" I asked.

"Hush!" whispered Miss Shearer. "That's a secret I've always kept. I've been told the picture was never shown, but it may have been somewhere, and I know I was terrible in it."

Our chat brought out so many fascinating things about Norma Shearer that I could easily fill the whole Department with her. She is musical, plays and sings well, yet thanks her good fairy that she failed to study dancing. This last because a famous Broadway producer once tempted her when she was broke to abandon pictures and join his Follies, and had her dancing been adequate she would have lacked the courage to say No. As it was, she knew she could not get very far in revue work, so stuck it out at the art she loved best. Her sister, however, let marriage and babies lure her from the screen.

What Does a Villain Like?

My friend, Walter Haviland, calls Wallace Beery "the king of villains" on the screen. Well, he's that, all right. There is no heavy who seriously rivals him. But I want to give you a glimpse at his personality off-screen. I had a chat with him not long ago at Famous Players' studio, and we rode back to New York in a taxi just as the winter evening was setting in and the sky-scrapers from across the river were like the massed towers of a stupendous castle, a light in every window.

What do you suppose a "villain" burly enough to fill
two-thirds of the taxi would be moved to say?

Beery told me about the people and the things he liked. He revealed an unexpected streak of poetry, and an attitude toward motion pictures and his place in them that was altogether modest.

"I'm a real Westerner," he said, "and I've been sightseeing in my spare time here. I got a big kick out of the Woolworth Building. It's beautiful, and what a view of the city you get from the top floor—my Lord, what a view! It struck me all of a heap that I didn't know the name of the architect who'd done such a wonderful thing. So I asked other people, and I couldn't find a soul who knew. It seemed that my own name was better known than that of the man who built the Woolworth, and let me tell you that's a shame!"

He went on to speak of his love for mountains and forests. He is stirred by Nature in her larger aspects, and nothing delights him so much as to break away for a holiday in the Sierras of California after a picture has been completed. He is gone weeks at a time, hunting and fishing, and sleeping under the stars.

He carries this passion with him into the theater. His favorite numbers on a program are the travelog and the "news of the day." He has voyaged a good bit himself, but never tires of the panorama of strange lands—those he has seen as well as those he has not—unfolded in the shadowland of films.

Discussing his dramatic colleagues, however, he paid a most glowing tribute to Charlie Chaplin, whom he called the supreme genius of the cinema—perhaps the greatest comedian that either the speaking or the silent stage has ever known: He insisted generously, also, that his brother, Noah, was a better actor than he was. With this last judgment I do not agree. But if Wallace Beery says so, it's only fair to quote him.

The Denaturing of Greed

Eric von Stroheim, one of the few really gifted directors, spent years on his film version of Frank Norris's McTeague. The novel was a rare masterpiece of realism in American literature. It might have been written to order for von Stroheim, and from the start it was known that he intended to make a grim, a brutal, picture. The country was effectively flooded with publicity to this effect. The fans were prepared to see "something different," to have cold shivers run down their spines.

Under the title of Greed, the picture has at last reached the screen. It proves to be excellent melodrama—what there is left of it. To reduce it to program length, it had to be cut, you know, from forty-four reels to eleven reels.

The province of this department is not to review new productions. But writing as a spectator, I want to go on record as being disappointed at finding that so much that was original and strong has been left out, in favor of milder stuff. I have looked over hundreds of von Stroheim's stills. One of the latter, from an episode no longer in Greed, I offer my readers as an exhibit. It shows the Russian junk dealer, and Maria Macapa, the strange, half-crazy woman, who did odd jobs for McTeague. These two shared some of the best scenes, and their fate marched relentlessly to a climax that would have ranked high among the artistic performances of the screen. Why should the cutters have butchered it?

On the other hand, the long, sentimental prolog is retained. Many feet of film are given to the grief of McTeague's mother at parting from him when he was a youngster. Hundreds more are taken up by symbolic interludes, in which ghostly arms toy with treasure under the sea and burrow into piles of bills and coin.

The business men who owned the picture were probably scared at the length to which von Stroheim had gone, and decided to have it denatured—volstedaled—what you will. I think they made a mistake. For the public expected a gruesome show, and Greed is no longer that. That it remains a splendid thriller in spite of all is due to the talents of its director, who is incapable of shooting a single reel that is not interesting.

When Constance Gives a Tea

As readers must have gathered, many of my most illuminating chats take place over the tea-cups. From four to six P.M.

(Continued on page 98)
How Our Readers See the Stars

Here is another page of the best sketches received from readers in response to our Artists' Contest.

Colleen Moore
Sketched by Katherine Easton, Berkeley, California

Lillian Gish
Sketched by Katherine Easton, Berkeley, California

Bill Hart
Sketched by Roger H. Waterman, Paris, France

Rudolph Valentino
Sketched by Howard Kakuda, South Seattle, Wash.

Gloria Swanson
Sketched by Donald McCordy, Halifax, Nova Scotia

Mae Murray
Sketched by Marjorie Zander, Los Angeles, California

Bert Lytell
Sketched by M. Friedlander, San Francisco, California

Jack Dempsey
Sketched by Louis Jopekewy, Dublin, Ga.

Richard Barthelmess
Sketched by Richard A. Larson, New York City
Aren't you going to give me something else before I go, Professor? A kiss, for instance?

Learning To Love

This picture was made from an original story by John Emerson and Anita Loos, and was directed by Sidney A. Franklin. It is copyrighted by First National Pictures, Inc., who also authorized this short novelisation

By GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN

HE young history teacher was embarrassed. This was strange, for he usually regarded the bobbed hair and rolled stockings of his pupils in Miss Benchley's School for Girls with a cold and clammy eye. Somehow, when he looked at Pat Stanhope's long lashes and mischievous mouth, all his coldness vanished.

"I—er—er, Miss Stanhope, as it is the last day of school, allow me to present you with this little token of my er—er regard."

Pat dimpled and put the bulky volume of Plutarch's Lives under her arm. "But, Professor, aren't you going to give me anything else before I go away?"

Professor Bonnard started back in surprise. "Why—er—[——]"

"A kiss, for instance," whispered Pat saucily, her eyes shining, her lips deliciously close. "Just for good-by, you know."

The Professor's technique left something to be desired. By mistake, he kissed her nose.

"Pat! Pat!" called her chum, Sylvia, from the hall. "Aren't you ever coming?"

Pat came running. She knew by the tone of her chum's voice that something special was in the wind.

"Pat," said Sylvia, "this is Billy Carmichael. He's come up for the prom and he's wild to meet you."

Pat turned approving eyes on the dark boy with rebellious hair. "Oh, Mr. Carmichael, isn't it splendid?" she cooed. "I've heard so much about you."

Billy was lost in an instant. In ten minutes he was telling Pat that altho he usually hated prep-school girls, she was different. That night an accommodating, roly-poly moon looked down to see Billy putting the finishing touches on what the Professor had begun. By long experience Billy was something of an expert.

But in some things he was still an amateur. As, for instance, his sending Pat's aunts, Penelope and Virginia, a note announcing that, as he was now engaged to their niece, he would save them the trouble of coming to get her by bringing her back in his car.
Which, of course, brought Aunt Penelope to Miss Benchley's in high agitation. The love-smitten Billy was overwhelmed by the idea of separation from his best-beloved, but Pat solemnly promised to see him in New York, so there was some joy in life after all.

But no sooner had Pat got settled in the train than she beheld a most enchanting sight. This was a splendid youth, something of a baby elephant as to size, but handsome none the less, who was sitting directly across from her, speaking in words of one syllable to Ethel, one of her schoolmates.

Ethel signalled unmistakably. "Pat, take this big dumb-bell off my hands," and Pat, who was beginning to be bored, crossed over to them at once.

"Miss Stanhope, Mr. Tom Morton."

Mr. Tom Morton lifted a pair of cowlike eyes to appraise Miss Stanhope. Once fixed, his eyes remained riveted. What he lacked in brains he made up in adornation. By the time the train slid into Grand Central, he was willing to be Pat's personal doormat for life.

"Now, remember," said he, "I'm taking you to Sherry's tomorrow."

"Yes, Tom," said Pat, giving him a sidelong look that sent his blood-pressure skyrocketing, "but you must go with me to see Mr. Warner first."

Tom was suspicious. "Who's this Warner egg, anyway?" he demanded.

"Oh, now, Little Boy's jealous of Old Man!" she mocked. "Scott Warner's my guardian, silly. He looks after all my money—and he's an old, dried-up Babbit of a business man."

But the next day when Pat entered Scott Warner's office, leaving a disconsolate Tom outside, she received a first-class surprise. Scott was not so old as she had remembered him; he was not only distinctly young—but actually handsome.

As she waited for him to finish his dictation, she carefully moved her chair nearer and nearer his desk, so that the astounded Scott, suddenly looking up, found her eyes sparkling into his.

But this time, Pat had met her match. Scott merely leaned back in his chair and asked, "What's all this about your engagement to this Carmichael kid?"

Pat dimpled in her most entrancing manner. "Oh, I suppose we're sort of engaged, but that doesn't really mean anything."

Scott brought his eyes back from a dreamy contemplation of the ceiling to say "No?" in a bored voice.

"Oh, my, no! It's always happening to me. Being engaged, I mean."

Scott suddenly became less amiable. "Look here, if you're going to marry, why don't you pick a real man instead of these college kids?" He raised his eyebrows quizically. "Provided, of course, that any real man would look at you twice. I doubt if he would."

"Why," spluttered the open-mouthed Pat, "I think you're terrible!"

"I dare say," said Scott calmly. "I've told you the truth, anyway. Run along now and don't bother your aunts with any more engagements."

Whereupon the enraged Pat fell upon her adoring a d m i r e. "Stupid!" she accused. "Why do you have to be so dumb?"

Mr. Tom Morton opened his mouth three times and then shut it. Things were getting too deep for him. They rapidly became worse. When they arrived at the Stanhope house, he was not at all pleased to find, waiting for Pat and glaring at each other, Billy Carmichael and Prince Victor de Amalfi.

"Hello, Billy. Hello, Coo-Coo," sang out Pat, tripping upstairs. "You'll have to wait in the drawing-room, boys. My hair-dresser's here, and he's the nicest man!"

So when Scott, coming on important and unexpected business, arrived, he found three gloomy youths full of murderous thoughts.

"Miss Patricia will see you in half an hour," announced the maid who had taken his card. "She's with her hairdresser."

But the maid bore back word to Pat that Mr. Warner refused to wait on any account. "Tell him to go——" ordered Pat angrily. "No. Tell him I'll be right down!"

Sure enough, down she came, alluring enough to attract anyone. But Scott seemed made of stone.

"You'll have to sign this paper," he said brusquely. "It means that, hereafter, your income will be in your own hands, but I'll have to O. K. all your expenditures."

"I won't sign any such thing!" Pat declared angrily.

Scott shrugged his shoulders. "All right. There'll be no money then."

Pat's eyes snapped. "Give me your old paper! There!"

As she signed her name in a savage scowl, Scott peered into the next room where the assembled swains were more or less patiently waiting.

"Nice lot of men you have," he commented sarcastically.

Pat slapped the paper down in front of him. "If you don't like them, suppose you introduce me to

---

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Patricia Stanhope Constance Talmadge
Scott Warner Antonio Moreno
Aunt Virginia Emily Fitzroy
Aunt Penelope Edythe Chapman
Billy Carmichael Johnny Harron
Tom Morton Ray Haller
Professor Bonnard Wallace MacDonald
John, the Barber Alf. Goulding
Count Coo-Coo Byron Munson
The Butler Edgar Morton
some others,” she said venomously. “I dare you to!”
“Delighted,” said Scott in an aggravating drawl. “Dine with me next Thursday night.”

True to his word, Scott gave his dinner. It was a brilliant affair, and he had been at pains to invite many men of social prominence. He put Pat next to Mr. Moore, a typical frequenter of the more fashionable Broadway cabarets. As Scott occupied his time in conversation with the lady on his left, Pat turned her batteries loose upon Mr. Moore. So well did she succeed in enslaving him that immediately after dinner he guided her to the conservatory. As a mere matter of course, Pat let him kiss her, and then things began to happen. For once she found she had caught a Tartar.

“No—no!” she cried, trying to escape from his passionate embrace.

Opportunist, Scott stepped in the door. “Hot in here, isn’t it?” he said drily. “So sorry you have to leave us, Moore.”

Slightly ruffled, Mr. Moore rose, bowed and made his departure.

“Oh, Scott,” said Pat, clinging to her guardian, “it was awful! Drive me thru the park for some air.”

Once in the park, Pat rapidly recovered from her fright. “I’m cold,” she said prettily, and cuddled closer to Scott.

He leaned forward to the speaking tube. “Oh, Jenkins, turn on the heat. The lady is cold.”

Then, adding insult to injury, he wrapped her in a rug and settled himself in the opposite corner.

“Beast!” thought Pat, but she said as she stepped out at her house: “Aren’t you going to kiss me good-night, Scott?”

“Certainly not!” he said, and slammed the door. He slammed it unnecessarily hard.

It would have seemed to an unprejudiced observer that Scott Warner wanted that kiss badly.

Then came the night of Pat’s début. All her suitors were present. Even Scott came. With the first dance, her troubles began.

“I’ve been planning a honeymoon for you and me on the Mediterranean,” whispered the Prince as the jazz-band moaned out a fox-trot.

“Oh!” gasped Pat, and just then Tom Morton cut in and swung her away, leaving the Prince standing in the middle of the floor with a slightly acid smile on his face.

“Here!” whispered Morton, thrusting a ring on her finger. “I’m afraid someone will steal you away from me. No, don’t take it off.”

Pat hesitated. “Keep it on!” ordered Morton fiercely. “It means we’re engaged.”

But the worst had not yet happened. At the end of the dance, the Prince again claimed Pat and led her into the conservatory. With an air of great triumph he laid an evening paper on her lap. One hasty glance convinced her of the awful truth. There in black type was the announcement of her engagement to the Prince.

“Fast work, eh, as you Americans would say,” smirked the Prince, twisting his little mustache. “Don’t you like it?”

“Of course, I don’t!” Pat blazed.

Just then the Prince saw Morton’s ill-fated ring on her finger. “What man gave you that?” he demanded. “Whoever he is, I’ll kill him!”

Pat’s brain reeled. It didn’t seem possible for so many unpleasant things to happen at once.

So, of course, another batch of trouble came tapping on the door. “Telephone, Miss Patricia,” said the maid, disparagingly. “It’s Mr. Carmichael, and he’s so mad he’s shouting his lungs off.”

Billy was not merely angry; he was also slightly the worse for drink and he sounded like a fog-horn. “What’s this about your marrying the Prince?” he roared.

“It isn’t true. You know it isn’t!” pleaded Patricia.

“I don’t believe you. You’re double-crossing me. I’m up at Warner’s apartment, and I’m going to shoot myself.”

The receiver went down with a crash.

In two minutes she was in Scott’s racing car. Traffic rules went into the discard as they whirled about the deserted streets. But when they reached Scott’s apartment, Billy was alive and more sober.

“Who gave you that ring, then?” he demanded, breaking in on Patricia’s denials. “Tom Morton?”

“Well, you’re going home, and you’re going to give Tom Morton his old ring back.”

“All right,” broke in Scott, whose temper was becoming ruffled. “You kids clear out and settle it for yourselves. I’m staying here. Pat can run her own private mad-house.”

As Billy and Pat bowed along in a taxi, he announced,

(Continued on page 86)
"This Business of

"I like being a vampire. A vamp is an asset to society and not a liability; she is society's negative lesson. 'Dont do as I do,' she says, 'do as I dont.'"

By

NITA NALDI

nearly put a crimp in the Roman Empire when she threw the glamour of her dazzling personality and beauty over Mark Antony.

A vamp is an asset to society and not a liability. She personifies the greatest romantic and moral lesson that can be taught. There has been much written about why some players do not like being vampires on the screen. Well, frankly, I like being one.

One of my happiest roles was that of the vamp in Valentino's picture, Blood and Sand. There was a woman for you! Cruel, yes, in her utter love of self and disdain for others. But she was honest in her own way and honestly, even when it isn't to be emulated, can be admired.

As the vamp in Valentino's other picture, A Sainted Devil, I was very happy. It was a splendid part, yes, and I played with Rudy again who, in my opinion, is one of the great actors in pictures. The woman I portrayed in this production is as devoid of scruples as a fence is of speech. She deliberately sets out to win the man to whom she has taken a fancy, regardless of the fact that she may ruin his life.

To get him, I vamp the desperate leader of a bandit crew. He is so infatuated that he promises to do anything I ask. I order him to kidnap the girl Valentino is to marry. He does, capturing her after her wedding. Valentino gives chase. In the meantime, I adorn myself in the bride's clothes, and he arrives to see her who he believes his wife in the bandit's arms.

Disillusioned by what he thinks he has seen, he rides away, vowing he is thru with all women. Having got everything I could from the bandit chief, I leave him, and devote myself to infatuating Valentino. In the end, of course, he learns of my perfidy and returns to the girl, leaving me a woman scorned. You know.

Now, if there isn't a lesson in this, I don't know where there could be a lesson, especially as I suffer the consequences of my love-lawless deeds. The law of compensation plods to the certain ruin of the vamp, provided she doesn't reform, which, in a picture, she most assuredly cannot do. So again I say, a vampire is an asset and not a liability to society.

Every woman is potentially a vampire. In an impulsive moment, weary of the monotony of her life, she may decide to take a fling at something different, and this fling may ruin her life.

Now suppose such a reckless woman dropped in to see a movie, in which there was a character in just her

(Continued on page 100)
Being a Vampire

"I hate the term 'vampire'—it is contemptuous. And I do not like to play vampire roles; I do not believe that there is such a woman, or that there ever has been"

By

BARBARA LA MARR

"Do you like to play vampire roles?"

This question has been asked me at least fifty times a day for the last two years and a half—ever since I have been in pictures. It is a queer question to be asked to dwell upon, yet repetition eventually brings concentration. And I have decided to give the world my answer to this question, once and for all.

Do I like to play vampire roles?

No! Most emphatically I do not.

Personally, I do not believe there is such a woman as a "vamp"... or that there ever has been.

In the final analysis, what is a vampire?

Cleopatra is pointed to as the perfect vampire. And yet, was she? She was a woman who combined sex appeal with a masculine mind and an independent spirit.

Sex appeal is that indefinable, magnetic something that attracts the opposite sex. A masculine mind is one that thinks clearly, decisively, and acts accordingly. An independent spirit rounds out this triumvirate of qualities.

Cleopatra had all three. But why has she flamed thru history as the perfect vamp? Because historians have glossed over her executive reign of Egypt to tell of her love affairs, and with each rewriting of these affairs, embroidered them a little more. So eventually she has come to be visualized as a woman who played with men, gloried in her power over them, and died a death in keeping with her scruples, or lack of them.

Is it not so?

Every woman is at heart a Cleopatra. Every woman has sex appeal, to a greater or lesser extent. Every woman, consciously or subconsciously, believes herself the cynosure of masculine eyes; the pursued, rather than the pursuer.

This is as natural as the dawn of a day. It is as instinctive as hunger. During the early days of civilization, woman's social position was precarious to the extreme. She feared being captured by an unfriendly, wandering tribe. There are even many instances of her actually being compelled to live in a cage for years, until her people were ready to sell or exchange her in marriage.

Traditionally, therefore, woman's instincts include that of being pursued. Imagination and reason are kindred. Hence, women not pursued—or, in other words, not popular—still cherish the thought that they are.

On the other hand, there are women who, thru no effort of their own, have that elusive something called sex appeal. If such women go into motion pictures, they are cast for the role of vampire. The ingenue's sweetheart becomes enamored of her throughout three-fourths of the picture—in love with her, a woman with calloused heart and selfish desires. She's a vampire, you see!

Again the flashback to Cleopatra. Why, that woman in the picture is something of a modern edition of the Egyptian queen. Pshaw, she is just a vampire! And so the very word vampire has been standardized.

To me she is not a vampire. The term is contemptuous. In the animal world, a vampire is a treacherous creature that destroys other creatures at night. Does it not seem mentally incompetent to characterize a woman like Cleopatra, or any woman with sex appeal, a masculine mind and an independent spirit, in such a way?

Personally, I am interested in this type only in so far as she represents life. In motion pictures, however, she has come to stand for not only the "other woman" but also for a sort of fashionable "clothes-horse."

She adorns herself in bizarre gowns. She narrow her eyes at the sight of a man. (That is calculation!) She bends forward slightly after this. (That indicates approval.) Finally, thru a mutual friend, she meets the man. She gazes at him slumberously as he holds her hand, and smiles slowly, with a display of white teeth. (He capitulates to her charm!)

That is the vampire in motion pictures!

Isn't she a fearful bore, this "clothes-horse" woman, this denatured conception of a Cleopatra?

There is such a thing as a happy medium. Clothes should color personality, not subdue it. If the time ever comes when clothes rather than her own histrionic merits make an actress popular, then her day is short-lived. There are models to be procured for "clothes-horsing."

In my last picture, Sandra, Miss Claire West, one of (Continued on page 106)
I HATE good-looking men  
Almost as much  
As I detest  
Good-looking women.  

I am quite fed up  
On pulchritude.

Every shop-girl  
In Hollywood  
Looks like  
A Ziegfeld graduate.  
The postman has  
A classic profile.  
You pay your bus fare  
To  
A handsome conductor.  
A Sheik with curly hair  
Collects  
Your garbage.  
The waitress  
At Ptomaine Tommy's  
Won  
' A Beauty Contest  
In Oskaloosa, Iowa.  
The Blonde behind the cash register  
Was  
Miss Kansas  
In a Bathing Girl Parade.

Circulated  
Against  
the  
Handsome Men  
and the  
Beautiful Women  
of  
Hollywood  
by  
SAXON GONE

I am tired of  
Greek Model noses  
And slicked pompadours,  
Cupid's bow mouths  
And long eyelashes,  
Men that look like  
Novarro  
(Or try to).  
Girls that imitate  
Corinne Griffith,  
Swanson bobs,  
Valentino eyes,  
Pickford blondes,  
Negri brunettes.

There are ten thousand Extras  
In Hollywood,  
All of them good-looking  
They were earning  
An honest living  
Massaging typewriter keys,  
Weighing out prunes,  
Keeping house,  
Farming—  
Until somebody noticed that  
They looked exactly like  
Barbara La Marr
Or Ronald Colman—
After that there was nothing left
But to hunt up trains
To Hollywood
Except perhaps
The matter of raising the fare
To Hollywood.

Ten thousand extras
In Hollywood,
All of them beautiful!
I am awfully tired
Of good-looking people!

They talk about
Girls having to
Pay the Price:
The only price most of them
Are asked to pay is
To the Landlady
And the Laundryman.

The studios all say the same thing
“We aren't casting any stars today,”
So the budding Blanche Sweets
And the near-Naldis
And the Boy-Wonders
Who can wiggle their eyebrows
Like Menjou
Answer the ads
“Wanted Waitresses” or
“Gentlemanly Young Men
To Sell Lots in Cactus Crest.”

Girls who came out
To be Bathing Beauties
Find the nearest they
Can get to water—
Is a job washing dishes—
Boys who longed
To play Leading Men
Have to be satisfied
Leading a lawn-mower around.

That's how it happens that
Hollywood
Is simply infested with beauty.

In Milwaukee
Or Kalamazoo
Or Liverpool, England,
Passers-by will turn to stare after

On the
Opposite Page
ELDON KELLEY
Gives You
An Opportunity
To Observe
Hollywood's
Comely Clerks
and
Grand Gardeners
and
Winsome Waitresses
and
Darling Dishwashers
and
Pulchritudinous Postmen
and
Gorgeous Garbage
Collectors
and
Simply Stunning
Stenographers

A good-looking person
But not in Hollywood—
Apollo couldn't get past
Any studio gateman—
Venus would be unnoticed
Among the crowds on the boulevard.

Every other shop
Is a Beauty Parlor
Or the office of a Facial Wizard
Who will bob your nose,
Make your eyes bigger,
Put a dimple into your chin
And a crimp into your pocketbook.

I've got the Beauty Contest Blues.

If I ever met a girl
With freckles and a pug nose
On the Boulevard
I would utter a cry of joy!

If I ever met a man
With buck teeth
And an Adam's-apple,
I would fall in love with him
At first sight!

But I never shall
Anyway not in Hollywood
Where we have Sheiks
For milkmen
And Vamps
For schoolma'ams
And you can't tell a movie star
From an honest citizen—
Gosh! I hate
Good-looking women
Almost as much as I detest
Good-looking men!

I could write more
Only
I've got an appointment
At Madame Helen's
Beauty Emporium—
My dear, it's simply
Wonderful
What she can do
For you!

If I ever met a man with buck teeth and an Adam's apple, I would fall in love with him at first sight!
The Winners
Selected and Reviewed

GREED
The Best Melodrama

NOTHING that was grim or gruesome has been lost in the transition of McTeague from the graphic pages of the Frank Norris novel to the motion-picture screen, which this brutally candid story reaches under the title of Greed. Erich von Stroheim has been assiduously at the task of making the play as uncompro-mising as the novel, and the fruit of his labor is a grin-ning, ugly spectacle, which pounds home its story with sledge blows.

Greed depicts the courtship, marriage and ultimate débâcle of a great, slow-thinking brute, coarse, gross and uncouth, and a pallid, scrawny cinder-wench. Both are in every particular the product of a strata which is made up of the groundlings of humanity. She wins money in a lottery and develops an unbridled avarice for gold. McTeague, thrown out of employment when the authorities stop his charlatan practice of dentistry, becomes the victim of drink. Then they slowly sink in the mire of the river-bottom of humanity on which they existed. He beats her to death with his hands and, taking her hoarding of money, escapes into Death Valley. The jealous Marcus follows, and when he comes up with McTeague, struggles for the money. The latter beats him over the head with a pistol, but just before the death-blow, Marcus snaps a handcuff over their wrists, so that in the end the big dullard sits manacled to a dead man, facing a death from anguish under the blistering sun of the desert.

Lest the spectator confuse this environment and these characters with other societies and other men, there is a constant parade of the vulgarisms in which they wallow. Their swinish appetites and bestial habits are insisted upon with raw and repelling detail. Grim and squalor, coarseness and rowdism are elaborately presented. It is all very true, but we don't think it belongs in the theater.

(Continued on page 106)

Helen Lowell and Carol Dempster as Polish War refugees

ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL
The Best Drama

HERE we have D. W. Griffith in a mellow mood, relating with all his eloquence for sentiment and his resourcefulness for emotional effect, the tale of two young lovers who plight their troth and work out their happiness in a pathetic welter of poverty and hunger. For this is the story of Inga and Hans, Polish refugees in a little German village where famine and death performed their grim ritual in the days following the war. Against this moving panorama of distress, these two play their lover roles in an aura of sunshine and beauty.

If we think of Griffith speaking instead of picturizing the play, we hear a sonorous, deliberate reading of the lines in a voice which grows vibrant in the recital of the love passages, rich and impressive in describing the plight of these starving people, and consciously unctuous in his little asides for the sake of comedy relief. At times he prates. But always he is effective in exciting the tender emotions. He does not keep the lump in your throat all the time, but it never gets far back, and when he does command it, the response is so ready that you are actually grateful and really enjoy his patronizing comedy relief.

The element which will decide the question Will Hans marry Inga? is a crop of potatoes. If successfully harvested, the lovers win. The climax, therefore, shows them trying to wheel home their potatoes whilst a mob of hunger-mad

(Continued on page 106)
of the Month
by LAURENCE REID

NORTH OF 36
The Best Western

THERE is an extraordinary breadth to the scenes which Irvin Willat has contrived for this screen version of the Emerson Hough story, about a great cattle drive across the plains from Texas to Abilene, Kansas—railroad terminus and one of the first cow-towns in the country. Dimension alone is sufficient to make the picture notable among the more pretentious Western melodramas done in the films. Indeed, the director has attempted nothing more than bigness and ruggedness of setting.

But that is enough, as we have said. The scope of the camera is tested in the reproduction of the huge cattle drive described in the novel. To one who knows only that cattle herds consist of "many" animals, the herd which Taisie, Jim and Dan command, is such a one as might have been the pride of all Texas. They huddle, mill and mull about in such a fashion as to make the whole landscape heave and writhe. Onward they go, with the inexorable movement and measured tread of Time itself. It becomes an enthralling spectacle, this sea of movement. It is so expensive that at times it seems as if Mr. Willat must have pushed back the horizon to give such compass to his scenes.

Running parallel with this seething, physical activity, is the romance which was written as a foreground piece for the atmosphere of the country. Judged on its own, this romance is no "great shakes" and, without the setting, it seems that its brittle and fragile structure would shatter under the weight of its own pretensions. The story tells about the determination of Taisie Lockhart to drive her herd to Abilene and there dispose of it at a favorable price. There is another consideration. The villainous Sim Judabough aims to gain possession of the property. Jim Nabours and Dan McMasters accompany

(Continued on page 106)

ROMOLA
The Best Costume Drama

As everyone knows, this adaptation of George Eliot's greatest novel was made in Italy. In order to establish a historically correct background, Henry King, the director, journeyed to Florence and other Italian cities, taking Lillian and Dorothy Gish and several other American players with him. The result is a gorgeous picture—which is impressive with its reproduction of Florence of the fifteenth century.

We have come to expect great things of Henry King. He has triumphed in bringing forth the historical significance in his fidelity to detail—in his handling of the mobs, and the manner in which its central figures, Savonarola and Tito, dominate the story. It's a picture of grandeur and atmosphere—with the historical side dwarfing the heart interest.

Despite the title of the picture and the character who is supposed to be the central figure, Romola herself is relegated to the background in order to stress the political conflict. It takes some time to get started, due to its collection of scenes, detail, and characters. And it often seems dull because it lacks movement. The attempt to show the plottings and counter-plottings of the Florentines by building up the atmosphere and setting, tends to slacken one's interest. Yet at the same time, the eye is caught and held by the exquisite photography, the massive reproductions, the color and sweep of the picture.

(Continued on page 106)
Have You a Pet Superstition?

In a pocket, over his heart, Walter Hiers carries a rabbit's foot which was given to him by a Spanish gypsy, and he touches it when he's afraid things may go wrong. On the rare days when the thirteenth of the month falls on Friday, he makes a wish for good luck, with the rabbit's foot in one hand and a horseshoe in the other. And he's never had a stroke of bad luck on that day.

Bert Lytell has a queer notion about "lady luck." He says he can ward off bad luck best by doing the very things that many people believe will bring disaster. For instance, he always passes under a ladder, and even stands beneath it as long as he pleases.

Zazu Pitts has a collection of wishbones that would amaze and delight you. Whenever in doubt about a project, she names one end of the wishbone "Yes" and one "No," then breaks it herself and acts accordingly.

Mary Pickford and the new director, Josef von Sternberg, both believe in the horseshoe as a bringer of good luck. The other day they found a rusty old shoe on the studio lot, and picked it up together. We leave it to you to decide whether Mary took it home to nail over a door, or whether her director pocketed it.

How many of you knock on wood for good luck after you have made a statement of which you're a bit doubtful? Norman Kerry always does this, and he says that if you turn your head away while you make three knocks, no harm will ever befall you.
Whose Hand?
In which the owner of the missing hand stalks unwelcome and by night

By W. ADOLPHE ROBERTS
Illustrations by Edward Ryan

PART III
(A synopsis of Parts I and II will be found on page 120)

It was a night for the balance of which Margot did not even contemplate returning to bed. An atmosphere of the supernatural had settled down upon the house, and against this her clear brain was resolved to strive. Eugene followed her lead with an unquestioning loyalty that showed she would always have to do the thinking for both of them; yet this in him pleased her subtly, aroused a special tenderness for the boyish, brave lover and husband he would be.

Margot believed as steadfastly as she had at the beginning that the amazing hand was part of the body of a living—a sinister—human criminal. But the landlady, Cora Bellew, was doing her best to shake her nerve by indulging in hysterical vows that the house was haunted. And the two Irish policemen were far from taking the mystery in a normal spirit.

Quinlan and Boyle had reported to the station-house by telephone. They had been told to stay where they were and try to get at the bottom of the matter. Their notion of how this order should be obeyed was to prowl heavily about Margot’s room and wrangle ceaselessly as to whether any one had seen anything come out from under the bed.

"That-movie girl may have been dreaming," insisted Boyle. "But I seen it with me mortal eyes—a white, thin hand, the hand of a ghost, God help us!"

"Ghosts!" argued Quinlan, unconvincingly scornful.

She knew if she were in costume by eleven it would be all right, and that the cast would probably eat lunch before settling down to work. It is like that in the movies.

day of work lay ahead of her, her first day in the rôle of Conchita in A Torero’s Love. She was due at the studio at nine o’clock. There were repairs which even her youthful beauty would need, if she were to appear fresh before the camera, and any physical surrender would neutralize them hopelessly.

She started to her feet and got the still shuddering landlady’s permission to make coffee. The three had breakfast together, then Margot overruled Gene’s protests and packed him home.

"See you at the shop, old dear," she declared lightly. "If you get there first, keep mum. The story’s my story. Leave the fun of telling it to me."

Returning upstairs, she expelled the dubious policemen from her room. They could stay on the landing, she said, but she simply had to bathe and primp generally.
in some sort of privacy. With daylight streaming thru the windows, the room no longer frightened her. It would be absurd to believe that the lurker was still there. Somehow, adroitly, he had escaped. Whether he might return was a problem that did not immediately concern her.

Cold cream, mascara and rouge have magical properties in the hands of a clever woman. By half past eight Margot, looking her exquisite best, was on her way to Astoria. She changed in the subway at Queensboro Plaza, got off at Washington Avenue, and walked for several blocks thru a rugged suburban district. The Superfilm Company's vast studio loomed ahead of her like a hangar for Zeppelins. As one approached it, however, one discovered an ornate entrance, with columns and insets of green stone and a sheltered curb for the automobiles of directors and stars.

Margot hurried in, took several turns thru bare passageways and found herself on the main production floor. It suggested all that mysterious region behind the curtain, stage and back-stage, of many opera houses brought together, thrown into one and fantastically jumbled. Tall scenic creations—the sides of buildings, garden walls emblazoned with greenery, the prows of ships—stood about, or leaned against one another in stacks. Carpenters and other mechanics hammered and hauled industriously at the material for new structures. And here and there, in the midst of the confusion, showed completed sets where work was going on; rooms furnished to the last detail, but without walls on at least one side, sometimes on two and three sides; rooms where actors strolled and mingled, and upon which the batteries of assembled Klieg lights blazed.

The filming of scenes that had been prepared the day before started at nine o'clock sharp, the following this concession to the boring doctrine of efficiency, the amount of time wasted thru the day, on one pretext or another, was truly remarkable. The movies are like that. Margot knew that her set was not ready, that the instructions she had received to be on time were little more than an official gesture. If she were in costume by eleven o'clock, it would be all right, and then the cast would probably have lunch before it settled down to work. Yet she changed before she picked her way thru a tangle of props to the far end of the floor, where A Tormentor's Love had been in process of birth for the past fortnight. May Cheshire, Lulu Leinster and June Moore, in their street clothes, stood in a group with other minor members of the cast. Electric lights shining thru the slats of a cabin on wheels, her dressing-room, indicated that the star, Miss Caroline Delamar, was making up. Frederick Stoner, for once, lounged silently, while the stage hands adjusted a Spanish balcony. He was a director of the old school whose regular habit it was to cut grotesque capers, launch orders and criticisms at the top of his voice, and behave generally like an escaped lunatic. A signal to the cameraman did not suffice for Stoner. He yelled, "Shoot!" as if that word possessed some magical quality. When a close-up was being registered, he squatted down, cupped his hands about his eyes and peered. If the results were good, he dramatically implored the actor to "Hold it!" and if displeased, he indulged in anguish cursing a simple call for the lights to be switched on or off came uproariously from him.

Margot could tell by the incurious faces of her friends that Eugene had been discreet. He was standing apart from the crowd, tinkering with a camera, his back toward her.

"Hello, Margot!" Stoner greeted her. "Top of the morning! Sleep well, after that grand little party of yours?"

"Not a wink," she answered. "I was rehearsing the first scene of New York's greatest detective mystery."

"Ah, come on! You look fresh as a daisy. It would take a real mystery to keep you awake all night. You can't convince us that Stella Ball and Old Man Murdock meant that much to your young imagination."

As he spoke, it struck Margot as a remarkable thing
that not once, since she had seen the hand of the lurker under her bed, had the case of Stella and Murchison crossed her mind. She had worked up quite a thrill in telling her guests about those two, but their odd disappearance from the same house had been outdone by the experience that had come to her. Wildly outdone—yes, that was it, she told herself. Yet she wondered now whether there might not be a connection between their drama and hers.

"This was something brand new, Mr. Stoner," she cried excitedly, her plan of building up the suspense thrown to the winds. "A creature without a body or a face, and in my room for hours. A policeman saw it, too."

"A policeman!" repeated Stoner. Profound surprise and a certain apprehension were in his voice. "You were scared badly enough to call in the police, Margot?"

"Oh, I was scared, all right! I called in Gene Valery first. Stand close, people, if you don't want to miss any of the grisly details."

Her gesture in the direction of the girls was scarcely needed. They were crowding toward her, buzzing like bees, and followed by Valery, calm in his superior role of the confidential in a great adventure. She was forced to return half a dozen times to the high spots of her story before the exclamatory emotionalism of the May Cheshire type of mind was sated. But Stoner, from whom she had expected a racy skepticism, listened to her merely with gloom.

"It's a rotten thing to have happened—rotten!" he declared sourly.

"Why so?" she snapped back, irritated, tho an hour earlier she would have agreed with his comment. "I'll wait a long time for another such break in the monotony of life."

"A low-down burglar sneaking in and out of your room. Nothing very charming in that," he mumbled.

"But, Mr. Stoner—you're absurd. It's an extraordinary mystery that hasn't begun to be cleared up yet. I'm going to solve it."

"Want to be a woman Sherlock Holmes, eh? There's a danger in meddling with that sort of thing. It might break into the newspapers."

Margot stared at him, frowning, "I don't understand," she said. "I'm not a society bad or a sister of mercy. I'm a motion picture actress. If publicity ever harmed one in this profession, it's news to me."

"Don't get me wrong, Margot," he blustered. "You know I've done all I could to shove you ahead. When I advise you to lay off of freakish publicity, it's for your own good."

"But I'm not planning to do anything just for the sake of being written up. My investigation will be serious. If the reporters hear about it and come to me, I'll give them a straight story. What is there wrong about that?"

Stoner had become lugubrious again. "I see I've got to say it. You're not a star yet, and you can't afford to pull front page stuff that would make the leading lady sore."

"Oh—Miss Delamar!" said Margot, taken aback.

"Yes, Miss Delamar! Think she'd like to see you in the papers when she hasn't been able to make them in a big way since we started this picture? Not so's you'd notice it!"

"She might become interested herself, if she knew how queer it's all been. Suppose I tell her what happened."

"No. Drop the whole business—please," Stoner's face flushed and his voice sharpened. An angry light burned in his eyes. Margot turned briskly, walked off the floor and up-stairs to the dressing-room she shared with several other girls. She was furious at the reception she had had from Stoner. It struck her as being unsympathetic, unjust. If his attitude toward publicity for her was sincere, why had he vacillated between one argument and another? First it had been the bog of freakishness, then the possible hostility of Corinne Delamar. It was too silly. And suddenly Margot began to laugh. She saw beneath the surface now. Stoner had been moved by petty jealousy. He had not been able to endure the thought that Eugene had been associated with her in an adventure, instead of himself. She recalled how especially gum he had seemed, listening to her tell of the help Gene had been. Of course, he didn't want a sequel, which might become a sensation and bracket her name with that of the man he looked upon as an impudent rival.

Margot resolved that nothing should induce her to discuss the matter in the studio again that day. She did not weaken under the acid questioning of the girls of the cast. But it proved difficult to evade Stoner. The director had more approaches than one. He led her aside about an hour after she had reappeared on the set.

"You don't credit me with being in love for the first time in my life, do you?" he asked, in his blunt way.

"Really!" stalled Margot. "I'm not in the habit of considering such things in working hours."

"We're both in a game where love and work are often mixed up, kid."

She feigned him for the implication of favoritism at a price—for calling her "kid." But she controlled herself, and smiled bleakly. "I've told you several times that I can't marry you. Why insist on talking about it?"

"Just so you'll recognize that I do love you. That's all I ask for the present. Now, take that story you told (Continued on page 92)"

Dawn found Eugene and Margot still huddled in Mrs. Bellew's basement room. They were weary with fatigue, but none dared voice the question that was torturing the minds of all three—would it appear again?
Reeling
With
Laughter

Glenn Tryon, of Hal Roach comedies, learned to drive his car by mail. Now Glenn wants his money back on his correspondence course.

Beauty and Olive Borden go hand in hand. After one sparkle from her glowing eyes, Arthur Stone's heart caught on fire, and he's willing to smash all records.

Even the pigs and the geese grow cocky Up on the Farm after they've seen themselves on the screen. You'll all want to go down to the farm after you've watched this Fox Sunshine comedy.

First down—five to kill! But Ralph Graves is sure he won't weaken. You'll see this tackle in Parlor, Bedroom and Plumbers, played by the Sennett All-American team.

It's a good joke, but you'll never guess it till you see it on the screen. But Our Gang is always up to tricks, with little Farina in the lead, of course.
A department devoted solely to tickling the funny-bone. Here we offer an advance showing of laughs from comedies soon to be released.

One day among the girls made Billy Bevan a Mormon for life. You'll learn the latest vamping tactics in Giddap.

In vain Ben Turpin pleads that Monsieur Don't Care, but it's no use to try to argue with a lady who does her arguing behind a screen. The shy bride is Madeline Hurlock.

It takes more than this to ruin the wedding-day for Harry Langdon and Natalie Kingston. A bad beginning makes a good ending, is the motto for His Marriage Vow.

Jack Dempsey, attention! Larry Semon, all dressed up in a starched white collar, will show you how he licks 'em all with one hand tied behind him. He's Kid Speed, all right.

There are times and positions in which danger counts for naught. But in this Fox Sunshine comedy, it's "All for love and the world well lost"—even if the bough does break.
What I Can Read in the
A Complete Analysis

ADOLPHE MENJOU

On the screen one is always impressed with the finished manners and gentlemanly bearing of Mr. Menjou. In every-day life he is the same courteous, well-mannered person.

In reading his character, I find in the forehead excellent mentality. He is a logical thinker, has well-developed perceptive and reflective faculties. Here, too, are shown splendid powers of visualization, an inclination to dream and to picture life as he wants it to be.

The cheeks show a reserved, cautious nature, with well-developed secrecy.

The chin and jaw show a love of the beautiful and artistic; strong likes and dislikes, and combative ness. Here, too, there is shown much endurance. In the long line from the metus of the ear to the point of the chin there is shown executive and business ability.

By his nose I know he is an observing person, quick to notice even minute details; a man with quick judgment, foresight, and splendid ability to concentrate; one who thinks ahead and puts aside for the future. He has an inventive turn of mind and a good sense of values.

His mouth shows kindness, enthusiasm, and interest in human nature. It shows, also, much poise, dignity, self-control, and the ability to be firm. The lower lip shows patriotism and a love of animals.

His hands prove he is a tactful, sensitive, arti cular, inspirational nature, one who is interested in the unusual.

The line of the ear shows longevity.

In making a summary of his character, I find that Adolphe Menjou is a man of high intellect, quick of action both physically and mentally, an athlete and a good sportsman.

He is orderly, neat, and particular about his personal

(Continued on page 115)

ANNA Q. NILSSON

One of the most natural, unaffected people I have ever met is Anna Q. Nilsson. She makes no effort to impress one with her appearance or her importance. It is a rare treat to meet so real a person.

The outstanding thing about her is the strength of character in her face. Her success has not come thru luck or good fortune but thru ability, hard work, and her strength and force of character.

Most prominent is her splendid development of the will faculties. These are found in the chin and jaw. The long line from the metus of the ear to the point of the chin shows much determination; the firmness of this line indicates that she has put forth every effort in all she has attempted. Her chin shows much persistence, great nervous energy and force rather than physical strength; a great love of all that is beautiful and modesty of her own ability. Here, too, is shown affection. She not only likes affection but she also calls it forth.

In the upper lip there is shown a charitable, enthusiastic, sympathetic nature, with much poise and self control. The upper lip shows a highly emotional nature with a well-developed maternal instinct, strong likes and dislikes, and great loyalty to those she loves.

The breadth of forehead shows high mentality. She is interested in intellectual and serious things. Above the eyes, tone and rhythm are well developed; she has a good ear for sounds. Back of the hair-line the language sign is well developed, indicating a natural aptitude for languages. She has great susceptibility to color, high individuality, and splendid powers of visualization.

Her cheeks show a reserved, cautious nature. She can keep a secret. Her cheeks show, also, a great sense of
Faces of the Film Stars
By F. Vance de Revere

THIS analysis was made under difficulties, for Bessie Love was working in a picture, and between sets was being interviewed by several people. Miss Love is very girlish, with a pleasing, friendly attitude toward everyone.

In reading her character, I noticed first her chin and jaw. Here are shown persistency, determination, fortitude and endurance, an ability to rebound quickly from defeat or disappointment, and to surmount difficulties. The independence and liberty sign seems to be developing in her jaw line. Such people think independently, have their own ideas on subjects. Her chin shows affection, devotion to family ties and friendships; ability to call forth affection in others.

In the mouth (upper lip) we find love of display and of pretty clothes, sympathy, kindliness, charity, and much enthusiasm and interest in people. In the lower lip we find the maternal instinct well developed. The parentheses about the mouth show pride, dignity, and a desire to lead and excel.

The cheeks indicate that she has the courage of her convictions, industry, earnestness, sincerity of purpose, daring, lack of caution, and good powers of recuperation.

In the nose we find observance, a lack of aggression, quick judgment, a good imagination, and a dislike for details. She learns quickly from everything she sees and hears.

Her forehead shows a good mentality but not the student mind. Tune and rhythm are well developed, showing a love for dancing and music. The music sign is also well developed, proving her musical ability. In the forehead we find also mathematical ability.

(Continued on page 115)
Critical Paragraphs

Classmates

It’s an ideal romance that Richard Barthelmess has in Classmates. He steps right into the character of the West Pointer and humanizes the rôle with such fine feeling that he appears thoroughly lifelike. The picture was made several years ago but there is no comparison with the modern version. John Robertson has actually "shot" West Point and every bit of color and reality of the Academy is caught with marvelous detail. The central character who wins his appointment from a small Southern town and who learns how to become a gentleman and an officer is finely established. It is a most sympathetic study. And Barthelmess brings out the pathos in admirable style when he is dismissed. It is inspiring—this touch.

What follows is a melodramatic chapter of adventure, as the youth is determined to bring back the cad who brought about his dismissal and thus restore himself in the good graces of his sweetheart. There is sincerity back of this picture—and drama and romance. It is saturated with atmosphere. The supporting company is excellent.

White Man

A story of exile and romance in the reaches of darkest Africa comes forward here—one telling a plot of a highborn lady running away from the altar to avoid a mercenary marriage—and who learns to love the fearless aviator who pilots her to the jungle. There it is in a nutshell. The h. b. lady using all her feminine wiles brings out the chivalry of the youth. But in playing the gentleman, the plot has nothing to offer aside from the effort of an exiled scoundrel to ruin her. The aviator rescues her and eventually turns out to be an old friend of the heroine’s brother. And so there is a happy wedding.

Old stuff? Most assuredly. Nothing is revealed that is out of the ordinary—and the director, sensing the plot shortcomings, has tried to hide it with atmosphere. The backgrounds are suggestive. Alice Joyce is appealing as the harassed heroine. Walter Long has the acting moments as the villain, as Kenneth Harlan has nothing to do except wear his uniform becomingly.

One of the mellowest of melodramas is The Midnight Express. Elaine Hammerstein is the innocent heroine of a dozen terrific adventures.

Dick Barthelmess has a romantic as well as highly dramatic rôle to play as the hero of Classmates. Some of the scenes were actually shot at West Point.

If you like stories of African jungle life, you must not miss White Man, with Alice Joyce and Kenneth Harlan as the central figures.

Barbara La Marr plays a woman with a dual nature, in Sandra; Bert Lytell plays a neglected husband.

Page 56
About New Pictures

Sandra

This one looks artificial all the way, particularly in its climax when the dream situation, so strongly suggested as a possibility for the director to make it somewhat real, is not taken advantage of—and it reaches its end with considerable straining of the intelligence. It is all about a woman’s dual nature. Her passionate side dominates her. So she leaves the domestic hearth to worship at lavish shrines set up for her by European philanderers. The woman is in constant conflict with herself—and Barbara La Marr is called upon for some exacting work which eludes her. So emphasis is placed upon her voluptuous figure.

The action becomes wandering and takes its character with it. The plot is relegated to the background to exploit the lavish settings of the heroine’s triumphal jaunt thru Europe. The scenes as a result become repetitious and meaningless. The poor husband is totally neglected. The director has sacrificed every reasonable premise to exploit the picture’s expenditures. The players strive to be real, but they fail because of artificial plot and characters. Too much effort is spent in having them stare into the camera.

The Midnight Express

The business of making good by the dissolute and cowardly son of a railroad president furnishes the plot of this picture. It is an idea that has performed yeoman service on the screen, but dressing it up with fast and exciting action sort of compensates for the hoary material hack of it. Indeed, everything happens in the film that should happen in the mellowest of melodramas. It makes no pretense to being anything else. At least, what it reveals is sincere.

As may be expected, the story deals with the rattlers—of how the regenerated hero saves the life of the president of the road—and the latter’s daughter when he flags the train. For good measure, it is packed with wild jazz parties, auto smash-ups, escaped murderers who make themselves de trop with the innocent heroine—and various other tried and true ingredients. Elaine Hanmerstein is

(Continued on page 82)

A scene from The Mine With the Iron Door, a Western which is a scenic gem, featuring Dorothy Mackaill and Pat O’Malley

Idle Tongues, which exploits the evil consequences of gossip, has a notable cast, including Doris Kenyon, Perry Marmont and Lucille Ricksen

Alma Rubens plays Gerald Cranston’s Lady, and James Kirkwood her husband, in this interesting domestic drama based on a marriage of convenience

Ian Keith plays the part of the villain in Lose’s Wilderness, with Corinne Griffith and Holmes Herbert as the exemplary characters
They Do It in the Movies

The Governor grants a pardon just in time to stay the execution.

The dashing young American always succeeds in quelling the revolution in the South American republic and marries the President’s daughter.

The kind and forgiving wife gladly takes the erring husband back after his wild affair with the other woman.

Now, it remains to be seen whether von Sternberg will persist in his energies and announced ambitions to do fine things on the screen, or whether he will, like all the rest who have gone before him, answer the call of “big money” and give himself over to the business of making films for the box-office.

In this will lie the answer to whether The Salvation Hunters was a sincere effort, or merely an accident.

Rudy the Great Must Watch His Step

When this column, several months ago, suggested that Valentino had made a mistake in absenting himself from the screen, thus allowing other players easily to steal their way into the hearts of many movie fans, we were bombarded by a score of film followers who ridiculed the idea that anyone could usurp Rudy’s popularity.

Time has proved these admirers to be wrong. Not only has Novarro risen to a popularity approaching Valentino, but Rod La Rocque has also stolen his way into millions of hearts, while Jack Gilbert is rapidly becoming one of the most popular players of the day.

Public favor is a fickle thing.

Will von Sternberg Sell Out to the Box-Office?

The most-talked-of film of the year is The Salvation Hunters, made by the young man named von Sternberg. Charlie Chaplin and Doug Fairbanks say that it is a great picture. In truth, The Salvation Hunters is not a great picture, but von Sternberg is to be highly commended for the subject he has selected and for the manner in which he has handled the story as a whole. As a director, this newcomer shows promise.

The actor boom is on again in Hollywood; even the inferior ones are holding out against the producers for larger salaries.
On this page we present two of the finest character actors on the screen: Claude Gillingwater and Alec B. Francis. They’re both playing in *A Thief in Paradise*—Mr. Gillingwater is Noel Jardine, a crusty old Englishman, and Mr. Francis is Bishop Saville.

Mr. Jardine and the Bishop are old cronies, who spend many an evening over the chess board. The Bishop adores rousing his friend’s fiery temper by trying to help himself to an extra move (above), but he never gets away with it, as you can see if you glance at the left.

**Question:** Can a Bishop Cheat at Chess?

(You’ll find the answer above)
Since Clara made her little bow
Upon the screen, fans have asked how
To say her name: She'll have you know
That it's pronounced not "bough" but "bow"

P. S.—Above, she's imitating Mae Murray; at the right, she's showing you how Gloria Swanson looked in The Humming Bird
Did you see her trying to vamp Rudolph Valentino in *A Sainted Devil*? She has a subtle and mysterious method all her own. Watch for her in *Playthings of Desire*, and after that, in *The Lost Chord*.
Picking Actors for Parts

By HARRY CARR

WHO is the most useful actress in the world? I asked the casting director. "What do you mean—the most useful?" "Well, if you had to send a company away on a long trip and they were going to make a lot of pictures and you could only send one actress whom would you choose?"

I knew what his answer would be before I asked him—Bessie Love! Any casting director in Hollywood would give the same answer. For versatility, little Miss Love is without rivals.

She can be fifteen—or fifty. She is convincing and winsome as a screen sweetheart, yet she can be almost sexless. She is one of the few women of the screen who can make you believe in pure virginal innocence and unsophistication; yet one of her best parts was that of the ruined girl in Neill's The Eternal Three. In Charlie Ray's Dynamite Smith, she gave an astonishingly vivid and accurate picture of a prostitute in a tough dive on the Barbary Coast.

The casting directors tell me that one of the hardest parts to cast in any picture is a mother. Most of them are too sweet and sticky. They are inhumanly loving in their tenderness. One of the best bets in Hollywood for mothers is Mary Carr, because she always preserves a little note of detachment and humor. She can be motherly without being mushy. When it is to be a mother of a duke or a climbing, newly rich heiress—where the mother love has to be a little hard-boiled— the casting directors' thoughts are apt to turn to Emily Fitzroy.

She is tall and commanding, with an aquiline face and a haughty carriage. As a villain mother, Josephine Crowell stands alone. She is the one who yanks the crippled children around by their frail, thin arms. Off the screen, she is one of the most charming women imaginable, but she has more mean screen menace than any other character woman.

Villains are the most interesting actors to cast in a picture—and the most important. A really good heroine and a capable villain can carry along a very commonplace hero.

The casting directors like Wally Beery best for a villain if he is going to be rough with men; he is the champion hero beater of the screen. They tell me that when they want a villain to chase the pure, unsullied girl around the room, knocking over the tables, there is no one like Walter Long. He can put the most villainous look into his lustful close-ups of any man on the screen. Noah Beery is a great "heavy" for parts like the brutal and suspicious old husband of the unhappy girl-wife. He has the slow deliberation of a cat torturing a mouse; but he is at his best when he has the mouse actually and admittably in his claws. Lew Cody is regarded as the best of society villains—the caressing and wily betrayer of young wives. Charlie Gerard is nearly always used when they want a crook in high society—the outcast son of a great family gone wrong.

George Seigmann is a great villain, and a great actor in parts where his villainy has the weight of authority behind it, such as brutal army officers, or bestial political bosses.

The funny part of all this is that none of these villains is in the least like this in private life.

I don't know a single villain who isn't charming off the screen. Most of them, by a coincidence, are witty and brilliant talkers. They are, on the whole, the most kindly and unselfish actors in Hollywood. Which almost goes without saying, because no actor with very much selfish vanity would consent so to sacrifice himself.

There is one actor in Hollywood who occasionally does villain parts that stand by themselves. That is Hallam Cooley. His villainy is tossed off with gay, debonair indifference; you never can help having a sneaking liking for him.
WHY the different stars stick to their own particular rôles—the girl whom you adore as a sweet young thing would be a failure as a disappointed wife, and the man you adore as a lover you would hate as an army officer.

There are two actors with a singular ability to portray stern authority. No one in Hollywood, available to the casting directors, can so convincingly paint a picture of a banker, an editor or a sea captain in a big way as Hobart Bosworth. He has the unmistakable air of a man who has "arrived" by his own efforts, and who has a lot of brutal, ruthless force underneath a gleaming shirtfront. Anders Randolph has a power something akin to this, only he runs more to directness. As a bucko mate or a ruthless man-hunter, he is wonderful. Strangely enough, both Mr. Randolph and Mr. Bosworth are painters; they would be at the easel now if they could choose the career that appeals most strongly to them.

Henry Wallace does a line of parts which are exclusively his by right of conquest. No one on the screen ever has approached him. They are a little hard to describe. He is at his best as a quiet, self-contained man of aristocratic blood, relentlessly consecrated to his own ideals. Stern elegance, so to speak.

Alice Terry has a quality that is unique to herself; that makes her one of the most interesting of the "free-lance" actresses available to casting directors. She has an air best described by quoting Stephen Phillips' Ulysses..."in her wildest abandonment a something withheld." She has a great power of suggestion; she gives you always the idea that, if the heroine were not a missionary's daughter, or the daughter of an aristocrat or something, she would just naturally tear up the scenery. Also, she has humor.

Malcolm McGregor, the casting directors tell me, is a boy who also has a unique quality. The average screen lover is a lover. McGregor is a young business man in love. He always gives the impression that he has a number of interests and purposes in life; and one of them is getting married to the girl he has found.

Helene Chadwick is something like this. When she is wooed and won on the screen, you always have the feeling that she is entering into a marriage that will have its share of love and kisses; but will also have regard for gas bills and country club dues.

There is a practical reality, a down-to-earth quality, to both these actors that is of great value in getting over certain dramatic effects and certain kinds of stories. When you see McGregor win a girl on the screen, you know she has surrendered to a "good provider." And this without losing romance.

Viola Dana is perhaps the most famous of the free-lancers available to casting directors. She has the unusual combination of high humor with big emotional fire. Viola also has the advantage of a beautiful flapper figure and a whale of a box-office appeal. But, of course, she demands—and gets—a very high salary.

Lewis Stone also has a line of parts absolutely sewed up. For one thing, he is one of the few actors in Hollywood not to the manner born, who can act like a professional army officer—of the American type, that is. I have seen no actor except von Stroheim who makes a German officer convincing. Even so clever and adroit a young fellow as Ben Lyon put in hours upon hours under the tutorage of an ex-Prussian dragon captain trying to learn the German formal bow. In the end they had to give it up in despair. Eric von Stroheim has an educated back-bone that knows how.

Lew Cody is the very best of the society villains—the caressing and wily betrayer of young wives.

Bobbie Agnew is another actor who has the inside track on a peculiar line of parts. He almost stands alone as the kid brother of the heroine—to be kissed and cuffed and confided in. Hulking, slow, loutish awkwardness goes (Continued on page 113)
There is one adjective in the English language that suits Madge Kennedy to a T. It is "glorious." Whether she is dancing and dimpling, or whether she is solemn and sorrowful, or whether she is petulant and prankish, or whether she is tempestuous and terrifying, she is ever glorious. Motion picture-goers may well celebrate her return to the screen, for she long ago proved that she was one of its most versatile actresses, just as she has long been considered one of the cleverest stars on the legitimate stage. Her last screen appearance was over a year ago, when she played Molly Townsend in Three Miles Out. She has been starring in Poppy, a highly successful musical comedy, for more than two years now, which proves to perfection that she can sing and dance as well as act and look the glorious person she really is.

"Put up your hands!" barks Madge Kennedy to Conway Tearle, in a breathless scene from Bad Company. Conway obeys with one hand, but how about the other? It looks very much as if he were preparing to box the fair bandit smartly on the ear. Do not miss this picture, for the dénouement of this particular scene is well worth seeing.
"In Days of Old, When Knights Were Bold"

At the top of the page we give you a stirring scene from Dangerous Money. Wouldn't the modern flapper just "eat up" excitement like this? Bebe Daniels told us she had the most thrilling time of her life. And doesn't she look as if she really were a lady heart-breaker of "ye good olde days"? We never have seen her in a modern hat half so becoming as this medieval head-dress.

Here you meet young Mr. Gonzalez again, in a scene from his second picture, Argentine Love. And here is a real puzzle for you: Which is the handsomer, Marc Gonzalez or Ricardo Cortez, who is pictured with him?
AILEEN
PRINGLE

This striking study
of Miss Pringle
was made especially
for this magazine.
She is posing on
the stairway of her
beautiful home in
Hollywood which
she has just closed
for several months.
She is now in the
East, playing op-
posite Adolphe
Menjou in A Kiss
in the Dark.
Along the Atlantic Way

Eastern News and Gossip from

HAL HOWE

When I dropped in one day last week to see Jack Dillon, who is producing One Way Street at the Biograph Studios, I heard a great piece of news. Arriving on the set, I noticed an atmosphere of something different. On the faces of the electricians, property men, cameraman and the balance of the staff, was a broad, appreciative grin. And their eyes were focused on a group familiar to all of you. There was lovely Amia O. Nilsson, adorably ingénue-ish Marjorie Daw, and the screen’s new Adonis, Ben Lyon. They were gathered about the director, Jack Dillon, and all three were putting him on the back and shaking his hands. As I watched, Anna Q. and Marjorie Daw clapped their hands ecstatically and simply gushed—that is the word, simply gushed! Then I got the news. Mrs. Jack Dillon had that day presented a son to her husband, John Francis Dillon, Jr., and the whole producing unit were joining Jack, Sr., in a pean of joy. In professional circles, Mrs. Dillon is known as Edith Hallor and was the star of Leave It to Jane and other Broadway successes. As soon as Richard Rowland, President of First National, returns from Europe, and Colleen Moore returns from the Coast, these two will officiate as godfather and godmother at the christening.

On another set I bumped into Milton Sills, Doris Kenyon and May Allison, all bringing their pulchritude (with apologies to Milton Sills) and their dramatic caliber to The Interpreter’s House, which Lambert Hillyer is directing. May Allison told me that she wanted to get away from the golden-haired ingénue roles she has been playing, and show the great American screen public what a “reel bad” woman she can be.

Over at the Famous Players Studios in Astoria, Sidney Olcott was finishing Salome of the Tenements, and I got a glimpse of the exotic face of Jetta Goudal, looking the camera out of countenance. Only a few weeks back, I dined with Jetta at the Ritz. She told me then that she felt this role would give her a real opportunity to show her wares. She has been waiting a long time for such an opportunity, and, to judge by the general chatter, she will arrive in this.

Sidney Olcott was busy directing five hundred people in the Ghetto scenes, when one of the Jewish extras tapped him on the shoulder and pointed out a glaring anachronism.

“You see those lace cur-
to know what a motion picture star is supposed to do in a social way, just read the list of social and civic organizations which invited Tommy to be present: the Dixie Automobile Show wanted him to drop in as guest of honor for a special gala night, the Better Films Committee desired his presence at dinner, the local theater managers all begged him to make personal appearances, a dozen civic organizations made a bid for his services, and a country club wanted him for University Night!

Tommy had to turn a deaf ear to most of these requests, but when he heard that the Community Chest was having a hard time to raise its budget, he pitched in with a contribution of his own and gave his time also.

**William de Mille** has come East with Jack Holt and is ready to shoot *Men and Women*, an intriguing title which I hope will stand. However, don't be surprised if it is released under *Transsex and Skirts*, for what we want nowadays is sex appeal, and *Men and Women* isn't sexy enough. It sounds rather technical. Read the daily newspapers for the balance of the cast. As our forms close, it is not yet announced. When I was in Astoria, E. Mason Hopper had arrived and was busy preparing for the production of *The Crowded Hour*, Bebe Daniels, by the time this goes to press, will have arrived and be busy at work on her fourth starring vehicle. One who should know tells me that Bebe, in *Argentine Love* is lovelier than ever.

tains over J. Cohn's store?” the extra said. Mr. Olcott nodded. “Well, that ain't right at all, 'cause down in Hester Street they never had any lace curtains in those windows.”

The setting, which was erected on the huge upper stage of the Paramount Long Island studio, was the largest ever built for a picture made in the East by Famous Players. It showed Hester and Ludlow Streets of New York's East Side.

**Tommy Meighan** has returned from Birmingham, Alabama, where he made his exteriors for *Coming Through*. If you want before. How this can be, I cannot imagine, for in *Dangerous Money* I figured she had scaled the peak of pulchritude—couldn't be any lovelier and still be human. *Argentine Love* also marks the début of another Latin great lover, Marc Gonzalez, a Cuban, who deserted *materia medica* for the screen. He did so well in a duel scene with William Powell in *Dangerous Money* that he was given this opportunity in *Argentine Love*. By the way, before I forget it, William Powell is playing "heavy" opposite Dix in *Too Many Kisses*.

(Continued on page 102)
Above, Director Paul Sloan has put in a short-distance call for Richard Dix. They're great friends, these two. Both are blessed with an amazing fund of energy, and a rare sense of humor—a combination that is bound to win success for anyone. Since starring in Manhattan, Richard's fan mail has more than doubled and, as you all know, that means he is twice as popular—and so that means he is just about the most popular of all the film stars.

Richard Dixon wears a fandango costume—whatever that is—in his new picture, Too Many Kisses, and it's the first time he's ever been "all dressed up" for the screen. Frances Howard is his leading lady. Just for fear the few of you, who have not seen Dick on the screen, may think of him as a handsome hero who is always suave and smiling, we give you proof that he's a "regular guy" in this picture from the wonderful scrap staged in A Man Must Live.
THE return of the Gish girls for the opening of *Romola* was one of the most picturesque and appealing incidents I have ever seen in Hollywood.

It has been five years since they have been in California. When she left here, Lillian was still struggling for recognition. She came back the acknowledged queen of tragedy.

The crowd that met them at the station was almost an index to the Gish girls. There was a group of millionaire producers and famous authors who never succeeded in getting within a mile of them. There was another group that were gathered to the Gish hearts: old stage carpenters with toil-worn hands all slicked up in their store clothes; girl cutters married and bringing down their new babies; seamstresses who had sewed the clothes for the Gish girls in their earlier pictures. Any one who could have witnessed that home-coming without being affected would have to have had a heart made out of re-enforced concrete.

By way of contrast, the actual opening of the picture was the most gorgeous event I have seen in Hollywood. The Gish girls came out on the stage together when the picture was over; and Lillian made a frightened but sincere little speech. They were dressed in quaint, lovely gowns that somehow gave the impression that they were not quite of this world. Out there behind the footlights, they looked like two fragile and beautiful little flowers.

They only stayed from Saturday afternoon until Tuesday morning, when they left again for New York.

Mary Pickford was so anxious not to lose one minute of Lillian that she and her mother took rooms at the Ambassador Hotel during their stay.

After their departure, one of the Los Angeles newspapers commented on the fact that the only three girls who had been seen on the streets of Los Angeles for five years without one bit of make-up—no lip-sticks, no mascara, no powder and no eye-brow smooch—were Mary and Lillian and Dorothy.

It has been announced that Mary is to do a picture under the direction of the newly discovered Viola Dana is a little savage in her new picture. *As a Man Desires*.
Harry Carr's department of news and gossip of the Hollywood picture folk

...and that it is to be laid, as to scenery, in the steel mills of Pittsburgh. Mary seems, however, to be a little uncertain about it. The truth is, the whole direction and trend of her future screen career seems to be uncertain. She doesn't know whether to grow up or remain a little girl on the screen.

Douglas Fairbanks is going back to the scene of one of his early triumphs for his next picture. He is going to make a sequel to The Mark of Zorro. The hero is to be a son of Zorro and the great thrill of the drama is to come when the young Zorro is fighting against hopeless odds. A figure comes riding up over the hill to the rescue. It is the old Zorro with his trusty sword.

The Warner Brothers have made a sensational announcement about Ernst Lubitsch. He is to make another satirical comedy somewhat in the manner of The Marriage Circle. This is to be the last short picture he will ever make. Thereafter, he will make nothing but big historical costume spectacles. As an assurance that this plan will be carried out, the Warners have made a permanent budget of $900,000 for each of his future pictures.

Monte Blue has struck on stiff shirts and high social atmosphere. Monte wants to do Western outdoor pictures where he can bridle the bucking bronc. In his boyhood days, Monte was a real cowboy; also a locomotive fireman, a hobo, and many other he-man things. And now he has the agony of watching dressed-up actors trying to play cowboy parts while he strides thru drama in the odor of an effete culture. Monte was married not long ago to a lovely little Danish girl who was the model for many of the Howard Chandler Christy magazine covers. They have gone to live in a beautiful bungalow home in Beverly Hills. Of all the actors in Hollywood I imagine that Monte is the most sincere student of the theory and technique of acting.

One of the reasons why Monte is so anxious to do Western stories is they...

(Continued on page 90)

Don't miss seeing Mae Busch in Frivolous Sal; she's a wonder.

Mary Astor learned the difficult art of walking with snow-shoes, before she left for Canada, where her next picture is being filmed.

No, this isn't a tea-garden in China, it's a little open air restaurant near Hollywood, frequented by Carmel Myers, Aileen Pringle and other stars.

A sketch of Rex by Mr. Ingram.

Charlie Murphy, the screen's youngest actor, has lion cubs for playmates.
A Page of Promising Newcomers

Presenting five players whom our readers feel will be among the Stars of the Future

MARY ARTHUR
This child's first screen appearance was in the rôle of Florence, the small sister of "Gentle Julia," in Booth Tarkington's story. Watch for her

NINA ROMANO
Much success in motion pictures has been prophesied for this well-known stage star since her first appearance opposite Lou Tellegen in Blind Youth

IRVING HARTLEY
If you liked this young man in Mrs. Parmaror, you'll be pleased to know he's to appear in other Metro-Goldwyn productions

JOHN BOLES
The handsome hero pictured below gained the attention of all flappers in Excuse Me, and afterward in So This is Marriage

OLIVE ANN ALCORN
You saw Miss Alcorn as the dancer in Up the Ladder; her work won for her a real part in the Universal feature Phantom of the Opera
Are You a Pola Negri Fan?

If so, you will enjoy her picture on the cover of our April magazine—Pola, in all her dark, barbarian beauty, pictured on a background of flaming red. Inside is The Mystery of Pola, by Harry Carr, who knows her well. What sort of woman is she to you? Do you feel you understand her—Pola, the untamed barbarian of the screen, who might kiss a cook or kick a king, if the spirit so moved her? To you does she seem cruel or kind? Condescending or overbearing? Gracious or disagreeable? What do you prophesy for her future? She is capable of almost anything. Will she follow her ambitions and become the greatest actress the world has ever known? Or will she "elope with a hermit and spend the rest of her life hunting wolves or diving for pearls"? Give us your opinion.

Are You a Vamp?

Read what Nita Naldi and Barbara La Marr have to say on the subject. The two greatest vamps of the screen disagree. Nita admits she is a vamp—says she is proud of it. Barbara insists there's no such thing as a vamp—to be called one is an insult. Which one of the two is right? Turn to pages 42 and 43 and decide.

Write Fan Letters?

And do the stars answer them? If they don't, read What the Fans Write the Stars, on page 24. Perhaps you'll find there the explanation of the ominous silence to your letters.

Did you rave? Did you gush? Did you tell them how much you loved them? Or did you offer constructive criticism?

Have You Ever Put a Plot into Practice?

See what happened to Peter the Playgoer when he tried to do a movie rescue.

Are You Superstitious?

Would you go around the block rather than walk under a ladder? Would you rather starve than be the thirteenth at a table? Are you disillusioned to know that all movie stars believe in signs and are frightfully superstitious? The men as well as the women! Walter Hiers always carries a rabbit's foot. Mary Pickford would rather die than not pick up a horseshoe. Her new director, Josef M. Sternberg, won't start a picture without one hanging over the set. You'll find Their Pet Superstitions, on page 48 of this number, amusing and interesting. Do you know the pet superstitions of any other stars? Or have you some interesting ones of your own?

Can You Pick a Winner?

From out a thousand shadows who flit across the silver screen in parts obscure and small, can you pick the one that will live and be great from the nine-hundred - ninety - nine who will die? Look on the page at your left. Is the girl or the man whom you picked for a star, pictured here on our page of Promising Newcomers? What is that indefinable quality which makes for greatness on the screen? Who has it whom we have omitted? Whose face would you add to this page? Send us your Promising Newcomer. We will be glad to hear from you.

New Faces?

Who would you like to see in our Portrait Gallery? If you have a favorite whom we have omitted, suggest his or her name to us. Perhaps we can feature that special one in our next issue. We want to hear from you.
FRANCES K.—So you think I am too snappy for an old man of over eighty. Yes, I liked Norma Shearer very much in In He Who Gets Slapped. She was born in Montreal, Canada, and is twenty-two years old. Dark hair and blue eyes. Dorothy Mackail has brown hair and she was born in Hull, England, hazel eyes and is five feet five.

RUTH T.—Money is the ball-wheelers on the wheel of life, but the happiest people are often those who have the least. Tom Mix was born in Texas. Yes, married to Virginia Forde. Virginia F.—But flirtation is detention without intention. Claire Windsor was married to a Mr. Bowers. Charles Ogle was Doctor McGovern in Secrets. Conway Tearle is to play in The Pleasure Woman for Vitagraph, to be produced in Brooklyn.

MAUREEN M.—Well, men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they speak! I'll be quiet. Valentina is twenty-nine and Charles Ray is thirty-three. Richard Barthelmess is twenty-nine also, and Ramon Novarro is not married. Alan Hale has started directing his first picture, The Scarlet Honeymoon, with Shirley Mason.

PELLE.—Well, I am sure glad to see you again. Thank's for the picture. That was a funny joke you sent me. Your letters always brighten up the whole room.

E. W. W.—Well, if every man works at that for which nature fitted him, the cows will be well tended. Reginald Denny is playing in California's Straight Ahead. Well, it is this way—calories are units of heat. All bits of food we eat are units of calories, and if you are stout you will probably require about 1900 to 2000 calories a day, depending upon your age and weight.

No, that was Gertrude Olmstead as the sister in George Washington, Jr. End Bennett is twenty-eight. Your letter was mighty interesting.

GUNNER E.—Well, the number of stars visible with the naked eye is only about 7000, but the number visible thru the telescope is over 70,000,000. Mae Murray is with Metro. Yes, there is a new club, the Fastime Movie Club, Stephen Patrick, 202 Plaza Street, Fairport Harbor, Ohio.

BLUE-EYED BABY.—People take great pains to catch each other, but very little pains to hold on to them. Joseph Scheldt was born in Vinaea. Virginia Valli in The Alaskan. Lila Lee in Coming Thru.

VETTA G. R.—I should say I am good. I swear only by my country, lie only for my best friend, steal only away from bad company, and drink only buttermilk. Too good to be true.

Virginia Valli was born in Chicago, Illinois. Yes, of course I am over eighty. Write me again some time.

VICTORIA ESTATE.—I like the way you start off. Carmel Myers is playing in Ben Hur, you know. Winston Miller, Patsy Ruth's twelve-year-old brother, has one of the three leads in Kings of the Surf, for Fox.

PELL.—Oh, hello! Thanks for "The Dazzling Light." It was sure interesting.

DONNIE M.—Yes, I walk very erect, having been straightened right. Now there is the Honorale Patches Club, with John Bowers as the hero. Write to Helen Gillet, Route 1, Box 385, Inglewood, California.

JACK SPARRT.—How's the wife, Jack? No, neither Lilian nor Lombardi, Ltd., have been fictionalized in our magazines. Buck Jones is playing in The Arizona Romance, for Fox, and Jack Hoxie in The Tuning of the West for Universal.

HARRY L.—Forrest Stanley in When Knighthood Was in Flower. Lynn Harding was the King. Betty Compton and Lon Chaney and Joseph Dowling in The Miracle. Well, there isn't much difference between the best and the worst of us.

L. L. DIMPLES.—Reckless drivers may be entitled to liberty—but not license. Some philanthropists don't even let their right hands know where their left hands got it. Rene Adoree is not married. Your letter was very interesting. Beverly Bayne, Dorothy Devere and Louise Fazenda have all been loaned by Warner to star in Cheaper to Marry for Metro-Goldwyn-


ASR D.—You will have to have more than experience, Ada, to get into pictures. There are a lot of experienced players out of work.

MICKY.—How are things in Gay Paree, Micky? You refer to Jutta Goudal in The Bright Shawl. I liked your stationery too. I should say I do do cross-word puzzles. Who isn't doing them over here! The discovery that the cross-word puzzle dates back to 2000 B. C. doubtless accounts for the obsolete words in the modern ones.

DICK'S ADAMER.—Everybody gets humped now and then. Get a harder than others. Richard Barthelmess was born in New York City. David Powell is included in the cast of Kings in Exile, with Alice Terry and Lewis Stone.

EREGON ROSE.—Robert Frazer is not an Indian, no more than I am. The home of the President was named the "White House," after the home of Martha Washington, in New Kent County, Virginia, in which her wedding occurred. Laura La Plante in The Ramblin' Kid.

MARION S.—Well, I will be glad to help you any time, but when you ask for the cast of about ten pictures, I will have to pass. Buck Jones was born in Vincennes, Indiana, and he is twenty-nine. Virginia Forde is Tom Mix's wife and he is forty-four. Well, it is easier to get married than to stay single.

M. W.—You want an interview with Lewis Stone. And now the Norma Talmadge Correspondence Club, Constance Riker, 1407 Northfield Street, East Cleveland, Ohio. Kenneth Harlan will probably play opposite his wife in Reckless.

ERMINA G.—Of course, I am an old man—with a long, long, beard. It sure does come in handy these bitter cold days. So
Tony Fan.—Yes, indeed, your favorite motion picture star is very happily married. Above, meet Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno.

Viola S.; Marie B.; The Unlucky; Nettie; Louise D.; Miss Kretzberg; Florida; Helen C.; J. Hoxie Armbrer; Mary P.; Tommy Lou; Annie M.; Dottie; Interested; Sophie; George T.; Jack C. P.; Janet G.; Hazel Eyes; Helen M. D.; Migos and Boy D. O. Boy; but all of your questions have been answered somewhere else in this department.

Exeter F.—Thanks very much for the little black cal catendar. I have it hanging right over my desk, where I can see it all the time. I don't know whom you can be referring to when you speak of Beatrice. Creighton Hall isn't doing much these days. So you liked Anna Christie better than you did. I'll take that Paris. Lila Lee and Thomas Meighan are playing together again in Coming Thru. The young lady you mention is married, but she has no small son. Your letters are always mighty interesting, so write to me often.

Miss Ruby W.—Well, you can bring sunshine into the lives of others and keep it from yourself. Lewis Stone is with First National. Billy Sullivan and Mabel Day are included in the cast of William Desmond's Red Chey.

Peggy.—No, no, Baby Peggy is not a Jap. Pictitious Biller.—So you liked Colleen Moore in Fletching With Love. Margaret Landis and Cullen are brother and sister.

Molly H.—When we are young, we have all we can do to keep from laughing when we shouldn't; when we grow older, we have all we can do to laugh when we should. Monte Blue is with Warner. No, I haven't seen A Fool's Progress. Lina Menjou is very pretty, and I see that Adolph Menjou is one of your favorites.

W. Roa.—You sure have the right idea.

Rosalie L.—Ben Lyon is twenty-three. Irving Cummings is with First National. Mary Miles Minter is reported engaged to Commander Harold H. Ritter of the U. S. Navy. I never saw those three meals a day. To eat is human—to digest, divine.

Mary Mc.—There is really no way I can help you get into pictures. I'm sorry, indeed.

Gibert.—The Yacht. Well, they cant call you a brick anyway. No, how do I know whether Gloria Swanson is going to let her hair grow. They tell me that it is the style to let hair grow. Your letter was mighty interesting.

C. E. K. Queenland.—Vivian Martin is on the stage, you know. Yes, travel tends to broaden one, but a packet of George Valois is too. Eugene O'Brien is playing opposite Virginia Valli in Sieze, with Mary Alden as the Aunt and Marie Murphy as the heroine.

Gerald M. K.—Dagmar Godowsky played in pictures for some time. Conway Tearle has had a good part.

Luccio R.—I should say your letter was interesting. Speaking about Clara Bow, she is heading the casts of Capital Punishment, Free to Love and The Bawdery, all for Schulberg Productions. Niles Welch is with Vitagraph.

Georgina.—Yours sure was a treat. No, indeed, my beard isn't a joke. It's quite a necessity to me. Yes, Southerner is playing in The Pleasure Woman, adapted from the novel, The House of Lynne.

M. L. B.—Robby Connelly was the little boy in Hurrorscape. Gaston Glass was the lad grown up. No, Ben Gendron is not American. Address him at Warner Brothers, Sunset Boulevard and Bronson Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Flaming Lily.—No, I try to please my readers when I can. Patty Artlukle is playing in vaudeville in Paris and will later go to Berlin to play there. Home is the place where we are treated best but where we grumble most.

Helen K.—So no soap please, soap is often made of lye. William Haines is with Metro-Goldwyn. Yes, naturally. I like to hear the nice things that are said about this department, I believe it was Bulwer who said: "How a little praise warms out of a man the good that is in him, and the sneer of contempt which he feels to be unjust chilling the ardor to excel."
Letters to the Editor

Page the Casting Director

DEAR EDITOR: It’s not "what’s wrong with the movies?" It’s "what’s wrong with the casting director?" For he deserves a large part of the blame for ruining pictures that might otherwise be splendid.

If there is one thing more vital than any other to the success of a picture, it is the casting of the psychological type into at least the principal roles. Yet many directors and producers do not realize this. A casting director needs no discretion whatsoever and insists on assigning the roles with an utter disregard of type.

If Miss Blank, the popular flapper actress, has proved a good box-office attraction, the casting director, in order to use her name as bait for unsuspecting fans, will cast her in a tragic, emotional rôle, wholly unsuited to her, perhaps one entirely foreign to her personality and ability.

The best example of this sort of bone-headedness is Viola Dana in "Swanson"—but I won’t judge Colleen Moore until I see her in "So Big," tho to me Florence Vidor would make a far more convincing Selina and is much better suited to the rôle.

Another victim of this monster of indiscretion (I refer to the casting director) is Percy Marmont. He is one of the very few screen stars who have the power to interpret a character in a natural, restrained manner; yet, whenever he is given a rôle, it is played down, and someone far less deserving than he is takes the laurels. As Valmont is the great lover, Charles Bay, the country boy, so Percy Marmont is the psychological man for the idealistic rôle. If someone with foresight would only recognize this and sign him up for a really big part, what a picture could be made of him! Others might realize his sterling qualities and he would become one of the big personalities of the screen.

There are other capable actors and actresses of the highest ability who, if they were only given a chance by that champion blunderer, would make pictures that would be remembered in the future as the very best of their kind. May some of the honored and amusing artists be appreciated in the near future, and given a chance to show exactly what they can do!

R. E. M.,
Quebec.

More Pshaw! Mr. Shaw

DEAR EDITOR: Editorial, Pshaw, Mr. Shaw! in December issue is fair enough.

In my opinion it strikes at the root of what is wrong with the whole motion picture industry, or, rather, what the people think is wrong with it. For the people in general know as little about the industry as they do about Soviet Russia, and those who pontificate with a personal opinion in a trade article, interview or feature article, usually come of the herd who know the least about it.

To laugh seems some what flimsy when someone cracks loose a lot of hunches, procured with one eye outside the studio fence.

To review a film is not grasping the truth of that which produces it.

Mr. Shaw’s opinion should not matter to anyone but Mr. Shaw. The same is true of other attempts to knock the polish off the industry. To wonder what Tamar Lake tames. I am wondering now how Walter Haviland answers his own question: Why Did they Doll Up Dempsey? He speaks of the "olden days" and the "pictur-esque mgs." Mr. Haviland should have been with me one day in Salt Lake City as I stood in front of the old Zang bar. He would have seen a half-baked roughneck draped awkwardly in the doorway, Enter the old Jack Dempsey of Grand National fame, trotting along doing his thing.

A scene remark dribbled from the booze-soaked human curtain in the doorway, Blam!!! In the result of that scrap I saw the answer to Mr. Haviland’s question. Jack Dempsey’s appearance in that battle and his appearance "dressed up" were not answer enough. But if Mr. Haviland did not know the Dempsey of other days, “before the dawn,” he is excused. After all, pictures are not teachers; they are entertainers.

Alhambra, California.

The Rise of Rudy

DEAR EDITOR: Once upon a time there was a young man who was not a perfect specimen of American manhood, neither remarkably daintless nor brave. His appearance did not suggest shining virtue nor impeccable nobility. They said to me, the trial attorney whom I interviewed decided he wasn’t the sort of man to appeal to our American girls. He did not seem fitted to jump off cliffs, rescue maidens in distress or register high-minded devotion in the close-ups. But they added he could dance well and that he was what was recognized about the studios as a good type for the "society villain." They forgot to find out whether or not he could act—and sometimes the big movie organizations are careless about minor details.

At any rate Rudolph Valentino got into the movies.

Here, then, is my theory of his phenomenal rise to stardom—this man who is not a hero in real life, but a sensational success on the screen. It is this: He does not look like your husband. He is not in the least like your brother. He does not resemble the man whom your mother thinks you should marry. He is not like the nice boy who takes you to all the high-school dances. Women throng to see him in motion pictures because he typifies Romance. He is the hero of the love affair you always longed for, but never had.

The men who know him in business like him. But they don’t understand the reason.

(Cont’d on page 107)
The Duchesse de Richelieu tells how to have A Lovely Skin

"The woman whose life is given not only to Society but to concert-singing must always appear with a complexion fresh and radiant. "

"Care of her skin, second only in importance to the care of her voice, can best be obtained by the daily use of Pond's Two Creams. They keep the skin exquisitely soft and lovely."

Duchesse de Richelieu

HAIR full of golden lights, shadowy blue eyes and a cream-and-white complexion which makes everybody turn to look, women with envy, men with delight. The charm of a nature gay, generous and sincere.

These make the Duchesse de Richelieu a woman everybody loves to see—and to know. And to hear, too, for she has a lovely soprano voice of limpid tone.

In the exclusive social set of Baltimore—always famous for its "Baltimore belles"—she spent her girlhood. But since her marriage to the head of one of the oldest titled families of France, she is oftener seen in the smart circles of Paris. And in New York, too, where her home, "The House on the River" is the scene of many gatherings of the socially elect.

Among its lovely old furniture, books and objets d'art from France—many of them handed straight down from the great Cardinal de Richelieu, himself—she moves, a hostess full of grace and charm.

The Duchesse de Richelieu was determined that her cream-and-white skin should remain always as fresh and youthful as it is today. For, she said, "the woman whose life is given not only to society but to concert-singing is compelled to appear fresh and radiant."

When she learned of the Two Creams that beautiful women everywhere depend upon to cleanse and protect the skin, she declared: "They keep the skin exquisitely soft and lovely." This is the method the Duchesse approves:

Pond's Cold Cream for Cleansing. At least once a day, always after any exposure, smooth the cream liberally over your face and neck. Let its pure oils bring to the surface dust, powder and excess oil. Now wipe off all the cream with a soft cloth. Repeat the process. Just look at your skin now—as refreshed as rose-petals washed with dew!

Next, Pond's Vanishing Cream for a Delicate Finish and Protection. Smooth on just as much as your skin will instantly absorb. Now see how soft and even the surface looks—transparently lovely. How well this cream takes your powder, too—holding it in a velvet grip long and evenly—and how perfectly it protects you from soot, wind and cold.

Try for yourself, today, this method which all the world's lovely women are pursuing. You will find that Pond's Creams will keep your skin as creamy-white, as soft and fine as the Duchesse de Richelieu's own. The Pond's Extract Company.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
To a poor and improvident couple in Hollywood was born an unwanted child. A babe of extraordinary beauty. One day as the mother aired him in the park, a beautiful lady said to her, “If you will rent me this baby to act in my picture, I’ll pay you well.”

The mother consented gladly. They called for the baby in a limousine and returned him a few hours later with a fat check pinned to his bonnet.

“Now we need work no more!” cried the mother, waving the check before the father. “Our baby will support us!”

But, blinded by the easy money, the parents let him be worked so hard they did not notice he was growing thin and fretful until the lovely lady said, “You have neglected your baby’s health, we must find another for our picture.”

“See!” cried the angry father to the mother, “You have killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. Now I must go to work!”

Moral: Greed to need doth often lead.

A man who for years had played only the role of a “heavy,” grew tired of being stupidly bold and bad and having the audience hiss when he entered. He longed to become a comedy star, to throw custard pies, chase in and out revolving doors and flirt with scantily gowned women.

So he bought himself some Charlie Chaplin shoes, a pair of eyebrows that did not match, and appeared before the director to pull off some comedy stuff.

At his first stunt nobody cracked a smile.

At his second one, everybody yawned.

At his third, one of the electricians chased him off the set and they proceeded with the regular business of the picture.

“Never mind,” said the heavy, “only nit-wits go in for comedy, Melodrama has much more class.” And he passed on the familiar black mustache of the villain.

Moral: It is easy to despise the unattainable.

Two brothers, a farmer and a screen hero, laid a wager as to which one would be the richer in ten years.

Said the screen hero to the farmer: “You poor rube! my salary is more in a week than you can lay by in a year. I will spend like a drunken sailor for nine years and beat you by saving just one.”

So he built himself a magnificent home, bought many cars, married a beautiful wife, and cut a wide swath from coast to coast.

But the farmer sold his crops in the best markets, saved every cent and banked the profits. The value of his land increased with time and at the end of five years he was in clover.

Meanwhile the screen star had grown so extravagant he couldn’t economize; his debts were piled sky-high when he lost his job.

And he had to borrow money from the farmer.

Moral: Plodding often wins the race.

A woman who, altho long past her first youth, was still playing flapper roles on the screen, was horrified by the carrying-on of her own flapper daughter.

The girl carried her own hip flask, smoked like a chimney, danced each night until dawn, and flirted outrageously with every man she met, whether on or off location.

The newspapers were full of her escapades. Ministers made her the subject of their sermons. From coast to coast she was known as what the young girl should not be.

Scarified by what she saw and, still more, by the reports that came to her from all sides, the mother called her daughter to her and said:

“My child, why do you not behave like a lady?”

“Mother,” replied the girl, “why do you not show me how?”

Moral: Example is the best precept.
that night she danced with the Prince

The Most Thrilling Moment of my Life
by Jacqueline Harwood

When I first got to Paris, some months ago, I was the most excited girl you ever saw. How eagerly I anticipated the many delights of this capital of youth and gaiety—the hundreds of interesting places to visit; the inspiring monuments and marvelous cathedrals; the fascinating shops, lovely mannequins, the races, the wonderful art galleries—to say nothing of the myriad receptions, balls and other court affairs to which I had entree through my friends among the inner circle of the American colony! During the next few weeks my life was one lovely dream, but there was one great disappointment in store for me. Frankly, I didn't seem to meet with my usual success at these social affairs.

Naturally I was mortified when I realized this, and I set about to find the reason. Finally in desperation I begged my trusted friend, May Norton, to tell me what was wrong.

At first she hesitated. Then when she realized I was in earnest she tried to help me.

"What feature do you think is most important to a girl's beauty, Jacqueline?" she began tactfully.

"I'm not sure if I know," I replied.

"Well, if you'll notice you'll see that all the real popular girls here have very thick hair and keep it beautifully marcelled. The men of France are very critical about a woman's hair, and—"

She didn't need to finish her sentence. That was where the trouble lay—my curved, straggly hair! How unattractive it looked that moment, as I turned a troubled glance into the mirror!

May tells her secret

"But what can I do," I asked anxiously, "I have already gelled. My hair looks fine for a while but soon it's straight and straggly again."

"That's just the trouble," May replied, "you've been having it marcelled too much. It has taken all the life out of your hair. You know, every operator does it differently and puts the waves in a different place. That's what makes your hair so wavy!"

May hesitated a moment and then walked over to her dresser. Opening the lower drawer, she pulled out a queer little elastic contraption and a bottle of liquid.

"I used to have the same trouble you're having," she continued, "until I learned about this curling cap. I got it just before I left home—and since then I've never had any more trouble with my hair!"

It took but a moment for her to explain how this simple device worked. As she put it in, she kept holding heat and, by always getting them in exactly the same position, she never marcelled the hair again.

In a second May had a towel under my shoulders and was giving me an actual demonstration of her new discovery. I could hardly wait the fifteen minutes it took for the curling fluid to dry. Finally when May removed the cap and told me to look in the mirror, what a delightful surprise it was! Instead of the unruly, straggly locks I was accustomed to seeing, there was the loveliest marcel I had ever had!

On with the dance!

The next night was to be held at Grande Bal Magique, which it was rumored Prince Dimitri was to attend in person. Before dressing that evening, May let me try her curling cap again. This time my hair was even more beautiful, so I went to the ball with pulse beating fast and hopes running high.

About midnight of the evening I noticed a pair of burning eyes focused on me. They belonged to a tall, graceful young man whose handsome face was only partly hidden by a tiny mask. His regal bearing told me here was the Prince.

The rest seemed like a dream to me. I remember being held in the strongest arms I've ever felt. I remember floating through the most beautiful walks I've ever heard. I remember a stroll through the conservatory, where the low-pitched voice murmured "sweet nothings" in my ear. I remember many other dances with the fascinating Prince—and hundreds of envious eyes that followed every step.

I shall never forget that evening as long as I live. It was my night. Yes—thanks to May Norton and an ingenious American inventor—that was my night!

More about it! You may be sure I was never a "vain flower" after that.

The next day I immediately ordered a curling outfit for myself, and as I continued to use the remarkable Curling Liquid and Curling Cap my hair constantly became thicker, glossier and more wavy. I felt it would be no more fair for me to write the inventor about my wonderful experience and thank him for what he had done for me. I felt that I would be doing a fine thing, too, for thousands of other girls who have the same trouble with their hair that I had. To them I cannot recommend this Curling Cap and Liquid too highly.

Try it at your risk

Thousands of girls and women will have Miss Harwood to thank for this opportunity, for she has been able to demonstrate for herself the remarkable results they can get with McGowan's Curling Cap and Curling Fluid, without risking a cent. Ninety-eight women out of a hundred who try this Curling Cap are most enthusiastic about it and can't say enough in its favor. They are the best advertisements we could have; so naturally we are anxious to get the McGowan Curling Outfit into their hands as quickly as possible.

Send no money—just mail the coupon

You don't have to risk one cent to try the McGowan Curling Outfit in your own home. Simply sign and mail the coupon. When the postman brings your outfit, just pay him $1.87, plus a few cents postage, and your marcel worries are at an end. After you have tried this magic Curling Cap and Curling Fluid for 2 days, if you are not perfectly delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit and your money will be refunded without a single question.

If you are tired of wasting your time and money on expensive beauty parlor marcel if you have trouble keeping your hair marcelled and looking its best; if you want the beauty that rich, glossy, curly hair will bring, take Miss Harwood's advice and don't put it off another minute. Sign the coupon now and mail it right away. Remember, you do not risk a single penny.

The McGowan Laboratories

710 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 26
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. McGowan: Please send me your hair curling outfit, which includes your handy inflatable bottle of Curling Fluid and a Bottle of Curling Lotion, a magic curler, and a hair-marcelled ladies' hat. I enclose $1.87 for delivery. I will be only too pleased to return this outfit if I am not entirely satisfied. My address is (Please print.)

Name, Address

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
A

Adams, Claire—is honeymooning since becoming Mrs. Benjamin D. Hampton. Her latest release is The Deluge, a starring role.

Addée, Renee—plays a jealous apache in Pari-

Assorted, Mary—all right in a contract B.

Agnée, Robert—playing in The Square Peg—-

Alden, May—playing in The Siege—U.

Alexander, Ben—playing in Pampered Youth—

Allison, May—will have an entirely different role in this, playing that of a married woman flirtatiously inclined, in The Interpreter's Husband.

Astor, Marcella—has been chosen by public vote to play the leading role in Franklin-T. H. L.

Ayers, Agnes—is vacationing in Mexico with her newly married husband. Her latest picture is Tomorrow's Love—F. P. L.

B

Baby Peggy—latest release Helen's Babies. Dis-

Ball, Mabel—playing in Riders of the Purple Sage—W. F. L.

Barnes, T. Roy—has been added to the cast of The Recreation of Broad Keat—F. P. L.

Barry, Wesley—playing in The Fighting Cub—

Barthelmess, Richard—recently completed New Toys, a comedy of domestic life, with Mrs. Barthel-

Baxter, Warner—playing an important part in the Cecil De Mille production—F. P. L.

Beverly, Beverly—playing in Who Cares—W. P.

Bedford, Barbara—playing opposite Edmund Lowe in Tripling Shrew—W. F. L.

Beery, Noah—playing in Confabulation—F. P. L.

Bentley, Wanda—has just arrived in town from the Coast in a coming Three—F. P. L.

Bellamy, Madge—has just started work in The

Bennett, Alma—playing in A Fool has Her Mou-

Bennett, Constance—has just started work on her first picture under her new contract with F. P. L. The Goose Hangs High, to be directed by James Cruze.

Bennett, Enid—latest release The Red Lily. She is vacationing in Italy, where her husband, Fred Niblo, is directing Don Juan.

Blue, Monte—and Marie Prevost re-

Blythe, Betty—playing in Speed—

Boardman, Eleanor—playing in The

Bonner, Priscilla—cast as Sally May in Dracula with a Million—F. B. O.

Bosworth, Myra—playing in My Son—F. N.

Bow, Clara—has rushed back to the Coast to lend her colorful presence to the cast of Free to Love—B. F. O.

Bowers, John—playing in Lady of the Night—

Breaner, Sylvia—has recently become Mrs. Harry Martin. It is rumored that she will desert the screen for a domestic career. Her latest picture is Women and Gold—G. P.

Brent, Evelyn—plays a dual role of a society woman and a thief in Midnight Molly—F. B. O.

Brunson, Betty—recently completed playing Peter Pan for F. P. L.

Brook, Cleve—playing Solomon in Dictatorie—

Burns, Edward—has returned to the States from his visit abroad. He will be seen in The Redening Sin shortly—V.

Buch, Mae—has been cast as an American so-

Caldwell, Alice—will be seen as Isabel Minaker in Pampered Youth—V.

Carr, Henry—playing in Beyond the Border—

Carr, Mary—playing Drucilla, an elderly woman who is a charity patient in an old ladies home in Druc-

Chadwick, Helen—playing Betty Jo in The Recre-

Chaney, Lon—plays the role of the Phantom in the mystery melodrama, The Phantom of the Opera, which has as its grotesque setting the underground tunnels of Paris. There are over three thousand ex-

Chaplin, Charles—playing in Chaplin's Bosom.

Chaplin, Sydney—is busy selecting lace mitts, corkerow curts, etc., as part of her wardrobe in Charlie’s Aunt—A. C.

Clifford, Ruth—recently completed work in

Cody, Lew—playing a different kind of villain in The Dime Bandits—M. G.

Coller, Buster, Jr.—playing a neglectful son brought up on money instead of love in Playthings—

Colman, Ronald—recently finished work in A Touch in Paradise—F. N.

Compson, Betty—playing a woman in New Lives for Old, a story concerning a famous dancer who sacrifices her life for the happiness of her own—P. F. L.

Coogan, Jackie—latest release The Rag Man—

Corbin, Virginia Lee—playing in The Cloud Rider—F. B. O.

Cornwall, Ann—playing the feminine lead oppo-

Crawford, Frisco—has returned to the States from his visit abroad. He will be seen in The Redening Sin shortly—V.

De la Motte, Marguerite—is visiting New York for the first time in her life. While she was in town she was offering the leading role in Lady of the Night and has accepted it—B. P.

Dennett, Reginald—playing in the final scenes of California Straight Ahead—U.

De Roche, Charles—playing in Madame Saus-

Dempster, Helen—playing in The Cloud Rider—F. B. O.

Dexter, Elliott—playing in Capital Punishment—

Dix, Richard—has been cast as an Englishman in None But the Brave—F. P. L.

Dove, Billie—has just started work in The Air Mail which is being directed by her husband, Irving Wilke for F. P. L.

DuPont, Miss—playing in Off the Highway—

Dwyer, Ruth—has been chosen to play the femi-

Earl, Edward—playing in Her Market Value—

Elliott, Robert—has been cast for an important role in One Year to Live—F. N.

Emil, Robert—playing in Capital Punishment—

Evans, Madge—recently completed the leading feminine role in Classmates—I. P.

Fairbanks, Douglas—seems to be unable to decide just what sort of picture to produce next. The latest reports are that he will make a modern Spanish melodrama, part of the scenes to be filmed in Spain. His latest release is The Thief of Bagdad—U. A.

Fair, Virginia Brown—will be re- 

Fawcett, George—will be seen as the old King in The Merry Widow—M. G.

Fazenda, Louise—has been added to the cast of Chester to Mary—M. G.

Fitzgerald, G. C.—playing in Di-

Ford, Harrison—playing the leading male role in Zanzibar the Great—A. C.

Forrest, Alan—playing in Pampered Youth—V.

Francis, Alec B.—playing in Capital Punish-

Francisco, Betty—playing opposite Charles Hutchison in The Trail Rider—W. F. L.
What Steber Checks Have Done For Others They Can Do For You

Miss Mary Hinesworth, of New York, wanted independence and found it. Constnantly afraid of losing her pension, she started Steber's extra time work and liked it so well that she soon devoted her entire time to it. She now has no fear of losing her job. Her recent letter tells us, "I am now independent and have a secure income. I know that your treatment is fair and square and I have found you a mighty fine concern to deal with."

Miss June Fitz, of Ken-
tucky, says that she cannot get along without this work and advises any woman who desires to earn more money to try it. Miss Fitz only a few minutes to master our simple instruc-
tions and she is now most enthusiastic about the work.

Loger Verner, of Massachu-
setts, was making only $1.00 a week when he got in touch with us, but we were able to support and mail a dozen socks for $15.00. Within a month after he received our instructions, he knitted his first pair of socks from the free yarn we furnished and sold them for $1.25. It was the foundation of his present comfortable situation, for he writes us that within six months he was happy and out of debt.

It took just twenty minutes for Mrs. W. N., Saginaw, Michi-
igan, to make her first pair of socks. "I have more than 124 dozen in just a few months," she writes, and an
day and half this is not very much for me. I have never done anything like it before. I have been doing it for my savings, and am better pleased with the work than I ever thought I could get. I have a lot of knitting to do, and am going to save up a little more money for next year."

Myron Green, of New York, State, is another Steber space-
time lover. He lives on a farm and besides attending to farm work, goss a day, he has been able to earn $3.00 in a day from us. A re-
terne letter tells us that he bought a car which he could not have had if he had not so occupied his spare time.

Copies of letters from any of the above Steber workers will be sent upon re-
quest. We have had similar letters from hundreds of others.

Let Us Send You Checks Like These

Under Our Five-Year Absolute Guaranteed Contract!

If you wish to be financially independent, if you want money of your own, or if you are willing to help your family have more of the comforts of life—do some work for us, in your spare time, sitting in your easy chair at home. Earn checks like those shown above.

Thousands of men and women are helping us by doing light, fascinating work at home, and getting good pay for it, under our five-year guaranteed contract. With Steber paychecks they can now have many extra comforts and luxuries that they had been longing for.

We Must Have More Workers

But we need you, too. With Steber checks you can become independent; you can buy not only furniture and clothes and other substantial neces-
sities, but if you will save your money, you can have some of the luxuries of life. Steber checks can help you buy a home, educate the children, travel some, or even have a car.

Easy Learned Spare Time Work

Adam Vrabel learned this work in fifteen min-
utes, Mrs. Towsen, of Chicago, has her own bus-
iness. Hundreds have done as well, some even
better. Read a few of their experiences and see for yourself.

Our contract is simple and straightforward—a real guarantee. We give you full instructions for knitting at home, and we buy all the standard work you send us for five years. We guarantee a fixed price for this work and furnish the yarn free, replacing pound for pound all the yarn you send us in standard homekit boxes. The work is done on our Steber High Speed Family Knitting Ma-
chines.

Spare Time Work; No Canvassing

Some Steber earners work only a few minutes a day, others work full time. Earnings vary from the rate of three to forty dollars a week—or even more. You have no slave-driving boss to hold you to time clock hours. You work when you please, as you please and at home in your easy chair. We guarantee to pay you for all the work you do ac-
cording to our instructions.

Reliable House; Sure Pay

Our organization is 32 years successful, an old reliable house, given highest credit rating by BRADSTREETS', DUN'S and all banks. You are sure of your pay.

We cannot tell the full story here. You must get all details in our free folder. We can't send the whole story, giving actual letters from Steber boosters. Get it and read it.

Get Particulars Without Obligation

Every day means that much time and money lost. The coupon can save your way to indepen-
dence just as quickly as you send it. It has helped thousands and it should help you. Chip it, fill it in and send it today. Do it Now!

THE STEBER MACHINE CO.,
507 Steber Building,
Utica, N. Y.

THE STEBER MACHINE CO.
507 Steber Bldg., Utica, N. Y.

VALUEABLE COUPON

Gentlemen: Here's a 5 cents to cover mailing cost of free particulars on how I can earn my spare time into money. It is understood that it does not obligate me in any way.

Send Free Folder to

Complete Address

NOTE—If you wish to see a sample of the work that Steber earners do, just enclose fifty cents for complete samples of our regular $1.00 guaranteed All Wool Health Hose; 2 pairs $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money back.

Mrs. G. M. Choate, of Mississippi, at work in her spare time, surrounded by checks such as we send our workers.
Critical Paragraphs About New Pictures

(Continued from page 57)

At the left is a scene from The Beloved Brute, a first-rate story of the open spaces.

At the right is a scene from a stereotyped jazz story, The Mod Whirl, which points a moral in accordance with the popular formula for such stories.

The girl and the prize won by the made-over wastrel. Old stuff, but entertaining.

The Mine with the Iron Door

The popular Harold Bell Wright fiction is certain to become even more popular if all of it receives such excellent treatment on the screen as this story about a fugitive from justice who takes to the mountains and there wins over villains in several heroic encounters and over love in a romantic adventure with the beautiful Marta. Scenically, the offering is one of the most beautifully equipped Western melodramas we have had, and in point of acting the picture deserves a high rating.

The best traditions of the Western have been observed, for here is movement, action and stirring encounters. The climax shows the hero riding into a storm to rescue the girl who seeks oblivion because she has been told she is a nobody. This introduces some spectacular and thrilling scenes. Pat O'Malley and Dorothy Mackaill have the leading roles, and important parts are done by Raymond Hatton, Charlie Murray, Mitchell Lewis, Creighton Hale, Mary Carr, William Collier, Jr., and Robert Frazer. A stirring melodrama, finely produced and splendidly acted.

Gerald Cranston's Lady

The marriage of convenience crops out here and serves as its sustaining point. It is a story (a familiar one, incidentally), of a self-made man who desires to become a factor in the social world, and who arranges a convenient marriage with a titled woman to make himself a social lion. The plot uncovers some conflict, tho there is too much of an even temper in its construction. If the original story carries sex appeal, this quality has been carefully eliminated in the picture version.

So it develops a triangle—with a caddish admirer of the wife attempting to "gun up the works." There doesn't seem to be much excuse for the wife's airing her superiority in front of her husband. He, on the other hand, doesn't register humility. Love comes to both of them—when disaster threatens in the form of financial ruin. And when the couple are separated for a time, both realize they depend very much on each other.

The story doesn't build much sympathy for the central figure. But it does present some tense dramatic scenes and is played with authority by James Kirkwood and Alma Rubens.

Love's Wilderness

Just a straight simple romance ignited with the spark of conflict is offered in this Corinne Griffith picture. It deals with a girl brought up in seclusion who, in searching for love, marries a wastrel. The point is well established that she is completely ignorant of life, but that love cannot be denied when a girl is young and attractive. So when her patronizing lover absents himself from the picture, propinquity lends its charm and she wedds the ne'er-do-well. In pointing the characterization, the director has framed a perfect setting. The heroine is a girl of the old South.

The story soon leaves its environment and plunges into melodrama—one fraught with tragic consequences, as the girl is forsaken by her husband whom she believes dead and also loses her baby. Then the absent lover reappears—rather conveniently—and restores her happiness. There is some coincidence when the couple encounter the first husband. But he pays for his life in the convenient exit arranged by the author. Just a fair offering—but one enhanced with the beauty and charm of Miss Griffith.

Idle Tongues

Self-sacrifice provides the key-note of this story—and while it may assume exaggerated pretensions, in the innocent victim's going to such lengths as keeping silent and assuming another's guilt, it manages to extract sympathy and heart interest, the elements apparently striving for by the sponsors. The characterization is truthful enough—and there is very little coloring of the plot.

We look upon a gentle doctor going to prison for five years and emerging a man, and when disaster threatens in the form of financial ruin. And when the couple are separated for a time, both realize they depend very much on each other.

(Continued on page 121)
What Price Would YOU Pay to Become a Movie Star?

IF you were young and beautiful but unknown and poor, what sacrifices would you be willing to make to gain wealth and fame? Would you be prepared to pay the price that Minnie Flynn paid?

Don't miss the magazine sensation of the year—

"The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn"

by

FRANCES MARION

(one of the highest paid scenario writers in the world—author of such film successes as "Tarnish," "Cytherea," "Potash and Perlmutter in Hollywood," etc.)

WITH the same keen insight that has made Frances Marion famous as a scenario writer she takes you straight behind the screen into the studios—into the offices of the magnates—into the luxurious homes of the great stars. She shows you the intrigues, the follies, the costly extravagances, the lavish entertainments, the gorgeous costumes, jewels, yachts, country homes and, with it all, the price that is often paid for what the world calls success.

Two Beautiful Art Features worth $3.00

A full page reproduction in beautiful colors of P. Monsted's celebrated painting, "The First Thaw," as well as the fourth picture in the series by M. Leone Bracker illustrating The Ten Commandments as applied to modern life—also in colors—in this February issue.
Edna Ferber's "SO BIG," starring Colleen Moore, the first candidate for "the best picture of 1925"
What the Fans Write to the Stars

(Continued from page 25)

of the little star, jumped at conclusions. It took weeks of explaining by the company before some of these good ladies would speak to their husbands.

Letters asking help in getting into the pictures are numerous, usually accompanied by a photograph of a solemn young man with his hair pasted into a pompadour, or a young woman with an arched smile, ringslets and hands clasped on a tulip-shaped bosom. "I am not conceited," the opening lines assure the stars, "but I am considered very beautiful (or handsome), and wherever I go people stare at me." Many conclude with the simple request: "Send me my fare to Hollywood and I will come out at once."

Live letters make up a large percentage of the fan mail. There seems to be something about the screen which removes restrictions and inhibitions. Girls of high school age pour out their adolescent hearts with the utmost freedom after a first preparatory sentence: "Dear So-and-So: I don't want you to do anything unwomanly and immodest, but I love you. I adore you!" After a picture in which he played a reckless and gallant role, a film juvenile recently had one thousand, four hundred and seven letters, all but five of them from women!

Even the younger generation of stars is not exempt from love letters. Bennie Alexander has captured the hearts of the ninth grade, and every mail brings him primly written little letters beginning, with dignity, "Dear Mr. Alexander," and concluding: "(Address: The gables) Hazel Simmons (aged nine)," while down in one corner appears a row of arch XXX's!

Begging letters contain every variety of hard-luck story known to the literary world. Subject poverty, are written on expensive paper, but the great majority are, no doubt, real enough. If picture stars sent a dollar to everyone who begged for a hundred dollars, they would be unable to tell where their next Rolls Royce was coming from. The women stars are asked for "the white satin evening gown you wore in the party scene in Devil's Gold. You have so many you won't miss it and I want to wear it to the Elks' Ball."

Sometimes the writers urge no special claim, but say calmly, as a Finnish fan wrote to Patsy Ruth Miller, "I have errand for you. I am much obliged if you subscribe to me money. I am poor. You are magnificent and famous artist. I am satisfied if you give fifty dollar. The sooner the better. I send picture. See my aspect! My eyes are clear and honest. I am vacant man. Farewell!" The last statement seems to hold out a hint of participation, (Miss) Mary. And to the writer, "Come to California for the fifty!"

Irene Rich, who has played neglected wife roles, gets many letters from wives telling of their woes and asking for advice what to do when Friend Husband stays out nights or has a bloode streaked through his face. Women's clubs frequently write this star, and, when Boy o' Mine, was released, many youngsters in their teens wrote her as they might write their mothers, confessing their scrapes and telling their troubles.

The letters the stars are really interested in are those in which the writer criticizes, makes suggestions and praises some especially good bit of scenery, or a particular picture. Letters of this class are far more likely to be read personally than ones filled with adjectives and extravagant flattery. Fan mail readers are instructed to save such letters and turn them over to the players, who are honestly anxious to better their work and to please their audiences.

At the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio, the fan mail is carefully filed under headings, and the prevailing opinions watched like a weather-vane. In order to determine whether a certain picture will please Mary or Doug's audience, a hint that they are going to make it is published widely. Then they look at the pictures back and waits for the verdict to come in by mail. It was the fans who discouraged Mary from making Cinderella, as she had considered doing.

"I have to play a drunken scene in this picture and I am scared to read my fan mail!" "I've always been a good woman," and calling letters--what will the fans think of me as an adventuress: "I was offered a heavy part, but I didn't want me to do heavy, so I turned it down."

You hear the players say these things every day on the lots. Intelligent, constructive criticism is the best kind of fan letter. Bert La Roque wishes that when people want to slam his work they would sign their names. "Then I could write and ask them how to better it."

The anonymous letter is the pest in the fan mail, striking in the dark with poisoned fang. Sometimes it is a letter from an astronomer (probably sinister) upbraiding some film beauty who is successful in winning lovers over the police. Notables may get a fan letter from the members of their Old Testament names.

Or perhaps it viciously pens personal insults about her appearance. Sometimes it is a criminal letter, hinting at blackmail, or threatening personal injury, such as three which have come to Alma Rubens lately in the same handwriting. Probably five per cent of the fan letters are anonymous. These are turned over to the stars' lawyers or the police, and frequently hounded Adolphe Menjou for a year demanding that he return imaginary loans she had made him and claiming that he had broken an engagement to marry her daughter, was convicted and sent to prison.

Letters claiming relationship are received by all the stars. The writers base their claims on family names, not realizing that most movie names are assumed. Edmund Lowe, however, was discovered by the English branch of his family. Letters of the family name a cousin noticed when he saw him on the screen. And this fan letter, inviting him to visit Lowcroft, whenever he was in England, bore a crest with something ram-pant on a ground vert!

Letters announcing to the happy star that some infant has been christened "Conway Earle Jones" or "Betty Compton Rosenbaum" and asking him to send a photograph of the star. You have so many you won't miss it and I want to wear it to the Elks' Ball."

Letters announcing to the happy star that some infant has been christened "Conway Earle Jones" or "Betty Compton Rosenbaum" and asking him to send a photograph of the star. The baby was a pickaninnny, black as the ace of spades!

Two fan letters all fall into more or less definite classifications, each star's mail has an individuality. The Slavic melancholy in Pola's eyes has called forth many letters with the burden, "I know that you have suffered, so you can understand. Cross-eyed people write to Turpin; one woman applied for permission of his sister on the screen, sending a picture of a pair of opties that double-crosse Ben's! Ministers, college professors and millionaires write Harold Lloyd.

Louise Fazenda seems to appeal to prisoners, and one gentleman sentenced to be hung wrote her such interesting fan letters that Louise circulated a petition to get his sentence commuted—and succeeded in doing so! Old ladies write George Hackathorne, who has played so many forlorn boys, quite Scriptures at him and beg him not to make evil companions or get his feet wet! (Continued on page 114)
Learning to Love

(Continued from page 41)

"Clear out of here!" said Scott. "Pat can run her own private madhouse!"

"It's because I love you," said Pat, "I took up the telephone and called Teresa Tattle.

Two days later, she paused over breakfast to read in that chronicle of scandals: Everyone is wondering whether a certain débutante is secretly married to her guardian, the president of a great trust company.

We solemnly hope she is, else how could we explain that she spent the night with him in his Park Avenue apartment last Tuesday.

Even as she gloated over it, Scott came rushing in the door.

"Pat, get your hat and coat; we're going to be married!"

That night, Pat sat serenely triumphant in a filmy negligée, waiting for Scott.

It seemed hours before his knock sounded on the door, and she almost shouted, "Come in!"

Scott solemnly peered in, said, "Good night," and started to close the door.

"Scott! Scott!" she called, rushing to him. "What do you mean?"

"Mean?" said the unruffled Scott.

"Just this. I married you for the sake of your reputation. You aren't fit to be a real wife. You've been utterly selfish, and you haven't a real emotion in your body."

"But I love you!"

"You don't even know the meaning of love."

Pat's eyes flashed with rage. "Now, Scott Warner, let me tell you something. I wouldn't live with you if you were the last man in the world. I'm going where I'll never see you again. Get out of my way!"

The Herengracht was beating against a head wind two days out from the French coast. Pat leaned on the rail, sadly thinking of Scott, of the wishful little note she had left him, admitting that all his accusations were true.

"Hello, Pat!"

"Billy Carmichael! What are you doing here?"

"Going to Paris—I mean Hell," said Billy melodramatically.

"I can't stand the idea of your being married to Scott."

"But I'm on my way to Paris for a divorce."

"Then—then—" appealed Billy, "would you—could you marry me? If you don't I'll—"

Pat's face was very solemn. "Billy, I'll never love anyone but Scott, but if you want what's left of my life, you can have it."

Once arrived in Paris, Billy began to cheer up. He took his troubles to the cabaret's, and found that it did them good. But Pat was far too down-hearted to join him.

One night she was sitting forlornly in her hotel room, thinking of Scott, of a great knock sounded on the door. It was the knock of someone in a hurry.

She opened the door to be caught in Scott's arms. "Darling! Darling! Darling!" he whispered.

"B-but—but," cried Pat, clinging to him, "you don't love me?"

"Don't I?" said Scott, proving it with a (continued on page 101)
FREE
1 Hemstiched Damask Table Cloth and 6 Napkins
with this
High Grade 110 PIECE
Dinner Set
Your Own Initial on Every Piece

$1
Former Price $4.75
Special Sale Price $2.95
30 Days’ Free Trial — Easy Monthly Payments

This dinner set formerly sold for $1.75 and without
you would have been satisfied to pay this price for the
set alone. To these points of excellence I have
added these additional features: the exclusiveness
of every color and gold in the decorations; the di-
tinctive emblems that will identify your own initial on
every piece; the quick drying of the permanent
hems which is opposite the initial design on
every piece.

Big Free Book!
Attach this coupon to the Free Table Cloth and Napkins,
with the Free Table Cloth and Napkins, I send a Free
Catalog, with the description of the 110 Pieces of this
set, which is the largest exclusive line of Dinnerware
in the country.


When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
"I'm proud of you, Tom!"

"I always knew you would get ahead if you only tried. And the minute you started studying with the I.C.S. I knew it wouldn't be long before you'd be coming home, just as you have to-day, to tell me of a raise in salary. I'm proud of you, Tom—prouder than I can tell you. The firm might never have thought of you for this promotion if you hadn't decided to study just when you did."

HOW about you? Are you always going to work for a small salary? Are you going to waste your natural ability all your life? Or are you going to get ahead in a big way? It all depends on what you do with your spare time.

Opportunity knocks—this time in the form of that familiar I.C.S. coupon. It may seem like a little thing, but it has been the means of bringing better jobs and bigger salaries to thousands of men.

Mark and mail it to-day and, without cost or obligation, learn what the I.C.S. can do for you.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 547-M, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation on our part, please tell me how I can qualify for 351, Anita Nose Adjuster, or in the subject before which I have marked an X.

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Subject</th>
<th>Duration</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Business Management</td>
<td>3-6-24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Industrial Management</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Personnel Organization</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Traffic Management</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Business Law</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Banking and Banking Law</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Accountancy (including C.P.A.)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bookkeeping</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Private Secretary</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>French</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

TECHNICAL INDUSTRIAL COURSES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Subject</th>
<th>Duration</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Electrical Engineering</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Electrical Engineer</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mechanical Engineer</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mechanical Drafter</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Machinery Shop Practice</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Metalworking</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sheet Engineer</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Civil Drafting</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Agricultural Engineering</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Metallurgy</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Steam Engineering</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Name:                            

City:                            State:          

Occupation:                     

Frame fielded in Canada should send remittance to the International Correspondence Schools Corporation, Scranton, Pennsylvania.

ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER

The Genuine (Patented) Snipper. Takes away all nose wastes and suits. The ANITA is a GENUINE PATENTED INVENTION by The ANITA Co. GUARANTEED; HIGHLY RECOMMENDED TO ALL! Write for FREE COUPON TODAY!

The ANITA Co.

Gold Medal Winner March 1, 1924, High St., Newark, N. J. BIRCH-APPLET

Norma Poses for Her Portrait

How a great movie star appears to her favorite photographer

By Kenneth Alexander

GOOD MORNING," said Norma Talmadge, gaily, as she stepped into my studio with the sunshine, for a Monday morning session of posing.

Norma had recently arrived in New York, and was leaving for Europe at the end of the week—quite indefatigable, as usual. So, of course, I was tremendously flattered—why not? Every photographer in the land wants Norma to pose for him. Fifth Avenue studios vie with each other in inducements to get her before their cameras. They would rather have her photograph above their name, they will tell you, than that of a Vanderbilt or an Astor. In advertising value, she equals the Prince of Wales. Besides, Norma poses so charmingly.

Contrary to popular opinion, many stars are difficult to pose. Once they are beyond the call of the director, they are apt to grow stiff and self-conscious, and have to be coaxed to smile at the birdie. But not so Norma Talmadge. She seems to catch in advance the mood which the photographer wishes to interpret, to fall into it with one gesture, and everything goes like clockwork. It went that way this morning.

There were many exposures in many different costumes—costumes of bewildering beauty which Norma wears so well. There were evening gowns and wraps which might have graced a princess, royal, street frocks and sport frocks, with hats and without. There were sitting, with wigs and in her natural head-dress, but the happiest effects we achieved were with a group of scarfs—delicate feminine things of indescribable design with all the colors of a mountain sunset. A dozen or more there were, no two of them alike.

One I used as a background; another I draped over her shoulder; this one fell about her neck as gracefully as tho the wind had dropped it there. I needed to give her only a suggestion—to droop the shoulders so—to glance so—to hold the hands so.

All lightings fell restfully and easily in my studio, so there was merely the inserting of a plate, the click of a shutter, then another—the slightest change in expression which produced quite a different effect, and behold—here was a brand-new Norma, quite a different picture from that on the previous plate!

I worked fast, with much to do and very little time in which to do it. "You get tired of posing, don't you?" I asked her. "A bit bored with having your portrait taken?"

"A wee bit, at times," replied Norma. "I always fight to get out of it; but once I am cornered and have to do it, strangely enough, I always enjoy it. Now, this morning has passed very pleasantly.

I acknowledged the compliment with a bow. I didn't tell her we had already been working two hours, for two hours with Norma Talmadge is altogether too short. We chatted a little to bring the right expression to her face. She told me about The Lady and Secrets, in both of which she had played the part of an old lady.

"I am tired of grandmother roles," she said. "It is a great relief to take off the gray wig, wipe the wrinkles away, and find I am still young." Young? Yes, she is gloriously, beautifully young, at the very zenith of her career, at that place in a woman's life where strength combines with beauty to

(Continued on page 127)
This Beautiful Marshall 4 Tube Non-Oscillating Receiver Complete with all accessories

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 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 finest mahogany. They will harmonize with the furnishings of the best house. In spite of the extra tube, these Marshall sets are surprisingly low in price. Compare them with others which sell for cash. Then remember you can order a Marshall outfit on two weeks’ free trial and pay for it on 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.

MR. 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:

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Your Horoscope.

SOMEDAY smiling fortune will escort you to the Famous "COCONUT GROVE" at THE AMBASSADOR, LOS ANGELES.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks with two of the fastest racing dogs in the West, Stella II and Tuck O' Drumm. They attain a speed of thirty-five miles an hour.

On the Camera Coast
(Continued from page 71)

Mr. Ince's will was made public the other day. He left an estate valued at more than $4,000,000. He had built this fortune up from nothing in about fifteen years. He told me once that, even after he had earned this large fortune he never could cross on the ferry from New Jersey and see the lights of New York without a feeling of dread. So many times those lights had meant coming home, broke, from a road show that had collapsed.

Charlie Chaplin's wife probably wishes now that she had adopted a less sensational marriage ceremony. Since the return of the couple from Mexico, the reporters have been trying to read a sensation into the event. One of the most embarrassing séances was the descent of the truant officers upon the household. The law relating to compulsory education in California is very rigid. When it was discovered that Mrs. Chaplin is but sixteen years old, the truant officers swooped down and demanded to know why she was not in school. Marriage or no marriage, they told her she would either have to return to school or make a solemn agreement to study at home for a certain number of hours a day, under the guidance of a teacher. She adopted the latter course. In the one interview she has given out since the marriage, Mrs. Chaplin says the only reason they went to Mexico for the wedding was to escape the usual staring eyes, fainting relatives and tears.

Betty Bronson celebrated the completion of Peter Pan by giving a big Christmas party to the newspaper and magazine writers of Hollywood, the assistant hosts being Jesse L. Lasky and Herbert Bronson, the director. There is some prospect that little Miss Bronson will be put out in a screen version of The Little French Girl.

The last "shot" of Peter Pan released Charles Eyton, the Lasky studio manager, for a belated vacation trip with his wife, known on the screen as Kathryn Williams. She left several weeks ago for a trip to Japan, China and India. Mr. Eyton will go around the other way—through Europe and Suez Canal—and meet her in India.

(Continued on page 103)
Who Is That Pretty Girl?

No girl can miss the thrill that comes from being called That Pretty Girl when she has learned how to make and keep herself beautiful. She will find the secrets of good looks and charm in

**Good Looks**

There is not much to be gained from knowing how a beautiful woman keeps herself lovely if her methods are too elaborate for us to adopt in our own homes. To be of any value, suggestions for making the complexion beautiful must first of all be practical, since most of us have time only for simple treatment. Practical hints on every subject that will help you attain physical loveliness will make up the March number of **BEAUTY**

**Charm**

A perfect complexion and a well-shaped nose will not save you from a life of misery unless you have developed charm and grace, which are the open door to popularity. Self-consciousness is one of the deadliest foes of a charming and distinctive personality, and girls and women who long to be attractive must overcome it first of all. In the March number of **BEAUTY**, the problem of the self-conscious girl will be given special attention.

---

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 February 15

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
May Allison, Too, Writes with a Lady Duofold

The jaunty black-tipped lacquer-red pen so charming for costume wear and for desk adornment

25-Year Point, Luxuriously Smooth — Yet $2 less than the $7 Over-size Duofold for Men

MAY ALLISON is one of the thousands of attractive women who are devoted to this slender Lady Duofold. For it fits slim fingers, and gives a fashionable color note to the costume—Chinese lacquer-red barrel with smart black tips for wear with darker frocks—or the jet black Lady Duofold with wide gold girdle for wear with brighter shades. By owning them both a woman can always have one for the costume, one for the desk.

Ink-tight? Yes, for the inner sleeve of the Duo-sleeve cap forms a perfect seal.

Inspiring? Yes, for the balanced shaft stimulates the hand and the polished point is smooth as a jewel—a Point that is guaranteed, if not mistreated, for 25 years' wear.

Rich Gold Girdle for monogram, worth $1 extra, now included free, due to popularity and large production. Neat gold Ring-end to fasten to ribbon or chatelaine also included, or Pocket clip to hold pen securely in the handbag. Ribbon $1 extra.

Any good pen counter will sell you this Parker classic on 30 days' approval knowing you will never want to part with it.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WIS.
Duofold Pencils match the Pen, $3.50, Over-size, $4

NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · TORONTO · LONDON

Parker
Lady Duofold $5

With The 25 Year Point

Later she contrived to get Eugene apart and make a hurried appointment for dinner

Whose Hand?

(Continued from page 51)

us," he hurried on. "My advice was from the heart, and yet you got as mad as if I'd tried to injure you."

"I'm no longer mad. I acknowledge your good intentions," she replied with faint sarcasm.

Stoner's face lighted up. "I've been thinking since," he said, "that it mightn't do any harm to make a cautious investigation of your spook. Will you have dinner with me? Afterward, I could help you hunt thru your room for clues."

"Thanks so much, but I have another engagement," she asserted coolly.

"As usual!"

"You exaggerate. But in any case, my mystery couldn't be on the cards for tonight. Second thoughts are not best. You ordered it dropped, and that's that."

It scarcely surprised her that Stoner, quivering with repressed wrath, so manipulated matters for the rest of the day that her scene was not called. Dressed as Conchita, she stood on the side lines and watched the filming of secondary shots. It was just as well, she decided, that the creating of her first important rôle had been postponed. She was in no mood to do herself credit. Late in the afternoon, she contrived to get Eugene Valery apart and make a hurried appointment with him for dinner. They left the studio separately, and met in New York at the Times Square station of the subway.

The cameraman was intent upon following up his advantage of the evening before. But he encountered a Margot whose mind was far removed from any dalliance with romance.

"No, Gene, no!" she protested at his first lover's word. "I can give myself satisfactorily to only one thing at a time."

"That hand that put out the match?"

"What else? All day I've kept from telephoning him, so as not to take the edge off tonight. Let's eat quickly, then find out if there have been any developments."

The boy swung eagerly and smoothly into her mood.

They reached her house on Forty-sixth Street a little after eight o'clock, and stepped instantly into the atmosphere of
Your Smile will show dazzling clear teeth in a few days if you do this

This simple, NEW method, removes the stubborn film that hides the natural beauty of your teeth.

TEN years ago dull and dingy teeth were seen on every side. Today they are becoming a rarity. Note the glowing smiles you see now wherever your eyes turn.

Please don't believe your teeth are "different"; that they are new color and dull. You can correct that condition remarkably in even a few days.

Modern science has discovered new methods of tooth protection and tooth beauty. Millions now employ them. Leading dentists recommend them. In fairness to yourself, make the test offered here.

DO THIS—Remove that dingy film; it invites tooth trouble and ugliness

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film.
That film is an enemy to your teeth. You must remove it.
It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolored teeth and makes your teeth that cloudy look. Germs by the millions breed in it, and they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhoea. Most tooth troubles and decay are traced to this film. Old-time methods could not successfully combat it. That's why tooth troubles were on the increase, and ugly teeth the order of the day.

3 times daily—then note the difference
In Pepsodent dental science has discovered two effective film combattants. Their action is to curdle the film, then remove it.
Now what you see when that film is removed— the cleanliness and whiteness of your teeth will amaze you.* * *

Old methods of cleaning fail in these results.
Hard gritty substances are judged dangerous to enamel.
Thus the world has turned, largely on dental advice, to this new method. It marks the latest findings in modern scientific research.
* * *
It will give you the lustrous teeth you wonder how other people get. It will give you better protection against tooth troubles. And, too, against gum troubles; for it firms the gums.
A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt.
Mail the coupon. A 10-Day tube will be sent you free. Use it three times daily—morning, evening, at bed time—then note the remarkable difference in your teeth.

Send the Coupon
Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Thousands have gleaming wonderful teeth without knowing it...you may be one. Make this remarkable test and find out.

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube
THE PEP sodent COMPANY, Dept. 509, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities
The New—Day Quality Dentifrice
The worst enemy to teeth
You can feel it with your tongue

Please write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
EARN money at home this New Way

Movies Acting!
A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are adapted to this work? Send for our Twelve-Hour Talent Tester or Key to Movie Acting Aptitude, and find out for yourself. Full paid for every member.

FREE BOOK TELLS HOW
Write today and enclose 2¢ stamp for our book. In a few minutes—on that book.

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES
Dept. 273

The Story of My Life
(Continued from page 34)

Yorkshire peasants and Whitechapel cockneys. The play was a Tagore drama, I remember, and I was an Indian passenger who heralds the arrival of the beautiful princess or something of the sort—not a severe test of dramatic ability, but Miss Ashworth was engaging and introduced me to her theatrical friends.

Meanwhile, my uncle, a merchant who had lived for years in China, returned to England and announced that he was applying for a civil appointment for me to Peking. Once that would have opened up visions of pagodas against pale, lacquered skies, but now—I didn’t know. I wasn’t exactly on the stage, but I had once been in it, and different managers were hinting that they might have something for me.

I decided to put it definitely up to Fate. “It would be a favor coming to me, I’ll take it,” I promised myself. “If I get the civil appointment first I will go to China. If I get a part in a West End theater I’ll stick here.”

Before the three weeks’ vaudeville engagement was up I had a part offered to me with Gladys Cooper—a tiny part with a tamer salary, and almost on its heels came the civil appointment with a far better salary. But I took the first, as I had decided to (1) never wear that embroidered satin robe and sit at a teakwood desk now!, and for several years after that I played in London.

California had become golden in another sense from my childish dreams. After war England was discouraging. Why not go to America and try the movies?

I was married just before leaving London. Incidentally, I am still married. But an Englishman’s heart is his castle. He doesn’t invite the whole world in.

I landed in America to find a picture sharp and closed studios. For months I carried my letters of introduction to picture directors and stars until they were frayed and illegible. Then in desperation (for I was kept awake by the wolf howling outside my hotel door) I took a small part in a new play. Perth Amboy didn’t like it at its try-out and they closed it up. Another new play—Atlantic City didn’t approve and they took it off. Still in a third—and the good citizens of Hartford, Connecticut, turned thumbs down!

Then at last I reached Broadway. Parts began to come my way—and then just when I had definitely given up all ideas of the movies, Mr. Henry King, the director, sent for me and asked me to have a test taken for the leading-man in The White Sister.

I refused it three times, but in the end I went to Italy to make the picture. Months in Rome, back to New York, and almost at once to Italy again to make...
Romanos. We went there for authentic settings, only to find the streets of Florence were so narrow we had to build a replica on a lot outside of town, which explains why tourists looking down from Fiesole see two Duomos rising among the trees and swear off drinking via ordinare.

Tho I had lived within a night's trip of Italy all my life, I had to come to America to see Rome and Florence. English are not such travelers as Americans. Many people live within sight of Dover and never cross the Channel to the Continent.

Tho it rained most of the time in sunny Italy and our wildest diversion was checkers, I enjoyed the two pictures I made there. To my mind, Lillian Gish is the greatest actress of the screen.

And now at last the cross-roads have brought me to California, and I feel at home among the foothills, as tho I had been traveling toward them always, down the Thames, thru the tuppenny tubes, thru the mud at Ypres. Some day I hope to build my house in sight of them. If I do I am resolved that it shall have no telephone in it—that is one American "convenience" I can do without.

This is the story of my life—so far. It gives me quite a gray-bearded sensation to write my autobiography. But I hope that there will be several more interesting things happen to me—pictures to be made, friends to be discovered, strange lands to be seen, before the story is completed.

Next Month

"CHEATERS"

By HARRY CARR

Ever Hear of Them?

The "dope" on pictures made by producers with no money—but a bright idea.

"A man was making a picture in which he had to have a mob—a mob or his picture perished! So he rented a grocer's wagon, hid a camera inside it, and made it look a wheel on his busiest corner in Los Angeles. He was almost arrested by the traffic policeman, but he got his mob all right. And he was saved $5,000."

"Another time he had to have a fire engine rushing thru the traffic. He caught one coming home peacefully after a fire and to get the rush, he made for the ambulance from an undertaking establishment and, with a camera inside, drove it purposely himself thru the heart of the traffic, shouting the sirens that gave him the right of way."

Read how "Cheaters" have made some millionnaire producers over-night in

April

Motion Picture Magazine

Yesterday—Commonplace Today—a Beauty!

Only a difference of pores—enlarged or invisible. Think of this new "freeze" cream that does what ice does in contracting the pores, but so much more gently, swiftly and faintly

Those of us who really have 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 raw 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 unimpeachable sign 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 complexion. 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 distended 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.

Beauty Hints by "The Princess"

My night treatment

Cleanse the skin thoroughly with a soft, solvent cleansing cream. Remove with soft cloth. Feed the pores generously with nourishing cream, gently manipulating with fingers too. Let sleep do the rest. I suggest Princess Pat Cleanser and Princess Pat Cream for this night treatment.

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 use ice astringent night on top of the nourishing cream. Then wipe off both together.

My final touch

I find dry tint most natural—Princess Pat English Terra. Apply in the shape of a V, the point toward the nose, leaving a clear space in front of the ear. For waterproof effect, apply before powdering. I use an almond based powder—both soothing and beautifying.

Free—

This free demonstration package, containing a liberal sample 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., Dept. 23
2701 S. Wells Street, Chicago

Please send Free Demonstration Package of Princess Pat Ice Astringent and Princess Pat Cream to

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

(Print Name and Address Clearly)
Unless you see the “Bayer Cross” on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians 24 years for

- Colds
- Headache
- Pain
- Neuralgia
- Toothache
- Lumbago
- Neuritis
- Rheumatism

Accept only “Bayer” package which contains proven directions. Handy “Bayer” boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Genuine
BAYER
ASPIRIN

SAY “BAYER ASPIRIN” and INSIST!

Back to the Never-Never-Land with Ernest Torrence

Captain Hook of Peter Pan tells why he loved this rôle best of all

April
The Theatre that Started on a Shoe String

Poverty Row
Do you know it? It’s the row of little, independent producers who live—or starve—on the crumbs that fall from the table of the big picture companies. You’ll learn inside movie secrets from this newest story from Hollywood.

The Great Divide
Where does it lie? Before you see this picture, starring Conway Tearle and Alice Terry, read of it in story form in our April number. The romance of the great, open spaces—the story that never grows old.

LOUISE FAZENDA FANS, ATTENTION!
Her picture in colors on the cover—a new Louise you never knew before. No longer a comedy star but a beautiful heroine, who wins the hero in the end in a new picture, The Lighthouse by the Sea.

Be Sure Not to Miss the April Issue

That “Different” Screen Magazine
On the News-stands February 12
mount version of this play, with lovely, little Betty Bronson as Peter, he knew well what he was doing. For underneath his gruff exterior there is in Ernest Torrence the heart of a Peter Pan, a boy that never grew up.

"Every man with the heart of a boy is a potential Peter Pan," said Mr. Torrence. "In infancy he may not have fallen out of his baby carriage when his nurse was looking the other way, nor have flown in and out of windows to play with other people's children. But, at some time in his life, he has been blood-brother to that wonderful band of Lost Boys—the boys who never grew up. He has had his adventures in the forest of the Never-Never-Land, and cruised on its desperate seas.

"It is easy enough for a boy to find the trail to that wonderful land of adventure. The feet of youth skip over it nimbly enough; in fact, most of them can't miss it; but alas, there are many stones in that path when age comes to travel that way.

"Sometimes the trail runs thru an orchard, across a field or along a stream. Sometimes it starts and ends inside the fence of your own back yard. Sometimes it never gets outside at all, but runs thru hallways, up long flights of stairs, into dim and dusty attics.

"Ah, yes! There are many trails to the Never-Never-Land, but most of them are secrets, for the path-finder is reluctant to share their mysteries with anyone—it is only to a rare, kindred spirit he confides them.

"Indeed, I am sorry for the man who has grown too old to remember the days of his hand-to-hand encounters with whiskered pirates of the Spanish Main; his desperate battles with savage redskins, when every clump of bushes was an ambuscade, every tree concealed a deadly foe.

"What heroes we were, what strategy we used; what wonderful brains we had! For our enemies never detected us, they schemed against us in vain. We laughed at the plots of the nefarious Captain Hook, who with John Silver laid his traps for us in vain; armed with our trusty (albeit rusty) rifle, Chief Red Eagle had no terrors for us. We thwarted them at every strategic point, and how we gloated over their mangled bodies! The shock of battle, the clump of swaths, the deep boom of the giant cannon were music to our ears, and in this world, which we shared with only a trusty few, we revelled in it all.

"Those were great days. We have grown up now; hair is turning gray, feet are stiff and weary, back-yards have shrunk to diminutive dumps and into something to be avoided. The clump of trees is an ambuscade only for dampness that might bring on rheumatism. The trail to the Never-Never-Land is barely marked, almost forgotten. Yet some of us there are who can close our eyes and still see it shining brightly, quite as distinctly as ever, full of all the allure and glory.

"That is why I was glad to play Captain Hook of Treasure Island in the Never-Never seas; to blaze anew the trails that were so familiar in my mind. I wanted to pause in my duel with Peter Pan and cry heartily, 'Who are you, Pan?' And to hear once more Peter's reply:

"'I am youth, eternal youth! I am the sun shining! I am the poets singing! I am the new world! I'm the little bird that has broken out of the egg! I'm joy, joy, joy!'

"Everyone is looking at you, dear"

"They can't help admiring you—you are so beautiful!" he whispered, looking down at her pink and white beauty.

Her heart was lighter than her golden slippers, for she knew the secret that made everyone admire her—and made him more devoted than ever.

She had learned from Madame Jeannette how to apply her Pompeian Bloom (for youthful color).

Do you know that a touch of Bloom in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle with a new beauty? Do you also know that Pompeian Bloom enjoys the widest use over the world, by all women who need youthful color?

**Mme. Jeannette's Beauty Treatment**

First, a bit of Pompeian Day Cream to make your powder cling and prevent "shine." Next, apply Pompeian Beauty Powder to all exposed portions of face, neck and shoulders. Lastly, just a touch of Pompeian Bloom. Presto! The face is beautified in an instant.

**Shade Chart**

For selecting your correct tone of Pompeian Bloom.

**Medium Skin:** The average American woman has the medium skin, and should use the Medium shade of Pompeian Bloom or the Orange Tint.

**Pink Skin:** This youthful-looking skin is not "flown," but has real pink tones. Medium or Light tone of Pompeian Bloom should be used. Sometimes the Orange Tint is exquisite on such a skin.

**White Skin:** Fair women with the true olive skin are generally dark of eyes and hair—and require the Dark Shade of Pompeian Bloom.

**Pink Skin:** This youthful-looking skin is not "flown," but has real pink tones. Medium or Light tone of Pompeian Bloom should be used. Sometimes the Orange Tint is exquisite on such a skin.

**White Skin:** Fair women with the true olive skin are generally dark of eyes and hair—and require the Dark Shade of Pompeian Bloom.

**Pink Skin:** This youthful-looking skin is not "flown," but has real pink tones. Medium or Light tone of Pompeian Bloom should be used. Sometimes the Orange Tint is exquisite on such a skin.

**White Skin:** Fair women with the true olive skin are generally dark of eyes and hair—and require the Dark Shade of Pompeian Bloom.

**Pink Skin:** This youthful-looking skin is not "flown," but has real pink tones. Medium or Light tone of Pompeian Bloom should be used. Sometimes the Orange Tint is exquisite on such a skin.

**White Skin:** Fair women with the true olive skin are generally dark of eyes and hair—and require the Dark Shade of Pompeian Bloom.

**Pink Skin:** This youthful-looking skin is not "flown," but has real pink tones. Medium or Light tone of Pompeian Bloom should be used. Sometimes the Orange Tint is exquisite on such a skin.

**White Skin:** Fair women with the true olive skin are generally dark of eyes and hair—and require the Dark Shade of Pompeian Bloom.
Confidences Off-Screen
(Continued from page 37)

are favorable holds, when a woman star one is trailing does not happen to be engaged on a new picture.

I had never seen Constance Talmadge, and wanted her very much for this confidential page. How, when and where to arrange for a test I asked myself. The chief difficulty lay in the fact that I could not find out where she was. Some said Hollywood, some New York.

Then an invitation dropped from the skies. Constance had arrived from the Coast, and was giving a tea in her suite at the Ambassador. The members of the motion-picture press were all asked. Would I bring myself and my questions to the party?

Of course, I would.

I had visions of waiting my turn, getting the star to myself and interviewing her peaceably. But little did I realize the popularity of Constance. Dozens and dozens and dozens of people were as eager to talk to her as I was.

Mrs. C. Clark, the wife of the Governor, was there. So were Anita Loos and John Emerson, and two or three book publishers, and nine or ten poets, and more editors than I can remember.

I doubt remember ever having drunk such good tea. Constance served it, gave me a nice smile, then had to dart away to make a newcomer happy. I wouldn’t have had the nerve to try to have her, but was a hostess with much on her hands.

So I stood back and observed her. She is one star whose personality off-screen is identical with that with which the public is familiar. You’d recognize her tall, graceful figure, her piquant face, in any crowd. There’s a touch of the tomboy in her manner, and mighty attractive it is. But her brown bob hair is a detail that the camera, unfortunately, cannot record.

The afternoon was a huge success, tho a word with her was a word, and a word with Constance there was all it yielded in the way of an interview.

She told me she was returning to California in a few days, to make a picture called This Thing Called Love.

She also gave me an appointment all to myself, but what I learned on that occasion is material for another story.

A Wise Jester

MONTY BANES has been letting me behind the scenes concerning the difficulty of making people laugh. He is one of the liveliest funny fellows in motion pictures, and he’s left me with the feeling that he’s a shrewd psychologist and not small shakes as a business man.

In spite of his name, Banks is an Italian who landed in America some years ago without a word of English at his command. Mastering the language was just a preliminary cant for him. He was wild to break into the movies and proceeded to do so by the direct method of promoting his own first starring vehicle. His friends shook their heads and told him that his being a foreigner was an awful handicap. Needless to add, that was before the rise of Valentino, Novarro and other Latin stars.

"But no," he argued: "the Americans, they may not want to be serious with a woman. You betta your life they laugh with one!"

He induced a trusting acquaintance to

For the shingle bob or the straight bob, you must have a youthful silhouette. One simply can’t be stout—or even overweight.

How thankful we should be that there is one pleasant method of taking off weight. No exercises or diets—just use Marmola Tablets (thousands of men and women each year regain healthy, slender figures this way).

Have you ever tried them? Many of your slender, vivacious friends use Marmola Tablets.

All drug stores have them—one dollar a box. Or they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid, by the Marmola Co., 1754 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

Print Your Own Notes, Letters, Emblems, Papers, etc., Complete Desktop B.B.S. up. Have money to spare? Print for others, big profits. All easy, ruler and pencil, thousands of people now doing. Full directions, etc. THE PRESS CO., L.44, Middletown, Conn.

PIANO JAZZ

Waterman Prize School, 200 Sycamore Theatre Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY
I love because I was Deaf and had bad Malaria for over 30 years. My invaluable American Ear Drops removed my hearing and misguided me. Never, No Ear Drops, No American Ear Drops, No Ear Drops for me. It is a Medicine. Inexpensive Price for booklet and your sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing.

A. O. LEONARD
314 Water Street, New York City

FREE Gem Making Lessons

Any girl or woman, 15 or over, can easily learn how to shape Beautiful Stones. Attractive and Useful. Ten Weeks without Cost. Only expense is a few nickels. For complete illustrated lesson, send your name and address, and do not round.

End of the road, 3800 block, Chicago.
put up twenty thousand dollars, hired a company and went to work. Immediately he collided with the problem of judging humor from the actor's side of the fence. It was easy to think up gags, impossible to know how they would be received by an audience. To this day, he finds it largely a matter of guesswork most of the time, of intuition when one is lucky enough to be at the top of one's form.

Banks completed his picture and, positively trembling with apprehension, he obtained a trial showing for it in a Los Angeles theater.

"I tear a nice new cap to little pieces while I wait—I do it for a fact," he grinned reminiscently.

But his stuff got across. The chuckling of that first-night crowd encouraged exhibitors to book his comedy all over the country. He made enough money to go ahead with others like it. Nevertheless, he has had his ups and downs.

Banks finds it a great joke that he is popular in Italy, without his compatriots suspecting he is an Italian. They innocently suppose him to be a typical Yankee comedian. Here, of course, it is the unassuming Mediterranean note in his humor that his admirers appreciate and reward.

His recent releases have been thru Pathé. But he retains the independence of the free-lance, on both the artistic and the financial ends. If I'd had a doubt of Monty's business ability, the circumstances of our meeting dispelled it. To excuse himself for being late, he proved to my satisfaction that he'd been at a bank raising a big loan for his next venture. How many comic actors. I ask the world, would have been able to do as much?

The Most Fortunate Girl

The most fortunate girl in motion picture pictures today is Carol Dempster. A great genius has been training her for years in the mysteries of her art. He took her when she showed few signs of promise to any eye but his. He saw the potential actress in her and arduously patiently, he brought her to flower.

He gave her at last a role in which she had no opportunity to wear fine clothes, which demanded that she be hungry and gaunt. But what a role it was emotionally, and how marvelously she has risen to it!

She is the girl in Isn't Life Wonderful—a star worthy of D. W. Griffith. I offer her my homage and my congratulations.

Constance gave a tea for editors, writers and motion picture people in her suite at the Ambassador, in New York, recently.
ADVERTISING SECTION

"This Business of Being a Vampire"

(Continued from pages 42 and 43)

NITA NALDI

situation. Suppose she saw this character "throw over the traces." For the first few reels everything is lovely and the sweet little heroine is getting the worst of it. Consequences begin to pile up against her; and by the time of the close-up she may only have lost the man she coveted. The man is shunned by everyone else and is worse off than she was before.

Mind you, I am writing no treatise on the vampire—a moral lesson, nor do I say that I enjoy playing vampire roles for this reason. I simply want to show that she is, indubitably, a moral lesson. Don't you think the man who is bored to tears with the sameness of her life might get an idea that she would be precipitated into something worse if she stepped out of her character and yielded to the urge to take a flier at vampireing?

A vampire is society's negative lesson. "Don't do as I do," she says. "Do as I don't." She holds up the mirror of life and shows you a certain phase of it vividly.

To be a scene vamp requires not only the coloring and the right dress for such roles; it requires, also, a certain amount of hardihood. What you are on the screen, that you are in real life, is the general idea. You would be surprised to know how many Nita Naldis there are in this country. There comes to mind an example in a story a friend told me.

"I was dining with a chap the other night," he said, "who was anxious to meet you. Suddenly, he nodded across the room and said:

"Here's Nita Naldi over there. Introduce me, will you?"

"From a distance, the girl did look like you, so I walked over to see her, only to discover at their table it wasn't you at all. I had to say something, so I apologized and explained my error.

"The girl's escort leaped to his feet, furious. "This is Nita Naldi!"

"I stared at him. 'But I have known Nita Naldi for eight years and I lunched with her only the other day,' I protested. This is not the same screen!"

"'I don't know who you know,' he raged, 'but this is the Nita Naldi!"

"Having no desire to get into a violent argument, I bowed again and walked away with the final shot: 'But she is not Nita Naldi.'"

This is only one of the few examples of hocus Nita Naldis populating the country. Not that it particularly matters, but it isn't the most agreeable thing in the world to have a woman galavanting around, saving her reputation by blackening your own!

Why people should think that because one is a vampire on the screen one continues the rôle in real life, is just another mystery explained only by the fact that at heart every woman is potentially a vamp,

BARBARA LA MARR

the best-known designers and costumers in films, came to New York for the purpose of creating my gowns for this picture. But Sandra offered opportunities for acting as well as for wearing handsome clothes. While I enjoyed it.

One of my most enjoyable rôles, however, was in "This Name Is Woman." The woman in that picture was a sympathetic

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 treatment.

“Danderine” does Wonders for Any Girl’s Hair

35c

BE AN ARTIST

Comics, Cartoons, Commercial, Newspaper, and Magazine Illustra-
tion—9 years’ experience. Full or part time. Students wel-
comed. Write for terms and list of successful students.
ASSOCIATED ART STUDIOS, Dept. 4, 150 West 23rd St., New York

NEW LOW PRICES!

Get manufacturers' prices. None but the best quality, fully guaran-
teed. Make up at any time. Write for prices. KALAMAZOO, MICH.

KALAMAZOO, MICH.

Send Free Book

Kalamazoo, Avenue 107

A Kalamazoo Direct to You

MOWEINE

OPPORTUNITY

OPEN TO YOU

A Free Trip To Hollywood and Guaranteed Part in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s greatest 1925

“THE MESSAGE TO GARCIA”

Here is a most unusual opportunity—an opening to get into motion pictures by a short cut. No special qualifications needed. No profes-
sionals accepted. We are looking for men, women and children—all ages—all types who are interested in the part in “The Message to Garcia” of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s greatest picture of 1925.

The "No Beauty Contest"

Every true wanted. We will pay for salaries and expenses to Hollywood, where you can take part. No air fare is charged in small or large town—you have only to WRITE TODAY FOR YOUR OPPORTUNITY. If you write, you may be too late to qual-

Get Into The Movies

This New Easy Way

This is your chance to break into the movies with a chance. Don’t delay. May be the very type we want—WRITE FOR FULL IN-

NAME

THE Fawcett Publications INC.

Minneapolis, Minn.

TRUE CONFESSIONS—WILLIAM THOMPSON

A Shapely Foot is a Joy Forever

BEAUTIFY YOUR FEET

The Permanently Toe Sealing Tailor Sealed 
BEST ONE CUTS THE ACTUAL CAUSE OF THE HEEL DISCOMFORT.

C. R. ACFIELD, Foot Specialties

Dept. 173

328 Broadway

New York
Character. Married to a man years older than herself, she decided for the first time a handsome, young soldier. She loved him so much that she was on the verge of eloping with him. . . . She was a strong, fascinating character; her very quality showed a cross-section of life.

In my new picture, Hall and Farewell, one of the greatest love stories ever written, similar opportunities for a warm, warmly character portrayal offer themselves.

But to the question: "Do you like to play vampire roles?" my answer will continue to be an unequivocal "No". The reason is that I do not believe there is such a type. At all events, variety of roles, like variety of life, makes pungent and intriguing what otherwise would be a drab existence.

Learning to Love
(Continued from page 86)

kiss. "I do tho, but I never realized how much till you went away, sweetheart!"

For a moment there was delicious silence. Then he admitted fairly: "No. Pat, I must confess I'm in an awful mess. I gave my word to Billy I'd marry him as soon as I divorced you. He says I've wrecked his life, and he'll go shoot himself or something."

"Whew!" said Scott. "Where is he? Let's go talk with him."

So they rolled up the Butte Montmartre to Zelli's. It wasn't at all hard to find Billy; he was the center of attraction. He was surrounded by champagne bottles and girls. Catching Scott's eye, he became possessed of an idea he had seen this man somewhere before. "Come meet French girls!" he called. "P-french girls b-best in world. Love 'em. Love 'em all!"

"I think," said Scott to Pat as they went out, "that Billy will survive especially with the er-er attitude he's getting."

So that is why the next morning, when Aunt Penelope opened the door to Pat's room, she was startled to see, first a man's overcoat hanging over the back of a chair, and second, "No, dear," she said beside Pat's golden one on the pillow.

Tiptoeing so softly to her room, she telephoned the office: "I made a mistake just now, I ordered two breakfasts. Please send up three."

The gentleman who answered the phone winked at his assistant. "Jen Dieu, Henri, it is wonderful. What a scandalous effect La Belle Paris has upon these Americans. I ask you, for whom is this third breakfast?"

"How should I know?" shrugged Henri. "It is not my affair. Besides it is spring —and in spring——"

"Kiss me again," said Pat.

---

**How the Shape of My Nose Barred Popularity**

**By Grace Sterling**

I was a "wall flower"! I was a good dancer and had no difficulty in following the most eccentric partner. I belonged to a good family and, when I was "at finishing school" had been trained for my social life. I had travelled a great deal and was well-informed on many subjects. I was very popular with my girl friends. Yet, I seldom received an invitation to a dance, or to send an evening at the theatre, from the young men of our social set. When I did go to a dance or to a party, I was seldom asked to dance and usually spent the evening as a "wall flower."

Finally I began to analyze myself. I had everything that should make a girl popular, and inspire young men to seek her company. As I looked into my mirror I became firmly convinced of a suspicion which had lurked in my mind for a long time —it was the shape of my nose—a very decided "pig" and especially noticeable in profile.

I spoke to Mother. She knew all along—it had to get behind such a feature. Thus she saw but she realized the shape of my nose was the reason for my unpopularity—why I was shunned at dances, never included in the wonderful parties going on all around me.

Finally one afternoon while shopping I ran into Marie Hamilton, one of my best chums at Miss M's School; she was on a flying trip from Chicago to select her trousseau—but Oh! what a change. It was she who recog—

"Miss Hamilton, you are not wearing your nose."

She blushed, and said: "Oh, I never thought of that before—there is no change in your nose—your nose is still as beautiful as ever—only you are wearing your nose now."

Marie had had her nose reshaped, yes, actually corrected—actually made over, and how wonderful, how beautiful it was now. This change had been the turning point in her career. It must also hold the key to popu-

I wrote for information immediately and received full particulars. The treatment was so simple, the cost so reasonable, that I decided to purchase it at once. I did. I could hardly wait to begin. At last it arrived. To make my story short—in five weeks, my nose was corrected.

Oh! how wonderful it has all been. Of course, it took a month or two before the members of our set had all met me at the various dances and social affairs of the season; but now it is just one grand round of pleasure, and I owe it all to M. Trilety.

Attention to your personal appearance is nowadays essential if you expect to succeed in life. You must look "your best" at all times.

M. Trilety’s latest improved Nose Shaper, "Trindos" Model No. 25, U. S. Patent, is the most necessitous Nose Shaper of the age. His 16 years of experience in perfecting Nose Shapers has proven that to the unfortunate possessors of ill-shaped noses he offers a sensa-

tional opportunity to beautify one’s Personal Appearance. His latest model has so many superior qualities that it surpasses all his previous shapers and other nose adjusters by a large margin. This new model has every requirement that you might need. The adjust-

ments are simple and such that it will fit every nose without exception. The apparatus is cons-

tructed of lightweight metal, is firm, and is af-

forded very accurate regulation for adjust-

ment in any desired position. You can obtain the absolutely exact pressure for correcting the various nasal deformities, such as: long—

pointed nose—long hook at nose—ill-shaped nose—wide nostrils—sharp—dull end of nose—ill-shaped nose.

Model No. 25 is guaranteed, and corrects any ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely, comfortably and permanently. It is to be worn at night and, therefore, will not interfere with your daily work.

Model No. 25 Junior for Children

If you wish to have a perfect looking nose, clip the coupon below, insert your name and address plainly, and send it today to M. Trilety, Binghamton, N. Y., for the free book-

let which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses.

**M. TRILETY:**

240 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Dear Sir: Please send me, without obliga-

tion, your booklet which tells how to correct ill-shaped noses.

Name________________________

Street Address____________________

Town________________________

State________________________
SULPHUR Heals Skin Eruptions.

Mentho-Sulphur, a pleasant cream, will soothe and heal skin that is irritated or broken out with eczema, that is covered with ugly rash or pimples, or is rough or dry. Nothing subdues fiery skin eruptions so quickly, says a noted skin specialist.

The moment this sulphur preparation is applied the itching stops and after two or three applications, the eczema is gone and the skin is delightfully clear and smooth. Sulphur is so precious as a skin remedy because it destroys the parasites that cause the burning, itching or dishgrimage. Mentho-Sulphur always heals eczema rash, skin eruptions and pimples right up. A small jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur may be had at any good drug store.

FREE SAMPLE

Send coupon for sample of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur to-

Whitehall Pharmacal Co., Dept. F, New York, N.Y.

Send me free sample of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur.

Name

Street

City

LEARN CARTOONING

At Home—in Your Spare Time
from the school that has trained so many successful cartoonists of today including Ben Shahn, Dr. Seuss and Al Capp (Cartoonist of Li'l Abner). By Arnold Segwick. This Method of teaching makes original drawing easy to learn. Send for sample lessons. 10c.

THE LONDON SCHOOL
1402 National Bldg., Cleveland, O.

MIFFLIN ALKOHOL

Should be in every household. Important uses listed on every bottle.

the external tonic

Advertising Section

Children's Musterole—Mild

Of course, you know good old Musterole; how quickly, how easily it relieves rheumatic and neuralgic pain, sore joints and muscles, stiff neck and lumbago.

We now want you to know CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE, made especially for use on infants and small children.

CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE is just good old Musterole in milder form. Unexcelled for the relief of coughs and colds; it penetrates, soothes and relieves without the blister of the old-fashioned kind. A jar of Musterole handy. It comes ready to apply instantly, without tussor bother. The price is so small. It is a case of no mother can afford to be without it.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

CHILDREN'S

MUSTEROLE

WILL NOT BLISTER

MILD

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

Health Restored by Radium

The wonderful curative power of Radium has been known for years. However, the benefits of this precious health-giving substance can be absorbed only within the means of persons of wealth.

Since the invention of Deggen's Radio-Active Solar Plaq, any man or woman, poor or rich, can afford the choice which offers so much relief from suffering and disease.

Deggen's Radio-Active Solar Plaq is worn next to the body day and night. It pours a constant stream of radio-active energy into the system while you work, or sleep, helping to build up weakened nerves and tissues to a strong, healthy condition. It creates a vigorous circulation of blood, thus removing congestion, which is the real cause of most diseases.

To prove just what this remarkable treatment can do for you, we will send our appliance on trial with the understanding that we will not charge you a cent if it fails to give satisfactory results. This offer is open to any person who has pain of any kind, nervous weakness, high blood pressure, stomach, kidney or liver complaint, bladder trouble, or disease of the lungs or heart.

No matter what your ailment or how long you have had it, you will find your work appliance at our risk. Write today for free literature giving complete information. Radium Appliance Co., 603 Bradbury Blvd., Los Angeles, Cali.

How Many Pounds Would You Like to Gain in a Week?

If you are thin and want to gain weight, weak and want to be strong, I will send you a sample of famous Alexander Vitamins absolutely Free. No money, just name and address for sample. Alexander Laboratories, 2251 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.

Wonderful new device, guides your hands accurately your writing in few days. Big improvement in three months. Complete outline FREE. Write C. J. Cunnett, Dept. HI, St. Louis, Mo.
On the Camera Coast (Continued from page 90)

About the luckiest girl that ever struck Hollywood is Dorothy Sebastian. She is a little Southern girl from Birmingham, Alabama. About seven months ago she took up the big show and went to New York to try and get a job on the stage. It was as the someone had given her a golden key to the city, and without the least difficulty she got a place in Ziegfeld’s Folies. She made up her mind she would rather be in another New York show. She got the job just as easily. Then she decided, she would like to be a motion picture actress. She came to Hollywood. Almost the day she arrived, came about that she met Henry King, who directed Lillian Gish in Romola. He gave her a screen test one day; cast her for an important part in Sackett and Scarlet. The next day after that, the producer gave her a five-year contract. Most girls have worked for years to achieve any one of these positions. Miss Sebastian, in appearance, suggests Gloria Swanson.

Actors who have recently been to Europe have come back hulking with excitement over the Parisian glory of Gloria. It appears that she lives in a young palace and has twenty-five servants to help her with the housework.

Mae Marsh says she can’t stand idleness any longer: “resting,” she says, “is the bunk.” So she will play the lead in J. Stuart Blackton’s The Garden of Charity— from the book by Basil King. Rod La Rocque has departed for Europe to play the lead in the next Gloria Swanson picture which will be The Coast of Folly. Rod is in a great state of excitement over the event.

Pola Negri, having turned her back forever—well, anyhow for the present—upon love and romance, is going to immerse herself in literature. In her new house which she bought from Priscilla Dean, Pola is installing a new library, having started with an order for two thousand volumes. In order to perfect her knowledge of English, she is learning English. Pola is a great admirer—like most Slavs—of two American authors: Mark Twain and Jack London.

Eric von Stroheim and Mae Murray seem at last to be peacefully started on The Merry Widow... after all the various rumors of war. As an indication that all was peace and harmony, invitations were sent out to all the newspaper and magazine writers to come down and witness the turning of the first camera crank. Then these invitations were all hastily canceled without explanation. The studio says it was only because the costumes were not ready.

Meanwhile, Miss Murray has had other troubles. Near her house in Beverly Hills was a neighbor with a kennel of dogs which became greatly interested in vocal exercises whenever the inconstant mistress arose; also, at other times, she had the offender arrested and he was tried before a jury which must have consisted of very Beverly Hills. Anyhow, when he was acquitted, with the explanation that dogs will be dogs, Miss Murray now announces that she intends to move and leave Beverly Hills flat.

Gus Heppers seem to have occupied the等于 of the stage in Hollywood this month. Lois Wilson astonished the Lasky lot by appearing one day last week minus her long tresses. She said she had had a

(Continued on page 117)

BREATHE FREELY Anoint nostrils before retiring with Mentholatum Write for free sample


The Favorite Luxury of Gentlewomen

To step into a bath that smells like a flower garden—into water so soft and limpid, it tells you by its very feel how good it is for your skin; to step out of your tub with an indefinable almost, “senseless” fragrance clinging to you—no wonder so many gentlewomen call this their favorite luxury. It is the luxury which Bathasweet has brought them for twenty years. Once you have tried it you will wonder that you ever did without it. 25c, 50c and $1 at drug and department stores.

FREE

BATHASWEET

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
The Art of Looking Your Best

Know the joy of possessing an appearance that always commands admiration. An appealing beauty seemingly endowed with the illusive charm of eternal youth, "Beauty's Master Touch."

GOURAUD'S

PORTABLE CREAM

will show you the way. Its daily use will give to your skin and complexion an alluring, fascinating appearance. It takes but a moment to insure yourself of always looking your best. Highly antiseptic and astringent, counteracts redness, blanches, oiliness. Made in White, Rachel and Flesh—also in Compacts (Gouraud's Oriental Compromises) all popular shades.

Send 50c for a special assortment of Gouraud's Toilet Preparations.

Fred. T. Hopkins & Son, New York City

Ben Lyon as a young officer, in Forbidden Paradise, where he was Pola Negri's leading man.

The Boy on the Cover

(Continued from page 27)

most talented young women there. And during the past two years he has played opposite the very first vamps of Screen-drama something, and Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson all have vamped him in their fashion, and Ben has vamped right back.

But tho he has now been taken to heart by the public and his picture hangs in every complete flapper boudoir, our young hero isn't the least bit spoiled. He hasn't even become blase about fan letters, tho haglets over.

"I'll never forget the first one I ever received," he said. "It was from a girl who wanted my picture. 'Dear Ben,' she wrote: 'I think you're absolutely wonderful. I have seen you on the screen and you are my ideal. How I wish there was someone like you in this town! Your eyes, your hair—everything about you, even your acting, is fine. Enclosed please find a one-cent stamp for mailing photo.'"

"I'd like to answer every letter, but of course that would be impossible. I got one the other day, tho, that I'm going to answer, all right. It was from a girl who said she thought I was a big, conceited mutt, and she couldn't see why her girl friends liked me. She thought I was terrible and demanded to know if I had any good excuse for living. It is the first one like that I have ever had, and I'm going to write to her and tell her I'll try to do better."

I myself have something to say to that girl, and I hope she reads this. For she is all wrong. I never met anyone less aware of her own talents, and when she wrote him that way, I think she was just trying to get an answer from him. She will get one, too.

She also intimated in her letter that Ben was something of a bad boy. Here she is wrong again. True, he loves to dance, attend theaters, tea-parties and that sort of thing, but he leads a very quiet life in Hollywood.

"Not that I'm crazy about the simple life, but it's the only kind they have out there!" said Ben. "One reason I like New York is because everybody seems in a hurry. Everybody is wide-awake, doing things, big things—you can feel it, that atmosphere of accomplishment, as soon as
How to Restore the Original Shade to Gray Hair

If your hair is gray, do what thousands of others have done—use the wonderful, clean, colorless liquid known as Kolor-Bak and see the original shade quickly return.

No matter what the cause of graying—age, shock, illness, scalp diseases—this remarkable liquid restores the exact former shade, gives the hair a beautifully texture, and keeps it from becoming brittle and falling out. Alecenees, gray, and/or gray hair, banishes dandruff, and stops itching of the scalp. As easy to use as water.

No need to furnish a sample of your hair—need not make—as the one clean, colorless liquid is for gray hair regardless of former shade. Kolor-Bak is the best known substitute for the natural hair pigmentation.

Ask Your Dealer

So popular is Kolor-Bak because of its merit that it is sold everywhere. Ask any druggist or toile supply dealer. If Kolor-Bak does not bring the desired results, your money will be instantly refunded.

Kolor-Bak
Banishes Gray Hair

Dealers Everywhere Sell Kolor-Bak with
Money-Back Guarantee

Free!
Beautiful book shows how easy it is to play a
Banjo-Ukulele, first lesson, 64 pages. Many
Illustrations.

Tantalizing Tunes
Lights aglow; room for two. A wonderful girl - and the soft sweet song of your

Buescher
True Tone
SAXOPHONE

You'll never know what it means to be really popular - to be favored - to be the center of attraction, everywhere, until you have learned to play those tantalizing tunes on this most bag-
tiful of all instruments. And the nice part about it is that-

You Can Do It - So Easy!

You'll be astonished to see what you can do in just a few evenings. Three, free lessons start you. Most people (beginners) can play popular airs in two to three weeks. It's great fun learn-
ing because it comes so easily. And it will be a lifelong pleasure to you.

Try It Six Days. FREE.

Test yourself at our risk. Try a Buescher Sax-
ophone in your own home Six Days Free. No
obligation. Send the coupon or postal for de-
tails of our most liberal proposition and the free Saxophone Book. Easy terms. Mention any
other instrument in which you are interested. No
obligation. Get the facts. Do it now.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
660 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Ind.

Easy to Play - Easy to Pay

Mail BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
660 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Indiana
Gentlemen: Without obligation to me send your
beautiful book "The Story of the Sax-
ophone" described above. Check here

If you prefer other literature describing other band or
orchestra instruments, check below:
1. Cornet 2. Trumpet 3. Trombone

Other Instrument

Mention Any Other...

Write plainly, Name, Address, Town and
State in Margin Below

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Relieve sore throat!

Your throat feels a little sore tonight. You hope it will be better in the morning—but hope may fail where prevention wins.

Gargle with Absorbine, Jr. before retiring. Give the muscles of your throat a rub with it—then wake up after sound sleep, with the danger past.

A daily gargle with dilute Absorbine, Jr. fights off germs, and keeps the mouth clean. It’s health insurance against winter ills.

Absorbine, Jr. is a complete liniment and masterful antiseptic—stainless and agreeable. It is a tonic to tired, lazy muscles, a healing force for cuts, bruises, sprains.

At all drugstores. $1.25, or purbred. Liberal trial bottles, 10c. Postpaid.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.

Remove Cold Cream—this new way

ACTRESES, screen stars—whose complexions are always under close inspection, whose faces are exposed to glaring lights, to heavy make-up constantly—have learned a new secret of keeping a pretty skin.

They know the value of a complexion that all admire. Often it is their chief charm. So they use Kleenex, the sanitary

CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO., 165 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago

KLEENEX
The Sanitary Cold Cream Remover

The Winners of the Month
(Continued from pages 46 and 47)

Isn’t Life Wonderful

men forage in search of food. It is a suspenseful climax and caps a story which holds the attention in a tender grip.

The exteriors were produced in Germany and are, consequently, convincing in every detail. Griffith’s insistence upon adequacy and quality in the staging of his pictures is, of course, evident here. His gift for taking a condition affecting the population of a whole town, or a whole country, for that matter, and showing first, the general view, then narrowing the attention down to an intimate few, is on brilliant display in this searching drama of the struggle against starvation.

Carol Dempster and Neil Hamilton do excellent work in the roles of the lovers, and the rest of the acting is up to an equally high standard.

Greed

The director has achieved some rugged effects, and there are good performances by Gibson Gowland, Zasu Pitts, Jean Hersholt and others. The scenes in Death Valley are as realistic as those of the sewer in Frisco Bay, and others which occur in the picture. It is a concentrated, deliberate work and reaches its climax so slowly as to defeat their purpose as drama. Greed is realistic, but so, too, is the actual photograph of a wheat field, and at the same time more wholesome.

North of 36

the drive. Hardships and perils are encountered and overcome and, in a burst of glory, the drive reaches its destination.

Lois Wilson and Ernest Torrence are much at home in the habitations they wore so successfully in The Covered Wagon. Jack Holt makes a dashing hero, and Noah Beery a successfully hateful villain.

Sceneically and photographically, it is a heroic effort. While the spectacular phases are the picture’s all, still that measure is so generous as to make it an enjoyable and, at moments, a stirring hour or so of photoplay entertainment.

Romola

The drama is an extravagant passage from history, and, once the second part is introduced, it becomes completely absorbing. There is vitality in Tito’s political intrigues and in his dual love-making to Romola and Tessa, the ladies whose stations in life are so widely separated. This Tito is a sort of prototype of The Shore-Off. He builds his house on lies and carries on his falsehoods until his lust for power brings his downfall and death.

The picture, however, is not such a triumph for Lillian Gish’s art as was The White Sister. The dramatic foundation is built more upon political intrigue than romance. But Miss Gish lends a beautiful portrait as Romola — and her sister, Dorothy, gives an animated study, one suggestive of her boyish roles in previous pictures. It does not carry the surging heart-beats of The White Sister, since it does not employ so much sympathy and pathos. And there are no great moving scenes, aside from the climax showing Savonarola’s execution. But one can call it a triumph of cinema art.

Sensationally, it is like peering at a group of rich tapestries by some artist of the Middle Ages. It is a rich, historical pageant.

And what a treat for the eye!
Letters to the Editor  
(Continued from page 76)  

for his popularity. The women know, but they don't tell. Interviewers find him hard to reach and shy on all subjects. He declares he hates to be a matinee idol.

I met Valentino on the Lasky lot. With me was the perfect Valentino fan. When she saw him coming toward us, she said: "Please introduce me by my maiden name and don't mention my husband and baby." So saying, she took off her wedding-ring and slipped it into her pocket. There's a little bit of bad in every good little girl.

Mr. Valentino suggested luncheon and escorted us to his motor.

A. U.,  
Detroit, Mich.

Boosts and Bumps for the Stars  
Sent to the Editor by the Fans  

Dear Editor:  
What in inches contest. A little orde seems an Interviewers Present Tho into made liked real, such beautiful 107 making yet how picture one please. I Corinne to old, my audacious Valentino for it picture, me in engrossing, England. He Conway can't? He live his fans. Could Conway of the Field and Common Law. The versatile Corinne is balm to any eye; one of the most lady-like and natural ac- 

Forbes dear: Tho the Red Lily is a splendid picture, gripping and engrossing, it made me sick at heart to see Ramon Novarro in such a tragic rôle. I love Ramon for his radiant youth, his beauty and his priceless wit. God made him beautiful and He did not do that much for many of our male film stars. So why picture this idealistic star suffering and degraded? Why disfigure him? Give ME Ramon as he was in the exquisite love scenes and comical moments of The Arab! I am delighted to hear he is making Ben Hur, for that is an ideal rôle for him.

P. J.,  
Alton, O.

Dear Editor:  
Nita Naldi doesn't know how to comb her hair. Won't someone please show her how to look so lovely again?

M. S. L.,  
Elmira, N. Y.

Dear Editor:  
To me the movies mean rapidorous hours of fairyland, my own self lost in the shadow players, while I visualize myself in each rôle. Valentino with the audacious smile! "Love me and the world is yours!" it seems to say. What woman wouldn't? And what man wouldn't give his last dollar for half the charm of it in his own smile?

L. M.,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Editor:  I want to sing a hymn of praise to the finest villain of the screen—Ricardo Cortez! No actor has advanced with more rapidity from insignificant parts to leading ones. Each succeeding picture proves beyond a doubt that he is capable of really big things. I admire Mr. Cortez immensely and believe he is going to be one of our greatest actors.

Mrs. E. H. K.,  
Milwaukee, Wis.

**Advertising Section**

**DRAW ME and Win a Prize**

Do You Like to Draw?  
Copy the picture of the skating girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you will win first prize. This contest is for amateurs only (15 years old or more), so do not hesitate to enter, even if you have not had much practice.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prize Level</th>
<th>Prize Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st Prize</td>
<td>$100.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd Prize</td>
<td>$50.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3rd Prize</td>
<td>$25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5th Prize</td>
<td>$10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4th Prize</td>
<td>$15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6th to 15th Prizes</td>
<td>each $5.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Free! Everyone entering this contest will receive a beautiful full-color reproduction (suitable for framing) of a painting by a nationally known artist.

**If your great desire** is to be a real commercial artist, try your hand now! Capable artists readily earn $50, $75, $100, $150 a week and upwards. Hundreds of ambitious young men and women have found their true work in life—often have doubled and trebled their incomes—through the Federal Home Study Course, recognized by authorities as America's Foremost Course in Commercial Art. Exclusive lessons by nationally known artists and illustrators; personal, individual criticism of each lesson. You should be able to succeed as others have done through our course. Enter the contest—see what you can do.

**Rules for Contestants**  
Contest open to amateurs only, 17 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are barred.  
1. Draw only picture of skating girl—no border or lettering.  
2. Send one drawing only, making figure exactly 5½ inches high, on paper 6 inches wide by 7 inches high.  
3. Use only pencil or pen.  
4. No drawings will be returned.  
5. Write your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.  
6. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by March 10, 1925. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Faculty members of Federal Schools, Inc. All contestants will be notified of prize winners.

**Federal School of Commercial Designing**  
1475 Federal Schools Bldgs., Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me "YOUR FUTURE" for which I enclose 6c in stamps.

Name  
Occupation  
(Address plainly in margin)
“SHE GETS $50 A WEEK NOW”

“And I am glad to pay it to her, for she’s a real business woman. She came here as a typist—just like a score of other girls. I hardly knew her name until someone told me she was studying at home in spare time with the I. C. S.

“‘That girl has a future,’ I said to myself, and I began watching her work. She improved so rapidly that she was the first girl I thought of when I began to look around for an assistant.”

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 $35, $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 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.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 6567-B, Scranton, Penn.

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 the subject before which I have marked X.

- Advertising
- Private Secretary
- Assistant Bank
- Bookkeeping
- Accounting
- Accounting
- Chemistry
- Pharmacy
- Bookkeeping
- Business English
- Business Law
- Spanish
- Drafting
- French
- Arithmetic
- Stenography and
- Typing
- Phonography and
- Bookkeeping
- Special Letter
- Cursive Letter
- Snow Claim Lettering

Name

Street

City

State

Zip

Perma reading in Canada should send this to the
International Correspondence Schools, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

—

Where the Atmosphere Is At

(Continued from page 21)

Jamestown, one of the few remaining "kick" towns in California that has unpaved streets

corner of its eye, it would have shown a fleet of summer girls in canoes watching the acting.

The wild, rock-bound coast of the South Seas is at Laguna Beach, nine miles south of Balboa. This, too, is a popular summer resort, but it has a very beautiful and very wild-looking assortment of rocks. Nearly every South Sea picture has at least some of its scenes taken there, although the companies have become more ambitious and sent actors to the real South Seas.

For the Sahara Desert, they usually go to a seashore town named Hueneana (pronounced Y-name), north of Los Angeles. The Shell was made there, and hundreds of other Arab pictures. Cecil De Mille went still farther north to a small town called Santa Marguerita, near Santa Barbara, when he made the desert scenes for Ten Commandments.

The houses of the scandalously rich are found mostly in Pasadena and in Burlingame, a rich suburb near San Francisco. You would naturally imagine that to get permission to use these houses would be the location director’s worst problem, but it is, in fact, his easiest.

A group of society women and social workers in California have an organization called “The Assistance League.” For its charities, it raises funds by renting its houses to the movies. When they want a rich-looking house, the movies have only to telephone to the Assistance League and explain whether they are looking for an imitation Fifth Avenue, a Long Island estate, an English country home, or a hacienda of California of the days before the Gringo came.

The rental price is usually one hundred and fifty dollars per day. This sounds like a pretty stiff house rent, but the movies are satisfied. Before the Assistance League took the matter in hand, they used to get some of the houses for nothing; on the other hand, one Pasadena woman always charged five hundred dollars a day for her mansion.

Nearly all locations are paid for in these days. The more responsible companies prefer to pay for this reason: it saves all disputes as to the damage done. In the old days, when they got locations for nothing, the owner would come around the next day to the studio with a wall of grief—and a bill. The movie cowboys, while chasing the owner’s cows, had damaged the nervous system of one of them—and she was a thoroughbred cow worth a couple of million dollars. No horse was ever hurt in the movies that wasn’t a pedigree stakes-winner; no picture was ever knocked off the wall that wasn’t a masterpiece by Rembrandt, and no vase was ever broken that hadn’t been a gift from the Dowager Empress of China to the King of England. Wherefore, the movies prefer to reduce locations to a stern matter of business. They take an inventory; agree on the price of everything beforehand, and it saves the laceration of feelings.

Just finding the locations, alas, is not the measure of the grief that the location director has to endure. If a company is sent to Arizona and the water does not agree with the distinguished tum-tum of the leading lady, then the location director is responsible because he didn’t take bottle water along.

The location director occupies exactly the same job that the quartermaster does in an army post; and, like the quartermaster, he absorbs all the kicks and roars and yells and complaints. Any company is technically on location when a scene is taken outside the studio. By custom, every company is obliged to furnish meals to the actors if the work is going on only a half-dozen blocks from the studio. Consequently, the main part of the grief of the location director is finding hotels that suit them. Not that any location director ever did, or is ever likely to.

Here, actual transportation has come to be a big job. It is a task for an engineer; in fact, some of the best location directors, like Fred Harris of the Lasky Studio, are engineers. Harris is a chemist, a mechanical engineer and a civil engineer; and he needs it all. He has learned to be an experienced railroad man. I use him as an example because, so far as I know, he was the first location director in the business.

(Continued on page 112)
Many new writers are selling short stories, novels and photoplays

THE surest indication of the value of the home-study courses in Short Story Writing and Photoplay Writing offered by the Palmer Institute of Authorship is shown in the record of success of its students.

This record should be an inspiration and a guide to everyone who has the priceless urge to write.

It shows that magazines, publishers and motion picture producers are eager to encourage the new writer and are quick to purchase manuscripts which show careful preparation and knowledge of the professional technique of writing.

What Palmer students are doing

Harry P. Crist acted as assistant director and collaborated in writing the story of "The Modern Musketeer," in the first production of the O. K. Production Company.

In a photoplay contest promoted by the Universal Pictures Corporation, W. F. Hicks won first and second prizes. Upon production of his winning stories, "The Living Proof" and "The Two Roads," he is to receive a bonus addition to the prizes. A story by Mr. Hicks also appeared in the December issue of "Wired Tales."

Mrs. Linne B. Pooley reports that after revising her "Mother's Kitchen Cabinet," in accordance with the instructions of the Short Story Division of the Palmer Institute of Authorship, she sold it on its first submission to "The Farm Journal."

A three-act play by John M. Byers, entitled "Shadow Valley," has been accepted for production by Carl Carleton, the New York producer.

The Bitter Country," a novel by Anita Pettibone, has just been published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

"The Open Gate," a stage play which recently was given its premiere at the Morosco Theatre in Los Angeles, was created and written in collaboration with another playwright, by Tadema Bussiere, a former Palmer student.

One of our students submitted her screen story to a world-known author, who writes and directs his own productions. She received the following comment:

"Thank you for the privilege of reading the synopsis of a photoplay called "Loma." Among the innumerable synopses I have been more or less compelled to read, it is one of the most original, and it seemed to show a knowledge of construction and practicable plot. Too frequently a story of great emotional opportunity and the plot is extremely well woven. I am turning your synopsis over to our Editorial Department with a strong recommendation."

Winfred Kimbell
Assistant Manager of Picture Purchasing
Universal Pictures Corp.

Mrs. Estle Hathrop's story, "Love Heals All Wounds," appeared in the October number of Dream World."

Harold Shumate, who wrote "The White Sin," directed the screen version of "The Moonlight Sonata," has just completed the filmed adaptation of "The Silent Avenger." Mr. Shumate wrote the story and personally directed the production, which promises to be very successful.

We have received newspaper clippings from Mrs. Ada K. Smith, announcing the fact that you study under the personal direction of men and women who are themselves prominent in the motion picture field.

The Palmer Institute will not only teach you the professional technique of writing, but through its contact with editors and producers can be of great help in enabling you to sell your stories. The Institute's Story Sales Department has headquarters in Hollywood, with representatives in New York and Chicago—the leading literary centers.

Fifty Free Scholarships and two $500 prizes are annually awarded students who have demonstrated natural writing ability through writing for newspapers, maga-
Earn $25 weekly, time varying for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Copyright book free. Press Syndicate, 961, St. Louis, Mo.

OLD MONEY WANTED
Old money wanted. Will pay fifty dollars for ticket of nickel of 1913 with Liberty head (not Buffalo). We pay each premium for all rare coins. Need 4 large Coil Ormolu. May mean much profit to owner. MIMIC MINT CO., Dept. 48, Ft. Worth, Tex.

$2 to $500 Earl paid for hundreds of old or old color. KEEP ALL old money. It may be VERY valuable, and you were not aware. We will pay promptly. In "costuming a picture we have to think what will look well in two or three years as well as now," says Mrs. Chaffin, who makes the clothes for Aileen Pringle, Eleanor Boardman and Norma Shearer.

"Nothing is smart unless it is becoming and suited to the individual, and anything that is becoming will be still becoming five years from now." Paris is cutting off the skirts at the bend of the knee now, she points out, but the Goldwyn stars will wear long skirts in their forthcoming films. This is no reflection on the Goldwyn legs, but long skirts are pictorial and graceful, while short ones are not. In "Cheaper to Marry," a picture of smart modern life, the one short evening dress to a dozen long ones. In five pictures being costumed by Mrs. Chaffin all the dresses are smart, and no two of them are alike!

If the screen teaches women anything in the way of style, it will be to dress not according to what the suit-and-cloak manufacturers tell them is in, but to their own individuality, the Goldwyn designer believes.

One of the actors in "Cheaper" is Paulette Duval, a French girl. The gowns planned for her are extreme to the point of freakishness, but they suit her bizarre personality—shockless gowns, with the shoulders marked by buttons of beads; a black dress with a front and back but no sides; a street dress with sleeves on the long sides; and a boat neck and high collar. The wardrobe planned for Eleanor Boardman, on the other hand, is simple, dainty and girlish.

The modes of the moment do not trouble Mrs. Chaffin. An artistic gown never is in style and so will never be out of style, she reasons. For this very reason William de Mille prefers draped costumes for his pictures. You couldn't date your letters by them, but a William de Mille picture seven years old is not absurd. Cecil De Mille's costumes, startling and exotic, are in their way quite as outdated. They might have been worn to the Feast of Belshazzar, or they might as appropriately trail their sinuous trains over the polished parquet of New York's most exclusive supper club.

Of course, to be quite candid, most screen clothes could only be worn by screen stars. Remember the fatal results when the sling vamp mode, adopted by Nita Naldi and others of the screen, was copied by ladies not designed by nature to sling? Screen clothes, like movie plots and playphoto titles, are designed, sexy, or sanitarily. Don't put it, "We accept the sensuous values." Imagine a society woman of embroiled fancy trying to be seen out on a grand poster gown! Blue blood may be an asset in getting into the smart set, but not in getting into one of Gloria Swanson's dinner dresses. In this respect the screen...
Negligées give the imagination of the studio designer a chance to run riot

is like the showroom of Worth or Faquin, whose creations are not intended to be copied but merely to be adapted to practical use.

Mrs. Smith, whose wildest form of dissipation is the neighborhood bridge club, would hardly find one of Aileen Pringle’s costumes suited to her needs, but the way the trimming is put on the skirt may give her an idea for remodeling her charmeuse. Even Mrs. Robinson, who leads in local society affairs, could hardly compete with Pauline Frederick in a dinner-dress where liquid powder takes the place of so much material, but she might copy her color scheme.

When Claire West costumed Intolerance she became the first studio designer. She took the place of the Wardrobe Woman, whose duty was to “take in” the readymade clothes in the lockers, or “let them out” to suit differing waist measures. Many of the earlier screen gowns were simply lengths of material pinned in place with safety-pins. Now every gown worn by a woman member of the cast in the pictures of the larger companies is especially designed and an original model. Even the rags and tatters worn by the stars are carefully planned and lined with silk before they are allowed to touch high-salaried skins. In spectacular society scenes the extras are also costumed so to be in harmony with the whole.

Miss West’s fan mail averages several hundred letters a day begging for instructions to copy the dress that Connie Talmadge wore in the dinner scene in The Goldfish, or asking where a pattern may be procured for the negligée Norma wore in the fourth reel.

“The screen does not follow any style—it is the style!” declares the First National artiste. Among the fashions she has started by a screen costume is the use of ostrich-feathers as trimming, which she devised for a dress worn by Claire Windsor in For Sale more than a year and a half ago. Now, even the mail-order catalogues show ostrich-trimmed dresses which the farm woman may send for on the same list as her husband’s cream-separator or with cans of auto enamel for Fords.
FAT

the enemy that is
shortening your life—banished

by Neutroids

—Dr. Graham’s Famous Prescription

Superficial fat over-hurden the heart and weakens the lungs, kidneys, stomach and other organs. Stout people are easy victims of pneumonia. Trivial maladies, such as ptomaine poisoning or bronchial infections, often bring sudden death to stout people, while such a thing is rare when slender people are similarly affected. Realizing that obesity is a serious factor in shortening human life, Dr. R. Lincoln Graham, famous New York stomach specialist, devoted years to finding a natural method for reducing fat without injury to the patient in any way. After countless experiments in the laboratories of Europe and America, he perfected his prescription known as NEUTROIDS.

No Creams—No Baths—No Diet—No Exercise

The fat in your body is caused by a simple chemical process. Yeast cells in the stomach combine with the starch and sugar of your food, causing fatty tissues instead of healthy lean muscles. Neutroids counteract the action of these yeast cells, check the formation of fat at its source and reduce fat already accumulated.

Dr. Graham has prescribed Neutroids for thousands of people suffering from overweight who have visited his sanitarium. He personally guarantees that his prescription will give satisfactory results, that it contains no thyroid or habit-forming drugs and can be taken with safety by anyone.

SEND NO MONEY—MAIL COUPON

Dr. R. Lincoln Graham, The Graham Sanitarium, Inc., 123 East 89th St., New York City. Dept. 122-C.—Send me, two weeks' treatment of Neutroids which entitles me to free professional mail consulting service and free booklet to Obesity. I will pay postage $2 (plus postage) on arrival in Plain package. Money to be refunded if not satisfied.

Name
Address
Age
Sex
Weight

WHAT USERS OF NEUTROIDS HAVE TO SAY

Had tried everything I have tried everything on earth to reduce and Nothing has done any good but Neutroids, ... E. Harris, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lost 5 pounds in 1 week I lost five pounds in one week, feel lighter and more joyous. Mrs. Made- line Günther, New York.

Lost 16 pounds in 2 weeks I lost sixteen pounds in 2 weeks and no other diet or treatment could have done this. —L. G. Miller, Tremont, Wis.

(Continued from page 108)

Where the Atmosphere Is At

and even now has the heaviest job, the Laskey company being very strong for outdoor pictures.

For instance, Harris was just sending out a company the day that I spent in his office. It was going to the Yosemite; he was assembling a train like a circus. It included two baggage-cars to carry the props and the personal wardrobes; two specially built power cars to carry the electrical equipment and the motors; for the actors there were four compartment cars.

A little later that day he gave orders for an expedition that was to take the Peter Pan company to the Santa Cruz Islands to take the pirate scenes with Captain Hook. This island is not visited by steamers and is a barren sheep range. Consequently he had to send cook-stoves, tables and so on. Also he had to see that the old pirate ship used by Frank Lloyd in The Sea Hawk was made over into the Peter Pan pirate ship; that it was slid over the bar at Balboa before the tide went out. As there would be a multitude of children working in the Peter Pan scenes, he had to assemble twelve champion life-guards from the various beaches to go along to fish them out of the water when occasion arose. Also, for every child actor, he had to make provision for an accompanying mamma.

In order to protect the infant stomachs, he had to provide five hundred casks of distilled water and enough preserved milk to start a couple of dairies.

Also he had to dig up a barge big enough to float an eight-ton power wagon to provide the electric lights.

Perhaps the biggest location job in the history of motion pictures fell to Harris: this was staging The Covered Wagon.

There were no locations in California that suited, so they took the whole outfit to Utah. There were so many people to feed that he had to build a road and in- stall a 120-ton motor-truck line which ran on a train schedule. Tents had to be provided for three tribes of Indians and a
raft of actors. He ever had to start a regular camp post-office.

Among other things, the location director had to see to it that four hundred covered wagons were provided, and four hundred yoke of oxen. This problem was solved in a way that would have astonished the stalwart New England ox tamers. The cowboys simply roped to the steers with their heads in the yokes, tied their tails together and let them scamper around until they decided to brake. And the irony of it all was this: that the bitterest criticisms that have been poured upon The Covered Wagon have been from old plainmen and former army officers. They wildly protest against The Covered Wagon because they say that four hundred wagons never were known to cross the plains in a single caravan; they couldn't find pasturage for that many oxen. The largest number of wagons ever known to have crossed in a body was sixty-five, and they divided into three columns, traveling four to five miles apart. So, in the end, the location director, who has been abused so many times for not doing well enough, brought disaster down upon his neck for doing too well.

Picking Actors for Parts
(Continued from page 63)

nine times out of ten to Dick Sutherland—the man with the huge face and bearlike paws—the cook who made grotesque love to Folla Negri in the first episodes of Men.

One of the most extraordinary actors in Hollywood is Jean Hersholt, who takes the part of the constable in von Stroheim's Greed. He and Tully Marshall are regarded as the most sure-fire of all actors for parts in which it is desired to create a finished portrait of a secondary character. They are especially valued by a casting director to carry either an actress not quite experienced, or an actress who, for the moment, is stepping out of her own "stall" for a scene. Hersholt was, for instance, an invaluable foil for Constance Talmadge in scenes where weight and definite characterization were needed as a foil for Connie's gay comedy.

Zaza Pitts, of course, is without a rival on the screen for wiffulness and pity. Dale Fuller is another girl who has a line no other actress seems to have quite equaled. Dull despair—the deceived servant girl.

The casting directors tell me, however, that they have to exercise great care with both these women, lest they "steal" the picture. Their work is so vivid and their portraiture so unusual that only the strongest individuality in the way of a leading woman can stand against them and not be overshadowed.

There is one actor who excels in a line of parts that he frankly hates and rebels against. No casting director would ever think of picking him for a tough Chinese highbinder part without calling up Edward Peil. He started with these parts in D. W. Griffith's Broken Blossoms; he has never been able to shake them. He wildly and frantically appeals to the casting directors; he doesn't want to be a tough Chinaman; never wanted to be. But he seems to be sentenced for life to the Orient.

There are a number of actors who are hard to classify, but who are in great demand. For instance, Wally Van is of great value in parts like the bosom friend of the actor. He even had to start a regular camp post-office.

Among other things, the location director had to see to it that four hundred covered wagons were provided, and four hundred yoke of oxen. This problem was solved in a way that would have astonished the stalwart New England ox tamers. The cowboys simply roped to the steers with their heads in the yokes, tied their tails together and let them scamper around until they decided to brake. And the irony of it all was this: that the bitterest criticisms that have been poured upon The Covered Wagon have been from old plainmen and former army officers. They wildly protest against The Covered Wagon because they say that four hundred wagons never were known to cross the plains in a single caravan; they couldn't find pasturage for that many oxen. The largest number of wagons ever known to have crossed in a body was sixty-five, and they divided into three columns, traveling four to five miles apart. So, in the end, the location director, who has been abused so many times for not doing well enough, brought disaster down upon his neck for doing too well.

Picking Actors for Parts
(Continued from page 63)

nine times out of ten to Dick Sutherland—the man with the huge face and bearlike paws—the cook who made grotesque love to Folla Negri in the first episodes of Men.

One of the most extraordinary actors in Hollywood is Jean Hersholt, who takes the part of the constable in von Stroheim's Greed. He and Tully Marshall are regarded as the most sure-fire of all actors for parts in which it is desired to create a finished portrait of a secondary character. They are especially valued by a casting director to carry either an actress not quite experienced, or an actress who, for the moment, is stepping out of her own "stall" for a scene. Hersholt was, for instance, an invaluable foil for Constance Talmadge in scenes where weight and definite characterization were needed as a foil for Connie's gay comedy.

Zaza Pitts, of course, is without a rival on the screen for wiffulness and pity. Dale Fuller is another girl who has a line no other actress seems to have quite equaled. Dull despair—the deceived servant girl.

The casting directors tell me, however, that they have to exercise great care with both these women, lest they "steal" the picture. Their work is so vivid and their portraiture so unusual that only the strongest individuality in the way of a leading woman can stand against them and not be overshadowed.

There is one actor who excels in a line of parts that he frankly hates and rebels against. No casting director would ever think of picking him for a tough Chinese highbinder part without calling up Edward Peil. He started with these parts in D. W. Griffith's Broken Blossoms; he has never been able to shake them. He wildly and frantically appeals to the casting directors; he doesn't want to be a tough Chinaman; never wanted to be. But he seems to be sentenced for life to the Orient.

There are a number of actors who are hard to classify, but who are in great demand. For instance, Wally Van is of great value in parts like the bosom friend of the actor. He even had to start a regular camp post-office.
of a hero where the actor, playing the hero, is a little inclined to be stodgy. He has a certain liveliness, inconsequent gaiety that carries along the action.

There are not very many leading men and women who are available for the casting directors; most of the very popular ones are under contract. One of the most sought for is, Anna Q. Nilsson. She is an amazing versatility, a big box-office name, and she is very easy to work with. She has the sure touch of the finished expert. She knows the job so thoroughly that she is a great time-saver. And time, as everyone knows, is where the expense comes into picture-making.

There are other resources of the casting directors of which the public does not know—and does not dream. For instance, there is a girl now in the Bennett Stage, named Cecile Evans who has been the legs of many and many a famed leading lady.

On account of Cecile's exceptional underpinning, the directors often photograph the leading lady in the bathing-suit at long range; but when they have to insert a close-up of her bare legs in the bathing-suit, the legs really belong to Miss Evans. Just so, there is a stenographer in the office of one of the press-agents in Hollywood, with uncouthly shaped hands. When the beauteous heroine opens the fateful letter, it is just as likely as not that it is this girl who transforms the hands that you see in the close-up.

There are actors, for instance, much in demand for reasons beyond their obvious talents. Robert Frazer is very popular with leading women and stars because he "gets" them. The trouble with many leading men of great ability is that they are not given to pay attention to themselves, or, on the other hand, leave the girl to go it alone.

John Bowers is another leading man with interesting qualifications. He moves easily from rough he-man stuff to dress suits.

Tony Moreno, Bowers, Frazer, Conrad Nagel, Forrest Stanley and several other leading men have this special appeal to casting directors: they are young enough to have great romantic interest, but not young enough to be embarrassing to leading ladies past the chicken stage.

This list that I have given is admittedly an attempt to compile a catalogue of finished, the most...
What I Can Read in the Faces of the Film Stars

(Continued from pages 54 and 55)

ADOLPHE MENJOU

appearance, and is quick to notice the per-
sonal appearance of others. He likes people,
but at times he is restless and always
enjoys reading a good book. He has
an even disposition and is most con-
siderate of others. He is also acquisitive,
highly ambitious, and very intense. Mr.
Menjou is cautious and reserved; a splen-
did judge of women and human nature in
general.

ANNA Q. NILSSON

justice and fairness and honesty; she
would fight for a principle.

Her voice indicates a very observing na-
ture, one who particularly notices clothes.
Here, too, there is found a good imagina-
tion, constructive ability, intuition, a dis-
like of petty details, and a lack of aggres-
sion. She has the ability to learn quickly
from everything she sees and hears. She
looks for reasons and motives of things.

The hands show high inspiration, a love
of the artistic and the beautiful, a strong
will, and logical thinking.

In making a summary of her character,
I find that Miss Nilsson is a very kind,
considerate young woman, one who is in-
terested in people, who feels deeply and is
highly emotional. She is a person of
character, very lovable, and deserves all
her success.

BESSIE LOVE

The hands show inspiration, a love of
order and neatness, independent thinking.
She is usually a little in advance of the
people she is with, and her spunk is frank
and outspoken.

In making a summary of her character,
I find that Bessie Love is a very friendly
person who likes people and enjoys talk-
ing. She does not like to be alone, but
prefers company and the companionship
of others. She is neat, orderly and partic-
ular about her clothes and personal appear-
ance. She is a very persevering, industri-
ous person and a born optimist.

MILTON SILLS

an urge to use them. I firmly believe
that he will be most successful in any
executive capacity in which he is placed.
for he has the necessary qualifications
for such work.

His hands show inspiration and dra-
matic ability. When he is interested in
anything, he is interested even to the
smallest detail.

In summarizing his character I find that
Milton Sills is an active, restless person
with highly developed mental faculties. He
prefers a good book to people, unless the
people are interesting. He is not always
as considerate of others as of himself.
Mr. Sills would be as successful as a
director as he is an actor, and to be
the former would give him more pleasure,
as his latent ability for executive work is
great and should be used.

Imagine taking off eighty-five pounds in
four months.

Miss Crawford used Wallace reducing records
to play off this huge excess of weight, and this
is what she has to say of Wallace's method:
"The day my weight reached 235 lbs. was the
date of my awakening. I went to the free trial
record and put in one earnest week of
use, and that week I lost eight pounds. I kept
on of, course. I used the movements faithfully,
and nothing else. I didn't take any medicine,
I didn't starve myself, and lost at least five
pounds each week. My present weight is 150.
Whether I find that superfluous flesh is creep-
ing back I take out my Wallace records, use
them a few days, and I'm back to the 150
mark. It took me only four months to lose
85 lbs., and I spent about a quarter of an hour
each day with the reducing movements. I
never felt better than since getting rid of all
that fat, and what's done for my appear-
ance you can guess from my pictures."

Anyone Can Reduce By This
Remarkable Method

Thousands of women—men, too—have re-
stored normal proportions in this way. Reduc-
ing 55 lbs. is unusual, but any number of
women have played off thirty and forty pounds
with Wallace Reducing records, and in about
two months' time. Many more have used
them for lesser reductions—those who were but
fifteen or twenty pounds overweight. Such
cases are ridiculously easy for Wallace; they
ordinarily take less than a month. Many
letters testify to a pound a day, and five
pounds a week is easy indeed.

If you weigh too much, you owe yourself this
relief. The method is too well known for sensi-
brable people to doubt. Miss Crawford only
regrets that she did not heed Wallace's offer
two years ago. She is a Chicago lady, her
address is 6710 Merrill Ave., where anyone
who wishes to confirm her story may write.

But a better way is to start reducing with the
reducing record Wallace will furnish—for a
free demonstration—read his offer and begin
reducing this week.

Free Proof to Anyone

Send your name and address now and your
first week's reducing lesson, record and all, will
come by return mail, prepaid. Do not enclose
any payment, don't promise to pay anything.
Let actual results decide whether you want to
continue! Here's the coupon that brings every-
thing for Everything.

Mail This Coupon to WALLACE

650 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Brings First Lesson Free—Reduced and All

Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for a week's
trial the original Wallace Reducing Record.

Name

Address

Clasp and Pin

LARGEST CATALOG ISSUED—FREE

SAMPLES LOANED CLASS

OFFICERS. PRICES $2.00 TO $6.00

EACH. ORDER FOR LESS, SITE, ETC.; CHARGE

ADDITIONAL 1.00 FOR EACH SAMPLE ORDERED. ADD

SPECIAL RINGS MADE TO ORDER.

LADIES' AND GENTS' WIGS TOUNTIES

GROWINA

Develops Most Like Magic! hair. hair. hair. hair.

WISCONSIN.

Growina

for best, next or new development

One American Watch, 5 year guarantee, free.

Real American Watch, 5 year guarantee, free.

case, looks and wears like gold. Just sell 15

sales of Menzio-Nova Salve Winder Menzio

Boxes Menzio-Nova Salve Winder Menzio

Menzio." (Inclined to Menzio.) Return the $3.00 and receive


Watches. Send for catalog of watches and

Watches and pictures. Free to all. Address

Catalog No. D-3.

Crown Watch Co., 7715 So. Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

Sets of Expert Wig and Touppe Co., 220 So. State St., Chicago.

2. Brings This Genuine DIAMOND RING

NO RED TAPE—NO DELAY

Order Now! Terms are limited. It was once a dream, now

Order Now! Terms are limited. It was once a dream, now

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO., 35 Maiden Lane—New York

115

PAGE
Sunny Hair
I don't know how it comes
By Edna Wallace Hopper

My hair glistens like a halo. All who see me on the stage or elsewhere know that. Thousands of girls and women envy that amazing glipt.

It comes to me through a shampoo which wonderful men created, but they won't tell me how it comes. They say that is their secret. They use some rare ingredient which nobody else has yet found.

But they have long made this shampoo for me, and now they are making it for you. They will not tell me why it makes hair sunny, so I cannot tell you. But it does.

They prepare it for me under the name of Edna Wallace Hopper's Fruity Shampoo. Druggists and toilet counters now supply it at 60 cents per bottle, and under my guarantee. If you are not amused and delighted by it, your money will be returned.

I urge you to try it. No shampoo in all the world brings like results, I think. It will bring you what it brought to me—that lustrous hair, a woman's crowning glory. Please try it for your own sake, and learn how much a shampoo can do.

I want you to see what it does. It will be a revelation.

My Rosy Bloom
Comes largely from a super-cream

My marvelous complexion is the chief item in my beauty and in my perennial youth. It is largely due to a cream which combines a dozen important factors. To an exquisite cream they have added products of both lemon and strawberry. Then all the best modern science knows to feed and foster, to soften and protect the skin.

I used to apply these help-separately, but now they combine them in one. I call it My Youth Cream. It comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. Both contain all the essential constituents. I use the cold cream as a night cream, the vanishing as a day cream. Never is my skin without them.

Now all toilet counters supply that cream exactly as I use it. The name is Edna Wallace Hopper's Youth Cream, price 60c per jar; also in 35c tubes.

I will gladly send you Youth Cream or Fruity Shampoo to try if you mail this coupon. Then you will learn how much these toilettries can do. My Beauty Book and sample of my exquisite face powder will come with it. You will be amazed and delighted.

Your Choice Free

Mark sample desired, Mail to Edna Wallace Hopper, 356 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 

Shampoo

Fruity Shampoo

Youth Cream

Style Are Dictated in Hollywood
(Continued from page 111)

robes rack now hangs a wonderful evening gown of gold cloth with a train several yards long. It is cut from a kid leather, combined with feathers of the same shade, which Norma will wear in her next picture. It will not be seen on the screen for six or eight months, but a year from now, Claire West predicts, it will be seen in the opera, in the boxes at the horse show, and in the small supper clubs.

She has just designed and made thirty-four costumes for the Merry Widow, complete to hats, shoes, gloves, head-dress and jewelry. The Colonel's Lady and Miss Mae Murray may be sisters under their skins, but they can't wear the same things above them, that's certain! However, it is safe to predict that these thirty-four gowns will be translated into terms of Stylish Stouts, For the Schoolgirl, What the Well-Dressed Woman Will Wear, and even for the Home Girl. The Colonel's Lady and Miss Mae Murray may be sisters under their skins, but they can't wear the same things above them, that's certain! However, it is safe to predict that these thirty-four gowns will be translated into terms of Stylish Stouts, For the Schoolgirl, What the Well-Dressed Woman Will Wear, and even for the Home Girl.

More than a year ago Howard Greer, sitting at his desk in the dingy frame building on the Lasky lot, sketched an ensemble costume for Dorothy Cummings to wear in The Female. Paris had never heard of them. Now they are for sale at every department store and specialty shop, referred to by the salesladies variously as "onion-skin," "unzunbul" and "en semb.

"The clothes we design up here," says the Famous Players' fashion expert, "are one year ahead of Paris, and two years ahead of the manufacturers.

It may be said by the facetious that screen clothes are so far ahead of Paris that Paris never catches up with them! Here, then, are some specie: Mr. Greer is sponsoring the directorial style, the empire waist that comes up under the bust, and he believes that by dressing two of the most popular and spectacular film stars in this mode he can make it the fashion for American women. So Pola Negri and Betty Compson are to wear high-waisted gowns in forthcoming pictures. Betty's empire dresses are for Locked Doors, which is not scheduled to be shot for several months. The styles of today do not interest Howard Greer; he is already planning the styles for day-after-tomorrow.

A tunie bountiant over a straight slip has been ordered by Pola Negri for a picture scheduled to start production a year from Now all toilet counters supply that cream exactly as I use it. The name is Edna Wallace Hopper's Youth Cream, price 60c per jar; also in 35c tubes.

I will gladly send you Youth Cream or Fruity Shampoo to try if you mail this coupon. Then you will learn how much these toilettries can do. My Beauty Book and sample of my exquisite face powder will come with it. You will be amazed and delighted.

Your Choice Free

Mark sample desired, Mail to Edna Wallace Hopper, 356 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 

Shampoo

Fruity Shampoo

Youth Cream

Your Choice Free

Mark sample desired, Mail to Edna Wallace Hopper, 356 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 

Shampoo

Fruity Shampoo

Youth Cream

Your Choice Free

Mark sample desired, Mail to Edna Wallace Hopper, 356 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 

Shampoo

Fruity Shampoo

Youth Cream

Style Are Dictated in Hollywood
(Continued from page 111)

robes rack now hangs a wonderful evening gown of gold cloth with a train several yards long. It is cut from a kid leather, combined with feathers of the same shade, which Norma will wear in her next picture. It will not be seen on the screen for six or eight months, but a year from now, Claire West predicts, it will be seen in the opera, in the boxes at the horse show, and in the small supper clubs.

She has just designed and made thirty-four costumes for the Merry Widow, complete to hats, shoes, gloves, head-dress and jewelry. The Colonel's Lady and Miss Mae Murray may be sisters under their skins, but they can't wear the same things above them, that's certain! However, it is safe to predict that these thirty-four gowns will be translated into terms of Stylish Stouts, For the Schoolgirl, What the Well-Dressed Woman Will Wear, and even for the Home Girl. The Colonel's Lady and Miss Mae Murray may be sisters under their skins, but they can't wear the same things above them, that's certain! However, it is safe to predict that these thirty-four gowns will be translated into terms of Stylish Stouts, For the Schoolgirl, What the Well-Dressed Woman Will Wear, and even for the Home Girl.

More than a year ago Howard Greer, sitting at his desk in the dingy frame building on the Lasky lot, sketched an ensemble costume for Dorothy Cummings to wear in The Female. Paris had never heard of them. Now they are for sale at every department store and specialty shop, referred to by the salesladies variously as "onion-skin," "unzunbul" and "ensemble.

"The clothes we design up here," says the Famous Players' fashion expert, "are one year ahead of Paris, and two years ahead of the manufacturers.

It may be said by the facetious that screen clothes are so far ahead of Paris that Paris never catches up with them! Here, then, are some specie: Mr. Greer is sponsoring the directorial style, the empire waist that comes up under the bust, and he believes that by dressing two of the most popular and spectacular film stars in this mode he can make it the fashion for American women. So Pola Negri and Betty Compson are to wear high-waisted gowns in forthcoming pictures. Betty's empire dresses are for Locked Doors, which is not scheduled to be shot for several months. The styles of today do not interest Howard Greer; he is already planning the styles for day-after-tomorrow.

A tunie bountiant over a straight slip has been ordered by Pola Negri for a picture scheduled to start production a year from now.
now. This star does such emotional work that her costumes are in rags after a single picture and the limp remains are sold at the yearly rummage sale at the Lasky wardrobe rooms, where fat Jewish women with waist-lines like the equator—purely imaginary—fight for possession of them. Screen designers are at a disadvantage in one way, for color shows in the pictures only in shades of black, white and gray. On the other hand, they can use unorthodox materials. A recent gorgeous court costume was lavishly embroidered with Christmas-tree tinsel.

Various women stars have claimed the title of Best Dressed Star of the Screen—Corinne Griffith, Betty Blythe, Mae Murray, Gloria Swanson, Betty Compson, Irene Castle. Sometimes you have seen their pictures dressed in Dainty Maid Dresses or Sweet Sixteen Suits, but they do not in general buy their clothes by filling in measurements on enclosed mail-order blanks. Betty Blythe brought back ten trunks of Paris gowns with her from her recent trip abroad; Corinne Griffith ransacked the exclusive shops of Fifth Avenue for her wardrobe for Duettes, but by far the greater part of their screen gowns are made in studio workrooms, with the shades pulled down toward Paris. Mr. Levinski and Mr. Rubenstein will doubtless continue to make their yearly trips across the water and carry model gowns out of the front doors of the great French dressmaking establishments, while the great French designers leave by their back doors to attend the cinema showing the latest style ideas, as displayed on the so-marvelous figure of La Belle Mae Murray, or La Petite Gloria Swanson.

Which does not necessarily mean that the next time a screen star becomes a housewife shall we all be wearing clothed slippers?

On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 163)

"singe bob." It seems that she was experimenting with a new-fangled gas-heater in her home. The flames blew out into her face, setting her silk lingerie on fire, burning off her hair and eyebrows. By some miracle she escaped being blinded. Lois, an oil rub and went back to work the next day. "I'm all right," she said, "but I feel like a singed turkey."

A gas-heater also exploded in Harold Lloyd's house, setting fire on fire where the Lloyd's chauffeur was sleeping. At the risk of his own life, Harold went into the room and dragged the man out. He would have inevitably been burned to death, but for this desperate chance that Lloyd took to save him.

With two former husbands in Los Angeles and a fourth marriage waiting court action, the marital affairs of Barbara La Marr would seem to be a trifle complicated. As a way out, Jack Daugherty, the vampire's third and latest, has arranged to bring a friendly divorce to clear the boards as it were. "Miss La Marr and I are suited to each other as friends," he said, "but not as husband and wife."

Bert Lytell has joined the ranks of the leading men who yearn to be directors. Milton Sills and Monte Blue are both anxious to become directors. Mr. Blue says that D. W. Griffith promised him long ago to see him under his wing when he decides that the time has come. Elinor Glyn selected Victor Schertzinger.

"Buy a Studebaker Direct from the Maker"

Just $1.00! The balance in easy monthly payments. You get the famous Studebaker, a 21 Jewel Watch—insured for a lifetime—direct from the maker at lowest prices ever named on equal quality. Send at once for FREE Book of Advance Watch Styles.
What the Stars Are Doing

(Continued from page 80)

Fraser, Robert—recently completed work in Miss Broderick’s F. P. L.

FREDERICK, Pauline—recently completed work in Married Hysters—U.

G

Garon, Pauline—playing in Speeds—B. P.

GENDRON, Pauline—will wear opposite Shirley Mason in The Scarlet Honeymoon—W. F.

Gibson, Hoot—playing in The Saddle Rack—U.

HARRISON, Pauline—will appear opposite Priscilla Dean in The Man from Nowhere—M. G.

Gillingwater, Claude—playing in Chosin-flight—M. G.

Gish, Lilian and Dorothy—victorious since returning from Italy, where they filmed Romeo, their latest release.

Glass, Gaston—playing in Parisian Nights for F. B. O.

Godowsky, Dagmar—playing in Playthings of D wordt, P. B.

Gordon, Huneley—playing in Xerx’s the Twain Shall Meet—P. F.

Gouldi, Jarta—just starting work in The Standard—F. P. L.

Grey, Gloria—playing opposite Maurice B. Flynn in The Missouri Cowgirl—F. B. O.

Griffith, Coraline—has just started work in Defiance—F. N.

Griffith, Raymond—recently completed work in Miss Blauether—F. P. L.

H

Hackathorne, George—playing in Capital Punishment—B. C.

Halves, William—playing in Who Cares?—C. B.

Hale, Alan—upon completing his work in Dick Tracy, he is taking time off to rest his voice and will direct Shirley Mason in her next picture for W. F.

Hale, Creighton—will enact the role of a man who is falsely accused of crime and deserted by all his friends, except his faithful and courageous wife, in The Bridge of Night—W. B.

Hamilton, Mahlon—will be seen in the next Pathé serial called The Girl Vindicator.

Hampton, Neil—assuming an important role in William de Mille’s Ali and Women for F. P. L.

Harlan, Elaine—playing in Parisian Nights—F. B. O.

Harlan, Kenneth—has been chosen as a perfect foil opposite Bebe Daniels in The Crowned Heart—F. P. L.

Harris, Mildred—playing opposite Harry Carey in Beyond the Border—P. D. C.

Harron, Raymond—playing in The Thundering Herd—F. P. L.

Hayes, Phyllis—playing in The Interpreter’s House—F. P. L.

Hawley, Wanda—playing in Who Cares?—C. B. C.

Hay, Mary—Richard Barthelmess has chosen her for the feminine lead in New Toys. This is her first appearance on the screen since she played in Griffith’s Way Down East.

Herbert, Holmes E.—playing in A Man’s World—M. G.

Hiers, Walter—will give us some rare bits of comedy in The Trillers—K. F. S.

Hines, Johnny—just started work in The Crusher Jack—G. C. B.

Hobbs, Stuart—playing in The Fighting Cub—A. E. H.

Holmes, Taylor—returns to the screen in a light comedy role in Vivense Madison—P. D. C.

Holmquist, Mildred—will be a schoolgirl in Seven Chances—M. G.

Holt, Jack—playing in The Thundering Herd—F. P. L.

Howard, Frances—having completed The Swan, has been cast for the leading rôle opposite Richard Dix in The Maker of Gentlemen—P. F. L. She will appear as a Boston girl and will wear a black wig over her blonde curls.

Hughes, Lloyd—playing the leading male role in Sally—F. N.

Huntfer, Glenn—has been discharged since completing The Silent Watcher—F. N.

J

Johnson, Julianne—is playing in Sir Philip Gibbs City of Temptation. It is being filmed in Constantinople by an English producing company.

Jones, Charles—playing in The Trail Rider—W. F.

Joy, Beatrice—has finally consented to return to the screen after nearly two years’ absence, which she has devoted to home labor. Her first appearance upon her return will be The Dressmaker from Paris—F. P. L.

Joyce, Alice—appearing in the screen version of Daddy-Go-Around Hustling, to be released under the title of A Man’s World—M. G.

K

Keaton, Buster—is cast as a young man who will inherit his grandmother’s farm after many misunderstandings.

L

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 “Booms” and “Circles”? Sounds mysterious and complicated—but it is not. Mah Jong is a wonderful interesting game that you and your family and friends should enjoy. It combines the best of all games. It is truly the “game of games.”

Mr. Eugene V. Brewer, publisher of Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture 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. BREWER

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

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Brewster, The restored. Parisian Motion safeguarding Sir of fetish the guidance of Madame Louise Hermance, under the guidance of eminent European physicians. Through Ortosan you can be assured of genuine success in

Body and Beauty Culture

The science of Ortosan is the greatest contribution to the colloidal system of the body. When the cells and colloids become exhausted, they fail to function normally. The surface of the skin becomes soft, weakened, dry, giving rise to wrinkles, muscles, skin and drooping chin lines appear.

Through genuine external nutrition and by direct acti-
vation, the Ortosan Method regulates the exhausted cells and cellular tissues. The colloids expand. The original moisture of the face, neck and chin is restored. The skin becomes firm, resilient and healthy-looked.

The splendid Ortosan Method frees every woman from the fetishes of abusive massage, drastic treatments, worthless cosmetics. It is as effective in re-

storing lissome youth to the limbs, waist, hips and all parts of the body as it is in winning beauty to the face. In modern beauty, Ortosan is a scientific
discovery of supreme importance.

Complete series of Ortosan Treatments, under direct personal supervision, $5.000.00 (victory of New York’s famous and Dwight Home Course, individual guidance by correspondence, $10.00 prepaid. Money back if not fully satisfied after three weeks).

The Ortosan Co., Inc.

for MME. LOUISE HERMANCE

2255-M Broadway,

New York

Gray Hair

Banished in 15 minutes

Thousands of women of the most exclusive New York, N. Y. are using the INLECTO RAPID NOTOX for this one reason.

INLECTO RAPID NOTOX, created by science expressly for coloring the sensitive organism of human hair, is especially guaran-
teed to render permanently the original
color of gray, streaked or laced hair. It may be used in 15 days upon blond or brown to blonde to brown; and even under the closest scrutiny in application cannot be de-
tected. It will either remove or be af-
fected by shampooing, curling, soap water, permaplait, perm, guinea, Turkish or Russian balsam. It will not affect permanent wave-
ing — nor permanent waving does not affect INLECTO RAPID NOTOX.

No credit card ever discarded before. The highest class Hairdressers from coast to coast are using INLECTO RAPID NOTOX as do the many thousands of Americans who apply a wide.

Manufacturer of the only genuine INLECTO. Order Beauty Astroline Chart-L. 14.

INLECTO, Inc.

Barton Laboratories and Salons

133-35 West 46th Street

Sold by best beauty Salons.

Cost $1.75.
A Clear Soft Velvety Skin Quickly Yous
Through My New Secret Methods

YOU can be beautiful, attractive, charming! Once I was homely. The portrait above is lying 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 Secrets of Beauty tell you how to
secrets based on the arts of beauty culture. In the days of the old French country, by the most beauti
tiful fashions and appearance, and make you the center of admiration and attention, as all declared in my Booklet "Making Beauty Yours."

134-140, Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago

NAME: ________________________________

MEMBER OF COUNCIL OF PROFESSIONAL BEAUTY WOMEN

Reduction of the Fleshy Arms, Legs, Bust or the Entire Body with D R. WALTER'S

You can save good money in your spare time making cards for us. No canvassing or selling. We show how you can do it by our new simple method. We supply both men and women with work at home, no matter where you live or how far you are away from a city you can do for all work complete each week. Full particulars and booklets free. Write:

AMERICAN SHOW CARD SYSTEM LTD,
211 Adams Building
Toronto, Canada

(Continued on page 122)
HEARD IN THE STUDIO

"Hello, Dick! The party's on me tonight. Just got a $300.00 check from the National Monthly for my drawing." "Sure, they said it was fine and that if I had any more at all, they'd like to have them." "Jealous, are you? Well, don't you like to draw? You'll like it. I know, and there's lots of money in it. I made $500.00 last month and this month looks even better." "Oh, with your talent for drawing, it's easy to make the start. Just send in your name and address to the Federal School. They'll make you into an illustrator in the shortest possible time, and you'll soon be making big money, too." "Don't mention it. Glad to give you a good tip. See you tonight at 8?"

Earn $200 to $500 a Month and More

If you have a liking for drawing, which nearly always indicates talent, you should get into the field of illustration.

Present opportunities for both men and women to illustrate magazines, newspapers, etc., have never been better. Thousands of publishers buy millions of dollars' worth of illustrations every year. Illustration is the highest type of art—pleasant work, yielding a large income.

The Federal School Is A Proven Result Getter

It is the only Home Study Course which has been built by over fifty nationally known artists—Sid Smith, Nyea McMen, Norman Rockwell, Clare Briggs, Charles Livingston Bull and Fontaine Fox among them.

Free—A Road to Bigger Things

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. Just fill out the coupon below, mail it to us with Six Cents in Stamps and we will send you a copy of the book free.

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

MARGOT ANSTRUTHER, a sanguine star, occupies one room in an old house in New York's "roaring forties," jovially, is called haunted. She gives a party in celebration of a new role. Among these present are two men in love with her, Frank Lyon, director, and Eugene Valery, a young coquettish woman. Laughingly, she tells them of two people who have mysteriously disappeared from this house. Stella Ball, a girl who worked part time at Mac's store, and an "old man named Marchison. Both had disappeared the same day. After all have gone home, Margot, in bed, smokes one more cigarette. Half asleep, she drops the lighted match on the floor, then turns quickly to put it out. As she does so, she sees a small hand, followed by an arm, reach out from under her bed and blot out the flaming match. Margot, lying terrified in the dark, picks up the phone by her bed and calls Valery. Speaking in French for safety, she explains there is someone under her bed. "Come at once!" Together they search the room—nothing. They call the police—still nothing! All think Margot must be crazy. All go except one burly cop who agrees to stand guard in the room. The little one might refuse to return. A week later he rushes out screaming, "The hand! the hand! I saw the hand under the bed!"

(To be continued)

Advertising Section

Whose Hand?

(Continued from page 93)

the room and felt its way toward them. As Mrs. Belkew's chinkled terror was re-

leased in screams, Quinlan lunged forward and seized the intruder. Margot tumbled for

the light, switched it on. She saw a girl with a drawn, pale face—a black

brownied, still-lipped girl, who was utter-

ing no sound of fear or pain, as the police-

man standing behind her held her arms

pinioned to her sides. Then Margot's eyes fell upon the strange girl's arms, and

her heart sickened. One hand was

clenched. The other arm had no hand.

It had been cut off at the elbow, and the scar

of the cleanly healed wound made a grin patch of color.

"It's Stella Ball!" shrieked Mrs. Belkew.

"The girl who lived in this room?"

gasped Margot tenaciously. "Herself— Oh, my god!" The woman

was in a frenzy of hysteria. "But she had

both arms when she left here. My God!"

Margot swung her arm to the girl.

"Tell us what it all means," she ordered.

"I shall never tell anything!" Stella

Ball spat back.

"We'll make you talk quick enough," the

policeman groveled.

"I haven't committed a crime. You can't do anything to me.

"I arrest you for unlawful entry, with intent there to commit a burglary. That'll do

for the present," said Quinlan.

Her lips clamped stubbornly; the girl

thereafter was dumb.

TO ART LOVERS

Those who are interested in oil paintings are invited to a permanent exhibition of the works of Eugene V. Breuer at the galleries of Breuer Publications, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, between the hours of ten and five, any day except Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. Mr. Breuer has given several one-man exhibitions on Fifth Avenue, New York, and has always received high commen-
dation from the press and art critics. These paintings are in all sizes, from small to large, and the prices run from $25.00 to $250.00. Out-of-town patrons may order thru regular dealers, or we will send any painting on approval on receipt of price. Money refunded if not satisfied.

LASHLUX means luxurious lashes

Don't Wear a Truss

BE COMFORTABLE—

Wear the Brooks Appliance, the modern scientific invention which

proves feminine comfort immediately and

for years. Mr. C. E. Brooks, the inven-
tor, has used the best known experts in the

world of medicine and physiology. Nerves on plaster, Formable, Cheek

Supports, etc. Send on trial to prove. You can't have

a better or less expensive appliance. New to the world. An no

waste of imitation. Look for trade-mark bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appears on every

Appliance. None other genuine. Full information and booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelope.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 221 A State St., Marshall, Mich.
How many times a day do you powder?

Does the powder you use stay on? Or must you renew it frequently to keep the shine from your nose—to keep your complexion fresh and lovely? For one day, make note of the number of times you must do this.

The next day, use Encharma Cold Cream Complexion Powder. Through force of habit, you will probably find yourself reaching often for your powder puff. But wait—is it necessary? This is a different powder. Not only is it safer,-smoother, more velvety of texture, as you found when you first put it on—but it clings until removed.

Secure Encharma today—make this comparison! Sold everywhere—in fascinating sou/ box, with downy puff enclosed. Flesh, White or Rachel. Or, mail coupon below for the Luxor Samplette.

Send for Luxor Samplette Today!

LUXOR LIMITED, Chicago Address 1327 W. 31st St. I enclose 50c, for which please send me your Luxor Samplette containing generous samples of Encharma Powder and of Luxor Perfume, Cold Cream, Rouge and Complexion Powders, etc. 

Name ________________________________
Address ________________________________
City ________________________________ State _______________

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Pauline Frederick, Laura La Plante, and Malcolm McGregor in Smoldering Fires

Critical Paragraphs
(Continued from page 82)

from an epidemic after they have humiliated him. And his triumph is complete. The picture is told forcefully and with true camera technique.

The Beloved Brute

Possessing a good share of fine points is Blackton's The Beloved Brute. The story is told with much physical action and swings along in colorful style. Victor McLeaglen, a newcomer from England, plays the title role with fine grasp upon the characterization. The picture is further strengthened by the good work of Marguerite de la Motte as the girl in the case.

The Mad Whirl

Jazz stories are becoming standardized. The popular formula is to show a laxity of conduct on the part of the jazzers for about four reels, after which a moral is tacked on to serve as an object lesson. Bringing in the Deity may serve as a lesson in redemption, but long before there is any thought of religion on the part of the sinners their stomachs have rebelled—especially with the kind of stuff that is doled out nowadays. Some day a new note will be written. A jazz story will be written which will show the breaking down of a drinking man's (or drinking woman's) constitution.

This picture serves up the familiar high jinks with wild parties being expressed to the point of tedium. The giddy parents of the young jazzers are to keep up the pace. And all eventually reform. There is very little plot here. So the action is padded with repetitions scenes. It is just another motion picture.

Born Rich

Domestic misunderstandings in high society are revealed here in a smart, sophisticated manner. The director, wavering the conventions, has succeeded in showing a fairly true exposition of life among the idle rich. The triangle is the classic belle—with the conflict established thru a husband and wife at odds because of her belief that he has registered infidelity during her absence in Europe. She would play his game and fails miserably.

The solution is familiar. The husband resorts to cagey tactics and becomes reconciled to his spouse.

Smoldering Fires

Here is a picture which tells a lifelike story and tells it well. It gets right down to the core of human understanding and what transpires can easily be accepted as truth. The director, Clarence Brown, has shown himself adept at establishing

(Continued on page 127)
STOP Skin Troubles!

Do you suffer from skin troubles? Do you fear the consequences of improper treatment? Would you give for a cool, clear, velvety skin? Then try the famous lotion...

D.D.D.

Trial Bottle Free


ADVERTISING SECTION

Vera Reynolds, the little star of The Golden Bed

What the Stars Are Doing

(Continued from page 119)

Mix, Tom—playing in Riders of the Purple Sage, a picture produced by NEWMAN, P. F.

Moore, Colleen—will appear in Holly, an adaptation of Ziegfeld's successful musical comedy for Fox.

Moore, Matt—playing in The Samson—M. G. M.

Moore, Owen—playing in The Fortune—R. C.

Moore, Tom—has just signed a contract to play the leading role in This I Fe—W. B.

Moreno, Antonio—has recently sailed for Paris to appear in R. Ingram's next production, Mlle. Motin—M. G. M.

Mulhall, Jack—playing in The Three Keeps—P. F.

Murphy, Edna—playing in Lena Rivers—W. R.

Murray, Mac—will dance her way as Scina in Naip's new film, The Merry Widow—M. G.

Myers, Carmen—playing in Free in New York—M. G.

Myers, Harry—erst as Texas in Z Gender the Golden Bed—M. G.

Myers, Kathleen—has recently completed work on top film Miss Dick Turpin—W. F.

Nagel, Conrad—playing in Chapel to marry—M. G.

Naldi, Rita—will have an important role in Valentino's Crime—R. C.

Nazimos—has been chosen for the leading part in my Son—F. N.

Negri, Pola—finds herself with a new director, Raoul Walsh, and a new characterization, that of a half-caste Chinese girl, in East of Eden—F. L.

Nilsen, John—will appear as the "blonde vampire" in Our Street Way—F. E.

Nixon, Marion—playing in Erse in Riders of the Purple Sage—W. F.

Novak, Eva—playing in Rose in Sally—F. N.

Novak, Jane—latest release Chuch Kuea. Dis- engaged as present—F. R. B.

Novarro, Ramon—in Italy where he is creating the title role in Ben Hur—M. G.


O'Hara, George—andalberta Vaughn are planning to make another series of two-reel pictures stick- ing to the Goldfield Series. The tentative title for this series is Alice, the Great—F. B. O.

Olmswode, Pat—will have the leading role in J. Stuart Blackton's next picture, The Garden of Charity—F. B.

Owen, Sheena—is playing in The Hunted Woman—W. F. This is her first picture to be filmed in Holly- wood for over two years.

P

Pearson, Virginia—has been added to the cast of The Phantom of the Opera—W. F.

Peters, House—playing in Head Winds—L.

Philbin, Mary—will play Marquette in The Phantom of the Lippa—W. F. This is to be an elaborate production to be directed by Wallace Worsley, who also directed The Hunchback of Notre Dame.
Phillips, Eddie—just started work in Speed—B. L.

Pickett, Jack—has been cast as the Portuguese fisher boy by Farley Smith—F. L.

Pickett, Mary—disengaged at present. Latest release Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall—C. A.

Pitts, Zaza—will play the lovely, uneducated mountain girl, who is crippled in childhood, in The Reformation of Charles Kent—J. P.

Prevost, Marie—playing the page outrageous Jule in Revenge of the Musketeers—M. S.

Pringle, Aileen—coming East to play opposite Adolph Menjou in A Kiss in the Dark—F. L. P.

R

Ralston, Esther—added to the cast of The Goode House—H. P.

Rankin, Arthur—added to the cast of Richard Talma's Father's Son—D. O.

Rawinson, Herbert—recently completed The Adventurous Sex—H. R.

Ray, Charles—recently completed work in Percy, formerly titled The Desert Fiddler—T. H. I.

Reid, Mrs. Wallace—playing in Brown Lacey, written for her especially by Adele Rogers St. John—F. L. G.

Rennie, James—this find to appear in a picture every day now and then. He is playing in Argosy Lane—F. P. L. in the daytime and dubbing the theatres evenings in The Best People.

Reynolds, Vera—recently completed work in Cedel De Mille's The Golden Bed—F. P. L.

Rich, Irene—playing in a West End play—W. B.

Rich, Lilian—in Cedel De Mille's latest choice for an important role in The Golden Bed—F. P. L.

Ricksen, Lucille—playing in the Square Priz—M. S.

Rin-Tin-Tin—will be starred in Trapped in the Snow Country—J. P.

Roberts, Edith—playing in Thin Ice—W. B.

Roberts, Thomas—recently completed work in Locked Doors—F. P. L.

Rozanne, Alan—playing in Girl of Gold—R. P.

Rubens, Alma—will find her early career valuable in The Daringer—W. B.

Russell, William—playing in This is Ice—W. B.

Sanschi, Thomas—playing in Fridays Sal—F. P.

Semon, Larry—playing in The Wizard of Oz—and he will be a great Wizard—J. P.

Shearer, Norma—will have the leading role in Alice belt's next picture for the Cohn studio—B. L.

Short, Gertrude—playing in Code of the West—F. P. L.

Sills, Milton—playing in Interpreter's Hour—a story of New York society—F. N.

Stallone, Forrest—recently completed work in Up the Ladder—1.

Starke, Paul—will have the feminine lead in The Devil's Curtain—F. P. L.

Nieder, Myra—will have the part of Mrs. Ten Brock in Nelly—F. N.

Stewart, Anita—and company have just returned from Tahiti where they have filmed some of the scenes of the new Farivel's film, called South Sea Swallows—C. P.

Stone, Lewis—will again be seen opposite Alice Terry in Kings in Exile. This is the first time he has appeared with Miss Terry since Suramarche—C. P.

Swanson, Gloria—has almost completed her work on Modern Women. Her next picture will be The Toast of Folly. Allan Dwan, who will direct the picture, has just completed work for Paramount where the exteriors will be filmed.

Swanson, Blanche—playing in World Without End—M. G. M.

T

Talmadge, Constance—has recently started work in The Man She Brought—F. N.

Talmadge, Greta—who is making a vacation in Europe. Her latest release is The Lady—F. P. L.

Talmadge, Richard—playing in Youth and Ad-

Taylor, Estelle—playing in Playthings of Desire—J. P.

Teall, Conway—has just started work in School for Wives—B. L.

Tennent, Lou—playing in Paris Night—F. B. O.

Terry, Alice—playing in Kings in Exile—M. G.

Thoby, Rosemary—added to the cast of The Re-creation of Peter I.—R. S.

Thurman, Mary—playing in the Fast Pace—A.

Torrence, David—playing in A Husband's Secret—F. N.

Torrence, Ernest—playing Captain Hook in Peter Pan—F. P. L.

V

Valentino, Rudolph—has decided to produce Cobra, instead of The Scarlet Pimpernel, as previously announced. Incidentally, he internationally known that he will play the character of the villain as he will appear wearing it in a few scenes, as he impersonates one of the four villains.

Valii, Virginia—playing in The Siege—U.


(Continued on page 126)
Sure Way to Get Rid of Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every sign even most 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 left very soft, silky 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 all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

You Can’t Comb Out Dandruff

It is only when the villain crashes thru the door that the hero unclenches himself from the heroine

That’s Out

(Continued from page 58)

Thespians Getting Even With the Producers

The actor boom is on again in Hollywood. Even inferior hamlets are holding out for large salaries. And the producers are letting squawks out of them and wringing their hands in anguish. It was all right for the producers to cut salaries and close down the studios, but it is unfair for the actors to try to make up for this lost time.

Apparently, the producers do not enjoy taking a dose of their own medicine.

Those Fearless Movie Heroes

One of our pet situations on the screen is the one where the hero stands calmly loving the heroine while the villain and his gang are ferociously breaking down the door. Not a fear nor a thought in his head but for his sweetheart. And it is only when the villain crashes thru the door into the room that the hero unclenches himself from the heroine and struts majestically over to the window and climbs thru to safety.

That, boys, is what must be known as true love.

McDonald Rings the Bell Again

That clever and ingenious young producer, J. K. McDonald, who has already presented the screen with three distinct novelties such as Perjured Sam, Boy of Mine and A Self-Made Failure, now comes to the front with another unique film entitled Frivolous Sal. In this, McDonald has obviously tried to concoct a film to suit the public palate, and, if we are any judge, he has made a huge success of it.

How Would You Like to be in Business for Yourself?

YOU may not think it possible to start your own business without capital but it can be done. Many large subscription gathering agencies are the outgrowth of individual effort directed properly along the lines of our present plan.

Many men and women who are now earning large incomes in the magazine subscription business started by only giving their spare time to this work, but as soon as they learned that they could earn “big money” by devoting all their time to our proposition they gave up the job that was only paying them a small weekly income and they are now our full time prosperous and independent representatives.

We Want Immediately representatives in every locality to collect renewals and solicit new subscribers for our universally known magazines, Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic, Beauty and Movie Thrillers.

Experience is not necessary for our work nor is it necessary for you to invest any money. If you are interested in our plan just fill in the attached coupon and mail today.

Brewster Publications, Inc.
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen:
I am interested in your money-making plan. Please tell me how I can earn it.

Name: ___________________________

St. and No. ______________________

City and State: ___________________

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Pomades for 3000 Years—then GLO-CO

HAIR DRESSING

For Real Men and Boys

GLO-CO, the natural successor to the old-fashioned pomades, is not a grease or an ointment, but a Liquid Hair Dressing of two-fold benefit. GLO-COing the hair keeps it neatly in place all day, either when lightly brushed or combed smoothly back, and it imparts antiseptic tonic qualities which combat the causes of dandruff, itching scalp, etc. GLO-CO has become a household necessity with thousands of men and boys who appreciate the business and social value of good grooming. At drug counters and barber shops everywhere, or send for liberal free sample.

Mail Free Sample to

Name ____________________________
Address _________________________
Fill in and mail to Norman Products Co., 6111 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

Advertising Section

Another Covered Wagon

North of 36, one of the heralded big Paramount pictures of the year, was previewed in Hollywood this month. Apparently, it will be a popular success, but the writer can find little in it to enthuse over, with the exception of a few humorous moments and a cattle stampede that is rather thrilling.

If this is a "big" picture, then a great future is assured the silent drama, for films of this sort can be turned out in car-load lots, provided the producer has a large enough bank roll. The picture public has a queer taste, and the writer heard several persons exclaim after the preview that the production was better than The Covered Wagon." It will be recalled that the picture public also thought The Hunchback of Notre Dame was a good picture.

Two High Spots of the Month

Laura La Plante's acting in the Universal production, Smoldering Fires, in addition to the fine work of Pauline Frederick, shows her to be a young actress of great promise. Let's hope Universal does more with her than they are doing with Mary Philbin.

Kenneth Harlan's acting in the Schuberg production, White Man, This will once more embarrass the critics who formerly claimed that Kenneth was a nice-looking boy who wouldn't act. That is, until they saw him in The Virginian. In White Man he has another strong role and makes the most of it.

Twenty-eight Press-Agents Face Starvation!

Now that Chaplin is married, twenty-eight press-agents will be thrown out of jobs for the lack of someone to have their fair clients engaged to, and hundreds of newspapers throughout the country will have several blank columns of space thrown upon their hands. Their only hope now is Barbara La Marr.

Some Things We'd Like to See on the Screen

A comedy without a Ford in it. A society drama without a Rolls Royce in it.

A scenario without a sunset in it. A news weekly without a funeral in it. A melodrama without a fight in it.

A war picture without a spy in it. A mother picture without a mortgage in it. A Tom Mix picture without a horse in it.

Next Month

NEW TOYS
Starring the Barthelmes Family

Mary Hay

Told in Story Form by

Dorothy Donnell Calhoun

Read it in April

Motion Picture

[MAZINE]

many of the films we have seen in the past few months. In fact, Mr. Levee, himself, might make good use of it.

$15.00

$8.00

an ounce half ounce

The Most Precious Perfume in the World

Riegcr's FLOWER DROPS are unlike anything you have ever seen before. The very essence of the flowers themselves, made without alcohol. For years the favorite of women folk in society and on the stage. The regular price is $15.00 an ounce, but for 20c you can obtain a makes you 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 c

Send 20c (stamps or silver) with the coupon below and we will send you a sample of Riegcr's Flower Drops, the most alluring and most costly perfume ever made. Twenty cents for the world's most precious perfume! Send Now.

Riegcr's Perfumes—At all Drug and Dept. Stores

Paul Riegcr's Special Souvenir Box containing five different Riegcr Perfumes that regularly retail for $1.00- $2.00. Perfect gift for a special box containing five different Riegcr Perfumes that regularly retail for $1.00- $2.00. Perfect gift for a

Riegcr's Honolulu Bouquet

You will be charmed by the indescribable fragrance of this new creation. Perfume—$1.00 per oz., Toilet Water—a 2.00, Puff Powder—10.00, Ring—the Sand 2c for generous trial bottle of this delightful new perfume.

Crème of Violets A wonderful New

Snowdrop Cream

For beautiful, velvety-smooth, white hands. Nothing to rival it after shaving—leaves smooth and cool. Large tube—2c.

Send Coupon Now

Paul Riegcr & Co. (Since 1879) 175 First St., San Francisco, Calif.

Riegcr's FLOWER DROPS found in all Drug Stores.

$1.00 bottle, 25c $0.50 small bottle, 5c

Snowdrop Cream box, $1.00

Crème of Violets, 50c

Special offer $1.00 for which send us the following—

Honolulu Bouquet

$1.00 bottle, 25c $0.50 small bottle, 5c

Wash, 4 oz. bottle, 7.50

Drumlette, 4 oz. bottle, 7.00

Send stamps, currancy, money order or check. Remember, if not pleased your money refunded.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Let Me Tell You How I Got Rid of Superfluous Hair Completely

Here's the Secret

I am going to tell you about a simple method used at home, with which I removed completely a heavy, beard-like growth that secreted every deci-
tory I had ever tried, and which returned worse than ever after the use of electricity and a razor.

If you could have seen me as I was before I found this remarkable method and if you could see me as I am now, you would be utterly amazed at the change.

My face is now as smooth as a baby's, free not only from hair but from pimples and blemishes.

This method of mine is different from anything you have ever used. It is not a powder, paste, wax or liquid, but a razor, not electricity. It causes no burning or itching and leaves no scars. It removes superfluous hair completely and makes the skin smooth, soft and attractive under any light, no matter how intensely your own bright sunshine or electric glare.

Thousands of other women who also had despair of ever being free from superfluous hair have found complete relief through this method. Letter after letter like the following come to me:

"I am so happy with the results. The growth of hair on my face has entirely disappeared."

"I'd like to tell the world of my appreciation and happiness as a result of using your method. My face is now perfectly clear and smooth."

With this method, which I call by my own name—Lanette—your trouble with superfluous hair will be over. A trial will prove it.

Send for My Free Book

In order to make this method clear, I have written a book about it, and if you write to us, we will send you a copy of it. No other book like this has ever been written. Don't send me a penny. Just a letter or postcard with your name and address, and you will receive the book by return mail. Address Annette Lanette, 65 West Washington Street, Dept. 1253 Chicago, Ill.

What the Fans Write to the Stars

(Continued from page 114)

screen stars. Give them a chance in life!

Don't—if you happen to be in jail for forgery—expect some big flapper to petition to get you out.

Don't write gushy letters, love letters, begging letters, show letters, hard luck letters—don't write any letters. If you can help it, if you can help him, they will probably be worth reading.

I am not trying to get a job as post-
man for some impoverished member of the family by increasing the bulk of Hollywood fan mail when I repeat that if you must write fan letters, they stand more chance of being read by the stars themselves if they concern the kind of picture you want them to play in, and if they give constructive criticisms and comments on their work. These are the ones their secretaries are instructed to turn over to them from the tons of mail that they receive.

What the Stars Are Doing

(Continued from page 123)

Vaughn, Alberta—starting on a new series. Alex, the Great, for F. P. O.

Fidor, Florence—portraying a spoiled daughter of a rich man in The Gift of Gold—St. P.

Tom Elza, Theodore—playing in Twin Ike—W. B.

W

Walker, Johnny—playing in The Mad Dancer— J.

Walsh, Henry B.—playing the gay young blade in The Golden Bed—F. P. L.

Washburn, Bryan—being added to the cast of The Parrot—B. P. S.

Witch, Niles—playing in The Fast Pace.

Williams, Earl—playing in Los Angeles—W. B.

Williams, Kathlyn—upon completing work in William de Mille's Locked Doors, F. P. L., she will leave for a four months' trip to the Orient.

Wilson, Lois—playing in The Wandering Bird— F. B. W.

Windsor, Claire—recently completed work in The Square Peg—M. G.

Wong, Anna May—playing in Peter Pan— F. P. L.

Worthing, Helen Lee—playing Wanda von Gluck in The Show—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. C. B.—C. C. Burr.
C. P.—Cosmopolitan Productions.
E. S.—Ernest Shipman.
F. F.—Famous Players-Lasky.
F. G.—Film Booking Offices.
F. X.—First National.
H. P.—Halpern Productions.
H. S.—Hunt Stromberg.
I. P.—Inscription Pictures.
M. G. M.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
P. P.—Phantom Pictures.
P. C.—Producers Distributing Corporation.
R. F.—Regal Productions.
U.—Universal.
V.—Vitagraph.
W. B.—Warner Brothers.
W. B.—Whitman Bennett.
W. F.—William Fox.

Like a Fairy Gift—does she regard

Pum-Kin Rouge Just a single application and the pallor of her lovely skin is transformed to a radiance that is marvelously natural

Pum-Kin Rouge is doing us much for thousands of discriminating women each day

The Owl Drug Co.
San Francisco, 60 Marion Bldg.,
Chicago, 42.10 Madison St.
Los Angeles, 620 Broadway
New York, 120 W. 17th St.

By Mail 75c Post paid
All Owl Drug Stores and
Authorized Owl Agencies

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.


Mary Astor and Reginald Denny in
Oh, Doctor

Critical Paragraphs

(Continued from page 121)

with utter simplicity and economy of effort
a story of a misinaturned—of a youth
married to a woman far beyond his year.
He finely suggests his tragic loneliness—
her feminine wish to retain her girlhood.
It is fortunate that he had an actress of
Pauline Frederick's sympathy and under-
standing to play the role.

Oh, Doctor!

All the fine play of a sparkling, effec-
tive comedy is expressed in this film
version of Harry Leon Wilson's story.
From the moment that Reginald Denny
appears as the "hypo" suffering from an
imaginary illness—and, in the first
scene and in a confirmed invalid—there is
t&lt;an dull scene. The star plays the part in
the manner of a grown-up Fauntleroy. The
"crew of tocks" of his impulses become inter-
test in a pretty nurse. To win her
respect he becomes a reckless daredevil.
There is a plot to it—and the incident is
bright and abundant. A sure treat.

Norma Poses for Her Portrait

(Continued from page 38)

give still greater beauty and charm.
Just that morning, she told me, Morris
Gest had asked her to play the role of
the Madonna in The Miracle when he
produced it again.

"How I should love to do it," she ex-
plained, "even for a few days! But
alas! I am always far too busy. Besides,
I could never stand rigid for forty-five
minutes on any stage. I fear.

But our time had flashed past; we had
forgotten it was Monday morning. A se-
cretary appeared at the door, carrying a
book of appointments. There was one
with a Fifth Avenue modiste; an interview
with a national magazine; there were many
calls to make; then tea, and the theater in
the evening.

A maid came, bringing her street
clothes—just at this point Mr. Schenck
rushed in. My studio was thrown into
confusion.

"Strange how my husband should find
business in New York during the week of
During all this confusion she remained
perfectly poised and calm. It was only
the others who were excited. Then with
a charming smile and a friendly "Good-
bye," she was off for her next engagement.
So passed two hours of a busy day in
the life of a truly great artiste, Norma Tal-
madge.

Advertising Section

Watch Harold Lloyd, the famous
Pathé star, in his great pictures,
"Hot Water," How "crazy" he
proved! For from it! In private
life and in his preparation for
his successors he is one of the best
funny men in America.

What makes
HAROLD LLOYD stand out
from the crowd?

See Harold Lloyd in one of his big, wholesome,
side-splitting comedies, and you will say:
"Thousands of young men had as good a chance as he had.
How has he become America's favorite? What is his
secret?"

You will find the answer when you know what Harold
Lloyd does in his spare time. Visit him and look at the
books he reads.
In his private library, for one thing, is Dr. Eliot's Five-
Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics).
Books of this kind, wisely selected, have made Lloyd's
mind as agile as his body.

Take stars like Rudolph Valentino, Constance Tal-
madge, May McAvoy, Clara Kimball Young. Was it by
accident that they reached the heights they now occupy?
What makes them stand out from the crowd?
The secret is this—they have spent their spare time in
making themselves interesting people. In their libraries,
ou, you will find Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books.
And they are only a few of the screen favorites who have
discovered this great secret of personality. Glance
through the names at the left.

Why not decide today to profit from your reading hours?
Why not say: "From now on, I will give my mind a fair
courage to grow. I will read only the books that will
build me into a successful man or woman—the books
that have proved their building power in other lives."
You can do it if you will. Your reading problem has
been solved; the solution is contained in a free booklet
that every ambitious man and woman should own. It
is called "Fifteen Minutes a Day" and it tells the whole
story of

DR. ELIOT'S
FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

the most famous collection of literature in the world.

Let us send you a complimentary copy of this booklet, that tells how
Dr. Eliot has put into his Five-Foot Shelf (The Harvard Classics)
the essentials of a liberal education; how he has so arranged it that
books that have proved their building power in other lives."
You can do it if you will. Your reading problem has
been solved; the solution is contained in a free booklet
that every ambitious man and woman should own. It
is called "Fifteen Minutes a Day" and it tells the whole
story of

DR. ELIOT'S
FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

the most famous collection of literature in the world.

Let us send you a complimentary copy of this booklet, that tells how
Dr. Eliot has put into his Five-Foot Shelf (The Harvard Classics)
the essentials of a liberal education; how he has so arranged it that
even fifteen minutes a day are enough to give you the knowledge
of literature and of life, the culture and the thinking capacity which
are the tools of success in life.

For me," wrote one man who had sent in the coupon, "your little
free book meant a big step forward, and it showed me besides the way
to a vast new world of pleasure."

It is a valuable book, but it will cost you nothing. Send for it today.

P. F. Coller & Son Company,
44 West 13th Street, New York City
By mail, free send me the little guidebook
to the most famous books in the world, describ-
ing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The
Harvard Classics) and containing the plan of
reading recommended by Dr. Eliot of Harvard.

Name
Address

1041 H. C. W. L.
For stubborn unruly hair—try this

MOISTEN your hair very slightly then apply just a touch of Stacomb before you brush it. Your hair will be instantly smooth and lustrous—and it will stay that way all day.

Stacomb also helps prevent dandruff. It keeps your scalp clean, your hair looking better and healthier than ever before. Not sticky or gummy. In jars and tubes or in liquid form, at all drug and department stores.

Stacomb

FREE OFFER

Standard Laboratories, Inc., Dept. O-17
112 West 18th Street, New York City
Send me, free, a generous sample tube of Stacomb.

Name

Address

Youth-Ami Skin Peel A New Scientific Discovery which painlessly and harmlessly replaces the old skin with a new and removes all Surface Blemishes, Pimples, Blackheads, Discolorations, Tan, Eczema, Acne, Large Pores, etc. A non-acid, inviolable liquid. Produces a healthy new skin, beautiful as a baby’s. Result: notoriety. Boxed: "The Magic of a New Skin" free in plain mailing envelope.

Youth-Ami Laboratories, Dept. DB, 36 E. 16th St., New York

$2.50 to $100 for one drawing.

Learn to Draw at Home

New Method Makes It Amazingly Easy

Trained artists earn from $50 to over $200 a week. Tremendous demand right now for good art work. Magazines, newspapers, advertisers, printing houses, etc. Become an artist through wonderful new easy method—right at home in spare time. Learn by sending in, free, our free book and details of special free offer. Write for free book and details of special free offer. Mail postcard or letter now.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART

Bldg. B-C, 110 16th St., N. W.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Advertising Section

On the Camera Coast (Continued from page 117)

to direct the screen version of her novel, Mau and Maid.

George Ade has arrived in Hollywood to help Tommy Meighan make a picture from one of the Ade stories. A Los Angeles reporter interviewing Mr. Ade, asked him about his famous farm in Indiana. “That farm,” he replied, “isn’t a place that I keep to go to: I only keep that to refer to.”

Santa Petrowa, reared in the Russian nobility, has come to Hollywood to be a screen actress.

If it still means anything to an excited world, here’s why Rudolph Valentino’s beard has disappeared. He is to make Cabra at the United with a cast not, at this writing, announced. Valentino has quite charmed his friends with his modesty and simplicity since his return. He has settled down in a home in Beverly Hills and is saving a great deal of money. Rudolph will soon he independently rich. He has a business manager who allows him just two hundred and fifty dollars a week to spend, and invests the balance. If Ruddy splurges over the two hundred and fifty dollars in one week, the ruthless manager takes it out of the next week’s installment.

The lure of diplomacy has been too strong for Agnes Ayres. She has canceled her Los Angeles movie contract and has gone to Mexico with her husband, Señor S. Manuel Rechei, who is in the diplomatic service of Mexico. Last month rumors that Miss Ayres may return and make a series of pictures in San Francisco.

Mildred Harris, the first Mrs. Charlie Chaplin, is to play the lead in a “Western” with Harry Carey.

It is doubtful if Will Rogers ever returns to films, according to the statements of the producers. Rogers is rich and he doesn’t want as much for the films as for the stage: so why worry, thinks he.

Jack Pickford has been engaged as a featured player to appear in support of Nazimova in My Son to be directed by Robert Carewe. Jack will play the role of a Portuguese fisher boy, who loves three women.

Hollywood evidently didn’t make much of the trip to New Lafayette, who came over here a year or so ago to play Trilly. She married Max Constant, who came over on the same boat to play in the picture. M. Constant has been granted a divorce in the Los Angeles courts because Miss Lafayette is in Paris and refuses to come to this barbarous country.

Anne Cornwall has been seriously ill as the result of exposure while taking scenes for a Douglas MacLean comedy on Mount Rainier in Washington State.

Belle Bennett was married to Fred Windemere, the director, recently.

Another bride of the month was Ruth Clifford, daughter of Richard Cornelius, a young banker of Beverly Hills.

Levis Stone and Alice Terry are both to be featured players in Victor Seastrom’s Kinga in Exile.

Jack Root, formerly a prize-fight cham-

pion, has entered one of the most successful of motion picture exhibitions, recently returned from a trip to England with George Harris, an English comedian. Col. Harry T. Milligan, who owns Harris, was put under contract by Mack Sennett. He is very small, being considerably less than five feet tall. He is one of the famous stars of the London music halls.

50 Days’ Free Trial.

Select 44 Styles, colors

from 100000000000000

Amber, Gold, Green, Blue, White, and all shades.

Delivered free everywhere, guarantee prepaid, all over the country.

$5 A Month

Tires

Write today for FREE BOOKLET.

Write today for FREE BOOKLET

WHEELS, TIRES, Jockey, Equipment at

Write today for list of free goods by men.

WHEELS, TIRES, Jockey, Equipment at

FREE A CANDID-TYPE STENO—telling how I earned $200 in one year.

E.S. EIVIS, 222 Daniel Blvd., Kansas City, Mo.

Photoplay Ideas Wanted

Your Skin Can Be Quickly Cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne, Eruptions on the face or any part of the body. Eczema, Enlarged Pores and Oily or Shiny Skin, etc.

FREE “A CANDID-TYPE STENO”—telling how I earned $200 in one year.

E.S. EIVIS, 222 Daniel Blvd., Kansas City, Mo.

Photoplay Ideas Wanted

Don’t send your manuscripts to studios until first pro-
tected by copyright. Photos accepted in any form: re-
vivid, copyrighted, embossed, stained. We are not

a school—no courses or books to sell. Advice free.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO CORPORATION

260 Security Bldg. San Francisco and Western Ave.

Bollywood, California

Publishers Popular Scenario Writer

High School Course in 2 Years. You can complete
the required course work in High School without going
to any school—no courses or books to sell. Advice free.

AMERICAN SCHOOL

Dept. H-354, Great Aves. & S. 8th St., OAKLAND 9, CALIF.

High School Course in 2 Years. You can complete
the required course work in High School without going
to any school—no courses or books to sell. Advice free.

AMERICAN SCHOOL

Dept. H-354, Great Aves. & S. 8th St., OAKLAND 9, CALIF.

High School Course in 2 Years. You can complete
the required course work in High School without going
to any school—no courses or books to sell. Advice free.

AMERICAN SCHOOL

Dept. H-354, Great Aves. & S. 8th St., OAKLAND 9, CALIF.

High School Course in 2 Years. You can complete
the required course work in High School without going
to any school—no courses or books to sell. Advice free.

AMERICAN SCHOOL

Dept. H-354, Great Aves. & S. 8th St., OAKLAND 9, CALIF.

High School Course in 2 Years. You can complete
the required course work in High School without going
to any school—no courses or books to sell. Advice free.

AMERICAN SCHOOL

Dept. H-354, Great Aves. & S. 8th St., OAKLAND 9, CALIF.

High School Course in 2 Years. You can complete
the required course work in High School without going

AMERICAN SCHOOL

Dept. H-354, Great Aves. & S. 8th St., OAKLAND 9, CALIF.
Manufacturers, Distributors and Studios of Motion Pictures

OUTSIDE NEW YORK

American Film Co., 6227 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.
Bennett, Chester Prod., 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.
Century Comedies, 6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Chaplin, Charles, Studios, 1420 La Brea Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.
Christie Film Corp., 6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Commonwealth Pictures, Corp., 220 So. State Street, Chicago, III.
Coogan, Jackie, Prod., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.
Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 1530 Vine Street, Hollywood, Calif.
Garson Studios, Inc., 1845 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Graf Prod., Inc., 315 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Calif.
Hart, William S., Prod., 6404 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Lloyd, Harold, Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Mayer, Louis B., Studios, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.
Metro Studios, 1925 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Calif.
Pathé Frères, 1 Congress Street, Jersey City, N. J.
Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Ray, Charles, Studios, 1425 Fleming Street, Los Angeles, Calif.
Roach, Hal E., Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Roland, Ruth, Prod., Culver City, Calif.
Robertson-Cole Studios, 780 Gower Street, Los Angeles, Calif.
Sennett, Mack, Studios, 1712 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Schulberg, B. F., Prod., 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.
Sel Lesser Prod., 7250 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Stahl, John M., Prod., 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.
Talmadge Prod., 5511 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.
Tiffany Productions, Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Tourneur, Maurice, Prod., United Studios, Los Angeles, Calif.
United Studios Inc., Los Angeles, Calif.
Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.
Vitagraph Studios, 1708 Talmadge Street, Hollywood, Calif.
Warner Brothers, Studios, Bronson Avenue and Sunset Blvd., Holly-
wood, Calif.

Be yourself!

POGO helps! It's a hand-made rouge—a Frenchman invented it—to match nature. It blends perfectly with the skin's pigments and gently heightens facial charm.

So creamy-smooth is its composition—so exquisite its quality—that it tones in as naturally as the normal glow of youth.

POGO once applied is hard to detect—for it not only becomes you, but becomes you. Insist on POGO at your favorite store—or order from us. Price 50c.

GUY T. GIBSON, Inc.
Distributors of Cine Perfumes
165 Fifth Avenue, New York
Made, boxed and packed in France

Giving You the Best

HE pours dreams, energies, perfection into his product—determined to give you the best.

A food perhaps. He thinks, "Somewhere the finest grain is milled" or "the finest fruit is grown." "My product must have the best." He isn't satisfied until he has found it—for you.

He tells you proudly thru his advertisements, "You can buy all the dreams, energies and perfection I have poured into this product—for 25c."

He doesn't say, "I like it." He forgets self. He holds out a promise and a fulfillment. He says, "You'll like it."

Read the advertisements that come your way.

The World’s Most FAMOUS BEAUTIES Have Curled Hair!

The crowning glory of a woman is her hair—and the crowning glory of straight hair is Kurley Kews.

Send 25c and we will send to you
2 Packages 4” Kurley Key Wavers.
1 Package Kurley Key Krimpers.

KURLEY KEW, Inc.
33 West 60th Street New York City

$180 Offered for Ring

$180 Offered for Ring

That’s what one of our customers says, Elite Diamonds are so gorgeous and dazzling even experts could not tell them from genuine diamonds without their experience. Elite Gems are nearest approach to Genuine Diamond. Retain their brilliance and outsparkle others because they have received face cutting as genuine diamonds. See for yourself their beauty.

SENT ON APPROVAL—Make Test

Then Decide

So sure are we of our quality that, if you're not satisfied, you may return your purchase for a full refund of your purchase price. All rings are boxed and packed in handsome display cases.

FREE CHOICE WITH RING ORDER

Beautiful Sterling Silver Bar Pin or Rhinestones or LargE Emerald Bar Pin or Rhinestones or Large Jade Bar Pin or Rhinestones.

Send $3.00 and the Ring of your choice, or we will send to you.

ELITE JEWELRY HOUSE
5617 S. Broadway, Chicago
Your Yardstick

THE story of man’s progress is written daily on the printed page—in messages from all corners of the globe. Only history can measure it.

Yet the progress that concerns you most—the better talcums, tooth-brushes, shoes and automobiles that can give you daily satisfaction—you can measure as you read.

Advertisements are your local yardsticks. They tell of the new and the best your own dealers carry.

If you read the advertisements, you can buy wares that repay your confidence—wares widely advertised because widely believed in. Moreover, by helping you select the new, economical and best today, the advertisements help you save for the new and best tomorrow.

Let the advertisements in Motion Picture Magazine keep you alert, progressive. Let them help you save
The Charm Your Mirror Does Not Show

Your mirror can show you a perfect skin, bright eyes, a graceful figure and an enchanting gown. But you can add still another charm—one that is lovely in itself, and that seems to enhance all the others. Your mirror cannot show it to you, but you will see it reflected in the admiration of those about you. It is the charm of perfume—the final touch that makes all the rest perfect.

Choose your perfume as carefully as you do your loveliest frock. Be sure that it harmonizes with your type, so that it seems to belong to you alone.

COLGATE'S Perfumes
IN PARIS—in New York—more women use this Liquid Polish than any other

The originator of the famous Cutex manicure, who revolutionized the manicuring habits of the world, perfected this wonderful finish for the nails. It is so perfect that in Paris, the home of sophisticated toilettries for lovely women, this American product—Cutex Liquid Polish—sells more than any other Liquid Polish!

One that you can depend on as you have always depended on the other lovely Cutex preparations. It is just the rose color of this season's smart Parisian Manicure spreads smoother and more evenly won't peel off gives a deep natural polish water will not dull lasts a whole week needs no separate polish remover

To enjoy this touch of Parisian elegance to the full, send the coupon below for this wonderful Liquid Polish together with the famous Cutex Cuticle Remover that is the basis of correct manicuring. Or a full sized bottle is 35c.

Enclose 6c in stamps or coin for enough Liquid Polish and Cuticle Remover for 6 manicures.

Northam Warren, Dept. M-3
114 West 17th Street, New York

What we send you in 6c package

This 6c package contains Cutex Liquid Polish and Cutex Cuticle Remover, enough of both for 6 manucures, a brush, emery board, orange stick, cotton and booklet, “How to Have Lovely Nails.” Address Northam Warren, 114 W. 17th St., New York or 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada.

CUTEX Liquid Polish
Soap from Trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—and no other fats whatsoever

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, *nothing else*, give Palmolive its green color

*NOTHING* is hidden, for there is nothing to hide. No ordinary soap oils tolerated, no “super-fatting,” no “super Anything.” Palmolive’s only secret is in its blending.

And that secret blend is judged one of the world’s priceless beauty secrets. The beautiful, natural complexions one out of every two women has today proves it.

Wash, launder, cleanse with any soap you choose—but when beauty is at stake, use a soap made to protect it.

60 years study to insure women keeping “That Schoolgirl Complexion” makes Palmolive safe to use.

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped.
At Last!
Here's a Vanitie for Loose Powder
That Cannot Spill

Now you can safely carry your favorite loose powder wherever you go

So clever—so simple—so convenient—so practical—and so economical!
You've longed for a vanitie like this. You've put up with gritty, crumbling cake powder because you simply had no choice in the matter.

But now comes genuine relief—the Norida Vanitie—a new patented non-spilling powder case—as dainty and beautiful as it is practical. In it you carry your favorite loose powder wherever you go. You can safely carry it in your purse, shopping bag or pocket—you can even turn it upside down—yet the loose powder cannot spill. A patented feature keeps the powder securely sealed.

And just think of this feature: When your Norida is empty, you refill it yourself with your favorite loose powder taken right from the original package.

You must see and use a Norida Vanitie in order to appreciate it fully. Drug stores, department stores, beauty shops and all toilet goods counters are being supplied as fast as our distributors can make deliveries. The price is $1.50 filled with Fleur Sauvage (wildflower) Poudre, a fragrant imported French Powder in your favorite shade.

The Norida Vanitie is a handsome, dainty thin case—if just the right size. Comes in gilt and silver finishes.

AT ALL TOILET GOODS COUNTERS
If your dealer cannot supply you with a Norida Vanitie, we will send you one, postpaid, upon receipt of $1.50. State the shade of powder you desire.

NORIDA PARFUMERIE
630 S. WABASH AVE. CHICAGO, ILL.
Personalities of Paramount

Gloria Swanson

Who shall say what is the secret of Gloria Swanson's rise to the very pinnacle of screen fame?

The moment her features and figure appear in the picture millions of eyes are more intent than before, the spell is deepened, and box office records occur.

The pleasure lies for many in watching the star exercise her power as it might be in real life. Few will forget how in Bluebeard's Eighth Wife she keeps a wayward husband at her beck and call. In The Humming Bird the rags of a Paris gamin do but help to reveal an astonishing versatility, which is continued in Manhandle wherein Gloria clowns it through subway scenes and bargain basements and society studios most laughably.

The recent Paramount Pictures, Her Love Story and Wages of Virtue, contain still more evidence of quite different Glorias, while her latest picture is Madame Sans-Gene. This was made in and near Paris with the support of leading lights of the French Stage.

Paramount Pictures

What Paramount Can Mean to You

Paramount puts you in warm touch with the beating heart of men and women.

Simply take your seat where the sign says "It's a Paramount Picture," and become as one with the crowd enjoying the best show in town.

What magic is it that makes Paramount Pictures the sort you always like to see? The magic of Stars, Directors, Casts cast right, Great Plots, Long Experience, Ample Funds and Highest Entertainment Ideals!

If a producer is missing on any one of these points his pictures are missing too.

Today, Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is out to change the bother and worry of life to brightness and gaiety for everyone.

Man lives not by work alone.

Not a tiny community anywhere need be left without entertainment of highest quality. Not a soul need leave a theatre anywhere feeling lonely.

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

When you write to advertisers please mention Motion Picture Magazine.
SIGHT GIVES INSIGHT

Let us have a free theater where there is room for everything but incompetence, hypocrisy, and stupidity. . . where we can be shocked by what is horrible, where we can laugh at what is grotesque, where we can see life without shrinking back in terror.

—August Strindberg

About fifteen years ago, when I sat down to design this, the first motion picture magazine in existence, very few people had the foresight to see into what a colossal giant the then baby industry was to grow. From the nickel shows in the back of stores and saloons I have watched them grow into the marble palaces on Broadway, and I have gradually beheld the magic transformation of the uncouth neighbor in overalls sitting next me into the polished gentleman in evening dress. Where I once gazed in wonder at the crude one-reel melodrama of Broncho Billy holding up a stagecoach, or at a pie-throwing farce, I now behold a marvelous Ten Commandments, or an artistic, million-dollar comedy by artists such as Harold Lloyd or Buster Keaton. Where once I saw "sets" made out of a few boards, a few dollars' worth of wall-paper, and pieces of cheap, borrowed furniture, I now observe gorgeous salons, marble mansions and whole cities that were built at enormous expense for a mere flash on the silver sheet. Pictures were then made that cost but a few hundred dollars; now it is not uncommon to see pictures that cost a million. Salaries that were once a few dollars a day are now as much as a thousand dollars a day, and more.

And what does it all mean? Is the motion picture merely a pastime for the public? The drama is about twenty centuries old; the motion picture about a quarter of a century; what will the latter be when it is 1975 years older? The drama appears to have advanced but little, if at all, since the days of the Booths; whereas pictures certainly advance year by year. A play is seen by only a few hundred at a time; a picture may be seen by a dozen million in a single night. What a power for good or for ill! Not that pictures are to supplant the pulpit, nor that the screen is to usurp the school. Every day fifteen million people are learning something from the silver sheet. They unconsciously study character, manners, motives, emotions, life; their own characters are being molded by what they see and absorb. The poor learn how the rich live, the idle see the hardships of the workers, the American learns something of the manners and morals of his brothers across the seas, and each nation studies the other. If the motion picture were in the exclusive hands of one man, he could almost accomplish what Alexander did and Napoleon nearly did. What if Confucius, Mohammed, Zoroaster, Caesar, Luther, had had control of the motion picture! What if Kaiser Wilhelm had had it! More powerful than the ballot or the bullet, it can sway multitudes, breed wars, make or unmake empires.

Fortunately, the motion picture is free to all. It is not controlled by any one man or group of men. But you, gentlemen, you who hire men to write and to direct your plays: do you realize the responsibility that Chance and Fate have placed on your heads? It is great to be a giant; it is not great to act like one. You owe much to the world. You must and should make money, yet that is not all—you must use your powers not like a giant, but as a ruler great and good whose people have rested their welfare in your hands. If you do not, either one of two things will happen: you will be forced unwillingly into the clutches of the dread censors, or the people will wrest the scepter from you by force. We are not afraid to see life as it is, however horrible; we do not ask you to produce for the Sunday schools nor for His Highness, Canon Chase; but we do ask you to be honest with yourselves and faithful to your trust, never forgetting that sight gives insight.
Alaskan, The—Not up to the caliber of some of his earlier films. Directed by Tom Meighan. Too conventional and old-fashioned in its treatment. Carries wonderful background music. (Arab, The—Romantic melodrama, by Edouard touching musician and actress of Ramon Navarro and Alice Terry. (Babbit—Too wordy in its treatment and never develops into a complete character. Characters somewhat indelicate. Interesting in spots. (Barbara Fricchio—Presents flashes of conflict of North and South, founded on play of same name. Costume plot reveals Northern hero and Southern girl—with romance sweeping aside the songs of hate. A man of strong character, an actor that is quite pleasing. (Beloved Brute, The—An exciting melodrama, thought to be a new and different novel, which eventually meets his master. Characterization more strongly drawn in this novel than in the original. Title-tale colorfully played by Victor McGlag—(Beloved Vagabond, The—Affords moments of heart appeal and a mild, but fragrant romance of action and adventure. The girl loves in order that she may marry. Youth after adventurous career marries, and the girl accepts. Good atmosphere, fair acting. (B.F.O.)(Beverly Hills, The—Character sketches of Charles Norris’ novel shapes up as conventional film material which introduces a new and interesting theme in picture making. It is a well-made picture. Firmly planted that woman’s place is in the home. No high lights. Fair entertainment. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)(Broadway Dark After—Here is melodrama executed in the best traditions of the screen. Hardly touched, teems with action and carries strong elements of top-notch entertainment. (Vitagraph)(Carnival Hours—Characters portray a little wisp of human rotsman who is washed ashore and taken in by gentry. He is sent away from them accepting him into family. Atmosphere good, acting ably taken care of by Baby Parrish and John Ford. Good of its kind. (Priscilla)(Christine of the Hungry Heart—This is the year of the marriage melodrama. The romance is true and the actress is actually given the wrong man. Something new in plot. Florence Vidor brings feeling to the character of the title. Fair enough. (Unct First National)(Comedy Without the A—S. M. Hutton’s novel makes a most compelling play as treated by J. Stuart Blackton and Mary Pickford. Minnesota—The man in question. All appealing. The world is his oyster. (D. W. G.)(Code of the Sea—Old-time ingredients in this melodrama do not have quite the same appeal. The girl quibbles herself thru girl’s belief in him. Appealing to its action and style of photography. Fairly well acted. Interesting. (Paramount)(Conspirators—This is a well-done convention. The newcomer, who has been developing around middle-aged man married to conquer-—and is suddenly mounted and fairly acted. Lewis Stone, Irene Rich and Alfred Ruben as the conspirators. (Loew’s)(Danger Line, The—Seesue, Hayakawa again. Back in an emotional drama dealing with the triangle situation between the part-Japanese American, the British sailor trying to seal affections of the Japanese woman’s lover. Has some good scenes, and excellent pantomime as furnaced by star. Worth looking over. (Film Daily)(Dangerous Blonde, The—Light and rather incon- sequent treatment of a girl with a spirit in this tale of a girl saving her father from being compromised by adventurers by getting the damsel’s letters. Enjoyable. Smile with Laura La Plante. (Universe)(Don Juan, Infamous—Presents in vivid fashion a sermon on what befalls a worshipper of wealth. Modern story linked up with graphic scenes of the upper class society. An exciting and vividly, pictorially satisfying. (Fox)(Dying Desire—A very interesting situation in rather unconventional fashion. Brush aside the talk of the day and find a good story of romance, of the unusual. Well done—with plenty of physical and mental conflict. (RKO Pictures)(Enchanted Courtage, The—A beautiful exposition of the revolving door. The lives of two unfortunate. They see each other as perfect, the other has physical defects. Is done with fine imagination and good photography. Director: Ernst Lubitsch, director of Nobody’s Sweetheart and May McAvoy. Will touch your heart. (Inspiration First National)(Enemy Sex, The—The best vehicle Betty Comp- my has had since the “Miracle Man.” An accent Johnson story of a chorus girl who refuses wealth. Drama that has the advantage of a very exciting romance. The girl’s first life of a volded addicted to drink. Betty Compson is irreplaceable. Excellent supporting cast. At last, a well-done romantic film. (RKO Pictures)(Female, The—Betty Compson in South African surroundings.}
FREE! Both 10-Piece White Enamel Kitchen Set & 9-Piece Handled Enamel Canister Set FREE!

1-

Just mail the coupon with $1 and Hartman, the
Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World,
will send you this splendid complete 32-Piece
Aluminum Cooking Set, and with it absolutely
FREE the 10-Piece Combination Kitchen Set and
handy 9-Piece Canister Set described at right. Use
all three sets 30 days on Free Trial, and
if not more than satisfied, send them back and we will
refund your $1 and pay transportation charges both ways. If
you keep them, pay only for Aluminum Set, a little each
month. Keep both the Kitchen Set and Canister
Sets as gifts from Hartman.

A Complete Cooking Outfit—Guaranteed for Life

This is Hartman’s famous, special, selected set of heavy gauge Aluminum Ware—a complete
cooking outfit, light to handle, easy to clean, always bright as silver. Will never chip, crack or
rust. So durable that we guarantee it for 32 utensils—everything you need for baking, boiling, frying, etc. And, think of it—

FREE 10-Piece Kitchen Set and 9-Pc. Canister Set
Both free with Aluminum Set. Kitchen Set includes: Pasta Maker, Mixing Spoon, Measuring Spoon, Foil Pan, Egg and Cream Beater, Can Opener, Vegetable and Fruge Brush, Fork, Egg and Cake Turner, Wallet. All have well governored handles and hang on wall rack. Canister Set includes: Large containers for Tea, Coffee, Sugar, etc., and Roads, Linen, and Pot, allfastened in only with black lettering designating contents. Offered limited.

Nearly a Year to Pay

This offer proves that Hartman gives the
world’s most liberal terms and the world’s
greatest values in dependable merchandise.
Send only $1 now and that will be your first payment on the Aluminum Set. Then, if after 30 days’ trial you decide to keep it, take nearly a year to pay for the Aluminum Set only—a little every month. Pay nothing for the Kitchen Set or Canister Set at any time. Offer is limited. Mail the coupon NOW, while you can get the wonderful Free Gifts.

Order by No. 417GMA14. Price for Aluminum Set, $18.95. Send $1 with order. Balance $2 monthly. 10-Piece Kitchen Set and 9-Piece Canister Set are FREE.

Just Pin a Dollar Bill to Coupon—Mail Today

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.
Dept. 7209  Chicago

Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Mellin’s Food

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 to us 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.
This Number Contains:

COVER DESIGN—Pola Negri, painted by M. Paddock .............................................. Cover
A GUIDE TO 100 CURRENT PICTURES—Pictures are alphabetted by title and briefly criticized ... 6
THEY'RE CHEATERS—An astounding disclosure but NOT a Hollywood scandal .... by Harry Carr 20-21
SOME WILD WOMEN—Pictures of feminine thunder-storms bursting over masculine heads ... 22-23
RAMON NOVARRO AS THE GALLEY SLAVE—Ramon's favorite study of himself in his new role. 24
HOLLYWOOD'S NEW SHEIK—He tells Harry Carr about his dramatic début in pictures ..... 25
THE STORY OF MY LIFE—The autobiography of Lois Wilson ...................................... 26-28
SEEING STARS!—A page of the sketches submitted in our Artists' Prize Contest ............. 29
MALCOLM McGREGOR AND DAUGHTER JEAN PLAY HOOKEY—Two snap-shots ................... 30
TEACHING AN OLD DOG NEW TRICKS—Special pictures of Virginia Valli .................... 31
WHAT DO THE STARS DO WITH THEIR OLD CLOTHES? ........................................... 32-33
THE MYSTERY OF POLA NEGRI—The truth about this actress who changes her emotional clothes in public ................................................ by Harry Carr 34-35
NEW TOYS—A fictionalization of Richard Barthelmess' new picture ............................ 36-38
THREE IS NOT A CROWD—A special home study of the Barthelmess trio ....................... 39
REELING WITH LAUGHTER—Amusing scenes from current comedies .......................... 40-41
FACTS I CAN READ IN THE FACES OF STARS—Character analyses of Norma Shearer, Doris Kenyon, Jack Pickford and Lionel Barrymore by P. Vause de Reve 42-43
WE CONGRATULATE—Portraits of winners of our Beauty Contests, who are now famous stars 44
WHOSE HAND?—Part IV of our mystery serial, which is replete with thrills by W. Adolphe Roberts 45-47
A PENSIVE MARY—A home portrait of Mary Pickford posed specially for this magazine . 48
NEW PICTURES IN BRIEF REVIEW—Twenty-four films just released ......................... 49-52
THEY'VE JUST RECEIVED THE DEGREE OF M. R. S.—Meaning Mrs. Cruze and Mrs. Blue 53
CONFIDENCES OFF-SCREEN—With Norma Talmadge, Antonio Moreno, Milton Sills, etc. by W. Adolphe Roberts 54-55
FOUR GREAT STARS—Appearing in new roles in The Phantom of the Opera 56-57
THAT'S OUT—Keen comment by a recognized master of satire and humor by Tannor Lane 58
CLORIA SWANSON GREETS YOU—From her drawing-room just before leaving Paris 59
ME AND MY DOG—Pictures of men stars of the screen with stories by them about their dogs 60-63
THE LUCKY THIRTEEN ON BEAUTY'S ROLL OF HONOR—Pictures and descriptions of the Baby Wampas Stars, who introduce our new Beauty Department 64-65
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?—Douglas Fairbanks, Rudolph Valentino, and Jackie Coogan, three very unhappy motion picture stars ........................................ 66
WE'RE ASKING YOU—A Question-Box conducted for the readers by the Editorial Staff 67
EAST CAN BE WEST—Anna May Wong as an Oriental, and as an Indian maiden 68
ON THE CAMERA COAST—News and gossip of stars and studios in the West by Harry Carr 69-71
CHEERS AND HISSES—Excerpts from letters which we have received from our Readers 72
WHAT MAKES AN ACTOR GREAT—Studies of George Hackathorne 73
ALONG THE ATLANTIC WAY—News and gossip of stars and studios in the East by Hal Howe 74-75
THE ANSWER MAN—Replies to fans who have asked for information about pictures and stars 76
WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING—An alphabetical list of players, giving their present activities by Gertrude Driscoll 80

APRIL, 1925
The Venus of Today

When Modern Loveliness meets Ancient Art—Modern Loveliness seems very lovely.
The American Girl of Today is both beautiful and wise. She demonstrates her wisdom by choosing—TRE-JUR.

In all the world there are no compacts to match their worth. Each contains a quality of cosmetic to please the finest skin. Each is delightfully scented with JOLI-MEMOIRE—as fragrant as a little breath of heaven.

At your favorite toilet goods counter you'll find TRE-JUR—a compact for every need—another surprising 60 cts. mail from us.

Every compact case is an inspired invention. Judge, for instance, THE TRE-JUR TRIPLE. Powder, lipstick, and rouge—all arranged to serve you swiftly and well. The compact, complete with all its charm, is yours for $1.25.
Then, there's THE TRE-JUR THINEST—scarcely deeper than a dollar—and that's precisely what it costs. The lovely case just fits the palm. The mirror is generously large—the powder ample and of exquisite quality.

THE HOUSE OF TRE-JUR, 19 West 18th St., New York

New: TRE-JUR Loose Face Powder, exquisite quality, delicate's covered, all in one—$1.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Carmel Myers

This is a Carmel who is strictly Parisian, and looks not at all like the Carmel who is Iris, in "Ben Hur"
When you fans of feminine persuasion were flappers in high school, wasn’t there always just one boy in attendance for whom all the girls languished, much to the disgust of your classmates of masculine persuasion? And didn’t that one boy look like Bobby Agnew? Well, is it any wonder then that Bobby is popular on the screen? When he flashes that smile, all the girls in the audience want to cry for more. He’s just finished work on “The Man Without a Conscience.” At the right, with Mary Astor, is Bobby trying to look like a man named Robert.
We dont know what's the matter with Julanne. Hollywood is desolate without her; producing companies in New York are offering one inducement after another; but she refuses to return to America. Ever since her great success as the Princess in "The Thief of Bagdad," she has flirted with home folks, and has kept her beautiful self in Europe. However, after completing Sir Philip Gibb's "The City of Temptation," she promised to come back to us—that was one day. The next day, she cabled that Sir Philip wanted her to be the screen heroine of a second story, so she wasn't returning. But the next day she changed her mind again; then again; and so on. At this writing we dont know what Julanne is going to do. At the left she's the exiled Russian Princess of "The City of Temptation," consoled by Malcolm Tod, an English hero.
Mr. Dix wishes us to assure you that he's not trying to imitate a Sheik or a Latin Lover. You'll see him costumed in this unusual and elaborate fashion for a Spanish Fandango in "Too Many Kisses." But he wears these gay garments for a few film moments only, then Richard is himself again.
They're making a picture in Hollywood that the producers declare will set the styles for women's costumes, not only for this summer and fall, but for 1926 as well. Girls, you can't afford to miss it. It's called "The Dressmaker of Paris," and Leatrice Joy is its heroine. How do you like her severe boyish bob? She doesn't look like even a second cousin of the Leatrice pictured at the left.
There's a mixture of the wistful and the enigmatic in Constance's eyes, even in the smiling picture at the left. If it weren't that she's just out of the schoolroom, we'd say she had a broken heart. Constance does some very daredevilish stunts in "The Code of the West." Perhaps, when you watch her dropping fifty feet from a firetrap into the river bed below, you'll see an entirely different expression in her eyes. Her new pictures are "The Goose Hangs High," and "My Wife and I"
So, with the unterrified courage of young genius, he flung all his savings and all the money he could borrow into a cheater.

His was a gypsy story that had been told him by a real gypsy who had rescued him when Sture-Vasas' horse had been killed during a wild boar hunt in northern Hungary.

Not being symbolism like von Sternberg's, this one required a lot of people and a lot of money. He couldn't depend upon dreeders. He hired Shannon Day as the leading lady. She too had been waiting a long time for a real chance. He took the part of the leading man himself and he made the entire picture outdoors, to save studio expense. All in all, his picture cost sixteen thousand dollars. If it is a success, of course, it will put him on his feet as an independent producer.

It is a romantic and appealing gamble with Fate.

Both von Sternberg and Sture-Vasas never intend to make another cheater. These were only stepping-stones. There are, however, several firms—mostly audacious boys and girls—who regularly make cheaters as a steady thing.

Some of their methods are amusing.

I know one young man who is making a fortune out of it. His specialty is buying up discarded film. As is generally known, every studio takes three times the amount of "picture" that is ever used. He buys the surplus.

I saw one picture, for instance, at which the tragedy of the evening took place at a dance. This boy bought up the "trims" from a big society picture in which a masquerade ball was shown.

He showed a big "shot" of this elaborate ballroom with the crowd of dancers; then he cut to a "close-up" showing his heroine and the villain sitting at a table in a corner of the café. They kept looking off and applauding; so skilfully was this faked in that it looked as though they were applauding the dancers. But they really weren't looking at the dancers. They were looking at a bleak corner of a rented studio. The result was that his entire picture cost about one-third what the ballroom scene had cost the big producer.

Another boy I knew was making a picture in which he simply had to have a mob; that was all there was to it. A mob, or he persisted as a producer. So what did he do but rent a grocer's delivery wagon; conceal the camera inside and make it lose a wheel on the busiest traffic corner in Los Angeles. The traffic policeman came running and the bystanders came running also—to the number of several thousand. He heard a large and eloquent variety of swear words from the traffic cop; but he got his mob for nothing. It saved him five thousand dollars.

Another time it was highly important that he have a fire-engine tearing down thru the traffic. He lay in wait for a fire-engine peacefully coming home from a fire. That was easy. But how to get the rush thru the crowded traffic? He solved this problem by renting an ambulance for an hour from an undertaking establishment. With a camera concealed inside, he drove it down himself—hooting the siren whistle that gave him the right of way thru the heart of the traffic, with the traffic cops warning back the crowds.

There is a house on the edge of a hill made to order for cheaters. It stands just on the brow of a steep hill. Standing on one of the window-sills, you have the impression that the hero is looking down from a high building into a business street. As a matter of fact, he is looking down about four feet.

One of the most interesting cheaters ever made in Hollywood was made by a girl stenographer who suddenly took it into her head to be a motion-picture producer. She had nerve but almost no money.

She had the heart of a hero. She got one of her big scenes by getting on board a passenger steamer about to leave for San Francisco—and refusing to get off until she had shot what she wanted to shoot.

Another time during the making of the picture, the ruthless and unsympathetic owner of a rented automobile wanted it back because he got in a sudden panic about his pay. To have taken it would have ruined her picture. So she drew her trusty revolver and held him up at the point of it while the camera ground on for the few moments necessary.

The architect who built the Los Angeles court-house twenty-five years ago, is blessed by all makers of cheaters. He made a tunnel thru the elevators; and the entrance looks exactly like the gateway of a medieval castle. More than once, the meek and lowly court stenographers and clerks hurrying to get to work on time have found themselves—at least, their backs—figure.
Some Wild Women

If Marjorie Daw once lets go on the trigger finger, some other actor is due to cease playing his part in "Fearbound." Is the feminine of "desperado," "desperadoll"? "Doll" holds good so far as Marjorie is concerned, anyway.

Stars don't twinkle all the time. Sometimes they're like Bebe Daniels in "Miss Bluebeard," shooting sparks in all directions. When that happens, there's no place in the world for a mere man like Raymond Griffith.

There'll be a black eye for Raymond Bloomer, if Dagmar Godowsky has her way in "Greater Than Marriage."

This desperate encounter between Leon Errol and Colleen Moore, ends in a general upset. There's no doubt in our minds as to who's going to win the fight, even tho we haven't seen "Sally" yet.

A hat and a shirt like that are enough to drive any lady cowpuncher to shooting up the scenery, as you'll witness Alice Day in her next Sennett comedy.
You've seen some of these feminine storms bursting over masculine heads recently; the others are tempests due in the spring.

Beaned by a bottle of Blanche Sweet's best perfume seems likely to be the horrid destiny of Lew Cody, who must have offended rather seriously to deserve such a fate in "The Sporting Venus".

There's certainly a storm brewing in Betty Blythe's vicinity—and very likely it's a thunderstorm.

Instead of the pleasant sound of kisses in "True As Steel," the noise here is probably one loud, clear smack, as Aileen Pringle says "No" to Huntley Gordon in words of one syllable.

She's a man-eater, is Bobby Perkins, in "Daughters of the Night." And apparently Edward Rosenman didn't know this when he started the argument.

MORAL: Brainstorms are all very well in their proper place, but before you start on one it's best to be sure you can get away with it. The picture at the right shows the awful results of pulling a tantrum on the wrong person. Gloria Swanson's director favors the cold-water method of reducing temperament, and Gloria seems to be thriving on the treatment. Luckily, she's the sort of girl who is equally charming in a limousine or a washtub.
Ramon Novarro as Ben Hur, the Galley Slave
Hollywood’s New Sheik

He’s a real Latin Lover and a true aristocrat, but he has chosen an American name for the screen. He told Harry Carr the truth about his sudden rise to fame in motion pictures—and here’s the story:

HOLLYWOOD’s latest sheik was literally hooked into the movies on the horns of a wild bull.

His name for picture purposes is “Paul Ellis.” As a matter of fact, he comes from an aristocratic Argentine family in Buenos Aires.

There have been a number of gentlemen, named everything from O’Halloran to Bernstein, who have thought to win success as Latin Lovers by taking Spanish names. Mr. Ellis is the first one on record to abandon a real Latin love name for a good American one.

Perhaps he got an overdose of Latin fervor in the bull-rings of Spain where the life was almost gored out of him by the long horns of fighting Spanish bulls. His body is scarred and torn by his wounds.

He told me that his family had him headed for the career of a physician; but he ran away from school when he was fifteen years old to become a bull-fighter.

“You hear a great deal,” he said, “about bull-fighting being a tame sport. I found it to be a lot of things; but never tame.

“It is, in fact, so dangerous that we, little, ambitious amateurs, had to go to a regular bull-fighters’ college. It was conducted by an old matador who had retired from the ring. Every day he would get us out in a small bull-rind and he would pretend to be the bull, while we learned how to manipulate the sword of the matador and the cloaks and little barbed flags of the banderilleros.

“It is terribly difficult. Your body has to be like flexible steel, and your nerve has to be like the Rock of Gibraltar.

“The day finally came when I was allowed to go into the ring. Oh, my! Napoleon never felt more important.

“The first time a young toreador goes into the ring, he is set against a young bull with his horns sawed off. He has to plant the barbs in the bull’s shoulders and finally kill him with the espada. In other words, he goes thru the whole fight from beginning to end.

“You know that a bull always tries to gore the red cape—not the bull-fighter. That’s the only reason a bull-fighter lives to tell about it.

“I had been carefully trained to leave this long cape trailing on the ground behind me when I made my first bow, so the bull would occupy himself with that while I made my grand salute.

“It happened, however, that I had a sweetheart in the audience. I decided to dedicate my first bull to her. I was so occupied with making a grand flourish in her direction that I forgot about trailing the cape and kept it up under my arm. Right in the middle of the most gorgeous salute of my career, I heard some one yell, ‘Look out!’ I looked around just in time to make a kangaroo leap to save my life—which seriously interfered with my grand, dramatic moment.

“After that I always kept my attention on the bull and left the soft nothings of love for another time.”

Mr. Ellis confesses that the reason why he gave up the money and the glory of bull-fighting was his soft heart: he never could get over feeling sorry for the bull.

“I didn’t stay in the bullring quite long enough ever to attain the position of matador—the star who runs the sword thru the bull. I was a banderillero, which was less glorious but more dangerous.”

According to Mr. Ellis’ descriptions, a banderillero’s job is a mighty poor life insurance risk.

“When the bull first comes into the ring—out of the darkness of his pen—they jab a barbed, spear-like thing into his shoulder to stir up his enthusiasm, which is seldom necessary, by the way. These bulls are not like our domestic cattle. They have been bred for generations for fighting. And they would fight a herd of elephants.

“They tease him for a while with cape and flags. Then

(Continued on next page)
The Girl Whose Dreams All Came True

From the time Lois Wilson was as little as the Lois you see with her sister in the circle, she wove wonderful day-dreams in which she was the fascinating heroine of thrilling and beautiful adventures. And now those dreams have all come true—every one of her longed-for adventures has actually happened in her screen life.
The Story of My Life
An Autobiography by Lois Wilson

Lois and her sister in their teens

This popular star literally was dragged into the movies by the hair of her head. A film company wanted a girl who could be pulled thru the streets by her crowning glory, but nobody had hair long enough or strong enough to stand the strain. Then a friend pushed Lois into the limelight. One glance at the length of her braid and Lois was where she wanted to be—in the movies.

Lois and Richard Dix in a scene from one of her first starring pictures. She is a fine horsewoman and always delights in athletic roles.

When they were eight and nine

When I try to think back over my life, it is hard for me to separate the things that have really happened to me from the things I have only imagined happening. From the first I can remember I have been making up a wonderful story in which Lois Wilson, the heroine—I used to give her long, golden hair—had thrilling adventures, and the people I knew and the book people I loved were inextricably mingled.

Outwardly I was a plump, healthy, commonplace child, playing with dolls till I was fifteen, going to Sunday School, and doing my lessons; inwardly I was a little girl in a fairy-tale, my dolls were enchanted creatures, the house I lived in was a castle, my grandfather a magician, small angels with downy wings stood beside me in the Sunday School. Little Nell and Paul Dombey were familiar playmates.

Always I seem to have been haunted by the fear that someone would make me stop believing in things. The first thing I can remember is picking up my doll and having peppermints drop out of her skirts—the little, hard, old-fashioned pink-and-white button ones. After that there was a glamor about that doll. I used to walk around her, awed, hardly daring to pick her up for fear this time the magic might fail and there would be no pink-and-white peppermints raining from her petticoats, but my grandfather kept up the pretty prank, and I never tried to find out how the candy got there. I wanted then—as I want now—to believe in Magic.

Christmas was so wonderful to me that for two days before it I could not eat or sleep. It wasn't so much the presents as the "differentness" of this one time in all the year. I used to think that it was a Happy Day, on which no one could be sick or cross or sad or old. Being old was my worst bugaboo as a child, and still is. Every morning I look in my mirror to see if I look older than I did yesterday.

Not that I was afraid of dying—that...
A scene from her new picture, "Contraband," in which she plays with Raymond Hatton, Noah Beery, and Jack Holt

seemed rather pleasant to me. There was an undertaker's establishment I had to pass on my way home from school with a little white coffin in the window. I loved to look at that coffin—with its white satin upholstery, tulle draperies and silver handles, and the cross of artificial pink roses leaning against it. It looked like the bed of a little princess, and I thought it would be quite splendid to lie in it and have the family standing about weeping (this appealed especially to me after I had been scolded for something).

But old age—that was different. I used to plan to die at forty, to escape it. Now that I am rather nearer forty than I was at six, I have set the time limit further ahead. I still dread the thought of age, and yet—when I ask older people whether it is very dreadful, they look at me—I could almost believe—pityingly. An aunt whom I adore and who has had a happy life told me the other day that she wouldn't be in my place for anything! I know myself that I am a more interesting person, make friends more easily than in my teens, so I am gradually getting over my dread of gray hairs.

Perhaps it wasn't so much age I feared as losing the thrill of life, having it get stale and commonplace. And I know now that that will never happen to me. "Lois, aren't you ever going to grow up?" people say when I get excited over something, and I answer, "Never—if I can help it!"

I suppose an autobiography ought to have some real facts in it, tho, and not just dreams. The first fact worth recording about me is that I was born in Pittsburg (I'm not a native Southerner as people seem to think), but we moved to Birmingham, Alabama, so soon afterward that my first memories are all of a huge old house with a white columned gallery—Southern, for porch—and the beaming dark faces of the "cullud passons" who passed by.

My mother was from Boston, my father was an Englishman by way of Canada, and Grandfather, who lived with us during my childhood, came from London. He used to describe Picadilly in a fog, the Embankment, and the Inns of Court so vividly that when I went over to London last year I felt as if it were my second visit instead of my first. I could actually find my way around! And the people I met took me for an English girl.

I think that most Americans when they go to London have the sensation of coming home after a long ancestral absence.

It's the fashion nowadays to speak of Dickens with a sort of amused tolerance, but just the same, modern novelists sound rather thin and poverty-stricken to anyone who was brought up on Pickwick Papers and Dombey and Son. I always used to think of him, when I was a little girl, as a big, kind friend whose hand I held while we walked thru Tom All Alone's, and Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works, and all the quaint lanes and byways of London. I knew Dickens' city by heart—and London hasn't changed much since his day.

I learned to read at five from newspaper head-lines, the family thinking I was too young to be given books. When one day I inquired of my mother, "Mama, what does 'Hor-ble Mur-der' mean?" I was hastily presented with my first story-book, and from (Continued on page 90)
Seeing Stars!
Close-ups of their favorites by our artist readers

(Details of this contest will be found on page 97)

AILEEN PRINGLE
Sketched by Grace Recihora, Kirkersville, Ohio

MILTON SILLS
Sketched by Rose Chapman, San Francisco, California

ADOLPHE MENJOU
Sketched by Edward Pierce, Hollywood, California

ZASU PITTS
The sketch of Zasu Pitts was awarded the ten-dollar prize
Sketched by H. F. Gearhart, Wichita, Kansas

LARRY SEMON
Sketched by Leon Kappelman, Galt, Ontario

LLOYD HAMILTON
Sketched by Don Wooldon, Cleveland, O.

COLLEEN MOORE
Sketched by Marjorie Henderson, Frace, Penna.

NITA NALDI
Sketched by Grant Macdonald, Galt, Ontario
EVEN tho the Californians boast that it is spring the year round out there, toward the last of February the inhabitants are apt to be afflicted with the very same Spring Fever that we catch in the East a month or two later. This fever caught Mr. Macgregor and his little daughter the other day, and they ran away to their cottage in the hills, and played with a saw and hammer and nails, and had a picnic dinner, n' everything. We refuse to print what Father's director said when the star of "Lady of the Night" returned to the studio next day, and it is rumored that Daughter was soundly spanked by her mother and roundly scolded by her teacher.

When Malcolm Macgregor and Daughter Jean Decided to Play Hookey from School and Studio
Virginia Valli is a Chicago girl who ran away from a successful stage career to join the movie colony in Hollywood. Her first real success was in "The Storm," when she played opposite House Peters; and her first starring picture was "A Lady of Quality." Now she's working on "Siege." She and May McAvoy are very dear friends, and always spend their Sundays together when they're both in town.

Virginia is the boorish, swagger type, her inclinations and habits are quite the opposite. She much prefers an evening at home, with a good book, and her wire-haired terrier for company, to the gayest of social affairs. Her power over animals is uncanny. She has taught her dog the letters of the alphabet and the numerals, and many tricks, too. "I really can carry on an intelligent conversation with him," declares Virginia.

She Can Teach an Old Dog New Tricks
What Do the Film Stars Do

Do they sell them? Do they keep them? Do they make them over? Do they give them away to their relatives or their friends? To their favorite fans? Or to their servants? Or do they hand them out the back door to the passing tramps? This article will tell you all about it.

Along the railroad ties came a member of the genus hobo, bundle tied to a stick across his shoulder, unbarbered, unwashed, informing the world in a beery baritone that he was only a bird in a gilded cage. The other two gentlemen of leisure, cooking something in a tomato can by the wayside, gazed at the newcomer with an awe too profound even for the natural outlet of profanity. Over his bulging and rusty shoes were buttoned spats of pale pearl. Above his seedy bagging trousers depended the broadcloth tails of a dinner coat of flawless tailoring; from the soiled celluloid collar hung a handsome satin cravat. His unshorn locks were topped with a sleek tire.

The hobo dude slid down the bank and joined them, elegantly removing a soiled white kid glove. "My route led true Hollywood," he answered their unspoken questions; "these glad rags wuz hand-outs from de movie stars!"

"Aw, if youse is going to be so bloomin' swank," sneered one of the tramps, "why use doncher shave?"

"Haven't yer heard?" the resplendent one looked at him with pitying scorn. "Whiskers is all de rage now dat Valentino set de style!" And languidly he removed the grimy yellow suede glove from the other hand.

This little story has no moral—one would not expect a moral in a tale about Hollywood.

If there are any hobos numbered among the readers of this magazine, they are hereby advised to change their itinerary to include the back doors of the sheiks of the screen. Where the every-day citizen wears his old clothes until they have acquired a mirror-like surface, before which the imprudent office boy combs his hair, and afterwards cleans the automobile and empties the ashes in them before he reluctantly relinquishes them to sweet charity, the wardrobe of a film hero is renewed before the pristine crease is out of the trouser legs and moth and rust have had a chance to corrupt.

There is undoubtedly a cabalistic signifying "Easy Mark" chalked on the gate-post of Richard Dix's home, for that generous and easy-going star receives so many requests for his old clothes from the unwashed gentry that he can hardly keep a coat on his back.

"And the 'bo's are getting darned particular," grins Richard. "A fellow I gave a complete outfit to the other day bailed me out because I didn't throw cuff-links and a stick-pin in, too!"

Hollywood is the world's best-dressed town. In the silk padded and perfumed boudoirs of the feminine film players are hung hundreds of beautiful gowns, constantly replaced by newer ones of later styles. The men of the pictures often have twenty-five suits in their wardrobe at the same time. Valentino, it is said, possesses forty. Last year Holmes Herbert, the popular leading man, spent four thousand dollars on clothes.

It would seem that Whitley Heights and Beverly Hills would be the happy hunting-grounds of the Ol' Clo'es Men, and that the celebrated climate...
With All Their Old Clothes?

By Dorothy Donnell Calhoun

Sketches by Eldon Kelley

would be made musical with cries of "I Cash Clo'es!" "I Ca-aa-ash Clo-oo-ee-s!"

But there isn't a single old-clothes man in Hollywood.

Few stars try to eke out their earnings by selling their discarded wardrobes. There are exceptions, and shining ones. A celebrated young leading woman, whose weekly pay check is twenty-five hundred, disposes of all her old gowns at a Wardrobe Exchange, on the condition that her name is not mentioned in the sale. Evidently the proprietor of the shop does not consider that whispering the name comes under the head of mention, for her purchasers fare proudly forth and announce to their awed friends that their new gown was once worn by—let us discreetly say—Miss Kinda Wilde, heroine of The Glittering Sin. Since some of these customers are thin and others are stout, Miss Wilde would seem to have an amazingly versatile waist-line!

Twice a year Famous Players holds a sale of costumes used in their pictures, and it takes a special detail of police to keep the lady bargain-hunters from pulling each other's hair and scratching each other's faces over Julia Faye's dresses and Leatrice Joy's kimonoos.

The fat lady whose figure is a perfect forty-six carries off tiny Betty Compson's costumes, thus proving the triumph of mind over matter. Elderly women purchase Vera Reynolds' flapper sport suits, thus showing how hope springs eternal.

If the other stars' garments provoke dissension, anything of Pola's would start a riot. But Pola has no discarded costumes! "When she has worn a dress in a picture, it's done," the wardrobe mistress sighs ruefully. Emoting is very hard on the clothes. Her most beautiful costumes are limp and in rags after Pola has loved, suffered, sacrificed and sinned in them—beautiful silken rags, tatters of priceless lace.

There is something about the clothes of movie stars that makes them different from other garments—something besides the price mark. No one would ever think of the crown of England as second-hand, even if it has been worn before. In Hollywood it is considered the highest honor to be presented with some garment from a film star's wardrobe.

There was one interviewer who called on a temperamental young actress and made such an impression that, with unexpected impulsiveness, the star invited her into her bedroom and opening the doors of her closet swept every garment inside from the hooks and laid them, with a truly regal gesture, in the interviewer's astonished arms! The dazed young woman found herself presently riding thru the streets of New York in a taxicab billowing with evening gowns, intimate silken garments and even the leopard-skin coat which the exotic star had made famous along Broadway!

Since no one except a Russian could have worn the evening gowns, they became sofa cushions, and, as the leopard-skin coat made the blonde interviewer look like a meek little sheep in wolf's clothing, it was handed over to the children of the household to play tent with—a peaceful end for such a dangerous garment!

Louise Fazenda's clothes only go to people she really likes, and her friends never dare to comment favorably on anything she is wearing for fear she will take it off then and there and present it to them, or that, if it is something that cannot be taken off then and there, it will appear by messenger the next day, with a tactful little note from Louise saying she is tired of it and won't

(Continued on page 116)
"Damn sympathy," screams Pola; "I don't want to be sympathetic—or beautiful—or loved. I want to be a great actress—to do parts that are human beings, not saints"

When Pola first came to America she was told that she must be a picture-maiden of lily-white purity; so Pola attempted to be so refined that it was fairly suffocating. Consequently, her early pictures showed her as a stuffed doll.

"They make a mistake in trying to make Pola play characters who are all white," says Ernst Lubitsch; "she does better when they are a little spotted." Pola is a cultured barbarian; untamed Gypsy blood runs in her veins.

When Pola has been crossed in love she doesn't tell the world she has a headache; she announces that she's been crossed in love, andretires to mourn.

As Pola talks over a scene to be made, her eyes will suddenly light up, and that is the divine instant for the director to send her out in front of the camera.

Above, she's the Czarina of "Forbidden Paradise," but she looks like this when she publicly snubs important people. Below is Pola as she looks when she remembers the tragedies that have filled her life.
The Mystery of Pola Negri

Harry Carr says Pola is mysterious because she dares to change her emotional clothes in public; consequently she is

Overbearing
Humble
Disagreeable
Reasonable
Forbidding
Charming
Ruthless
Sympathetic

THE mystery of Pola Negri isn’t really so mysterious, after all.

The truth is, Pola is a child of impulse. She is quite capable of kissing a cook or kicking a king—if the spirit so moves her.

Untamed Gypsy blood runs in her veins. She doesn’t know the meaning of restraint.

It is Pola’s nature to do exactly whatever she feels like doing. Sometimes she has a tenderness and a sweetness that is almost overwhelming. But if she feels ugly—well then, she’s ugly.

When Pola has been crossed in love—which quite frequently happens—she doesn’t tell the world that she is suffering from a headache due to eye-strain. She announces that she has been crossed in love and retires to mourn.

I have known Pola to snub a very distinguished celebrity of a foreign diplomatic corps before whom all Hollywood had prostrated itself in awe and humility.

That in the morning; and in the afternoon to waste an hour on a scared young girl, who strayed in from an Iowa town and said she yearned to be a movie actress.

Pola is cruel, condescending, overbearing, humble, contrite, generous, sweetly reasonable, gracious with a charm that would disarm an ogre, disagreeable, ungracious, winning, forbidding. In other words, Pola is every kind of woman—according to the mood of the moment.

The lovable and wonderful thing about Pola is that she sees thru herself.

“T’m jus’ a bloof,” she says in her charming voice. “Jus’ a bloof! That’s the way of all actresses; always acting.”

All of which explains the mystery of Pola. Why, in Europe, she was one of the greatest actresses in the world; came over here and—until Forbidden Paradise—wasn’t the greatest actress in the world.

So long as Pola is herself; so long as she remains a creature of whims and moods and does what she feels like doing, she is marvelous. When she tries to stop and figure out what to do—the fire goes out.

When she first came over to America, somebody filled her up with a lot of nervous apprehension about American audiences. As tho we were a different kind of being altogether!

The result was, her first American pictures did not show the real Pola at all. They showed a stuffed doll that Pola nervously conjured up for the occasion.

They told her, if she would stand so and look so and turn her head this way and that, she would look very beautiful. Also, she must be a maiden of lily-white purity; so Pola attempted to be so refined that it was fairly suffocating.

The fruits of this harvest—as might have been expected—were a couple of very bad pictures. No one so cheerfully admits this as Pola herself.

It was very curious—the way Pola worked at that time. One of her first American directors told me that Pola, suddenly called before the camera, would always go thru the scene once and do it with fire and genius. Then she’d always say: “Now I would like to do that again. I have figured out a way to do it better.”

And that second time, it was invariably bad.

This is nearly always true of genius. When they “just do it,” they are convincing and wonderful; when they stop

(Continued on page 108)
New Toys

The wife who longed for money and fame or the other woman who offered love and sympathy—which would you have chosen if this had been your life?

AND bow,” asked Natalie in her silkiest tones, “are the new toys wearing, Will?” She put three lumps into his teacup without asking and, with a clandestine air, as of one sharing a guilty secret.

The amused tolerance of her smile made marriage seem ridiculous; the little flat in Harlem cheap and shabby; even made the Wonder Child merely a baby. Will Webb set his cup down with the feeling that he would be unfaithful to Mary to drink it.

“We’re very happy——.” He was furious with himself for the defiant sound of the words, as tho he was defending his happiness to this beautiful, silken woman with whom he had once fancied himself in love. How smooth and white her hands were, fluttering prettily among the tea things, helpless-looking hands. They couldn’t make pot roasts, or bathe babies, or set a table so that a ten-cent bunch of wired roses looked as perky as American Beauties. Still they were lovely hands to look at. He jerked his thoughts back angrily, “We’re perfectly happy,” which was worse.

“The inventions?” Natalie purred, insultingly sympathetic, “you haven’t——?”

By LYNN FAIRFIELD

He suppressed a writh.
Three years ago when he saw Natalie Woods off on the Gigantic—she had called it “running across for the London season”—he had been so sure of his radio patents. He had wanted to be rich then, tremendously rich, so that he could dare to ask a society girl, whose suite on the Gigantic cost almost a year’s salary, to marry him.

He had not guessed, being mere man and, indeed, one of the merest, that if he had asked her then she would have said “yes” with almost indecent haste, because of the way the hair grew on his forehead, and his little crooked smile. He did not know that a woman will forgive any kind of love-making, but she will never forgive the man who did not make love to her, when she wished him to.

If he had guessed these things he would have risen from the luxurious divan in Natalie Woods’ drawing-room, and taken his little Mary in her bravely furished best (but they were wearing skirts so much shorter this year) under his arm and hurried her home to the little flat and the Wonder Child as fast as the subway train would take them. But he only knew he wished they hadn’t come to the tea.
Mary seemed to be enjoying herself, tho. He glanced across at her as he answered Natalie's insidious questions, and saw that she was forgetting to keep her elbows down so that the mended place under one arm wouldn't show, which meant that she must be awfully interested in what Tom Lawrence was saying to her; leaning forward intimately as tho it was something for her ears alone.

Mary was maddening on the way home. She held her skirts disdainfully as they went down into the subway, sloppy with dirty snow and wet chewing-gum wrappers, and she laughed condescendingly at his usual reading of the funny page, as they swung to and fro from the white china handles. She got supper with the air of Marie Antoinette playing at being a dairymaid.

Will was made to feel that it was his fault that the desert was burning, whereas yesterday he would only have enjoyed the flavor. Mary didn't touch her helping at all. "I shall have oysters," she remarked dreamily, "and we will have to get a new tablecloth. Of course tablecloths are awfully bad form, but you couldn't use doilies with this table!"

And they had had such fun bargaining for it at the second-hand man's on Amsterdam Avenue two years ago! Will could feel himself getting mad, a slow, hot tide rising up in his chest. But he tried to speak reasonably. "Giving a party, are we? Who's coming?"

Mary picked up several dishes and started for the kitchen. "Tom Lawrence," she called back over her shoulder. The name had the effect of a challenge. "Oh, yes, and that Woods woman you were talking to so long. She practically invited herself, and us with only half a dozen spoons—— her voice trailed back with a new note of discontent, "and the ones we have, plated——"

The slow hot tide rose to Will Webb's throat, thickening utterance. "That Lawrence! A big noise about nothing. If he hadn't had rich ancestors he'd be selling dress-goods in a department store! Why should we have that goof to dinner?"

For the first time in two years his wife looked like a stranger as she stood in the kitchen doorway. "Of course, you're no reason to like Tom—he only introduced you to me!" she said witheringly. "Maybe I've no reason to be grateful to him for that, either! I was doing well with my dancing. I might have had my name in electric lights on Broadway by now, instead of this——" her scornful gesture brought out every scratch in the instand furniture, every spot on the ugly wall-paper.

Mary's hands—he saw heart-sickly, were reddened and roughened with housework, with a blister on one finger that meant a hot coffee-pot; and, because it hurt him to see them and to think of Natalie's cool, white ones, he answered her bitterly. They had quarreled before over little foolish things—and made up with tears and kisses. This time there was no divinely silly ceremony of reconciliation. They were coldly polite to each other during the two days that intervened before the dinner-party, and politeness between married people is a very bad sign.

Of course, it was unfortunate, in view of the half-dozen teaspns, that Will's friend, Sam Clark—a bachelor with a comic-supplement sense of humor—should drop in just before dinner, when Mary was trying to arrange two oysters in each cocktail glass so that they would look like four. And, when the bell rang again and Mary's mother, a widow from Brooklyn, came in for a Sunday surprise visit and hugged her daughter and son-in-law with affectionately creaking stays, Will had a sinking sensation of domestic crisis.

"A pound of steak for six people!" Mary whispered fiercely as he added the telephone stool to the miscellaneous circle of chairs. "If that Sam Clark tells any limericks or does that trick with matches and a glass of water, I'll scream! We'll have to open a can of salmon. Oh, well, what's the difference! After they've climbed those four flights of stairs by the garbage pails, everybody will know we're poor!"

"Dont worry, Hon!" Will whispered back, "they won't know what they're eating with the Wonder in his cradle beside us. And if Sam starts to ask a riddle, I'll just quietly kill him——"

But his most determined efforts at cheeriness could not save the day. Afterward, looking drearily back and reviewing it from the beginning, Will could not see how he had been to blame. Of course, Natalie's greeting of him had been rather warm, but when he had tried to explain to Mary in the kitchen, when he was carrying out the soup plates, that they were old friends, she had only sniffed and answered cattily, "She certainly is an old friend!"

"Dont worry, hon," Will whispered, "if Sam starts to ask anyone a riddle, I'll just quietly kill him"
As for the outrageous way that Tom Lawrence had held Mary's hand and smirked down at her, why what man wouldn't have been angry? And her explanation—in the kitchen, while she was trying to divide the dessert into six portions instead of four, that Tom had known her for years, was no excuse at all!

Sam Clark had entertained the company with what he described as some hot screams from a vaudeville show he had been to the night before; Mrs. Lamb had insisted on telling Mary the symptoms of an elderly aunt, as detailed in a letter she had received; Tom Lawrence had conversed in undertones with the hostess, while the host wondered morosely why men with small black mustaches were allowed by law to live.

Natalie's behavior was perfect.

She cooed to the baby, listened sympathetically to the symptoms, laughed at the gags, and seemed to be tactfully trying to put them all at their ease. But Will did not want to be put at his ease. He wanted, with a simple, earnest yearning, to punch Tom Lawrence's long, thin nose.

It was a triumph for civilization that, when Mary announced over the after-dinner coffee that Tom was going to give her a part in his new play, Will Webb did not obey that impulse. "But you can't," he had said stupidly; "Mary, you can't."

"And why can't I?" Mary had flamed; "I'm wasting myself, washing dishes when I might be an artist!" There were quotation marks around the last part. He could hear Tom Lawrence whispering to her small, pink ear—the ear he liked to kiss, warm under her brown bob.

"But your home—the baby!" he had said with the desperate sensation of speaking against the roar of many voices, the modern mob that shouted about women's rights to self-expression. "You're married! You're my wife! I—I—won't have it."

Sitting here in the empty flat now, with the Wonder whimperring near by, Will had the feeling that he must look like the husband in a Sunday comic of the Katzen-Dog Family. She had made him cheap, ridiculous, jumping up that melodramatic way and saying she was going to a rehearsal that very afternoon. He would have looked cheaper, more ridiculous, if he had tried to stop her.

Of course, Mother Lamb had gone with them, but Natalie had patted his hand as she followed them out, with a sympathy he was helpless to resent, and even Sam Clark had tried tactlessly to console with him. "Well, it's the first hundred years, y'know! If you want to get drunk and forget you're married, I might be able to find a drop of something illegal over at my digs!"

Will looked about him, dazedly.

He could not remember seeing the apartment without Mary in it, and it seemed unfamiliar and cheerless with the crumbs of the unsuccessful dinner still on the table and Mary's little pink-sprigged bungalow apron flung onto the floor.

As he looked dully down at it, head held between big hands, Love pleaded Mary's case.

He remembered her as he had first seen her at the amateur performance two years before, a tiny, vivid figure who seemed to dance a very joy. He remembered the miracle it had been when he heard that she loved him, and the sweet wonder of those first months—all the months between.

He thought, shaken with remembered agony, of that night when he had paced the hospital waiting-room, waiting for the door to open—

"Why should she love me?" he

(Continued on page 118)
Three is NOT a Crowd

When you see "New Toys," the drama of young domestic life in which Mr. and Mrs. Barthelmes play together, you will be amazed at the gusto with which they quarrel on the screen. However, the director will inform you that this perfection was not obtained thru practice off the screen. Dick and Mary had to be rehearsed in the bickering bits over and over again in the studio. And lest the illustrations on the preceding pages may lead you to believe that "New Toys" has few jolly moments, at the left you will find a very close-up which depicts the happy ending of the story. Above, meet Mr. and Mrs. Barthelmess and Miss Mary, snapped specially for you one Sunday morning in their home.
Reeling With Laughter

Jimmie Adams attempts to ring the belle of the new Christie comedy, "Smoked Out." Vera Steadman looks doubtful, but we bet on Jimmie.

What social error is being made by Syd Chaplin (right) in this Christie comedy, "Charley's Aunt?"

Here's that dough-nutty comedian, Bert Roach, about to punish an innocent glass of nature's greatest food, "the milk from contented cows," in a scene from the Universal comedy, "A Nice Pickle." But you mustn't mix pickles with milk, Bert.

It's no use, Farina, they've got you spotted, and Our Gang are all broken out with "Circus Fever" (Pathé-Roach comedy).

Can you look a chicken in the eye and say "Shoo!" Ralph Graves does the shoo-ing in "Cupid's Boots," a Sennett comedy.

Stan Laurel (above) in the F.B.O. comedy, "Somewhere In Wrong," starting on the dog part of the golden rule, "love me, love my dog"
Showing Some Scenes from Current Comedies

Andy is all there when it comes to hanging his clothes on a hickory limb, but it doesn't seem to be making much of a hit with Ma Gump. You're in a barrel of trouble, Andy. (Universal Andy Gump comedies)

Hilliard Van and Edna Marian, partners in "Powdered Chickens" (Century). Touch wood, Hilliard. If you can cash all those checks you are wearing, you'll be rich.

One of the great dates of history is made by "Nero" in this new comedy, of the Hysterical History series.

You may think Walter Hiers and Duane Thompson are practising the piano, but they are trying to make that table move, helped by "Good Spirits".

See the kisses Beth Darlington printed on the Buddy Messenger in "Clear the Way" (Century). He'll buy her an indelible lip-stick, p. d. q.

The hero and a court beauty of "Grief in Bagdad," a Fox Monkey comedy.
B eing fond of young people, I particularly enjoyed meeting Miss Shearer. She has all the charm of youth; she is impressionable, enthusiastic and very ambitious; with a sweet, affectionate nature and plenty of common sense. With these and her other characteristics she will make a great success.

In reading her character, I find, in the forehead, ability to visualize accurately, to plan and design, and a lack of natural mathematical ability. I see a tendency to fret and worry when things do not go just right, and to take herself and her work seriously. Back of the hair line the language sign is full and developed, showing a ready use of words and excellent conversational powers.

The nose shows a very intuitive person, observing, especially of clothes. A person of quick judgment, one who dislikes petty details, who looks for the reason of things and is fond of having her own way.

Her upper lip indicates a very kind, charitable nature, full of enthusiasm and ardor. I see, too, a love of display and of pretty clothes. The lower lip shows a highly emotional nature, affectionate and loyal in friendship, a great love for children and animals and a patriotic nature. In the parentheses about the mouth are shown integrity, poise and a desire to lead and excel.

The cheeks show good powers of recuperation, a frank open nature, daring, the courage of her convictions and a love of variety, change and travel.

The chin and jaw denote great nervous force rather than physical strength and endurance, much determination, persistency and an independent nature which chafes under restraint. I find a love of beauty, and an affectionate nature strong in her likes and dislikes.

By her hands I know she has an extremely sensitive nature, feels deeply and usually says the right thing at the right time; she is fairly practical and has clever hands that can do all sorts of things. She could pull apart a hat combined with the ability to reproduce that which he feels.

If he were an artist, his greatest ability would be for doing portraits.

Note the forehead and the pronounced fullness across and above the eyes. This formation is usual in the face of an artist. Of course, some of these characteristics are necessary for his present work. There is a fine mentality represented in the splendid, well-shaped head and broad, high forehead.

In the jaw, I find executive ability and persistency combined with great physical strength and endurance; a nature which attends to its own business and expects others to do likewise.

In the side of the head above the ears is a lack of fullness which denotes a taciturn nature, which does not waste words and is not given to much talking.

In the shape of his nose, I find a very observant nature, a vivid imagination, constructive ability, and good powers of analysis and concentration. People of this type find it difficult to engage in congenial pursuits. The fullness at the root of the nose denotes a highly individual nature. There is a good development in the location of memory.

In the cheeks are shown industry and intensity.

In the upper lip, I find firmness and a nature which will not communicate personal business and gossip. The lower lip indicates a nature which, when aroused, becomes extremely jealous.
the Faces of the Film Stars

By F. Vance de Revere

Doris Kenyon

GOOD looks, sweetness, and a nice personality are not Miss Kenyon’s only assets. She is a very gifted and talented young woman.

In reading her character, I notice first that her face is harmonious. A harmonious face is one in which the temperaments, mental, moticve and vital are equally divided, or almost so. You will notice that the distances from the top of the head to the eyebrows, from the eyebrows to the tip of the nose, and from the tip of the nose to the point of the chin, are almost equal. People with this type of face are very versatile and able to fit into almost any vocation. Possessing so many possibilities, it is very difficult for such a person to concentrate continually upon one vocation, tho that is all that is needed for a great success.

The forehead is very high with good breadth, which denotes a splendid mentality. Appreciation of melody and rhythm are all that is needed for a great success.

ability to hear sounds accurately are all highly developed. This development, with wide spacing between the eyes and the formation of the nose, indicates musical ability which should be developed to its greatest extent.

Above the eyes I find the ability to visualize correctly, and a great susceptibility to color. In the side of the head back of the hair line, I see a ready use of words, a good vocabulary and this, with other signs, denotes literary ability.

By the shape of her nose I see that she is an intuitive, observing person with a good imagination but lacking in aggression and the instinct of self-protection. She is an easy person to impose upon. Here, too, is shown a dislike for details.

Jack Pickford

LOOKING at Jack Pickford’s face, I wonder had he not been the brother of the famous Mary, if he would not have made a greater success. Jack started so young that we are apt to forget that he is still too young to have fully developed his possibilities.

The thing which impresses me most, in his face, is the latent ability: the faculties with which he was born and which he has not yet developed.

I notice first, the line from the metus of the ear to the point of the chin. An unusually long line but lacking in firmness and development, as are most of the faculties in his chin and jaw—a natural enough thing in one of his years. This long line in the jaw, combined with a broad chin, both of which are firm and developed, is found in men of executive ability.

Mr. Pickford has a splendid, well-shaped forehead, showing a good intellect and a mentality quick to grasp and comprehend. He is not a natural student but a person who instinctively gathers knowledge from that which he sees and hears.

There is a fullness above the root of the nose and between the eyes which gives good powers of visualization and an ability to plan and see vividly the mental picture of a thing before it is realized. Over and directly above the iris of the eye is a fulness which denotes great love of color. Such a person is usually a good judge of color combinations, especially in clothes and drapery. The sign for melody and rhythm is well developed, showing a love of dancing and an appreciation of music.

In the nose, I find splendid powers of observation, a distaste for petty details, and a lack of aggressiveness and self-protection.

(Continued on page 113)
We Congratulate—

Ourselves, on having discovered these popular stars

Virginia Brown Faire won the Fame-and-Fortune Beauty Contest of the Brewster Publications in 1919. She has been a featured film player ever since, her latest role being June, in "Friendly Enemies".

Allene Ray was one of our winners in 1920, and is today considered the foremost serial picture star. She's now in Florida, filming a new Pathé serial.

Above, you recognize Clara Bow, our winner of 1921. She's in great demand as a star for flapper roles. At the right is Mary Astor, Douglas Fairbanks' new leading lady, who was also a winner in 1920.
Margot sat after luncheon with Gene Valery in the new room she had taken in the house of mystery. It was not merely that the old one seemed a perilous place, where no woman familiar with what had passed there could ever sit, much less sleep, again. But, in addition, the room of the bodiless hand from under the bed, the room the mutilated Stella Ball had so strangely re-entered, was now become public property in a sense. The police laid claim to it, as the principal field of research in a case they chose to insist was neither criminal nor supernatural. It was being visited every few hours by reporters and news photographers. For the moment, the fickle attention of the crowd was concentrated upon it. It was under the limelight as the setting for the latest number in the Follies of New York.

So Margot had moved. That she had not left the house altogether was astonishing, a little disturbing, too, to Gene. But she had met his arguments with a cryptic smile, had told him to say nothing more until she was ready to explain herself. He was wise enough to perceive that she must always work out her problems in her own way. The almost incredible boon of her love had been given to him, and in return he was willing to obey her slightest wish.

Two days had passed since Margot had last reported for work at the studio. She and her whole adventure had acquired news value by the midnight arrest of Stella, and she had been well aware of it. But the sensation had broken at too late an hour for the morning papers to report. She had slipped safely away to Astoria before nine o'clock, to be met with the announcement that the screening of A Torcador’s Love was held up for a few days, possibly for a week. A blunder on the part of the art director had been made the occasion of a revamping of the set, a hysterical movie comedy of errors. Stoner was in a condition of blasphemous wrath. Corinne Delamar, the star, darted acid comments thru the slats of her dressing-room on wheels. The minor members of the cast had been told to get out of the way.

Without a confidential word to anyone, Margot had returned to the city. The head-lines of early afternoon editions had greeted her. Head-lines about herself. Bantering, hateful head-lines—SPOOKS PURSUE FILM BEAUTY—ACTRESS AND COP GET GHOSTLY BURGLAR—MOVIE GIRL REPORTS ROOM HAUNTED. Well, she had anticipated that sort of thing. It could be checked, however. Margot had placed herself at the disposal of all the reporters that called, and within twenty-four hours their stories had sobered down. But it was significant that Stoner, who had tried to bully her into silence, had emphasized his displeasure by neither telephoning nor calling since the matter had reached the press.

She leaned toward Gene now, her eyebrows puckered, "Listen, dear," she said. "I’ve been analyzing our melodramatic problem, and I’m ready to talk it over with you, if you’d care to have me do so."

"You bet I would," he flashed back.

"All right. As I see it, we have to do with a mystery, but a perfectly normal one. It will turn out to be important to students of crime, rather than to the Society for Physical Research. The best detective methods are the surest, in fact, the only methods that will solve it."

"It’s in the right hands, then," commented Gene. "Cornelius Hart and his assistants are hot on the trail."

Margot snapped her fingers impatiently. "I wish I shared your good opinion of the police department. Hart seems a bungler to me. He laughed at my story, even
the it was supported by what the patrolman, Boyle, had seen. The appearance of Stella startled him to action, of course: but he hasn’t known how to make her talk, and his investigation in this house consists of watching for something new to happen. He isn’t using his brain."

"I guess I haven’t used mine either," murmured Gene. "Wont you set me straight, Margot?"

"Strip the case to its essentials, and we get this: I saw an apparently unattached arm, and the following night Stella Ball entered with her arm missing to the elbow. I believe there is a connection between the two things."

A cold shudder passed down the cameraman’s spine. "Oh, Lord!" he breathed. "That sounds like an admission of the spook theory you said you rejected. Sounds as if she’d sent her arm ahead of her. You can’t mean it."

Margot pierced him with a level, speculative gaze. "No. I dont mean just that," she said. "But, remember, the hand found it important to put out lights on the floor. Stella had lived in the same room. She might, in the past, have penetrated its secret. The other night, she may have wanted either to help or to thwart the hand."

"In dealing with the lights?" gasped Gene.

"Not necessarily. But I reason in a stubbornly logical way, and until I am forced to, I refuse to tag the easy label of coincidence onto a sequence of odd happenings. I contend that the hand has a living owner, and that he and Stella were after something in the room of which they both had knowledge."

"What were they after?"

"I am not ready to say yet. But the flames on the carpet will probably prove to have a lot to do with it, and so will the fact of Stella’s being armless."

Eugene sighed. "You are too deep for me, Margot. I’m afraid I’m not going to be of much help to you in this business."

"Oh, yes, you are. dear! I’ll need masculine moral support when I challenge the police. And there’s a physical job or two I may ask you to tackle."

"Call on me for anything of that kind," he said, brightening.

"Good. Now, let’s take up the next question that Mr. Hart scorns to consider. The quick and complete vanishing of the arm after it had appeared, first to me and then to Boyle, argues the existence of a hiding-place for the arm’s body."

"But haven’t we all searched for such a place? Searching has been the chief thing the police have done. You can’t think any possibility in the room has been overlooked."

The police had laid claim to her room. It was being visited every few hours by reporters and news photographers. For the moment the fierce attention of the crowd was centered upon it.

"Of course, I think it. No finding a thing the first, or even the twentieth time, one looks for it, is no proof that it isn’t there. You ought to know that, if you’ve ever lost a coin or dropped one of your collar buttons."

"But where, Margot—where could a man have hidden?" demanded Gene, amazed. "Between the spring and the mattress of your bed?"

"No, I’d have felt if he’d crawled up there. Besides, Quinlan checked on that. He almost broke his nightstick pounding at the bed."

"In the fireplace, then?"

"Silly boy! The fireplace is several feet clear of the bed. The creature could no more make the换取 than you could have made the doorknob, as Quinlan suggested."

"Where? he reiterated, his imagination stunned by the restriction to that corner of the room that had been most closely scanned.

"I don’t know," she answered. "I’ve only followed the Sherlock Holmes method and discarded the escapes that couldn’t have been used."

"Until one remained that might have been?"

"Yes."

"Will you show it to me?"

"You and I mustn’t tamper with anything, because we’re not sure of our ground. It’s best to direct the police what to do. But we can take a look now. The possible object of Stella’s quest is really the more interesting of the two—"

She was interrupted by a rapping on her door, and the voice of a messenger boy piping, "Telegram!" Eugene hurried to receive the message for her. She tore open the envelope as soon as it was in her hands, then leaned forward in her chair, her gray eyes troubled, her wide, sweet mouth drawn at the corners. "What do you think of this?" she asked, and read aloud:

SEE ME AT THE STUDIO WITHOUT DELAY.

-CORINNE DELAMAR.

"I guess Stoner was right in saying her high-and-mightiness would be mad at your breaking into the newspapers. That would be her only reason for sending for you today. Too bad, dear."

"I guess Stoner set her up to it," retorted Margot, mimicking the jeer in Eugene’s voice. "Miss Delamar isn’t a bad sort. It never occurs to her to be jealous unless somebody hints it’s expected of her."

She went over to the mirror and renewed her make-up for the street. "No time for detective work until I get back," she said over her shoulder. "Now, Gene, will you do this for me: Will you get Hart and his crowd here at five o’clock? Tell that brilliant sleuth of Mayor Hylan’s Page 46
that I want to call his attention to new evidence. Argue him, flatter him, into coming. Do it any way you wish, but have him here."

"And you'll really have something for him?" Eugene demanded, his tone one of admiration instead of doubt. "If my powers of deduction haven't failed me—yes."

"I'll bring Hart, even if I have to blackmail him first and hire a wheelbarrow."

When Margot reached the studio, she tried to slip to the star's dressing-room unnoticed by Stoner. But he was evidently on the watch for her, and cornered her behind the chrome yellow plaster wall of a Spanish farm-house that formed part of the set.

"You would do it, wouldn't you?" he commented sourly. "You would be written up, in spite of what I said."

She shrugged, disdaining to point out that the entry of Stella Ball had taken the initiative out of her hands.

"Miss Delamar is wild," the director continued. "She's going to give you some calling down! She'll likely tell you you're fired."

"Can she do that? I thought you had the power to engage or discharge the members of this cast," replied Margot scathingly. "If what you say is correct, please inform her of my resignation, and I wont have to see her."

"Don't take it in that spirit," he pleaded hastily. "I was going to say I'd be able to calm her down afterwards, no matter what she tells you. But you've got to meet me half-way, Margot. I wont let myself in for a scrap with Corinne Delamar unless you promise me two things."

"And they are?"

"First, cut loose from this haunted house case. I cant stand your being connected with it. I want you to forget knock was answered by a sharp, "Come in!" A negro maid edged out of the narrow compartment as Margot entered.

The star was sitting in a wicker chair beside a table strewn with cosmetics, a table with a disproportionately large mirror above it, and flanked by hooks on which were draped a variety of startlingly gaudy Spanish bolero-jackets and shawls. There was no space for a visitor to sit, so Margot stood easily, looking down at Miss Delamar. The latter was very beautiful, the girl admitted to herself with generous enthusiasm. Corinne might be over thirty, but her strange gold-colored eyes, her ivory-pallid cheeks and throat, and her fierce, red pouting lips had all the splendor of youth.

"Miss Anstruther, they say that this wild story about you in the newspapers is the result of a play for publicity. Who are you to take such a liberty, while you have a part supporting me?" The star assuredly wasted no time in getting to the point.

"They say?" repeated Margot softly, her manner perfectly respectful. "Isn't it that Mr. Stoner says?"

"Of course—well?"

The girl did not reply at once. Suddenly she wanted intensely that Corinne Delamar should believe her. She marshalled her thoughts, then with a stern clarity, a note of eloquent conviction, she described all that had occurred to her since the evening she had found the party in her room. She did not attempt to explain anything, she offered no excuses for what she had done, she merely told her story. Corinne's hostility wavered under the test. That the star had actually been thrilled by the odd tale would have been plain to any close observer.

"You put a new complexion upon it," was all she would concede in words, however. "I'll make inquiries and talk to you about it later in the week."

"Thank you," said Margot, and withdrew, smiling.

She found Stoner waiting for her, as she had known he would be.

"Miss Delamar told you to get out— huh?" he flung at her brutally.

"Oh, no! She left that to you."

"Well, the both of you guessed right. You'll find your notice waiting for you in the office." He was almost insane with rage, smarting under the blow to his vanity she had dealt him a few minutes before.

"I anticipated that," she replied, walking toward the stairway.

"And as for Gene Valery, you can tell him he's fired without a notice," he snarled after her.

She moved her right shoulder impatiently, disclaiming to answer.

(Continued on page 114)
A Pensive Mary

All the fans will be delighted to know that, for her next picture, Mary Pickford has decided to become again the rags and tatters heroine you adore so deeply. At the right you see Mary trying out her new car. Her mother apparently has sublime faith in daughter's skill as a chauffeur; but Marshall Neilan is praying for a safe journey.
New Pictures in Brief Review
Selected and Reviewed by Laurence Reid

Peter Pan—Fanciful Drama

Under the spell of the Barrie-esque charm and the witchery of Betty Bronson's portrayal of the title rôle, this picture is destined to create responsive appeal everywhere. Miss Bronson makes Peter a figure of boyish abandon. She is a living symbol of the spirit of eternal youth—just as Barrie painted the character. Paramount.

Argentine Love—Romantic Drama

Paramount has lavished some of its choicest treasure on this Hafiez story. Direction by Alan Dwan, Bebe Daniels the star, costly settings—rich contributions, but they are impotent to bring life to a commonplace story about a Latin beauty who loves an American engineer against her father's wishes and, of course, marries him. Paramount.

So Big—Romantic Drama

Conscientious interpreters have transferred Edna Ferber's lovely novel to the screen. They have achieved the mood, if not the fire, of the original story.

The inspirational quality is not absent, for Colleen Moore's Selina glows with vitality. Sensitive and appealing, Miss Moore triumphs in a moving story. First National.

A Lost Lady—Romantic Drama

Several fine dramatic moments give substance and appeal to this screen version of Willa Cather's novel. The outstanding feature is the acting of Irene Rich as Marian Forrester, who quits her worshipful but elderly husband in a search for romance.

It is a faithful transcription of the novel, and splendidly acted. Warner Bros.

The Salvation Hunters—Drama

The picture which brought fame overnight to its director, Josef von Sternberg, is on the theme of self-redemption of a group of characters who climb up in the social scale after freeing themselves from sense of self-inferiority. The characters seem overaccented, but it is wonderfully simple and interesting in treatment. United Artists.

East of Suez—Melodrama

Something of a "come-down" for Pola Negri. On the stage Somerset Maugham's play carried a real dramatic flavor but in the screen version nothing ever seems to develop. It is keyed in a morbid pitch and the action becomes often commonplace. The high lights are found in the details and atmosphere—and Negri is always colorful. Paramount.
Bad Company—Romantic Drama

A variation of the theme about the woman who goes to her rival to plead with her to give up her husband—the in this case the husband is a brother. It has a mystery flourish at the start but soon settles into a conventional groove. Madge Kennedy plays the actress who steals the will to prevent her brother from squandering his money on the temptress, who is exposed at the crucial moment. Pleasing, even if it carries little surprise.—Associated Exhibitors.

The Deadwood Coach—Western Melodrama

We would call this Tom Mix's most elaborate picture. It takes him out of semi-humorous Western roles and places him in a dyed-in-the-wool melodrama of the plains. He becomes a good-bad man—an outlaw seeking vengeance against the man who killed his father. It is vivid and colorful; packed with tense action, stage-coach hold-ups, daring rescues and quaint comedy.

The star displays his horsemanship and a quick trigger finger. A vigorous yarn carrying a wealth of thrills.—Fox.

A Thief in Paradise—Melodrama

The Fitzmaurice flair for contriving an atmosphere of sumptuousness finds a splendid medium for its expression in this vivid society melodrama about a pair of nobodies making their way among the fashionable and wealthy of San Francisco.

It is a substantial pageant of gorgeous scenes, exciting melodrama, and fine acting, all blended skilfully in a stimulating and interesting screen play. Ronald Colman scores at the head of a superior cast.—First National.

The Lighthouse by the Sea—Melodrama

It will probably be said that Rin-Tin-Tin, the canine star, is the saving grace of this picture, but, all things considered, he doesn't seem to be so "apart" from the action as is usually revealed in dog stories. It's an old-time melodrama by Owen Davis. The figures are orthodox, but the dog is a novelty. And it moves with good speed and lively incident around a blind light-house keeper and his daughter who prevent bootleggers from defying the law.—Warner Bros.

So This Is Marriage—Comedy Drama

Thru skilful handling of an obvious type of triangle, this picture enters the rank of intelligent entertainment. No ruts are followed. The triangle of the quarrelsome occupants of the lavish love nest and the man who lives on a floor below is treated with plenty of sparkle.

The climax brings a reconciliation, but it never irritates as a convenient way out for the conflict. The acting is deftly expressed by Conrad Nagel, Eleanor Boardman and Lew Cody.—First National.

The Dancers—Drama

Contrasts and conflicts are generously shaken up in this picture, which places it on a par with the stage version. It shows the results of worshipping the false god of Jazz. It brings on tragic consequences for a girl who is reunited to her lover after a long absence. He had left London for the Argentine—and there is romantic conflict when the fair Argentinean feels that she has lost him forever. But the English girl takes poison and there is a happy embrace under a soft Argentinean moon.—Fox.
The Dixie Handicap—

In this Kentucky race-track story the director refrains from having the harassed heroine don the colors and ride the mount under the wire a winner. In this respect the picture is different. There is good color, appropriate atmosphere—and a cameo characterization by Frank Keenan as the Kentucky judge (not a colonel this time) who beams with happiness when his colt wins the derby.

It is an enjoyable romantic drama—never taken too seriously, but which is treated with some reality.—Metro-Goldwyn.

Barriers Burned Away—

Here is screen melodrama at its very best. The E. P. Roe romance of the Chicago fire lives luminously in a series of stirring episodes, rife with atmosphere and sparkling with romance, color and action. There is also a spectacular quality introduced in the reproduction of the fire scenes. There is an arresting romance centering about a social light and his light-o'-love, a flower blooming in the lowlands of Chicago's social structure in the 1870's.—Associated Exhibitors.

Frivolous Sal—Melodrama

Several fine scenes of the open spaces are caught in this picture—which do much in making the action seem more graphic. It is a story of a Broadway actor who, finding himself in the atmosphere of a mining camp when his show is stranded, becomes enamored of a dance-hall queen. There are some flashes of human interest and pathos. There are thrills, too—especially a fight in an aerial tram. It's straight-from-the-shoulder type of melodrama and made interesting thru its thrills and action. A lively picture.—First National.

Locked Doors—Drama

An interesting presentation of a familiar theme is afforded by this latest effort of William de Mille. It is an original story about youth married to age, with the usual complications of another love developing and the unusual outcome in which the husband gracefully steps aside to free his wife.

The intelligent work of the director is enhanced by the acting of Betty Compoon and an excellent cast. It is a mature and absorbing play.—Paramount.

The Narrow Street—Light Comedy

Carrying quaint humor which never leaves its groove, sustaining the interest with its clever characterizations, this picture earns a strip of blue ribbon thru its naturalness and fine treatment. The story is about a timid youth who develops courage after facing romance. He is bearded in his den by a spirited girl and goes thru a metamorphosis that changes him from a lamb into a lion.

Matt Moore is an ideal choice as the youth. A mellow picture acted and directed in just the right vein.—Warner Bros.

Playthings of Desire—Drama

A sincere and competent presentation of a highly conventional, tho well-constructed, society melodrama is here furnished by the Jans organization. It is a play dealing with a young woman married to a faithless man whose vices lead to his own destruction and free the woman. She finds happiness in a second marital venture.

Estelle Taylor and Mahlon Hamilton head a cast of popular players. It holds the interest thruout.—Jans.
The old theme of the cast-out youth who drifts to the South Seas and overcomes his cowardice thru brushing up against realities and romance is expressed again here. It seems colorless and more is expected from the story. The situations are convenient, tho there are moments of vividness as the youth fights his way to the top. Edmund Love is not the ideal choice for this rôle—and he fails to inject sufficient spirit to make it real. It appears far-fetched at times. Just fair.—Fox.

**Troubles of a Bride—Comedy Melodrama**

By poking fun at the old-fashioned melodramas thru placing the heroine in a series of daring escapades, the sponsors of this picture have turned out a fairly creditable work. It is nothing to make a fuss over, but due to its speed and melodramatic high jinks engineered by a bad, bold villain determined to bring out the hero's and heroine's love for one another, it becomes fairly entertaining. Pleasant hokum this. The cast works easily in putting it over—especially Alan Hale.—Fox.

**Tomorrow's Love—Comedy Drama**

A light bit of matrimonial fluff. There are no "scenes" in the sense that domestic quarrels are "scenes." The wife simply becomes provoked with her husband and refusing to listen to grandma's wise entreaties wins an interlocutory decree of divorce. In the end she realizes her error—and then there is a mad race to prevent hubbie's marriage with some mercenary creature. The clever titles, the breezy incident—and the poise of the players make it enjoyable.—Paramount.

**The Wife of the Centaur—Drama**

There isn't so much to this eternal triangle concerning a young visionary novelist who leaves his wife to hop off to his erstwhile sweetheart. He had tired of the gay life before his matrimonial experience—which accounted for his settling down. There is little surprise here—and very little humor. And humor is needed in triangle stories to make them appear half-way human. John Gilbert tries to make this modern centaur convincing, which is rather something of a task.—Metro-Goldwyn.

**If I Marry Again—Drama**

Gilbert Frankau's story serves as the basis of a successful screen play. There is color in its scenes and a number of telling dramatic moments have been wrought from the material, but the play lacks pace, a condition due to the excessive length of many episodes. It ought to be generously cut.

The locale is San Francisco and an island in the Pacific. Doris Kenyon is charming and is splendid as the woman whose father-in-law will not accept her.—First National.

**In Love with Love—Farce Comedy**

Another adaptation of a stage play becomes in its screen shape a fair-to-middlin' comedy. It lives up to its title—in that the central character is in love with love. She has three suitors and naturally responds to the most manly of the trio. For the purposes of shedding conflict, this youth appears almost stupid in not realizing which way the wind is blowing. The other suitors are conventional types—one being an irritating bore, another a sort of romantic boob. Has romantic appeal.—Fox.
Wedding-bells have been pealing overtime in Hollywood this past winter. Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan started it; then Betty Compson and James Cruze, her director, decided to have the bells ring out a special tune for them. And they've lived happily ever since in a beautiful home near Los Angeles.

At the left, you see the pair that followed the example of the Cruzes. A minister in Seattle, Washington, conferred the degree of M. R. S. on Miss Tove Janson, and when Monte took his bride to her new home in Beverly Hills, his friends serenaded them with a special syncopated song: "Those Happily Married Blues"
Confidences Off-Screen

By M. Adolphe Robert

Nice Norma and a Star Who Likes Cats

The readers of these confidential pages must often have wondered which of the great women stars it would be nicest to know off-screen? Which of them brings the maximum of charm to ordinary social contacts? Which, in short, is the most human and likable?

Having raised the question, I must not let it go unanswered. But right here discretion bids me drop the superlative degree. I'll merely say that Norma Talmadge is a very charming person, indeed. If her fans could meet her in the flesh, they would adore her doubly. And if the rest of the public could be given the same privilege—why, they'd all become Norma fans.

The day I was presented to her, she was in her jolliest mood. With The Lady just completed, she had come on from the Coast, to shop in New York and then sail for a two months' holiday in Europe.

"What are your plans for abroad?" I asked.

"Did you ever hear of the chauffeur who was given a holiday, and spent it riding in taxicabs?" she countered.

"Yes, but—"

Her eyes danced.

"Well, my chief plan for abroad is to go down to Rome and watch the American motion-picture companies there. Can't keep away from my own game, but expect to get a special kick out of seeing the other fellows do the work."

Malice, the above remark notwithstanding, has no part in sweet Norma Talmadge's make-up. She soon confessed that she would give very little time to sicking on the poor toilers in Ben Hur, etc. There were so many picturesque spots she'd want to revisit in Paris, so many in London. And only two months in which to do it all.

"But if you want a travelog, I'll deliver it when I get back," she said. "Let's go to a concert now!"

We went to a concert. And sitting with Norma in a ballroom at the Plaza, while D'Alvarez and Hidalgo sang, I discovered that she was passionately fond of music. Spanish measures delight her most. The flaming tempo, the emotional ardor, which are inseparable from them, touch deep chords in her nature. Whenever she has played Spanish roles in motion pictures, by the way, she has been strikingly successful. It is to be hoped that she will follow the urge of her temperament and do more of them.

She spoke with admiration of Raquel Meller, the Barcelona singer who has been the rage in Paris for three years, and whom she had met on a former visit. We also discussed the merits of many flamenco dancers.

But, like all nice things, the interview had to come to an end. She told me, as we parted, that she would be back in Hollywood to begin her next picture early in March. Buchowetzki had been engaged to direct it, tho the title has not yet been chosen.

Antonio Moreno Is Camera Shy

You'd scarcely believe it, after seeing his smiling countenance pictured hundreds and hundreds of times—but Antonio Moreno is wary of the camera. He mistrusts photographers. There are all sorts of things he'd rather do than pose.

Don't be worried, however. The screen is in no danger of losing one of its most attractive heroes. Moreno's animosity is not directed against the man who operates a motion-picture camera. He likes being "shot" for the films, because then he is practising his art and feels perfectly at home.

It's the portrait photographer against whom Moreno nurses a grudge.
He gave me an appointment the other day at a studio, where stills of him were being made. It struck me as a tame, if sometimes necessary, occupation for a star and, innocently enough, I asked him whether he enjoyed it. "Anything but!" he vowed feelingly. "I like to be natural, and I fall into the hands of a tyrant, worse than any director you ever met. He pushes me into a chair and says, 'Moreno, look pleasant!' or 'Moreno, keep your eyes on this apple, and think of the most noble deed in history!' He stalks in behind me, grabs my arm and arranges it at some queer angle. He punches me in the small of the back, and makes me crook my knee at the same time. He jumps from one side of the studio to the other, and when I begin to get really scared for fear he's going out of his wits, he shouts, 'Hold it!' and makes a picture."

"You aren't trying to tell me that all photographers behave like that?"

"Some of them are worse. I knew one in Los Angeles who, in addition to all the other monkey business, kept a phonograph grinding away at melancholy Russian tunes. He said that would create the proper soulful mood."

"Well, well, you certainly surprise me," I remarked. "No one would guess from your studio portraits that they caused you such misery."

He hadn't for a moment ceased smiling, and now he winked. "Come along, and try it yourself," he suggested. "We'll stand up together and dare the photographer to do his worst."

The test proved to be quite bearable. But, joking apart, Antonio Moreno, among with most other screen players, is restless under the demands of formal posing. Their temperament and training predispose them to action, especially in pictures.

**Philosopher and Cat-Lover**

The press-agents date on saying of Milton Sills that he was once a college professor, that he came to the screen from a chair of psychology. I believed the story myself until I chatted with him between shots at First National's new Eastern studio. The latter, by the way, is the celebrated old Biograph studio in the Bronx, remade.

"I had a fellowship in psychology at the University of Chicago," he told me, taking one of his favorite stained briars from between his teeth and smiling good-naturedly. "That was very far from being a teacher. It was my privilege humbly to attend lectures by the great master, John Dewey, and by James R. Angell, the present President of Yale, both of whom were on the faculty of Chicago then. William James was also a visiting professor. Their influence upon me was profound.

"I have never lost my interest in the subject. I follow the magazines devoted to it, and when a new authority appears I study his theory. If that's being a highbrow— all right! But I assure you I have other hobbies."

Mr. Sills confessed, for instance, that he was extremely fond of cats. The gorgeous Angora you see him caressing on this page is the most valuable in the State of California. He has insured it for two thousand seven hundred dollars or three hundred dollars for each of its nine lives.

He is also a lover of flowers. The garden of his home near Los Angeles is considered a show place by horticulturists. It is one of his pleasures to work in it.

I found Milton Sills a fascinating talker. The man knows and loves literature, a thing that cannot be said of many motion picture stars. We quoted favorite passages of poetry to each other, and discovered a mutual enthusiasm for Keats as the prince of lyric poets.

(Cont'd on page 110)
Here Are Four Great Stars

Universal Pictures Corporation has just completed an enthralling mystery picture, "The Phantom of the Opera," from a novel by the Frenchman, Gaston Leroux, one of the masters of the mystery story. The action takes place in the Paris Opera House, and in the catacombs beneath, those weird underground passages that wind and twist for miles. The Phantom is played by that Great Villain, Lon Chaney; Mary Philbin is Christine, the opera-singer, Norman Kerry, as Count Raoul de Chagny, makes a handsome lover, and Arthur Edmund Carewe, "The Persian," adds to the intensity and mystery of the plot. Incidentally, five thousand extras do their bit, as well as several other actors of prominence. You will have all the thrills you hope for; murders are committed, people are drowned, and terror reigns supreme. When you go to see "The Phantom of the Opera," wear plenty of bandoline, or whatever it is that keeps hair from standing on end.

Mary Philbin, as Christine, the temperamental opera-singer, in one of the rare moments of calm in a very exciting picture. Below: "The Persian," knowing some of the dread secrets of the unspeakable Phantom, warns the lovers.

Above is Lon Chaney as The Phantom, the man who was so repulsive to look at that he wore a mask in public. Lon's make-up in this picture is a triumph of all that is repellent.
You'll See In New Rôles

The picture is woven about a fearsome being who lives in the catacombs under the Opera House. Because of his sudden appearances and disappearances among the opera company, he is called The Phantom. The opera house is full of trap-doors and secret panels of his devising. He falls in love with Christine, who has made a huge success singing Marguerite in the opera "Faust." One evening, prowling about between the hollow walls of the opera house, he hears her talking to her lover, Count Raoul, and, wild with jealousy, kidnaps her. Taking her down, thru five floors of cellars, he holds her a horrified prisoner in the heart of his lair. She escapes and meets her lover, only to be recaptured by the supernatural power of The Phantom. We refuse to tell you what happens next. Tho our disclosure couldn't spoil one bit of the picture, it might spoil one bit of one of the many thrills you'll get.

For her rôle of Marguerite, Mary Philbin has to wear a golden wig, which seems to change her entire personality. Which Mary do you prefer—the blonde or the brunette?

Norman Kerry is handsomer and more romantic looking than ever as Count Raoul de Chagny. Below, the dramatic scene in which The Phantom kidnaps Christine.
Is "Scaramouche" the Year's Best Film?

SABATINI'S novel, Scaramouche, has been awarded the $10,000 prize offered by Adolph Zukor for the story which made the best motion picture of the 1923-24 season.

The writer thoroly disagrees with the judges' decision, if it means anything to anybody. Scaramouche was an entertaining film, but it cannot possibly be rated as a particularly good example of silent drama. Even Rex Ingram, we wager, will be surprised at the award.

There are a number of photoplays which should have received premiere honors over Scaramouche. We would like to hear from readers in regard to what they think of the Zukor award, and as to what film, in their estimation, should have been given the $10,000 prize.

Remember, an award of this character should not be given to a film which was merely the most entertaining, but to the film which is the finest example of the sort of silent drama that producers should seek to emulate for the advancement of the photoplay art.

Now, send in your selections!

New Rules for Prize-Fighters

According to Montague Glass, whom we consider America's foremost humorist, all champion-prize-fights in the future will be held under the rules of a new Moving Picture Manufacturers Association, which will make it a foul to hit a man above the neck. Now that ring champions are becoming movie actors, the film producers can't be too strict in safeguarding the good looks of their fighter-stars.

As Glass writes it thru his character, Morris Perlmutter: "Take this here Jack Dempsey, for instance, I seen him in a picture the other day where there must have been as many as forty or fifty close-ups of him measuring at the least thirty square feet. If that feller got even so much as a split lip in a prize-fight, it would bust his moving-picture contract."

Everything in Its Proper Place

A young fellow from the East arrived in Hollywood recently and tried to get an extra job in some drawing-room scenes in the films merely because he had the proper wardrobe and had mingled with New York's Four Hundred.

The casting directors quickly told him where to get off at and cast him as a lumberjack in a story of the Northwest.

The Movie Credo

All Wall Street brokers have a line of at least fifteen girls from the Follies. He will throw champagne parties for them every night and a trick dancer will come out of the center of the table and everyone will try to pull her off.

The engineer always sits on his horse at the top of a hill and overlooks the new dam. It invariably turns out that he has put cheap concrete in it and it bursts and we have the old reliable flood scene.

(Continued on page 96)
Gloria Swanson Greets You From Her Drawing-room in Paris

It was in this drawing-room that she said "Yes" to the Marquis Henri de la Falaise, whom she married on January 28th of this year. Gloria has had a perfect orgy of shopping since she's been in Paris. And she indulges in a fit of conscience whenever she thinks of the customs officers lying in wait for her on this side, and goes about her apartment wringing her hands and wailing: "Oh dear, what will the duty be." The gown she's wearing in these pictures is of black satin, almost with the luster of patent leather; and its only decoration is an elaborate buckle of beautifully cut crystal. Note the length of the skirt, if you please, and the sleeves—ankle-length and knuckle-length seems to be the Paris dictum for early spring.

Gloria's bob will bear watching, too. Just a suspicion of sleekness, just a hint of wave, just a half-measure bang. She's hard at work on her new picture "The Coast of Folly." We probably won't see her in person until summer, but we'll see her as Mme. Sans-Gêne very soon.
Amalienhurst and has a long pedigree. He answers to the name of Drusus.

"The Italian mastiff is truly a one-man dog. He makes up to no one besides his master. He is calm and staunch, but is submissive to his master. He is not so intelligent as the police dog, but once he has learned a thing he never forgets it. The police dog is more demonstrative of affection, but not so much to be trusted. The mastiff has a very fine sense of justice. He will take punishment docilely if he has been caught doing wrong, but if he feels that the punishment is unjust, he resents it and will growl and show his teeth."

"The best friend I ever had—or have," Charles Ray says, "is a funny-looking little wire-haired fox-terrier.

"He has passed the final test of friendship; he doesn't mind having his whiskers laughed at. In fact, that's his name—Whiskers.

"No matter how blue or depressed I get, I never have been able to look at that dog without a grin.

Our acquaintance began in a manner distinctly unflattering to him. I was making a comedy in which I needed a rag-tag, back-alley mongrel dog. I went down to a dog doctor I knew, intending to enlist his services. In the middle of his front walk I saw this dog. He looked at me in his solemn way, and I simply
solemn face like the Dundrearys of a comic-page butler.

“I told the doctor to get some boy to send him around to the studio next day. I added carelessly, that if there was anything to pay, to send the bill with the boy.

“When the boy and the dog and the bill arrived, I found that I had cruelly misjudged the ancestry of Whiskers. He was a thoroughbred with a pedigree a yard long. And the bill was $250.

“I think I gulped a little at the bill, which fact I trust that no one will ever tell Whiskers. I had intended to get rid of him after using him in the picture, but long before the picture was over, Whiskers and I were true friends for life.

“In the rough and tumble of a picture career, I have had experi-

ences in which there wasn’t much joyous laughter. But no matter how low I got in spirit when that solemn-looking little dog, bristling with the awful dignity of those whiskers, came near me, I always had to laugh.

“Whiskers is a great dog and he comes from a great breed. Of all dogs I like wire-haired terriers the best. And Whiskers stands at the head of the breed.

“I have an honest admiration for his character. From Whiskers any one can have cordial, dignified politeness or a fight — whichever you seem to need the most. But, once in a fight, Whiskers will not quit while he can stand and see. To be frank about it, I am proud of the friendship of such a thoroughly fine fellow as Whiskers.”

“Exercising is the sure road to health,” Norman Kerry declares, “and the first aid to exercise is — dogs!

“Every morning I rise at four and start over the hills with my canine companions. They keep me moving — they’re all big and active, and I have to put on many a burst of speed to keep up with them. By six I’m ready for a man-sized breakfast — and so are the dogs.

“Tugging at the chains of a huge St. Bernard and a Great Dane gives an actor plenty of exercise — and once the exercise is started it has to be kept up. They are relentless taskmasters.

“I have some remarkable specimens. There is Barry, the great smooth-haired St. Bernard, brought from the St. Bernard monastery in Switzerland.
and given to me by Norma Talmadge. He is a massive brute, very intelligent, of enormous strength and tireless energy. Barry tugs at one of the chains on the morning pilgrimage.

"On the other chain tugs Omar, a harlequin Dane, white with great black spots and pointed ears. Omar hails from the Hagenbeck zoos in Hamburg, and was purchased in Europe. In my home in Beverly Hills, I have other dogs, too—a West Highland White, for instance, that is full of clever tricks, a spitz, and two tame wolves, also a huge malamute.

"I never remember," Buster Collier confides, "the time when I didn't have a dog. They all could have qualified for blue ribbons except Pansy. Pansy had so many strains that it would have kept an adding machine busy to have counted them all. Airedale and collie predominated in this dog I am now mourning.

"All my other pets hailed from kennels of a national reputation and were duly purchased or given to me. But Pansy just came, approved of me and stayed to the time of her tragic death. She followed my housekeeper home one night, edged her way into the apartment and greeted me so cordially as if to say:

"'Now you see how much I like you and how embarrassing it would be if you turned me out on this foggy night. I can't know where she is going. Have a heart, Buster, and tell me I'm welcome.'

"Pansy (the housekeeper named her) stayed. I adver-
tised, but no one replied to my ad, so the dog became a member of the household. While Pansy had no royal blood, she had a royal heart. Her love and admiration for me were boundless. To those who say dogs don't think, I can argue that they certainly do. For, when Pansy understood that she would not be turned out she showed her appreciation in many ways. The most striking became a matter of deep concern with me; for one morning, just as I was leaving for a noon call at a studio, in she trotted with a huge tenderloin steak, dropping it at my feet and looking as if she wanted to say:

"You've got a profitable guest, Buster. What do you think of this?"

"Three times one week the incident was repeated. Then my housekeeper had to resort to punishment and a severe moral lecture. Pansy ceased being the family provider, but to this day it is a mystery where she got her loot.

"Pansy gave me another bad hour when The Devil's Cargo was under produc-

who had stepped on the gas. I shall never forget her. My new dog has so much pedigree that comparisons are odious. His mother was international champ last year at the Madison Square Garden. His father's ancestry is equally distinguished, but Pansy brought her heart to me, and a faithfulness that will never die as long as memory lasts."

A dog, a pipe, and a fireside," John Gilbert sighs happily, "combined, they are a synonym for peace and contentment.

"My pipe, the maker of dreams, the fireside, the crystal globe wherein the dreams are visioned; and my dog, a confidant, without which dreams and visions would be empty.

"No criticism from this friend as I pour into his waiting ears my ambitions

(Continued on page 88)

Page 63
Dorothy Revier is a twenty-year-old San Francisco girl. She is a striking brunette, and has, besides unusual beauty, an elusive, mysterious quality that is rare indeed, and a great asset on the screen.

Virginia Lee Corbin (right) is only sweet sixteen, but she is the quintessence of baby dollishness—if that's a word. Her eyes are sky-blue, her hair is buttercup-yellow, and her skin is apple-blossom-pink. Here's hoping the color-photography process will really be perfected this year.

Elizabeth Hurlock (above) is an Eastern girl, with coal-black hair and strange eyes that sparkle with mischief one moment, and are sad and beguiling the next. Page the rôle of "saucy vampire" for her.

Violet Avon is a perfect "icy blonde"—she should play the English aristocrat to perfection.

Betty Arlen, perched upon the high stool at the left, is an eighteen-year-old professional dancer. She's the embodiment of "cuteness" with her mass of chestnut hair, her naturally red cheeks, and her tiny figure.

At the right is Evelyn Pierce, a nineteen-year-old dancer who hails from Texas. If Florenz Ziegfeld should have a composite picture made of all his "Follies" girls, it would look just like Evelyn. She has red-brown hair, a cream-colored skin, and a figure of perfect symmetry.

The Lucky Thirteen On
Presenting the Wampas Baby Stars Who

EVERY year, the Wampas (an organization of publicity men) gives a grand ball in Los Angeles at which there are thirteen guests of honor—thirteen girls who look to these lively and prophetic young men like the "comers"—like the probable stars of Tomorrow's fame. Some years, the Wampas has shown uncanny sagacity in seeing the coming of these comets. In 1922, they selected Bessie Love, Colleen Moore, Mary Philbin, Pauline Starke, Lois Wilson, Lila Lee, Claire Windsor, Jacqueline Logan, and Fats Ruth Miller. Bets are now open as to which baby stars on this year's list are destined for screen immortality.
Did You See?

THE Baby Wampas Stars on pages 64-65? They are there not only because they are so attractive and make such a lovely group to look at; they are really an introduction to a new department.

We are starting a series of beauty experiences and experiments of stars from the film world. If there are any beauty mysteries unknown to the movie folk, we’d just like to know what they are. So watch for this new department each month and see if you don’t find it well worth your time.

Were You Surprised?

When you looked inside the covers, did you recognize your friend Motion Picture Magazine? We’re all dressed up in brand-new type. Don’t you think the stories look lots more interesting and snappy than they did when we used the old style?

You see, this is the time of year when everything and everybody simply has to get itself trimmed up. Whether it’s a tree going in for a new line of leaves, or a lady buying hats, or a magazine dollying up with a new kind of type—well, it all just goes to show that Spring is here at last!

Had You Realized?

That the stars certainly have a hard time disposing of their old clothes? After this month’s magazine, with its article on page 32, reaches the “knights of the road,” Hollywood will probably be flooded with hopeful hobos who yearn for white collars and pearl-gray spats. Movie people only keep their old costumes when there is some sentiment connected with them, that gives them a real, personal value.

But wouldn’t it make you mad if you gave away a set of pretty dresses to gladden the hearts of some young girls who had never had anything beautiful to wear, and then saw those same dresses in a second-hand store the next week? But then, movie people have so many strange experiences that it’s a pretty hard matter to surprise them—no matter what happens.

Want To Get Aboard the Limerick Liner?

Three persons are going to win a ten-dollar prize each month. If you want to be one, send in lines to complete these unfinished limericks. Remember that the last line must rhyme with the first two. Copy the four lines of the limericks you are finishing, then add your own last line. No lines will be returned, so do not enclose stamps. Mail your contributions, with name and address, to the Limerick Contest, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y., before April 1st. Send as many as you wish for all three.

A young star named Dorothy Gish, Being bored with her roles, made a wish, That she’d out-vamp by far, Naldi, Pringle, La Marr, Lost Something?

Did you lose your heart to Ramon Novarro in the galley-slaye picture? We did; that’s why we’re running it. At first we couldn’t decide whether to use it or not, as it has been reproduced before. So we took a vote on it among the two hundred women in our organization. Can you guess the answer? One wild, unanimous “Yes!” Well, there it is, on page 24. Don’t you agree with our voters?

Like It?

We mean our new Review department. There’s all the information about the latest movies, stated so briefly that, no matter how busy you are, you can keep pace with the quickest-moving industry in captivity. It not only tells you the names of new pictures and their stars, but it outlines the plot and gives a short criticism as well.

They’re real criticisms, too. If there’s a dull movie lurking just around the corner from you, it’s our business to see that you receive fair warning. And, if there’s something perfectly stunning that you were about to pass up—one glance at the Brief Review and the day is saved.

If you didn’t read them thoroly when you were looking thru the book, turn back to page 49, where they start, and make up for lost time.

Speaking of reviews, of course you saw the Guide to One Hundred Pictures that begins on page 6. It’s a comprehensive census of current pictures with a note as a guide to the type and worth of each movie listed.

Will You Remember?

You haven’t forgotten the artists’ contest, have you? If you like to draw and if you think you’d like to win a prize, why not try your luck? You’ll find out just how to go about it on pages 29 and 97.

And, of course, you’re going to enter the limerick contest! Everybody has to try for that prize—from grandmother down to the school kids. The details are right here in the middle of this page.
East Can Be West

We're proving that a Chinese flapper can play an American Indian on the screen as well as she can the part of a gentle lady from China. In the picture to the left you see Anna May Wong in story-book attire as Tiger Lily, the Indian girl who lives in the Never-Never Land, and who belongs to the faithful band that guards Peter Pan's house. Then, Anna May can change completely, as she proves in the picture above, and become the essence of the Orient, silken-clad, and trousered, with her fan, her pot of tea, and the gong to summon her handmaidens. Far be it from this languid and charming lady to do anything for herself! But as an Indian, there's another story. And she looks both parts to perfection, too.
On the Camera Coast

Harry Carr's department of news and gossip of the Hollywood picture folk

THE folks in Hollywood had a good chance to take stock of the new Mrs. Charlie Chaplin one night this week. She made her first public appearance at a preview of Brother-in-law Syd Chaplin's new comedy, Charlie's Aunt . . . made for the Christie Comedy Company.

The preview was held at the Writers' Club on Sunset Boulevard. Mrs. Charlie came with Mrs. Syd Chaplin. She wore a mink coat which she did not take off during the evening, but underneath which one caught an occasional glimpse of a shimmering white evening gown.

She is very slim and tall and lovely, with a touch of Spanish dignity in her carriage. She left no doubt at all as to what she thinks of the whole Chaplin family. Every time Syd came on the screen, she roared with laughter. She kept saying, over and over again, "Isn't he wonderful! isn't he perfectly wonderful!"

Mrs. Chaplin has taken the reporters into her confidence in a very intimate family affair. She says that a great happiness is in store for Charlie and herself this summer. And they both hope it will be a girl. But if it is a boy, they are going to call it Charles Spencer Chaplin . . . just like father.

S-s-sh, don't tell a soul, but the pride of the village, pictured below, is none other than our own dash-ing Rod La Rocque. You'll see him disguised as a delivery boy in "The Golden Bed"

"Give me a word of four letters beginning with L, that means the greatest thing in the world," begs Maurice Tourneur. "It's Love," cries Anita Stewart. "No," says Bert Lytell, "she's all wrong. It's Luck"

Pauline Starke, go to the head of the class, you're the winner in our Beauty Contest. Any other girl we know would look anything but pretty and cute dressed in those old clothes and with her head swathed in a towel.

AND now that we are on the subject of brides, Harold Lloyd thought he had lost his the other day when he rushed into his burning studio and saw Mrs. Lloyd cut off by the flames—penned in a blazing set. Mrs. Lloyd (formerly Mildred Davis) escaped; but not without injury. Some of the glass at the top
Lloyd is making his last picture under the old Pathé contract. It is a story about a poor boob college boy who was the eleventh substitute on a football team. His next picture will be made for Paramount. He will, however, work at his own studio and will have final authority in every way as to his own comedies.

CHARLEY RAY, with the death of Thomas H. Ince, is going to set up as an independent producer of his own pictures again. His experiment in going back to the Ince banner was not entirely a success. After his financial wreck with The Courtship of Miles Standish, Mr. Ray tried to sell his studio on Fleming Street, but never could find a buyer. A fact which he now considers to have been quite providential. He has formed a new alliance with his old partners who were with him in the days of his greatest successes—Joseph De Grasse, his production manager, and Jerome Storm, his director. I saw him the other night at the Writers’ Club; he seemed to have recovered all his good spirits and self-confidence.

Charley’s financial recovery will wreck one man’s hopes. Ernst Lubitsch has always been anxious to get Ray for a picture. He considers him to be the finest actor he has ever seen in America, and makes no bones about saying so.

Mr. Ray and Lubitsch and Pola Negri are all neighbors out in Beverly Hills.

POLA, by the way, found one thing about her new Beverly estate that did not satisfy the yearnings of her soul. On her estate in Silesia, she had some murmuring pines which soothe her to rest with the poetry of their soughing. Pola found she just couldn’t struggle along without some murmuring pines; so she sent to Oregon and

of the set broke and fell in a shower when the firemen turned the hose on it. She was cut about the arms.

The Lloyd family are wondering right now, what on earth to do with Miss Gloria Lloyd’s Christmas toys. No baby ever had such a Christmas. There was one of each kind of toy ever heard of or invented. The youthful Miss Lloyd stared at her tree with the sagacity befitting a lady of seven months; made a blabbing sound and crawled away in the other direction. Mrs. Lloyd has packed the things away for another Christmas when she is older and not so blasé.
had fifteen pines brought down here at a cost of one thousand dollars apiece. But what's fifteen thousand dollars compared with the soothing of one's soul?

Pola was the guest of honor at the largest women's club in California one day last week. She made a brilliant and charming address. Pola really has brains.

Having tried several leading men in her various American pictures, Pola has handed the medal to Robert Frazier. He is the only one she has asked to appear with her in a second picture. The name of it is The Charmer. Wallace McDonald will also be in the cast.

Cecil De Mille took Hollywood's breath away by the announcement in New York that he and Famous Players-Lasky have parted company. The general understanding out here is that the difference was over the cost of Mr. De Mille's pictures. Once before there was a disagreement; that time it was over the excessive cost of The Ten Commandments. That breach was bridged over: Mr. De Mille was installed as the supervising director of all the Famous Players-Lasky productions. Mr. De Mille will now begin making his own pictures—probably for the United Artists. He is negotiating with Mrs. Ince to buy the Ince studio at Culver City.

Altho in a quiet, modest—almost a timid way—Mrs. Ince is, at present, holding down the biggest job any woman ever had in Hollywood. She has fitted up a tiny office in one of the anterooms of her late husband's suite of executive offices and is managing the studio and all the production work. For many years she was her husband's closest adviser; so the work is not unfamiliar to her. She has no ambition, however, to go on with the work. When the pictures contracted

for by the old Ince organization are finished, she will shut up the shop.

Cable messages from Rome announce that the Ben Hur company is coming home. Mr. Louis B. Mayer confirms this. The recent political troubles in Italy, added to the other complications, were just that much too much. Ramon Novarro is due to arrive in Hollywood around the first of February and most of the rest of the picture will be taken here. It will be necessary to return to Rome for the chariot race scenes and to the North of Africa for one sequence. Before this picture is thru it will be by far the most expensive one ever made. The cost is estimated at seven million dollars.

(Continued on page 101)
DEAR EDITOR: This is a letter of praise for the picture Peter Pan and for Betty Bronson. I went to see the picture thinking that it was a children's picture only, but I was agreeably surprised. It was a picture that "every child should take its parents to." It is the kind of a movie that makes one feel young and wish he were Peter Pan.

Then about Betty Bronson, I echo her call that she is Peter Pan. She is a perfect Peter. Her slight figure, her curly hair and her lovely face which has a thousand different expressions is the ideal making of Peter Pan. I sincerely hope that Miss Bronson keeps on with her child parts. I hate to think of her as a grown-up.

There seems to be a great discussion over which is better, the stage or the movies. This is rather silly as it is merely a question of scenery versus conversation. The movies have the whole world for a picture, while the stage has a few cubic yards.

Then hats off to Betty Bronson, Herbert Brenon and Sir James Barrie.

M. L. W.
Wilmington, Del.

A Japanese Fan

You will be a little interested to hear something from overseas Japanese fans.

In seeing many of American pictures, I feel very keenly that compared with stars, sets, and others, stories are rather poor, for which reason, achievements in other points do not produce so many effects as they ought to do. As the best example, Young Rajah can be mentioned, old as it may be. When I saw this picture, I could not bear to see it to the end, because nothing is more romantic (in bad sense) and more absurd than stories like this. It appears that fans at your side take more fancy in the mere personality and study of leading stars and the gorgeous costumes and the like than stories and whole success of the picture.

In my poor opinion, stories are the keynotes which decide the success or failure of the pictures. On the whole, pictures based upon famous literatures are not so unsuccessful as those based upon poor novels and plays. I sincerely hope that American directors who have so many abilities should pay more attention to the choice of stories.

T. K. K.
Tokio, Japan.

Marjorie Ward, whose picture appears at the left, is the winner of the Five-Dollar Prize this month. It gives us pleasure to award this prize to one of our younger contributors. Marjorie is fourteen years old and we think she is well on the way to first-class letter writing.

WANTED—MORE HEROES

I wonder whether the producer of pictures realizes the actual attraction, in part of the film heroes? A large majority of motion picture enthusiasts were some of them with not over much leisure, and I know a large proportion of them do not go to see the star that is played up in electric lights outside the theater, but rather she goes to see the girl, raising man opposite this "star." Personally, I never miss a picture in which Mr. Conway Tearle is to appear, and it does not matter to me how poor the woman is in the cast. Mr. Tearle's work is intelligent and refined, no matter what his role, there is never anything repugnant or offensive. The same may be said of many women, they never go to see Norma Talmadge, but go rather to see Eugene O'Brien play opposite her. Why is it the men are so seldom featured in the announcements?

F. E. P.,
Boston, Mass.

HAIL! QUEEN OF HOKUM!

I should like to say a word in favor of Constance Talmadge. She seems to have been getting such rough treatment lately. I have seen the lady in twenty-four pictures, so I have a right to judge her. I'll never forget the days when she played with Harrison Ford in those delightful comedies. I don't think any Constance Talmadge fan ever will forget them. It seemed to me that those pictures—the clear cut and stood out from the other current pictures. Then came a bunch of ordinary ones. I think she came up to par again in East to West, but there was quite a bit of talk about that at the time. People said that it was just hokum, and that Connie didn't look a bit Chinese. Well, no one can carry off hokum as well as Connie. She's a past master in the art, and as for looking Chinese no one wanted her to. I thought the story was delightfully, frankly impossible. I don't care whether a story is possible or not if it's frank about it, but deliver me from these melodramatic things that take themselves seriously.

Sincerely,
HELEN M. ROBINSON,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

SPARE THEIR FEELINGS

May I express the opinion of the younger set of college set? We patronize the moving pictures a great deal, and we are just about fed up on agonizing, depressing, and demoralizing pictures. "Agnonizers," we call them.

Why charming actresses and clever actors are wasted on such pictures as Simple Wives, Tarash, and Her Love Story is more than I can understand. These pictures, to say the very least, are depressing. I know that all marriages are not unhappy, and that all men are not "base deceivers," and it often happens that people marry who do not live lives of continuous agonizing emotion.

(Continued on page 98)
What Makes An Actor Really Great?

All the money and good looks and brains and "pull" in the world cant make an actor great. There's an indefinable "something" that does it. Some people call it "personality," but it's bigger than that. Whatever it is, George Hackathorne has it. D. W. Griffith said Robert Harron, had he lived, would now be the screen's greatest actor—and he possessed this strange "something." Charles Chaplin has it. Charlie Ray's work a few years back was full of it. You see flashes of it in Valentino—do you remember him as the rugged young boy in "Blood and Sand"? Can you name other actors that possess this priceless gift?

Above, George Hackathorne as an American citizen; at the left, as a devil-may-care citizen of Sing Sing in "Capital Punishment." Below, a poignant scene from the same picture, in which the priest (Alec B. Francis) pleads with the terrified prisoner.
Along the Atlantic Way

Eastern News and Gossip from HAL HOWE

Above: These three girls should be very near to finding a "four-letter word, meaning an astral body," in the puzzle on which they are working, for they are Doris Kenyon, Phyllis Haver, and May Allison.

Corinne Griffith, when East, renewed her contract with First National. It was decided that she would do "Déclassé" on the screen. She and Zoë Akins, the author of the play, are shown here in Corinne's suite at the St. Regis, N. Y.

One hears much of the balmy California climate. But apparently, Hollywood residents do need furs sometimes. For these recent arrivals in New York hadn't seen the town for a long time, and yet here they were, all ready for blizzards. And they got a warm welcome from the fans in Grand Central Station, did Myrtle Stedman, Viola Dana, and Gladys Brockwell (above).

We saw Rod La Rocque off to Europe the other day, on his way to play opposite Gloria Swanson in The Coast of Folly. He told us that his mother and sister had asked him to quit playing in traveling stock and repertoire companies, a couple of years back, so that he could spend more time at home. So he went on the screen to please them, and now he spends less time at home than ever.

BEBE DANIELS has just had a real thrill. The Crooked Hour company went down to the famous old Bowery Theater, in New York City, to shoot some important scenes in her new picture, which concerns the rise to fame of a little amateur-night performer. The theater is called The Thalia now and it has gone down the theatrical ladder almost to the lowest rung, but it is still aglow with brilliant memories. As the old Bowery stage, it ushered Charlotte Cushman, Lester Wallack and Edwin Booth and many another illustrious old-timer into fame. To add to Bebe's thrill, it was the first time she had trod the boards since she was a nine-year-old member of the Morosco stock company.

While they were there, T. Roy Barnes and E. Mason Hopper suggested that they all go to a Chinese restaurant for lunch. In a house near the restaurant an obliging pair of Chinamen chose that particular noon hour to get into an argument. The result was a murder—and more thrills for Bebe. The luncheon was finished with absent-minded and careless service from the excited, chattering waiters. Bebe says the atmosphere was so thick with tragedy you could cut it with a knife.

The Famous Players-Lasky studio has been breaking all previous records! There were five companies working at once. The Kiss in the Dark company, having just returned from Cuba, occupied one stage. In the group standing about were Adolphe Menjou, Lilian Rich and Aileen Pringle and Frank Tuttle, the director.

William de Mille had started work on Men and Women, and was shooting some scenes with Claire Adams. Richard Dix and Paul Sloan were making the last few scenes for Too Many Kisses, and in a day or so Richard goes over to the De Mille company, where he will play the lead in
"Men and Women," instead of Jack Holt, as previously announced.

On another set Bebe Daniels was posing with T. Roy Barnes for a scene in The Crooked Hour, and upstairs Tommy Meighan was working on Coming Through. Five companies in all, and every inch of space utilized.

Betty Blythe is off to Germany to make a picture for the Samuelsons. She stopped off for a two-day shopping bout in New York before taking the steamer Paris for Havre. Betty is as tall and sweet and beautiful as we are short and squat and—otherwise, and during the day we spent with her, she had to bend her proud and queenly head whenever she spoke to us. As we bade her bon voyage, she issued an ultimatum: "If we ever spend another day together," she announced emphatically, "either you must grow or I must have a couple of feet amputated. You have given me a crick in the neck!"

Mary Brian, who played Wendy in Peter Pan, has arrived from the West Coast and will play the stellar role in The Little French Girl. She is altogether charming and to our mind gave a performance in Peter Pan second to none.

Considerable mystery was attached to Mr. Barthelness' flying trip to Los Angeles. It can be told however, that the visit had nothing to do with finances or releasing arrangements, despite rumors. By contract arrangements, Mr. Barthelness will be an Inspiration-First National star for nearly two years more, at least.

One of the real purposes of the trip was to look over the directorial situation. John S. Robertson, who has been directing Mr. Barthelness for a long time, is going to take a vacation next June, and Dick is seeking a new director. Just who this will be still remains to be seen.

Dick returned on January 13th, when work was started on his film version of Martin Brown's Great Music to be released as Soul-Fire. The cast for this picture is worth publishing, as it includes Besie Love, Carlotta Monterey, Effie Shannon, and Lee Baker.

Elmer Clifton has cabled that he will be in New York early in the spring. He has just finished a trip around the world, having covered the islands of the South Seas, Borneo, India, Northern Africa, and a lot of other wild countries, where he spent his time shooting—not big game, but a whole lot of fascinating pictures.

(Continued on page 129)
The Answer Man

ELEANOR B.—And there will be a lot of people who wout have a birthday this year. William Collier, Jr., was born in New York City, and he played on the stage for four years with his father. He is five feet ten and weighs 150 pounds. He has black hair and brown eyes.

STAR GAZER.—At what time of day was Adam born? Oh, just a little before Eve! Richard Barthelmess was married June 18, 1920, and he is now living in Chicago, Illinois.

POND DU LAC.—But you must always sign your name too. No, I can’t get the typewriter—I eat so many chocolates and drink so much buttermilk that I never get ill. You refer to Helen Daily, and she is with Mack Sennett Players.

HICK & JOE.—Well, the trouble with a perfect set of natural teeth is that everybody thinks they’re false. Tom Mix is American. He was born in Texas. Jane Novak was born in St. Louis, Missouri. Pauline Frederick is playing in The Goose Woman.

WILMA M.—Yes, Milton Sills says he is going to direct for one year at the end of his contract. Yes, I am sorry he is leaving pictures—he is too good an actor. Conway Tearle and Harry Morey are supporting Barbara La Marr in Hail and Farewell.

SATYRO.—So you really don’t think I am as old as I say. Cross my heart! Ramon Novarro is twenty-six. Yes, there is many a word wasted on the crossword puzzle these days. Well, if you are a crossword puzzle fan you can sing—The hours I spent with thee, dear heart.

KONDIKE.—Yes, indeed. I walk very erect, having been straightened out by circumstances. Even if I am over eighty, I’m not so bent. So you want to know if stars are made or born. Well, I am going to let you know what is going on, but it takes a good director to make them. It all depends upon many things whether Jackie Coogan will make a good actor when he grows up. Yes, regarding Jeanita Hansen.

ARIA.—Ramon Novarro is with Metro-Goldwyn, Culver City, California. Frank Borzage is making Compson Lorraine at 1533 N. Edgemont Avenue, Los Angeles, California. That was Jerry Devine in Damaged.

LUN LAC.—Sorry I can’t help you, but you want too many addresses.

Rose W.—Well, Rose, your typewriting is very nice. You must be a big help to your father. Georgia Hale, the Chicago beauty prize winner, is replacing Lita Grey (Mrs. Chaplin) in Charles Chaplin’s picture, The Gold Rush.

J. P.—Most of the players you mentioned are foreigners.

JAMES D.—That’s all right, in business we must learn to expect the unexpected. Virginia Browne Faire has been selected for one of the important roles in Keaton’s new picture. She is the next best five and weighs 120 pounds. Charlie Chaplin is thirty-five.

JOHN DOE GOR.—Well, there are two things that indicate a weak mind—to be silent when it is proper to speak, and to speak when it is proper to be silent. Pauline Garon is playing in My Son, with Nazimova.

HELEN R.—So you like a good hair mattress. And the next selection shall be—the hairs of our head are all numbered. Billy Sullivan is with Universal. No, he is not married. John Bowers is now married to Marguerite de la Motte, with whom he has played in several pictures. We will now play—Here comes the Bride.

WARDE P.; MOVIE ADVERTISER.—Mister: Anna L.; Monte’s Fan; Miss Lette; Dear; S. C. E.; Inquisitive Ann; Picture Player and Forget Me Not.—All of your questions have been answered above.

SNOGGY.—Colleen Moore is twenty-two. Mary Pickford is thirty-one—but she doesn’t look it. Lila Lee is twenty-one. Helene Chadwick is twenty-seven. Why child, Congress makes the United States laws, the courts interpret them and the President executes them. Congress may appropriate a billion dollars a year, but the President must execute the laws by which this vast sum is passed, as well as spent.

G. A. B.—No, it is not necessary to submit your scenario in scenario form. Anyway, very few companies are buying original stories; they are producing stage-plays, and well-known books. Norman Kerry is playing in The Prince, an original story which will be directed by Charlie Brabin. Write me any time, I’m always here.

PEARLE.—Of course I go skating. I have tibbers, too. The trouble with most of us is that we don’t get out in the open enough. We can’t get enough of this fresh air into our systems. John Patrick is with Warner. He has blonde hair and blue eyes. Charles Jones is twenty-nine. Gloria Joy was to be starred in a series of sub-deb pictures. Tell you more later.

DICK BARTHELMESS CRAZIE—Tom, Matt, Owen and Joe are the four Moore boys. Richard Barthelmess lives in Mamaroneck, New York. Mrs. R. E. H.—So you would like to read the life of Thomas Meighan. He has no children, and is married to Frances Ring. Laura La Plante is playing in The Teaser and she is also making the series of Winnie O’Wyne stories which ran in the Saturday Evening Post.

M. SHEIK BABY.—Oh Boy! Yes, Thomas in Coming Through. Blanche Sweet, Ronald Colman and Kathryn Myers have the leads in George Fitzmaurice’s The Supreme Moment.

STATION D-K-S-N.—Standing by for further announcements. Pola Negril is to star in The Charlie, while Betty Compson is playing in Eve’s Secret, from the Elsie Ferguson stage-play Moonflower. What’s the difference between a cow and an old chair? One gives milk, the other gives way. (Whey.) Station D-e-r-r-y signing off for the evening. Good night!

R. U.—Betty Bronson was born in New Jersey and she is seventeen. Your story reminds me of the little girl hearing that her mother was going into half mourning, wished to know if any of her relatives were half dead. Richard Barthelmess is playing in Soul Fire.

HARRY.—Last picture Agnes Ayres was in was Her Market Value. Oh, I’m not so old. Ivy has been known to live 450 years, but Ivy and I are not friends.


Miss E. P. K.—You say there was no mention of Harold Lockwood in the Anniversary number. I don’t know how that happened. I can easily see you like Ian Keith.

J. W. LEECHBURGH.—Our letter is certainly more than appreciated. I sent it to our circulation manager, and in fact to every department in the shop. Write me any time. Always glad to hear from you.

(Conginued on page 78)
What the most beautiful Queen in Europe says about the care of the skin

No woman is so highly placed that she can afford to neglect her beauty. Personal appearance is vital to her success—she cannot allow the usual marks of fatigue or exposure to show in her face. I believe that her beauty can be thoroughly guarded by a daily use of Pond's Two Creams.

POINT to another woman in the world today whose beauty, power and vibrant personality are equal to those of Marie, Queen of Roumania!

"A tall, majestic figure, hair of red-gold, a round white throat, flashing violet eyes and long lashes sweeping demurely the rose-leaf of her lovely cheeks." One who knows her well describes her thus.

Granddaughter of Queen Victoria, cousin to the King of England, to the Queen of Spain and to the late Czar Nicholas of Russia, she has lived from birth in the middle of the great affairs of Europe. At sixteen she became the bride of the fortunate heir to the Roumanian throne and entered upon the vivid life of the Balkans.

Today, in spite of the responsibilities of state-craft, Queen Marie is still extraordinarily beautiful. She is known as the queenliest queen in Europe just as her daughters were called the prettiest princesses—before they married kings.

A womanly woman as well as a queen—and one to whom many things have come because of her own beauty—Queen Marie feels that "No woman is so highly placed that she can afford to neglect her beauty. Personal appearance is vital to her success—she cannot allow the usual marks of fatigue or exposure to show in her face."

MORE and more, women are realizing that the woman who is careless of her personal appearance is practically never a success. Yet thoughtfully chosen toilet preparations and regular daily care are all one needs to keep the skin fresh and clear.

Years ago one manufacturer devoted his laboratories to perfecting the two creams that answer the vital needs of the skin. Today the famous Pond's method is used everywhere by women who, because of high position, tax their skins the most and yet must keep them loveliest.

Every day, and especially after any exposure, a thorough cleansing with Pond’s Cold Cream. Smooth a generous quantity on your face and neck. The pure cream works deeply into the pores, cleansing them of all impurities. Wipe the cream off with a soft cloth. It will bring with it the excess oil, powder, dust, and dirt your skin has been collecting all day. Repeat the process. Now notice how fresh and clear your skin is. Finish by dashing with cold water or rubbing with ice. If your skin is very dry let Pond’s Cold Cream stay on all night.

AND then, to protect your skin and as a foundation for powder, use Pond's Vanishing Cream. Smooth in just a light film, enough for your skin to absorb. Now notice the limpid freshness of your skin; how soft and smooth it is to the touch, how captivatingly lovely to the eye. The delicate greaseless Vanishing Cream protects your skin, keeping it fresh and untired. And you will be delighted with the smoothness with which rouge and powders, which go on next, now blend—and stay.

Begin today, to follow the method the beautiful Queen of Roumania so heartily commends. Your beauty like hers, can be "thoroughly guarded by a daily use of Pond's Two Creams." You will be enchanted to see how quickly your skin looks fresher, more youthful—with a freshness and youthfulness you can keep. The Pond's Extract Company.

FREE OFFER-Mail this coupon today for free tubes of these two famous creams and a little folder telling you how to use them and what famous beauties and society leaders think of them.

The Pond’s Extract Company, Dept. D
143 Hudson Street, New York.

Please send me your free tube of Pond’s Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Name.

Street.

City. . . State. . .

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Red Hot Mama.—That's nothing. I understand that there are "Red Hot Mammas" displayed in the women's waiting-rooms of nearly all the English railways. Ralph Graves is six feet one, weighs 170 pounds. He has light-brown hair and blue eyes. Ward Crane is five feet eleven, weighs 175 pounds, brown hair and brown eyes. So you would like pictures of them in the gravure section. I'll see what I can do for you.

R. L. M.—Yes, Thomas Alva Edison is America's most important inventor. He was born in Milan, Ohio, May 11, 1847.

His first inventions were improvements for the telegraph, then the stock-market "ticker." His most important inventions include the incandescent electric light, the megaphone, phonograph, electric storage battery, and motion-picture machines. Yes, it is true that Katherine MacDonald is back in pictures in The Power of Darkness. No, Gloria Swanson is not dead, and Ben Lyon was born in Atlanta, Georgia. Write me again.

Mariella W.—Ramon Novarro is twenty-six; Alice Terry is twenty-eight; Emil Bennett is twenty-eight, and Marion Davies was born in Brooklyn, New York, Raymond Griffith, Vera Reynolds and Wallace Beery are playing the feature roles in The Night Club.

Betty C.—Well, the defects of the club, like Brooklyn grow worse as we grow old. Ramon is twenty-six and Robert Anthony Coogan was born December 17, 1924.

Harry N.—Warner Baxter is with Ince and Kenneth Harlan with Famous-Players now.

Beatrice H.—Esto perpetua. Buck Jones is with Fox, you know.

L. B.—After all, what a man knows should find its expression somewhere, somewhere. In what he does. Lew Cody was born in 1885. He is five feet eleven and three-quarters. Adolphe Menjou is the picture in The Steam. Patsy Ruth Miller is playing opposite House Peters in Overboard.

Mrs. R. K.—You know the old saying—he who shuts his eyes to some things, saves his sight; but he who shuns all things is a fool. Frances King is the wife of Thomas Meighan. No, she has not played in pictures so far as I know. No, no children.

Boy—All right, Bo, that's a go. You want to come from Ohio to visit your cousin in Buffalo and then you want to take a run down to New York to see me. It is a matter of twelve hours between here and Buffalo. Walter McGrill is portraying a dual role in Fortune in a Lifetime, the next Edmund Lowe production for Fox.

Schatz.—I should say I do like it. I get it mixed up with my beard every now and then. Rod La Rocque is six feet three, born in America. Ricardo Cortez was born in Abashe-Lorraine. Marie Prevost is playing in Shall Not Tell. Florence B.—So you are only twelve. I presume you are a good girl and ready to work every night. Tom Mix is forty-four. Pat O'Malley is playing in Proud Flesh, King Vidor's next production. Write me again, Florence.

Marianna H.—Gloria Swanson is still in Europe. She was Marjorie Hope in Richardson in A Society Scandal. Raymond Griffith, Vera Reynolds and Wallace Beery are playing the featured roles in The Night Club.

Betty D.—It is a sad story. Yes, Dagmar Godowsky. Kings in Exile will be released as Confession of a Queen with Alice Terry and Lewis Stone in the leads. You flutter me, but I couldn't teach you anything. As Colton says, "It is always safe to learn even from our enemies, seldom safe to instruct even our friends."

Mary K.—Yes, indeed, I still have my hall-room, and I still drink buttermilk. Sometimes when I get it, it is frozen buttermilk, but it thaws out. Saturday, Dorothy Phillips, Bessie Barriscale, Louise Huff, June Caprice, Fanny Ward, Kitty Gordon and Vivian Martin are not doing much in pictures these days.

Marjorie N.—No, Glenn Hunter says he is not married. Well, I wouldn't just call it that. Affection is the school in which great virtues are acquired, in which great characters are formed. Lucille Lee Stewart is back again in pictures in Friendly Eyes.

Antipodes.—Some letter, it was a gem. Conway Tearle was born in New York; and I believe his brother Godfrey was born in England. Yes, Conway has been married about four times. Zasu Pitts is the name. Galway. No, Alberta Vaughan has never been married. Well, Letatrice Joy has decided she won't retire just yet and her next picture for Famous will be The Dressmaker from Paris.

Evie M.—I want you to know if the stars you want to play with hands. Well, now, I suppose they do. I imagine they paint their finger-nails, and whitten their hands and arms, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. I hope you noticed it in Edly of the Dust. May McAvoy wishes that Glenn Hunter is about twenty-five.

Kid Boots.—That's some show. Sigrid Holmquist is playing with Johnson. Jack the Macker Jack. Allan Forrest is with Famous-Players in The Dressmaker from Paris. He was born in Brooklyn, New York. He played on the stage in Cleveland and in Baltimore. He is six feet, weighs 170 pounds and has black hair and is S.

Willie.—You want to know if the stars you want to play with hands. Well, now, I suppose they do. I imagine they paint their finger-nails, and whitten their hands and arms, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. I hope you noticed it in Edly of the Dust. May McAvoy wishes that Glenn Hunter is about twenty-five.

Kid Boots.—That's some show. Sigrid Holmquist is playing with Johnson. Jack the Macker Jack. Allan Forrest is with Famous-Players in The Dressmaker from Paris. He was born in Brooklyn, New York. He played on the stage in Cleveland and in Baltimore. He is six feet, weighs 170 pounds and has black hair and is S.

Ishbel.—No, I haven't any pictures of Martha Mansfield. Yes, oranges contain vitamins. Vitamins are useful in food because they stimulate growth in other bodily processes. Of course, I am always glad to answer questions for you.

Elizabeth M. Mac.—That was Rockfiffe Fellows in The Border Legion. Well, a clearing-house is an association of banks formed for the purpose of collecting checks by exchanging those drawn upon each other.

Larry.—Yes, they do say that Barbara La Marr has had four or five husbands. David Powell in Confessions of a Queen. Guess this is what you refer to: Monday's child is fair of face; Tuesday's child is full of grace; Wednesday's child is full of woe, Thursday's child works hard for its living; Friday's child is full of woe; Saturday's child has far to go; but the child that's born on the Sabbath day is fair and good and gay; the dear child, why do you trouble when you write to me. I don't bite, bark or scratch. Richard Barthelmess is with Inspiration. Shirley Mason with Fox. Now be sure to write soon.

Honey.—Peggy: Blue Eyes: June Night: Dot: Sarah H.: Genie: Betty Bee: Kentucky Belle: Betty S.: A Movie Bug: F. F.: Helen L.: Dorothy W. and A. Green: No. No letters were very interesting, in The Orchard, and you have your questions answered. So far this month, the favorite question has been—"How old is Ben Lyon?"

Owen.—So you think I am a tall, young man. Not so young. Gertrude. Yes, Valentino is married. Jean Acker was his first wife. I understand the engagement of Glenn Hunter and May McAvoys has been broken. Owen Moore, Madge Bellamy, Lillian Tashman and Mary Carr in The Parakeet.

(Continued on page 123)
Your Whole Appearance Depends Upon Your Hair

Without beautiful, well-kept hair, you can never be really attractive.

Soft, silky hair is the most ALLURING CHARM any woman can possess. It makes the plainest features appear soft and sweet.

Fortunately, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you shampoo it properly.

PROPER shampooing is what makes your hair soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and luster, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

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.

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 thousands of 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.

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, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky.

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.

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.

Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo
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 William de Mille's "The Man Without A Conscience."—W. B.

Adorée, Renée—playing in "The Silent Woman."—F. P. L.

Agnew, Robert—"The Man Without a Conscience."—W. B.

Arthur, Mary—playing in "Siege-U."—A.

Alexander, Ben—"Playing in Haunted Hands."—W. B.

Allison, May—playing in "I Want My Man."—F. P. L.

Astor, Mary—playing opposite Douglas Fairbanks in his next picture, tentatively called "Des O-U."—A.

Ayres, Agnes—playing in "Her Market Value."—P. D. C.

B

Baby Peggy—latest release Helen's Babies. Disengaged at present.

Balfin, Mabel—playing in "Riders of the Purple Sage."—W. F.

Barnes, Ely Roy—"In the Crooked Road."—P. P. L.

Barry, Wesley—playing in My Home Town.

Barrymore, Lionel—playing in "Five-Fifty."—A. E.

Barthelmess, Richard—playing in "Sweetheart."—I. P.

Baxter, Warner—playing in "The Air Mail."—M. G.

Bedford, Barbara—playing in "Trailing Shadows."—W. F.

Beery, Noah—playing in "The Spaniard."—P. P. L.

Beery, Wallace—playing in "Adventure."—P. F. W.

Beery, Mary, Madge—playing in "The Pursuit."—B. S. F.

Bennett, Belle—playing in "The Mock Marriage."—F. P. L.

Bennett, Constance—playing in "My Wife and I."—W.

Bennett, Emil—latest release "The Red Lily."—M. G.

Blue, Monte—playing the leading male role in "Ernst Lubitsch's next production," entitled "W., B.

Blythe, Berry—playing in "Speed."—H. P.

Boardman, Eleanor—playing in "Frightening."—M. G.

Bonner, Priscilla—playing in "Dracula.""Carrie."—W.

Bowser, Joan—"Dracula."—W.

Brooks, Howard—playing in "The Man of the Manor."—L. M.

Browne, Joan—"Dracula."—W.

Brown, John—"Dracula."—W.

Buckley, Gladys—"Dracula."—W.

Burns, Edmund—"The Redening Star."—V.

Busey, Moe—"The Unholy Three."—M. G.

Butler, David—playing in "Trapped in the Snow Country."—W. B.

C

Caldwell, Orville—playing in "Sackcloth and Scarlet."—F. P. L.

Calhoun, Alice—playing in "Pumped Youth."—N.

Carey, Harry—playing in "Beyond the Border."—W. B.

Carr, Mary—playing in "Dracula."—W.

Chadwick, Helen—playing in "The Unholy Three."—W. B.

Chaney, Lon—"Playing in "The Unholy Three."—M. G.

Chaplin, Charles—"Playing in The Gold Rush."—W.

Chaplin, Sydney—"Playing in Charley's Aunt."—A.

Clayton, Ethel—"In The Mansion of Aching Hearts."—H. F. S.

Clifford, Ruth—playing in "A Husband's Secret."—F. N.

Cody, Lew—playing in "Man and Maid."—M. G.

Coller, Buster, Jr.—"Playing in The Easiest Road."—W. F.

Colman, Ronald—"Playing in His Supreme Moment."—M. G.

Compton, Betty—"Playing in Eve's Secret."—P. F. L.

Coogan, Jack—"Playing in The Rag Man."—M. G.

Corbin, Virginia Lee—playing in "Lying Wives."—I. S.

Corning, Ann—"Playing in Introduce Me."—E. A. Cortes, Ricardo—"Playing in "The Slapjack."—P. F. L.

Craw, Irene—"Playing in "The Crimson Runner."—P. D. C.

D

D'Algy, Helen—"Playing in A Man's World."—M. G.

Dana, Viola—"Playing in The Necessary Evil."—F. N.

Daniels, Bebe—"Playing in "The Crooked Hour."—M. G.

Davies, Marion—"Recently completed work in "Zander the Great."—C. P.

Day, William—"Playing in "The Spaniard."—W. P.

De la Motte, Marguerite—"Playing in "Chickie."—F. N.

Dempster, Carol—"Latest release "In the Old Souls."—D. W. G.

Denny, Reginald—"Playing in "I'll Show You the Town."—U.

De Roche, Charles—"Playing in "Madame Sans Gene."—F. P. L.

Desmond, William—"Playing in "The Ace."—F. P. L.

De Vore, Dorothy—"Playing in "The Phantom."—F. P. L.

Dexter, Elliott—"Playing in "Capital Punishment."—B. F. S.

Dish, Richard—"Playing in "Too Many Kisses."—F. P. L.

Dove, Billie—"Playing in "The Air Mail."—F. P. L.

Dresser, Louise—"Playing in "Silver."—F. N.

Du Pont, Miss—"Playing in "Off the Highway."—D. P.

Dwan, Dorothy—"Playing in "Breed of the Border."—F. B. O.

Dwyer, Ruth—"Playing in "Seven Chances."—M. G.

E

Earl, Edward—"Playing in "Her Market Value."—F. P. L.

Edison, Robert—"Playing in Men and Women."—F. P. L.

Elliott, Robert—"Playing in "Lastest Blood."—F. B. O.

Elrod, Leon—"Playing in "Sally."—F. N.

F

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—"Playing in "The Air Mail."—F. P. L.

Fairbanks, Douglas—"Playing in Don Q."—U. A.

Fairfax, Virginia Brown—"Playing in "Recontre."—W. B.

Fawcett, George—"Playing in "The Merry Widow."—M. G.

Farensia, Louise—"Playing in "The Social Exile."—F. N.

Fellowes, Rockcliffe—"Playing in "The Social Exile."—P. F. N.

Ferguson, Casson—"Playing in "Cobra."—R. C.

Fitzsimmons, "The Square Peg."—M. G.

Flyn, Maurice—"Playing in "Silver Wedding."—F. B. O.

Ford, Harrison—"Playing in "Prud F."—M. G.

Forrest, Alan—"Playing in "The D emanciper."—Paris.—F. P. L.

Fox, Lucy—"Playing in "The Trail Rider."—W. F.

Francis, Alec B.—"Playing in "The S artist."—Honeywood.—W. E.

Francisco, Betty—"Playing in "On Probation."—B.

Frazee, Robert—"Playing in "The Charmer."—F. P. L.

Frederick, Pauline—latest release "Married Honeymoon."—U.

Frigon, Triste—"Playing in "Prud F."—M. G.

Fuller, Dale—"Playing in "Lady of the Night."—M. G.

G

Garon, Pauline—"Playing in "Speed."—B. P.

Gendron, Pierre—"Playing in "The Scarlet Heart."—W. O.

Gilbert, John—"Playing in "The Merry Widow."—M. G.

Gillewod, Claude—"Playing in "Chester."—M. G.

Gish, Dorothy—"Latest release "Remuda."—M. G.

Gish, Lillian—"Latest release "Romona."—R.

Glass, Gaston—"Playing in "Paris."—B. O.

Godowsky, Dagmar—latest release "Feathers."—D. J. F.

Gordon, Hulky—"Playing in "My Wife and I."—W. B.

Goudal, Jeta—"Playing in "The Spaniard."—F. P. L.

Gowland, Gibson—"Playing in "The Phantom of the Opera."—U.

Griffith, Corinne—"Playing in "The National Anthem."—F. N.

Griffith, Raymonde—"Playing in "Fashions for Men."—F. N.

H

Hackett, George—"Playing in "Capital Punishment."—B. F. S.

Haines, William—"Playing in "Fighting the Fascists."—C. B. C.

Hale, Alan—"Latest release "Dick Turpin."—W. F.

Hale, Creighton—"Playing in "The Night Letter."—A. D. B.

Hamilton, Mahlon—"Playing in "Jade."—F. S. B. E.

Hamilton, Neil—"Playing in Men and Women."—F. P. L.

Hammerstein, Elaine—"Playing in "Paris."—B. O.

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. We answer them then this department, and 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 82.
Here is nothing so comforting as Lablache when you need just the right face powder for an extra touch of loveliness.

Nita Naldi

Lablache
The Face Powder of Quality
AND
New Requisites for the Toilette

New Dollar Box
Powder Compact
2½ inches
Extra Thin Purse Size
Price, $1.00
Refill, 60c with puff
Double Compact
2 inches
Powder and Rouge
Price, $1.50
Powder Refill, 50c
with puff
Triple Compact
2 inches
Powder, Rouge and
Lipstick
Price, $1.75
Powder Refill, 50c
with puff
Three-in-one Refill
$1.00, with two puffs

New
Glove Rouge Vanity
Orange, Medium, Dark
Price, 50c

Changeable Lipstick
Suits any Complexion
Price, 50c

Hexagon
Eyebrow Pencil
Brown and Black,
Price, 35c

You, of the alluring grace and dashing beauty, gives preference always to Lablache—the Face Powder of Personality—chosen by gentlewomen for three generations.

For Lablache, in powder and accessories de toilette, is admittedly different—different as substance from its shadow.

—of an odor half fairy—half flower, it clings as unobtrusively as friendship and is as softly caressing as baby fingers.

If your druggist or favorite store does not have Lablache Face Powder or the new Requisites, write us direct, enclosing stamps, money order or check, and we will mail you at once any requisite you desire.

Sample of Lablache Face Powder—Flesh, White or Cream—sent free on request.

BEN. LEVY COMPANY

PARIS

'Dept. 50  125 Kingston Street, BOSTON

LABLACHE
THE CHOICE OF GENTLEWOMEN FOR THREE GENERATIONS
Hammond, Harriet—playing in Man and Maid—M. G.
Hampton, Hope—playing in Fifty-Fifty—A. E.
Kenneth, J—playing in The Crooked Hour
—F. P. L.
Harris, Mildred—playing in The Dressmaker From Paris—W. D. R.
Harson, John—playing in My Wife and I—W. B.
Harson, Raymond—playing in Adventure
—F. P. L.
Hauser, Phyllis—playing in I Want My Man—
—F. N.
Hawley, Wanda—playing in The Night Letter—
—W. D. R.
Hay, Mary—playing in New Toys—J. P.
Herbert, Holmes, E.—playing in A Man's World—M. G.
Hers, Walter—playing in Good Spirits—A. C.
Hines, Johnny—playing in The Cracker Jack—
—C. C. B.
Holmes, Stuart—playing in The Night Letter—
—W. D. R.
Holmquist, Sigrid—playing in The Cracker Jack—
—C. C. B.
Holt, Jack—playing in The Thundering Herd—
—F. W. L.
Hopper, Hedda—playing in The Social Exile—
—F. N.
Horton, Edward E.—playing in The Beggar on
Horsback—F. P. L.
Howard, Frances—playing in Too Many Kisses—
—F. P. L.
Howard, Reed—playing in The Beloved Paean—R. P.
Hosie, Jack—playing in Don Daredevil—U.
Hughes, Careth—playing in The Street Singer—
—C. H.
Hughes, Lloyd—playing in The Social Exile—
—F. N.
Hunter, Glenn—latest release The Silent Watcher—
—F. N.

Joyce, Alice—playing in A Man's World—M. G.

Keaton, Buster—playing in Seven Chances—
—M. C.
Keenan, Frank—latest release Dixie Handicap—
—F. N.
Keith, Ian—playing in Emancipate—F. N.
Kennedy, Madge—playing in Lying Wives—
—I. A.
Kenyon, Doris—playing in The Half Way Girl—
—F. N.
Kerry, Norman—playing in The Phantom of the
Opera—W. B.
Key, Kathleen—playing in Ben Hur—M. G.
Kibbee, Kathleen—playing in Saddle and Sawdust—
—F. P. L.
Kirkwood, James—latest release The Top of the
World—F. P. L.
Kosloff, Theodore—playing in The Beggar on
Horsback—F. P. L.

L
Lake, Alice—playing in The Fast Pace—J. P.
Lang, Bob—playing in Fairyland—T. H.
Laundis, Cullen—playing in Paramount Youth—V.
La Plante, Laura—playing in Dangerous Inno-
vations—F. N.
La Rocque, Rod—playing in The Coast of Folly—
—F. N.
Lee, Lila—playing in Old Home Week—F. P. L.
Lewis, Mitchell—playing in Trapped in the Snow
Country—W. B.
Lewis, Ralph—playing in The Re-Creation of
Beggar-Knaves—J. P.
Livingston, Margaret—playing in I'll Show You
the Trick—J. P.
Lloyd, Harold—playing in a comedy dealing with
crime—aumed—J. P.
Logan, Jacqueline—playing in White Lions.
Louise, Walter—playing in Haunted Hands—W. P.
Louis, William—playing in The Broadway Bunter—
—W. E.
Love, Bessee—playing in Son-Fire—J. P.
Lowe, Edmund—playing in Once in a Life Time—
—W. B.
Lyons, Ben—playing in The Necessary Exit—E. N.
Lyttel, Bert—playing in Ent's Lesser—W. B.

M
MacDonald, Katherine—playing in The Power
of Evil—N. M.
Mackail, Dorothy—playing in Dickie—F. N.
MacLean, Douglas—playing in Introduce Me—
—A. E.
Marlowe, June—playing in Trapped in the Snow
Country—W. B.

M
Marlowe, June—playing in Trapped in the Snow
Country—W. B.

M
Macroom, Percy—playing in Fashions for Men—
—F. N.
Marsh, Mae—playing in The Garden of Charity—
—F. N.
Marshall, Tully—playing in One Year to Live—
—F. N.
Mason, Shirley—playing in The Scarlet Honey
suckle—W. F.
Mayo, Frank—playing in The Passionate Youth—
—F. N.
McAllister, Mary—playing in The Boomerang—
—F. N.
McAvoy, May—playing in Ben Hur—M. G.
McCay, Walter—playing in Adventure—F. P. L.
McGregor, Malcolm—playing in Lady of the
Night—M. G.
McGuire, Kathern—playing in Find the Man—
—F. P. L.
McCray, Raymond—playing in Free to Love—
—B. N.
McLaglen, Victor—playing in Percy—T. H.
Meighan, Thomas—playing in Old Home Week—
—F. P. L.
Menjou, Adolphe—playing in A Kiss in the
Dusk—F. N.
Merriman, Charlotte—playing in Pumpernickel
Youth—F. N.
Meercall, Earl—playing in The Night Letter—
—W. R.
Miller, Carl—latest release The Redeceding Sin—
—M. G.
Mitter, Patsy Ruth—playing in Overboard—U.
Mills, Alice—playing in Daughters Who Pay—
—B. P.
Mix, Tom—playing in The Rainbow Trail—W. F.
Moore, Ben—playing in Spy—B. F. P.
Moore, Collene—playing in Desert Flower—
—F. N.
Moore, Matt—playing in The Unhappy Three—
—M. G.
Moore, Owen—playing in The Power of Darkness—
—F. B. O.
Moore, Tom—playing in Adventure—F. P. L.

N
Nagel, Conrad—playing in Chester to Marry—
—M. G.
Naidi, Nina—playing in Cobra—R. C.
Nahl, Marlin—playing in The Man from the Sea—
—N. C.
Negri, Pola—playing in The Charmer—F. P. L.
Nelson, Anna O.—playing in One Way Street—
—F. N.
Nixon, Marion—playing in IT Show You the
Town—U.
Nye, Eva—playing in Sally—F. N.
Novak, Jane—latest release Chapel Kisses—
—F. N.
Novarro, Ramon—playing in Ben Hur—M. G.

O
O'Brien, Eugene—playing in Stage—U.
O'Brien, George—playing in Once in Every Man—
—W. B.
O'Hara, George—playing in a new series called
The Pace-Makers—F. B. O.
Olsten, Gertrude—playing in Cobra—R. C.
O'Malley, Pat—playing in Proud Flesh—M. G.
Osca, Seena—playing in The Hunted Woman—
—W. F.

P
Patrick, John—playing in A Thief in Paradise—
—F. N.
Pearson, Virginia—playing in The Phantom of
the Opera—U.
Pennington, Ann—playing in The Mad Dog—
—J. P.
Perry, Eileen—playing in Fashions for Men—
—F. N.
Petits, House—playing in Overboard—U.
Pettibone, Mary—playing in The Prince—U.
Phillips, Eddie—playing in Outlaw—G. P.
Pickford, Anna O.—playing in One Way Street—
—F. N.
Pickford, Mary—playing in Patricy, tentative
title—U.
Polit, Zara—playing in The Re-Creation of
Brian Keith—P. T.
Preston, Mary—playing in Ernst Lubitsch's next
production—W.

R
Raseur, Esther—playing in The Beggar on
Horsback—F. P. L.
Raton, Jokyna—latest release Red Water—
—P. E.
Raskin, Arthur—playing in Spy—B. P.
Rawlinson, Herbert—playing in The Adventure
Serie—L. A.
Ray, Allene—playing in Clothing's Hoop, a serial
for P. T.
Ray, Charles—playing in Percy—T. H.
Reid, Mrs. Wallace—latest release Broken Laws—
—J. H.
Reynolds, Vera—playing in The Night Club—
—F. P. L.
Rich, Irene—playing in My Wife and I—W. R.
Rich, Cilman—playing in A Kiss in the Dark—
—F. N.
Ricksen, Lucille—playing in The Square Peg—
—M. G.
Rintin, Tim—playing in Trapped in the Snow
Country—W. B.
Robert, Edith—playing in Tin Ice—W. B.
Robert, Theodore—latest release, Locked Doors—
—F. P. L.
HOPE HAMPTON

Now Starring in "The Price of a Party"

In Bon Ton Corsets one finds the foundation demanded by fashion for the straight line of the present day style. The Bon Ton may well be adopted by women of leisure, the stage, business, or by the athletic girl.

HOPE HAMPTON

Women who remain in the spotlight of fashion never neglect their figures. They are the leaders in the fine art of dressing well. These women select the Bon Ton model just suited to their need and let others envy the finished result. For Bon Ton Corsets combine corset comfort with a fashion foundation sans reproche.

In no other corset will be found finer materials or finer workmanship.

You'll find Bon Ton models for every figure—carried by all leading stores and specialty shops here and abroad—at prices any woman can easily afford.

ROYAL WORCESTER CORSET CO.

New York Chicago WORCESTER San Francisco London

Let us send you our very clever booklet,

"Told in Negligee"

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Roche, John—playing in Recompense—W. B.
Roscoe, Alan—playing in Girl of Compo—W. B.
Rubens, Alma—playing in Fashions for Men—F. N.
Russell, William—playing in Thin Ice—W. B.

S

Sauterchi, Thomas—playing in Beyond the Border—P. D. C.
Saunders, Jackie—playing in Girl of Compo—W. B.
Seligman, George—playing in The Twain Shall Meet—C. P.
Semion, Larry—playing in The Wizard of Oz—C. P.
Shannon, Ethel—playing in Stop Flirting—A. C.
Shearer, Norma—playing in Lady of the Night—M. G.
Sherry, J. Barney—playing in The Cracker Jack—C. B.
Short, Gertrude—playing in The Beggar on Horseback—F. P. L.
Silks, Milton—playing in Woman Handled—F. N.
Stanley, Forrest—playing in Up the Ladder—F. P. L.
Stark, Pauline—playing in Adventure—F. P. L.
Stedman, Myrtle—playing in Chérie—F. N.
Stewart, Anita—playing in The Boomtown—B. F. O.
Stewart, George—playing in Stop Flirting—A. C.
Stewart, Lucille Lee—playing in Bed Company—A. E.
Stone, Lewis—playing in Confessions of a Queen—M. G.
Swanson, Gloria—playing in The Coast of Folly—F. P. L.
Sweet, Blanche—playing in His Supreme Moment—F. N.

T

Talmadge, Constance—playing in Learning—F. N.
Talmadge, Norma—latest release The Lady—F. N.
Talmadge, Richard—playing in The Clean-Up—F. B. O.
Tashman, Lilian—playing in The Social Exile—F. N.

Taylor, Estelle—playing in Playthings of Desire—J. P.
Terfel, Coral—playing in Hall and Farewell—F. N.
Tilghman, Lou—playing in My Son—F. N.
Terry, Alice—playing in Sackcloth and Scarlet—F. P. L.
Theby, Rosemary—playing in The Re-Creation of Brian Kent—F. P.
Thurman, Mary—playing in The Necessary Evil—F. N.
Tilden, William—playing in Haunted Houses—W. P.
Torrence, David—playing in A Husband’s Secret—F. N.
Torrence, Ernest—playing in The Dressmaker From Paris—F. P. L.

V

Valentino, Rudolph—playing in Cobra—C. C.
Valli, Virginia—playing in Siege—N.
Vaughn, Alberta—playing in a series called The Pace-Makers—F. B. O.
Vidor, Florence—playing in Are Parents People—F. P. L.
Von Eltz, Theodore—playing in Thin Ice—W. B.

W

Walker, John—playing in The Mad Dancer—F. P.
Walsh, George—playing in American Picnic—C. C.
Walthall, Henry B.—playing in Kings of the Cast—W. F.
Warshburn, Bryant—playing in Passionate Youth—C. C.
Webb, Clifton—playing in New Toys—L. P.
Welch, Niles—playing in Lying Wives—F. A.
Williams, E. A.—playing in Lena Rivers—N.
Williams, Kathryn—latest release Locked Doors—F. P. L.
Wilton, Lois—playing in The Thundering Herd—F. P. L.
Windsor, Claire—playing in The Denial—M. G.
Wong, Anna May—latest release Peter Pan—F. P. L.
Wrathor, Helen Lee—playing in The Crooked Hour—F. P. L.

Just a Few Quotations from Our May Number

“Fifty dollars would have seemed a fortune, but he wrote us two hungry kids to pray God for help, and I had to watch her eyes grow bigger every day.

“I bribed the nurse to bring my baby in. The lovely little thing caught my finger, I could have died... People do queer things when the bugs blow. Three days later the armistice was declared—and there I was married to a stranger...”

—From The Story of My Life, by John Gilbert.

“Some of the schemes worked to get into the studios of Hollywood make the crafty Machiavelli look like an innocent child... Monte Blue got a job on the lot digging post-holes with a pick and shovel... Richard Barthelmess was given a chance because his mother had been kind to a Polish actress, who later obtained a role in a picture... Robert Frazer had some handbills printed with his name as leading man in a stock company—all faked... Lilian Rich found out that a director was looking for a girl who could ski—so she broke into the movies as an expert on Norwegian skis, though she had never seen a pair... Rod La Rocque knocked at the door of the casting director at the same hour day after day, saying ‘Good morning: I am Mr. Rod La Rocque, the Essanay actor,’ until the director developed ‘nerve’ and gave him a small part to stop his insistence...”

—From Busting Into the Movies, by Harry Carr.

Pola Negri says: “A beautiful skin is every woman’s birthright. While lotions and cosmetics are good remedies, a healthy skin does not need a remedy. I keep my skin healthy by a method inexpensive enough for anyone—fresh air day and night; deep breathing; daily exercise in the open air.”

Anita Stewart says: “My complexion is always clear, and I use hot water and pure soap every night, with a dash of cold water afterward, then cold-cream for ten minutes, then cold water again.”

Betty Compson says: “Remember two words, ‘simple diet,’ and you will have the kind of skin the billboards talk about. Nothing between meals but quarts of water, and plenty of fruits and vegetables at meal time.”

—From Close-Ups on Complexions, in which ten famous stars disclose their beauty secrets.

Interrupting the tale of the severed hand, Margot said to Gene: ‘There’s a motion picture we must see in connection with this case—Stoner directed it.’

“They sat in a little Eighth Avenue theater a few minutes later and watched a fantastic film on the screen. The infernal machine of a sinister inventor darter rays like forked lightning that sputtered in the dark. Its motive power was announced in starring capital letters to be RADIUM.”

“Do you get the point?” Margot asked Gene.

“Lord, yes! It’s clear that—”

‘Keep it to yourself until my theory is worked out,’ she cut him short. ‘And don’t forget—Stoner directed this picture...’

—From the next installment of Whose Hand? by W. Adolphie Roberts.

Read the Rest of It in the May Motion Picture Magazine
On All Newsstands April 1st
Scientist’s Daughter Inspires Invention of Remarkable Curling Cap

By Betty Lou Williamson

There were three “Dods” (Drain on Dad) in our family, and dear old Dad always said I was the worst of the lot. But I couldn’t help it. My two sisters were grown and safely married before the present craze for bobbed hair and expensive marcelts swept the country, and they didn’t have to sink all their pin money in beauty parlors as I was forced to do in order to keep up with the Younger Set.

As I look back now I wonder how I could have been so thoughtless and extravagant. It seems Hard Luck has camped right in Dad’s front yard, bringing one reverse after another, and there I was practically supporting a beauty parlor!

Of course Dad in his kindly way would often ask me to “hold down” on my expenses, but I didn’t realize how short he was until one day the realization of our condition came to me with starting vividness. I had a good look at my father’s suit just before he left for his office and I was shocked to see how dreadfully shabby and threadbare it was.

“My goodness, Dad,” I exclaimed with my idiotic tactlessness, “why don’t you get a new suit?”

Poor Dad didn’t say a word, but the hurt look on his face told me why. What a blind little fool I had been!

I awaken from my dream

I didn’t go out that night. Nor the next. For weeks one invitation after another was declined until I just became desperate trying to invent new excuses. Then I tried making my own clothes and fixing my own hair myself, so that I could take in an occasional dance, but I knew I didn’t look as chic as the other girls and I felt that everybody else noticed it too.

My father didn’t say much, but I knew he was doing a lot of thinking about it. He is an inventor and when he sets out to solve a problem he generally succeeds.

A few days later he came home just brimming over with enthusiasm. He called me into his study and began hurriedly unwrapping an odd looking device consisting of an elastic cross band to which were sewed six elastic cross pieces. In a second he had pulled it over his head and I could see at a glance how it worked. Immediately I moistened my hair with the Curling Liquid he had compounded, pulled the cap over my head and pulled out my hair into the little waves as he directed. The elastic cross pieces held these waves in position as the Curling Liquid dried and when I took off the Curling Cap 15 minutes later I could hardly believe my eyes. I had the loveliest marcel I ever saw.

“I get back in the swim”

I didn’t turn down many invitations after that. With every marcel my new found beauty aid seemed to work better and it was no trouble keeping my hair beautifully marcelled. For a time I kept my secret to myself, but soon it leaked out and my girl friends started begging father to make Curling Caps for them too.

You no longer have to spend several hours each week—and lots of money—keeping your hair marcelled. With this marvelous new Curling Outfit you can have all the marcel you want at a cost of about 1¢ each. Read the details of this remarkable offer.

All were so well pleased that soon I asked him why he didn’t make and sell them on a large scale. After talking it over with a number of manufacturers, he finally selected the McGowan Laboratories to make and market his new invention. His only stipulation was that the price should be fairly—little more than enough to cover the expense of making, advertising and selling his wonderful Marcelling Outfit so that every girl who wanted beautifully marcelled hair could easily afford it.

The success of this Curling Outfit is now history. In the few months it has been on the market over 25,000 have been sold. Nearly every woman that buys one tells her friends about it and that brings more orders. One reason for this remarkable success is the low price at which they offer the outfit—only $2.87, including a generous sized bottle of Curling Liquid and a specially made Stick for convenience in pulling out the hair. The McGowan Laboratories have certainly carried out their contract to the letter and all of us are happy that Dad’s invention—originally intended only for me—has proved such a boon to thousands of other girls who were in the same boat with me. To all who would have beautifully marcelled hair at the minimum of expense I unhesitatingly recommend the McGowan Curling Outfit.

Try it at our risk

Miss Williamson is so anxious to have every girl and woman try her father’s invention that she asked us to make this special offer: we will send you the entire outfit and upon its delivery you will simply deposit with the postman the price of $2.87 plus a few cents postage. Then after using it five days, if you are not simply delighted with the results—if it doesn’t give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—just return the outfit and every cent of your money will be refunded without a single question.

Send no money—Just mail the coupon

Remember, you don’t risk a penny; results are guaranteed. If you are tired waiting your time and money on expensive beauty parlor methods, if you have trouble keeping your hair marcelled and looking its best, if you want the beauty that rich, glossy, curly hair always brings, take Miss Williamson’s advice and don’t put it off another single minute. You don’t need to pay now; just sign the coupon and mail it today.

---

COUPON

The McGowan Laboratories
710 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 54, Chicago

Dear Mr. McGowan: Please send me your marcelling outfit, which includes your newly invented Waving Cap, and a bottle of Curling Liquid. I agree to deposit $2.87 (plus postage) with the postman and return the outfit if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I will return outfit to you within five days and you are to refund my money. (If wanted for children, be sure to specify small size.)

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

Note: If you expect to be out when the postman calls, please leave my coupon with the McGowan Curling Outfit will be sent postpaid.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
A Guide to 100 Current Pictures

(Continued from page 6)

Silent Watcher. The—Exceptionally human type made life a bore. Its story is absorbing—its store of a woman who remains loyal to her husband despite the flirtings of treacherous admirers. Real feeling is put in by Glenn Hunter and Margaret Bannister. (First National)

Sinners in Silk—Abounds plethora of high likes in an opulent manner. Depicts some nice antics of a pretty young girl who is involved in the incident. And there are several bright, new ideas. It is entertainingly done. (Pathé)

Snow, The—Another fine picture—made so by treatment. The director has shown a keen sense of humor, and the result is very convincing in their emotions. A story of a sorrowing girl is here. (First National)

So This Is Marriage—The triangle comedy with a sensed humor. The old, familiar scene stands brand-new on motion film. All directions. (United Artists)

Sundown—An historical drama of the scenes, a rather the last area of the bustling little town of the old West. Becomes monotonous because there is a want of animation on a big scale and some stampeado and a breezy fire. But it never gets you down. (Pathe)

Tess of the D’Urbervilles—If you have read the original by Thomas Hardy, you will understand that the picture leaves out a lot, but that it is a good service credit for making it a taxable. But the author is here. (Pathé)

Three Women—No, there is no wife here. A moral drama dealing with violations of Mr. Volodya ukase. Some tense moments revealing maniacal, and a rather good scene. Some lists. Lot of lively action. Blanche Sweet and other performers are admirable. 247 minutes.

Two—This isn’t a very pleasant story but it is extremely good acting in which every bit of her daughter over a man. No scene are wasted in projecting its plot and scene are done beautifully. (First National)

Triumph—One of Ceci De Mille’s. Builds it up well and has a story that is vastly interesting through and through. But the author is here. (M-G-M)

Uncertainty—In the raw here—a moral drama dealing with violations of Mr. Volodya ukase. Some tense moments revealing maniacal, and a rather good scene. Some lists. Lot of lively action. Blanche Sweet and other performers are admirable. 247 minutes.

Try and Get It—A slight, but thoroughly amusing comedy in a spontaneous manner—containing around a young ball collector who must collect a local debt or lose his own. Performance is充满了 surprises. Performance is a success, (First National)

Vigilante—The—Foamy, good, and very good speed. Performance is a success, (First National)

Virginia, The—Shows the last moments of the Civil War—with romance centering around a young girl and a brave young Southern boy. Not so good in building its high light and atmosphere not of the best. Lacking vitality.

White Man—The old, old story of the girl who runs away from home being pursued up to a more moving same. Meets aviator and is carried in his plane to the end. Romance almost negligible, but youth romance to come from good stock. Fair. (M-G-M, Preferred)

Wine—Falls into the conventional slot of a paro, But the author is here. Not stimulating and a thing with it—this is succeeding in being quite interesting. Plenty of French atmosphere. But it is a dance drama with a finish in love with her and man her name. Collected with spirit.

Wine—Falls into the conventional slot of a paro, But the author is here. Not stimulating and a thing with it—this is succeeding in being quite interesting. Plenty of French atmosphere. But it is a dance drama with a finish in love with her and man her name. Collected with spirit.

Women of Youth—First-rate dim version of Rabbit Coughs plays. Makes a lot of silly group of with drinkers and dancers. Well contained with light material. (M-G-M)

Youth and the Devil—Laurel Evans tries fault shapes up very well as an amulet for Buck Jones. His best work yet. The picture sends it on the basis that "winner takes all" and it is a Animated.

Young Ingamard, The—Linden McFayden shows the romance-featuing with a sense and wit. Well without benefit of angels at his disposal. At the time is coming, but it is well trained considering the angle-black story. (First National)

Young Ingamard, The—Linden McFayden shows the romance-featuing with a sense and wit. Well without benefit of angels at his disposal. At the time is coming, but it is well trained considering the angle-black story. (First National)
Artistically designed to the last detail. A suite that will be welcomed in the most perfectly furnished home, and that will satisfy the most critical buyer: a suite to be proud of.

Home Furnishings Guide FREE

My new 1927 Catalog is a huge treasure-house of Happy Home Furnishing Ideas. It contains such a great variety of furnishings and furnishings, that no matter what your taste or need, you are certain to find exactly what you want and at the right price. If only you knew this happy result, you would not have to worry about your furnishings. That is what I mean by my Big Free Book. Here you will know what thousands of families buy everything they need from me. My prices are the lowest. I give the Longest Time to Pay. Everything I sell is sent on 30 Day Free Trial with a Money-Back bond, that protects you in case you are not entirely satisfied. Today it shows thousands of Bargains in Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Stoves, and everything for the Home.

BIG Introductory Offer!

Regular Value $37.50
Sale Price $24.95

Easy Monthly Payments

Here is the Ideal Suite for dining room, breakfast room, or Kitchenette. It is useful, it is beautiful. The Flemish Renaissance design gives it a distinctive charm. The attractive colors, Flemish Gray striped with Delft Blue, insure a beautiful harmony of colors and design. The construction, genuine oak throughout, guarantees enduring wear. These 5 pieces are honestly and sturdily built and will serve you many years. The drop leaf table takes up little room when closed, but is large enough for the average family.

Because I know that this is the suite that thousands have been waiting for, and in order to get thousands of orders quickly I have priced these 5 Fine Pieces so low that it would be poor policy for you to let this fine chance pass by. Remember you cannot lose, you cannot be disappointed. My Money-Back Bond protects you to the limit. Table top measures 42 x 36 inches over all; with drop leaves down, the top measures 21 x 36 in. The strongly built chairs conform with the design of the table and like the table are colored in Flemish Gray, edged with rich Delft Blue. Order No. SA234.

Special Introductory Sale Price $24.95
Terms: $1 with order, Balance $2 Monthly.

Home Furnishers for the People of America

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

37 PA
A creamy deodorant that stops odor all day

Are you making the mistake so many women make—thinking that because you are not bothered with perspiration moisture that you can afford with its unpleasant odor?

Creme Odorono destroys every trace of odor without checking perspiration. Apply any time or before going out. Effective for all day or evening. Can be used as often as desired—absolutely harmless.

Creme Odorono is delightful to use, vanishes instantly, and leaves the skin soft and fragrant. Contains no grease or color and will not stain. At all toilet counters, 25c. If unable to obtain from your dealer, send the coupon and 35c for full-size tube.

RUTH MILLER
The Odorono Company
64 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me full-size tube of Creme Odorono, for which I enclose 35c.

Name
Address

play your way ahead

LEADING professionals, like Carroll Martin, famous trombonist of Isham Jones' Orches-
stra choose Conn instruments because of Conn supremacy in tone, range, mechanism and easy play-
ability in addition. You'll play ahead faster with a Conn, socially or professionally—win new friends, make
good money if you choose.

Cultivate Your Musical Bump

Conn is the only maker of every instrument for band; saxophones, trombones, cornets, etc. Write now for Free Book "Success in Music and How to Win It," by Soum and other artists, and details of Free Trial offer. Mention instrument.
C.G. Conn, Ltd., 425 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.

Me and My Dog

(Continued from page 63)

and hopes. No false and flattering words that oltimes come from the lips of men. No concealed enmity behind his eyes, which seem to show sympathy to all my desires.

"My dog never peers into my pockets. They may be empty or lined, it matters not to him. I may abuse him, but a pat on the head brings him back and he holds no animosity. His affection is sincere, he overlooks weak points and never questions one's creed or social standing. He accepts you as you are without inquiry or criticism.

"A dumb brute? My dog's intelligent eyes belie such an application. The corner of such phrases as the 'under dog' and the 'dirty dog' had little understanding of dogs that he would apply it to men of unclean character. My dog's hairy coat may become dirty, but his heart is clean.

"This wire-haired fox-terrier of mine is never barking, nor is he bored by me. He offers his companionship willingly at any time and seems to respond to my mood.

"The heritage of men—greed, lust and selfishness—have no place in his make-up. He always has a welcome and never deserts. He is my dog.

"Get a good dog, boys, and he will be your true friend, is straight goods," says Richard Dix, "I would rather write stories about dogs in the vein of Albert Payson Ter-
bourne's farm dog than any offerings than be a motion-picture actor.

"I have always had a dog as far back as I can remember. My first was a collie named Prince. He used to drag me about on a leash and when I was only a little tot, and the first deep grief of my life was when he was poisoned and died. Then came a bull-dog named Chubby. I was then about eight or so and I papered the walls of my bedroom with pictures of dogs of various kinds. One of my favorite tricks was to pick Chubby up and let him view my collection.

"There was one picture of a big bloodhound which always made Chubby growl, and I got the greatest kick out of this perfor-
mance. But Chubby died; and then came Jack, Pinky, Rex, Bill and Jill. The two last-named were pals of mine when I left Los Angeles last year to come to New York, and as far as my folks now.

"Having had a dog all my life, I miss one now. Recently I tried to buy Spot, a Great Dane that played with me in my last picture. However, the deal fell thru, because the owner and I agreed that a city apartment was no place for a Great Dane. I am going to buy a couple of bloodhounds as soon as I take a place in the suburbs in the spring. When I was on location a year ago, in Arizona, making The Call of the Canyon, I hunted deer and mountain lion with a pack of 'em. They are almost human in their intelligence and can find anything from a lost cow to a human being."

Douglas Maclean declares he is owner of the only dog comedian in the world, and tells this story to prove it:

"Recently there were two things in my life which didn't jibe. Once was my watch-
dog, a wire-haired terrier, Peter Patch—
the other, an application for reduction in insurance rates because of keeping this watchdog. Here's how it happened:

"When the inspec-
tor came around he
found me telling Peter some new jokes, Peter laugh-
ing his doggone head
off. Says the inspec-
tor: 'That ain't no
watchdog; all a burglar's gotta do is tell him a funny story and he'll be laughin' while they're doin' their stuff. No rate reduc-
tion for you!'

"At present I own two dogs of various breeds," says Jack Holt.

"Recently, how-
ever, Flick, my fa-
vorite, died. Flick
was a huge German police dog, given to me by Colonel Selig, when it was not yet two months old.

"I might say that I have never had a better friend than Flick. But this could be
William Farnum and his prize-winning
collie are devoted companions

not be true. Flick was an out-and-out
scamp. That is why we all loved him. He was perfectly friendly, but very re-
bellious. Often he would dig his way out of the yard and go up onto the foothills, returning hours later with his ruff matted with briers and twigs.

"Flick was probably the most stubborn dog in the country. The best way to get him to obey was to order him to do just the opposite from what one desired. For instance, if one wanted him to lie down, one would order him to sit up, and vice versa.

"Occasionally, Flick's hearing was very poor—especially when one wanted him to
come into the house or when he was chas-
ing a cat and one called to him. Other-
times, when one called to let him out, or when one had something for him to eat—
his side-appendages only seemed perfect from the house Mix, who had detected the car-
motor, came running out to meet me. I swerved aside and struck a telephone pole
with the car, in my effort to avoid him, but it proved of no use. The front wheel
caught him square and as I ran with him to the house, he died in my arms.

"It was then that Mrs. Holt and I swore
(Continued on page 128)
$2500.00
FOR YOUR OPINION

Your opportunity to turn your opinion of Motion Pictures into cash. The Motion Picture you saw last evening thrilled you—or it didn’t. Tell us about it. Who is your favorite star?

105 CASH PRIZES and MEDALS for YOU

We want you to present a medal to your favorite actor and actress—"from the readers of Brewster Publications"—and at our expense! These medals will be emblematic of their popularity. In addition an issue of Motion Picture Magazine will be dedicated to the most popular Motion Picture Actress and an issue of Motion Picture Classic will be dedicated to the most popular Motion Picture Actor.

Eugene V. Brewster, Editor-in-Chief and President of our Company, has written a little book entitled "How to Criticize a Picture." In it are twenty-eight charts for twenty-eight Motion Picture Reviews, with blanks to be filled in by you. This book will be very helpful to you, altho it is not necessary for you to have one for the contest. (We will be glad to mail one of these books to you for ten cents in cash or stamps. Six books for fifty cents.)

There is no entrance fee to the contest. Anybody may compete—except employees of Brewster Publications and their families or professional writers. The judges will be a competent board of editors presided over by Mr. Eugene V. Brewster.

Medals to Your Favorite Stars

1. Write a criticism, of not more than two hundred and fifty words, of any picture that you have seen.
2. Sign your name and address at the bottom of the page.
3. You may send in any number of "opinions" either in one envelope or separately.
4. No entries will be returned, and we reserve the right to publish any we receive whether it wins a prize or not.
5. This contest will run for six months.

Rules

1. For every book, "How to Criticize a Picture," sent in completely filled out with twenty-eight criticisms, we agree to mail to the sender another copy of the book, free. The judges will carefully examine all books thus sent in and all favorable ratings of players will count as votes. These books shall not be entered as prize criticisms. However, each of these criticisms will count as a ball in favor of the players mentioned.
2. The best criticisms of pictures will be decided by the judges, but the Motion Picture Actress and Actor receiving the greatest number of votes will be declared the most popular.
3. During the contest Motion Picture Magazine and Motion Picture Classic will print from month to month a selection of the criticisms received.
4. The picture that is the subject of the "Opinion" winning the first prize will be featured in Movie Thrillers, if permission can be obtained from the producing company.

Address all communications to

"Your Opinion" Editor,
BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC.
175 DUFFIELD STREET
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Sani-Flush cleans and purifies the toilet bowl. It cleans the hidden, unhealthful trap, which cannot be reached by other means. It destroys all foul odors.

Simply sprinkle Sani-Flush into the toilet bowl—follow directions on the can—and flush. You will watch the incredible action as it quickly and thoroughly removes all stains and incrustations—leaves a noticeably white and clean. No scrubbing. No nipping your hands in the water.

Sani-Flush is absolutely harmless to plumbing connections. Keep it handy in the bathroom.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25¢ for a full-size can.

This picture of Lois was taken when she won the first motion picture beauty contest which proclaimed her the prettiest girl in Alabama, and won her a trip to Hollywood.

The Story of My Life

(Continued from page 28)

When the crowd that I belonged to used to go on 'possum hunts in the winter evenings, the other girls were all scavengers and helped over the log bridges across the bayous, while I was allowed to scramble over by myself, and in spite of the fact that I never wanted any of the boys to help me, I began to feel rather abused. So one evening I just stood stock-still while the rest of the girls squawked and tittered and called to Eddie and Tom to hold on tight as usual. "I'll just see what happens!" I thought.

Nothing at all happened. When the others were safely across, the boys plunged ahead, calling back over their shoulders, "Come on, Lois! Whatcha waiting for?"

The 'possum will get away."

But my hurt feelings were soothed a little later when the boys decided to leave the girls and the chaperon behind to get the lunch ready and added, "Lois can come along with us and hold the dogs!"

They didn't think of me as a girl at all! And I was, somehow, happy and proud.

I never had any real brains till I was out of my teens. (My first violent love affair was a moving-picture one! I just couldn't seem to be coy even if I had wanted to be. When I came back from a year at boarding-school, fifteen, and feeling every day of it, I remembered that I went to evening prayer meeting with mother and father and afterward one of the boys I had always known came up and very stiffly asked if he "might see me home." In spite of the fact that I had had to pin my hair up a few months before because he sat behind me in class and put chewing-gum into my hair, he seemed different, unfamiliar, terrifying.

We walked solemnly along under the lindens. I was excited, and hated myself for being excited. In order that he should not guess it, I said nothing at all. At every curb he put his hand under my elbow and carefully helped me down one side and up the other, until at last I said coldly, "I've been climbing curbs for fifteen years and I never fell down one yet!"

That was the end of my first affair! Another was terminated when I beat the boy unmercifully in tennis by sister-
News of First National Pictures

The Best in Entertainment

"The Lady"—Norma Talmadge shines here in one of the biggest pictures of her career. Mary Nash starred on the stage in this story of an English music-hall girl who hoped, dreamed, and prayed that she might become "a lady."

"Learning to Love"—A delightful comedy with Antonio Moreno giving lessons in love-making to that inimitable star—Constance Talmadge.

"Enticement"—A revelation to the admirers of Mary Astor. As the heroine of Clive Arden's story, she surpasses anything she has ever done before. Ian Keith and Clive Brook are other principals.

"If I Marry Again"—Presenting the problems of a good woman with a bad reputation. With Doris Kenyon, Lloyd Hughes, Frank Mayo, Anna Q. Nilsson, Hobart Bosworth and Myrtle Stedman.

"Her Husband's Secret"—Frank Lloyd's latest screen achievement. It is May Edginton's story, "Judgment," interpreted by a stellar cast.

Richard Barthelmess in "New Toys"

DICK BARTHELMESS has made a movie from "New Toys," the Broadway stage success of last season. It is a story of the comedy and the drama of newly-wed life, so quite naturally Mary Hay—a musical-comedy star before she became Mrs. Barthelmess—plays the leading feminine rôle.

"New Toys" is a John S. Robertson production and was adapted by Josephine Lovett—who happens to be Mrs. Robertson.

So you see "New Toys" is a husband-and-wife production all around.

"I Want My Man"

DORIS KENYON (right), a new First National player, and Milton Sills, memorable hero of "The Sea Hawk," are co-featured in "I Want My Man," a society drama which contrasts the youth of 1916 with the 1925 jazz model. It is Struthers Burt's novel, "The Interpreter's House," directed in the movies by Lambert Hillyer and supervised by Earl Hudson.

"One-Way Street"

ONE-WAY STREET," a new society drama, may be at your local theater by the time you are reading this. Don't miss it—for there's an eye-feast and a thrill-treat awaiting you. Ben Lyon, Anna Q. Nilsson (above) and Marjorie Daw are the principals. It is from Beale Davis's story, directed by John Francis Dillon—the man responsible for "Flaming Youth," "Lilies of the Field," and other First National successes.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Now a new way to
Remove Cold Cream

For years stage stars have known this secret of clear, radiant complexions. It is part of their stock-in-trade. Who ever saw an actress whose skin had infections, blackheads, pimples? Yet actresses make-up several times a day. Their skin is constantly exposed to hard use—yet remains charming.

Now you, too, may know this secret of famous stage beauties. It is simply the use of Kleenex in removing cold cream and cosmetics each night. This soft velvety absorbent is made of Cellucotton.

Towels often cause infections; they are expensive. Kleenex, at all drug and department stores, costs but 25¢. A box contains about 200 sheets (size 6 by 7 in.) and lasts about a month. Use it once, throw it away. It's cheaper, better, safer. Beauty experts advise its use. Today get a box of Kleenex and find out why it's so popular.

CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO., 166 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago

KLEENEX
The Sanitary Cold Cream Remover

The Story of My Life
(Continued from page 90)

Diana was a great belle and adored dances, but Mother had to make me go. Not that I didn't have plenty of partners, but my hands would get cold while I tried desperately to think of what to say to them if they didn't want to talk about horses and dogs. And then when they stepped on my feet, I had to lie politely and say, "Oh, no! It didn't hurt in the least," and it was all very stupid and a great bore. Mother bought me a real evening dress, yellow and low-necked (at least it seemed dreadfully low to me, tho I suppose it was just a little round neck), in the hope that it would reconcile me to social life, but it didn't make me any happier.

I did like to sit behind the tea-table and pour tea for Mother's clubs when they met at our house, and that training came in useful when I had to be hostess to a terrifyingly important crowd of British authors and Members of Parliament last summer in London. Up to half an hour before they arrived, I was desperately trying to think of clever things to say to them, and then suddenly I stopped.

"I'm not going to try to be anything but just Lois Wilson," I told myself, "I can't be flattering and sophisticated, but I can pour tea properly!"

And I got along wonderfully. I think I always intended to be an actress from the time I stumbled ecstasically home from my first melodrama, The Easiest Way—I must have been about eight—and burst into the family sitting-room to electrify everyone by declaiming, "I'm going out on Broadway and send my soul to hell!"

"We mustn't let Lois go to the theater often," Mother said worriedly; "she gets too worked up over things."

I never knew till this last year that she refused a chance which my uncle, a theatrical man, would have given me to go onto the New York stage when I was sixteen. Instead, I read and rode horseback and taught school, and was started on my way eventually to becoming an old-maid schoolma'am when the newspapers announced that Universal Pictures was to hold a beauty contest with the trip to Hollywood and a chance to get into the movies as a prize for the forty-nine girls who won in different states. This was the first contest ever held by the way, and it certainly started something.

I entered the list more because all the girls I knew were doing it than from any thought of winning. My sister Diana has always been the beauty of the family. When I go out with her now I can read people's thoughts as they glance from one to the other. "How on earth," I can see them thinking, "does it happen that you are the movie star instead of your sister?"

All thru the ball that was to decide Alabama's delegate for the trip I kept wondering about and trying to decide on the probable winner, and when a man I was dancing with told me he had heard unofficially that it was a creamy-skinned brunette in a striking gown, I agreed whole-heartedly.

But for some reason I won, and set out on my first grand adventure with most of the population of the city to the station to see me off and fill my arms with flowers. I never went back to Birmingham. But I know from letters I receive I am still "own folks" and there is one sunny little corner of the world that is proud of me and believes in me. Birmingham has an ideal of me which I wouldn't disappoint for anything.

Everyone was good to us; telegrams,
I have been in the pictures nine years. And I've never been insulted once (which isn't a very flattering confession), unless you count the director who spoke rather too warmly about my "slumbersome brown eyes" and didn't give me a part when those same eyes proved that they could blaze with indignation. Of course, I've heard lurid tales, but when I got at the facts, the girls who told them to me usually ended by confessing that they had tried in the first place to vamp the casting director into getting them into the movies "because they'd heard that was the only way."

I think my profession is a wonderful one, myself. But then you must remember that in spite of many unhappinesses that have come to me these later years, as part of the unpleasant business of being

Flowers and candy followed our progress to California and we were invited to dinners and dances, but to me the trip was disappointing. And when we got to Hollywood at last nobody even saw me.

Disillusioned about my prospects of becoming an actress, I started home, but one of the other girls persuaded me to stop off in Chicago with her and try for extra work with Lois Weber's company which was making The Blind Girl of Portici. Just by chance, as we stood the first day in the crowd watching a medieval street scene shot, the girl I was with overheard Miss Weber ask the casting director for a girl with hair long enough so that she could be pulled thru the streets by it.

"Here!" shrilled my friend loyally, dragging me forward and pulling out hairpins recklessly, "look at her hair!"

Miss Weber glanced at the length of my braid and gave me the bit to do, so I might say I got into the pictures by the hair of my head. When the company went West I went with them, but long months followed in which I could not find any other work. I was not the "type," they told me. I didn't "look like a movie actress."

Afterward I found out that a kindly group were thinking of raising my fare home from their own pockets and sending me out of the legended dangers of Hollywood, but I myself never dreamed of giving up. I even sent for my mother and told her confidently to sell the house and move the family to California.

And then Warren Kerrigan (the Valentine of his day) was looking for a leading woman who was "different" from the Hollywood run of leading women, and so-

Do you seriously want dazzlingly clear teeth?—teeth that add immeasurably to your personality and attractiveness?

You can have them, if you wish. That's been proved times without number. But not by continuing with old methods of cleaning and of brushing.

Modern science has discovered a new way. A radically different principle from old ways; and based on latest scientific findings. This offers you a test, free. Simply mail the coupon.

How to gain them—quickly

There's a film on your teeth. Run your tongue across your teeth and you can feel it. Rub it with your fingers. Ordinary methods won't successfully remove it.

That is why this test is offered. For when you remove that film, you'll be surprised at what you find. You may actually have beautiful teeth already—and yet not realize it. Find out!

What that film is

Film is a viscous coat that is ever present, ever forming on your teeth.

Most tooth troubles now are traced to it. It clings to teeth and helps to carry away blood. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and decay.

That film, too, absorbs stains . . . stains from food, from smoking, from various causes. And that is why your tooth look "off color."

You must remove it at least three times daily, and thus combat it constantly. Results in whiteness, in cleanliness and lustre are a revelation.

New methods now remove it

Old-time dentifrices could not successfully combat this film. So most people had dingy teeth. And tooth troubles increased alarmingly.

Now new methods have been found. And embodied in a new type tooth paste called Pepsodent.

It acts to curdle the film, then harmlessly to remove it. Soop, no chalk; no harsh grit dangerous to enamel.

Foremost dental authority of the world now urges this modern way. People of 50 different nations employ it. It marks a new era in tooth health and beauty.

Thus this new way is changing the tooth cleansing habits of the world.

It proves the folly of ugly teeth. It gives better protection against pyorrhea, of tooth troubles both in adults and in children.

Ten days' use will prove its benefits. And that 10 days is offered to you as a test. Why not make it then?—have prettier teeth, whiter teeth?

Send the coupon

Mail the coupon now before you forget. You will thank us for what you find.

Send the Coupon

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Thousands have gleaming wonderful teeth without knowing it...you may be one. Make this remarkable test and find out.

Gloriously Clear Teeth

Why you may already have them—and yet not realize it

Make this unique test. Find out what beauty is beneath the dingy film that clouds your teeth
Destroy that germ now!

TOO small to see. Too strong to fight without help. There is poison planted where it lands — in tiny cut, scratch, or bruise.

It multiplies as fast as thought. Only prompt action can prevent trouble.

Get that germ before it gets you or yours. Get it with Absorbine, Jr.!

Absorbine, Jr. kills germs, heals cuts, bruises, burns, soothes sore throats, reduces swellings and sprains. It is health insurance in a bottle.

Absorbine, Jr. is a skillful liniment and expert antiseptic — stainless and agreeable. A correct bathroom never lacks Absorbine, Jr.

At all druggists', 81, 25, or postpaid.
Licensed drug bottle, etc., postpaid.


Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

SAY “BAYER ASPIRIN” and INSIST!

Unless you see the “Bayer Cross” on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians 24 years for

Colds    Headache    Neuralgia    Lumbago
Pain     Toothache    Neuritis    Rheumatism

Safe

Accept only “Bayer” package which contains proven directions.
Handy “Bayer” boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monosacetric Acid of Salicylic Acid grown up, I still think Life is wonderful. I wonder if people destroy my illusions any more. Now, when they begin to tell me that my idols have feet of clay, and not a very good grade of clay either, and that my moons are chemically only green cheese, and indigestible cheese at that, I listen politely and say to myself, “I don’t believe it! They just don’t know, that’s all.”

Sometimes, of course, I can’t save my ideals. When I was in London one of my greatest thrills among all the other thrills was when I stood beside Robert Browning’s grave and remembered the shabby old stranger who had flung a white chrysanthemum into it as the first clofs fell, and then disappeared into the crowd. The story of the Brownings’ romance had always seemed so lovely to me, and then as I stood there a tourist voice rose nasally near by—a lady-tourist’s voice—saying with the satisfaction some people seem to get out of unpleasant things, “But, you know, he and his wife really fought like cats and dogs!”

Later at the press reception I told a writer about it and he comforted me by sending me some books afterward that proved that the Brownings were the Great Lovers I had always believed. And in the front he wrote “To Lois Wilson, who Loves Life.”

London was just what I had hoped. It sounds silly to say it—I was only there a week—but since I have come back I have actually been homesick for London!

In the Abbey the friends who were with me kept whispering, “Lois, don’t get so excited! Remember you’re in a church?”

“Well, I’m an Episcopalian, so Westminster Abbey is my church!” I told them.

And there was the Tower. I made myself unpopular with our guide by anticipating his remarks and at last he rebuked me. I had just asked about an ancient chest. “You wouldn’t be hat hollow interested in that, Madam,” he said coldly; “it’s not a hantiquet—that piece can’t be a day hundred three hundred years old, Madam!”

I made an original historical discovery while I was looking at Henry the Eighth’s suits of armor. He grew enormously stout, you know, so there were many suits with widening waist-lines, but on the slimmest one, which he must have worn when he was a young man, were scratched the initials K. of A.—Katherine of Aragon, of course. Wasn’t that a romantic discovery? And not a word in Baedeker about it, either!

Barrie has always been my best-beloved author among the moderns, and when I went to call on him I was so frightened my knees chattered.

“I didn’t come to beg to play Peter Pan, Mr. Barrie!” I stammered, “but I’m going to ask you to do something I never asked...
They're Cheaters
(Continued from page 21)

ing as the backs of the mob on the way to teat the king from his throne. At least three big Hollywood fortunes have been built upon cheats as foundation. Hal Lloyd was an extra boy. He had a friend named Hal Roach, who was an assistant director. Between them, they had three hundred and fifty dollars. Borrowing from lawns, "shooting on the sidewalks," and pressing in the bystanders for atmosphere, they made their first comedy. Both are now millionaire proctors.

Maek Sennett had pawed his watch and ring to rent a lot on the present site of the big Sennett studios. He made a comedy and the New York film buyers wired back, "Rotten!" He made another one and they said it was worse. As a last stroke, he shot a few reels of film of a Grand Army parade going thru a Los Angeles street, spent one day taking comedy scenes to fit in with it and sent it to New York. It made him famous and eventually rich.

After all, however, it is speed that is the resource of the cheat. Loss of time is the chief element of wastage in making pictures. These boys don't lose any time. The rate at which their art progresses suggests a feat which bIDS itself standing on a red-hot griddle.

"You are as radiant as ever," this other chap was saying.

The devil! Of course she was radiant! He wondered why she seemed so much more beautiful tonight, and quite suddenly he determined to buy a certain diamond ring.

She had learned from Madame Jeanette how to select the correct shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder and how to apply it to achieve a youthful and entrancing beauty. Pompeian Beauty Powder is used the world over by women who find that it meets every requirement of beauty, protection, and purity.

Mme. Jeanette's Beauty Treatment

First, a bit of Pompeian Day Cream to make your powder cling and prevent "shine." Next, apply Pompeian Beauty Powder to all exposed portions of face, neck and shoulders. It will give your skin that lovely effect of rose petal softness. Lastly, just a touch of Pompeian Bloom to bring the exquisite glow of youthful color.

Shade Chart for selecting your correct tone of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

Medium Skin: The average American woman has this type of skin, and should use the Naturelle shade.

Olive Skin: This skin generally accompanies dark hair and eyes. It is rich in tone and should use Rachel Shade.

Pink Skin: This is the youthful, rose-tinted skin, and should use the Flesh shade. This type of skin is usually found with light hair, or red hair.

White Skin: If your skin is quite without color, use White Powder. Only the very white skin should use White Powder in the dawning.

At all toilet counters $1.00. (Slightly higher in Canada.)

Get 1925 Panel and Four Samples

This new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, "Beauty Gained is Love Retained," size 3 x 4 x 1/2. Done in color by a famous artist, worth at least $50. We send it with samples of Pompeian Beauty Powder, Bloom, Day Cream and Night Cream for only 25c. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Use the coupon now.
That's Out
(Continued from page 58)

The millionaire's office is always 200 x 100 feet with a high ceiling. His desk must have the picture of his dead wife and his secretary must be young and pretty. The latter invariably falls in love with his son who is just home from college.

—Moonshine.

"Isn't Griffith Wonderful?"
JUST about the time that everybody was about to ring down the curtain of D. W. Griffith's directorial genius, along comes the old wizard with one of the greatest pictures of his career.

Isn't Life Wonderful is the Griffith of old. Let us hope that he continues making this sort of film instead of such box-office holcum as America and One Exciting Night.

More Things We'd Like to See
A costume picture without a mob scene in it.
A Royal Mounted Police picture without a murder in it.
An underworld picture without a dope fiend in it.
A Western without a stampede in it.
A comedy without a fall in it.

Will Ingram Put Moreno on Top?
Possibly no screen star has made less of his opportunities than Antonio Moreno. With everything in his favor and with apparently all of the requirements necessary for one of the screen's biggest favorites, "Tony" has seen year after year slip by without making any material progress.

Some years he has risen a little, only to slip back to the old film peg the following season. While he has been standing still, other players of seemingly less charm and ability have brushed by him and climbed to the top.

Moreno is now in Europe working with Rex Ingram in the film version of More Nostalgia. Perhaps this will be Tony's big performance. Tony has lacked initiative and forcefulness in his film portrayals. Ingram is the unsparing director who will force the best out of Moreno and make him act, if there is any ability left in him.

In Which We Admit We Were Wrong
We have received a letter from a reader in Brookline, Massachusetts, asking what this department thinks of Norma Shearer as a screen player.
We regret to say that we think she has a very bright future. We say regret because it sort of ruffles us to find that we have made a mistake in judgment. The writer has always felt something akin to pride in his ability to forecast the future destinies of screen players and directors on the screen, and a recent check-up showed him to be "batting" over 900 per cent in the prediction league.

It is therefore somewhat disappointing to find that he has been "struck out" on one of his prophecies. In her first three or four screen appearances, Norma Shearer did not impress us much. In fact, she did not impress us at all. We would have wagered at good odds that Norma would never get out of filmland's bush leagues.

True, we did not put this prediction in print and it could not be used against us if we did not care to admit it. Nevertheless, we felt this gloomy outlook toward Norma's screen future and we must now admit that in her last two or three film portrayals she has shown both the ability and the personality that should carry her far in the films.

How far, we do not feel competent to foretell at the present moment.

Motion Picture Primer

Q. How do you describe a director whose pictures don't make money?
A. An artistic genius.
Q. What does every producer get out every year?
A. Bigger and better pictures.
Q. What happens to a press-agent when his boss wants another man?
A. He resigns.
Q. What is the present status of the motion picture industry?
A. It is still in its infancy.
Q. What is the star and director's latest picture?
A. His greatest success.
Q. What is a director with $10,000?
A. An independent producer.
—Fritz Tidden.

They Can't Make Us Sore

They must be enjoying unusually calm weather in the South Seas these days. A full month has passed and not one movie heroine has been shipwrecked upon a desert isle. Then again, perhaps the producers have run out of desert islands?

Artists!

Get in that contest of ours! We are giving, each month, ten dollars to the smartest, most original sketch of a motion-picture star received during that month. Those receiving honorable mention will be published, with the winner, with names and addresses.

Look back to page 29 for this month's sketches.

Send drawings to Art Department for Contest,
175 Duffield St.,
Brooklyn, New York.
No copying of photographs.
No returns unless accompanied by full postage.

Motion Picture Magazine
Cheers and Hisses

(Continued from page 72)

In my class at school, the pictures that received the vote being the most enjoyable were as follows, The Go-Getters Series, The Fast Worker, The Charm School, and Manhattan.

Not only the young folks like this type of picture. My father sat in a theater he dislikes, in an uncomfortable seat, and looked at a picture that featured an actress he detests so that he wouldn't miss one of the Go-Getters Series. Could devotion go farther?

A. B.
Trinity, N. J.

An Englishman Writes:

I regard Charlie Chaplin as a marvel and all his productions worth going to see. A Woman of Paris I did not care for. He certainly broke away from tradition, but merely succeeded in chronicling a crowd of very petty people, with selfish motives as the basis for all their actions. The acting of Adolphe Menjou was, to my mind, the feature of the whole film. Perhaps the next film by Charlie will justify the great name he has made for himself. Shoulder Arms was splendid, so was The Kid.

Harold Lloyd is always a treat, but I expect he will not always rely on his horn-rimmed glasses. Already he has many imitators. The photography in Safety Last, of course, made us all gasp, even when we knew the secret, it seemed very clever.

I am always particularly interested in the adaptation of books to the films and was pleasantly surprised when I saw Flaming Gold and Ponijola. In the former everybody's interest was splendid and very true to the book. I thoroughly enjoyed the acting of Milton Sills and Anna Q. Nilsson and also Crawford Kent. In Ponijola Miss Nilsson was delightful as the boy Desmond, but why did she spoil herself in the last scene by making up her lips so much? She had previously acted as a charming boy without lip-stick. The contrast was too much of a shock and spoiled the sweet and tender sentimentality of those concluding scenes.

Pearl White, Eddie Polo and their serials were all very exciting, but they asked me to believe too much. Always they lost important papers at the most important time and one lost all sympathy with them. Still they and others amused and their performances were full of thrill. The various mechanical devices and stunts filled me with admiration for their versatility.

Our Gang I would not miss for anything. The doing of these wonderful kids, the marvelous stunts, the crude and boyish mechanical devices, the mischievous games and pranks are a never-ending source of wonder to me. Yet they do not always escape punishment.

Yours sincerely,
Alfred E. Walder

Veil Your Beauty, Betty

Another prominent actress who has rapidly gone down in my humble estimation is Betty Compson, also she used to be one of my favor-
**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. Test as directed on one lock of hair—learn for yourself that you needn't have gray hair at any age!

*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—we 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, stating exactly 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.

**Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer**

Over 10,000,000 bottles sold
Mystikum
PARFUM

To heighten the elusive charm of woman, twenty-eight different flowers give their subtle fragrance to the creation of Mystikum - Europe's Premier Parfum

AT THE BETTER STORES

SCHERK IMPORTING CO., 56 W. 45th ST., NEW YORK CITY

CANADA, 170 McGill ST., MONTREAL
Exclusive North American Agents
On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 71)

They have an interesting project down at the Metro-Mayer-Goldwyn studio. They are going to film Elbert Hubbard's famous pamphlet, The Message to Garcia. Ralston andexercise in film the historic incident from which Mr. Hubbard got the inspiration for the essay. Lieutenant Rowan, who carried the message from President McKinley to his friend Garcia, is still living. He is now a colonel in the army. Arrangements have been made with the War Department whereby he will personally supervise the incidents of the picture.

With every new picture, Douglas Fairbanks learns some new kind of stunt. For Robin Hood he made himself an expert with the old English bow and arrow. Right now, Douglas can shoot straighter with a bow and arrow than most men can with a rifle. In the course of filming The Three Musketeers he became one of the finest swordsmen in the country.

He is now filming a picture wherein he appears as the son of Zorro—The Mark of Zorro. In all this one is to be an Australian cattle whip. He first appears in Spain, then becomes a cavalier from the cattle ranches of California. His cattle whip plays a very important role in the picture. Doug got Snowy Baker, the former Australian athlete and theater manager, to teach him how to use the thing. After a few weeks' practice, he could show Snowy. Doug can flick the cigarette out of a man's mouth fourteen feet away without touching the man.

This winter, the old-timers seem to be having their innings. Louise Dresser has been signed by Clarence Brown to play one of the most important roles of her career—in Rex Beach's The Goose Woman. Ethel Clayton is returning to the screen to play in a picture to be made out of the old song, The Mission of Aching Hearts, for Schulberg. Alice Joyce has re-appeared on the screen and is playing in a picture at the Metro-Mayer-Goldwyn studio.

From this time forth, no one should say that motion-picture folk do not sympathize with love's young dream. In order to help a young couple, who had been married for three days, get away from home, a man with a deep sense of sympathy for a newly married couple, Mr. H. Harlan, in New York, a company at Warner Brothers studio worked a week with the newly married couple that Marie could catch the train. Mr. Harlan was acting in a picture with Bebe Daniels in New York.

"I'm really awful to have a Marie Antoinette exterior and a Mary Ann interior," said Corinne Griffith to a girl reporter on a Los Angeles newspaper one day this week. Miss Griffith says she likes to do the cooking in her Beverly Hills mansion when she gets the time. When Mr. Morosco shoots wild ducks, the devoted housewife always cooks them herself—if this is something the world is waiting to know. Mr. Morosco has had a heart operation. When the dividends from this begin to come in, Miss Griffith says she would like to retire from a screen career, have many babies and a happy home.

Richard Barthelmess dashed into Hollywood the last day of the old year, went to a football game in Pasadena, had various and mysterious business consultations, and dashed out again. He says that, in the spring, he intends to return to California to make a picture, name not stated. When somebody asked him if he would make any further pictures with his wife, Mary Hay, he said it was exceedingly improbable, for the reason that he had no immediate intention of putting on any more lightweight comedies suited to her type.

Mrs. Elinor Glynn has divulged the thrilling fact that under the meek and lowly name—Charles Mears—he is a Russian prince. Like the ex-playboy in Mrs. Glynn's picture, Man and Maid, his real name is Prince Viniare. With his mother, he managed to escape from Russia at the time of the revolution. Mrs. Glynn met him in Paris and suggested that he come to California and go into motion pictures.

Tony Moreno will be away from Hollywood at least a year. He is now on his way to Spain to visit his mother. He will play the lead in Marc Aurum, with Rex Ingram. After that he expects to appear in pictures in various parts of Europe.

Estelle Taylor had an inspiration to have her hair bobbed the other day. She got as far along in the process as climbing into the barber chair. Then she got another inspiration to bound out again—unbobbed. When she got back home, she found a letter from Carmel Myers in Paris, telling her that bobbing is all over. The lovely Estelle received a decree of divorce recently from her husband in Philadelphia. She declines to say, however, whether or not this is preliminary to marriage with Jack Dempsey, the champion heavyweight.

All of John Golden's New York stage successes are to be filmed by the Fox studio. It is probable that the first one will be Lightnin'. The First Year will (Continued on Page 104)

"I'm making real money now"
Makes hair easy to manage . . .

Adds Glossy Lustre—Instantly!
Keeps Wave and Curl In

Wash your hair as often as you like, and have no more trouble afterwards.
A little Glostora brushed through your hair when you dry it, makes it so soft, pliable, and easy to manage, that it stays any style you arrange it—whether long or bobbed—on any and all occasions.

It acts like magic. It keeps the wave and curl in; brightens, softens, and gives dull, dry, or dead looking hair new life—immediately!

A few drops impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and makes your hair fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre—instantly!

Glostora is inexpensive and you can get a bottle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

There is nothing better for children whose hair lacks natural life and lustre, or is hard to train, or keep in place.

Not sticky, pasty or greasy.

Glostora

Put a few drops on your hair brush

CLASSRINGS & PINS

Catalogue Price-Free

Samples loaned class officers. Prices $1.25 to $4.00 each. No order for class, society, club with those too large or too small. Special designs made on request.

METAL ARTS CO., Inc.

3715 South Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

No Hair Offends Where Neet is Used

Science has finally solved the problem of removing hair pleasantly without discomfort to the skin or complexion. This with NEET, a mild and satisfactory cream. You merely spread it on and then rinse off with clear water. That's all; the hair will be gone and the skin left refreshingly cool, smooth and white. Old methods, the unremoving razor and severe chemical preparations, have given way to this remarkable hair-removing cream which is the accepted method of well-groomed women everywhere. Ask at Drug and Department stores or by mail. Money back if it fails to please you. Buy now.

HARRIS, PHIL. ST., 601 E. 67 St., St. Louis, Mo.

Do You Know Who Dick Turpin Was?

By Jesse Dean

Dick Turpin, the high-spirited, dashing young highwayman who "rode the roads of England two hundred years ago, has come to the screen. He is played by Tom Mix in a Fox production.

His youth, wit, courage, and moments of great generosity and nobility, rank him with Robin Hood in romantic interest. He was an astonishing horseman and owned the fleetest mare in England.

Naturally, Tom lost his heart completely to the swashbuckling, swaggering, eighteenth century rogue. He even went to the length of buying and training a magnificent coal-black mare to enact the role of Black Bess, because, as he said: "I wouldn't ask my horse, Tony, to become a female impersonator."

"This is romance based on the life of a famous character," Director Blystone announced. "Therefore it must cling closely to authenticated facts. We must study Turpin's life, associates, habits and customs. He must be dressed, in the picture, exactly as he was dressed when frolicking in the White Hart Tavern. The places he frequented must be faithfully reproduced."

Research men went to England, and spent thirty-three days in the Royal Library photographing over four hundred pages of ancient volumes dealing with the fashions of the Turpin period, the customs of young bands, and of prizefighters in those colorful and savage days. Pictures were taken of all the ancient taverns and inns and buildings in which legend or tradition made Turpin even a casual visitor.

Trips were also made to Epping Wood, where Turpin and his comrades, Tom King, eluded the law for five years by living in a cave.

The Dick's career ended at the early age of thirty-three, he was by far the most picturesque and spectacular outlaw of his day. There were a horde of others—Fielder, Rose, Peace, Crippen, Palmer and Tom King, were all contemporaries—but there was none who could match him in spirit or daring.

Dick, who was the son of a Hampstead butcher, was born in 1706. At the age of seventeen his father apprenticed him to another butcher in Whitechapel. But Dick had other plans. The diversions of the gay young blades of London appealed to him; he felt that the gorgeous velvet coats, embroidered with silver butternuts or coats of arms, the exquisite laces, and dressing hats would become him more than the blood-stained butcher's smock. He felt, too, that a good horse and a brace of pistols were all he needed to conquer the whole of England.

Deliberately he decided on a life of crime, and he acted so outrageously that his master discharged him from his apprenticeship.

Free from the butcher's shop, he started stealing sheep, which he sold to his old master. Soon he changed his wares to heifers, but being suspected by the "Robin Red-Breasts," a band of mounted law officers from Bow Street, whose duty it was to chase highwaymen, he left London and fled to the Hundreds of Essex.

For a year little was heard of him. Then he reappeared—a fascinating, dashing menace of the roads. He was gaily and richly clad, superbly mounted, a magnificent rider, and crack marksman.

For a while he made hi-jacking his specialty, and spent his time harassing a band of desperate smugglers who were bringing silks, wines, brandies and tobaccos secretly into England. He studied their routes and, time and again, waylaid them and robbed them of their treasure.

At the next episode in his career he was found leading a band of brutal house burglars, the three best known being Fielder, Rust and Rose. They were finally cornered in a tavern, his three followers were taken, and later hanged in chains at Knavesmire. Dick, however, slashed his way to freedom, after almost cutting off the arm of one of the officers. He leaped out of the window, flung himself on Black Bess, and fled like the wind.

Shortly after that a young man began to frequent the White Hart Inn, at the head of Drury Lane, in London. He was called John Palmer, Barrister, and was a
good-natured roisterer, ready to buy the ale, make a bet, or go to a prize-fight or a horse-race. It was Turpin, leading the life for which he had longed. He was noted for his gay costumes and plentiful supply of money, and his popularity grew apace.

And while Palmer became more and more popular in London, the name of Turpin became more and more famous down Epping way and along the York Road. Stories of this dashing miscreant passed from tongue to tongue and Palmer listened to many of them in the White Hart and laughed with the others at the recitals. In the homes of the poor and the humble, the name was breathed in whispered admiration and many stories were told of his generosity; in the mansions of the rich he was cursed for his impudence and his hanging was loudly demanded.

Life was a picturesque, witty, sarcastic, laughing rascal; prone to rob haughty lords and boozey squires and taunt them as he took their fat purses and gold snuff-boxes. He specialized on the private coaches of the nobility and often demanded of a lady a kiss instead of a purse.

Frequently the Red-Breasts, seeking him along the road, would find a humble miller clad in the flour-dusted smock of his ostensible calling near the scene of the latest coach robbery. The miller would misdirect them and, as they galloped away, step into the woods, strip off the smock and stand forth in the gay habiliments of the rogue, Dick Turpin.

In the preparation of the story of Turpin's life, Charles Kenyon took liberties with British history, dramatic values and a kindly sympathy causing him to scrap irrefutable facts. He caused Dick to sail for America with his lovely bride, where presumably "they lived happily ever afterwards."

But that was the fate of "Dick of the Screen," and not "Dick of the Road." He didn't finish so well. Caught finally by the "Red-Breasts," he was taken to Newgate Jail. Men and women rode from the uttermost parts of England to see him. On the twenty-seventh day of March, 1739, he was tried before Hon. Sir William Chapple on the specific charge of stealing a horse and gilding from Thomas Creasy, found guilty and sentenced to be hanged.

Ten days later he was placed in a two-wheeled cart with a chaplain and a coffin and trundled off to Knavesmire. Careful to the end of proper surroundings, Dick was escorted by five mourners, clad in the heaviest mourning clothes and wearing crepe bows on their arms. He had hired them for thirty-one pounds and nineteen shillings, to give the proper semblance of grief and affection for the departed. He was hanged and buried in St. George Churchyard, but that night friends dug up the body and carried it away.

Dick says farewell to his life—perhaps

Society never winks at this weakness

What qualities must a woman have to be a social success—beauty, grace, culture, wit? Society appreciates these but it has never yet closed its doors to the woman who lacks them.

The seeker after social popularity may be utterly without distinction in a dozen ways—in features, family, personality; she may even lack discretion. Yet social success may be hers!

But there is one thing that puts her under a tremendous social handicap:

One thing without which no woman can live up to a man's ideal of her—perfect personal cleanliness!

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that perspiration odor and moisture have kept more women from a coveted social position than any other thing. Yet how many women fail to see when they fall short?

If girls and women—yes, and men, too—could only understand that soap and water cannot counteract this disagreeable thing! Special measures are necessary to keep the underarms always dry and odorless.

The one perfect precaution now regularly used by 3,000,000 people is the underarm toilette—Odorono!

Odorono, you know, is the original corrective of both perspiration odor and moisture. It was formulated by a physician and is now used in hospitals by physicians and nurses who know its antiseptic qualities and scientific action.

A clear, clean liquid, Odorono is as delightful to use as the daintiest toilet water. You need apply it only twice a week to enjoy absolute assurance of perfect underarm cleanliness. Never a trace of odor or moisture, never a stained garment!

Such a little thing and yet it means so much! Adopt the underarm toilette now: have for yourself the ease and comfort of mind its regular use means. Get a bottle of Odorono at any toilet counter; 35c., 60c. and $1 or sent by mail postpaid.

Send for dainty sample set

I will send you 3 generous samples for the complete underarm toilette—Odorono, Creme Odorono (for odor only) and Odorono Depilatory, together with booklet of information on perspiration problems. Complete sample set, 10c.; any one sample, 5c. Mail coupon now.

RUTH MILLER
The Odorono Company, 124 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

RUTH MILLER
124 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me sample set of Odorono, Creme Odorono and Odorono Depilatory with booklet, for which I enclose 10c.

Name
Address
(Note: Sample of any one, 5c)

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Use Sulphur to Heal Your Skin

For unsightly skin eruptions, rash or blisters on face, neck, arms or body, you do not have to wait for relief from torture or embarrassment. A little Sulphur offers like little did a picture. Does it not?

We give you an opportunity to meet the most popular film star seventeen years hence, Miss Gloria Lloyd. A new shampoo for your hair is available. It is called Golden Glint Shampoo. This shampoo will make your hair look so much prettier, so much more attractive, that you will just love to fuss with it. In addition to the clean freshness and good smell given by the Golden Glint, it offers something unusual, something new, something more than a promise. This "something" is a secret you’ll discover with your first Golden Glint Shampoo.

How to care for Dull Hair

You cannot expect hair which is naturally devoid of luster to look brilliant or exceptionally beautiful after an ordinary shampoo. You must use a shampoo that is different, a shampoo that will add real beauty to your hair—GOLDEN GLINT shampoo. This shampoo will make your hair look so much prettier, so much more attractive, that you will just love to fuss with it. In addition to the clean freshness and good smell given by the Golden Glint, it offers something unusual, something new, something more than a promise. This “something” is a secret you’ll discover with your first Golden Glint Shampoo.

Golden Glint SHAMPOO

WANT WORK AT HOME?

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Agood old Friend

Remember the good old-fashioned mustard plaster Grandma used to put on your neck when you had a cold or a sore throat? It did the work, but my how it burned and blistered!

Musteroles are the better than a mustard plaster. Musterole does not irritate the skin like a mustard plaster. It is a clean, white ointment good for all of the little household ills. Keep the little white jar of Musterole on your bathroom shelf and bring it out at the first sign of tonsillitis, group, neuritis, rheumatism or a cold.

TO ART LOVERS

Those who are interested in oil painting are invited to a permanent exhibition of the works of Eugene V. Brester at the galleries of Brester Publications, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, between the hours of ten and five, any day except Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. Mr. Brester has given several one-man exhibitions on Fifth Avenue, New York, and has always received high commendation from the press and art critics. These paintings are in all sizes, from small to large, and the prices run from $25.00 to $250.00. Out-of-town patrons may order them through regular dealers, or we will send any painting on approval at receipt of price. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Moonlights, twilights, landscapes, marine, etc. In order, size and general description of the kind of work desired. Brester Publications, Inc., 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HANDS STAY SOFT

and nails don’t split

if you apply plenty of

MENTHOLATUM

Write for free sample

Mathis, the scenario editor who is credited with having discovered him. June walked off the set where Rudolph is making Cobra, and ambassadors have been withdrawing. She—s-s-s! This is a secret; but they don't even speak any more.

The trouble seems to be that Miss Mathis and various other members of the Valentino staff feel that Mrs. Valentino has too much to say about his pictures. Well, anyhow.

It seems there was some difficulty also about the selection of Nita Naldi as the girl in Cobra. Some of his advisers—Miss Mathis among them—felt that Nita, altho a fine actress, was not the type of an innocently looking girl.

Miss Mathis is now working with the Colleen Moore productions.

She thinks that she has discovered an other girl to play in the studio and can get a new girl for the Latin lover of the wave; that movie audiences are turning to the sincere American type.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is starting out all over again to make his fame and fortune. To be frank about it, he was a terrible flop as a boy star when Lasky aided him before. He is now making another try, this time as a featured player. His first picture will be Irving Willats' The Air Mail. They all feel at the Lasky studio that he is pretty sure to make good this time.

Ronald Colman very nearly came to an abrupt end of his movie career one day this week. While acting in the Mexican sequence of His Supreme Moment, at the United Studio, a heavy beam fell down and struck right across the bridge of his nose. It cut a bad gash. Two skin specialists were called, we'll regular physician and patched him up with plaster to avoid stitching. They think he will escape without a scar.

One of the least-known actors in Hollywood, so far as the crowd is concerned. He seldom goes out; and spends his Sunday hiking around the foothills of Southern California.

Betty Compson, who seems lovelier to look at with each passing year, has fallen in the way of being called "cab driver's holidays." Whenever she has a day off, she spends it on the set watching her husband, James Cruze, direct. Just now he is making Beagars on Horseback.

Betty herself is about to begin working in Eve's Secret.

A very peculiar problem has come up in connection with the picture, A Dressmaker of Paris. It goes without saying that there must be the latest in women's fashions—plus. And just as the present time it is about as easy to tell what women's fashions will be as to tell what the weather will be like next Fourth of July.

They have collected fourteen of the most famous clothes models in the world; but what to put them in is a different matter.

They solved the problem by bringing over Travis Banton, the designer. And he solved the problem by making up some new clothes. Most of the skirts thereof are being worn now. The gown that Lestrade is to wear come not more than an inch or two below the knee. They straddle on the bottom of the calf.

Ten of the fourteen have it bobbed, but four constitute what military men call the "first line of reserve." (Continued on page 112)
NERVE STRAIN

The high pressure, mile-a-minute life of today, with its mental strain, worry, anxiety, grief and trouble, not to mention nerve strains resulting from excesses and vices, is wrecking the nerves of mankind. This applies especially to the people with highly active brains and sensitive nerves. Have your Nerves stood the strain?

Read "Nerve Force," a 64 page book on the care of the nerves. This book is of extreme value to "near-neurasthenics" and people with sensitive and deranged nerves. It has aided many thousands to gain control of their nerves and build up their Nerve Force. Because of the many valuable hints it contains on the control of the nerves and mind, "Nerve Force" has been bought by the thousand by large corporations for their employees; it is recommended by physicians to their patients and by ministers to their flocks.

NERVES OR NO NERVES, YOU SHOULD SEND FOR THIS BOOK TO-DAY

PRICE 25c, POSTPAID (COIN OR STAMPS)

What Readers of "Nerve Force" Say:

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of nervousness. I have read your book at least ten times."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzv all the time."

A physician says: "Your book is the most sensible and valuable work I have ever read on the prevention of your symptoms. I am recommending your book to my patients."

Mail This Coupon Today!

ROSS COMPANY
341 West 17th St., New York

Another dime brings a sample of Winx Rouge
Another dime brings a sample of Permanent Hair Color

Winx
Waterproof

Clarence S. Bull
Paul Ellis, the American

Hollywood's New Sheik
(Continued from page 25)

they let him gore the horses. This is really horrible. The picadores are broken-down old naggs. It is pitiful, sometimes, to see them, with their ancient spavined old legs trying to keep time to the music of the bandurrias as they come in. They are blindfolded so they can't get away from the bull.

My job as one of the banderilleros came next. I had to stand in front of the bull as he charged down upon me like a runaway express train. As he lowered his horns to gore me, I would read body and head ever so little, and plunge these two little flag-decorated Spears into his shoulders. His horns never missed me more than a fraction of an inch. Sometimes they didn't miss!

"I saw one of the most famous bull-fighters that ever lived torn to pieces by a wild bull at Valencia, while planting the barbs. His name was Guallito. They took him dying to the chapel."

"Well, he said, sooner or later, every bull-fighter gets it just as I have." Mr. Ellis said he decided, right there and then, that bull-fighting was no job.

His conviction on this point was heightened when he saw Joselito killed. He was the idol of the bull-fighting world.

"Joselito," said Ellis, "sacrificed his life thru pride. You must understand that it is delicate and difficult to kill the bull. You have to wait until his head is lowered to gore you, and his feet must be right on the same line. Otherwise your sword strikes a bone instead of his heart.

"Joselito was the wildest daredevil ever in a bull-ring. He would wait until the bull had lowered his head to gore; then he would turn to the crowd and say, 'Why hello there Manuel; how's your family?' —or some other careless thing.

"This last time, as he did this, the bull got his feet out of position. Joselito was too proud to back out after doing his little melodrama. He tried to kill the bull, who had one foot advanced in front of the other, blocking the way to the heart. One of the horns went thru Joselito's heart . . ."

Oddly enough, the worst accident Ellis ever had in a bull-ring was in his first picture. He was engaged for Renee Adam's picture, The Bandolero. He was nearly gored to death while acting the part of the movie matador.

He is in Hollywood now, having been sewed together again by the surgeons. Struck by his good looks and charming personality, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer people have signed him as a leading actor.

He makes one stipulation; all bull-fighter pictures are banned.
Cheers and Hisses
(Continued from page 98)

One Woman's Opinion

Dear Editor: What on earth has happened to Clara Kimball Young? Miss Young used once upon a time, to be one of our most popular actresses, but she slumped down considerably in Cor- delia the Magnificent. She was cast as a girl of twenty-six. About as sensible as casting Mary Carr for the title role in Oliver Twist.

If Miss Young, like other actresses of her type, would only realize that she is no longer flappers, it would be piling the way to better pictures.

It would be really hard to name the most popular stars with Australian audiences. Mary Pickford's films are too many and far between for red hot popularity, and the same must be said of her famous husband.

Valentino, too, is another example of popularity ruined by not letting himself be seen often enough. Rudolph's pictures come to Australia in a bunch . . . we had four in two months. But during his holiday from our screens, Fred Thomson has leaped in with a rush. Indeed it would be no exaggeration to proclaim the handsome Mr. Thomson and his horse the most popular cowboy couple on our screen today.

How this may be a mere flash in the pan, and Moustache Beauceron may restore much of Valenti's lost popularity. M. A., Adelaide, South Australia.

Advertisers Take Notice

Dear Editor: Of course I have my pet versions and likes. What human has not?

It irrits me to see such overwhelming advertisements. For instance:

"The greatest show ever screened."
"The most spectacular production ever made."
"The greatest thrills ever witnessed."
"Stupendous! You have never seen anything like it in the world."
"Marvelous! More laughter, more tears, more thrills than the screen has ever witnessed."

If anyone ever releases a picture and has the good judgment to advertise it: Just a short good show, don't talk down to me, let me see it, and take all my friends and buy two seats for each, one apiece for our hats.

Mrs. B. K.,
Los Angeles, California.

Keep Calm, Jack

Dear Editor: John Gilbert is one of my favorite actors, but I don't like the parts he plays. He nearly always loses his temper in them and he looks like a wolf. It makes shivers go all over me. I wish they would give him a peaceful character, once anyway.

Why does Mac Murray keep her mouth open? and why doesn't Conway Tearle smile?

R. H.,
St. Louis, La.

Digging Graves

Dear Editor: I have just seen Ralph Graves in a Jack Snert stick-stick comedy. It was with a great sense of waste and frustration that I saw this fine young man grinding and throwing bricks. For (Continued on page 109)

Advertising Section

BRUNETTE
Wave spell of dark mysticism—lyric sheen of moonlight—magic shimmer of starlight—silken lustre telling of subtle allure.

BROWN
Depths that invite and question—blend of fire and shadow—warm tones of old paintings—will-o'-the-wisp in gemstone.

BLONDE
Gold of dreams and memories—grain-gold—wine-gold—sun-gold—treasure-gold—gold of conquest—gold of passion.

Work a Miracle of Radiance in Your Hair

A touch of henna in the shampoo

You may use in your own home the secret of the most fashionable hairdressers, by which they give freshness, life, and lustre to the hair of society women—whether they are blonde, brown-haired, or brunette.

This secret is simply a touch of henna in the shampoo. Merely a touch of henna is used for a subtle value. And the effect is magical. The color of the hair does not change. The blonde remains a blonde, the brunette a brunette. But the hair is transformed. The touch of henna in the shampoo makes it radiant with its own natural color, quality, and lustre.

This Shampoo brings out the natural lustre in every type of hair—blonde, brown, or brunette.

All women do not know what a wealth of undiscovered beauty their hair holds for them, if they would bring it out with a touch of henna in the shampoo.

Hennafoam Shampoo contains just the right touch of henna, especially prepared and blended with pure, cleansing, vegetable oils. The clear, delicately perfumed liquid of Hennafoam Shampoo foams up in clouds of soft lather. As the lather cleanses and refreshes the hair, the touch of henna words its magic. Reveal the full beauty of your hair. Begin using Hennafoam Shampoo today.

If you cannot get Hennafoam Shampoo from your dealer, send 50c to Hennafoam Corp., 511 W. 42d St., N.Y.

Cheeks a la PoGo!

For cheeks that tempt kisses, use POGO ROUGE!

You have no idea what a difference this wonderful French rouge makes. It becomes you. And becomes you! Blends perfectly with your complexion.

Two shades—Brique (Naturelle) is the ideal tone for fair and sunny skins, while Ronce (a new Raspberry tint) adds charm to blonde or brunette.

Say POGO to the drug clerk! Say POGO until you get it! Or send us 50c for that first box, prepaid.

GUY T. GIBSON, inc., Distributors of Ciro Perfumes
565 Fifth Avenue, New York

Youth-Ami Skin Peel

A New Scientific Discovery

Which practically and lamnently replaces the old skin with a new and removes all blemishes, freckles, pimples, blackheads, Discolorations, Tan, freckles, acne, large pores, etc. A non-acid, invisible liquid. Produces a healthy new skin, beautiful as a baby's. Results assured. Booklet "The Magic of a New Skin" free in reply worldwide postage.

Youth-Ami Laboratories, Dept. D, 10 E. 71st St., New York.

LEARN CARTOONING

At Home—In Your Spare Time

from the school that has trained so many successful cartoonists of today ranging from $5.95 to $50 and more a year. The Landon Portrait Chart Method of teaching makes original drawing easy to learn. Send for free samples for full information and data to test your ability. Ask for the plan.

THE LANDON SCHOOL
1602 National Blvd., Cleveland, O.
In the Hollow of Her Hand

What a firm hold lovely hands seem to get on a young man's heart!

There's something irresistible about them when soft, slender fingers are bejeweled with lovely gleaming nails—something that appeals to every man. And how easy it is now for every girl to have the well-kept hands that Fashion and good breeding demand!

Just a touch with the handy GLAZO brush, a moment's drying—and your nails are gleaming like beautiful pearls, with a lustre that soap and water cannot dim and which will last a week.

Be Sure to Use the Remover

GLAZO is the original Liquid Polish. It comes complete with separate remover, which not only insures better results but prevents the waste that occurs when the Polish itself is used as a remover.

Stop at your favorite toilet goods counter today and get the GLAZO package. It will mean lovely nails always, with the minimum of exertion and expense, 50¢ at all counters.

GLAZO

Nails Stay Polished Longer—No Buffing Necessary

Try GLAZO Cuticle Massage Cream

It shapes the cuticles and keeps it even and healthy

For trial size complete GLAZO Manicure Outfits, write name and address in margin, tear off and mail with 10¢ to

The Glazo Co., 23 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, O. 108

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

The Mystery of Pola Negri

(Continued from page 35)

to pick themselves to pieces and find out what makes their genius tick, it is always blab—blab! Pola Negri doesn't know what she does when she acts, any more than Walter Johnson knows what he does when he pitches a baseball; or Man O' War when he runs a race.

Dimitri Buchowetzki, the Russian director, knew better what to do with her. He told me that when he had a big scene to do with Pola, he always sat around and talked to her. They just talked and talked, and he watched her like a cat.

Finally, her eyes would light up in a way that showed her interest had been roused.

In other words, Pola's genius was throwing out sparks. If possible, he sent her out in front of the camera at that instant; for that instant was the divine moment.

Handled in that way, there is no finer actress than Pola Negri—living or dead.

But it is a strenuous job for a director. Very few of you over here ever know what Pola does better when they are a leetle spotted.

What he meant was that Pola is too sophisticated, too worldly wise, too experienced, to have any patience with the kind of heroines popular with American movie audiences; snow maidens, so pure and chaste that they think that babies are brought by rabbits and left under the bushes in the garden.

Pola was wonderful with him. There were—or were—two reasons why. She has complete and absolute confidence in him; and he adapts his picture to fit her temperament.

"They make a mistake in trying to make Pola play characters who are all white," Lubitsch explained to me one day. "Pola does better when they are a leetle spotted."

What he meant was that Pola is too sophisticated, too worldly wise, too experienced, to have any patience with the kind of heroines popular with American movie audiences; snow maidens, so pure and chaste that they think that babies are brought by rabbits and left under the bushes in the garden. Pola has lived. She told me, once, that her life had been so filled with sorrow and tragedy that she never could have endured it but for the consolation of her own private religious belief. She knows that life is a carpet with a lot of seams on the bottom side.

Lubitsch, the shrewd and instinctive analyst, knows Pola. He has always cast her for such parts as Du Barry and Carmen, while they were making pictures in Europe; and as Carmen the Great, in his American venture with her. All women—these characters—who had suffered, but who scorned to snuffle and whine.

And the measure of their triumph—his and hers—was that the audiences have always loved these everlast care for Pola drew them; even in their spots. To Pola, going back to Lubitsch's direction was like taking off a pair of tight shoes. He didn't ask her to be beautiful, or to be 'sympathetic.'

"Damn sympathy!" screamed Pola one day when I was visitinf her on the set. "I don't want to be sympathetic. I don't want to be loved. I want a chance to be a great actress. I want to do parts that are human beings—not stuffed saints!"

Pola is absolutely naive over her own career as an actress.

In the production room she will often clap her hands and cry out: "Oh, how vuneful!" at some of her own scenes. But, on the other hand, she is a harsh and ruthless critic of her own faults.

It all comes to this: Pola is a beautiful,
You can't imagine how wonderful this face powder is . . . . try it . . . .

The first time you use Armand Cold Cream Powder, rubbing it carefully into your skin, you'll realize that it actually makes your complexion lovelier. Because it has a magic touch of cold cream in it—it is wonderfully soft and fine and clinging. It brings out the beauty of your skin, emphasizing its fresh coloring and delicate texture! And the direct effect is that your eyes sparkle more, your teeth seem whiter, your smiles are brighter and you yourself are a more charming person, because you know you are looking your best.

ARMAND
COLD CREAM POWDER
In The • PINK & WHITE • BOXES

Guarantee: No matter where purchased, if any Armand product does not entirely please you, you may take it back and your money will be returned.

Reduce Your Limbs with DR. WALTER'S Medicated Rubber Stockings

The wearing of these wonderful medicated rubber anklets and stockings for obese light or dark men will not only reduce and shape the limbs but give excellent support and a neat and trim appearance. They relieve swelling, venules and pain promptly.

Worn next to the skin they induce natural heat and keep it in the body. They stimulate the circulation and a great protection against cold and dampness.

Anklets, per pair $7.00
Stockings, per pair $12.00
Send cads and money.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET TO
DR. JEANNE M. PALMER, 389 Fifth Avenue, New York

Supernatural HAIR GONE

Forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root without pain or injury to the skin in the privacy of your own home.

Send today 3 stamps for Free Booklet
D. J. MAHLER CO., 64-B, Mahler Park, Providence, R.I.
No more freckles, no more blackheads, no more sallow skin. With the new discovery clears and whitenets your skin with amazing quickness. Send this card with your order and you can clear your skin of redness, roughness, blotches, mudsomes or any blemish.

**Make This 3 Minute Test**

There is hidden beauty in your skin. Freckles, blackheads, sallow skin may have injured it. But underneath—just waiting to be brought out—is a clear, vividly beautiful complexion. Banish freckles, blackheads this new way, don’t let liver spots, patch patches, tan or sallowness mar your beauty. Make this mudsomes before-bedtime test. Smooth this cool, refreshing cream on your skin. The very next morning look into your mirror.

**Money-Back Guarantee**

Send this card with your order and return the results of this new scientific cream that we absolutely guarantee! Send for a jar now—today. Use it for only five nights. Then if you are not delighted and impressed with the transformation, your money will be instantly refunded, just enclose a bill with your order and mail direct. Don’t write about the natural radiant beauty that lies hidden in your skin.

**Perfectly Shaped Nails**

are a requisite to beautiful hands. I have seen circular dished nails mar the beauty of the most graceful and dainty fingers. Don’t you want to have your nails fit? Try them. The graceful slender tapering appearance of well-manicured nails give to your hands a new grace that they have not had before. This beauty manicure gift will enable you to have your nails fit. Send now for your free illustrated booklet.

**The HANDY MANICURE GAG**

and hairbrush is in a neat case that can be carried in your purse.

**PRICE Sse (no stamps)**

**Security Trust Co., St. Louis, Mo. Dept. 25F, Marcus and Green Ave.

**EARN MONEY AT HOME**

YOU can earn $1 to $3 an hour in your spare time writing post cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph System, supply you with writing post cards, envelopes and pay you cash each week. Send today for full particulars and free booklet.

WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE, LIMITED

Authorized Capital $1,250,000.00

60 Colborne Building, Toronto, Can.

---

**Whiten Your Skin**

Almost Over Night!

To Sills, acting is the art to which he gives all of himself while he is in front of the camera. But he forgets the screen at other times, and thereby keeps his viewpoint clear. None of the endless round of shop gossip for him.

He is a philosopher who lives a full and sane life. And his fan following is enormous. By including him in the department this month, I shall have met the wishes of about one in every seven of my correspondents.

---

**Advertising Section**

**Confidences Off-Screen**

(Continued from page 55)

---

**Pity the Poor Cross-Word Victim**

Marjorie Daw complained to me at First National’s studio, the same day I saw Miton Sills, that all her life she has been battling vainly against the things that other people thought she ought to enjoy.

“I loathe card games,” she said. “Bridge has been the most popular in my day, so even as a child I was leery of it. No one should ever teach me bridge, I swore. But did my vow protect me? Not so’s you’d notice it.

“Well-meaning relatives and friends would urge me on, and I learned bridge. Naturally, feeling as I did, I proved to be a villainous player. My partners have always hinted that there must be something wrong with my mind, and I’ve been furious at all three at the table for getting me started.

“It’s been the same with other indoor and outdoor sports that didn’t happen to appeal to me.”

Miss Daw was holding a newspaper, open at a page which flaunted a huge, complicated-looking cross-word puzzle.

“That, too?” I whispered, pointing maliciously.

“Yes—that, too,” she almost wept. “When the craze started, I made up my mind never, never to be trapped into it. But look around you. Is this an atmosphere in which I had a ghost of a chance to keep my freedom?

As a matter of fact, every player not at work on the set was industriously solving puzzles. Nowhere has the latest national malady taken firmer hold than in the motion-picture studios.

Pity poor Marjorie Daw!

---

**Going Strong**

Johnny Walker, of the bibulous name, was once in vaudeville. He was a hard-shoe or a soft-shoe dancer—take your choice. He could sing when that seemed expected, and he had a line of merry patter that brought down the peanut gallery in the two-a-day.

Johnny has been a motion-picture leading man for some time now, and he is still going strong. You know him. He is to be seen in rapid-fire Pathé serials, such as Galloping Hogs. He figures as the attractive boyish hero in dramas where pathos and comedy are cunningly mingled.

I seem to remember him as invariably having a dear old mother and a flappery sweetheart.

Off-screen, Johnny preserves the slapdash humor of the vaudeville entertainer. But it is not a technique that stands being transferred to the cinema. He knows that perfectly well, and never slips up in his pictures.

He told me an amusing story to illustrate the difference between the two types of audience.

(Continued on page 112)
NEW YORK CITY
Advanced Motion Picture Corp., 1493 Broadway
American Releasing Corp., 15 W. 44th Street
Arrow Film Corp., 220 W. 42nd Street
Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 W. 45th Street
Bailin, Hugo, Productions, 366 Fifth Avenue
C. C. Burr Prod., 135 W. 44th Street
Community Motion Picture Bureau, 46 W. 24th Street
Consolidated Film Corp., 80 Fifth Avenue
Cosmopolitan Productions, 2478 Second Avenue
Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Avenue (Biograph Studios, 807 E. 15th Street)
Educational Film Co., 729 Seventh Avenue
Export & Import Film Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue
Famous Players-Lasky, 485 Fifth Avenue (Studio, 6th and Pierce Streets, Astoria, L. I.)
Film Booking Offices, 723 Seventh Avenue
Film Guild, 8 W. 40th Street
Film Market, Inc., 563 Fifth Avenue
First National Exhibitors, Inc., 383 Madison Avenue
Fox Studios, Tenth Avenue and 55th Street
Gaumont Co., Congress Avenue, Flashing, L. I.
Goldwyn Pictures Corp., 469 Fifth Avenue
Graphic Film Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue
Griffith, D. W., Films, 1476 Broadway (Studio, Oriental Pk. Mamaroneck, N. Y.)
Hodkinson, W. W., Film Corp., 469 Fifth Avenue
Inspiration Pictures, 555 Fifth Avenue International Studios, 2478 Second Avenue
Jans Pictures, 729 Seventh Avenue
Jester Comedy Co., 220 W. 42nd Street
Kenna Film Corp., 1639 Broadway
Mastoden Films, 135 West 44th Street
Metro Pictures, Loew Building, 1540 Broadway
Moss, B. S., 1564 Broadway
Outing Chester Pictures, 120 W. 41st Street
Pathé Exchange, 35 West 45th Street
Preferred Pictures, 1650 Broadway
Prizma, Inc., 110 West 40th Street
Pyramid Picture Corp., 150 W. 34th Street
Ritz-Carlton Prod., 6 W. 48th Street
Selznick Pictures, 729 Seventh Avenue
Sunshine Films, Inc., 140 West 44th Street
Talmadge Film Corp., 150 Broadway
Topics of the Day Film Co., 1562 Broadway
Triangle Distributing Corporation, 1459 Broadway
Tully, Richard Walton, Prod., 1482 Broadway
United Artists, 729 Seventh Avenue
Universal Film Corp., 1600 Broadway
Vitagraph Films, E. 16th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn
Warner Bros., 1600 Broadway
West, Roland Prod., Co., 236 W. 55th Street
Whitman, Bennett, Prod., 53 Riverdale Avenue

Manufacturers, Distributors and Studios of Motion Pictures

$15.00 an ounce
$8.00 a half ounce

The Most Precious Perfume in the World
RIEGER'S FLOWER DROPS are unlike anything you have ever seen before. The very essence of the flowers themselves, made without any base of 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 20c
Send 20c (stamps or silver) with the coupon below and we will send you a sample vial of Rieger's Flower Drops, the most alluring and most costly perfume ever made. Twenty cents for the world's most precious perfume! Send Now!

Rieger's Perfumes—At all Drug and Dept. Stores
If your dealer cannot supply you, send direct to address below

Paul Rieger's Special
Flower Drops Souvenir Box
Attractive special box containing five different Rieger Perfumes that are equally retails for $1.75...

$1.00

The Souvenir Box makes a interesting and convenient gift.

TRADE MARK REGISTRED

Rieger's Face Powders (Five Kinds)
Men Amour
Per Box $0.60
Men's face powder

Honesto Fugazi

La Paloma, (The Devil)

1.00

Rienzi

Golden Nareno

2.00

Each delightfully perfumed

(Duplo Compacts, (tegno and powder)

$1.50

Compact Rouge, (medium—dark—orange)

.50

Send Coupon Now

Paul Rieger & Co. (Since 1872)
162 First St., San Francisco, Calif.
Enclosed find $ for which send me the following:
Rieger's Flower Drops (odor)
Sample bottle, 30c
Fill sole bottle, 1.00

Coupond (1.00)

Spatula/Souvenir box, 6.20

(2.00)

6.20

Rosette Powder—Men Amour, 30c
Men's face powder

Rienzi
Golden Nareno

(Duplo Compacts, (tegno and powder)

1.50

Rienzi, 30c

5.00

Avoiding all mystery, words, or jargon.

Name
Address

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

111

PAGE
A Clear Soft Velvety Skin Quickly Yours Through My New Secret Methods

YOU CAN be beautiful, attractive, charming! Once you were 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 Secrets of Beauty tell you how secrets based on the arts of beauty culture used in the days of the old French Court, by the most beautiful women of all time. These and many other beauty secrets to give you a soft, velvety skin, flushed with the true hints of nature, to restore and preserve the youthful resilience, and make the skin look and feel soft, supple and fresh. The secrets, all disclosed in my Booklet "Making Beauty Yours," are all disclosed in my Booklet "Making Beauty Yours."

Send for My Booklet FREE

Just clip this coupon, write me immediately and ask for my booklet. Don't pass this golden chance to win beauty! I guarantee it. I can't afford anything else and you'll be delighted that you did. There is information in the booklet valuable to EVERY WOMAN, whether homely or beautiful.

ROOM 601, LUDLUM BLDG., CHICAGO

Take Notice!

Motion Picture Magazine is still looking for a slogan.

If you want that fifty dollar prize, get busy.

This contest was to have closed December 1, but we haven't found the right slogan yet.

Send as many slogans as you like. Make them as short as possible. Pay your full name and address on each sheet. No manuscripts returned.

BOOKS

by

Eugene V. Brewster

What's What in America. Essays on the various isms of ologies and so-called occult sciences, including phrenology, osteopathy, psychogiony, Christian Science, superstitions, etc. $1.50.

Success Secrets. Essays on Culture Habits, On Time, Courtesy, etc., including 100 helps to Live 100 years. $2.50.

The Passing of Woodrow Wilson. Being excerpts from various newspapers and magazines gathered at the time of the death of Woodrow Wilson, with an introduction and bibliography by Eugene V. Brewster. This beautiful edition, printed on hand-made paper which was made specially for this book, is limited to 385 copies, each signed and numbered. A choice item which will some day be rare and priceless. $3.50.

Napoleon. Being three essays on “The Man of Destiny” by Charles Phillips, Robert G. Ingersoll and Hudson Maxim, with an introduction by Eugene V. Brewster. This beautiful little brochure is handsomely gotten up and printed on hand-made paper. The edition is limited to 234 copies, each signed and numbered. $1.25.

Mah Jong. The fascinating game is here simplified so that a child can learn. Also includes “One Hundred Winning Points,” which are so exhaustive that even a beginner can learn at once all the scientific points of the game and hold his own with the expert players. 25 cents.
Delicious! Delightfully flavored and good for health—its daily use is "a sensible habit"

BEEMAN'S
Pepsin Gum
AMERICAN CHICLE CO.

Motion Picture Classic

is the handsomest of all magazines devoted to the screen, and yet its price is $2.50 a year, or 25c a copy. You will find it on the reading tables of the best homes in the English-speaking world. Is it on yours? Ask your newsdealer to let you see a copy.

DON'T BE FAT
Reduce Quickly—Easily—Without Drugs, Diet, or Exercise, by Method Discovered in the Orient by a Prominent Opera Star

A PRIMA DONNA of international reputation has a remarkable message for fat people. When increasing weight threatened her career and health, she desperately tried every known remedy without success, until in far away Java, an old priest showed her how the Javanese women retain their youthful slenderness. She reduced 34 pounds in 30 days and at once felt stronger, healthier and ten years younger.

Write for This Free Book
It contains some amazing facts that are vitally interesting to those who want to reduce. You needn't be fat—and you shouldn't diet, either. Just open the page pointed to here. Then drop the coupon, or if you prefer, just send your name and address on a post card.

Bissachi Arnel, Inc., Dept. 110 E. 500 FIFTH Avenue, New York City
Without cost or obligation on my part, send me your booklet "181 Secrets of Self-Reducing"

Name
Address

Advertising Section

Facts I Can Read in the Faces of the Film Stars

(Continued from pages 42 and 43)

NORMA SHEARER

and retim it or make over a gown or blouse to suit her taste.

Summarizing her character, Norma Shearer is a pleasing young lady, with qualities which should make her a great success. There is one thing, which might spoil her career, and that is falling in love and marrying the wrong man.

LIONEL BARRYMORE

Making a summary, I would say that—Lionel Barrymore has an active, energetic, industrious, forceful nature, strong-willed, and with an excellent mentality. He has a good memory, vivid imagination and artistic qualities far above the average. A highly combative nature, not over social, strong in his likes and dislikes, a great lover of the beautiful, and an artist in every sense of the word. Mr. Barrymore is better endowed than most of us, for he has a splendid mentality, and the gifts of both the executive and the artist.

DORIS KENYON

The cheeks show a cautious, reserved person with an repressed nature. Her chin indicates a persistent nature, a great love of peaceful things and intensity in her likes and dislikes.

In the upper lip I find poise, self-control, dignity and pride. The lower lip tells of a patriotic nature, a love of children and animals, devotion to home and family and great loyalty in friendship.

The hands show dramatic ability and a highly inspired and impractical nature.

In summarizing her character, I find that Miss Kenyon is an extremely talented young woman, affectionate and devoted to her family, capable and efficient in all she undertakes.

* JACK PICKFORD

His upper lip shows a very kindly, enthusiastic, sympathetic, charitable nature, too pleasant and easy-going for his own good. In the lower lip is found a love of children and pets and a great, almost disdainful, love of family. He is very intense in his likes and dislikes.

The cheeks tell of a reckless nature which chafes under restraint, of a love of variety, travel and change.

The hands are capable and show a liking for mechanical things. Here, too, is shown an inspirational nature with a liking for dramatics.

Summarizing his character, I find that Jack Pickford has an active, restless nature. He is generous, kind, has a well-developed sense of humor, and a love for all that is beautiful. If Jack develops his latent faculties within the next few years, he will be a very successful man.

Daggett & Ramsdell's

PERFECT COLD CREAM

... Bedtime now means beauty as well as sleep

Only a woman knows how I feel each night when I come to those 'three golden minutes.' I call my own—that time when I remove the blemishes of the day and make my skin ready for to-morrow in the perfect way—with a trial tube of cold cream—Daggett & Ramsdell's.

This snowy cream—so pure, doctors prescribe it, takes from my skin all of the harsh dirt and many of the tired lines. And my clean, rested skin can regain its natural loveliness while I sleep. Morning finds it radiant.

Just try it yourself for six nights—and welcome the delightful results.

For sale at department and drug stores—the white package with red bands. Tubes, 10c, 25c, 50c. Jars, 35c, 50c, 85c and $1.50.

There's a "Try-It-Yourself" trial tube for you—Free. Just send the coupon below.

* * *

How to use those "Three Golden Minutes"

I—Smooth a coat of this perfect cold cream over your face and neck.
II—Leave it on a minute to sink in.
III—Wipe off the cleansing cold cream with a smooth cloth and finish with a dash of cold water.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
How to Restore the Original Shade to Gray Hair

If your hair is gray, do what thousands of others have done—use the wonderful, clean, colorless liquid known as Kolor-Bak and see the original shade quickly return.

No matter what the cause of grayness—age, shock, illness, scalp diseases—this remarkable liquid restores the exact former shade, gives the hair a beautiful silky texture, and keeps it from becoming brittle and from falling out. Also cleanses scalp and hair, banishes dandruff, and stops itching of the scalp. As easy to use as water.

No need to furnish a sample of your hair—no tests to make—as the one clean, colorless liquid is the best substitute for the natural hair pigmentation.

Send,

Kolor-Bak
Banishes Gray Hair
Dealers Everywhere Sell Kolor-Bak with
Money-Back Guarantee

Subscribe to Motion Picture Magazine

[Advertisement text continues...]

[Advertisements for products like INECTO RAPID NOTOX, INECO, Kolor-Bak, and others follow.]
Every red-blooded American boy and girl has a natural love of music and a desire to play a musical instrument. That explains why millions of boys and girls of all ages are now playing Hohner Harmonicas for entertainment, education and popularity.

Don't whistle—play it on a Hohner! Anyone can quickly learn to play with the aid of the Free Instruction Book. Get a Hohner today—50c up—and ask for the Free Book. If your dealer is out of copies, write M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 175, New York City.

"That Musical Pal of Mine"

**ADVERTISING SECTION**

An atmosphere of horror had recreated itself swiftly and weirdly in the room. Eugene's eyes were wide with amazement. The policeman, Landerst and Boyle, feebly strove to preserve a stoicism not wholly convincing. Even Margot found that she was trembling slightly.

Hart had risen and laid bold of the crowbar. With his assistant's help, he drove it down into one of the cracks, heaved and wrenches, and then with almost absurd ease laid back a trapdoor.

"There's a big compartment here," he gasped. "It's hollowed from the central stone support of the house, I guess."

"Is there anything in it?" Margot demanded sharply.

Hart reached into the hole and drew out a fire ax, such as hangs beside a bucket of water in the hallways of public buildings.

"There's that," he muttered.

He was still feeling around, and abruptly he uttered a cry of surprise and loathing. Withdrawing his hand with a jerk, he laid on the floor a horrifying object. It was the severed, withered arm of a woman. A desiccated, mummy-like arm. The hand was tightly clenched, and on the upper side it was marred from wrist to knuckles by a burn resembling a birthing mark.

The company stood paralyzed for a long moment, until the policeman, Shane Boyle, broke the spell.

"God have mercy on us all!" he choked. "We've been seen' the ghost of that arm."

And then in the arm of Stella Ball, added Quinlan solemnly.

(To be continued)

**WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE**

**MARGOT ANSTRUTHER, a screen star, occupies one room in an old house in New York's "roaring forties," that, jokingly, is called haunted. She gives a party in celebration of a new role. Among those present are two men in love with her, her director, and Eugene Valery, a young cameraman. Laughingly, she tells of two people who have mysteriously disappeared from this house. Stella Ball, a girl from Macy's store, and an old man named Murchison. Both had disappeared the same day. After all have gone, Margot, in bed, snarls a cigarette. Half asleep, she drops the lighted match on the floor, then turns quickly to put it out.

"As she does so, she sees a small hand, followed by an arm, reach out from under her bed and blow out the flaming match. Margot, lying terrified in the dark, picks up the "phone by her bed and calls Valery." In French she explains there is someone under her bed. "Come at once!" Together they search the room—nothing! They call the police! But one burly cop stands guard, and he, also, during the night sees the hand. Again further search reveals nothing. But later an intruder coming in thru the window is caught. It is Stella Ball, one of the two missing people. She refuses to talk—but one arm has been amputated at the elbow. "But she had both arms when she left here!"

The languid screams in a frenzy of hysteria.

New go on with the story.
Almost Unbelievable
You can hardly realize the wonderful improvement to your skin and complexion your mirror will reveal after using

Gouraud's

ORIENTAL CREAM

It renders a charming, fascinating appearance instantly. No mussy rubbing in or long time treatments. But best of all, your appearance will show constant improvement through its consistent use.

Gouraud's Oriental Comprimettes Are Gouraud's Oriental Cream in compact form with all of its Beautifying properties faithfully retained. Made in two sizes, 50c and $1.06, and seven shades, White, Flesh, Rachel Powdered and Orange, Light, Medium and Dark Rouges.

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

Name
Address
City
State
FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON, NEW YORK

Do What the Film Stars Do With Their Old Clothes?

(Continued from page 33)

so-and-so please ease her conscience of the extravagance of buying it by wearing it for her.

Before giving away a dress, the comedienne changes its appearance with new trimming so that no one will be able to recognize it as having been hers—a piece of thoughtfulness which is wasted, however, for the first thing the recipient does when her new costume is admired is to explain proudly, "Louise Fazenda gave this to me! Wasn't that grand of her?"

An acquaintance, knowing that Louise doesn't like herself in brown, and that she had been talking of giving away a new dress of that shade, asked her about it.

"Oh, dear," said Louise, "I should have remembered that brown is your color! But," brightening, "I'll tell you what I'll do! I only gave it to a relative, so if you want it I can get it back!"

For sentimental reasons Viola Dana has saved all her old clothes. A big room in her house has been lined with cedar and all the garments she has ever worn during her ten years in pictures hang in chronological rows along its walls, skirts long, skirts full, ruffled, pleated, short, slim, queer little evening dresses that were the height of style when there was a Bull Moose Party, sport suits that were fashionable when a cocktail wasn't a crime, funny hats that look like exhibits in a museum now, but were the thing before the Kaiser exchanged his scepter for a buck-saw.

Betty Blythe wears her old clothes, so she says. In proof of which statement she waves her hand at the trailing gold and green batik tea-gown she has on.

"Seven years old! It isn't a dress so much as it's a memory."

Long before Betty was famous she was very, very poor, and very young, and in New York. And she and a rising young journalist—who hadn't begun to rise then—used to stroll the city streets together, two adventurers in Bagdad. One day as they walked along Forty-second Street he noticed that Betty had but sixty-four dollars in the world. The next moment they stopped before a little Russian shop—and there was the batik gown, glowing all by itself in the window. The price mark was fifty-nine dollars (you must remember this was seven years ago!)

"Betty!" cried the journalist, grasping her arm, "Betty! You've got to have that dress! It belongs to you—it was made for you! I'm going in and buy it!"

And he did.

Of course, Betty admits, all her dresses aren't memories. There was one she sent to the girl who wrote a tear-botted letter telling her that her "sweetie" wouldn't take her nowhere because he was ashamed of her. By return mail, after the dress had been sent, came this answer:

Dearest Miss Blythe,

Gee, your dress is the sweetest thing I ever seen. I wore it last night and my sweetie propased. Now, dearie, I got a twin sister the same size as me. You ain't got another dress as swell as this you could send her, have you?

Respectfully yours,

A favorite request of the fans is for a gown they have seen in a picture, "the
How To Increase Your Income During Your Spare Time

We want men and women in every locality to represent our magazines. Experience is not essential, neither is any investment required; we supply all the needed working material.

Men and women who are now on our staff are earning large incomes by just devoting a few hours each day to our sales proposition. The work is easy and pleasant, there is no need of lugging a heavy sample case around with you when you make your calls and you take your commission just as soon as a sale is made and in addition to your commission we will pay you a special bonus on your production—don’t let this golden opportunity get by you—write today for full particulars.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC. 
175 Bedford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:

I am interested in your money-making plan. Please give me full information at once.

Name

Address

City State

(Continued on page 121)
He adored her for her beautiful fresh coloring

THE dance was nearly over and yet she was still radiant. Her color and youthful freshness had remained. When in a burst of admiration he told her so, she realized that her rouge was so natural and lasting that it had deceived even his sophisticated eye. It was PERT ROUGE of course that had stayed on so well. She knew it would last as long as she wished, only to vanish immediately at a touch of cold cream or soap. She liked it too for its creamy base, so fluffy and greaseless that, with moisturized finger, she could spread it as easily as a powder, without enlarging the pores.

Dark Orange PERT, changing to a becoming pink on touching the skin, suits her medium coloring best, but to her blonde friends she recommends Light Orange and for brunettes, Rose, a deep red.

To harmonize with her rouge, she uses PERT LIPSTICK, as lasting and natural as the rouge. Both are waterproof and may be obtained at drug or department stores, or direct by mail each.

Mail this coupon with a dime today for a sample of PERT ROUGE.

ROSS COMPANY
242 West 17th Street New York

Pert Rouge

Be sure to enter “Your Opinion Contest” SEE Page 89

You too can play the Hawaiian Guitar—Just as the Hawaiians do—Play the Latest Hits FREE!

This $15 Hawaiian Guitar

ONLY 4 MUSICAL NOTATIONS used in playing the fascinating Hawaiian Guitar are included in Hawaiian Instructions which teach you to master them quickly. Pictures show how. Everything explained clearly.

PLAY IN HALF HOUR
After perusing the simple instruc-
tions, you can play harmonious tunes with little practice. More than 90,000 students have learned to play in this easy, pleasant way.

EASY LESSONS
The 4 printed lessons with a wealth of pictures, are written in a way that you can learn merely by looking the notes over. No previous musical knowledge necessary. Your friends will say the Hawaiian is the easiest guitar to learn.

FREE GUITAR SAMPLE
We are offering this sample of the Hawaiian Guitar, with details of our firm, without any obligation on your part. You may return it at any time and owe us nothing. It is fine, full size, both single and double strung, and is in perfect working order.

WRITE AT ONCE
First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music, Inc.
336 Broadway (Washington Bldg.), Dept. 54 at New York, N. Y.

New Toys
(Continued from page 38)
mattered, “I guess I’m a failure, a fellow that can’t make enough to keep his wife’s hands sort of white, a fellow that can’t give her the things that belong to her by right—dresses, and an auto, and good times and like that.”

It was in this promising state of self-reproach that Natalie, stealing in a little later, in an aroma of L’Amour perfume, found him. A wise woman, Natalie, who knew her subject—Men—as a scholar knows the subject of his research. And so she proceeded to mend the wounds in his self-respect with the oil of sympathy and the wine of flattery. When a woman loves a man—whether it is on account of the way his hair grows, or because of his great intellect or noble character, it does not matter. Natalie Woods had never been denied anything in her pampered years, until she returned from Europe to find that the man she intended to marry was lost to her.

“Poor boy—and were his new toys all broken?” she crooned, patting his big, led hands with those beautiful, cool fingers—not so helpless now! “It’s just that she doesn’t understand, Will! If someone could make her see that she is neglecting her husband—and this dear little home, and the poor darling baby.”

Defy she went on, defending Mary to her heart, and picturing the desolation she had left until Will Webb was smiling his heart-wrenching, crooked smile at her, because she made him feel, somehow, tall and magnificent, and a real person, instead of just a husband. And then Mary came in—Mary whose heart had failed him at the thought of poor Will, sitting alone in the shabby, little flat, up four flights.

She had run up all four of them, feeling herself already in his arms, whispering into his ear that she wouldn’t go on with the play because she loved him too much to hurt him. Now she leaned against the door, looking from her husband to Natalie, who was showing pretty nearly one lovely, white hand laid on Will’s shoulder, and her small, heart-shaped face grew hard.

“Sorry to interrupt!” she laughed, off the key of mirth, “I just came back for my dancing slippers!”

In the wretched weeks that followed, while a slatternly woman locked incomerently after the Wonder and still more indifferently, after the apartment and Will, the breach widened, and Natalie, with delicate fingers, helped the widening. Will Webb found himself, evening after evening, while Mary was away at rehearsals, following her bare, satiny shoul-
ders thru some restaurant noisy with jazz, the one-sided smile on his lips, a heavy weight on his heart. Sometimes he would start up and stare at the crowded pillars, like a sleep-walker waking in a terrifying place.

Mary did not seem to care what he did. She came in, tired and tense from rehears-
ing, and in the morning, when he tip-
toed into the guest-room which she occu-
pied now, she was always asleep—or pre-
parations to be. He could not help the feeling that he had ever held her in his arms, kissed those lips that wore, nowadays, a cool, provoking smile of disdgin, not quite their quizzing like lovers—they were as polite as strangers.

On the night on which the play was to open, she turned back from the door at his voice, not meeting his haggard eyes,
Lovely Eyes
Are Fringed by
Heavy Lashes

If it is within your power to make your eyes beautiful, add new fascination to their depth and lustre by growing luxuriant lashes. Put a little colorless LASHLUX into the roots at night, or after applying WINX. It will add gloss to their blackness and nourish the roots.

If you prefer, you may use Black or Brown LASHLUX after powdering, to restore the natural oils absorbed by the powder. It will make them soft and silky and very natural in appearance, because the use of an artificial darkener is not apparent.

LASHLUX—Black and Brown—also COLORLESS. At drug and department stores or by mail 56c.

ROSS COMPANY
242 West 17th Street
New York

LASHLUX
means luxuriant lashes

No More Wrinkles
You too can have a firm wrinkle-free complexion.

PARISIAN FLESH FOOD
Makes Men and Women of 40 look 15

Restores youthful freshness, revives breathing power, tones, illness or not.

A sure way to regain the charm of a clear, wholesomeness glacial complexion. Amazing results in short time. Restores wrinkles, crowswere, brown lines, furrows. Restores elasticity to skin, and firmness to waving tassets. Fills hollows of face, neck, and develops bust.

FREE
Remarkable Bust Developer

Send name, address and 10 cents for trial sample and FREE Beauty Secrets. Mme. Feuilleure, 103 Parisian Bldgs., Cleveland, O. Agents Wanted.

WM. DAVIS, M. D., 124 Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

I MAKE THE BEST CHOCOLATE BARS
Mints and Chewing Gum. Be my agent. Everybody will buy from you. Write today. Free samples.

MILTON GORDON, 452 Jackson St., Cincinnati, Ohio

ADVERTISING SECTION

“Will? What is it? Tom is waiting down-stairs in a taxi—”

She wore a new evening cape, the color of wine. Her cheeks were touched with rouge. The words he had meant to speak dropped from his lips. He managed a

harsh laugh. “It was nothing! Don't let me keep you—I was only going to wish you—good luck!”

“Thanks!” she hesitated, looking away, playing with the tassel of her coat. He noticed that her hands were drawn white and helpless-looking. “I don’t suppose—

you will be there?”

“I wasn't invited.” Miss Woods has taken pity on me and asked me to go to a dance with her.

But when he helped Natalie out of the taxi two hours later, she uttered a sound of surprise as she noted the garish electric letters blazing against the dark above them; “I had to come,” Will said briefly.

Following his broad back down the aisle to the front row of the orchestra, Natalie felt her first uneasy doubt of her ultimate victory.

Will knew nothing of the play more than that it was a costume drama of the Elizabethan age. The sight of the first name on the program, Mary Web, The Virgin Queen, shocked him as though he had not expected to see it there. He sat rigid, unheeding the soft touch of Natalie’s shoulder against his own, while the orchestra played, and the curtain slowly went up on a castle park.

Then, as the audience waited breathless, a tiny figure in stiff brocade skirts, elaborate wig, disheveled, majestie, fanny nose, slipping ludicrously sideways, stumbled out from the wings, stood swaying, and then, with a cry, slipped faining down on the brittle green stage grass.

And the audience was treated to the further spectacle of a tall, young man stepping from the snare drum over the footlights and gathering the absurd little figure in his arms before the curtain hid them from view.

For the cry that the Virgin Queen had uttered had been “Will!”

“Oh, course,” Mary shuddered against the rough sarge shoulder, “he’s given me stage kisses before—he was Leiceter, you

and

threw her
razor away!

IN THIS WAY
the New York World summarizes the recent excellent comment given ZIP by the Federal Trade Commission’s Trial Examiner:

“Uncle Sam Pronounces
HAIR REMOVER (ZIP) O. K.”

“Gone To Stay Gone!”

The climax came,” says the New York World, “when one woman, described as a prominent Long Island society matron took the stand and testified she had been afflicted with such a heavy beard that she had to shave four times a week. Then she tried the preparation (ZIP) and threw her razor away. These fair witnesses offered their conclusions to the judge in proof of their assertions. They said they resorted simply out of gratitude.”

Thousands of women today are grateful for what ZIP did for them. “ZIPPED”—not clipped—is the secret of the perfect hair line and the beautiful neck. When you have your hair trimmed, demand a ZIP treatment back of the neck.

Make yourself beautiful. Don’t delay. Use ZIP once and you will never resort to ordinary depilatories.

For Sale Everywhere—Guaranteed Treatment or Free Demonstration at My Salon

Madame Berthe’s
Specialist

562 FIFTH AVE.
(Ent. on 46th St.)
NEW YORK

ZII

IT'S OFF
IT'S OUT

NOT ONLY
REMOVES
HAIR—
BUT CHECKS
ITS FUTURE
GROWTH

MADAME BERTHE’S, Specialist
Dept. 542, 562 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send me FREE BOOK "Beauty’s Greatest Secret," telling how to beautify and indulging the three tricks of all so-called hair depilatories. I am also sending you a check for $1.00 to cover cost of FREE BOOK and Cleansing Cream, guaranteed next to grow hair.

Name
Address

CREATIONS JOURDAN NEW YORK

119
Delica Kissproof Lipstick

Make Alluring Lipstick That's Pruning and Beguiling

Delica Kissproof Lipstick is a new color—an incomparable natural it defies description—Gives your lips a soft, rich color—a rich effect, compellingly beautiful.

Waterproof—Kissproof—Stays On
As you face your mirror and apply this delicious coloring, you will behold lips that remain remarkably lovely that you ever knew were yours!

At all toilet counters or direct, 50c, and for free samples.

Free
DELICA LABORATORIES, Inc., Dept. 1264
1003 Van Buren, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me free samples (enough for one week) of Delica Kissproof Lipstick.

Name_________________________
Address_____________________

(Please plainly in pencil)

Behind the scenes, during a rehearsal, Tom Laurence had tried to kiss her

John Gilbert
Tells the Story of His Life

This popular young actor spent a tragic, desolate youth, unloved and unwanted, at the mercy of cruel people.

He never knew his own name until he was a grown man and a stranger appeared who proved to be his father.

He tells of the poverty he and his first wife endured, when fifty dollars would have seemed a fortune, and of his rise to fame in the movies.

Read this highly dramatic, absorbing story in the

May Motion Picture

Subscribe to Motion Picture Magazine to-day

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Made Your EYES—Your Best Feature
Clear bright vivacious EYES add more real beauty to the face than any other feature. Of what avail are pearly teeth and a flowerlike skin if your EYES are dull and lifeless?

Daily cleansing with Murine will help make your EYES your most attractive feature. It keeps them free from irritating particles—encourages a clear, bright, healthy condition. Contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

Our illustrated books on "Eye Care" or "Eye Beauty" are FREE on request.

The Murine Company
Dept. 25, Chicago

What do the Film Stars Do with Their Old Clothes?

Continued from page 117)

ers and hats to beginners. He has learned that, if you cast your coats upon the waters, they will come back to you—dry-cleaned.

Years ago, George O'Hara was working in the Sennett cutting-room. One day, needing a personable young man in a hurry, Mr. Sennett sent for George and told him that he would give him a chance before the camera roll would rush home and change his clothes.

George looked down, turned red, shuffled and finally blurted out the truth. "Mr. Sennett, sir—this is the wardrobe!"

That evening a messenger delivered several bundles at George's boarding-house. Opened, they found himself the owner of a magnificent wardrobe, but unfortunately Mack Sennett is a few feet taller than George and much farther around. The wonderfully tailored suits hung about him in disconsolate folds, his hands were lost in the sleeves, the trouser-legs trailed on the ground, the coats hung to his heels! Recalling the heartbreak of that moment, when only a matter of measurements came between shabbiness and power, "What the Well Dressed Man Will Wear," George nowadays passes on many of his clothes in memoriam of Mr. Sennett's kindness, but he picks a man of his own size!

Relatives claim the cast-off wardrobes of some of the stars. Alice Terry has a sister just her size, and since Alice's dresses are several months ahead of the styles, they are just exactly in style by the time sister gets them.

Ramon Novarro has all sizes of younger brothers to whom his clothes descend in succession. Anita Stewart sends her gowns to her family. Who finds with some alteration, they go to high-school dances on flapper-nieces, to bridge parties on pretty but inscrutable cousins, and primitively to church on maiden aunts.

"I belong to a perfectly huge family!" vivacious Margaret Livingston declares. "When all the in-laws and the out-laws of the tribe are counted in, we furnish a respectable quota of the population. As soon as I'm thru with my clothes, and generally before my sisters are all dressed up in them. But that's better than being cheated by old-clothes men, isn't it?"

Gertrude Short's method of getting rid of her last season's wardrobe is simple. The Shorts have a colored washerwoman with a rapidly growing family of children. "Eight or nine, she says!" Mrs. Short laughs. The elder daughters are quite the belles of Los Angeles' Dark-town, in Gertrude's discarded finery.

Years ago, when Betty Compson was a struggling violinist in vaudeville, she needed some novelty numbers for her act, but couldn't afford to pay a high price for them. A girl composer wrote two specialties for her, and generously offered to let her pay for them when she could. The money debt was settled long ago, but the kindness debt is still on Betty's books, and to this day a hammer of her dresses and suits goes to the young composer who has never made success enough to be able to afford such beautiful gowns.

Auld Lang Syne directs the disposition of Ernest Torrence's suits when he lays them aside. When he was a young actor living in London, he and two friends

Your hair easily kept smooth and shaped...

With this you can achieve any of the new severe styles

Perhaps you think your hair is too fluffy ever to lie satin-smooth. Or so wavy it can't adapt itself to the new stylies. But you can easily learn to manage your hair today.

Stacombs gently shapes and trains the most rebellious locks.

The least touch of Stacombs in the morning shapes your latest bob the right way and keeps it right all day. With Stacombs, long hair can be combed straight back, your hair gets strong and untidy. And with Stacombs you know your hair will never be greasy as the old pomades made it. Nor brittle and lifeless as water used to leave it.

Thousands of women have found Stacombs the only way to attain just the particular smooth effect they want. Suzanne Powers, who played last season in "Tarnish," "The Potters," and "The Bluebird," says: "Women who have adopted the new severely plain mode in hairdressing find Stacombs a delightful and effective aid. Very few women can achieve this desired effect without it."

Use Stacombs freely to keep your hair just the way you want it. It is actually beneficial, and tends to prevent dandruff.

In jars and tubes (or the new liquid Stacombs). At all drug and department stores.

Readers in Canada should address Standard Laboratories, Ltd., 701 King Street, West, Toronto, Ont. Dept. O-18.

Stacombs
KEEPS THE HAIR IN PLACE

Free Offer

Standard Laboratories, Inc. Dept. O-18
113 West 18th Street, New York City

Please send me, free of charge, a generous sample tube of Stacombs.

Name:
Address:

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

121
roomed together, ate each other's meals, borrowed from each other and fought for each other when it was necessary—"One for all and all for one.

All of them came to Hollywood. And Ernest made good. The others haven't—yet. But at any rate they don't have to worry about buying clothes, and Torrence even insists on paying for alterations.

Jetta Goudal's dresses come from France—and go back there when she is done with them, to be distributed to the poor artists of her native Paris.

An old gown of Alma Rubens started a friend of hers on the road to screen fame. Five years ago the girl wore it to a casting office, and on the strength of her appearance in Alma's dress she got a small part. To-day she is one of the leading women stars!

SOMETIMES the story of a garment gift doesn't end so happily. Barry Stuart, the English screen star, presented a tailormade suit of his to a fellow actor who was out of work and despondent. The next day this young actor committed suicide, and the only mark of identification was the name "Barry Stuart," printed on the inside of a pocket. That evening the startled donor was shocked to read of his own death in the newspapers.

Carl Miller gives his old clothes—which are not really old at all—to struggling young artists. Cullen Landis bestows his on the members of the ball team he has organized. Noah Beery's hired men have the first pick of his suits. Leis Wilson is known throughout the studio world as the "extra girl's friend," because of the dresses she gives away.

The Salvation Army wagon carries away the discarded wardrobe of many stars, into Los Angeles, where the gorgeous dinner gowns and the expensive dinner suits, which are hardly useful to people whose dinners are problematical, are sold for charity. There is a lamentable lack of bungalow aprons, house dresses, flannel underwear and overalls in movie wardrobes! But the Los Angeles poor are the best dressed in the world.

It may be that there are some stars who sit in the small hours and wearily stitch, stitch, stitch, making over their old clothes in new styles as the rest of us mortals do. If so, they have kept their shameless secret well. Economy is the unforgivable sin in Hollywood.

Of course, the victors and maidens fall heirs to many of the choicest of the stars' old clothes. Indeed, from the rear it is hard to tell a famous screen beauty from her maid.

How the Parisienne
Attains the Smart Silhouette

One French woman lost 50 pounds in two months. Explains the secret of getting thin without drugs, diets, creams, exercises or appliances.

A French woman now in America reports that a new treatment for obesity has been found to a well known French scientist. It is a simple, harmless combination of ingredients put up in a small tablet called "San-Gri-Na," which helps nature in throwing off unnecessary fat-forming elements, thus making it impossible for fat to form and accumulate on the body. Already promising results from all parts have been reported. Cases of reducing vary from 10 to 50 pounds in a remarkable short time, with complete restoration of health and marvelous change in general appearance. While "San-Gri-Na" is not a bandage to be used for a month or two, it is an invaluable help to get rid of all-overs, tied feeling—shrinkage. The tablet can be taken at any meal and the cases entirely relieved. High blood pressure GUARANTEED AND EASED HARMLESS. Recommended by specialists, physicians and nurses as a safe, effective and simple way to take off from 5 to 60 pounds a week.

Now, if your druggist does not carry SAN-GRI-NA in stock, he can get it from us direct, wholesale or for $4.00 a box and one full sized box of SAN-GRI-NA will be mailed you prepaid.

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH LABORATORIES

350 W. 31st St., New York City

10 Days Trial
Brings You A Genuine DIAMOND

BAER BROS. CO.

GUARDIAN
Absolute satisfaction or your money refunded; only genuine blue diamonds used with legal guarantee of accuracy. Send for the famous "Baer Bros. Guarantee" worth $6.25.

Order Now
And Return Within 10 Days to Make Sure

What Our Customers Say

"Thousands of letters praise our exceptional quality, liberal terms and prompt service. Let us prove it to you."

10 Months to Pay
A few cents a day will pay for any of these rings that cost as much as $200 and up. For $1.00 now, return it to us within 10 months and pay nothing more. If satisfied, pay balance in equal monthly payments, not a day over.

Order Now
By mail or in person.

Free Mail Order Catalogue
Filled with bargains in diamonds, wedding bands and jewelry from $10 to $1,000. Cash or liberal credit terms. Wonderful values. Write Dept. 424.

BAER BROS. CO.
6 MAIDEN LANE NEW YORK

AdVERTISING SECTION

This is a Direct Offer to Stop Falling Hair—To Destroy Dandruff—Hair Growth.

Such remedies have been made before—but none this fact well—this offer is backed with a written guarantee of results or money refunded.

First you must know that the hair grows from a bulb—not from a root. When the hair bulbs get sluggish—inactive—falling hair results—eventually baldness. But if you can get the hair bulbs active, you will grow plump, thick, dark hair. Start with our Bulb compound in 2 or 3 bottles. Send $1.00 in advance, I will ship you 2 bottles at 50c each. In 30 days you will notice a difference. In 2 months your hair will be thick, dark, and abundant.

New hair is thinner, weaker, and lacking in strength. You will have a "fat form" in 3 to 6 months. The growth is rapid, easy, and permanent.

A new method of treating the scalp now renews dormant hair bulbs to the regained activity. It does this by simultaneously attacking the causes to which alopecia is due; by stimulating the hair bulbs to an active condition. The result is a healthy, vigorous, and permanent growth of hair and scalp. And the cost of the treatment will astonish you. A permanent, French Special need, for most hair troubles. It leaves neither—no greasy scalp. We urge you to test this new treatment. Do not delay. Send the above price. A written guarantee in every package protects you fully. Ask for STEAM SCALP TREATMENT at your dealers or write us direct.

SEND FOR BOOKLET
Send free booklet on Hair and Scalp Sanitas Co.

401 Sanitas Bldg.
33 Keap Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Million Dollar Guaranteed FREE Send for today.

DIAMONDS
For a Few Cents
A Day

Your SparePennies will pay for this
Diamond Ring.

Cut Diamonds can be yours. No Monthly Payments. No Obligation.

J.M. Lyon & Co.
2-4 Maiden Lane N.Y.

Learn Classic Dancing
At Home!
Only $5.00 A Month

Write 415 for free, full information about this wonderful new method. Dance to live music, in your own living room. M. Sargent Weingartner of School of Dancing teaches the pupils. Write 485 for free. Followed by thousands. Smoke Silly Billies.

Please mention Picture Magazine in writing to advertisers.
**The Answer Man**
*(Continued from page 78)*

**Squibs.—** Ethel Clayton is playing in *The Mansion of Aching Hearts* right now. Well, pepsin aids digestion because it has the property of converting tissue-building foods into "peptones" which, in turn, can pass thru the membranes of the stomach and be absorbed into the blood. Yes, by all means write me again.

**SYLVIA—** I can see you are all for Charles de Roch. It's according to how you term it—pay; wages; salary; emolument; and movie money. You should read a book a month. The best books, of course. Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body.

**ESTHER VAN C—** May McAvoy is twenty-three, you know, and that is her right name. John Gilbert and Mae Murray in *The Merry Widow*. Yes, that was Lou Tellegen with Alla Nazimova in *The Reckoning Sin*.

**NUISANCE—** Jack Mulhall in *Within the Law*. Viola Dana is twenty-six. Shirley Mason is twenty-three. Richard Dix in *Too Many Kisses*. Nazimova is playing in *My Son with Ian Keith. Helen Holmes is playing in The Riddle Rider*. Charles Mack in *Bad Company.*

H. C.—Montague Love is playing in *Vandeville right now*. No, I would rather travel by boat than by train, that is, for pleasure. In 1830, of course, I remember it well, there were twenty-three miles of steam railroads in the United States. Now there are over 263,000 miles, enough to go ten times around the earth.

**SYLVIA L. G.—** Keep going! That is my motto. Absence of occupation is not rest; a mind quite vacant is a mind distressed. No, Ricardo Cortez is not married. Yes, I wish Mary Pickford would do something soon. We all long to see her back on the screen. However, she's playing in a Marshall Nellan picture now. Pola Negri is playing in *The Charmer.*

**LESLEE R. H.—** Ricardo Cortez was born in Alsace-Lorraine, you know. He has black hair and brown eyes. Of course, I believe in discipline for a child. Without it, the favorite child, like the neglected forest, runs wild. Suit sent, means without care.

**LOUISE D.; RUTH H.; MAZIE; FERNE W.; K. S.; D. W. L.; MARY W.; ANNA E. B.; HELEN K.; VELMA H.; HELEN S.;**

---

**Here They Are**

**New York's Favorites**

**Jazzy Fox Trots**

Doodle Doo Doo—My Best Girl

Oh! Mabel—Where is My Sweetie Hiding

I Wonder What's Become of Sally

I Want To Be Happy—Too Tired

**Vocal Hits**

Charlie My Boy—Follow the Swallow

Put Away a Little Ray of Golden Sunshine

Go Long Mail—How Do You Do

**Dreamy Waltzes**

Dreamer of Dreams—Honest and Truly

All Alone—Pat That I Love

---

**Co-operative Record Co., Dept. 520**

Send me on 10 days trial, your 16 Fox Trots, Songs and Waltzes on 8 double-face, 10-inch records, guaranteed equal or better than any records made. I will pay postman only $3.98, plus delivery charges on arrival. However, this is not a purchase. If records don't entirely please me, I will return them within 10 days and you will refund my money without question.

Name

Address

City

State

POSTWASHINGT

---

**A PERFECT LOOKING NOSE**

Can Easily be Yours

**Trilety Model No. 25** corrects now all (including) nose quickly, painlessly, permanently, and comfortably at home. It is the only applicable, safe and guaranteed patent device that will actually give you a nose $7,000 satisfied users. For free instructions and facts, send 16-year of experience! Manufactured by Nose Shaper's is at your service Trilety No. 25, fast efficient. Write for testimonials and free booklet, which tells you how to obtain a perfect looking nose.

TRILETY, SPECIALIST

Dept. 2348

Binghamton, N. Y.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
ADVERTISING SECTION

IRENE M.; DOT; NELLIE C.; MARION R.; BLACK BAKER; S. C. B.; VIRGINIA B.; LOUISE C.; PEGGY PEABODY; DONALD K.; LUCILLE L., and R. F. M.—Your letters were fine, but they have been answered elsewhere in this department. Do write again.

BROWN EYES, Chicago.—Yes, I have heard your Congress Hotel over the radio just the same as you have heard our Waldorf music. Warner Baxter is five feet eleven and weighs 168 pounds. He has brown hair.

RALPH P.—So you would like to see some of the old-time players with their families. And you would like to see Mary Fuller on the cover. So you are a bachelo- r. So am I. Many men marry to escape from bachelorhood. Did it ever occur to you that successful bachelorhood is as rare as successful marriage?

MARY B.—Well, I am glad you read my article in February. Tell me what you thought of the issue as a whole. Creighton Hale is playing The Bridge of Sighs, for Warner. The largest railway tunnel is the Simplon between Switzerland and Italy; it is twelve miles and four hundred and fifty-eight yards long.

Here they are, a quartet of them—Matt, Tom, Owen and Joe Moore. No, Colleen is not a sister. Sidney and Charlie Chaplin are half-brothers. Rudolph Valentino and Dorothy Dalton played in Moran of the Lady Letty. Of course, the sun is larger than the earth. The volume of the sun is 1,300,000 times that of the earth. And an average day of all the oceans is from two to two and a half miles.

BLACK EYES.—Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, on February 6, 1899. Well, Alexander the Great was born in 356 B. C. and he ascended the throne of Macedonia in 336. His death was said to have been caused by excessive drinking. Constance Talmadge in The Man She Bought. Can you imagine Constance buying a man?

LOUISE G.—M. Davies with Cosmopolitan Pictures, 2478 Second Avenue, New York City, Dorothy Mackail is with First National and she is twenty-two. Harold Lloyd is thirty-one. Address him at 6642 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

IWNANO.—And you want to see—a picture of a Radclyffe Novarro on the cover. Which would you rather have, a man or a woman on the cover? Address Valentino at the United Studios, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California. Shirley Mason in The Scarlet Honeymoon. June Marlowe in The Man Without a Con- science.

WHANGDOLE.—Keep one eye open for Dame Fortune, but watch for her daughter misfortune. Virginia Lee Corbin is about fifteen or six- ten. Supposing you tell me what you thought was the best picture of the year. There's the long ago Agony, Thief of Baghdad, Sea Hark, etc., etc., so take your choice. House Peters is playing in Raffles.


FE AWAMERTI; FLORENCE R. Mc.; PHILADELPHIA; PAULINE F.; STEPH B.; ADA MAE H.; MARGARET H.; BILLY M.; MARIE P.; LILLIAN P.; ANNETTE JONES; PELL R. W., and ANTOINETTE R. Thank you very, very much for remembering me as you did. I wish I could write you individually, but time does not permit.

CLARICE H.—Yes, he is kinda flat, with no pop to him. Antonio Moreno was born September 26, 1888. He is playing Constance Talmadge's Letter to Love. Eva Novak and Richard Talhades in Laughing at Danger. Corinne Griffith's Wilderness was released as Love's Wilderness, with Holmes Herbert and Ian Keith opposite her.

BETSEY B.—I suppose the writing-paper was a Christmas present—no, I generally get a flock of letters right after Christmas, everybody tries out their new writing-paper on me. Seena Owen is playing in The Hunted Woman for Fox.

SUPRA PINOCHO.—I agree with you. Miriam Cooper is not playing right now, neither is Francesca Bertini.

MRS. B. F.—As I understand it, Carl Laemmle was born in Germany, so they can't be the same. You Melcham I'm sure. Anyway that's what I'm here for.

FLORENCE E. B. O.—No, you are not a hero-worshipper when you write to me. All the girls write and tell me their troubles. Rod La Rocque is not married. You bet we are having some real cold weather here.

GORDON MC.—I'm telling this only to you, but don't tell anyone. A pretty face is the fortune of some and the ruin of others. Lila Lee is playing with Thomas Meighan in Heaven's Profit. Thomas is married to Frances Ring. Oh, sure, Pearl White has been out of the convert for some time now.

ROSE O'GRADY.—You're right in style now. Rose. Barbara's adopted child's name is Marvin. Barbara is five feet three and a half. JEAN D.—Jean, you didn't put your address on your envelope and your letter was returned to me.

PERFECT FLAPPER.—They are perfect these days. Mae Busch was born in Melbourne, Australia, educated at a convent in Madison, New Jersey. She is five feet five and weighs 125 pounds. Has black hair and grey eyes. No, I don't wear those taffeta pants, and green and red sweaters like the college boys do. What do you think I am, anyway?

FAIRFIELD.—Aileen Pringle is with Metro-Goldwyn now. Monte Blue with War- ners. Emory Johnson has completed negotiations with the Swedish Government and he is to go abroad to film his next picture. He will trace the history of navigation from the days of the vikings to the present-day navigation. This is going to be deep- sea stuff. Your letters are fine, and how it did sparkle. Write me more some.

KASEY.—And you really saw Antonio Moreno. Good for you. Corinne Griffith is working on De lasse now.

L. B.—Some letter yours was.
The Finishing Touch to Good Grooming

Successful men and boys—leaders in every activity of life—appreciate the importance of good grooming. Neatly brushed hair is the finishing touch necessary to this distinction.

No matter how unruly your hair, or whether you brush it lightly back or smoothly down, GLO-CO, the Liquid Hair Dressing, will keep it neatly in place all day. From a hygienic standpoint, GLO-CO will do the hair good, as its antiseptic tonic qualities are invigorating to the scalp.

GLO-CO is not a grease or paste, but a stainless liquid with refreshing, quickly passing fragrance. Try it once and you will realize why the demand for GLO-CO has swept the country from Coast to Coast. Buy it at any drug counter or barber shop, 50c and up, or send for liberal free sample.

GLO-CO
HAIR DRESSING

FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian islands, sun-drenched, tropical paradise, are offering a 3-carat, 12-point, 1/4 full-cut diamond ring! Just write for your FREE booklet, "A CLEAR-TONE CURE," telling how you can get your own natural or artificial color into the hair.

FREE

Write today for your FREE BOOKLET "A CLEAR-TONE CURE."—Sending you a coupon for your own diamond ring.

E.S. LIVES, 123 Church St., Kansas City, Mo.

PIMPLES

Your Skin Can Be Quickly Cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the Face, Neck, Back, Shoulders, Back, Ears, Noses, Enlarged Pores and Oily or Shiny Skin, with a 28-cents box of PIMPLES. Write today for your FREE SAMPLE.

FREE

Write today for your FREE BOOKLET "A CLEAR-TONE CURE."—Sending you a coupon for your own diamond ring.

E.S. LIVES, 123 Church St., Kansas City, Mo.

Advertising Section

CHITO.—Well, the point in some of our morality plays is so dull we can sit on it without pain. Alfa Rubens has brown hair and she was born in San Francisco. That was Betty Compton in To Have and to Hold.

HELEN D.—Ruth Roland is playing in Where the West Begins. Alice Joyce is playing in A Maid's World, from the stage play Duday-Cooz-a-Hunting, in which Marjorie Rambeau starred on the stage. Percy Murmann is playing opposite her.

D. C. SYRENNI.—Yes, George O'Hara had an interview in the December Classic with Alberta Vaughn.

VEN LYNX FAK.—You're not the only one. So you liked Adolphe Menjou in Broadway After Dark. You refer to Edward Phillips in The Plunderer. Well, the Sahara in Africa is the world's largest desert. It covers an area of about two and a half million square miles, or more than half the size of Europe.

GIVEN.—Lewis Stone is married to Florence Oakley. Harrison Ford is married to Beatrice Potter. Oh, yes, I know who you mean, Victor McLaglen. He is playing the role of "heavy" in Percy. Vic is one of a family of nine boys, his sister being three and weights 20 pounds. His whole family fought in the World War, six brothers being wounded and one killed. He was made a Major.

MAID OF KENT.—Kenneth Harlan is six feet tall. He has brown hair.

A DIXIE ADMIRER.—Monte Blue is married to Tove Janson. Ben Lyon is twenty-four. That seems to be the favorite question this month.

D. W. TINGO.—Baby Peggy was two and had been in pictures as long as she was old. Now she's one. Alice Terry is twenty-eight. maid of honor. She is in Honeymoon Island East, that was her first picture. Her next picture will be New Toys with her husband, Richard Barthelmess.

C. H. C.—So you hope never grow old. Well, if you are as old as you feel, I am sixteen. Let's go. Conway Tearle in Ashes of Vengeance. Virginia Lee Corbin was born in 1907. Address her at Metro-Goldwyn, Culver City, California.

SARA JANE.—Oak leaves are the emblems of strength. You are right, and among the Romans, the highest reward was the civic crown, made of oak leaves. Corinne Griffith was born November 24, 1897.

A HOUSE PETERS FAK.—Yes, House Peters was born in Bristol, England, and he is now in California. Married and has two children. He has been in pictures for the last fourteen years. He played in Head Winds recently.

FLORENCE LAWRENCE ADMIRER.—Yes, I have always been an admirer of hers. I would like to see her here in pictures. Warner Baxter in Cecil De Mille's The Golden Bed.

GEORGE WALSH FAK.—Well George Walsh got as far as Italy to play in Ben-Hur. You say you don't like the idea of Billie Wildi imitating Charlie Chaplin. I haven't seen him lately. Charles Meredith opposite Florence Vidor in The Girl of Gold.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO ADMIRER.—If I were to name the one quality in which Balzac has perhaps excelled all writers, I would say—courtesy. Think of the bravery that went to the making of Hulot in Cousin Betty—the one consistent portrait of a man, equally true in Art and Nature, to be found in a hundred years of fiction. Yes, Valentino was born in

A Breath
With the Odor of Spring

Bad breath is a common and grave social offense. It comes from many causes. Some people suffer at all times, most people at some times from it.

No beauty, no charm can offset it. Sweet words lose all their sweetness if the breath offends.

May Breath tablets offer you protection. One forms an instant deodorant, whether the cause is the mouth or the stomach.

Bad odors from cigars, the teeth, the gums or stomach are combated at once. And the odor of spring supplants them.

May Breath is for dainty people who desire to please. The pocket box can be always carried with you. You will never go without it when you know.

May Breath

A modern mouth wash in candy tablet form. Designed to deodorize the breath. Carry with you. In 15-cent and 25-cent boxes at all drug stores and drug departments.

May Breath is now on sale in Canada.

GOOD FOR A 15c BOX

Fill in your name, then mail to address below for a 15c box of May Breath free.

Name. .

Address.

MAY BREATH COMPANY
1104 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago
Canadian Branch: 191 George St., Toronto
Only one box to a family

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Write for Free Samples. Sell Madison "Better-Made" Shirts for large manufacturer direct to wearers. No capital or experience required. Many won $5,000 working trainees. MAIDSON MILLS, 561 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—Brand New Hoselery Proposition for men and women. Gross $100 to $1,000 within months or replaced free. All styles, colors and finest silk hosiery. Cut at less than store prices. Write for samples. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 648, Dayton, Ohio.

Big money and fast sales. Every owner bags cold initials for his base. Yes charge $1.50, make $2.50, sell 10 orders daily easy. Samples and information free. World Monograms Co., Dept. 18, Newark, N. J.


FOR RENT

Building, first floor and balcony, 85 x 60 feet. Suitable studio, storage, etc. Beautiful location. Equipped electric light, water, steam heat. Address L. Lawrence, 1001 Fourth Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Tel. 2709 Shore Road.

HELP WANTED

Thousands Government Jobs filled in 1925. Ambitious men, women, 18 up. $85-$250 month. Stenographic, bookkeeping, teaching positions and fully particulars FREE. Write immediately, Franklin Institute, Dept. B-89, Rochester, N. Y.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

Ladies Earn $6-$18 a door delivering Pillow Tops at Home; experience unnecessary. Pur- chase, ship, stamp, Tapestry Point Co., 126, Latrobe, 1nd.

Ladies wanting home work; any kind: spare time or permanent. Why pay Kumper Company, Dept. 26, Broadway, New York.


HELP WANTED—MALE

WANTED—Stall clerks to handle mail on trains (free travel and liberal reserve; special agents make investigations. Big pay. Write O'Connell, the Coacher, 294, St. Louis, Mo., quickly.

Be a Detective—Exceptional opportunity; earn big money. Must be at least 18 years old. Thousand of dollars offered in rewards. Established firm offering attractive position to energetic; T. Ludvig, 556-c Westover Building, Kansas City, Mo.


HEMSTITCHING AND PICTOTING

Hemstitching and Pictoting. High grade patent, 1924, Attachment with instructions by mail $2. Works on all kinds of goods. Essential Haberdashers. Rotos & Co., Colfax, N. Y.

HOW TO ENTERTAIN

Plays, musical comedies and revues; minstrels, musical, vaudeville acts; monologues, dialogues, recitations, entertainments, musical readings, stage handbooks, make-up guides. Big cut- ting free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 South Wabash, Dept. 02, Chicago.

Our Secret Makes It Very Easy to DEVELOP A BEAUTIFUL BUST

Thousands of women have used this marvelous new priced method known as "MILADY" and have proved the claims that they have always longed for—REAL BUST AND NECK DEVELOPMENT. No pumps, vacuums, extreme exercising. No foolish, or dangerous systems, but a real, and very successful natural method that will be extremely pleasing and give you the follow the simple instructions. One box will not only develop your bust, but bust treatment and one improvement already. Others write, "I am highly pleased with results and recommend it both personally and especially recommend it to others about it. I cannot be just as satisfied, and the best part is that we will mail everything postpaid for only $1.00. Other so-called bust developers will fail from 10.00. If you send $1.00 other so-called bust developers will be sent for $2.00, and with such good results can be secured from "MILADY" for only $1.00 ORDER TODAY as this is a special offer to Motion Picture readers and may not be repeated. Send for free copy. BEAUTIFUL COMPANY, 911-M Lexington Building, Baltimore, Md.

MAIL ORDER METHODS

$30 A WEEK EVENINGS HOME. I made it with small mail order business started with $3.00, Booked Send stamp tells how. Sample and place 25 cents. One down orders Free. I tried for $300. Almoe Scott, Odessa, N. Y.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 Profit Nightly—Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by thousands of Institutions. Catalogue free. Moving Picture Co., 431 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

OLD MONEY WANTED

Old Money Wanted—Have you an odd or odd coin or bill? It may be worth several dollars. Get post office free. Send, not care. Mail your cash. You may reach an unexpected profit to you. Send now. NUMISMATIC BANK, dept. 18, Fort Worth, Texas.

$3 to $500 Each paid for hundreds of old or odd coins. Keep you may be VERY valuable. Send 10 cents for illustrated Coin Value Book. C. W. FAY, CASH. Clarke Coin Co., 1 St., Le Roy, N. Y.

PATENTS


PHOTOPLAYS

Send today for free Copy Writer's Digest, tells how to write and sell short stories, photoplays, poems, songs. Writer's Digest, B-22, East 15th St., Chicago.

Stories and Photoplay Ideas Wanted by 48 companies: big pay. Details free to beginners. Producer's League, 111, St., Louis, Mo.

$ 8 FOR PHOTOPLAY IDEAS. Plots accepted any form; revised, critcized, copyrighted, marketed; Universal Photoplay Corporation, 205 Secudity Building, Santa Monica and Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.


STORIES WANTED

Story Ideas Wanted for photoplays and magni- fied. Big demand. Fee accepted in any form. Re- viewed, typed, published, sold on commission. Send manuscript free. Universal Photoplay Corporation, 300 Security Building, Santa Monica and Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Stories, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for pub- lication. Good prices. Write or Literary Bureau, 134 Hanover, Mo.

Short stories, novels, articles, etc., revised and typewritten in proper form and placed on the market. Send manuscript or write H. L. Horn, Dept. 2, Box 1014, Harrisburg, Pa.

TYPEWRITERS


VAUDEVILLE

Get On the Stage. I tell you how! Personality, confidence, skill developed. Experience unnecessary. beginner to instructor. Illustrated Stage Book and particulars. M. LaBelle, Box 557, Los Angeles, Cal.

Italy. No, you have me all wrong. I'm not a Sheikh. You'd be more than surprised.

Dehia D—I never heard of the young lady. I am not sure, but I think Ben Lyon has played in stock. Most of the New York shows open in a small town before opening in New York. Yes, I saw Marilyn Miller in Peter Pan. It was very, very pretty. You say you send me a Ford full of love with a kiss on every rattle. Thanks, I wish you the same.

Benjamin.—Why, Colleen Moore is playing in The Desert Flower. Irene Rich and Willard Louis in The Man Without a Conscience. Betty Compton’s next will be All for Love for Old I believe Fox is going to produce Lightnin’ and Seventh Heaven.

Helen L.—For exercise, I should say I do exercise. I usually look around my head about ten times before retiring. You would be surprised at my slender form. Why, little Matty Roubert is coming back in pictures again. He is now eighteen.

Lovely Jane.—Pleased to meet you. Pola Negri is twenty-nine, and she is five feet four, weighs 120 pounds.

Marguerite E.—Another Correspondence Club. For further information write to Corinne Helms, 707 S. Checohee Street, Girard, Kansas. Rudolph Valentino Club, yes. His next picture will be Cobra.

Florence H.—The player you mention is not in the cast. You will have to write Cosmopolitan Productions direct.

Agnes L.—Oh, the Capote dance was a political affair which happened last summer in America. Thanks for yours, and I hope to see you soon.

Blanche E., Sweet Seventeen; Betty D.; Brownie; Lilian S.; Helene M.; Harold T.; Grace K.; Irene C.; Ted C.; Nellie T.; Mildred P.; Kathleen D.; S. H.; Barbara W.; Parington A.; Anna K.; N. T.; Lark S.; Juanita N.; Kathleen W.; Lucille S.; Mary D. B.; Irving D. and Sandy.—Sorry to put you all in the alarums, but your questions have all been answered above.

Edna H.—Antonio Moreno has black hair. Ian Keith is back on the stage playing in The Big House, and Carlo Cortez is to be featured in The Spaniard and he is going to compete with Valentino and Novarro.

Natalie.—I imagine an amateur. Rich- ard O is in Too Many Kisses.
Beauty's Magic Secret! for a Two Cent Stamp!

If thousands of women, as though by magic, turn faces disfigured by acne, pimples, blackheads, blotches and swellness to complexes of bewitching loveliness—surely the method is worth knowing

And certainly worth a trial!

All you need to bring this marvelous beauty secret to you is a two-cent stamp and the coupon below. Send no money. Incur no risk. Obligate yourself in no way. Just mail the coupon and back will come a handsomely illustrated brochure describing in detail the method in all detail. No need to hesitate when it costs you nothing to find out—and the reward is the petal-tinted, satiny skin of radiant beauty!

What Causes Skin Blemishes, Anyway?
The wrong powder, an irritating lotion? No, Dear Reader—hear what one of the most eminent physicians says:

"No woman can have a good complexion or be physically at her best in attractiveness who is an habitual sufferer from intestinal stasis. Her complexion will not be good, the odors from her body frequently offensive, while her physical and mental reactions will be sluggish. It is so strange that the feminine desire to please should make a simple fact understood by medical men."

Intestinal stasis means delayed elimination of digestive waste. Thousands of women suffer from it—unconsciously. It rarely gives pain—that is why so few women suspect it as the deep-rooted cause of their facial blemishes.

Dr. Tyrrell's Marvelous Invention

Knowing these facts, a famous physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, perfected a wonderful internal bath administered by a scientific device known as the J. B. L. Cascade. This bath ends intestinal stasis. It cleanses the intestinal tract of all the insidious impurities and poisons contaminating the blood, which is Nature's skin food. Quickly you note a magical change. The blood, no longer being contaminated by intestinal germs, purifies itself. Richer and more abundant, it flows joyously to the skin. Nourishes and builds it up. The skin becomes firmer. The pimples disappear—likewise the muddy look. The whole complexion radiates a new lustre, color and health.

To the eyes and hair also comes a marvelous improvement. Sparkling, laughing eyes take the place of dull, tired ones. The hair leaps with a new sheen. Your step has more vivacity. Your body a new vigor. Your whole being is animated.

This is the amazing change quickly wrought by Internal Bathing with the J. B. L. Cascade. Hundreds of thousands of women can testify to it. Many are now noted beauties.

Yet this new beauty calls for little time—no long, arduous treatments. A Cascade Internal Bath once or twice a week—that's all. Just before retiring. Without pain, discomfort or inconvenience.

If You Value Beauty—you will immediately send for the brochure: "Why We Should Bathe Internally." Set for yourself what Cascade Internal Baths have accomplished for 800,000 others. Know ALL the facts. You incur no obligation—no risk merely convince yourself. So use the coupon below now—or address the Tyrrell Hygienic Institute, Dept. 190, 152 West 65th Street, New York City.

Beautv Beckons—answer with this coupon

The Proof

Mrs. L. C. Bly, Plainfield, N. J., writes: The "Cascade" is a wonder. It has cleared up my face entirely. One doctor refused to treat my case, saying it would take months before I would ever see any change, and perhaps years to cure me. As mine was a bad case of acne, I was hopelessly despondent. The "Cascade" brought a complete change—the best investment I ever made. I recommend it to all my friends.

Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute
152 West 65th Street, Dept. 190
New York, N. Y.

Send me without cost or obligation your illustrated folder on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

NAME.

STREET.

CITY.

STATE.
Let Me Tell You How I Got Rid of Superfluous Hair

Here's the Method

I am going to tell you about a simple method used at home, with which I removed a heavy, beard-like growth which had resisted every depilatory I had ever tried, and which returned worse than ever even after the use of electricity and a razor.

When you use this simple method yourself you will realize how you can remove even the most persistent growth of superfluous hair, and you do it in the privacy of your own room. No expense for beauty treatments. It is harmless and painless.

This method of mine is different from anything you have ever used. It is not a powder, paste, wax or liquid, nor a razor, nor electricity. It causes no burning or itching and leaves no scar. It removes superfluous hair and makes the skin more attractive.

Thousands of other women who also had despaired of ever being free from superfluous hair have found relief through this method. Letter after letter like the following come to me:

"Your method is the best I have ever used for superfluous hair.

Send for My Free Book

In order to make this method clear, I have written a book about it, and if you write at once I will send you a copy of it free. No other book like this has ever been written. Don't lend me a penny. Just a letter or postcard while this offer holds good and you will receive the book by return mail. Address Annette Lanzette, 88 West Washington Street, Dept. 1542 Chicago, Ill.

WANTED - RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS $1000 to $2000 Year, Mon. 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Apply Union Pacific Terminal, St. Louis, Mo. Applicants must be unmarried, between 21 and 35 years of age, and of good character. Apply 100 West 57th St., New York.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE Dept. B-235 ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Banish Pimples By Using Cuticura

Soap to Cleanse Ointment to Heal

Try our new Shaving Stick

Advertising Section

Me and My Dog

(Continued from page 88)

we would never own another dog—that a person became too attached to one to make it worth while.

That was five years ago.

"Today we own six of 'em and we wouldn't part with them for worlds."

"If I love one literary more than another," says Lloyd Hughes, "it is the late Senator George G. Vest's tribute to the dog.

This distinguished statesman from the 'Show Me' state had many claims to fame, but after his works as soldier, law-maker, pioneer and writer have passed into history, his tribute to the dog will remain to take its place forever among the best of his classic writings.

"This beautiful tribute to man's noblest friend is a noble hunting dog, and an animal kingdom is my conception of faith, and I am never too busy to think of what anyone knows what it is to love and be loved by a dog. Senator Vest spoke this lovely celebrated tribute one day in an extemporaneous speech before a jury in the dingy court-room in a small Missouri county seat town, and its touching pathos set free a prisoner when the dog was his only friend.

"I have loved dogs since I was a baby and was the proud possession of a small dog. A little later my father gave me a canine playmate in the form of a collie, and ever since I have owned one or more dogs.

"But the dog of my life is King, a big police dog that is as wise as any of them and could be a screen star on his own account if I had only the time to direct him.

"King is one of the months old, but has a lot of character and a mild disposition. He learns rapidly and is my constant companion. I always take him to the studio with me and he works ever so hard.

"A dog is not only a companion, but a creature from which a man may learn a lot of things. King can give a boy a lesson in patience and obedience and his loyalty is faultless. He never tries to put anything over except, occasionally, to sleep on the davenport. He is forbidden to do this, but sometimes we find him asleep with half of his body on the davenport and half on the floor. He thinks this is all right, but he never gets his entire body on the cushions.

"My mother-in-law, next door, has a dog named Bob. King and Bob are fed different kinds of food, but neither will eat his own food, so, in order to get them to do as we desire, we place King's food in Bob's trencher and Bob's food in King's. In this way we get each dog to eat the food prepared for him. This may seem strange, but it is true.

"I'd far rather be without a car than a dog, and I have great hopes that King will become the finest police dog in America.

"I have owned a lot of dogs in my time," declares Lew Cody, "They ranged from bulls with undershot jaws to Great Danes.

"After all's said and done, my conclusion is that any dog is a good dog. They say that collies are tramps and Airedales get vicious when they get older and rascally dogs are dangerous; but my experience is that you cant generalize.

"Dogs are just like people. Some fighting breeds turn out to be cowards; and sometimes those that look like rabbits have the courage that lions are supposed to have and sometimes don't.

"Anybody who has had to play as many villain parts as I have needs a dog. Sometimes it hurts to have people imagine you are the same off the screen as the detestable parts you have to play on the screen. But you know you always have someone who knows better: who judges you for yourself and not for your screen character.

"In fact, a good dog is a good character-balancer. They keep you from thinking too well of yourself—or too ill.

"The dog I have now is a Scotch terrier—a grave, solemn, independent old fellow. He follows the Stevenson advertisement; he has a few friends—and those without capitation."

Cullen Landis says his pet bull-dog is one of the most ardent radio fans in the country, and refuses to give his master any peace after dinner until he lets him listen to a concert.

"There is great rivalry between Tony, my horse, and my dog," laughs Tom Mix. Each feels himself the star of the year. I myself, according to their point of view, am only one of the cast.

"There's a good deal to be said on both sides, when it comes to their relative importance. Tony, of course, claims precedence because he starred in Just Tony. He feels that Duke is nothing but a beginner.

"Duke, however, is anything but me in seventeen pictures—which is quite as good a record as Tony's.

"The truth is that they both are wonderful workers. Duke's always doing something. A lot of people, watching their almost human actions in Teeth, will think it must be the result of a lot of training. But that isn't so.

"We never have trained Tony, nor have we taught Duke any tricks. I have owned both since they were youngsters. Painstakingly at times, I have showed each just what I wanted him to do, and they have both understood. When it comes to training, as understood by men who do this kind of work, Duke and Tony are nothing. They are just smart, well-behaved horse and dog.

"One day Duke, who is a massive Great Dane, was lying on the floor of a set at the William Fox West Coast Studios, with absolutely no expression in his eyes. There seemed to him to be no reason for an expression.

"Then he saw me as I walked in. There was the wildest excitement. Duke almost deafened the bystanders with his barks. I went over and patted him, and then sat down beside him and we had our morning 'sing.' It was highly satisfactory to us, but Director Blystone and others on the set happened to think of something they had to attend to elsewhere."
Along the Atlantic Way  
(Continued from page 75)

We went up to Sing Sing with George Hackathorne, where we saw his latest picture, Capital Punishment, in the big auditorium there. The dramatic moment came when, after the picture had been shown and George was introduced, thirty-two hundred convicts gave him a five-minute ovation. It was not a hysterical demonstration in which cheering and yelling was heard, but the thirty-two hundred pairs of muscular hands created a sound like a terrific thunderstorm. After the applause had ceased, George was so overcome that he could not speak at first, but finally he managed to control his voice and then gave them a cordial speech of appreciation.

George had sworn off playing paralytics, hunchbacks and other cripple roles, but has decided to play the hunchback in Haunted Hands, a Worthy production, in which William Tilden, tennis champion, appears in the leading role. His reason for assuming this role is his reputation is that he finds it one which interests him and which will give him an opportunity equal to the famous role of the hunchback in The Merry-Go-Round.

We went out to the Astoria studio with George Hackathorne to see Richard Dix, who is working for Famous Players, on his third starring vehicle, Too Many Kisses. The set represented a square in a drowsy Basque country village in Spain. In the street were some two hundred villagers, vegetable and fruit-stands, donkey carts, etc., etc.

It was high noon, and all the inhabitants were in various stages of enjoying a siesta. On the porch of the tavern they lolled about, asleep or half asleep. In the street the vendors dropped around with half-closed eyes. And on the balconies were men and women, all siesta-ing. Occasionally one would stir, yawn, stretch his arms, then give it up and fall off to sleep again.

After watching this scene for about an hour and a half, Richard Dix and George Hackathorne both began to yawn, and we likewise felt very much like sneaking off in search of a dozy couch.

"Paul," Dix shouted to his director, "if you shoot this scene once more, I am going to quit the set and take a nap in my dressing-room. I'm going asleep on my feet. Just at that moment the luncheon bell saved us!

Last month we called Richard Rowland president of the First National, in mentioning that he was going to be godfather at the christening of John Francis Dillon, Jr. We are very sorry our ignorance led to such an error. He is General Manager. We promise we will never do it again.

Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon, May Allison and Phyllis Haver have completed their course at the Sills-Hudson's Dramatization of United States Flavor, a story of the great steel industry. Doris Kenyon is to appear in the lead of The Half-Way Girl, a screen
My Joys Are Yours
If You'll Accept Them
By Edna Wallace Hopper

For 40 years I have searched the world for that unique beauty help. As a girl, I cultivated beauty until I became the rage. A woman I have kept that beauty to a grand old age.

Thousands see me daily on the stage. And they marvel at the fact that I still look as young as I do. Many of my debutante eyesies my hair and complexion.

By countless request, I have placed these help at every woman’s call. I have had great experts combine the best in four preparations. All clays and toilet counters now supply them, gladly send samples free. And I am taking time in my busy life to urge you to try them.

Let me briefly describe four products, combining 52 ingredients, which mean most to me and women.

For the Skin
My Facial Youth is a liquid cleanser which I found in France. It contains no animal, no vegetable fat. It cannot sensitise in any way with the skin. It simply cleanses to the depths, then departs. All that clays or soaps can do, it does in ten minutes, and it is slightly cheaper.

My Cream Bath combines the best in four preparations. All clays and toilet counters now supply them, gladly send samples free. And I am taking time in my busy life to urge you to try them.

Let me briefly describe four products, combining 52 ingredients, which mean most to me and women.

White Youth Clay
Clay is woman's supreme helper. It has been for ages. But only the crude and muddy clays are displaced by modern methods.

Mme. White Youth Clay—the final result of 20 years of scientific study. It is refined and dainty. It combines many factors which modern experts have discovered for the skin.

In the past, the skin of all that clays and mass is. It removes the causes of blackheads and blemishes. Combats and destroys the evil which would drive the blood from the skin to create that rusty afterglow. Many women seem to drop ten years with one application.

In every woman knew what White Youth Clay can do it would be in universal use. Let a sample show you free.

Hair You Envy
My hair is a glory, thousands who see me daily on the stage envy to blacken, to fretter and lavender. I have never had falling hair or dandruff, never a touch of gray. Every year my hair grows finer.

That is due to my Hair Youth. I found the basis in France, years ago. But other coots, year by year, have added something to it.

I supply Hair Youth with an eyebrother, directly to the scalp. There it combat all that clays and stiffs the hair roots. It coats and fertilizes. It treats the scalp like a garden, and fusters hair just as an expert fusters flowers. I never knew anyone, in other who in wigs attained results like mine. And I don't think you can do so.

All dreggers and toilet counters now supply Edna Wallace Hopper's beauty help exactly as I see them, and at lower cost. If you would like to try and I will send it free. My latest Beauty Book will come with this. You will thank me always if you read this coupon now.

Your Choice Free
Mark sample desired. Mail to Edna Wallace Hopper, 69 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 90c M. P.

☐ White Youth Clay ☐ Youth Cream
☐ Facial Youth ☐ Hair Youth

Advertising Section

adaptation of The Eternal Lamp, by Ferdinand Reynher.

JOHN FRANCIS DILLON just gave us the cast for Chickie, which he is going to direct for First National, and it reads like a Who's Who On the Screen. With such a cast, story, and director, we may look for something good. Here it is! Dorothy Mackaill, Myrtle Stedman, Gladys Brockwell, John Bowers, Marjorie de la Motte, and Hobart Bosworth. Mr. Dillon just finished One Way Street, featuring Anna Q. Nilsson and Ben Lyon.

Did you know that Phyllis Haver left a perfectly good job bangs a piano in a neighborhood motion picture house to begin a screen career as a Mack Sennett bathing beauty? To the wonder of the stets, she never forgets old friends, she still insists that Ben Turpin is the screen's greatest lover. She has not forgotten that she made her bid for fame in comedies with the cross-eyed comedian.

GEORGE ARCHIBALD has arrived in town from Los Angeles and will direct Ben Lyon and Viola Dana in Uriah's Son, which is now rejoicing in the title of The Eternal Evil. Ben says he is not playing the title-role.

We visited Dorothy Mackaill, Gladys Brockwell, Hobart Bosworth, Myrtle Stedman, Lincoln Stedman, Marguerite de la Motte, and John Bowers at the Biograph studios. They were all having some tests made.

We thought it rather curious that a test was necessary for fully "arrived stars." We learned, however, that this is always done when a new cameraman is on the job. He must learn their faces and discover the proper angles from which to photograph them.

We were very pleased indeed to meet Myrtle Stedman and her son, Lincoln, as we had heard from many friends of the devotion each had for the other. Myrtle was as beautiful as we expected and then some. Lincoln, a great big chop, hovered about, ready to hand her a chair or perform any other little service she might need. He is going to play "Bill" in Uriah's Son.

HOW TO CRITICISE A PLAY
By EUGENE V. BREWSTER, President of Brewster Publications, Inc.

Here is a booklet that every theatre-goer should have. Not only will it teach you how to see all the fine points in a motion picture, but it will greatly add to your interest and enjoyment. It also contains 28 charts or records which you may fill in after the theater, giving you a complete record of the plays you have seen and of your impressions. Later on you will enjoy looking these over and in comparing your criticisms with those of the editors and professional critics.

Price 15c a copy, 4 for 50c, 9 for $1.00
You always read what the critics say of the plays, don't you? Why? Well, you know they are professionals and experts, and you wonder what they have to say. Do you wonder why they know more about it than you do? Perhaps this book will teach you to know as much as they do.

Learn to be a critic. Form a Theater Club and discuss the plays and plans the book. This booklet will be worth ten times its price to you in less than a month. Better order more than one copy—then you will need them later. Postage stamps accepted.

Brewster Publications, Inc., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Do you want to write for the movies?

$10,000 paid unknown writer for just one story

TEN thousand dollars! That was the sum paid Miss Winifred Kimball, of Apalachicola, Florida, for her story, *Broken Chains*, which won the first prize in the contest conducted by the *Chicago Daily News*.

Mrs. Anna Blake Mesquita, another student of the Palmer Institute of Authorship, won the second prize in this same contest, and seven $500 prizes were also won by Palmer students.

A Palmer student wrote *Judgment of the Star*, and another wrote *The Whirle Sin*. Both of these pictures were produced by the Palmer Photoplay Corporation and are now appearing in motion picture theatres throughout the country. Each student writer is to receive $100 cash and will also receive a share in the profits.

The success of Palmer students is due simply and solely to the fact that you study under the personal direction of men and women who are themselves well-known authors and motion picture writers.

You learn to write by writing. You are given the manuscript and continuity of famous motion pictures to analyze and study right at home in spare time. You write actual stories and photoplays which we have means to sell through our Story Sales Department right here in Hollywood.

Serving on the Advisory Council of the Palmer Institute are such distinguished men as Frederick Palmer, author; Clayton Hamilton, well-known playwright and author-educator; Brian Hooker, formerly of the Faculty of Yale and Columbia Universities; Frederic Tabor Cooper, author-educator; Russell Doubleday, publisher; C. Gardner Sullivan, producer and director; James E. Quick, editor of Photoplay Magazine; and Rob Wagner, author and motion picture director.

**Send for the Free Creative Test**

If you believe that you have the natural ability to succeed as a writer, you are cordially invited to send for the Palmer Creative Test—the most novel means ever devised for discovering latent writing talent. Our Board of Examiners will study your reply and send you a frank report on your indicated abilities. Just mail the coupon and we'll gladly send you this test free and a copy of our 96-page book, "The New Road to Authorship."

**PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP**
Affiliated with Palmer Photoplay Corporation
Dept. 9-R, Palmer Bldg.
Hollywood, Calif.

**Girl of 13 Makes $75.00 a Week!**

Alice Higbee, a 13-year old Chicago girl, made $75.00 a week in vaudeville last summer. Her musical act is constantly in demand for clubs, lodges, hotels, radio stations and private entertainments. For a 15-minute act she receives $10.00—a dollar a minute! Read what she says—"Having a musical instrument is lots of Fun. I wish everybody knew how easy it is and how quickly you can learn, especially with Wurlitzer instruments—they are so easy to play."—Alice Higbee.

**New Offer**
Learning to Play Made Easy

We now furnish free with every Wurlitzer instrument a special book containing the most musical arrangements for the piano. This book is the most valuable music book available. This book has taught thousands to play by a special home study method. Many of its graduates are successful professional musicians. Whether you want to play for pleasure or for profit, choose your favorite instrument and send for this free offer now! Use the coupon below.

**Free Book**
Illustrates and describes every known musical instrument—more than 300 articles, many of them shown in full colors. All genuine Wurlitzer instruments—sold direct from Wurlitzer and save money. Special offers on complete outfits.

Free Trial in your own home on any Wurlitzer instrument. Easy payments if desired.

**Send Free Book for**

**Send this Coupon**

*The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 3524*

117-119, 48th Street
Chicago, Ill.

We are sending this offer at cost or obligation, a copy of your Creative Test, your 96-page book, "The New Road to Authorship," and your booklet containing details of the Palmer Scholarship Foundation, which awards free Scholarships annually. I am most interested in:

[ ] Photoplay Writing  [ ] Short Story Writing
[ ] English Expression  [ ] Business Letter Writing

Name  
Address  
City  
State  
Instrument  

*Wurlitzer*  
Copyright 1925, The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
The Thriller Pictures
In Story Form

*Movie Thrillers* is the only magazine devoted to the fictionizing of motion picture plots.
The story you read in *Movie Thrillers* is on the screen at the same time or is about to be shown.
The magazine thrills you on its own account and helps you to pick the movie that is best worth seeing.

**Fear Bound**
This tremendous story of love and strife will keep you on the tip-toe of excitement until you learn the answer to its main theme—How did a coward conquer fear?

**Capital Punishment**
Do you believe that the murderer should pay with his life, or should spend that life in jail? In any event you believe in reading a good story and this is one of the best that we have ever printed.

**OTHER FEATURES** will include Western stories, detective and mystery yarns, and the first instalment of a stirring serial about motion picture life on the coast.

**ASK YOUR NEWSDEALER**

**MOVIE THRILLERS**

*April Number*

Every advertisement in *MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE* is guaranteed.

EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC.,
JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY.
The golden glint of a butterfly's wing—The silent song of the infinite—

Azurea

a symphony of fragrances, subtle, alluring, created to express the personality whose elusive charm is ever fleeting, ever vivid.

L.T. PIVER

PARFUMS OF PERSONALITY AND POUDDRES DE LUXE
Begin TODAY - to free your skin from complexion troubles

Each day your skin is changing — You can make the new skin what you will

Day by day your complexion will grow smoother, clearer, lovelier!

The famous Woodbury treatments for each type of skin and its needs are given in the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter! A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks. Or for convenience — buy Woodbury's in 3-cake boxes.

To give your skin the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch"

Use this treatment to free your skin from blackheads.

Each night before retiring, apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a slightly 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 — the colder the better. Whenever possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Dry the skin carefully.

Each day your skin is changing. Begin, tonight, to give your skin the special Woodbury treatment it needs, and see how quickly the whole tone of your complexion will improve.
OLD NAMES of the Stars brought BAD LUCK
NEW NAMES brought FAME and FORTUNE

WHY?

See pages 29-30
Midsummer dreams wafted to skies of cerulean blue—

a subtle blending of fragrances, interpreting the personality of its user through the alluring, elusive charm of distinctive perfume.

Azured

Three Centuries of Beauty Secrets From the Paris House of Piver comes this dainty guide to charm and beauty—free to you if you write!

L.T. Piver, Inc., 118 East 16th Street, New York
New Kind of Mask
Worn While You Sleep
Remakes Your Complexion!

A blemished complexion looks as smooth, soft and delicate as a rosebud after wearing this light, silken mask just a few nights! Acts to quickly revive the skin cells, smooth out the red lines, and clear away blemishes! Women are delighted when they see the remarkable change after just one night.

HERE’S something new and astonishing—a simple, silken mask that remakes your complexion almost overnight. Nothing quite like it has ever been known before; for this marvelous treatment is at work every minute while you sleep, purifying the pores and revising the starved skin cells, making the skin soft, smooth, lovely. You wake up with a new complexion.

This wonderful new mask has been perfected, after long study and research, by Susanna Cocroft, world-famous as a health specialist. At the Susanna Cocroft Laboratories, experiments have proved that when used with the special Susanna Cocroft tissue tonic and nourishing cream, this amazing mask actually seems to remake your complexion while you sleep!

No Trouble or Fuss Whatever

As soon as you apply the tissue tonic and cream, your complexion is started on the road to a new beauty. Their duty is to coax the impurities from your skin—the blemishes and blackheads—and give it new life and radiance. The sheer, soft, silken mask, which is adjusted over the nourishing cream, not only prevents the cream from rubbing off, but stimulates circulation and acts to smooth away tired lines, and make the skin soft, glowing and elastic. All night as you sleep, the tiny cells breathe through the magic mask, taking in treatment and giving off waste. Muscles are lifted and invigorated. Minute by minute the skin is cleansed, purified, freshened throughout the night, and the cumulative effect in the morning is a skin velvetylike in its smoothness, fresh, attractive, radiant!

Clears—Whitens—and Beautifies the Skin

The new Susanna Cocroft Rejuvenating Face Mask does for your complexion what gloves and cold cream do for your hands overnight—and much more. You know how soft and white your hands are in the morning after you have creamed them and slept with the gloves on. The new mask works on the same principle, but in addition the wonderful stimulating tonic and cream clean and freshen the face-pores, and revive and invigorate the poisoned skin cells, while the mask all night long gently but scientifically massages the face, acting to lift the muscles and smooth away lines as an expensive beauty operator does.

Your Mirror Tells the Story

After wearing the Rejuvenating Face Mask overnight, you wake up feeling refreshed. You run your fingers over your cheeks—and you are amazed. Soft as the petals of a flower, smooth! Your mirror tells the rest of the story—a complexion that is radiant and lovely. Remade overnight!

Send for Full Information and Special Offer

An intensely interesting illustrated book called The Overnight Way to a New Complexion tells you all about the new Rejuvenating Face Mask and how it works—how it stimulates the cells, cleanses the pores, lifts sagging muscles, and smoothes away tired lines and restores the youthful contour to check, chin, throat. This handsome book is yours for the asking, and obligates you in no way whatever. Why don’t you send for it today and find out all about this remarkable new mask that is remaking complexions overnight?

Write today and find out also about the special short-time package offer and use this coupon. Thompson-Barlow Co., Inc., Dept. F-155, 31st Street, New York—apkins, has gone back to Live, with Alma

The Magic Overnight Mask

For:
—tired lines
—blackheads and blemishes
—sagging muscles
—double chin
—sallowness
—aging countenance
—acne or blemishes
—excessive oiliness

Mail the coupon today for the interesting details about this wonderful new mask.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Personalities of Paramount

James Cruze

The man who made "The Covered Wagon"

You would not need to know much more than that about any director to realize that he was one of the real kings of motion pictures.

Many a director would have been satisfied to rest on such laurels for a long time.

But the applause which still echoes wherever "The Covered Wagon" is being shown is somewhat unfair to Mr. Cruze's other work.


Mr. Cruze has just finished "The Goose Hangs High," and is now at work on a big special production of the novelty comedy-drama, "Beggar on Horseback," which will be shown as a Paramount super-feature next fall.

Changing Conditions in the Film Industry

People used to refer to the movie game.

A game it was, fifteen years ago, and a gamble too, for producer, exhibitor and fan.

Everybody took a chance and often lost.

The motion picture industry of today is very different. Entertainment as a worldwide industry is in a class with Food, Housing, Transportation and other fundamentals of life.

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

As far as the best quality of Production is concerned, there exists a standard, and it is high because Paramount sets it.

As far as Distribution is concerned, Paramount Pictures are shown by the best theatres in almost every community in America.

As far as Demand is concerned, you tell that story yourself by your patronage.

Today, millions have excellent reason to know before they go that—
The Bulletin-Board

On which is posted last-minute news about pictures and players

Betty Compson believes in vacations for everybody—even her husband. She sent him, James Cruze, East for a month, with Luke Cosgrove, while she stayed behind in California. It is reported that no serious damage has been done by the separation.

Adolphe Menjou is a much-maligned man. This most villainous of all screen men spent his leisure time working in his garden, and is Hollywood's most devoted husband and father.

Rudolph Valentino is playing the part of a Moor in The Hooded Falcon.

Galsworthy's novel, The White Monkey, has been adapted for the screen, and Phil Rosen is directing Barbara La Marr in the stellar role.

Ben Lyon spent several weeks in Canada, getting the proper atmosphere for Winds of Chance, his latest picture. Viola Dana and Anna Q. Nilsson are both appearing with him.

There was a general exodus of movie folk to Florida for a few weeks. At one time Richard Barthelmess, Bessie Love, Dorothy Mackaill and John Bowers were all hard at work there on various productions.

After finishing Winds of Chance, with Ben Lyon, Anna Q. Nilsson will appear in A Viennese Melody.

Allan Dwan is directing Dorothy Gish in a new Famous Players-Lasky production, Night Life of New York. Rod La Rocque is her leading man.

The latest radio news reports Gloria Swanson on the high seas for home. She will rest for several weeks, probably at her estate in Croton-on-Hudson. As soon as she is able to work, she will start on The Coast of Folly. But will Rod La Rocque be her leading man, now that he has agreed to march under the De Mille banner?

After a lot of searching, the principal characters of Are Parents People have been selected. Florence Vidor and Adolphe Menjou are the parents under discussion, and little Betty Bronson, of Peter Pan fame, is the daughter. The movie is an adaptation of Alice Duer Miller's story of the same name.

Bessie Love is scheduled to play the little Irish heroine of Anthony Fryde's novel, Marquay's Duel.

Jim Cruze is still wearing the same dear old golf cap. How many pictures have been directed from the shade of that well-known millinery triumph passes belief. Every now and then a movement is started to buy Mr. Cruze a new cap, but it never seems to come to anything.

Dorothy Mackaill is playing with Milton Sills in The Making of O'Malley. The production of The Halfway Girl was delayed for some time by the illness of Doris Kenyon, the star.

Movie people have their worries the same as anybody else. Ernest Torrence is so upset by his putting that he is thinking of retiring from active life to spend his time on the golf course improving his stroke.

When Richard Barthelmess has finished work on Shore Leave, his director, John S. Robertson, is planning a vacation in England.

One of the extras in Soul Fire, Dick Barthelmess' latest picture, in Marie Booth, the eighty-year-old niece of Edwin Booth. She was her uncle's leading woman for years and was one of the greatest show-bettes of her day.

George Hackathorne, who is playing with Rod La Rocque and Dorothy Gish in Night Life in New York, is to be starred in a series of pictures which will be produced immediately.

Charlie Chaplin's new picture, The Gold Rush, is the first one he has appeared in for over two years.

Sandy Roth, who was first assistant to Ernst Lubitsch in the making of Kiss Me Again, started as a prop boy when Main Street was being filmed, and has made astonishingly rapid strides forward to directorship.

Irene Rich's picture, Eve's Lover, is directed by Mr. Del Ruth. Bert Lytell is the leading man.

Johnny Harron, June Marlow and Rin-Tin-Tin are sharing honors in Beloved the Line, a new movie thriller written by Charles Logue. Announcement has recently been made of the engagement of Mary Allen to Edward Carwe, First National director and producer.

Percy Bacon, who is playing with Conway Tearle and Claire Windsor in Just a Woman, has finished making The Right to Live, with Alma Rubens.

Richard Barthelmess with his screen discovery for "Great Music," Ellalée Jeanette Ruby, who was a winner of one of the Brewer Publications beauty contests

Charles Ray in his new picture, Some P Hannicks, has gone back

(Continued on page 13)

Vol. XXIX, No. 4

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

MAY, 1928

Published Monthly by the Brewer Publications, Inc., at 1810 Jamaica Ave., Jamaica, N. Y. Executive and Editorial Offices, 175 DuBois Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office at Jamaica, N. Y., as second-class matter, under the act of March 3rd, 1879. Printed in the U. S. A.

Eugene V. Brewer, President and Editor-in-Chief, Dunne A. Dobbs, Jr., Vice-President and Business Manager; George J. Tesham, Circulation Director; E. M. Heinemann, Secretary; L. G. Conlon, Treasurer. Also publishers of Motion Picture Classic and Movie Thrillers.

Subscription $2.50 a year in advance, including postage in the United States, Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, $3.00. Foreign countries, $3.50. Single copies, 25 cents, postage prepaid. U. S. Government stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

Copyright, 1928, in United States and Great Britain by Brewer Publications, Inc.
A Guide to 150 Current Pictures

Which are now being shown throughout the United States

Alaskan, The—Not up to the caliber of story we expect from Howard Directors. Too convenient and old-fashioned in plot and treatment. Carries wonderful backgrounds, however. (Famous Players)

Ancestral—The—Romantic melodrama showing Lucille Luebben rescuing missionary's daughter from treacherous tribes. Lacks incident, so interest is held in pictorial backgrounds and acting of Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry. (Metro-Goldwyn)

As Man Desires—Traces the adventures of English army surgeon in East India and the Philippines. Charged with murder he becomes a pearl fisher and finds romance and tranquility. Rather complicated but offering a satisfying hour. (First National)

Babbitt—Too worry in its treatment and never develops the story as it was contained in book. Characterizes somewhat indefinite. Interesting in spots. (Warner Bros.)

Barbara Friechie—Presents flashes of conflict of North and South, founded on play of same name. Customary plot reveals Northern hero and Southern girl—with romance sweeping aside the song of hate. Has several dramatic scenes, fair action—and fine acting by Florence Vidor. (Ince-Producers Distributing Corp.)

Battling Orilos, The—Fast comedy offering a series of highly amusing gags. Moves at smart pace around youth who graduates from small-town barber shop to big-city environment. Captively tinted and played with spirit. (RKO-Falls)

Beloved Brute, The—An exciting melodrama, this—one built around regeneration of fighter who eventually meets his master. Characterization nicely developed—and attention captured convincingly. Title-

devolving colorfully played by Victor McLaglen. (Vitagraph)

Beloved Vagabond, The—Affords moments of heart appeal and a mild, but fragrant romance of sacrifice as youth gives up girl he loves in order that she marry wealthy. Youth after adventurous career marries orphan girl he adopts. Good atmosphere, fast acting. (F.B.O.)

Brend—Adaptation of Charles Norris' novel shaped up as conventional film material which introduces too much incident in arriving at its climax. Firmly planted that woman's place is in the home. No high lights. Fair entertainment. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Broadway After Dark—Here is melodrama executed with human values. Has plenty of sophisticated touches, teases with plenty of action and carries strong comedy vein. Captially played. (Warner Brothers)

Captain Blood—Tells in vivid fashion a swashbuckling story of piracy on the high seas during the seventeenth century. Adapted from Sabatini's novel and unashamedly action and color. Highly entertaining. (Vitagraph)

Captain January—Another slice of life featuring many romantic situations. Man returns home to find a household of nine has vanished and in its place has taken in gently highway-loving young lady. Makes him happy by adopting her into his family. Atmosphere good. Acting ably taken care of by Betty Peggy and Hobart Bosworth. (Principal)

Charley's Aunt—A rollicking farce—thin. Taken from one of the stage favorites. Shows Svyd Chaplin as adroit comedian, equally at home with subtle humor as with slapstick. His masquerade provides a reservoir of laughter. A sure gloop-chaser. (Producers Distributing Corp.)

Cheaper to Marry—Excellent society comedy with Lewis Stone, Conrad Nagel and Marguerite de La Motte. One couple marries incorrectly; the other couple defies the conventions and suffers. Brilliant titles and clever direction make this play exceedingly interesting. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Christine of the Hungry Heart—The eternal triangle of an unhappy woman longing for love after war. Marries with the husband and one remains. Treated in sympathetic fashion, the story serves nothing new in plot. Florence Vidor brings feeling to the character of the title. Fair enough. (First National)

Chu Chin Chow—An alleged drama of foreign origin and setting. It should have stayed there. Betty Blythe is jet-setter but she has nothing to offer in this. Don't waste your evening on this tiresome picture. (Vidrepur)

Clean Heart, The—A. S. M. Hutchinson's novel makes a most compelling photoplay as treated by J. Stuart Blackton and Percy Marmont. It is exceptionally human and perfectly intelligible. Tells of man conquering his wrongs. Appealing all the way. Worth your while. (Vitagraph)


Code of the Wilderness—Satisfactory character drawing and the requisite amount of physical action makes this a satisfying Western melodrama. Theme implied in title—that a man has the right to shoot to kill when necessary to defend his life. (Ungar-Green)

Coming Through—Tom Meighan appears again in a conventional melodrama—a triumph of courage against heavy obstacles. The story needs the bright human pieces for there are several luminaries who could put this story over. Obviously and slow—too convincing in atmosphere. A few good moments. (Paramount)

Cynical Sea, The—The best vehicle Betty Compson has had since "The Miracle Man." An Owen Johnson story of a chorus girl who refines wealth, social position, etc., to bring back the almost ruined life of a youth addicted to drink. Betty Compson irresistible. Exciting supporting cast. Has a well-done flapper film. (Paramount)

Enchantment—A frank exposition adapted from an equally frank novel depicting the folly of fanning the love of an old affection after one has become married. Emphasizes the "new freedom." Not for the children. (First National)

Excuse Me—Rupert Hughes' story and stage success makes a capital light comedy—one which re-creates the adventure of an eloping couple—when they board a train encounter all kinds of trouble. Piece of high links—and plenty of laughs. Bert Roach as a drunk in an upper berth steals the acting honors. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Feet of Clay—This is a Cecil B. de Mille production—story of which is based upon novels by the background and appointments. Has a romance and a series of counterplots—and exploits a flapper wife in search of jazz. (Paramount)

Female, The—Betty Compson in South American surroundings. Unhappily married to a native of the land, she does not discourage the attentions of an Englishman arriving on the scene, and we have the too familiar triangle situation again, with the Eng-
NO MONEY DOWN!

No C. O. D.—Nothing to pay for This 110-Piece 18-Carat Coin Gold Decorated Dinner Set

Not a penny now. Just mail coupon and Hartman, the largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World, will send you this complete 110-piece 18-carat coin gold decorated Dinner Set with your own initial in beautiful harmonizing colors on every piece.

Read the sensational offer, then send for this marvelous set while special bargain price holds good, and receive with it, absolutely FREE, the beautiful 26-piece Silverware Set, made exclusively for Hartman’s by W. M. A. ROGERS, Limited, initialed to match dinnerware. Each dish is stamped genuine “18-Carat Coin Gold.” It’s easy to get this set from Hartman. Nothing to pay for goods on arrival—except small transportation charges. No C. O. D. Use both sets 90 days on Free Trial, and if not satisfied send them back and we will pay transportation charges both ways, if you keep them, pay only for the Dinner Set—a little every month.

Newest and Finest in Dinnerware
Blue and 18-Carat Coin Gold Richly Decorated

FREE BARGAIN CATALOG
Hundreds of pieces, many in actual colors, of the world’s greatest harmonies in furniture, rugs, carpets, draperies, wall coverings, etc.—all sold on easy monthly payments, with no extra charge for transportation. Free.

FREE GIFTS
Box explains how you can Glasses, Silverware, Jewelry, Table Linens, etc., Free with purchase.

Send Post Card Today for Your FREE Copy of Catalog No. 7416

HARTMAN

FREE 26-Piece Initialed Silverware Set
Exclusive W. M. A. ROGERS, Limited, design. Set includes: 6 knives, 6 forks, 6 teaspoons, 6 tablespoons, 1 sugar shell, 1 butter knife. Each piece has your own initial to match dinnerware.

Your Own Initial on Every Piece

FREE 26-Piece Initialed Silverware Set

Very Important
Every piece in this set is absolutely first quality—no "seconds." The 18-carat coin gold decoration is not printed on or wear off—unlike the common gold decorations used by others on dinnerware. This is a standard or "open" pattern. Placement pieces may be had of us for three years. Excellent packing to prevent breakage.

FREE USE OF CATALOGS

HARTMAN Furniture & Carpet Co.
Dept. 7416 Chicago, Ill.

Send the
110-Piece 18-Carat Coin Gold Decorated Dinner Set No. 322CM19, Price $39.98, and with it the 26-piece Silverware Set absolutely FREE. I am to pay nothing for goods on arrival—only the small freight charge. I am to have 90 days’ free trial. If satisfied, I am to pay nothing; if not satisfied, I am to return goods and pay nothing. Title remains with you until paid in full. I will pay freight. Title remains with you until paid in full, but I will pay freight. I will pay freight.

FREE 26-Piece Silverware Set

Furniture & Carpet Co. Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World
Dept. 7416 Chicago, Ill.

FREE, Extra-Initial Silverware Set Made by W. M. A. ROGERS, Limited
We will add the Dinner Set complete and with it FREE, the 26-piece Silverware Set, made exclusively for Hartman’s by W. M. A. ROGERS, Limited, with initial to match the initial on dinnerware. If not satisfied, after 90 days’ trial, return both sets and we will pay transportation charges both ways. Otherwise, take nearly a year to pay for 110-piece set only—a little every month. Pay nothing at any time for Silverware. Be sure to get initialed wanted. Order by No. 322CM19. Price 110-Piece Dinner Set, $32.98. No Money Down. $4.00 Monthly. Silverware Set is FREE.

FREE 26-Piece Silverware Set

HARTMAN Furniture & Carpet Co.
Dept. 7416 Chicago, Ill.

FREE USE OF CATALOGS

HARTMAN Furniture & Carpet Co.
Dept. 7416 Chicago, Ill.

Send the
110-Piece 18-Carat Coin Gold Decorated Dinner Set No. 322CM19, Price $39.98, and with it the 26-piece Silverware Set absolutely FREE. I am to pay nothing for goods on arrival—only the small freight charge. I am to have 90 days’ free trial. If satisfied, I am to pay nothing; if not satisfied, I am to return goods and pay nothing. Title remains with you until paid in full, but I will pay freight. Title remains with you until paid in full, but I will pay freight.

FREE 26-Piece Silverware Set

Furniture & Carpet Co. Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World
Dept. 7416 Chicago, Ill.

FREE, Extra-Initial Silverware Set Made by W. M. A. ROGERS, Limited
We will add the Dinner Set complete and with it FREE, the 26-piece Silverware Set, made exclusively for Hartman’s by W. M. A. ROGERS, Limited, with initial to match the initial on dinnerware. If not satisfied, after 90 days’ trial, return both sets and we will pay transportation charges both ways. Otherwise, take nearly a year to pay for 110-piece set only—a little every month. Pay nothing at any time for Silverware. Be sure to get initialed wanted. Order by No. 322CM19. Price 110-Piece Dinner Set, $32.98. No Money Down. $4.00 Monthly. Silverware Set is FREE.

FREE 26-Piece Silverware Set

Furniture & Carpet Co. Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World
Dept. 7416 Chicago, Ill.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
baseball yarn ever screened. Takes bustler from tall alfalfa, gives his lady friend a place in his world. Melodies play over the Western screen. The melodies concern the every-lurking—Novel film and entertaining all the way. (Universal)

Hon Water—Something new for Harold Lloyd in that he is a hero to the girl, and the girl to him. With the in-laws—and then the fun begins. Volume, energy and sparkles run along at a lively pace. Up to his high standard. Sure fire. (United)

How to Educate a Wife—Develops around the average situation, and makes the best of those episodes which mark the journey of many a man to the heights of the marriage state. Lives up to its title in scenes of intimate labor. Many a wonderful coincidence. Breezy and bright. (Warner Brothers)

In Every Woman's Life—Uncovers the usual triangle theme, but it goes one better that in three men seek the same woman. As it is her place to make the ultimate choice, she selects the man she loves. Puck away the necessary men—events—and pack satisfactory speed. Mae MacDormott shines. (First National)

In Hollywood with Potash & Perlmutter—Reveals clever and jolly satire of studio life with Marie Dressler's celebrated partners trying to break into the "Silms." Delightful burlesque which explodes in realistic and comic fashion the life of the movies. Capitalized title—and capital acting. (Caldwell-Astor)

Inez from Hollywood—This was once known as "A Woman in Hollywood." Reveals around famous film actress with publicity complex who is not so black as she is painted. Somnolent of me, but the film is not without its gags. Fall. Not especially convincing—and rather trite. But Louis Calhern is best built to make it loiter and continue. (First National)

In This Our Life—The much-talked-of feature dealing with the late sixties in the West when the first transcontinental railroad was cut. Thrilling drama mixed with much comedy. Educated, historical, instructive. Running at the Lyric Theater. Nighthawks and say, it will run. (Fox)

It Is the Law—Mystery melodrama, this—one carrying out a young lady's diabolical scheme of vengeance against all who have done her any injuries. Effective in all its stages. Taken from stage play and holds attention from first to last. With characteristic performance by Arthur Hohl. See it and shiver with excitement. (Max Loew)

Janice Meredith—Elaborately mounted romance of the American Revolution, adapted from well-known novel. Features Deborah Kerr and John Hodiak. It is grand. But the story is so familiar. In the narrative, the film fails. Not especially convincing—and rather trite. But Louis Calhern is best built to make it loiter and continue. (First National)

K and the Unknown—Inclined to be unduly sentiment and philosophical. Adapted from best seller but story loses in transference to silver screen. Treats of a surgeon who sacrifices everything to his beloved, and is made so by one. Redundant in surgical manner. Pretty well acted. (Fox)

King of Wild Horses, The—A sure novelty here—exploiting a wonderful specimen of horse-mad woman. It is a courageous exemplar of the divine urge for freedom and adventure. Suggested by the old West. In the hearts of us all. The horse meets force with form, spirit with spirit. He also meets kindred with kindness. (Pathé)

Lady, The—And keeping pace with Constance Talmadge,Constance Talmadge does the best picture and the best performance in a couple of scenes; it is the first scene of the film. It says the name of the man. All about love—(First National)

Last of the Dusches, The—Plenty of old-fashioned singing-dancing pizzazz here—plenty of hard riding and hazardous thrills.Affords Tom Mix an opportunity to breathe life into an "up and up" Western. A sure time killer. (Fox)

Last Laugh, The—A German film of unusual beauty and artistry. The story deals with old age and poverty, and is a grim piece of realism marked as an unconvincing happy ending. Emil Jannings' work is admirable. (Pathé)

Last Man on Earth, The—Another novelty from the Fox lots, depicting the awful state of the world when the atomic bomb is thrown. Fantastical, but slight of plot. The women discover last man has a chance of winning back two Amazons to win him. Amusing and astounding in pretty good measure. (Paramount)

Learning to Love—A tiresome society comedy as usual. Constance Talmadge is both the actress and the artist in any film more than this; but the ladies will find her a good dance number. (Paramount)

Life's Greatest Game—Explodes our national pastime in all its fiery glory. Great with hokum and sentiment, but manages to entertain because of its incident and atmosphere. (F. B. O.)

Lilac Time—This is not a sensational story. First Impression is not this Western, but it affords an exciting hour when Black Jack terrorizes the countryside with his gun. Good story and likable cast manage to temper the trigger touches. (Producers Distributing Corp.)

Little Robinson Crusoe—Deals with adventure and romance, but not for those with short memories. Peter Ford is the best of the days of the original Crusoe. Carries an abundance of photographic effects, and all of its appeal to the children. Interesting. (Warner Brothers)

Lost World, The—Something entirely different—legendary theme. The story is admirable, full of all the strange prehistoric mammalia, some 100 feet long and high, which includes the dinosaurs. Based on the books by Lloyd Hughes, Lewis Stone and Bull Montana found in South America, here brought from the plimsoll with plenty of thrills as well as laughter. (First National)

Lover of Camille, The—Tells a tale of unrequited love with entrancing Pringle and a new selection of Belasco's "Debarus," and loss its spark and vitality and atmosphere in Jungle, where the color screen. Lacks movement and is mostly characterization. (Warner Brothers)

Manhandled—An accurate study of youth in love and at war with presence. Freshens girls who keeps to the real ideal despite the temptations from ways. Outwits the men with her humor. Keen satire here and there. Glori Swanson at her best. (Paramount)

Manhattan—Elevates Richard Dix to stardom in a rôle wherein he is called upon to display some extraordinary acrobatic feats. Constance O'Kane—growing around a wealthy lager swindler, a foppish sundowner, and adventure—and finding them and a bride to boot. Dix is right in the thick of things. (Paramount)

Marriage Live, A—Gives Richard Dix a chance to extend sympathy in an unpleasing rôle—the star playing the part of a rich young woman, who is forced when forced to compromise his best friends. Obscure, but Dix puts it over. (Paramount)

Marriage, The—Deals with woman's pique about the best picture based upon the redemption theme ever. It fails. Not especially convincing—and rather trite. In some places it carries a ring of truth. Is graphic and consistent. (First National)

Man Who Fights Alone, The—Stresses self-confidence and gets around thoroughly. Two Humores are lost. Features a husband paralyzed who is the real-lead, his best friend—-he steals his wife's love. All ends well. Fair enough. (Paramount)

Married Live, A—Gives Richard Dix exercising too much emotion as central figure. (Paramount)

Midnight Express, The—Lives up to its title—with the action concentrated around the fast trains and the car shores. Plot deals with deafened woman who makes good by starting at the bottom. Wins love with her brains, courage and pluck. Dix is the man who prevents the wreck. Lots of physical action. Obviable. (Warner Brothers)

Miracle of the Wolves, The—A thrilling, specta-}

mular romance of eighteenth century France. It is based upon the real-life romance of a man and a woman, known as Jeanne, the heroine, is charming. It is full of im-}
THE MAGAZINE OF A
THOUSAND THRILLS

*Movie Thrillers* is made up of motion picture plots written by the best authors in story form.

The stories published in the magazine are the identical features which are being shown in your theater, or are about to be released. *Movie Thrillers* will aid you in the selection of pictures worth seeing.

**The Air Mail**

A story of stirring battles on land and in the air, with a beautiful girl and bandits to add to the excitement. A supreme romance of Uncle Sam’s flying postmen.

**Midnight Molly**

A girl of the underworld chanced to be a dead ringer for the wife of the leading candidate for Governor. On this situation is built one of the finest stories we have ever printed.

**Watch For This On The News-stands**

“Breed of the Border” is the name of the swiftly moving Western tale from which the cover of the May issue is taken.

**The Ace Of Death**

A tremendous serial of motion picture life at Hollywood and Tia Juana. It pulsates with romance and action.

Ask Your Newsdealer

MOVIE THRILLERS

May Number

May Number

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
SALESMAEN cleaning up big profits with most
amazing invention of the age. Doubles mileage of
any car. Reduce your operating cost 50 per cent of all
tires. Unconditionally guaranteed. $125 a week easily
made. Permanent business. Free to advertisers. Send
now for descriptive literature. The Columbus Tire
Provider Co., 4401 Goffield Building, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—Write for Free Samples. Sell Madison "Buster" rubber, the only true rubber damper de-
xclusively for original equipment. Free to
agents resemble the manufacturer in de-
xpect to wear. No capital or experience required. Money
Verge. Well worth your while. MADISON MILLS, 564 Broadway, New York.

Big money and fast sales. Everyone buys gold
initials for his auto. You charge $1.50, make
$1.44 profit. Orders daily easy. Samples and
information free. World Monogram Co., Dept. 18,
Newark, N. J.

AGENTS—Sells for stores and offices. Entirely
new line. Earn $3 a week. World Signs, $1105
W. Washington, Chicago.

AGENTS—14 a week selling guaranteed hose-
ry for men, women & children, $250 a week while
working 4 months or replaced free. Write for sample

HELP WANTED

Make money at home. Write for instruction cards for
us. We instruct and provide the work. Particularly
desirable for Negroes. AMERICAN WEEKLY SYSTEM, 39 Her-
man Blvd., Toronto, Canada.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

Ladies Earn $6-$15 a Decent decorating Pillow
Picks at home. No experience necessary. Par-
ticipate for stump. Tapestry Paint Company, 129,
LaGrange, Ind.

Ladies wanting home work; any kind; spare-
time work. Earn $300 a week in Viler Company.
Dept. 26, 296 Broadway, New York.

Girls-women, 16 up. Learn gown-making at home. Earn $250 a week for 4 weeks. Learn while working.
Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Frank-
lin Co., 4338 S. State, Chicago, Ill.

Earn $20 weekly, home addressing, mailing music circulars. Send 10c for music information.
M. F. Bylock Association, Oak Park, Ill.

HELP WANTED—MALE

WANTED—Call clerks to handle mail on trains
(travel), for leading stores. Wages $225 to $250 weekly.
reserves; special agents, make investigations. Big pay.
Write Ommert, the Coacher, 294, St. Louis, Mo.,
quickly.

Detectives Earn Big Money. Excellent op-
pportunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Diffi-
culties free. Write, George M. Wagner, Former
Detective for the State, 1693 Broadway, New York.

You are wanted. Men-women, 16 up. U. S. Gov-
ernment jobs, $95-$256 month. Ready work. In-
fluence unnecessary. Full particulars and sample
coaching free. Write immediately. Franklin In-
stitute, Dept. C-95, Rochester, N. Y.

HOW TO ENTAIN

Plays, musical comedies and revues, minstrel
music, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs,
dialogs, recitations, entertainments, musical read-
ing, spoken words, etc., sell make-up goods. Big
money. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 South Wabash,
Dept. 92, Chicago.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

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

NEWS CORRESPONDENCE

Earn $35 weekly spare time, writing for news-
papers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Copy-
right free book. Press Syndicate, 966, St. Louis, Mo.

OLD MONEY WANTED

Old Money Wanted. Do you know that coin
collectors pay up to $100.00 for certain U. S.
cents and high premiums for all rare coins? We
buy all kinds of coins and currency. You may mean much profit
you NUMISMATIC BANK, Dept. 48, Fort Worth, Texas.

$2 to $500 Each paid for hundreds of old or
cold coins. Keep all old money. You can be VERY
valuable. Send 10 cents for illustrated Coin Value
book, with sketch and description of your invention for your
own consideration at no cost. Highest refer-
ce. Prompt attention. Reasonable terms. Victor
J. Evans & Co., 333 Martha, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS

Inventors—Write for a free illustrated gold-
book of $1000. The book does the work and the
patent information is free. Highest refer-
ce. Prompt attention. Reasonable terms. Victor
J. Evans & Co., 333 Martha, Washington, D. C.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Films Developed—Special Trial Offer. Any size
Buck-and $5.00. Xo goat and you get
Circumstances
Figure

Dr.

One New Picture—A modest little story, tender
with a wonderful slight flat for five reels, but
which should put F. W. Murnau in the ranks of those who
will have hearts. Based upon poem which appeared
in our columns some weeks ago. A $5000 contract
is about to be given to one of her and wins the father around
to the project. Simplicity counts. (Pro-
ducts Distributing Corp.)

Oh, You Tom—Tom Mix busts into politics here
and makes a candidate in his own right with high.
Some of the boys back home. Learns "etch" and gets
"bounced" by Washington Daily. Tom, they are
figures at the end and saves the day for Mix. He
wins the race. Interesting turn his humor. (Fox)

One Law for the Woman—This is an old-timeer
adapted from a Blansy melodrama of yeastory.
Desetal with events following the crooked mind
realated on the hero. Youth saves girl and others
when the villain flounders into trouble. Only physical
action. (Vitagraph)

One Night in Rome—Louis telling the story of
making his mark in the Italian capital. Starts

cuming performance. A duchess after a series of events
triumps over the villain and wins the hand of the
charge that she caused her husband to kill him-
self. Not only montreux but a really

Open All Night—Very sophisticated this, dressed
up with novel treatment. Director becomes
devil in developing plot. Areas are set, Meck
meets and conventional husband only to return when he
becomes a mining tycoon. Still has some
highlights and romantic scenes. (Paramount)

Painted Lady, The—This melodrama contains
twothemes—one revolving around a ghost hounded
by the soul of one who tried to sell his
image to himself and scaps perience with man responsible for death of his
ister, Petronelia. The other is the story of
Fox)

Pampered Youth—A movie title is tacked on
Tarkington's "The Magnificent Ambersons." Still
it not enough to destroy the spirit and flavor of story
of a wealthy family in the making. Charmingly played by Alice Calhoun, Charlotte Merri
and Cula Arkansas, (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Percy—The story of boy, trained to play the vi-
instruments and artistic dancing. He wins the
hands of his sweetheart and family, from then on, things
keep moving at a fast pace. Charles Ray is at his best in this picture. (Path)
$2500.00 FOR YOUR OPINION

Your opportunity to turn your opinion of Motion Pictures into cash. The Motion Picture you saw last evening thrilled you—or it didn't. Tell us about it. Who is your favorite star?

105 CASH PRIZES and MEDALS for YOU

The Grand Prize. $1,000.00
1st honor, a gold medal and $100.00
2nd honor, a silver medal and $75.00
3rd honor, a bronze medal and $50.00
4th honor. $25.00
50 prizes of $10.00 each. $500.00
50 prizes of $5.00 each. $250.00
Medals to contestants and stars $500.00

Medals to Your Favorite Stars

We want you to present a medal to your favorite actor and actress—from the readers of Brewster Publications—and at our expense! These medals will be emblematic of their popularity. In addition an issue of Motion Picture Magazine will be dedicated to the most popular Motion Picture Actress and an issue of Motion Picture Classic will be dedicated to the most popular Motion Picture Actor.

Eugene V. Brewster, Editor-in-Chief and President of our Company, has written a little book entitled “How to Criticize a Picture.”

Rules

1. Write a criticism of not more than two hundred and fifty words, of any picture that you have seen.
2. Sign your name and address at the bottom of the page.
3. You may send in any number of “opinions,” either in one envelope or separately.
4. No entries will be returned, and we reserve the right to publish any we receive whether it wins a prize or not.
5. This contest will run for six months.

Address all communications to

“Your Opinion” Editor,
BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC.
175 DUFFIELD STREET
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK
When the Marriage Call Comes to You

One day the marriage call—
the unexpected, uninvited,
the call that breaks in on your life to meet the test—are you physically fit to meet the test? Are you physically and emotionally adjusted to meet the test? You cannot look into the eyes of the girl you are to marry and not be aware that you are worthy of her love and that your offspring will be worthy of her affection. The marriage call is a test that will bring to light many points of your character that your own friends may not have noticed.

Poor Health Should Be a#Eme Matrimony

The girl you love looks up to you in her loyal and romantic eyes with an expectancy that you feel able to fill—fulfill your part in the marriage contract. She cannot know the things about your past that you know—she doesn't know that you are weak in matters that are powerful—that your blood is weak, your nerve weak and your virility reduced to a feeble state by neglect. She cannot know that every part of your body shows the results of physical neglect. You take a shower bath every other day, yet you are not as physically fit as you should be. You may have numerous other results of those who neglect and violate Nature's laws. Your beauty, vigor and personal attractiveness can do the same for YOU—not matter what your condition in youth, it will affect your character and personality in later life.

Send for My Free Book

It's a Revelation

Every marriage call is a test to every man and woman who plans to marry—should read my famous book on MARRIAGE and your marriage will be a success. (Strength and Mental Energy.) It tells the truth about marriage, the truth that every man and woman should know. It will reveal the errors and pitfalls that will make marriage misery everlast. It contains a vital message for you and your marriage. It will tell you how to make a success in business—a continued wage—your marriage will be a success. My free book, MARRIAGE AND YOUR MARRIAGE, contains a wealth of information and has given invaluable advice to many people. Send for my free book Right Now—TODAY!

LIONEL STRONGFORT

President and Director

B. H. Strongfort Co., Inc.

Dept. 1774

Newark, New Jersey, U. S. A.

FREE CONSULTATION COUNCIL

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Dept. 1774, Newark, N. J.

Send your name, address and age, and your desire to have a professional consultation on Health, Strength and Mental Energy, for a free consultation (one dime remittance). Send for my free book Right Now—TODAY!

ADVERTISING SECTION

Tarnish—A very faithful translation of the stage success. Shows a perplexed husband and father who has reason to believe that his wife is leading a double life. The wrong conclusion on innocent affair between her and another man is thrust upon him in a most convincing manner. In human fashion. (First National)

Toss of the Dice—Great work. If you have read the original (by Thomas Hardy), you will understand that the spirit of the book is missing. Marshall Neilan does not know the meaning of the story. Half the novel is too elusive and the players strive too hard to live their roles. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)


Three Women—The most, very beautiful story, but it is extremely well done. Features the conflict of the young woman between the older man. No scenes are wasted in projecting its plot. Scenes are well delineated. (Warner Brothers)

Thrilling Hoax—Even the worst of the usual stage melodramas, this, showing the stunt rider, Fred Thomson, triumphing over the most complicated chase. Everything done with crisp acting. Contains typical incident and picturesque background. (United Artists)

Top of the World, The—James Kirkwood in a double role, able supported by Anna Q. Nilsson, in a stirring drama dealing with a dope fiend and Kiffers, love and romance, ending with a remarkable food scene—definitely, great—above the average. (Paramount)

Trail Rider, The—Buck Jones has taken his cue from Tom Mix that Westerns must be enlivened with comedy. This one is no exception. Here he has one of his best bets. The old material has been given new starts, with the new settings of the old story. (United Artists)

Triumph—One of Cecil De Mille's. Builds it around that point which seems a failure is neither a gift nor an involvement, but a weakness. The story is told well, and it loses its business and a young idealist takes it over and reorganizes the plot and does everything unexpectedly. Entertaining and compelling. Leatrice Joy gives a brilliant study, Paramount.

Try and Get It—A slight, but thoroughly amusing comedy—executed in a spontaneous manner-genius for derision and a gift for satire. A debonair and a bad debt or two. Moves at good speed with a few explosions and heart-wrenching exaggerations. (Producers Distributing Corp.)

Turner, The—Talma—Talma Hosten, the charming star of the old West by Zane Grey. Jack Holt plays the part of the sheriff of the Wild West town where the story takes place. Talma comes a wanderer. The colors enhance the feature and make it worth a visit to the motion picture theater. (Majestic)

Warrens of Virginia, The—Shows the last moments of the Civil War—with romance centering around the customary conflict of Northern hero and Southerner. The feature is romantic, and atmosphere not of the best. Lack production. (First National)

Welcome Stranger—Again something different, the old time pathos in relating the adventure of the storekeeper who has run out into the desert. He is an old bachelor, he has lost his wife, he has lost his home, he has lost his everything. It falls into the conventional slot of a 'flipper play.' Nothing startling concerning the plot, but the introduction of Ollie Ollie, the donkey, is a surprise. A wholesome, good comic, but takes too long to get there. Walker Edmiston, a favorite of the average audience. (First National)

White Man—The old, old story of the girl who runs away from tying herself up to a mercenary marriage contract, and comes to the West where she meets a hero, but the story is too sentimental. Plenty of French atmosphere for this plot of a man who saves his brother, but ha his wife. Takes an interest in her and marry her, himself. Colored with spice. (First National)

Wine—Falls into the conventional slot of a 'flipper play.' Nothing startling concerning the plot, but the introduction of Ollie Ollie, the donkey, is a surprise. A wholesome, good comic, but takes too long to get there. Walker Edmiston, a favorite of the average audience. (First National)

The Lyric—A splendid, original, and a true production of musical comedy with all the trimmings. Plenty of French atmosphere for this plot of a man who saves his brother, but ha his wife. Takes an interest in her and marry her, himself. Colored with spice. (First National)

Wine—Falls into the conventional slot of a 'flipper play.' Nothing startling concerning the plot, but the introduction of Ollie Ollie, the donkey, is a surprise. A wholesome, good comic, but takes too long to get there. Walker Edmiston, a favorite of the average audience. (First National)

Wine—Falls into the conventional slot of a 'flipper play.' Nothing startling concerning the plot, but the introduction of Ollie Ollie, the donkey, is a surprise. A wholesome, good comic, but takes too long to get there. Walker Edmiston, a favorite of the average audience. (First National)

Wine—Falls into the conventional slot of a 'flipper play.' Nothing startling concerning the plot, but the introduction of Ollie Ollie, the donkey, is a surprise. A wholesome, good comic, but takes too long to get there. Walker Edmiston, a favorite of the average audience. (First National)

Wine—Falls into the conventional slot of a 'flipper play.' Nothing startling concerning the plot, but the introduction of Ollie Ollie, the donkey, is a surprise. A wholesome, good comic, but takes too long to get there. Walker Edmiston, a favorite of the average audience. (First National)
The Bulletin Board

(Continued from page 5)

to his old type of story and is once more appearing as a bashful but lovable country boy.

Pauline Starke and Malcolm McGregor have both signed contracts with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The Circle, Somerset Maugham’s play, is being adapted for the screen. Eleanor Boardman, Creighton Hale, George Fawcett and Aice Francis are all members of the cast.

It has been announced that Ben Hur will not be released until December.

Hobart Bosworth is directing the screen version of Nothing to Wear, which scored a hit on Broadway during its run on the legitimate stage.

A stag dinner, given by the men of The Merry U/don cast, marks the finish of the production. Eric von Stroheim was the guest of honor and was presented with a gold watch bearing his family crest.

Josed von Sternberg is directing The Exquisite Sinner, adapted from Alden Brooks’s novel, Escape. Renée Adorée and Conrad Nagel are playing the leading parts, and Pauline Duval and Helen d’Algy have prominent roles.

Rex Ingram spent four months in France selecting locations for Marc Neustrum, Antonio Moreno and Alice Terry are playing the feature roles, and the rest of the cast is made up of well-known European players.

Carol Dempsey’s new picture, Poppie, is the first picture Griffith has directed for Famous Players. W. C. Fields, who played with Madge Kennedy, is Miss Dempsey’s leading man.

Greta Nissen, who won fame on Broadway in the pantomime scene of The Boy on Horseback, is starring with Ricardo Cortez in a picture called In the Name of Love.

Betty Blythe has come back to the United States after spending three months in Europe filming Rider Haggard’s She. Her part in the picture is the first Sheba-like role she has played since she made Fox’s version of the life of Sheba’s famous

Why should you turn to pills, exercise or drugs—now that a positive and ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS INTERNAL way to melt excess fat from any part of the body is offered to you? To quickly get ideal slender lines all you need to do is to wash every night from five to ten minutes the parts you wish to reduce with a good卵巢 of DR. FOLTS SOAP.

This soap as soon as applied is absorbed by the tissues and suppresses excessive fat without any possible chance of harming the most delicate skin. It has been found ideal to get rid of double chins because the skin is not left flabby or wrinkled after the reducing—fat men and women are now using this wonderful soap with amazing results—reductions of 15 to 20 inches in hips are of common occurrence every day.

Try it yourself—to any good drug or department store—get DR. FOLTS SOAP (beware of cheap imitations). If your druggist is out of it, he can get it for you from his wholesaler or you can send a check or money order direct to the Scientific Research Laboratories, Dept. 73, 330 W. 31st St., N. Y. C. DR. FOLTS SOAP sells for 50c a cake, or 3 for $1.20.

Who wrote that the world’s best Typewriter—Binghamton, New York, 5816, is now offered at a new, lower price? The answer, of course, is FULL FREE exchange. What you want must be FREE or it’s not a deal. Read the small print. See the latest edition of the Bulletin Board complete with new illustrations. The best buy in typewriters is now the Printer’s Pride. Ask for the Bulletin Board and see the Printer’s Pride. When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
MAGAZINE 1915, John and was be copy. tiny princely Philadelphia anything young moving was her J. dramatic case, to Warner Brothers in John Harron, the brother of Bobby Harron.

Helene Chadwick and Huntly Gordon are playing in *Rose of the World*, which is an adaptation of Kathleen Norris’s latest novel. Marie Prevost plays the stellar role.

Louise Fazenda is seen for the first time as a brunette in *The Night Club*. She plays the part of a little Spanish dancer, and is hard to recognize in a dark wig.

George K. Arthur, a young English actor, has signed a five-year contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Mr. Arthur’s first American work was done in James Cruze’s *Hollywood*.

The Talmadge sisters have been putting in the usual busy time. Norma has been making *Gangster*, and has been working in *East of the Setting Sun*. Conway Tearle is anything but super-

Queen, Carlyle Blackwell is her leading man.

Cecil B. De Mille has loaned his leading lady, Vera Reynolds, to Warner Brothers. She is playing the lead in *The Limited Mail*, a melodrama. Monte Blue is playing opposite Miss Reynolds. Another new ac-

Advising that the director will be to shooting a picture in the East for the first time in the ten years since Universal was organized. To cele-

rate, a party was given for the press at the Fox Studio, Fifty-fifth Street and Tenth Avenue, Manhattan, which the Eastern unit is using.

Mr. Murphy, the featured players, and staff hosts. Nearly all the editors and promi-

nent writers from the fan magazines attended.

Patsy Ruth Miller has just been signed by Warner Brothers, under a contract for five years. Her first picture is to be *Rose of the World*, from the Kathleen Norris story.

The Fox Studio is searching for an up-to-date vampire to sign a moving pic-

ture contract. J. Gordon Edwards, the director who successfully stalked Theda Bara pictures, is daily making tests for a successor. The young woman selected will be placed under immediate contract to pose in Hollywood. Her first part will be the vampire in the picture version of the stage play, *Harem*.

What They Were Doing Ten Years Ago

Rod La Rocque was an extra on the old Essanay lot ten years ago, and among his sad-eyed and ambi-

tuous, weary fellow extras were Gloria Swanson, Virginia Valli, Agnes Ayres, and Helen Ferguson. Francis X. Bush-

man, Beverly Bayne and Henry B. Wall-

thall were the stars and, according to Rod, "we all drove with might and main to 

attract the attention of Charley Brabin, Charles Hayden and E. H. Calvert, the 

director. None of the three, however, dis-

covered us. They passed us up, but look at us today. Cheerio!"

Betty Blythe was in school with an eye on the movies and was taking lessons in posturing and dancing and singing. All this happened in Paris where Betty laid the foundation of her career. Betty says that at that period of her life nothing but a grand opera career would have suited her. She had no more idea of going into motion pictures than John D. Rockefeller had.

Richard Dix says, "Ten years ago I was in high school, and I cant recall pass-

ing anything in the way of examinations. I was the worst pupil in the class, and failed even in the dramatic lessons. I was advised particularly 'not to harbor any 

thought of going on the stage.' That de-

cided me to go and do it! I studied vocal culture and, just when I thought myself pretty darn good, they made me an offer to go into the silent drama and here I am."

With a voice of superiority, Edmund Burns informed us that a decade ago he was but a mere stipendary teacher in a Philadelphia high school. He was studying motion pictures and what possi-

bilities they held for him at a daily cost of five or ten cents going to the theater and 

the neighborhood.

When Dorothy Mackaill was asked why she was doing ten years ago, she said: "I did not know I was born yet."

However, she admitted when pressed that she was attending school in Hull, England, which to judge by Dorothy cannot be such a hulk of a place.

Ten years ago at this time in New York, Morris Pickard was nearing completion of a little picture. *The Years of the Cub*, our feature for the year, is now being released.

Betty Blythe was in school with an eye on the movies and was taking lessons in posturing and dancing and singing. All this happened in Paris where Betty laid the foundation of her career. Betty says that at that period of her life nothing but a grand opera career would have suited her. She had no more idea of going into motion pictures than John D. Rockefeller had.

What They Were Doing Ten Years Ago

Rod La Rocque was an extra on the old Essanay lot ten years ago, and among his sad-eyed and ambi-
tuous, weary fellow extras were Gloria Swanson, Virginia Valli, Agnes Ayres, and Helen Ferguson. Francis X. Bush-

man, Beverly Bayne and Henry B. Wall-

thall were the stars and, according to Rod, “we all drove with might and main to 

attract the attention of Charley Brabin, Charles Hayden and E. H. Calvert, the 

director. None of the three, however, dis-

covered us. They passed us up, but look at us today. Cheerio!”

Betty Blythe was in school with an eye on the movies and was taking lessons in posturing and dancing and singing. All this happened in Paris where Betty laid the foundation of her career. Betty says that at that period of her life nothing but a grand opera career would have suited her. She had no more idea of going into motion pictures than John D. Rockefeller had.

Richard Dix says, “Ten years ago I was in high school, and I can’t recall pass-

ing anything in the way of examinations. I was the worst pupil in the class, and failed even in the dramatic lessons. I was advised particularly ‘not to harbor any thought of going on the stage.’ That de-

cided me to go and do it! I studied vocal culture and, just when I thought myself pretty darn good, they made me an offer to go into the silent drama and here I am."

With a voice of superiority, Edmund Burns informed us that a decade ago he was but a mere stipendary teacher in a Philadelphia high school. He was studying motion pictures and what possi-
bilities they held for him at a daily cost of five or ten cents going to the theater and the neighborhood.

When Dorothy Mackaill was asked why she was doing ten years ago, she said: “I did not know I was born yet.”

However, she admitted when pressed that she was attending school in Hull, England, which to judge by Dorothy cannot be such a hulk of a place.

Ten years ago at this time in New York, Morris Pickard was nearing completion of a little picture. *The Years of the Cub*, our feature for the year, is now being released.

Betty Blythe was in school with an eye on the movies and was taking lessons in posturing and dancing and singing. All this happened in Paris where Betty laid the foundation of her career. Betty says that at that period of her life nothing but a grand opera career would have suited her. She had no more idea of going into motion pictures than John D. Rockefeller had.

However, she admitted when pressed that she was attending school in Hull, England, which to judge by Dorothy cannot be such a hulk of a place.

Ten years ago at this time in New York, Morris Pickard was nearing completion of a little picture. *The Years of the Cub*, our feature for the year, is now being released.

Betty Blythe was in school with an eye on the movies and was taking lessons in posturing and dancing and singing. All this happened in Paris where Betty laid the foundation of her career. Betty says that at that period of her life nothing but a grand opera career would have suited her. She had no more idea of going into motion pictures than John D. Rockefeller had.

However, she admitted when pressed that she was attending school in Hull, England, which to judge by Dorothy cannot be such a hulk of a place.

Ten years ago at this time in New York, Morris Pickard was nearing completion of a little picture. *The Years of the Cub*, our feature for the year, is now being released.

Betty Blythe was in school with an eye on the movies and was taking lessons in posturing and dancing and singing. All this happened in Paris where Betty laid the foundation of her career. Betty says that at that period of her life nothing but a grand opera career would have suited her. She had no more idea of going into motion pictures than John D. Rockefeller had.

However, she admitted when pressed that she was attending school in Hull, England, which to judge by Dorothy cannot be such a hulk of a place.
MAY, 1925

This Number Contains:

COVER DESIGN—Colleen Moore, from the painting by Marland Stone.. Cover
THE BULLETIN BOARD—Last-minute news about pictures and players and studios 5
A GUIDE TO 150 CURRENT PICTURES—Alphabetted by title and briefly criticized for you 6
WHAT THEY WERE DOING TEN YEARS AGO—Information about ten famous stars 14
GREAT PICTURES OF THE PAST AND PRESENT—An editorial... by Eugene V. Breuster 17
OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY—New and exclusive studies of Evelyn Brent, Harrison Ford, Eleanor Boardman, Helene Chadwick, George Walsh, Esther Ralston, Constance Talmadge, Robert Frazer and Alma Rubens 19-27
WHEN THE PARISIANS TRIED TO MAKE NORMA LOOK LIKE ONE OF THEM—Three poses 28
GETTING THEIR NUMBER—Why Thirteen Stars met success only after changing their names... by Ilse Kosian 29-31
THE CROSS-STAR PUZZLE HERewith MAKES ITS BOW—A novelty to tax your wits 32-33
STRUGGLING OUT OF FLAPPERDOM—In which Colleen Moore interviews herself 34-35
THE GREAT AMERICAN COMEDIANE—Three special studies of Gloria Swanson 36
MY LIFE STORY—John Gilbert has written his autobiography—a fascinating and dramatic story 37-39
FAMOUS BALCONY SCENES—Modern Romeo and Juliet stuff from pictures newly released 40-41
BUSTING INTO THE MOVIES—Disclosing the tricks by which many stars got their first chance... by Harry Carr 42-43
THE MAN WITHOUT A CONSCIENCE—A fictionization of Willard Louis’ new picture... by Warren E. Schutt 44-47
ARE CAMERAS TEMPERAMENTAL?—Pictures proving that D. B., R. V., and B. L. look alike 48
THE LOVE STORY OF ANNA Q.—How Miss Nilsson met the man to whom she is married 49
THAT’S OUT—Keen comment by a recognized master of satire and humor... by Tamar Lane 50
A FASHION NOTE FROM MOTHER NATURE—Barbara Bedford decorates a poplar tree 51
HOW THE GREAT DIRECTORS WORK—The agony and patience and labor that go into the directing of stars... by Harry Carr 52-53
LILLIAN GISH AND HER SISTER DOROTHY—With verses of appreciation by Francisco Sau 54-55
CLOSE-UPS ON COMPLEXIONS—Ten stars, famed for rose-leaf skins, disclose their beauty secrets 56-57
THE TORRENCES—An exclusive photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Torrence and their son, Ian 58
HAROLD TELLS ON HIMSELF—Mr. Lloyd tells all about the business of being funny... by Dorothy Donnell Calkoun 59
CONFIDENCES OFF-SCREEN—With Alice Joyce, Milton Sills, Ramon Novarro by proxy, and a number of other stars... by W. Adolphe Roberts 60-61
REELING WITH LAUGHTER—A few amusing scenes from comedies newly released 62-63
FACTS I CAN READ IN THE FACES OF THE FILM STARS—Character analyses of Marjorie Daw, Dorothy Mackaill, Rod La Rocque and Wallace Beery... by P. Vance de Retre 64-65
JOBYNA AND HER MOTHER—A charming study of Mrs. Ralston and her young daughter 66
NEW PICTURES IN BRIEF REVIEW—Criticism of twenty-four new features 67-70
HE’S A REGULAR GUY—Special photographs of Jack Hoxie and his famous pinto 71
WHOSE HAND?—Part V. of our thrilling mystery serial... by W. Adolphe Roberts 72-74
WHAT PRICE THE CROWNING GLORY?—Dorothy Mackaill’s bob... by York Madison 75
ON THE CAMERA COAST—News and gossip of stars and studios in the West 76-78
RICARDO CORTEZ AND HIS SHADOW—A striking portrait, in his costume as the Spaniard 79
PLAYING “I SPY”—Picturing stars whose present hobby is Astronomy 80
WE'RE ASKING YOU—A question-box conducted for our readers... by the Editorial Staff 81
CHEERS AND HISSES—Excerpts from letters that have been sent us by the readers 82
THE ANSWER MAN—Replies to fans who have asked for information about pictures and stars 84
WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING—The present activities of the players... by Gertrude Driscoll 90
THE TEN BEST PICTURES OF LAST YEAR—Chosen by a group of well-known critics 96
High Lights in the Next Number of the "Different Screen Magazine"

The charm of Lois Wilson is as varied as the weather of an April day. Wistfully boyish and friendly at one moment; radiantly feminine the next—and no matter what her mood, always beautiful, always delightful, with an irresistible appeal in her large dark eyes. For the next cover of CLASSIC we have chosen a particularly beautiful picture of Miss Wilson.

What do the stars do between scenes? What becomes of them during the hours and hours when they're waiting for the lights to be shifted and the stages set. Lois Wilson tells you of these intimate times in her own life—what she thinks, how she feels, in a fascinating article appearing in the next number of CLASSIC.

Harry Carr is one of the best liked men in the motion picture world. He speaks with more authority than any other one person in the industry and his knowledge of stars and their stories is unequalled by any other movie writer. No movie fan should miss his Hollywood Boulevardier chats in this, as well as every other number of CLASSIC.

A Literary Hobo

Of course, you know Jim Tully! His new book, Beggars of Life, is one of the best sellers of the year. But did you know that he writes every month for CLASSIC? Watch for these stories of your favorite stars. In the next three numbers, he will tell you about Warner Baxter, Virginia Valli and Wallace MacDonald. They are told with the charm and humor that make Mr. Tully one of the most popular writers of his day.

Have You Met the Fan Family?

This series of articles is the most brilliant satire of the screen that has ever appeared in a fan magazine. If you have missed them so far, start now to make up for lost time. There's a laugh in every line—it will cure the most chronic grouch in captivity. Send for back numbers.

They Made Them What They Are Today

Who made whom? Why, the Press Agents and the stars! Dorothy Donnell has written the liveliest P.A. story you ever read. Millions of dollars are spent yearly on publicity, and the P.A. does the spending. Miss Donnell tells you just how he works and some of the unbelievable things he does to get publicity for his star.
WE have, scattered about this country but mostly in the large cities, perhaps a hundred professional motion picture critics of recognized ability who can speak authoritatively. I have gone to the trouble of writing to most of these critics asking them to do me the kindness to write their opinions of the great pictures of the past and of the last few months. I shall take pleasure in giving these estimates to our readers in the next issue of this magazine. Meanwhile my curiosity is greatly aroused. What will they say of The Birth of a Nation, the masterpiece of 1915, as compared with The Sea Hawk, the masterpiece of ten years later? Will they have forgotten Vitagraph’s version of The Christian in 1913, which was perhaps the first really great motion picture drama ever produced? Great, yes, but how crude it would seem if we were to see it today! In 1918 Nazimova did what many of us thought the finest drama up to that time—Revelation. These were all “great” at the time, but we have advanced. I’ll wager that the impression made on the critics by The Birth of a Nation in 1915 cannot be erased from their memory, and I expect to see them still classifying it among the five greatest pictures of all time. Perhaps it is—I would like to see it again.

I was very much impressed one night recently at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel where I witnessed a pre-view of Classmates, with Richard Barthelmess. Immediately after the showing they put on the old Biograph picture of the same subject and title, made in 1913, with Blanche Sweet, Henry Walthall, Lionel Barrymore and other favorites of that period. It kept the entire audience in spasms of laughter. The Classmates of 1913 and the Classmates of 1924 were as different as a log cabin and a palace, and yet the latter by no means compares favorably with our great pictures of the present day.

I regret to observe that we are all influenced too largely by spectacular effects—huge mobs, magnificent sets, stupendous buildings and cities, etc. How many of our critics would be willing to vote one hundred per cent. for a picture that contained none of these things, no magnificence, but a simple one hundred per cent. story with a one hundred per cent. cast, done in a one hundred per cent. way? I recall a few years ago a beautiful little picture entitled The Jack-Knife Man, which cost I think only a few thousand dollars and which contained no mobs, no splendor, no beautiful sets. Yet it struck twelve with me. I shall never forget it.

Recently, at the Rialto, New York, I saw The Last Laugh, a German picture which cost apparently no more than The Jack-Knife Man, yet it impressed me as being one of the greatest, if not the greatest, picture I had ever seen. It sounded a new note. It should be epoch-making. It told a simple story with consummate skill. It did not have a single title. It gave the action just as the camera saw it, just as it actually happened, apparently. The Sea Hawk was dazzlingly beautiful and artistic in the extreme, yet it did not impress me as did The Last Laugh. The Chief of Baghdad was magnificent and showed wonderful imagination, arti-try and splendid effects, but as an entertainment it did not impress me as did The Last Laugh, because it was not dramatic, because it lacked human interest, and because it was obviously theatrical—a wonderful fairy story. A much better picture, to my way of thinking, was He Who Gets Slapped, which I would name among the five greatest pictures of all time, because it had all the elements of a great picture. It was much more elaborate than The Last Laugh, and contained one element that the latter did not have—beauty. I always like to see beauty in a picture, either beautiful scenery, beautiful things or persons, or beautiful photography.

Perhaps He Who Gets Slapped will not be popular with the masses—I cannot say. Some will object to the strong note of pathos that runs thru the story, some insist on all sunshine and a happy ending, and some think that every great picture must of necessity be a spectacle of luxurious magnificence. I hope that my readers will agree with me when I say that all these objects are superficial. But let us wait and see what the great critics have to say.
One Hundred and Two
New York and Boston Debutantes
tell why they use Woodbury’s

In the social registers of the big New York newspapers one hundred and sixty debutantes were listed this season—a list unusually large, for the number of young girls presented in a season to what is authentically known as “society” in New York rarely mounts to more than a hundred. In Boston the list came to ninety-eight.

We wanted to know how these young society girls take care of their skin. What toilet soap do they use? Why do they choose it? And what are the qualities in a soap that especially appeal to them?

224 girls answer the questions

To learn the answers to these questions we submitted them to each of the 224 girls. All but 34 replied to our inquiries. The results were extremely interesting.

Twenty-three different brands of soap were used; but whereas 122 girls scattered their choice over 22 different kinds of soap—an average of a different soap to every 2 girls—the remaining 102 girls all used Woodbury’s.

Among the New York debutantes Woodbury’s was more than three times as popular as any other soap. Among the Boston debutantes Woodbury’s was nearly five times as popular as any other soap.

Forty-three girls said they used Woodbury’s to overcome definite skin defects such as enlarged pores, blackheads, excessive oiliness, etc.

Seventy-six girls gave the purity of Woodbury’s as their reason for using it, or its beneficial effect on the skin in general cleansing. Two girls used it because it had been recommended by their physicians.

Two points are noticeably brought out by the investigation: one is the constantly recurring testimony to the purity and fineness of Woodbury’s Facial Soap. The other is the efficacy of the special Woodbury treatments for overcoming common skin troubles.

Why Woodbury’s is unique in its effect on the skin

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury’s is made. This formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients. It also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury’s one notices this extreme fineness.

Around each cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap is wrapped the booklet, “A Skin You Love to Touch,” containing special treatments for overcoming common skin defects. Get a cake of Woodbury’s today and begin your treatment tonight. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

To free your skin from blackheads, follow the Woodbury treatment on page 4 of the booklet, “A Skin You Love to Touch.”

Free! A guest-size set of three Woodbury skin preparations, with new large-size trial cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Henry Waxman

Evelyn Brent

In the past year Miss Brent has made four pictures in which she played the rôle of a fair crook. We know that it would be very easy for her to steal our heart.
Harrison Ford

Tho Mr. Ford has been one of our most popular stars for many years, he is positively "camera shy." He isn't afraid of a motion picture camera in action, but he cannot be enticed into the studio of a professional photographer. It took months for us to persuade him to have his portrait made for you—but you'll agree that it was time well spent. At the right you see him with Marion Davies, in a scene from "Zander the Great." He's now with Corinne Griffith, making "The National Anthem."
How demure and Madonna-like Eleanor looks in the study above. And how full of mischief and coquetry in the small portrait at the left. You saw her last in "The Way of a Girl." If she sparkled at us the way she's sparkling at Huntly Gordon, we'd permit her to have her own way without argument. You'll see her next in "Proud Flesh," playing opposite Pat O'Malley.
Helene Chadwick

Helene is one of the merriest girls in Hollywood and consequently has the longest list of true friends. She must have a fiery temper, judging from certain observations we have made, watching her on the screen, but in real life there's no hint of it. She recently completed work on "The Easiest Road," and is now making "The Golden Cocoon"
To make up for a year of play, away from the screen, Mr. Walsh has a year of hard work mapped out for him. He is going to make six pictures, and is madly occupied with Number One, "American Pluck." It's the type of picture that first won him a following—full of stunts and surprises.
Esther Ralston

Tho she was given the rôle of the mother in "Peter Pan," and played it admirably, she's really only a flapper, after all, as she proves to you in the picture at the right. Now she's working in "The Little French Girl," and has the rôle of the exquisite tho unapproachable Toppie.
Such a sober Constance, in the picture above—we wouldn't dare call her "Connie." She's now making "The Man She Bought"—which somehow doesn't sound like a C-T picture. The titles for her last two were perfect: "Her Night of Romance," and "Learning to Love," from which we reproduce a charming scene.

Constance Talmadge
Robert Frazer

Just now Mr. Frazer is a much envied screen star because Pola Negri chose him to play opposite her in a second picture, "The Charmer." Heretofore, she has selected a new leading man every time she selected a new picture. At the left is a study of him in the rôle of an Indian brave, which he played in "The Mine with the Iron Door."
Alma Rubens

Had Alma lived in Shakespeare's time, the literary world would have felt certain that she was the mysterious "dark lady" of his many sonnets. She's just finished "Fashions for Men," and is now working on "She Wolves."
When the Parisians Tried to Make Norma Look Like One of Them

She isn't our Norma Talmadge at all, with that lacquered coiffure and those scarves draped about her, in a strange fashion. We're glad she spoiled that stiff bang before she had her picture taken in her new gold lace and cloth-of-gold costume. Parisians may prefer the Norma in the large photograph, but Americans will all cast their vote for the Norma in the smaller pictures.
Getting Their Number

Do you know that every name has a number, bringing with it either good or bad luck? When these motion picture stars changed their names, they also changed their fates

By Ilse Kosian

Did you ever notice how certain numbers seem to haunt you—to recur in your life and surroundings? Perhaps you are always given a room on the third floor; things happen on the third of the month; the number three is in your address; if you choose it in a lottery you are lucky.

Did you know that your name has a number and each number has its own vibration that attracts to you the forces that go to make up your life? So each time someone speaks your name or you sign on the dotted line, that particular combination of letters starts vibrating circumstances that are favorable or unfavorable for you.

Long ago, before it was fashionable to read or write, the letters of the alphabet were considered sacred symbols, their use forbidden to the masses, their significance veiled. Hence, numbers came to be substituted for letters; the number 1 was substituted for A, 2 for B, 3 for C, and so forth up to 9, when you began all over again, for there are only 9 digits in the number scale.

Out of this grew the science of numerology—of telling fortunes by names. In fact, your name is your fortune—or your misfortune, in which case, if you are wise, you will change it. That is why people adopt stage names and screen names and write under a nom de plume.

Few of the screen stars have won success under the names given them at birth, as we’re proving to you; and few stage stars: Maude Adams was born Kiskadden, and the Barrymore family changed their name from Blythe.

An individual adopts a new name not merely to get a more rhythmic one, but in order to bring into his or her life some quality that is needed for success. It may be money or fame, creative or artistic ability, peace or domestic happiness; but if he brings the right number into his name, he will attract the desired quality. Analyzing the names of the successful stars, we are convinced most of them did not choose a name at random but went to a numerologist and had a favorable signature worked out.

The numbers of the name are divided into two groups, the vowels and the consonants.

When you have found your total, it must be totaled again; for instance, if it is 14, it will be 1 + 4, which is 5.

The sum of the vowels indicates the fundamental characteristics of your nature. These can never be changed. Your inner self remains unaltered and changing your name has no effect upon your natural instincts and talents.

The consonants, however, control your outer nature. They indicate the impression you make on others; they attract to you the good or bad events that shape your life. Changing your name, may bring into play numbers that will alter your career entirely.

The name Rudolfo Guglielmi gives the vibration of 7, which brings loneliness, misfortune, very little money and disappointment. Under this vibration, Dame Luck could only wave and pass on. But \textit{Rudolph Valentino} is one of the best names on the screen, attracting only favorable conditions and circumstances. The Individuality is 8, bringing money, success, fame. Great financiers and captains of industry have names that vibrate to 8. The Expression is 9—the vibration of the dramatic artist, creative ability, self-expression, physical beauty and charm. Should he spell his name \textit{Rodolph} instead of \textit{Rudolph}, he would still remain the great artist, but his material success would not be so great and he might have to sacrifice a few of his villas and racing cars, or some of his dress suits.

---

Campbell

Mary Pickford
Do these names mean anything to you?

R. Guglielmi?
Gladys Smith?
B. Alexander?
Reatha Watson?
Selma Pittack?
N. Kaiser?
Elizabeth Slaughter?
Marie Koenig?
L. Cote?
A. Taafe?
J. Bowersox?

Blanche Sweet

Gladys Smith is a very tantalizing and unfortunate name. First it gives to the one who bears it high talents, amounting almost to genius, then it showers her with such bad luck and misfortunes that she is unable to make any of her dreams come true. The Individuality of the name is 11, a number which rarely occurs but which, when it does, marks the genius—creative, idealistic, individual. But the number 4 recurs, bringing poverty, drudgery, monotony—a life so cramped and limited by circumstances that she cannot express her natural gifts. The change to Mary Pickford brings Expression also to 11—ability to make the most of her talents and to express with ease all that she feels. For Individuality and Expression to work out to the same number is an ideal combination, and to have them both equal 11, marks the consummate artist.

As Mary Pickford she would still be an excellent actress, versatile, appealing, clever, but not the great star she is now.

She was born Blanche Alexander, a very euphonious name, but better for a writer than an actress, since, tho it shows creative ability, it gives but little dramatic expression. She first went on the screen as Daphne Wayne, and, had she kept this pseudonym, she might never have become a great star, but she would have made money thru business ventures. As Blanche Sweet, however, she raises her power of Expression to 9, the best vibration for the dramatic artist, since it brings high creative and emotional powers, versatility in self-expression and, on top of all this, attracts the forces which make for physical beauty and charm. As Blanche Sweet she has won the title of the most versatile star in Hollywood.

Patrick Hale is a fine, hearty name with a sort of welcome in it, a name that one likes to say; but our hero himself never seemed to have much luck under it. That is because it vibrates to that mournful number 7, the number that heaps disappointment, discouragement and scant riches on all who come under its forces. That is why he became Creighton Hale, thus attracting to himself those splendid vibrations of 8 and 9, numbers that
are found continually recurring in the names of successful people, the stars of the stage and the screen as well as those who succeed in other walks of life.

**Barbara La Marr** would have succeeded just the same, had she flashed across the screen as Reatha Watson, the name she was given at birth. As Reatha, she would still have been vivid, clever, talented and alluring—a woman to whom things come easily and go easily, with constant change and all of life's experiences. Reatha is, in fact, the merrier name of the two, for, as Barbara La Marr, she has attracted to herself more individuality, 'tis true, but with it dissatisfaction in spite of success, likes and dislikes much intensified and the feeling that she is misunderstood even by those who love her most. But do not these very qualities make her more interesting—better able to play a rôle, and add a fascination and glamour that greatly intensify her appeal on the screen?

**He** was born **Norman Kaiser**, a fine, substantial name, but, in view of world conditions, when he started out to be famous, it seemed wiser to adopt a new surname. The strange part is, tho he changed his name, he did not change his numbers. **Norman Kaiser** and **Norman Kerry** work out to the same vibrations, and, since those vibrations are among the best in the scale, Norman was wise to let well enough alone. They are 3, which gives the artist self-expression, versatility, entertainment, and 8, which ensures him fame and the opportunity to pay a fat income tax.

**Betty Blythe** couldn't help being clever and successful. Luck was with her from the start, from the mother, who was a minister, christened her Elizabeth Slaughter. The vibrations of this name, 11 and 8, indicate unusual talent and the ability to accumulate money, and what more could any girl ask? But when she found herself about to be famous, she needed a more euphonious name, one which sticks more prettily in the minds of her fans. Of course, all her life she'd been "Betty" to her friends and she wisely chose Blythe for the last name. And by the transfer she lost none of the favorable influences with which Fate had blessed her at birth.
# The Cross-Star Puzzle

And We Predict That It Will Give The Familiar

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>2nd Name</th>
<th>1st Name</th>
<th>Last Name</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>a 5-letter word loved by Shakespeare's Desdemona</td>
<td>diminutive of wager (5 letters)</td>
<td>what every woman wants to be in 5 letters</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>almost a large city in Montana (6 letters)</td>
<td>what you wish for newlyweds (3 letters)</td>
<td>what to do if you can't open a bottle (6 letters)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>what the Anheuser boys love (5 letters)</td>
<td>add l and have 6-letter word meaning same</td>
<td>what burglars climb over (5 letters)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>the male cousin of a duck (7 letters)</td>
<td>a brown pudding of apples, cinnamon, etc (5 letters)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
**Cross-word Puzzle**

**A Run For Its Popularity**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>13</th>
<th>Name - Feminine of Missouri City without Saintliness (6 Letters)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>2nd Name - The Enemy of All Lambs in 4 Letters</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>1st Name - A Feminine Musical Instrument in 5 Letters</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>2nd Name - The Auto You Pick When You're Hard Up (8 Letters)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>1st Name - Something Without Sauntliness (6 Letters)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>2nd Name - What We Say We Want Our Friends To Be (4 Letters)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>1st Name - Whole Name - Something Always Surrounded By Shell Rims (11 Letters)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>2nd Name - A Scotch Prefix and Slang for Cash (3 and 5 Letters)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>2nd Name - What A Snob Gives Himself (5 Letters)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>1st Name - Change Last Vowel and Have 9 Letter Word Which Husbands Demand</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Turn to Page 122 for a Key to This Puzzle.**
Here's a Definition from Our Own Special Dictionary—

COLLEEN (Colleen) (kol'ên)
(From the Irish coilín or caile, meaning girl)

1: A person having spirit; spiritual; spirituelle; glorious. 2: The personification of Youth; buoyant; eager; ambitious. 3: One who is brilliant; illustrious; noble; kind; sympathetic; sensitive.
Struggling Out of Flapperdom

NOBODY could find Colleen. She was somewhere out on the desert play-acting in The Desert Flower.

Nobody knew when she was coming back. They supposed in a week or ten days—maybe. But they didn’t know for certain.

Colleen’s devoted husband, Mr. John McCormack, thought I might be able to interview her over the telephone. But I had tried interviewing them over the telephone before. You hover around until you all but take root in the ‘phone booth. At last a voice comes faintly, excitedly, from some distant part.

“Just a minute,” the voice says, “we have Miss Colleen Moore for you.”

Then you say, “Hello.” Then the voice says, “Hello,” and then another faint voice cuts in and says, “Hello.”

Then everybody says, “Just a minute please.” Then everybody says, “Hello,” again, and after a while the most remote voice says, “Well, we had Miss Moore for you, but she has gone away.”

And then you tear the ‘phone off the wall and kick the family cat.

In the end, we went to the telephone office and sent a night letter:

Dear Colleen, interview yourself right away and send it in special-delivery and step on it.

And so, the next day, a somewhat rumpled and scrawly looking letter came special-delivery, in

Colleen Moore was out on the desert making a picture. So Harry Carr wired: Interview yourself right away. She did, and below is a photograph of the last page of the interview which she sent to him.

from the desert. And it was addressed in Colleen’s picturesque and rather scrawly handwriting. Surely, she had interviewed herself, and this is what she said:

“Dear Harry Carr:

“All my early picture days I played the cut-back with a big eyes filled with tears.

“And my title was: You must not drink any more Father, Brother or Sweetheart, as the case might be.

“I always had gingham dresses and pigtails—and once in a while, pigtails. I was so good. O-o-o-oh! I never even stubbed my toe. My dresses were always just so. Oh, I was such a goody-goody. So Elsie Dinsmore-ish.

“How I longed to cast a wiggly eye—just once!

“Then Flaming Youth.

“Mr. Rowland you said: I couldn’t do it, Hollywood—everyone said, ‘He is mad. She is the country-maiden type.’ That word ‘type’ grooms as I write it.

“So each night my prayer was, ‘Oh Lord, thank you for delivering me from cow pastures: and please make me the wickedest, shimmying-eyed, wiggly flapper in the world—amen’.

“Chapter Two is entitled God Bless the Flapper—for she put my name in electric lights.

“I was happy—bobbed hair—straight cut—no more curl papers—Hurrah!

“I flapped thru Painted People, The Perfect Flapper, Flirting With Love.

“They called me the ‘flapper type.’

“Horrors!

“I thought of my country days. Suppose

(Continued on page 122)
The Great American Comédienne

It takes an American comédienne to show just what can be done with the most famous of all French comedies. Gloria Swanson and Madame Sans-Gène combined are an international knock-out. Gloria has that rare ability to wring either tears or laughter out of an audience—and only a genius can do both "Madame Sans-Gène" is not a "funny picture," but when the early episodes of the story are unfolded on the screen, you will have many glimpses of Gloria as a comédienne. This will be when she plays the rôle of the merry Alsatian laundress, who later befriends her beloved emperor Gloria is now the Marquise de la Falaise—the wife of a handsome young French nobleman. In the story-books, ladies of title are always very haughty and dignified and awesome; but somehow we're sure that all the grand titles in the world would not make one change in the friendly, sympathetic, gay Gloria, who is idolized by the American public.
YOU ask me for my story.

Most of the film autobiographies I've read are all sweetness and light, about ancestors and birthday parties and schooldays—with the loss of the family collie as a tragic touch. I happen to know that one printed recently was—to put it politely—fiction throughout. Evidently the fans are supposed to like their picture favorites better if they can manage to have been clean, polite children, with the proper number of parents, a happy home and a good education.

I have been called a number of things in my life, but never, so far as I know, a liar. Truth, it seems to me, should not be represented allegorically as a lovely young lady in flowing white robes, but as a street woman with disillusion in her haggard eyes. My life doesn't make a pretty story, but if I tell it at all I am going to tell it without pretense or palliation.

You ask for my life story. Here it is.

God pity the theatrical child! The trailing clouds of glory he brings into the world get bedraggled early. You
She never wanted me. She did not love me. Sometimes I think she hated me. I grew to dread her moments of hysterical tenderness more than the times when she would throw a chair at my head—children have a curious sense of the honesty of emotions. I would strain my small self distrustfully back in her arms when she would catch me up with dramatic tears and love words. I would hold my breath under her kisses, knowing well that it could not last, that in another moment she would push me impatiently aside.

The first man whom I can remember was a handsome Irishman named, off the stage, O'Hara. I have always supposed that he was my father and that my real name was O'Hara—until two months ago.

But his face is soon lost in the chaos of things which made up my childhood. I always seem to have been moving on, going nowhere, from the very first. The little village of Logan, Utah, is three thousand miles or more from Montreal, Canada, yet I was born in one and baptized in the other! Waking in one dingy hotel bedroom to fall asleep in another equally dingy, or stopping for weeks in a town, starting in school, only to be taken out to begin again in another school. I was never long enough in one place to belong to a gang, to make friends of my own age, or even to learn Main Street by heart.

A theatrical child doesn’t know the meaning of the word “home.” But sometimes my mother’s admirers would invite the actress’ little boy out to their own houses to dinner and to spend the night. I would gaze, bewildered, on a new world of open fires, books, toys—bicycles and sleds couldn’t be shipped about the country in our wanderings. I would meet children who were loved and scolded and tucked into bed. I didn’t understand why other boys were different. Curiously enough, I never wondered why I couldn’t live in a house with a kitchen that smelled of cookies; I just couldn’t understand why all boys did

My mother was a beautiful and clever woman. Those of you who come from small tank towns with opera-houses peeling gilt from the prosceniums, may remember Ida Adair. She should have been a Rachel or a Duse, but life condemned her to wander from one filthy provincial dressing-room to another, harried by debt, with something tearing at her which would not let her be: the desire to do great things, the bitter knowledge that she would not do them.

I can’t keep clouds clean in grimy dressing-rooms and cheap hotels. He doesn’t belong anywhere—his parents, the hotel chambermaids, and scene shifters, find him in their way, and tell him so. He is a pariah among other children, children with homes to live in, and back yards and mothers who look askance on play-actors. He knows he is an outcast—and he doesn’t understand why.

I am thinking of those like myself, born among the troupers, the wandering artists of road show and stock company who play lords and ladies, millionaires and kings before the footlights, and live in dingy lodgings and trains smelling of dusty plush. Some children of the theater have as ordered and happy lives as the children of the butcher, the baker and the candlestick-maker, but they have parents who play on Broadway.
not live in hotels and furnished rooms, that smelled of boiled cabbage.

I look back and see the child I was, always sitting in corners to get out of grown peoples' way, looking on at things, putting himself clumsily to bed in rooms with chocolate-striped wall-paper, being buttoned up the back by grumbling chambermaids with cold hands, lurking about the wings in theaters, sworn at by stage-hands, breathing the atmosphere of grease-paint and rank oil from the foot lamps that is the air of the provincial theater, winding short legs desperately about high stools in all-night lunch rooms, while the plates of pies and bowls of custard on the shelves receded and grew to enormous size before sleepy eyes.

**Sometimes** I had a part in the cast. Once I joined Eddie Foy's stock company for a tour, but mostly I played the child of my beautiful mother, who acted the rôle of motherhood touchingly—on the stage. Sham kisses, mock tenderness, pretense.

Often in a crisis of my mother's affairs I would be shipped hastily away to relatives who made no attempt to conceal the fact that they looked on me as a necessary evil.

My grandfather's ranch in Utah was one of these periodical refuges. I was a child of the city, accustomed to noise and people and excitement, and I hated the country; the stillness was so intense that I could not sleep, the wide empty horizons terrified me, the barnyard with its acrid odors of manure and sodden straw made me ill. More often, however, my mother boarded me out with people who were strangers. There was the dressmaker on Amster-
dam Avenue who came to our lodgings when I was six to take me away. She held me on her knees, smirked, and patted my hand with black-kid fingers. "What a dear little boy," she whinnied, "we're going to be great friends, lovey! You needn't give him a thought, Ma'am, I will take care of him as tho he was my own child."

Her daughter was a prostitute. The money my mother sent for my board, clothes and shoes and little presents for me went to buy those two women drink, which I was sent out to the corner saloon to get for them. I was so short that I couldn't peer over the bar except by climbing on the brass rail.

Hungry? Oh God, yes! Hungry enough to eat out of garbage pails, tho I don't remember that I ever did. Feet thru my shoes, abused by the dressmaker who thereby kept her promise to treat me as her own child. I heard words no child should know the meaning of, saw sights no young eyes should see. I was only seven, but I knew more about the world than many people ever discover—bitter lessons of life learned from chambermaids, drunks, livery-stable hostlers, street women.

One day, as I was lugging a pail of beer back to the fourth-floor flat, I caught sight, in the crowd on the sidewalk, of a woman who had played in one of my mother's companies. I ran to her, clutching her skirts, pleading with the terrible eloquence of despair: "Take me away—take me away with you—don't let her get me—she's bad, bad!"

So I was sent back to my mother. Bert Lytell was playing a youthful leading man with her in a Rochester stock theater. There was another stepfather by now, the juvenile in her company, so I was sent to school.

*(Continued on page 123)*
Here's Ben Lyon doing the "Hesitation," for Marjorie Dow. Ben, that dance went out of style years ago. Be a more modern Romeo and try the one-step, two-step, and three-step, and you'll reach your Juliet in no time at all.

You started it, Rudy. You and Helen d'Algy pulled the first modern balcony scene in "A Sainted Devil," and now the movies are just full of Romeos and Juliets.

Here's George O'Brien, who climbed all the way up to the balcony looking for his Juliet and found her gone. You can't trust 'em, Romeo, they're all alike.

Isn't Blanche Sweet in a balcony full of trouble with Lew Cody and Ronald Colman both arriving for tea at the same time! Take warning from "The Sporting Venus," girls, and don't mix your dates.
Shakespeare thought he had a corner on balconies, but that's where the movies put one over on him. Of course, styles have changed some since Romeo and Juliet did their stuff, and here are a few scenes from new pictures showing just how balconies will be worn this season.

They're wearing balconies very high in "A Kiss in the Dark," but Aileen Pringle and Adolphe Menjou seem to be in love with house-tops—or something.

"Oh, well, what's a balcony between friends?" says Douglas MacLean in "Excuse Me." That's all very well, Doug, but don't forget that the higher you go the harder you fall. Just the same, we wouldn't blame you for falling for this little Juliet.

"This is no place for me," says little Alberta Vaughn, climbing out of her balcony in a terrible hurry to meet her Romeo. Run for it, Alberta, the chaperon's coming.

Even if you haven't any little balcony in your home, don't give up hope. Just look at the amount of romance Anna Q. Nilsson and Marc Gonzales can wring out of an ordinary stairway. All you need to start with is a ladder and a rose.
Busting Into the Movies

By Harry Carr

SOME of the schemes that girls work to get into the studios of Hollywood make the crafty Machiavelli look like an innocent child.

One of the queerest of these tricks nearly made a scandal that would have turned Hollywood upside down; but it worked—the girl got the job.

One night a girl's voice called up a well-known actor. She demanded to know why he had failed to meet her at the usual place. The bewildered star stuttered and stammered. He didn't know what she meant.

The next night she rang up again and was more insistent. She asked him about the fifty dollars she paid him to get her a movie job.

By this time he was on the verge of nervous prostration or hysterics. The next time she rang up he begged her to take it up with the studio.

At the request of the studio the young lady called with her mother. She was rather charming. She said she had met this actor at a society soiree and he had promised to give her a course of training that would fit her to be a movie star. Nothing could shake her from the story. They told her that there must be a mistake. They would let her meet the real actor.

As soon as she met him she was profuse in her tearful apologies. He was not the man. She had been deceived by an impostor. Her last fifty dollars was gone. What was she to do. Boo, hoo!

A tender-hearted director consoled her in her sorrow by giving her work as an extra.

In due time, he learned that the whole story was an ingenious fake. It wasn't even a genuine mother that she had hugged along. She had hired a mother for the occasion.

But being found out didn't worry the girl much. She had gained what she was after. She had "busted in."

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN is a little Southern girl. She literally walked right into the studios of Hollywood. When you think that it takes more pull to get into a studio than to get a job as king, you will realize her amusing lack of bashfulness.

She had just left the Follies when she arrived in Hollywood. The first day she got here she set about to conquer the movies. She walked in at the first studio she saw—which happened to be the United—about the hardest of all to storm. She calmly walked in past the gateman. He looked up with a challenging glare. She replied with an absent little nod. He thought she must be somebody he ought to know—and hesitated. By the time he had come to, she was in Henry King's office telling him she wanted to be a movie actress. That afternoon he gave her a test; the next day he gave her a five-year contract.

Lillian Rich broke in as an expert on Norwegian skis—which she had never even seen. She knew one of the companies was making a Canadian Northwest picture, and asked the casting director for a job. He asked her if she knew how to ski. She just gave him a pitying smile. So she was one of the company shipped to Banff. When they got her up there they found that she didn't know which end of a pair of skis went first. But by that time they had come to like her; so they gave her a chance at something else.

I know several girls who have signed as swimmers and divers without really being able to swim a stroke. But they are so eager to break into the movies, that they will invariably leap into deep water at the command of the director. When Cecil De Mille made Feet of Clay at Catalina Island, several girls who had wound their way into the expedition as swimmers, had to be fished out in a drowning condition.

Rod La Rocque got into the movies in a funny way. He picked a New York studio casting director and went to call.

"Good morning," he said. "I am Mr. Rod La Rocque, the Essanay actor." That's all he ever said. The next morning he was dancing to the top of the office.
This article tells how stars that now are famous, lied and cheated, risked their lives and their reputations, and performed menial tasks—all to get their first chance

morning—and the next morning—he would come around, knock portentously at the door and say, "Good morning. I am Mr. Rod La Rocque, the Essanay actor."

Finally it began to make the casting director nervous. He began to look for this peculiar chap. One morning he invited him in. He solicitously inquired if Mr. La Rocque was free to take a part. Mr. La Rocque was.

Rod discovered that the reason for sudden warmth of his friend, the casting director, was due to the fact that they were trying to find an actor to fall off a horse into icy winter water while clad in a suit of chain armor. They couldn't find an actor in New York to do it, so the casting director had thought of his "Good morning" friend. Rod nearly got drowned doing it; but he got into the movies.

Monte Blue dug his way into the Griffith studio with a pick and shovel. He couldn't get work. The casting director couldn't see that he looked any different from any of the rest of the mob that always hangs around studio doors. Finally Monte took a job with a pick and shovel digging post-holes, in order to get into the studio.

One of the oldest tricks that ambitious girls work is to commute back and forth across the continent. They arrive in New York from Hollywood and tell the casting-directors—pointing on the gossip they have picked up in Hollywood hotels—that they are experienced movie actors, having just finished such and such a picture at Lasky's. One girl did this with amazing results.

As I remember it, the director she approached was Alan Dwan. She did not know him from Adam, but somebody pointed him out in a hotel. She went up and introduced herself as a movie actress who had just arrived from Hollywood.

"Ah," said Mr. Dwan, "who was your director?"

"Alan Dwan," she said.

"Oh, yes," he said carelessly.

"I have heard of him."

He told her to come to the studio the next day and he would give her a trial. When she saw the name, "Alan Dwan," on the director's chair, the poor child almost passed out. He stuck by his bargain however—admiring her nerve—and she has been working ever since in pictures. She has never won celebrity, but she gets along.

Eleanor Mehnert, who is considered to be one of the most beautiful girls in pictures, got in thru her talent as a musician. She got a job playing a violin in one of the orchestras they have on the sets to help the stars emote. She just stayed quietly by the job until one of the directors discovered her. She made her first appearance in James Cruze's Garden of Wrecks. She still goes on with her music, but, of course, will soon be acting exclusively.

Nellie Bly Baker got a job as a telephone girl in the Chaplin studio and waited until a part developed for her in A Woman of Paris. That was her opportunity. Marie Mosquini got in exactly the same way.

Richard Blayden is a young college man of good looks and good breeding. He wanted to be a movie star, but he had no experience. He had sense enough to know it was no use hanging around the office of the casting director. So he sought and got a job as a routabout at Lasky's on the "swing gang," whose job is to take props to and from the property-room to the sets where they are used. In time his chance came. He took the part; did it well; then went back to the "swing gang." In time he will be regularly on the screen. Jack Voschen is doing the same thing at Lasky's.

Richard Barthelmess got into the movies in an unusual way. His mother was very kind to a Polish woman, an actress who knew no English, and

(Continued on page 106)
The Man without a Conscience

This picture was adapted for the screen from a German story, by Max Kretzer, and directed by James Flood. It is copyrighted by Warner Brothers, who also gave permission for this short novelization.

By Warren E. Schutt

FILING thru the eternal valley of the years, there is a long line of conquerors of humankind. They burst upon the vision as a rising sun, in all the resplendence of overwhelming triumph. In their course they trample upon conscience and upon human hearts, even as their chargers trample upon the bodies of the vanquished. Thus they pass from their glory into a twilight of Nemesis and thence into a limbo of outer darkness, peopled only by the ghosts of those whom they have trampled upon and tortured and slain. Alexander the Great, Attila, Genghis Khan, Napoleon, conquerers all, have passed thru that long valley in the selfsame way, and in the selfsame way on into the darkness—all these and—Richard Mason.

Let Richard Mason be introduced first thru the eyes of James Warren, a young but discerning architect, who happened to be returning to New York on the same train that bore Richard Mason to the scene of his conquest.

Young Warren, sitting in the seat in front of them, had been much attracted by Mason and the young woman who was going to New York with him—the delicate, lovely, unsophisticated girl who wore her heart upon her sleeve, whose eyes were filled with love for the hulking young giant beside her, who fanned the flies off him with fond consideration as he dozed over a copy of The Conqueror. Warren had been so attracted by the girl that he had made a sketch of her. Chance had thrown this sketch into Richard Mason's hands, who forthwith returned it to the artist. Introductions followed.

"May I ask just what you are going to do in New York?" young Warren had asked with civil interest, in the course of the conversation that followed.

Mason's reply characterized him as no other words could have done: "I'm going to buy it."

Whereat the girl—her name was Ann Sherman, Warren found out, and she was engaged to marry Mason as soon as he achieved success enough to warrant it—whereat she looked at the great man with so much of love, of respect and adoration in her fine eyes, that Warren actually pitied her.

Before they left the train, there happened another episode which increased Warren's pity for the girl. It had come by chance to young Warren's knowledge that Miss Sherman had entrusted to Mason, for safe-keeping, all her money, wrapped about in a silk handkerchief. Just before the train arrived, while he was in the forward end of the car cleaning up, Warren saw Mason surreptitiously put the small roll of money in his sock.
Then the three train acquaintances separated. Richard Mason took Ann to one of the hotels on New York's East Side, merely because it was cheap. He had no notion of its disrepute until the clerk expressed his surprise that they wanted separate rooms. In spite of that, however, Mason elected to stay. In fact, caution now imposed that decision. For no sooner had they entered the hotel than Mason reported to Ann that they were prac-
tically penniless, that the sum of money she had entrusted to him had somehow been stolen, probably by pickpockets in the jostling of the crowds in the station when they arrived.

It was in this hotel, on the first day of their sojourn there, that Mason ran across the man Dane, and Dane's Hair Restorer: so soon was he set upon the path to fortune, to that conquest for which he had come to New York.

Dane was an old eccentric half-vagrant who sat next to Mason in the dining-room. He first attracted Mason's attention by drinking prodigiously from a bottle plainly labeled Dane's Infallible Hair Tonic. Mason's capacious curiosity was aroused. He engaged his table companion in conversation, and soon learned that Dane was kept from making a fortune only because he lacked the capital to produce and market his invention. Mason now recalled the little bundle of Ann's money, at that very moment safely hidden in his sock. He questioned Dane further. Dane adduced visible testimony of the efficacy of his hair restorer, enough to convince Mason that he had found an excellent first investment for his small sum. Tying up with Dane, and launching the business as it should be launched was thereafter only a matter of working out the details.

Meantime Ann, believing that pickpockets had taken the money from Mason, was exerting herself to find some means of support for them both while her fiancé was finding a market for his greater abilities. Thru the want ads, she got a position as housemaid in the luxurious home of a certain Mrs. Graves. Overjoyed at her success and bubbling with delight, she announced the fact to Mason.

"And now, dear," she told Mason, "I can support us both. I'll get my food and lodging there, so that you can have my wages to live on. And that means that you won't have to take a job right away. You can look further until you strike something really worth your while."

Mason, telling her nothing of the business he was already engaged in, grunted his approval of her plan. At her request, he accompanied her to the Graves' house, to help her with her baggage. As they entered the servants' entrance, a car stopped in front of the house, and two women alighted.

Ann clutched Mason's arm. "That's Mrs. Graves and her daughter Shirley," she said in an excited whisper. "Aren't they wonderful! Isn't Shirley the most beautiful girl you ever saw?"

Mason made no reply—in words, that is. But no one who saw him as he stared at Shirley Graves could doubt that an affirmative answer was in his mind. He waited, staring at Shirley, until the door to the house had closed behind her. Then he followed Ann to the servants' entrance, and bade her a brusque farewell.

Mason returned to the dingy offices of the Hair Restorer company, his mind filled with memories of Shirley Graves. She was exactly the sort of woman he wanted to marry, exactly the woman who would help him on to success, and who could crown his success with social position.

But how could he, from his lowly position, manage such a conquest, especially with Ann a member of the household? Business broke well for him that afternoon. The fame of Dane's Hair Restorer was spreading. He found on his desk a letter from the manager of a system of chain stores, asking for the privilege of selling the preparation in all their stores. The letter enclosed a check for five thou-

sand dollars as a guarantee of good faith.

Old man Dane happened to come up to Mason's desk just as Mason was in the heights of exaltation at this latest success of his. Mason managed deftly to hide the check, and to conceal the letter from Dane's prying eyes. Dane was a little suspicious.

"Any new business, Mason?" asked Dane.

"Of course not. Don't be foolish. We've got to prove
the worth of this Hair Restorer before we can expect any results. And we certainly haven’t done that yet.

There was something about Richard Mason—some breezy quality of dominance and assurance, that forced people to believe what he told them. Thus it was with old Dane, who backed away almost as if in apology for having asked the question.

With such a start, Mason began again to think that he could go far. Not even Shirley Graves was out of his reach now—except for the fact that Ann was a member of the household. What would Shirley Graves think of him, if she knew his best woman friend was no more than a housemaid in her house? Still, there were ways—

Mason stopped at the Hotel Vanderbilt that night on his way home, and in the public writing-room picked up a generous quantity of hotel letter-paper. Thence he went on to his own little room in the East-Side hotel where he still lived.

On the hotel paper, he wrote a letter to Mrs. Graves, saying that it had come to his attention that she had taken into her employ lately a girl known as Ann Sherman. He begged to inform Mrs. Graves that the girl was completely untrustworthy, and that his mother had been forced to dismiss her for dishonesty. He begged Mrs. Graves not to mention his name, lest the girl make murderous attack upon him, but hoped that Mrs. Graves would take warning. He signed his own name to the letter.

On the way out to post this letter, he stopped at a telegraph office and sent himself a telegram, addressing himself in care of the Hotel Vanderbilt. The telegram said:

Willing to increase our offer to total of three hundred fifty thousand dollars for your interest in property. Immediately upon your wiring of acceptance, we will deposit certified check to your account.

L. P. M. Company.

The next day, Ann came back to him weeping over her discharge from the Graves’ household. Mason listened to her in stolid silence, making no comment to alleviate her sorrow. A little ashamed of herself, she managed soon to dry her tears, and they sat for a long time in uneasy silence.

Finally she said:

“I think we must have made a mistake in coming to New York.”

Mason replied, “I guess we did. I haven’t been able to find a job yet. I can manage to keep myself here, but not..."
"I almost forgot to mention it to you, with all this fuss you've been making. The police found the thief who stole that money of yours, and gave the money back to me this morning. Here, it's yours. Now I'm under no obligation to you, am I?"

Then he looked at his watch, made the mumbled excuse of having an appointment to keep, and left her stunned and sobbing.

After leaving Ann, Mason went to the Vanderbilt, to inquire there for the telegram which he had sent to himself at that address. He read this with complacency, folded it and stuck it into his combination card-case and wallet. Thence he went directly to make a personal call on Mrs. Graves. He knew that she would have been interested in the letter he had written her concerning Ann, enough to warrant her seeing him, and he was right.

"I came to you," he said, in his best grand manner, "to supplement my letter about your servant. I should have come personally in the first place, but at the time I was tremendously busy with a business deal of large proportions."

With that opening, he managed to ingratiate himself, by his dignity of manner and his suggestion of huge business enterprises, most impregnably with Mrs. Graves, who was anxious that her daughter make a worthy marriage. In the course of his call, Shirley Graves herself came in, accompanied by a young dandy named Douglas White, with whom she had long been infatuated. Mason silently measured the man White, and was convinced that with the mother and his wealth in his favor.

(Continued on page 112)
Now that such old-fashioned games as cross-word puzzles and anagrams have become the fad, all the guessing games of our grandmother's day probably will be revived too. One of these consisted of pinning pictures of famous people on the wall, and guessing Who was Who. Hereewith we invite you to play a variation of that old game. Hold this page ten feet from the eyes of some picture fans for two minutes, then ask them to name star Number One, star Number Two, and star Number Three.

Isn't it astonishing that three young men, equally handsome, but positively unlike in type and feature, could at first or even third glance look exactly alike? The only explanation we can find is that the cameras of the photographers must have been indulging in a little fit of temper when the photographs were taken. Three other cameras snapped the pictures in small circles, and you can find the slightest resemblance between Rudolph Valentino and Richard Barthelmess and Ben Lyon — can you?
The Love Story of Anna Q.

"Who is the beautiful but cranky blonde?" asked Jack Gunnerson. Dan Cupid overheard him, and shot two of his best arrows. Presto!—one of Hollywood's most tempestuous romances began

Anna Q., Nilsson is a name to conjure with in Hollywood. Henley's immortal lines, "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul!" might have been written especially for her.

From the day when a little, cool, blue-eyed, flaxen pig-tailed, eleven-year-old Swedish girl hired herself out, unbecknownst to her subsequently horrified parents, to till and harvest one acre of beets for a year to earn the equivalent of eighty-five dollars, Anna Q. has been capturing her own ship of destiny.

She won her way to America; became a favorite art model for Penrhyn Stanlaws, Harrison Fisher, Clarence Underwood and James Montgomery Flagg; pioneered in the movies with the old Kalem company, doggedly learning the art of acting and evading the many pitfalls, until today she is one of the most popular and able of screen favorites.

Ever this independent daughter of the Vikings has swept forward, mistress of her fate, until romance took her in hand.

Romance came in the person of some six-feet-two of athletic young manhood a-knocking at the door of her Hollywood bungalow one night nearly two years ago. When Anna Q. opened her door in response to the knock, she scarcely noticed the tall figure in the darkness outside, as she replied to his polite questioning. Where did Walter McGral live?

"The bungalow in the rear—in the corner," said Anna Q. pointing vaguely in that direction, and closed the door.

A moment or two—another rap at the door. The same tall figure stood there, this time with an inquiry as to which corner bungalow, there being two.

This time Anna Q. made it unmistakably plain as to which bungalow was occupied by the McGrails. Perhaps she was a little abrupt. She had returned late from the studio. She hadn't her make-up on—and she was tired. So she closed the door, and, as she supposed, the incident.

The McGrails were out, but next morning Walter showed her a card: on one side the name of John Gunnerson, on the other scribbled: Who is the beautiful but cranky blonde in the front bungalow?

Followed several weeks during which Gunnerson kept bombarding McGrail with requests to introduce him to Miss Nilsson, which requests Walter passed along to Anna Q., with suitable recommendations of his friend Jack.

Anna Q., however, did not take the matter very seriously, laughing it off with a non-commital, "Certainly, bring him over some time."

This was far from satisfactory to Jack, and to save him

(Continued on page 120)
Keen Comment by Tamar Lane
Illustrated by Harry Taskey

The Old Order Changeth

Now that our own Gloria Swanson has married a marquis, it will, of course, become quite the thing for other members of the movie colony to follow suit. Soon ev’ry screen celebrity will be having his or her own duke, lord, baron or barones. No film home will be complete without one.

It may all end up with Baby Peggy marrying off the Prince of Wales.

Movie Mysteries

Wonder why, whenever anything dramatic is going to happen in a film, it must always be on a dark and stormy night?

Royalty and the Film Colony

Royalty always has shown quite a partiality for screen folk. Whenever the members of any royal household visit Hollywood—whether they be lords, dukes, kings or princes—they always spend most of their time mingling with the film celebrities, often even being guests at the home of one of the screen stars during their stay in the movie capital.

It is amusing to watch Los Angeles “society” folk—who ordinarily snub the screen colony—becoming suddenly deferential in an effort to get a chance to meet the royal visitors. The latter, however, are much more interested in film celebrities than in small-town society matrons.

Chaplin’s Story

A writer tried to sell Charlie Chaplin a story for a comedy recently. “I have my story,” said Chaplin. “The same story I have always used. A sympathetic character is confronted with a menace of some kind. For a time it looks as tho he will overcome this menace. But he is finally beaten. That’s my story. It has always been successful. Why use another?”

And in the final analysis, most of our successful stars have used one type of story in winning their way to the top. Whenever they have departed from it and tried another plot, they have almost invariably been unsuccessful.

Screen’s Best-Gloved Cowboy

Tom Mix has just signed a new contract with William Fox, which will net him close to twenty thousand dollars a week. At first glance this seems enormous. But then, Mix will have to pay for his own gloves—and look at what an expense this will be.

Tom must use at least three or four hundred pairs of gloves to a picture. He is never without them on the screen. He not only rides with them, but he eats with them, dances with them and even wears them when he makes love. It may be argued that cowboys don’t wear fawn gloves with black stripes on them as Mix wears in his films. But then, neither do cowboys get twenty thousand dollars a week.

Can You Beat It?

Speaking of Tom Mix reminds us that a young cowboy from Arizona had the nerve to try and get a job in a Western picture recently without a bandana and a big checkerboard shirt.

Realism vs. Reelism

One thing is evident from the films in which championship fighters are starred—they may be able to make their fights look convincing in the boxing arena, but in the movies their conflicts have all the appearance of a sham battle.

In some of the films he made for Universal, Jack Dempsey actually knocked men out to get real punch into the scenes. When they were thrown on the screen, everyone wondered why his opponent fell down from such a slight blow.

(Continued on page 118)
Here's a Fashion Note from Mother Nature:

"Trees Are to be Adorably Decorated This Spring"

Our only comment to this Fashion Note is that all of the rest of Mother Nature's trees are going to have a difficult time finding a decoration so adorable as the one you see Mrs. Poplar wearing so proudly at the right. Barbara Bedford started this fad in tree-decoration when she was working on "Percy." Charles Ray's latest picture
How the Great

Frenzy and calm, sarcasm and coaxing, laughs and tears—business of directing motion

Almost every one who visits a motion-picture studio is surprised to find the directors more interesting than the stars they are directing.

Charlie Chaplin is an amazing sight. In the first place, he will not work at all unless—or until—he feels like it. Sometimes he will spend days on end just sitting around the sets talking himself and his actors into the right mood. The camera never starts until that right mood arrives. When the camera begins shooting, Charlie goes thru many emotions—and motions. Sometimes he will throw himself flat on his stomach with his chin propped up on his hands. At other times he sits all hunched up in a chair.

I remember one day while they were taking A Woman of Paris, that one of the actresses did not please him. In the middle of her emotion, she stopped and looked around: the director had disappeared. He was back in a corner of the set. He was sitting down, bowed with grief. His hands covered his face. It had been too much. He peeked at her thru his fingers like a little boy. At length he raised his head and said to her with bitter reproach, "Trying to make you act is like writing love-letters on butcher paper." Charlie is even more particular than Lubitsch. The scene in A Woman of Paris where the old mother saw the body of her son brought home, was taken eighty-two times before Charlie got it to suit him.

No one who sees Ernst Lubitsch at work will ever forget him.

He is as eager as a bull-terrier trying to break loose to run after a tom cat. He has black eyes that glitter like wet anthracite coal. You can always tell how things are going by the sparkle. When the star is inspired to great artistry, it seems as tho Lubitsch's eyes shot sparks.

I am always expecting to see him fly into a terrific passion and tear the scenery to rags. But he never does. I have never seen him lose his temper. He has the patience of Job. The nearest approach to temperament I have seen in him is when the carpenters on an adjoining set make too much noise. He demands the stillness of the tomb.

The other day I saw him trying to make an actor execute a formal bow after the manner of Continental army officers. That was all he had to do: come to the door and bow. Click his heels: bend the stiff back-bone; straighten the stiff back-bone. One—two—three!

Time after time Lubitsch would stand in the doorway and do it for him.

"Oh, yes, I see," the actor would say. And then he would proceed to do it just exactly wrong. If Lubitsch had seized an ax and had chopped him into a fricassee, I would have gone into court and testified that it was justifiable homicide. And thereafter would have sought to induce Congress to vote him a medal on the ground that he was a public benefactor. But Lubitsch never lost his patience or courtesy.

There is only one way you can ever tell that Lubitsch is working under a severe nervous strain. While
Directors Work

flattery, brow-beating and —all go into the difficult picture stars, says Harry Carr

ey are changing the position of the lights for the next "shot," he paces up and down—usually behind a piece of scenery—like a caged tiger.

You realize it also when he makes the close-ups. He usually sits on a little camp chair, and you can see his face going thru the emotions with the actors. In his intensity, he leans forward from his chair, often with his hands gripped on the arms. The more intense the scene, the more pronounced his "lean." There have been times when I have been alarmed lest the illustrious Herr Ernst should finish the episode by a nose dive, thru the scenery.

Lubitsch is, himself, a finished actor. Before the camera starts shooting he nearly always acts each scene for the actors. Sometimes with an effect startling for the spectators to behold. As, for instance, when I saw Pauline Starke, watching him studiously, while he turned himself into a shy young girl for her instruction.

Even Pola Negri does not escape being shown. Altho she has been under his direction for so many years that she senses his wishes from a word or a gesture.

Oddly enough, Lubitsch is the most popular director of the screen—both with stage hands and actors. Yet he is the most exciting and most difficult to please.

When they were making The Marriage Circle, I saw Florence Vidor unlock the drawer of a bureau sixteen times before she satisfied him. She and Creighton Hale had a famous kiss in that same play. They had to do it thirty-nine times before Lubitsch said "Goot!" And afterward he told me that he liked to work with them: they caught the idea so easily.

Between whiles, Lubitsch is a wild, rollicking blade. He will go over to the piano and hammer out American jazz until every one starts dancing. While he was making Rosita with Mary Pickford, he spent his spare time trying to make a cello play Yes, We Have No Bananas.

John Griffith Wray, of the Ince studio, is one of the most interesting directors to see working. Before going into pictures he was a well-known stage producer. He fairly pleads with them to act. By one of the firmly fixed conventions of the speaking stage, every woman working on the job is called "dear." There is absolutely nothing personal about it; it applies to young and old alike. Any deviation from this custom would be regarded as an insult. So, Mr. Wray says in a shocked tone: "Oh, my dear! That wasn't the way we rehearsed it." Or again: "My dear, ten times now I've told you not to do that." It sounds very odd to hear an actress, perhaps sixty years old, being raked over the coals in terms of affection.

Mr. Wray is very sensitive and highly strung. As the actors act before the camera, you can always see his face suffering the same emotions. At times I think that directing is absolute anguish to him.

Dimitri Buchowetzki, the Russian who came over to direct Pola Negri, is a humorist on the set. He is (Continued on page 97)
SHE is the frail white sister of the moon, Grieving for blossoms broken all too soon.

I sing the magic of her wistful eyes, That greet her worshippers in mute surmise. I sing her shadow lips, that need no sound To be most eloquent the earth around. I sing her exquisite and subtle hands, That weave romance the whole world understands.

Adoring her perfection, I would break All other beauty for this dream girl’s sake.

—Francisco San.
A CORAL-PETALED rose, that merrily
Flowers in May, is dainty Dorothy.

It is so bright, that I would find a throng
Of colored words to paint it in my song.
It is so sweet, that I stoop down to sense
The very savor of its opulence.
It is so soft, that I would gently press
My finger-tips against its loveliness.

A coral-petaled rose, an ecstasy
Of blooming May, is dainty Dorothy.

—Francisco San.
Close-Ups on Complexions

Betty Compson says:

Remember two words, "simple diet," and you will have the kind of skin the bill-boards talk about. If you are one of the indiscreet sisterhood who love their pie garnished with ice-cream and their cake piled with frosting and nuts, if you nibble candy between meals, and end your luncheon order with coffee and French pastry, these two words will sound like the crossetest cross-words in the dictionary! However, if you have the will-power to pass by the drug-store soda fountain and the confectionery shop, you will be repaid in a few weeks by a great improvement in your skin. And the best part of the "simple diet" is that, after a week or two of fruit, chops and salads, a whipped chocolate-mocha combination won't even tempt you! In fact, it will make you ill.

Any doctor will tell you that the condition of the skin depends mostly on the diet. So, after all, it is merely a question of how badly you want a faultless complexion and whether you prefer French-fried potatoes and an eclair oozy with cream, and cups of black coffee, to that undergraduate skin the bill-boards praise.

"Learn to relax as often as you can." says Louise Fazenda, "and smile, Smile, SMILE."

Louise Fazenda says:

Some may swear by orange juice and Turkish baths, but I must stress a combination of good allies, naming first of all, sleep. "Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care," as Shakespeare puts it, does even more for me. It certainly keeps the yellow out of my complexion. If I don't have my nine hours, the complexion has some score to settle.

Next in importance is diet. I avoid the sweets, fruits with too much acidity, dishes that are highly seasoned, and stick to the plain food, with plenty of vegetables.

Then good soap and water cannot be overestimated. Cold cream, to my way of thinking, has its limitations as a cleanser and beautifier. For a number of years I have been loyal to a pure soap of Italian make which makes an excellent lather. I wash my face well with warm water and follow this with cold. There is still another thing I never omit and that is the use of a toning lotion. Working under the lights is enervating, and following the removal of the make-up, I apply this lotion.

For my part, I do not believe that beauty is skin-deep. Thoughts mold the expression of the face. So I think that even so unruly a thing as the complexion can also be improved by right thinking. I might add that in the interests of the present and a beautiful old age, I am saving up all the pleasant thoughts and all the happy moments I can secure, and then being practical, slavishly keeping up baths, treatments, my own exercises and two or three outdoor sports that are not a bore because I enjoy them.

Pola Negri says:

A beautiful skin is every woman's birthright. While lotions, massages and cosmetics are good remedies, a healthy skin does not need a remedy. I keep my skin well by a method inexpensive enough for everyone. It is, in fact, free as the air.

Fresh air! That means more than sleeping with one's windows open at night or playing a few rounds of golf every week-end, probably with one's face covered with powder. In California it should mean sleeping out under the stars on an open balcony or roof, long brisk walks every day, no matter what the weather—which in California you know is either "unexcelled" or "unusual"!

I take also setting-up exercises before an open window each morning.

I walk a great deal, myself. It is very amusing to me to hear a woman talk of "going out for the air" in a closed limousine. The luxuries people enjoy these days will soon make a good complexion a luxury.
Ten film stars, noted for the satiny texture of their skin, give you their recipes for a beautiful complexion

But fresh air won't do you a great deal of good unless you train yourself to breathe deeply.

Leatrice Joy says:

Few people realize what health and beauty come from using water—outside and inside. They say the English women have such clear red-and-white complexions because their faces are always being rained on. The best beauty aid I know for a nice skin comes out of the two faucets in the bathroom marked "Hot" and "Cold"—or perhaps your situation is like the woman's in the anecdote who said that she had two kinds of cold water in her bathroom!

I take a daily cold shower. It's the best thing in the world for poor circulation and it gives the skin a prettier color than you can buy in the drug-store. Plenty of pure soap and hot water, followed by a brisk toweling, and then a piece of ice rubbed over the face before applying powder, to close the pores and give a satiny finish—that's my complexion program.

Jobyna Ralston says:

My friends seem to think they are exercising when they take a ride in their autos! Between scenes at the studio I am always out on the lot throwing handball with one of the extras or an electrician—not for the sake of my complexion but because it's fun. When I get a day or two free, I go down to Santa Monica swimming, or out to some golf course. It may cause a few freckles but it's a lot better beauty treatment than sitting in a stuffy booth, with mud smeared all over one's face.

Dancing is better exercise than mah jong but neither of them compares with playing some game out of doors with the sun and wind on your face; that may not be scientific complexion treatment, but it is what my complexion gets anyway!

Anita Stewart says:

There's no such thing as a beauty secret! If it's any good it isn't a secret, and millions of women have done the same thing for years. Probably Cleopatra and Helen of Troy knew all the tricks of the beauty trade! I hesitate to tell what I do, it seems so simple. I have a naturally healthy skin to begin with, which helps, of course. All I do is try to keep it so.

In the morning I wash my face with soap and water—the purest soap I can find and very hot water to open the pores and get out all the particles of powder and dust that have settled in them and would make trouble if left. Hot water is the greatest complexion friend a woman has. I cover my face with a wash-cloth dipped in water as hot as I can stand. Then I dash on very cold water, which shocks the blood-vessels awake and stimulates circulation. Cold-cream for

(Con. on page 125)
The Torrences

This picture of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Torrence and their son, Ian, was made specially for this magazine, and they posed for it in front of their beautiful home in Hollywood. The portrait at the left is not Ben Turpin, nor is the one at the right the proprietor of a gambling-house in Alaska. Both are portraits of Ernest Torrence as he looks in his new picture, "The Dressmaker from Paris."
Harold Tells On Himself
The Master Mechanic of Mirth gives away his formula for getting Guffaws and Giggles on the Screen

By Dorothy Donnell Calhoun

You have probably pictured a comedy lot as a place of perpetual merriment, where the electricians turn handsprings as they work, the carpenters playfully drop hammers down on the cast, and the director shies lemon meringue pies at the extra girls out of pure light-heartedness.

As a matter of unpicturesque fact, a comedy lot is the saddest spot on earth. Creating chuckles is a serious business. The only people in the world who don't laugh over a Harold Lloyd picture are the ones who make it. The directors, photographers and actors have a look of settled melancholy, the gag men can work best when the studio orchestra plays "Hark From the Tombs." Props stir up the day's batch of whitewash as solemnly as the putting up a prescription, and the star discusses his formula for laughter with the earnestness of a master mechanic, who turns out comedies guaranteed for long smilage.

There are points in common between Henry Ford and Harold Lloyd—besides the fact that they have both given the world some of its best jokes. Lloyd is a good worker. He builds his laughs as Ford builds a car, a bit at a time, carefully planned, fitted together. A highbrow word used here will probably scare the gentle reader from finishing the article. I sometimes wonder whether anyone ever does read what's written in a fan magazine! Sometimes I feel like the radio announcer who asks you folks who have listened in on our program this evening to write in to Uncle John and let him know.

But, as I was saying, a highbrow word may scare the reader—if there is one—away, so let us arrive at it circuitously in the form of a cross-word puzzle. Harold Lloyd is a word in twelve letters meaning, "one who understands how the old bean works." Yes, psychologist, that's it. He has taken no degree in the subject. I wouldn't be surprised if he had never read a book on it. Perhaps he can't even spell it (most people can't), but all comedy making, with all the fervor of a real-estate agent discussing Cactus Crest, or a hosiery drummer boosting the merits of Bo-Peep stockings, or an auto salesman describing the wonders of the Spurious Six. Laughs are Harold's line, and he knows his line.

People, he explains, may live on different foods, and pray to different Gods, but they will all laugh at the same things. When the harassed Hubby in Hot Water drops his bundles, gets into domestic difficulties and is pursued by a stout middle-aged ghost in a mother-hubbard nightgown, the audiences on Picadilly, Unter Den Linden, the Cannabiere, the coolies in a Hong Kong picture show, and the Arabs in a Tunisian cinema, are all going to howl with delight. Black, white or yellow of skin—they have the same kind of funny-bone.

"So you've got to stick to universal experiences in making a comedy," Lloyd tells you, earnestly. "Every nation has its own laugh habits. For instance, the English don't care how ancient a wheeze is. They've got such a reverence for antiques they rather prefer a joke to date back to the time King Alfred nearly toppled off his throne laughing at it."

(Continued on page 104)
Confidences Off-Screen

By W. Adolphe Robert

Catching a Coy One by Proxy

RAMON NOVARRO is the handsomest and most popular Mexican in captivity. Such rivals as President Calles and the heavyweight boxing marvel, Tony Fuente, are not seriously in the running. Hollywood claims Don Ramon most of the time, but Metro-Goldwyn recently sent him to Rome to create the title rôle in Ben Hur.

On his way back, he spent a few days in New York. They were busy days. Every interviewer wanted to see him, and he graciously received the more deserving. My appointment was for the Grand Central Station, fifteen minutes ahead of leaving time. But Novarro, unfortunately, was forced by the many demands upon his time to catch a later train. I roamed the corridors of the Lake Shore Limited in vain.

Now, one of the mottoes of this department is, "Never Say Die!" I had observed Miss Florence M. Osborne, the editor of Motion Picture Magazine, and Miss Susan E. Brady, the editor of Classic, return to their offices that afternoon, almost entirely hidden by gorgeous bouquets of orchids. They had been lunching with Novarro. They had bragged airily of having heard all his news. What could be neater than to get the low-down on the elusive star by proxy? I cornered my editors, and the following dialog took place:

W. A. R. (turning to right): You had a long chat with Don Ramon, no kidding?

F. M. O.: Kidding! The very idea! He entertained us in his suite at the Ambassador. Herb Howe, his press representative, was there, too. We had a wonderful time.

W. A. R. (turning to left): Did he talk about his trip abroad?

S. E. B.: But, of course. He said the fun of making Ben Hur was marred only by the scrapping of the Italian extras among themselves. Some of them were Fascisti, you see, and some were Communists. They just couldn't remember they were all supposed to be ancient Romans for the purpose of the picture. Their feud would hold up the works for days.

W. A. R.: Well, well! The crowds of admirers flocking about Don Ramon in the streets caused delay, also, no doubt.

F. M. O.: Don't be mean. As a matter of fact, Mr. Novarro said that he was seldom even recognized in Rome. But he got fed up on the confusion surrounding the picture, and slipped off to Florence one day for a quiet time. There, he ran into a parade of American girls from a boarding-school. They knew who he was, all right. A bold minx claimed the right to present him to the whole crowd, because her sister back home lived next door to Tom Mix! Can you beat that? Poor Mr. Novarro!

W. A. R.: You can't tell me he wasn't glad of the opportunity to make devoted fans of

My interview with Novarro was a double one—by proxy

One of Thomas Meighan's dreams is to play "Lord Jim"
them for life. I'll bet he gave them signed photographs.

F. M. O.: Yes—but he'd really gone to Florence for a rest.

W. A. R.: Did he visit any country except Italy?

S. E. B.: He and Herb Howe went to France. They had quite an adventure getting across the border. Their passports had expired, or something. They were held up at the international bridge. So that night, they crawled down the cliffs to the seashore where there were no guards, and made their way on foot to Mentone. Having no baggage, they had a hard time getting a room at the Hôtel de Paris. The proprietor wouldn't believe his guest was the famous Novarro. He made them both pay in advance, and made fun of them when they said they wanted to hire a local photographer. Yet a few days later, when he knew the truth, he was advertising all over the Riviera that the star had honored the house with his presence.

W. A. R.: Is Don Ramon glad to be back in America?

F. M. O.: He's delighted. He had a good time abroad, but he didn't like the European cooking. He said he craved ham and eggs, American style.

W. A. R.: This all makes a nice interview. I've probably got as much as if I'd seen him myself.

F. M. O. and S. E. B. (in chorus): You've got more. There were two of us to make him talk, and we haven't held out on you.

The Real Alice Joyce

Before I went to call on Alice Joyce, I'd been told she was one motion picture star who allowed herself to be interviewed on sufferance. The implication was, that she was upstage and couldn't be bored. How such rumors start going the rounds, I'm sure I don't know.

I found this sterling favorite of the public to be a most gracious and charming woman. In private life, she is Mrs. James B. Regan, Jr., the mother of two sweet little girls, and a hostess who has a talent for gathering men and women of genius about her.

She did tell me that she made friends slowly, that she rather dreaded encountering new faces. To the type of magazine writer who expects a star to gush and furnish material for a cheaply sensational article, it is possible that Miss Joyce may appear reserved. But upstage she surely is not.

We discussed the vast improvement that has taken place in the art of motion pictures.

"I was put forward as a star when I was a little too young," she declared modestly. "It is better for an actress to build up on the experience of playing many small roles. But I didn't refuse my easy glory then, and if it were all to be done over again, I don't suppose I'd have the courage to refuse it now. That's only human nature."

In her judgment, the essentially "star" picture is a mistake, any way. "Give me a story in which I can be the lead—adequately supported," she says. "If all the opportunities are given to one person, the result as a whole is likely to be bad art."

She is now working in The Little French Girl. She has the most important emotional part, that of the mother.

As a confession, she told me she would never be entirely happy until she had appeared on the speaking stage. Contrariwise, every Broadway star would like to take a whirl in the movies. So there you are!

The Pictures of Meighan's Dreams

A correspondent, Miss Helen Davis, urged me sometime ago to ask Thomas Meighan what he thought of his own recent vehicle, The Alaskan. "A friend of mine thought it was best, but I found it poor," she wrote. "Won't you get him to settle our little dispute?"

The question seemed rather an indiscreet one to fire at a popular star. Yet I passed it along, the first time I ran into Mr. Meighan. We were in the restaurant at Famous Players' studio, and he had invited me to have luncheon with him.

"The Alaskan?" he repeated grimly. "It was a bad picture—a dud. Why? I can't go into the details, but I know I was rotten in it. You are at perfect liberty to tell Miss Davis I said so."

It was characteristic of this sincere actor not to show the least desire to avoid the issue.

He went on to say that he and his producers sought to meet a public demand for Thomas Meighan in strong, outdoor pictures. These could not always be artistic, though no efforts were spared to make them entertaining.

"You know, if I could take a year off and do exactly as I pleased," he said, his face lighting up, "I'd do two or three things that might lose money, but would satisfy me. Why, I've been dreaming for years of certain roles."

"Which are they?"

"Joseph Conrad's Lord Jim, Eugene O'Neill's Beyond the Horizon, and that extraordinary South African novel, The Hop-Doctor, by Richard Dehan," he answered promptly. "I think it would be worth it in advertising to Famous Players, to let me make at least one of them. But the time doesn't seem to be ripe for that as yet."

If the fans agree with Mr. Meighan, let them shout for him in the pictures of his dreams. Producers are out to give the public what it wants. Remember that.

The Perfect Color for Barbara

While she was making her latest, Heart of a Temper-ress, Barbara La Marr gave a party at the old Fort Lee studio for stage celebrities and the press. One doesn't (Continued on page 88)
Douglas MacLean, in the picture above, certainly looks as though he were having it handed to him—but why in the world is he so sad when the thing that's being handed is a roll of nice, clean dollar bills? Perhaps the bank clerk is giving him a lecture on the subject of saving money and, of course, good advice seldom gets a smile. The name of the picture is "Introduce Me," and Doug is in trouble every foot of the film—but every new predicament for him means a laugh for his fans.

The very romantic scene at the left is one of the high moments in "A Raspberry Romance," and the rapt listener is Ben Turpin. It looks as tho Ben has reached his second childhood, doesn't it?

Well, isn't this "The Lion's Whiskers"? Do you think Billy Bevan knows just what sort of head it is that's resting so peacefully on his shoulder? Perhaps he doesn't want to—going on the theory that what he doesn't know won't hurt him. Or perhaps he thinks it's the fair Madeline Hurlock.

Question: Will Harold Lloyd get the football or will the dog get Harold? There doesn't seem to be any doubt in the dog's mind as to which is going to happen. Harold may think he's a half-back but, according to Tige, he'll be an all-the-way-back in about one minute. You'll find out who wins when you see Harold's new picture.

The ocean is shaking a mean tidal wave and Neal Burns' "Sea Legs" don't seem to be in good working order. Something tells us that in a few minutes Vera Steadman is going to be all alone.

The ocean is shaking a mean tidal wave and Neal Burns' "Sea Legs" don't seem to be in good working order. Something tells us that in a few minutes Vera Steadman is going to be all alone.
A department devoted to the daily dozen for the funny-bone—getting it in practice for comedies soon to be released.

Harry Langdon draws a straight, but it looks crooked to the others. They're all wearing "Plain Clothes"—maybe it's the extra cards adorning Harry's pocket and hat-bend that are crabbing his act.

A terrible overdose of the great open spaces is being given to Bobby Vernon in the picture above. "Great Guns," he moans to his comrade in distress. "If I get out of this alive, I'm thru with high life forever!"

There are smiles galore in "The Cracker Jack" and two of the broadest are those being worn by Johnny Hines and his best girl.

Buster Keaton may have "Seven Chances" but he isn't going to waste this one. Look out, Buster, she's armed with a golf club and she's a striking-looking lady.

Even a traffic cop can't stop a pistol by holding up one finger, and if Ralph Graves, in "Bashful Jim," thinks he's going to, Alice Day has a little surprise in store for him.
Marjorie Daw

In reading young people, one has to note the potential possibilities rather than the actualities. For youth is in the process of development.

Marjorie Daw is still a young girl, therefore, in reading her character, I have pointed out the latent potential qualities as well as those which are developed. A young person may have excellent characteristics which lie dormant and never develop and fulfill their promise. Circumstances, environment, and physical strength are factors which enter into the development of a young person's ability.

In reading Miss Daw, there was one thing which impressed me immediately, as it was a characteristic not usually found in actors or actresses—namely: a development in the nose which signifies economy. This is a good sign, but the nose also shows a lack of aggression and low self-protection. Such a person will save money and frequently lose it thru poor investments. The nose indicates an observing nature, especially where clothes are concerned. It tells me also that little Miss Daw does not like to do things in opposition to her tastes.

Her upper lip denotes poise, self-control, dignity and a love of display and pretty clothes. She knows how to dress well and make a good appearance. The lower lip indicates pride, and an ability to lead and dominate. Here, too, is

(Continued on page 108)
the Faces of the Film Stars

By F. Vance de Revere

Wallace Beery

When I made this analysis of Wallace Beery, he was at the studio working in a picture where he played the part of a miner. As I was introduced to this great big man—for he is very large—the lines from Longfellow passed thru my mind:

His brow was wet with honest sweat,
   He earns what’er he can,
   And looks the whole world in the face,
   For he owes not any man.

In reading his character, I noticed in his forehead lines which showed that life had not always been easy sailing; that there had been hardships and struggles. His forehead shows that he is a logical thinker and has a good mentality. His mental qualities have never been developed to their fullest extent, but he has splendid latent mental qualifications. Mr. Beery’s work in character parts shows brains back of the acting. A commonplace role would not be to his liking, he would prefer a characterization which took great thought and imagination.

Above the eyes the sense of perception is well developed, giving the ability to see very vivid mental pictures. In the side of the head the appetite sign is well developed, showing him to be a person who likes plain, substantial food and plenty of it.

The shape of the nose proves him to be very observing, a person who absorbs mentally a great deal from that which he sees and hears; one who analyzes and looks for the reason of things. His nose also denotes

(Continued on page 108)

Dorothy Mackaill

Miss Mackaill was working at the studio in a picture called Chickie the day I made this analysis.

The thing I noticed first, when meeting her, was her direct manner. She knows what she wants and she has the determination and persistency to work toward her goal in a foresighted way.

The shape of the nose indicates an observing nature. She particularly notices clothes and is very intuitive—the sort of person that has “hunches” about things. She has aggression, initiative and the ability to protect her own interests. She absorbs knowledge from that which she sees and hears rather than from books, for she is not the student type. She does not like details.

The formation of the upper lip proves her to be a person who likes display and loves pretty clothes. She has a very enthusiastic nature but can be firm and does not permit her emotions to run away with her better judgment. The lower lip shows a patriotic nature and a love of children and animals and a great interest in her own family.

The cheeks show her to be a person who has the courage of her convictions, she is fearless and daring, and likes travel and adventure. Miss Mackaill is a good sportswoman, taking her losses in life without complaint, and taking success in the same matter-of-fact way.
Johyna and Her Mother

Johyna Ralston on the screen, as Harold Lloyd's leading lady, can be very grown-up indeed, but when she leaves the studio, she leaves behind her all maturity and sophistication, and becomes the naive little girl she really is.
The Lost World—Fanciful Drama

This is the most marvelous film ever exhibited is this screen version of Conan Doyle's fanciful story. Its novelty of plot, backgrounds, atmosphere—and photography—its reproduction of the prehistoric animals and birds—these qualities surely transport us. In fascinating scenes, we watch the intrepid explorers brought in contact with prehistoric beasts. It is sheer adventure—and demonstrates that the camera knows no limitations in recording the most fanciful imagination.—First National.

The Lady—Drama

This is about the most logical, human drama in which Norma Talmadge has ever appeared. As the music-hall singer and dancer who married above her station in life and who, deserted by her caddish husband, and separated from her child, struggles thru the years to find him, she plays with conviction and feeling.

The picture tugs at the heart with its simplicity. There is no false sentiment. A truthful, honest story, well acted and convincingly mounted.—First National.

The Great Divide—arma

What has been called the great American play has been visualized again for the screen, and it carries out the spirit of the original. The acting has been entrusted to Alice Terry and Conway Tearle in the important parts. It takes the most of five reels for the brute to find regeneration and bring his wife around to thoughts of love, after saving her from disgrace. It's rather slow-moving, but it is forceful and diverting. The "great open spaces" offer a popular background.—Metro-Goldwyn.

Chu Chin Chow—Fantastic Drama

This English production starring our own Betty Blythe will appeal strongly to those who are impressed by mass effects. Mob scenes of considerable proportion properly have their place in the visualization of the Oscar Asche-Frederick Norton play which Graham Wilcox has staged. Miss Blythe has opportunities, and tries to utilize them, in the role of Zahrat, the beautiful dancer. It is a romance of love and intrigue, and offers an "eye full"—the very little else.—Metro-Goldwyn.

Capital Punishment—Melodrama

A melodrama of some vigor and theatrical effect, tho its ethical value seems negligible—we do not expect that the abolition of capital punishment will be brought nearer thru any argument advanced here. As melodramatic entertainment, it is a more successful venture. There is a last-minute pardon, saving an innocent man from "the chair." The suspense has been skillfully worked up and this situation becomes gripping once again. It is very capably acted and effectively produced.—Schulberg-Preferred.

Her Night of Romance—Comedy Drama

A Jeff and witty farce is presented the spectator of this latest vehicle for Constance Talmadge, whose supremacy in the treatment of polite farce characters is evident in her impersonation of Dorothy Adams, a constitutional "vamp" who tries disguises to be rid of courtships. The play of humor and wit, expert characterization and clever situations accounts for a production of high quality, furnishing screen entertainment of a most delightful and amusing sort.—First National.
Cheaper to Marry—Comedy Drama

This picture may be called different in the sense that it has been pepped up with smart titles—which speak a language peculiar to Broadway. It tells of Wall Street partners, one being married, the other playing the Broadway game. The latter pays—eventually paying with his life when the woman he lavishes wealth and affection upon refuses to help him—when the wolves of Wall Street call. The sophisticated touches, the clever humor provided by Louise Fazenda and Claude Gillingwater—and the convincing work by Lewis Stone as the victim make this picture enjoyable.—Metro-Goldwyn.

Pampered Youth—Romantic Drama

A typical movieish title has been tacked on Booth Tarkington's *The Magnificent Ambersons*. Even with all its quaint atmosphere and the spirit of the book which has been admirably caught by the director, the very flavor of its title does not give it the significance it deserves. We see a haughty family, the central figure of which is a spoiled youth. When he learns humility by brushing elbows with working people, he becomes a man. Comedable are portrayals by Cullen Landis, Alice Calhoun, Charlotte Merriam and Allan Forrest. It is vital enough and satisfactory as entertainment.—Vitagraph.

Dick Turpin—Romantic Drama

Scenically and dramatically, this is the most ambitious effort thus far essayed by Tom Mix. Romance bristling with daring adventure and colored with the scintillant trappings of a costume period is unfolded with the most impressive effect. It is a dashing, stirring characterization set off by rich atmosphere detailing a romantic era in England. "Dick Turpin" is in every sense Tom Mix's finest screen work and it is a picture to be applauded and praised by all those who enjoy colorful, exciting romance. There is much of his very clever riding, and some hair-breadth escapes.—Fox.

Miss Bluebeard—Comedy Drama

Notably good performances, a dressy, well-directed production, and a rather ingeniously contrived scenario make this a farce that is both bright and diverting. Bebe Daniels, seen as a French actress, who by strange circumstance becomes the bride of two men, is congenially cast and appears to some advantage. However, Raymond Griffith, heir to the bulk of the acting opportunities, scores the outstanding performance. Occasionally the play slows up, a defect which does not mar the effect of a commendably amusing and pleasing feature.—Famous Players-Lasky.

A Broadway Butterfly—Drama

The story of the rustic beauty who goes to Broadway is presented with the advantages of fine acting. It subscribes to the popular conception of Broadway's night life as she is lived by stage people and seems capable of holding the interest of audiences generally—tho it is a picture for adult audiences. Louise Fazenda does a serious rôle, that of the good chorus girl who protects the young innocent who faces the usual pitfalls. Dorothy Devore, Willard Louis, Cullen Landis, Lilyan Tashman and other well known players are seen to advantage.—Warner Brothers.

A Man Must Live—Drama

Telling a familiar story of a young reporter who, working on a scandal sheet, is forced to ruin the reputation of his best friends in general and his sweetheart in particular, this offers a fair amount of entertainment, principally because Richard Dix is cast as the central figure. As developed, the reporter builds up sympathy for himself in the manner in which he allows sentiment to interfere with his assignments. The material is not very substantial, but it is capably handled by the star and a competent cast. There are some dramatic moments and a good climax.—Paramount.
Charley's Aunt—Farce-Comedy

SYD CHAPLIN amply demonstrates here that brother Charlie does not possess all the talent. In a role which calls for deft burlesque and masquerade he is so sure of his ground that not a scene is unfolded but what carries unbounded humor. The mellow farce is keyed in the proper farcical pitch. Chaplin, masquerading as the eccentric aunt, has occasion to release highly mirthful slap-stick, yet he can be adroit when the scene calls for subtleties. The piece is one of the greatest laugh provokers ever shown. The subtitles contribute largely to the fun.—Producers Dist. Corp.

The Devil's Cargo—Melodrama

This good old Western melodrama of the California gold-rush days presents an innocent girl and a young reform editor. Herded with all the undesirables, they are driven out of Sacramento—it is up to the youth to show that he is on the level. The action is punctuated with characteristic incidents—which exploit the roving camps, the gambling dives, the dance-halls, saloons, the homes, streets, costumes, etc., of '49. It caters to much physical action, but still generates a warm sympathy. A well-acted piece—and atmospherically mounted.—Paramount.

The Redeeming Sin—Dramas

The favorite Paris underworld plot finds expression here—a plot built upon redemption when the colorful cocotte makes over her apache lover. It is a Kike-like figure as portrayed by Nazimova. When she becomes attracted to a social slummer, the apache registers hatred and jealousy. There is a melodramatic argument—which results in the apache's stealing the jewels off a statue of the Madonna in the church. He had been inspired to this stealthy act by the disappointed heroine. But she gets religion—and all ends well. Nazimova is excellent, while Lon Telle-gen is inclined to pose.—Titograph.

As Man Desires—Melodrama

Sound melodramatic values give substance and quality to As Man Desires, an absorbing narrative centering about a doctor exiled to a South Sea island. Milton Sills gives a rugged, impressive characterization as Major Craig, who leaves India under a cloud of suspicion. Becoming a pearl fisher, in the South Seas, he marries a native beauty, but eventually he is cleared of the unjust charge and returns to England. Viola Dana does splendid work as the native girl and the players have the support of a strikingly pictorial atmospheric setting.—First National.

Folly of Vanity—Drama

In this instance, the pictorial magnificence of its depiction almost wholly justifies the employment of so doubtfully legitimate a dramatic device as a visualized dream. It is the familiar story of a wife who craves luxury but who is spared the consequences of an ill-advised step to acquire it, thanks to a realistic dream which shows her the folly of vanity. The fantasy is the means of introducing a gorgeous—tho in spots a gaudy—spectacle which is visually appealing and fairly convincing. Betty Blythe, Billie Dove and a capable cast appear to advantage.—Fox.

Excuse Me—Light Comedy

Thru its clever assortment of gags and incident which result from well-pointed situations, this matrimonial mix-up designed by Rupert Hughes affords very pleasant entertainment. Almost the entire action transpires in a Pullman—and projects a group of travelers—among whom are a pair running away to get married. Thru the subtitles and the antics of Bert Roach, in his sketch of a drunk, the piece breezes along and sheds considerable humor. It will remind you of a Harold Lloyd number—which is to say that it is exceedingly clever.—Metro-Goldwyn.
Fifth Avenue Models—Romantic Drama

The Cinderella theme comes bouncing into expression again in this heart interest story of a working girl who, in defending her honor, brings about her dismissal. The sentiment is sharply emphasized when her father is intrigued into stealing a valuable painting. A jail sentence is his reward. The young heroine develops a drooping spirit, but eventually a Prince Charming comes into her life and scatters the clouds. It is rather convincing in spite of its sugary coating—made so by the atmosphere and the acting by Mary Philbin and a well-balanced cast.—Universal.

The Trail Rider—Melodrama

BUCK JONES gives up taking Westerns seriously in this pattern and humanizes the role of an itinerant cow-puncher who wins a job as trail rider because of his pluck. He doesn't save the diseased cattle from riding thru his territory—and gets in a tight jam on two occasions, but in the end his trusty trigger-finger saves him. Jones has moments to generate some likely incident—and there is plenty of mirth sprinkled thru the action. It has been treated in human fashion and is a bright little number acted with a fair amount of pep and liveliness.—Fox.

Coming Through—Melodrama

JUST as soon as Thomas Meighan returns to the light comedy type of story—which features him as a regular fellow, and gives up the stressing of heroes, he will be back in his element. It's the old formula of the youth who, disillusioned in his wife's eyes, goes out to make good. Being hated by his father-in-law for intruding in the family circle, the latter places obstacles in his path—so as to eliminate him. So we have Tom fighting to clean up the mining town—fighting the villain. But there isn't much plot, nor much romance—nor much of anything.—Paramount.

Enticement—Drama

A picture for the grown-ups and one which for them holds considerable interest in this recital of the adventures of an American girl in Europe. It is a rather frank play adapted from a conventionally "modern" novel. Lenore and her admirer, a dashing Belgian, find that they cannot play at the game of love. Lenore's husband leaves her and finally the singer kills himself, which, of course, brings a return of "normalcy" to Lenore and her husband. Mary Astor, Clive Brooke and Ian Keith are the principals and their work is excellent.—First National.

The Golden Bed—Drama

As is customary with any Cecil De Mille production, this newest creation provides a treat for the eye with its sumptuous background and atmosphere. The story has a plot which does not carry much substance—but the picture has good tone and quality. It treats of modern society in which is traced the human wreckage left by a woman who plays with men for the fascination of the game. After wrecking several lives her own is ruined.

The acting is adequate with the majority of the players—more than adequate in the performance by Irene Rich.—Paramount.

Forty Winks—Light Comedy

The dear old "missing papers" figure in this enjoyable piece. The thrilling and laughable search for them which gives a funny English lord the chance to save the honor of the family and win a wife provides moments of exhilarating humor. And filling the English role is Raymond Griffith, who is featured after a long apprenticeship playing minor bits. This comedy is packed with fun, original situations and business—and a climax which is surely off the beaten path. Theodore Roberts is back with his famous cigar and plays with his old sure-fire touch.—Paramount.
He's a Regular Guy

Meaning
Jack Hoxie
Who is
One Reason Why
The Gentler Sex
 Goes Wild
Over
The Wild West

Jack Hoxie grew up a cowboy, won the rodeo championship in Idaho, and landed in the movies as a rough rider with Harry Carey. Five dollars a day was his salary—with an extra five for every fall. He is appearing now in the Blue-Streak Westerns, a Universal series, and his latest picture is "The Demon".

Like all cowboys, Jack loves horses, and Scout, the horse he is riding in this picture, is one of his favorites. Jack rides so hard when he is making a movie, that he sometimes has to change his mount three or four times in one production to keep from wearing his horses out completely.
FOLLOWING the ejaculations of awe from the two policemen, a profound silence reigned for a while in the room. Every eye was riveted upon the severed arm, with its hand clenched and disfigured by so pitiful a scar. No one, not even Margot, had expected precisely this revelation. But while her companions stared helplessly, the girl’s keen brain adjusted itself swiftly to the facts, seized upon that which was concrete and fought down the temptation to admit the supernatural to an inquiry conducted by presumably sane persons in a strictly material world.

“How do you explain this?” she challenged Hart sharply.

The detective from Headquarters looked up slowly and moved his shoulders in a non-committal gesture. “You ask a lot,” he said. “You spring a bit of dirty work on me, and expect me to tell you what it means before I’ve followed up the clues. Huh!”

“But this is all part of our investigation. It’s not a new case,” she protested.

“It’s the first proof I’ve seen of there being anything you would call a case,” he answered dogedly.

“Ridiculous! Quinlan was right in saying we’ve got Stella Ball’s arm in front of us. It’s shouting a message into our faces.”

“It don’t say a darned thing to me—not yet, it don’t,” growled Hart.

Margot’s eyes blazed. “You at least have an opinion as to how long ago it was chopped off, haven’t you?”

He stooped, embarrassed, and scrutinized the grim relic. “It hasn’t decayed, because it’s been in that dry hole with the main chimney of the house close enough to preserve a very high temperature. It’s sort of mummified. Judging by the condition of the flesh, I’d say the thing happened about three months ago,” he declared portentously.

“Good. My training in medical college leads me to agree with you. Well, Stella Ball’s disappearance from this room dates back precisely three months.”

“Hm! It’s a queer coincidence, all right.”

“But the Ball girl, up to the date of the crime—there obviously has been a crime, you know—was not marked on the hand in this extraordinary way. Was she, Mrs. Bellew?” Margot turned to the landlady.

“No, no, dearie,” the woman babbled. “Her hand was just like yours or mine, without mark or scar, dearie.”

“Then, it’s been poisoned,” said Hart. “She must have been fooling with some acid.”

“Some acid!” Margot repeated scathingly. “Can you get any closer to that?”

“Not without a chemical analysis. How could I? Can you?”

“Yes—for the simple reason that we’re looking at a radium burn.”

The word “radium” caused the faces of her hearers to tighten with a special interest, a new amazement. The almost magical properties of that rare substance were known vaguely even to the most ignorant. She might as well have spoken of necromancy, or of witches’ broth. It invested the affair once more with a mystic character.

“Aren’t you running a little wild, Miss Anstruther?” questioned Hart solemnly. “Radium! It’s stuff for scientists. I’ve never heard of rooming-house people having access to it.”

“Such a person might conceivably have stolen it,” observed Margot smoothly.

The detective’s forehead clouded. A fleeting suspicion made itself evident in his eyes. He was like a man who no longer stood on the sure ground of self-satisfaction.

“I can tell you what you’re thinking,” the girl prodded him mercilessly. “You’re remembering that awhile ago the Rockefeller Institute lost some radium a fraction of a gram in weight, but valued at $25,000. Every other particle in the world is accounted for. The police have been trying to find the thief. You’ve no doubt been ordered to watch out for him yourself.”

“That’s—that’s right,” he stammered. “But where’s the connection?”

“Just this: I know nothing about the theft from the Rockefeller Institute, except what I read in the newspapers. But I do know a radium burn when I see one. I have the advantage over you, because of having been a medical student. But, in your place, if someone told me that a severed arm, found as we found this arm, had been in contact with radium, I’d deduce I was on a fairly hot trail.”

“I take off my hat to you,” he acknowledged, flushing. “You’ve shown me I should grill Stella Ball in connection with the institute job.”

“In just a minute, I’ll give you something better than
a mere tip," she gibed. "Are you aware how a radium burn is produced?"
"Not exactly."
"Radium is eternally dissipating itself in infinitesimal particles. The latter pass thru anything they en-
counter. Steel or stone cannot stop them. At long range, they are harmless to human tissue. But if the contact
is close, they scorch and kill."
"I get you, Miss Anstruther," murmured Hart re-
spectfully.
"Not quite, I'm afraid," she said, with sudden gentle-
ness. "If you did, you'd have pried open those withered
fingers without delay."
"There's something in the hand?" Hart questioned, an
eager tremor running over his features.
"I think there must be."

The detective strove with the fingers that for so long
had remained clenched upon their secret. In a few
minutes, he had mastered their rigidity. He removed and
held up for all to see, a metal container about as large
as the capsule in which druggists sell a dose of quinine,
"It's what the institute asked us to find, sure enough,"
he gasped.
"Be careful with it," said Margot, and smiled in spite
of herself at the nervous haste with which Hart laid it
in an empty ash tray. "No, no. You could hold it for a
while, before it started burning you. But it's very
precious stuff. I mean, take care of it, don't lose it."
"That I shan't, Miss. Now, what do we do next?"
"You are willing to follow my suggestions?"
"I'll tell the world I am."
The humbling of the sceptic had been complete.

Then, bring Stella Ball from jail, and confront her
with the evidence. We've got to have her story. This
may shock her into telling it.
"I'll have her here right after supper."
"Very well. I'll expect you."
Margot signed to Eugene, and they left the
room together.
"I want you to do

something with me, Gene." She spoke rapidly, before
he could make a remark. "We have two hours, and of
course we must eat. After that, we'll see a motion
picture."
"You're able to go to the theater on an evening like
this one?" he demanded, amazed.
"Oh, not for pleasure! I have a special reason. The
picture was directed by Stoner."
"What is the reason, dear?"
"I mustn't tell you now. I missed the first showing
of the picture, but I've heard it contains a curious feature.
Your impression of it should be unbiased by mine."
"Stoner?" Gene muttered. "He directed it, eh? I
don't see why that's important, but you're boss detective."

They had a quick supper, and then walked over to
Eighth Avenue, where in a small theater they found
seats for The Masque of Life. The photoplay was a pre-
tentious melodrama verging on the grotesque, which had
been completed for the Superfilm Company some weeks
before. It had had a short run, unhonored, on Broad-
way, and was now making the round of the smaller
houses. Margot and Eugene sat thru the tiresome
opening reels, their hands clasped in the darkness. They
stiffened, however, their interest aroused simultaneously,
as the action commenced to develop along strange lines
toward the end.

An inventor was shown at work upon a devilish con-
traption with which he hoped to de-
stroy New York. Its motive power was to be—
and the word was flashed in huge
letters upon the screen—
RADIUS. The authority of science
was claimed for the weird results ob-
tained by the villain. But
there was unquestion-
ably a thrill in his first
experiment with his ma-
chine. The latter was
shown func-
tioning at
ight. A
mysterious
aura glowed
about it. Rays
like forked
lightning
darted from
its entrails.

"Good
Lord!" whispered Gene
tensely. "I see your
point."
"Do you? Work out a theory, then. Save it until later. Don't confuse me by saying anything until my own ideas are clear." Margot's mood had become sternly, coldly absorbed, and the boy fought down the temptation to disobey her mandate. It was almost heroism on his part to resist blurring out a certain conclusion that seemed to him already proved and asking if he wasn't right.

At eight o'clock, they left the theater and hurried back to the house. Waiting in the hallway, they met Cornelius Hart and his assistant, with Stella Ball between them. A handcuff was attached to the sullen prisoner's left wrist, while another steel bracelet dangled uselessly. The law is ingenious, but a way to manacle her mutilated arm had not been found.

"You said you wanted to speak to this girl, Miss Anstruther," said Hart casually. "She's at your service." His words were a veiled invitation to Margot to take charge. It would not have been done to allow Stella to foresee that her nerve was about to be put to the test.

Black-browed and fierce, Stella's glance swept all their faces. Her lips parted, as if about to utter a protest, and then shut stubbornly. She had grown thinner, paler, in jail, but her spirit had not been broken. She promised to be a difficult subject.

"Thank you, lieutenant. I'm sure she'll be able to clear this puzzle for us." Margot's tone was as non-offensive as the detective's had been. "But suppose we go up-stairs. I'll go first and make things presentable. You can knock in five minutes."

Hart bowed. Accompanied by Gene, Margot ran up to the next flight and entered the room where so many fateful things had happened. She found Quinan and Boyle standing solemnly on guard, their ears closed to the endless questionings of the landlady, Cora Bellew. Nuisance as the woman had been on other occasions, Margot was glad to see her now. She needed her in one of the setting. Rapidly, she explained to Mrs. Bellew that she must sit quietly until addressed, to the policeman that their stations were to be on either side of the gaping trap-door.

Almost immediately, it seemed. Hart's signal was heard on the landing. "Come in," said Margot crisply.

Stella had been made to walk a little ahead of the two detectives. Her only way of retreat was blocked, but as she entered there was no possibility of her failing to see instantly the bed thrust to one side, the hole in the floor, the withered arm lying on the bare planking. Two steps beyond the threshold, she jerked back on her heels as if shot, and stared with distending eyes.

None of her accusers spoke. Margot, no less than the official investigators, was aware that she could best be beaten down to the mood of confession by a moment of hostile silence. If the evidence did not shake her, words also would be of no avail.

Emotions that ranged from surprise to horror and fear recorded themselves in turn upon Stella's hitherto impassive face. Then, suddenly, the girl began to whimper.

"You've got the goods on me, haven't you?" she commented childishy.

"Oh, yes—as you see!" replied Margot. "Why did you do it?"

"The worst was what was done to me. I lost me arm on this job," Stella defended herself.

"We know that. We have a lot of sympathy for you. But it will go hard with you unless you help the law. How did you get mixed up with the crook who stole the radium?"

"I—I've been a fence for a long time—that's how," the girl stammered.

It was news that she had been a professional receiver of stolen goods, but Margot adroitly turned it to account.

"Of course. We have your record. You lived in this room because the secret chamber under the bed was a fine place for hiding the stuff," she prompted.

Stella nodded. "A woman who was here before me used it, too. She gave me the tip. So I grabbed the room when I got a chance."

"Go on.

"Well, I got to know the old fellow upstairs."

"Murchison, wasn't it?"

"Yeah. Old Alec Murchison. He had a job in a hospital."

"I think you mean the Rockefeller Institute."

"Rockefeller's hospital—that's how I got it. I'm not up on the name of such places.

"I won't interrupt you again. Just tell the story in your own way."

"This here Murchison was a pretty slick pickpocket. He'd bring me watches and things to keep. Then, one day he said he'd swept a tube of stuff from the hospital that was worth more'n twenty thousand dollars. I thought he was lying, until I saw the fuss in the newspapers about the radium."

"Murchison had me put it away down there, and promised me a big commission when he sold it. It would take a long time to get a customer, he said, because only doctors and professors would want to buy it, and most of them would be leery of stolen goods."

Her voice trailed off. She closed her eyes and commenced to shudder.

"What's the matter? It's too late to quit," Margot snapped, with steel in her voice.

(Continued on page 102)
What Price the Crowning Glory?

How Dorothy Mackaill sacrificed her most prized possession on the Altar of Art

By York Madison

The stage for Chickie was set. Not a chair was out of place. Pictures, rugs and flowers had been adjusted for the hundredth time. The lights were perfect. The extras were waiting back in the shadows for the word to start. Soft music floated in from the orchestra behind the scenes.

Like a breath of California sunshine, little Dorothy Mackaill smilingly dashed onto the set with the word that she was ready.

The hidden musicians changed the tempo, the music came louder, quicker; the lights flashed on; the fluttering hearts of the extras jumped a beat with the music; and the director shouted “Let’s go.” Dorothy stepped into the glare of the lights. And then—

“Stop!” cried the director.

The music ceased. Extras stood on first one foot, then the other. Dorothy smiled.

“It must come off. You can’t play Chickie like that,” he said.

Dorothy looked at her hands, then her feet, then she gazed in the mirror. All she saw was exquisite loveliness of face, topped by great masses of beautiful blonde hair, as soft and fluffy as silk. She couldn’t understand.

“The hair! the hair!” shouted Director Dillon. “It must come off. We can’t go on with this picture until you have it bobbed.”

“But, Mr. Dillon.” Dorothy protested, “it is my priceless possession. I can never have it cut off.”

“Can’t be helped,” replied the director. “Chickie is a modern girl. She is modern in everything. In fact, she is ahead of the times in many ways. How can you play such a part with all that hair? It may be beautiful,

(Continued on page 128)
Some desert Pocahontas, riding along the coyote trails on her faithful sway-backed cayuse, is due for the thrill of her life these days.

As this is written, the fascinating Rudolph Valentino is making preparations to disappear from civilization. Now that he has returned to California, Rudy has resolved to take all his vacations in the desert, a region that he fell in love with while making *The Sheik*.

It isn't the kind of desert that you see in the movies of the Sahara. The California deserts are beautiful. Valentino's particular stamping ground is in the wonderful so-called "painted cañon" near Palm Springs where the rocks seem to have been stained by a magic hand in brilliant colors. He takes a cook and an army tent and lives like a gypsy for weeks at a time.

It happens also that an enterprising millionaire has recently started a real Arab horse farm in that part of the desert, so Rudolph, who is a finished and experienced horseman, will have high-toned horse-flesh to bestride.

Mary and Doug are going to start a fad for carrying swagger sticks. Their special sticks are made of hickory, inlaid with ivory, and with heads made from the teeth of a hippopotamus. Ours will be of varnished pine, but we'll be "in the swim," anyway.

What more romantic and graceful outdoor sport could be indulged in by romantic young things like Mary Astor and Buster Collier, than feeding swans?
He has just finished The Cobra. His friends say, in this connection, that Rudolph feels quite desolated on account of his quarrel with June Mathis, the scenario writer who first discovered him. He and Miss Mathis differed over the script of his next picture and Miss Mathis now "has a mad by him" as the children in the Myra Kelly stories say. Mrs. Valentino—Natacha Rambova—is now writing the script.

Speaking of deserts, little Colleen Moore found the desert cruel and unkind. While taking some of the railroad scenes for The Desert Flower, Colleen was badly hurt. In some way she slipped and fell between a hand-car and another car that carried the camera. Her back was badly wrenched and some of the vertebrae of her spine displaced. At this writing no one seems to know certainly how serious the injury may prove to be.

At first, she thought very little of it. They bandaged up her hurts and she tried to go on with the picture. She found she couldn't make the grade, however, so they brought back the whole company to Hollywood.

She felt well enough to go to the Wampas Ball and thereafter to work in the studio. Then one day on the set, she simply passed out. They have taken her to a hospital and the company has been disbanded and dismissed. The doctors say it will be out of the question for her even to think of working for at least a month.

Aside from the disaster to her picture plans, Colleen is bitterly disappointed for another reason. They were hurrying thru it in order to permit Colleen and her husband, John McCormack, to take a long-planned trip to Europe.

But if she has to abandon her career for a time, she can be consoled by the fact that she made a grand-stand finish. One of the features of the Wampas Ball was a voting contest. Every year the Wampas presents to the eager world thirteen young actresses—the Baby Stars—the ones that the Wampas picks as most likely to be famous picture stars. This year, the best-known newspaper and
magazine critics were invited to select from these Baby Stars of the various years the one who had most distinguished herself. They nearly all selected Colleen. She was to have received a big loving-cup at the ball, but in the excitement somebody mislaid the cup. So they had to make the presentation in the hospital.

And that wasn't the only thrill of the Wampas Ball. To tell the truth, the Wampas was overwhelmed by popularity. The old woman who lived in the shoe had mild troubles in comparison. There were so many guests that the hosts were almost distracted. It was, in truth, a mob scene.

Some of the guests got in by mistake. One in particular. He was a tall, impressive-looking gent who neglected to leave his name. During the evening, he made his way to Harold Lloyd's box and craved the honor of shaking hands with Mildred Davis—Mrs. Harold Lloyd. As Mildred is always sweet and lovely about such things, she surrendered her hand to a warm grasp accompanied by honeyed words of praise. After her admirer had departed, she found that he had nipped off a three-carat diamond from one of her rings.

During the ball, Bert Lytell presented the thirteen new Baby Stars and a lot of other people—among them the old Biograph star, Florence Turner, who was the Mary Pickford of her day.

One of the guests at the ball, during the ceremonies, made a remark so catty, but so funny that it got into the public prints. Among others, Mr. Lytell presented a funny bobbing little child about four years old. As she was making a funny little bow, Mr. Lytell informed us that this was Baby Betty.

"Who's Baby Betty?" growled somebody.

"I dunno," answered a flapper extra girl. "But I dare say she will be the next Mrs. Charlie Chaplin."

Charlie's domestic upheavals, however, seem to have settled down somewhat. His bride's various relatives and in-laws have taken their departure from his home—the mother-in-law to a house in Hollywood and the adoring grandparents to Beverly Hills—leaving the bridal couple to themselves. A conference was held with a lawyer present representing the bride, and another representing Charlie. A settlement is supposed to have been made.

Mr. William Curry, the bride's grandfather, made a naïve statement to the press in which he said: "Charlie and Lita are happy now. He tells us that he loves her and is proud of her."

To go back a moment to Colleen Moore's troubles:

A jinx seems to have followed that railroad story which she was making when hurt. As everyone will probably remember, Mary Pickford had planned with Marshall Neilan to make a railroad story. It proved to be on lines very similar to the Colleen Moore story. When Mary discovered this, she abandoned the story, but not until after an unpleasant (Con. on page 98)

Billie Dove has become quite a lusty little aviator since she's been in Nevada working on "The Air Mail"

Step on the gas, Marie! Monte Blue has a safe seat, but we wouldn't care to be in Harry Beaumont's place
Ricardo Cortez and His Double

There isn't even the shadow of a smile about Ricardo in this picture, but the stern, romantic young Latin can smile when he wants to—in a way that brings his fan mail in by the car-load. In his new picture, "The Spaniard," he's breaking even more hearts than he did as the hero of "Argentine Love"
Playing “I Spy”

Ever since the eclipse of the sun, on January 24th, astronomy has become the hobby of many of our motion-picture stars.

When Jack Pickford pointed his powerful telescope toward Mars, hoping to discover one of its inhabitants, a heavenly vision suddenly burst upon him. And wouldn't you rather gaze at Norma Shearer than at a planet over a million years old?

“A shouting star is a finer sight than a shooting star, any day in the week,” cries Bessie Love to Charlie Murray.

As an antidote for homesickness, while in Europe, Tony Moreno gazes heavenward to watch the very same stars that are shining down on Hollywood. Who knows—maybe his telescope is a magic one thru which he can see whatever he chooses.

In the picture at the left, Mary Pickford seems to be directing Astronomer von Sternberg's attention to her brother Jack; but in reality she is pointing to the moon, and asking if it looks as if it were made of green cheese.

In the picture at the left, Mary Pickford seems to be directing Astronomer von Sternberg's attention to her brother Jack; but in reality she is pointing to the moon, and asking if it looks as if it were made of green cheese.
### We're Asking You:

#### Why Not?

And speaking of critics and their opinions, why not write us your own criticism of your favorite movie? You may win a thousand dollars if you do.

This is our new contest and it's the biggest and most interesting one we've ever had. If you know what you like and why you like it, there's no reason why you shouldn't walk away with the prize. Tell what you thought were the best points in the picture you write about; we want to know exactly what appealed to you. You don't need to limit yourself to one film. If there were several that you thought were worth while, write a review for each one. If one doesn't win, the others may.

Aside from the $1,000 prize, there are 104 others, ranging from $5.00 to $100.00. The contest is open to everybody, except professional writers. You will find all the details on page 11.

#### Did You Remember?

And what about the limerick contest? Have you sent in your last lines? It's still running, you know, right in the middle of this page. The names of last month's prize winners will be printed in the June issue of this magazine, so don't forget to watch for them.

#### Going To Try It?

Of course, you read *Close-ups on Complexions* on pages 50 and 57, in which ten of the screen's loveliest disclose the secret of their rose-petal skins. From their words of wisdom we have formulated the following recipe for a perfect complexion:

- Eat simple food at regular hours. Get at least nine hours of sleep.
- Take vigorous exercise twice a day. Hot and cold water inside and out. Plenty of fresh air and sunshine. Form the habit of breathing deeply. Use cold-cream after washing the face.
- Fill your mind with happy thoughts.

### Going To Catch the Limerick Liner?

Three persons are going to win a ten-dollar prize each month. If you want to be one, send in lines to complete these unfinished limericks. Remember that the last line must rhyme with the first two. Copy the four lines of the limericks you are finishing, then add your own last line. No lines will be returned, so do not enclose stamps. Mail your contributions, with name and address, to the Limerick Contest, 123 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N.Y., before June 1st. Send as many as you wish for all three.

A professor was our Milton Sills,
But his wages were less than his bills,
So he stored all his books,
And with naught but good looks,
He was the limerick liner.

Have you ever seen sweet Norma Shearer?
No one could be fairer or dearer,
By the tricks of her art,
She will capture your heart.

The acting of Adolphe Menjou
Is simply too perfectly too,
He acts with distinction,
Looks bored to extinction,
He is the limerick liner.

### Did You Know?

What a very important thing a name is? Of course, you do know now, after reading the story about numerology on pages 29 to 31. Isn't it amazing to think that every one of the movie people you read about in that article changed to successful names before they found success?

And the little table telling the meanings of all the numbers and how to get them, will help you to understand and enjoy the stories about the stars. And, if you happen to be curious—well, maybe your own name needs some attention, too!

Look it over and see whether your numbers do a sum in addition or subtraction for your future.

### Didn't You Laugh?

When you started trying to solve the Cross Star Puzzle? Could you guess the names of your favorite stars, or did they keep you wondering till you looked at the answers in the back of the book?

The poor old cross-word puzzle will soon get to be a back number if it has to compete with many more guessing games that are as much fun as this one.

How long did it take you to find out what it was that the Anheuser boys are so fond of? And didn't you shout when you suddenly realized that, of course, it was Mae Busch?

If you missed the Cross Star Puzzle when you were looking thru the book, it's on pages 32 and 33, and you owe it to yourself to turn back right now and get one of the best laughs you've ever had.

### What's Your Vote?

Did you agree with the choice for the ten best pictures that you found on page 90? If you had been making the list, would you have chosen those same films? They were voted on by some of the highest paid critics in the United States, but if you don't agree with them, send us your list.
Cheers and Hisses

Letters from fans all over the world, telling what they love and loathe in pictures, and what they adore and abhor in the players

Everything in Its Place

Dear Editor: I'm living in the background of the world, but that is no reason why the Motion Picture Magazine shouldn't penetrate here. Hurrah! Everything is best until you find a better. That is my reason for dropping the others and picking up yours.

I recently saw a picture without subtitles. Somehow I felt dissatisfied. The film was artistic and clever, I own, but it was too suggestive of pantomime. The true aim of pictures is to be realistic, and subtitles produce realism. They stand partly for the lines the actors speak even if they aren't the original words spoken during production. Some films have such a perfect atmosphere that they almost delude you into the belief that you've heard the subtitles and not read them. The chief phase of life is the spoken word; let not the movies forget that. And last, but not least, half a film's humor is derived thru subtitles. I'm all for them—provided they don't appear too often.

I am against refining successes. But don't see why good stories spoilt by inferior production, or good plots filmed some years ago when the stars are in the prime of their careers, shouldn't be refined. To burlesque literary classics on the screen is to display second-hand genius. It is all mild slander on the author, crowning of our favorite characters and "leg-pulling" all retroactive. After all, we don't like to see our fancies made fun of.

The ordinary "eight-dealer" is preferable to most people. Yes—the movies can't get over the fact that slap-stick comedies are meant to be silly. Also, a serious film, I've noticed, will sometimes cause laughter, and an all-comic one will cause nothing but deepest gloom. Humor shouldn't change places like that. Remember, everything in its place is best.

Lois Wilson is the sweetest thing I know. Gloria Swanson's Christian name should be "Glory," Lillian Gish is emotional, Pola Negri, passionate, Mae Busch, compelling. Agnes Ayres stores herself in a refrigerator, Norma Talmadge is dramatic. Mary McAvoyle and Alice Terry are charming. Most of the men, with the exception of Monte Blue, Novarro and Valentino, are "jes" good-looking. I mean the leading men.

W. Guinness Howard, Mussorie, India.

Scrambled Stars

Why does a player, as soon as he has attained some degree of prominence in pictures—particularly in a given type of role—immediately assume that in order to qualify as a star of the "first magnitude" he must break forward and assume ingeniously unsuitable roles so that he may establish his personality?

Some time ago, Mary Pickford announced her intention of abandoning "little-girl" roles. As a result, we witnessed a "Rustic" type of the childlike curb and naive manner attempting to depict a vampire second only to Carmen.

Recently I read that the kittenish Mae Allison has essayed the playing of vampire roles—and tremble for her.

Some all-comic pictures seem to cause nothing in the audience but deepest gloom.

Have you opinions of your own? Do you, and you can express them clearly in one to three hundred words, write us a letter. The five-dollar prize goes to the best letter, which will be illustrated and published; one dollar will be paid for the short excerpts from other letters that appear on this page. Write us a snappy interesting letter, giving your reasons for your likes or dislikes. Be sure to sign full name and address, alter we will use initials only, if requested. Send to 773 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Norma Shearer, the very personification of breeding and exquisite daintiness, is shortly to assume the role of a Bowery girl! Will it never end? Or must we sit calmly aside and witness Nita Naldi as The Princess Goldlocks, Wallace Beery as Sir Lancelot and little Farina as Cleopatra?

U. F. L.

A False Alarm

There has been much lamenting over the fact that a picture must have a lurid title and daring plot to be a success from a financial standpoint. Certain instances seem to prove this is a fact, but, by delve into statistics, I have come to the conclusion that in the majority of cases this is not so.

Take some of the successes of the past season's pictures that have not only been masterpieces of the screen but have drawn in the cash. Following is a partial list that contains ten notable examples: Robin Hood, The Thief of Bagdad, America, Grandpa's Boy, Girl Shy, Scaramouche, The Hunchback of Notre Dame, The Covered Wagon, Route, and The Ten Commandments. Not a lurid title in the group!

For instance, take some of the stars whose names are a delight to the box-office—Thomas Meighan, Norma Talmadge, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Harold Lloyd, and Tom Mix. The foregoing is only a partial list, but I maintain that the moral fate of the movie audiences is in no great danger when it rests in their hands.

J. C.
Bloomington, Ill.

The Good Old Days

After all, you have to hand it to them, don't you? Hand it to whom? Why, the movie people, of course. No, I'm not crazy. I've just finished the February copy of Motion Picture Magazine, and the pictures of "Broncho Billy," Marguerite Clarke, Carlyle Blackwell, and the other movie stars of years now gone have set me to reminiscing.

Back in 1911, a movie house was opened about a block from the place where we lived. A nickel gained admittance in the afternoon and a dime in the evening.

We children were allowed to go once a week. We always went to the first performance on Monday afternoon. This was really the poorest show of the week, but we went because we couldn't wait any longer. On Mondays for a nickel, besides the show, we got souvenirs of silver spoons (at least we thought them silver) or a cake of beautifully scented soap.

They had five pictures at a show, usually a funny one, a very weepy one and a daring one with lots of fighting. We were allowed to stay and hear the romance scenes as we wanted and we generally stayed till the lights went out, feeling very superior because we knew what was coming next.

A. M.
Middletown, N. Y.

(Continued on page 95)
MRS. REGINALD VANDERBILT gives her skin this exquisite care

"YOUTHFULNESS is the real pot of gold at the end of every woman's rainbow. Pond's Two Creams are a wonderful help to this coveted end."

HERMIA VANDERBILT

My first glimpse of Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt brought a little catch to my throat.

I had heard she was very lovely—this young woman, barely twenty-one, two years married to the son of one of America's oldest, wealthiest, most distinguished families, and mother of an exquisite baby girl. But I was unprepared for beauty so compelling, so unique.

"It's partly because she's so tall," I said to my companion, "and so slender. Did you ever see such grace?"

Sunlight breaks the shadows of her almost black hair, into shimmering bronze. In the depths of her dark eyes burn the fires of golden topazes. And in the snows of her delicate skin blooms the rose of her full-blown lips, ruby-red and strangely beautiful.

"What a bouquet she lends that gown," I murmured, as Mrs. Vanderbilt moved into the room. "Its black velvet is richer for contrast with arms and shoulders of such dazzling whiteness."

"But the contrast is in the color alone," said someone in our group. "When it comes to texture, there's little to choose between chiffon velvet and Mrs. Vanderbilt's skin."

"I ought to be a good skin," Mrs. Vanderbilt spoke seriously, "I take good care of it."

"No doubt you devote hours of every day to keeping it exquisite," my friend rejoined.

"On the contrary," cried Mrs. Vanderbilt, "only a few moments—far less time than many of my friends. It's not the time that counts. It's the method!"

"Do tell us what your method is," we queried.

"Two Creams," said Mrs. Vanderbilt, "made by the Pond's Laboratories. One to cleanse the skin and keep it fresh and firm. The other to protect and give it that 'velvet' finish you've just spoken of. I've used them for a long time and have never found any better."

"It is this approval given by the women of Society who must keep their youth and beauty— for Mrs. Vanderbilt is only one of many—that is the final proof of the sterling worth of Pond's Two Creams.

The first step in following the Pond's method of skin care is a deep, thorough cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Smooth it lavishly over your face, neck, arms and hands. Let it stay on a few moments so that its pure oils may soften the dust, soot, powder and rouge that choke the pores.

WIPE all the cream off and note the dirt it brings with it. Repeat the process. Now close the pores with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice.

This daily Pond's cleansing should follow any prolonged time spent out of doors. If your skin is inclined to be either very dry or oily, you should use it twice or more. And to overcome the dryness that forms lines and wrinkles, leave some of the cream on all night.

The second step is a soft finish and protection with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Fluff just a light film over your face and hands. It will vanish— for Pond's Vanishing Cream is greaseless. Notice now, how even the surface of your skin looks, how soft, bright and clear its tone.

And how well your rouge and powder blend and stay over this delicate foundation cream!

You should always use Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder, and before going out. For it protects your skin so that wind, dust, sun and soot cannot rob it of its natural oils, its bloom of youth.

FOLLOW the lead of Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt. Buy your own Pond's Creams. Find out for yourself that what she says is wholly true— They constitute as simple, as effective a method of caring for the skin as has yet been discovered. You may have the Cold Cream in extra large jars now. And, of course, both creams in the smaller jars you are familiar with. The Pond's Extract Company.

FREE OFFER—Mail this coupon and we will send you free tubes of these two creams and an attractive little folder telling how to use them.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. E 142 Hudson Street, New York City
Name:
Street:
City ____________________________________ State _______

EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
The Answer Man

JINGO.—I am thankful to welcome you to this department. No indeed, Mary Pickford isn’t a snob and not all up-stage-ish. I have seen her here several times before a crowd of stenographers and clerks and she treated them all as her equals. Last I heard, Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell were still engaged. Mary Pickford’s next will be The Rooney Family, which she is writing with a scenario and continuity writer. Don’t forget now, write to me at any time.

LILYAN.—“Turning points in life”—street corners. Specially in the old days when there was a saloon on the corner and one turned in. Anyway, it’s your turn, Lilyan. Mabel Julienne Scott had the lead in Behold My Wife. Lucille Ricksen is only seventeen. So you think Zasu Pitts and Lillian Gish resemble each other. Harrison Ford is playing in Zander the Great. No, Ben Lyon isn’t married. Norma Talmadge in Grainstark. GUSTAVE.—Well, a successful man is one who makes money faster than his family can spend it. Since I have no family I find great difficulty in spending the twelve dollars a week that I make. No, Rod La Rocque and Monte Blue are not brothers—what next? Antonio Moreno is married to Mrs. Daisy Danziger. Norma Talmadge is married to Joseph Scherck. PAT LORS.—No, I don't play cards; the only game I know is “Old Maid.” Reminds me of Lamb when he said to his whist partner, his printer, “If dirt were trumps, what a hand you’d have.” Lois, Ronald Colman is English. He is six feet, dark eyes. Yes, he is very much married, and he hates it. Now I know he is playing in His Supreme Moment. Ben Lyon was born in Atlanta, Georgia. He is six feet, and weighs 160 pounds. MINNIE.—You certainly had me guessing. I actually neglected my buttermilk and doughnut to solve the mystery, but I finally got it. If it was original with you, you should have a niche in the hall of fame. I am now going to have some fun with my readers by giving them the same puzzle and out of my own pocket I am going to pay for one year’s subscription to this, the best of all movie magazines, for the first person who gets to me the correct solution. To give everybody an equal chance, I will be governed by the date of the mail rather than by the actual receipt. Here she am: “Give me a perfectly good and grammatical sentence that cannot be written or printed.” Really, I thought first you meant something naughty, but after thinking it over I get the idea. I wonder how many of my readers can do this amusing brain twister.

PEGGY.—Why, Miss Dupont was once known as Margaret Armstrong. Marie Prevost was married to Kenneth Harlan October 14, 1924. Dorothy Gish is twenty-six and Lillian is twenty-eight. So you really liked The White Sister better than you did Konoa. Wonderful scenery and atmosphere in the latter, too. Enid Bennett was born January 22, 1896, and Anna Nickson’s birthday is March 13. See you later!

FRENCH IRISH.—Yes, I know the woman of very few words you speak of. Yes, and I know the difference between a woman and an umbrella—are there times when you can shut up an umbrella. No, Colleen Moore has never been married before. Betty Bronson was Peter Pan and Mary Brian was Wendy.

HEAR YE, hear ye! All you folks who have questions to ask, come this way and you shall be heard—and answered. I have learnt a lot during the last eighty-two years, and it’s yours for the asking. Been answering ?? here for the last fourteen years. If you want an answer by mail, enclose a stamped addressed envelope. If you wish the answer to appear here, write at the top of your letter the name you want printed, and at the bottom your full name and address, and mail to me, The Answer Man, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PATTY.—Of course, I am an old man over eighty with a long white beard. Come and see for yourself, Patty. But I really can’t spare a lock of my beard. No, that’s not a hard one—Ethel Adkins was born in Westboro, Massachusetts, December 8, 1765. While teaching school at Savannah, Georgia, he invented the cotton gin which divided the lint from the seed, a process that was taking a slave ten hours to part one pound. Whitney enriched the South and made the modern textile industry possible. He died January 8, 1825. Ask me something hard. Yes, Rudolph Valentino has disposed of his beard, but not I. Yes, sure Duff O’Malley was born in Ireland. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is playing in The Air Mail.

COUNTESS BURKE.—Boil within, not over. Your letter was a jewel. And how it sparkled. Yes, Gloria Grey is a blonde. Maurice Flyn is six feet three and weighs 200 pounds. See him on December Morie Thrillers cover. You know that is our latest magazine. Here, here, what talk have you! I never send out photographs of myself. The only photograph I have ever had taken is at the heading of this department. No, I don’t know whether Ben Lyon’s secretary is a girl or man.

JOYCE.—So this is your first letter to me. Where have you been hiding? Glenn Hunter is twenty-five years old. Yes, I have my beard waved every time I take a drink of water. I never allow it to get in my soup. Lieutenant is ten thousand Horses. As a rule, most stars shine at that time. (Professor, turn on a little soft music here.)

T. N. T.—Now we’re talking. High explosives. Let’s go with a bang! Norma Talmadge is to do Grainstark and Constance will play the part of the French. George Bar McCutcheon wrote Grainstark, also Brescato’s Millions. Yes, I liked The Great Divide very much. I always like to see Conway Tearle, and always like to see Alice Terry. And when they are playing together—Oh boy! Mary Brian in The Little French Girl. You should read the book.

Tanny.—I am glad you are an admirer of Shakespeare. So am I. When asked “Was Shakespeare original?” I heard our Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, of Brooklyn, answer over the radio, “No, nobody has been original since Plato. It is impossible for any man to say a thing that has never been said before. Of course, he may say it in a striking way. That was true of Emerson. Emerson makes thirty-two quotations on two pages. Nothing is original except the great words of Christ. Even He took the prophets and gave them fresh sanction and illumination.” You see I can quote eminent authority for myself not being original. Just address Richard Barthelmess at 565 Fifth Avenue, Inspiration Pictures, New York City.

CORA T.—Well you should do unto others what most of them do not do unto you. That’s my motto. Yes, indeed, I drink plenty of buttermilk every day, nothing stronger. Viola Dana in As Man Desires. Well, you picked a good one when you picked her for your favorite. And you also like Ruth Roland. Everybody does, and we wish she would give us a Broadway production. Guess she is too busy making money in real estate and keeping it. Now it is announced that Samuel Goldwyn is to do Rondo and...
Women who star in the world of fashion give infinite care to their corsets.

They know only the right corset can give the right fashion foundation.

They know to be well-groomed is to be well-corseted first.

And they invariably select a Bon Ton corset model designed for their own particular need. For Bon Ton corsets are the perfected result of over sixty-three years of careful corset designing to women of a whole world.

In no other corset will you find finer materials = finer finishing = finer workmanship. They will retain their shape and outwear far more expensive corsets.

Be your own judge and jury. Try a Bon Ton corset and decide for yourself. You'll find Bon Ton models for every figure at prices any woman can easily afford. Carried by all leading stores and specialty shops here and abroad.

ROYAL WORCESTER CORSET CO.

Worcester, Mass.  Chicago  New York  San Francisco

Write for the very clever fashion booklet,
"Told in Negligee"

DAGMAR GODOWSKY

Last picture, "A Sainted Devil"—is now starring in film "Playthings of Desire"

"Style and comfort form a rare combination = but they are always to be found in a Bon Ton Corset which is so delightfully constructed that it holds the figure firmly in place with enough freedom to ensure perfect ease and pose."

DAGMAR GODOWSKY

The
Bon Ton
Brassiere
Cor-Set
from
$3.50 up.

Other
Corset models
from $3.50
to $25

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Juliet, with Ronald Colman as Romeo and an English actress as Juliet. You may still get your wish.

Juliet's only surviving letter is a lifetime is of a picture is eighteen months. Something like fifty thousand persons are permanently employed in pictures. Colleen Moore's real name was Kathleen Morrison. Just address her at First National, 3341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California. I doubt whether Wallace Reid's picture is printed. You can tell you this, the Capitol Theatre, New York, which is the largest, took in $70,468 in one week when He Who Gets Slapped was being played. The Strand took in $41,460 in one week when Girl Shy was playing, but it is supposed that the tickets sold for $2,900 while the Capitol seats 5,300. Mary the Third was released under the name Wine of Youth. The plays you mentioned are very new.

Juliet.—I am glad you enjoyed my reminiscences in the February MAGAZINE. Yes, I saw that picture about three years ago. Rod La Rocque was born in Chicago, Illinois. He called me, for the French Society of the Arts, to run charming. I noticed first that he has a fine speaking voice, second that he has a nice figure, third that he pronounces the u in absolutely—which is what people do.

GEO.—It please me much to have praise when I deserve it, but it joys me more to deserve praise when I have it. Selah. So you liked Warren Kerrigan in Captain Blood. So did I. He was born in 1889, and is not tall. He has black hair and hazel eyes, and is six feet tall. He missed his big chance about ten years ago when he was IT in the movies. But he is coming along fine now.

SAID.—I'm sorry, I don't know why Colleen Moore doesn't send you her picture. Perhaps she is short of postage-stamps now that the income-tax paid at home is higher.

BABBET.—My dear child—when a man is wrong and he admits it, he always gets angry. First he wants to swear, then he wants to fight. I know him well. He's a good man. But I'm afraid he's a liar. Billie Dove is playing in The Air Mail. Bebe Daniels is playing in the original story, The Marriage Girl.

RAY.—You wonder what's become of Betty—why Betty Blythe is marrying, for the French Society of the Arts, in Paris, the paintings to be exhibited at the Petit Palace. She is also playing the leading role in She, which is being made in Berlin. Her last picture around here, Chu Chin Chow, was pretty bad. John Gilbert was the hero in that. I saw the play. Iza Fish.—Well, I didn't notice it. I'm glad you like this magazine best of all. You show good taste. Barbara La Marr is five feet and three. She is a Marion Davies is five feet four and a half. Besides, she is a lady. Not to be outshone by Gloria Swanson's Manhandled, Miltone Sills is playing in Woman Handled.

PAULINE.—I believe those players will answer you if you just address them in care of Famous Players-Lasky, 1530 Vine Street, Los Angeles, California. I never give out the private addresses of the players. No, I didn't see Richard Dix when he was over here to visit your offices. We see, our editors are women. You understand the other sex? They monopolized and used you, Louise Glauk is back and she is playing in Children of the Whirlwind. Sounds like a breezy story.

BEULAH.—So you live in a dream world. Well, as Emerson says, dreams are a succession of lessons which must be lived to be understood. All is a riddle, and the key to a riddle is another riddle. There are as many pillows of illusion as flakes in a snowstorm. We wake from one dream into another dream. So, dream on, Colleen. Colleen Moore is twenty-two and married to John McCormack. Harold Lloyd is thirty-one and married to Mildred Davis. I wish I had time to write you a personal letter—but you should see my desk. The letters are piled as high as the Woolworth Building.

YAKIMA.—You want to know what pictures Harold Lloyd has played in: In 1922 he produced Sailor Made Man and Grandma's Boy. In 1923 he made Happy Jack, Safety Last and Why Worry. In 1924 he released Girl Shy, which he produced. He is working on a college picture, which has not yet been titled. He doesn't usually give out his titles until he is about to release the pictures. Others want to borrow him. In other words, Safety First. Richard Talmadge at 5617 Hollywood Boulevard, Los Angeles, California, and he is playing in Youth and Adventure. No, he is not married. Girls—

MISS CURIOUSITY.—I have never ridden on a giraffe. What a sight that would be, with my beard streaming astern. You know they sleep with their long necks laid along their backs, and my

whiskers might make them a good mattress. Yes, Virginia Valli is married to George Lamson. Mae Murray and James Kirkwood in Cydal—That's a jaw-breaker. The opening of a person's mouth when frightened is due to the fact that fright causes the brain to lose control over the muscles of the body for a perceptible period of time and the effect is noticeable in the trembling which results and which is magnified by the fear of the unexpected. I dropped when I read your question, but you see I found the answer. The actors James Kirkwood and Warren Kerrigan are not related. Please don't ask me how many Catholics there are on the screen. I never stopped to count them. Why should you care? Do you listen to the radio better than the movies? Of course, you do.

HOWCOME.—Yes, Spring is here, and I'm glad. No, I never bob my beard in the summer-time. Address Ben Lyon at First National, 7, New York City.

Yes, of the stars are in California now, that is Blanche Sweet's real name. You can't hurt my feelings by typewriting your letters. No Strike! I am not going to broaden out. I don't mean figuratively by small people with narrow-nosed bottles—the less they have in them the more they make in pouring it out. Gloria Swanson is in New York right now. She was born March 27, 1897. Charles Kent, the famous old Vitagraph player, is dead. Viola Dana is twenty-six. Her real name is Viola Flick, and I don't know perfectly well that I am not going to tell you who the best director is. Of course, I know, but I am going to keep that strictly to myself.

LIVE Wire.—I believe the first American to achieve universal fame as an inventor was Robert Fulton, born in Little Britain, Pennsylvania, November 14, 1765. He was the first to propel a ship by steam, rumbling up the Hudson River from New York to Albany on August 17, 1807, at a speed of five miles an hour. Fulton died February 28, 1815. Esther Ralston was Miss Dora Gordon in The Princess and the Page. She was born in Lafayette in Janice Meredith. So you want Ramon Novarro on the cover. Well, we'll see.

BILLIE T.—Ah, but pictures don't lie. My beard is twice as thick as yours. You have a bad habit of seeing the make-up that makes the players so good. You really must have something within before you can show anything without. Thomas Meighan was born April 9, 1884. Miltone Sills was born January 10, 1882.

FRENCH, IRISH.—Hello there, you here again? In the language of the poet, welcome to our city. So you say I sound as tho I was young and romantic. I suppose you picture me as Valentiono. Well, go ahead, I like it. Don't you think I make a good one? It has been selected for the hero in Richard Harding Davis' story, The White Mice, which is being filmed in natural colors. But are they going to do white mice in colors is what I want to know. BROWN EYES.—Yes, you are right. I have been added to the cast of The Little French Girl which Herbert Biren is directing. May McAvoy is in California now and she is twenty-three and has blue-gray eyes. Shirley Mason has gray eyes.

HARRISON FORD.—If you want more pictures of Harrison Ford. He was born in Kansas City, Missouri. Eleanor Boardman was Mary, Ben Lyon was Lynn, William Haines was Hal, William Collier, Jr. was Max, Pauline Garon was Tish, Evalke Jentsen was the mother and Bobby Agnew was Bobby in Wine of Youth.

HUGHES ADJINER.—But we require more than eyes; we require understanding. We really see only that which we comprehend. Lloyd Hughes is twenty-six, and he is married to Gloria Hope. John Wayne is played by Charles Maigne of the Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. I'm surprised that you didn't like Colleen Moore as the old lady in So Big. Tell me, why you didn't like her? We all think she proved herself an artist in that picture.

J. R. W.—Yes, I suppose radio is hurting the movies and all magazines a little, but it is only a temporary hurt. I remember the day of bicycles, roller-skates, phonographs, self-playing pianos, automobiles, ping-pong, pit, mahl jong, etc., etc., and these all create a furor for a while, and then we all see that people get normal again. There will always be movies and magazine. Percy Marmon has blond hair and blue eyes. Oh yes, he is English, quite English, you know. Six feet tall and is playing in France and Lisa of Paris. Ronald Colman isGeorge O'Hara is five feet eight. Gertrude Short is five feet two. Yes, she played in The Go-Letters. Bobby Agnew is five feet eight and a half—don't forget the half, anywhere counts. You know, I dream of heights and weights, color of hair and eyes.

(Continued on page 94)
How I fooled my husband

BY
Grace Howell
(Mrs. "Jack" Howell, Chicago)

INSTANTLY I see a lot of eyebrows raised, lips curl, and many shakings of the head. People will jump at conclusions, especially the "Holier-than-thou" type. It gives them a sort of secret satisfaction—I suppose it's human nature, after all—to sit back with smug complacency and say, "Thank God I'm not as other people are." Yes, I fooled them, I am brazen enough to say that I believe any other woman in my position would have done the same thing. When you know my story, a little heart-to-heart talk may help you to understand, and you will decide what you would have done. I'd admit Jack and myself had agreed to be always perfectly frank with each other—to hide nothing. "Mutual trust," we called it. But he forced me to do it, by his attitude, forced me to do what I did. I'm sensitive—my intimate friends tell me—I take things very much to heart. A frown chills me—a sharp tone brings tears to my eyes. I was born that way, and, I guess, will die that way.

A whirlwind courtship

Jack and I had known each other but a few months when we were married. He was a tall, handsome fellow, with blue eyes and wavy brown hair. In college he had been an athlete, and—well, my friends all said that I was pretty, and raved about my lovely figure. So when I was at the whirlwind courtship, a brilliant wedding, honeymoon, and then we settled down in a cosy apartment to what I fondly believed would be the happiest married life in the whole world. I was young and didn't know men. You see, I knew I was exceptionally happy, simply, worshipping Jack. "I'm so proud of you," he would say, when I arrayed myself in a stunning gown, and his admirrations would simply thrill me.

A rift in the lute

Then three years passed, and I felt, with a woman's uncaring intuition, that Jack's ardor had lessened. Little things he would say—"pleasantries" he called them—brought me at times to the quick, I wondered at the change, and then reassured myself that it was all imagination, or the result of my over-sensitiveness. And I didn't begin to suspect the truth until one day a girl-friend said to me, rather nonchalantly, "Grace, aren't you taking on weight?" A bolt of lightning could not have staggered me more. I had noticed that my clothes fitted a bit tight,

but it never once occurred to me that a little extra plumpness would cause outside comment. "Taking on weight?" I kept repeating to myself—ah, she had spared my feelings. Why didn't she say, "Grace, we must do something!" Then, in a flash, I saw all. Jack had always been crazy about my figure, and I had a good cry. And as my memory trailed back over the past 12 months, I reflected, "He hasn't complimented my figure in a year," and then those "pleasantries" came back to taunt me.

A test of courage

I summoned up courage to face the mirror, as I had never before, not to admire, but to criticize. I must tell you the truth, however harsh, I tried vainly to believe I hadn't changed. It was no use—I HAD. I was stouter, and my youthful lines were not so marked. I had been living in a "fallen paradise." Jack's appraising eyes had discovered the truth before my own—bathers, actresses, in the contour of my figure, the absence of the indefinable something that won his admiration. The scales showed that I had only taken on a few pounds—oh, but what a difference! How I hated those extra pounds.

An emotional conflict

"I've got to get rid of this weight," I said, "but how?" Naturally timid, I feared to take anyone into my confidence—feeled ridicule. Then came an inspiration. I'd look over the women's magazines. Eagerly I went through them looking for a ray of hope. Suddenly I saw an advertisement of Wallace Reducing Records. It was headed "Getting Thin To Music." I had passed lots of others that told of dieting, and other ways—but here was something that was different. It looked so pleasant. And a week's free trial offer! Why not take a chance—I thought. Then came the crunch, overwhelming thought, "Grace Howell, you've got to deal fairly with your husband—and you know he has no faith in any reducing methods—remember your 'mutual trust.'" Then came the sail, small voice of the tempter—"Try it, and don't sell your husband—fool him." I fought my battle alone. It was a whole week before I wrote for the first lesson. Tremulously I mailed the letter. Promptly came the first lesson, record and all, at no cost to me. I put the record on the phonograph and faithfully went through the exercises. If I looked guilty when Jack came home, he didn't notice it. Seven days passed, I enjoyed every one of them, and when I stood on the scales the indicator looked like the great finger of Fate ready to condemn me or trans-

port me to a seventh heaven. Imagine my ecstasy—I cannot describe it—when the scales showed a reduction of FOUR POUNDS. I could have screamed with joy. When Jack came home my over-sensitiveness were not lost to his pen-

etrating eyes. "Little one," he remarked, "has your ship come in?" I laughed hysterically. He looked puzzled. "Oh, nothing," I replied. Then came the accusing thought, "You are fooling him," Fooling him! Yes, but our happiness was at stake. Of course, I sent for all the lessons—the whole course. In three weeks I had taken off 14 pounds. My figure was as line and graceful as ever—and I felt a new energy and vitality.

A man's heart is a strange thing

And Jack! What a change came over him. Sweetheart days back again. Once more my ears tingly with the music of his compliments. In fooling my husband I had found out something every woman ought to know. Physical attraction is a big factor in holding a man's love. Men never forget the "ideal girl" they lead to the altar—the girl they courted and married. When that ideal is buried in adipose tissue, look out, there's danger ahead.

Thanks Mr. Wallace

I wrote Mr. Wallace at once. I ventured to say he never got a more grateful and enthusi-

astic letter. Did I have a right to fool my husband? Sup-

pose I had taken him into my confidence, and he had vetoed the idea? I felt that his happiness, as well as my own was at stake. I fooled him—yes—but I criticized that I had a right to. What do you say to that? Had I?

Free trial to any one

Wallace has arranged a free trial for everyone. If you are overweight, if your figure is not what it used to be, why not try this sure method to new beauty? Send the coupon below and the complete first lesson, record and all, will be sent absolutely free for a week's trial. Nothing ever to pay.

WALLACE
630 W. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Please send me FREE and NONTAID for a week's free trial the Original Wallace Reducing Record

Name

Address

Page 7

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Confidences Off-Screen

(Continued from page 51)

extract confidences at these sprightly affairs. One just pitches in and has a good time with the crowd.

A real interview with Miss La Marr is a treat to be arranged for a later issue.

But I did make one discovery. I learned that the perfect color for Barbara is a rich orchid. She was wearing a stunning gown of this shade, with a touch of the flowers themselves at her waist.

“Everywhere she went, she left a trail of slaughtered hearts,” her press-agent blurted, describing her rôle in the picture. I can well believe it.

Watch This Gibson Model

One of the most attractive of the girls supporting Miss La Marr is Kathryn Sullivan. And why wouldn't Miss Sullivan be pretty? She posed for Charles Dana Gibson for three years, and during part of that time she served, too, as the great illustrator's private secretary.

She is a flaxen Irish type, of the red-haired variety. It's too bad the camera can't register the color in that hair of hers. But the lines of her face and figure do nicely in black and white, thank you.

Watch Kathryn. Her first part was in Sandra, also with Barbara La Marr.

O, Say! Can You See?

Kathleen Key's claim to fame does not rest solely upon her being a direct descendant of the author of The Star-Spangled Banner. She's one, nevertheless, and the fact is worth mentioning.

I had lunch with her at the Algonquin, shortly after her return with Don Ramon Novarro and the rest of the Ben Hur company, from Italy.

Miss Key's mood was a study in mixed feelings. She was all-fired rushed, and she was rabidly patriotic. After nine months of the leisurely atmosphere of Rome, New York was setting a swift pace for her, with a thousand things to do and a train to the Coast to catch at $3.00! Her patriotism revealed itself in an unfeigned delight in apple pie, a curiosity of which she had been long deprived.

In Ben Hur, her brunette loveliness is to be marred toward the end by the pallor of leprosy. It's hard to imagine, but it will probably be all the more striking on that account.

The Maker of "The Lost World"

When First National decided to produce in the East on a large scale, Earl Hudson was brought on as Supervising Director. He had already made The Lost World, but only those on the inside knew what an achievement that amazing picture was. The public has seen it now. In the way of screen magic, the prehistoric beasts that rove and battle thru after reel have never been equaled. Mr. Hudson worked on it for years. He had faith in it, when others wavered. The credit is his.

He gave me nearly an hour of his time for this interview, and I feel impatient at the space restrictions which prevent me from writing columns about him. He is one of the most interesting men in the business.

“We are equipped to jump the technique of motion pictures ahead five years,” he told me coolly. “I mean that, overnight, this studio could produce a film play fully as grown-up artistically as those the next generation will take as a matter of course. But we don't do it, because we mustn't go beyond our audiences. The public clings to its familiar brand of movie sentiment and mechanical effects.

It must be led along slowly. We can be more subtle, more genuinely realistic, just as soon as we think it wise.”

I ask readers not to skip lightly over the above statement. It is a mighty important one. For the first time, a responsible man on the producing end brushes aside all hokum concerning art and motion pictures, and tells the truth simply and frankly.

Mr. Hudson explained the workings of his job to me in detail. He is one “supervising director” who really lives up to his title. He is an old newspaper man, and believes in newspaper methods. Which doubtless accounts for it. In the spirit of a managing editor, he
EVERY Tre-Jur Compact breathes the perfume of Joli-Memoire—a fragrance that thrills the heart. And every Tre-Jur Compact breathes the spirit of style and originality.

There's the Tre-Jur Thinnest—remarkably slender and convex, designed to fit the palm. For every need a Tre-Jur Compact—and in each the quality of cosmetic that has brought Tre-Jur its fame.

The House of Tre-Jur, 19W. 18th St., N. Y.

**NEW**: Tre-Jur Loose Face Powder, exquisite quality, delicately scented, silken soft—in a wondrously lovely box. 50c, $1

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 favorite stars.

Conducted by Gertrude Driscoll

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. We answer them thus this department, and 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 92.

A
Adams, Claire—playing in William de Mille's Men and Women—F. P. L.
Adorée, Renée—playing in Escape—M. G.
Agnew, Robert—playing in The Devil's—M. G.
Alexander, Mary—playing in Siege—U.
Alexander, Ben—playing in Haunted Night—M. G.
Allison, May—playing in I Want My Man—F. P. L.
Arthur, George K.—playing in Lady of the Night—M. G.
Astor, Mary—playing opposite Douglas Fairbanks in his next picture tentatively called Don Q.—C.
Ayres, Agnes—playing in The Awful Truth—P. D. C.

B
Baby Peggy—latest release Helen's Babies. Disengaged at present.
Ballin, Mabel—playing in Beauty and the Bad Man—B. G. C.
Barnes, T. Roy—playing in The Crooked Hour—P. L.
Barnett, Charles—playing in My Home Town.
Barrington, Lionel—playing in Children of the Warfront—W. B.
Barthelmess, Richard—playing in Soul-Fire—P.
Baxter, Warner—playing in The Air Mail—F. P. L.
Bayne, Beverly—playing in The Passionate Youth—U.
Bedford, Barbara—playing in The Mansion of Acting Hearts—B. P. S.
Bennett, Noah—playing in The Illusion—F. P. L.
Beery, Wallace—playing in The Night Club—P.
Bellamy, Madge—playing in Tainted Souls—W.
Bennett, Belle—playing in His Supreme Moment—V. N.
Bennett, Constance—playing in My Son—P. B. O.
Bennett, Enid—latest release The Red Lily—M.
Blue, Monte—playing in Kiss Me Again—Ernst Lubitsch production—W. B.
Blythe, Beatrice—playing in Europe, playing in She.
Boardman, Eleanor—playing in Fraidy Flea—D. G.
Bonner, Priscilla—playing in The Mansion of Acting Hearts—B. P. S.
Bosworth, Hobart—playing in Winds of Chance—F. N.
Bow, Clara—playing in Eve's Lover—W. B.
Bowers, John—playing in Chickie—F. N.
Bosley, Evelyn—playing in Forbidden Cargo—F. B. O.
Brian, Mary—playing in The Little French Girl—F. P. L.
Brockwell, Gladys—playing in Chickie—F. N.
Bronson, Betty—playing in Parent's People—Y. T. L.
Brooks, Clive—playing in The Last of Edward—W. B.
Burns, Edward—playing in The Manicure Girl—F. P. L.
Busch, Mae—playing in The Unknown Three—M. G.
Burtis, David—playing in Crooked Words—P. D. C.

C
Caldwell, Orville—playing in Sackcloth and Starlings—F. P. L.
Calhoun, Alice—latest release Panpered Youth—V.

Carey, Harry—playing in Silent Sanderson—P. D. C.
Carr, Mary—playing in Drasilis With a Million—F. B. O.
Chadwick, Helene—playing in The Golden Coon—W. B.
Chaney, Lon—playing in The Unkoly Three—M. G.
Chaplin, Charles—playing in The Lucky Strike, formerly called The Cold Rush—U. A.
Chaplin, Sydney—latest release Chaplin's Aunt—A. C.
Clary, Charles—playing in Jimmie's Millions—M. G.
Clayton, Ethel—playing in Tainted Souls—W. F.
Clifford, Ruth—playing in A Husband's Secrets—F. P. L.
Cody, Lew—playing in Man and Maid—M. G.
Collier, Buster, Jr.—playing in Eve's Secret—F. P. L.
Colman, Ronald—playing in His Supreme Moment—F. N.
Compson, Betty—playing in Eve's Secret—W.
Coogan, Jackie—latest release The Rag Man—M. G.
Corbin, Virginia Lee—playing in Lilies of the Streets—W. B.
Cornwall, Ann—playing in The Rainbow Trail—W. F.
Corrie, Ricardo—playing in The Wanderer—F. P. L.
Crane, Ward—playing in Hero Stuff—W. B.

D
D'Aly, Helen—playing in Escape—M. G.
Dana, Voila—playing in The Necessary Evil—F. N.
Daniels, Bebe—playing in The Manicure Girl—F. P. L.
Davies, Marion—playing in Polly Preferred—C. P.
Daw, Marjorie—playing in Haunted Hands—W. P.
Day, Shannon—playing in Outboard—G. P.
Deen, Priscilla—playing in The Crimson Runner—P. D. C.
De la Motte, Marguerite—playing in Children of the Warfront—W. B.
Dempsy, Carol—latest release Isn't Life Wonderful—D. W. G.
Denny, Reginald—playing in I'll Show You the Town—E.
De Roche, Charles—playing in Madame Saut—G.
De Vore, Dorothy—playing in Hero Stuff—W. B.
Dexter, Elliott—latest release Capital Punishment—B. F. S.
Dirx, Richard—playing in The Shock Train—F. P. L.
Dove, Billie—playing in Once to Every Man—W. F.

Dresser, Louise—playing in The Goose Woman—F. P. L.
Du Pont, Miss—playing in Off the Highway—R. F. M.
Dwan, Dorothy—playing in Speed Wild—F. B. O.
Dwyer, Ruth—playing in Seven Changes—M. G.

E
Earle, Edward—playing in Her Market Value—P. D. C.
Eadeson, Robert—playing in Men and Women—F. P. L.
Ellis, Robert—playing in Lastest Blood—F. B. O.
Errol, Leon—playing in Sally—V. N.

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—playing in The Air Mail—F. P. L.
Fairbanks, Douglas—playing in Don Q.—U. A.
Faire, Virginia Brown—playing in Friendly Enemies—P. D. O.
Pawcett, George—playing in The Merry Widow—M. G.
Fazenda, Louise—playing in I'll Show You the Town—U.
Fellows, Rockcliffe—playing in Dwlasse—F. N.
Ferguson, Claxton—playing in Cocoon—C. R.
Flitroy, Emily—playing in The Spaniard—F. P. L.
Flynn, Lefty—playing in O. U. West—F. B. O.
Ford, Harrison—playing in The National Anthem—F. N.
Forrest, Alan—playing in The Dressmaker from Paris—F. P. L.
Francis, Alec B.—playing in Man and Maid—M. G.
Francisco, Betty—playing in Jimmie's Millions—F. B. O.
Frater, Robert—playing in The Charmer—F. P. L.
Frederick, Pauline—latest release Smoldering Fire—U.
Frigganz, Trisie—playing in The Charmar—F. P. L.
Fuller, Dale—playing in Man and Maid—M. G.

G
Garon, Pauline—playing in Speed—B. P.
Gendron, Pierre—playing in The Scarlet Honeymoon—W. F.
Gibson, Hoot—playing in The Saddle Hack—U.
Gilbert, John—playing in The Merry Widow—M. G.
Gillingwater, Claude—playing in Winds of Chance—F. N.
Gish, Dorothy—latest release Romola—M. G.
Gish, Lillian—latest release Romola—M. G.
Glass, Gaston—playing in Fair Play—S. P.
Godowsky, Inglar—latest release Playthings of Desire—J. P.
Gordon, Huntley—playing in The Golden Coon—W. H.
Goudal, Jette—playing in The Spaniard—F. P. L.
Growald, Gibson—playing in The Phantom of the Opera—U.
Griffith, Corinne—playing in The National Anthem—V. N.
Griffith, Raymond—playing in The Night Club—F. P. L.

H
Hackathorne, George—playing in Howl at the Moon—W. P.
Haines, William—playing in Fighting the Flapper—C. W. C.
Hale, Alan—playing in Tainted Soul—W. F.
Hale, Creighton—playing in The Night Letter—W. B. D.
Hamilton, Mahlon—playing in Idaho—P. E.
"Guess how the folks next door bought their car"

Over 165,000 families have taken advantage of our easy payment terms. Here is the easiest way to own your automobile

**Ford Weekly Purchase Plan**

This convenient plan makes it possible for anyone to own an automobile. It is a wonderful arrangement. It brings the automobile within the reach of very limited incomes.

Now—under this plan, you can buy a car as easily and conveniently as you buy a phonograph or a vacuum cleaner. The idea is so practical that you will never miss the money.

This remarkable plan has made it possible for 165,000 families—many in the most humble circumstances—to have their own car. Even though your earnings are very small, you can buy a car under this plan without missing the money. Thousands whose incomes are undoubtedly much less than yours are buying their automobile today this way. You can do the same.

Write NOW for your copy of "The Ford Plan" every family should own an automobile. It brings untold health and pleasure to the owner—it increases your business possibilities. If you have thought that a car was beyond your reach, let us prove to you that it is not. It costs nothing to investigate. No matter how small or large your earnings may be, this plan offers you the easiest, simplest, quickest and surest way to own a car—without ever missing the money, without suffering a single hardship. You owe it to yourself at least to investigate. You have always intended to own a car. Don't postpone now. Fill out the coupon this very minute and MAIL IT TODAY.

**FORD MOTOR COMPANY**

**Detroit**

**COUPON**

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Dept. M-1, Detroit, Michigan

Please send me your book, "The Ford Plan," which fully explains your easy plan for owning an automobile.

Name__________________________
R. F. D. Box or St. & No.__________________________

Town__________________________State__________________________

Mail This Coupon Now. This Book Will be Sent by Return Mail.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Key to Abbreviations

A. — Associated Arts
B. — Al Christie Productions
C. — Associated Exhibitors
D. — Allied Productions
E. — Banner Productions
F. — B. & S. Schulberg Productions
C. R. — C. & C. Ryan
C. F. — Chadwick Pictures Corporation
C. P. — Cosmopolitan Productions
D. W. — D. W. Griffith
E. S. — Ernest Shipman
F. P. L. — Famous Players-Lasky
F. R. O. — Film Booking Offices
F. N. — First National
G. — Gotham Productions
H. S. — Halperin Productions
H. C. — Hunt Stromberg
I. A. — Ivan Abramson Productions
J. P. — Janet Productions
M. G. — Metro-Goldwyn Productions
P. E. — Pathé Exchange
P. C. — Principal Pictures
P. D. C. — Producers Distributing Corporation
R. P. — RKO Productions
R. C. — RKO-Columbia Productions
T. H. I. — Thomas H. Ince
U. — Universal Pictures Corporation
U. A. — United Artists
W. P. — Waldorf Productions
W. B. — Warner Brothers
W. B. — Warner Bennett
W. D. R. — William D. Russell Productions
W. F. — William Fox
W. F. — Worthy Pictures

McGregor, Malcolm—playing in Lady of the Night—F. B. O.
McGuire, Kathryn—playing in Yellow Face—F. B. O.
McKee, Raymond—playing in Free to Love—B. P. S.
McClen, Victor—playing in The Unkidy Three—M. G.
Meihman, Thomas—playing in Old Home Week—F. P. L.
Menzou, Adolphe—playing in Are Parents People?—F. P. L.
Morris, Shirley—playing in The Splendid Folly—W. F. N.
May, Ann—playing in Speed Wild—F. B. O.
Mayo, Frank—playing in The Necessary End—F. N.
MacAvoY, May—playing in Ben Hur—M. G.
MacDonald, J. Farrell—playing in One to Every Man—W. F.
McDonald, Wallace—playing in The Charmer—F. N.
McGrail, Walter—playing in The Teaser—U.

Merriam, Charlotte—latest release The Pumpernickel Youth—V.
Mercer, Earl—playing in The Night Letter—W. D. R.
Miller, Carl—latest release The Redesigning Sinn—V.
Miller, PatSY Ruth—playing in Lorenz of the Lies—U.
Mills, Alyce—playing in Paint Perfume—R. P. S.
Mix, Tom—playing in The Rainbow Train—W. F.
Mong, William V.—playing in Fashion for Men—T.
Moore, Colleen—playing in The Demon Hunter—F. N.
Moore, Matt—playing in Hero Stuff—W. B.
Moren, Owen—playing in The Power of Darkness—B. O.
Moreno, Antonio—playing in Mare nostrum—M. G.
Morey, Harry T.—playing in Heart of a Temptress—P. D. C.
Mulhall, Jack—playing in Friendly Enemies—F. N.
Novak, Eva—playing in Sally—F. N.
Novak, Jane—latest release Checkmate—F. B. O.
Novarro, Ramon—playing in Ben Hur—M. G.

O

O'Brien, Eugene—playing in Sieg—U.
O'Brien, George—playing in One to Every Man—W. F.
Ole, Charles—playing in The Thundering Herd—W. F.
O'Hara, George—playing in a series called The Face-Aombres—B. G. O.
Oland, Warner—playing in Don Q.—U. A.
Olmsdotter, Gertrude—playing in Cobus—R. C.
O'Malley, Pat—playing in Proud Heiress—Elaine Owen, Seen—playing in The Hunted Woman—W. F.

P

Patrick, John—playing in The Man Without a Country—W. B.
Pearson, Virginia—playing in The Phantom of the Strand—W. A.
Pennington, Ann—playing in A Kiss in the Dark—F. P. L.
Perry, Katherine—playing in Twisted Souls—W. F.
Peters, House—playing in Overboard—U.
Philbin, Mary—playing in The Prince—P. F. S.
Phillips, Eddie—playing in The Mansion of Anthony—B. P. S.
Pickford, Jack—playing in The Goose Woman—U.
Pickford, Mary—playing in The Rooney Family—U. A.
Pitre, Zasu—playing in Hero Stuff—W. B.
Pitrof, Marie—playing in Ernst Lubitsch's production, Kiss Me Again—W. B.
Pringle, Alene—playing in Wild Fire—D. P.

R

Rafter, Esther—playing in The Little French Girl—P. F. L.
Rajon, Jobyna—latest release Hot Waters—P. E.
Rankin, Arthur—playing in Yellow Face—F. B. O.
Rawlston, Herbert—playing in The Adventurous Sex—A. E.
Ray, Allen—playing in SunkenSilver—R. P.
Ray, Charles—playing in Some Famous C. C.
Reid, Mrs. Wallace—latest release Broken Lance—R. P.
Reynolds, Vera—playing in The Night Club—F. L. A.
Rich, Irene—playing in Eve's Lover—W. B.
William, Lilian—playing in A Kiss in the Dark—F. P. L.
Riccioni, Lucille—playing in The Desert—M. G.
Rin-Tin-Tin—playing in Reone in Lite—W. B.
Roberts, Edith—playing in Thin Ice—W. C.
Robert, Theobald—playing The Lost Horse—F. P. L.
Roche, John—playing in Ajs Wife and I—W. B.
Russcic, Abe—playing in Girls of Gold—R. P.
Rubens, Alma—playing in She Wreathes—W. F.
Russell, William—playing in Thin Ice—W. B.

S

Santschi, Thomas—playing in Beyond the Border—P. D. C.
Sawders, Jackie—latest release Broken Laws—F. B. O.
Sebastian, Dorothy—playing in sachloath and Scarlett—F. P. L.
Seigmann, George—playing in Reconcipate—W. B.

(Continued on page 94)
Marvelous New Treatment

Whitens and Beautifies your skin

In 5 days - - - or money back

Now every girl can have the clear, milk-white complexion that all men desire.

Don't be discouraged if freckles, blackheads, sallow skin, pimples and other blemishes are keeping you from the beauty that is rightfully yours. Now a remarkable new discovery quickly roots these enemies of beauty and leaves your skin fresh, clear and glowing with health.

With this new treatment results are so quick and positive that you can hardly believe your eyes. You'll simply be amazed to see how quickly sallow, "muddy" skin begins to clear and take on that fresh peach-blow tint that is the delight of masculine eyes.

We are not guessing or theorizing about this; results are positively guaranteed. Your mirror is the only judge, if you are not simply delighted with results the entire treatment will not cost you a cent.

Try this new way to beauty

Every girl knows that a clear white skin is the most important requisite to beauty. Regardless of how handsome and regular your features may be, you can't have the matchless beauty that all men admire if your skin is dark, sallow or blemished. The most beautiful women of history have all had lovely, white, transparent skins—the kind you can have in just a few days if you carry out this new treatment faithfully.

Regardless of how many so-called bleaches and skin beautifiers you may have tried; no matter how many remedies, tonics and creams you may have used to no avail, this new discovery—McGowan's Quick-White—will positively bring you the beauty we promise. It works on an entirely different principle from any skin bleach you've ever tried and will simply transform your skin in a few nights' time.

The reward for years of research

The ordinary skin bleach is simple enough to compound. Any chemist can make one. There are dozens on the market that give fairly good results, but none to compare with this new scientific product. For years we have been experimenting and searching for just such a beauty aid as Quick-White—a safe, sure bleaching cream that will bring out the beauty of the clear, transparent skin without the laborsome results that so often follow the use of ordinary bleaching agents.

Hundreds of preparations were tried and discarded before we finally hit upon the ideal formula, that would not only bleach and beautify the skin, but soothe and benefit it while so doing. That's the thing that distinguishes Quick-White from the ordinary skin bleach—all the difference between night and day.

This remarkable new skin beautifying treatment not only includes a generous sized jar of McGowan's Quick-White, but also a jar of Finishing Cream to apply mornings. Quick-White bleaches the skin and removes freckles, pimples, blackheads and other blemishes—the Finishing Cream soothes the skin and offers a splendid base for powder.

If you could see what wonderful transformations this remarkable treatment is effecting every day, you'd expect us to ask at least $5 to $10 for it. We would be justified in doing so, for it is easily worth that much and more to any girl or woman. But we know that after all the best advertisement is the satisfied user and we are anxious to get thousands of "beautifiers" helping us sell this remarkable new discovery. So we are going to offer the first 10,000 treatments at just enough to cover the actual cost of making, advertising and selling, which we have figured down to $1.27.

FREE

Send no money—just sign and mail the coupon

You don't even have to pay for this treatment in advance. Simply sign and mail the coupon. Then when the postman brings your Beauty Outfit, you'll pay him $1.27, plus a few cents postage. Remember, you don't take any risk. Your mirror is the sole judge. If you are not perfectly delighted with results, simply return the Outfit after the dozen trials and we will refund your money without a question. Don't put it off another minute. Mail the coupon today.

If you want the beauty that is rightfully yours; if you want to clear up your skin, and do away with sallow, "muddy" complexion forever; if you want to remove freckles, blackheads and other blemishes that rob your beauty, sit right down and fill in the coupon.

---COUPON---

McGowan Laboratories,
710 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 88, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. McGowan: I am willing to let you prove at your own risk that your new treatment—Quick-White—will remove freckles, blackheads, pimples and other blemishes, which my skin has not been free from for years. Enclosed find coupon for free sample. I am suffering from the effects of aging. I am anxious to see what difference it will make. I am only 20 years old, but am already over 30 in appearance. Thank you for your trouble.

Address: __________

(Note: If you are not satisfied with results, I will return the package and you are to refund my money in full.)

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
The Answer Man

(Continued from page 86)

Bon.—Well Bob, shake! You don't need courage or an introduction to write to me. Your description of me is all wrong tho. Just aim your lamps on the picture at the head of this department—that's me. Gertrude Short has one of the leads in Beggars on Horseback. Edward Horton and Esther Ralston also in the cast, with James Cruze directing. Now don't hesitate to write to me whenever you feel like it.

THEE FLAPS.—So you think I am under thirty-five or a woman. Well you are all wrong. I'm neither. Just come around here and I'll prove it to you. Madge Evans is sixteen. Buster Collier is playing in The Enemy of the People. Mrs. R. G. W.—Always enjoy hearing from the mothers. Your letter was very interesting. Esther Banks was the grand¬mother in Tromping with Ellen and John Tansey was the brother.

MARGUERITE K.—Gladly will I try to answer your questions. The Valentinos live at a hotel when they are in New York. Hollywood boasts of forty thousand population.

KATIE; TERRY; BEATRICE F.; DOROTHY D.; BRENICE T.; MARGARET B.; DARRA; DOROTHY F.; DIXIE M.; JOE; ANXIOUS MARY; LOUIS BRADCO; HELEN S.; MOVIE FAN; VIOLA S. BEE; SALVATORE; ANGE-

(Continued on page 136)
Cheers and Hisses
(Continued from page 82)

The Mysterious Pola

MUCH as I admire Pola Negri, I hardly believe I understand her. She has been so totally different in each of her pictures, and seems to have so many moods that it does not seem possible to understand her. Unlike many of our screen actresses, who apparently have a little bag of tricks which they use on every occasion, until we know just exactly what they will do next, Pola Negri is always delightfully different. But I doubt if she really understands herself. She lives her roles, rather than merely acting them, which, according to my observation, is unusual.

She might clothe a hermit, and spend a little while diving for pearls, as you suggest, provided she wanted to, and if she decided to do this, what others might think would not stop her. I love her for this very attitude. It's different. I simply would envy her, in case she did decide in his favor. There wouldn't be a dull moment in his life from that time on. I can't imagine her being cruel. I think she would be kind. I don't believe she would be petty. I believe the slightly arrogant attitude she adopted on first coming to America was caused by an extreme sensiveness on her part, and the jealousy with which she was greeted in Hollywood was not calculated to help her any.

M. J. K.
Seattle, Wash.

Pity the Poor Producer

I HAVE been a reader of your magazine since it was put on the market, and even in those early days people were trying to tell me what was wrong with the movies. The motion picture is in the unfortunate position of the youngster who outgrows his clothes every few months. But why try to cramp the youngster? Why not touch up his tailors a little?

What with fault finding, censorship, condemnation, abject flattery, wild enthusiasm and bitter criticism, it is a wonder producers and directors do not throw up their hands and quit. Proab they would if they were sure they would not get out of under in time to catch the next train.

Mrs. Pansy E. Black
San Antonio, Texas.

Write 'em Right

I HAVE held my temper on a certain subject for a long, long time—ever since I began going to the movies, to be frank—but I can't hold it any longer. I've got to warn it out to someone and I've picked out you. Why, oh, why can't people really write on the screen as they're supposed to? How many times have we witnessed a young man take up his pencil or pen and draw lines on a sheet of paper just as fast as he could draw them (and you notice he never takes him more than a fraction of a minute). Then the letter is shown on the screen and, like as not, it's a great long affair. Do the actors really think they can get away with that, or do they think the public is important enough to matter? The careful and well-formed writing that they usually show on the screen takes time to make. One's results are altogether different when one hurries. I'm good and tired of being taken for such a numskull as to fall for that sort of thing. If they can take a whole cast of players all the way to Italy to make a few

(Continued on page 101)
how simple

Just sprinkle a little Sani-Flush into the toilet bowl—follow directions on the can—flush. The job is done—and done thoroughly. What could be easier? No scrubbing. No hard work. Sani-Flush removes every mark, stain and incrustation. It makes the toilet bowl sparkle.

The hidden trap is unhealthful if it is not kept clean. Sani-Flush cleans it and makes it sanitary—destroys all foul odors. Nothing else will do this work.

Sani-Flush will not harm plumbing connections. Always keep a can handy in the bathroom.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-size can.

Sani-Flush
Clean Closet Bowls Without Scouring
The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio

Print Your Own
Notecards, Stationery, Circulars, Paper, etc.
Print up to 10,000 with a single stamp for others, big profit. All easy, rapid and inexpensively. Many papers have special prices on orders of 1000 or more.

Easy to Play
Easy to Pay

Buescher
True-Tone Saxophone

Exclusive of all instruments to play and one of the most beautiful. Three ten lessons sent free with any purchase, easy monthly payments.

FREE Saxophone Book Shows all models and gives first lesson charts also pictures of famous professional and orchestra instruments. Just send your name and a copy will be sent.

Buescher Band Instrument Co., Kentucky B. & O. Band and Orchestra Instruments, Elkhart, Indiana

The Ten Best Pictures of Last Year

What the highest paid critics in America say are the best ten pictures produced lately

The best of doctors often disagree and it is so with all specialists. However, there are some things upon which all can agree. Following are the ten best pictures that appeared upon the screen during the past twelve months, according to the most celebrated critics in America. But it must be borne in mind that some of these critics come from towns where the later pictures had not yet been shown at the time the vote was taken and, therefore, these pictures would perhaps have received more votes had the vote been taken at a later date. Among the critics consulted were the experts of Moving Picture World, Motion Picture News, The Exhibitors' Trade Review, Film Daily, etc., including practically all of the critics of the great daily newspapers in New York and elsewhere.

According to their opinions, the ten best pictures were as follows, in the order named, and after each title is given the number of votes that each picture received:

The Sea Hawk ———— 61
The Thief of Bagdad ———— 60
Monsieur Beaucaire ———— 49
Beau Brummel ———— 47
Secrets ———— 45
The Ten Commandments ———— 44
The Marriage Circle ———— 43
Girl Sky ———— 40
Abraham Lincoln ———— 39
America ———— 30

Do Animals Have Genius?

Next Month

By Harry Carr

Read about the Sarah Bernhardt of alley cats, Pepper, who was co-starred with a mouse in Mack Sennett comedies.

Laugh over Josephine, the monkey, who figured out her own acts under the direction of her Italian owner.

Thrill over Silver King, the horse who leaped over a cliff in his jealous rage at the horse who was doubling for him.

Dont miss this article—it is the most fascinating story that has ever been written about movie animals.
How the Great Directors Work

(Continued from page 53)

fat and a brilliant talker. He can't seem to stand his ordinary clothes on the sets. Sometimes you will see him in decrepit-looking artists' smocks. One day, when afflicted with a boil, he electrified the studio by directing one of the big scenes with a hot-water bag pinned to his coat-tails—convenient in case he should want to sit down.

Marshall Neilan always gives the impression that he isn't paying much attention to the proceedings. "Mickey" wanders around, apparently talking about other things—kidding the actors. It is a matter of studio history that he never arrived in time for a scene. As a matter of fact, this is neither the measure of Mickey nor is it pose. He is one of those peculiar types of mind who is thinking hardest when talking something else.

Rex Ingram has a curious air of detachment on the sets. He always acts as tho he were an interested and somewhat satirical spectator. He stands looking over the huge sets filled with extra people as tho they were a queer collection of bugs. He works largely thru his assistant directors. You don't hear his voice raised in shouts. At the beginning of the scenes, he gathers these assistants around him like the staff of a general. This one he tells to have the mob bursting thru the door; that one, to have the soldiers kneel and fire, etc. He shows them just how he wants it done. After it is over, they come back to meet a cutting and scornful eye. "Did your soldiers enjoy their afternoon nap, or did they think it was a scene where they were milking cows?" he asks.

They always try to explain and Rex does not dispute them. He just looks and listens with silence and contempt.

In the smaller and more emotional scenes, he is inclined to be cutting or enthusiastic—as the case may be. Sometimes he will ask the actor with amused scorn, "My dear boy, tell me: what made you think you were an actor?" Other times he will look unutterable, terrible things at them and say, with deep feeling, "Good God!"

Nevertheless, they like him. He has charm and great genius. His genius is rather that of the artist than the handler of men. Rex's pictures are always more remarkable for his types than for his drama. He has charm and delicacy and lovely humorous touches and quaint fascination rather than big, thumping drama.

Maurice Tourneur is a little like this, too. Only he seldom gets sarcastic. He always acts as tho the felt scornful of the efforts of the actors but, being a gentleman, was trying not to show it.

Frank Lloyd is the brisk, business man of films. He works like an architect. When the picture starts, he can tell you that at five minutes past four on a week from Thursday, the heroine will be calling for help and the villain will be breaking down the door. And it happens just that way. On the sets, he is full of business. He will not stop to talk to anybody. Nor will he suffer any interruptions. He is less concerned with the way it looks than with the drama. He is like a forceful, energetic engineer at work. He is always courteous and reasonable but not gossipy.

(Continued on page 116)

Just the Rose Color of This Season's Smart Parisian Manicure

In Paris this season the very smartest women of fashion are turning to the world's loveliest finger tips than ever—the nails gleaming with a new rosiness.

And Cutex has captured perfectly this rosy lustre in its wonderful Liquid Polish which in Paris itself is used more than any other liquid polish.

If you, too, are fastidious about every detail of your appearance, the deep rose petal coloring, the jewel-like brilliancy of Cutex Liquid Polish will delight you.

And so will every feature of this carefully perfected polish!

Spreads smoother and more evenly...

Won't peel off...

Makes the nails look naturally pink and glistening, not artificial and over-colored...

Lasts a whole week...

Needs no separate polish remover. With it your nails look for days and days as if they had just come from the daintiest manicure.

To enjoy this touch of Parisian elegance to the full, use Cutex Liquid Polish with the famous Cutex Cuticle Remover for the soft even cuticle, that is the basis of every correct manicure.

Cutex Liquid Polish is 35c. And it comes in three of the complete manicure sets. Sets from 60c to $2.00 at all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England.

What We Send You in the 6c Package

This 6c Package contains Cutex Liquid Polish and Cutex Cuticle Remover, a brush, an emery board, orange stick and cotton, and booklet, "How to have Lovely Nails." Address Northam Warren, 114 W. 17th St., New York—or if you live in Canada, Dept. M-5, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Can.

Mail This Coupon Today

I enclose 6c in stamps or coin. Please send me a...

Cutex Introductory Package for 6 manicures.

(State)
Sure Way to Get Rid of Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single singe 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, silky 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 all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

You Can't Comb Out Dandruff

LIQUID ARVON

STOP Skin Troubles!

Do you suffer from skin troubles? Do you long for relief from that irritating itch? What do you give for a cool, clear, salvey skin? Then try the famous lotion D.D.D.

This healing antiseptic wash has a record of 15 years of success in destroying skin troubles. It is active to D. D. D., and provides soothing action to the troubled skin. It will remove your skin affections and skin irritations.

Trial Bottle Free

Written for goodness make trial sample of D. D. D. by Powell.

MAGDA CREAM

"Even Better Than Icet in Paris"

Anna Held wrote this of Magda Cream—the cream is a popular with critical women of the stage—the cream that has whipped all worries and won the heart of all customers who have used it. The cream clears the skin and contains a most mysterious ingredient. It is finely yellow and clears all blemishes. It is simply magnificent and will do it. Send 35c and get a trial bottle of Magda Cream.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Advertising Section

Even directors have fun sometimes. Just the other day Sam Wood was in the Shasta County Lake and mountain country doing exteriors on a picture. He took in how off for hunting ducks and look what he got. Helene Chadwick and Kenneth Harlan are helping him display his catch.

On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 78)

incident between herself and Mr. Neill. Mr. Neill, also "having a mad," retired in indignation and vowed he would make the story anyhow. It was the general rumor that he was going to make it with Bebe Love in Mary's part but Mickie has a more thrilling idea. He has discovered a little Irish girl named Noonan who, he thinks, is due to be a great star. She was in Los Angeles with no thought of being a picture star when Mickie met her brother. She will be the "Mary Pickford" of Neill's picture. Hollywood is much thrilled by Mr. Neill's obvious intention to "show Mary Pickford."

Mary Pickford, meanwhile, is going ahead with her plans to make Little Annie Rooney. After a long search for a director, she has finally selected William Beaudine. In the old days of the Biograph, when Mary was a little actress, Mr. Beaudine was an assistant prop boy, helping Robert Harron who was head prop boy.

Her contract with Josef von Sternberg, whose Salvation Hunters created a stir among the highbrows, seems to have languished. Von Sternberg's friends tell me that this young gentleman is vastly and hugely amused by the many "symbols" that the critics have discovered in his picture. He says that he put in certain effects because he was compelled to, for lack of money—using shadows, for instance, instead of actors. He now discovers in the columns of various hectic reviews that he meant all kind of weighty and profound symbolic things by these "cheaters." He reads these reviews with emotions somewhere between snickers and amazement.

Ramon Novarro is home again. To the disgust of the matinee girls he is nowhere to be seen. He slipped into Hollywood the day before the others of the Reno Hur troupe returned so when the fans swarmed down to the depot to get an eyeful he was nowhere to be seen. He was home with his family.

As soon as they can get the sets ready, the making of Reno Hur will be resumed in Los Angeles. Fred Niblo, the director, denies in a statement to the press that he had to come home with the company on account of Italian political trouble. No one seems to understand clearly just why the company did make the long expensive trip home. Possibly they got tired looking at the Mediterranean Sea and wanted to look at the Pacific Ocean awhile.

Anyhow, it is said that they will go back to a scene some time in May in order to make the chariot race scenes. At that time it is very probable that Ramon will remain to make several pictures with Rex Ingram. Alice Terry—Mrs. Rex Ingram—is to make one more picture in Hollywood before leaving for Europe to join her husband. Her future plans—and Rex's—are uncertain. He is now building a studio in Nice and to stay in Europe permanently. When they wanted him to come back to Hollywood, he promptly presented his resignation. He will either direct in Europe or retire from the screen. Rex has always saved money and is abundantly able to live on his coupons. While in Hollywood he never even had an automobile. Alice Terry had a meek and lowly little couple and sometimes she gave a lift to Rex on his way home. Just what secret grudge Rex nourishes against Hollywood isn't clear. He says the surroundings—the crass repulsiveness of everything—makes inspiration impossible.

While in Italy, Ramon learned to play guitar accompaniments. As a consequence Hollywood is now divided into two broad classes, the cluet being those who have heard Ramon sing Spanish folk songs to this accompaniment. He has a golden voice and makes no secret of the fact that he intends going into grand opera or concert as soon as he has made himself financially independent.

A as a daring experiment, the Lasky people have picked out a very young and popular matinee girl for the "big leagues"—as a director for Betty Bronson's second picture. Following Peter Pan, the fact was recognized that Betty's next picture was going to be directed by a girl who is inexperienced and untrained. So they put her into the hands of a boy whose enthusiasm was
not worn down. He is Malcolm St. Clair.

He is a young newspaper cartoonist who took up motion-picture directing some years ago and fought his way rapidly to the front. He comes from an old California family, his father having been a famous painter. They have surrounded Betty with an exceptionally strong cast, however. Florence Vidor, who has just joined Lasky's, plays Betty's young mother: Adolphe Menjou plays her father. Ian Keith and several other well-known actors are in the cast. Betty says that she knows how difficult it will be for her to follow the triumph of Peter Pan, and says that she is scared to death.

After Peter Pan, naturally one thinks of Alice in Wonderland. Two girls are rivals for the role. Harold Lloyd has been planning to put Mildred Davis back on the screen in the role; but Universal also wants to get the story for a little girl named Marlon Nixon, who is attracting great attention in Hollywood. She has been on the screen for about two years and has played nearly all that time in Wild Western pictures.

Another case of aching hearts seems to be in the Warner Brothers studio. Lubitsch wants to put Marie Prevost in Kiki. David Belasco does not seem inclined to let this play go to the movies, however, unless Leonore Ulric plays the leading role.

Marie got the flu a week or so ago and Lubitsch's entire production of his comedy Kiss Me, Again was held up. Marie gamely tried to come back to the set and play her scene, but fainted and had to be sent home in an ambulance. She has now recovered sufficiently to go on with the picture.

The whole town has been hugely en-
joying a row between Eric von Stro-
heim and Mae Murray, which interrupted the making of The Merry Widow. It seems that Mae wanted to make a grand entrance into the ballroom and dance to the famous Merry Widow Waltz. The literal and realistic Mr. von Stroheim objected on the ground that, in real life, ballrooms full of people do not stop dancing to see anybody make a grand entrance. Whereupon Miss Murray opined that he was a "Hum. Whereupon von Stroheim resigned from the company. Whereupon both belligerents were called into the office of Louis B. Mayer for expostulation and readjustment. They both went back to the set and all seemed well. Unhappily, one of Mr. Mayer's minions announced to a local newspaper that Mr. Mayer had "called them both down." Miss Murray (Continued on page 110)

He found her at last!

"Fair Stranger—I know who you are," he smiled; "you are a rose disguised as a Beautiful Lady!"

She was beautiful and radiant indeed, for she had learned from Madame Jeannette how to select the proper shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder and to apply it correctly for youthful beauty.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is used everywhere by women who find that it meets every requirement of beauty, protection, and purity.

Mme. Jeannette's Beauty Treatment

First, a bit of Pompeian Day Cream to make your skin glow and prevent "shine." Next, apply Pompeian Beauty Powder to all exposed portions of face, neck and shoulders. It will give your skin that lovely effect of rose petal softness. Lastly, just a touch of Pompeian Bloom to bring the exotic glow of youthful color.

Shade Chart for selecting your correct tone of Pompeian Beauty Powder:

Medium Skin: The average American woman has this type of skin, and should use the Naturelle shade.

Olive Skin: This skin generally accompanies dark hair and eyes. It is rich in tone and should use Rachel shade.

Pink Skin: This is the youthful, rose-tinted skin, and should use the Flesh shade. This type of skin is usually found with light hair, or red hair.

White Skin: If your skin is quite without color, use White Powder. Only the very white skin should use White Powder in the daytime. At all toilet counters forc. New thin-model compact $1.00. (Slightly higher in Canada.)

Get 1925 Panel and Four Samples

This new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, "Beauty Gained is Love Reserved," was at a 50c. Done in color by a famous artist; worth at least 300. We send it with samples of Pompeian Beauty Powder, Bloom, Day Cream and Night Cream for only 10c. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Use the coupon now.
Advertising Section

Getting Their Number
(Continued from page 31)

New Cod had no luck at all until he adopted his present signature. He was born Lewis Coit, but he realized at once that he'd have to Americanize his surname if he wanted to be popular with American fans. So he went on the screen as Lewis Cody, which made his number 7, and 7 for him was unlucky. As Lewis Cody, things came too slowly; he had high hopes, but they all proved disappointments, and what money he had he couldn't hold onto. But he was such a good fellow his friends all called him Lee; he began signing himself Lew Cody and at once his luck changed. Under this name his number is 6, and as 6 we have always known him—attractive, charming, handsome. Things seem always to come his way; he is optimistic and cheerful, with ability to make money and keep it.

Her birth name was Alice Taufe, which vibrates to the number 4, and 4 brings drudgery, hard work, monotony—things that no girl likes. But, as soon as she began signing Alice Terry on the dotted line, she not only had a prettier name, but she was amazed at the pleasant changes that came into her life. Alice Terry vibrates to the numbers 1 and 9—1 for independence, creative ability, the courage of the pioneer; 9 for the power to accumulate money and win material success. If she were to sign herself Alice Ingram, she would attract the vibration of 11, and become a great genius.

John Bowers was quite as good a name as John Bowers, so far as the number is concerned, but one cannot blame him for changing it. As Bowers he was very versatile, able to learn quickly anything in which he was interested, hopeful and energetic, a good talker and original. His name vibrated to 6, and 5 is very favorable to the artist. By becoming John Bowers, he changed his number to 6, and so gained, most of all, stability. People who vibrate to 6 are industrious and optimistic, kind, sympathetic and economical, more thoughtful of others than are the people whose number is 5.
Cheers and Hisses
(Continued from page 95)

The Tired Business Man

Why don't we hear more praise for Viola Dana? I'll admit that she doesn't usually appear in million-dollar sets, and in the highly advertised plays. We see her in the every-day things that are going on around us all the time. Or sometimes in a play where she does things which would be highly improbable in real life. But—she always amuses us. The majority of the people don't want stupendous sets, costume plays, or, in fact, anything which tires the brain and which they have to follow closely. This may not be flattering to the intellect of America, but it is nevertheless true. Most people drop into a movie at night after a hard day's work and they want rest and amusement, not tiresome problems about the terrible triangle.

T. F.
Hollister, Calif.

The Pictures of Paris

Of the whole, only the best American pictures are shown over in Paris, while I live, so that it is really more difficult to judge. Even so, however, I think that 1924's best films were better than the best of previous years.

The only films to complain of in Paris are the French ones, which one must inevitably see if one wants to go to a cinema at all.

I should like to say, however, that these are improving, so that I have seen several very good French films. To tell the truth, the motion picture which I believe is the greatest that has ever yet been produced is a French one—Le Miracle des Lions.

They have made use of dummies with great effect. A cavalry charge passes over the bodies of fallen foes which move. In one short scene one sees a man drive a great pine down into a wounded enemy's face; it was quite hair-raising!

To return to a less gruesome subject: the acting is excellent all round and the part of Louis XI, the King of France, is superb.

E. W. H.,
8 Rue Picot,
Paris, Ite, France.

A Boost for Bebe

Has anyone noticed how some of our lovely non-acting actresses are improving? There's Bebe Daniels, for instance. She has changed gradually from a silly flapper to a dignified young lady and her work shows it. Her biggest performance to date is as the Princesse de Bourbon Conti in Messeigneurs Beaufort. She made that sweet pattison that gentle throbbed, live again in her fine acting, and it will not soon be forgotten. Let us only hope she will be given more opportunities to show her ability instead of being thrust back into Cinderella pictures like Dangerous Money, which was not in the least worthy of her talents.

L. W.
Connellsville, Pa.

Advertising Section

The Famous Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit for Permanent Waving Makes Straightest Hair Naturally Curly

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL IN YOUR HOME

Send for our FREE interesting booklet TODAY

A Few Pleasant Hours Bring Thrilling Results

Suppose you try the Lanoil Process in your hair. With our well-known arrangement for its free trial, you can lose nothing, while on the other hand, success (and the usual result of charming success), means freedom to you forever from slavery to nightly crimpers and hot curling irons. It means a head of lovely hair that of itself forms waves and curls and teaseing little ringlets. It means that for the first time in your life you will be able to work or dance in warm rooms, walk in the misty night air, bathe at shore or mountain-side, and all the time, enjoy that delightful sense of confidence and pride in your hair, so familiar in women born with natural waviness.

It Is Simple and Safe

The dainty apparatus illustrated above is fun to operate. Send for it, and see for yourself! The pleasant treatment it imparts in your own home is the same famous LANOIL Process practised at the great Nestle Establishments in New York. The procedure is fascinating—yet simple. Easy, illustrated directions go with each set. Hair that is "straight as a poker" is transformed quickly, and with absolute safety, into attractive and healthy waves and curls that resist shampooing, salt-water bathing, fog, perspiration or rain, just like naturally wavy hair. And the cost is only $15.

Free Trial Supplies in Each Outfit

Send for a LANOIL Outfit, and see these results for yourself. We give you free supplies, and thirty days to test it on your hair, and we take all responsibility for your success.

If you want further explanations about the Nestle Lanoil Process, write for our free booklet and testimonial photographs. But on the other hand, you may have the Home Outfit itself immediately on our thirty days' trial basis with all literature included. Enclose with your letter or the coupon below a money order, check or bank draft, for $15, or, if preferable, pay the cost-

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
null
It was news that Stella had been a receiver of stolen goods. "I've been a fence for a long time, that's how I got mixed up with the crook who stole the radium."

"Don't beat the Dutch?" ejaculated Quinlan. "It was a ghost, after all."

The crestfallen detective asked humbly, "Can you explain?"

"Yes, I can clear the matter up," replied Margot, "the success in convincing Irishmen like Quinlan and Boyle will depend upon what they mean by the term, 'ghost.'"

(To be concluded)

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

MARGOT ANSTRUTHER, a screen star, occupies one room in an old house in New York, that, jok-ingly, is called haunted. She gives a party in celebration of a new rôle. Among those present are two men in love with her, Fred Stoner, her director, and Eugene Valery, a young camera- man. Laughing, they tell of two people who have mysteriously disappeared from this room. Stella Bell, a shop-girl, and an old man, Murchison. After all have gone, Margot, in bed, lights a cigarette. She drops the lighted match on the floor. As she turns to put it out, she sees a small hand, followed by an arm, reach out from under the bed and put out the match. Terrified, in the dark she phones Valery and tells what has happened in French. He comes and they search the room—nothing! They call the police—still nothing! But one cop stands guard and he, too, in the night, sees the hand, but on searching, again finds nothing. Next evening, however, a girl tries to sneak in thru the window. It is the missing Stella Ball. She refuses to talk—but one arm has been amputated at the elbow. Next day Stoner, angry at the publicity the haunted house has brought down on Margot and jealous of her love for Valery, fires her from the studio. He also fires Valery. Back at home, Margot forces the police to make another search, and this time, under the carpet, they find a trap-door. Prizing it open, they discover a woman's hand and arm, withered, wrinkled and scarred from variol to chalice by a burn. It is the hand of Stella Ball! Now go on with the story.

Americans will not wait

Accustomed to instant communication by telephone and telegraph, our military authorities realized in the late war that the American Expeditionary Forces could not depend on the communication services of Europe.

The necessary plans, materials and engineers were sent over in ship loads. A world record was made by the Signal Corps in establishing lines of communication indispensable to every branch of the army. In a surprisingly short time, every American general in France had at his disposal the communication facilities to which, in America, he had been accustomed.

Europe was sometimes startled by the amazing methods of the telephone workers from overseas. The American-trained Signal Corps units invariably sought the shortest way, overcoming all natural obstacles to extend the needed means of communication.

The Americans were not content to wait. They expected and demanded the same ever-ready telephone connections which they had at home. The Bell System has set a world standard for prompt attention and continuous service.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

REDUCE YOUR FLESH
arms, legs, bust or entire body with

DR. WALTER'S
Rubber Garments


Chin Reducer $2.50

Ask for reducing and shaping.

Per pair......$7.00

Extra high......9.00

Light or dark rubber

Send ankle measure

Write for booklet to

Dr. JEANNE M. P. WALTER, 20 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
ARGOSY-ALLSTORY
America's Greatest All-Fiction Weekly

A magazine of clean fiction planned to please and entertain the whole family—each issue contains one hundred and sixty pages of the best selection of mystery, romance, love, adventure and humor produced.

Many of the stories first published in Argosy-Allstory Weekly later became successful plays—or short novels, featuring such stars as Douglas Fairbanks, Thomas Meighan, Viola Dana, Corinne Griffith, George Arliss, William Farnum, Tom Mix, John Gilbert and others. Over one hundred and ninety of these serials have been published in book form selling at from $1.50 to $2.00 a copy.

Below are the more recent listings in these various fields from stories which first appeared in Argosy-Allstory.

**Coming Feature Issues:**

April 4

- **The Gold-Dust Rajah**, by Eleanor Gates, the feature of this week, is the complete novellette. The famous author of "The Poor Little Rich Girl" has been accumulating her genius for plot and action in this absorbing romance. In addition to the three contained serials, there are five short stories of excellent craftsmanship.

April 11

- **Soft Money**, by Fred MacAuley, a three-part serial, is fast fashioning. Only our millionaire student can be indifferent to its Madeline-like appeal. Meanwhile, the others will with the intriguing question: "What would I do with all that wealth?"

April 18

- **Mystery EYES**, by Corinne P. Johnson.

- **Eddie Franklin's DINNER FOR CYNTHIA**, a nine-episode story. It has been generous in its specializations and the result is a novel of brilliance and beauty. It would be unfair to the reader to even hint at the laughter-in-revolving plate.

Also in this issue THE DUKE OF PARDAIX, by Frank Blyth—a complete novellette.

Send the coupon—NOW!

The issue will be sent upon receipt of 10 cents per copy.

---

FOR THAT THROBBING NERVOUS HEADACHE massage the temples with cooling soothing Mentholatum

Write for free sample

Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N.Y., Chicago, Kansas

Movie Acting!

A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are adapted to this work? Send for our Free-Motion Picture Talent Folder or key to Movie Acting Aptitude, and find whether or not you are suited to take up Movie Acting. A novel, instructive and valuable work. Send dime or stamp for this interesting illustrated Booklet on Movie Acting included FREE!

FILM INFORMATION BUREAU, Sta. W., Jackson, Mich.

As the college boy in his new picture

Harold Tells on Himself

(Continued from page 59)

He tells a pathetic story of a friend of his who went to the opera in Vienna and listened to a tenor with a cracked and discordant voice. To his amazement, when the music was hushed, that instead of throwing vegetables, applauded and cheered with every appearance of delight.

"Do you call him a good singer?" he asked the man beside him. The native stared. "Of course not!" he replied, "but he's got it."

"But Americans have to have something new all the time," Harold sighed a sincere sigh. "New gags on universal experiences—that's our problem. Thrills were a comedy novelty when I made Safety Last, but I don't use them now. The fans have got so hard-boiled that, instead of laughing and gasping when the hero of the picture throws his toe on the edge of a sky-scraper roof, they have to explain to their neighbor that Lloyd really isn't in the slightest danger—they know how that trick is done.

"In order to get a sure-fire laugh over a comedy hero's difficulties and dangers," he explains, "you have to establish an affection for the character first so that the audience will care what happens to him. He has to be a real person to win real laughter. The timid youth of Grandma's Boy, the neurotic of Why Worry, the stutterer of Girl Sky are not lay figures, but you and me. And what they do must be possible—do not necessarily probable. That's why everyone shrieks and clutches everyone else's arm when they start to roll off awnings, or are chased by tramps with hands like hams.

"The best gag in the world will fall flat if it isn't plausible." Harold waves his arms emphatically and you see that his handsome dress suit is merely basted together, ready to be pulled to pieces in the next scene. Take the picture I'm working on right now: the hero is a straight-sighted college freshman who reports for football practice wearing leather helmet, nose-guard and horn-rimmed spectacles. Since we've worked up that gag we have had reports from several universities of football players who actually do wear their glasses while playing—of course, with all
sorts of metal guards and protection—but still it proved to us that our gag was based on possibility."

The laugh that a comedy maker is out to get isn't the tonsil titter or the diaphragm giggle, but the whole-souled hearty tummy laugh, and that only responds to spontaneity. As a Lloyd comedy takes three months to make, it would seem that, by the time a joke had been blocked out by the gag men, cussed and discussed, cut and titled, something of its freshness would inevitably be gone.

"We learn to rely on first impressions," Lloyd tells you. "After working on it for weeks, a gag is about the saddest thing in the world. It if gets a laugh the moment we hear it, we go ahead and dont worry, even if it seems about as funny as the morgue by the time we finish with it."

"No comedy would ever be made," he goes on saying, "if its humor were judged by the reactions of the people on the lot, or the ones who watch it being taken on the street. The laugh value of a scene depends on its context—what comes before or follows after. A casual crowd will shout with joy over a comedy fall, but remain silent while watching a bit of business which will send the audience into hysterics, later on, in the finished picture."

"The danger we run in making a comedy scene is that it may look planned," he says, "and no matter how hard we work on it, it has to seem to have just happened in order to be funny. In this picture there is a sequence where the bespectacled eleventh substitute has been called out onto the field thru a series of mishaps to the regular team, and hasn't the faintest idea what it's all about. The signals are Greek to him and when the play is made he rushes bewilderedly about, getting into the other players' way. We made a scene twice, once with everyone but myself knowing what was going to be done, and once with every move I was going to make as the bewildered sub carefully thought out. The first shot was immeasurably superior—it had real spontaneity."

"As a matter of fact," he confesses, "we often make a scene in several different ways and try them out on audiences in the little towns around Los Angeles before the picture is in its final form. The preview audience is the laboratory in which we test laughs."

The highbrowest fan mail that comes to Hollywood is addressed to Harold Lloyd. Cowboys, soda jerks, shop-girls, spinsters, murderers and morons may write to the other stars, but Lloyd's letters are often written on university stationery and signed with the names of doctors, lawyers, professors and ministers, with impressive portions of the alphabet after their names.

When, recently, ninety thousand people packed themselves into the stadium at Berkeley to watch the Stanford-California football game, five motion-picture companies who asked permission to use the occasion in a movie scene were refused; but Harold Lloyd and his gang were given the freedom of the field while the ninety thousand spectators worked as extras for them twenty minutes before the game started, and the rival cheering sections rent the air with "Six Boom Bahs!" with the comedian's name attached.

Perhaps the reason for Lloyd's popularity with the intelligentsia is also psychological. A little nonsense now and then is relished by the Menckens and Nathans and other of the wisest men, you know."

"A comedy," Harold Lloyd avers, "is really the highest form of screen art, in one way. Other pictures are made from a rigid scenario, but a comedy grows, de-

---

If you choose carefully

RIGAUD'S aids to beauty, fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden, have always enjoyed a demand among women who choose carefully. They have wanted that consistently superior Rigaud quality.

You can buy no better rouge than Mary Garden Rouge. Mary Garden Lip Stick, Face Powder, Toilet Water, Talcum and Body Powder are likewise distinguished for their excellence.

Now they await you in their new attire: Face Powder in a new round box with puff; Compacts are very thin. Complete assortments at all department and drug stores. See them.

These are the prices

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Face Powder in round box</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>with puff</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rouge or Face Powder</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Compact in the new</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>small metal case</td>
<td>.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lip Stick, slide metal case</td>
<td>.55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toilet Water, 2-1/2 oz</td>
<td>1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Body Powder with large</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>puff</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Sole Distributor
Geo. Borgfeldt & Co.
111 E. 16th St., New York

Parfumerie Rigaud
16 Rue de la Paix
Paris

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Busting Into the Movies
(Continued from page 43)
just arrived in New York from the old
country, and was having a hard time.
The immigrant was Madame Nazimova. When
she went into pictures she made a stu-
palpation that she was one of the benefactors—
only just out of Fordham University—should
be given a part in her first picture.
When The Covered Wagon was made, a
young colonel of the army, a man of
military service, was employed to teach
the Indians. He could speak their sign language
and could make them behave. He was a very
picturesque figure, and he got Colonel Tim
othy McCoy. They got to using him in
scenes, then more scenes. Now he is a
movie actor with an important part in
the new Western thriller, The Thundering
Herd.
Elmer Clifton, who finally became a
leading actor and a director, stormed my
way into the old Griffith studio. Griffith
was at that time making a picture with
many exteriors. Clifton found out where
he was working and took up the trail. He
turned up the trail. He followed D. W., wherever he went. When Griffith
couldn't be made to look in any other way,
Clifton would jump up on chairs or
stand on his hands. Finally his persistence
won.
Eddie Phillips got in by fooling Mary
Pickford. He found out she wanted an
Italian actor for The Love Light. He
made a high dive down into the Italian
quarter, hovered around with an Italian
newspaper, only to have mastered a few
words of Italian and a lot of Italian
dialect. Then he started in to make his
presence in an Italian newspaper under his arm
and a perplexed manner.
He tried very hard to tell Signora de
Signora de Filippo di de mov. Mary
was interested. She tried to help him out
with his feeble struggles with the English
language. He was so perfectly Italian that
she gave him the job. The company
was half across the continent, en route to
Hollywood, before the Italian forgot him-
self in the studio and said, "Hey there,
said I wanted the eggs turned
over." He finally got him
keep the job. He has been a successful actor ever since.

Louise Fazenda got her chance by going
to visit a friend of her mother's who
was an actress at the old Universal. She
develops logically from scene to scene. I
never work from a script—as a matter of
fact. I don't know right now how this
picture I'm making is going to end!"
Personally, I think one reason why my
fan mail is highbrow is that, with his
horn-rimmed spectacles, Lloyd looks like an
intellectual young professor of biology or a
Ph.D. who has just completed his thesis on
Several Specimens of Phonetic Orthog-
raphy in the Ancient Chaldean. Without
his horn-rimmed spectacles he looks like a
nice, intensely-earnest boy.

LAUGHTER—it is a luxury the world will
gladly pay a high price for. It is
a necessity that people will buy if they can't
afford bread. "It must be great," you
smirk at casually as you rise to leave, "to
know exactly what will make people
laugh!"

Harold Lloyd thrust his hands into his
trouser pockets and smiled a rueful smile.
"It must be!" he said ingenuously. "I
only wish I knew—exactly—"
You were slender, too, when you were a bride

Your memories of those happy days picture a graceful, slender girl—full of life, full of eagerness.

What has become of her? Has she taken on weight—lost her girlish figure—perhaps even become stout?

How needless a disaster! You can regain your youthful silhouette by using Marmola Tablets (thousands of men and women each year regain healthy, slender figures this way). No exercises or diets. Eat what you want, and get slender!

All drug stores have them—one dollar a box. Or they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid, by the Marmola Company, 1716 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

No More Wrinkles

You too can have a firm
wrinkle-free complexion
PARISIAN FLESH FOOD
Makes Men and Women of
50 Look 25

Restores youthful firmness, revives beauty marred by time, illness or neglect. A sure way to regain the charm of a clear, wholesomeness, glows complexion. Amazing results in short time. Removes wrinkles, crow’s feet, frown lines, furrows. Restores elasticity to skin, and firmness to underlying tissues. Fills hollows of face, neck, and develops bust.

FREE
Remarkable Bust Developer

Remove youthful firmness. Makes skin smooth and soft. Most welcome discovery—not an experiment—thousands made happy every day. Send name, address and 25¢ for trial sample and FREE Beauty Secrets. Mame, Faulkner, 103 Pasinian Bldg., Cleveland, O. Agents Wanted

MAYELLINCE

BEAUTY

High School Course

in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home in any 2 years. MaxwelI encourages parents of children to send for Free Circular. MayellinCe coupons for order are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

AMERICAN SCHOLY

Dept. M4, 25-27 E. 65th St., New York

Sigrid Holmquist and Johnny Hines snapped while indulging in their favorite outdoor-on-a-steamer sport, while they were sailing for Florida

Daggett & Ramsdell's
PERFECT COLD CREAM

Daggett & Ramsdell, Dept. 9035
214 W. 14th St., New York

Please send me the free trial tube of the Perfect Cold Cream you offer above.

Name ___________________________

Address _________________________

City ____________ State ____________

In Canada: Daggett & Ramsdell, 280 Dufferin St., Toronto
MARIORIE DAW

Facts I Can Read in the Faces of the Film Stars
(Continued from pages 64 and 65)

found patriotism and a great love of children.
The cheeks show daring, a love of variety and adventure, and an interest in the unusual.
In the chin and jaw I find indications of persistence and a strong will; she has an independent nature and ideas of her own. Here, too, is shown more nervous force than physical endurance.
The forehead is well proportioned, indicating a good intellect. There are lines which show that she is inclined to worry and fret when things do not go just right. Above the eyes the sign of melody and rhythm is well developed, telling of a love of dancing and music. At the root of the nose is a development which denotes good powers of visualization. She is inclined to visualize and dream of things, but lacks the force and concentration to make her dreams materialize.
The hand shows a sensitive, highly inspirational nature, tact, and a love of luxury and beautiful things.

SUMMARY: Her character, Marjorie Daw is an active, restless person, who takes great interest in people and in clothes. She could trim a hat or make a dress, and she knows how to wear her clothes well and make a good appearance. She is a positive nature and knows what she wants, but lacks the mental concentration to achieve her ambitions. She has a good mentality which must be developed to attain her greatest success.

ROD LA ROQUE

languages, a ready use of words, and is a good conversationalist.
The shape of the cheeks tells of a love of adventure and change. He has a daring nature and has the courage of his convictions.
In the upper lip, I see a kind, sympathetic, charitable person, greatly interested in human nature. There is much enthusiasm and ardor, but good poise and self-control. It shows a very ambitious nature with a tendency to act. He has a liking for nice clothes and is particular as to his appearance and is very orderly and neat. The lower lip shows an emotional nature and great loyalty and love of his own family.
The chin and jaw denote a strong will, much determination, persistence, and latent executive ability. He is very independent and has his own philosophy of life. He has, too, a love of beauty and the artistic.
The hands are clever, showing a highly inspirational nature not easily swayed, and dramatic ability. He can accomplish many things with his hands and has an ability to sketch and paint.

In summarizing his character, Rod La Rocque is very restless, active, both mentally and physically, with a splendid mentality and an analytical mind. He is not musical but has a liking for music and a good ear for sounds. He is artistic and has the ability to paint and draw and has, also, a natural aptitude for languages. He is a good conversationalist, having a ready wit and a keen sense of humor. He has much determination and endurance, good ability to imitate, a strong will, and latent executive ability, which he will probably have an urge, at some time, to put to use.

WALLACE BEERY

aggression, self-protection, foresight, a splendid sense of economi-
cal, practical nature which would put aside for the future. He has a well-developed sense of intuition, and good powers of concentration.
The upper lip shows a kind, charitable nature, with much enthusiasm. He has a quick answer and ready wit. The lower lip indicates a patriotic character. He is a man of strong desires who likes children and animals.
The cheeks show him to be a person with the courage of his convictions, one who likes to lead and excel and is fond of variety and change.
The chin and jaw tell of a great sense of fairness and justice, and an independent and integrity. He has a well-developed business sense and can, and will, fight for his rights. He is strong in his likes and dislikes and not easily swayed.
The hands show a practical, frank, outspoken nature with a good sense of the dramatic and a liking and understanding of mechanical things.

Summarizing his character—Wallace Beery is a strong man with much endurance, honesty and purpose. He is a practical, sensible person with a keen sense of the dramatic and with pronounced mechanical ability. Had he the education and training of a mining and construction engineer, he would have been very successful—but we would have lost one of our finest character actors.

DOROTHY MACAIL

In the chin and jaw I find her dominant characteristics, for she has a long jaw line, which is firm and unusually well-developed for one so young. She has a very strong will, much determination and persistence and a very great independence. She would go thru real hardships, and probably has, to gain success. This development is very much to the young lady's credit.
The forehead shows lines which denote an inclination to worry over things and take life seriously. The appetite sign is low, and such a person should think more about eating for health's sake.
Above the eyes I see good powers of visualization, a good ear for sound and a liking for music and dancing.
The hands show an interest in the occult and the unusual, a highly inspirational nature, a good sense of the dramatic, a love of luxury and pretty things and independence of thought.

Summarizing her character—Dorothy Mackail is a positive, restless, active type, ambitious, industrious, very emotional, but she is also one whose emotions are under control.

Watch for Next Month's Character Analyses
In the June issue, F. Vance de Revere tells the outstanding characteristics of Aileen Pringle, Ramon Novarro, James Kirkwood and Viola Dana, as she reads them from their features.

For the Hair of Women Who Care

THERE are just as many grades of permanent waving as there are of shoes or silk hose. Remember this when you have your hair permanently waved. Seek a parlor which advertises The Frederics Method. For there you will find experts of the highest type who offer the greater permanency, safety and beauty which this superior method assures. If you do not know of a Frederics Method Parlor, we will gladly send, on request, the name of one nearby.

Write for a free copy of our illustrated folder on the waves. This with NEET, a mild and dainty cream. Why The Frederics method insures most perfect results.

E. Frederics INC.
32 West 39th St.
New York, N. Y.

The Frederics Method
OF PERMANENT WAVING
FOR THE HAIR OF WOMEN WHO CARE

Have a Satin-Smooth Hair-Free Skin

Science has finally solved the problem of removing hair pleasantly without discomfort to the skin or complexion. This with NEET, a mild and dainty cream. You merely spread it on and then rinse off with clear water. That's all; the hair will be gone and the skin left refreshingly real, smooth and white! New method, the unمؤwn woman and every chemist recommends, have given way to this remarkable hair-removing cream which is the accepted method of well-groomed women everywhere. It at Drug and Department stores or by mail.

HANBAL PHM. CO., 001 OLIVE ST., ST. LOUIS, M
e.

AVIATION INFORMATION FREE

Send us your name and address for full information regarding the Airline and Airplane business. We sent out the many great opportunities now sars and how to prepare you at home, and put your name in the blue.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF AVIATION

Great, 8725
3601 Michigan Ave.
CHICAGO

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Cheers and Hisses
(Continued from page 102)
crown from a king’s head) all these are impossible to compare. Both pictures must be seen separately, tho’ I guess I am a little late in my criticism (I saw both, many months ago), for Dorothy Vernon and Cleo will have supplanted Maritana and Anita.

Now as to Viola Dana: I have read a great deal of her change from comedy to tragedy, no less! Much has been said of the clever comedienne” having a fling at the drama. But has everyone’s memory failed? Viola’s first pictures were all dramas. I remember The House of Flowers and The Dusk, both Myrtle Reed stories, and the tragic Blue Jeans stuffed with holcum (“the girl is bound to the sawmill side—will no one save her?”), but it drew tears from me! And now she is to attempt Nazimova’s epic—has done so by now—and why not? Comedy roles for Viola started about the time she made The Gold Cure and Some Chicken. So please reverse the order.

Now who else can we discourse on? Let’s have a look at the fish. I notice she is having silly press-agent parts these days—a thing that never happened with Griffith. Miss Giants has a wonder to live in the climax to the first part of Orphans of the Storm, where Henriette hears Louise in the street below; the creeping whipped figure of the child. Griffith (altho’ Thomas Burke declared it a travesty on his Chink and the Child), and her sorrow-laden girl in Way Down East. I saw this picture so many times, I knew most of the musical score from memory and could tell the action by listening to the orchestra. This picture is to be revived next week in Melbourne. I have only two free days in that week and both days I shall be at Way Down East.

A word for Glenn “Evelton” Hunter. What a human fellow—young enough not to know what to do with his hands—but too young to show every youth’s longing in his eyes, the longing of ambition just beyond reach, and above all, the pain that comes to one when one’s elders do not understand. West of the Water Tower was great. I hope many narrow-minded folk did not like it (neither did they like Way Down East, or The White Rose. Strange people love the truth in life.) In this picture I was struck anew with May McAvoy’s clean beauty. But as to Glenn—why people rave over Valentine’s when in their midst is a boy whom we UNDERSTAND beats me. Glenn has an appeal something like the beloved Wally—he’d make a good pal.

H. H. D.

Melbourne, Australia.

The Contest Again

We are sorry to omit the artists’ page this month, but the contest is still going strong and next month you will see a whole group that were drawn by children.

Hereafter we are giving a first prize of ten dollars and one or more second prizes of five dollars each. But we reserve the right to waive the first prize if there is no drawing that is enough better than the others to warrant it.

ADVERTISING SECTION

TRIAL BOTTLE ABSOLUTELY FREE

Write Me when you find those first
Gray Hairs

THE time to stop gray hair is before those first gray streaks are noticed by your friends.

So if you are watching the silver creep into your hair, fill out and mail the coupon. By return mail I will send you a free trial bottle of my famous restorer, with full instructions for testing on a single lock. This test will show you how to stop gray hair, easily, safely and surely.

Safety first

The most important fact this single lock test proves is how perfectly my restorer gets back the original color. No streaking, discoloration or artificial “dyed” look. Just the even natural becoming shade of early youth. Ease of application comes next, and here my restorer leads. It is applied by combing through the hair. No skill or outside aid required.

Advantage number three is the safety of the whole treatment. The test assures you beforehand that you can get back the original, perfect, natural color of your hair and keep it the rest of your life.

Clean, dainty, attractive

My restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. It leaves your hair soft, silky and fluffy, beautiful when waved and dressed. No interference with shampooing, nothing to wash or rub off. Just lovely, natural, youthful hair.

Hurry and mail the coupon

Fill it out carefully, stating exactly the natural color of your hair. If possible, enclose a lock in your letter.

By return mail, postage prepaid, I send the patented free trial outfit containing the trial bottle and full directions. (All absolutely free.)

Then, when you know how easy it is to bring back the original color to your hair, get a full sized bottle from druggist or direct from me.

MRS. T. GOLDMAN

Hair Color Restorer

Over 10,000,000 Bottles Sold

Please print your name and address:

Mary T. Goldman, 4111 Goldblum Blvd., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman’s Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is: 

Black, 

Dark brown, 

Medium brown, 

Sudden (dark red), 

Light brown, 

Light auburn (light red), 

Blonde.

Name: ___________________________

Address: _________________________

PoGo

A jolly good joiner!

It blends so well with your own complexion and adds that touch called glamour.

A hand-made French rouge of silky texture that takes powder with smooth ease. A dainty box of rosy health, in two delightful shades:

There’s BRIQUE (naturelle) for fair and sunny skins, and RONCE (raspberry) for either blonde or brunette.

Say POGO to the drug clerk—he’ll admire your good sense. If not easily obtained, you can order direct from us by mail—Price 25c

GUY T. GIBSON, Inc.

Distributors of Cola Perfumes
563 Fifth Avenue, New York

BATHASWEET

To Keep You Lovely All Day Long

The girl who prides herself on her attractiveness calls Bathasweet her favorite luxury, not only because it is precious—her scent, but because it adds so greatly to her loveliness and femininity throughout the day. Just a wrinkle of it in her hair, and she dances in water as gracefully as, and on soft feet. It cleanses without leaving her skin delightfully comfortable, radiant-looking and smooth as the touch. Then, for the cost of this day or month’s personal appearances, what about keeping your body clean and fresh inside out too?

You must try it. You can save $1.00 if you write the C. S. WELCH CO., Dept. M. G., New York City.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
You'll rejoice at the way freckles and blotches vanish when this cool, fragrant cream is smoothed on your skin. In a short time it brings you a milky-white complexion, which lies hidden beneath the disfiguring spots.

Costs Nothing If You Are Not Satisfied

Stillman's Freckle Cream, double action, benefits you in two ways. Freckles, tan, freckle spots, are gently dissolved away. At the same time your skin is beautified, sooted, refined and whitened. May be applied secretly at night. Safe, harmless, used the world over for 15 years. No risk need be taken.

Stillman's Freckle Cream is guaranteed to remove freckles or money refunded. Get it at druggists or department stores, 30c and $1.

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets"

Learn what your type needs to look best. We are giving $1.00 bottle of perfume to each girl who pays a $3 worth Stillman toilet articles in 1925, other than freckle cream. Send a postcard today. The Stillman Co., 53 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.

Stillman's Freckle Cream

Two-Volume Booklet Shows How to Whitens the Skin

You too can play the Hawaiian guitar

Just as the Hawaiians do. Play all the latest hits

Only motions and notes are explained in the fascinating Hawaiian guitar. Our native Hawaiian instructor teaches you to master them. Pictures show everything explained clearly.

Play in half hour

After you get the easy motions you can play hundreds of chords with very little practice. 10,000 students have learned to play in this easy, pleasant way.

Easy lessons

The 32 printed lessons with a great many pictures make it easy to learn. Lessons are easy to read, notes, and motions are numbered to make the lessons easy to learn. Students are taught to play any kind of music, and to read music.

FREE GUITAR

A handsome, well-made instrument is given with each course. It is yours to keep at the close of the course. It's yours to play with only real or imaginary friends. It is just the sort of guitar to start you in your musical career.

Write at once

Send your name and address and the name of the free guitar. You have every right to expect a personal gift, and you may be assured that this is a gift that will never be forgotten.

First Hawaiian Conservatory

of Music, Inc.

220 Toddendorf Street, Honolulu, Hawaii.

Special courses in Violin, Tenor-Bass, Banjo, Ukulele and Ukulelle.

The hearts of the children at the Hollywood Orphans' Home were made happy the other day when Corinne Griffith presented them with a huge doll-house, containing electric lights, practical furniture, a complete bath—in fact, everything that houses for grown-ups have, all on a miniature scale.

On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 99)

Frances Marion has signed a big contract to write scenarios for Fox and has become a real estater all in the same week. She has taken long leases—for fifty years and ninety-nine years, respectively—upon two of the big corners of Hollywood and will proceed to erect office buildings on each. It is an open secret that Miss Marion expects to retire as a scenario writer within the next year or so and devote her time to writing novels and plays. She and her husband are planning one of the most beautiful country estates in Hollywood at the head of— and overlooking Benedict Canyon, where Harold Lloyd is building and where Thomas H. Ince completed his magnificent home just before he died.

One different feature of it will be a big riding ring. Miss Marion and Fred Thomson, her husband, are among the few native Californians in pictures. She was born in San Francisco; he in Los Angeles. They plan to make their home typical of the old days and traditions of California.

Jack Dempsey, the "champ," and Estelle Taylor have been married at last—after their long courtship. The ceremony took place in San Diego in the presence of a few friends. Since then they have occupied their time trying to dodge reporters. Jack denies that either he or his wife has definitely decided to retire. It is quite probable that he will go on prize-fighting for another year at least. He says that he would be happy if the new Mrs. Dempsey felt inclined to be just his wife and stick around home: but the question is for her to decide. In either case the Dempsey is not likely to suffer from starvation. Jack is rich. He owns a lot of downtown real estate that will make him even richer as time goes on.

The Motion Picture Relief Fund has been started in Hollywood to take care of indigent screen people and build a home for them in California. Joseph Schenck is president; Mary Pickford, first vice-president; Frank Woods, vice-presidents; Rev. Neal Dodd, secretary; Victor Clarke, treasurer.

I am not sure whether or not this was a press agent hoax. Anyhow, the police ambulance was called to rush a young lady named Lotus Thompson to the hospital. She had poured acid all over her beautiful legs. She explained that she had come over from Australia in the hope of becoming a dramatic star. But they wouldn't let her do anything but bathing-girl comedy parts. So she had resolved to destroy the beauty of the aforesaid mentioned pulchritudinous objects. Either it was a press agent story, or Miss Thompson was a bad judge of acid. Her legs, the excited physicians announced to a wildly excited world, will be left unmarrhed and as beautiful as ever. There now seems no hope for Lotus but to take a pair of manicure scissors and cut 'em clear off.

Maie Marsh has found an "angel" who will devote a fortune to starting her in pictures. The angel is Mrs. Scott S. Durand, the woman who cleaned up a million dollars in Chicago wheat. No announcements have been made as to what plays will be pictured.

Virginia Valli's husband, Denny Lanson, has created a funny little stir in Hollywood. Answering rumors that he and the lovely Virginia had separated, Mr. Lanson said that "Virginia is just fed up with my society. She is going to take a vacation there from. But it's just temporary: it isn't a separation."

Barbara La Marr, being absent-minded, forgot to pay a lawyer $1505 when she left Hollywood for New York last spring. A court decision has remedied her.
struck her. She has now sued her present husband for divorce on exactly the same grounds, said husband being Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman, general manager of the Hearst film interests. Dr. Goodman denies her charges. Meanwhile, an interesting romance has developed between Miss Rubens and Ricardo Cortez.

An enterprising reporter has finally dug up Victor Seastrom, the director of *He Who Gets Slipped*, out of the seclusion in which he has modestly buried himself since he has been in Hollywood. He lives in Santa Monica Canyon with his wife and two little daughters—Guje and Caje. Mrs. Seastrom was a famous Swedish actress, but her husband has never seen her, but once, on the stage. Mrs. Seastrom explains that it would embarrass her to have him in the audience.

The most coveted director-job in Hollywood has gone to Jack Ford of Fox. This is a direct Lightnin’.

Dorothy Farnum, of the Warner Brothers scenario staff, has sailed for an extended tour of Europe with her husband, Maurice Barbour.

Cormaine Griffith has selected Kenneth Harlan and Harrison Gray for her two leading men for the *National Anthem*, which picture will follow *Déclassée*.

In addition to learning how to use the deadly and terrible Spanish cattle whip for *Don Q*, Son of Zorro, Douglas Fairbanks is studying the art of bull-fighting and Spanish dancing. He has imported a wild Spanish bull for the picture.

In *The Charmers*, Pola Negri plays the part of a Spanish immigrant. Trissy Friganza is her screen mother.

Mary Miles Minter is suing her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, for an accounting of the money she earned and her mother took charge of during Mary’s screen career. It is reported that Mrs. Shelby has offered her $200,000 in settlement, but Mary claims $500,000. Mary’s suit is based largely upon a claim that her mother concealed from her her true age; that she was of age, and rightly in charge of her own money. Long before her mother admitted the fact. Incidentally, Miss Minter claims to have discovered that she was born April 1, 1902. There is a slight tinge of humor in this. Everyone will remember the number of years that Miss Minter remained at the age of seventeen.

---

**Advertising Section**

**You, Too Can Have An Appealing Beauty**

A skin and complexion glowing with the exquisite charm of youthful freshness. A beauty so fascinating as to compel the instant admiration of all. Let Gouraud’s Oriental Cream show you how easy, how quickly, you can give to your appearance this alluring subtle touch.

**Gouraud’s ORIENTAL CREAM**

“Beauty’s Master Touch”

renders an even, soft, delicate appearance to the face, neck, arms, shoulders or hands, an indispensable service for evening affairs. Its effect is both astringent and anti-septic, making it invaluable in cases of complexion blemishes, wrinkles and flabbiness. Made in three shades—white, flesh and rachel.

Send 50c for a special assortment of Gouraud’s Toilet Preparations or 75c for trial size of Gouraud’s Oriental Cream

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, New York

---

**Eugene V. Brewster** was the pioneer publisher of Motion Picture magazines. He began in 1910. The first ever published in the world was the *Motion Picture Magazine*. It recently celebrated its fourteenth birthday. Now it is Bigger and Better than ever, full of beautiful pictures, news, gossip and chats with the players.

The Answer Man department alone is worth the price of the whole magazine—bright, witty, sparkling and full of facts that you want to know. And it contains puzzles and prize contests that are interesting to everybody, the latest being one for the best critiscisms of Motion Picture plays that you have seen at your own theater. The price is $2.50 a year, or 25c. a copy. Ask your news dealer for a copy.

---

**Carpenters and Builders!**

Make Traffic Information for Carpenters, Builders, Joiners, Building Mechanics and all Woodworkers on—The Use and How to Use of Tools, How to Use the Steel Square, File Saw, Make All Kinds of Joints, Draw and Read Plans, Write Specifications, Make Estimates, How to Frame Roofs and Houses, Lay Out Work, Put in Foundations, Full Instruction on Interior and Outside Building Work, Stair Building, Saw Mill Work, Practical Painting, Sweep and Tiling, Coil Lathing and much and much more.

Send for free copy of *Audel’s Carpentry & Building*.

---

**Are You Well Gowned?**

Ask any girl and women will say, yes, with *Learn Gown Designing and Making with ease mentally*.

Earn $20 to $40 a week

MAIL COUPON TODAY

**FREE EXAMINATION COUPON**

Name

Address

FRANKLIN INSTITUTION, Rochester, N. Y.

*Audel’s Carpentry & Building*.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON.

Satisfaction or money refunded.

Audel’s Gown Designing and Making,

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
What a whale of a difference just a few cents make

In the
MOTION PICTURE
MAGAZINE
For June

The Gowns of a Temptress

Barbara La Marr poses for you in the gorgeous creations she will wear in The Heart of a Temptress.

Watch for the pictures of her magnificent evening gowns, smart afternoon frocks and lovely, trailing negligees.

They forecast next year’s newest styles.

Superbony HAIR all GONE

Forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root without pain or injuries to the skin in the privacy of your own home.

Send today 3 stempers for Free Booklet.

D. J. MAHLER CO., 65-B, Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

While he was eating dinner in a cheap East Side restaurant, Mason had his first big business idea.

The Man Without a Conscience

(Continued from page 47)

he would find White to be no very dangerous rival.

All told, he felt that his first call on the Graveses was very successful. It needed but one more thing to make it a complete success, and his ingenuity quickly filled that need. By the subterfuge of taking his wallet from his pocket for the cigarettes it contained, and putting it on a table near him instead of returning it to his pocket, he managed to leave behind him, and put that end in view, would read the telegram. Also he knew that, since he was not at the Vanderbilt, to which address the telegram had been sent, they would not find him.

And that, of course, gave him an excuse to call upon them again within a few days, to inquire about his lost wallet. Thus he rived an unusual intimacy with the family, and found it not at all difficult for him really to love Shirley, in his fashion. He was completely unaware of the pressure which the impoverished Mrs. Graves brought to bear on her daughter in order to force her to accept Mason’s attentions, and delightedly assumed that she loved him for himself. Their marriage came as a matter of course, and was one of the talked-of social events of the season.

By this time Mason had prospered mightily in the business world. Long since he had cheated old Dane out of his interest in the hair-restorer business, which, with the addition of new prepara-
tions, had grown to vast proportions. Finding that business too petty for his great abilities, he launched a real estate company, and found himself on the way to great fortune by the development of a suburban building tract, which he called Victory City.

This, too, prospered as all his other undertakings had prospered. He decided to build for himself a monument to his riches and a fitting residence for his lovely wife—a mansion on the bluff overlooking that Victory City which was his greatest creation. He called into consultation a firm of architects, and was surprised to be confronted by James Warren as their representative—the young man whom he had met on the train when first he came to New York. Seeing Warren reminded him for a second of the girl, Ann Sherman, of whom he had heard not a word nor taken scarce a thought since she left her. But, since Warren did not ask about her, Mason soon put
her out of his mind and proceeded with his business.

The birth of a son to him as his great mansion was nearing completion was the crowning point of his career. Now he had not only success for himself, but an assurance of its continuance, perhaps thru all time, by his heir. He was now a financial emperor with a dynasty founded. What emperor greater than he? And he named his son Victor.

He came the proud day when he took his wife up to the bluff over Victory City for her first look at the completed mansion he had funded for them there. It was a triumphal procession. His baby son, Victor, with his nurse, was not the least of it. Behind him, his wife and Mrs. Davis and Douglas White, the man whom he had beaten in his conquest of Miss Graves, and whom, at his wife's request, he had made her secretary. Mason was intensely satisfied with it all. He did not expect much enthusiasm from his wife, for, altho he felt that she could not fail to love him, being what he was, he had grown used to her coldness and attributed it to a melancholy nature.

He left his wife to be shown about by Mrs. Davis, White, while he himself escorted the friendlier, more enthusiastic Mrs. Graves. When the four came together again in the garden, Mason was talking insensible to believe—to Ann Sherman. And Mason knew, from the expression on the faces of both women, that Ann had told Shirley the truth about all things that they had compared notes and understood his duplicity. His first act was an impulsive one. He turned to his wife and, with a gesture toward Ann, said angrily:

"I told you about that girl, Shirley. She's crazy, stupid, half-witted. She has delusions."

With that exquisite irony which she sometimes used with him, his wife replied, "On the contrary, I find her very interesting." Then she, too, turned to Mason and said, "I am very glad to have seen you again, Ann, and—thank you for all you have told me."

Mason managed as soon as possible to find Ann alone, and demanded of her by what right or coincidence she was there. She related to him how, when he had deserted her so long ago, James Warren had taken her up, and sent her to school and finally, as he prospered, had made her his secretary.

Mason's rage was swift and overpowering. "So—you love him, do you?" he inquired with a sneer. "Well, you're both fired."

Then he saw the effect of his ultimatum upon her and played for his own advantage. "No, I'll give you this one chance to save both you and him. Go to my wife and tell her that you lied about me—in whatever you said to her, and I'll have mercy on you both. But not otherwise."

He had the satisfaction of knowing that Ann did as he commanded, and hoped thus to regain the respect of his wife. It seemed as if he had. Always she was cold to him, but he could never believe that she did not love him and him alone.

The months passed by. His security in success, jeopardized for a time by Ann Sherman's victory, was re-established. The months were blessed to him in the love of his wife and his son, in the unbowed supremacy of Ann Sherman's avenging ghost out of a dead past seemed laid, and there was nothing else—

And then an epidemic of typhoid broke out in Victory City. Those defective drains, of course. He knew that. The engineers had told him of the dangers of the cheap, ineffectual drainage that he had in-
"I don't know when I love you best"

The evening before, in the soft glow of candlelight, she seemed her lovely self. But today, as they strolled together in the gay sunshine, she thought only of the beauty and freshness of her youthful coloring.

How happy she was! PERT ROUGE, she thought, could be trusted at all times. So natural that even the brightest sunlight failed to betray her! She knew it would remain indelibly despite constant powdering. That it would vanish instantly at the touch of cold cream or soap. It had taken but a moment to apply, as with moistened finger, she spread its creamy, greaseless substance as easily as powder.

Her coloring was medium (that of the average woman) so she chose Dark Orange PERT because it changes to a deep pink on the skin. But there is Light Orange too, for a white skin and Rose for olive complexities.

There is PERT LIPSTICK also, to match the rouge, just as natural and lasting. Both are waterproof and may be obtained at drug or department stores or by mail.

Mail this coupon today for a sample of PERT. Another aid brings a sample of W.I.N.N., the waterproof lash darkener.

ROSS COMPANY
242 West 17th Street, New York

Name

Street & No.

City & State

Mail this coupon today for a sample of PERT

Advertise Section

sisted upon laying down. "Let 'em die. It's not my lookout," he said. "They bought their horses on their own judgment. It's their lookout, not mine."

But the affair would not be so settled so easily. Newspapers took up the scandal, spread it far and wide. It was brought to the attention of the authorities of the greater city, the doctor was endangered by the presence of such conditions in its suburbs.

In all this woe and worry, as a rest from his definite fright, he tried to get solace and comfort and relaxation by playing with his little son.

Even that pleasure was denied him. One day he found a dozen letters, all from the boy, lying in his crib. The doctor had a pair of steel braces which he was fitting to Victor's plump legs. The baby had tried to walk. His first experience of his own folly was his—his first defeat, his first entrance down the valley into that twilight of Nemesis that leads to the outer darkness and the ghosts of the past.

While he was at the height of his rebellion against his God, Shirley, his wife, came into the house. He seemed unmoved, strangely aloof, even uninterested. It was as if for the moment she lived in another world, or had just come from one.

"Where have you been?" she demanded. "Does it matter to you?"

"But the boy—why didn't you tell me?"

"And what could you have done if I had told you? Don't rant, please. You disgust me."

She was unbelievably cold-blooded, infinitely so. The telephone jangled in upon him—reporters, demanding details of the typhoid epidemic in his Victory City. He could not answer them. He had neither patience nor understanding.

"Where is White?" he demanded of the world at large, and of his wife in particular, because she was the only one within earshot.

She stared back at him with a rebellion that seemed not reasonable. "How should I know? Are you asking me where Douglas White is?"

"Yes. Try to get him at his apartment." Still she defied him, but he was too upset to realize any significance in it. "I shall do nothing"—and then caution dictated obedience to her as the safer of the two courses. She checked her speech and went to the telephone. She rang a number—then the telephone. Someone had listened at the other end of the line. To her, it seemed as if someone had attempted to answer the phone in White's apartment, and then been snatched forcibly away from it. And clearly she heard—since his receiver was off the hook—an irate woman's voice in his apartment. She listened for a moment, her face going pale.

Mason came to inquire if she had not yet got thru to White. "The line is busy," she lied to him. "I would suggest that we both go around to him, since it is important—"

They went together to White's apartment. The man was a long time in answering their ring. From within came sounds of a near riot, a woman's voice in stifled
cursing. To Mason it meant nothing; to Shirley it meant—yet she managed to keep her feelings masked. At last White admitted them.

Mason gave his commands to White. "Smash any story the papers may have framed up about this typhoid epidemic, no matter what it costs." As he said this, he swung his arm thru the air with a sweeping gesture, which, by accident, knocked from the table a fragile and expensive cocktail shaker. It was smashed to a thousand bits.

"Sorry," Mason apologized perfunctorily. "I'll get you another.

On their way back home, Mason stopped at one of the better-known jewelry stores to replace White's broken shaker. To the clerk he described in detail what he wanted. The clerk brought out an exact duplicate of the broken one.

"This," he explained, "is the mate of one which Mrs. Mason bought this morning. They are the only two in the city. I assume she wanted to buy the pair of them. Mr. Mason. You are very lucky to have found it."

Mason stared at him. "Lucky? Yes, maybe I am," he said in a queer, strained voice. "Do it up for me. I'll take it with me." For now Mason could guess things that heretofore he had not dared to think. Back in the car with his wife, he handed her the package. "See how you like that," he said. "It's just like the one he had, and there are only two of them in the city."

"What do you mean?" she countered defiantly.

"You can't fool me any more about White. How did you have the nerve to go there? I know. Some woman answered the telephone when you rang, and you in your jealousy had to know who it was. Is that right?"

"Is it any of your affair?"

"God in Heaven!" gasped Mason. "What next?"

When the next morning came and he went down to his offices, he found them surrounded by a milling, angry mob of people, howling his name in anathema. A newshound rushed past him, shouting an extra, and disappeared for a moment into the mob. Mason could scarcely make out what the boy said, but caught his own name above the angry cries of the mob. He bought a paper. Head-lines proclaimed:

Mason Investment Company Closes Its Doors—Warrant Issued for Mason's Arrest

That warning was enough. In his despair, instinct gave him its orders. He slipped out of the crowd, dodged away without being seen. He went to a telephone booth and got Ann Sherman on the telephone.

(Continued on page 118)
D. W. Griffith is another great "actor's director." To play one big part with D. W., is forever afterward to be a good actor.

His method is very different from that of Lubitsch, however. He does it all at rehearsals. These rehearsals are almost interminable. For some actors they are very trying and embarrassing. He will tell them that two chairs are a trench in France over which they have to charge and die. They do this over and over again, day after day, week after week. If the actors do not satisfy him with their performance, he never storms and shouts. He changes actors. In The Love Flower he changed actors in one part eight times. These rehearsals are not, however, pointless. At each one something is added or modified. Griffith always acts each part from beginning to end for the actors.

While this play-building is going on, he is a great one to ask advice. He will consult the actors themselves, or the cutters, or even the stage-hands. In fact, there is an old stage carpenter called "Blondy" upon whose critical judgment Griffith places great reliance.

When he actually gets on the sets, with the cameras and the electric lights, Griffith hypostizes them. I honestly think this is literally true. He always gives me the feeling that it is his mind in the actor's body that is doing the work. I recall when Lillian Gish was doing the scene with the dying baby in Way Down East. I was the only one there behind the little fenced-in place except the cameraman. I could feel the tenseness of a strange force. Something I had never felt before. It was impossible to endure it for long. I had to leave. I could feel myself literally slipping away.

D. W. is a profound psychologist. I remember one day, while a very emotional scene was going on, Mr. Griffith asked me to sit down on the other side of the camera. And while they were acting, he began talking about Lloyd George. I thought it was very strange. Afterward I asked him why. "Well," he said, "I wanted them to be simple and natural and they were beginning to act.' I wanted to confuse them, to jar them out of the idea that they were doing anything of great importance."

D. W. knows just the instant an actor is spiritually reaching out for a life-line— as it were. At that instant he will speak the lines for them. "Go to hell!" he will yell, as for the hero defying the villain. It is wonderful to see the effect of this on the actors. It is just like an experienced jockey letting a horse feel the touch of his hand on the rein.

Of all the directors who ever held a megaphone, D. W. is the most successful with children. Yet he never pulls any of this "Now-baby-see-the-little-birdie" stuff on them. He treats them exactly as he does the grown-up actors, even to consulting them for their opinions. And they give him back the finished work of experienced actors.

Griffith never makes a rough job of directing pictures. Even out on location, he looks like a fashion-plate with beautifully tailored clothes. Inside, in the studio, he usually discards his hat for an eye-shade to protect his eyes from the lights, and sometimes on location he wears a huge, straw Mexican sombrero. Otherwise, he looks as tho he were dressed for a wedding.

Strange enough, the director considered to be the most eccentric of them all, is one of the least eccentric when at his work. Eric von Stroheim is a rather normal individual on the sets. His temperament is expended fighting with the producers beforehand. He is very easy and charming to work with and the actors adore him.

The "speed king" of motion pictures is James Cruse, who has to his credit more big box-office successes than any other director in the world. It was he who
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.

Those of us who really wear 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 raw wind blew, and the dust swirled—and one night as we looked in the mirror, we found not the satiny 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 complexion. 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 Astrigent

Instead of ice, fastidious women are now using a smooth, snowy cream which gently chills the distended 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 Astrigent 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.

Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Free from odor all day long
—with this cream deodorant

Of course, every woman means to be immeasurably dainty, but soap and water alone cannot protect you from ever-present underarm odor.

The underarm must have special care—which you can give now so easily and quickly. Creme Odorono scientifically corrects perspiration odor without checking moisture. A morning application keeps you fresh and clean all day—free from any trace of odor.

Creme Odorono is soft, smooth, fragrant; vanishes instantly and has no greasiness or odor to stain clothing. It is such a joy for quick use and traveling. At all toilet counters, 25c large tube. If unable to obtain from your dealer; send the coupon and 25c for full-size tube.

RUTH MILLER
The Odorono Company
63 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me full-size tube of Creme Odorono, for which I enclose 25c.

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

$700 a week from his own
Photograph Studio

"My income now averages from $700 to $800 a week," writes Michael Carlo, who runs his own photographic studio on fashionable Fifth Avenue, New York. He said: "My portrait studio brings me as much as $200 a day."

"Hundreds of others are making big money or finding new growth of profession. Writing free articles and pamphlets, etc., earns big money."

"Mail Picture Order Card or 5 x 7 View Card Free."

"Your choice absolutely free, Motion Picture Readers' List issuable on request, no obligation." Your Camera is most professional medium of sale and photographic promotion.

WRITE FOR BOOK

Handsome, new book explains wonderful opportunities in photography. Send in for a 5 x 7 View Card free. Then Camera is most professional medium of sale and photographer—provoked sale.

NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY

106 23rd, 101 West 34th St., New York, N. Y.

NOTE

If your friend wishes to order from this book, is sure your name is on the billhead. Please put your name on the billhead.

Advertising Section

The Man Without a Conscience

(Continued from page 115)

"For my son's sake, will you meet me at the hotel where we first stopped when we came to New York?" he begged her.

Armed with her affirmative reply, he taxied back to his house. With uncanny ingenuity he managed to enter without being seen, went to the nursery, Victor, his baby boy, was playing there with the nurse. Without a word of explanation, Mason picked the boy up, wrapped him round with his overcoat, and escaped.

The taxi driver drove at top speed to the Primrose Hotel. Ann Sherman—faithful little Ann—was there awaiting him.

"They've cornered me, Ann," he said quietly, in despair. "I've brought you my boy. I want you to take care of him. His mother—never mind. You are the only one on earth I can trust with him. I want you to take Victor for me, and bring him up as your own. Ann, will you?"

"But what are you going to do?" she countered in amazement.

"They'll never find me alive." He showed her a revolver.

Ann looked at him with the contempt which he deserved. "If you are a man at all,' she said, 'you can go on at least as long as you've lived and taught the lesson life has taught you, you will never use that."

She held his eyes so that Mason could not escape the gaze. As he wavered, half lifting the revolver to his head, half dropping it again, the police burst in upon them. "I will take care of Victor for you," Ann said, "but only you can give him the love he should have. You must come back to him when you have paid your penalty. You cannot be a coward before your son."

"You are right, Ann," Mason said.

Then he threw away his gun, and met the police as a man would meet them, and thus the conqueror rode into the valley of the shadows.

That's Out

(Continued from page 50)

On the other hand, actors such as Reginald Denny, Tom Santschi and Richard Dix can stage a fake fight and make it appear on the screen as tho the opponent is being neglected. Realism on the screen is more a matter of seeming real than being real.

Conrad Comes Back

We always claimed that Conrad Nagel was a good actor. Few agreed with us, claiming that he is a sort of wishy-washy hero. In the past year Nagel has played such a series of colorless roles that we were beginning to weaken in our opinion. In This Is Marriage Conrad does a grand and glorious come-back. His playing in this piece is charming and proves that, if given the parts and the direction, the boy can act.

Famous Days in History

March 10th, 1909. Upon this day appeared the first film in which a wife leaves her husband for another man, only to find out that her spouse is not such a dose of poison as she had imagined. You can finish the rest of the story for yourself.

BOOKS

by Eugene V. Brewster

What's What in America. Essays on the various isms of ologies and so-called occult sciences, including phrenology, osteopathy, physiognomy, Christian Science, superstitions, etc. $1.50.

Success Secrets. Essays on Culture Habits, On Time, Courtesy, etc., including 100 helps to Live 100 years. $2.50.

The Passing of Woodrow Wilson. Being excerpts from various newspapers and magazines gathered at the time of the death of Woodrow Wilson, with an introduction and bibliography by Eugene V. Brewster. This beautiful edition, printed on hand-made paper which was made especially for this book, is limited to 385 copies, each signed and numbered. A choice item which will some day be rare and priceless. $3.50.

Napoleon. Being three essays on "The Man of Destiny" by Charles Phillips, Robert G. Ingersoll and Hudson Maxim, with an introduction by Eugene V. Brewster. This beautiful little brochure is handsomely gotten up and printed on hand-made paper. The edition is limited to 234 copies, each signed and numbered. $1.25.

Mah Jong. The fascinating game is here simplified so that a child can learn. Also includes "One Hundred Winning Points," which are so exhaustove that even a beginner can learn at once all the scientific points of the game and hold his own with the expert players. 25 cents.

Any of the foregoing books will be mailed post-free to any address on receipt of price.

Brewster Publications, Inc., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N.Y.
You Can Play a Hohner Harmonica!

This FREE Instruction Book Will Teach You How

Millions of happy people of all ages are now playing Hohner Harmonicas for entertainment, education and popularity. Anyone can quickly learn to play a Hohner with the aid of the Free Instruction Book.

This interesting and instructive book contains a series of easy lessons, charts and pictures which will enable you to quickly master the harmonica and play operatic, classical and jazz selections.

Even though you had no previous musical training, you can learn to play a Hohner Harmonica. And when you do learn, you will have mastered the first principles of a musical education.

Don't hum or whistle—play it on a Hohner. Ask your dealer for the Free Book today. If he can't supply you, write to M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 175, New York City.

Leading dealers everywhere sell Hohner Harmonicas—50¢ up.

**Hohner Harmonicas**

NEWS-REPORTING SHORT-STORY WRITING PHOTOPLAY WRITING

A Literary Career through Expert Assistance by Distinguished Authors and Well-Known Editors and Newspapers;—also—

A Manuscript Sales Department handling the work of new and established writers.

Highest possible prices secured for all saleable stories.

Plot Chart and Copyright Book Free

THE HARVARD COMPANY

203-213 Chronicle Bldg.
San Francisco, Cal.

**ARTIST'S OUTFIT FREE**

Write quick for sample offer. Learn NOW at home in spare moments your new and brilliant method, Comparative Art, Color Theory, Illustration, Design, Sketching, Architecture, Illustration, Pen and Ink, Water Colors, Oil, Pencil, etc. 1 year's free correspondence course sent free. SEND FOR IT TODAY.

Washington School of Art, Inc., 1616-17 E. 42nd St., NY, N.Y.

**MAKE MONEY AT HOME**

You can earn good money at home in your spare time making show cards for us. No canvassing or soliciting. We show you how by a new simple instruction method. We supply both men and women with work at home, no matter where you live, and pay you cash for all work completed each week. Full particulars and booklet free. Write today.

AMERICAN SHOW CARD SYSTEM, LTD.
211 Adams Building
Toronto, Canada

**Advertising Section**

**Will Wonders Never Cease?**

A Miracle has happened.
The writer has conducted this column in this magazine for six years. In that time he has said some harsh things about various members of the motion-picture fraternity. But he has also said many complimentary things.

He has singled out obscure players and lauded them as great prospects for stardom; he has advanced as great artists many actors and actresses who have met with only ridicule from other critics; he has defended stars and players who have been maligned and attacked in the press of the country. And in many other ways he has written things highly complimentary to hundreds of screen folk.

In all these six years, how many letters of thanks or appreciation would you imagine he has received from these players and celebrities? Not one.

But at last the miracle has occurred. This month the writer received his first letter from a celebrity. The hero is Ricardo Cortez. He writes thanking the department for some kind remark it has made about him. We would like to say something nice about Ricardo now but are too stunned by the whole thing, too overcome with emotion.

Let this note speak for itself—and for Ricardo Cortez.

**It Had to Come**

Just when we were under the impression that every creeping and crawling thing in existence had been presented in a series of pictures, a company is organized to produce pictures featuring fish.

It's bad enough to have to eat fish. Now we've got to look at them on the screen.

**Press-Agent Terms**

Leon Rubenstein has compiled a few press-agent terms and what they actually stand for. Here are some of them:

Masterpiece—Something in which the producer was disappointed, but which must be sold.

Emotional Climax—Dummy thrown off a cliff.

Colossal Caxalve—Twenty horsemen riding in a circle, in and out of the picture.

Scenic Extravaganz—Almost fifty-two supers.

**Those Doorway Pauses**

Last month 3,567 persons walked through doorways in motion-picture scenes. Three thousand, five hundred and sixty-six of the magazine for over six weeks and looked back toward the camera, for some reason or other, before finally passing out through the doorway. The remaining person would no doubt have done them the same queer performance, only the villain shot him before he had a chance.

For this the villain had our sincere gratitude.

Let Me Tell You How I Got Rid of Superfluous Hair

Here's the Method

I am going to tell you about a simple method used at home, with which I removed a heavy, beard-like growth which had resisted every depilatory I had ever tried.

When you use this simple method yourself you will realize how you can remove even a persistent growth of superfluous hair and do it in the privacy of your own room. It is harmless and painless.

This method of mine is different from anything you have ever used. It is not a powder, paste, wax or liquid, nor a razor, not electricity. It causes no burning or stinging and leaves no mark. It removes superfluous hair and makes the skin more attractive.

Many other women whose faces were partly covered with superfluous hair have found relief through this method. Letter after letter like the following come to me:

"Your method is the best I have ever used for superfluous hair."

Send for My Free Book

In order to make this method clear, I have written a book about it, and if you write at once I will send you a copy of it free. No other book like this has been written. Don't send me a penny. Just a letter or postcard while this offer holds good and you will receive the book by return mail. Address Annette Lanzette, 62 West Washington Street, Dept. 149, Chicago, Ill.
LEARN
TO WRITE

Don't let lack of self-expression hold you back a moment longer.

Four hundred years ago, only a privileged few could read, and a still fewer few could write. In Shakespeare's time there were probably not more than two hundred people in all England who by necessity the profession of authorship. Today, almost everybody can read, of course, and yet, despite all the educational progress that has been made, only a comparative few can write well.

We do not mean short stories, poetry or drama necessarily, but the thousand and one writings that have daily in business life—letters, memoranda, reports, advertisements, etc.

Does Your English Hold You Down? Many a man of outstanding business, professional or technical ability is held down all his life because he cannot express himself in words. He knows what he wants to say or write, but he cannot write it. Employers, knowing this, are afraid to promote him. Customers, realizing it, are all too prone to discount even great ability in other directions.

Wouldn't you like to be able to write better letters? To make more beautiful speeches? To be able to clothe your thoughts in clear and beautiful English? It is not so difficult to gain this facility of expression as you may think.

Right at the time, through the Palmer Institute of Authorship, you can gain a mastery of words that will be a very great value and satisfaction to you as long as you live. Indeed, there is no other single study that will help you more than this.

Famous Men to Help You The courses are written by well-known authors, dramatists and picture producers and they are delightfully interesting, as well as instructive. The educational policies of the Palmer Institute are supervised by the following distinguished men: Frederick Palmer, author and educator; Charles H. Remington, well-known playwright and author-educator; Brian Hooker, formerly of the Faculty of Yale and Columbia Universities; Frederick H. Cooper, author-educator; Russell Doubleday, publisher; C. Gardner Sullivan, screen writer and director; James R. Quirk, editor of Photoplay Magazine; and Bob Wagner, author and motion picture director.

Write for This Free Creative Test We do not wish to urge you unduly, but we do feel that we owe it to you—your business— your future, to at least find out what are the educational policies of the Palmer Institute. If you will mail us the coupon and we will gladly mail you, free, our unique Creative Test, which measures the degree of your natural writing ability, and our new book, "The New Road to Authorship.""
"Brought Me This Genuine UNDERWOOD"

YES, only 3 days brings this genuine Smith-Wood-Royal Standard Underwood direct from our factory, and then only monthly payments while you use it. Thoroughly tested and guaranteed for five years.

A Perfect Typewriter

Every Underwood is built to last. Its sturdy, self-reliant design is built to last. Its sturdy, self-reliant design, with new molded, new milled, new refined parts, new key rings, new tone, a complete, perfect typewriter with back space, alarm device, automatic ribbon reverse, tabulator, key shift lock, etc. Impossible to tell it from a brand new Underwood, either in appearance, durability, or quality of work.

Thirty-Three Years' Experience

In publishing typewriters during these 33 years, we have learned a great deal about the qualities that make up a typewriter. We want you to have the very best. Quality, durability, beauty, smoothness, value, and the long life to which we are so greatly devoted.

Ten Days' Free Trial

See for yourself! Try the typewriter ten days. You must be satisfied on the entire transaction won't cost you a penny. Act today. Get our big illustrated catalog and full particulars.

FREE TRIAL COUPON--

205 Shropshire Bldg., Chicago

Send your name and address for free book of facts concerning Standard Visible Writing Underwood. This is not an order and does not obligate you to buy.

MIDGET NAME CARDS
THE LATEST NOVELTY

50c, Per Book

Each book contains 50 perfect little name cards, size 1 1/4", in suspense leather. Choice of black, tan, green or red. A perfect name card. Name in Old English type. Price complete 50c. Send stamps, coin or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. ATEMI WANTED.

MIDGET CARD SHOP

64 MAIN STREET,
GREENE, R. I.

Youth-Ami Skin Peel

A New Scientific Discovery

which painlessly and harmlessly removes the old skin with a new and removes all surface blemishes. Pimples, blackheads, freckles, etc. natural, invisible liquid. Produces a healthy new skin, beautiful as a baby's. Results immediately. Booklet "The Value of a New Skin" free in plain sealed envelope.

Youth-Ami Laboratories, Dept. DB, 39 E. 31st St., New York

Delivered to You Free

For 30-day trial on approval. Your cost now only 30c, paid in three 10c monthly payments. Your cost now only 30c, paid in three 10c monthly payments. Your cost now only 30c, paid in three 10c monthly payments.

"Send Money Only" if you desire to keep the booklet. Money refunded if not satisfied. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

VANITY RING WATCH

SET THE STYLE! Get this Duette Vanity Ring Watch in a choice of silver, gold, or platinum settings, in any woman's or man's size. Adaptable to any size finger. Adjusts to fit any size hand. Signet rings, secret rings, or secret rings and secret ring watches. Inclined only to fine workmanship. Satisfaction guaranteed.

VANITY RING WATCH

50c, Per Box

Meant for both women and men.

CycE COMPANY

ROSE & CHICAGO

Advertising Section

Colleen as Sally the flapper in her recent picture

Struggling Out of Flapperdom

(Continued from page 33)

I got pigeonholed for life as a flapper! What would I do?

"I must crawl out before I was glued in."

"I read So Big. I wept, it was so beautiful. My heart bled for Selina. Wouldn't you dare ask for it? I did."

"Hollywood again screamed, 'It's a sin; she's the flapper type.'"

"Again Mr. Rowland said, 'Yes, she can.'"

"So each night I prayed. 'Oh, Lord, delivered me from jazz. Please make me sad-eyed; make my eyes stay put. Make me be Selina!'"

"You know how I worked. I gave everything but Selina."

"You write me the rest."

"We are out in the desert, so please forgive pencil, including anything, and especially spelling."

"COLLEEN:"

"P. S.—Desert Flower is a comedy melodrama—a character part—a rough kid raised in a box-car."

A Key to Our Cross-Star Puzzle

Pages 32 and 33

1. Colleen Moore
2. Clara Kimball Young
3. Betty Compson
4. Richard Dix
5. Helene Chadwick
6. Leatrice Joy
7. Buster Keaton
8. Mae Busch
9. Milton Sills
10. Gloria Swanson
11. Norma Talmadge
12. Betty Bronson
13. Louise Fazenda
14. Ben Lyon
15. Viola Dana
16. Rod La Rocque
17. Mary Pickford
18. Frankie Mayo
19. Dorothy Mackaill
20. Harold Lloyd
21. Agnes Ayres
22. Constance Talmadge

"I Can Teach You to Dance Like This"

—Sergei Marinoff

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 the dance. Marinoff makes the training easy and fascinating. You have a complete studio in your home. The equipment consisting of practice costume, slippers, phonograph records, and dancing bar, are furnished free with the course.

Write Today!

Everyone interested in dancing should write to Sergei Marinoff at once and get complete information about this splendid system of home instruction in Classic Dancing. This information is free. Write today.

Sergei Marinoff, School of Classic Dancing
1924 Sary Somers Ave., Studio 105, Chicago

EVERY WOMAN will buy DAINITY-WAY LINGERIE.


STUDY AT HOME

For 30 years we have trained thousands of men and women in the insurance field and now we have the training you need for success. We can prepare you for the Life, Fire, Casualty, Surety, Marine, Accident and Health fields. The training you need for success in any business or profession. Complete training in 12 months. Write now for full particulars.

We guide you step by step. You can start at home, and pay out several weeks. Finish when you can. Insurance, Real Estate, Law, Medicine, Engineering, Journalism, and Business are among the many fields of study. You are never too old to learn. Send for our free booklet "Professions and Occupations for Women."

La Salle Extension University

210 N. La Salle St. (Dept. 779)
Chicago

The World's Largest Business Training Institution

Photoplay Ideas Wanted

Don't send your manuscripts to studios until first protected by copyright. Plans accepted in manuscript form. Revised, copyrighted, marketed. All rights reserved. No manuscripts returned. No honorarium. No school—no courses of books to sell. Advice free.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO CORPORATION
250 Security Bldg., Santa Monica and Western Ave., Hollywood, California

Publishers Popular Scenario Writer

FREE for publishers

GROW TALLER!

INCREASE YOUR HEIGHT!

Simple, Natural, Easy Method.

Will increase your height and improve your appearance. Write for FREE Booklet, Dept. A.

THE NATURAL METHOD BUREAU, Atlantic City, N. J.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

Earn big money at home writing Showcards for us. We show you how, provide work and pay cash each week on matter where you live. Send for FREE Booklet.

KWIK SHOWCARD SYSTEM LIMITED
65-9 Bond St. • TORONTO, CANADA
But most of my education really came from reading. I read everything. The tattered play books scattered behind the scenes at the theater were my texts. Shakespeare read them.

There were times when we were flush, and my mother laughed and loved me; times when we were broke, and ate our holiday dinner at 'Child's' restaurant. I remember I had one aching desire—for a Christmas tree. Not the community affair they sometimes had behind the scenes that were for all the cast, but a tree of my own like the ones the other boys in school boasted of. (Last Christmas I remembered this—and wanted to buy toys and trim a tree for my own little daughter—and couldn't.)

At fourteen I was going to a California military academy (it must have been during one of our flush times), and they telegraphed me to come home to my mother's funeral. I stood looking down into her coffin. It was as though some one whom I had known vaguely was dead; some strange one whose death did not concern me.

She had never taken care of me, dressed and undressed me, heard my lessons, tucked me into bed. I didn't feel like crying, but it hurt that I didn't. Everyone around was saying and saying, "How beautiful she looks," and, "She seems like a girl, lying there." I knew they were lying. The face on the white satin pillow was worn and wrinkled. Even Death had to lie about, then! But they expected me to cry and I forced small cold tears and played the part of bereavement so realistically that, on the way back from the cemetery, my cousin Clara, who rode with me in a cab by ourselves, tried to comfort me, and I found her comforting wonderful. I held her warm gloved hand and laid my cheek on her little serge shoulder—and quietly sobbed and was comforted. In that ten minutes ride thru the chilly autumn rain back to my lodging, I grew up from a child to a man.

She was only a stocky little girl-creature, with a tender heart. She did not know how to keep a secret. She found her amusing, strange, terrifying—desirable. I wanted to kiss her—and didn't. It was my first experience with sex, and I didn't know quite what it was all about. When the cab stopped, we shook hands stiffly...

I have never seen Clara since. But she was the first woman in my life. Before that the world had been occupied by grown-ups and children, now it was peopled by men and women.

My stepfather had no mind to have a half-grown boy with an appetite and other expensive features on his hands. He told me that it was time for me to earn my own living.

At fourteen I came to San Francisco, where my mother had often played, and turned my back on the stage, hating it for what it had done to her and to me. I have tried to keep away from it, but I have moonlight bank blood in me.

It was a choice between getting a job in a rubber company's office, which I disliked, or going hungry, which I disliked still more. For a year I lived on seven dollars a week, somehow, and had almost enough to eat. I came to other jobs, other places. I lived in Spokane and Portland. Then I heard of chances in the pictures, an outcast profession then, and came to Los Angeles. I rode cow ponies for Ince and made no impression on the directors; but I collected my extra's wages at the end of each day and carried them home to my lodging-house. Even tho I didn't succeed I was happy. For the first time I belonged.

It was several years before I got a real part in a picture, and then it was with the old Triangle. One curious thing—I have the same dressing-room today on the Goldwyn lot that I used seven years ago, but it is not the same man using it. You can win and lose and suffer many things in seven years. I said the dressing-room was the same, but it has been remodeled. It has hooks to hang clothes on now. It didn't then.

My life seems to me so aimless. Everything is disjointed—it doesn't coag., somehow.

There was the war, for instance. The Spanish flu put off my being drafted. When I did go to camp, it seemed as false and unreal to me as everything else—false excitement, false courage whipped up by beating drums and flying flags. I didn't have anybody to fight and die for, but I had made up my mind I was going to die. That was a foregone conclusion.

I wanted most awfully to have someone care. The other boys were getting letters and packages. You couldn't turn around without seeing some pretty girl or middle-aged woman clinging to a doughboy, with tears and kisses and pride! But there wasn't a soul in the world who would miss me when I was going. It seemed such a futile thing to have lived for, just to have the name, John Gilbert, in fine print under the list of Killed in Action.

A little Southern girl came out to the camp to help entertain us. I was introduced, she saw I was lonely. She was lonely herself and was sympathetic and kind. People do queer things when the bugs blow. Three days after that impulsive wedding in the chaplain's quarters the armistice was declared and there I was, married to a stranger!

We took a little flat, the first home I had ever had. Oh, we both of us tried to make a go of it. We were both of us frightened at what we had done. The year after the war there was a slump in the picture business. I tramped from studio to studio, but I was too big or too small or too dark for any parts they had.

My little stranger wife never nagged or found fault when I came in from in the hopeless search. She didn't even ask me whether I had found something. But her eyes nearly drove me crazy—big eyes that questioned my face till I dreaded to go home.

I got so I was haunted by those eyes and wrote to my stepfather telling him of our need. I had been making a hundred and fifty to two hundred a week before the war, now fifty dollars would have seemed a fortune.

He wrote us two hungry kids, telling us to pray God for help and reminding me that, if I had saved my money as he had saved his (money my mother had earned for him!), I wouldn't be in need of it now.

God was too far away from Hollywood, and I had to watch my wife's eyes grow bigger every day. At last I borrowed the car-fare to send her home to her mother in the South. The day after she was gone I got a part. I said that things didn't cog.

When we bade each other good-bye on
Prevent this

Neglect of teeth, the U. S. Public Health Service points out, may mean an infected mouth. Then abscesses may form. Poison may spread through the system, causing rheumatism, heart disease, kidney trouble or other ailments, which may materially shorten life.

Use Colgate's
It removes causes of tooth decay

SCIENCE proves that many dread diseases are traceable to tooth decay. Because of this, preventive dentistry is sweeping the United States. Dentists everywhere are interested in this modern move to prevent tooth trouble and thus prevent much sickness.

Delay May Mean Decay
The time to fight tooth trouble is before it starts. Delay is dangerous, for modern foods are soft, likely to start unhealthy conditions that may become far advanced without the slightest warning. Don't wait for aches and pains to tell you. Don't wait until good looks are gone.

Colgate's is Safe and Effective
Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is a modern dentifrice—widely recommended by modern dentists. It "washes" your teeth thoroughly clean—does not scratch or scour them. The combined action of its soap and chalk gently removes clinging food particles. Causes of tooth decay thus are safely and effectively removed by Colgate's. It is safe for a lifetime.

The Safe Course of Treatment
Take good care of your teeth and they will take good care of you. Brush them after each meal. No matter what kind of tooth brush you like, use Colgate's with it. The taste of Colgate's is pleasant. It is made sensibly, advertised sensibly, and is sold at a sensible price, 25c for a large size tube.

Consult your dentist twice a year. It pays.

COLGATE & CO. Established 1806

Free—
Generous trial tube

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 413
301 Fifth Ave., New York City
Please send me, free, a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name
Address

(This offer good only in U. S. A.)

John Gilbert talks over his role in "The Merry Widow," with Eric von Stroheim, the director
How To Increase Your Income During Your Spare Time

We want men and women in every locality to represent our magazines. Experience is not essential, neither is any investment required; we supply all the needed working material.

Men and women who are now on our staff are earning large incomes by just devoting a few hours each day to our sales proposition. The work is easy and pleasant, there is no need of lugging a heavy sample case around with you when you make your calls and you take your commission just as soon as a sale is made and in addition to your commission we will pay you a special bonus on your production—don't let this golden opportunity get by you—write today for full particulars.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC.
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

I am interested in your money-making plan. Please give me full information at once.

Name
Address
City State

ADVERTISING SECTION

Close-Ups on Complexions
(Continued from page 37)

ten minutes, and then I wash my face again. And that is all! It's not so exotic as milk baths, nor so romantic as bathing in dew, nor so expensive as perfumed mud packs, but it does the work.

Of course, I use powder and creams, just as any modern woman does (and Cleopatra too for that matter), but you can't cover up a poor complexion with these things—you can only enhance a beautiful complexion with artificial aids.

Clara Bow says:

I take a cold shower every morning (honest!), then a light facial massage with a pure cold-cream, and a ride in my car with the wind-shield down so I'll be blown on. If there aren't any breezes, I hunt up a nice stretch of road without any motor-cycle cops in sight and make one! There's something about having the wind blow on your face that does more for the complexion than any other kind of massage—for that's really what it is.

There is so much dust at a studio, and the blazing light of the Kleigs and the grease-paint and everything else would ruin the skin in a short time if we didn't take extra good care of it. I use a flesh brush with my cold shower, and afterwards hot water and a massage. But the best part of my complexion treatment is that auto ride. The girls at the studio always sigh and say enviously, "Clara always looks as tho she had just come in from out of doors"—and yet they've come down to their work in their cars with the wind-shield up and the car windows down.

"Another $10 Raise!"

"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 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 $30, $40, 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 an interesting descriptive booklet telling what the I. C. S. can do for you.

MAIL THE COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Bx. 6959-B, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, send me your 48-page booklet, "How Women Are Getting Ahead," and tell me how I can qualify for the position in the subject before which I have checked an X.

Name ____________________________
Street ____________________________
City __________ State __________
Occupation ________________________

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to International Correspondence Schools Canadian Limited, Montreal, Canada.

FREE FOR 8 NAMES

Just send us the names and addresses of 8 friends, neighbors, or business acquaintances in your neighborhood and 8 other names, We will immediately send you a complete set of 96 names and addresses ofufact friends. You will receive Free Necklaces, BRURST & KLINE.

THE BETTER M.O. CO.
Dept. A, Washington and Market Bks., Chicago, II.

NEW OFFER! FREE WRIST WATCH!

FREE FOR 8 NAMES

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Write women make the most darling letters about this "little pink cake"

"I use it in preference to cold creams. It leaves the skin so clean and soft, and removes any pimples or blackheads. And others write: "Just wonderful! Saturates all the skin I've used."—A wonderful skin invigorator. Keeps the skin smooth and the complexion clear."

"My counsels asked what I used for such a beautiful complexion, ' I told them. "I have found it to work wonderfully on a rough skin, and as a cleanser it has no equal."—Very soothing and agreeable, too, on rough, red hands."

"The most delightful of all face creams—I no longer use cold creams of any kind since discovering it."—Cleans my skin, removes pimples and blackheads in a week."

"Just what everyone needs here. The winds are so dry. "Very soothing after motoring."—So convenient to carry on trips."

An Improvement in Applying Cream

I am sure you are among the few who like to apply cream. But many women are stuck by the usual method. They use a powder puff and apply their cream to their face. They are probably not aware of the wrong method of applying cream. The puffs are usually severe on the skin. They do not distribute the cream evenly. The cream is not absorbed well. The puffs are also difficult to clean. The cream may get caught in the crevices of the puff. The puff may not distribute the cream evenly. The cream may not be absorbed well. The puff may be difficult to clean. The cream may get caught in the crevices of the puff.

I have found the best method. In the first place it is not artificial but natural. And nature is the best course to follow. I believe salt water—I take a swim every day I possibly can—has a beneficial effect on the face. With my face still wet I expose it to the sun, not long because I do not wish to be tanned, believing that the face, like flowers, needs water and Old Sol. If they stimulate flowers, certainly they can stimulate the face.

Naturally, exercise, like basketball and such, keeps the body in good condition and this is reflected in the facies. I often find my face a scrubbing with brushes and water and finish with cold-cream. But I rely chiefly on exercise and athletics.

**Advertising Section**

**Patsy Ruth Miller says:**

I suppose a movie actress’ skin, smoothed red with all the attention she gets, is the worst treatment in the world. The Colonel’s Lady and Judy O’Grady may be sisters under the skin but not above it. I always wash my face with cold-cream soap and water seem to give the skin such a scrubbed look. And I have half a dozen other creams for different purposes. One, for instance, makes such a good base for powder and keeps up from haying to dab at one’s nose at all times and places with a powder puff. Another cream feeds the skin—I use that at night. And there are whitening creams and astrigent creams, and they come in the daintiest jars for the dressing-table!

Good complexions don’t just happen—not in these fast and furious days. They are the result of care and effort. A girl could employ a luncheon set for her troussseau in the time she spends on her face in a year—But if she used her time that way she probably wouldn’t need any troussseau.

**Alma Rubens says:**

My complexion treatment is internal. I drink quarts of water, and pints of orange juice every day. I suppose the second item would be expensive back East where oranges sell for seventy-five cents a dozen, but out here they are almost as free as the climate. Two glasses of the juice forms my breakfast instead of the coffee. I must confess I would prefer. Sometimes it is tuna too—if I am on a salary and have a good one. If you eat a chocolate drop it is likely to show on the screen in your next picture.

**The Answer Man**

(Continued from page 94)

**Lina; Helen M.; M. B.—**Your letters were very interesting, and I am sorry not to give both of you publicity. Your questions have been answered above. Try again.

**Terry Tingle—**You ask if I can play the harpsichord. You know that I am playing over there in St. Peter’s. Sure, King Baggot is alive. In the dim and distant past I used to speak of him very often in these columns, but now we seldom hear of him because he is only a mere director. Last year he directed The Tornado, The Gaiety Girl, and The Whipped Girl. Beverly Hills is a very fine section of Hollywood. I’ve never been to California, but I imagine the hotel is just as expensive there as anywhere. Very few of these films are the exceptions that are accepted these days. Most of the screen productions are taken from books. Thanks very much for your complimentary letter.

**Paul—**Here they are! Glad to hear from you again. I am sorry I didn’t get to see you perform, but I have to perform here myself and it takes lots of valuable time. Maybe some day we will see your name in the bright lights of Broadway. I sure do enjoy your letters.

**Warner Baxter Admirer.—**So you want to know about Eddie Phillips and Rex Lease. We’ll see. Warner Baxter is playing with Bill Johnson in Fairbanks, Jr., in The Air Mail. Well, I try to please and that is the only way to be pleased.

**Walter N. Ley, U. S. Naval Hospital Large, Illinois, Ward sixteen, would be glad to hear from movie fans, as he is bedridden and very lonely. Some of our readers write him a cheery letter.**

J. R. B.—Your letter was mighty interesting. Nazimova was born in 1897. Now Maurice Maeterlinck has signed up to write three original stories for Metro-Goldwyn. Why, I should say that Sunday seems to be the most popular day at moving picture theaters. Saturday is pretty busy too. Yes, that is the old question—Are most patrons interested in the star or the story? I imagine in this day
and age most people are interested in the story.

Irvin—Thanks for the drawings. They have gone like hotcakes.

Sarah S.—Yes, Charity begins at home, and that is as far as it goes sometimes. Be good to the poor—my address is 175 Dutfield Street, Brooklyn, New York. You can reach Mahlon Hamilton at Pathé, 35 West 45th Street, New York City. Yes, George Walsh is playing in American Maran.

Violet R.—Well, well, I am glad you like this department. I try to write so that I will not excite the envy of my friends nor the malice of my enemies, but I don't always succeed. Sorry I cannot help you. You can reach Wyndham Standing at The Mountain View Inn, Hollywood, California. Yes, he has been to our offices here and I like him.

Cubbie.—Ah, my child, you forgot to sign your name. You know I don't answer questions unless the letters are signed. Ricardo Cortez is six feet one, and not married. Call again, but don't forget your John Hancock.

Kathleen H.—All right, here's a tongue twister for you—Benjamin Bramble Blunder, a blundering banker, borrowed the baker's bircben broom to brush the blinding cobwebs from his brain. Put that in your smoke and pipe it. Corinne Griffith was born November 24, 1893.

Moe Stick; M. K.; C.B.; Thomas S.; Bet; Banjo Girl; Helen M.; Mary T.; Windy; P. B. X.; Clark R.; Tooteis; Mildred G.; Julia A.; Epherene; Baker's; Elegia; Angela D.; Chick Chee; Noble; and Julia S.—Sorry to have to put you in the alorans, but your questions have been answered before.

A charming — keep me busy.

Aussie Girl.—Glad to hear from far-away Australia, specially from right underneath me. You have Louise Lovely with you. Good, that's lovely! Address William S. Hart at 6404 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. Write to me any time you feel like it, I'm always here in my little hall-room, waiting for letters from you and others.

Anxious.—It is not pleasant to be a critic. We must either hurt the person criticized by telling the truth, or hurt ourselves by telling what is not true. You will see John Bowers in Chickie. Allan Forrest and Letrice Joy are playing in The Dress and the Man. That was Jack Mulhall in Within the Law.

Irene R.—Why Pauline Frederick is going to Australia to play in a series of American stage productions, among them The Lady and Spring Cleaning. Norma Talmadge played in the former in pictures and Betty Compson in the latter. No, J. W. Kerrigan has not retired from the screen. He is six feet one inch, weighs 190, born in 1889 and has black hair. Outside of that he is a fine chap.

W. A. B. W. T.—Well, I don't know what that is all about, but I suppose you do. Your letter was mighty interesting. You just write to me any time.

Corinne Griffith—be happy. You know it is all up to yourself. The way to catch pleasure is not to follow it, for, like your shadow, the more you chase it, the faster it will fly. Richard Dix is playing in The Shock Punch.

Dolly D.—Johnnie Walker is thirty. Yes, Katherine MacDonald is coming back they say. I can see that you are a great favorite of Laura La Plante. Lucille Ricksen has been confined to her home sick since last June as a result of a nervous breakdown, and her physicians say it is likely to be another year before she will be able to begin work in pictures again. Hope she recovers soon and that too. I very seldom read the newspapers, but I have to keep up with all the movie papers. Huri-Kari, which means Happy Detective, is a Japanese official suicide. No, I don't know where you can get five pictures of movie stars for one dollar.

I'm Giving a Party Next Month!

It's a surprise party! And the surprise is a brand-new picture of myself at the present moment. Don't miss it. You'll be surprised all right!

—The Answer Man

Featured on Broadway

Motion pictures shown twice a day in regular New York theaters, charging regular theater prices

The Iron Horse.—Lyric Theater. Opened August 28, 1924. Story of the building of the transcontinental railroad.

The Lost World.—Astor Theater. Opened February 8, 1925. A novel picture waving its mutes on the screen with spectacular vividness.

The Man Without a Country.—Central Theater. Opened February 11, 1925. An excellent picture adapted from Edward Everett Hale's famous classic.

The Miracle of the Wolves.—Criterion Theater. Opened February 23, 1925. A spectacular photoplay which has come to the screen from France.

Quo Vadis.—Apollo Theater. Opened February 15, 1925. A high class spectacle imported from Italy. Emil Jannings as Nero gives a splendid performance.


I Thank Men

For what youth and beauty brought me
By Edna Wallace Hopper

It is queer, but all great aids to youth and beauty if my heart were covered by scientific men. And most of them by Frenchmen. Women run beauty parlors, pose as beauty experts. But every great help they employ is in the creation of some mustached man. I've found that so in my forty-year search for the greatest beauty expert. Every help I have discovered has helped develop my beauty. And man-made helps have kept my youthful bloom.

Now those supreme helps are at every woman's call. The helps that made me what I am. The choose and best men know. All—this combined in just four preparations, supplied by all toilet counters.

I urge every girl and woman to learn what they can do. Mail the coupon for a test of one.

My Youth Cream

My Youth Cream is a remarkable creation, combining many factors. It contains products of both lemon and strawberry. Also all the best help science gave me to foster and protect the skin. It comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. I use it as a night cream, also daytimes as a powder base. Never is my skin without it. My velvet complexion shows what that cream can do. The cost is $2.50 per jar. Also in 15c tubes.

My Facial Youth

is a liquid cleanser which I also owe to France. Great beauty experts the world over now advise this formula, but their price is too high for most women. It contains no animal, no vegetable fat. The skin cannot absorb it. So it cleans to the depths, then departs. All the dirt from greasy and dead skin come out with it. My Facial Youth will bring you new conceptions of what a cold cream means. The cost is 75c.

White Clay

is a newtype clay, which refined and purified, vastly different from the crude and muddy clays so often employed. The result of 20 years of scientific study. It purges the skin of all that clogs and frustrates. 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. And many women seem to drop ten years after one application. My White Clay costs 50c and $1.

My Hair Youth

The cure of many cases of hair, thin and silky, finer far than 40 years ago. I have never had falling hair or dandruff, and never a touch of gray. A concentrated product containing many ingredients. I apply it with an eyedropper directly to the hair. There are no dirty roots. I have never had dandruff. I cover all my hair roots. It tones and stimulates. No man or woman will concern itself when they see what Hair Youth does. The cost is 5c and $1 with eyedropper.

All druggists and toilet counters supply Edna Wallace Hopper's beauty helps. If you will send the coupon will mail a sample of any one you choose. Also my Beauty Book. Clip coupon now.

Your Choice Free

Insert your name and address. Mark sample desired. Mail to Edna Wallace Hopper, 356 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 7:00-9:30

| White Youth Clay | Youth Cream | Facial Youth | Hair Youth |

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

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Why Does She Wear a Badge?

Soon you will see many of the salesgirls at the perfume and toilet articles counters of the department stores wearing conspicuous badges. These badges are to indicate that the girls are not regular store employees, but are paid by manufacturers to push certain lines of goods. In the past these girls have been called "hidden demonstrators," because the fact that they were being paid to push certain lines was hidden from the public.

The Federal Trade Commission has maintained that the "hidden demonstrator" system has resulted in deception of the public. Retail merchants are regarded as the purchasing agents of the community, and customers rely upon the advice of retail salespersons, thinking that such advice in the selection of goods is unbiased. This is especially true in the case of toilet articles. Women freely ask the opinion of a salesperson on perfume, powder or cream. Never would such women dream that many salespersons have been paid to switch customers to certain articles.

The Federal Trade Commission has recommended that all hidden demonstrators be identified for the protection of the public, and the American Manufacturers of Toilet Articles have agreed to do this. It is estimated that there are close to 10,000 "hidden demonstrators" in the United States, all of whom will soon wear badges. The accompanying photograph is of Huston Thompson, Chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, pinning the first badge on a "hidden demonstrator." It is expected that the work of preparing and distributing the badges will be completed by the first of 1925.

This identification of "hidden demonstrators" will protect the women of this country against the abuses which have crept into the system in the past. A customer will know exactly with whom she is dealing, for the badge will state the name of the firm employing the girl. And the demonstrator, no longer being hidden, will refrain from using subterfuges to switch the customer to the product on which a commission is paid. From now on all the cards will be laid upon the table and the sale of toilet articles will be entirely aboveboard.
Confidences Off-Screen

(Continued from page 88)

The scenario was written under the supervision of Mary E. Hamilton, chief policewoman of New York City, with the official rank of Captain. Mrs. Hamilton is in the cast, as herself. She will show, without exaggeration, how she goes about her work of saving girls who have broken loose from home influences.

She is a magnetic and sincere woman. There is little doubt that she will register as an actress.

"I got the Police Commissioner to lend me for this job, because there are evils which can only be remedied thru publicity," she told me. "I especially want to show up the wrong of mixing first offenders with hardened crooks in the detention pens, before they are brought to trial."

As for the party, it took place in a Bowery dance-hall set at the Whitman Bennett Studio in Specials. Cute, blonde Virginia Lee Corbin and Johnnie Walker of the cast, as well as a host of extras, danced with all comers.

Confidential Briefs

SAMUEL GOLDSWYN

wag-wags that he has finally achieved the word "photogenic" to
define quality in an actor which makes him available for motion
pictures. But there's nothing new about it. It's a trans-
lation of photogenique, a term that has been long
jargon of the French cinema.

On her return from Europe, Norma Talmadge announced that her next picture would be Granstork, that merry tale of a mythical
knight. Buchovetz will direct it.

Mary Brian and Esther Ralston, who were already and the
Mother respectively, in Peter Pan, will both be with Alice Joyce in The Little French Girl.

The outdoor shots have already been made in Bermuda. Why
Bermuda, it's hard to say—except that the weather here was unpleasantly cold.

I saw Lila Lee just as she was rounding off her work with Thomas Meighan in Coming Thru. "You won't be able to get her to talk about anything but her bath," I'd been warned. But that didn't prove to be true, of course. We had a
nice, long chat. She is now with Chadwick Pictures, playing the lead in The Midnight Girl, a new written especially for her by Garrett Fort.

Because of his superb work in The Last Laugh and Quo Vadis, the critics are raving about Emil Jannings, the motion picture
producer is just starting in to rave, and doubtless the public will soon
have joined the chorus. All seem to think that Jannings is on the one hundred per cent. German marv, a sort of man equal to Pola Negri. Yet he is American born. He tried to get into pictures here and was not appreciated. Only then, as a grown man, did he go to Germany, where his talents were developed in the imaginative school that started the world a few years ago with The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari.

A Wizard Weds

A FEW YEARS ago, Larry Semon was

drawing comic strips for a New York
newspaper. Then the screen lured him,
and he proved he could be even funnier
than he is now at present.

No one could call Larry a matinee-idol
type. He doesn't have to be. He's gone
far on brains and the
odd charm that humorists possess.

The fast-named was enough
win over one of the prithest brides in pictures—Dorothy

Owens.

They were married at the Little Church
Around the Corner, New York, February 15. A few days later, they gave a luncheon
at the Astor for magazine
women, and there was one of those.

Even Dr. Owen said she
would continue her

More Fringing

WHEN I INTERVIEWED AILEEN

Pringle for this department a few
months ago, I touched on the
few words for which she is responsible. She doesn't sparkle, or
sparkle, or allure—or do any of those acknowledged things. She just pringles.

I met her by chance at Famous Players' studio the other day, and between shots she prangled me to Havana. She had been down there at New Year's, working on the earlier scenes of A Kiss in the Dark. After listening to her suave and
wholly charming traveling, I defrayed any one to have felt some anguish at the ill
luck that caused him to be elsewhere than Havana at New Year's.

This Aileen is the most positively infectious. As it gets to be better known, it's going
to cause "S. R. O." signs to be hung out at all theaters where Aileen is showing.

Her next part will be the lead in Wildfire, the race-track drama in which Lilian Russell appeared on the stage for years.

Police Stuff

I MUSTN'T overlook the enterprise of the Film Booking Offices in "throwing a Bowery party," just in time to make this month's department.

The pictures that inspired the party—and the slanders—were Lilies of the Streets, a melodrama of missing girls, which it is
will do some good as well as en-

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

The Most Precious Perfume in the World

RIEGER'S FLOWER DROPS are unlike anything you have ever seen before. The very essence of the flowers themselves, made without alcohol. For years the favorite of women of taste in society and on the stage. The regular price is $1.50 an ounce, but for 25c you can obtain a miniature bottle of this perfume, the more 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 25c

RIEGER'S FLOWER DROPS For graceful, fragrant skin—softer leaves, younger—freshly scented. Each drops contains five different Rieger Perfumes that last a year. For the world's most precious perfume! Send Now.

RIEGER'S PERFUMES—at all Drug and Dept. Stores. At price dealer cannot supply you, send direct to address below.

Paul Riegier's

Flower Drops For graceful, fragrant skin—softer leaves, younger—freshly scented. Each drop contains five different Rieger Perfumes that last a year. For the world's most precious perfume! Send Now.

Souvenir Box Attractive special box containing five differenl Rieger Perfumes that last a year. For the world's most precious perfume! Send Now.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

RIEGER'S

Honolulu Bouquet

You will be charmed by the indescribable fragrance of this new creation. Perfume—10c per oz. Toilet Water—$1.25. Powder—50c Soup—50c. Send 25c for generous trial bottle of this delightful new perfume.

Crème of Violets A wonderful New For beautiful, rosy-smooth, white hands. Nothing to equal it after shaving—leaves skin smooth and cool. Large tuber—25c.

Send Coupon Now

Paul Riegier & Co. (Since 1872)

156 First St., San Francisco, Calif.

Send 25c for the "Confidences Off-Screen." Rieger's Flower Drops (odor)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Address</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Send stamp, currency, money order or check. Remember, if not pleased, your money refunded.
Liberty will pay $50,000.00 in Cash for an IDEA
For a Story Suitable for Liberty and for a Motion Picture

Here are the Rules of This Remarkable Contest:

1. Liberty and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation are seeking an outstanding original story of literary merit suitable for Liberty and for a Motion Picture. IT MUST BE a new or unproduced story.

2. The winning suggestion will be written into a novel and will be published as a Serial in Liberty. By special arrangement with your publishers, it will also be produced as a Motion Picture by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and will be presented on the screen throughout the world as a Paramount Picture.

3. In addition to the $50,000.00 which will be paid for the winning story, Liberty will pay for cash and standard publishing rates any other stories selected by Liberty from those submitted, offers to be made to the authors of such stories before publication.

4. What is wanted is an IDEA. Ability to write fiction is NOT NECESSARY. Liberty wishes to give this opportunity to everyone regardless of ability as a writer, therefore the offer is limited to two parts as follows:
   
   PART ONE provides that you may submit your idea in brief synopsis form. For this synopsis you may use 2,500 words or less. By synopsis we mean, tell in your language the main features of the plot and describe the leading characters which take part in it—the hero, the heroine, the villain, etc. For the best synopsis $25,000.00 in Cash will be paid.

   PART TWO provides that you may submit your idea in complete story form (ready for publication). For the complete story another $25,000.00 in Cash will be paid.

5. The words “Synopsis for $50,000.00 Prize Story” must be written at the top of the first story sheet and a synopsis properly marked must be attached thereto. (A synopsis must in all cases be sent.)

6. The winning idea will be selected from the synopses submitted, and $5,000 (Part One) will be awarded for it. If the complete story was sent with the Synopses which win the prize, and this complete story is acceptable to the Publishers of Liberty, another $25,000.00 (Part Two) will be paid for this complete story.

7. Upon payment by the Publishers of Liberty of the $25,000.00 (Part One) for the synopsis and of the $25,000.00 (Part Two) for the complete story, the synopsis and the story and all rights to each and both, including the copyrights thereto and the right to secure copyright therein in all countries, shall become the absolute property of Liberty for use in any manner or for any purpose it may deem proper. The rights are reserved to accept or reject the winning entry if necessary.

8. Through arrangements made by Liberty with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation—the largest producers and distributors of Motion Pictures in the world—many of the most prominent theatrical producers, including Carl Frohman, Sid Grauman, Sol Hurok, and D.W. Griffith, and many others, have agreed to cooperate in the publication of the story in book form. All royalties or other income received by Liberty from such speaking stage rights or book publication rights will be paid to the author of the synopsis and the author of the story. If two persons, such sums will be divided equally and an equal half share will be paid to each.

9. The synopsis and story must be one of love and action, and must be the original thought and work of the contestant. It must be clean.

10. If you have been to the movies, you know the kind of story you would like. Submit your idea. There are no restrictions.

11. Helpful suggestions will be published weekly in Liberty as an aid to those who may wish assistance.

12. The Judges will be a Committee of three—one appointed by Liberty, another appointed by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and the third an experienced author. Their decision will be final.

13. Contestants may submit as many synopses or as many stories as they wish but each must be submitted in good faith. The name and address of the sender must be written plainly on each entry.

14. All entries must be addressed “Stories,” care of Liberty, Post Office Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. To facilitate matters, entries should be submitted at once. However, no entries will be returned later than mid-night, June 1st, 1925. Manuscripts will be returned if sufficient postage is enclosed. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. The Publishers of Liberty will not be responsible for the loss, delay or non-delivery of entries.

15. This offer is open to everybody, everywhere, except employees of Liberty and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and their families. Acceptance of these rules is an express condition of each entry.

16. This offer is the largest of its kind ever made. It presents an opportunity to every person regardless of station in life. You do not have to be an experienced author to compete. Anyone may submit his or her ideas.

---

Because of the size and the nature of the offer it is possible that the winner, in addition to receiving a huge cash prize, will become world-famous.

To facilitate matters, ideas should be submitted at once. Do not wait. For further details write Liberty from week to week. Helpful suggestions will be published weekly in Liberty.
Winx, the magic lash darkener, makes your lashes long and shadowy.

“A WOMAN’S eyes,” was a masculine opinion, “are only as beautiful as her lashes.”

And it is true. Would you express coquetry? How can you do it better than by a sudden upward lift of the lashes? And demureness? Lowered lids, cheek-sweeping lashes, an eternal feminine charm.

Make your lashes longer and heavier by darkening them with WINX, the water-proof liquid which dries the moment it is applied. And it is harmless too! One application lasts several days, unaffected by water, perspiration or tears. WINX (black and brown) 75c. At drug or department stores.


Mail coupon today for a generous sample of WINX. Another dime brings you a sample of PERT, the permanent rouge.

ROSS COMPANY, 242 West 17th Street, New York.
Will his eyes confirm what his lips are saying?

Be as pretty as he pictures you—this simple rule of skin-care is bringing charm to thousands

The kindly candles of last night, the tell-tale revealments of noon! Do you fear the contrast they may offer?

Thousands of women have found the beauty that chooses no special hour to bloom, but casts its enchantment over every moment of the day.

There is no secret how. The scores of pretty skins you see wherever your eyes turn prove this to be true. Any girl can have the charm of a fresh clear skin, the gift more priceless than beauty itself.

The means are simple. No costly beauty treatments—simply common-sense daily care with soothing palm and olive oils as combined in Palmolive.

See what a difference one week may make by following this simple method

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. Apply a touch of cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. Palmolive is a skin emollient in soap form.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Own a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), Chicago, Ill.

Soap From Trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—and no other fat whatsoever. This is why Palmolive Soap has the natural color that is it—for palm and olive oils, nothing else. Give Palmolive its green color.

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped.
SHOULD YOU MARRY YOUR OPPOSITE?
Famous Stars Discuss this Question - on Pages 28-31
A Mother's Duty

is to help her child keep that schoolgirl complexion

Authorities say every mother should follow this simple rule in skin care with a growing child

SHE'S indoors one moment, outdoors the next. She's exposed to all the extremes of temperature known. Are you giving her skin the correct care? Beauty scientists now tell us that skin radiance in girlhood is largely dependent upon the precautions taken in childhood.

Help her keep the exquisitely supple skin she has today. Remember that she can, all through life, if only a few simple rules of caution and care be followed now.

Never let a day pass without this
The secret, as experts all can tell, is in the balmy lather of palm and olive oils—the perfect blending, as found in Palmolive. As she grows older, let her use powder if she wishes. But never leave it on over night. It clogs the pores, often enlarges them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. The skin must be kept clean, the pores open and active.

Just before retiring, wash gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then apply a touch of cold cream if the skin is dry and needs it.

The world's most simple beauty treatment
Thus in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty, charm and youth prolonged.

No medicaments are necessary. Remove the day's accumulations of dirt and oil, cleanse the pores, and nature will be kind. The skin will be of fine texture. Coloring will be good.

Avoid this mistake
Do not use ordinary soap in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of palm and olive oils, is as good. Palmolive is a skin emollient in soap form. The secret is in the oils and their blending.

And it costs but 10c the cake! Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILL.
Is there a new fashion in Rouge?

Emphatically, yes! — bright colors in costumes and settings are influencing the modern woman toward a more daring and colorful complexion.

A NEW fashion in rouge? — It is here! Appearing first in Vienna but a few months since, this new mode of high complexion color has traversed that swift, mysterious route that links smart women everywhere, from Deauville to the Riviera, to Paris, to New York and Hollywood.

You have doubtless already observed, how the modern trend of fashion in brilliant contrasts of pure color, in both costumes and decorations, is exerting its positive influence on the checks and lips of the modern woman.

And why not? Surely amid the colorful splendor of blazing fabrics and flaring lights, the soft rose tones of the complexion's natural flush fade into a totally unnatural pallor. So that the high color produced by the modern rouge merely restores the vivacity of nature.

VIVID — The New Shade in Rouge

For many months now, Princess Pat, Ltd., always alert to the latest modes and developments of beauty's toilette, has been pace with this newest trend, in what is called the modern flare for color.

Now, thanks to the countless experiments and tests conducted by the Princess Pat Chemists, a new and marvelous shade, known as Princess Pat VIVID, has been produced, which is simply a deep and brilliant intensification of nature's own rose tone — so daring that you will gleam with emphatic beauty amid the most colorful surroundings; yet so true to nature that when sparingly applied and softly blended with powder, even though you are a most conservative user of rouge, you need not hesitate to wear it. Princess Pat VIVID is the chosen shade of the ultra-fashionable in these ultra-colorful days.

English Tint, the Famous "Orange Rouge" that Changes Tone to Harmonize with Any Skin

Yet the vogue for Vivid Rouge has not by any means lessened the popularity of that other triumph, Princess Pat English Tint, whose bright orange, in the compact, changes so miraculously to rose on the checks and blends so delicately with nature's skin tones on blonde or brunette, whether in day or evening light. So long as there are beautiful conservativest in the world, Princess Pat English Tint will be wildly popular because of its perfect harmony with all types of beauty.

Princess Pat Medium Rouge, a Softly Delicate "Old Rose" Shade

There are some types of complexion beauty so delicately childlike as to require only the softest wildrose flush, and for these Princess Pat Medium Rouge is especially recommended. Its warm, subtle tone is particularly harmonious with those dainty pastel shades of costume — not too emphatic to detract from the loveliness of the ensemble.

The Essence of Your Beauty is the Texture of Your Skin

Therefore, no matter whether your preference is for the new gorgeous and fashionable Vivid, the widely popular English Tint, or the softly delicate Medium Rouge, all of the Princess Pat shades are compact or dry rouges. This means that their base is Almond, just as the famous Princess Pat Almond Base Face Powder. Thus they are not only beautifying to your complexion, but actually beneficial to your skin's fine-grained texture as well.

The Princess Pat Way of Applying Color

Second only in importance to your choice of the correct rouge for your complexion, is the manner of applying it. The Princess Pat method has won almost as wide acceptance among beautiful women as Princess Pat rouges themselves.

Apply in V-shape, the point of the V toward the nose — beginning at the temple, put the color on, slanting forward and downward to the high point of the cheekbone, then backward and downward — leaving a space in front of the ear clear of color. Blend softly, and you have duplicated nature's own design. For lasting, even waterproof, result, apply your tint before powdering.

Princess Pat

For Perfect Match of Lips and Cheeks

Princess Pat Lipstick

As a final touch to your beauty it is essential that the color harmony between lips and cheeks should be exact. With English Tint or Medium Rouge use Princess Pat "Natural" Lipstick; with Vivid Rouge, use Princess Pat "Vivid" Lipstick. Keeps the lips soft and plump — prevents dryness or chap.

A liberal demonstration packet FREE—

So that you may judge the true merit of Princess Pat Rouge on your own complexion, we have arranged to send a liberal supply entirely without charge. Just mail the coupon.

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Dept. 26, Chicago

Please send me your Demonstration Package. I have checked the shade I desire.

□ Vivid (the new fashionable shade) □ English Tint □ Medium (very popular) (pastel rose)

Name

Address

City

State

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
A Party Everyone Can Enjoy

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

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

It is the emotions of men and women that are universal, and it is of the emotions that the photoplay tells, starting gasps, sighs, tears and laughter.

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

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

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

"If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!"
The Bulletin-Board

On which is posted last-minute news about pictures and players

FOUR years is long enough to go without a vacation, according to Tom Mix, who has recently packed up his family and gone to Europe. Before sailing, Tony, the famous and beloved horse who shares honors with Tom in his pictures, gave a party for his master at the Hotel Astor. It was not, however, a farewell party, as Tony sailed with the rest of the family and is the guest in Paris of Epinaud, the French race-horse.

Once more Theda Bara is scheduled to return to the screen. The latest report is that she will play The Unchastened Woman for the Chadwick Pictures Corporation.

Jack Pickford has been forced to take a complete rest by a bad attack of kidney trouble. He came to New York and spent his time in a darkened room at the Ambassador and wandering about the streets decorated with a pair of dark glasses. The trouble has been quite cleared up now.

Constance Bennett ran away from the studio after completing The Goose Woman and came to New York on a combination pleasure and shopping trip.

No new production has been announced by D. W. Griffith, but persistent rumors say that his next picture will be the screen version of Marie Corelli's The Sorrows of Satan.

Harry T. Morey, who kills someone in a picture in which he appears, and George Hackathorne, who gets himself killed in nearly every part he plays, are scheduled to work together in the near future. They are great friends and Harry says he is looking forward eagerly to killing George at least once.

When Thomas Meighan was in Ocala, Florida, making Old House Work, he gave a benefit to raise money for the new hospital the town was building. In recognition of his services, the trustees decided to name the children's ward after Mr. Meighan. But Tom had a better idea, and so the children's ward bears the name of Robert Harron, the young star who died three years ago.

Pauline Starke, who has recently signed a long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, will do her first work for them in Wrath, the screen title of the stage success, Sun-Up. Conrad Nagel plays opposite her and Lucille La Verne will play the same part she had on the legitimate stage.

In the Follies scene of Pretty Ladies, they needed twenty beautiful girls for the chorus. Florencia Ziegfeld, who had heretofore left the movies strictly alone, was pressed into service. From the photographs of a hundred and fifty lovely extra girls, she selected the twenty who will glorify the Hollywood Extra under the direction of Monte Bell.

Barbara La Marr's new picture, The White Monkey, is a screen adaptation of Galsworthy's novel of the same name. Henry Victor, an English actor, who has just come to this country, will be her leading man.

Conway Tearle is going back to the simple life in his new picture, Just a Woman. Instead of the sophisticated and amusing hero he will be seen as a clerk in a steel mill, eating in his shirt sleeves, playing with his baby son—and dominated by his wife. The head of the family is played by Claire Windsor.

Rose of the World, Kathleen Norris' novel, is the first picture Patsy Ruth Miller has made for Warner Brothers. It is a Lorraine of the Lions, a Universal feature. Patsy was hailed as the queen of animal trainers. Two of the most unruly lions imaginably became as meek as lambs under Patsy's gentle and persuasive influence.

The Dark Angel, Robert Milton's Broadway success, has been made into a motion picture for Vilma Bánky. She is the German actress whom Samuel Goldwyn has recently brought to this country. George Fitzmaurice is producing her first picture. Ronald Colman, who will play with her, is scheduled to appear in Rome and Juliet when he has finished work with Miss Bankey. Jay Hunt, Madge Bellamy and Ethel Clayton are appearing in Lightnin', under the direction of John Ford.

Bebe Daniels says life was very hard while they were making The Mummy. A lot of scenes had to be taken on Broadway and Fifth Avenue when there were no crowds and, consequently, the company was at work all night several times. The director's instructions being to sleep in the day-time—if they felt they could.

There has been a change in the plans of Warner Brothers. Marie Prevost, who is to have appeared in Why Girls Go Back Home, has started work, instead, on Bobbed Hair. Kenneth Harlan and Louise Fazenda will play with Miss Prevost.

There's been a lot of give and take in the movies lately. Fred Newmeyer, Harold Lloyd's director, has been loaned to Syd Chaplin for his new picture, The Man on the Box. Shirley Mason has been borrowed from the Fox Studio to play in The Snowman.
A Guide to 150 Pictures

Which are now being shown throughout the United States.

Folly of Vanity—Picturizes a fantastic dream of the spirit of a restless woman. She is successful, but finds no satisfaction in anything. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

An American Love Story—Devoted to the romantic romance dealing with a fictional queen whose greatest weakness is men. Pauline Lord as the aspiring star is the best she has yet been in an American-made film. Well acted by Mazo Brothers, La Roque, Adolphe Menjou, and Pauline Lord. (Gaumont-British)

Fools in the Dark—Heart-warming story which shows what fun can be had in old-fashioned, serious melodrama. The plot kicks off the mad scientist, the evil Hindustan, the hero, the beautiful woman at sea, and gorgeous courtly style. The moral poor in the dark but with quite a bit of suspense without much meaning. Has not much depth. (Paramount)

Bitter Laughter—A tale of two people who are brought together in the name of love. An interesting romantic comedy. (Paramount)

Poor Boy—A young man who is forced to choose between two women, one of whom he loves. He finds happiness in the end. (Gaumont-British)

In the Search of Happiness—A story of a young man who tries to find happiness in various places. He finally finds it in love. (Gaumont-British)

The Mariner—A tale of a young man who becomes a sailor and finds love in the end. (Gaumont-British)

The Great Divide—A western drama quite above the usual level. A story of love and adventure. Well directed by Bert Laski. (Paramount)

The Last Laugh—A story of a man who loses everything and must start over. He finds happiness in the end. (M-G-M)

The Man Who Knew Too Much—A story of a man who becomes involved in a spy ring. He finally exposes the ring and finds happiness. (M-G-M)

The Devil's Happy Man—A story of a man who becomes a riverboat gambler and finds love. He finally give up gambling and finds happiness in the end. (M-G-M)

The Man from Nowhere—A story of a man who becomes a detective and finds love. He finally solves the mystery and finds happiness in the end. (M-G-M)

The Great American—A story of a man who becomes a millionnaire and finds love. He finally gives up his wealth and finds happiness in the end. (M-G-M)

The Man Who Owned the Locals—A story of a man who becomes a crook and finds love. He finally gives up his crooked ways and finds happiness in the end. (M-G-M)

The Man Who Lost the West—A story of a man who becomes a cowboy and finds love. He finally gives up his cowboying and finds happiness in the end. (M-G-M)

The Man Who Wasn't Himself—A story of a man who becomes a mad scientist and finds love. He finally gives up his mad science and finds happiness in the end. (M-G-M)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A story of a man who becomes a writer and finds love. He finally gives up his writing and finds happiness in the end. (M-G-M)

The Man Who Could Work Miracles—A story of a man who becomes a miracle worker and finds love. He finally gives up his miracle working and finds happiness in the end. (M-G-M)

The Man Who Wasn't There—A story of a man who becomes a detective and finds love. He finally solves the mystery and finds happiness in the end. (M-G-M)

The Man Who Threw Cats—A story of a man who becomes a cat lover and finds love. He finally gives up his cat loving and finds happiness in the end. (M-G-M)

The Man Who Played Cook—Impressive picture of a young man who becomes a chef and finds love. He finally gives up his cooking and finds happiness in the end. (M-G-M)

The Man Who Sold His Soul—A story of a man who becomes a soul singer and finds love. He finally gives up his soul singing and finds happiness in the end. (M-G-M)

The Man Who Wasn't There—Impressive picture of a man who becomes a lawyer and finds love. He finally gives up his law practice and finds happiness in the end. (M-G-M)

The Man Who Wasn't There—Impressive picture of a man who becomes a detective and finds love. He finally solves the mystery and finds happiness in the end. (M-G-M)

The Man Who Wasn't There—Impressive picture of a man who becomes a doctor and finds love. He finally gives up his doctoring and finds happiness in the end. (M-G-M)

The Man Who Wasn't There—Impressive picture of a man who becomes a farmer and finds love. He finally gives up his farming and finds happiness in the end. (M-G-M)

The Man Who Wasn't There—Impressive picture of a man who becomes a soldier and finds love. He finally gives up his soldiering and finds happiness in the end. (M-G-M)

The Man Who Wasn't There—Impressive picture of a man who becomes a musician and finds love. He finally gives up his music making and finds happiness in the end. (M-G-M)
satisfactory speed. Marc MacDermott shines. (First National)

Richard Barthes—supported by his charming wife, Mary Hay, has a triangle story this time. There are two scenes in which he is seen with old friends. His plot is unusually strong. (Paramount)

New Lives for Old—a modern drama, which, not unusually, gives Betty Compson a part. The plot is strong and the playing is excellent. There are one or two scenes that get over big and the acting is effective. (E. 1. V. B.)

Life's Movements—In the story of a great cattle drive across the plains, one of the scenes is particularly well photographed. Lois Wilson, Ernest Torrence, and Claudette Colbert are the stars. (Paramount)

Life's In—One is thinking of the lovely little story, tender with sentiment, slightly frail for five reels, but which should please a number of older people who still have hearts. Based upon a poem which appeared in town or our own, its producer. The mother refuses to give up one of her daughters and wins her battle against her way of thinking. Simplicity counts. (Producers Distributing Corp.)

Life's Thrills—The story is an old-time one, told by a French family, and dealing with events following the crooked mine deal in which a crooked director becomes the victim. When the villain finds the mine is not quite so good. An old theme entertainingly handled. (First National)

Life's Thrills—Joe Cohan has, as usual, dressed himself up with novel treatment. Director becomes bold in developing old-world ways, —he marries his bride and conventional husband only to return to him when she breaks dissolves with her limousine and her bike rider. Smart titles, good characterization. (First National)

Lost Love, The—This melodrama contains tremendous thrill. It is based around a girl hounded by the law—the other false—but it is a chance to have a laughable will. It is a pity against man responsible for death of his sister. (Universal)

Lost Love, The—A movie title is tucked on Tarkington's "The Magnificent Ambersons." Still beautiful, more vibrant and not a new story. Carries humanity and realistic atmosphere. Roman Dumas' pictures, of which this is one, with Italian director. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Lost Love, The—(M-G-M)—Evelyn Brent is in this story. It is a ballet story, an effort to carry out all the Barrie charm and whimsy. Certainly sustained the result of youth. Has rich romance and a star that suggests true fire of self-motivation. Betty Compson is a star of future importance. See this and take the children. (First National)

Peter the Great—Emil Jannings, the Brooklyn Center, is in this picture as the great Russian ruler. A vivid film, a vivid story well told. Peter the Great is a triumph. He is a story of pomp and ceremony, filled with the triumphs and the tribulations of the great ruler. (First National)

The Rag Man—Jackie Coogan at his best. Invented by Coogan, it is a story about a boy who tries to catch the fun of life. It is a little stiff at first, but quickly catches up. (First National)

Peter the Great—Emil Jannings, the Brooklyn Courier, is in this picture as the great Russian ruler. A vivid film, a vivid story well told. Peter the Great is a triumph. He is a story of pomp and ceremony, filled with the triumphs and the tribulations of the great ruler. (First National)

Peter the Great—Emil Jannings, the Brooklyn Courier, is in this picture as the great Russian ruler. A vivid film, a vivid story well told. Peter the Great is a triumph. He is a story of pomp and ceremony, filled with the triumphs and the tribulations of the great ruler. (First National)
Clippings from the Motion Picture Magazine of June, 1915

Which will refresh the memory of our old readers and enlighten our new ones on "Who Was Who" and "What Was What" ten years ago

NOTE: The picture gallery contained portraits of the following players, some of whom have long been forgotten: Violet MacMillan, Bessie Lemp, Ann Little, Mignon Anderson, Lilie Leslie, Richard Stanton, Marguerite Clark, Crane Wilbur, Frances M. Nelson, Isabel Rea, Louise Vale, Augusta Anderson, Helen Bray, Florence LaBadie (since deceased), Lois Weber, Gertrude McCoy, Maurice Costello, King Baggott, Sidney Drew (since deceased), Jane Morrow (afterwards Mrs. Sidney Drew), Bobby Connelly (since deceased), S. Rankin Drew (since deceased), and Alice Joyce.

Quotes

"Chester C. Conklin, the Keystone Comedy acrobat and laugh-producer, is so funny that even the pianists giggle and make disciples when he chuckles down from the screen. His greatest ambition in life is to drive away grouchies. After making himself dear to every member of the cast, Iowa, his native town, he branched out with the Majestic Comedy Company and thence to Keystone, portraying and characterizing the 'home folks,' including the German of his town. Conk' believes that big photo-plays from big books and big novels have taken a grip upon us and that big comedy will come into its own too."

"Lottie Pickford, sister to little Mary, has joined the American Company, with Irving Cummings in The Diamond from the Sky."

"Four or five years ago, Florence Lawrence, Marion Leonard, Florence Turner, Mary Pickford and Gene Gauntier were the most famous of screen stars. Miss Turner went to Europe to form her own company, Miss Lawrence has retired. Miss Leonard has a company of her own and Miss Pickford alone has stuck to it."

"Maurice Costello has given up directing and will again star with Norma Talmadge, under the direction of Van Dyke Brooke."

"The Chaplin mustache is spreading— not the mustache, but its popularity—and eyebrows on the upper lip may again come in fashion."

"Louise Glamm (N. Y. M. P. Co.) is sporting a real Scotch hat."

"Matt Moore, brother of Tom and Owen, is now playing opposite Mary Fuller."

"James Kirkwood has deserted Mary Pickford for Hazel Dawn and come back to New York, but is now directing Dorothy Bernard at Jacksonville."

"Kathlyn Williams has bought a $150 Panama hat for herself."

"Chester Conklin (Keystone) was once a circus clown, and he doesn't seem to change much."

"An illustrated Fashion Department for this magazine is among the new things."

"Priscilla Dean, formerly of the Biograph and still with the Shakespearean

Ben Greer Players, is now a Peerless player."

"Again the quarrel is on—Who will win Dorothy Kelly? George Cooper, the villain, still pursues her, but James Morrison is right on the trail."

"I LOVE TO G0 to Motion Picture shows, Mary Pickford and Blanche Sweet are my favorites on the screen. I enjoy seeing some of my own pictures, and I like to criticize myself. Whenever I see myself on the screen, I always think if I could do it over again I would make some little change. I always try to remember some slight expression or movement that I could prove upon, and when I have a similar part I try to make the best out of it that I can."

"This is one advantage of being in pictures. You can see yourself as others see you, and if you are a conscientious critic you always see room for improvement. I love to be in comedy, and whenever I am cast in a comedy or a comedy-drama I am happy. I like to dress up for old-fashioned parts. I take a special delight in making up for a grotesque character. It is quite a relief when I can stop playing the heavy dramatic parts, and play a comedy role."

—from an interview with Dorothy Gish, June, 1915

The Standing of the Players in the "Great Cast Contest"

1. Leading Man
   • Francis X. Bushman........ 609,905
2. Leading Woman
   • Mary Pickford............. 580,750
3. Old Gentleman
   • W. Christie Miller........ 724,830
4. Old Lady
   • Mary Maurice............. 1,010,575
5. Character Man
   • Harry Moore.............. 350,000
6. Character Woman
   • Julia S. Gordon........... 490,605
7. Comedian (Male)
   • Charles Chaplin........... 767,955
8. Comedian (Female)
   • Mabel Normand........... 701,530
9. Handsome Young Man
   • J. Warren Kerrigan........ 422,765
10. Beautiful Young Woman
    • Anita Stewart............. 494,705
11. Child
    • Jack Richardson........... 540,235
12. Child
    • Helen Costello........... 634,380

John Bunny

THERE was an old comic named Bunny,
Whose antlers were painfully funny;
When asked, "Does it pay?"
He said, "Somewhat that way—
I've swapped my loose first for loose money."

Motion Picture Classics

Judith of Bethulia (Biograph)
The Birth of a Nation (Mutual)
Cabiella (Italy)
Hearts Afire (Famous Players)
The Tigress (Alco.)
From the Maugher to the Cross (Kalem)
The Battle Hymn of the Republic (Vitagraph)

Extras

"On April 5th, Mr. Jess Wil- lard knocked out Mr. Jack Johnson. But how you are going to see it on the screen is a mystery, because, alas! about three years ago Congress passed a law forbidding the importation of prize-fight films into this, the land of the spore and the home of the depraved."

"Pearl White wishes us to thank the many who have sent her presents of slippers, aprons, pillows, etc., but she insists that she cannot wear a No. 1-A shoe on a 4½-B foot."

"Miss Mary Pickford has just returned from a visit to the Panama-Pacific Exposition."

"J. Warren Kerrigan plays a real character part, a Mexican greaser, in The Guardian of the Flocks (Vit)."

"INSERT: The kiss that comes here was cut out by the censors."

William V. Taylor suggests this: Since kissing is unsanitary and immoral, Long Live the Censors!"

The time must come when there will be films 600 feet long, films 1,200 feet long, films 1,800 feet long, etc. Now there must be 1,000 feet, 2,000 feet, or multiples thereof. The present plan will soon be a back number, I think."

"Exit Ford Sterling, enter Charles Chaplin. Old Father Time carves out a milestone in Mary Pickford's life and then and then. Since Sterling is now back with Keystone and Chaplin is out, nobody knows who will be it next year."

"The Yale Bowl seats 70,000 but will not hold the New Haven admirers of Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin and Crane Wilbur."

"You say, that since seeing Mary Pickford in Cinderella and Margarette Clark in Wildflower and The Cradle, you are inclined to take the former down from her throne and substitute the latter."

From The Answers Man.

What They Were Doing a Few Years Ago

Ionele Barrymore (Vitagraph) supported William Farnum in The World and His Wife in 1909.

Lillian Russell starred in Wildfire at the Liberty Theater, September, 1908.

"Thomas Inge" ("Big Thad") vaudeville in 1909, in a one-act sketch, with Marie Falls as leading woman.

Nov., 1909, Gladys Hulette (Edison) supported Henry Miller in The Fifth Halter; in 1912 she played in Little Women.
No Money Down!

No C. O. D. Nothing to Pay for Aluminum on Arrival!

Not a penny now. Just mail the coupon and Hartman, the Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World, will send you this splendid complete 32-Piece Aluminum Cooking Set, and with it absolutely FREE the 10-Piece Combination Kitchen Set and 9-Piece Canister Set. Pay only the small transportation charge on arrival. No C. O. D. Use all three sets 30 days on Free Trial, and if not more satisfied, send them back and we will pay transportation charge both ways. If you keep them, pay only for Aluminum Set, a little each month. Keep both the Kitchen Set and Canister Set as gifts from Hartman. They are FREE.

Complete 32-Piece Heavy Gauge Aluminum Cooking Set

This is Hartman’s famous, special, selected set of heavy gauge Aluminumware—a complete cooking outfit, light to handle, easy to clean, always bright as silver. Will never chip, crack or rust. So durable that we guarantee it for life. 32 utensils—everything you need for baking, boiling, roasting, frying. And, think of it—Nearly a Year to Pay!

This offer proves that Hartman gives the world’s most liberal terms and the world’s greatest values in dependable merchandise. You pay only transportation charges on arrival. Then, if after 30 days trial you decide to keep the goods, pay a little each month for the Aluminum Set—not a penny to pay for the Kitchen Set and the Canister Set. Take nearly a year to pay. Offer is limited. Mail coupon now, while you can get these wonderful Free Gifts.

Order by No. 417GMA15. Price for Aluminum Set, $18.95. No money down. 32.00 monthly. 10-Piece Kitchen Set and 9-Piece Canister Set are Free.

FREE! Both 10-Piece Framed Kitchen Set and 9-Piece Framed Canister Set. Guaranteed for life.

Send Post Card Today For Your FREE Copy of Catalog No. 1728

FREE Bargain Catalog

Hundreds of pieces, many in actual colors of the world’s greatest household items—pots, pans, kettles, sand cast iron, aluminum, glassware, watches, etc.—all sold on our monthly payment terms and 20 days’ free trial.

FREE GIFTS

Both sets free with Aluminum Set. Kitchen Set includes: Potato Masher, Mixing Spoons, Measuring Spoons, Ice Pick, Eggs and Cream Beater, Can Opener, Vegetable and Fish Brushes, Fork, Fry and Cake Turner, Whisk. All have white enamel handles and knobs on wood bail. Canister set includes: Large container for Tea, Coffee and Sugar, small containers for Pepper, Cinnamon, Allspice, Nutmeg, Cloves and Ginger, all finished in accordance with advertisers’ specifications and carefully packed.


Use Coupon Only When Ordering Aluminum Set, Mail It Today!

HARTMAN

FURNITURE & CARPET CO.

Dept. 7478 Chicago, Ill.

Send the 32-Piece Complete Aluminum Cooking Set No. 417GMA15, Price $18.95, and with it the 10-Piece Kitchen Set and 9-Piece Canister Set, absolutely FREE. Will pay transportation charges on arrival. I am to have this set free trial. I will, if not satisfied, return the set at once and pay nothing. If kept, I will pay transportation charges both ways. I agree to keep the set and not disturb the terms. If I keep the set, I will pay the balance. Set and Canister Set, see Free. Title remains with you until final payment is made.

Name...

Street...

City...

State...

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
See the Photoplays that "Must be Fine"

SOME authors' names have magic in them—you know that any story by them must be fine. In the same way you can always count on enjoying a "First National Picture." First National stands for all the resources and the knack that can contribute to the making of splendid photoplays—drawing on the greatest books and plays for stories, employing gifted actors and directors, all with the idea of creating superb entertainment.

"His Supreme Moment"

THIS picturization of May Edginton's novel, "World Without End," is another fine production from Samuel Goldwyn and George Fitzmaurice. You will find that popular young hero, Ronald Colman, in the rôle of a mining engineer who adopts unusual methods to win the heart of the girl he loves. Blanche Sweet is featured with Mr. Colman, and others in the cast are Kathlyn Myers, Belle Bennett and Cyril Chadwick.

"His Supreme Moment" is a love drama you will not soon forget.

"Chickie"

"CHICKIE" is the love story of a little stenographer who dreamed and hoped some day to say good-by to a typewriter and revel in the luxury of a beautiful home provided by a millionaire husband. And while eligible millionaires are few and far between, Chickie was attractive. But then, of course, the only man she ever could love came along to stand between her and her dream.

Dorothy Mackaill plays the title-rôle and John Bowers is featured with her. They are seen on the left.
"The Necessary Evil"

In every picture in which that young actor, Ben Lyon, appears he is winning new admirers. This time you will find him in a particularly appealing rôle—as a lad who inherits a disposition to care-free wildness, gets into a scrape at college and, for his own good, is sentenced to live in a torrid land. And Viola Dana plays the part of the charming girl with whom the high-spirited young man and his own foster-father both fall in love.

"Fine Clothes"

John M. Stahl, with an array of such successes as "Why Men Leave Home" and "Husbands and Lovers" behind him, has produced another delightful comedy drama in "Fine Clothes." On the stage it enjoyed a long run under the title of "Fashions for Men." Its central figure is the simple-minded Peter, who, because he can see nothing but good in anyone, finally takes the evil out of the hearts about him.

Percy Marmont plays Peter. On the right are Alma Rubens and Lewis Stone, the other principals. Louis B. Mayer presents the picture.
The Greatest Pictures Ever Produced

What America's leading critics have to say about it

A short time ago we wrote about one hundred of the leading reviewers in this country, asking them to help us find out what were the five greatest pictures ever produced. The returns are not yet all in, but we have received enough answers already to indicate the trend of opinion. In a later issue we shall give the complete results and also the opinions of these critics on the fifteen greatest pictures of the past six months. Some of these critics have been kind enough to write profound reasons for their selections, and some have qualified their opinions by stating that one picture was better than another because of certain features and points of quality; and we intend to give our readers the benefit of some of these scholarly dissertations.

In one sense, it is absurd to attempt to name the five greatest pictures of all time, not only because of the differences of opinion and the difference of viewpoint, but because, as Mr. W. C. Howe of the Exhibitors' Trade-Review says: "How can you consistently render a comedy like Hot Water with The Lost World, for instance? Both are excellent in their own line." And yet, nearly every one of the critics put down The Birth of a Nation as one of the five. It is almost unanimous.

This leads to the conclusion that there is at least one picture which stands out above all others. This being true, it is quite possible that there are four others that stand out equally strong. It is material whether it is a comedy, like Hot Water, or a historical spectacle like The Birth of a Nation, or a simple little drama like To Be or Not To Be, or a stupendous fantasy like The Thief of Baghdad.

Some of the critics have had the kindness to put the question to their readers, as, for example, Miss Tena M. Jordan of the Portland, Maine, Press-Herald. Miss Jordan and her readers have agreed to send in the following list, as the five greatest pictures:

Abraham Lincoln
The Ten Commandments (prolog)
Peter Pan
The Iron Horse
Secrets

Miss Alice Carroll of the New York Review declines to name "the five greatest," but prefers to name "five of the greatest," and she chooses The Thief of Bagdad, The Birth of a Nation, Broken Blossoms, Peter Pan and The Four Horsemen, in the order named, and she adds that the first two must of necessity be included in any list.

Mr. Carlton Miles of the Minneapolis Journal places The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari first on his list, and The Goose girl fourth. Perhaps Mr. Miles is an artist, and if so, he is probably an impressionist or futurist. These two pictures created a sensation in their time, but they were so different from other pictures that the general public failed to appreciate them.

The same may be true of The Last Laugh, which was spoken of so highly recently by all the critics. After seeing such a splendid spectacle as The Sea Hawk, or The Thief of Bagdad, the average person would look very lightly upon The Last Laugh because it has none of the magnificence of the former and none of the marvelous scenes of splendor and beauty. Perhaps we are all influenced too much by the latter.

The selection of Mr. J. G. Ortega of the Cinematograph is quite interesting. He states that in making the selection: "We did not take it in consideration the plays that have made more money, nor those whose names have become a household word, nor yet again those which put public opinion or other means are considered models of technique, continuity or entertainment. The choice was made from the purely artistic standpoint, based upon wholesome merit, pathos, brilliant presentation and commendable acting. We plead guilty, however, to have rendered judgment in the matter according to the standards of the present day, which are, after all, the best when considering a form of art that strives to perfect itself from month to month."

Mr. Ortega's list includes A Woman of Paris, The Miracle Man, Broken Blossoms, To Be or Not To Be, and The Kid. While everybody must consider that these five pictures were all great, many will promptly think of many other great pictures just as great as some of these perhaps. Hence, it is a great puzzle that we have given the critics.

Miss Mabel Steele of the Pittsburgh Sun has not forgotten Neptune's Daughter, with Annette Kellerman, which the Fox Company produced in Bermuda many years ago, and she gives it fifth place in her list. Neither has she forgotten Civilization, which most of us had forgotten. Of course, both of these pictures must be classed as great, but the majority don't think that they are quite in the same class with Miss Steele's other three: The Hunchback of Notre Dame, Orphans of the Storm, and The Covered Wagon.

Mr. Haskell of the Albany Press and News selects He Who Gets Slapped, The Birth of a Nation, Broken Blossoms, Robin Hood, and The Hunchback of Notre Dame. It will be noted that Mr. Haskell, like many others, chooses Robin Hood in preference to Mr. Fairbanks' later picture, The Thief of Bagdad. He places He Who Gets Slapped first, and this requires some courage, because the majority do not agree with him, but those who have seen this Lon Chaney picture, and who criticized it regardless of its popularity and money-making proclivities, will hesitate a long while before they omit it from any list of the five best pictures.

Miss Margaret Bean of the Spokane, Washington, Spokesman-Review says: "As to the selection of the five best pictures of all time, I find you have set us picture reviewers no easy task. Selection without the aid of some kind of classification is difficult. Consequently, I have taken as my basis of selection, not the pictures that have pleased me most, but the ones that seem to exert the greatest influence on the making of pictures."


We will now give a summary of the votes thus far received on "The Five Best Pictures of All Time":

The Birth of a Nation.................. 63
The Covered Wagon.................. 60
The Thief of Bagdad.................. 54
Broken Blossoms.................. 50
The Ten Commandments.................. 46
The Hunchback of Notre Dame.................. 46
The Miracle Man.................. 45
Peter Pan.................. 43
A Woman of Paris.................. 40
The Four Horsemen.................. 39
Robin Hood.................. 38
Abraham Lincoln.................. 37
Scaramouche.................. 35
Intolerance.................. 33
To Be or Not To Be.................. 33
Passion.................. 31
Orphans of the Storm.................. 31
Do You Want to Write Stories and Photoplays?

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

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

Are you the “One in a Hundred”?

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

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

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

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

The Palmer Institute of Authorship 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 we do not wish to encourage anyone to take up writing as a profession unless they 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 who needs only training in the technique of writing to win large success. To such men and women we offer unusual opportunities in the motion picture and magazine field.

Send for the Palmer Creative Test

If you believe that you have the natural ability to succeed as a writer, you are cordially invited to send for the Palmer Creative Test, fill it out and return it to us for analysis. Our Board of Examiners will study your reply and send you a report on your indicated abilities. There is no charge for this service and you incur no obligation. It is simply an expression of the sincerity of our search for new writers.

Mail this Coupon

PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP
Affiliated with Palmer Photoplay Corporation
115 East 59th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me without cost or obligation a copy of your Creative Test and information about the subject which I have checked below:

[ ] Short Story Writing
[ ] Photoplay Writing
[ ] English Expression

Name

Address

All correspondence strictly confidential
WILLIAM FOX PRESENTS, IN SEPTEMBER, 1925

Three treats for Picture Patrons!

**The IRON HORSE**
One year in New York with a Superb Cast of Leading Players and a Regiment of United States Troops and Cavalry; 3,000 Railway Workmen; 1,000 Chinese Laborers; 800 Pawnee, Sioux and Cheyenne Indians; 2,800 Horses; 1,300 Buffaloes; 10,000 Texas Steers.

**A JOHN FORD Production**

**AS NO MAN HAS LOVED**
A soul-stirring spectacle based on EDWARD EVERETT HALE's "The Man Without a Country"

A record-breaker at the Central Theatre, New York

**A ROWLAND V. LEE Production**

**THE FOOL**
Another New York hit that has swept the Nation, setting new high marks for its entertainment powers.

**A HARRY MILLARDE Production**

**FOX FILM CORPORATION**

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
JUNE, 1925

This Number Contains:

Cover Design—Gloria Swanson as Madame Sans-Gêne, a painting by M. Paddock from the photograph by Manuel Frères....................................................... Cover

The Bulletin Board—Last-minute news about Pictures and Players and Studios........................................... 5

A Guide to 150 Current Pictures—Alphabetted by title and briefly criticized for you................................. 6-7

Clippings from the Motion Picture Magazine of June, 1915—To refresh your memory............................... 8

The Greatest Pictures Ever Produced—The opinions of a number of America's leading critics.................. 12-13

Should the Stars Keep Young?—A provocative editorial......................................................... by Eugene V. Breweer 17


Should You Marry Your Opposite?—Statements from a number of screen stars, both men and women.. 28-31

S-s-s-sh! People Say—An enlightening article about the effect of rumors by Dorothy Donwell Calhoun 32-33

The Changing Glory of Gloria—Harry Carr reviews five chapters in the life of Gloria Swanson........... 34-35

Do Animals Have Genius?—Astounding revelation about animal screen stars......................................... by Harry Carr 36-37

Young Love—Picture Pages for Old Maids, Bachelors, and Middle-aged Married Folks only................... 38-39

My Life Story—The autobiography of one of the earliest stars in the Film Firmament by Anita Stewart 40-42

Glenn Hunter—A study of this young actor made for you in his own library.............................................. 43

Confidences Off-Screen—With Dorothy Gish, Rod La Rocque, Carmel Myers by W. Adolphe Roberts 44-45

The Silken Gowns of a Siren—Sketches of the gowns worn by Barbara La Marr in her new picture and photographs of the beautiful Barbara wearing them.................................................. 46-47

The Charmer—A fictionization of Pola Negri's intriguing new screen drama by Neil Moran 48-50

A Flapper from China—A new character study of the ever-fascinating Irene Rich................................ 51

Friendship—Love—Marriage—A discussion, including impressions of the many women stars with whom he has appeared on the screen......................................................... by Eugene O'Brien 52-53

Greta Nissen—A dancer from Norway, who is now an American film favorite, posed for you.................. 54

Clive Brook—An Englishman, who is rapidly gaining fame on the American screen................................ 55

The Right Weight—Ten stars tell you how they make the scales behave.............................................. 56-57

Louise Fazenda—She poses specially for you in the rôle of siren............................................................ 58

That's Out—Keen comment by a recognized master of satire and humor by Tamar Lane 59

Reeling With Laughter—A few amusing scenes from comedies recently released.................................... 60-61

Pictures That I Would Like to See Again—Applying the acid test by Eugene V. Breweer 62-63

"I'll Be a Kid Brother to You"—A special photograph of Marion Nison................................................ 64

New Pictures In Brief Review—Criticisms of twenty-four new features by Lawrence Reid 65-68

The Perfect Rôle for Doris—Miss Kenyon and Frankie Lee in a scene from her new picture................... 69

Facts That I Can Read in the Faces of the Film Stars—Character analyses of Ramon Novarro, Aileen Pringle, Viola Dana, and James Kirkwood by F. Vance de Recce 70-71

Seeing Stars!—Pencil portraits and caricatures of the players, made by children..................................... 72

On the Camera Coast—Harry Carr's department of Western studio gossip and news................................ 73-75

A Romantic Young Star Takes the Gypsy Trail to Fame—A study of Conrad Nagel as he appears with René Adoré in The Exquisite Sinners............................................................................................................ 76

Whose Hand?—The concluding instalment of W. Adolphe Roberts' serial, in which the mystery is cleared, and the tangled threads of the plot are unraveled.................................................. 77-79

We're Asking You—A question-box conducted for our readers by the Editorial Staff 80

"The Top av the Mornin' to Yez"—A greeting from Sally O'Neill, Marshall Neilan's screen discovery.... 81

Cheers and Hisses—Excerpts from letters that have been sent to us by our readers................................. 82

The Answer Man—Replies to fans who have asked for information about pictures and stars................. 84

What the Stars Are Doing—The present activities of the players by Gertrude Driscoll 92
Mellin's Food

Use the Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification for your baby. It has raised thousands of the brightest and healthiest babies in the world.

Write to us for a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants", also a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food.

Mellin's Food Co., 177 State St., Boston, Mass.
Motion Picture Magazine

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton in 1910—Trademark Registered

Vol. XXIX JUNE, 1925 Number 5

Harry Carr, Western Editorial Representative F. M. Osborne, Editor A. M. Hopfmueller, Art Director

Must the Players Keep Young?

An Editorial by

From the painting by Benjamin Eggleston
Eugene V. Bresniter, Editor-in-Chief
of the Bresniter Publications

ONE of the large producers recently said to me that the picture life of a star was, on the average, about five years. He said that a girl is usually at her best at eighteen, and at twenty-five she was either fat and flabby, or wrinkled or married; and as for a man, he ceased to be interesting to the public after he had passed twenty-five. I take exception to this attitude. The gentleman is in error.

In the first place, we must consider types. There is the beautiful young girl type, still in her teens. She need not be tall or thin, or fat, or even beautiful, so long as she is interesting and can play the part. She must, however, have that indefinable something called charm or personality. It is a mistake to ask Gloria Swanson to play such a part, or Norma Talmadge, or Pola Negri, etc. Yet the present star system demands that practically all players shall often play Sweet Sixteen. Many plays are written calling for a girl in her teens who grows up into a woman in her twenties or thirties, but it is a mistake to cast our present stars in such parts. Ben Lyon and Charles Ray can play a schoolboy, but Rudolph Valentino and Thomas Meighan cannot. While Mary Pickford is perennially young, she is an exception. Colleen Moore, in So Big, very successfully played a young girl who grew into a middle-aged woman, but only a few of our stars can do this.

The stars are usually under contract at heavy salaries, and the producers must keep them busy. Plays that just suit them are hard to find, and so the stars are often asked to play parts that do not fit them at all. The producers seem to think that because a star was once eighteen and beautiful that she must always be so—that when she ceases to look youthful her usefulness is over. What a mistake! Norma Talmadge is an artist. When she can no longer look twenty-five, is there any reason why she cannot play parts that call for a woman in her thirties? And when she can no longer look thirty, why should she not play still older parts? Sarah Bernhardt at seventy was just as much beloved as Sarah Bernhardt at thirty. So was Henry Irving. In other words, screen acting is an art, and beauty of face and form is not a necessary part.

Let us not consider the children and the school girls and boys who fall in love with youth and beauty—they are only a small part of the aggregate picture public. Let them have their favorites of their own age, but teach them that even Mary Pickford cannot always play girl parts, and that she is still to be idolized even when she is forced to play an old lady. It is the acting, the charm, the personality that count—not youth and beauty only.

And as for marriage, is America's Sweetheart any the less popular since she became Mrs. Fairbanks, or Norma Talmadge since she became Mrs. Schenck? Girls and boys do not admire youth and beauty merely because they want it for themselves—they rarely think of marrying any of the artists they see upon the screen. And as for those who say: "Oh, I dont like so-and-so any more—she getting too matronly"—away with all such! Because a star is married is nothing against him or her—quite the contrary. Marriage is the natural and proper thing, and it should be encouraged rather than discouraged.

And so, when a producer tells me that the life of a picture star is only five years—'tis to laugh. He can see no farther than the end of his nose. He is influenced too much by what are called "mash notes," and he believes that when a star ceases to get romantic letters from lovesick boys and girls it is time to get a new star. Popularity is not enduring if it is based only on sex attraction or even on beauty, or a man or woman can be just as beautiful at forty or fifty as at twenty, and just as attractive.

Of course, all persons, both young and old, admire youth and beauty, and we cant see too much of it; but let us all remember that there are other things in this world far more important, uplifting and inspiring. Let us train our eyes to look for them and to recognize them when we see them.
Sixty Two percent of Washington and Baltimore Debutantes find this soap the best for their skin

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

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

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

Woodbury's six times as popular as any other soap

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

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

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

There are more than 300 different brands of toilet soap on the market today.

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

Why these society girls use Woodbury's Facial Soap

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

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

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

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

The Famous Woodbury Treatment for Blemishes

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

Copyright, 1925, by The Andrew Jergens Co.
Lew Cody

Lew is one of the screen's best bad men. In fact, a good many of us have caught ourselves wishing him luck even in his villainy. Now we'll have a chance to come right out and lose our hearts openly, for, in Elinor Glyn's "Man and Maid," he plays the hero we've always known he really is.
May McAvoy

So far as May is concerned, we vote 50-50 on this blonde-and-brunette question. She's just as enchantingly lovely as the pale-gold Esther, adored by Ramon Novarro in "Ben Hur," as she is in the portrait above where she's crowned with her own fluffy dark hair.
Neil Hamilton

He is another Griffith discovery, and consequently is well worth watching. His work in "Isn't Life Wonderful?" was superb. Now he's portraying Giles Bradley in "The Little French Girl." At the left we reproduce a scene from "Men and Women," in which he played opposite Claire Adams.
Henry Waxman

Georgia Hale

She won her right to stardom by her work in "The Salvation Hunters." As soon as that picture was finished, Charles Chaplin signed her as his leading lady in "The Gold Rush," which, according to the latest reports, will be released early this summer.
Gertrude Olmstead

She's playing opposite Rudolph Valentino in "Cobra." It's a vamp ing rôle, and she wears a blonde wig—but why, oh, why? Isn't she far more alluring as her brunette self in the portrait above, than as the blonde at the right?
It's hard to believe that the smiling boy in the picture above could be one of the inmates in "The Mansion of Aching Hearts," but at the right, with Barbara Bedford and Priscilla Bonner, he proves that he is well qualified to play a heart-aching role. Do you remember him as Arthur, the young brother of Barbara Frietchie?
June Marlowe

Rin Tin Tin is a sure enough lucky dog to be starred with such an attractive girl as June. Their latest picture is "Below the Line," and is as full of thrills and beauty and romance as its forerunner, "Tracked in the Snow Country"
I think married people should be alike in their chief interests, but there must be some dissimilarity, or their lives will be lopsided.

It would be rather sad for an outdoor-loving girl to be married to a man who cared only for a book before the fire, but they might both love outdoors and one be a golf enthusiast and the other dote on tennis, and yet each get a lot of joy out of the other's game.

They shouldn't be radically different. I don't think it's possible to understand someone who doesn't touch you on any point. And how can a man appreciate your ideas and point of view if you are always arguing from opposite poles?

The other person ought to be able to open doors for you that you didn't even know were there, if you are going to keep on being interested;

and you should have a few new trails to guide him over!

Says Harold Lloyd:

I married my opposite!

If people can ever learn from someone else's experience, they might learn from me to go and do likewise!

I think it is the best insurance against marital boredom because the mind of the opposite type isn't a well-known trail, and exploring it is in the nature of a new adventure.

Mrs. Lloyd is fair and I am dark and we're well suited to one another, we think. But whether the color of our hair and the relative textures of our skins have anything to do with our being pleased with our bargain, I'm not prepared to say.

At any rate, I wouldn't go so far as to forbid a red-headed man to marry a red-haired girl because they weren't opposites!

Opposite temperaments make good matrimonial risks, according to my ideas, because the danger of dulness is lessened. When lovers begin to yawn in each other's company, it's a bad sign!

Cupid, the underwriter, had better look out!
Your Opposite?

successful married life
ladies of some of the
motion picture world

Keeping the other half of the partnership interested is always a good idea. But nobody wants to make a continual circus of himself to do that. Being an opposite does it for you!

And Mildred Davis Lloyd:
Yes, I believe you will have a greater chance of happiness if you marry your opposite. I haven't tried doing anything else, of course! Harold is rather quiet and I am told I am "lively." I dont know what we'd do if he were "lively," too! There should be one who chatters and one who listens, opposite, you will be sure of getting another view-point on almost every subject under the sun. Which is an inducement!

Rudolph Valentino Declares:
I do not profess to be an authority on the subject, but since you have asked me, I will answer that I think a man should marry his ideal, whether she be an opposite or not. Truly, he should not wed a woman who does not inspire his imagination and his idealism.

The answer would seem to be obviously the only one possible, but there is another side to the question. That brilliant American writer, James Branch Cabell, tells us that love should have something of the unattainable in it. In Figures of Earth, he quotes a wizard as saying:

Love, as I think, is an instant's fusing of shadow and substance. They that aspire to possess love utterly fall into folly. This is forbidden; you cannot. The lover, beholding...
At the left you'll find Ruth Clifford Cornelius and her husband. Ruth says she doesn't know whether she married her opposite or not, but she does know that they are ideally happy

At the right, meet Wallace MacDonald and his wife, Doris May. Mr. says that opposites always win, but Mrs. votes 50-50

Freulich

that moving move as a golden-hued goddess, accessible, kindly and priceless, woes and ill-fatedly wins all the substance. The golden-hued shadow dims in the dawn of his married life, dulled with content, and the shadow vanishes. So there remains, for the puzzled husband's embracing, flesh which is fair and dear, no doubt, yet is flesh such as his; and talking and talking and talking; and kisses in all ways desirable.

Love, of a sort, too, remains, but hardly the love that was yesterday's.

This is the cry of all husbands that now are or may be hereafter: "What has become of the girl that I married? And how should I rightly deal with this woman whom somehow time has involved in my doings? Love, of a sort, now, I have for her, but not the love that was yesterday's."

Mr. Cabell has uncanny powers of penetration into the human heart and he has a disturbing way of telling us the truth about his findings.

Yet there are many of us who have not found the possession of love to be such an antidote for love. Even in this age of easy and frequent divorce, there are thousands of men and women who have found joy in their marriages and whose love has grown with the years. There is a quality in real love that is not so easily tarnished by contact.

But if the beautiful shadow has a tendency to grow dim with the possession of the substance, it is all the more reason why a man should marry his ideal, whatever she may be.

The goddess will remain golden-hued the longer. In truth, there is always the chance that she will not lose her radiance at all.

Says Malcolm McGregor:

I don't know about handing out advice to anybody who is hovering on the brink of matrimony and hasn't made up his mind whether to jump into a lake or a bathtub—but I can set down my own experience.

I married my opposite—most decidedly so! And I'm still glad that I did. Our daughter has reached the advanced age of seven years, and the venture is still far from the rocks.

Mrs. McGregor likes to go out, loves to dance, enjoys theaters and concerts and all that. I am content to stay home. Perhaps that sounds far from harmonious, but the fact is that it's amusing. If we both wanted to stay home, no doubt we'd soon get duller than ditch-water in a dry spell. If we were both keen about dashing out every night, we'd probably be nervous wrecks. As it is, we get just enough of each kind of thing.

Having someone of opposite temper in the house with you is interesting. Any subject you bring up will be sure to be looked upon in a light you'd never have thought of yourself.

However, I suppose I'd better add that you must be sure to select someone with a sense of humor and a lot of tolerance, if you're going to marry your opposite! Otherwise, things mightn't work out so well.

And Adolphe Menjou:

Although marrying a person who is one's opposite in habit, temperament and complexion, does not necessarily insure matrimonial tranquillity, it will go a long way toward furthering that very desirable relationship.

The placid type of person will check the impulsive behavior of the temperamental.

(Continued on page 104)
Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dempsey

Naturally, the last word on the subject of marrying opposites should be given to Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey—who are the last newly-weds on the Mr.-and-Mrs. roster in Hollywood.

Estelle says: "No. Try to find someone with the same likes and dislikes as your own, if you're looking for happiness. Naturally, a woman may like to sew and a man may enjoy fighting, but if they have the same tastes in regard to living, they'll get along well. You can't expect to agree on every least little point, but you shouldn't have wide differences in taste to bridge over. Of course, if two people love each other very, very much, it may be that they can learn to like the same things. You're really surprised to see how much of the color of someone else's personality you can take on and how much of your own is reflected in him!"

Jack says: "I don't think it makes a great deal of difference whether you marry your opposite or not. You can be happy, regardless! It would seem to me, tho, that the chances for happiness would be greatly increased if you married someone who was in sympathy with you. You could understand each other so much better than if your mental processes were a mystery. I am not talking about physical opposites. I can't see how size and coloring and beauty can have anything to do with the subject—but about temperament. I say, marry someone who is temperamentally in accord with you. Still, as I've said before, it doesn't really matter!"
How are the picture people to combat the malicious and untruthful rumors that are constantly circulated about them?

After you read this article you'll think twice before you believe a scandalous report about a player

Says Dorothy Donnell Calhoun

O

One of the commonest is passed thru a dozen tellings, is distorted, like the old game of “Gossip,” in which a sentence whispered by each player in his neighbor's ear reaches the end of the line entirely changed.

There is a certain class of person (to which most of us belong!) who likes to pose as being intimately acquainted with celebrities. At a luncheon party not long ago the wife of a famous leading man, who had been introduced simply as “Mrs. So-and-so,” was amazed to listen to fantastic gos-
sip about her husband which she knew could not possibly be true. But she held her peace until one of the women coyly hinted at a flirtation with the fascinating screen idol, and named as the place where she had met him a dinner given when

International Newsreel

Every year, without fail, comes the report that Douglas and Mary have quarreled over his lead-
ing woman, and have

separated

Every time Eric von Stroheim begins to direct a picture, the rumor spreads that he is going to be missed!

How are the picture people to combat the malicious and untruthful rumors that are constantly circulated about them?

After you read this article you'll think twice before you believe a scandalous report about a player

Says Dorothy Donnell Calhoun

ONE of the commonest is passed thru a dozen tellings, is distorted, like the old game of “Gossip,” in which a sentence whispered by each player in his neighbor's ear reaches the end of the line entirely changed.

There is a certain class of person (to which most of us belong!) who likes to pose as being intimately acquainted with celebrities. At a luncheon party not long ago the wife of a famous leading man, who had been introduced simply as “Mrs. So-and-so,” was amazed to listen to fantastic gossip about her husband which she knew could not possibly be true. But she held her peace until one of the women coyly hinted at a flirtation with the fascinating screen idol, and named as the place where she had met him a dinner given when

International Newsreel

Every year, without fail, comes the report that Douglas and Mary have quarreled over his leading woman, and have

separated

Every time Eric von Stroheim begins to direct a picture, the rumor spreads that he is going to be missed!

How are the picture people to combat the malicious and untruthful rumors that are constantly circulated about them?

After you read this article you'll think twice before you believe a scandalous report about a player

Says Dorothy Donnell Calhoun

NOisy little birdie that tells people things, but when you attempt to catch it by putting a grain of salt on its “tale,” so to speak, it flits away out of reach. In all the world—with the possible exception of Washington, D. C.—there is no spot so fertile for rumors as this little town nestled against the foothills, eight miles out of Los Angeles.

The usual formula of greeting between two friends on the Boulevard is: “Well, what's the dirt?” Conversation over the luncheon table begins: “Did you hear the latest?” or “I've got the low-down,” or “S-s-s-sh! People say——”

In shops, kitchens, beauty parlors, studios, clubs, there are circulated facts and fiction, conjecture, lies. The wildest stories are always prefaced by an authoritative “I know for a fact that——”
the wife knew that her husband was on location in the South Seas!

The more picturesque and colorful a film player is, the more rumors will be circulated about him or her. Therefore, Doug and Mary, Charlie Chaplin, Pola Negri, and von Stroheim are storm centers for wild reports. The press-agent for the Fairbanks organization admits that there are three rumors which he expects every year: that Mary Pickford is dead, that she is going to have a baby, and that she and Doug have quarreled over his leading woman and separated.

Yet, hardened as he is to hearing these rumors, he was met down-town the other day with such a circumstantial, vivid, and seemingly truthful account of Mary's death a few hours before in an automobile accident, on her way out to Beverly Hills, that he dashed, pale-faced, to the nearest telephone and insisted on talking with Mary herself before he could be reassured!

One evening last year the leading papers in the United States came out simultaneously with enormous head-lines announcing the death of Gloria Swanson in a New York hospital. A personal friend of Gloria's on a Los Angeles newspaper called her up on the long-distance telephone and reported her conversation in the next edition of the paper. The Lasky Company issued frantic denials, yet the rumor would not die but gathered momentum. It was hinted that the Los Angeles friend, who thought she had talked with the star over the 'phone, was duped, and had really conversed with a secretary. It was whispered wisely that the Lasky Company had found an unknown girl who looked enough like Gloria Swanson to deceive the public, and was substituting her to finish the picture Gloria had begun.

So persistent was the rumor that an attempt was made to trace it to its source. The best explanation that could be found was that the mistake originated when a real-estate agent was told that Gloria's house was for sale "to settle an estate"—that of her mother who had some money invested in the property. "To settle an estate, eh?" the real-estate agent evidently reasoned. "But it's Gloria's house—then it must be to settle her estate. If so, Gloria is dead—"

"It's impossible to describe the sickening sensation you have when you answer the 'phone and a friend says, 'Why, I just heard you had died!' unless it has happened to you!" Lois Wilson once told me. "Two enterprising newsboys tried to pep up business once by shouting my death (Continued on page 90)
Let's Sing a Song to Gloria

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine....

—Ben Jonson.
The Changing Glory of Gloria

First they thought she was a dumb-bell;
Then they called her smart but spiteful;
Then they tried whispering evil things;
—And all the time our Gloria was just fooling them!

By Harry Carr

I am not sure what you should call the spouse of a French marquis.

But no doubt Gloria is an empress or a countess or something.

Anyway, she will be a changed woman.

I have known Gloria from the very first: known her in four distinct phases of her career. In each one she has been absolutely different from the Gloria of each of the other phases.

So this is the story of Gloria's transition in chapters:

Chapter One:

The first time I ever saw her, she was a bathing girl in the Mack Sennett comedies.

She was then the wife of Wallace Beery, who was also in Sennett comedies. Both she and Wally were somewhat unsophisticated. So unsophisticated that when they got their first car they had two sweet little cooey names printed on the side of the car: Wally and Glory.

The other Sennett girls didn't like Gloria. Not that they disliked her particularly: it was just that she didn't belong. When the other girls crowded into some star's dressing-room to tell fortunes with a Ouija board, Gloria never seemed to be there. Often you see this same thing in a zoo. One tiger flocks by himself—or herself. Gloria flocked by herself.

Now we might as well be quite candid about this: at that time, Gloria always seemed to me to be rather a disagreeable little girl. You couldn't have called her snippy, but she was belligerent and defiant. If you didn't like her, you knew what you could do.

But even then, there was something about her that made her different. Not brains. Gloria must have been possessed of superior intelligence even at that time; but heaven knows she didn't show it. To be frank, Gloria was regarded almost as a bone-head. About the only interest she seemed to show in her work was to inquire at intervals of the director: "Say, can I go home now?"

I think Mack Sennett was the only one who thoroughly realized Gloria.

I remember one day watching her in a wedding scene. Something had gone wrong with the lights and Gloria, the bride, had to wait and wait. She was sulky and cross. I stood there watching her with Mack Sennett.

I remember that he turned to me and said: "That girl is going to be one of the greatest artists the screen has ever known."

Chapter Two:

Then there was another Gloria—the Gloria who had made good in comedies without being much impressed by the fact.

You can put this in your pipe and smoke it: no girl can be sweet without being tedious unless she can also be ugly. Otherwise she is just sugar candy. Gloria could be sweet—when she wished.

But...

Well, on this particular day, Gloria wanted to go to town to do some shopping. The director said it would be all right with him if the studio manager was willing; the studio manager said it would be O.K.—or okey—if Mr. Sennett was willing. This made little Gloria furious. She asked these various officials: then she went around asking everybody she saw if it was also all right with him. She asked the doorkeeper; the mechanics on the set; she asked Teddy the dog, and Pepper, the cat. She stopped a policeman who was passing the studio and asked him.

It was spiteful; no other word for it. But also it was very funny. It showed the flavor of an unusual personality.

About that time, Gloria's break with Wallace Beery came. I remember that Gloria was having breakfast in

(Continued on page 110)
Do Animals Have Genius?

"Yes!" says Harry Carr, and proves it in these stories about Pepper, the Sarah Bernhardt of alley cats ... Teddy, with his superhuman canine memory ... Jo, the monkey who figures out his own acts ... Silver King, the temperamental horse ... Numa, the lion who can concentrate merely looked at him with a big-eyed expression of pain and wonderment. Just grieved at his bad manners.

Eddie Cline, who has directed so many animal pictures, says that he has never seen a movie cat chase a movie mouse. Whether it is because they are so well fed, or because they feel strange and uncomfortable before the camera, they never show the slightest desire to devour the other part of the cast of characters.

Teddy is, on the whole, the most famous dog that ever worked in pictures. He has played with half the stars in Hollywood, and is the only animal actor—the only dog, anyhow—who has a double to do his hard stunts.

Teddy's genius for acting lay in his extraordinary memory. In one picture he did the following routine from end to end without a break: came in at a door; went to the kitchen stove; lighted a fire with a match held in his teeth; walked to the sink; filled the teakettle; went back to the stove; put the kettle on; then took a broom and swept the floor.

To appreciate how remarkable that was, I have only to tell you that a certain well-known man star in Hollywood is able to remember a "routine" only half that long. For an animal to go thru this long series of actions without a break is almost miraculous.

There is a monkey named "Josephine" used in many Hollywood pictures that also has a genius of her own. Like Pepper, her fame is due to her expression. Most monkeys have a horrible expression when excited. They have an ugly snarl. Also they leap around so that it is
almost impossible to photograph them. Josephine earned a young fortune for her master because she always pursed up her lips when excited in a funny little perch as tho she were saying: "Oh, Oh, Oh."

Josephine was unearthly smart, too. One day she was working a comedy where she was supposed to be carrying a stick of dynamite across a roof. When she got to the chimney, she was to drop it down the chimney and destroy the wicked villain. They yelled so many things at her that poor Jo got thoroly rattled and ran confusedly back and forth on the roof saying "Oh, Oh, Oh," in a distressed little whimper. The more they yelled at her the worse she got. Finally, the fat Italian who owned her pushed the director and the others out of the way. "Letta me talk to my Jo," he said.

Then he looked up at the roof and called in an imploring voice: "Jo, don't leesen to these 'dam' fools. Jo, see down and feeger it out, Jo."

So Jo sat down on the edge of the roof and "figured" it out: walked over to the chimney; dropped the bomb down the chimney—and the world went very well then.

There are several remarkable horses in the movies.

Nearly every Western star has one. The horse I happen to know the most about is Fred Thomson's "Silver King."

The reason for his great value is not alone his fine appearance: it is his undoubted genius and understanding of movie acting. Most of the movie horses are Western mustangs. Silver King is a thorobred Irish hunter. On the way home from the war, Mr. Thomson bought him from a New York riding academy where he was regarded as a horse too vicious to ride. The first time they went out in the park, Silver King tried to tear Thomson out of the saddle by going under a low tree branch.

By a cowboy trick that Silver King never heard of, Thomson threw him; tied his legs and, with the end of a rope, gave him a good hand spanking. Just as one might a bad boy. The rope's end didn't hurt him at all: but the horse squealed as tho he were being killed. He plainly felt shame and humiliation. He got up—cured.

He obeys orders in the movies, but he shows all the temperament and jealousy of a human star. One day they were working in a scene where the horse had to plunge over a cliff into the water. As they had to use him in later scenes, they were very anxious that he should not be hurt, so they found a double for him. Silver King—who was tied up—acted like a demon while this double was doing his "stuff." Finally he tore loose from his halter; rushed to the edge of the cliff and plunged over just where the double had gone. This is, I admit, a pretty stiff story: but I happen to know that it is literally true.

(Continued on page 114)
Did you ever have the kind of shock Douglas MacLean and Ann Cornwall are getting—when you thought you were all alone and someone sneaked up right behind you—and laughed?

Did you ever look at anyone the way Esther Ralston and William Otis are looking at each other? There's one sure thing—you never looked or felt just that way except just that once.

There's so much to be learned in school besides lessons. Weren't you just as busy in those days doing nothing, as June Marlowe and Bobby Agnew are here? And do you think you could pass a test in school flirtation now?

Wasn't even the cheapest restaurant wonderful then? When you split fifty-fifty on a fifty-cent dinner, and planned a great future just as Shirley Mason and Pierre Gendron are doing? Even the baked beans were rose hued in those magic days!
HAVE you forgotten your first love affair? If you have, these pages will refresh your memory. They were designed specially to make you feel wistful. Honestly, now, has anything else ever been quite so wonderful as your first romance?

The best part of any party is talking it over afterward. Don't you know what a good time Lillian Rich and Kenneth McKenna are having, giggling over all the silly things that were said and done? Of course, none of the things they said or did were silly—they were just wonderful!

And when you'd waited and waited for the night of the party, and planned and talked of nothing else for weeks—remember how, when the time came, you didn't want to go, after all, because it was so much more fun to stay home and be together, like Dick Barthelmess and Catherine Wilson?

Do you hear any secrets now that are as jolly as the one Ben Lyon is telling Marjorie Daw? Somehow, confidences seem to be a part of young love. Perhaps it isn't the secret that's wonderful so much as the fun of whispering together.

Those awful overshoes your mother made you wear! Didn't you hate them? And, yet, wasn't it sort of nice when your best beau put them on for you? And aren't Constance Bennett and Edward Peil having just the sort of fun you used to have getting ready for a skating party?
My Life Story

By Anita Stewart

Her family called it that film foolishness . . . Her teacher wanted her to give up movies and amount to something . . . But Anita knew what she wanted—and she got it!

I am a country girl—from Brooklyn. That sounds rather like the jokes they make in vaudeville, but being born in Brooklyn was no joke for me. If I hadn’t been I should probably have become a stenographer or a music teacher instead of a movie actress. My career was a matter of geography as much as anything else.

The house where I was born and brought up was only a few blocks from the elevated, but we kept cows and chickens and raised our own onions and carrots. There were real-estate signs growing in the fields around us as well as wild flowers. We had a barn, not a garage. From one window we could see the far-away smudge on the sky that meant New York, but from another we looked out on woods and hills and cornfields.

Even now there are parts of Flatbush where Brooklynites farm. I say “even now” but, as a matter of fact, my childhood doesn’t date back so very far—even if I have been in the pictures for twelve years.

The last time I was in a New York restaurant, I overheard a woman at the next table say to her companion, “Oh, look! Isn’t that Anita Stewart?”

Her friend examined me thru her lorgnette critically. “Oh, no, my dear,” she sniffed, “I remember seeing her years ago. She must be middle-aged by now. That is probably her daughter.”

Some of us old-timers are the age of this year’s crop of Wampas Baby Stars, but nobody will believe it. I was a long, lanky fourteen when I made my first appearance as a screen heroine. I suppose nobody will believe that either, no woman anyway. Still, the photographer who took my picture the other day gave me the highest compliment in a photographer’s power when he told me afterward that the retouching only cost eight cents for each plate—which at least proves that I am not dreadfully wrinkled!

Anita Stewart is my own name. Movie people in those unsophisticated days didn’t take fancy professional titles that would look well in electric lights. My nose may be Jewish in architecture, but the rest of me is Irish-English. My mother’s people came from some little town in the old country down where the river Shannon flows and they hang men—and women, too—for wearing of the green. My grandfather on my father’s side was killed in the Civil War.
Tho I have a brother and sister, I spent the childhood of an only child. Lucille Lee, my sister, was six years older than I; my brother, George five years younger. By the time he was old enough to play with, I had become a wage-earner—and the first thing I did with my money was to send him to military school.

I don't remember that I was ever lonely or lacked friends to get into mischief with on all occasions. "Life has been so full for me since I grew up that the events of my childhood are hazy to me now, but from my mother's reminiscences I judge that I was what is termed a Case. For six days of the week I would harass my teachers and bring my mother's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. On the seventh, arrayed in starched muslin and wide hair ribbons, I would stand on high in the Baptist choir and sing a soulful soprano, not without a keen realization of how angelic I looked.

After the severe strain of being good all Sunday morning, my little friends and I would probably put in a refreshing afternoon going about the neighborhood ringing people's door-bells and then hiding to listen to their heated remarks. That was our notion of a good joke, that, and shooting beans thru a blowpipe artfully concealed in a handkerchief at a bald head in front of us at a lecture.

One thing I do remember distinctly is a little plaid gown my mother made me. The first time I wore it I tore a long rent in the skirt on someone's cellar door. Hurrying home by the back way, I gobbled up the tear with huge jagged stitches. Then for a week afterward I got up at daybreak and started out to school before my mother was up, to avoid her usual morning scrutiny. Since I was generally wakened, discovered that the male sex could be made very useful—and I got all my arithmetic examples done for me in exchange for a smile.

When I was still in pigtails, my sister married Ralph Ince, then a Vitagraph director, and I first saw the inside of a movie studio. The children of the neighborhood used to go over to the Vitagraph lot after school and watch gentlemen with yellow faces and shirt fronts make love to beautiful ladies in lace shirt waists and picture hats. Sometimes, when a crowd was needed, the director would allow us to join the hired extras. One day they wanted a little girl to run up to Maurice Costello and kiss him. My chum, a pretty child with long dark ringlets, was picked out and with a heart full of envy I watched her go thru the scene, but she was so frightened she made a mess of it. The next thing I knew the director was pointing at me.

"You're not so much for looks," said he dubiously, "but I wouldn't be surprised if you've got brains. Let's see you try."

I ran across to Costello, flung my arms round his neck and gave him a hearty smack—and thus I became a movie actress.

After that I was often at the studio—much oftener than my family suspected. I was presently a freshman at Erasmus Hall High School, but I did not allow studying to interfere with my real interests—the movies. The truant officer often came to the Vitagraph studio and went from room to room searching for me, while another runaway from an education and I crouched under the shelf where the make-up materials were kept and peeked thru the green-baize curtains at
him, smothered our giggles with the curtain. I can recall the dusty taste of baize now!

My family had no patience with my dramatic ambitions, or, as they referred to it, "that film foolishness," so I would tease to be allowed to go to my sister’s for a visit, where I would be out of the reach of disconcerting parental questionings. Lucille championed my cause with Ralph Ince until my brother-in-law finally agreed to let me try the heroine’s part in a picture he was about to make.

“‘It’s a rotten story, anyhow,” said he with family frankness, “so I don’t see how she could hurt it!’

Then, just as I saw a dazzling career opening out before me, appeared mother, grimly brandishing a letter from one of my high school teachers.

Anita is absent half the time; I understand she is acting in the moving pictures. Do you want your daughter, my dear Mrs. Stewart, to become an actress, or do you want her to amount to something?

By intensive weeping I managed to get mother’s permission to give up school, and went back to Erasmus for my books. My teachers—they seemed incredibly old to the eyes of fourteen—tried remonstrance, argument, pleading, chilly disapproval. You would have thought my life was ruined, that I was going straight to perdition to bear them! I cried so loudly they heard me a block away—and thru my tears declared my unshakable intention of becoming a movie star like Norma Talmadge, who had left Erasmus several years before and was rapidly winning fame. I admit that it wasn’t so much the urge of genius as the salaries movie actresses were reputed to get that inspired me.

There were some women at Vitagraph who were said to earn a hundred dollars a week!

Mother went to City Hall with me to take out working papers—for I came under the Child Labor regulations. And then I started off on a location trip to the Adirondacks to make my first real picture, on what was likewise my first trip in a Pullman car, and my first experience with hotels. And, in spite of my brother-in-law’s gloomy predictions, the picture made a hit and I was put under contract at a salary of twenty-five dollars a week.

It was this magnificent sum which came between me and my first beau, a young architect of nineteen. I had met him in Erasmus and fallen violently in love with him from the moment when he maneuvered me out of my algebra class for an automobile ride by sending up word that Miss Anita Stewart’s sister had fallen down-stairs and broken her leg in two places (for good measure) and would she please come right home.

Naturally, such masterly command of a situation thrilled me—when I had caught my breath from the headlong dash down three flights and was finally reassured as to the intactness of my sister’s legs.

We went together (to use a country phrase since I am a country girl from Brooklyn) for several years, in which time my salary mounted. Then one day he told me with white, set face that he didn’t ever intend to see me again.

“You are going to make more money than I ever will,” he said grimly. “I won’t stand in your way!”

Poor tragic children! I thought my heart was broken. He was very sure his was! I saw him at a distance the last time I was in New York, stoutish, smiling, pushing

(Continued on page 120)
In his leisure hours, Glenn is as much the student and dreamer as was the Merton of the Movies whom he portrayed so well on both stage and screen. At present Glenn is making "The Little Giant," which tells the story of the rise of an ambitious young boy who was reared and educated by a peddler.
Confidences Off-Screen
By M. Adolph Kohn

Dorothy at Home, and Others at Large

My ideal for these interviews is to make the fans feel they've seen the person I saw. I'm out to be a realist, in drawing brief pen-portraits, in trying for a sense of the atmosphere inseparable from each star.

The fact that my subjects are extremely romantic does not debar realism in describing them. Oh, far from it! There are difficulties, nevertheless.

When I start to write about Dorothy Gish and my visit to her, I feel impatient with the words I have to use, because words don't seem to have gay and vivid enough to picture her charming personality. I'd like to find colored words.

She lives in a studio apartment, a block away from Gramercy Park, New York. It is furnished in Italian Renaissance, with lovely antique cabinets, high-backed chairs and a long refectionary table—all in dark, carved woods. One is reminded instantly of Romola.

But Dorothy, standing by the fireplace and smiling her greeting, is not at all the black-haired peasant girl, Tessa, of the picture she made with Lillian in Italy last year.

Off-screen, Dorothy Gish is a blonde of the blondes. She has wonderful, big gray eyes, golden hair shading to red, a cream-colored skin. Her delicate hands were never made to choke ferocious villains in melodramas, nor do they attempt the role.

Her manner is all vivacity. Heaps of things interest her, and she comments on them in sally after witty sally. But her voice warms to a rich ardor when it is a question of something that both touches her emotionally and earns her respect.

She cares infinitely for her own art of motion pictures. Every critic of importance agrees that D. W. Griffith's Isn't Life Wonderful is a notable creation. I look upon it myself as one of the greatest ever filmed. But there was a special thrill in hearing Dorothy say earnestly: "I cried with joy at its fineness. Only Mr. Griffith could have made it. Beauty is first with him."

After motion pictures, I gathered that books and etchings were twin passions with her. She admires the novels of Joseph Hergesheimer, and calls him the best stylist in America. The work of half a dozen artists was mentioned with enthusiasm.

Tea was brought in. The conversation strayed to many new topics. But I'm going to resist the temptation of quoting her. She has a way of saying brilliant, unconventional things about the venerable totems of society which, in her opinion, would not look well in print. I promised her to keep my note-book to myself, and a promise is a promise.

However, I can reveal that the most miserable hour in Dorothy Gish's life was when she smoked a cigar in The Bright Shawl. The part demanded it, and she made good at the price of a prolonged spell of tobacco-nausea. The confidence came out when I noticed that she handed me a cigarette without taking one herself. She has no prejudice against the habit but simply has never been able to learn to like cigarettes. An enforced cigar, which few smoking women could stand, was consequently for her a doubly terrible experience.

Rod La Rocque Led by the Blind

Arranging these chats may strike readers as a soft snap. Doubtless, it is. The stars are very nice about appointments. I see them on the set, at their apartments, at some hotel for tea. But not often does one of them come right to my own desk as Rod La Rocque did last month.

This magazine is published in the Last-Century brick house in Brooklyn where it was founded. My office is a room on the top floor, with walls still papered in a Victorian pattern, a skylight and a window opening on quaint backyards.

When tall, athletic Rod La Rocque took our stairs three at a time, he created quite a flurry among our girls. His visit was to Mr. Brewster and to the managing editor. But on being waylaid by this department, he added us gracefully to his list.

He was just back from Europe, where he had gone to make The Coast of Folly with Gloria Swanson. Work
on the picture, however, had been transferred at the last moment to the Astoria studio, and Rod’s trip had become a vacation jaunt. He had done London, where he met the Prince of Wales three times, and he had explored Paris, two capitals he had never before visited.

"London is the greatest place on earth," he vowed, his eyes snapping. "The old-world stuff hit me hard—the picturesqueness of the buildings, the romantic leisure of a life where business people stop at four in the afternoon for tea and a week-end means from Friday evening until Monday noon.

"I was crazy even about the London fogs. Ran into three of them, of which two were real black 'peas-soup' fogs. You know, you can’t see your own hand, if you hold it out at full length from your face. There’s no telling on what block you are. Taxis and busses stand where they were halted. You’re lost, until the thing lifts. Lost—unless you happen to meet a blind man to take you in tow. The blind are able to find their way by the sense of touch, and they pick up a lot of change during a fog. I’d been told that, but didn’t believe it until I hired a blind man myself to take me from Piccadilly to my hotel.

"The charm of a fog is the immaterial feeling it gives one. You seem to be floating in space, to be bodiless from the waist down. There’s no other sensation like it."

The next minute, Mr. La Rocque was telling me with equal enthusiasm about the joys of Paris. Both cities can’t be "the greatest ever," that’s clear. But the fact remains he enjoyed them both superlatively.

An Iris-in for Carmel

When I wrote in May about seeing the luminaries of the repatriated Ben Hur company, I may have seemed to slight Carmel Myers. My silence, however, was solely in order that I might save her for a longer story than was possible at the time.

She is going to be seen as Ira in the big Metro-Goldwyn spectacle, and here and now she "iris-in" to this confidential department.

We had tea together at the Commodore. She interested me enormously. Europe, she said, had been an education—but it could never hold her for long, because its jazz-bands were poor imitations of the American article.

Her plaint is far from being frivolous. For those who love the modern dancing, European orchestras simply don’t make good. Miss Myers and I agreed, on the other hand, that pure music and Vienna were one and the same term. One is satisfied to listen, and occasionally to waltz dreamily, in a Vienna café.

The main part of our talk was given to a discussion of the screen vamp, a topic that is always live. We felt that the sort of character that gave rise a few years ago to the name "vamp" is out of date, and that the word is a detestable one anyway.

Now Carmel Myers is a vivid brunette, whose type is a mortal temptation to directors to cast her for man-eating roles. She doesn’t deny it. She expects often to be asked to destroy the peace of susceptible heroes. It is wholly legitimate art.

"But," she wailed to me, "can’t something be done about inventing a new name for it? Surely I belong to a more subtle school than that of Theda Bara! We don’t vamp any longer. We allure. For a while I thought that ‘siren’ might be a substitute, but that, too, has a cheap sound. Do you suppose the fan public could be induced to"

(Continued on page 88)
The Silken Gowns

In "The Heart of a Siren," Barbara La Marr wears gowns that are several paces ahead of the latest styles. These exclusive pictures answer the great question—"What will be worn next season?"

Rose-pink gardenias blossom on the drooping brim of this orchid chiffon hat. From underneath the brim in the back, two long streamers of black satin fall full-length to the floor.

Orchid and rose is the color combination of this afternoon frock. The chiffon sleeves are close-fitting down to the elbows, then they flare out into full circles. The skirt is of circular chiffon panels of every conceivable length, with, however, a decided tendency to be longer in the back. Rose-pink gardenias on the shoulder and at the side reflect the deeper tones of the changeable silk underslip.

Below is Charles LeMaire, costume-artist of stage and screen, who has done his best work on these gowns. They express not only their own great beauty, but also the personality of the great beauty for whom they were designed.

Barbara is not unlike an orchid herself, with her rare beauty, her exotic charm, and her swaying grace.

The charm of this black velvet gown is that of simplicity, but the construction is really very complicated. The sleeves are six or seven feet in length and are shirred over the arms. Neck, cuffs and the edge of the skirt are finished with a heavy roll of the velvet, and the rope of pearls is drawn through two openings in the front of the dress with a most unusual smartness.

Black velvet and pearls have been a wicked combination since time—and tempting—began, but never have they been worn with lovelier effect than here.
A Flapper from China

That's what Irene Rich looks like. We wish this mother of two grown daughters would give us her secret for looking younger every year. You'll see her next in a picture with the intriguing title, "Eve's Lover"
LOVE based upon friendship rather than upon passion is the love that lasts, I believe, altho passionate love is not to be despised. For passionate love is probably the greatest thrill we ever experience. Its life, however, is tragically brief.

Marriage, or an affair, built on passion alone, will burn itself out, swiftly or slowly, as the case may be, and nothing will be left but regrets.

Enduring love must be built upon tolerance, sympathy, loyalty and willingness to sacrifice. Any sort of sacrifice is great if it is made for someone we love, and it's a joy, not a hardship, if you really care.

To me, helpful understanding and constructive companionship are infinitely greater than the pulsating love we have to play so often on screen and stage. Not that I despise emotion—I don't—I love it—but I think it is a thing too fragile to sustain alone the grim realities of every day.

Loyalty in love and loyalty in friendship is a favorite virtue with me.

There's a curious thing about love on the screen that isn't true about love on the stage, and that is: There must be a sort of electric current—a magnetic understanding might be a better way of putting it—between the players on the screen or the emotional scenes will not ring true.

Perhaps it is because romance, in a young art, is naturally more or less naive—or shall I say young and fresh—that such emotion is merely tiresome to the sophisticated.

Sophistication and worldliness belong to the stage and not to the screen, which latter is a field...
"You need not be in love with your leading lady in order to be convincing as a screen lover," says Eugene, "but you must be artistically in tune with her, and both must have emotional understanding."

That should be cultivated by those who will always be adolescent in their hearts. I never think of myself as grown up. I don't feel grown up—perhaps I never shall!

On the stage, you may play with someone you hate, someone you have no use for, or someone you merely tolerate, and the lines of the play will supply the cloak for your actual emotion and help you get across to your audience the required effect.

But there are no words to cover lack of sympathy on the silver sheet. Sincerity is an absolute necessity. I don't mean, of course, that you must be in love with your leading lady in order to make a convincing screen lover. Hardly! Yet you must have this electric sympathy—this magnetic understanding—whatever you care to call it.

It is purely an artistic thing, as I

Laura La Plante is like a delightful little white kitten whom you wish to cuddle and protect.

Mary Astor is a most virginal creature; Elaine Hammerstein is wonderful in an emotional drama; Norma Shearer is the ideal playmate.

I think it is a great pity that Mary Pickford's public will not let her grow up, for she is a fascinating woman.

Laura La Plante is like a delightful little white kitten whom you wish to cuddle and protect.

Mary Astor is a most virginal creature; Elaine Hammerstein is wonderful in an emotional drama; Norma Shearer is the ideal playmate.

See it, and have nothing whatever to do with your relations in private life. For instance, I know that I cannot play with some of my very fiest friends because this magic something is woefully lacking—why, I don't know.

Maybe you and your leading lady do no more than nod at one another off the screen—your outside interests and your particular social worlds may be as far apart as the poles—but artistically you are in tune. Musicians find this strange harmony between soloist and accompanist, I'm told.

It is at its strongest and truest for me when I play with Norma Talmadge. Perhaps seven years of playing together strengthened the current by increasing our understanding of each other's artistic ideas and ideals, but I know that I have a peculiar feeling of being faithless to an ideal when I play a big dramatic scene with anyone else!

Miss Talmadge has such marvelous emotional understanding—the temperament of an artist, governed by moods, but with a high sense of humor that keeps those moods within bounds.

The magnetism always thrives on generosity, and she is the soul of that—she gives with an unselfishness that is as rare as it is beautiful. The smallest part in any of her pictures never fails to receive full screen value. There is no question about this star's turning her back on the camera if by so doing someone to whom the scene properly belongs may dominate the action.

Miss Talmadge has a wonderful understanding of life.

(Continued on page 111)
When this little actress from Norway danced her way into American hearts in "Beggar on Horseback," it was inevitable that she should dance her way onto the screen. Famous Players-Lasky are the ones who won her favor, and she's to be seen first with Ricardo Cortez in "In the Name of Love"
Mr. Brook doubled his fan mail by the simple method of leaving England and coming to America—where he won instant popularity. Of course, you saw him with Corinne Griffith in "Déclassé." Next on his program is "The Woman Hater," in which he plays opposite Helene Chadwick.
The Right Weigh

Claire Windsor Gives You the Benefit of Her Advice:

Daily dozens—that’s my recipe. Sometimes I make it a daily baker’s dozen for good measure. I’m not in the least athletic. I hate to diet. And nobody loves a plump heroine. I am the fragile type and, to please the public, I must remain fragile.

Pivoting from the hips, sideways and around, is wonderful for the waist-line. Touching the tips of the fingers, and later the whole flat of the hand to the floor, a regular number of times a day, keeps the abdominal muscles strong. Raising oneself onto the shoulders from a lying-down position, legs in the air, comes nearer being a circus feat, but it can be mastered, and it’s wonderful for the hips. And there are dozens of other exercises. It is better to get a handbook or a system prepared scientifically by someone who knows. And then keep it up. That’s the main thing. In the morning when you are sleepy, at night when you are tired—make twenty minutes of exercise as much a habit as your tooth-brush.

The best way to reduce is not to get fat, in the first place.

And Ruth Clifford:

The danger places which most of us have to watch for signs of fat are under the chin and about the waist and hips. If you can do what I am doing in the picture here, you aren’t beyond hope, anyway! Stand upright, bend forward at the waist, take hold of the backs of your ankles and pull your body in as close against your knees as possible.

Tried it? It makes you ache all over at first, but if you do it often, whenever you think about it during the day (I don’t mean at a formal dinner-party, or while going down the Boulevard!) you won’t have to worry when the dressmaker takes out the tape measure. I supplement exercise with massage, which is just artificial exercise, after all, and may be taken during visits to the studio. Dieting—in my case, anyway—shows first in my face, giving me a hollow-eyed, hungry look that isn’t becoming.

And Betty Blythe:

There is one subject guaranteed to keep a whole luncheon party of women talking animatedly. It’s usually introduced by the question, “What do you do?” or “Heard about the new method?” and then they’re off!

Every woman has her own pet method of keeping thin. One belongs to the lamb-chop-and-pineapple school, another to the hard-boiled-egg-and-tomato sect, one wears rubber corsets, another takes some special kind of baths, and still another upholds massage.

I play tennis and swim, primarily because I like to do these things. Tennis is almost certain to keep you healthy—and healthy people seldom get very fat.

I know it’s much harder to get thin than it is to keep thin, so I watch my menu very carefully. When I was in
These slender stars are easy to look at, but their slimness was not easy to acquire. Diet! Exercise! Honest-to-goodness hard work!—these are the weapons they used to make the scales behave

Europe I might easily have been calorically led astray by the Italian spaghetti, the French pastries and rich sauces and the heavy German foods; but I heroically ordered salads and egg dishes and avoided bringing any more pounds back into America than I took out of it.

The reason why most women find it hard to stick to a diet is that they go in for such a rigid program that anybody would be discouraged after a few days. So I set myself a diet “stent,” as they say in New England, which won't make meal times an ordeal, and I get along without backsliding—very often.

And Evelyn Brent:

When I go out to lunch with any of my friends I risk losing their friendship by ordering meat and potatoes and pastry, and eating it under their hungry eyes as they graze on lettuce and other kinds of vegetation. One woman’s meat is another woman’s poison. What I eat doesn't seem to make any difference in what I weigh, because I burn up all the surplus fat in violent exercise.

Reducing creams, massage, rubber garments, are all good. Most movie actresses use one or all of them. I ride horseback, but principally I skate. Thank goodness, they have at last most efficacious way of all—walking—doesn't cost anything. Golf, which is just walking in disguise, is my method of fighting the scales. But that doesn't mean buying a becoming golfing costume and sitting on the clubhouse veranda in it. It takes a real enjoyment of any game, whether it is golf or tennis, to force anyone out into the hot sun and strenuous muscular labor. Perfunctory play won't have any effect, and it will soon be dropped for some other reducing scheme.

Of course, I do other things, too. I am careful about my diet. I do not drink any liquids with my meals, and I stand up a great deal—especially after eating. But golf is my mainstay, and I've improved my game so much that I can go around in—but what's the use? Nobody believes a golfer anyhow!

(Continued on page 106)

Swim, and be in the swim every day, says Aileen Pringle, and you'll soon be able to wear the slinkiest gown in the world.

And Mae Murray:

A screen actress—and especially one who wears the extreme style of gowns which my pictures usually call for—has to look after the pounds, and the pence will look after themselves.

There are all sorts of expensive ways of keeping slender, but the

Skating is the best reducing exercise in the world, and every little fall helps, too, boasts Evelyn Brent.

I make the scales behave by playing golf—which is really just walking in disguise, declares Mae Murray.
Sirens had a hard time of it when Ulysses was a boy. Unless they sang at the top of their lungs, nobody fell for them at all. But all lovely Louise has to do is cast—not even a net—but just one glance, and the effect is fatal.
Keen Comment by Tamar Lane  
Illustrated by Harry Taskey

A Chance for Someone

Why doesn't some enterprising producer form a company and go into the business of making nothing but scenes of men falling into fountains of water. Apparently, no picture is complete without one. Even the "big" directors use it as a comedy touch.

It would be so much more convenient and efficient if one company were to specialize on these scenes. A good variety could be gotten up, and catalogued. Think of what a time-saver it would be for the busy director. All he would have to do would be to look at the samples, decide whether he wanted a drunken man falling into a fountain or merely a respectable old gent in a high top hat, and give his order. Fifteen minutes later he would have it.

Famous Days in History

May 17th, 1912. On that date was employed for the first time the gag where a comedian accidentally sits upon a hot stove and then is forced to place his nether quarters upon a cake of ice to cool off.

McLean vs. Lloyd

A CLEVELAND reader has written to this department asking what the writer thinks of Douglas McLean, and how he would compare McLean with Harold Lloyd as a comedian.

McLean is the better comedian of the two, but Harold is often the funnier. What I mean by this somewhat paradoxical statement is that, so far as natural comedy and acting ability are concerned, Douglas is a bit more talented than Lloyd, but the latter's pictures are often better worked out and Harold is, in many of his films, placed in more humorous situations than McLean and, therefore, seems to be funnier. Harold has surrounded himself by some very clever "gag" men and spends a great deal of money preparing a film. He is also a very good judge of humor himself. This combination results in great comics.

McLean, however, is improving very rapidly and should be a strong contender for Lloyd's comedy honors in the coming year.

McLean is the better comedian, but Lloyd has the most winning screen personality. The latter quality is probably the more powerful of the two.

When Is an Englishman Not an Englishman?

You have probably heard the story of the Philadelphia society man who came to Hollywood to get into the movies and was given the rôle of a tramp to portray; and the story of the little shopgirl who was cast in the part of a princess.

Here's a new one. An English actor, who has played with marked success before the footlights of London, arrived in Hollywood recently and, hearing that a well-known English play was to be produced at a certain studio, hurried over to the casting office and applied for a part.

After a long wait he was ushered into the casting director's office where he asked for a rôle in the film. The casting director carefully surveyed him, then shook his head.

"Sorry, but you won't do," he stated.
"Is it a matter of salary?" asked the actor.
"No," answered the casting director. "You don't look English enough."

Lloyd Hughes Is Climbing

Those who have held to the opinion that Lloyd Hughes is a good actor despite the long series of colorless rôles he has been portraying on the screen, will be pleased to note that in The Dixie Handicap he has one of the best parts of his career and acquits himself admirably. A few more rôles like that and Hughes will be up among the big favorites.

Try and Find It

Tourists in Hollywood all have different preferences as to the studios they would like to visit. An old salt from Cape Cod arrived in the film capital recently and was asked by his host what studio he would like to visit first.

"I want to see the place where the actors go in the water and come out dry," he replied.

(Continued on page 115)
Billy Bevan, in "Skinners in Silk," is not quite a spirit himself, but he's certainly under the influence of a few of them.

Reeling With Laughter

“I’ll Show You the Town,” Reginald Denny promised Helen Green, but judging from the expression on their faces the town must have turned out to be a pretty poor show.

What sort of ball game is this that Natalie Kingston is playing in “Remember When”? Poor Harry Langdon seems to think he's the one that needs to be remembered.

“I’ve been framed,” says Lloyd Hamilton in “Hello Hollywood,” casting reflections on Lige Conley.
What with the cop holding up traffic and a thief picking his pocket, "The Amateur Detective" has plenty of crime on his hands. But Earle Foxe doesn't care; his motto is "Practice Makes Perfect." Here's Ralph Graves picking on a poor, innocent little bottle—well, it's labeled "near beer" but there's a suspiciously hopeful light in Ralph's eye. But perhaps that's just because he knows there's nothing like a friendly drink for "Breaking the Ice." Glen Tryon has an awful "case" on himself in "Will Hose Baby Are You?"

Charley Murray seems to think "Patsy" would make a nice little pet, but there is an expression of rapidly growing doubt on the face of Ford Sterling. Crossing the bar will probably be his next act.

"The Marriage Circus" is a burlesque on the famous picture, "The Marriage Circle," which was produced under the direction of Ernst Lubitsch. In the picture below, Ben Turpin is suffering serious reverses.
Pictures I Would Like

The Final Test of Worth Is Applied to Masterpieces of the Screen

Of course, I don't see all the pictures—that would be impossible for one who has other things to do. Perhaps I have missed some of the best. And some I have forgotten. If there were a catalog of all pictures ever produced, doubtless I would find hundreds there that I would like to see again. But until I can thus refresh my memory I will mention only those that stand out in my recollections. I started this magazine in 1910, and ever since then I have tried to see everything worth while.

The first great picture that comes to my mind is The Battle Hymn of the Republic made by Vitagraph about 1912. I can even now see the great characters of history—Cesar, Cromwell, Joan of Arc, Napoleon, Lincoln, and all of them "marching on," and at that time it seemed wonderful, stupendous! Then came A Tale of Two Cities, Elaine, and The Christian, and they all linger in my memory. Next came Nazimova in Revelation, which was a masterpiece in comparison with Viola Dana's of last year. The Birth of a Nation will never be forgotten—it was epoch-making. I would like to see it again and compare it with present-day masterpieces such as The Sea Hawk.

I would like to see Robin Hood again, but not The Thief of Bagdad. The former had a story interest and it seemed to be real; the latter was only a fairy story, and it smacked of theatricals and trick photography, beautiful tho it was. I would not like to see Grecel again; it is not the great picture that it was advertised to be, and not nearly so entertaining nor so fine as Mr. von Stroheim's Foolish Wives of a few years ago, which still impresses me as a great picture worth seeing again.

Of the American history pictures, such as Janice Meredith, The Covered Wagon, The Iron Horse, North of 36, and The Man Without a Country, (now titled As No Man Has Loved), The Covered Wagon was the most artistic and effective, but there is only one of the five that I would like to see again—North of 36. It appealed to me for its rugged strength, its beauty, its story interest, and for Ernest Torrence, who is never tiresome. Ever since Tol'able David, that man has had a strange fascination for me—his is a great personality. But compare that picture with Richard Barthelmess' Classmates. Well, you can't compare them!

Another picture that thrilled me almost as much as North of 36 was The Dixie Handicap. While not to be classed among the great productions, it was gripping, thrilling, interesting throughout. I would enjoy seeing all of these three once more. Argentine Love, Manhandled, and Forbidden Paradise are also pictures that I could see again with interest and enjoyment. Of the least interesting pictures I have ever seen I put The Magus and Chu Chin Chow at the top. It would be bitter punishment if I were compelled to sit thru them again. Romola is, in some respects, a wonderful picture, and as an artist I should mention it here as one that should be seen at least twice, but once is enough for me, even with the charming Lillian Gish.

I must not omit Little Lord Fauntleroy as one of the pictures that I crave to see once more.
Nothing that Mary Pickford ever did appealed to me more—and that is saying a great deal for it. My memory of *When Knighthood Was in Flower* is pleasant, but of the great costume pictures of that type I wish to see again only *Monsieur Beaucaire*, which is a fine example of modern pictures at their best. While not so stupendous and gorgeously beautiful as *The Sea Hawk*, it takes high place in my list of great pictures. And that recalls *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, which first gave Valentino the great reputation which he has well sustained. I would enjoy seeing it again. And I must not forget *The Ten Commandments*, which, taken all in all, is perhaps the greatest of all screen productions, altho the second part did not seem to “belong,” as the Hairy Ape would say. The transition from the old world to the new (and the new was quite ordinary) was too abrupt. But I would like to see the first half several times more.

Once is enough for *Captain Blood*, when one has seen *The Sea Hawk*—a similar picture, but the latter fairly dazzles you. Yes, I would like to see *So Big* again, but I would not reread the book. Once is enough for *Peter Pan*, clever and wonderful tho it is. And I must not forget *The Light That Failed*—I certainly would like to see that again, and Percy Marmont in anything he does—particularly one or two others whose titles I cannot recall. *If Winter Comes* was one, I think.

Yes, I would enjoy *The Lost World* again, altho it is pure fiction; and possibly *The Devil’s Cargo*, because anything with

Wallace Beery is worth seeing twice. Perhaps it is he who makes me think so kindly of *Robin Hood*, and creates a yearning to see it again, altho I certainly did enjoy Douglas Fairbanks in this more than in anything else, even if he did not create the Robin Hood that I had pictured in my imagination.

I just spoke unkindly of *The Monster*, and I recall that Lon Chaney was in that, and Lon Chaney is a great artist. His work in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* has perhaps never been equaled, and I would certainly like to see that picture again, and also his other masterpiece, *He Who Gets Slapped*. As a straight drama, without any great spectacular effects and dazzling scenery or great mobs or armies or conflagrations and so on, I cannot recall a greater picture. It speaks to the imagination. It touches the very heart-strings. It is a great picture.

I must not forget *Broken Blossoms*, in which Lilian Gish and Richard Barthelmess did such splendid work; nor *Scaramouche*, nor *The White Rose*, in which Mae Marsh proved that she is still an artist; nor *Anna*.

(Continued on page 102)
Marion to her Heart-Broken Suitors

All the younger members of the stronger sex, in and around Hollywood, have lost, or are rapidly losing, their hearts to little Marion Nixon. Consequently, all the younger members of the weaker sex have combined against her, and have turned her name "hind side to" for their slogan: NIX ON MARION!
New Pictures in Brief Review
Selected and Reviewed by Laurence Reid

The Thundering Herd—Melodrama
This is a magnificent production of Zane Grey's thriller dealing with the Wyoming country in the '70's. A stampede of buffalo is one of several spectacular scenes which give the picture distinction. The story deals with the money-mad adventurers, whose slaughter of the buffaloes enflamed the hatred of the Indians. Finely acted by Lois Wilson, Jack Holt and Noah Beery.—Famous Players-Lasky.

One Year to Live—Romantic Drama
This gay and glamorous play of life of the theater concerns a maid who steps forth in one of madame's gowns and makes a hit on the stage of a Follies show in Paris. The maid is in love with a Captain in the U. S. A., whom she wins and, we dare say, with whom she lives happily ever after. Antonio Moreno gives a capital performance as the hero and Aileen Pringle scores as Elise.—First National.

The Rag Man—Drama
Jackie Coogan is The Kid again in this rather touching narrative about a waif who joins an old dealer in rags and junk. Together they make a great success of their enterprise and a final sequence shows the two partners enjoying the luxuries of the most affluent and ease-loving of men. The Rag Man is an old friend in the story line, but it wears mighty well and is amusing and appealing.—Metro-Goldwyn.

Lady of the Night—Romantic Drama
A slight little tale of the romance of two girls of marked resemblance, who fall in love with the same man—with the one from the society circles winning out in the love stakes when the rival, suppressing her feeling in the romance, gives Norma Shearer her opportunity to flash some really inspired acting. It is an intelligent performance, one marked by real understanding and authority. Monta Bell has dressed it up with subtle shafts of humor and human touches. The story shows what good direction can do in giving breadth and color.—Metro-Goldwyn.

Too Many Kisses—Comedy Drama
The wealthy scion who gets his father in trouble is always a happy theme for a director who doesn't lose sight of his comedy values. This idea gives Richard Dix an opportunity to go to the Basque country of Spain—an undiscovered land in the movies. The father knows that Basque women don't marry outside their race. But Dix, in a Wally Reid type of role, simply can't make his heart behave. It is pleasant fun, made interesting with its humor and incident. It is capitaly staged—and played with adroit humor and light-hearted zest.—Famous Players-Lasky.

As No Man Has Loved—Drama
Here is surging drama which carries a mighty theme—that of love of home and country. It has been approached with reverence—with a purpose to reproduce faithfully the Edward Everett Hale classic, The Man Without a Country. The appeal of the central character, who renounced his country, but who lived to glorify it tho he couldn't return—longed to see his loved ones, but who was denied sanctuary on his native soil, touches the heart. It is well acted, tho more emotion—more inspiration—would have made it truly great.—Fox.
The Swan—Drama

The characterization of Molnar's smart play has been altered—and so much foreign matter written into it that the picture could carry any other title as well as the above. There was much pathos and subtle humor in the play. The picture depends upon the obvious ending; and the tutor marries the princess instead of the prince—though the latter has the big moments in the play and adaptation. Adolphe Menjou makes his scenes interesting. And the director has carried out the court atmosphere in clever style. It has tone and quality, but its story is often dull. —Famous Players-Lasky.

Midnight Molly—Melodrama

Here is a dual-identity picture with Evelyn Brent doubling as a feminine Raffles and the wife of a candidate for political office. The premise upon which the plot is based is unconvincing because of the marked resemblance of the central characters. It develops that when the candidate's wife elopes with a young bounder, the crook doubles for her to save the husband from disgrace. It's a fairly compact story, punctuated with some physical action. It strains credulity, but is passably interesting. Miss Brent is sincere and charming in her portrayal of the contrasting feminine roles.—F. B. O.

The Man in Blue—Romantic Drama

Any story laid in the foreign quarter of a large city is certain of its appeal. Just so long as it provides good incident, fast action, colorful atmosphere—and the shadings of romance, humor and heart interest—it is certain to interest the average picturegoer. This picture features the cop on the beat and an Italian girl. And the man in blue has his troubles in eliminating native sons of Italy—as well as a horde of politicians. There is good background rich and appealing in human interest and containing real flashes of humor—and first-rate acting by Herbert Rawlinson and Madge Bellamy.—Universal.

Dangerous Innocence—Romance

The film version of the popular seller, Ann's an Idiot, shapes up as pleasant entertainment. The girl, released from a cloistered environment, meets the man aboard ship and promptly falls in love. Before the boat reaches Bombay she has undergone a complete metamorphosis in regard to dress and deportment. The man is repressed because he had an erstwhile romance with the girl's mother. Considering the lack of plot, the director has performed wonders in sustaining interest. He has had the help of capable players in Laura La Plante, Eugene O'Brien and Jean Hersholt.—Universal.

The Monster—Comedy Melodrama

Here is mystery executed to the tune of comedy—the only way to treat this subject so as not to make it appear ridiculous. Trick doors, trick panels, trick dumb-waiters, trick pulleys, trick arms, trick shadows—all these are used to intrigue the imagination, as a youthful detective and his friends find themselves in an insane asylum—at the mercy of a crazy surgeon and a few other "nats" who have released themselves. The fast tempo, the merry spirit of comedy thruout, and the acting—not forgetting the mystery devices—save the picture, for the plot soon wears itself out.—Metro-Goldwyn.
The Saddle Hawk—Western Melodrama

Hoot Gibson, after a rather eventful and promising excursion in the rolling fields of comedy, comes back to the rugged country, where his hard ridin' and straight shootin' make him the hero of quite a lively melodrama of the West. It is a story about bad men with designs upon a pretty girl, the daughter of a wealthy cattle man. Rugged landscapes serve as background for the action, which is marked by conventionality but lifted out of the rut by the introduction of some effective incident and the pleasant personality of the star. There is plenty of action and thrills—and a good deal of suspense.—Universal.

Salome of the Tenements—Drama

Sidney Olcott's latest directorial effort is the picturization of a novel relating the rise to social prominence of a girl of New York's Ghetto. The picture is not without some notably good dramatic situations, but there is not sufficient material to fill out the space allotted the play. Jutta Goudal has the star rôle of Sonya Mendel, who sets her cap for a wealthy banker and wins him. The director has introduced much that is pictorially interesting, having collected some rare type to enliven the atmosphere he has created for the action.—Famous Players-Lasky.

The Denial—Drama

This picture contains the parental conflict formula in that it projects the domineering mother who would interfere with her children's ideas of romance and deportment. She reflects on the past and the tragedy of her own romance is visualized. The action goes back to the Spanish War days and reveals considerable pathos. When the modern mother reflects long enough, she realizes the error of parental interference. So her own child has her own way. Hobart Henley's direction is notable. The best acting is contributed by Emily Fitzroy and Edward Connelly as the parents of the past.—Metro-Goldwyn.

The Mansion of Aching Hearts—Domestic Drama

Capitalizing the title of a sentimental song of yesteryear, this picture goes back to the early days of film features in its old-fashioned treatment. The sponsors have attempted to write a human-interest plot around the title, but it lacks conviction. It deals with a stern-hearted husband and father who, believing his son illegitimate, drives the boy and his mother from home, refusing to become reconciled to them or to radiate any happiness until he learns humility and tolerance. It is staged appropriately and acted intelligently by Ethel Clayton and a large cast.—Schulberg.

Introduce Me—Comedy

Profitting by the clever pictures in which Douglas MacLean has appeared, this light comedian is determined to set a fast pace. His latest is a rollicking comedy. It carries the theme of the youth traveling under a false identity. In following the girl from France to the Alps he is forced to pose as a famous American Alpine climber. The thrills contain laughs as well as excitement—and the biggest laughs arrive when the mountaineer lassoes a bear and is later precipitated thru space in an avalanche. A smart picture, cleverly titled, directed and acted and decidedly well worth seeing.—Associated Exhibitors.

Daddy's Gone a-Hunting—Drama

Sentiment and emotionalism have their innings in this adaptation of a Zoe Akins play which, when presented on the stage, fared better at the hands of those who buy their tickets than it did at the hands of the dramatic critics. In pictures, it becomes a vehicle for some fine acting by Alice Joyce and Percy Marmont. Unfortunately, their efforts are to some degree wasted on material which is unconvincing and mechanical. The play is about an artist who deserts his wife and child but who is brought back to his senses by the death of the daughter.—Metro-Goldwyn.
**On Thin Ice—Melodrama**

Here is a familiar type of crook melodrama worked out on the theme of redemption—with the crook taking the “straight and narrow” under the spell of romance. He has pretended to her that he is her long-lost brother in order to learn the secret of some supposedly hidden loot (the girl having done a stretch of thirty days on circumstantial evidence). It goes without saying that all the guilty are punished. Tom Moore, an excellent actor for crook roles, plays with fine naturalness and is always sincere. A first-rate picture of its kind.—*Warner Brothers.*

---

**The Scarlet Honeymoon—Romance**

Light, but thoroughly entertaining, is this Shirley Mason number. Her pictures are often obvious and conventional. However, Alan Hale, making his début as a director after many seasons as a player, gets away from the orthodox treatment and by embellishing the story with realistic incident and atmosphere which releases a fine warmth and spontaneity, he captures the attention. It is the oft-told tale of the young romancers, who must experience parental conflict before they find happiness. The central figures are an Argentine and a New York stenographer.—*Fox.*

---

**Riders of the Purple Sage—Western Melodrama**

William Farnum starred in this picture seven years ago—a picture which also bore the Fox trade-mark. Being a worthy type of Western story, written by Zane Grey, it was considered substantial enough to make again. And so Tom Mix carries on here in the rôle of a Texas ranger who eventually exacts vengeance against the kidnappers of his sister and the rustlers of his sweetheart’s cattle. After a slow start it flashes a healthy line of action. Exteriors are typical Western—Mix and his company (not forgetting Tony, the horse) perform well against them.—*Fox.*

---

**The Re-creation of Brian Kent—Romantic Drama**

Harold Bell Wright can truthfully say that this picture is “as I wrote it.” The story, which follows the book faithfully, is one of redemption and is dedicated to the school-teachers who mold character at very small pay. It is a school-teacher who redeems the youth and finds a romance for him. It has its suspense in the constant menace of the law—and it has its love interest and sentiment which are in their proper places. It is acted with sincerity and finely staged. And the Wright lovers should rejoice over it.—First National.

---

**New Toys—Comedy Drama**

The appearance of Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay, who is Mrs. Barthelmess, together in a picture should center a lot of interest in this offering. Spectators will not be disappointed, for *New Toys,* while it is not up to the artistic standard of *Classmates,* is an entertaining play. It is a triangle story introducing a humorous turn when an old flame comes back into the life of the husband. It is thoroughly entertaining throughout. The star has a fine supporting cast and a thoroly adequate production to assist him.—First National.

---

**New Lives for Old—Drama**

Echoes of the war, and other echoes too, ring around and about this Adelaide Heilbron vehicle for Betty Compson, the bright particular star of the entertainment. Miss Compson appears as a French girl who becomes a dancer in order to serve her country. Her efforts as a spy save a situation or two, but there is no glory for a spy and she is accused of being in the employ of the enemy, and so on. The star and her supporting company give life to the proceedings and develop some interest.—Famous Players-Lasky.
The Ideal Rôle for Doris

We have seen Doris Kenyon on both stage and screen, as a flapper, a modern young woman, a society belle, a country girl, even as a would-be vampire, but never has she been so lovely as in the rôle of young mother in "If I Marry Again." The study reproduced here is from her new picture, "I Want My Man," in which she plays the adoring aunt of little Frankie Evans.
**Facts That I Can Read in**

A Complete Analysis

Viola Dana

THIS analysis was made while Viola Dana was working at the studio. In reading Miss Dana's character, I noticed first her eyes, which are very large and express her transient thoughts rather than her permanent thoughts or her real character.

The shape of her nose tells me that she is a very observing person who particularly notices clothes. Her constructive ability is good, her imagination vivid, and her intuition well developed. She is not a student but gains knowledge readily from things that she sees and hears.

The cheeks show good powers of recuperation and a

Viola is a gay, affectionate girl, but she has, too, plenty of courage and determination and is as independent as she is pretty

Henry Freulich

great fearlessness and daring. She likes variety, change and travel.

The mouth indicates great enthusiasm and ardor, a patriotic nature, and a great love of her own people.

The jaw line denotes determination. Miss Dana is a person not easily swayed when once she has made a decision. She is very independent in both thought and action.

By the shape of her chin I see that she has a persistent nature, and a great love of beautiful things. She is unusually strong in her likes and dislikes.

Above the eyes is shown splendid ability to visualize, and an inclination to day dream. She is very susceptible to both color and music, and in her forehead the sign for tune and rhythm is well developed, indicating a love of music and dancing. Back of the hair-line is shown a development which denotes a ready use of words and a liking for conversation. The appetite sign is well developed, showing that she enjoys good things to eat and drink and is a good judge of foodstuff.

James Kirkwood

IN meeting Mr. Kirkwood, I was impressed by his gentlemanly manner, his kindness and his understanding of human nature.

Reading his manner, I noticed first his chin and jaw. He has a very long line from the metus of the ear to the point of the chin, which is firm and well developed. This denotes a strong will, much determination and, with other faculties which he has developed, gives executive ability and the ability to plan, organize and direct. The chin shows much endurance, hardihood, fortitude, dependability, a great love of the out-of-doors and of all that is beautiful.

The forehead denotes a good mentality, with the reflective faculties well developed. He is a serious, conscientious person who is a logical thinker. Directly above the eyes I see well-developed perceptive, giving a splendid sense of color and fine powers of visualization. These qualities give him the ability to plan and organize. Back of the hair-line is shown a ready use of words.

The shape of his nose indicates that he has keen intuition, a vivid imagination, good constructive sense and splendid ability to concentrate. In fact, Mr. Kirkwood is the type of man who concentrates upon anything that interests him to the exclusion of all else.

In the shape of his cheeks I find intensity and great courage. Mr. Kirkwood would think more of carrying out an ideal and perfecting his art than he would think of money and financial gain. He is not a material person and money would interest him more because of what it would mean for others than because of what it would mean for himself.

The shape of his upper lip denotes poise, pride,

The analysis of James Kirkwood sounds like "The Portrait of a Gentleman." He has a kindly, sympathetic, courageous spirit and is a very sincere artist

Clarence S. Bull

(Continued on page 122)
the Faces of the Film Stars

By F. Vance de Revere

Aileen Pringle

I WOULD like to tell the circumstances under which this analysis was made but that would be a story and this is to be an analysis only. However, I will say that I have never received more consideration. Miss Pringle is broad minded and understanding enough to see not only her own view-point but the view-point of others.

In reading her character, I noticed first that she had a very long line from the metus of the ear to the point of the chin, which denotes a strong will and much determination. In the chin is shown a persistent nature, a great deal of the nervous energy and force which makes up for a lack of physical endurance. She has a great liking for beautiful things and for comfort. She understands men and is well liked by the opposite sex.

The nose indicates a very observing nature. Miss Pringle misses very little that goes on around her. She has good constructive ability, a vivid imagination and keen intuition. She is the sort of person that has "hunches" about things.

The cheeks denote courage, daring and a love of variety, change and travel.

Her mouth, upper lip, shows that she has an enthusiastic nature, that she likes praise and appreciation when it is deserved, and is equally ready to show appreciation to others. Here, too, is shown a love of pretty clothes and a great interest in human nature. The lower lip is that of a very ardent person with a love of children and animals.

The forehead gives evidence of strong preferences in the selection of color, and an inclination to worry and fret when things do not go just right. Her feeling for tune and rhythm is well developed, denoting a love of music and dancing.

Ramon Novarro

I WAS probably impressed by Ramon Novarro more than the average interviewer would have been, for I had the advantage of being able to read his character and therefore know the man. Then, too, I had lived in his country, Mexico. One has to know the Latin race to understand him.

I noticed first his forehead and head. Here are the signs of good mentality and an ability to think really well. The feeling for tune and rhythm is well developed, denoting musical ability and a love of poetry. This also indicates a liking for dancing. The language sign which is back of the hair-line is very well developed, showing linguistic ability. The top of the head proves him to be a very benevolent person. The reflective faculties are good and there are evidences of a better memory than the average individual possesses. Above the eyes the perceptive are well developed and I see good artistic ability and a love of the arts. Also the ability to sketch and draw and a splendid color sense. He is strongly affected by both music and color. He has splendid powers of visualization and sees vividly the mental picture of everything upon which he concentrates.

The shape of the nose denotes constructive ability and a vivid imagination. He has the ability to absorb knowledge from all that he sees and hears. He is extremely intuitive and knows and feels things instinctively. The shape of the nose also indicates that he does not like to do things in opposition to his tastes. I found in the septum of the nose a development of analytical powers which seemed to be recent.

The mouth is that of a sympathetic, kindly, ardent nature with great belief in his fellow beings, a love of children and animals, and loyalty and devotion to his

(Continued on page 122)
Seeing Stars!
Our very young artist readers give their impressions of favorite actors and actresses in clever sketches

Charlie Chaplin
By Helen Strand, Seattle, Wash.
Age 12

Adolphe Menjou
By Janet Whitehead, Newark, N. J.
Age 13

Jackie Coogan
By Doris Lynn, Age 15, of Warren, Ohio
Awarded a prize of $5.00

Lois Wilson
By Frances Dieck, Cohoes, N. Y.
Age 12

Rudolph Valentino
as Monsieur Beaucaire

Jackie Coogan is the subject of the prize-winning drawings. Mothers will appreciate the wistfulness of the portrait above and the children will be attracted by the roguish caricature in the corner

Lois Wilson
By Helen Strand, Seattle, Wash.
Age 12

House Peters
By Henry Sabin, Chicago, Ill.
Age 12

Gloria Swanson
By Elsa Lichtenstein, Chicago, Ill.
Age 14

By Ruth Waters,
St. Paul, Minn.
Age 10
POLA NEGRE came into Hollywood two or three years ago a very haughty and disdainful countess. Pola left Hollywood the other day a good sport.

The day she left for Europe a crowd of her friends went to the train to see her off. At the last minute a fresh newspaper friend called out: "Hey, Pola, don't come back with a marquis. We'll have all we can handle with Gloria's marquis."

Two years ago she would have given him a glare that would have frozen his spine.

This time she only laughed and called back: "No more marriages for love and titles. When I come back, I'll bring a millionaire soap manufacturer. You have taught me to be a practical woman."

Pola's last year in Hollywood was a triumph of tact. She has become one of the most popular women in the movie colony.

She said, on leaving, that she would be away only six weeks. She will spend most of this going and coming. She carried twelve trunks filled with clothes for her actress friends in Poland and Germany.

There is a little secret, of course, about Pola's trip. She has made up her mind that, if Paramount is going to pay Gloria a young fortune: well then, they've got to pay Pola a young fortune. There is battle in Pola's celebrated—nobody knows what color—eyes.
Pola will be full of grief when she reads one item of movie news. Dimitri Buchowetzki is going to direct a big Napoleon picture for Universal. Pola has had her heart absolutely set upon playing Empress Josephine in a Napoleonic picture. And now, of course, she will not be able to.

Buchowetzki, meanwhile, is about to begin his Graustark story with Norma Talmadge.

Norma turned out with most of the rest of the movie colony at the opening night of Pavlova's engagement. It was the most splendid audience of movie stars I have seen gathered in one place. Almost every well-known star now in Hollywood put on her best clothes and paraded.

One regal beauty easily eclipsed all the others. The best-dressed woman in the house was Estelle Taylor who swept down the aisle with her husband — Jack Dempsey, champion of the world. And also, to tell the truth, Jack was about the best-dressed man in the house.

Jack and Estelle gave a little breakfast party the other day at their home to a few newspaper men. Estelle did the cooking —breakfast cakes—and the Champ dutifully washed the wishes. All of which must have been by way of domestic discipline, as their house is well supplied with servants.

To return to the movie show, Constance, with a flapper's indifference to public opinion, did her making up with Buster Collier for a mirror. She didn't seem to be supplied with a regular glass, so Buster, anxiously and with deep concentration, spent the time between acts, suggesting a little lick with the lip-stick here and a swab with the powder rag there. When the job was done, Connie had a grand make-up.

Buster has just won the best part for which he has ever been cast. He is to be the Prodigal Son in the big Lasky production of The Wanderer.
Raoul Walsh, who is to direct the picture, states that it is going to be a straight Bible-times picture. No cut-backs to a scene in the New York tenements.

Mr. Walsh has just finished a picture with Ricardo Cortez and the lovely Jetta Goudal—a sadder and a wiser man. Jetta is regarded as one of the great beauties of Hollywood and Salomy of the Tenements showed her to be an actress of impressive ability. But Jetta surely is temperament. When she is told to do something she doesn’t want to do, she gives the director a sidelong glance and a queer little twisted smile and says sweetly: “Ah no, Goudal wouldn’t do that.” And a herd of cyclones can’t make Goudal do it.

The chief item of gossip of Hollywood just now is the fight that Marshall Neilan had in the Plantation Café. All that anybody seems to know definitely about it is this: that Mickie and a gentleman not identified suddenly got into a fight on the ballroom floor and all hands came out of it with black eyes and other ornaments. Blanche Sweet, Mrs. Neilan, fainted and was carried out. On the steps she came to. She and friend husband had an earnest conference, exchanged kisses and went home. One newspaper said that the unidentified gent broke in on a family row. Another account was that Neilan resented the way the gent was dancing with Blanche. With characteristic sang-froid, Mickie says that he was watching some folks play mah jong and the edge of the table hit him.

Another series of Hollywood tea parties had to be assembled to discuss the affairs of Rudolph Valentino. While Rudy was out on the desert with Mrs. Valentino enjoying a vacation at Palm Spring, his producer, J. D. Williams, suddenly threw up the sponge, announced that he has canceled his arrangements with Rudolph. It was said that he was not satisfied with the director that Mrs. Valentino and Rudolph had picked out for Rudy’s next picture—an elaborate

Continued on page 98
This Romantic Young Star Takes the Gypsy Trail to Greater Fame

Renée Adorée plays the part of Silda, whose love draws Dominique out of the net of business and social life into the freedom of the roads and the romantic life of the gypsy trail.

As Dominique, the young artist in "The Exquisite Sinner," Conrad Nagel plays a rôle that will endear him to his fans in an entirely new character.
Whose Hand?

Part VI—In which Margot answers the question: "Can such things be?"

By W. Adolphe Roberts

(Margot’s audience, consisting of Eugene and Stella Ball, of the detectives, Cornelius Hart and his assistant, the patrolmen, Quinlan and Boyle, and the landlady, Cora Bellew, stood anxiously waiting for her to explain the mystery. She glanced from face to face, and an odd smile curved her lips. For the first time since the affair had started, she seemed touched with embarrassment concerning the way her words would be received.

“Have made one or two straight deductions which will speak for themselves, and can be proved or disproved in short order,” she announced. “But I’ll begin by telling you something which is not so simple. It’s the answer to the lights on the carpet.”

The eyes of the others gleamed. Their curiosity was intense.

“The flame I saw was that of my own match, of course. But Boyle saw one of a much more singular character, and if there had been witnesses here at favorable moments both before and after, I feel sure they would have seen it, too.”

“What—what was it, Margot?” Gene stammered.

“Do you people know anything about the ignis fatuus?” she countered.

It was evident from their bewildered expressions that no one except Gene had a bowing acquaintance with Latin terms. The silent respect that such erudition bred in them, however, struck a grievously needed note of humor, and Margot smiled.

“I’m being too scientific, I guess,” she went on. “The thing I mean is the Will-o’-the-wisp.”

“For the love of God! It’s what you’ll be seein’ in graveyards of a dark night,” exclaimed Boyle.

Hart frowned, with an unconvincing show of skepticism. “I’ve heard it called a corpse-candle,” he muttered. “Never run into one myself, but country people in some parts believe in it.”

“Just so,” declared Margot. “Millions of people, in all quarters of the world, believe in it. And do you know what the encyclopedias say?”

Well, they fully admit that dead animal and vegetable matter exhales a phosphorescent glow under certain conditions. They are not sure that it ever seeps up from a coffin thru several feet of tightly packed earth, yet they do not deny the possibility.”

She paused. When she resumed speaking, her voice had become clear and bell-like. “All great mysteries raise the question, ‘Can such things be?’ My answer is, that within the bounds of physical law rare and amazing phenomena can occur. And I maintain that the light that flickered on that carpet on so many occasions was a Will-o’-the-wisp from the severed arm of Stella Ball!”

A gasp of frank relief was echoed by the entire company. Margot’s solution seemed to brush aside a murky shadow of the supernatural that had been hovering about them. But the next instant, the voice of Quinlan was raised in fresh alarm:

“That’s all right, Miss Anstrooper, but about the hand that doused the flame?”

“Oh, that’s a much simpler proposition,” she answered. “It was the hand of a person very much alive and dangerous, I assure you.”

“What hand?” urged Hart.

“Sure, if she can tell ye that, Mayor Hylan ought to make her Police Commissioner, so he should,” said Boyle.

Margot threw an amused glance at the patrolman. “The hand was the hand of the old man, Murchison, who stole the radium in the first place, and who is the only major criminal in this affair,” she announced steadily.

“It’s like the crook to come snooping around, I’ll say! He couldn’t bear to lose it,” exclaimed Stella.

“Do you mean he was in this room while you were in bed, and while Boyle was watching later?” asked Hart incredulously. “He found a hiding-place?”

“Murchison was not in the room. If he had been, he’d have been captured,” said Margot.

Margot dismissed Mrs. Bellew curtly

Stella was let off with the sentence of one year in a reformatory

A synopsis of Parts I-V will be found on page 119)
The detective jerked his head from side to side, in a
gesture of despair.
"But his hand was here," she went on. "Come, let
me show you."

She turned briskly, and pointed at the tiny radiator
with its iron grill-work, a few inches above the level
of the floor, in the wall against which the head of her bed
had stood. "Test that," she ordered. "It's loose.
Murchison loosened it. The hole is big enough to let
thru a hand and an arm. The distance to the spot where
the lights appeared is feasible for a man with a long arm."

Hart dropped to his knees and fumbled with the grill-
work. It gave way under his fingers, slid to one side.
A dark hole gaped in the wall.

"I'll be darned, if you're not right," he cried. "But
still I don't get the whole scheme."

"Murchison has been tunneling thru from the next
house. He'd almost finished the job the night this trouble
started. But it's been slow work, of course. From the
time he got the grill loosened, he's reached in and sup-
pressed the lights on the carpet—over and over again.
My match may just have seemed another one of the same
kind from him. But, don't you see, he couldn't afford to
let any flame call attention to the secret chamber under-
neath!"

Hart nodded. "Looks that way, on the face of it. I
wish you'd tell me, tho, why the old nut didn't
pick some quiet afternoon and sneak into the room by
way of the fire-escape and the window that Stella here
found it easy to open?"

"I thought of that point," said Margot, "and I
took care to check up on it." She
turned to the landlady. "Isn't it true
that between Stella's tenancy and
mine, Mrs. Bellew, the
room was occu-
pied by
two women?"
she asked.

"Yes, dearie. A couple of
 cranky old
maids—"

"Exactly," interrup-
ted Margot. "We'rent they
shipped on the sub-
ject of thieves breaking in and stealing their valuables?
Isn't it true that both of them were never out at the same
time?"

"That's right, dearie."

"You have your answer, Lieutenant Hart," the girl
stated.

"I'm convinced," he cried in admiration. "There aren't
many detectives on the Force as good as you."

"It's my opinion there aren't any so good," cut in
Eugene spunkily.

"Maybe not!" acknowledged Hart. "But say, Miss
Anstruther, it's too bad we didn't have this information
three days ago. Murchison has had plenty of time to
make his getaway. He's going to be hard to find."

"I don't know about that," she answered. "Without
ever having met Mr. Murchison, I judge him to be a per-
son who simply couldn't tear himself away from the
neighborhood of valuable loot."

"You think he's still next door?" demanded Hart
eagerly.

"I think it's entirely possible. He'd not start his
tunneling until late at night. Why not go and see if he's
waiting there?" She pointed at the wall. "The room
corresponding to this one would be his, without a doubt."

Hart saluted her as respectfully as if she had been his
superior officer. "It's a fine lead. I'll follow it up," he
said. "And I'll let you know the re-
sult."

The repre-
sentatives of the law
filed out, tak-
ing Stella
with them.
As Mrs. Bel-
lew showed signs of li-
gering for a
garrulous de-
bate on the
thrills of a
situation that
had given
her too a
taste of mo-
mentary
fame, Mar-
got dismissed her
curly. Quinlan
was on the land-
ing, waiting to
lock the door of the
room of
mystery be-
fore he hur-
ried after his
companions.

Accom-
panied by
Gene, the
girl went up-
stairs to her
new apart-
ment. She
had fallen
evenly silent.
Her features

Corinne Delmar staged a scene before those lucky enough to be present that they will never forget
were tense. But when her lover offered her a cigarette, she took it, inhaled two or three whiffs of the soothing smoke and smiled suddenly at him.

"Thank you for not bombarding me with exclamations of wonder," she said. "I've had enough of that. And the case isn't over yet, dear."

"No?" he murmured.

"Not while Murchison is free, and the customer who had dealings with him the night Stella was injured is still unnamed."

"Have you any idea who that person could have been?"

Margot leaned her head back, and deliberately blew a smoke ring before she spoke.

"Why—yes," she almost drawled. "He was one Frederick Stoner, the more or less noted Superfilm director."

If she had exploded a bomb at his feet, the effect could not have been more startling to the naive cameraman.

"Stoner!—Fred Stoner!" he gasped. "How in thunder could he have been mixed up in this affair?"

"We saw his picture, The Masque of Life, together. Didn't it give you a clue—outside of your first wrong guess about the powers of radium, I mean?"

"Margot, I can't imagine how that picture—"

"Then, let me tell you. The picture only confirmed a suspicion that was forced on me by Stoner's conduct. His anger when he heard of my adventure with the hand was not normal. His talk about the harm that publicity would do me was—well, just bunk. I could see the man was afraid. He wanted me to drop the case for his sake, not mine. He had something to conceal. The moment Stella spoke of Murchison's mysterious customer, I knew it had been Stoner. Yet, why should a movie director have wanted to rent radium from a crook?"

"I don't believe it yet."

"You will in a minute. Stoner is a director of the old school, full of ideas for impressing the public with the wildest sort of hokum. But apart from business, he's an ignoramus, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"It struck me all of a heap that there was a radium machine in The Masque of Life, and that he'd been working on the picture at the time of Stella's disappearance. You remember how the machine glows in the dark and shoots out rays like forked lightning. He'd certainly thought that radium had such properties. So what more likely than that he'd have wanted to rent some, for the sake of greater realism?"

"She paused and chuckled. "Events forced him to get his effects by other means, and pretty poor hokum it was!"

"Good Lord! You are wonderful, Margot. But now, what? Are you going to denounce him to the police?"

"No," she answered quietly. "He is more of a fool than a rogue, and he hasn't committed any serious crime, after all. If Murchison is captured and tells on him, he can be punished for trafficking in stolen goods. But I shan't tell the police, Gene dear."

"Whom will you tell?"

"Corinne Delamar. I think she ought to know what sort of director she has, don't you?"

"That will be a perfect revenge," he laughed. "Can you imagine the dressing down Corinne will give him, the rumpus she'll start in the whole Superfilm organization? He'll be fired, sure."

"He deserves to be. Such a blustering bungler—"

The telephone bell rang piercingly, and they both started, as at a signal that had been awaited, but temporarily forgotten. Margot lifted the receiver, and for five minutes he listened with surging impatience to the dry reiteration of "Yes . . . Yes . . . Yes" with which she acknowledged the points of the message that was being given to her.

She hung up at last and turned to him, her eyes snapping, a smile of triumph on her lips.

"There wasn't a weak link in my case, not one!" she cried. "They've arrested Murchison."

"In the house next door?"

"But, of course! He wouldn't open his door, so Hart (Continued on page 118)"
We're Asking You:

Going To Get Married?

What do you think about marrying your opposite? Do you think Jack Sprat and his wife had the right idea, or do you think both sides of the family should like just the same things? If you read the article beginning on page 28, you'll find out what some of the happiest married people of the movies have to say about it. In case you overlooked it, you'd better turn right back now and read up on the most important question of this—or any other—age.

Are You There?

Did you try for the limerick contest in the April number? If so, look on page 127 and see if your name is among the winners. Whether it is or not, there's another chance for you this month. Right in the middle of this page is your opportunity to walk away with a perfectly good ten-dollar prize. Don't miss it!

Any Good At Mysteries?

If someone tells you a mystery story right up to the most dramatic moment and then stops short, can you unravel the tangled thread of the plot and find a solution? If you can, you're in luck, for there's a $50.00 prize waiting to be won and you're the one to win it! Every month we are going to give you a real thrilling mystery story without an end. The one who writes the best solution, who finds the most reasonable explanation, will be the winner. Aside from the first prize, we will pay $5.00 for every answer we think is good enough to print. Sharpen up your wits and your pencils and be ready to win next month!

Miss It?

We mean the clippings from the June, 1915, number of this magazine. Turn to page 8 and read news that thrilled you ten years ago:

What's Your Vote?

Who do you think is the best-dressed woman on the screen? Whomever you have in mind now, don't decide definitely till you've seen the pictures of Barbara La Marr on pages 46 and 47. In her new picture, she has eighteen new gowns, and they were designed to break the hearts of both men and women with admiration and envy.

Got a Heartache?

Have you ever been in love? Do you still remember it? Didn't the Young Love pictures on pages 38 and 39 make you wish you could fall in love for the first time all over again, and go back to school, and skate and study and flirt and be just as silly and happy as the boys and girls whose pictures made your heart bother you for a moment?

Have You Heard?

The latest scandal? The latest rumor? And if you've heard it, do you believe it's true? After you've read the article on pages 32 and 33 about the many rumors that circulate in Hollywood and the many people who believe them—no matter how impossible they are—you'll probably turn a deaf ear to gossip the rest of your life.

Didn't it amaze you to find out what a large part wagging tongues play in the lives of movie folks, how amusing and absurd and disastrous the stories that are told about them really are?

Are You Under Fifteen?

There's a surprise for all of our young readers, from five to fifteen, in the next number. It's a great novelty—nothing like it has ever been seen in a fan magazine before. Don't forget to watch out for it—children and grown-ups, too!

Have You Embarked on the Limerick Liner?

Mae Busch is as bright as a flame,
We fans make unanimous claim
Her acting so vital,
Should win her the title,

Betty Blythe, I'm so struck by your charm,
That my parents exclaim in alarm,
What's wrong with our child?
Something's driving him wild.

Conway Tearle has a peach of a smile,
Which you only see once in a while,
But that once is enough,
For it's such potent stuff,

THREE persons are going to win a ten-dollar prize each month. If you want to be one, send in lines to complete these unfinished limericks. Remember that the last line must rhyme with the first two. Copy the four lines of the limericks you are finishing, then add your own fifth line.

NO lines will be returned, so do not enclose stamps. Mail contributions, with name and address, to the Limerick Contest, 175 Dufield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., before June 1st. There is no limit to the number of last lines you may submit. Send as many as you wish for all three limericks.
"The Top av the Mornin' says little Miss Sally O'Neill, fresh from the Emerald Isle" to Yes, who is

Sally is sweet sixteen, and she's as Irish as the shamrock or the blarney stone. Her hair is black, and crisp and curly; her eyes are big, and blue, and twinkling; her skin is white and clear, and her cheeks and lips are as red as apples. No rouge for Sally!

Marshall Neilan discovered Sally, who was really christened Chatsie Noonan. He's given her the title-role in "Patsy," a story woven about the life of railroad section-hands. It's full of humor, and pathos, and that important thing which the cub newspaper reporters call "human interest"

The two full-length studies of Sally are in the character of Patsy. And you're also introduced to the pet mongrel that has his own little part to play in his mistress' picture.
Cheers and Hisses
Letters from fans all over the world, telling what they love and loathe in pictures, and what they adore and abhor in the players

Page the Ad Man

DEAR EDITOR: I was peacefully reading the newspaper last night when, all of sudden, an ad hit me in the eye. It read this way: “Stupendous drama of the age with an all-star cast of four thousand. Yesterday’s audience squirmed with delight,” etc., etc.

Whereupon I dashed down the street and fell into a line two blocks long, as the rain was pouring down. I was reading the thrill and excitement of the various pictures that had given me. Of Robin Hood, Peter the Great, The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari and The Hunchback. And now, tonight, the “most stupendous drama of the age”

Half an hour later I was gazing upon five tons of elephants, four million dollars’ worth of furniture, and a heroine saved. I waited thru two performances to see “the most stupendous drama of the age”

And now I’m out for the guy who wrote the ad!

Of course, he never saw the picture. If they would only have let him write the story, putting it into all the pep, suspense and thrill that he put into his ad, “the most stupendous drama of the age” might have been true, and I would have seen a real picture. I can see elephants any old day by going to the zoo!

Your for better pictures,

H. B. B.,
Chicago, Ill.

Others Agree With You

WARREN KERRIGAN is not appreciated half enough. Who didn’t admire him as Banion in The Covered Wagon. Have we a star who could have played that part as well? Then there was his portrayal in Captain Blood. And so far as looks are concerned, he is one of the handsomest men on the screen.

A. O’B.,
Fargo, N. D.

Mangled Stories

I AM writing both to criticize and to praise The Wife of the Centaur. Why do the directors choose to dramatize books which they know will be mangled before they can pass the censors, blue Sunday laws, etc.? The book was a splendid piece of work, the best of its kind, and after I had read it I looked forward to seeing it on the screen. How I was disappointed! I do not advocate putting broad stories on the screen. Why ruin a good book to make it conform to the censor’s opinion? I don’t see why the directors attempt it. Far better that it be left alone.

D. G. W.,
New Orleans, La.

All Ages Are Entertained

I DON’T know when I have enjoyed a play more than I did Rafael Sabatini’s The Thirteenth. It is an absorbing, fast-moving story of romance and adventure that is finely adapted to the screen. The settings are all exceptional for their scenic beauty; but, of course, the outstanding feature is the superb acting of Milton Sills.

Oh, I wasn’t the only person in that darkened theater to lose my middle-aged, everyday self to the delightful land of “make-believe.” A portly gentleman, who sits behind a glass door marked “Attorney-at-law, from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon,” occupied several seats on my right. He evidently enjoyed the play just as much as I did. On my left, a high-school student confessed that she got a tremendous “kick” from that picture.

LAURA M. LARRABEE,
Peabody, Mass.

Wholesale Thanks

I AM here to hand a bouquet to every one connected with the movies. But for the movies I’d be bored stiff. I like every actress and actor in movieland. I thank them all for working so hard to please us fans.

E. F.,
New Castle, Pa.

Praise for Pola

I AM a very ardent Pola Negri fan. And I have a reason. That reason is her admirable fighting spirit in the face of seemingly insurmountable barriers. The barriers of racial differences; the malicious envy of some home-grown stars (which was only natural, even tho it was uncharitable, like the anger of my dog when I pet another); the confusions and misunderstandings which must have resulted due to other environments and tenor times. I understand Miss Negri lived thru some miserable and sorrowful scenes in her own country during the war.

And see how she has adapted herself to the conditions she found herself in. She has added the quality of stability to her character, or so it seems to me, who base my opinions on what I have read besides her work that I have seen. That is the reason I believe she will follow her ambitions and become one of the world’s great actresses. She has shown her staying powers.

She seems more kind than cruel, as to she were naturally kind but a little spoiled, not stopping to think of others’ feelings in little things. Yet, I know she could not be selfish nor without compassion nor ungenerous nor less than great-hearted, for see how she cared for the husband who died of tuberculosis.

Never would I call her overbearing, and she seems very gracious. At least she was in Forbidden Paradise. As for “eating with a hermit,” she would if she felt that she was following the trueness that dwells in all of us. “To thine own self be true,” etc. It to kiss a king or kick a coot (backwards, of course) as the spirit moves one is to be a barbarian, hurrah for the barbarians! I feel that way myself. And—

Ple la Pola Negri! I, F. D.,
Tucson, Arizona.

(Continued on page 94)
"Women are realizing more and more the necessity of a clear, smooth skin. The very clothes they wear—so chic and simple of lines—call for youth in their faces. So the smart woman must keep her skin youthful, radiant. Pond's Two Creams are a sure and simple means of keeping the complexion in exquisite condition."

Mr. Conde Nast

**Mrs. Conde Nast**

**on the importance of being beautiful**

Mrs. Conde Nast's Park Avenue apartment that morning trunks bulked excitingly, the spirit of Paris bursting their lids.

To see Mrs. Nast herself was to see the Rue de la Paix in its latest expression of the mode. From the cut of her shoes to her black bengaline frock she was the simplicity, the chic of Paris itself. And her line-free, exquisitely cared for skin bespoke youthfulness as eloquently as did her clothes.

"Paris was never so fascinating," Mrs. Nast was saying. "The clothes! Marvelous! So chic and simple of line. But they call for youth in the face—as well as in the figure. So the smart woman must keep her skin youthful, firm and radiant."

"What did you do for your own skin while you were abroad?" I asked her. "It looks perfect."

"I positively depended upon a good cold cream for cleansing," replied Mrs. Nast. "Pond's is, to my mind, the ideal cream for the traveler, so light it just melts on the face and carries away all the dust travel gathers."

Then we talked of both the famous creams Society women are using to keep that youthfulness of skin Mrs. Nast finds essential for harmony with the mode. And this is how to use them:

**Once a day, at least, and especially after exposure to the weather, smooth Pond's Cold Cream liberally over your face and neck.** Let its pure oils bring to the surface of the skin dust, powder and excess oil. Repeating this process, finish by closing the pores with a dash of cold water. Let a little cream stay on all night if your skin is very dry.

**For the delicate finish and protection you want by day, smooth into your skin a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream.** It is instantly absorbed, giving your skin such a soft, lustrous finish that now your powder goes on more smoothly than ever before and clings longer. And you are perfectly protected against winter cold and wind and city soot when, before going out, you use Pond's Vanishing Cream.

When you begin using these two creams you will prove for yourself what Mrs. Nast has said—"They keep the complexion in exquisite condition." The Pond's Extract Company.

**Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt**

**Mrs. Marshall Field, Sr.**

**Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont**

**The Lady Diana Manners**

are among the other women of distinguished taste and high position who have expressed approval of Pond's Two Creams and of the Pond's Method of caring for the skin.

**FREE OFFER—Mail this coupon and we will send you free tubes of these two creams and a little folder telling how to use them.**

---

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
GLADYS R.—So you think I am very smart. Poor child! How easy it is to fool you. But there is something I never have, never had, and never can have, but can give to a lady who would appreciate it. What? Why, a husband. Now, that’s rather smart, isn’t it? You are glad sheik heroes are fading. I should like to see your dear Stute must be very interesting.

A LOIS W. FAN.—Just send along the letter and I will be glad to forward it to the player. You know Natalie Talmadge is not playing now; she is married to Buster Keaton and they have two children. Your poem was very interesting, and I wish I could print it here. Space forbids.

ARTHUR T. B.—Yes, time is short. The years should be longer. We really have only forty-six weeks in a year, because six are Lent. Dorothy Gish is playing the lead opposite Rod La Roque in “Night Life of New York.” George Hackathorne and Ernest Torrence are also in the cast.

EDNA L.—So you are going to start a scrap-book. Good for you. Colleen Moore is twenty-two. She is five feet three, weighs 110 pounds, brown eyes, born in Huron, Michigan. So you think she and Baby Peggy look somewhat alike. Sure I like lobsters—nice large red ones. The red is their blush. They blush when they see the salad dressing. Stop in again some time.

PATRICK KID.—President Coolidge was a farmer, not a carpenter, but yet he is a pretty good cabinetmaker. Why, you can purchase wigs in any of the little hair shops in New York. Alberta Vaughn is asked for, but very seldom take. Advice! Take mine, tho, and dont fall in love with a movie player. No, Tom Moore and Colleen Moore are not related.

Theda Bara is thirty-four. She is married to Charles Brabin. So long, Rosie, write me again.

GLADIATOR.—You can reach Raphael Sabatini thru his publishers. Address Ramon Novarro at the Metro-Goldwyn Company, Culver City, California.

KIKI.—The best way to keep a man’s love is not to return it. Man is still a brute and he delights in the pleasures of the chase. The moment you let him know that the battle is over, he loses interest. So, Kiki, take my advice, and keep him guessing. Let me know how you make out. Virginia Valli is five feet three. Alma Rubens is five feet seven, weighs 130. Blanche Sweet is five feet four, weighs 120, and lastly, Marie Prevost is five feet four, weighs 123. Peace be with you.

METHISTOPHELES.—Where the d— did you come from? Oh, yes, I have no record of Claire Windsor’s husband. All I know is that she has a son and his name is William Bowes. Jack Pickford is working on “Wake Up the Town” with Norma Shearer.

W. L. C.—Yes, I am thankful that you have lived so long. You say I remind you of Rip Van Winkle. Well, being over eighty, I have probably slept about twenty years, but not all at once. You refer to John Bowes, Wallace Beery and Gladys Brockwell. You know Ruth Roland and Roy Stewart have the leads in “One Woman’s Way.”

PATTY.—You are in error, my good friend. The pictures you mentioned, “Week-End Husbands and Another Scandal,” were not produced by D. W. Griffith, but by E. H. Griffith. D. W. Griffith released only one picture in 1923, “The White Rose,” and one in 1924, “America.” The one that you are showing, “Isn’t Life Wonderful,” was made in 1924, but was not released then. Cleeve Morrison is much better in his own right.

GRACE L.—Yes, most of the players will send their pictures. So you have received pictures from Ralph Graves and Cullen Landis. I should say we have some large movie theaters in New York. The seating capacity of the Capitol Theater is $500, and if there is any larger around about these parts, I dont know where it is. The Criterion Theater seats only 008, the Rivoli 2200, the Strand 2900, and the Rialto 1960.

P. S. VIALLA.—Yours was a rip-roarer! My favorite author? According to what you mean. I like Dreiser, Hergesheimer, and all of them, but when I want to read something that I know will hold my interest from start to finish I read E. Phillips Oppenheim. Percy Marmont had the lead in “The Unknown.” Ben Lyon is twenty-four. He has been in pictures about two years.

TEX.—Yes, I am the Answer Man for the Motion Picture Classic also, but my stuff there is not any better nor worse than my stuff here. I believe the Classic is supposed to be a little more highbrow than Motion Picture, but the latter is the fan’s Bible.

ELFREDA A. S.—Top of the morning to you. Bebe Daniels is five feet three and a half and weighs 111 pounds. Buddy Messinger is eighteen, cant answer all your questions now—there’s a fellow under my window playing Handel on a hand-organ. . . .

CECILY.—Eli L. Bennett is twenty-eight and married to Fred Niblo. Priscilla Dean is playing in “The Wildcat of the Screen.” Eleanor Boardman and Mait Moore have the leads in “The Way of a Girl.”

BLUE EYES.—Now that you have subscribed, I hope to hear from you often. It’s the one sure way of getting your magazine every month. You get it before it appears on the news-stands, and then, too, the news-stands may be sold out when you are ready to buy it. Fannie Garin is playing in “Rose of the World.” You know she was born in Montreal, Canada, on September 9, 1901, and she played on the stage for two years.

DIPPY DOT.—You will have to give me a harder one than that! The difference between a hill and a pill is that one is hard to get up and the other is hard to get down. You know Conway Tearle is married to Adele Rowland. Richard Dix is playing in “Men and Women,” for which Neil Hamilton has been loaned to Famous Players by D. W. Griffith.

M. & S. S.—What made me bald? Hair tonics, or was it the thoughts that oozed out from my brain? You see, I haven’t worked my jaws like I have my brains, and that accounts for so much hair growing in the wrong place. Yes, May McAvoy was Hilda, and Walter McGrail was Emery in “Top of New York.”

PELL.—I always enjoy reading yours. Sorry I couldn’t get out to see you. My clock belongs to the union. It just struck. I must hurry on. Write me again.

JACKIE.—Jack Gilbert is playing in “The Merry Widow.” James Cruze’s next production will be “Welcome Home,” from the stage play by Edna Ferber and George Kaufman. Lois Wilson has been selected for the leading feminine role. Yes, absence makes the heart grow fonder—of somebody else.
Your Hair Appears Twice as Beautiful—when Shampooed this way

Try this quick and simple method which thousands now use. See the difference it makes in the appearance of your hair.

Note how it gives new life and lustre, how it brings out all the wave and color. See how soft and silky, bright and glossy your hair will look.

The alluring thing about beautiful hair isn’t the way it is worn.

The real, IRRESISTIBLE CHARM is the life and lustre the hair itself contains. Fortunately, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you shampoo it properly.

Proper shampooing is what makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color, and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

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.

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 thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and 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.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the fingers, 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, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

**Just Notice the Difference**

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky.

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 —Fine for Men

Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
GLORIA AND AGGIE.—Welcome, Virginia Lee Corbin is seventeen. Mae Murray's name is Marie Koenig. You say I remind you of the back of a clock—always behind time. Don't blame me—blame the printer. Write these answers at once. The printer is the man you're after.

E. R. FULLERTON.—By free-lancing, we mean going from one company to another—without a contract—not permanent. Dorothy McGuire has been with First National again—this time to play opposite Milton Sills in The Making of O'Malley.

MRS. J.—Yes, you can call me "Dear." I won't object, and neither will anyone else. So you think the players are more beautiful than the play? Age takes them ten years away. Well, I don't know whether I can agree with you. Herbert Kawlinson is playing in Are Parents People? Richard Talmadge in Tterra Thru. I hope to hear from you soon again.

TROUBLE-OME.—No trouble at all. If you didn't write to me, I wouldn't get my $12 per week. Saturday morning. So you think Ben Lyon was wonderful in Wages of Flame. He has brown hair and blue eyes. Yes, I used to like beer, but the kind they make now is like a dead flea—without hops. Buttermilk for me.

MRS. G. C. H.—You admire this department because I never use a hammer. Perhaps I should. It would make it more striking. No, Nita Naldi is no relation to the Valentinos. She is playing in Cobra with Mr. Valentino. Yes, Charlie Chaplin's last wife is Lita Gray. Gloria Swanson has three husbands. Richard Dix is six feet tall.

Don't mention our building is not the highest in Brooklyn—but it has the most stories. Tee hee! In other words, ha, ha! Jolyna Rakston has brown hair and brown eyes. Address her at the Harold Lloyd Productions, 6642 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles.

L. E. X.—I should say it was modern printing. The first printing press was invented by Gutenberg in 1439. Improvements have been continuously made so that now certain web-presses are capable of turning out at least ten thousand newspapers an hour. Norma Talmadge is about two years older than Constance.

SWANTE SUE.—An affaire du coeur means a love affair. I believe—ah, ha! No record of Ethel's Mistake ever having been filmed. You remind me of a camel—always have your back up. You are right about Constance Talmadge—she deserves better stories. She will find herself slipping if she does not watch out.

LOUISE G.—What? Charlie Chaplin without his little black mustache? Horrors! Wait until you see him in The Gold Rush. Eleanor Boardman has been playing in pictures about two years. Address Pola Negri at the Famous Players-Lasky, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, California.

RUBY V.—Yes, I love the sea fights in The Sea Hatchet, Captain Blood and The Man Without a Country. I like all kinds of ships except the Spanish. Your letter was a gem. Lita Lee has been in Florida this spring, playing opposite Thomas Meighan in Old Home Week, which was filmed in Miami.

GOLDEN CURLS.—You will have to decide for yourself between Carlo, Bronislaw, Victor, and Jack Gilbert. You think Jack is the best temporary lover but a very bad proposition for life. I don't know; I never lived with him. Yes, Marion Davies and Forrest Stanley had the leads in When Knighthood Was in Flower.

MARY R.—Yes, always write me your opinions of the players. I like it, and it makes good reading for others. So you think Pola Negri is fascinating but not charming, and you want to write a letter to her. We have that sound appropriate. Norma Talmadge is twenty-nine and weighs 110, and she is married to Joseph Schenck. She has brown hair and brown eyes, and was born in Niagara Falls, and is five feet two.

OLD-TIMER.—Sure I saw The Last Laugh, and it was great—a real stimulant; I suppose because the leads were two tonics. Lloyd Hughes is six feet and is married to Gloria Hope. I really don't know whether Mona Darkfeather is in California or not. Yes, I remember her with the old Pathé Company. Her husband, Frank Montgomery, is playing small parts in pictures. Jessyln Van Trump and Pauline Bush were with American. I wonder, too, where they are now. Glad to hear from you.

ROSE MARIE.—Hold on! I'm fiddleraberged. Let me have time off. I couldn't possibly answer your twenty-five questions here. This department reminds me of a doorbell, because it asks no questions but requires many answers.

JAZAN.—You ask me what Adam raised in his garden of Eden. Apples, I suppose. Oh, no, he raised Cain. Ben Lyon is twenty-four and not married. He is five feet eleven and weighs 160 pounds. Aileen Pringle is not married, and she will play the same role in the screen version of D. W. Griffith's newest picture, Pappy, that he played on the stage. Carol Dempster has the lead and this will be Mr. Griffith's last picture for United Artists.

ANNA DEAR.—I haven't any idea where Elmo Lincoln is. He is not playing now. Emil Markey was the heroine in the picture you mention. She's coming back as leading lady for Bill Hart. Yes, Helen Chadwick is playing in The Rose of the World, with Huntly Gordon and Alan Forest; also Pauline Garon in the cast.

AXTON F.—Et tu Brute! Every day someone is coming into my office wanting to know a three-letter word with L and ending with P, and now you. The only word I know which contains all the vowels in regular order. I think of the luckiest of vowels because it is in "biss," while "e" is in "hell" and all the rest are in "paraguay." Last week an editor she was in vaudeville. Ida Waterman was last located at 203 West Fourteenth Street, New York City. That's a pretty old address.

So, that was Emily Stevens in The Stacker, Julia. Your column is the best. One column and none can write to Julia David, 98 Walham Street, Boston, Massachusetts, if they wish to join. I wish you luck. Let me hear from you again.

DICK TRENT.—The Secular Games were games held by the Romans once in a century. No, I don't remember them—I don't date back quite so far. Betty Bronson plays at the Famous Players studio in Los Angeles, California. She was born in New Jersey, November 17, 1906, and is five feet, weighs 100 pounds. She has brown hair and blue eyes, and played in Anna Ascends with Alice Brady. She also played in the Yellow Brick Road. Squeeky. Say, I'll have to call the-note Department! However, you's is so good, and I was so clever in answering it, here it is: "What is it that occurs once in minute, twice in a moment, and not once in a thousand years?" One nice large red apple for the one who guesses it first. See above for your Ben Lyon information.

PLAIN JANE.—Well, a woman has a reason for everything except that reason. Rod La Rocque weighs 181 pounds and he is six feet three—some lighthouse! Yes, I advise her, too. No, Norma Shearer is not married. She is being boosted as a lead-liner star. I like to receive letters like yours.

F. K. VARG.—So you really don't think that I am an old man, with a long beard. I wonder what you think I do look like. Yes, that is Richard Dix's real name. I was speaking with him on the telephone today: Can you imagine it, girls? Oh, boy, he and Ben Lyon has played in a great many movies. I believe. The Covered Wagon. Owen Moore is married to Kathery Perry. That is Bebe Daniels' real name.

DEAN DOT.—Hello, there! You here again? Here, here, Adele Renoval isn't so old. How do you like my new picture above? You say that I am a dangerous assassin—because I take life so cheerfully. Yes, it was Brewster Publications that put the O. K. in Brooklyn and first put that town on the map.
"When I was a girl, my father—who was a chemist—would allow me to use but one face powder—Lablache—because of its purity. I've liked it and used it always."

"MARY YOUNG"

GENTLEWOMEN for generations have chosen Lablache Face Powder—first for its purity—then for its strangely wistful odor (a secret one). It is as caressingly soft as a melody. It adheres as unobtrusively as friendship.

Beautifully presented—purely Parisian in atmosphere and essence—Lablache Face Powder and Lablache accessories de toilette always satisfy one's sense of finesse.

If your druggist or favorite store does not have Lablache Face Powder or the new Requisites, write us direct, enclosing stamps, money order or check, and we will mail you at once any requisites you desire. Sample of Lablache Face Powder—Flesh, White or Creme—sent free on request.

BEN. LEVY COMPANY

PARIS

LABLACHE

THE CHOICE OF GENTLEWOMEN FOR THREE GENERATIONS
Confidences Off-Screen

(Continued from page 45)

Esther Ralston's Charm

A few paragraphs back, I told of meeting Wendy. The same day and in the same place, I talked to the lovely girl who played the part of the mother in Peter Pan.

What is charm? It can scarcely be defined in words; but whatever it may be, Esther Ralston has it in large measure.

She is a blonde, with corn-yellow hair and gray-blue eyes. Tho she is very young and, of course, has never even been married, her most attractive expression is subtilely maternal. She told me that she was just a natural-born mother, and she said it in a simple, convincing way that could not have been a pose.

There is no falseness in her, and by putting that on record I have perhaps hinted at one of the secrets of her charm.

It would have been an affectation on the part of almost any other girl to remark, as she did to me: "I am most blush when I am foolish enough to try to be brilliant. And if I can't be spontaneous, I'm unhappy. That's why I dread being interviewed."

Up to that moment, she had not guessed I was seeing her for this department. I let her know it was an interview, and at once she was all delicious confusion.

She also said that unfavorable criticism hurt her terribly.

"If it were just, could you stand it?" I urged.

Her face became suddenly grave, as if that angle had not occurred to her. "I'd be very grateful at hearing the truth," she answered.

"Put if the critics were merely trying to show how smart he was, I'd be an easy victim for him, because I am sensitive. It takes an Esther Ralston to say candid things like the above, and seem a bigger artiste for them. Hereafter, I am going to see every picture in which she appears. I am one of her fans."

Universal Turns East

There were three star attractions at the studio party and luncheon that Universal gave for the writers the other day, to celebrate the first picture the company has shot in the East for ten years.

Two of these attractions were the featured players, Glenn Hunter and Edna Murphy. The third was not put forward officially, and she sought to hide modestly behind the title of mere "business manager." She was Miss Lily J. Shadur.

In the press of hospitality, I was able only to exchange greetings with Mr. Hunter and to listen to his clever after-luncheon speech, in which he mimicked some fellow actors most humorously.

I got a few words with Miss Murphy. I told her wittily that, after several engagements in serials, she was now doing her best to "tread out of Pearl White's footsteps."

But with Miss Shadur I had quite a chat. She is an astonishing young woman. At the age of twenty-three, she has already had a career with Universal in the West, and has been sent here in full career.

Changing His Name in Midstream

Edward Burns has returned from Berlin, where he had the unusual experience of playing the part of a Scotchman in an all-German film. He filled a contract with the producing company that launched both Pola Negri and Emil Jannings.

Now he has signed with Cecil De Mille, who will star him on quite brilliant terms. The agreement contains one odd detail. He is to change his name. Hereafter, he is to be known as Edmund Burns, instead of Edward. He thinks it a good idea. Swapping horses in midstream may never be advisable, he says, but it's all right with names.

So I apologize for the way in which I started this notice. It's Mr. Edmund Burns who has just returned from foreign parts.

A Princess Unbends

Frances Howard, the fair and haughty princess, the a-little-bit-too-cold princess, of The Swan, has decided to go to the opposite extreme. She is making a tempestuous melodrama called The Shock-Punch, with Richard Dix.

"Much of the action takes place up among the steel girders of an unfinished building," she told me. "There are fights, and dizzy leaps, and daring rescues and all. It's no joke to play the part of an iron-works's sweetheart!"

"Do you mind it an awful lot?" I murmured, still thinking of her in the court scenes that had left her plumage and her heart unruffled.

"Mind it? Why, I'm having the time of my life," she protested. "I'm going to be a wild swan, henceforth."

Wendy Just Won't Grow Up

Over at Famous Players' studio, I have been talking to Mary Brian, who helped Betty Bronson and Esther Ralston to make Peter Pan the marvelous picture it was.

She's still with Miss Ralston. They both have featured parts in The Little French Girl.

But the many months have passed since she did Wendy, I don't believe she's grown a bit older. She says she's sixteen. But what does that signify? The age of a real Wendy is not to be measured in years. She's just a charming, brown-haired child, with hazel eyes that shade into blue, if you can imagine such a very-tall brown-haired girl.

"I love being in motion pictures," she told me, then added shyly, with exquisite naïveté: "But I love painted pictures, too. A visit to the Metropolitan Museum is the only sight-seeing I have done in New York. And I like dancing, but I don't think of it when I'm working hard, because I have to go to bed so early."

Let's hope she never does grow up.

Smiling into the camera at Universal's party: Glenn Hunter at upper left and Eugene V. Breuster at upper right. Edna Murphy third and Cortis Palmer sixth from left on divan. W. Adolphe Roberts in center background.
Read These Personal Experiences of Perhaps Your Neighbors or Friends!

Photo Taken Five Months After Waving "Let my LANOIL Wave look as pretty as the first day," writes Miss Mary Sherry, St. Mary's Pt.

You will find our free booklet absolutely interesting.

A Boon to the Busy Business Girl

"'Tainly weather, my hair cutts around my face like naturally curly hair!' Miss Marjorie MacDonald, 201 N. Goodrich Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

Busy Mother Now Has Waves and Curls ALL the Time

"It is such a joy to have naturally curly hair—I cannot say enough in praise of your Outfit." Mrs. J. C. Black, 121 Division St., Portland, Ore.

Formerly Had the Strangest Hair!

"Bobby's curls are marvelous, and look best directly after a shampoo," Mrs. Burt Trickey, Watertown, N. Y.

Interesting booklet sent FREE

What the Nestle Home Outfit has done for these women and girls, it can do for you, too. Send a letter, postal, or coupon at right for booklet, explaining its fascinating method.

Nestle LANOIL Co., Ltd., Dept. S

12 and 14 East 40th Street, New York City

Announcing the Edison Phonograph for the Hearing Impaired

The Edison Phonograph is a marvel of modern ingenuity, a thing of beauty, a thing of value.

What Makes the Edison so Perfect?

It is perfect because it is designed for the particular hearing defect of the individual.

Send for Free Trial Set

The Edison Phonograph is so perfect that in a majority of cases a free trial set of Edison phonograph cylinders is given to the patient, upon application, without any obligation.

Mr. Edison has matured the Phonograph and established it as a principle of practical importance. The Phonograph, like the microcosm, is limited in its development by our wants.

The Edison Phonograph for the Hearing Impaired is the greatest educational and health measure of the ages. The Edison Phonograph is a thing of beauty, a thing of value.

The Edison Phonograph is made by the Edison Phonograph Company, 100 East 42nd Street, New York City.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
The rumor that Pola Negri and Red La Rocque were going to be married was as prevalent in Europe as in America on the streets, tho there was no mention of it in their papers. It kept our 'phone ringing all that evening with messages of condolence to my parents, until I actually felt apologetic not to have a headache at the very least!
The rumor that恼noys Lois most is the announcement of her engagement to whatever man she happens to go out with in the evening. She has been reported engaged to Richard Dix because they were screen lovers in so many pictures; to Barney Baruch's son because he was a passenger on the same steamship when she went to England; and to several others. After one such report had found its way into a morning paper, following an evening at a lecture on King Tut with an old family friend, Lois came into the publicity office actually shedding tears. "Do I have to sit at home every evening in order to escape some reporter's marrying me off?" she whined.

Perhaps the most engaged girl, according to rumor, is Connie Talmadge, whose picture has been joined with festoons of hearts to that of a dozen men, in the newspapers in the last year—the dozen representing a small proportion of the men who would like to be engaged to Connie.

Lou Tellegen put one over on Dame Rumor recently. He and Isabel Dilworth were married on the day after Lou and Geraldine Farrar were divorced, but no one knew a thing about it for many months.

S-s-s-sh!

People Say

(Continued from page 33)

Patsy Ruth Miller is another whose name gossip has linked with that of so many different younger scions of wealth that she has acquired the nickname "Patsy Ruth Millionaire." In fact, all a screen girl has to do to start the rumor of her engagement is to appear in public with some masculine escort. If she appears with the same one twice, people begin to whisper that they "know for a fact" that she is secretly married to him!

Once Buster Collier lost an important engagement in a picture because it was rumored that he was in Berlin.

When Mae Busch's father arrived to visit her recently, she took him to dinner at the Cocomut Grove. The next morning's papers spoke of her "distinguished fiance, a multimillionaire from South Africa!"

Sometimes these rumored engagements break up true love affairs. One little film ingenue was betrothed to a man back East, and when her lover read the report of her engagement to a screen juvenile, he felt that she was consoling herself too easily for his absence and wrote her, breaking off the engagement, and nearly breaking the girl's heart in the bargain.

Denial of a rumor only strengthens it, as the studios have discovered. To protect their stars from being annoyed by the newspapers calling them up in regard to current gossip, they guard the phone numbers of the players zealously. When the newspapers and associated press telephone the studios in regard to some rumor, the publicity man asks for half an hour in which to trace down the matter, goes at once to the particular actor or actress involved, and asks for the whole truth. If the rumor is false, the newspaper is told that it is without foundation, and

(Continued on page 96)
"How did he ever get the money to buy a car"

Perhaps he *doesn’t* make as much as you do—but he took advantage of this quick, easy, sure way to own an automobile

**Ford Weekly Purchase Plan**

More than 165,000 families—in all walks of life—have taken advantage of "The Ford Plan" to own an automobile. Let us tell you about it.

Every family—with even the most modest income, can now afford a car of their own. This Ford Plan makes it possible.

You accomplish something when you own an automobile—give yourself more earning power—economize your time—travel more, see more, do more, enjoy more—get more out of life for yourself and family—bring pleasure to others.

Buying a Ford means making a sound investment. An investment that yields increased earnings and pleasures, broadens your vision—moves you just that much farther on the road to success.

Our new book "The Ford Plan" tells you exactly what you want to know— "How to own an automobile—how to make your income do more for you —how to enjoy life more."

Every family should have their own car. Why be pushed and jammed in crowded conveyances when you can easily and economically go and come in your own automobile? Why stay home on pleasant afternoons when you and the family should be enjoying nature's beauty outdoors? You live but once and the years roll by quickly. Why wait for tomorrow for things that you rightfully should enjoy today? Get our book NOW. Don't wish for a car any longer. We'll show you how easy it is to own your own car.

**MAIL THE COUPON TODAY.**

Our booklet, "The Ford Plan" will be mailed gladly to anyone upon request. It carries an interesting message that everyone should read. And most of all, it will show you how you can soon drive your own car.

**Mail Coupon Now. This Book Will Be Sent by Return Mail.**

---

**COUPON**

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Dept. M-2, Detroit, Michigan

Please send me your book, "The Ford Plan," which fully explains your easy plan for owning an automobile.

Name__________________________

R. F. D. Box or St. & No.__________________________

Town__________________________ State__________________________

---

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

Adams, Claire—playing in William de Mille's Young Man's Career.

Adorée, Renée—playing in The Exquisite Sinner.

Agnew, Robert—playing in Private Affairs.

Alen, Mary—playing in The Stage.

Alexander, Nancy—playing in Howard Hawk's Hands.

Allison, Mae—playing in I Want My Man.


Ash, June—playing in Don Juan.

Ayers, Agnes—playing in The Awful Truth.

Baby Peggy—latest release, Helen's Babie.

Ballin, Mabel—playing in Beauty and the Bad Man.

Barry, T. Roy—playing in The Cradled Hour.

Barry, Wesley—playing in My Home Town.

Barrymore, Lionel—playing in Children of the Waifs.

Barthelmess, Richard—playing in Shore Leave.

Barrow, Burton—playing in Now We Are Rich.

Bayne, Beverly—playing in Eve's Lover.

Bedford, Adah—playing in The Tower.

Beery, Noah—playing in The Light of Western Stars.

Beery, Wallace—playing in In the Name of the Law.

Bellamy, Virginia—playing in In the Land of the Pharaohs.

Bennett, Alma—playing in The Light of Western Stars.

Bennett, Belle—playing in His Supreme Moment.

Bennett, Constance—playing in The Goof Woman.

Blue, Monroe—playing in The Limited Mail.

Blythe, Betty—in Europe, playing in She.

Boardman, Eleanor—playing in The Circlet.

Bowsworth, Hobart—playing in Winds of Chance.

Bow, Christopher—playing in City Girl.

Bowes, John—playing in Chérie.

Bren, Leila—playing in Alas, Nora Flynn.

Brian, Mary—playing in The Little French Girl.

Brooks, George—playing in Chérie.

Bronson, Betty—playing in Are Parents People.

Browne, Helen—playing in The Golden Cockerel.

Burns, Edmund—playing in The Manicured Girl.

Busch, Mac—playing in The Unholy Three.

Butler, David—playing in Private Affairs.

Calhoun, Alice—playing in Everlasting Whispers.

Cary, Harry—playing in Silent Sandow.

Carr, Mary—playing in Some Babes.

Chadwick, Helene—playing in The Golden Cockerel.

Chaney, Lon—playing in The Unholy Three.


Chaplin, Sydney—playing in The Man on the Box.

Clay, Charles—playing in Tearin' Thru.

Clayton, Ethel—playing in Lightnin'.

Clifford, Ruth—playing in A Husband's Secret.

Cody, Lee—playing in Nothing to Helm.

Collier, Sid—playing in The Unholy Three.

Colman, Ronald—playing in Graustark.

Compson, Betty—playing in Eve's Secret.

Coogan, Jackie—latest release, The Rag Man.

Cotter, Hallam—playing in Ship Fleeing.

Corbin, Virginia Lee—playing in Light's Sirens.

Cornwall, Ann—playing in Keep Smiling.

Corote, Ricardo—playing in In the Name of Love.

Crane, Ward—playing in Hero Song.

D'Aly, Helen—playing in The Exquisite Sinner.

Dana, Viola—playing in Winds of Chance.

Daniels, Bebe—playing in The Moisture Girl.

Davies, Marion—latest release, Zander the Great.

Daw, Marjorie—playing in Hmented Hands.

Dean, Priscilla—playing in The Crimson Runner.

DeVal, Christine—playing in Marguerite—playing in Children of the Whirlwind.

Dempsey, Jack—playing in Manhattan Madness.

Dempster, Carol—playing in Poppy.

Denny, Reginald—playing in I'll Show You the Town.

DeRoche, Charles—playing in Madame Sans-Gène.

De Vore, Dorothy—playing in Hero Stuff.

Dexter, Elliott—latest release, Capital Punishment.


Dove, Billie—playing in The Light of Western Stars.

Dresser, Louise—playing in The Goon Woman.

Earle, Edward—playing in Her Market Value.

Edeson, Robert—playing in In the Land of the Pharaohs.

Ellis, Robert—playing in Laughing Blood.


Fairbanks, Douglas—playing in Don Q.

Fairey, Virginia Brown—playing in Friendly Enemies.

Favvetti, George—playing in The Circle.

Fazenda, Louisa—playing in The Night Club.

Felows, Rockcliffe—playing in Rite of the World.

Ferguson, Casson—playing in Cobras.

Ferguson, elite—playing in The Unknown Lover.

Fynn, Lefty—playing in Syd's Wild.

Ford, Harrison—playing in Modern Madness.

Foster, Perce—playing in The Circle.

Francis, Alice B.—playing in Rite of the World.

Francisco, Betty—playing in Private Affairs.

Fraser, Robert—playing in The Charmer.

Fuller, Dale—playing in The Woman Har.

Garon, Fuller—playing in Rite of the World.

Gendron, Pierre—playing in The Scarlet Honey Moon.

Gibson, Hoot—playing in The Daughter of the Don.

Gilbert, John—playing in The Merry Widow.

Gillingwater, Claude—playing in Winds of Chance.

Gish, Dorothy—playing in Night Life of New York.

Gish, Lillian—latest release, Romola.

Glass, Casson—playing in Every Man's Secret.


Gould, Jerta—playing in The Spaniard.

Gowland, Florence—playing in The Phantom of the Opera.

Griffith, Corinne—playing in Modern Manners.

Griffith, Raymond—playing in The Night Club.

Hackethorne, George—playing in Night Life of New York.

Hammont, William—playing in Patty.

Hale, Alan—playing in Tainted Souls.

Hale, Creighton—playing in The Circle.

Hamilton, Mahlon—playing in Idaho.


Hammerstein, Elaine—playing in The Romance of an Actress.

Hammond, Harriet—playing in Men and Maid.

Hampton, Hope—playing in Fifty-Fifty.

Harran, Kenneth—playing in Modern Madness.

Harran, Louis—playing in The Unholy Three.

Harron, Johnnie—playing in The Woman Har.

Hart, William S.—reported returning in the screen.

Hartton, Raymond—playing in In the Name of Love.

Haver, Phyllis—playing in After Bathurst Hours.

Hawley, Wanda—playing in America's Flesh.

Hay, Mary—playing in New Toys.

Heath, Edward—latest release, As Man Has Lorn.

Hebert, Holmes E.—playing in Wadding.

Hiers, Walter—playing in Tender Feet.

Hines, Johnny—playing in The Crack-Jack.

Holt, Jack—playing in The Light of Western Stars.

Hopper, Hilda—playing in The Exquisite Sinner.

Howard, Frances—playing in The Shock Punch.

Houlé, Jack—playing in The Demon.

Hughes, Lloyd—playing in Fools Feathers.

Hunter, Glenn—playing in The Little Giant.

Johnston, Jananne—playing in The Prade's Fall.

Jones, Charles—playing in Timber Wolf.


Joyce, Alice—playing in The Home Maker.

Joyce, Peggy Hopkins—playing in The Unknown Lover.

Keaton, Buster—latest release, Seven Chances.

Keith, Jan—playing in Are Parents People.

Kennedy, Robert—playing in A World of Lovers.

Kenyon, Doris—playing in The Half Way Girl.

Kerry, Norman—playing in The Love of the Lion.

Key, Kathleen—playing in Ben Hur.


Koch, Theodore—playing in The Beggar on Horseback.

Lake, Alice—playing in The Past Page.

La Marr, Barbara—playing in The White Mon
droment.

Landis, Cullen—latest release, The Mansion of Fear.

La Plante, Laura—playing in The Teaser.

La Rocque, Rod—playing in Night Life of New York.

La Verne, Lucille—playing in Sun-Up.

Lee, L. Marion—playing in Old Home Week.

Lewis, Mitchell—playing in Ben Hur.

Livingston, Margaret—playing in I'll Show You the Town.

Lloyd, Harold—playing in Rob, Rah, Rah.

Logan, Jacqueline—playing in White Mice.

Long, Walter—playing in South.

Lovett, Sylvia—playing in Sissie Me Again.

Love, Bessie—playing in Soul Fire.


Lyons, Ben—playing in Winds of Chance.

Lyons, Lynne—playing in East Lynne.

MacDonald, Katherine—playing in The Power of Darkness.

McKee, Dorothy—playing in The Making of O'Malley.

MacLean, Douglas—latest release, Introduce Me.

Marlowe, Anne—playing in Rich Woman.

Marmont, Percy—playing in Just a Woman.

Nash, Ben—playing in Fenian's Folly.

Marshall, Tully—playing in If It's Chance.

McNair, Marion—playing in My Love's Folly.

Mayo, Frank—playing in The Unknown Lover.

McVeigh, May—playing in Ben Hur.

MacDonald, J. Farrell—playing in Lightnin'.

McDonald, Wallace—playing in The Charmer.


McLauglin, Victor—playing in Winds of Chance.

Mceague, Thomas—playing in Old Home Week.

Menjou, Adolph—playing in Are Parents People.

Merritt, Charlotte—playing in Silver of the Royal Mount.

Miller, Patty Ruth—playing in Rite of the World.

Mills, Aye—playing in Fairy Perfume.

Mix, Tom—playing in The Everlasting Whispers.

Moore, Colleen—playing in The Desert Demon.

Moore, Matt—playing in Hero Stuff.

Moore, Owen—playing in The Dyer of Darkness.

Moore, Tom—playing in Adventure.

Moro, Antonio—playing in More Nonum.

Morey, Harry T.—playing in Heart of a Siren.

Mulhall, Jack—playing in She Wets.

Murphy, Edwin—playing in The Little Giant.

Murray, Mae—playing in The Merry Widow.

Myers, Carmel—playing in Ben Hur.

Myers, Harry—playing in Zander the Great.

Nagle, Conrad—playing in The Exquisite Sinner.

Nakli, Nita—playing in Modern Manners.

Nascimento—playing in Joy Soy.

Negri, Pola—playing in The Exquisite Sinner.

Nelson, Arthur, Jr.—playing in Winds of Chance.

Nissen, Gretta—playing in In the Name of Love.

Noble, John, and many others playing in Ben Hur.

Novak, Jane—playing in The Prade's Fall.

Norwood, Ramon—playing in Ben Hur.
Marvelous New Spanish Liquid
Makes any hair beautifully curly
in 20 minutes

The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift
By Winifred Balton

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the tousled-hair twins. Our mothers despised us of our hair. We simply wouldn't behave.

Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, luminous, curly hair but me and I felt they were all laughing or, worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and to my surprise she smiled and started toward me.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, ugly mop.

Of course you have guessed her identity—Charity Winthrop who once had dull straight hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. But I simply couldn't wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop—tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story."

Charity tells of the beggar's gift

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza where I often strolled after my lessons. A Montoya merchant

Martha

Curly Curls

You when you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Before Your Next Permanent Wave
Consider this

QUALITY in permanent waving varies greatly. You should know first the method that is used. And if it is the Frederics Method, you are assured of a permanent wave of utmost beauty, distinction and lasting charm.

It is the method of practically all this country's most noted experts. Look for the sign below which identifies these better parlors of permanent waving. If you do not know one, we will gladly send you the name of a Frederics Method Parlor nearby.

Free illustrated folder telling how to care for your permanent wave and explaining the superiority of Frederics Method mailed upon request.

E. Frederics, Inc.
32 W. 39th St.
New York, N. Y.
FOR THE HAIR
OF WOMEN WHO CARE

The Frederics Method
OF PERMANENT WAVING
FOR THE HAIR OF WOMEN WHO CARE

ADVERTISING SECTION

O'Brien, Eugene—playing in Siege.
O'Brien, George—playing in Once in Every Man.
O'Neal, Sally—playing in The Jade Box.
O'Neill, Sally—playing in The White Shadow.
Owen, Scena—playing in The Hunted Woman.
Percy, Eileen—playing in Cobra.
Peters, House—playing in The Brides.
Phillbin, Mary—playing in The Prince.
Pickleford, Jack—playing in The Goose Woman.
Pickleford, Mary—playing in Little Annie Rooney.
Pitts, Zaza—playing in Hero Staff.
Prevost, Marie—playing in Treas. AGAIN.
Pringle, Alleen—playing in Wildfire.
Rosalith, Esther—playing in The Little French Girl.
Rosalith, Jobyna—silent release, Hot Water.
Rawlinson, Herbert—playing in Are Parents People.
Ray, Allene—playing in Sunken Silver.
Ray, Charley—playing in Pumpkins.
Ray, Apple—playing in The Limited Mail.
Nicol, Irene—playing in Eve's Lover.
Rich, Lillian—playing in Kiss in the Dark.
Rin-Tin-Tin—playing in Below the Line.
Roche, John—playing in Kiss Me Again.
Rubens, Alma—playing in She Waifs.
Sebastian, Dorothy—playing in Winds of Chance.
Shearer, Norma—latest release, Lady of the Night.
Standing, Wyndham—playing in The Teasers.
Stanley, Forrest—playing in Mr. Justice, and the Bad Man.
Starke, Pauline—playing in Adventure.
Stedman, Myrtle—playing in Chickie.
Steffings, Rob—playing in Exquisite Sinner.
Stewart, Anita—playing in Barrow, Son of Kitten.
Stewart, Lucile Lee—playing in Friendly Enemies.

We Can Tell You Why

I AM an ardent movie fan and consequently deplore any practice that tends to detract from realism. This is my pet aversion.

A room is shown with a solitary occupant. Another character enters (with no show of stealth) and approaches. The first character gives no sign of being aware of another presence until seemingly compelled to take notice. This is absurd. The scene has many variations but always gives the same impression—namely, that some of our film favorites are quite deaf! I can be particularly moved by families living in an enchanted world, so great is the spell of a good picture, for me. Then, alas! some little faux pas, like the above-mentioned, and I come back to earth with a jar! Why do they do it?

JANE WALK, Toledo, O.

A Tip For Comedians

WHY isn't there a society for the prevention of cruelty to movie actors? I suppose there are some notable souls who are quite willing to baffle horses or into rivers if their art demands it; but I speak principally of the comedians. I honestly think a law should be passed forbidding putting a horse-spraying and falling into mud-puddles, dirt heaps, four barrels, etc. I assure you it would be a great boon to the audience as well. Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton seem to find plenty of trouble to get into without, apparently, wreaking their studios, and the films they turn out are usually the best of all. Everyone enjoys a good comedy, but don't you think it takes rather more than wholesale destruction to make one—particularly when the wholesale destruction is so frightfully nauseating?

MARY CRAW, Chicago, Ill.

Winged Horse Needs Spurs

LAST week I saw Douglas Fairbanks in The Thief of Bagdad. Mr. Fairbanks' acting and the picture, on the whole, were entertaining. The settings and atmosphere were wonderful.

I have but one criticism to make, and that is Mr. Fairbanks' ride on the Winged Horse. It reminds me of a Larry Semon comedy in which Larry had taken some "snow" by mistake, and with the aid of the slow-motion camera, was flying thru the air at the rate of about two miles an hour. Imagine a horse flying with his wings barely moving.

I recommend this ride for a Hysterical History Comedy.

IRENE AIDE,
KANSAS CITY, MO.

(Continued on page 117)
Dazzling White Teeth

Here is the quick, new way dentists are widely urging

Make this unique test. Give your teeth high polish, and fresh new color simply by removing the dingy film that coats them and invites decay and gum troubles.

**THIS** offers you a simple, scientific test—one judged the most remarkable of all dental tests.

It will bring out qualities in your teeth you do not realize they have. In a short time you can work a transformation in their color and their luster.

Modern science has evolved a new and radically different method which successfully removes the dingy film that imperils healthy teeth and gums.

Simply send the coupon. Don't think your teeth are naturally "off color" or dull. This will prove they are not.

**Film—the enemy of beautiful teeth and healthy gums**

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film ... a viscous coat that covers them.

That film is an enemy to your teeth—and your gums. You must remove it.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations and gives your teeth that cloudy, "off color" look. Germs by the millions breed in it, and they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

**Tooth troubles and gum troubles now are largely traced to that film. Old-time methods fail in successfully combating it. That's why, regardless of the care you take now, your teeth remain dull and unattractive.**

**New methods remove it. And Firm the Gums**

Now, in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent, dental science has discovered effective combatants. Their action is to curdle the film and remove it, then to firm the gums.

Now what you see when that film is removed—the whiteness of your teeth—will amaze you.

* * *

Ordinary methods fail in these results.

Harsh, gritty substances are judged dangerous to enamel.

Thus the world has turned, largely on dental advice, to this new method.

* * *

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt.

Mail the coupon. A 10-day tube will be sent you free. Why follow old methods when world authorities urge a better way?

---

**FILM the worst enemy to teeth**

You can feel it with your tongue
Advertising

S-s-s-h! People Say—

(Continued from page 90)

that usually suffices to kill the story, in print, at least. If the rumor has a basis of truth and is bound to come out sooner or later, the papers are asked to present the matter fairly in return for the facts and photos.

However, the next-to-the-last people to hear most rumors are the publicity departments whose business it is to furnish news about the stars. The last people to hear them are generally the people concerned.

The Goldwyn people did not learn of the tragic accident which resulted in the death of Kate Lester, their own contract player, until two days after it occurred, when the Sunday editions called up and asked for pictures of the actress to use in obituaries! The first that the Lasky lot heard about Pola's recent encounter with a burglar was from newspaper head-lines.

Pola, of course, being a vivid personality, attracted more as a magnet attracts steel. Everything she does—and everything she doesn't talk and written about. The Chaplin-Negri affair received more space in the public print than the doings of the League of Nations; the feud between the Pola-Lock star and Gloria Swan son began to be talked about long before the two actually met. The recent rumors of an engagement between Pola and Rod Lye was so wide-spread that Rod wrote back from Paris saying that they were engaged and cut him off there, and asking that for Pola's sake and his own the rumors be stopped.

Every once in a while one rumor about Miss Negri crops up without any apparent reason, and that is the one usually head lined, "Relative of Pola Negri Discovered in Dire Poverty." Not long ago the Los Angeles Herald telephoned the Paramount studio that their Santa Barbara correspondent had found a cousin of Pola running a cigar-stand on a coast steamer, physically wrecked by the war, and in abject need. No sooner was this report proved untrue than a second report came true, that Miss Negri's sister. Over a dozen "poverty-stricken relatives" have been discovered since Pola came to Hollywood two years ago, and not one of them was authentic, except as to the "poverty!" One man, in joke, announced that he was the star's brother, and the rumor spread like wild-fire, tho he strenuously denied it when he saw that he was taken seriously. You simply can't keep a good rumor down in Hollywood.

Just as enthusiastically as the little birdie gets single people engaged against their will, it has married couples about to separate, likewise against their intent. The most frequently estranged couple—according to rumor—is Norma Talmadge and Joe Schenck, who are really the most contented pair in Filmland, according to their intimate friends. Apparently the only reason for this bit of gossip is that Norma has played for years with one leading man. Of course, this rumor is bound to appear whenever the husband is noticeably older than the wife.

Alice Terry has spent a good portion of the last six months developing the story that she and her husband, Rex Ingram, have separated. Nearly every paper in Los Angeles telephoned her while she was working on The Great Divide getting a "message from New York" to the effect that she and Rex had decided to sever marital relations. When Rex went to Europe to film Moreist, nothing was lacking for their divorce except the decree, and yet Alice was getting two letters a day and three telegrams a week from her absent husband! Incidentally, these rumors ruffle the Ingrians as much as a feather from the gossipy little birdie would ruffle the surface of the ocean.

Ever since Eric von Stroheim was taken off the production of The Merry-Go-Round and another director given the picture to finish, he looks for the rumor that he is dismissed to follow chronologically the large amount of people disengaging from the studio. During the filming of The Merry Widow this report began to float that one newspaper reporter even called up the studio and announced that he had derived from a friend of his at Harvard some phone snatch that Von's hands and given to Monta Bell.

In the middle of the making of Peter Ipan word went about among the Wise 'Uns that little Betty Bronson was "out." The story was circumstantial in its details—she had been told that she was to be replaced by another actress of more experience and had hinted on the set, requiring the work of several doctors to bring her around. Since the story was uncorroborated, the company went to some trouble to trace its origin and discovered that it had been started out of jealousy by the mother of another little ingenue who had tried unsuccessfully for the coveted role of Peter.

Spite explains the source of many absurd stories, which nevertheless are eagerly listened to and believed. Extras, envious of other people's success, dismissed employees, disgruntled maids and chauffeurs take this method of getting even. The know-it-all of every reason is another reason for rumors. Rather than confess to ignorance about anything, a certain type of person will invent his own explanations. Citizens of Hollywood, who wish to ex-
The sweetest story ever whispered

"Even the leading lady would be jealous of your beauty, dear," he whispered close to her pretty ear.

It was her hour of triumph. The "ugly duckling" had become the rarely beautiful swan.

She was contrasting this happy moment with the time before she had learned from Madame Jeannette the secret of youthful color by the use of Pompeian Bloom.

Do you know that a touch of Bloom in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle with a new beauty? Do you also know that Pompeian Bloom enjoys the widest use the world over, by all women who need youthful color?

Mme. Jeannette's Beauty Treatment

First, a bit of Pompeian Day Cream to make your powder cling and prevent "shine." Next, apply Pompeian Beauty Powder to all exposed portions of face, neck and shoulders. Lastly, just a touch of Pompeian Bloom. Presto! The face is beautified in an instant.

Shade Chart for selecting your correct tone of Pompeian Bloom.

Medium Skin: The average American woman has the medium skin, and should use the Medium shade of Pompeian Bloom or the Orange Tint.

Olive Skin: Women with the true olive skin are generally dark of eyes and hair—and require the Dark shade of Pompeian Bloom.

Pink Skin: This youthful-looking skin is ng flirid, but has real pink tones. Medium or Light tone of Pompeian Bloom should be used. Sometimes the Orange Tint is requisite on such a skin.

White Skin: Few women have a decidedly white skin—they may use the Light or the Medium Bloom.

At all toilet counters, 60c. (Slightly higher in Canada.)

Mme. Jeannette

Get 1925 Panel and Four Samples

This new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, "Beauty Created Is Love Retained," size 25 x 25. Done in color by a famous artist; worth at least $2.00. We send it with samples of Pompeian Beauty Powder, Bloom, Day Cream and Night Cream for only 10c. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Use the coupon now.

Tear off, sign and send

Madame Jeannette, Pompeian Laboratories, 2642 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio


Name

Address

City     State

Shade of rouge wanted:

Pompeian Bloom

for youthful color

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"
For hair
that won't lie smooth

Try just a touch of Stacomb—the delicate cream that is responsible for the amazing improvement in the looks of men's and women's hair.

Stacomb will keep the most stubborn hair in place all day long, healthily smooth, lustrous. It also helps prevent dandruff.

Not sticky. In jars and tubes (or the new Liquid Stacomb), at all drug and department stores.

Stacomb

—— FREE OFFER ——

Standard Laboratories, Inc., Dept. O-28
113 West 46th Street, New York City

Please send me, free, a sample tube of Stacomb.

Name

Address

On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 75)

Here is Charles Chaplin on the witness stand in the Los Angeles Superior Court, where he sued to restrain Charles Amador from copying his screen make-up. The poster beside Charlie was part of the evidence in the case.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Casey in The Iron Horse, will take the part of the judge.

Three new stories have been purchased for Cortine Griffith. They are Owen Davis’s story, Forever After; Reginald Goode’s play Ashes, in which Florence Reed made a great hit in New York; and Edna Ferber’s popular story, Classified.

Pauline Frederick has sailed for Australia to present two stage plays under the management of R. L. (“Snowy”) Baker. The plays are The Lady and Spring Cleaning. She will be away about fourteen weeks. June Elvidge, Rose Dione, Charles Coleman, George Barraud and other well-known movie people will go with her.

Duane Thompson has been chosen by Charlie Ray to play the girl lead in Ray’s first picture under his new contract. It is a rural story called Some Pumpkins. Miss Thompson has been with the Christie Comedies.

The young Mrs. Charlie Chaplin, awaiting motherhood, has taken up her temporary residence in a bungalow near the Chaplin Studio—the Chaplin home in Beverly Hills being too isolated. As the to contradict rumors of a separation, Charlie and the bride are now to be seen quite often at the cafes together.

Following the completion of Ben Hur, some of the players are to make a pilgrimage to Santa Fé to visit the old home of General Lew Wallace, author of Ben Hur. General Wallace was at one time governor of the Territory of New Mexico. Many relics of Ben Hur—including the original manuscript—are in a museum there. Those who will make up the party are Ramon Novarro, Director Fred Niblo, May McAvo, Kathleen Key, Claire McDowell, Nigel de Brulier, Mitchell Lewis and Waldo C. Twitchell.

Farina, of the Hal Roach Our Gang comedies, has resorted to diplomacy. For a long time, Farina has protested wildly against having to be a girl in the screen plays. But they told him somebody had to be a girl. The other day Farina turned up with his fifteen-months’ old sister. Now he has hopes that he can be a boy in pictures. The only difficulty is that the admiring sister resolutely refuses to take orders from any director except Farina himself. So there’s a complication. Art is hard, anyway you take it.

“She was stunning,” said the man. “I thought I had never seen anyone more beautiful at first glimpse. Such dashing style and such good company, too! But—all wasted!”

“What happened?” asked the girl of herself. “He seemed so interested at the moment of meeting. I know I looked well and I certainly was up on my toes to entertain. Did I slip up somewhere?”

And the sad part is that the man knows, the whole world knows—but the girl doesn’t!

That is the dangerous thing about perspiration odor—the person affected so seldom realizes that she gives offense.

It is a physiological condition. You see, the perspiration glands under the arm are unusually active. Heat, excitement, nervousness affect them easily.

The hollow of the underarm and clothing prevents normal evaporation of moisture. This results in a disagreeable odor which is very noticeable to those about us but is hard to detect on ourselves.

Then those horrid “half-moons” of stain under the arms! What is uglier, more unignited? And so ruinous, too, for the most expert dry cleaning cannot blot them out.

Soap and water are not enough.

Most women, and men, too, mean to be above reproach in personal cleanliness. And they are, so far as soap and water go.

But this reptilian form of uncleanliness is something that cannot be washed away. The only thing that can cope with perspiration odor and moisture is a scientific corrective.

If women could only understand that the underarms must have regular, special care just the same as the teeth, the hair, the fingernails! If they could only realize that without this care they themselves are almost certain to offend in this thing they so criticize in others!

The underarm toilette of 3,000,000 people

There is one best way to do everything. 3,000,000 have found the one best and surest way to attain personal perfect cleanliness is by regular use of Odorono, the underarm toilette.

Odorono is an antiseptic liquid formulated by a physician to correct both the evils of excessive perspiration. It is the original corrective for both perspiration odor and moisture.

Clear and clean, Odorono is just like a dainty toilet water to use. Put a little on the underarms just twice a week and you need bother with no other precautions! One application lasts for three whole days.

Attention to the underarms takes so little time and effort and it means so much! This little spot can undo all you’ve put into achieving a perfect toilette in outward appearance.

Get into the twice-a-week Odorono habit and enjoy perfect freedom from any trace of odor; from disagreeable moisture; clothing always dry and odorless with no taint or stain to ruin it. You can get Odorono at any toilet counter anywhere: 35c, 60c and $1 a bottle or sent by mail postpaid.

Send for dainty sample set of the complete underarm toilette

I have a dainty sample set of the complete underarm toilette—Odorono, Creme Odorono and Odorono Deodorant, I will send you this set and a helpful book of information on perspiration problems for 10c. Send coupon.

Ruth Miller
The Odorono Company, 126 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mail coupon now for Sample Set

Ruth Miller
126 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me sample set of Odorono, Creme Odorono (for odor only) and Odorono Deodorant with booklet, for which I enclose 10c.

Name

Address

(Note: Sample of any one, 50c.)

House Peters has the role of a millionaire yachtman in "Overboard".

When you write to advertisers please mentionMotion Picture Magazine.
**Freckles**

**Funny in the Movies Embarrassing in Real Life**

No one need be embarrassed by freckles. For 35 years a preparation has been known and used the world over that restores the skin to milkly whiteness.

You will marvel at the quick way in which freckles disappear and sallow, tanned or blotchy complexities are whiten and freshened by Stillman's Freckle Cream. One jar will prove to you. Smooth its cool fragrance on your skin at bedtime, secretly if you like. Sure results follow.

**Free If You Are Not Satisfied**

Stillman's Freckle Cream has a double action. Freckles are swiftly dissolved away and the skin whitened at the same time. Guaranteed to remove freckles or money refunded. At druggists and department stores, 50c and $1.

**Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets"**

Free booklet tells what your particular type needs to look best. Introduces other Stillman toilet articles. If you buy $3 worth (other than freckle cream) we will give you $1.50 worth of home free. The Stillman Co., 33 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.

---

**Stillman's Freckle Cream**

**WHITENS THE SKIN**

The Stillman Co., 33 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.

Please send me "Beauty Parlor secrets" in plain envelope.

Name: __________________________

Address: ________________________

(Print plainly)

---

**YOU TOO CAN PLAY THE HAWAIIAN GUITAR**

**JUST AS THE HAWAIIANS DO**

**PLAY ALL THE LATEST HITS**

**FREE THIS 15 HAWAIIAN GUITAR**

**ONLY 4 MOTIONS**

Learn in playing the fascinating Hawaiian Guitar.

1. Touch the strings with a pleasing rhythm.
2. Pick the strings with the fingers.
3. Press the strings against the frets.
4. Use your left hand to hold the guitar up.

**EASY LESSONS**

You'll be playing tunes with a pleasing rhythm in no time. Every lesson is taught in easy, plain words. Each lesson is a part of the complete course. You'll have a real Ukulele, and will play as you play.

**WRITE AT ONCE**

Send your name and address and let us send you the complete course of 15 lessons, together with a real Ukulele. No obligation. No salesman will call. Costs only 50c. Send today.

**First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music, Inc.**

203 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

---

**ARE SEX PICTURES ON THE WANE?**

**THIS is the question Harry Carr asked big movie men who have their fingers on the pulse of public opinion.**

They expressed themselves quite candidly on this provocative subject with many interesting comments.

And from their opinions a satisfying conclusion is reached in an entertaining story.

Don't miss the answer to this question as it appears in this magazine next month.
The Answer Man
(Continued from page 86)

TURBA.—That was Tom Moore in Man-handled. So you think I should have my beard marcelled. Yes, that picture with Rod La Roque and Gloria Swanson was postponed until Miss Swanson regained her health.

BEN-HUR VENUS.—Rod La Roque was born November 29. George K. Arthur, the young English actor, has signed a five-year contract with Metro-Goldwyn. He will be remembered in the leading role in von Sternberg’s The Salvation Hunters, and his first role will be with that director in The Exquisite Sinner.

BECKS.—Corliss Palmer played in only four pictures, and had the leads in all, but she has not played since 1921. I believe there is some talk of her making a few more soon. She is very beautiful. You can write to Ben Lyon at First National, 383 Madison Avenue, New York City. That is Virginia Lee Corliss’s real name. Antonio Moreno, born in Spain, was born in 1895. W. S. Barry is seventeen. Don’t mention it

TUBBS C. W.—Avast there, shipmate, don’t tell me that you don’t believe in marriage. If all men were as trustworthy and conscientious as you appear to be, it might eliminate that problem. I play with a Producer’s Distributing Corp., Ince Studios, Culver City, California. Ricardo Cortez was born in Alcasse Lorraine. Your letter was rich, rare and racy.

ALFRED T., MANILA.—So you think my answers are a knock-out. Well, I can’t say that my task is a bed of roses. Anyway, I like answering questions. Alfred Terry is with Metro-Goldwyn. I believe you will see Bill Hart back on the screen soon. Thanks for your kind remarks. Write me any time your problems arise.

BETTY BERN.—Address Norma Tal-madge at 1540 Broadway, New York City. Shirley Mason is with Fox. Your letter was interesting.

C. A.—Poor child, crossed in love. Time will heal everything. I’m not so poor as you think. I have all that I want. How could I be rich?

JAP.—You know Lucille Ricksen died on March 13. She had been ill for a year and was only seventeen. Laura La Plante, Pat McGrail and Mother McGrail in The Theater, for Universal.

QUEEN O’HEARTS.—Yes, honest and truly, I am over eighty years old, and I live in a hall-room and drink plenty of buttermilk. I have that which no man wants, but which if any man has he will not part with for all the wealth of Monte Cristo. What? Why, a bald head! Claire Windsor is with Metro-Goldwyn.

MARKAZ D.—That was Holbrook Blinn in The Bad Man. He played it in for the speaking-and-voice-movies. William Desmond is playing in The Ace of Spades. My playing cards seem to be plentiful around here. Wallace Beery would be the King of Clubs. They have changed the name of The Man Without a Country to As No Man Has Loved. This is a good thing. I am very glad that you have come to stay and that you always write me occasionally. No fear of your becoming an elephant on my hands—bring your trunk. income and expense.

SNEEZEES.—Yes, I understand that Lea- trice Joy and Thomas Crowley were separated from the holy bands of hemlock. Can’t tell you any more.

BEATRICE W.—Madge Bellamy is only five feet tall. Kenneth Harlan, Huntly

"How the Shape of My Nose Barred Popularity"

By Grace Sterling

I was a "wall flower"! I was a good dancer and had no difficulty in following the most eccentric partner. I belonged to a good family and was "going to finishing school" before I was trained for my social life. I had travelled a great deal and could talk intelligently on many subjects. I was very popular with my girl friends. Yet, I seldom received an invitation to a dance, or to spend an evening at the theatre, from the young men of our social set. When I did go to a dance or to a party, I was seldom asked to dance and usually spent the evening as a "wall flower."

Finally I began to analyze myself. I had everything that should make a girl popular, and inspired young men to seek her company. As I looked into my mirror I became firmly convinced of a suspicion which had lurked in my mind for a long time—it was the shape of my nose—a very decided "pig" and especially noticeable in profile.

I spoke to Mother. She knew all along—it was hard to admit to her but it was true. She had realized the shape of my nose was the reason for my unpopularity—why I was snubbed at dances, never included in the wonderful parties going on all around me.

Finally one afternoon while shopping I ran into Marie Hamilton, one of my best chums at Miss M’s School; she was on a flying trip from Chicago to select her trousseau—buy! oh! what a change. It was she who recog- nized me—she’s used to be an ugly duckling—but now she was really beautiful. In talking with her she confided her beauty secret. My heart beat fast as I pressed her for further details.

Marie had had her nose reshaped, yes, actu- ally corrected—actually made over, and how wonderful, how beautiful it was now. This change had been the turning point in her career. It must also hold the key to popular- ity for me. "How did you accomplish it?" I asked fervently of Marie. She informed me that M. Tritley, a face specialist of Bing- hamton, New York, had corrected the shape of her nose—and in the privacy of her own home.

I wrote for information immediately and received full particulars. The treatment was so simple, the cost so reasonable, that I decided to purchase it as once. I did, I could hardly wait to begin. At last it arrived. To make my story short—in five weeks my nose was corrected.

O! how wonderful it has all been. Of course it took a month or so. But the members of our set had all met me at the various dances and social affairs of the season, but now it is just one grand round of pleasure, and I owe it all to M. Tritley.

Attention to your personal appearance is nowadays essential if you expect to succeed in life. You must look "your best" at all times.

M. Tritley’s latest improved Nose Shaper, "Trados"! Model No. 25, U. S. Patent, is the most meritorious Nose Shaper of the age. His 16 years of experience in perfecting Nose Shapers has proven that to the unfortunate possessors of ill-shapen noses he offers a semi-tional opportunity to beautify one’s Personal Appearance. This latest model has so many superior qualities that it surpasses all his previous shapers and other nose adjusters by a large margin. This new model has every requirement that you might need. The adjust- ments are simple and such that it will fit every nose without exception. The apparatus is constructed of light-weight metal, is firm, and is afforded very accurate regulation for adjustment in any desired position. You can obtain the absolutely exact pressure for correcting the various nasal deformities, such as: long—nostril—noose—pug—hook or shovel nose—and will give marked success in modulating the desired or wide nostril. There are no straps to be pulled in order to exert pressure on the nasal organ.

Model No. 25 is upholstered inside with very fine chamois (covering a layer of thin metal) which protects the nose from direct con- tact with the apparatus; this lining of metal causes an even, moderate pressure on the parts being corrected, thus avoiding a harsh, violent pressure in any one place.

Model No. 25 is guaranteed, and corrects now all ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely, comfortably and permanently. It is to be worn at night and, therefore, will not interfere with your daily work.

Model No. 25 Junior for Children

If you wish to have a perfect looking nose, clip the coupon below, insert your name and address plainly, and send it today to M. Tritley, Binghamton, N. Y., for the free booklet which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses.

M. TRITLEY
2413 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Dear Sir: Please send me, without obligation, your booklet which tells how to correct ill-shaped noses.

Name
Street Address
Town
State

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Christie, which proved that Blanche Sweet is a much more competent artist today than she was ten or twelve years ago; nor Orphans of the Storm, which, in my judgment, was much more impressive than the much-advertised Way Down East.

All these pictures will ever linger in my memory, and they are all worth seeing again; but there is one that I would like to see again and again. It is The Last Laugh. Every director, actor and cameraman should see it again, and again, and again. The Germans have pointed the way! Here is the last word in pictures. Please see it for yourselves, my readers, and tell me if I am guilty of exaggeration. It is a simple thing, costing only a few thousand dollars; it has no elaborate sets, no stars, and it came unheralded and unsung, yet it impresses me as being one of the greatest of all pictures. It is a step forward, and something different. As for the directors, I think that D. W. Griffith has the best batting average, and nearly every one of his pictures I would like to see again.

The Answer Man

Gordon and Johnnie Walker have all signed long-term contracts with Warner. The man with the glorious eyes? Who? Oh yes, Ben Turpin.

ELSE, CLARA AND MARJORIE—My goodness, don't call her Miss Petrova. Madame Petrova is playing on the stage right now, and she expects to open in a new stage play which she wrote herself for herself. Florence Vidor at Famous Players-Lasky in California. I believe Lon Chaney is one of our greatest character artists, but we must not forget Wallace Beery, Ernest Torrence and several others who as types of a certain kind are one hundred per cent, and how can you beat Lewis Stone for a middle-aged leading man?

SISTERS—Yes, that was May McAvoy and Walter McGrail in Top of New York.

The Ol' Lady.—So you are anxious to come to New York and see the Follies and the Statue of Liberty. The latter is not so scantly clad, yet she has only one Jersey to her back. When you see her, you will say, "Hollow, stat-you?" and if it is raining, "Statue-wet?" So it's Jack Gilbert you like. I'm getting jealous of that man. Thanks for them kind woids.

SAXIE—She was not mentioned in the cast for Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.

E. Lastic—Wow! Any relation to I. M. Robber? Well, Barbara La Marr's real name is Reatha Watson. Virginia Valli is playing in Peacock Feathers, a story by Temple Bailey.

DOLLY E. F.—Pierre Gendron was with Fox last. Mildred Harris Chaplin was born in Cheyenne, Wyoming, in 1901, and Betty Compson was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, in 1897. Peichot, don't give me any more conundrums. I've been working on one for years, and some day I'll have to give it up. Eh? The conundrum is Life. Millard F.—Yes, of course, there is always room for one more. Yes, I know that person. He is supposed to be my rival, but I don't fear him. If it ever comes to an encounter, buttermilk will give me strength. That was Alice Terry. I like her best with the blonde wig. Johnny Hines in The Early Bird.

A. L. N., Los Angeles.—Just address Hal Cooley at Beverly Hills, Los Angeles, California. You're welcome.

A. E. F.—Certainly you may come to see me and find out if I am really an old man. As you step up the stairs, just stare up the steps, and you will see me without a doubt—I am right near the top, where I hope I shall always remain. Thomas Santachi played in Brass Commandments, The Hell Cat and Stronger Vows.

Hera Zada.—Your letter was a gem. Warner Baxter is with Famous Players, Vera Reynolds has been borrowed by Warner for the lead opposite Monte Blue in The Limited Mail. Hazel Keefer is playing in the next Harold Lloyd picture, a college story, in which she is the most popular girl on the campus.
Mr. and Mrs.

Who's Married to Who

Acord, Art—married to Edna Noyes.
Adams, Claire—married to Benj. B. Hamp-tin.
Allen, Diana—married to Samuel P. Booth.
Artiss, George—married to Florence Montgomery.
Ayres, Agnes—married to S. Samuel Reachi.
Ballin, Mabel—married to Hugo Ballin.
Barlow, Theda—married to Charles Bostwick.
Barthelmann, Richard—married to Mary Hay.
Barry, Warner—married to W. Merle Byron.
Barford, Barbara—married to Albert Rouco.
Beery, Noah—married to Margaret Abbott.
Beery, Wallace—married to Rita Gilman.
Bennett, Beryl—married to Fred Windmars.
Bennett, Edna—married to Fred Nikki.
Blue, Monte—married to zoo Janson.
Blythe, Betty—married to Paul Scarrow.
Bremer, Sylvia—married to Harry W. Martin.
Brent, Evelyn—married to B. P. Fineman.
Basham, Ralph—married to Beatrice Dante.
Caldwell, Orville—married to Andrey Anderson.
Carey, Harry—married to Olive P. Capp.
Chaplin, Charles—married to Lila Grey.
Clifford, Ruth—married to James A. Cornelius.
Compton, Betty—married to James Cruse.
Cornwall, Ann—married to Charles Malgely.
Dalton, Dorothy—married to Arthur Hammer.
Dean, Priscilla—married to Wheeler Oakman.
Denny, Redmond—married to Irene Haiman.
Remer, Ruby—he married to Benjamin Thropp.
Robson, William—married to Grace Morton.
Dexter, Edith—married to Nina Udenmeyer.
Duncan, William—married to Edith Johnson.
Fairbanks, Douglas—married to Mary Pickford.
Ferguson, Ethel—married to Frederick Westlock.
Forrest, Alan—married to Lottie Pickford.
Ford, Mary—married to Beatrice Frierics.
Francis, Alec B.—married to Mrs. Lucy Smith.
Gibson, Hoot—married to Helen Johnson.
Gish, Dorothy—married to James Benj.
Griffith, Corinne—married to Walter Moseco.
Hale, Alan—married to Greta Hartman.
Hamilton, Ela—married to Alice Forward.
Hammond, Hope—married to Julie E. Brunieron.
Hartian, Kenneth—married to Marie Prentiss.
Hastie, Mabel—married to Fredie Roberts.
Hayakawa, Susse—married to Ture Askii.
Hers, Walter—married to Ada McWilliams.
Hoste, Jack—married to Marion Sais.
Joyce, Alice—married to James Ryan.
Koesten, Buster—married to Natalie Talmadge.
Keanan, Frank—married to Margarette White.
Kennedy, Madge—married to Hurd Boster.
Kirkwood, James—married to Lila Lee.
Lee, Lila—married to James Kirkwood.
Lloyd, Harold—married to Mildred Davis.
MacDonald, Vivian—married to Loop Davis.
MacLean, Douglas—married to Faith Cole.
Marsh, Mae—married to Lewis Lee Arms.
May, Aline—married to C. G. Friczler.
Meglum, Thomas—married to Frances Ring.
Mit, Tom—married to Victoria Forde.
Moore, Colleen—married to John McGregor.
Moore, Owen—married to Adah McWilliams.
Moreno, Antonio—married to Daisy Conford Damasini.
Mulhall, Jack—married to Evelyn Wiman.
Murray, Mac—married to Robert E. Leonard.
Nagel, Conrad—married to Ruth Tram.
Nazimova, Alla—married to Charles Brazil.
Nelson, Anna G.—married to John Gwenson.
Novak, Eva—married to William Reid.
Paige, Jean—married to Albert E. Smith.
Percy, Eileen—married to Ulrick Bush.
Peters, House—married to Max King.
Pickford, Jack—married to Marion Miller.
Pickford, Mary—married to Douglas Fairbanks.
Polland, Snub—married to Elizabeth Bron.
Prevoit, Marie—married to Kenneth Harian.
Ray, Charles—married to Clara Grant.
Roberts, Edith—married to Earl Snowe.
Roberts, Theodore—married to Florence Fairbanks.
Semon, Larry—married to Dorothy Doune.
Silas, Milton—married to Gladys Winne.
Stanley, Forrest—married to Marjorie Huichin.
Swanson, Gloria—married to Marquis Jacques De Falaise, Duke of Lusignan.
Sweet, Blanche—married to Marshall Neilson.
Talmadge, Norma—married to Joseph Schenck.
Taylor, Kathie—married to Jack Deans.
Tearle, Conway—married to Adene Roland.
Terry, Alice—married to J. Valentine.
Torrance, Ernest—married to Elsie Reamer.
Valentino, Rudolph—married to Naolla Rams-land.
Valli, Victoria—married to Demarest Lamon.
Walker, Johnnie—married to René Parker.
Washburn, Bryant—married to Madel Forest.
Welch, Niles—married to Dall Boone.
Williams, Earle—married to Florence Way.
Williams, Kathryn—married to Charles Eytan.

Softier ... finer ... much more clinging

ARMAND Cold Cream Powder...try it

UNTIL you have studied your own reflection and looked carefully at your face both before and after using Armand Cold Cream Powder—you won't wholly appreciate the wonderful difference it makes in your complexion. Rub it carefully into your skin. Notice how it brings out the fresh natural coloring and emphasizes the delicate texture. This powder has in it a magic bit of cold cream that makes it softer, finer, much more clinging than other powders.

ARMAND COLD CREAM POWDER

In The PINK & WHITE BOXES

GUARANTEE: No matter where purchased, if any Armand product does not entirely please you, you may return it back and your money will be returned.

To Art Lovers

THOSE who are interested in oil paintings are invited to a permanent exhibition of the works of Eugene V. Brewater at the galleries of Brewater Publications, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, between the hours of ten and five, any day except Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. Mr. Brewater has given several one-man exhibitions on Fifth Avenue, New York, and has always received high commendation from the press and art critics. These paintings are in all sizes from small to large, and the prices run from $25 to $250. Out-of-town patrons may order through regular dealers, or we will send any painting on approval on receipt of price. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Moonlights, twilight, landscapes, marines, etc. In ordering, state size and general description of the kind of work desired.

BREWER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.,
175 Duffield St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
At Last!
Here’s a Vanitie for Loose Powder
That Cannot Spill

"A Lovely Complexion Requires Loose Powder"
So says Anita Stewart, Cosmopolitan Film Star,
now appearing in "Ne'er the Twin Shall Meet."
And that’s why she uses a

Norida Vanitie
for LOOSE POWDER

"Good-bye, Cake Powder." Here’s the vanitie
you’ve always longed for. Now you can safely
carry your favorite loose powder with you every-
where. It cannot spill.

The Norida Vanitie is a dainty, thin, beautiful
case in gilt or silver finish. It’s patented. Nothing
else like it. So simple, too. When it’s empty, you
refill it yourself with any loose powder you prefer
—NOT CAKE POWDER—and be perfectly
powdered always.

The price is $1.50—comes filled with an exquisite
French Powder called Fleur Sauvage (wildflower)
Powder. Buy one at your favorite shopping place—or
send $1.50 and we will mail a Norida to you.
State the shade of powder you use.

At All
Toilets
Goods
Counters

Size of
Vanity
Two
Inches

So Easy
to Refill

NORIDA PARFUMERIE
630 S. WABASH AVE. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Advertising Section

Should You Marry Your Opposite?
(Continued from page 30)

You mustn’t keep praying and peering un-
less you want to brush the bloom off the
grape of love and leave a shriveled raisin.
Most people seem to try to make a ques-
tion of marriage. The nation is affected
with the question.

The best thing to do about it
when you marry, is to
keep analyzing all the

Did I marry my op-
opposite? I suppose I did.
We have differ-
cent careers and
therefore different
interests. Our major interest lies in
each other, and I hope it always will.
We like to hear all
about the day’s do-
ing—what happened
at the studio—what
happened at the office.
Do I think this? Does
he think that?
I would have always agree
—that would be deadly! But
Seely agree often enough.
Oh, I dont believe I know
whether he is opposite
or not! But if I did, and all
such marriages turn out as ours has done,
I would advise everyone to do it.

Anna Q. Nilsson answers:

U
n
ually, I think it promises best for
marriage when the parties are differ-
ent—the not necessarily opposing—in their
mental traits.

On the other hand, I do not think such a
condition an absolute requisite for a
happy marriage. If I may be pardoned for
the personal reference, my husband,
John Gunneron, and I have many interests
and ideals in common, and I think this
community of interest does a lot to hold
us, or any couple, happily together.

Jack and I both enjoy ranch life, and
are happier on our little place at Van Nuys,
near Hollywood, than anywhere else. We
love the dogs and horses that we have
there, and the informal, outdoor life.

On the other hand, in matters of busi-
ness, Jack is inclined to become too en-
thusiastic, and to act on impulse. It is my
fate to wait until a projected move has been
discussed from all angles, and calmly analyzed.
So in this respect, as well as in several
others, we are different, but complemen-
tary. Maybe that is the ideal arrangement.
Anyway, I know that we are very happy.

Louise Dresser speaks her mind:

Y
e
s, you should.

A perfect marriage is made up of
two people in unity. That is, the union,
the two-in-one, should have all the good
qualities. If a desirable trait is lacking
or only slightly developed in the woman, say,
and the man has a lot of it, that contributes
to their combined perfection, doesn’t it?

It seems to me that if personalites might
be charted, a graph made of them would
look something like the jig-saw puzzles
that were almost as popular several years
ago as the cross-word puzzles are now.

In that case, the models of two persons
opposite in characteristics would fit to-
gether to form a perfect whole. Whereas,
if both had, for example, highly developed
positive "bumps" of combativeness, the
two projections would strike each other, clash—and keep them apart.

Take my husband, Jack Gardner. He's the best pal I have, and conse-
sequently makes a wonderful husband. But his whole outlook is different from mine.

Honestly, I don't know what I would have done without him during those dis-
couraging months when I first decided to have a go at the movies. Things didn't ever seem to be going to break right for me. Any number of times I was on the point of throwing up the whole thing and going back to New York and the stage.

But Jack, the calm and optimistic, Jack, who believed in me firmly, always helped me across these rough places. Just suppose we had both got in the dumps at the same time, and sat around the house holding our respective heads in our collective hands! I'm sure I never would have stuck it out. So, say, I marry your opposite! Hurrah for 'em!" 

Orell Caldwell declares:

No, I don't think a man should marry his opposite.

I married Audrey Anderson, a young Australian, but aside from having been born at opposite ends of the earth, we are as much alike as two beans in the same pot, and we think we are about as happy as two people can be and still live! Why, we even like the same things.

Perhaps part of our understanding of one another lies in the fact that we are of the same profession, so that there are no wearying explanations over nothing at all, creating small jealousies and passing bit-
terness such as all too frequently occur when only one of the two happens to belong to the little world beyond the foot—or klieg—lights.

Then, too, we both enjoy change of scene. We are never so happy as when we are dashing up a gangplank or boarding a train for somewhere else. Our five-weeks-
old son inherits this, if his horoscope (which has just been read by Mrs. Vance Thompson) comes true. He has a great love of restlessness, she says. Well, he has nothing on his parents!

Oppostes shouldn't marry. Think of being married to someone who always wants you to come home when you are hungry for opera! Or talking to your wife about Chaliapin, very eagerly, only to find that she thought you were dis-
cussing some sort of French food!

I never have to go into long explanations about how I feel about anything, nor does Mrs. Caldwell. I say to her, "Oh, I think—" and she breaks in, "That's just exactly the way I—"

You see, we know!

Woodbury

Orell Caldwell

A Natural Color at last, for both Cheeks and Lips

MOIST Rouge!

"I wish I could find the right stuff!" How many times have you said it? Here it is! Not another dry color that goes on in dabs—but a marvelously smooth, soft, moist color that blend with perfectly wonderful result. Much, much, do not disregard this real discovery—for moist makeup is not only here to stay, but must surely doom the cruder kinds!

A True Makeup at Last

Artists have always worked in oils for beauty and realism. Crayons is too coarse. Small wonder, then, that a true blood-red in solidified oils brought a new beauty-power to makeup! Jarnac is a new form of color—a brilliant color impossible in dry form. It is wonderfully natural when spread; by comparison, the hard red spots from rouge-puff are ridiculously unsavory. The same difference is seen in lips as well—for this one blood-red product is the same perfect red for lips—your fingertips tinged with Jarnac an end to lip-stick too.

The French formula Jarnac has, in fact, overcome every one of the mistakes of makeup which have made such a burlesque of beauty in this country.

Some Amazing Properties

Observe these five extraordinary properties, any one of which would be reward enough for trying Jarnac:

1. This form of color has artists call "spread" and leaves not the suggestion of a line where its per-
fect film of color begins or ends.

2. Moisture has no effect whatever on this color which is so, so, so moist! Even though you try to make the cheeks red and the skin moist, the color itself cannot dissolve it. It lasts! Use Jarnac in the morning and leave it home if you like.

3. On Your Druggist's Counter Now

Most drugstores display this card of Jarnac. If your druggist hasn't, mail this coupon with 5¢ postcard and we'll send you test之路es! Jarnac at 5c and 50c, a blood-red match for both checks and lips—and for the same reason the one color is a perfect match for all types of skin.

50c in U.S.

On Your Druggist's Counter Now

Most drugstores display this card of Jarnac. If your druggist hasn't, mail this coupon with 5¢ postcard and we'll send you test之路es! Jarnac at 5c and 50c, a blood-red match for both checks and lips—and for the same reason the one color is a perfect match for all types of skin.

How To Criticise A Picture

By EUGENE Y. BREWSTER

Here is a booklet that every theatergoer should have. Not only will it teach you how to see all the fine points in a motion picture, but it will greatly add to your interest and enjoyment. It also contains 28 charts or records which you may fill in after the theater, giving you a complete record of the pictures you have seen and of your impressions. Later on you will enjoy looking over and in comparing your criticisms with those of the editors and professional critics.

Price 10c a copy, 6 for 50c, 12 for $1.00

You always read what the critics say of the play, don't you? Why? Well, you know they are professionals and critics, and you wonder what they have to say. Do you wonder why they know more about it than you do? Perhaps this book will teach you to know as much as they do.

Learn to be a critic. Form a Theater Club and discuss the plays and movies. This booklet will be worth ten times its price to you in less than a month. Better order more than one copy now—and send them later. Complete sets of blank covers are also available.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.,
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

$2 Brings This Genuine DIAMOND RING

SIMPLY send $2.50 for the most precious, exquisite, rare, valuable, genuine Diamond Ring you ever saw. A perfectly cut, transparent, blue white, 1.50 carat 30 diamonds for only $2.50! A golden, latest designed, hand-engraved mounting! Bustle up your imagination! Adorn yourself with beauty! A Diamond Ring to rival any you have ever owned, to make you the envy of thousands! A magnificent, rare, valuable item at a modest price. A full year to receive one in your own Day's Free Trial. Address Dept. 175.

ROYAL 35 Maiden

FREE BOOK OF GEMS

Most expensive jewelry! Over issued of original designs at lowest prices. A full year to receive one in your own Day's Free Trial. Address Dept. 175.

Other sizes, $7.50.

When you write to advertisers please mention OTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Do this several times a day and you'll soon have slim shoulders, Betty Compson says.

The Right Weigh
(Continued from page 37)

And Aileen Pringle:

I SWIM, not primarily to keep slim, but that's the result. Being a Native Daugh-
ter of California, where the swimming season lasts twelve months a year, I have
always been used to the water. It is the best exercise in the world and the best
sport. All the famous women swimmers have almost perfect physical measure-
ments.

When I can't get away from the studio long enough to go to the beaches, I take
a plunge in my own pool. They build the swimming pool first out here, and then
if there's still room on the lot, they build a house!

And, Betty Compson:

Exercise has such a stern, dutiful sound
that it frightens many women away
from this method of reducing. Daily
dozen aren't much fun—arms out, one-
two-three-four, arms up, one-two-three-
four, arms down, one-two-three-four. I
would probably have abandoned exercise
for some lazy woman's method of getting thin—electric treatments or Turkish baths
—if I hadn't discovered I could exercise
and have a good time doing it.

The California climate is an enemy to
figures. One puts a weight here in the
sunshine and easy life at an alarming rate.
It's so easy to just sit and bask instead of
exercising oneself, but there's one thing
I will do anywhere, and that is dance.
When I discovered the musical way of re-
ducing by doing especially designed dance
movements to the phonograph, I knew that
I had solved my problem at any rate.
And the climate co-operates with me by
enabling me to dance out of doors, winter
and summer.

I dance in a sun-filled patio with roses
tumbling in showers over the trellis in
December, but the phonograph can be set
down beside an open fire or even a steam
radio just as well. I understand they
even give reducing dance exercises over
the radio now! It's the pleasantest and most
painless way to enable one to shop in the
Muses Section instead of the Stylish
Stouts.

And Gertrude Short:

I CAN be any size or shape I choose. Just
give me plans and specifications a week
in advance! I was fifteen pounds over-

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
weight in the Telephone Girl Series and when I was old I could have a certain role with a big company if I would lose ten pounds in a week, I lost 'em. Prize-fighters have nothing on me. I can weigh in just what I want to at the ring of the gong.

Now I have friends who swear by the old rolling-pin method, and others who sit in hot sand and have electric shocks run thru them for hours, so they can wear these hipless gowns that give a woman all the lovely curves of a lead-pencil. Other friends tell me that rubber union-suits are the only reduction method, but with me it's all a matter of calories.

When they want a plump little commédié—-all right. Gertrude eats potatoes and pie and drinks milk. When they want a slim little commédié, then for a week I live on lamb chops and for a month afterwards I don't touch anything I like. That's a pretty safe rule for dieting—never eat anything you want to.

Lamb chops and pineapple three times a day does get awfully monotonous— and they have to be eaten three times a day because it's the combination of acids, or something or other, that does the work. But it's worse not being able to eat all because you can't get a job.

And Helen Ferguson:
I cant take any praise for keeping slim, because I dont do anything "on purpose."

My mother says I dont keep still long enough to get fat. Ever since I can remember I have been dashing about, swimming, riding horseback, playing tennis. The thing I do right now is roller-skate. I suppose I am a bit old for the sport, but I never think of that till I see some prim, spinsterish-looking lady watching me whizz by her windows in our bungalow court, with a disappointing expression.

In California, with its sixty-in-the-shade winters, we miss ice skating— if we've come from below-zero winters back East the way I did. So the next best thing is a pair of roller-skates and a cement sidewalk. The main thing, I think, is to take some kind of exercise in the fresh air. So many people out here get their exercise— (Continued on page 109)
CLEANING the toilet ceases to be an unpleasant task when you let Sani-Flush clean it for you. Sani-Flush does it better than you can by gray and black means. It makes the porcelain shine like new.

Sani-Flush cleans and purifies the toilet bowl and hidden, unhealthful trap. Destroys foul odors. Makes the toilet sanitary. Won't harm plumbing connections. Sprinkle Sani-Flush in the toilet bowl—follow directions on the can—and flush. Keep it handy in the bathroom.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25¢ for a full-size can.

Sani-Flush
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio

Reduce Your Limbs with DR. WALTER’S Medicated Rubber Stockings

The wearing of these wonderful medicated rubber anklelets and stockings (in either light or dark rubber) will not only reduce and shape the limbs but give excellent support and a neat and trim appearance. They relieve swelling various veins and rheumatic pains.

Worn next to the skin they indurate naturally and keep in the body. They stimulate the circulation and have a great protection against cold and dampness.

Anklelets, per pair $1.70
Stockings, per pair $12.00
Send cash and self measure.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET TO 
DR. JEANNE P. WALTER, 389 Fifth Avenue, New York

EARN MONEY AT HOME

You can earn $1 to $2 an hour in your spare time, writing short stories. We can usually get them for easy work and pay you cash each week. Write today for full particulars and free booklet.

WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE LIMITED
Authorized Capital $1,250,000.00
69 Colborne Building, Toronto, Can.

The Charmer
(Continued from page 50)

Ah, Dan was jealous! That was what she thought. Poor Dan! So serious. So in love with her. But foolish, jealous! "It is so," she said. "I go to meet him now. He loves me. He wants to marry me, Dan. He is—"

The chauffeur barred her way. "Mariposa," he said, "I won't let you go!"

Fencing, she saw her chance. She darted around him and rushed to the door. "I go!" she said. "Mariposa! Stop!"
The door opened, the key turned, and Dan Murray was locked in!

When he got out of that room he started for the apartment with blazing eyes. In his pocket was a gun; in his heart an ache for one who would not heed. He must save her, that was what he kept telling himself, and as he reached the apartment door, he rapped for admittance. He didn't know that Sedwick was inside. He didn't know that she had called to surprise Boyne in his advances when Mariposa was pleading with him to let her pass. He didn't know that Sedwick had rapped on this same door and his wife, recognizing his voice, had thrown herself on the mercy of Mariposa, who hid her. And he didn't know that the suspicious Sedwick had entered only to behold another woman and had left baffled.

But he did know that as the door opened and he rushed in with gun leveled, there was a different expression in Mariposa's eyes.

"Dan," she cried, hardly able to realize it was he, "I'm so glad to see you! So—"

"What do you mean?" Boyne demanded, "by coming here with a gun?"

"I mean," said Dan deliberately, "that unless you marry me theo".

"No, no, Dan!" she protested. She rushed over and took the gun from Dan's hand. You don't understand! I love you! Can't see? realize it now? I wouldn't marry him even if he wanted to marry me!"

Bewildered, Dan watched her pick up her hat.

"Come!" she said. "You were right, Dan! Outside I shall tell you everything!"

Chagrined, Boyne watched them go. His hand shook; his face contorted. He closed the door and passed a hand over his eyes. Trembling, Mrs. Sedwick was emerging from the other room.

NEXT MONTH:
Watch for

"The Merry Widow"

The fascinating heroine of Franz Lharc's opera has been brought to the screen by the incomparable Mac Murray, and there is a fictionization of it, illustrated with many beautiful and exclusive scenes from the picture.
The Beauty That Dominates

—that sweeps all before it. A skin and complexion so enchanting it commands universal homage and adoration. No matter what type or kind of features you have, after all, the appearance of your skin and complexion really represent your opportunity to possess beauty. Make the most of this opportunity, give to your complexion the alluring seductive appearance that only

Gouraud's

ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

can render. A refined touch of majestic beauty, radiant, entrancing and yet so delicate and subtle it is absolutely devoid of that "made-up-look." Gouraud's Oriental Cream performs three distinct functions for the skin—Beautifies, Preserves and Protects. It is both astringent and antiseptic in effect, making it invaluable in cases of undue redness, wrinkles, flabbiness and excessive oiliness. In commencing its use today you will open the door to a new beauty.

Send 60¢ for a special assortment of Gouraud's Toilet Preparations or 10¢ for a trial size of Gouraud's Oriental Cream.

Fred. T. Hopkins & Son
450 Lafayette Street, New York

Ten Reasons Why You Should Read Motion Picture Magazine

1. Because it is the oldest movie magazine in the world.
2. Because it pointed the way, which all others have followed.
3. Because many of the same writers and editors are with it today who were with it in the beginning—and they ought to know.
4. Because it has the best artists, writers, and news-hunters in the business.
5. Because it is authoritative, authentic and reliable.
6. Because it prints the latest news gathered from reliable sources.
7. Because it is dignified yet snappy, engravings without being sensational.
8. Because it has the oldest, wittiest, wittiest and best Answer Man in all the world.
9. Because its policy, criticisms and news are unbiased, and unprejudiced, and not influenced in any way by affiliations with producing companies, players or advertisers.
10. Because for these and many other reasons it is the best movie magazine in the world.
WHY NOT send Spring Flowers and Vases.......(Continued from page 35)

The Changing Glory of Gloria

(Continued from page 35)

the studio café. It was filled with people—with actors in various make-ups—a
messenger boys, cow-punchers, villains
with long mustaches.

Without warning, Gloria suddenly ad-
dressed the house. With cutting sarcasm,
she said she would relieve their curiosity.
So she told them about the family bust-
up: and walked out.

CHAPTER THREE

This chapter came years after. It was
just about the time that she made Man-
handled—just as she was about to leave
California for New York. She was sit-
ting on the top of the world. Thruout
the motion picture industry she was recog-
nized as the greatest box-office attraction
the movie world knew. She had wealth,
fame and power.

We had lunch at the Writers' Club to-
gether. I had never seen Gloria so sweet
—or so unhappy, Gloria cried a little
and told me of the bitterness that comes
with fame.

She was still, you see, the little girl
who walked alone.

What was making her unhappy was
scandal. She said that whatever she did
was twisted by evil tongues. She said
that, as she fought her way up, she found
that the rings of the ladder were spiked
and poisoned.

I remember that Gloria threw her beaded
purse down on the table with a bang and
said: "If it weren't for my baby, I would
give Hollywood a scandal that would give
these snooper something to talk about for
the rest of their lives. They want to see
me as bad—well, I'd be BAD."

I tried to suggest a little bit of the
philosophy of a great English statesman
to Gloria: a statesman who said: "Never
explain; and never complain; but let
events justify themselves."

This seemed, for some reason, to clear
the atmosphere for Gloria. She cheered
up considerably on the way back to the
studio. And when we parted, she was
telling me a funny story about her chaf-
feur.

CHAPTER FOUR

This is a vicarious chapter. I have
never seen Gloria since she left Cali-
ifornia for New York.

But, just before she left for Europe
to film Sans-Gêne and marry a marquis,
she had lunch with an actor. He was one
who had known her in the old days at
Sennett's when she used to ask: "Say,
can I go home now?"

He had changed me up and tell me about
her. He was pinching himself to be sure
he was awake.

"She was wonderful," he said. "In all
my life, I have never known another woman
so poised, so charming, so cultured.
"She was cultured," he went on. "But
not with the sudden culture that wealth
brings. Not the overnight culture.
"She spoke familiarly, but casually,
of books and art and life.

"She was funny at times, but not too
fanny. She was absolutely assured, but
not blatant. She talked well—brilliantly—
but not too much. She was charming;
but never consciously charming.

"In fact, Gloria is becoming a charming,
woman."

CHAPTER FIVE

Ah, but this chapter is still to be written
by the Marquise de la Falaise de la
Condray.
Friendship, Love, Marriage
(Continued from page 53)
that shows in all her work. It makes me feel that she must have lived before —perhaps she has lived many lives—in order to know so much that she has never had an opportunity of learning, so much that she is too young to have experienced. All artists know things they have never learned, of course. Her logic, her loyalty, and her sense of justice are amazing in one who cannot count up many yearly mile-stones — yet she has an elfin quality, too, a kinship to one Peter Pan, that will always keep her young.

Off the screen, Miss Talmadge and her husband, Joseph Schenck, are my best friends. With them, I have done my best and happiest work—it is always to Mr. Schenck I turn for advice and whose advice—marvelous to relate—I always take. My long association with them and their friendship and kindliness to me throughout the years may make me see them in a rosy haze, but I think my enthusiasm is well justified and will find an echo from anyone who knows them as I know them.

I can hardly repeat Kipling's "And I learned about women from 'er!" regarding the girls I have loved upon the screen, but I can try to give an impressionistic word photograph of each of them.

Elaine Hammerstein: I played my first picture role with Miss Hammerstein, and as it was also her first excursion before the Kleig lights, we were both so scared at the clicking of cameras that I am sure our chief emotion was fear!

Even now I'm nervous the first day of work on a new picture. When I think of every little thing I do going all over the world, before all kinds of people, and whether or not they'll understand—the responsibility seems tremendous, almost more than I can bear. Of course, I get over it presently and lose the idea in work.

I'd like to play with Miss Hammerstein again when we could keep our minds on the scene instead of shaking with terror, for I think she would be wonderful in an emotional drama and we might both do things very much better.

Marguerite Clark: I remember her as irresistibly charming, as ageless as melody, the very spirit of romance.

Olga Petrova: I found Petrova a brilliant and scintillating woman. I recall that I was always learning new words from her and that she appealed to me as intensely clever and very witty.

Virginia Valli: She is a wondrous sort...
Watch Out!
for
July Motion Picture Magazine

Here’s $50.00 for the Best Guesser

Beginning with our next issue, which will be on the news-stands June 1, we will publish each month an unfinished mystery story. At the very highest point of interest the story stops—and after that it’s up to you. For the best solution we offer a prize of fifty dollars. Literary style doesn’t matter. Just send us a clearly stated, snappy, clever solution to the mystery.

Rules of the Contest

Answers may be from fifty to five hundred words. Put your full name and address on your paper. No manuscripts will be returned. Send us your answers to the first month’s contest by June 20.

The winning solution will be published in the September number and the author’s own solution will be published with it. We will also pay five dollars for any answers we think worthy of publication.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the “Mystery Contest Editor”

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

175 Duffield Street
Brooklyn, New York

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
meant to let it happen again. This was only a fancy of mine, of course, and has no basis on fact. Behind that austerity, there was graciousness, sweetness and an uncommon beauty of spirit.

"Why haven't I married?"

That is one of the two questions I'm most frequently asked. The other one is: "Why don't I marry?"

I was thrown from prep. school onto the stage and into the company of such bewilderingly fascinating women as Laura Hope Crews, Ethel Barrymore, Fritzi Scheff, Frances Starr, Irene Fenwick, Gladys Hansson, Mary Nash, Marie Tempest, Margaret Illington, Effe Shannon and Alexandra Carlsile.

Associated with such dazzling personalities as these in the theater, I suppose any little girl I might have married then would have seemed too drab and commonplace to hold my interest.

I remember I used to stumble, or fall down or drop things when Ethel Barrymore came into the room. She was so fascinating I invariably forgot where I was going or what I was doing whenever I saw her. I felt as awkward as I longed to feel graceful.

Marriage didn't even occur to me. There seems to have been a sort of glamour about my footlight romances with these illustrious beauties that made an adventure into the real love land pale and unattractive.

Presently, I suppose I grew used to bachelorhood, or got out of the habit of considering myself as a matrimonial possibility.

Most of those who ask me why I'm not married are people who have been divorced four or five times, and they put their question to me, as a rule, right after having told me about their own unhappiness in detail.

I feel like crying: "Why, man alive, it's people like you who keep me out of the whole mess!"

I like telling them with a slow, sad smile that it may be I am hiding a broken and bleeding heart.

Serious, tho', single bliss is very lonely, sometimes, especially around the holidays. I don't like holiday times. They make you wish you had a wife and several children and a nice, jolly home.

But there are compensations for those without marital ties—as, for instance, freedom from worry about the inside of divorce courts!

Sometimes, too, I think it is a mistake for an artist to marry unless he is so fortunate as to find a woman who could sink her future in his, who could buoy him up in the dark places and push him along, or hold him back—manage him, perhaps, in a discreet and almost invisible way.

Is it fair to ask so much of a woman? I wonder! And where could she be found?
Oh What Joy!
I am Free, you may be

WARM days are here again. And with them that dreaded afflication, armpit perspiration. Surely you will not again spend unhappy hours of humiliation. Like every wholesome woman, there is nothing you dread so much as armpit odor and unsightly perspiration stains.

Old reliable NONSPI has brought glorious freedom to a million women. Why not to you! Harmlessly and certainly this wonderful remedy for a disordered condition, keeps the underarms normally dry and free from odor. It is the preparation that trained nurses use, that physicians endorse and that retailers and drug dealers everywhere advocate. No inconvenience to use—two simple applications weekly protect you from the embarrassment of excessive perspiration. Protect too, your gowns from ruinous perspiration stains. Let a trial convince you. Purchase a bottle from your dealer or send us your name and address and we will gladly mail you a liberal FREE sample. Use coupon or postcard.

TRADE NONSPI MARK

Develops Busts Amazingly Quick and Easy!

Just what every woman has been wait- ing for! Now everyone can afford "BEAUTIBUST" for real bust and neck development. No pumps, vacuum, extreme expecta- tions. No skilled or ingenious systems, and natural method that WILLL be ex- tremely efficient and beautiful. You can eas- ily try it if you follow the simple in- structions. Everything mailed (sealed) for only 15c. Do not miss this opportunity, it may not be repeated.

BEAUTIBUST CO., 311-11 LEXINGTON AVE., BALTIMORE, MD.

WANT WORK, AT ANY RATE?

Earn $8 to $25 a week REGISTERINGephemera, etc. in en- tirely different and entirely new fields. WANTED expert re- presentatives. EQUITABLE EMPLOYMENT and ENQUIRY. WORKING OVER 1100 ENGLISH, FRANKLIN, ART-CRAFT, STUDIOS, Dept. B-3, 3900 Sheridan Ave., Chicago.

MIFFLIN ALKOHOL

A real aid to the glowing beauty that comes from a healthy body.

The external tonic

ADOLPHE MENJOU

The Life Story of

Read it in the

JULY MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

You will be astounded, thrilled, intrigued, and delighted

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
FRECKLES

That's Out
(Continued from page 39)

Two Good Actors Gone Begging

A
good examples of Hollywood's ups and downs, glance at William Desmond and Richard Travers for splendid examples. Who can forget the superb per-
formances of Desmond in his first American-
film, The Majesty of the Lone. And the
elegant work of Travers in many of the old Essanay films.

Both of these players were splendid actors and, if fortune should break favorably for
them, could easily re-establish their old-
time popularity. Unfortunately, however,
they are not getting that opportunity and
must take the best that is offered them.

More Things We'd Like to See

A
tug story without a bite in it.
A
desert film without a snake in it.
A
Russian picture without a beard in it.
A
comedy without a Ford in it.

A society drama without a flask in it.

Toys of Fate

HOLLYWOOD is the City of Ups and Downs. A year ago there was a cer-
tain well-known player who was rather up
against it. Conditions were poor and he was
broken. Luckily, he had a pal who took
him in and fed him. The pal was a
director.

Today this leading player is on top
again. No particular reason for it—just
blow him there. The director friend,
however, is broke and out of a job. So
it is his turn now to be taken in and be
fed. The actor is cheerfully doing it. He
realizes only too well that in the City of
Ups and Downs it may soon be the di-
rector's turn to swing around to the top
of the magic circle.

Subtitles That Will Never Die

"DURAND! Turn those papers or suffer the consequences."

"Let the world think what it may—I
love him."

"You cad!"

"Open the door!"

"Do what I say and you will . . . I am
your 'til eternity."

"Not guilty."

"Pay your room rent or get out."

"No matter what happens, dear, remem-
ber that I loved you."

"And only one chance left—the short
cut through the hills."

It's a Gift

ONCE upon a time we used to wonder
how directors could make pictures so
bad. After meeting some of the mega-
phone wielders in person, one wonders how
they ever achieve making them 'so good.'

A creamy deodorant that stops odor all day

Are you making the great mistake so many women make—thinking that because you are
not bothered with perspiration moisture that
you cannot offend with its unpleasant odor?

Creme Odoron does away with all trace of odor
without checking perspiration. Apply any
time or before going out. Effective for all day
or evening. Can be used as often as desired
—absolutely harmless.

Creme Odoron is delightful to use, van-
ishes instantly, and leaves the skin soft and
fragrant. Contains no grease or color and will
not stain. At all toilet counters, 25c. If un-
able to obtain from your dealer, send the
coupon and 35c for full-size tube.

RUTH MILLER,
The Odoron Company
66 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me full-size tube of
creme Odoron, for
which I enclose 25c.

Address..........................

SLENDERANKLES CAN BE YOURS

PEOPLE ADMIRE Dainty ANKLES.

Turn of your ankles... and
quickly be reduced to dainty
cane-legs with the revolutionary
Lenor Ankla Reducers.

A New Creme for Ankles
WHILE GETTING THIN

Different in reducing action from all other reducers. Slip on when you go
to bed and rise morning entirely without
rubbing. Reduces and abused ankles and
leaves your ankles as you desire. For
shiners and bruised ankles, use in the
morning or for the next day. Reduction is
quick—results evident in 24 hours. Send 93-35 for the
Lenor Ankla Reducers. Can be bought at all
department and five and ten cent stores.

Bend Ankles

10c Postage Free.

THICK ANKLES

THICK ANKLES

SOIL YOUR

APPEARANCE

Dept. 129-B, 30 L. 19th St., New York

Youth-Ami Skin Peal

A New Scientific Discovery

which painlessly and harmlessly replaces
the old skin with a new and removes all
Surface Tumors, Pimples, Blackhead
Discolorations, Taw, Freckles, Acne, Luster Pores, etc.
non-acid, non-irritating liquid. Produces a healthy skin
beautiful as a baby’s. Results astounding. Booklet “The
Magic of a New Skin” free in this sealed containers.

Youth-Ami Laboratories, Dept. DB, 39 L. 10th St., New York

High School in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified
High School Course at home, in
2 years.

AMERICAN SCHOOL

Dept. P-455 Great Ave. & 58th St.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Here is a “picture fan” monthly that is different. In its pages, the best writers novelize the plots of the latest adventure films.

Movie Monthly is thoroughly entertaining and worth while to you as a short story fan, and it is also a live guide to the pictures you would enjoy.

Dix’s Road to Fame

There is also an interesting interview with the handsome screen favorite, Richard Dix, as well as one with Gardner James, one of the most adventurous youngsters in pictures.

The Unholy Three

A stirring tale of three crooks who, in the course of their criminal activities, are the instigators of a strange romance. There is a ventriloquist's doll in the cast. A very colorful and unusual plot.

Don Daredevil

See him peering jauntily at you, as though defying you to keep him behind the bars! He is the daredevil cowboy-hero of one of the best stories on next month’s list. His audacious adventures will keep you on the tip-toe of excitement.

Straight Talk From Big Men

Are you on to the monthly interview that is featured in Movie Monthly? Jack Dempsey, Will Rogers, Tex Rickard and Big Bill Tilden have already spoken to you. Others equally important are to follow. Don’t miss these straight talks.

Ask Your Newsdealer

MOVIE MONTHLY

20 Cents at all News-stands
How Lucille Young Works Her Facial Miracles

This woman can do more for your complexion than all the things you were ever told or sold for clearing your skin and removing blemishes, lines and even wrinkles. And she gives you FREE material which will actually demonstrate her actual secret and her offer!

This message is for every woman. No matter how hopeless may appear her problem of beauty. No matter how plain—for Lucille Young was once positively homely. The results she gets seem like magic—but they are due to her method. The methods she uses go below the surface; go deeper than the superficial things so many women use; go vastly further in the actual physical improvement that follows.

Real Secrets of Beauty

Lucille Young has made a life study of beauty culture. She has gone back far as the days of the old French Courts—and has advanced her discoveries through the present discoveries of Science.

These methods of today make quick work of cultivating beauty—for they put a quick end to the conditions that cause a dull skin, eruptions, freckles, oiliness or dryness. Her methods accord with Nature. They get results that last.

A book telling you many of these methods, and giving you in each case the proper materials for their use, is free for the asking.

It is a pity every woman doesn’t know and have this book; a pity that many women still try to cultivate beauty without this clear knowledge of how to go about it.

A Marvellous Demonstration

So many claims for clearing the complexion have appeared of late years it may be difficult to believe that Lucille Young knows how to clear and beauty the duldest skin in an hour’s time. So she offers to prove it: will actually give you this secret free; will send you postpaid, and with nothing to pay, a small quantity of her latest contribution to beauty culture called Beauty Mask (Liquid). She invites you to apply a few drops of this remarkable product of Nature’s laboratory and less than an hour later your mirror will reveal the results! Beauty Mask (Liquid) is nothing like anything you have seen or used. Not a cosmetic. Not a clay. It is a pore purgative that clarifies a skin in marvelous manner.

It always works.

For instance, it can’t fail. It is Nature. The tiny tube of Beauty Mask (Liquid) is simply spread over face and features. Soon it hardens and gently activates every pore to its depth. A bit of warm water removes it—and a miraculous clarity and natural color is your reward. All the art of makeup cannot compete with this method!

But Lucille Young does not stop with the complexion, however important. She shows you other swift ways to build a beauty of face and features by figure. Her method with hair—her scientific work for beauty of features, nose, lips, eyebrows—these are a revelation to women who have never made application of thoroughly scientific methods. Her one method of coping with superfluous hair would well reward you for writing. And these things are fully explained in Making Beauty Yours—a beauty book that is valuable beyond words if you value beauty, and it is sent without cost!

Special Introduction Offer

Beauty Mask FREE
Beauty Mask (Liquid) will open your eyes to new possibilities of complexion. A tube of this remarkable mixture FREE is to demonstrate to any woman that a dull or sallow or colorless skin is today her own fault. Try this magically swift corrective and you will know why Lucille Young’s fame is growing—why the things she recommends for beauty building are the only things that thousands of women will think of using. She will positively present this trial tube of Beauty Mask (Liquid) to every woman making reasonably prompt use of this coupon!

LUCILLE YOUNG
406 Lucille Young Building, Chicago:
Please send FREE the Beauty Mask (Liquid) with instructions for use, the present tube of complex, and also the FREE book Making Beauty Yours.

Without Any Charge

Address:

SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

We want you to receive the next five big issues of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, so we offer you a five-month subscription for one dollar. Fill in the coupon and mail to us today with a one-dollar bill and we will promptly enter your subscription. Do it now.

Brewster Publications, Inc.
175 Duffield Street,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Gentlemen:

Please enter my subscription to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for the next five issues. I enclose one dollar.

Name: ___________________________

Address: _________________________

City: _____________________________

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

MAGAZINE
"Of one of the meanest things he did was to try to prejudice me against Margot Anstruther, I admire Miss Anstruther. The phenomenon is valuable not only to herself, but to me and the whole company. I advise you to stay her, "Vei, yu not?" said Abe Smitskin, the President of Superfilm. "But virst, ve must find her a picture."

"That's easy," declared Corinne. "The title of the picture will be Willo-the-Wisp. It will tell the story of the mystery of the severed hand."

In due time, the thing was done. There are few greater favorites with the public today than Margot Anstruther—in private life, Mrs. Eugene Valery.

(The End)

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

MARGOT ANSTRUTHER, a screen star, occupies one room in an old house in New York, that, jokingly, is called haunted. She gives a party to two men who are in love with her; Fred Stone, her director, and Eugene Valery, a young cameraman. She tells two of her people who have mysteriously appeared from this room, Stella Ball, a shop-girl, and an old man, Marchisoli. Later Margot in bed lights a cigarette. She drops the lighted match on the floor. As she turns to put it out, a small hand, followed by an arm, reaches out from under the bed and puts out the match. Terrified, she "phones Valery to come and they search the room—nothing! They call the police—still nothing! Next evening, however, a girl tries to sneak in thru the window. It is the amusing Stella Ball. She refuses to talk—but one arm has been amputated at the elbow. Stoner, angry at the publicity the haunted house has brought down on Margot and jealous of Valery, frees both of them from the studio. Margot forces the police to make another search, and under the carpet they find a trap-door. Prying it open, they discover a woman's hand and arm, scorched from wearing a bat. It is the hand of Stella Ball! A radium burn is the solution offered by Margot, who discovers a small capsule of radium in the clenched hand and it is proved correct when later Stella is brought from the jail and questioned. She tells that the radium, worth $200, was stolen from the Rockefeller Institute and entrusted to her by Murchison, who cut off her arm one night in a scrap ensuing when a prospective buyer called. Later, when she was released from the hospital, she returned to find the radium and was caught red-handed. The mystery of the lights on the carpet is still unsolved, however, when Margot explains that radium rays are invisible to the naked eye.

Read

The Fangs of the Leopard

next month

and compete for the prize offered for the best solution
He Had Loved Her
Best of Them All

The warmth of her youthful coloring had charmed him from the first. For that he would love her always.

She remembered it now—the evening he first told her of his love. "How beautiful you are dear" he had said "always glowing and sparkling, little maid of rosy cheeks."

Her happiness had been beyond words. It was late that evening when he left; she had glanced hastily into the mirror and from its depths, a reflection of PERT rosiness greeted her. How glad she was that she had been using PERT Rouge! Whether dancing, motoring, shopping or swimming, PERT once applied, was on to stay. Yet it would vanish at the touch of cold cream or soap.

There are now two kinds of PERT Rouge to use. One of greaseless cold cream base, patted into the skin first, assures perfect adherence. After powdering, to intensify the rosy coloring, use Pert Compact Rouge. One may be applied without the other, of course. Both are waterproof.

For a white skin we recommend light orange cream Pert (changes to pink on the skin) and blush tint Compact.

For a medium skin, dark orange cream Pert and blush tint Compact.

For an olive skin, rose shade cream Pert and rose Compact.

Pert waterproof Lipstick to match. Rouge and Lipstick, 75c.

Mail the coupon today with 12c for a generous sample of Pert Cream Rouge.

ROSS COMPANY
242 West 17th Street  New York

---

Fortune Telling Globe! The GENUINE CRYSTAL ORACLE


Contains several cards and instructions.

$2.45

Universal Scenario Corporation
260 Security Bldg., Santa Monica and Western Ave., Hollywood, California

 Publishers Popular Scenario Writer

#---

No More Fat; Wash It Away
With La-Mar Reducing Soap

New Discovery Brings Quick and Amazing Results and Shrinks the Skin, Keeping It Free From Telltale Wrinkles

What will reduce me and make me thin? Science answers this question with La-Mar Reducing Soap, a new discovery that reduces any part of the body without affecting other parts. Nothing internal to take. No dieting or exercises. You simply wash your fat away, without changing your regular routine. It acts like magic in reducing double chin, abdomen, unsightly ankles, fat wrists, arms, shoulders, large breasts or superfluous flesh on any part of the body.

Fat is a needless burden, over-taxing the heart, causing high blood pressure and hardening of the arteries. And who ever saw a double chin that was beautiful or excessive fat that was becoming? Fat is fatal alike to beauty and to health. La-Mar Reducing soap washes it away and shrinks the skin, leaving it free from flabbiness and telltale wrinkles. Sold direct to you by mail, postpaid on a money-back guarantee. Price 50c a cake or three cakes for $1.00—enough usually to accomplish its purpose. Order today and begin to reduce. You will be surprised at the results.

LA-MAR LABORATORIES
509 P Perry-Payne Building, Cleveland, Ohio

---

My Life Story

(Continued from page 42)

a baby carriage proudly beside his wife.

I have only been in love three times in my life. That was the first time. The second, I realized when S. Rankin Drew, son of the late Mr. Sidney Drew, and myself, were engaged, that he was the right one for me in his aviator's uniform and started off for France at the beginning of the war. We were not engaged, but I think we might have been if he had come back.

When I was eighteen I came down with the first illness of my life, typhoid fever. We were making The Girl, Phillippa. It was midsummer and, unless the picture was finished before the leaves fell, the company would lose all the work already done on it. They gave me three weeks to have typhoid in, and then sent around word that the leaves were beginning to float down and I'd better get back to the studio. By keeping my head soaked in oil, the doctor and my mother had managed to save my hair, but the Phillippa in the first part of the picture was a husky and plump young woman, in the last scene she was thin and drawn-looking in spite of padding. Still we finished it, leaves and all. And then I proceeded to have nervous prostration.

I mention that as an excuse for my subsequent folly. All my life I had pictured myself as a bride; as a child I had dressed in the parlor window-curtains and played wedding, in later years I had planned to be married in white satin and seed pearls, with half a dozen bridesmaids. And then, for no reason at all, I eloped.

The man I married was a Mr. Cameron, a Broadway actor, graduate of Boston Tech, an officer during the war. I had been introduced to him over at Vitagraph and had played with him in several pictures. There wasn't the slightest reason for secrecy, but I kept my news so well that it was six months before anyone knew that I had a husband. Then Vitagraph sued me for breach of contract, and on the witness stand the lawyer asked pertinently, "Married?" and I gasped "yes!"

Louis Myers paid Vitagraph a huge sum...
to release me and had me come to Hollywood to make pictures for him. For four years I worked there, acquired four thousand acres of oil land (and if there's no oil, there is at least four thousand acres of climate), bought a house much too big and splendid to live in comfortably, and worked harder than ever before.

There was need to work now to keep up with the breathless pace of the pictures, to hold my place among the hundreds of newcomers who were after it. It was comparatively easy to become a picture actress in the old days—especially if one happened to live near a studio. Now the territory from the four corners of the earth come out here, the cleverest stage actresses are trying for the films; and little schoolgirls who give up schoolchill at the end of a freshman year to become movie stars have far less chance than I had.

During this time my hasty marriage had been followed by leisurely repentance. It wasn't that we had any real fault to find, or didn't care for each other. We did, and still do, I think—though we have been separated for seven years now. But we quarreled continually over the most senseless things. One of our favorite arguments was whether the children that we didn't intend to have (we were both too hard at work for babies) should be brought up as Catholics, like my husband, or as Protestants! Perhaps our trouble was that we were too much youth, perhaps actresses cannot combine their careers successfully with home life.

I knew if I should ever marry again I would not try to do both. I would give up the pictures and live quietly—very quietly, I think. If I ever do marry again, my husband will be older than I am—and wiser.

I have retired. For a year and a half after my contract had expired I lived in New York and tried to get back to my music and learn to live simply and think sanely after the wild whirl of my ten years in pictures. I had offers to go back on the screen, but I made up my mind to wait for the one I wanted, the one that would mean growth, and opportunity and not just money. For I have never squandered my money and have invested it so well, that now I shall never again have to do a thing for that reason I hope.

I knew that people were saying, "Anita Stewart is done. Gone at last—finished." But I wasn't afraid. I knew somehow that my life was only just beginning the pictures I am making now confirm my faith. Never the Twain Shall Meet is a good picture if I do say so, who shouldn't—as we say in the country. Sid Grauman, maestro of our movie palace in Hollywood, told me the other day, that he had seen it at a preview and that, when he sat thru a picture at two in the morning, it proved what he thought of it!

I own two houses out there, but I live in a small apartment. I could never learn to live wealthy with many servants to manage, elaborate menus to plan and a big house to run. I will not let things tyrannize over me and tie me down.

Luck has been with me all the way—so far as my life hadn't moved to Hollywood, if my sister hadn't married into the movies, if I hadn't been a High School girl to-day; to-day—well, who knows? Instead of being a movie star now, I might have been "amounted to something"!

It's a queer thing, but, in spite of all that these years have brought me, that phrase from a prim little school teacher's letter still stinks!
DIAMONDS
Watches
Jewelry
10 MONTHS TO PAY

Pay only $2.00 down after inspection and balance in ten monthly payments. Dealing confidential. No rate or delay. Money back guarantee with each purchase. Ten days free trial. Send trial order.

VIOLA DANA

The hands show a highly inspirational nature, very impulsive, frank and outspoken.

Miss Dana's face is well proportioned, indicating a nature so restless that she finds it difficult, at times, to know what she likes to do best. Such people usually find it hard to concentrate upon one thing and are frequently restless and dissatisfied without knowing why.

In summarizing her character, Viola Dana is an active, restless person, fond of out-of-door sports, dancing and music. She is very versatile and has a vivid imagination and a keen sense of the dramatic.

JAMES KIRKWOOD

enthusiasm and dignity. The lower lip denotes a patriotic nature, with a great love of his own people and a well-developed paternal sense. He is born under a love of animals.

The mouth proves him to be a very kind, charitable, sympathetic person, who is ever ready to help the unfortunate. He has no hand at all, will not say, will say, great independence and a splendid sense of the dramatic.

Mr. Kirkwood is a kind man with high ideals, keen sense of humor, well-developed mentality and good ability to plan and organize. He is too conscientious for his own good.

Mr. Kirkwood is a splendid actor, but he should be using his executive faculties. He would make a wonderful director, and I have a feeling that, one of these days, we will hear of big things in this line.

AILEN PRINGLE

Back of the hair-line, there is the fulness which is the sign of a good conversationist with a ready gift of speech. She likes good things to eat and drink and is a very good judge of foods.

The hands indicate a frank, outspoken nature and an interest in the occult and the unusual.

In summarizing her character, Aileen Pringle is of a nervous temperament and has more nervous energy than physical strength. She cares for few people, but is very fond of the telling of stories.

She is highly emotional and has a fine sense of the dramatic.

RAMON NOVARRO

own people. He would make many sacrificies for his own and is inclined to be clannish. Here, too, is shown pride, strong desires and ainite intense.

The chin denotes great love of the beautiful. It indicates persistency and an attraction for the feminine sex. The jaw line shows independence of thought, plenty of endurance and love of freedom of thought and action for himself and for others.

The cheeks show good recuperative power, and indicate an industrious, intense, ambitious character.

The hands prove him to be of a highly inspirational nature with a great love of the beautiful. He is artistic, romantic, impulsive and sensitive and feels things deeply. He is ambitious and wants to do great things, but would be greatly interested in the occult, in mysticism, and things unusual. He has decided dramatic ability and is certain to be a very successful man.

Facts That I Can Read in the Faces of the Film Stars

(Continued from pages 70 and 71)

Are You 30
But Look 50?

This is a direct offer to stop falling bald and losing hair.

Such people have been made before—but note this fact well—this offer is backed with a written guarantee of results or money refunded.

First: You must know that hair grows from a bulb—not from a root. When the hair bulb is biologically destroying, the hair results—eventually baldness. But the hair bulb, though it looks dead, is not destroyed. It is only dead in winter. Revive them and the hair grows properly.

A new method of treating the scalp now offers to those who have a flow of hair—results. It does this by simultaneously combining 65% of all hair bath inurer in dose, which its remarkable success.

This treatment is not a mere tonic. The principle is new, scientifically correct. Leading specialists are now advocating the theory. And the basis of the treatment will astonish you. One application a week is all that is needed for most hair troubles. It leaves no odor—be gentle.

We urge you to test this new treatment. Do so at our risk. If it fails it costs you nothing. A written guarantee in every package. It is now at 50% OFF.* SCALP TREATMENT at your dealers or write us direct.

FREE BOOKLET
Write for free booklet on
Hair and Scalp
SAN FRANCISCO
606 Sanitas Bldg.
33 Keap St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

BE POPULAR
Entertain your friends by playing 30 sets of chords on the piano in 30 different keys. No knowledge of music required. The BUSH ONE SCALER will teach you how in 30 minutes. Only $5.00 postage prepaid. Send today to: Carrie Woods Bush, Dept. M. P. 6437 Sunset Blvd.

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

How to Speak and Write Good English

Everybody wants to speak and write good English, but few have the time, the patience, or the interest to learn how. "How to Speak and Write Good English" shows you how to improve your English in 10 minutes a day. Ability to read, to speak, to write good English is a badge of honor. The American School of English is the largest English language school in America. Address: American School of English, 213 W. Wmap Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

Be Sure to Buy June
20 cents—At All Newsstands

EUGENE V. BREWER was the pioneer publisher of Motion Picture magazines. He began in 1910. The first ever published in the world was the Motion Picture Magazine. It recently celebrated its fourteenth birthday. Now it is bigger and better than ever, full of beautiful pictures, news, gossip and stories of the players. The Answer Man department alone is worth the price of the whole magazine—bright, witty, sparkling and full of facts that you want to know. And it contains the facts that are interesting to everybody, the latest being one for the best criticisms of Motion Picture plays that you have seen at your theater. The price is $2.50 a year, or 25c. a copy. Ask your news dealer for a copy.
French Women Have Solved the Problem of Unpleasant Body Odors and Perspiration

—No Paste, Salve or Lotion

"BON ODOUR" is absolutely indispensible to the woman who cares to appear at her best at all times," says the chic Parisienne—and who better than she to know what to do to attract and retain admiration? She has found out long ago, that to conquer and please, one must always be free from perspiration and disagreeable odors, which destroy all feminine charm.

"BON ODOUR" has taken Paris by storm. French women acknowledge it as the ideal deodorant. Most advanced beauty parlors now use it, all fashionables can be found on the finest lingerie or silk garments with "BON ODOUR" on their arms. Aristocrats, society women, business girls, and men themselves declare that at the Egyptian Perfume Factory in Paris, BON ODOUR has been in use. "BON ODOUR" eliminates all excess perspiration and stops without causing the pores or causing faulty sores or lumps. It is recommended for values as well as crowns.

"BON ODOUR" is a product entirely new and different from any known deodorant—not only does it relieve perspiration and unpleasant odors but it also gives the skin a clear, smooth appearance and keeps it free from blemishes and eruptions, which will quickly heal them. It possesses so many wonderful anti-aging qualities that a discerning beauty-loving woman, when and where to use "BON ODOUR" has been known to prove that certain changes of appearance should have it in her possession.

**SPECIAL OFFER NO. 7**

$2.00 Value for $1.49

To introduce our latest creation, twenty full size boxes, which sell for $1.00 per box will be sold at $1.49 for 2.00. A Postal Branded Free Offer. THIS COUPON IS ENCLOSED. This offer will not be honored by druggists who sell "BON ODOUR" at the regular price of $1.00 per box. For your future needs buy by your druggist; if he is not of "BON ODOUR" he can get it from his wholesaler.

**FREE** A CLEAR-TONE DEM. —Telling how I HAD MY FREEDOM. —Men's edition E.G. GIVENS, 121 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

**PIMPLES**

Your Skin Can Be Quickly Cured of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne, Rosacea, Acne Eczema, Enlarged Pores and Oily or Shiny Skin.

**FREE** "A CLEAR-TONE DEM."—Telling how I HAD MY FREEDOM. —Men's edition E.G. GIVENS, 121 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

**PIANO JAZZ**

By Keith in Jazz. Written to appeal to all walks of life. Adult beginners taught by mail. No teacher required. Fully illustrated Partition. Lessons in 86, 64, 32 and 16 Syllable Series of Piano, 168 Syllable Series of Accords, Blues, Blue Harmony, Happy Days, Slow Waltz, Samba, Children's Dance, Cafe Jazz, Dixieland, Olive Breaks, Slow Waltzes, Six Steps, Triple Bass, Waltz Harmony, Blues Overture, and 217 other Subjects, Including Ear Playing, 133 pages of Real Jazz, 25,000 sold. For trial send FREE Special Offer.

Waterman Piano School, 1003 W. Adams St., Los Angeles, California.

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 102)

PETER PAN; EDDIE; CAVE MAN; LARRY; LILLIAN GISH FAN; DOLLY DIMPLES; E. C. D.; RUTH R.; MILDRED L.; FRANK R.; GOGO COLA; KATHERINE P.; MISAS K. M.; BOBBIE; MARJORIE K.; AGNES L. R.; CHARLES P.; VALDEZ; HELEN T.; KATHY S.; HELEN S.; PAT O'M.; BONNIE; FRANCES W.; BILLIE; HENRY BOY; ELLEN OF BEVERLY; EUNICE N.; SUNNY JIM, and ELIZABETH R.—Step aside, ladies and gentlemen, and make room for those who have asked questions that have not been answered before. Like Shakespeare, I never repeat. But don't forget to call again—I miss you if you don't.

H. E. E.—So you want to start a Kathryn Williams Correspondence Club. Very good, and I hope you write and get her consent. Just address her at Famous Players, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, California, and tell her you are going to start a club. She has been long in the service and should be honored. Raymond McKee at the Mack Sennett Studios, 1712 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles, Cal. E. M. K.—Here, here, you want to know how the face in the moon is formed and you want to know how the milky way is formed in the heavens. Well, I cannot tell you about the heavenly stars—only the movie stars, whether they are heavenly or otherwise. William Duncan is with Universal.

CARMELA.—There, there, little one, don't cry; you see, here is a nice long answer for you. Ren Lyon isn't married. He is twenty-four, five feet eleven, and has blue eyes and brown hair. No, I have no valet. I can dress myself, just like all great men. Even Washington had no valet—except Valley Forge.

JOAN E. B.—I forwarded the letter as requested. Of course, Huntly Gordon is playing; his next picture will be My Wife and I, with Irene Rich. Alberta Vaughn is twenty-one.

MISS BALTIMORE.—You ask me why it is that you cannot stop it from rising early in the morning. Perhaps it is modesty—perhaps you don't like to dress before the sun. Of course, you don't wear undressed kids, and you don't use pink roses. Yes, yes, modesty is the brightest jewel in all the crown of womanhood, but I fear it is a lost art. Yes, Alice Terry's family name was Grace, and I don't say whether her father was from Baltimore. Percy Marmon is married, but Violent Heming isn't. No, Marguerite Clark has no children.

WHITE SISTER.—So you want a picture of Lilian Gish on the cover. You know she was on the April, 1923, Magazine, but she is certainly due for another.

CONSTANCE C.—You say since your name appeared in these columns announcing the Norma Talmadge Correspondence Club, you have been swamped with letters from the fans thinking you were a player. Anyone wishing to join the above-mentioned club may do so by writing to Constance Riger, 14207 Northfield Street, E. Cleveland, Ohio, and you may appreciate the Answer Man's mail.

LOUIS M., AMSTERDAM.—Yes, I remember the first Rex Beach Spillers very well. It made its appearance at the opening of The Magic Charm of Lovely Hands

The way to a man's heart is often through soft, beautiful, well-kept hands. Nothing is more pleasing to the masculine eye; nothing speaks more eloquently of culture and refinement—and now, thanks to Glazo, nothing is easier to attain. Instead of long, tedious buffing, you simply touch each nail with this splendid liquid polish, wait a few seconds for it to dry—and there you are, with the lustreous shell-pink nails that fashion demands! Glazo spreads evenly, does not crack or peel, is not marred by soap and water, and needs renewing only once a week.

Separate Remover Means Perfect Results

Gazo is the original Liquid Polish. It comes complete with separate remover, which not only insures better results but prevents the waste that occurs when the Polish itself is used as a remover.

Stop at your favorite toilet goods counter today and get the Glazo package. It will mean lovely nails always, with the minimum of exertion and expense. 50c at all counters.

GLAZO

Nails Stay Polished Longer—No Buffing Necessary

Try GLAZO Cuticle Massage Cream

It shapes the cuticle and keeps it even and healthy.

For trial size complete GLAZO Manicuring Outfit, write name and address in margin, tear off and mail with 10c to

The Glazo Co., 23 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, O.
“Slander at Last!
How Wonderful it Feels”

PROFESSORS in society, business, and the
theatre, give unqualified praise to Dr. R. Lincoln
Graham's prescription, NEUTROIDS, for skin re-
duction. "Slander at Last! How wonderful it feels!
write hundreds of grateful women.

Dr. Graham has more than 2,000 letters on file at his
headquarters, proving that without the annoy-
ment of shaving, it is now possible to regain and
retain the smoothness and vitality of youth.

Dr. Graham's Prescription is Harmless
Neutroids, the prescription developed by Dr.
Graham, contains a special vitamin that re-
builds the yeast cells in your stomach. This
means your food to turn into fine tissues
instead of fat. Neutroids have the opposite
effect of yeast cakes and preparations by people
who try to gain flesh. They
be-
lieve that bleached feeling, impu-
sity, and weakness is the result
of weak blood pressure; Neutroids give
you to your desired weight.

Dr. R. Lincoln Graham promises and guarantees to
harmless

Personal Consultation Without Charge

Dr. Graham will personally call on you to have your case personally
examined by his sanitarian, or write him for professional advice.

This offer is open to all who order Neutroids, using the coupon below

Written Guarantee Eliminates Risk

Dr. R. Lincoln Graham guarantees Ne-

WANTED—Travel, Experience uncer-

HEMSTITCHING AND PICOTING

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

MUSIC

Sacrifice, very large stock musical instru-
ments, 110-page catalog. 10c. Play jazz, be pop-
ular. Easy instruction book. Beautiful 5-minute
popular song (arranged): play immediately; price
$1.00, Wimp School, Dept. 25, 2117 Roseglen,
Buenos Aires, N.Y.

NEWSPAPER BUSINESS

Earn $25 weekly spare time, writing for news-
papers, magazines, Experience unnecessary. Copy-
right book free. Press Syndicate, 566, St. Louis, Mo.

32, 67 L. W. Building, Binghamton, N. Y.

WANTED—Agents

Why not sell us your spare time? $2 an hour, $15.70 daily for full time, introducing new
style, ready mail entertaining service and 37 cents un-
capital or experience required. Just write or
deliver. PAY YOUR TAKINGS DAILY, also monthly bonus. Free auto offer besides. El-

er school furnished. All writers, crm-

Theatre, 5226 E. 56th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

MAIL ORDER METHODS

$50 A WEEK EVENINGS HOME. I made it
with small mail order business started with
$3. Booklet free: Sample and plan 25 cents per
month. One dozen Articles free. I trust you
for $3.00. Alva Scott, Coxboro, N. Y.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED

PARAMOUNT—Manuscripts typed, revised, sold
without expense. Hadley Cooperative League,
Woodland Ave., Morningside, N. Y.

335.00 Profit Night—Small capital starts you.
No experience needed. Our machines are used and en-
dorsed by government bureaus. Catalog free. Motion
Moving Pictures Co., Morton Blvd., Chicago.

PUBLICATIONS

Cash $25 weekly spare time, writing for news-
papers, magazines, Experience unnecessary. Copy-
right book free. Press Syndicate, 566, St. Louis, Mo.

32, 67 L. W. Building, Binghamton, N. Y.

WANTED—Agents

Why not sell us your spare time? $2 an hour,
$15.70 daily for full time, introducing new
style, ready mail entertaining service and 37 cents
un-
capital or experience required. Just write or
deliver. PAY YOUR TAKINGS DAILY, also monthly bonus. Free auto offer besides. El-

er school furnished. All writers, crm-

Theatre, 5226 E. 56th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

MAIL ORDER METHODS

$50 A WEEK EVENINGS HOME. I made it
with small mail order business started with
$3. Booklet free: Sample and plan 25 cents per
month. One dozen Articles free. I trust you
for $3.00. Alva Scott, Coxboro, N. Y.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED

PARAMOUNT—Manuscripts typed, revised, sold
without expense. Hadley Cooperative League,
Woodland Ave., Morningside, N. Y.

335.00 Profit Night—Small capital starts you.
No experience needed. Our machines are used and en-
dorsed by government bureaus. Catalog free. Motion
Moving Pictures Co., Morton Blvd., Chicago.

PUBLICATIONS

Cash $25 weekly spare time, writing for news-
papers, magazines, Experience unnecessary. Copy-
right book free. Press Syndicate, 566, St. Louis, Mo.

32, 67 L. W. Building, Binghamton, N. Y.

WANTED—Agents

Why not sell us your spare time? $2 an hour,
$15.70 daily for full time, introducing new
style, ready mail entertaining service and 37 cents
un-
capital or experience required. Just write or
deliver. PAY YOUR TAKINGS DAILY, also monthly bonus. Free auto offer besides. El-

er school furnished. All writers, crm-

Theatre, 5226 E. 56th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

MAIL ORDER METHODS

$50 A WEEK EVENINGS HOME. I made it
with small mail order business started with
$3. Booklet free: Sample and plan 25 cents per
month. One dozen Articles free. I trust you
for $3.00. Alva Scott, Coxboro, N. Y.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED

PARAMOUNT—Manuscripts typed, revised, sold
without expense. Hadley Cooperative League,
Woodland Ave., Morningside, N. Y.

335.00 Profit Night—Small capital starts you.
No experience needed. Our machines are used and en-
dorsed by government bureaus. Catalog free. Motion
Moving Pictures Co., Morton Blvd., Chicago.

PUBLICATIONS

Cash $25 weekly spare time, writing for news-
papers, magazines, Experience unnecessary. Copy-
right book free. Press Syndicate, 566, St. Louis, Mo.
Just My Age

My aids to youth, which made the difference, are at your command

By Edna Wallace Hopper

The lady whose photograph I print with mine is about my age. But I had the advantage of scientific aids.

From early girlhood I have searched the world to get them. I spent in all nine years in France. Those helps made me a famous beauty. Now, at this lady's age, I retain my contours, my complexion. My hair is as fine and colorful as 40 years ago. I look like a girl, and live and play a girlish part today.

Now I offer those same helps to all who wish to use them. Toilet counters everywhere supply them. And any girl or woman who asks me will receive a trial free. They form, I believe, the greatest beauty aids in existence.

My Youth Cream

Is a remarkable creation, combining many factors. 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. I use it as a night cream, also daytime as a powder base. Never is my skin without it. My velvet complexion shows what that cream can do. The cost is 80c per jar. Also in 5c tubes.

White Youth Clay

A new-type clay, white, refined and dainty. Vastly different from the crude and muddy clays so many have employed.

Movie Acting!

A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are adapted to this work? Send 10c for our Twelve-Hour Talent Tester or Key to Movie Acting Aptitude, and find whether or not you are suited to take up Movie Acting. A novel, instructive and valuable work. Send dime or stamps today. A large, interesting illustrated booklet on Movie Acting included FREE!

Marvel Silver Cleaning Process

Is now proving more than one million dollars a year in sales at a premium. A magnificent invention. Permanently cleans, etches, polishes and refinishes silver and silver plate. Lasts for years, makes old silver as fine as new, and will save yourargent. A new invention in silver cleaning. The price is 75c.

The New Freely-Lathering Cuticura

Shaving Stick

For Tender Faces

ENOLIENT MEDICINAL ANTI SCEPTIC

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Losing 39 lbs. In 6 Weeks Was Easy

Had Mrs. Betty Clarkson been told that in less than 6 weeks she could lose 39 lbs., she would have smiled incredulously, and then pointed to her 162 pounds as a pretty good reason for her doubt. She had tried about everything. To stand just 5 ft. 2 in. and weigh 162 lbs. made Mrs. Clarkson, as she puts it, "the despair of friends and dressmakers." Her story is interesting, for there are thousands today who have the same problem she has so happily solved, and who now have the same opportunity for free proof.

"I was so fat that I had to look in a mirror. I was the despair of friends and dressmakers. I tried about everything to lose weight, without success, when a friend urged me to try the Wallace records. I really did it to please her, and as she told me the first lesson was free, I figured I had nothing to lose. I sent for the lesson—it came, everything free. Imagine my joy when the scales showed me 4 lbs. lighter the first week. At an incredibly low price I got all the lessons, and in just 6 weeks I lost 39 lbs. to music, nothing else.

Now I am slender, wear modest gowns, look and feel better than ever, and Mr. Wallace, I owe it all to you. What I have done others can do, and the lessons aren't 'work,' they're 'just fun.'"

Wallace's Free Offer

For those who doubt and wish to test at home, Wallace has set aside a thousand first lessons, records and all, which he will gladly mail for a free trial, if you will send name and address. There's nothing to pay—no postage—no deposit. He wants you to prove for yourself that you can reduce, just as Mrs. Clarkson and thousands of others have done.

Wallace, 639 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, III. $66

Flawless, free and postpaid, for a week's free trial, the Original Wallace Reducing Record with all instructions. This trial is not to cost me one cent.

Name..........................................................
Address..........................................................
That this trial is free—nothing whatever to pay.

FREE! HAIR CARE

Wonderful Treasure on the Human Hair sent free on request. Tells how to have strong, lustrous hair, best dandruff, every scalp troubles, falling hair. Write Today.

U.S. OIL PRODUCTS CO.

Why Do Women Adore Valentino?

DO THEY LOVE HIM BECAUSE HE IS:

Distinguished, poised, cultured, kind, dignified, fair, painstaking, clever, industrious?

OR IS IT BECAUSE HE IS:

Romantic, dark, mysterious, strong, masterful, virile, sophisticated, young, intriguing?

The Kid Who "Sassed" Lubitsch

What do you suppose happened when little Clara Bow made a face at Lubitsch, her director? First he flushed scarlet; muttered that she was a fresh kid. Then he made her a star. But it wasn't all easy going. "He's taken me down a peg," Clara says, "but I've learned more from him than I ever knew before."

She Has Seven Rivals in Love

Betty Compson Pola Negri
Norma Talmadge Madge Bellamy
Anna Q. Nilsson Constance Talmadge
Barbara La Marr

Doris May tells how she holds her husband, Wallace MacDonald, in spite of the charms of these stars who love and are loved by him daily at the studios.

Read These and Other Features in JUNE

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC
At All News-stands
The Prize Winners

Here are the lucky three who won the limnerick contest in the April number. The contest is still going strong, remember, and there's a chance for everybody to win a prize. Keep at it! This month's limnericks will be found on page 80.

A young star named Dorothy Gish, Being bored with her roles, made a wish, That she'd out-vamp by far, Nooli, Pringle, La Marr— Said hubby: "Poor fish! What ambish!" —Grace Wilkins, New York City.

You know that young screen star, Ben Lyon, Who blew his fortune just tryin', Who is such a dear boy, And the flappers' great joy— But, ladies, no diamonds he's buyin'. —Clara Waterfield, Salisbury, Md.

If you could look like Colleen Moore And have all her pep and allure, Would you try to be queen And reign on the screen?— Being just a mere man, I'm not sure. —J. Thomas, Des Moines, Iowa.

A Guide to 150 Current Pictures
(Continued from page 7)

school-teacher. She also brings him love in the personality of a former pupil. It is a fine adaptation, rich in sentiment and scenery. And competently acted, too. (Priscilla)

Redeeming Sin. The—Treats of regeneration of an apostate in the low, underworld, presented in a truthful Kiki-like style by Nazimova. The usual plot. An aristocrat goes slumming and steals her heart—which brings vengeance from the apostate lover. He steals from the church—but finds redemption. Well done. (Vignette)

Red Lily. The—A sordid, brutal realistic story this one. It tells a plot of the Paris underworld with two sweethearts climbing out of the murky atmosphere. The picture was developed in the Paris atmosphere, but many unpleasant touches. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Revelation. This was made once before with Nazimova as the star. She is succeeded by Viola Dana who depicts the spiritual significance to story. A picture of redemption. Should have carried more of the Nazimova-Goldwyn-Mayer-Golden type. (Goldwyn)

Riders of the Purple Sage. Tom Mix has put aside his semi-humorous roles, temporarily, at least, and rides Tony in a pursuit of Western bandits who steal horses (the bandits). It is a Jane Grey story, beautifully mounted—and packed with action. Mix is a Texas ranger. Bill Parham stars in the same story some years ago. (Faz)

Roasting Rails. Good, old primitive melodrama is served up here—one exploiting a locomotive engineer and his adopted child. Covers familiar ground, but always compels the interest thru its physical action and heart appeal. Some thrills. Harry Carey is the engineer—Frankie Darro, the adopted boy. (Producers Distributing Corp.)

Romance Ranch. Just an ordinary Western tacked around the lost will which is located in time to the largest Post Office in the world. The Post Office is the act, the romantic interest, and the beautiful setting. (M-G-M)

Roughneck. The—That faithful device—the strong, silent individualism of his mother after scenes are exploited showing his triumph against tremendous odds. Traveling thru the Northwest front of France during World War I, Federation action and bicept melodrama. Well interpreted by George O'Brien in the leading role. (F-A-C-A)

Saddle Hawk. The—A fair-to-middlin' Western. The plot concerns a buffalo hunter who affords the actor plenty of hard fits and quick squawers from the treacherous fingers of Nature—A young pretty girl conquers the heart of Hoot. Good incident makes it gripping. (Palladium)

Sainted Devil. A—Rudolph Valentino has another romantic drama in this colorful production. It is al- most in lavish settings, gorgeous costumes and exquisite photographic effects. The star plays a dashing young noble of the Argentine who rescues a heroine to distress after believing her faithless. Not too "Beauteous"—but satisfactory in its appeal. (Paramount)

The Marcella Home Hair-Waving Set

By special arrangement women can now have a genuine Marcella Home-Waving Outfit at purely nominal cost. This simple home outfit produces the same gratifying coiffure as at the most expert dresser—and all without use of dangerous curling irons, chemicals or curling fluids.

THAT LAST, women of America have the very latest and most popular styles of genuine Marcella waves that present-day fashions call for—and all at only a few cents' cost. Even before the days of bobbed hair, fastidious women were compelled to employ, at considerable expense and waste of time, the weekly services of professional hairdressers. But a few years ago the Marcella Home Hair-Waving Outfit ready for distribution in this country—women can have their hair beautifully waved and dressed in the most becoming style at all times. With the genuine Marcella Outfit you can dress your hair in your own boudoir easily and quickly and get the most gratifying results as an expert hair-dresser.

Wonderful Results for Any Type or Style
Regardless of which style or wave you like, the latest and most popular is uncommonly simple to accomplish. (F-A-C-A)

Approved by Marinello and Good Housekeeping

The Magnetic Hair Wavers are so effective in producing beautiful soft wave curls (or ringlet curls) which they have been approved by the famous Marinello Institute and Good Housekeeping.

The last word of beauty in hair. The Marcella Home-Waving Outfit is the only one that can be bought at any price. It is a genuine beauty pudding that every woman should try. (F-A-C-A)

STILL FREE TO ORDER

FURTHER OFFER—You may have a complete outfit for free simply deposit $1.95 (plus few postage) in your post-office box. Then give this amazing coiffure every test. If you are not more than pleased with the splendid results obtained, your deposit will be refunded in full.

Waves of your choice, always best, simply order the size you want. No risk. Satisfaction guaranteed. All sizes and styles. No deposit will be refused. Life-like beauty. (M-G-M)

For Sale—Marcella caption. Made of special wool material, keeps your hair looking as if you were dressed for a special occasion.

Combination Wave and Curls
Beautiful soft wave with light curls around edges.

Cross or Circle Wave
The very latest Marcella cross or circle wave that last much longer than ordinary waves.

Marianella Home-Hair-Waving Outfit

Hairs for only $1.95 COMPLETE

127 PAGE 127
SALE: Of the Tenements—The love story of a Jewish family in a New York slum. (Paramount)

Salome of the Tenements—The love story of a Jewish family in a New York slum. (Paramount)

Scarcity of the Tenements—A story of a Jewish family in a New York slum. (MGM)

Self-Made Men—A story of a Jewish family in a New York slum. (MGM)

Seven Chances—A story of a Jewish family in a New York slum. (MGM)

Side Shows—A story of a Jewish family in a New York slum. (MGM)

Silent Watcher, The—A story of a Jewish family in a New York slum. (MGM)

Sinner Shall Return—A story of a Jewish family in a New York slum. (MGM)

Sudden—An historical drama of a Jewish family in a New York slum. (MGM)

Tarnish—A story of a Jewish family in a New York slum. (MGM)

Tess of the D’Urbervilles—A story of a Jewish family in a New York slum. (MGM)

The Woman on the Jury—A story of a Jewish family in a New York slum. (MGM)

Winners Without Warning—A story of a Jewish family in a New York slum. (MGM)

Worldly Goods—A story of a Jewish family in a New York slum. (MGM)

They’re Mad At Nita Naldi!

Nita said, in the March number of this magazine, that no blonde actress could ever be a successful vampire. Presto! Six screen stars, blonde and very successful in vampire roles, wrote to us defending their "color," and next month you can read what they have to say about it.
Do You Know That
YOUR OPINION
May Be Worth
THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS

What do you think of the motion pictures you have seen? Did you like one better than another? WHY DID YOU LIKE IT BETTER? Because of the story? Or the direction? Or the setting? Or the cast? COULD IT HAVE BEEN MADE BETTER? What were its flaws? How could it have been improved?

We want you to write about these pictures to us. We want to help you to become CRITICS and to reward those who are most successful.

We Have 105 CASH PRIZES and MEDALS for You
$2500.00 in All

The Grand Prize........................................ $1,000.00
1st honor, a gold medal and.............................. 100.00
2nd honor, a silver medal and.............................. 75.00
3rd honor, a bronze medal and............................. 50.00
4th honor.................................................. 25.00
50 prizes of $10.00 each..................................... 500.00
50 prizes of $5.00 each..................................... 250.00
Medals to contestants and stars.......................... 500.00

And Don't You Want to Give a Medal to Your Favorite Star?

We want you to present a medal to your favorite actor and actress—"from the readers of Brewster Publications"—and at our expense! These medals will be emblematic of their popularity. In addition an issue of Motion Picture Classic will be dedicated to the most popular Motion Picture Actor and an issue of Motion Picture Classic will be dedicated to the most popular Motion Picture Actress and an issue of Motion Picture Classic will be dedicated to the most popular Motion Picture Actor.

Eugene V. Brewster, Editor-in-Chief and President of our Company, has written a little book entitled "How to Criticize a Picture." In it are twenty-eight charts for twenty-eight Motion Picture Reviews, with blanks to be filled in by you. This book will be very helpful to you, altho it is not necessary for you to have one for the contest. We will be glad to mail one of these books to you for ten cents in cash or stamps. Six books for fifty cents.

There is no entrance fee to the contest. Anybody may compete—except employees of Brewster Publications and their families or professional writers. The judges will be a competent board of editors presided over by Mr. Eugene V. Brewster.

Rules

1. Write a criticism, not more than 250 words, of any picture you have seen. Also vote for your favorite stars.
2. Sign your name and address at the bottom of the page.
3. Send in any number of "opinions" either in one envelope or separately.
4. No entries will be returned, and we reserve the right to publish any we receive whether it wins a prize or not.
5. This contest will run for six months.
6. For every book, "How to Criticize a Picture," sent in completely filled out with twenty-eight criticisms, we agree to mail to the sender an other copy of the book, free. All favorable ratings of players in the books will count as votes. These books shall not be entered as prize criticisms. However, each of these criticisms will count as a bullet in favor of the players mentioned.
7. The best criticisms of pictures will be decided by the judges, but the Motion Picture Actor and Actor receiving the greatest number of votes will be declared the most popular.
8. During the contest Motion Picture Magazine and Motion Picture Classic will print each month some of the criticisms received.
9. The picture that is the subject of the "Opinion" winning the first prize will be fictionalized in Movie Monthly, if permission can be obtained.

Address: "Your Opinion" Editor, BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC.
175 DUFFIELD STREET BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Falling Hair Stopped—New Hair Grown In 30 Days—
Or No Cost!

By ALOIS MERKE
Founder of Famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York

SAVE yourself from baldness! No matter how fast your hair is falling out—no matter how little of it is now left—no matter how many treatments you have tried without results—I have perfected a new scientific system that I absolutely guarantee will give you a new head of hair in 30 days or the trial costs you nothing!

I have found during many years research and from experience gained in treating thousands of cases of baldness at the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, N. Y., that in most cases of loss of hair the roots are not dead—but merely dormant.

It is useless and a waste of time and money to try and get down to these under-nourished roots with tonics, massages, crude oil, etc., etc., for such measures only treat the surface of the skin.

But my scientific system involves the application of entirely new principles in stimulating hair growth. It penetrates below the surface of the scalp and gets right to the cause of most hair troubles—the starving dormant roots, and provides not only an efficient way of reviving and invigorating these inactive roots, but of giving them the nourishment they need to grow hair again. And the fine thing about my system is the fact that it is simple and can be used in any home where there is electricity without the slightest discomfort or inconvenience.

Positive Guarantee

Of course there are a few cases of baldness that nothing in the world can cure. Yet so many hundreds of men and women whose hair was coming out almost by “handfuls” have seen their hair grow in again as the shrunken roots acquired new life and vitality that I am willing to let you try my treatment at my risk for 30 days. Then if you are not more than delighted with the new growth of hair produced, write to me immediately. Tell me my system has not done what I said it would and the 30-day trial won’t cost you a cent!

Free Booklet Tells All

The very fact that you have read this announcement shows that you are anxious about the condition of your hair. So why not investigate? Find out for yourself. That’s the only common-sense thing to do. If you will merely fill in and mail the coupon I will gladly send you without cost or obligation a wonderfully interesting booklet which describes in detail my successful system which is growing new hair for thousands all over the country. Clip and mail the coupon today. Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 506, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

PROOF
Results Gratifying
“Ten years ago my hair started falling. I used hair tonics constantly but four years ago I discovered a perfect full moon. I tried everything—but without results. Today, however, thanks to your treatment I have quite a new crop of hair one inch long.”—F. H. R., New York.

Hair About Gone
“My hair has been falling for the last two years and I had hardly any more hair on the front of my head. But since I started using your treatment I am raising a new crop of hair. Your treatment is best I ever saw.”—O. J., Northbridge, Mass.

Falling Hair Checked
“My hair was coming out at an alarming rate but after four or five treatments I noticed this was checked. My hair is coming in thicker and looks and feels full of life and vigor.”—W. C., Great Neck, L. I.

New Hair Growing
“Results are wonderful. My hair has stopped falling out and I can see bits of new hair coming in.”—F. D. B., Washington, D. C.

New Hair on Bald Spots
“I have used Thermosea Treatment for 8 weeks and although the top of my head has been entirely bald for 6 years the results up to the present are gratifying. In fact the entire bald spot is covered with a fine growth of hair.”—W. L., Kenna, Ohio.

Can’t Say Enough For It
“Am glad to say I can see such great change in my hair. It is growing longer and my head is full of young hair that has made its way through since I have been using Merke Thompson. I can’t say enough for it. It will do everything you claim it to do.”—L. G., Texas.
Always One Pen to Wear With Her Costume
And One to Adorn Her Desk

Two star performers, these—Doris Kenyon of First National Pictures and Lady Duofold. Inseparable are they, because Miss Kenyon always has a Lady Duofold to wear with any costume—the black-tipped Chinese lacquer-red model to enliven the ensemble, or to pick up some color note. If the costume itself be lively enough, then she can wear the flashing black Lady Duofold to contrast or subdue the suit or gown.

But in this vogue Miss Kenyon is by no means alone, for many of the ultra smart women of the screen, the stage and society have adopted this fashion—which, by the way, never robs the home of its pen, for the Lady Duofold that one is not wearing is left on the desk where all the family can freely use it. By this you may infer that no style of writing can distort this 25-year guaranteed point. And right you are. Yet what other fountain pen would you dare to entrust to the variable writing of various hands?

Ink-tight is Lady Duofold, because the inner-sleeve of the Duo-Sleeve cap forms a perfect seal. And the Press-Button Filler is capped inside the barrel—where it cannot mar the classic beauty of the slender barrel, or catch on the clothing.

Due to large output resulting from popularity, we now include the wide *Gold Girdle for your monogram without extra cost. Also the neat Gold Ring to fasten to ribbon or chatelaine, or Gold Clip for the hand-bag, if you prefer.

Stop at the first pen counter and try the Classic pen that has captivated the world. And look at the Over-size Duofold for him—the big, full-handed pen that is after a man’s own heart.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY • JANEsville, WISCONSIN
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • Duofold Pencils to match: Lady, $3; Over-size Jr., $3.50; "Big Brother" Over-size, $4 • SAN FRANCISCO
THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA • THE PARKER PEN CO., LIMITED, 2 AND 3 NORFOLK ST., STRAND, LONDON, ENG.
Use Colgate's
It removes causes of tooth decay

G O O D teeth, good health and good looks are closely related. Keep your mouth clean and healthy and you safeguard not only your health but your personal attractiveness, too.

Preventive dentistry is the new forward step in dental science. It is sweeping the United States—and with it Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is closely allied. Colgate's is a preventive dentifrice. It removes causes of tooth decay.

FREE—A Generous Trial Tube

Colgate's "Washes" Your Teeth

Colgate's is a common sense dentifrice—safe for a lifetime. It "washes" and polishes your teeth—does not scratch or scour them. The washing action of Colgate's results from its mild soap. Precipitated chalk loosens clinging particles. The soap gently washes them away. The polishing action is the combined action of the soap and chalk, which leaves the mouth in its natural condition. Avoid grit in your dentifrice. The U. S. Public Health Service warns against it. So do dentists and physicians. There is no harsh grit in Colgate's. No "cure-all" claims are made for Colgate's. It cleans your teeth safely, and by its thoroughness, helps prevent decay.

Take the Safe Course

See your dentist at least twice a year and use Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream after every meal. If you wish a generous trial tube, fill out and mail the coupon.

COLGATE & CO.
Established 1806
Cash Prizes for your opinion of the best picture
The Terri Vanity is the inseparable companion of many of the most charming women of America. We have a large file of photographs showing the pretty stars of Hollywood joyfully using their Terri vanities. It is both a beautiful ornament for the smartly dressed woman and a necessary help to her "fresh" complexion. A Terri Vanity graces your costume and adds that note of indefinable loveliness. And, too, it is so handy. Everything you need—hanging exquisitely from your wrist.

A Terri Vanity has a full-length mirror, lip stick, rouge and powder compacts, silk-velour puffs, a bill clip and a coin compartment! No need for a purse when you have a Terri Vanity. It is cleverly arranged to hold your money, too!

There are three distinctive designs, The Chevron, The Check and The Moire. All are finished in black enamel with silver or gold plating. The price is $3.75. Refills for the rouge and powder can readily be obtained at a small cost. Note the beauty of these models. Don't you feel that you owe yourself this wonderful vanity? If you wish one sent you directly from the company, choose your style and mail in the coupon to the left.

TERRI, INCORPORATED
4 West 40th St., New York City
Mellin's Food

Use the Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification for your baby. It has raised thousands of the brightest and healthiest babies in the world.

Write to us for a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants", also a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food.

Mellin's Food Co., 177 State St., Boston, Mass.
Personalities of Paramount

Thomas Meighan

Some stars draw the crowds without creating the slightest public affection for themselves.
Tom Meighan is different. People think of him as the sort of friend they would like to have come visiting their home. "We don't merely respect him, we love him!"

Tom Meighan's widest fame dates from "The Miracle Man." Plenty of folks have never missed a Meighan picture since. Judging by box office records his army of admirers is ever-increasing.

Some men seem made to play Big Brother to people. They have strength and heart, enough and to spare. Perhaps it is this feeling coming out in Tom Meighan's pictures which has made them so successful.


How the finest pictures are made

They are made by a very highly developed organization. This means that if a star or director needs a certain story translated, say, from the Russian, then its picturization in a series of scenes sometimes thousands of miles apart, enacted with a supporting cast hand-picked from the entire dramatic sphere for the occasion, that all this, and often much more, will be done.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation makes the one demand that each picture be denied nothing in the making that is necessary to its complete artistic and popular success.

On a large scale this demands enormous investment and the deepest confidence of theatres and patrons alike.

The greatest asset any director or star can have today is an association with Paramount wherewith to ride to bigger things. And the greatest asset you have, as a fan, is that you can't go wrong when it's a Paramount Picture.

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"
Isn't It a Great Idea?

Don't you love Motion Picture Junior on pages 54-57? We're going to run it every month and we think the younger fans—and some of the grown-ups, too—are going to find it the most interesting feature in the book from now on. It's an absolutely new thing. No other fan magazine has ever had it before, but the editor of big Motion Picture Magazine decided the children deserved a special little magazine just for themselves. You see, we get so many letters from boys and girls who love movies, that, for some time, we've been thinking about giving them a page. Then the editor thought up the little magazine idea—so here you are. Wouldn't you love to know Claire Windsor's little boy? And isn't Benny Alexander a regular fellow? We want all the younger fans to be sure to write and tell us how they like having a little fan magazine all their own.

Good at Guessing?

Ever play guessing games when you were a kid? You're in luck if you did, because somebody's going to guess themselves into a fifty-dollar prize before very many days. We have one of the thrillist, blood-curdling mystery stories you ever read on page 48. But it isn't finished. Just as you are sitting on the edge of your chair to know what happened next—just as your hair is rising right straight up on your head with suspense—that's where the story stops short. And that's where the guessing and the prize begins. The person who sends us the peepist, best solution gets the prize. The details of the contest are all on page 99, right with the story. Go to it! Hope you win!

Did You Ever?

Lose your temper over the telephone? If so, you'll sympathize with the sufferers on page 47. They're all just about as mad as human beings can be. But, oh dear me, the shock they'll get when they look on page 98. You'll get a surprise when you see that page, too. Don't miss it!

Blonde? Brunette?

Whichever you are, you can beautify your hair by the rules laid down for you by the six stars whose advice makes up the beauty symposium on pages 80-81. Summed up briefly, the way to have lovely hair is this:

- Give your hair plenty of air.
- Sun it whenever possible.
- Brush it often.
- Don't wash it too often.
- Rinse it well when shampooing.

Catching the Limerick Liner?

There are two ten-dollar prizes to be won this month! Don't you want one? If so, send us the missing last lines to those unfurnished limericks. The two best get the prizes. Remember the last line rhymes with the first two. Put your name and address on your contributions and send them to the Limerick Contest, 115 Duflie St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Send as many as you please. No lives will be returned.

That Wild Western hero, Bill Hart,
In the movies has not taken part
For one year or more,
And it's made the fans sore.

The first time we saw Clara Bow
We that she was quite the whole show,
She's now our pet sipper,
And if critics rap her,

Did You Win?

What about the Limerick Liner? Are you trying for the prize? Right in the center of this page is this month's contest. Jump in now! A ten-dollar prize goes to the two best last lines. And—quick! Look on page 129 and see if you won any of the prizes for those other limericks!

Got One?

We mean, have you got an opinion of your own? For your own sake we hope you have, because we're giving $2,500 in prizes for the best opinions about motion pictures. Read all about it on pages 60 and 93, and then sit down and write us just what you think. Almost everybody has a sneaking desire to be a dramatic critic and there couldn't be any better training than this contest. Aside from the prize, you get the very valuable experience of writing, and a good many of you will be able to see your work in print—to compare it with the work of other people who are all trying to do the same thing. No matter how you look at it, this contest is a good thing for everybody.

Who's Your Favorite?

Of course, you have a favorite star! Everybody in the civilized world has one! Whoever that star is, wouldn't you like to see him or her win the popularity contest we're running? On page 61 you'll find out how the race is going so far—who's ahead and who's being left out entirely. It's up to you to see that your favorite star gets your vote. And after you've done your own part, get busy and tell all your friends about it and make them vote, too. The stars deserve all the praise and glory they can get. They work just about as hard as human beings can to keep you amused. Now's your chance to do something for them and of course you want to make good!

Engaged?

Are you engaged to be married? If so, the most important thing in the world to you just now is what to wear at your wedding. But you don't need to worry any longer—we've given you a page of the loveliest wedding gowns that were ever seen. And they're being worn by some of the loveliest stars that were ever seen, too. Just as soon as you see these pictures on pages 62-63, you'll find out what to wear at your own wedding.

Like 'Em?

Don't you like our idea of giving the movie stars titles and coats-of-arms? We think it's time Hollywood had its own nobility. On pages 42-43 you'll see our ideas on the subject. Tell us how you like them.

Vol. XXIX, No. 6

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

JULY, 1925

Published Monthly by the Brewster Publications, Inc., at 18410 Jamaica Ave., Jamaica, N. Y. Executive and Editorial Offices, 175 Duflie Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office at Jamaica, N. Y., as second-class matter, under the act of March 3rd, 1879. Printed in the U. S. A.

Eugene V. Brewster, President and Editor-in-Chief; Dennis A. Doherty, Vice-President and Business Manager; George J. Trechon, Circulation Director; E. M. Heineman, Secretary; L. G. Conlon, Treasurer. Also publishers of Motion Picture Classic and Movie Monthly.

Subscription $2.50 a year in advance, including postage in the United States, Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, $3.00. Foreign countries, $3.50. Single copies, 25 cents, postage prepaid. U. S. Government stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

First copyrighted and published February 21, 1911. Copyrighted, 1925, in United States and Great Britain by Brewster Publications, Inc.
Alaskan, The
Not up to the caliber of story we expect from Tom Meighan. Too convenient and old-fashioned in plot and treatment. Carries wonderful back- ground material. (/amous Players)

Air Mail, The
A timely melodrama in that it uses an airplane as its chief property. Records in thrilling fashion the exploits of a crook determined to rob the overhead mail carrying, tracking, recognition and a wife. (Paramount)

As Man Desire
Traces the adventures of English army surgeon in East India and the South Seas. Charged with murder charges as the act itself finds its own solution. (First National)

As No Man Has Loved
An elaborate historical drama of the early days of American settlement. Well produced and acted. A heart-wrenching story. (First National)

Babitt
Too wordy in its treatment and never develops the story as it was contained in books. Characterism somewhat artificial. Interesting in spots. (Warner Brothers)

Barbara Fritchie
Presents flashes of conflict of North and South, founded on play of same name. Customary plot reveals Northern hero and Southern girl—with romance swaying aside the song of hate. His several acts are for the sake of fair action—and fine acting by Florence Vidor. (Ince-Players Distributing Corp.)

Beloved Brute, The
An exciting melodrama, this—one built around generation of fighter who eventually meets his master. Characterization finely developed—and story lines dashed on the screen fully played by Victor McLaglen. (Vitagraph)

Boomerang, The
Not a bad story as the stage version, chiefly because cast lacks light comedians. Well treated and manages to hold up fairly well. All about a doctor who prescribes for "Heart troubles.

Broadway Butterfly, A
Sets forth the old-told tale of the rustic maid who strikes Broadway—and after encountering the inevitable "men about town" teaches them a lesson in deportment and morals. Hackneyed of plot, but quite appetizing. Capable cast here—headed by Dorothy Devore. (Warner Brothers)

Capital Punishment
Melodrama of the better kind. George Hacken- thorne and Chris Bow add to their laurels. Gripping and thrilling. (Schuberg-Preferred) (E. V. B.

Captain Blood
The swashbuckling of the legendary pirate in the old story is brought to vivid life. The telling of the story is compelling. (Sexton Brothers)

Christine of the Hungry Heart
The eternal triangle of an unhappy woman longing for love after matrimonial tragedies with two husbands and one lover. Treated in sympathetic fashion, the love is not presented in play. Uplifted by Victor brings feeling to the character of the title. Fair acting. (Ince-First National)

Chin Chin Chow
An alleged drama of foreign origin and setting. It should have stayed there. Betty Blythe is featured but she hasn't much to offer in this. Don't suggest for evening on this tense romance picture. (Wilson)

Clean Heart, The
A. S. M. Hutchinson's novel makes a most compelling photoplay as treated by J. Stuart Blackton and Percy Hughes. A fine story, perfectly intelligible. Tells of man conquering his worries, his difficulties, and wins the love he merits. A rugged entertainment. (First National)

Code of the West
Andromeda Grey which gets away from the beaten track of Western heroics. Is treated with forcefulness, and is a two hour epic melodrama used. The timid cow-puncher wins the hand she wants. (Paramount)

Coming Through
Tom Meighan appears again in a conventional melodrama. He is against heavy obstacles. The star needs the bright human pieces. For there are several characters who could put this story over. Obvious and slow—too convincing in a small amount. (Paramount)

Confessions of a Queen
Even with Lewis Stone giving one of his inimitable portrayals of a royal ruler, picture doesn't rise to the heights. Stones portrays the Troubled "Emperor" Louise. Best with its humorous side. Too much reflection (from Alice Terry). (Metros-Goldwyn

Daddy's Gun-A-Hunting
—Doesn't convince because of the arbitrary manner in which the father, who is clever in the art of domesticity, runs off to Paris—and returns without divorcing his wife. And of the manner in which the death of his child. Fails to extract sympathy even with such clever acting as Percy Marmont and Alice Joyce give it. (Metros-Goldwyn)

Dangerous Innocence
"An easy prey in celladol form. Features a young girl's awakening to the call of Romance. She emerges into a woman during a cruise (from Liverpool to Bombay, but discovers the man has had a love affair with her. Well handled, considering the slight material. Pleasant diversion. (Universal)

Dante's Inferno
Presents in vivid fashion a sermon on what behoals a worshipped man. Modern story linked up with graphic scenes of the inferno as Dante and Beatrice explore it. A real novelty, pictorially satisfying. (Fox)

Déclassé
The beautiful Corinne Griffith gives breadth, substance and charm to this Ebel Barrymore play. An effective drama which follows the original pretty faithfully. Cumbersome in spots. Neatly mounted. (First National)

Delinquent, The
The parent conflict theme, employing a domineering father who brings tragedy into his daughter's life by compelling her to marry a man she doesn't like. The daughter appears first as having a child of her own—and is confronted with the identical problem. By the flashback the modern climate appreciates the side of too much interference. Interesting with its atmosphere, but lacking spon- taneity, the interest is natural. (United Artists)

Devil's Carriage, The
Treats of the California gold-rush days—and treats it in vivid melodramatic style. The central figures are a young editor and a girl who are driven to and robbed by the forces of evil. Deserved one, in style. Sustained action. (Paramount)

Dick Turpin
Tom Mix hangs up his chaps and bedecks himself in the raiment of a chivalrous knight of Merrie England. Plays celebrated highwayman in the Fairbanks manner, and scores consistently with the audience. Makes a nice contribution to the screen. A most memorably humorous story—and romance makes this a likely picture. (First National)

Dressmaker from Paris, The
If you like fashion shows, very well. Leatrice Joy in a minor part is in a near dressing-Room of a new garb. Mildred Harris and Allan Forrest support her nicely. (Paramount) (E. V. B.

Dynamo Smith
Charles Ray returns to type of story that made him popular. Plays again the role of a timid youth who overcomes cowardice when goaded by vendu's threats. A fast-moving, human-interest story. (First National)

Entachment
A frank exposition adapted from an equally frank novel. Modern—the boy is in a tight spot with the problem of an old affection after he has become married. Exposing it truthfully. Not for the children. (First National)

Eve's Me
Rusper Hughes' story and stage success makes a capital light comedy—one which exploits the adverse of an old college classmate. When they board a train encounter all kinds of trouble. Plenty of high laughs and plenty in the line of pathos. Well handled with plenty of physical and mental conflict in a court. (First National)

Foot of Clay
This is a Cecil B. De Mille production—the story of which is overledded by the background appointments. Has a romance and a series of couplings between young and flapper type. The frequent is fair. (Paramount)

Female, The
Bebe Compton in South African surroundings. Unhappily married to a native of the veld, she does not doubt the attentions of an Englishman, and when they board a train encounter all kinds of trouble. Plenty of high laughs and plenty in the line of pathos. Well handled with plenty of physical and mental conflict in a court. (First National)

Fifth Avenue Models
The Cinderella pattern again—done with first-rate sentiment and modern appeal. Working girl dis- covers a Prince Charming who saves her from disgrace. Naturally, Picture only fair. (Paramount)

Find Your Man
A deceptively titled melodrama woven around youth and his dog in a lumber camp; not a North- west Mounted story, but the tale of a dog's loyalty to his master thru thick and thin. Rin-Tin-Tin makes as marvelous a melodramatic interior as uncanny intelligence. (Warner Brothers)

Folly of Vanity
Pictures a fantastic dream of a woman who becomes conscience-stricken when pursued by a woman who knowing the man. The man who is in love with her. Loses the man. Tiresome throughout. Lavish without much meaning. Has photographic appeal. (Fox)

Fool, The
Does not score its points except at intervals. Lack of simplicity; the plot being complicated with capital effects but not up to the mark. Another bad heart touch. Well-produced and acted with some

Fools in the Dark
Here is a picture which poses fun at old-fashioned seriousness. The poor kidnapers is the exception, the yellow Hindu, the young adventurer, his fiancée—they are all called by comic settings. Matt Moore, Patsy Ruth Miller and Tom Wilson excellently. A good mixture of trick and comedy. (E. B. O.)

Forbidden Paradise
A new and modern romance dealing with a fictional queen whose greatest weakness is love. Pola Negri in it, but it is not an American-made film. Well sup

A Guide to 150 Current Pictures
Which are now being shown throughout the land.
ANN QUINN
Anna Q. Nilsson makes it interesting. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Introduce Me
Refined comedy that should please everybody and pit-saying those of us who like the antics of Irish comedians of the screen. (Associated Exhibitors)

Iron Horse, The
The much-talked-of feature dealing with the late sixties in the West when the first transcontinental railroad was built and completed. Thrilling drama centering about a comical comedy. Educational, historic, instructive. (Fox)

I T S THE LAW
Mystery melodrama, this—one carrying out a youth's diabolical scheme of vengeance against his best friend for stealing the only thing of value that the young girl is left with. Taken from stage play and holds attention with its vivid action and incident. (New York Times)

K—The Unknown
Inclined to be and yet sentimental and drama seems unconvincing. Adapted from last seller but story loses in translation to silver screen. Treats of a marriage of convenience. (Paramount)

Lady of the Night
A murder drama that starts off like a race-horse and ends like a small. Norma Shearer, who plays the delicate role very well, is entitled to better stories than this. (Metro-Goldwyn—E. V. B.)

Laundry, The
Atmospheric, interesting story, full of pathos. This was all that was needed to make Norma Talmadge the heroine of the screen. (First National—E. V. B.)

Last Laugh, The
A German comedy of unusual beauty and artistry. The story deals with old age and poverty, and is a gentle piece of sentiment that finds an unexpected ending. Emil Jannings' work is splendid. (First National—E. V. B.)

Last Man on Earth
Another novelty from the Fox lots, depicting the awaking of the world when men no longer follow their women. (First National—E. V. B.)

Learning to Love
A Marriage Comedy as usual. Constance Talmadge is beautiful and attractive in anything, but when it comes to marriage she is as unconvincing in Mr. St. John the Huns of negligible. (Fox)

Life's Greatest Game
Exploits our national pastime—baseball—as it was played in the Big Years. The Ordine story in this day by the Giants. Complete with hokum and sentiment, but manages to entertain. (F. B. O.)

Little Robinson Crusoe
Deals with story as developed by Jesse Lasky and based on a popular romance. (First National—E. V. B.)

Lover of Camille, The
This charming story of a man—uses love—and doesn't tell it very well. Adapted from Belasco's Debarres, another version is playing on the stage in the present atmosphere. (T. J. Z.)

Man and Maid
Elgin O'Neil says women do one thing to a man—elevate him, degrade him, or bore him to death. She then proceeds to show how they do it. (Paramount—E. V. B.)

Man in Blue, The
Playing with his line a foreign queen of a large city—and you have your romance made to order. Here is the perfect romantic sort of story for the Irvingish, witts as Italian belle from away to the Berlinskii. Never before has it been more conventional. Fair entertainment. (First National—E. V. B.)

Man Who Came Back, The
This appears about the best picture based upon the stories ever made. The casting is excellent and the story convenient. (Paramount)

Man Who Fights Alone, The
The picture lacks the thrill that realities and humanities are lost. Features a husband paralysed who goes through inner turmoil and then wins, which is a great secret to his wife's love. (Paramount)

Marriage Cheat, The
Just an ordinary film with a South Sea setting. (First National—E. V. B.)

Memoirs of Mollie
The dual role is given to Evelyn Brent in this trilogy story. It revolves around a feminine Raffles and a playful wife of the political candidate, the former doubles for the latter and saves the husband from hanging. (Fox)

Monsieur Beaurcaire
Boris Vian's story is screen in impressive picture adapted from Tartington's book and play, background unexcelled—and story moves with good pace and releases some tension. Fine direction noticeable in treatment of plot, characters—and the scenery is only mounting. Well worth while. (Paramount)

Monsieur Bucharde
A serioco romantic comedy meant to be very greaves but reality very silly. Mollie never does save it. (Metro-Goldwyn—E. V. B.)

My Son
This is a success. Mafnova does this. Best ably supported by Jack Pickford and Beekworth. Good story, well acted. (First National—E. V. B.)

Navigator, The
Buster Keaton, the "future-faced" comedian, tops all previous efforts at impersonating a new and wonderful comical. Like Lloyd, he goes after new inventions and gets his comeuppance in a very obvious way. (Paramount)

New Lives for Old
A modern drama, which, too, not particularly unattractive. Betty Compson is pleasant in the role of a wealthy elderly who go after things and adventure—But, it has no plot of its own. (First National—E. V. B.)

Richard Barthelemess—supported by his charming wife, Mary Hay, has a triangle story this time. The two are in a fresh, luminous gent when an old flame comes back into his life. The piece is radically different to anything the star has appeared in before. First-rate. (First National—E. V. B.)
North of 36

The story of a great cattle drive across the plains in 1872 is a thrilling, scenic, and photographic adventure. Lois Wilson, Ernest Torrence, Jack J. Cox, and Noah Beery are the stars. (Paramount)

Oh, You Fool!

Tom Mix takes into politics here when he becomes a lobbyist in Washington for some of the boys back home. But he soon gets arrested in Washington, and Tony, the pony, figures at the U.S. Capitol. He wins the race. Interesting thus its humor. (Fox)

On Thin Ice

Another type of cowboy melodrama which for three reels carries out its first-rate line of action, innovation, and humor. The plot is incised to say, "Effects a cowboy's redemption from a vicious sort of kind." Tom Moore is excellent. (Warner Brothers)

One Night in Rome

Lady Tiffany succeeds in making this interesting thus a colorful and convincing performance. A dynamic, highly spirited adventure succeeds in clearing herself of the charge that she cannot make a man of herself. Neatly mounted. (Metro-Goldwyn)

One Way Street

Nonchalance is everywhere. Becomes very talkative in trying to show a woman retaining your youth at all costs. Monkey shuns to refuse to act. Unconvincing and pointless. (First National)

One Year to Live

A French drama with Paris setting, Antonio Moreno and Rosemary Theby at their best, with Abraham Sofaer and Lillian Roth excellently good. An old theme entertainingly handled. (Paramount—First National) E. V. B.

Only Woman, The

Norma Talmadge appears in one of the oldest formulas—that of the girl who has her heart burned by a man, when she marries a man for a mercenary marriage to save a financially embarrased husband, but well done by the director and the star. (First National)

Open All Night

Very sophisticated this, dressed up with novel treatment. Director becomes bold in developing plot, and, by having her mate not executed and conventional husband only to return to him when she becomes yielding, shows her getting her man. Well mounted. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Painted Lady, The

The idea of a story contains two themes—one revolving around a girl bounded by the law—the other detailing the struggles and adventures of a man responsible for death of her sister. Far from being dull, but absorbing. (Fox)

Pampered Youth

A musical title is taken on Tarkington's "The Magnificent Ambersons," but which tilts to its not examining and conventional husband only to return to him when she becomes yielding, shows her getting her man. Well mounted. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Percy

The story of a boy, trained to play the violin and do esthetic dancing. Circumstances land him at the Mexican border, and, from then on, things keep moving together. He becomes successful as he is at his best and the picture is excellent. (Pasha)

Peter Pan

A colorful picture, carrying out all the Barrie charm and whimsy. Certainly sustains the spirit of the original, and action is created thru fine spirit of make-believe. Betty Bronson is lovely and children see and take the children. (Universal)

Proud Flesh

A first-rate little number, treated with pointed satire by King Vidor who refuses to handle old formulas in a manner may never attack a 'diamond in the rough'—seriously. You shouldn't take it seriously either. (Metro-Goldwyn)

The Red Skiff

Humphrey Bogart as his best. Interesting and laughable. The title is artistic finesse and ranks very high and should please. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Rainbow Trail, The

Zane Grey is represented here by Tom Mix—certainly a good Western combination. Cowboy star executes plenty of exciting action and gives up gunplay, hard ridin', and he-man fights. (Fox)

Ramschackle House

Poorly made, a mystery which is a bit different from the usual run of such stories. The crime is from the negro, and is protected by the girl when a mob uses the countryside for him. Good of its kind, Betty Compson is the heroine. (First National—E. V. B.)

Re-Creation of Brian Kent, The

Here is a story of a youth's redemption brought about by a kindly, sympathetically social worker. It is a problem story which is projected by the girl when a mob uses the personality of a former pupil. (Principal)

Redemption

Treats of regeneration of an apostle of the Paris underworld, portrayed in colorful Kid-like style by J. C. Day. An old story, but a story goes slimming and heals her heart—which brings victory to the young hero. Never loses its humanities. Real feeling put in it by Greer Hunter and Besse Love. (First National)

Sinners in Heaven

A desert-land romance featuring youth and girl who

Riders of the Purple Sage

Tom Mix has put aside his semihumanistic roles, terminal in the picture of a group of Western bandits who have kidnapped his sister. It is a good picture, stylishly directed and packed with action. Mix is a Texas ranger. Bill Williams appeared in the same story years ago. (Fox)

Roaring Rails

Good, old primitive melodrama is served up here—one incident for each engine and his adopted child, Covers familiar ground, but always commands the interest thru its physical action and heart appeal. Some thrills. Harry Carey is the engineer. (National Distributing Corp.)

Romance Ranch

Just an ordinary Western framed around the lost well which is a struggle against the current to the rightful heir. Obvious all the way, but colored with creditable incident. (Fox)

Roughneck, The

That faithful device—"locket—restores to a home her mate, driven away by circumstances, winning his triumph against tremendous odds. Travels from the desert to the South. Features vivid action and hectic melodrama. Well interpreted by O'Brien. (Fox)

Sackcloth and Scarlet

An interesting drama with Alice Terry, Dorothy Sebastian and Osa Massen. Above the average but not a great picture. (Paramount—First National) E. V. B.

Safe Havens, The

A fair-to-middlin' Western, this—from the Hoot Gibson lot. Affords the actor plenty of hard ridin' and quick shootin' from the trigger finger. Rutters figure—and a pretty girl conquers the heart of Hoot. Good, incident. (Universal)

Sainted Devil, A

Ralph Valino has another romantic drama in this colorful production. It is set in lavish settings, gorgeous costumes and exquisite photographic effects. It is the story of a young noble of the Argentine who rescues a heroine in distress after believing her false. Not up to "Beaucaire—but satisfactory. (Paramount)

Salt

Colleen Moore in farce comedy in which she proves herself of Pickford quality. An elaborate but done and unspattered production. (Paramount—First National) E. V. B.

Salome of the Tenements

The love story of a Jewish girl of the slums and a wealthy New Yorker. The plot is slight but the background—New York's East Side, and the fine types of old men and women from the Ghetto, make it worth seeing. (Famous Players-Lasky)

Scarlet Honeymoon, The

Affords a pleasant hour of romance on an oil-told theme. The idea is that of sweethearts who run up against parental conflict. But the twist enters when the father turns up, and his beloved's pues. a fine novel into believing he is of no account. Merely a test to prove his point, which is the best for Shirley Mason in a long while. (Fox)

School for Scandal

The poor artist marries the rich girl and everything happens that has ever happened in an old-fashined melodrama. There is nothing new here about these. It is in a maze of broken situations. (Filograph)

Sea Change

The sure cure for the blues we know of. Butner Koston at his best. He never smiles but he will make you laugh. Don't miss it. (Metro-Goldwyn—E. V. B.)

Signal Tower, The

The triangle in a remote railroad spot. Excellent melodrama which could have been better with the larger action, incident and interpretation. Builds to a effective climax. Odd? Surely, but you never think of that. (Filograph)

Silent Watcher, The

Exceptionally human treatment makes this a rare picture. Completely absorbing in its story of a young man's loyalty to his chief...it disrupts his home. Never loses its humanities... Real feeling put in it by Garon Hunter and Besse Love. (First National)

Sinners in Heaven

A desert-land romance featuring youth and girl who

we'd want benefit of clergy after their plane is wrecked. Colorful incident. Is well treated considering the single-track story. (Paramount)

Snob, The

Another fine picture—made so by its treatment. The director is one of the best and his romances always a koren sense of humor. And his characters never start but appear convincing in their own situations. Always a good story and drama, never too deep or done in a koren sense of humor. (Metro-Goldwyn)

So This Is Marriage

Here there is a marriage which is the best. It is a marriage with a sense of humor. The old, familiar plot looks brand-new because of its admission—"a marriage for a very good reason. Only to disagree over debts and flirtations. Characters of a very genuine. Well acted. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Sundown

An historical drama of the events attending the great cattle drive of the 1860's and the history of the great cattle drives. Becomes monotonous because there is no variety of action. Done in a grand scale and shows a Mr. peabe and a prairie fire. But it never grips you. (First National)

Tennis

Not much. Some fine sets and scenery, and fairly good story, but not enough to keep you at theScreen and the plot places wrong conclusion on innocent affair between her daughter and a rags to riches type. Well acted and acted in human fashion. (First National)

Tess of the D'Urbervilles

If there ever was a novel by Thomas Hardy you will understand that the spirit of the book is missing. Marion Davies is unreservedly good. Portraying it a tragedy, but the author is too elusiv and the type were too hard to live their roles. (Metro-Goldwyn)

That Devil Quemado

A very old-fashioned melodrama, filled with Western adventure and thrill. Sorts of a cow-country "Tawdry." Hoot Gibson plays a handsome Indian, Silver King, Silver Kid, will make friends here. (B.O. G.)

Three Women

A very pleasant story, but it is extremely well done. Features the conflict of a woman and her husband. The picture is wasted in projecting its plot. (Warner Brothers)

Thundering Herd, The

A Western melodrama, this, showing the stunt rider. Fred Thomson, Triumphing against a border bandit and his gang in mid-order action. Contains typical incident and picturesque scenery. (Universal)

Tides of Passion

Fairly good story with some beautiful, picturesque scenery. The picture is always good. (Filograph)

Too Many Kisses

Here is a Richard Dix in a Wallace Reid type of role. He is old-fashioned and Sacré pous. in financial embarrassment, to his wealthy dad be-cause of some breach-of-promise suits. The youth is forced off to work, and he is not neglected country in the movies) and conquers the heart of a native of France while subduing the emotions of a jealous rival. (Paramount)

Top of the World, The

James Kirkwood in a double role, ably supported by Anna Q. Nilsson, in a stirring drama dealing with a dope-fueled and Keaton, love and romance, ending with a remarkable flood scene. Not great, but above the average. (Paramount)

Trail Rider, The

Buck Jones has taken his cue from Tom Mix that westerns must have action. Of course, there is no fresh incident if they are to survive. Here he has done his best. (Fox)

Try and Get It

A slight, but thorously amusing comedy—executed in a very spirited manner. Has something to say about the politics and corruption of the affairs of a family in accurate style. Has one of the most realistic scenes (Universal)

Waking Up the Town

Sketchy story of youth who makes good in his own hometown. Tom Moore is the star. But the plot soon evaporates into thin air. Jack Pick-

Warrens of Virginia, The

Shows the last moments of the Civil War—with romance. The story is that of the capture of Northern hero and Southern girl. (Fox)

Way of a Girl, The

Succeeds in becoming an enjoyable light comedy because those who made it killed the old, old

(Continued on page 13)
Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks" and "The Philosophy of Love," has written an amazing NEW book which fully answers these precious questions—and countless others even more vital to your happiness. "This Passion Called Love" is the title of her brand new book just published. It is not a novel—it is a Wonder Book of facts which strips bare the most intimate relations of men and women—it is a price- less solution of all the perplexing problems of love, marriage, about which most of us know so little and concerning which we should be so well informed.

"This Passion Called Love" will create a sensation and take the country by storm because it tells people the naked truth about the most important things in life—Love, Marriage, and Passion! Of these, narrow- minded critics will say the book is not fit to be read—that it ought to be suppressed. Others will claim that Glyn's book should not have dared write about such a breath-taking subject—that she has handled delic ate problems with too much frankness. But all these objections are rapidly being wrapped up and buried by our readers.

Warning! For certain reasons, the publishers do not care to send "This Passion Called Love" to anyone under seventeen years of age. Unless you are over 18, please do not fill out the free coupon below.

Fearless Answers to Frank Questions

Just ask yourself these questions frankly: Do you know how a wife can keep her husband happy? Do you know what "petting" does to women? Do you know how to put obstacles in a man's way and win? Do you know all the more? What kind of women do men love? How can a woman control the polygamous nature of man? Why do most people lose their charm at 39, so that they could still be fascinating at 50? Would you like to be "He kind of man all women love? Do you know how to say the things that captivate a woman? Will you win the girl you want—or will you take the one you can get? Do you know how to manage a woman? Do you know the little things that make women like you? What does the modern young girl do that disgusts men? What liberties should a wife allow her husband? What are the three ways women may attract men? What should be done when the one you love be comes infatuated with someone else? How can the clever wife detect that she is being deceived? What about birth controls? Should the number of children ever be limited? Is marriage happier with babies or without them? Do you know how to make yourself popular? Do all men make love to you—or are you a "wallflower"? Do you know how to use properly the successful methods of 'vampires'? How to make yourself desirable to a man? How to acquire manners that charm?

In "This Passion Called Love," Elinor Glyn fearlessly gives the answer to every question about love, marriage, passions and infidelity—and many other things we dare not even mention here! She boldly answers every tender question all brides want answered on the eve of their wedding. She shows how love may be controlled, to bring lasting happiness. Tells the unmarried girl how to be attractive—the woman who wants her husband's love. Shows women how to "manage" men, but not seem to. How to attract people of like mind or to tell when a man really loves you. How to saturate yourself with love appeal. How to dance to the opposite sex. She tells men how to keep women in love—warns women about the things that drive desirable men away—explains why most marriages end in indifference, disillusion, or divorce. And last of all, she reveals in plain words the complete psychology of successful marriage, and gives counties from conversation that will enable all men and women—both married and single—to find the divine happiness of perfect mating and to get more joy out of it than was ever dreamed of.

Priceless Secrets Revealed in "This Passion Called Love"

How a wife can keep her husband in love.

How to win the girl you love.

How to play cards properly, can make her at least twice as dazzling a beauty.

What to do when marriage seems a failure.

How husbands and wives can avoid being cheated out of happiness.

How to succeed at the office.

How to advise those who want to make love.

How to become strong.

How to keep your husband satisfied.

How to make love and be satisfied.

How to win the heart of a woman.

How to keep the sparks of love alight.

How to enjoy a love that gives you a corner in the sun.

How to make a man love you.

How to keep your marriage from falling apart.

How to make someone love you.

How to make housewife keep herself attractive.

Little wires that women may properly use to charm men.

How to enjoy the love of a man whom you love.

How to look after the love of a man without losing it.

What the success of marriage depends upon.

How to recognize a person who can win men.

How to make a man want to go to you.

What every single girl should know.

How to turn affection into grave dangers.

How to judge a man's fitness for marriage.

And hundreds of other priceless revelations.

SEND NOW MONEY
Simply mail coupon below

You need not advance a single penny to get "This Passion Called Love." Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter—and the book will be sent on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only $1.98, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book back in good condition within five days and your $1.98 will be refunded gladly.

Elinor Glyn's books are like magic—by the million! "This Passion Called Love," being the most sensational and the most helpful book she has ever written, will be in greater demand than all others. Everybody will talk about it—everybody will buy it. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below at once.

Get your pencil—fill out the coupon NOW. Mail it to The Authors Press, Auburn, N. Y., before too late. Then he will mail you the most helpful book ever written.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

The Authors' Press, Dept. 607, Auburn, N. Y.

We send on approval Elinor Glyn's new book—"This Passion Called Love." When the postman delivers the book to my door, I will pay him only $1.98, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is mine.

Name: ___________________________________________  City and State: ___________________________

Address: ________________________________________

FOR over fourteen years MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE the pioneer, has faithfully interpreted the Motion Picture Industry and its people to the millions of Motion Picture Patrons. Under the able guidance of its Editor-in-Chief, Mr. Eugene V. Brewster, this Magazine has achieved great success. Fearless in its expression, loyal to all, yet obligated to none, quick to praise and just as quick to condemn—MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE has done much to elevate the professional side of the motion picture industry and has furnished great enjoyment to the many millions of the public. Long may you continue to prosper.

BARBARA LA MARR.

"I have read Motion Picture Magazine for years and have found it highly entertaining and authoritative. Cordial best regards and best wishes."

RICHARD DIX.

"In its fourteen years of existence Motion Picture Magazine has acquired the wisdom of experience, but manages to keep the enthusiasm of youth."

NITA NALDI.

"I offer you my sincere congratulations. You have always kept Motion Picture Magazine at a top-notch plane. You treat the motion picture industry and its people in a dignified and wholesome manner, always upholding a high journalistic standard."

HAROLD LLOYD.
Motion Picture Magazine

MAGAZINE has spread its good influence in the Motion Picture Industry. Alert to progress it stands for clean pictures, truth and advancement of technique. Our editors are personally acquainted with the players, directors and producers. Our long years of contact in the industry have given us great experience. What MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE gives you in its pages is reliable information. Read what the great Motion Picture Stars have to say:

"Motion Picture Magazine is undoubtedly one of the finest and most artistic of any the public is privileged to buy. Its articles and illustrations are both edifying and entertaining."

CHARLES CHAPLIN.

"I have watched Motion Picture Magazine grow all these years. I read it regularly, for it is the best of all. Long may it prosper."

RUTH ROLAND.

"Motion Picture Magazine has always been a source of keen delight, not only to the fans but to those in the motion picture industry as well. Long may you live and continue to prosper."

BEBE DANIELS.

"I can truly say that I enjoy reading Motion Picture Magazine. It is so fair and entertaining. Best wishes for success."

BLANCHE SWEET.

Subscribe to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE today

We want you to receive the next five big issues of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, so we offer you a five-month subscription for one dollar. Fill in the coupon and mail to us today with a one dollar bill and we will promptly enter your subscription. Do it now.

Brewster Publications, Inc.
175 Duffield Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen:
Please enter my subscription to Motion Picture Magazine for the next five issues. I enclose one dollar.

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

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Camera Magic

They say that "The camera cannot lie," but this article shows that it can, and does—and how it lies

BY MELVILLE LACEY SCOTT

W E are frequently asked how this and that "stunt" was done for the screen, and our poor old Answer Man would be hard put for nothing else, were he to attempt to answer all these questions. Everybody wants to know how they make a man fall from a twenty-story building into the ground and not get hurt; how automobiles can rush thru crowded streets at ninety miles an hour, and skid, and crash thru buildings, and knock people down, without hurting anybody; how an express train can be made to stop in a second to let Harold Lloyd get off the track; how the "tricks" in The Thief of Bagdad and The Lost World were done, etc. And so we have opened this department for the benefit of the curious and inquisitive, and any questions that our readers wish to send in will be answered.

In the olden day we were advised by the various producers that it was a big mistake to let the public in on their secrets; that we must not disillusionize; that it would spoil the charm if screen patrons knew too much; that we must not destroy the mystery of screen making. We believe that was a wrong policy. Everybody knows that they are tricks—nobody is deceived, and all we do is tell how the tricks are done.

Here are a few questions and answers that should be of interest:

Q. How do they make persons, autos, animals, etc., appear to move on the screen with lightning-like speed?

A. By cranking the camera slowly while taking the picture. Normally, the cameraman makes two revolutions of the crank-handle per second, which makes sixteen pictures; and when these sixteen pictures are run thru the projection machine in the theater, it takes one second for them to pass on the screen. There are sixteen pictures in every foot of film. If the cameraman makes only one revolution to the second, there will be only eight pictures, to carry exactly the same amount of action, and they will pass by on the screen in two seconds, thus giving the impression of twice as much speed as in the former case. Thus, the slower the cameraman cranks, the faster will be the action on the screen.

Q. How do they make persons and animals move so swiftly on the screen that, for example, a jumping horse appears to be suspended in mid-air and to move like a feather?

A. By cranking the camera rapidly. See answer to previous question. The camera and film are adjusted, that when the cameraman makes two revolutions of the crank-handle, instead of making only sixteen pictures to the second, he makes twice as many. Thus, when the thirty-two pictures are passed thru the projection machine it takes thirty-two seconds for them to appear on the screen, or one-half as fast, which gives the appearance of slow motion. The faster the cameraman cranks, the slower will be the motion on the screen.

Q. How are sunrises filmed?

A. It is practically impossible to photograph a sunrise, because of the intensity of the light. It is not so difficult to film a setting sun. Therefore, they "stop down" the lens of the camera and film the setting sun; but, they rewind the film and feed it thru the camera backward, which reverses the action when it is shown on the screen.

Q. Where is the camera when we see two people riding in a closed car or carriage?

A. In the olden days they took these pictures in the studio. Somebody stood out of sight and moved the vehicle up and down, or sideways frequently, to denote jolts on the road, and another man unreeled a long sheet of scenery in front of the window to show the passing posts, trees, buildings, etc. Now, they usually put the camera in the front of the vehicle, which is actually moving on the street. For a longer shot, they place the camera on the back of another car, just in front of the other. In this way we get the real thing instead of painted scenery. Likewise, in taking a closeup of a submerged submarine, they place the camera on the bow of the boat (not in an airplane), where it remains until the water rises upon the tripod nearly to the camera itself, then somebody standing on a wooden frame-work rescues the camera, while the wet cameraman climbs or swims to a near-by vessel.

Q. Are all motion picture stars able to do wonderful dances of all kinds, to ride fast horses, drive fast cars up and down mountainsides, to swim, and to climb telegraph poles like monkeys, as they appear to, or is it faked?

A. They are seldom required to do these "stunts," which are either faked or done with "doubles." When a player has to do something that he or she cannot do or does not want to do, they procure a specialist of about the same size and appearance to perform the feat. First we are shown a closeup of the real player mounting the horse, we will say, and riding off, and then we are shown a long shot of the same horse on which is the double, who is, of course, dressed just like the real player. After the feat is performed we are shown a closeup of the horse and real player, and it is almost impossible to realize that it was not the real player who went thru the whole performance.

Q. Do they really get a fast express train to stop, or is it a trick?

A. It is a trick. Trains are run on schedule and cannot stop for every little picture company that comes along. The camera is placed in such a position that it takes in a long stretch of track as well as the track in the immediate foreground. Suppose we wish to show Charlie Chaplin in the middle of the desert bailing the express. We show him in the engine and then in the approaching train in the distance. The cameraman cranks at normal speed (or slower even, to make the train appear to be going even faster than it is) and then he gradually begins to crank faster and faster as explained above. The faster the cameraman cranks, the slower will be the action when shown on the screen. Thus, the train will appear to be slowing down very rapidly. When the cameraman can grind no faster, he stops and lets the train go by. Later on, somewhere, anywhere, he takes a close view of the side of a still car, with Charlie mounting the steps, and, of course, it won't be the same train that passed. By piecing these two scenes together, we get the effect on the screen, of a train moving at terrific speed, gradually slowing up until it stops suddenly, and of the comedian entering.

Q. How do they make one scene to fade out and then fade into another entirely different scene?

A. When the first scene is nearly finished, the cameraman grinds the camera on the lens so that less and less light gets thru the film. This is a fadeout. To blend another picture into the end of the former one, he has but to rewind a few inches of the exposed film and then photograph the new scene on that. Thus, the end of the first scene will appear on the screen to blend in with the beginning of the second scene.

Q. Are they real tears that we see in a player's eyes and on their faces?

A. When you see tears in their eyes they are usually real, altho sometimes they hold the player's head back and dribble several drops of water into their eyes. They use the backs of their hands on the cheeks to imitate tears. However, most of the players can work themselves up into such a state of grief that the tears flow naturally. Read the article on pages 32 and 33.
The Greatest Pictures Ever Produced

What America's leading critics have to say on the subject

In the June issue of this magazine, on page 12, we gave the comments of some of the leading critics on our questionnaire: What Are the Five Best Pictures of All Time? and also on the questionnaire: What Are the Best Pictures of the Last Six or Twelve Months?

Further articles on the subject are now in course of preparation, which will give the final results, including the opinions of all of the editors and critics of the Breuer Publications.

Up to the present writing the voting stands as follows:

The Five Best Pictures of All Time

1. The Birth of a Nation.
2. The Covered Wagon.
3. The Ten Commandments.
4. The Hunchback of Notre Dame.
5. The Thief of Bagdad.

The Greatest Pictures of the Last Twelve Months

1. The Sea Hawk.
2. He Who Gets Slapped.
4. Peter Pan.
5. Monsieur Beaucaire.
6. The Lady.

A Guide to 150 Current Pictures

(Continued from page 8)

plot—the timid youth who tames a spirited girl. A novelty in that it appears to be written as the story unfolded. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Welcome Stranger

Again something different in the line of comedy. It is handled with sentiment and pathos in relating the adventure of a storekeeper who is run out of the town. (Producers Distributing Corp.)

White Man

The old, old story of the girl who runs away from home, to be married and is carried to the Congo. (Schulberg-Preferred)

White Moth, The

Sophisticated and a little risqué—this story succeeds in being quite interesting. Plenty of French atmosphere for this plot of a man who saves his brother from a dancer only to fall in love with her and marry her himself. (First National)

Wine of Youth

First-rate film version of Rachel Crothers' play, "Mary the Third." Enlivened with jazzy scenes featuring a little group of willy-nilly drinkers and drunks. Contrasted with "high doings" in grandmother's day. Capitally played. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Winner Take All

Larry Evans' prize-fight story shapes up very well as an attraction for Buck Jones. He meets shady gamblers and forges the ring but enters it again on the basis that "winner take all." (Fox)

Without Warning

A serial condensed into six reels. Straight out-and-out melodrama which moves vigorously, but lacks motivation. Presents an anticlimax and too much flag-waving. Acted in tense manner by cast headed by Antonio Moreno. First called "The Story Without a Name." (Paramount)

Wizard of Oz, The

Not the fantasy that the original suggests and fails to reveal any invention. Larry Semon employs his familiar slap-stick and creates some good laughs. Children will have a merry hour here. (Chadwick)

Woman on the Jury, The

This stage-play varied sufficient film values to lend itself easily to adaptation. Rather complicated as a plot, but holds attention. (First National)

Worried Goods

Treats of the awakening of a young "show-off"—who after living a life of sheer bluff discovers that he has lost his wife. (Paramount)

"And the Villain Still Pursued"

This cartoon appeared in the July, 1914, Motion Picture Magazine, and shows that even in those early days, as now, the movies had their enemies and detractors, like everything else good and great in this world.
The Bulletin Board

On which we post some new and interesting items from the studios

LOYD HUGHES called us up the other day to tell us how he loved New York. It's his first trip East and he seems to have lost his heart completely to Fifth Avenue and the Gay White Way. He says he's only here for a little while—during the filming of The Half Way Girl with Doris Kenyon—but when anyone starts falling in love with New York, there's no knowing where it may end.

Milton Sills, however, is true to Hollywood. He went back a short time ago, ostensibly for a rest. But the truth of the matter is he couldn't bear to be away from his beloved garden any longer. The rest was spent among his flowers, digging, hoeing, spading and indulging in other such strenuous pursuits.

Eleanor Boardman has a busy life mapped out for her. She will appear in the leading role, with Conrad Nagel in Elmo Glyn's The Only Thing. Following that, she will be starred in You Too, from the play by Roger Burlingame, William Haines will be her leading man. At the conclusion of that picture, production will at once be started on a Rupert Hughes story, Conrad Nagel will play with her again in that.

Sally O'Neil's new picture is to be Lovey Mary, from Alice Hegan Rice's novel. Lady of Leisure is to be Aileen Pringle's new picture, after she and Conway Tearle have finished The Mystic.

After John Gilbert has made The Big Parade, he's going to hand his fans a surprise. He will appear in a romantic picture of the times of Louis the 13th. The story is taken from Rafael Sabatini's Bardeley the Magnificent.

Samuel Hopkins Adams best-selling novel, Siege, is being adapted for the screen and will star Virginia Valli.

While she is in London, Colleen Moore will begin work on her next picture, We Moderns. The picture is taken from the Broadway success which starred Helen Hayes a year or so ago.

Frank Lloyd's next picture, after finishing Winds of Chance, is to be The Splendid Road.

Alice Joyce and Clive Brook are playing the leads in the screen version of Dorothy Canfield's much-talked-of novel, The House-Maker—a story that deals with the problem of modern marriage and settles it in an unusual manner.

Rim-Tin-Tin's next picture is to be Silence of the Desert. It has not yet been announced who will be in the cast supporting the famous dog star.

There's a shock coming to the public, for Conway Tearle, hitherto the strong, silent, immaculate hero, is going to burst forth as a crook in The Mystic, in which he plays with Aileen Pringle. Of course, he's a crook of the gentlemanly variety, but the fact remains that his part in the picture is largely devoted to swindling the unwary and trusting by means of fake clairvoyance and spiritualism. Mr. Tearle is interested in the part and curious as to the reactions of his public, but admits it's something of a jolt even for him.

Mary Philbin is starring in Stella Maris, the picture that Mary Pickford made ten years ago. Miss Philbin is playing the dual role of Stella Blount and Laura La Plante, a role Miss La Plante was recently chosen as one of the authors of the Immortal of the Movies by committee which includes Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Lilian Gish, Charles Chaplin, and John Barrymore.

Three Weeks in Europe is Matt Moore's new picture, which was taken from Gregory Rogers' story of the same name. Cast includes Dorothy De Vore and Willard Louis. It is under production in the East.

The Charming Bride was shot in Los Angeles, and Willard Louis, who is the director, was on the set.

Lila Lee has finished the picture Old Hound Week, and is appearing on the Broadway stage in The Charming Bride. Pola Negri, after a flying trip abroad and an equally flying trip to the Coast, is back in the East starting work on Cross-roads of the World.

Little Patsy Ruth Miller has apparently won a place in the Hall of Fame. The final test of glory seems to be having something named after you, and now there'll be a "Patsy Ruth Miller Rose" in the next flower show. The flower was named for her after the filming of Rose of the World.

Lon Chaney and Norma Shearer are to play together again in the new picture Victor Seastrom is making. It is to be a picturization of Selma Lagerlof's Emperor of Piccadilly, and will be released under the title of The Tower of Lies.

Strange as it may seem, Mae Busch left California and came East to make her new picture, The Camille of the Desert. She was being considered for the part by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Burr Mackintosh is her leading man.

The parlor who rose to fame in The Unholy Three is a busy bird. Among his other engagements was an interview with Mae Busch, of whom he is very fond, over the radio.
JULY, 1925

This Number Contains:

Cover Design—Esther Ralston and Mary Brian, a painting by M. Paddock from the Wide World photograph

We're Asking You—Pertinent questions about this issue, addressed to our readers

A Guide to 150 Current Pictures—Alphabeted by title and briefly criticized for you

Camera Magic—Proving that the camera can and does lie frequently

The Bulletin Board—On which we post interesting news and gossip

A Few Predictions—

Our Portrait Gallery—New and exclusive studies of Aileen Pringle, Lewis Stone, Alice Terry, William Haines, Marie Prevost, Marion Davies, Norman Kerry, Edmund Burns, and Paity Ruth Miller

Sex Pictures Are on the Wane—An article that proves its point conclusively

Where, Oh Where, Has Our Shirley Gone?—Snap-shots of Shirley Mason, as a babe in the wood

When the Director Shouts: Cry! Cry! Cry!—How real tears are really made to flow for the screen

Dorothy Sebastian Is the Luckiest Girl We Know in the Movie World—

The Joke's on Monte!—How Monte Blue won success doing what he said he wouldn't

What They Think of Each Other—In which the truth is told

Alas! Our Little Peter Pan Had to Grow Up After All—New portraits of Betty Bronson

The Story of My Life—Which should be entitled From Peasant to Patrician

We Suggest Coats of Arms for Hollywood's Nobility—

Broadcasting with Eleanor Boardman—And other interesting Confidences Off-Screen

When They Got the Wrong Number!!!—A page that tells a funny story with a surprise ending

The Fangs of the Leopard—

The Happiest Girl in Hollywood—New pictures of Corinne Griffith in her new home

Leatrice and Her Baby—In which great stars of 1925 and 1926 are interviewed

MOTION PICTURE, JR.—Introducing a miniature magazine for our child readers

The Charge of the Light Brigade—Six blonde vampires defend themselves against charges made by Vista Hill in the March number of the Magazine

Here Is This Month's Choice for OUR GALLERY of the GREAT—Studies of George Fawcett

That's Out—Keen comment by a recognized master of satire and humor

What Is the Popular Picture? and Who Is the Most Popular Player?—Some of the interesting entries and results in our great $2,500.00 Prize Contest

What the June Bride Will Be Wearing—New screen wedding-gowns, pictured and fully described

The Merry Widow—A factionization of Mae Murray's latest picture

The High Cost of Pictures—Presenting facts and figures that will astound you

Say, Have You Seen Harry Langdon?—An exclusive study of this most-talked-of comedian

New Pictures in Brief Review—

Criticisms of twenty-four new feature productions

To Douglas and a Spanish Mary—A song inspired by a scene from Don Q

On the Camera Coast—Harry Carr's department of Western studio news and gossip

Ten or Fifteen Years Ago—Clippings from the July Motion Picture Magazines from 1911 thru 1915

Before He Goes to the Studio—A story about Hughty Gordon, told in three pictures

Ten Keys to Perfect Health—Some screen stars disclose their secrets for preserving the beauty of their hair

Cheers and Kisses—Excerpts from letters that have been sent to us by our readers

The Answer Man—Replies to fans who have asked for information about pictures and stars

What the Stars Are Doing—

Listing the present activities of the players

Cover

Buy Broadway Temple Bonds

AND LET GOD COME TO BROADWAY!

A 5% Investment in Your Fellow Man's Salvation Backed by Big Business and Banking Executives!

By FRANK IRVING FLETCHER

BROADWAY TEMPLE is to be a combination of Church and Skyscraper, religion and revenue, Salvation and 5%—and the 5% is based on ethical Christian grounds—Christ did not come to the earth hat-in-hand—he did not supplicate Charity but offered it—you cannot cite a single instance where He asked for something for nothing—always He spoke in terms of reward—He approved of the man who makes money in. The Parable of the Ten Talents and He said the laborer is worthy of his hire—and by that token, the investor is entitled to his income—instead of asking for donations the Broadway Temple is issuing 2nd Mortgage 5% Bonds—it is going to be a self-supporting dividend-paying Church—that's what captured the imagination and support of the great business men behind it—they liked the robust conception of a Church that is not a supplicant but a producer!—not only preaching that Christianity is consistent with Business but demonstrating it by its own example. To be located on the highest block on Broadway—from 173rd to 174th Streets, and covering 26,000 square feet. It will have a tower 24 stories high. When each room is lighted and the whole is topped by a revolving flaming cross 34 feet high, it will recall religion impressively to the six million people who can see it.

It Will Contain:
A Church auditorium seating 2,000, together with Sunday school rooms, gymnasium, swimming pool, social hall and every modern convenience for religious and community work.

An Apartment Hotel in the tower over the Church containing 644 rooms, public offices, cafeteria, dining room and everything necessary for a first-class apartment hotel and the whole overlooking the Hudson River or Long Island Sound.

Apartments For Housekeeping in the two wings which will accommodate 500 people.

Stores on the Broadway front which will be very desirable and therefore bring a solid income.

To secure the $4,000,000 necessary to construct the Temple, $2,000,000 will be borrowed outright from a great insurance company. $2,000,000 will be issued in second mortgage 5% gold bonds which will bear cumulative interest as soon as they are paid for in full. Of this amount $1,250,000 has already been subscribed. We now ask you to PARTICIPATE AS A PARTNER in selling the remainder.

A GOOD PUBLIC INVESTMENT FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD
Mail coupon for particulars. Interesting to read whether you invest or not.
A Few Predictions

An Editorial by

Lumière

I do not agree with those who predict color photography on the screen and talking pictures. Black and white will prevail with a few titles and scenes in color as at present, but pictures in natural color will not be used, even if color photography is perfected. I have seen the latest talking pictures, and am convinced that this invention will never be universally adopted. The phonograph may be perfected so that human voices sound real, but it will spoil the illusion if screen characters speak.

All art must appeal to the imagination. Color and sound are now supplied by the imagination. After all, they are but pictures that we see, mere pictures, and pictures don't talk. Sometimes we see a close-up of a player and we imagine what he or she is thinking of. To put words in his or her mouth would be absurd.

But, twelve years from now we will laugh at our present motion pictures, and at the crude way in which they are done.

The producers will learn how to make pictures in such a way that the lens of the camera will see nothing that the eyes of the audience could not have seen—not what the players see. Thus, the camera will be moved up from the long shot to the close-up, just as if the audience walked up close to a player in order to get a near view of his or her face. In other words, the lens will be manipulated as if it were the eye of the audience.

The technical improvements to come are too numerous to mention, and twelve years from now you will realize that in 1925 we had only scratched the surface of this marvelous industry. Its possibilities are unbelievable, and its limitations are as naught.
Five Hundred and Twenty
Girls at Smith and Bryn Mawr
tell why they are using this soap
for their skin

Woodbury's had helped them to over-
come faults in their complexion, and to
gain a clear, smooth skin. The remainder
said, for the most part, that Woodbury's
simply agreed with their skin better than
other soaps.

The following are characteristic phrases
used in describing the effect of Wood-
bury's in ordinary cleansing:
"The only soap that really agrees with
my skin and does not dry it up."
"Keeps my skin soft and clear and
leaves a feeling of freshness."
"Doesn't seem to irritate my skin as
some soaps do."
"Seems to give me good color in my
cheeks as no other soap can."
"Found that it made my skin clearer,
my color brighter."
"Has worked wonders with my skin."
"My mother uses it," or "Mother sug-
gested it," were answers commonly given
in telling how the girls had come to use
Woodbury's.

Seven girls reported that their physi-
cian had recommended
Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Why Woodbury's is unique in its
effect on the skin

A skin specialist worked out the formula
by which Woodbury's is made. This
formula not only calls for absolutely pure
ingredients. It also demands greater re-
finement in the manufacturing process
than is commercially possible with ordi-
mary toilet soap. In merely handling a
cake of Woodbury's one notices this ex-
treme fineness.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing
 treatments for overcoming common skin
defects. Get a cake of Woodbury's today, and
begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month
or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any
of the special Woodbury treatments.

Their reasons, in their
own words

Three hundred and fifty girls gave the
purity of Woodbury's Facial Soap as their
reason for using it, or spoke of its mild,
non-irritating effect on the skin. Fifty-
two girls told of specific ways in which

FREE OFFER

A GUEST-SIZE SET, containing the
new, large-size trial cake of Wood-
bury's Facial Soap, and samples of
Woodbury's Facial Cream and
Facial Powder. Free—send for it
today!

Cut out the coupon and send today for this new FREE offer!

The Andrew Jergens Co.
1907 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me FREE
The new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's
Facial Soap, samples of Woodbury's Facial
Cream and Facial Powder, and the treatment
booklet. "A Skin You Love to Touch."
If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens
Co., Limited, 150 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.
Name
Address

College girls, with their fresh, rover face—how
do they take care of that
clear, youthful skin of theirs? Of 927 girls at
Smith and Bryn Mawr, over 50% are using
Woodbury's

Copyright, 1925, by The Andrew Jergens Co.
New Yorkers were as sorry to say good-bye to Aileen as the Hollywoodians were eager to welcome her. You'll see her next in "Wildfire," and after that in "The Mystic," opposite Conway Tearle. As for her plans for the summer, she's keeping them a dead secret—so who can blame us for scenting a romance?
Lewis Stone

He's now at work on a dramatic picture called "The Lady Who Lied." We know of no lady in real life who could look into his clear, honest eyes and tell him a lie—but it may be a different matter with the ladies in reel life. Will you ever forget him as The Prisoner of Zenda? We're so sure you cannot, that we're adding to your pleasure in this page by reproducing a scene from that picture, played with Alice Terry.
Here’s Alice the fiery brunette, and tho we hang for it, we are going to assert that she is more beautiful as her dusky self than disguised as a cold blonde for the screen. She’s now in Europe with her husband, Rex Ingram, who is directing her in “Mare Nostrum.” At the left is a scene from the last Alice Terry-Lewis Stone picture, “Confessions of a Queen.”
William
Haines

To our mind, he's the perfect hero for a Sat-Even-Post story of modern youth called "A Boy Named Billy." Won't somebody please page Rupert Hughes and ask him to write it? Billy—we refuse to call him Mr. Haines or William—has been playing pranks with Sally O'Neill in Marshall Neilan's picture "Patsy," and now he's romping with Mary Pickford and her ragged gang in "Little Annie Rooney"
She has recently finished her work for Ernst Lubitsch's picture, "Kiss Me Again," and is now playing opposite her husband, Kenneth Harlan, in "Bobbed Hair." We don't know what it's all about, but it sounds like one of those stories of young married couples where the husband is a bit old-fashioned and stern and stupid, and the wife is cute and coquettish and a bit petulant. Of course, they quarrel. And then—here's the surprise—she bobs her hair to spite him, and he likes it, and so everything ends happily. As we said before, we really don't know what the story's about, and maybe we've guessed wrong.
Marion Davies

Do you know that Marion is a first-rate comédienne? She's going to prove it to you in "Zander the Great." You'll adore her as the ragged, pig-tailed little orphan.

At the right is a scene from the picture, with Harrison Ford, where she proves that she is equally adorable as a "grown-up," and that she can interpret tragedy as well as comedy. She has just begun work on the Broadway success, "The Merry Wives of Gotham"
We read once in a dusty old book on Black Magic that women should beware of men with cleft chins, for they always break hearts. If we could put it to a vote, we wager every woman reader of this magazine would be glad to risk having Norman Kerry break her heart. At the left you see him with Mary Philbin in a scene from “The Phantom of the Opera.” He’s now at work on “The Prince.”
Sitting for your portrait in the imposing studio of a New York artist is mighty serious business, thinks young Mr. Burns. But in the good old movie studio, under the kleigs—well, that's another matter altogether. And surely there's nothing serious about Edmund in the picture at the left from "The Manicure Girl," in which he plays opposite Bebe Daniels. He'll soon be working with Leatrice Joy on his first De Mille feature, "Hell's Highroad."

Edmund Burns
Freulich

Patsy Ruth Miller

She's now making a picture called "Rose of the World," and there's something about the title that is descriptive of Patsy herself. She's as colorful and glowing and alluring as a perfect American Beauty rose. She never quite loses these qualities no matter what 'role she plays; you can catch them even in this scene with House Peters, from "Headwinds"
Sex Pictures Are on the Wane
By HARRY CARR

There are two kinds of sex pictures. One relates to the hideous iniquities of the flappers—their rolled-down stockings, cigarettes, cocktails and easy kisses.

The other kind of sex picture is of the Elinor Glyn variety: the sheik with the ravening eyes who just pursues and pursues and pursues the cold-hearted young lady.

If you want to make it three for luck, then there is still another kind of sex picture. This is the cynical, so-called "Continental" variety—where married couples get all mixed up.

The flapper pictures are so dear that you would have to call in an undertaker to write the sub-titles it if you were to give another one to the screen. The reason for the demise is not mysterious. The trouble with flapper pictures was this: they weren't about anything. Reduced to their common denominator, they were just puppy-love affairs between high-school children.

For the most part, they consisted of an old grandmother who quavered around with a cane and shook with horror at the conduct of the younger generation. And the younger generation flapped defiance, bobbed hair, cocktail shakers, hip flasks, and cigarettes at her; and told her that "times have changed since your day; old dear."

Indiscreet young ladies were carried off to bed in their cups. Automobile joy-ride parties forgot to come home until daylight.

And so on and so on and so on—They were shocking enough; but the public, it seems, will not keep on paying to be shocked.

Beyond the fact that flapper pictures became tedious to grown-up people, there were two or three very practical and compelling reasons why the producers were glad to shuffle them off at the first opportunity.

The Mature Public will no longer pay money to be shocked by Flappers. The Flapper Public is tired of passionate Sheiks and mysterious Latin Lovers. The Filthy-minded Public has been fooled so often by salacious advertising of harmless pictures, that it no longer rises to such bait for the real thing.

"Three Weeks" was the most popular of the "mad pursuit" sex pictures; see reproduce a typical scene below. Carl Laemmle, the Big Boss of Universal says: "I wouldn't have one of those Elinor Glyn stories if she'd give it to me. I don't want sex stories. And the public doesn't want them"... Even Mrs. Glyn sees the handwriting on the wall, and admits that her new picture is not a story of love and passion at all.
As to the other type of sex picture:
The best answer is that its Papas and Mammas seem to have coldly disowned it.

The vogue for sex pictures started with Rudolph Valentino in *The Sheik*. That picture earned a huge fortune, and added a new word to the English language.

But is the fascinating Rudolph playing passionate sheik lovers now? He is not. Not only that, but he is doing his best to make the public forget those passionate orgies. His personal publicity is all about boxing, prize-fights, trips to the desert, etc. Every effort is made to call attention to the fact that Rudolph was formerly a cavalry officer: that he is a graduate of an agricultural college, and most of all, that he is a devoted married man.

It is plain that he sees the wreck of the sex picture ahead.

Oddly enough, the sex picture seems to have been sentenced to death for sins of which, for the most part, it was not guilty.

Salacious advertising of pictures that often were relatively innocent raised a cyclone of protest. For instance, a commonplace domestic drama showing nothing specially wicked was emblazoned on the bill-boards with these words:

*Moments of love—hours of sorrow—nights of rapture.*

*Tarnish,* as transferred to the screen, was rather harmless: but this is the way it was dished up to the public:

*That blot on your husband's past.
Sweet, toothy, pretty-pretty. Awake, you jealous wives and clean your guns.*

The picture that really made Gloria Swanson was *Manhandled*. Altho it dealt with the temptations surrounding a working girl, its success was not due to sex. It was put over by Gloria’s wholly delightful comedy.

Yet this is the way it was exploited:

*Imagine the screen's most gorgeous personality as a siren gold-digger trading her caresses for jewels and Rolls-Royces.*

Absolutely no incident in the picture either justified or suggested such a description.

The titles of many pictures also insinuated sex situations that were not there. For instance: *Changing Husbands, A Woman of Fire, Open All Night, Wild Moments, Sinners in Heaven, Compromised, The Golden Bed.*

When shown on the screen, these pictures did not fulfill the vicious promise of their names. *Open All Night* was a comedy about an all-night bicycle race. *Sinners in Heaven* was about a boy who masqueraded as an old man's son to get his fortune. *The Golden Bed* was a symbol of luxury, selfishness and extravagance; not of vice. And so on. This wild advertising had an unexpected result. It brought Mr. Will Hays and the club-women down like a thousand pounds of brick upon the heads of producers and exhibitors alike. In both protests, the producers and exhibitors alike saw a deadly threat of future censorship.

On the other hand, this salacious and misleading bait proved to be disappointing to the filthy-minded.
people who went to the theaters hoping for the worst.

On both counts, sex pictures proved to be boomerangs.

I think sex pictures were staggering to their knees when an unexpected incident gave them a new lease of life. Out of a clear sky, Jack Gilbert made a tremendous personal hit in Elinor Glyn's His Hour. Probably he would have done just as well in any other interesting story. But the fact is, at a time when fans were hankering for a new thrill, he burst out of comparative obscurity.

Mrs. Glyn's sojourn in the movies has been adorned liberally with sex pictures: Three Weeks, Six Days, His Hour, A Hollywood wit remarked that if Mrs. Glyn keeps on shortening the time, she will have to name her next picture The Split Second.

All of these pictures have all made a lot of money, I have an idea that even Mrs. Glyn sees the handwriting on the wall. She told me with great emphasis that her latest picture is not a story of love and passion at all.

It will be noted that the big producing companies like Paramount are steering religiously away from stories of sex and society. Probably the most profitable pictures ever made by Paramount (or any other producing company) was the series of big outdoor Westerns like The Covered Wagon, Thundering Herd, North of 36, and the Zane Grey stories.

The enormous vogue of Tom Mix and the other bronco riding actors shows which way the taste of the public runs.

As to this other type of sex picture, . . .

Eric von Stroheim was the pioneer of that type, with pictures like Foolish Wives, Blind Husbands, and The Devil's Pass-Key.

There is one outstanding fact about these pictures that has not escaped the attention of the producers. They are without doubt the most adroit, clever and skillfully produced pictures in screen history. Among the list are Chaplin's A Woman of Paris, Lubitsch's The Marriage Circle, Three Women and Forbidden Paradise.

All of them were more than just good pictures. They were pictures of astonishing brilliancy: yet they did not do so well as less sophisticated pictures of less quality. No one can deny it: these pictures did not bring an adequate return for the brains that went into them. Unless it was Forbidden Paradise. The success of that one was chiefly due to the amazing personality of Pola Negri—at last cast in a part in which she could give free expression to her art.

The truth is, the American public just doesn't want screen plays of suggestiveness, cynicism, or sophistication. I have talked with many big movie men who are quite candid in expressing this opinion.

One to whom I talked was a big exhibitor having an immense chain of houses in his charge.

"You have only to examine the favorites of the American public to know what they do like," he said. "Who have been our favorite authors: Harold Bell Wright and Gene Stratton-Porter. Certainly you wouldn't call them sexy. What are our two biggest national festivals? Christmas and Fourth of July. Those two writers and those two national feast days come nearer expressing the American public than any written words."

Carl Laemmle, the veteran "boss" of the big Universal Film Corporation, who discovered most of the big stars like Mary Pickford and Tom Ince, was even more emphatic. He has a list of about a thousand fans with whom he regularly corresponds: so it isn't guesswork with him.

"I wouldn't have one of those Elinor Glyn stories if she would give it to me," he said, "nor do I want any sex stories. The public doesn't want them. The public wants stories they can believe in—laid in sensational atmospheres. They don't want improbable stories about shop girls marrying grand dukes. They want something they know could have happened. On the other hand, they don't want stories laid in the house next door. They want bizarre and unusual surroundings for their stories."

The most delightful and unusual answer was given by Mack Sennett.

"Sex stories might go in the big cities: but not in the country town," said Mr. Sennett. "And that's where the money is made in motion pictures. The big city theater is merely a kind of show window. The producer's meal ticket is the small city. There is a special reason why the sex picture does not find favor in the small city. The village beau is ashamed to be seen by the boys in front of the corner garage taking old man Moneybag's daughter to a sex picture. You have to face public opinion when you go to a sex picture in a second-run town. And public opinion is the very biggest: force in America today."
Where, Oh Where, Has Our Shirley Gone?

The hardest girl to find, in all the movies these days, is little Shirley Mason. No matter where you go or look for her, she isn't there, and questions as to her whereabouts are answered with a vague gesture and the remark that she's out in the woods—somewhere. The only people in California who know the secret are the real estate agents.

You see, Shirley is about to become a farmer—that is, if she ever finds a farm that suits her. When she was making "The Talker" for First National, the whole company went up to Lake Arrowhead. Shirley was simply delighted. She drove all over the country; she looked at every piece of land within auto reach; she talked to the surrounding farmers, climbed fences and sat in the woods, dreaming about potatoes and pigs and apple orchards... The picture she was making? Oh, yes, she worked on that, too—if the director had a streak of luck and caught her early in the morning before she got away from them.
When the Director Shouts:

Cry!
Cry!
Cry!

By DOROTHY D. CALHOUN

of players who are known in the studio vernacular as "non-criers."

Other expedients, such as a Bermuda onion of great potency held in the handkerchief, were once resorted to. It is even said that in her earlier Griffith days, Lillian Gish, champion weeper of the screen, was photographed in close-ups shedding great drops of woe caused not by mental anguish but by the fact that D. W. himself was kneeling on the floor out of camera range pinching her toes!

Now real tears are demanded, on tap at a moment's notice, "because, understand, we got to get this picture out on schedule." Comedy actors and the sternest sex are not exempt. In the latest Harold Lloyd picture both Harold and Jobyna have to cry.

There are many kinds of tears. There is the single tear slipping desolately down the cheek of a dying relative, tears of grief at the bedside of a dying relative, tears of rage, despair, shame, repentance, a mother's tears, a wandering boy's tears, the tear shed over a photograph or a dried rose, the tears that spatter down on letters announcing that "the governor has refused to reprieve Johnny," that "all is over and you will never see me again," or that "I am dying and want to right the wrong I done you, Kate."

With some players, crying is a mere matter of turning some emotional faucet. When Clara Bow came to Hollywood, her father took her to see B. P. Schulberg, the producer.

"My daughter is a great actress, Mr. Schulberg," he announced.

"Yes?" asked B. P. with rising inflection. "Well, I'd have to have that proved."

"All right," agreed Mr. Bow, and turning to his daughter, he ordered, "Clara, cry for the gentleman."

And Clara, without preliminaries, then and there obliged with a copious gush of tears! The producer's doubts were washed away on that briny flood and he

JUST try it yourself if you think it's so easy.
You've had a good lunch, you have on a becoming new dress (or a new suit as the case may be), the morning papers had a picture of you in your latest role, you've had a fresh shave (or a shingle bob), the alimony has been paid (or received), the year's at the spring, and all's jake with the world.
You get out of your new sports model roadster and stroll onto the set. In ten minutes you have to be weeping your eyes out because you're wrongfully accused of murder, or have lost your husband or your cook, or have been betrayed or ruined on Wall Street.
Now, how would you go about it?

IN the early prehistoric days of the cinema, tears were administered externally thru a medicine dropper, and the player stood with eyes closed and head held back waiting for the command to let the glycerin flow. But the drug-store formula for emotion was unsatisfactory when any long-distance weeping was to be done, for the eye would hold only a limited number of drops, and glycerin grief has been discontinued except in the cases

Mae Busch, who cries little or none in real life, can make herself weep heart-brokenly by simply exercising her self-will. This close-up from "Time, the Comedian" is a lovely example of the loveliness of tears.
THE tears that drip on the screen nowadays are the real thing, caused by genuine emotion. No more glycerin drops! No more onions hidden in hankies! A different method has to be used with every player to turn these tears on tap at a moment’s notice. And it’s part of the director’s job to discover the right method. And it’s part of the player’s job to shed the tears convincingly and beautifully. No screwing of the eyes! No hideous distortion of the mouth! Not even a sniffle! If you think it’s so easy—just try it yourself.

promptly signed her up for three years, backing her to win the weepstakes.

Gloria Swanson is another actress who has her tear ducts under control. One day she was talking and laughing with the writer of this article on the set, when she suddenly exclaimed, “Oh, excuse me a minute, will you? I forgot. I have to cry in this scene.”

She walked away, turned her back, and a moment later when she looked around, the tears were streaming down her face in the most heart-broken fashion. She had simply willéd herself to cry.

Helen Ferguson has played so many lugubrious roles of neglected wives and lovelorn maidens that the moment a director says “Cry!” the rainy season begins. In Hungry Hearts she cried every day for two months before the camera, and the tears were always so close to the surface that at a party if anyone would point a finger or speak to her suddenly they would splash down and dampen the hilarity of the occasion.

To experienced actors, trained to respond to direction, the mere command to cry is often enough. Like the fire-alarm to a seasoned fire-horse, the word starts instinctive reaction. Rod La Rocque, who has been an actor since childhood, can be talking and joking with by-

standers one moment and the next be agonizing over his dying mother, as he did in The Ten Commandments.

“Watch Robert Edeson,” is Cecil De Mille’s advice to new players. Edeson is an old-time actor. He holds that it is unnecessary for a player really to feel any emotion. If he cannot imitate grief, rage, terror, tears, he is not an actor at all. When Edeson is asked to do an emotional scene, he puts himself in the place of the spectator out in front and deliberately plans the effect he wants to produce.

Yet even if the emotion is simulated, the tears are real. Albert Gran, another old-time stage actor now in the pictures, shed tears every night for a year while Tarnish was playing on Broadway, until the constant strain on the tear ducts actually affected his eyes.

Most players have to feel at least sad before they can cry. And they have many different rules and methods for getting into the requisite sad frame of mind as quickly as possible. Some rely upon a certain strain of music, others think of a sad episode in their lives. Pola Negri combines the two. She is able to cry freely in two minutes by having the set very quiet and getting the orchestra to play a little Polish folk song called The Last Sigh.

(Con. on page 90)
DOROTHY SEBASTIAN'S career has been almost a motion picture miracle. She was playing in a musical show in New York when the notion struck her that she would like to be a movie star. So she gathered up her lipstick and her best clothes and took a little ride across the continent. Most girls wait around for weeks and months before they ever have a chance to find out what the inside of a studio looks like. Dorothy just took the works by storm. Picking out the United Studios as the most likely place, she walked in past the gateman, giving him an abstracted, absent-minded nod, as tho she had bought the place and was considering how it ought to be changed around. In the same way, she walked into the office of Henry King, the director. She told him in such a matter-of-fact way that she had decided to become a movie star that he took her for granted. He gave her a screen test that afternoon. He took one look at the test and signed her on a five-year contract. And within a few days after she had signed, she was working in "Sackcloth and Scarlet." She had a part only second in importance to Alice Terry, and when Frank Lloyd saw the picture he signed Dorothy for "Winds of Chance." In this she has the rôle of Laurie, a dance hall girl. There are two famous stars also playing in the picture—Anna Q. Nilsson and Viola Dana—but the part that Dorothy plays is of almost equal importance to theirs. Miss Sebastian is a Southern girl. Her charm lies not only in her beauty, but in a sort of downright, practical reality. She is more like Helene Chadwick than any other screen girl we know; and yet with a touch of the fire and magnetism of Gloria Swanson.
The Joke's on Monte

Poor Monte! He's won fame as the Handsome Hero of High Society Dramas—but he wants to play a Daredevil Cowboy in thrilling Western Melodramas

By Homer Currie

MONTE BLUE suddenly finds himself on the high pinnacle of fame—and miserable, thank you.

Fate has played a funny, ironical joke on Monte. Every since he was an extra man, trying to stifle the complaints of a generally gnawing stomach, he has dreamed of the day when he would become famous as a cowboy actor—in stories of the far, free West which he loves so well and knows so well. And here, to his unutterable dismay, he finds himself famous as an actor of dramas of high society—with slicked-down hair and shining shirt-fronts.

Monte told me his troubles one night when we were having a little family dinner out in his honey-moon cottage, where he has installed the beautiful, little Danish bride who used to be the model for Harrison Fisher's magazine copies.

The story may be funny to others; but it is no joke to Monte.

When he was a little boy in Indianapolis, Monte said he was bitten by two ambitions which tore him this way and that. He didn't know whether to be an actor, or a cowboy.

The uneasy blood of his Cherokee Indian great-grandfather called him West; but every passing show that came to town lured him back to the footlights.

Finally, he got the chance to be an actor. A beauteous, blonde actress came to town with a show called Diamond Bess, the Queen of the Cowboys. The most thrilling part in it was Manitoba, the intrepid Indian scout.

When they got to Indiana, something happened to the genuine Indian chief who played the part, and the company was thrown into a panic. When Monte, who was always hanging around the theater, mentioned his Indian blood, the manager regarded himself as having been rescued by a special Providence.

They spent all one day rehearsing the new Manitoba. Manitoba supplied the big thrill of the piece. When Diamond Bess found herself surrounded by prairie fires, bands of wild outlaws and other trikes, she whistled for her trained cow-pony. As it galloped up, Manitoba made a wild leap; landed on his back, and flew for help.

When the night of the grand performance came, Monte stood waiting with tingling excitement. When the beautiful Bess whistled for the pony, Monte got ready to leap. As the pony galloped in, Monte's long legs propelled him furiously thru the air. He went clear over the galloping pony and head-first thru a painted lake on the backdrop, landing on a pile of chairs. He never found out whether Diamond Bess was rescued from the outlaws or not. They carried him unconscious to the hospital.

When they fastened him together again, Monte began to think maybe, after all, he had better be a cow-puncher.

As a compromise between his two careers, he finally landed in a circus where he rode in the Grand Spectacle and clowned between times. He had the usual circus adventures and the usual circus accidents. But he said that he came away with his life the richer and kinder for the circus people he had known.

Monte says that, having touched life with the lid off in its different phases, from hobo camps to society soirées, he looks back to the circus as the home of the kindest people and the happiest families he has ever met.

But, finally, due to a bad accident in a circus, he landed in the harbor of his dreams—out on a cattle ranch in Wyoming.

As a matter of fact, Monte is one of a mere handful of motion picture cow-punchers who have really been hands on a range. Most of the others learned to ride in Wild West shows.

Life was cruel and hard on the range in those days. It had perils and hardships that the cow-punchers on the ranges farther south knew nothing of.

Monte knew what it was to ride out thru a blizzard with his riata frozen stiff in his hands to the rescue of lost cattle perishing in the storm. He became one of the most noted riders in the Northwest in a day when it took man-stuff to ride the range.

But like all cowboys, he drifted along.

There's doubtless many a brakeman, still up there in the Northwest, who scattered ashes, hot from the stove, in order to torture the boys on the brake-boards, and who now

(Continued on page 106)
What They Think

"Mary Brian is the Little Princess of Screendom"

says

Ethel Ralston

There's real age of sixteen years has come to be synonymous with that type of girlhood which we have named the flapper, but there the association stops. Mary is the unconscious example of everything that the modern flapper isn't.

You know from a mischievous twinkle in her eye that she might sometimes like to be a flapper in spirit, but again her inherent reserve restrains her. She is an observer rather than a partaker in any activity going on around her and she is inclined to talk very little. What she says usually comes out quite suddenly and she is likely to be a little embarrassed at having said something to make you laugh.

If there is the least bit of vanity about Mary, I haven't discovered it and as I said before I have been working with her for more than a year. She is naturally a dainty creature and she takes pride in dressing herself attractively simply because it is being done and she always wants to do what she has heard is the thing to do.

For the same reason, when we first came to New York

(Continued on page 104)
Of Each Other

"Esther Ralston is the Loveliest Girl in the World"

says

Mary Brian!

THERE is so much in my heart about Esther that it is hard for me to know just how to go about saying it.

You see, I admired her very much, long before I knew that we were to be friends.

I had seen her several times. One day, when I was trying out for the part of Wendy, in Peter Pan, I went over to the studio to have some pictures made and Miss Ralston was there, too. She had on a cloth-of-gold dress and her lovely blonde hair was piled high on her head.

I thought I had never seen anyone look quite so pretty or sweet. She saw me watching her and smiled—and I began to wish I knew her.

When I found out that we were actually to play together I was awfully glad. And, when she found out how little I knew about work in the movies, she took me under her wing as tho I had been her younger sister. There is a lot of gratitude in my heart for her. I will never forget how kind she has been to me.

My mother feels just as I do about her. She and Miss Ralston are as fond of each other as they can be. We three have had some wonderful times together.

I think the jolliest part of it all has been this trip to New York.

I had never been here before and all my life I had been thinking and wondering about it. I have always loved books that were about New York. Of course, when I knew I was really to come here at last, I was so excited I could hardly wait for the time to come to start.

Esther knows New York quite well, but it had been six years since she had been here, so, in a way, it was new to her, too.

Together we have done all the fascinating things that we had talked of for so long. Sight-seeing trips—Central Park—Broadway—bus rides on Fifth Avenue—how we both love Fifth Avenue!

And half the pleasure of it all has been having Esther with me.

Esther is so gay and enthusiastic. I never have the least feeling of shyness when we are together. I can't imagine anyone being self-conscious or ill at ease with her.

She has a lot of humor, and the things she says are so funny that we just keep laughing all the time. And yet, she is very dignified, too. She never gushes over people or says anything she doesn't really mean. And, tho she is deeply interested in her friends, she is not the least bit curious. There are never any pry ing questions. I would feel free to tell her anything—but, if I didn't want to tell her I know she would never ask me.

But, somehow, Miss Ralston is the kind of person who makes confiding seem natural. She is so understanding and sympathetic and I trust her absolutely. I know that nothing I say to her in confidence will ever be repeated. She could never, under any circumstances, betray a trust.

She is not changeable. Her friendships

(Continued on page 104)
Ever since we saw Betty Bronson as Peter Pan, we haven't been able to convince ourselves that she isn't Peter-come-to-life; that she didn't step right out of Barrie's story and become in reality the Boy Who Could Never Grow Up. But alas! she sent us these new pictures the other day, and they've spoiled our mental picture of her. We readily admit that Betty is bewitching as a débutante, and that Fred Niblo made no mistake when he chose her for the rôle of the Madonna in "Ben Hur," but just the same we mourn the elfin Peter who had to be sent back to his story-book home.
Charlie Chaplin trying to get a laugh from him during the filming of "A Woman of Paris"

I REMEMBER one thing of an expensive college course and that is a class in Higher Algebra, called Probability and Chance, which proved, to me at least, that everything happens according to mathematical laws, and not thru choice.

If there are a few red beans in a bag of white ones—so I remember the professor explained it—a red bean will appear after a definite number of white ones are drawn. We do not make our lives—Life makes us. Every so often a man will be more successful, richer than his fellows. When one of these men tries to give his rules for success for others to follow, I always think of the law of averages, which determines the appearance of the red bean among the white, and laugh to myself at his fatuity.

My own life proves the professor's theorem to me. It is not my credit that I am a motion-picture actor instead of a peasant in a rough smock, living on black bread and sour wine in a remote French province. I often wonder what sort of a farmer I should have made if Chance had not taken charge of me eighteen years before I was born, and sent my father away from the poor, rocky fields where his ancestors had bent their backs for generations!

The story of my life might be titled From Peasant to Patrician. I have played the aristocrat, the man of the
world, upon the screen so many times that, at the very least, a coat of arms is expected of me. I am sorry to disappoint anyone, but I am rather proud of the fact that my people on both sides of the family have been of the peasant class for hundreds of years. My French father's forebears were of those whom Millet painted. They sowed and reaped their fields in the

It was soon after the gold rush to California, and my father followed the footsteps of the forty-niners as far as New Mexico. But he prospected for gold with saucepans and skillets instead of a pickaxe. He opened a small hotel in Silver City, and the fame of his table soon spread.

In Chicago a millionaire brewer, named Bemis, had built a huge, gaudy hotel, the Richelieu. In a day when a rich man's idea of a banquet was to order a hundred dollars' worth of ham and eggs at a bare table set with coarse white crockery, Bemis decked his tables forth with gold plate, and sent for my father to manage his hotel for him. He even sent him to Europe to choose his wine cellar—the Chicago millionaires were rough and ready men who preferred their beer to imported champagne.

From a man worth three and a half millions, Bemis became a pauper with the breaking of his gaudy bubble, and died later a beggar in the streets.

Long before the public lost its heart to the sophisticated, cultured Menjou in the picture at the left, he had perfected his technique by playing a variety of roles. The romantic figure at the right is his portrayal of the hero in "World's Applause," in which he appeared with Kathryn Wil- liams yesterday. In the oval he is laughing at Betty Compson in "The Fast Set".

Who would have thought the smiling Menjou could look so savage. It was a good while ago, however, and he was playing the villainous Count Risch- enheim in "Rupert of Hentzau".

Commune D'arbus, in the shadow of the Pyrenees. My Irish grandfather on my mother's side smoked his clay pipe on the peat bogs in Galway at the ripe age of a hundred and two.

I have been to both places. I know my people. I would guess what they had been if I had not known, by the love of the land that I have inherited. I spend my free hours now working on the grounds of my home.

My father was different from his family. He was ambitious—fiercely so. Report had it that in America, Land of Promise, all men were as rich as lords. When he was seventeen he landed in New York, one of the immigrant boys with rough hands and a high heart who have made America.
first years. I fell ill of all the diseases to which children's flesh is heir, one after the other. My earliest plans for my future, I remember, were to become a doctor, because doctors played such an important rôle in my young life, and seemed magnificent and impressive personages with beards, black bags and gold watches.

A year and eight months later my brother Henry came along, a robust and strapping child who took after the Irish side. I myself am my French father all over again. My brother and I adored one another—and quarreled while we were together as whole-heartedly as we stood up for each other when we were apart. Henry, I may add while I think of it, became the most popular man in his Cornell class, and is a business man thru and thru. He has no sympathy with my dramatic ambitions—and goes religiously to see all my pictures.

My grandmother brought us children up, while my parents worked together to make their hotel what it afterwards became: the gathering place of all the famous people who came to Pittsburgh, the favorite resort of the big figures of finance, Schwab, Carnegie, Thaw, and the other multimillionaires of the rich and sooty city.

Up-stairs in our apartments we prattled in French patois, the language of the peasant, and listened while Grandmère told us folk-tales and sang songs of her native Pau country. With her birthright of thrift, she made all of our clothes, tho we were prosperous by now, and made them according to the styles of children's clothes in her old village. We must have been quaint little figures in our solemn black satin frocks, chatting away in provincial French. I could not speak a word of English till I was six years old.

The Café Royale was the gathering place of politicians, opera singers, stage folk, and society people. My father was a genial man with a magnetic personality and a positive genius for

At the right is the Mr. Menjou who is familiar to the residents of Hollywood. At the left is the little nine-year-old Adolphe who trotted around in his father's café, chattering in French patois to the patrons who wore his playmates all thru his childhood

making people comfortable. His guests were all his personal friends—and ours. With my brother I used to be dressed up and allowed to go down-stairs and play in the gilded corridors and luxurious lounges of the Café. The women patrons would make a great fuss over us, and the men taught us tricks and held us on their knees. A list of the illustrious knees I have sat on in my time would read like a roster of Fame. We would sit up at the table with some famous comedy queen or tragedian, while they recited speeches from their plays to us and tried to get us to imitate them. To this early contact with people of the drama, I probably owe my first ideas of going onto the stage.

This hotel life (Continued on page 114)
We Suggest Coats of Arms

Designed By
ELDON KELLEY

Nita Naldi had to be at least a baroness. She is the darkest of the vampires, so, of course, she has to have black cats supporting her. Half-closed almond eyes watch over her shield, and to her exotic earrings are attached four pendants.

Charlie Chaplin's our choice for elevation to the throne. The artist invited him, like Napoleon, to adjust his own crown and, being Charlie Chaplin, he naturally got it askew. The shoes and custard pie were also drawn from life.

Doug is the Caliph of Bagdad. He didn't mind at all that Charlie was chosen king. For, after all, isn't Mary queen? He surely didn't want to rule her, so he took a place on her coat of arms as her gallant adorer. (See next page—upper left)

We call Rudolph the King of Hearts because he pleases the ladies and deserves the highest courtesy title in the realm. The cupid aiming at the bull's-eye carries out the idea on his crest—but his real rating is that of Spanish grandee, and he's one of the noblest fighters of them all.

The little Bluebird of Happiness whispered to Lillian Gish that she must not do as others do—therefore, she has chosen to be just the Lady Lillian. She is nothing if not poetical, so stars and lilies went on the crest.
For Hollywood's Nobility

Gloria's marquis inherited his heraldic shield from some great-great-grandfather De la Falaise, who was knighted on a field of battle or something. But the stars we honor are the founders of their titles and they have inspired their own symbols.

Mary, of course, is the queen of this new dynasty. The three crowns is a nifty little custom which she adopted from certain medieval Roman princes. One she wears for herself, one for King Charlie, and one for Doug.

We looked up the histories of Central Europe, where the most ornamental titles flourish, and discovered that an impressive member of the nobility is a margrave. So that is the title we accord to Harold Lloyd—from grave to gay—you see the point. The forked lightning about his head is not a halo.

Ben Turpin left both title and coat of arms for us to choose, so we made him a count and gave him the cross-eyed decorations. Ben's only provision was that the two prettiest girls in pictures should be supporting him, and that he should be realistically shown ogling both of them at the same time.

We were going to call Mae Murray the vicomtesse, for certainly she should have a French title. Then suddenly, we remembered Pompadour, and Madame Du Barry, and decided that, best of all, she should be the King's favorite. The jeweled shoe is the decoration she feels sure her descendants will value most.
Broadcasting With Eleanor Boardman

One Million Radio Fans Listened
In on this Confidence

She shook her head. "It's an ordeal," she muttered. "I like it about as well as being bitten by a camel" "How come? You've been bitten by a camel?" "No. But a crazy press-agent once said I'd been." Her eyes danced. She laughed. And that served to break down her tension. In a moment she was herself again.

The broadcasting station was a tranquil, green-carpeted room in the heart of a Broadway office building. At one end, there was a low balcony on which two girl operators were mysteriously caged. The only other persons present were the announcer and a photographer. Miss Boardman and I stood on either side of the microphone, a disk-like affair on a tripod which could be moved around.

We were introduced in turn over the four winds, and the interview started.

"Miss Boardman, we are taking a very large public into our confidence, and they will want to hear something exciting," I said. "Now, what have you got to reveal?"

"I'd have you know I'm a discreet girl, Mr. Roberts," she answered. "I don't tell the whole world about my private doings until I'm convinced I should. You'll have to ask me questions."

"Fair enough. Let's start with something safe.

What was the last picture you made, and how did you like your part?"

"Just before leaving Hollywood, I finished The Circle, the Somerset Maugham comedy of smart English life which Mrs. Leslie Carter and John Drew played on Broadway. I had the lead, my best part, and I loved it."

(Continued on page 119)
Confidences Off-Screen

By W. Adolphe Robert

Carol Dempster is one of the players I most admire. No girl in motion pictures surpasses her in the sincerity of her work, and she has made remarkable artistic progress of late. Placing her at the head of this department is a pleasure I have long promised myself.

I sought her out at Famous Players’ studio, where she was working under D. W. Griffith in Poppy. It was our first interview, but not the first time I had seen her. Months ago, when the Old Master of all directors was still holding Orienta Point against the money sharks, it was my privilege to watch Carol Dempster going thru several scenes of a poignant a picture as ever proved too good for the box-office: Isn’t Life Wonderful?

She seemed absorbed to the last nerve in her role then, and allowing for the lighter emotional demands of Poppy, she was fully as earnest in her artistry the other day.

Between shots, she came down to earth, sat with me among the jumble of props outside the set and smiled her willingness to be confidential.

I soon discovered that nothing would be easier than to interview her about Griffith. She admires him intensely and justly, is aware of all he has done for her and would be happiest if allowed to sing his praises.

But tho “D. W.” is a very great man to me, also, it was of Carol Dempster I wanted to hear this time. She submitted gracefully.

“I began as a dancer, you know—out in California, with Ruth St. Denis,” she said. “I was the youngest pupil to graduate in her first class. We were to go on tour, and I actually started and appeared for two weeks in San Francisco. I was forced to drop out because of illness in the family. When I went South again, it was to find that Mr. Griffith had noticed me among Miss St. Denis’s girls. He asked me if I’d like to go into motion pictures. Since it was a chance to work with him, I went, of course, and I’ve never left him.”

“Have you kept up your dancing?”

“No. I haven’t had time for it. Oddly enough, this part in Poppy is the first that has required me to do any dancing. I was quite out of training and afraid of myself with even the simplest steps. But in rehearsal the rhythm came back to some extent. I hope I shan’t seem to be faking it.”

Carol Dempster has a horror of the counterfeit. But she does not need to fear. She and Griffith between them have made of her an actress who is all wistful and poetic sincerity. Anything that passes that jury of two will ring true upon the screen.

She told me in answer to a chance question that when they were working at the Orienta Point studio, she had lived in the village of Mamaroneck and had visited New York only two or three times in a year. All her energy was given to the picture that was being made. Night rehearsals were a commonplace. The city and its pleasures meant nothing to her.

Tho she is commuting now from Riverside Drive and Seventy-second Street to Astoria, her life is scarcely different. Griffith creates without regard to union hours, and she loves to stay with him until the last shot is made, to wait and see the day’s “rushes” in the projection-room.

Her devotion to art is complete, and this is the best compliment I can pay her.

Tom and Tony Do New York

When Tom Mix was East, on his way to Europe, his doings earned a large amount of space in the newspapers and crowds followed him everywhere. For not only is Tom a mighty picturesque cowboy actor, one-eighth Cherokee Indian, but he had the happy thought to bring his celebrated partner, Tony, along with him.
Tony is perhaps the greatest horse in the movies. He
and his master made a strikingly handsome pair.
They gave a luncheon on board the Aquitania, preceded
by a display of Wild West riding on deck that thrilled the
British stewards and stewardesses and jolly tars to death.
I had a seat at Mix's table, and happened to ask him
whether he thought Tony would be comfortable on the
voyage.
"Say, that hoss is going to be fixed right," drawled
Tom. "You'd ought to see his stall. It's better'n the cabin I had the first time
I went over."
"I didn't know you'd been abroad."
"I was with Buffalo Bill," he admitted.
"Just one of the cow-punchers he took with him to London."
Unless I am mistaken, the fact that Tom was once in a
Buffalo Bill show has never before been printed.
The final jamboree in New York was a
dinner at the Hotel
Astor. As soon as the
guests were seated, a
door at the far end of the
room was flung open, and Tony, with
Tom on his back,
stepped out jauntily
among the tables. They
circled the room twice.
The marvelous horse
didn't so much as jolt
the back of a chair or flick a glass to the floor with his tail.

Then Tom returned alone. Will Rogers took charge as toastmaster, and the party ran its course of humorous
speeches and good fellowship.

Back-Stage with Priscilla Dean

The curious thing about my meeting with Priscilla
Dean was that it was literally back-stage, and not
merely off-screen. Now, what was a motion-picture star
doing in the world of so-called 'legitimate' minstrels,
the world of greasepaint?

The explanation is simple. Miss Dean was making a
personal appearance at the Colony Theater, New York,
in connection with A Café in Cairo. At a certain point in
the picture, the silver sheet ceased flickering, a curtain
went up and the star carried on the action herself, cost-
umed as an Egyptian dancing girl. The film was re-
sumed. Miss Dean made a quick change and reappeared
in street clothes at the end, to say a few words to the
audience.

I strolled around to the stage door and sent in my name.
Immediately, I was summoned to a dressing-room just
like the dressing-rooms of Broadway actresses, and Pris-
cilla was smiling over her shoulder from her make-up

Then Priscilla Dean got reckless and motored to Central Park to be photographed

While the act is good fun," she said, "But this waiting back-
stage is the limit. It's so lonely! You see, the picture
goes on about every two hours, afternoon and evening,
and I can't skip a single showing. What with dressing and
undressing and making my appearances, twenty-five
minutes of each two hours are taken up. That doesn't
leave me time to shop or do anything interesting around
town. I just stick here, waiting for the next call—all by
myself. Say, I'm tickled to death to talk to somebody!"

It has probably never occurred to the reader
that the conditions of her work bring dull moments to a popular
favorite. The applauding fans out front would
surely have been the last to visualize Pris-
cilla as marooned in her dressing-room.
She told me about her tour, which had
lasted for ten weeks and was booked for
several weeks more. It pleased her especially that Jack Dempsey
had preceded her in a personal
appearance at Toledo, the city where
he had won his championship from Willard,
and that she had drawn larger audiences.

Twice while I
 lingered she was sum-
moned to the stage.
And then she got reck-
less and rushed off to
Central Park with me
to be photographed. It

was a close shave getting her back to the theater in time
to keep her next appointment with her public.

The Countess Negri Entertains

In Poland and Germany, as I write, a countess is mak-
ing a triumphal tour following the most dazzling
American success that any countess ever had. It is her
first visit home in three years.

I refer to Pola Negri, whose perfectly good title has
been somewhat overlooked in the enthusiasm over
Gloria's coronet.

Before she sailed, Pola gave a dinner dance at the Ritz.
It was one of the best motion-picture parties of the year.
an affair not to be forgotten in a hurry. 'Celebrities without
number were there. Michael Arlen sat at the left of the
hostess. The lucky fellow had just signed a contract
to write her next two pictures.

I met Pola. She shook hands, flashed lovely eyes, and
murmured a few words in her nice broken English. But
there was no time for an interview. That must wait until
she returns.
The tables were named for her various pictures. Very
properly, she was at the one that bore the device: The
Charmner.

Restless Resting

Jack Pickford greeted me, when I called to see him at
the Ambassador, from behind a pair of smoked glasses.
I had heard he was suffering from a bad touch of Kleig
eyes and had come to New York for a rest. To an ener-
ggetic fellow like Jack, a vacation in the circumstances had
been far from welcome.

(Continued on page 88)
When They Got the Wrong Number

Evidently Conrad Nagel has done a lot of telephoning during his life. Only long experience could have taught him that there's no use losing your patience with Central. No matter what happens, all she'll say is, "Excuse it, please.

Ronald Colman has reached the stage where even the number he called wouldn't look right to him any more. What he's saying about telephones, switchboard operators, wrong numbers and the words, "I am ringing your party," just can't be put into print.

Milton Sills wouldn't mind so much if he wasn't in a hurry, and he's kept his temper—so far. But there's something in his expression that resembles the calm before the storm, and in about one minute the telephone wires are going to be charged with something a good deal snappier than just electricity.

It's something of a strain on his self-control, but Rod La Rocque is making a stern effort to keep calm. Maybe it's because his insurance policy doesn't cover insanity.

Someone told Johnny Walker that the voice with the smile wins. "If you haven't got the right number," he suggests pleasantly, "just give me the best one you have."

BUT

If they had only known who was sitting at the switchboard making all the mistakes! We'll let you into the secret if you'll just turn to page 98.
The Fangs of the Leopard
A story of the bright lights and the black shadows of Paris
By GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN
Illustrated by August Henkel

NIGHT-TIMES, they say, Paris leers like a great, lean cat. And so it was on this certain night in an evil room in an evil house in a particularly evil quarter of Montparnasse, when a man to whom wickedness was little less than a well writ book, read and re-read a passage in a grimy newspaper:

Miss Mona Wright, the famous American film star, has arrived in Paris from Monte Carlo.

“At last,” he muttered, his face twisted in a snarling smile, “the trap is set!”

It was the Café de L’Etoile that Mona had chosen for her first night in Paris. There she sat, dark headed and dark eyed, the small piquant figure that all the world had seen in films. Across the table, Ted Dawson, her director, was in stubborn rebellion, his shock of hair standing straight on end, his eyes angry behind heavy-rimmed glasses.

“There’s no use of your denying anything,” said Mona crisply. “I know perfectly well that you gambled away some of the company’s funds at Monte Carlo. That money didn’t belong to you and you’ve got to pay it back. That’s all!”

Ted had begun to growl in protest, when a shadow fell across their table. A tanned Englishman, spare and well set, held out his hand to Mona.

“By Jove,” he cried, “it’s years—positively years since I’ve seen you. I’ve been everywhere: Burma, Ceylon, even to the Cape, and wherever I went your beastly films followed me about!”

Mona gave a little cry of delight. “Eric Rutledge! Sit down and tell me all about it!”


A tall, slim, immaculately dressed man rose from a table near the wall. The room was crowded, yet he seemed to slip thru it like a shadow.

“Miss Wright,” said Rutledge, “allow me to present Monsieur le Marquis de La Brie.”

Mona looked up at the smooth cut features, the trim mustache, the rather sharp black eyes, and the sleek hair. She approved at once of the Marquis, and it was equally evident that he approved of her.

“I hear,” she said, leaning toward him, “that you tell marvelous horror stories.”

Even before his horrible hands touched her, she started up, screaming!
Like to Solve Mysteries?

If you do, here is a chance to be paid for solving one.

This story, The Fangs of the Leopard, stops in the middle of the mystery at the most dramatic moment. The person who sends us the best solution wins a $50.00 prize. It's a real mystery...a real thriller...excitement in every paragraph...until finally:

"The studio was dark as death. Mona turned to the door, struggling to escape. The last thing she saw was utter blackness...The last thing she felt was the grip of sharp-nailed hands—like the claws of an animal!"

What Happened?

Read this gripping story of the Paris underworld and see if you can unravel the mystery. On page 99 you will find all the rules of this unique contest.

"Mademoiselle flatters me," bowed the Marquis, "but nevertheless, let us see! There was the affair of the man with no hands—but no! I have something better still. At any rate, you will hear it sooner or later. Shall I begin?"

"Do!" laughed Mona. "I love shuddery tales!"

The Marquis thumbed the bottom of his champagne glass absently. "A year ago," he began, "a famous Australian pianist, a woman, came to Paris. In two days she received a mysterious threat, in a week she utterly disappeared. No trace of her has ever been found. Someone, or something, called The Leopard, had spirited her away. A month later it was an actress from Budapest who disappeared, and after that a South American opera star. In each case they received three warnings: in each case, the police discovered nothing. Three times the most famous woman in Paris has disappeared like dust. And The Leopard is still at large!"

The Marquis halted awkwardly as if he had intended to say more.

Mona shivered as if from a sudden draft of air. "Go on!" she said.

"I was merely going to say, Mademoiselle," continued the Marquis, lowering his voice to a whisper, "that at present you are the most famous woman in Paris. Who knows when The Leopard may leap once more?"

Mona's laugh was like a thread of silver. "Monsieur, I do not shudder so easily! It is a nice story—but!"

"Time to go on!" growled Ted, rising. "There'll be a mob six deep around the door to see you, Mona!"

They went out into the wizard night-time. Above the boulevards, the stars were powdered silver. A dark mob swirled about the door. Seeing Mona, they stood aside and stared. Mona flinched a little, for she hated crowds, and looked straight into the twisted face of a short, thick-set, almost misshapen apache. His eyes were bold, his face a cold mask of brutality, seamed by a great white scar that swept across it like a sickle. He was as repellent as a snake and Mona shivered as she stepped past him to the waiting car.

Once in the motor, she felt safer. But the Marquis turned to her with a little laugh of triumph. "Do you see that car?" he asked, pointing to a lean, long-homemed, black motor that was just behind them.

Mona nodded. "In it, Mademoiselle, is one of the best detectives in all France! The police are guarding you already!"

All Mona could see was a most ordinary looking man in dark clothes, but she shuddered none the less. Paris, which had seemed to her a city of joy, suddenly became dark, dreary, infinitely dangerous, and she smiled only mechanically as they made the rounds of the gay resorts.

It was nearly morning when she returned to her hotel suite and sleepily slipped off her cloak. The hard, gray light of dawn shone feebly thru her windows, and it was not for some minutes that she saw a square of paper which had fallen from her sleeve to the rug.

In color it was saffron and on its surface were small
black dots. She picked it up and, as she read it, her hands shook. On it was printed in half smeared black letters:

The Leopard

Half an hour later, Ted succeeded in arousing the sleepy secretary of the Prefect of Police. "But, Monsieur, it is impossible! Monsieur the Prefect now sleeps! I, myself, am almost sleeping at this minute. Cannot you save your wild animals till a more suitable time?"

Ted, being American, swore, to the immense delight of the telephone operator, who was studying English at a correspondence school.

Finally, fat old Papa Gillard, otherwise Monsieur the Prefect of Police, shuffled to the phone. "Oh, yes, Monsieur is excited! Monsieur should not be excited. He should go back to bed. Otherwise, Monsieur will take cold, and that would be a disaster. The Leopard? Trouble yourself no more about such a slight matter. I shall detail two detectives to guard Mademoiselle. Perhaps she will send me an autographed photograph. Non?"

Three days later, work began on Mona’s new picture, which was to have a French setting. The studio which she had hired was an antiquated affair in an ill-smelling quarter, as she found when she drove up to begin her day’s work. Upon its sides and roof, gargoyles leered in hideous ranks, and it stood a full story higher than the neighboring smut-stained buildings.

Thanks to the Marquis, she found everything in readiness. It was he who had brought from his town house the period furniture for the scene she was to take in the studio, and she exclaimed with delight as she saw the deep-canopied bed, the huge, gay-painted chest of drawers, the Florentine couch, the book-cases, the chairs and the thin-legged tables.

Ted was in his shirt-sleeves, supervising the cameramen. "Hurry up, Mona!" he called. "Get into your negligee and we’ll rehearse the first scene."

Mona laughingly ran into her dressing-room, and came out, still laughing, demure in a long, frilled white gown. "Mademoiselle," exclaimed the Marquis, "is representing a saint!"

"Quite otherwise," cried Mona, springing into bed. "In this scene I am a naughty French countess waiting for my lover. I wait for him—and instead, the peasants break into my château, and one of them tries to choke me. All ready, Ted!"

She lay back in the big bed, her hair in dark waves on the white pillow. From shadowy corners sprang the peasants, ragged extras whom Ted had recruited from the very dregs of Paris. Suddenly a startled look came into Mona’s eyes: it was consummate acting, yet for once she was not acting! Nearer and nearer to her came the scarred apache of the night before! His hands were hairy like a beast’s; he moved like some sinister animal. Like a flash, he leaped at her. She could feel his horrible fingers on her neck. Before they even touched her, she sat up, screaming!

The Marquis and Rutledge looked at each other questioningly. Either there was magnificent acting, or—"Mona!" called Ted. "What’s the matter?"

Mona’s face was chalk white. Some nameless terror gripped her so she could not speak. "Take—take him away!" she gasped finally, and sank back on the pillow.

Ted’s face showed something almost like disgust, "Over-strained!" he snapped. "All right, you people. No more rehearsing today! Be back at nine sharp tomorrow! I want you in particular, Lalou. Somebody send Miss Wright’s maid, please."

"At present," murmured the Marquis, "you are the most famous woman in Paris. Who knows when The Leopard may leap once more?"

Later, he was less civil to Mona. "You shouldn’t be so temperamental. It loses us (Continued on page 96)
On a sunny slope of Beverly Hills is the new home of Corinne Griffith. It's just the kind of home you'd expect the lovely Corinne to have—beautiful and dignified and charming. It's the center of one of Hollywood's happiest groups of young people.

Corinne fits into this corner of her living-room as tho she were part of an exquisite picture. Her dress, too, is in keeping—youthful and gay, with the charm of girlish simplicity. She has the happy knack of always being in harmony with her surroundings.

All photographs by Edwin Bower Hesser

Here is Corinne with her husband, Walter Morosco, in the sun-room of their home.
Leatrice and Her Baby

In which we interview a great star of 1925 and a great star of 1945

By M. W. Driver

Since Leatrice Joy had a baby, Hollywood is like a mothers' congress.

At what the outside world fondly imagines are "wild parties," they talk about baby food, and first words, and the development of infant tusk, and so on.

Leatrice said that they told her she had better not say anything about being a married lady with a baby: it might destroy her romantic appeal for the young gentlemen flappers.

"But," she said, "I just made up my mind that I am just going to be what I am. I don't believe all this stuff about romantic appeal. Anyhow, if I didn't talk about my baby, I'd explode all over the place."

We told her coldly and severely that a baby is positively nothing to talk about, that they all look just exactly alike and they are all puckery and most uninteresting.

"Oh, is that so!" said Leatrice with glittering eyes. "Well, just for that you shall never, never see her."

Now—

It was the evening before the day she was to emerge from hiding as Mrs. Jack Gilbert and become Leatrice Joy, the actress, once more, that we first talked to her.

For nearly a year she had been off the screen. She felt as uneasy as a race-horse in the saddling paddock, just after the first warning bugle call. Eight months is a long time to be away from the public. A public which so soon forgets.

"Your first picture had better be good," we told her.

"I know it," she said. And then she added, "When you have a baby you are supposed to go back to work with all kinds of new and exalted feelings."

"Well, don't you?"

Miss Joy looked down into the open fire, just the way the heroines do in novels, and considered.

"The main thing about having a baby is that you have time to sit by yourself for six or eight months and think things over, take stock of yourself, as it were."

"Well, and now that you have taken stock of yourself, what does the inventory show?"

"What do you think?" she countered. "Honest, now. Tell me just what you think. It is almost like starting over again in the picture business. Tell me the truth."

"You would never forgive me."

"Probably I wouldn't, but tell me anyhow."

"Well, there was a time when we all thought you were going to be the greatest actress ever seen on the screen. Everybody in the industry thought so. You were the one best 'bet—if you don't mind being compared to a horse-race.

(Continued on page 121)
The Little Ruler of the Kingdom of Joy Salutes You
The Story of Me, Myself

When they sprung this thing of writing about myself I almost fainted away, but after a while I decided I might as well take a chance. So here goes.

I was born in Goldfield, Nevada, I lived there till I was about three. Mother says I used to throw the family dishes and tin pans over the back fence to hear them smash. And I ran away and almost fell down a deserted mine shaft, and my poor mother spanked me. I never did figure out if that spanking was because I didn’t fall down the shaft.

When I was five we came to Hollywood where I got a job as a cup in Fanny Ward’s Each Pear a Tear. Mother still has some undressed pictures of me as the cup and always shows them to callers.

In the next picture I was Mary Pickford’s little brother in The Little American, and nothing much happened then till Mr. Griffith’s in Washington and went to the treasury where I held two hundred million dollars at once, which is more than any other boy in the U.S. I bet.

I didn’t put in about studying because no kids wants to hear about it, but I have to have a teacher. I’m in the eighth grade. That is all I can say about me, so good-bye.

Ben Alexander

Movie Goose Rhymes

With Proper Apologies to Old Mother Goose

By

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall, Little Miss Muffet Sat on a tuffet,
Humphrey Dumby had a great fall, Watching Ben Lyon at play; But Ben Turpin spied her
But all the screen horses And cameramen
And camera men
Weren’t needed to put him together again— And set down beside her, And frightened Miss Muffet away.
Because he had fallen on feather-beds ten.
Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner, Mrs. Jack Pratt
Holding his Christmas pie; Could eat no bit,
“I’ll sell it,” said he, She had to eat the un.
“For you cant have a double chin If you’re a movie queen.
And a movie I’ll see, For you can have a double chin
Hachael what a bright boy am I.” If you’re a movie queen.

Doug be nimble, Doug be quick,
Doug jump over a candle-stick.

Here’s having a party, with Old Dog Tray
They’re having a party, with Old Dog Tray for a guest.
My Little Boy Billy
By Claire Windsor

I wish I could invite you children into the big shady yard of our bungalow to play with Billy. If you asked him who he was, he would say very proudly, "I'm Claire Windsor's Boy!"

Billy is eight years old now. When he was very little and went to see my pictures, he used to cry so hard when he saw people on the screen treating his mother cruelly, that we had to take him out of the theater, but now he just reaches out and feels of me beside him to make sure I really am safe.

Last year, Billy begged to be sent to public school. "So I will learn to be a regular fellow," he said. You see, he was so small and had such dimples and blond hair, that the boys in the neighborhood used to tease him by calling him "Sissy."

When he came home from his first day at public school both of his hands were done up in bandages where he had skinned his knuckles fighting.

Some of the boys may be able to lick Billy and some of the girls may beat him at reading, but he has the best of them in one way. He has a mother in the movies.

When I used to call to him for after school, he would strut out all by himself and get into the car like a young prince, knowing that the other children were staring at us respectfully.

When I visited the school a little boy got up and proposed "Three cheers to Claire Windsor!" Those three cheers made me very proud, I can tell you!

If you came to see Billy you would probably play boat. Billy loves his boats—he even likes to take his bath because he can sail toy yachts and motor-boats in the tub. Of course he likes to play Indians too—but boy doesn't?

And what a good time he has with his little friends in our big yard. There's a wonderful garden back of the house, full of arbors and vines, and hedges and big bushes—and all these make perfect hiding-places for the make-believe Hep Big Injuns to spy upon the make-believe pioneers.

Of course Billy likes to play too, and to swim and run races and listen on the radio. But how he does hate to practise his piano lesson!

But, best of all, he likes to pretend Movies and make-believe pictures with a camera made of a square box. But when anyone asks him if he is going to be a movie star when he grows up, he answers: "If mother says so."

As I told you, if anyone asks him who he is, Billy answers, "Oh, I'm Claire Windsor's Boy!"

But, if anyone asks me what name I am proudest to be called, I doubt mind telling you that it is just "Billy's Mother."

Puzzles and Prizes

Do You Know—
Whose horse is called Tony?
What star is called America's Sweetheart?
Who has the nickname, Rudy?
Who always wears shell-rimmed glasses?
What star is now a Marquise?
What comedian is cross-eyed?
Who is Strongheart?
What star is going to play Ben Hur?
What sisters have a name rhyming with fish?
Who has a new baby brother?

Colleen Moore did this at her birthday party—try it at yours.
Take a saucer nearly full of water and a drinking glass. Take a word or paper the size of your fist, crumple it up (not too tight) and place it in the glass. Light it with a match and instantly place the glass in the water, top down. The water will leave the saucer and will be sucked up into the glass.

Can you guess who this is? We will give a prize of $1.00 to the child who names the star correctly and sends us the best letter about her before July 1st. This letter was made by Helme Strand, who is twelve-years-old and lives in Seattle, Washington. Please address your letter: Missouri Pictures, 77-875 Duffy Field St., Brooklyn, New York.

Here's a problem that stumped Richard Dix when a boy. Can you do it?
A bottle and a fancy cork cost together $1.50. The bottle cost a dollar more than the cork. How much did the cork cost?

Watch out for his name in your movie theaters—there'll be a new picture soon!

Do you like the funny pictures that Our Gang make? They are working on a new one now, called Shootin' Injuns. By the way, did you know that little Farina, the pickaninny who is so cute in these comedies is not a little girl at all, but a boy? It makes him mad to have to wear skirts all the time!

THERE are two pictures you will have a chance to see this summer that you will just love. One is Little Annie Rooney with Mary Pickford, and the other is Paty, played by Sally O'Neill, a little Irish girl who is a new star.

Jackie Coogan has just come to New York. While he is here he's going to see the circus and next month he'll tell you all about it. "Three cheers to Claire Windsor!" — as I told you, if anyone asks him who he is, Billy answers, "Oh, I'm Claire Windsor's Boy!"

But, if anyone asks me what name I am proudest to be called, I doubt mind telling you that it is just "Billy's Mother."

We're Telling You—

Mary Pickford and her gang in Little Annie Rooney

Try to guess who this is.

For the answer to this riddle, which is a good one, see page 56.

Name It
It's a picture for every small fan;
It has fairies, a bad pirate man,
An old crocodile.
With a shivery smile, And a little boy called (If you send us the right name of this picture, we'll print your name on the Roll of Honor.)
The Charge of the Light Brigade

Anna Q. Nilsson
Was the First of the Blondes to Make a Protest

She Says:

SINCE when does a woman's vamping power or proclivities depend upon the color of her hair or eyes?

We have heard about and seen so much of the sloe-eyed, raven-haired brunette charmer, that has become the conventional screen vamp, that we forget the equally potent allure of her blonde sister. Vamping has never been confined to any type, except possibly in the motion picture. History reveals for us at least one blonde for every brunette vamp, from Helen of Troy, "divinely tall and most divinely fair," whose primrose face, "set sail a thousand ships"; and Guinevere, that pink-and-white maiden who so intrigued Lancelot, the knight, "sans peur et sans reproche"; down to this very day.

My early residence in Sweden, the country in which I was born, has helped me to silence several critics and protesters to my playing Inez from Hollywood as my own natural, blonde self, instead of dressing up in a black wig. When they held up their hands and exclaimed: "A blonde vamp! It isn't being done!" I reminded them that they have vampires in Sweden, too. And they prove just as effective as the Latin type, I can assure you! I haven't found a critic yet who has an answer to that one.

We mustn't forget that vamping is only a misuse of the attributes that every woman wants to and should possess: beauty, charm and allure. So every girl and woman who sees a so-called vamp doing her stuff on the screen, envies her the power over men which her physical charms give her. For this reason, then, it isn't fair to the fairer feminine members of our audience to make the vamps all dark.

Now, is it?

Constance Talmadge declares:

It's a funny thing, this vamping business. The brunettes have the reputation, but, in nine cases out of ten, a fluffy-haired little blonde in the chorus can take the men away from the dark-eyed, raven-haired actress who is billed as the siren of the show.

Nita Naldi is a perfect vamp. She lures men as California lures tourists. But I'm inclined to believe that it's the way she looks at the lads that attracts them, rather than the fact that her eyes are black.

I've seen men leave a beautiful brunette who was known to be a perfect devil for some little wisp of a blonde with saucy eyes and pouting lips—and no bad reputation. What's the
Men aren't. They aren't running. We can help it. Person shot by a blond. A brunette.

*Virginia Lee*

*I suppose I'm really know vamping—tho the...*
THAT'S OUT

Keen Comment by Tamar Lane

Illustrated by Harry Taskey

Why Do They Do It?

HAVING produced Robert Service's poem, "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," and transplanted the action from Alaska to the South Sea Islands, it is now in line for some film company to make a screen version of "Hiawatha" and lay the story in Southern France.

Guide to the Movies

When a wife whispers in her husband's ear and he kisses her fervently, yet with a surprised look on his face, it is a sign a new arrival is expected in the family soon.

When a man carries a book under his arm and lives in a garret, he is an author and will become famous in the fifth reel.

When you see a bunch of fellows with sweaters on, sitting around a fire while one of the group plays a banjo, that is supposed to represent a college.

When a man with his back to the door is seen extracting a key and putting it in his pocket, you may be sure that no good is coming to the young lady on the other side of the room.

Whenever a character is seen to throw a cigarette carelessly away in a close-up, it is a sign that there is going to be a big fire in which the heroine will narrowly escape from burning to death.

Judging America by Its Movies

All butlers are either comedians or villains.

The members of most households spend fifty per cent. of their time peeping thru keyholes.

Every home is specially equipped with curtains or a screen for the "other man" to hide behind when the husband returns home unexpectedly.

All newly-weds burn biscuits and let the coffee boil over.

All crooks will reform if only given a chance.

Canes are no longer carried for walking purposes but for containing alcoholic beverages.

Another Rule Smashed

Another formerly iron-clad rule of the films has finally been strained to the breaking point. In the good old days of the screen any man who wore a mustache was a villain.

There were no two ways about it. Hair on the upper masculine lip meant villainy and that was all there was to it. Only the smooth-shaven boys were qualified to feature in the final clinch fade-out.

But slowly there has come a change and today we find such bennusted players as Ronald Colman and Lewis Stone among the heroes of the hour.

Famous Days in Film History

June 24, 1914. On this day the first cowboy star rode his horse thru a doorway and up a flight of stairs after the villain. They have been doing it ever since.

Those Censorship Standards

The conflicting codes of the various State censor boards are placing quite a burden on the producing companies, which are often forced to make a certain scene in several different ways in order to get by all the boards.

This situation probably reached its most humorous height in a recent film, the story of which called upon the hero to suck the blood from a snake-bite which the heroine had received.

For one State it was permissible for the snake-bite to be on the heroine's neck and the hero played his rôle accordingly. Another State, being a bit more broad-minded, would allow the hero to go as far as the shoulder. So he did it that way. Still another permitted of his going even a little further. And a different scene was made.

No doubt the most interesting scene of all was the one made for the foreign market. But we'd have to go to Europe to see it.

Sauce for the Gander

I fail to see why the Mexican Government should complain because film producers have Mexican villains in their pictures when every photo play dealing with... (Continued on page 124)
What Is the Most Popular Picture?

We are very glad indeed that we started this contest. We really did not realize that there were so many thousands of excellent critics in this country who are competent to review pictures with such keen discernment and discriminating judgment. What pleases us most is the apparent fact that we have awakened a new spirit, a new faculty in those who formerly were mere onlookers. Motion pictures are more than mere entertainment, and the more we learn about them the more will we enjoy them. It is so with every art. The cannibal certainly does not enjoy the beating on a tin pan as much as we enjoy a symphony orchestra, and the cannibal would not appreciate the latter because he has not been educated up to it. All art is elevating, but not all of us have been educated up to the point where we can appreciate great art. We do not reach the heights of ecstasy until we have trained ourselves to recognize the various elements that go to make up perfection in a thing. The more we learn, the more we enjoy.

And so, when we view a motion picture, if we have schooled ourselves to appreciate beautiful photography, great acting, beauty of composition, masterful direction, clever characterization, consistent unfoldment of the incidents which make for story interest, wonderful registering of the emotions, and so on, we have just so many more items to enjoy. This contest is teaching and training picture patrons to appreciate all these fine points, and therefore it is opening up a new world for them in which there are many delights heretofore undreamed of.

We are really surprised that so many of our readers are so far advanced in the art of reviewing pictures. They may be amateurs,

(Continued on page 103)
Who Is the Most Popular Player?

So far, Gloria Swanson and Ben Lyon are the most popular players. But many of you have not yet voted. Turn to page 93, and read the details of this wonderful contest—then cast YOUR vote.

Have you voted for your favorite player yet? The ballots are pouring in and the voters seem anxious to elect their favorites for the place of honor.

Whoever your favorite may be, that player has done a lot to give you pleasure. When you really think it over, you probably owe as much amusement to your favorite movie star as you do to any one person living.

What can you do in return? You applaud when you are at motion picture houses—but they cannot hear. You tell your friends how much you like their work—but the hard working stars have no way of knowing how you feel.

The Most Popular Players

Gloria Swanson.............. 503
Ben Lyon.................. 490
Harold Lloyd.............. 488
Colleen Moore.............. 485
Richard Dix................ 484
Norma Talmadge............ 431
Maude Murray.............. 425
Corinne Griffith........... 423
Ramon Novarro.............. 420
Pola Negri.................. 420
Charles Chaplin............ 419
John S. Gilbert............. 418
Mary Pickford.............. 416
Lewis Stone................ 415
Rudolph Valentino........... 412
Lloyd Hughes.............. 411
Lillian Gish.............. 385
Monte Blue................ 356
Alice Terry.............. 340
Ricardo Cortez............. 340
Douglas Fairbanks........ 336
Bebe Daniels.............. 310
Milton Sills.............. 309
Red La Rocque............. 309
Nora Sleeper.............. 308
Adolphe Menjou............. 308
Theresa Meighan............ 301
Blanche Sweet............. 294
Florence Vidor............. 290
Anna Q. Nilsson............ 288
Eleanor Boardman........... 281
Irene Rich................ 275
Mae Murray.............. 270
Bea Lillie.............. 266
Alice Joyce.............. 260
Warren Kerrigan........... 258
Antonia Moreno........... 251

Now, here’s a chance to show your appreciation in a real, practical way—in a way that the star will know about.

In the box below you will find the list of players who are leading the race so far. We have only included those stars who have received two hundred and fifty or more votes.

Strange to say, not so many votes have come in thus far, for “Your Favorite Star” as for the most popular plays. Perhaps it is because we are offering twenty-five hundred dollars in prizes for the best reviews of pictures. However, we have agreed to award handsome medals to your favorite actor and actress and to dedicate an issue of this magazine to the most popular actress, and an issue of Motion Picture Classic to the most popular actor. Surely you want this honor to go to the star who has done the most for you.

Perhaps it is hard for you to make a choice. After all, just what is it that appeals to you—that makes you like to see one girl or one man, more than the others.

Is it physical beauty? Does your vote go to the prettiest girl, the loveliest woman? Is your enthusiasm captured by the handsomest boy, the most physically perfect man?

Perhaps you like to laugh, to be amused rather than thrilled or emotionally stirred. Who is it that gets the most laughs from you?

(Continued on page 105)
June always has been the favorite month for weddings. We don't know who started the custom—perhaps some young poet who discovered that it was the perfect rhyme for "honeymoon." We hope it isn't too late for this year's June-bride-to-be to pattern her gown after one of these creations for new screen weddings.

Silver lace embroidered in pearls is fashioned into a Spanish wedding gown with distinctive veil arrangement, and is worn by Blanche Sweet in "His Supreme Moment."

A quaint bridal costume is chosen by Vivian Welch in "The Exquisite Sinner." It is made of heavy faille silk, decorated with hand-painted flowers, and is worn with a short lace veil.

May Allison reverts to the Empire style for her wedding gown in "I Want My Man." The gown is of white charmeuse, trimmed with real lace and silver ribbon. The ten-foot train is lined with silver cloth, trimmed with orange-blossoms and silver ribbon, and edged with tulle pleating.
Say, Have You Seen Harry Langdon?

Everybody's asking this question from New York to Pocatello, Idaho—in every town where there's a movie theater with a manager who knows what will please his townspeople. Harry was born in Council Bluffs, Iowa; he's been a cartoonist, and a vaudevillian. Mack Sennett saw his act on the two-a-day circuit less than two years ago, and immediately signed him as a two-reel comedian. His success has been phenomenal; he bids fair to become as great an artist as Charlie Chaplin—perhaps greater. By-the-way, have YOU seen Harry Langdon? If not, treat yourself to "The Sea Squawk," "Her Marriage Wow," "Remember When," "Plain Clothes" or "Boobs in the Woods."
New Pictures in Brief Review

Declassé—Drama

The screen version of Ethel Barrymore's stage play is well adapted and directed, and cleverly acted by Corinne Griffith, who has never appeared more beautiful. As the proud, aristocratic lady of English society who becomes socially, romantically and financially bankrupt she succeeds in being a very convincing figure. Her poise and restraint are admirable.
—First National.

The Wizard of Oz—Comedy

Frank L. Baum's extravaganza, which started Montgomery and Stone on the road to fame and which now becomes a Larry Semon comedy, fails to reveal any invention. Here was opportunity to create a fantasy with the magic of the camera. Instead, the prankish Semon converts it into slapstick. It has its rollicking moments and it is a great treat for the kiddies.—Chadwick.

The Code of the West—Melodrama

By not taking this Zane Grey story too seriously, by refusing to make capital of the usual heroics, the sponsors of this picture have turned out a better Western than what is customarily revealed. There's no high-handed villainy on display here. Instead, the scenes are treated as if the characters were flesh and blood. Constance Bennett and Owen Moore have the leading roles.—Paramount.

Sackcloth and Scarlet—Drama

The element of sympathy doesn't get much use here. It is rather far-fetched to find an erring girl's elder sister going thru such martyrdom as to take her child and suffering herself to become the victim of malicious gossip. The man in the case loses sympathy too and the girl is wronged thru the spell of passion is unable to win any friends for herself. As treated here, these figures appear ridiculous, principally because the heart touch, the pathos and emotional expressions are absent. The story is too wordy, depending as it does on a great volume of subtitles. The older sister is played by Alice Terry, and the younger by Dorothy Sebastian.—Paramount.

The Dressmaker from Paris—Romance

Nothing but a fashion show. The plot is a skeleton affair, or better still, a clothes rack upon which to hang the gowns. It tries to be convincing but very early develops the artificial touch. The idea centers around a Paris dressmaker who meets her American doughboy again when she visits his small town. She is accompanied by her mannequins. The rest of the story deals with her reception and ostracism and the obvious finish when she is accepted as a good woman. A dressy picture, but dull most of the way. Even the lovely Leatrice Joy can't make it worthwhile. Feminine patrons should be interested in the display of the latest fashions.—Paramount.

I Want My Man—Romantic Drama

Let an American officer suffer blindness and permit a pretty nurse to attend him. Then let the girl sacrifice her happiness thru some strange impulse that she doesn't want him to discover her charms when his sight is about to return to him, because she has told him she is scarred, and you have the makings of this story. It just escapes being banal and ridiculous in its important scenes because of the sympathetic treatment by the director. It is a curious combination of good and bad situations, with the good points outweighing the bad points. Suffice to say that the lovers (Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills) are reconciled when the other woman almost marries the officer.—First National.
In which twenty-four recent screen productions are
Selected and reviewed by Laurence Reid

One Way Street—Drama
Here we have a picture of the monkey gland treatment as it concerns the rejuvenation of a middle-aged woman. It has been ineptly filmed and, being scant of idea, much celluloid is given up to long, explanatory subtitles until the pictorial side is smothered. The atmosphere is correct, but the story seems pointless. The talent that is Anna Q. Nilsson’s is lost here.—First National.

Grass—Drama
This is not a photoplay, but a photographic record of Man and the elements that would overcome him if he was not endowed with the qualities of tenacity and courage. The locale is Persia, and it is the next thing to Nanook of the North, tho not so concentrated nor so simplified. As such, its appeal isundeniably powerful. It is enlightening and adds dignity to the screen.—Paramount.

Proud Flesh—Comedy Drama
King Vidor shows a neat hand in this picture. He has indulged in monkey-shines in satirizing one of the oldest patterns—that of the taming of the shrew. There is a fine spirit of “give and take” about this piece, which is played in adroit style by Pat O’Malley, Eleanor Boardman and Harrison Ford. It is an amusing picture and treated in a sparkling manner.—Metro-Goldwyn.

The Fool—Drama
As this just missed being a great play, it just misses being a great picture. It is followed very faithfully, even to transcriptions of the dialog in the subtitles. But the rector who would live like Christ would be more vital if he had been as severely condemned as the founder of Christianity. There are moving moments. Pay attention to the miracle scene when the modern Pharisees strike down the rector and the little cripple walks without her crutches. This scene is the soul of the picture. It lacks the simplicity to lift it to the heights, but it has been approached with reverence by Edmund Lowe as the rector.—Fox.

Headwinds—Melodrama
Since we are getting a lot of stories of the “taming of the shrew” theme, it is to the credit of a couple of directors in dressing it up with satire. You can’t keep an old plot in the familiar groove if it is served up repeatedly. The director of this particular sample has not taken advantage of its comedy flavor and follows the old tack. It becomes out-and-out melodrama when the strong silent skipper kidnaps the girl aboard his yacht and tames her. It spends itself early, so the dream situation and a storm at sea are introduced to keep it going. House Peters gives a rugged performance, but the role screamed for a light comedian.—Universal.

Man and Maid—Romantic Drama
Elinor Glyn in a foreword to this picture says that women do one of three things to a man—elevate him, degrade him or bore him to death. And thus she gives her hand away. It is perfectly obvious that once the man becomes entangled in the thread of romance he will respond to the woman who had been indifferent to him. So he checks out the degrading girl and the one who proves such a bore. It is a cut-and-dried plot unrelieved by any spark except what is contributed by Lew Cody, as the British officer, and Harriet Hammond, the erstwhile Sennett beauty, as the woman who elevates him.—Metro-Goldwyn.
Polli Negri is still in need of a story that can do justice to her emotional whims and fancies. She colors her rôle here—that of a Spanish dancing girl who comes to America and runs into snobbish and caddish society people—but it is pretty slight stuff to carry on as it does for six reels. There are some interesting moments and some that are out of focus with the ways of life. Negri plays in a capricious manner, except for one scene when she flashes a touch of Carmenesque emotion. The early scenes are atmospheric and humorous, but the pace is not continued. The girl learns that the chauffeur's heart is in the right place. And it's all over.—*Paramount.*

Confessions of a Queen—Romantic Drama

Anyone expecting to see another Prisoner of Zenda here will be disappointed. True, it has the beauty that is Alice Terry's and the personality that is Lewis Stone's, but the mythical kingdom plot moves too slowly and lacks vigor to rank with the Anthony Hope story. It tells of a king, played with adroit humor by Mr. Stone, who is forced to abdicate and after frivolous adventures discovers that he loves his queen best of all. Victor Seastrom, the director, has appreciated its comedy flavor by not taking it too seriously and Stone will draw an audience.—*Metro-Goldwyn.*

Seven Chances—Comedy

Buster Keaton slips over some neat gags in this, his latest comedy adventure. The original play is merely followed in outline and perhaps some will agree with us that it lacks the invention of The Navigator. But there is no stopping Buster once he determines to inherit the fortune. You've seen the idea exploited before. The boy must be married within a specified hour or lose the money bags. When he advertises for a spouse, the fun begins. It is a grand chase, with hundreds of Amazons hot on Keaton's footsteps. A highly amusing number.—*Metro-Goldwyn.*

The Rainbow Trail—Melodrama

Stars of westerns never fail to play safe when they humanize a Zane Grey character. Here is Tom Mix who rides and shoots and performs hazardous feats in rescuing a distressed heroine. The story is a sort of sequel to Riders of the Purple Sage, and Mix's task is to reach a couple of figures imprisoned in a valley that has been shut off from the outside world. To guide the girl out of her troubles and rescue the prisoners, he has to battle against tremendous odds. Among these are a hand-over-hand climb up a steep cliff and a jaunt thru the snow without snowshoes.—*For.*

The Charmer—Comedy Drama

Polli Negri is still in need of a story that can do justice to her emotional whims and fancies. She colors her rôle here—that of a Spanish dancing girl who comes to America and runs into snobbish and caddish society people—but it is pretty slight stuff to carry on as it does for six reels. There are some interesting moments and some that are out of focus with the ways of life. Negri plays in a capricious manner, except for one scene when she flashes a touch of Carmenesque emotion. The early scenes are atmospheric and humorous, but the pace is not continued. The girl learns that the chauffeur's heart is in the right place. And it's all over.—*Paramount.*

Confessions of a Queen—Romantic Drama

Anyone expecting to see another Prisoner of Zenda here will be disappointed. True, it has the beauty that is Alice Terry's and the personality that is Lewis Stone's, but the mythical kingdom plot moves too slowly and lacks vigor to rank with the Anthony Hope story. It tells of a king, played with adroit humor by Mr. Stone, who is forced to abdicate and after frivolous adventures discovers that he loves his queen best of all. Victor Seastrom, the director, has appreciated its comedy flavor by not taking it too seriously and Stone will draw an audience.—*Metro-Goldwyn.*

Seven Chances—Comedy

Buster Keaton slips over some neat gags in this, his latest comedy adventure. The original play is merely followed in outline and perhaps some will agree with us that it lacks the invention of The Navigator. But there is no stopping Buster once he determines to inherit the fortune. You've seen the idea exploited before. The boy must be married within a specified hour or lose the money bags. When he advertises for a spouse, the fun begins. It is a grand chase, with hundreds of Amazons hot on Keaton's footsteps. A highly amusing number.—*Metro-Goldwyn.*

The Rainbow Trail—Melodrama

Stars of westerns never fail to play safe when they humanize a Zane Grey character. Here is Tom Mix who rides and shoots and performs hazardous feats in rescuing a distressed heroine. The story is a sort of sequel to Riders of the Purple Sage, and Mix's task is to reach a couple of figures imprisoned in a valley that has been shut off from the outside world. To guide the girl out of her troubles and rescue the prisoners, he has to battle against tremendous odds. Among these are a hand-over-hand climb up a steep cliff and a jaunt thru the snow without snowshoes.—*For.*
ADOLPHE MENJOU, in a very polite way, suggests the old colored woman who was making a terrible noise with her grief at a funeral.

"Yassir," she said to one who remonstrated, "When I mourns, I mourns."

Adolphe was a long time in developing a case of temperament; but when he got temperamental, he got temperamental.

He "got by him a mad" at the Lasky company where he was under contract; and he made no camouflage efforts to conceal the same. Adolphe, in fact, spoke out in meeting with such vehemence that the stage hands shuddered and the director paled and blanched.

His wife is now in New York for the purpose of breaking Mr. Menjou's contract with the Famous Players-Lasky company. She is to consult her husband's attorney—Nathan Burkan—and they are to demand Adolphe's release.

At this writing, Mr. Menjou has suddenly followed his wife Eastward, en route to Paris, declaring that he will not return until he gets a cancellation of his three-year contract.

The sum of his woes seems to be that they forced him to act in too many pictures; and that he does not like his parts. He disapproved with fervor and violence of the film version of The Swan in which he played the Prince.

Before leaving Hollywood Mrs. Menjou declared in her statement to the reporters, thereby making the movie colony stagger and reel:

"Altho he has been offered a much larger salary, that is not the trouble. Mr. Menjou is not ask-
...free-lance beauty ordinary "Pies, isn’t so. Out the and I

Marion In

But something Doug’s Christmas
delivered this

Fir, they usual their
dragged yard

Christmas

wooden

due

Kirk, it

they

due

Rogers

as

due

Banky

which shows that the lovely Vilma has considerable business shrewdness. Trying to be “another Mary Pickford” has ruined more than one screen star. Mary Pickford is the only one who can be Mary Pickford, successfully.

Another foreign star has also been in the public eye. Finding herself suddenly disconnected from the Famous Players-Lasky company, Jetta Goudal has threatened to bring a lawsuit. According to gossip, Miss Goudal was too adamant to the suggestions of her directors in the making of The Spaniard. Cecil De Mille, who has had much experience with temperament, has signed the lady, however, to be one of the featured players with his new producing organization.

Altho heatedly affirmed and denied several times a week, Marshall Neilan finally admits that he is soon to join the De Mille organization. He has purchased the screen rights of Adela Rogers St. Johns’ novel The Skyrocket and will make it his first with De Mille. Marshall, by the way, is entitled to the world’s championship as Hollywood’s most devoted husband. He has been taking some scenes on the desert. Five times during the week, he rode in

No, it isn’t a beauty contest—it’s just Norma Talmadge and Marion Davies playing hookey from the studio and devoting the entire day to having a good time

Eugene O’Brien looks as tho he were about to help plant the tree in the picture below, but he’s really out in his own yard spading his garden

In the ordinary course of events, Christmas trees should be delivered by Santa Claus. But this particular occasion is something else again. It isn’t Christmas at all, but Mary and Doug’s wooden wedding anniversary, and the tree, a Douglas Fir, was one of the most unusual gifts they received, and delighted them so that, being the energetic couple they are, they dragged it out to the back yard and planted it

ing for more money. We do not care much about money.”

Menjou is now receiving two thousand dollars; it is understood that the Lasky company has sought to soothe his ruffled feelings by increasing this to three thousand, five hundred dollars. But what Menjou wants is to be his own boss—a free-lance free to accept such parts as appeal to him.

Violent emotion surmounts all linguistic barriers it seems. Leastwise, Vilma Banky found it so. Miss Banky is the little Hungarian beauty who was recently brought from Europe by Samuel Goldwyn. They called her the “Hungarian Mary Pickford”—apparently to her disgust. When she arrived in Hollywood the other day, she had an interpreter, and it was announced that she couldn’t speak a word of English. Just as the reporters were departing, her anguish brought forth this much-frenzied English: “Ples, ples, gentlemen, do not call me another Mary Pickford. I am just Vilma Banky of Budapest. And ples, cet is Miss Banky. I am not married.”

Which shows that the lovely Vilma has considerable business shrewdness. Trying to be “another Mary Pickford” has ruined more than one screen star. Mary Pickford is the only one who can be Mary Pickford, successfully.

Another foreign star has also been in the public eye. Finding herself suddenly disconnected from the Famous Players-Lasky company, Jetta Goudal has threatened to bring a lawsuit. According to gossip, Miss Goudal was too adamant to the suggestions of her directors in the making of The Spaniard. Cecil De Mille, who has had much experience with temperament, has signed the lady, however, to be one of the featured players with his new producing organization.

Altho heatedly affirmed and denied several times a week, Marshall Neilan finally admits that he is soon to join the De Mille organization. He has purchased the screen rights of Adela Rogers St. Johns’ novel The Skyrocket and will make it his first with De Mille. Marshall, by the way, is entitled to the world’s championship as Hollywood’s most devoted husband. He has been taking some scenes on the desert. Five times during the week, he rode in

one
hundred and sixty miles to call on his wife, Blanche Sweet.

Bill Hart is coming back to the screen in a story of the land rush which occurred when Oklahoma was thrown open for settlement. It is called *Tumbleweed* and is by Hal G. Evarts. Winifred Westover Hart, who is separated from Bill, has been very ill with a nervous breakdown.

Rudolph Valentino’s first picture for United Artists will be a tale of old California wherein he plays one of the picturesque Robin Hood type of Spanish bandits who infested California during the Fifties. Clarence Brown has been specially engaged to direct Rudy. Brown has leaped into the front rank of directors during the last two years with his pictures: *The Acquittal*, *The Signal Tower*, *The Butterfly* and *Smouldering Fires.*

Rudolph’s picture is temporarily called *The Slave*, but it is adapted from a new novel by John Frederick called *The Bronze Collar.*

Valentino is the most ardent devotee of the California desert I have ever known. He has a bungalow at Palm Springs, just on the edge of the desert. Every minute of the time that he is not busy in the studio, Rudolph is out there communing with the desert mysteries. “We dunno wha’s the matter with that guy,” said one of the old desert “rats” who comes into Palm Springs to get supplies. “We see him wandering around there in the desert at night. We thought he must have a mine or something staked out; but all he does is look at the stars and things.”

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is a very modest young man for an actor. I met him the other day—just after he had finished his first semi-grown-up part in *The Air Mail.*

“Everybody in it was good except me: I was punk,” he said gloomily. Personally I shall have to reverse his judgment. I thought he was the most interesting of quite a collection of interesting actors.

After several months acting in South Sea jungle pictures with a smile and a blush by way of clothes, Patsy Ruth Miller has signed a long contract with Warner Brothers where she will do regular lady parts with a whole lot of clothes.

Ernst Lubitsch is preparing his own script for his next picture. This will be *The Viennese Waltz.* At this writing his actors have not been selected.

Lubitsch is very anxious to direct two people, without much chance of satisfying his ambition in either case—Lillian Gish and Ramon Novarro.

All the producers in Hollywood have been (Continued on page 100)
Ten or Fifteen Years Ago

Extracts from the July Motion Picture Magazines from 1911 through 1915

Great is the credulity of the man who thinks all photoplays good; great is the ignorance who thinks all photoplays bad. There are the good, the bad, the better and the best, but let us all demand better plays and be satisfied only with the best.

—From Musings of a Photoplay Philosopher (E.V.B.).

(With the players you remember in the gallery for July, 1912, were Alice Joyce, Florence Turner, Anna Q. Nilsson, Fritzi Brunette and Charles Ogle.)

July, 1913

Our old friend, Secretary William J. Bryan, shows very good taste when he installs a motion-picture machine in the Department of State at Washington.

Alice Joyce sold one thousand autographed photos of herself at a recent fair for the flood sufferers.

Rosemary Thoby, who has been a Vitagraph player for two years, has joined the Reliance Company to play opposite Irving Cummings.

Louise Glaum has left the Nestor Company and has joined Kay Bee and Broncho forces as leading woman.

Kathlyn Williams is now playing leading parts in photoplays which she herself wrote. Harold Lockwood is playing opposite.

Florence Turner is not dead. Don’t believe all you hear. Mary Pickford did not leave Belasco to go back to Biograph, as reported. She’s making A Good Little Devil.

The Photoplay Magazine has gone out of business.

Pathe tries to have cameramen all over the country so that when an event takes place they are Johnny-on-the-spot.

Lionel Barrymore was the lead in The Burglar’s Dilemma (Biograph).

Wallace Reid is directing the American Company.

—News Items.

Yes, Blanche Sweet played in The Battle, and that was a battle.

We decline to discuss Anderson’s nose; Bunby’s complexion; Johnson’s swagger; MacDermott’s red hair; Crane Wilbur’s eyebrows; Clara Kimball’s eyes; Ormi Hawley’s plumpness; or Costello’s conceit.

We are neither phrenologist, physiognomist, nor beauty doctor.

Hobart Bosworth had the lead in The Count of Monte Cristo. Not for 50 cents would I tell you whether Beverly Bayne is married.

(Continued on page 128)

July, 1911

Nobody loves a critic. We may admire and respect him, but it is hard to love him. Yet, an honest critic is a tonic, and if we should cultivate them more we would err less.

—From Musings of a Photoplay Philosopher (E.V.B.).

Most companies now have a man called the “Pathfinder” whose duty it is to borrow yards and house fronts for pictures.

A prominent Philadelphia physician recently gave a theater party of twenty-five to see his house in one of the motion-picture productions.

(The picture gallery for July, 1911, contained portraits of stars who have since passed out of memory, with the exception of Florence Turner, Mary Fuller and Kathlyn Williams.)

—News Filler.

July, 1912

Miss Lottie Pickford is now a member of the Kalem Company.

Warren J. Kerrigan mourns the loss of his favorite dog, Puddles.

Gilbert M. Anderson (Broncho Billy) is not dead, as reported.

Wallace Reid was with the Reliance Company for a time, but he has left to engage in the special release business on his own account.

Warren J. Kerrigan was a dramatic player before he became a picture player.

The full name of the Essanay player is Francis Xavier Bushman, who is also called Frank.

Alice Joyce was an artist’s model before becoming a photo star.

Hobart Bosworth played in Selig’s The Price He Paid.

Sidney Olcott has taken another Kalem company to Ireland to produce a picture.

The winners of last month’s popularity contest were Mauric Costello, E. Dolores Cassinelli, May Hotely, Francis X. Bushman and G. M. Anderson.

I was born on February 22d; I am small; my height is four feet and weight about ninety-five pounds. My eyes are brown, also my hair. Oh, yes, I am neither married nor engaged. Since a baby I have been in theatres; but the first part I really enjoyed playing on the stage was “Peter Pan”. When Mr. Prohman asked me if I would like to devote all my time to pictures I cried out: “Oh, I could not give up my art!” I did not know then that motion pictures were an art—I have found out since.

—From Marguerite Clark’s Story, July, 1913.
Huntly Gordon really isn't a motion-picture actor—temporarily speaking—but a businessman. For the life of this care-free bachelor is as carefully regulated as tho he were a cadet at West Point or an earnest young bank cashier. And he likes it! He thrives upon it! He grows handsomer on it! We're giving you the pictorial story of how he begins his day, every day in the week except Sunday, when he occupies the chair in the lower right-hand corner until his two bosses beg for a game.

At Seven o'Clock in the Morning

Little Lop-Ear, in the first cubby-hole, is Huntly Gordon's alarm-clock. Evidently Loppy lets his tummy be his guide, for just before seven every morning he gets that hungry feeling and rouses his master from slumber by nibbling one of his ears. Huntly says he likes it now, but it took him some time to get used to an alarm-clock that actually chewed his ear instead of—

On the Stroke of Nine

Breakfast at Eight

The spoiled baby terrier insists upon breakfast at 7.10 sharp, but Mother Terrier politely waits until 8.00 for her master and Aunt Polly. Just before leaving for the studio, at 9, Huntly has to give Lop-Ear a farewell cuddle, and chat awhile with the little mother.
Ten Keys for Perfect Locks

Mary Pickford says:

The first secret in proper care of the hair is washing it once a week. If I allow my hair to go longer than that without a shampoo, it starts to fall out in two days.

I am careful to comb out my hair before the shampoo, as it lessens the chances of becoming tangled. I use rain-water or distilled water, and pure soap, melted.

Two lathers, and plenty of rinsing with water as hot as I can stand it, is the schedule I follow. I find that the hot water gives the hair a gloss that warm water will not.

If possible, I dry the hair outdoors in the sun. After it is dry, I brush it thoroly.

I am a great believer in the hair-brush, and have invested in a very fine brush that should last my lifetime.

The scalp, like the rest of the body, needs exercise. When I take out my hairpins at night, I massage my scalp by pressing the fingers against it firmly, not just rubbing, but pressing hard.

When tangled, hair should always be combed at the ends first, and at the roots later.

Daily sun-baths are fine for sickly hair.

These film stars, famous for the lustrous loveliness of their tresses, give you their keys to the secret of beautiful hair

Wearing heavy felt hats that keep the air away is injurious, and soon cause the hair to fall.

Dry hair should not be sunned too much, but a reasonable amount of fresh air each day is good for it.

Marjorie Daw says:

A screen actress has to think about her looks. I devote a lot of time and thought to my hair because if it isn't lustrous, soft, fluffy and unbroken it won't "screen" well. Instead of listening to the conflicting remedies, methods and advice of my friends I went to a beauty expert on Fifth Avenue—where people should always go when they aren't familiar with any subject.

I use warm water, bordering on hot, on my hair because I understand cold water shocks the roots and stunts the growth. Pure soap, a sponge for washing and hot water for rinsing are followed with a drying in warm towels, never with a gas-heater. After it is dry I have the scalp massaged briskly, and then stand ten minutes in the sun before doing it up.

A spoonful of vinegar in the rinse water gives a gloss to the hair. Oil rubbed into the roots is good, too, but that doesn't mean putting French dressing on your hair!

Kathleen Key says:

My long hair has won me lots of parts in the pictures. Of course anyone can put on a long wig, but for parts where a girl has to be dragged around by her hair (as I have had to be in Ben Hur) wigs aren't firmly enough anchored.
I believe that the hair-pulling I have had done in the movies has had a lot to do with making my hair grow? A beauty-parlor woman told me once that the best thing on earth for the hair was to take it between the hands and pull it with a firm pressure, not a jerk. It stimulated the roots, she said, and was better than any amount of massage.

Of course I use hair tonics and shampoos. I read the advertisements and believe what they say. I let my hair hang loose wherever I have the opportunity. Anyway, for some reason my hair is so thick that I can't find any hat to fit over it in these bobbed days.

Eleanor Boardman says:

I have never had my hair bobbed, not because I think it is bad for it, but because I am not a flapper kind of girl, and the old-fashioned lass is supposed to have long locks.

Of course I shampoo, brush, and use an occasional tonic on my hair the way everyone does. The only secret I have—and you're welcome to it—is the use of an egg, rubbed into the scalp when I have my hair shampooed, left for half an hour and then rinsed out. I don't know exactly what it does, and why it does it, but it seems to keep the scalp nourished. At night I remove all my hairpins and sleep with my hair hanging unraveled.

Florence Vidor says:

Few people have hair troubles from lack of care. All those insidious things that cause our hair to fall out, to become gray and brittle, are usually the result of too many shampoos.

I have a formula that I have carried out faithfully for two years with gratifying results.

The first and foremost rule is careful shampooing and not too many of them. I limit my hair washings to two a month no matter what occasion arises. A hot oil treatment before each shampoo is really necessary to keep the scalp healthy. Any kind of oil can be used for these treatments. Olive oil, coconuts oil or crude oil are excellent tonics.

While my hair is drying in the sun (never let an electric dryer be used on your locks!) I massage it thoroly. This does not mean merely rubbing the scalp, but working it back and forth with a slow, firm movement.

Between shampoos I keep my hair free from dust by constant brushings. Caring for the hair is really simple. Don't kill your hair with kindness.

Lillian Rich says:

My hair was brought up in a moist climate. In England where I come from it rains most of the time, and when it only drizzles people greet each other with "Wonderful day, what?"

The California sunshine seems to make the hair follicles lazy. I have finally found a method which seems to be just what my hair needs. Instead of so much washing, the hair is brushed for half an hour at a time every day with strong brushes and a sweeping movement from roots to ends. The brush is held in another person's hand and the sweeping movement furnished by someone else I may add! That is an important part of the treatment, for it means that it won't be abandoned as quickly as it might if I had to do it myself.

How many New Year's lists of resolutions have begun "Resolved: That I will brush my hair a hundred strokes every morning and evening!"

But a picture star who has to wear wigs and have her hair curled and dressed so often has to take thought for the morrow of her hair.

(Continued on page 127)
Cheers and Hisses

Letters from fans all over the world, telling what they love and loathe in pictures, and what they adore and abhor in the players.

From a Volunteer of 1862

DEAR EDITOR: I will have to answer and criticize somewhat the article, “Where the Atmosphere Is At,” by Harry Carr in the March number of Motion Picture Magazine. The reviewer says that old plainmen and former army officers have protested against The Covered Wagon because they say that four hundred wagons were never known to cross the plains in a single caravan.

I was a volunteer soldier in Company B, 11th Ohio Cavalry, and stationed at Fort Mitchell at Scotts Bluffs to South Pass, the place where Atlantic City is now. Our squad of twenty men to a company were stationed at each telegraph office along this line of some three hundred miles from October, 1862, to March, 1865. I am now eighty-two years old and I ought to know somewhat of the number of wagons of emigrants and freighters that passed West during the summer of each year.

I say that at times no one could tell, unless one asked, whether it was one continuous train. For many days there was just one wagon after another, and at times there were two wagons abreast nearly all day.

Yes, how could all these cattle graze when there were from four to ten yoke of oxen to a wagon? Well, there were no fences on the plains then. At night one could see the caravans camped about a mile apart and in daytime it was not only sixty-five wagons in a caravan, but often one continuous train from early morn until after sundown.

I was discharged in Omaha on April 1, 1865, and was in charge of ten four-mule teams, freighting from Nebraska City, Nebraska, to Fort Laramie, Wyoming. When my train reached old Fort Kearney, we were ordered to camp there under guard until there arrived enough wagons to make a train of one hundred wagons before we were allowed to pull out on the road.

Then it was that I did as the emigrants had done. I made it my business to drive abreast of the ox teams and our mule teams would travel faster than the ox teams. We would start in alongside the oxen in the morning and before noon we would be over half-way up on the ox train.

I know that this train did not split up at all, but traveled in one continuous train. I know that The Covered Wagon director did better than any other man could do in organizing this train. I have seen this picture and I know that it shows the exact way the emigrants traveled, especially in the crossing of streams. I have often seen just such a sight when the emigrants were crossing the Platte river.

Now, if Mr. Carr wishes to know any more about the West, especially the Old Fort Laramie vicinity, let him seek someone who has been there since 1862.

A. G. SHAW, Valentine, Nebraska.

Wants Individual Introduction

MAY I express my feelings and those of many others with regard to the presentation of the entire cast of characters and players at the beginning of a picture? It is wholly impossible, except in the case of the few, to memorize a long cast in the few seconds during which it is presented on the screen. To some of us, the players are as interesting as the characters and we very much appreciate individual introduction. To sit thru a picture vainly trying to recall names is irritating. We heartily thank those directors who appreciate the fact that some of us have short memories.

N. A. F., British West Indies.

Pictures With Human Interest

While not attempting to pick the best picture nor to find fault with Tamar Lame’s selection of Scaranouch as the best picture of 1923-24, I would like to mention a few pictures that were of great interest to me and my family.

Wanderer of the Waste Land, The Mountain Circle, Three Women, Forbidden Paradise, A Society Scandal and several others carried very much human element. They were all possibilities, well photographed, well directed, and especially well acted. They seemed to me to carry much emotion and human interest than Scaranouch, which was a fine picture, but did not seem to breathe the human touch that we have come to enjoy.

I cant imagine a more lifelike picture than If an Angel of the Waste Land. If Mr. Beery had been a prospector all his life, he could not have been a better one than in this picture. He was so real that to us who have seen that life in reality, it was almost pathetic.

Karl M. Frey, Pueblo, Colorado.

Wrong Impressions

I BELIEVE that the films have a wonderful opportunity for doing really great things, but they sometimes convey the wrong impressions. For instance, I’m absolutely tired of the utter idiots that are so often chosen to play the parts of English peers. Surely, it is time that American producers woke up to the fact that we love American pictures and American stars, but it is hardly fair for our autocracy to be caricatured.


(Your opinions on subjects relating to the movies and their players may be worth actual money to you, if you can express them clearly in a snappy letter of one to three hundred words. A five-dollar prize is awarded for the best letter published and illustrated on this page; one dollar is paid for the excerpts printed from others. Write us an interesting letter, giving reasons for your likes and dislikes. Sign your full name and give your address. We will use initials only if requested.

Send to Cheers and Hisses, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.)
The beauty of Children's Hair Depends upon Shampooing

Try this quick and simple method which thousands of mothers now use.

See the difference it will make in the appearance of YOUR CHILD'S hair.

Note how it gives life and lustre, how it brings out all the natural wave and color.

See how soft and silky, bright and fresh-looking the hair will look.

A NY child can have hair that is beautiful, healthy and luxuriant.

It is NO LONGER a matter of luck.

The beauty of a child's hair depends ALMOST ENTIRELY upon the way you shampoo it.

Proper shampooing is what makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color, and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When a child's 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 the hair has not been shampooed properly.

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

That is why discriminating mothers, 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 child's 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.

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 small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in the hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky.

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

If you want your child to always be remembered for its 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.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Mulsified

Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
A SOUTHERN MAID.—Certainly I am glad to hear from you. If you didn't write, I wouldn't be getting my $12.00 every week. Lowell Sherman's first picture for Warner Brothers will be Satan in Sable. Yes, I like your purple ink.

FRANCES MARIE.—Cheer up, it's not such a lion's den after all, and besides I won't hurt you. Most people, when they ask for advice, really want approbation. Charles Emmet Mack is with First National now, and he is playing in The White Monkey with Barbara La Marr.

A. H.—Your puzzle was a good one, and now just to get square, here's one for you: "Madam, I am Adam." Read it backwards and you will see how Adam introduced himself to Eve. No, Marion Davies is not married and she was born in Brooklyn.

GEORGE F. S.—Lois Wilson did all the riding herself in North of 30. Good work, yes? Betty Bronson is just seventeen years old and weighs 100 pounds. She is five feet tall. Yes, that was Famous Players who produced Wings of Sin and North of 30.

HYLDA A.—The cast of The Wanderer includes William Collier, Jr., Greta Nisson, Ernest Torrence, Kathryn Williams and Wallace Beery. Just pronounce it Cee-dee, and Mee-han. No, I am not deaf. My eyesight and earrings are both good. There is one advantage in being deaf—you can never be found guilty in court, because they can't convict a man without a hearing. Now you see why I am deaf. Yes, Lila Lee is married to James Kirkwood— didn't you know that? Mary Philbin is not married. That was Norman Kerry as the lead in The Merry-Go-Round. Warner Baxter is married to Winifred Bryson. I'll answer the other eighteen next month. So long!

APOLONIA.—Your letter was a gem, but you see Hylda's mind and your mind ran in the same channel, like all great minds. Hence see above for your answers.

IRENE RICH ADMIRER.—So you have been reading this magazine for the last three months. You say you first met the Motion Picture Magazine thru the advertisement in your newspaper. That proves the old slogan, "It pays to advertise." Irene Rich has brown hair and brown eyes. Gloria Swanson's new address, where she wishes to receive her mail, is at 522 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Don't send it to the studios.

STATION P-A-T.—So you are tuning in for a few minutes. I hope I can entertain you. Ralph Graves is with the Mack Sennett Comedies, and you want a picture of him in the gallery. Adolphe Menjou and Greta Nisson have the leads in Lost—a Life, in which Robert Agnew also appears. Please stand by for further announcements: keep your eyes peeled on the Answer Man.

Bo-PEPP, AUSTRALIA.—You certainly compliment me to the skies, but I don't deserve it. You say you always read this department first, and you like it for "those grains of wisdom and, of course, for the humor." I'm all puffed out with vanity. Evelyn B. is to be directed by Ralph Ince in The Chatterbox. Your letter touched the right spot.

GERALDINE O.—I don't know her age. You can make a woman tell her age, but her age will soon tell on her. So Jane Novak sent you a picture. That was great. Mary Alden was the mother in Pleasure Mad. Dale Fuller was the servant in Foolish Wives. Yes, Clara Horton is playing in The Bank for Pro. So long as she keeps going or moving, she'll never go back.

CONSTANCE T.—Yes, you will see Eugene O'Hara in Talmadge in Graustark. They sure do make a grand looking couple in their graustarkan costumes.

FAY.—Take my advice and stand Pat. Yes, it is sad that Lucille Ricksen died. Marjorie Daw has bobbed hair. Zasu Pitts and Tom Moore in Pretty Ladies for Metro-Goldwyn. I really don't know whether blondes or brunettes are the better. All angels may be blondes, but all blondes are not angels. Hoot Mon! Next! MULLIN J. G.—Well, my child, you know the first motion picture wasn't a regular picture with a full-fledged cast and all that—it was just a few feet of film and then it finally developed into a story, and then a star and then multiple reels, etc., etc., until now we have Broadway productions. Marguerite de La Motte and John Bowers have the leads in The Romance of an Actress. MARY E.—So you want a picture of Glenn Hunter in his cowboy clothes. I think most of my readers would rather see a picture of him in his new picture, The Little Giant. How did you like the picture of him in last month's issue? Edith Roberts, Robert Gordon and Charles Mack have the leads in A Woman's Secret.

OBETTE.—Your first letter to me. Good! You say you are "Goolly" about Ramon Novarro. He is five feet ten, weighs 145 and has black hair and brown eyes. Kathryn Martin is not playing right now. William Boyd has signed a long term contract with Cecil De Mille.

E. R. NEWARK.—You guessed it right. That was Ian Keith in Love's Wilderness. The reason for so many domestic upheavals lately is bobbed hair. Formerly women braided their hair; now they upbraid their husbands.

MARION SPEED. 905 McKinley, Sand Springs, Oklahoma, won the prize in May Magazine by giving a sentence that cannot be written. Her sentence is "In the English language there are three taws (to, too)." How are you going to write it? There are a great many others who had this correct, but I am sorry I couldn't award more prizes.

BIRDIE S.—You exercised your gray matter by saying your sentence was "It cannot be written, so—naturally I cannot write it." MARTHA J.—Says, "It cannot be written." All wrong.

ELLA F.—Says the answer came like a halo, "The sentence referred to is doubtless a prison sentence." Wrong again. Yes, Gertrude Olinstead is a Chicago girl and won the Elks-Herald Examiner Contest after graduating from high school.

E. L. E.—You're all wrong! It's not a jail sentence.

DOROTHY M. B.—You say that ten years is a perfectly good and grammatical sentence, but cannot be written and must be served. Away, away! MARGARET T. & IRA J. E.—Both right.
In the mirror lies her future—and her fortune

THAT wise little proverb—"Your Face is your Fortune," inspired Tre-Jur.

For Tre-Jur Toilettries are the surest aids to beauty the world has ever known—the finest in cosmetics, the loveliest in scents.

The Tre-Jur Triple Compact brings you powder, lipstick and rouge in a delightful little case—cleverly arranged to serve swiftly and well.

The Tre-Jur Thines is amazingly shallow and gently convex—a graceful case of exquisite beauty, with mirror generously large.

For every need a Tre-Jur Compact—at a welcome price. Each enjoys the exquisite fragrance of JOLI-MEMOIRE... a perfume as tempting as beauty itself.

The House of Tre-Jur, 19 W. 18 St. N.Y.

Tre-Jur Sold Everywhere
At your favorite counter you'll find Tre-Jur—or by mail direct from us.

Tre-Jur Face Powder
of exquisite texture, delightfully scented, in a wondrously lovely box—50c and $1.00.

THE "THINES" $1.00
Double—$1.50

THE "TRIPLE"
$1.25
Small Twin $1.00

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
MRS. O. P.—No, the sentence wasn't "To Have and to Hold." You say my department is as clever as a crutch. Are you laughing at me? Joseph Schenck has purchased the screen rights to Lenore Ulric's Kiki for over $100,000, and it will be a forth- coming picture for Constance Talmadge. And that's not stage money, either.

PATRICK.—You probably refer to October, 1921, issue of the Motion Picture Magazine. Write our Circulation Department for back numbers.

ROBERTA.—You want to know why Alice Terry in Sackcloth and Scarlet adorned the collar of her riding habit with an extremely large safety pin. Alice, how careless. You want the exact ages of Mac Murray and Gloria Swanson. That's hard. Let me see. Well, I am eighty-six. I've been answering questions for the last fourteen years. Well, I should say roughly that Mac Murray was thirty-two and Gloria Swanson thirty-four. That's about, Gloria number two is about four. Dorothy Mackail was a following girl, maybe that explains it.

GINGER.—You can reach Miss. Natasha by writing to her private address at Box 157, Hollywood, California. You want me to write a crossword puzzle. Here's one:

**ANXIOUS GIRL**

**— Yes, we agree with you that it was a wonderful and courageous thing for a girl to lovely as Norma Shearer (see center picture, above) to make herself look like the girl in the third picture in "Lady of the Night." But it's "Art for Art's Sake," you know. How do you like her in the first picture above? That's how she's going to look in her new screen play, "Nothing to Wear"**

**What Next, Norma?**

MRS. C. R. T.—A good player's face should be like the face of a watch—it should reveal without what is concealed within. Some faces register thoughts and some register nothing but shallowness. Betty Bronson was born November 17, 1906. Leatrice Joy was born in New Orleans in 1899.

JEAN S.; BROWN EYES; ANNA BELL BLUES; GRACE; LOS ANGELES; E. N.; L. M. C.; COLLEEN MOORE ADMIRER; THERESE B.; DOROTHY H.; CHARLES R.; R. M. C.; BEX LYONS FAN; JOSEPH F.; JOSEPH V.; MARY L.; LUCY C.; JACK AND E. A. D. —I'm sorry to put you in the alsorts, but there was nothing left to do. Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies. But ask me something that has not been answered before.

Kitty.—Almost all the letters I received this month were from the following States in the order named: New York, Pennsylvania, California, Illinois, New Jersey, Michigan, Massachusetts and New Hampshire. I didn't hear from Nevada, Montana, New Hampshire or Delaware. You want to know why Theda Bara doesn't come back in pictures. She has been coming back for a long time, but now she can be addressed at Chadwick Pictures, 723 Spring Avenue, New York City.

D. R. K.—Yes, that was Tony, Tom Mix's horse, who played in Dick Turpin. They are inseparable, even when they were in New York. Tony brings Tony right into the hotel with him. And now they're in London together.

MATTHEW R.—Certainly not, there is nothing supernatural; it is simply the natural not yet understood. So you think that Lillian Gish's charm is lying between a flower and an angel. That's very pretty. You know Miss Gish has announced her engagement to George Jean Nathan, the writer, and the wedding is to take place as soon as her legal difficulties are settled. Lillian also expects to go to Berlin to play the lead in Fasat. Patsey Ruth Miller, Pauline Garon and Allen Forrest have the leads in Pose of the World. Thanks, for all the nice things you say about me.
Excella Magazine and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation offer you this splendid chance.

Would You Like to Be a Motion Picture Actress?

Contracts for Two Girls to Play in a Paramount Picture actually Guaranteed

Excella Magazine will begin a nation-wide screen contest on June 1, and the two final prize winners will be given parts in the new Paramount Picture, “Polly of the Ballet,” starring Greta Nissen and directed by that wizard of the screen, William C. DeMille.

This is a positive guarantee backed by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and Excella Magazine.

In addition to guaranteeing parts in “Polly of the Ballet” to the first two prize winners, there will be 35 cash prizes amounting to $2,500.00.

Full details in the July issue of Excella Magazine

ON SALE NOW

Tell your friends about it

Excella

for July 25c a copy

When you write to advertisers please mention Motion Picture Magazine.
Confidences Off-Screen

(Continued from page 46)

On a Bus with Buster

Buster Keaton took me for a ride on a Fifth Avenue bus the last time he was on from Hollywood. He behaved as if seeing New York were the greatest novelty in his life.

But then, as we all know, Buster is the world's only frozen-faced comedian. At Fourteenth Street he looked sadly east and west and asked where he was. It wasn't so many years ago that he made his first appearance on the stage with the vaudeville team of "The Three Keatons." And the theater was on Fourteenth Street. So I guess he was kidding me.

When we reached Washington Square, the bus company cleared the top deck of our sea-going hack and we took some photographs. The one reproduced on this page was best. Buster gazed down in the direction of the New York University law-school, and I got his autograph.

Dix Adventures

Sky-High

On a recent Sunday afternoon, before the weather was really warm at street level, I entered the unfinished Telephone Building in down-town New York, and a flimsy-looking workman's elevator shot me up to the eighteenth floor. My errand was to interview Richard Dix.

The steel framework was about all there was at that height. The stiff wind that blew from the harbor howled like a gale at sea, and the change in temperature was at least twenty degrees. Chilled suddenly and far from satisfied as to my safety, I stepped gingerly and peered about for Dix. Where do you suppose I located him?

He was standing out on a girder, with nothing but Eleventh Avenue below him, and coolly rehearsing one of the scenes in The Shock Punch.

When you see that picture, please remember that its realism was not faked. The hero is an iron-worker whose adventures are staged sky-high. He demonstrates his manhood on the job, and there is a fight with the villain that should make your hair bristle.

Dix joined me in a little while. I asked him which of his stunts he considered the most dangerous.

"Riding the bucket," he grinned.

"What's that?"

He explained that the "bucket" was used to convey material between the ground and the latest floor to be added. It traveled with incredible speed, and at the least hitch was likely to dump its contents. Men were forbidden to ride in it, but the story called for this particular piece of daredevilry and he'd made good.

His courage thru the picture has been admirable, but it was his perfect good humor about it that I liked best. Richard Dix is one of the finest all-around fellows in the game.

But Buster Keaton preserved a frozen face, as he played the sightseer from the top of a Fifth Avenue bus.

no attention to the crowd of students that and started to yell for his autograph.

One of the budding barristers, however, succeeded in catching him on his descent. He wrote his name gloomily in an exercise book, and fled before he could be asked to repeat.

We returned up-town in a taxi. "Have you seen any plays on Broadway?" I asked.

"A bunch of them. But only one gave me a good laugh."

"What?" I demanded sharply.

"You laughed?"

He looked highly embarrassed at the slip, and—"I laughed my way—right inside, you know," he vowed.

But even then I think I was being kidded by the theater, where pesky cameras need not be feared, I'll bet Buster Keaton knows how to let go.

Louise Glaum Returns

Since Rod La Rocque came to the office a month or so ago, it's been surprising how many stars have had the same happy thought.

Louise Glaum has been a visitor, and a most charming one. She told me about her return to the screen in Fifty-Fifty, a production the Associated Exhibitors has just completed. She played in support of Lionel Barrymore. The comedy is one of Paris and New York life, with lively apache scenes. It was first filmed five years ago, and this is a new version.

The fans will be delighted to see Louise Glaum again. She has been out of the motion pictures for two years, a sufferer from a serious case of nervous breakdown. But she is entirely herself now, and looks younger than ever.

"I suppose you have great plans for the future?" I asked.

"I won't say that," replied

(Continued on page 122)
How I fooled my husband

BY
Grace Howell
(Mrs. "Jack" Howell, Chicago)

INSTANTLY I see a lot of eyebrows raised, lips curled, and many shakings of the head. People will jump at conclusions, especially the "Holier-than-thou" type. It gives them a sort of secret satisfaction it's human nature, and I, after all—to sit back with smug complacency and say, "Thank God I'm not as other people are. Yes, I fooled him, and I am brazen enough to say that I believe any other woman in my position would have done the same thing. When you know my story, a little heart-to-heart talk with yourself and decide whether or not you could have done it, I'll admit Jack and myself had agreed to be always perfectly frank with each other—to hide nothing. "Mutual trust," we called it. But he forced me to do it, by his attitude, forced me to do what I did. I'm sensitive—my intimate friends tell me—I take things very much to heart. A brown chills me—sends a sharp torn, brings tears to my eyes. I was born that way, and, I guess, will die that way.

A whirlwind courtship

Jack and I had known each other but a few months when we were married. He was a tall, hand-waist, blond, and woman-brown hair. In college he had been an athlete, a good—yes, my friends all said I was lucky and raved about my lovely figure. It was love at first sight with both of us, a whirlwind courtship, a brilliant wedding, honeymoon, and then we settled down in a cozy apartment to what I foolishly believed would be the happiest married life in the whole world. I was young and didn't know men, you see. I knew I was eternally happy, simply, worshipingly, Jack. "I'm so proud of you," he would say, when I arrayed myself in a stunning gown, and his admiration would simply thrill me.

A rift in the lute

Then three years passed, and when I felt, with a woman's unerring intuition, that Jack's ardor had cooled, little things happened. "Pleasantries" he called them, stung me at times to the quick. I wondered at the change, and then reassured myself that it was all imagination, the result of my over-sensitiveness. And then, I didn't begin to suspect the truth until one day while I was hanging up my clothes, he, rather abruptly, said, "Grace, aren't you taking on weight?" A bolt had never quite uttered those words to me before. I had noticed that my clothes fitted a bit tighter, but it never once occurred to me that a little extra plumpness would cause outside comment. "Taking on weight?" I kept repeating to myself—ah, but I guess he didn't mean to say, "Grace, you're getting fat." Then, in a flash my mind was back in the days when Jack had always been crazy about my figure. I sat down and had a good cry. And as my memory trailed back over the past 12 months, I reflected, "He hasn't complimented my figure in a year," and then those "pleasantries" came back to taunt me.

A test of courage

I summoned up courage to face the mirror, as I had never before, not to admit, but to criticize. I must tell me the truth, however harsh. I tried vainly to believe I hadn't changed. It was no use— I HAD. I was stoutier, and my petticoat lines were not so marked. I had been living in a "holier-than-thou" paradise. Jack's appreciating eyes had discovered the truth before my own—and had been whispering of it in the contour of my figure, the absence of the indefinable something that won his admiration. The scales showed that I had only taken on about 8 pounds—oh, but what a difference! How I hated those extra pounds.

An emotional conflict

"I've got to get rid of this weight," I said, "but how?" Naturally timid, I feared to take anyone into my confidence—feared ridicule. Then came an inspiration. I'd look over the women's magazines. Eagerly I went through them looking for a ray of hope. Suddenly I saw an advertisement of Wallace Reducing Records. It was headed "Getting Thin to Music." I had passed lots of others that told of dieting, and other ways—but here was something that was different. It looked so pleasant. And a week's free trial offer! Why not take a chance? I thought. Then came the crushing, overwhelming thought, "Grace Howell, you've got to deal fairly with your husband—and you know he has no faith in any reducing methods—remember your "mutual trust" compact. Then came the still, small voice of the temperer—"Try it, and don't set your husband—fool him. I fought my battle alone. It was a whole week before I wrote for the first lesson. Tremblingly I mailed the letter. Promptly came the first lesson, record and all, at no cost to me. I put the record on the phonograph and faithfully went through the exercises. If I looked guilty when Jack came home, he didn't notice it. Several days passed, I enjoyed every one of them, and when I stood on the scales the indicator looked like the great Pyramids. Fast ready to proclaim them or transport me to a seventh heaven. Imagine my ecstacy—I cannot describe it—when the scales showed a loss of FOUR POUNDS. I could have screamed with joy. When Jack came home my sparkling spirits were not lost to his pene-trating eyes. "Little one," he remarked, "has your ship come in?" I laughed hysterically. He looked puzzled. "Oh, nothing," I replied. Then came the accusing thought, "You are fooling him." Fooling him? Yes, but our happiness was at stake. Of course, I sent for all the lessons—the whole course. In three weeks I had taken off 14 pounds. My figure was as lithe and graceful as ever—and I felt a new energy and vitality.

A man's heart is a strange thing

And Jack! What a change came over him. Sweetheart days back again. Once more my ears tingled with the music of his compliments. In fooling my husband, I found out something every woman ought to know. Physical attraction is a big factor in holding a man's love. Men never forget the "ideal girl" they lead to the altar—the girl they courted and married. When that ideal is buried in adipose tissue, look out, there's danger ahead.

Thanks Mr. Wallace

I wrote Mr. Wallace at once. I ventured to say he never got a more grateful and enthusi-astic letter.

Did I have a right to fool my husband? Sup-pose I had taken him into my confidence, and he had vetoed the idea? I felt that his happiness, as well as my own was at stake. I fooled him—yes—but I contend that I had a right to. What do you say to that? Had I?

Free trial to any one

Wallace has arranged a free trial for everyone. If you are overweight, if your figure is not what it used to be, why not try this sure method to new beauty. Send the coupon below and the complete first lesson, record and all, will be sent absolutely free for a week's trial. Nothing what-ever to pay.

WALLACE
530 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago
Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for a week's free trial the Original Wallace Reducing Record.

Name

Address

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
When the Director Shouts: Cry! Cry! Cry!

(Continued from page 33)

One of Schubert’s haunting melodies brings tears to Conrad Nagel’s eyes

Howard Higgen rouses tearful emotion in Greta Nissen by reading her some great story of unhappy love, such as “Paolo and Francesca.”

There are memories connected with this song in Pola’s mind, tragic memories. Years ago, one autumn night, she left the home of her husband, Count Donziski, to go to Berlin against his wishes and become the actress she felt that she could be. She knew as she walked down the country road, bag in hand, that she would never return, that she was leaving her old life behind, and the love of her youth. In the little inn, as she passed, someone was playing a violin, and the poignant strains of The Last Sigh floated out into the darkness, like an echo of her own sadness. Sitting down by the wayside, Pola Negri wept bitterly.

Sitting in her folding chair on the Lasky set, Pola Negri weeps bitterly now whenever the music brings back that windy night in a remote village beyond the sea. Even after the scene is finished, if she is not diverted, her sobs become hysteria.

When Lillian Rich is called upon to cry, she turns, not to the recollection of any grief in her own life, but to the memory of that night during the war when she stood in the wings and watched Harry Lauder, playing in the same company, read the telegram telling him curtly of the death of his only son at the front. The thought of his gray, stricken face, gallantly wreathing itself in the smiles that the war-saddened audience out beyond the footlights craved, is enough to bring the moisture to Lillian’s blue eyes.

Florence Vidor cannot cry before an audience. The set has to be cleared when she has an emotional scene, even the carpenters and electricians being asked to leave. The cameraman is looked on by all players as a part of the machine itself and does not bother the most inhibited of them. Even with all precautions, it often takes Florence an hour of struggle to start the tears. She is of a reserved and self-controlled nature, and it is only by imagining herself in the situation of the suffer-
Everyone owns a car but us

You, too, can own an automobile without missing the money, and now, is the time to buy it—through the easiest and simplest method ever devised:

Ford Weekly Purchase Plan

Thousands of families, who thought a car was out of the question because of limited incomes, found that they could easily, quickly and surely buy a car of their own under this remarkable plan.

The Ford Plan makes it possible for anyone to own an automobile. It is so easy, simple and practical that many who could easily pay "spot cash" take advantage of it—and buy their car from weekly earnings. The plan is simply wonderful! Before you realize it, you are driving your own automobile. If you have felt that you did not make enough to buy a car, you must read The Ford Plan Book. Send for it. See how easy it is to get a car of your own, now, and pay for it without missing the money. It seems almost too good to be true, doesn't it? But it is true. Get the book—at once. Simply mail the coupon. Mail it today!

Give your family the advantages which others have. Get a car of your own. The Ford Plan Book tells you "how" you can buy a car and pay for it without missing the money. Get it! Read it!

Mail Coupon Now. This Book Will Be Sent by Return Mail.

COUPON

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Depts. M-3 Detroit, Michigan
Please send me your book "The Ford Plan" which fully explains your easy plan for owning an automobile.

Name

R. F. D. Box or St. & No.

Town State

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
What the Stars Are Doing

A department for the fans, in which activities of their

they are informed of the present picture

film favorites

Conducted by

Gertrude Driscoll

Joyce, Alice—playing in The Home Maker.
Joyce, Peggy Hopkins—playing in The Sky Rocket.

Keaton, Buster—latest release, Seven Chances.
Keith, Ian—playing in Are Parents People.
Kennedy, Mudge—playing in Living Wires.
Kenyon, Doris—playing in The Half-Way Girl.
Kerr, Martha—playing in The Top of the World.
Kerry, Kathleen—playing in Ben Hur.
Kirkwood, Morris—playing in The Snake Pit.
Kosloff, Theodore—playing in The Beggar on Horseback.

Lake, Alice—playing in The Fast Pace.
La Marr, Barbara—playing in The White Monkey.
Landis, Cullen—playing in Peacock Brothers.
Langdon, Harry—playing in Books in the Wood.
La Plante, Laura—playing in The Tower.
La Rocque, Rod—playing in Wild, Wild Girl.
La Verne, Lucille—playing in Mother Earth.
Lee, Lila—playing in Old Home Week.
Lee, Mitchell—playing in Ben Hur.
Livingston, Margaret—playing in I'll Show You the Town.
Lloyd, Harold—playing in Rah, Rah, Rah.
Logan, Jacqueline—playing in Peacock Feathers.
Louis, Willard—playing in Kiss Me Again.
Love, Bessie—playing in Soul-Fire.
Mack, Jean—playing in The Kansas City.
MacDonald, Kathryn—playing in The Power of Darkness.
Mack, Dorothy—playing in The Making of a Woman.
Mandol, Jean—latest release, Introduce Me.
Marlowe, June—playing in Below the Line.
Marx, Groucho, Percy—playing in The Street of Forgiven Men.
Marx, Man—playing in A Night at the Opera.
Marshall, Tully—playing in Winds of Chance.
Marson, Shirley—playing in The Takers.
Marsh, Frank—playing in The Unknown Lover.
Macy, Will—playing in Ben Hur.
Mack, Douglas—playing in The Tender Mother.
McGrell, Walter—playing in The Teaser.
McGregor, Malcolm—playing in The Cicle.
McHale, Victor—playing in Winds of Chance.
McKnight, Thomas—playing in A Night at the Opera.
Menken, Adolph—playing in Lost—A Wife.
Meriam, Charlotte—playing in Side of the Royal Card.
Miller, Patty Ruth—playing in Winds of Chance.
Mills, Alice—playing in Forlorn.
Mits, Tom—playing in The Everlasting Whisper.
Mott, Collie—playing in The Desert Flower.
Moe, Matt—playing in Grounds for Divorce.
Moore, Ora—playing in The Royal Card.
Moore, Tom—playing in The Sky-Rocket.
Moro, Antonio—playing in Lost No Longer.
Morey, Harry T.—playing in Heart of a Siren.
Mulhall, Jack—playing in She Who Wipes.
Murphy, Edna—playing in The Unknown Lover.
Murray, Mae—playing in The Merry Widow.
Myers, Carmel—playing in The Power of Darkness.
Myers, Harry—playing in Grounds for Divorce.

Nagle, Conrad—playing in The Home Maker.
Naldi, Nita—playing in Her Man and Maid.
Nasimova, Olga—playing in My Son.
Nestor, Paul—playing in The Unconquered.
Nilsson, Anna—playing in Winds of Chance.
Nissen, Cresta—playing in The Half-Sleeping Charmer.
Noble, Martha—playing in I'll Show You the Town.
Novak, June—playing in The Prince's Fall.
Novarro, Ramon—playing in Ben Hur.
O'Brien, Eugene—playing in Grashawk.
O'Brien, George—playing in Once to Every Man.
O'Hara, George—playing in The Fugitive.

Oakland, Warner—playing in Taxi.
Olmstead, Gertrude—playing in Cobra.
O'Malley, Pat—playing in The Home Maker.
O'Neill, Sally—playing in Patty.
Owen, Seena—playing in Painted Perfume.
Perry, Elissa—playing in The Street of Forgotten Men.
Peters, House—playing in The Titans.
Phillip, Mary—playing in The Prince.
Pickford, Mary—playing in The Goose Woman.
Pickford, Mayo—playing in Little Annie Rooney.
Pitts, Zaza—playing in Pretty Ladies.
Prevost, Marie—playing in Bobbied Hair.
Pringle, Allen—playing in The Mystic.

Adams, Claire—playing in Kiki.
Adoree, Renee—playing in The Big Parade.
Agnew, Robert—playing in Private Affairs.
Alden, Mary—playing in The Happy Wart.
Alexander, Ben—playing in Haunted Hands.
Allison, Mac—playing in I Want My Man.
Amhurst, George—playing in The Between.
Astor, Mary—playing in Don Q.
Ayres, Clara—playing in The Awful Truth.
Ballin, Mabel—playing in Beauty and the Bad Man.
Barnes, T. Roy—playing in The Cured Hour.
Barry, Wesley—playing in My Home Town.
Bayne, Arthur, George—playing in All the King's Men.
Batory, Noah—playing in The Light of Western Stars.
Beeby, Wallace—playing in In the Name of Love.
Bollamy, Madge—playing in Light's.
Do You Know That
YOUR OPINION
May Be Worth
THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS

What do you think of the motion pictures you have seen? Did you like one better than another? WHY DID YOU LIKE IT BETTER? Because of the story? Or the direction? Or the setting? Or the cast? COULD IT HAVE BEEN MADE BETTER? What were its flaws? How could it have been improved?

We want you to write about these pictures to us. We want to help you to become CRITICS and to reward those who are most successful.

We Have 105 CASH PRIZES and MEDALS for You

$2500.00 in All

The Grand Prize ........................................... $1,000.00
1st honor, a gold medal and ................................ 100.00
2nd honor, a silver medal and .................................. 75.00
3rd honor, a bronze medal and .................................. 50.00
4th honor ......................................................... 25.00
50 prizes of $10.00 each ...................................... 500.00
50 prizes of $5.00 each ....................................... 250.00
Medals to contestants and stars ............................... 500.00

And Don't You Want to Give a Medal to Your Favorite Star?

We want you to present a medal to your favorite actor and actress—"from the readers of Brewster Publications"—and at our expense! These medals will be emblematic of their popularity. In addition an issue of Motion Picture Magazine will be dedicated to the most popular Motion Picture Actress and an issue of Motion Picture Classic will be dedicated to the most popular Motion Picture Actor.

Eugene V. Brewster, Editor-in-Chief and President of our Company, has written a little book entitled "How to Criticize a Picture." In it are twenty-eight charts for twenty-eight Motion Picture Reviews, with blanks to be filled in by you. This book will be very helpful to you, article it is not necessary for you to have one for the contest. (We will be glad to mail one of these books to you for ten cents in cash or stamps. Six books for fifty cents.)

There is no entrance fee to the contest. Anybody may compete—except employees of Brewster Publications and their families or professional writers. The judges will be a competent board of editors presided over by Mr. Eugene V. Brewster.

Rules

1. Write a criticism, not more than 250 words, of any picture you have seen. Also vote for your favorite stars.
2. Sign your name and address at the bottom of the page.
3. Send in any number of "opinions" either in one envelope or separately.
4. No entries will be returned, and we reserve the right to publish any we receive whether it wins a prize or not.
5. This contest will run for six months.

6. For every book, "How to Criticize a Picture," sent in completely filled out with twenty-eight criticisms, we agree to mail to the sender another copy of the book free. All favorable ratings of players in the books will count as votes. These books shall not be entered as prize criticisms. However, each of these criticisms will count as a ballot in favor of the players mentioned.
7. The best criticisms of pictures will be decided by the judges, but the Motion Picture Actress and Actor receiving the greatest number of votes will be declared the most popular.
8. During the contest Motion Picture Magazine and Motion Picture Classic will print each month some of the criticisms received.
9. The picture that is the subject of the "Opinion" winning the first prize will be filmonized in Movie Monthly, if permission can be obtained.

Address: "Your Opinion" Editor, BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC.
175 DUFFIELD STREET, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
of the scene with such depth of feeling that in *Frisolous Sal* he had Mae Busch and Eugene O'Brien in tears of sympathy with his grief. Always for this two minutes that he was shot, Bennie could walk off the set with his cheeks wet and his face still quivering and start unconcerendly playing marbles. But his listeners were so moved by Mae Busch describe her sensations after an emotional scene, and when the camera stopped grinding on the climax of *Frisolous Sal*, Bennie rushed across the studio and flung himself, a woman sobbing as tho his heart would break, and it was many minutes before he could be comforted.

The screen actor lacks the opportunity of the stage player to work himself gradually and steadily up to a high pitch of emotion. But in the death scene from the Rocketts boys' *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, the stage hands and electricians on the set were all wiping their eyes before it was over. These gentlemen are not a rule emotional, having become hardened to movie woe thru long exposure, and no higher tribute to the appeal of a scene can be offered.

Mary Philbin's recipe for tears is a strange one. Mary has to cry in most pictures. In *The Merry-Go-Round* she cried steadily for thirteen hours at a stretch and lost fifteen pounds in weight. But nothing very terrible has ever happened to little Mary in her short nineteen years, so she deliberately forces herself to imagine how terrible things would have been if they hadn't been the way they were! For instance, she remembers that when she was a baby she had scarlet fever that might have left her deaf and blind like Helen Keller, and the pitiable picture of herself deaf and blind makes her so sorry for herself that she cries.

But one actor's rule for tears will not work with another. When Carmelita Geraghty had tried to start the brine works for an hour in a mother-and-daughter scene, Mary Alden suggested that she imagine her mother or father were dead. Carmelita closed her eyes and visibly concentrated, then burst into hearty laughter. "I couldn't help it," she apologized, "but you see they are both so awfully healthy!"

When the Director Shouts: Cry! Cry! Cry! (Continued from page 90)

It doesn't matter to Lois Wilson how many people are looking at her. Music hasn't the least effect. She merely sits down and dries her eyes the same way a certain thing. At the end of that time she is crying. What the certain thing is Lois has told no one, not even her mother.

Some stars will only cry for one person. Allen Holubar was the only human being who could ever make his wife, Dorothy Phillips, shed a tear. When a dearly drop or two was demanded—Lois, he would go up to her and say a few words in an undertone, and immediately Dorothy's eyes would fill. No one ever discovered what the magic formula was, but now that Dorothy is going back onto the screen she may reveal the secret.

Jimmie Cruze can almost always make Betty Compson cry in a scene. J. Stepford Sarchy even he was stumped. He tried scolding, pleading, sympathy and still Betty's mascara was dry. Then he had inspiration. He whispered to the musicians and in a moment the rollicking strains of the march from *The Covered Wagon* score sounded on the set. It was a jolly tune, but Betty remembered the perils her Jimmie had been thru to take that picture, and her pride in her achievement, and burst out crying.

Some tunes are so identified with tears to the player that as soon as they hear them they weep automatically. A famous star was crossing a hotel ballroom not long ago when the orchestra began to play *The Beautiful Blue Danube* to the consternation of the onlookers she burst into heartbreaking sobs. It was the tear tune she always employed in wet scenes at the studio!

Louise Fayzenda grows tearful when the orchestra plays old-fashioned hymns. Irene Rich, who usually is cast in deserted roles, and has to drench a handkerchief in every picture, does not want to be told what tune to cry to, but responds better if the selection is a surprise. Her life has been full of disappointments and sorrow but she has never shed a tear over her own troubles.

Physical exertion will often work a player up to the pitch of hysteria. Most directors know this and arrange to have
emotional scenes taken when the players are worn out after a hard day’s work.

Bette Brandon’s “Do you believe in fairies” scene in Peter Pan was taken when the little actress was trembling with nervousness and fatigue after repeated and grueling rehearsals.

When Louise Fazenda had to have hysteria and break up the court-room furniture in a picture the other day, the director waited until the last moment of a full day’s work and then sprung the news on her that she had to do her emotional scene before she could go home. Louise felt like throwing things by then! She wept floods of enraged tears as she tossed chairs and tables around the set. “And that’s funny, too,” says Louise, “because in real life I never cry when I’m angry.”

Before Lou Tellegen was scheduled recently to do an emotional scene in which he learns that his wife is unfaithful or his daughter has stolen the bank’s funds, he asked the director to take a fight scene from the same picture first. In this scene he is almost strangled, and then he is punched by the villainous undertaker. A camera sub-scene is not exactly like home, sweet home when the little woman gets to going strong. Just remember the last person you saw crying in real life, the way the muscles of the face contorted, the eyes became a blur out of sight, the nose got red and swollen and snuffy. A face like that would not film well. Sad or happy the beautiful heroine must remain beautiful, so her tears hang artistically on her long lashes, before they fall, her chin shakes pathetically, her lips quiver, and that is all. It isn’t so easy to do it. Just try it yourself!

The Only Way to Get Ahead
By Geo. B. Jenkins

“I’HE only way to get ahead,” said the lovely cinema star to the pop-eyed interviewer, “in pictures, as in everything else, is to work—WORK!”

On the following morning, the star turned faintly at ten, peered at the windows, where were golden sunlight, and rang for her maid. After being assisted into a delicious mauve filmy something, the actress rested for a half hour before taking a walk bath. Then came the hair-dresser, the manicure, the secretary, then the star dressed and entered the limousine.

By one o’clock, the celebrated beauty had reached the studio. She posed for a couple of stills, went thru one scene with the director, then decided she was too fatigued to do anything. So she was driven to a seaside dance place, where she forgot for three dances.

Langhisch she returned to the limousine. She read for an hour before dinner, finding much to think about in an interview, written by a press-agent, who declared that she was psychic—whatever that means!

She dined alone, for the sake of variety, then went to a party that broke up several hours after midnight.

About noon the following day, another pop-eyed interviewer was ushered in.

“The only way to get ahead,” said the beautiful picture-play star, “is in everything else, is to work—WORK!”

Free 10-day test

Send the coupon

Cloudy teeth—dull teeth

How to make them whiter—quickly

The new way world’s dental authorities advise. What to do

THOSE whiter teeth that you envy. Don’t think that they are beyond you. You can now lighten dull and dingy teeth—make them gleam and glisten.

Modern science has discovered a new way. A man different in formula, action and effect from any you have ever used. This offers you a test. Simply use the coupon; it brings free a 10-day tube.

Look for film on your teeth—that’s the cause. How to combat it

Look at your teeth. If dull, cloudy, run your tongue across them. You will feel a film. That’s the cause of the trouble. You must fight it.

Film is that viscous coat which you feel. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It hides the natural luster of your teeth.

It also holds food substance which ferments and causes acid. In contact with teeth, this acid invites decay. Millions of germs breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

So dingy teeth mean more than loss of good appearance. They may indicate danger, grave danger to your teeth.

New methods now that mean greater tooth beauty plus better protection from tooth troubles

Ordinary tooth pastes were unable to cope adequately with that film. Not one could effectively combat it. Harsh grit tended to injure the enamel. Soap and chalk were inadequate.

Now modern dental science has found new combatants. Their action is to curdle film and then harmlessly remove it. They are embodied in a new-type tooth paste called Pепsondent—a scientific method that is changing the tooth cleaning habits of some 50 different nations.

Don’t you think it worth while to try it for 10 days; then to note results yourself?

Pepsondent—Proper pasting for your teeth

Get coupon for free 10-day test

Make the test today. Clip the coupon for a free 10-day tube. Or get a full-size tube of your druggist. Why follow old methods when world’s dental authorities urge a better way?

Send coupon for free 10-day test

You can feel it with your tongue

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube

THE PEPSONDENT COMPANY
Dept. 784, 1194 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Send to:

Name__________________________
Address________________________

Pepsondent—The New-Do Quality Dentifrice Endorsed by World’s Dental Authority

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Free from odor all day long

—with this cream deodorant

Of course, every woman means to be immaculately dainty but soap and water alone cannot protect you from every present underarm odor.

The underarms must have special care—which you can give now so easily and quickly. Creme Odorono scientifically corrects perspiration odor without checking moisture. A morning application keeps you fresh and clean all day—free from any trace of odor.

Creme Odorono is so soft, smooth, fragrant; vanishes instantly and has no grease or color to stain clothing. It is such a joy for quick use and traveling. At all toilet counters, 25c large tube. If unable to obtain from your dealer, send the coupon and 25c for full-size tube.

RUTH MILLER
The Odorono Company
70 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me full-size tube of Creme Odorono, for which I enclose 25c.

Name
Address

Reduce
a pound every day
Nature's Way

A European discovery makes it possible to reduce weight more quickly, with fewer headaches and bruises, than by any other method. A remarkable treatment. Similar treatments are now being advertised by several well-known companies. A single tube is sufficient for a lifetime treatment.

FLORAZONA CORP., Dept. 47, 100 Sth Ave., N. Y. C.

FLORAZONA CORP., Dept. 47, 100 Sth Ave., N. Y. C.

1 ounce $3.50 for two weeks' FLORAZONA treatment (at balance, if it's too expensive for you) that FLORAZA-DA-MA will reduce your weight by 12 pounds in only four weeks! Guarantees to reduce or pay money back. Two weeks' treatment only $3.50 postage. At drug and druggist's store, or direct from

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

The Fangs of the Leopard

(Continued from page 50)

The body of Monsieur le Marquis," said the Prefect of Police, "was found floating in the Seine at dawn. It was mutilated as tho by the fangs of some savage beast!" Then he spun about suddenly. "Monsieur Rutledge," he snapped, "you are under arrest!"

PAPA GAUARD sent two detectives, stolid and stalwart men, who stood at either side of the studio door, and whose orders were to guard Mona day and night. White and shaking as she was, for the events of the night had worn heavily upon her, she came to the studio the next afternoon. The Marquis was on hand, deboamir as ever, and Rutledge, sulky as a bear with a sore head, but slightly penitent.

Still, in spite of them, she seemed to feel a sudden chill as she entered the big bare studio, with its bleak, unwindowed walls. Save for a framed map of the Somme battlefield that hung high up in a sort of gallery, the place was a bleak, cheerless gray, and the Marquis' furniture made an alien, pleasant splash of color.

Ted's cameras were already placed for the bedroom scene, and Mona set her teeth to go thru with it. After all, there had been nothing to connect Lalou with the arrow... She lay in bed, her eyes closed as the cameras clicked. Suddenly she had a premonition of disaster, of danger, of some sinister hand about to strike. All about her were grim shadows, the peasants of the picture, the apaches of Paris. And among them all stood out the frightful face of Lalou! Could it be mere acting that made him seem so like a wild beast ready to spring? Could it be only his imagination that his fingers crooked to throttle her in reality?
Closer, closer came t'ee hideous face. The cameras clicked off the seconds with relentless precision. Closer, closer came those terrible hands, hairy and misshapen, the hands of an animal, the hands of the beast? At last they touched her. She would have cried out, but could not, and so went limp under the throttling fingers of the apache.

The Marquis stepped forward quickly. "Mon Dieu! She has fainted!"

It was quite true; the famous film star was nothing but a limp white figure that had to be carried to her dressing-room. And here, as her maid swiftly undressed her, she came upon something that sent her out, screaming!

It was a square of paper, a square of saffron paper, that bore a warning—the last warning.

The Leopard's Fangs.

When they searched the studio, Lalou was gone.

"Of course," said the Marquis half an hour later, when Mona had been somewhat revived, "you must not stay in Paris after this."

"I should say not!" cried Ted. "You'd better have someone come for your furniture, De La Brie. We're leaving for the South tonight. This is getting too dangerous!"

Mona nodded listlessly, her lips still ajar. "I have a few things to pack," she said.

"Assuredly," said the Marquis tactfully. "Monseur Rutledge, why do not you and Monsieur Dawson go to make the necessary arrangements? Mademoiselle's maid can attend to the luggage at the hotel, and I will remain here while Mademoiselle packs. My car arrives at six, and meanwhile we are guarded by two detectives."

Rutledge started to speak, then stopped. Ted nodded, and the two men and Mona's maid went out into the dusk, leaving Mona and the Marquis alone in the studio. She packed hastily as the Marquis endeavored to help, and jested lightly over certain filegarments.

At last he pulled out his watch. "Ma foi! Quarter after six, and that thrice-cursed chauffeur of mine has not arrived. Possibly the stupid camel has parked in some side street. If Mademoiselle permits, I will go and see."

Mona nodded and went with him to the door. Outside a thin mist had blown over the city, and the two detectives stood guard damply on either side of the entrance. De La Brie smiled, lifted his hat, and stepped out into the wet.

Mona went slowly back into the studio. Again, its cavernous emptiness, its blank and staring walls, its dark-shadowed corners, made her shudder. Again she thought of the hands of the ap ace, hairy hands... the hands of horror...

The lights snapped out. The studio was dark as death. Mona turned toward the door, struggling to scream. She could not... because two heavy hands, seizeing her from behind, were gripping her neck like a vice. The last thing she saw was utter blankness; the last thing she felt was the squeezing grip of sharp-nailed hands, like the claws of an animal... the fangs of a leopard.

It was ten minutes later that the Marquis, who had found his chauffeur in a side street, leaped out at the door of the studio.

"Mon Dieu!" he cried, as he entered the doorway. "It is dark!" And then: "Mother of God! She is gone!"

(Continued on page 99)

Only a moment's notice
—yet she was proud to show her nails

The thing you can depend on to remove stubborn dry cuticle quickly and safely

No matter how you file, clean and polish your nails they will not look attractive if you have hard ridges of cuticle drawn tight on the nails or splitting off in shreds.

With Cutex you will have in the briefest possible time a soft clean nail rim and no surplus cuticle, without any dangerous cutting at all.

Wash the hands. Then just dip the end of a Cutex orange stick into the Cutex bottle, twist a bit of cotton around the end and wet it again. Then press back the cuticle around each nail. Work the orange stick, still wet with Cutex, underneath the nail tips to clean and bleach them. Rinse the fingers and all the surplus cuticle will wipe away, leaving a soft and unbroken rim framing the nail evenly.

Your nail tips are infinitely improved—transparent and stainless.

For a jewel-like finish Cutex Liquid Polish gives a lovely even brilliance that lasts a whole week, or if you prefer a Cake, Powder or Paste Polish you will find it, too, in Cutex.

Full sized packages of all these things are at drug and department stores in the United States and Canada for 35c each and a choice of 6 complete manicure sets from 60c to $5.00. You will find Cutex, too, at all chemist shops in England.

Six of these manicures for 10c

Mail coupon with 10c for this set: Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Powder Polish, Cuticle Cream, orange stick, emery board and the helpful booklet, "How to have Lovely Nails."

Address Northam Warren, 114 West 7th St., New York Or if you live in Canada, Montreal Street, Montreal, Can.

Mail this coupon with 10c today

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
But If They Had Only Known

That the fair Helene Chadwick was the switchboard operator who was making all the mistakes! Wouldn't that make even the wrong number look right to the young men telephoning on page 47? It just goes to show that you never know your luck!

Cheers and Hisses

(Continued from page 82)

What Does Lyon Mean?

If some cross-word puzzle fan would ask me for a word in four letters meaning boyishness, I would tell him Lyon. Ben's boyishness is without a doubt the secret of his finding a way into the hearts of all. The flappers all fall for him because he is the perfect type of high-school sheik. The older women like him because he reminds them of their own sons and the little girls adore him because he is like their big brothers.

B. L.
Harrisburg, Pa.

Pola Negri as Iris

I so hope von Stroheim is not going to make the fatal mistake of overdoing realism. Everyone I've talked to has voiced the same sentiments concerning Greed. His former productions have shown such finesse as only one or two directors have touched now and then, but this one is nauseating.

I wonder how the role of Iris in Michael Arlen's The Green Hat would suit Pola Negri. She needs just such an exotic part.

A. D. D.
Redlands, Calif.

Correct in Every Detail

I went to see K—the Unknown, when it came to Miami a little while ago and I could not find anything wrong with it from a surgical viewpoint. In fact, I learned many things about my own line of work that I did not know before, although I am a trained nurse with special operating training. I wish those who make hospital or medical scenes would do as the director of K—the Unknown did—get a surgeon to supervise all of the surgical detail and then they would not make some of the awful blunders that I have seen.

Betty Burns
Buena Vista, Fla.

A Pet Phrase with Critics

I think the critics must be tremendously fond of the clause "and he ran away with the picture." Honestly, doesn't it strike you as funny?

Even worse is this one: "and he romped away with the picture." Romped! Great word, isn't it? So playful and kittenish. We must not be too hard on critics, but I do wish, when they invent a new word, they wouldn't hold on to it forever.

Bernice Clements
San Francisco, Calif.
The Fangs of the Leopard

(Continued from page 97)

The studio, its lamps lit again, was bare and empty as a tomb. There was no trace of Mona. Yet she had not passed the two detectives, who guarded the door: the only entrance to the studio. No one had come out, and no one had gone in.

Papa Gaillard was gotten from his dinner, Rutledge and Ted were recalled; a cordon of police was thrown about the district. But a search of the studio, of the streets, of the houses on the streets, yielded nothing but blank emptiness. Mona was gone.

"The Leopard, Messieurs," said the Marquis, "has sprung once more."

All thru the night the search went on, and all thru the night no clue was found, until at last, as the clocks boomed out the hour of one, the three men went their separate ways. But just as they parted, the Marquis made a sudden exclamation. "That Lalou! Messieurs, I had forgotten until now, but as I drove up to the studio, I fancied I saw him slinking away into the shadows."

It was the next morning before they met again, and the newspapers of Paris had caught up the crime and made it a cause célèbre. By chance, Ted and Rutledge, worn from their separate searches of the night, arrived just as the fat Prefect of Police got down from his car, puffing. He nodded to them, and then turned to the detectives who guarded the door.

"Mes enfants, nothing of importance has occurred."

"Nothing, Monsieur, save that the men came for the furniture of the Marquis and removed it."

Ted nodded sleepily. He was not interested in the furniture of the Marquis. What he wanted to know was why the police did not find Mona.

"All," said the Prefect of Police, stroking his white goatee, "it will do its owner very little good, I fear. The body of Monsieur le Marquis was found floating in the Seine at dawn. It was horribly mutilated as tho by the fangs of some savage beast!"

Ted gasped, and the Prefect, who had so far been as slow and deliberate as an ancient ox, suddenly spun about, and beckoned to his men.

"Monsieur Rutledge," he snapped, "you are under arrest!"

This is all we're going to tell you — now go ahead and solve the mystery and win the prize.

The Rules of this Contest

The fifty-dollar prize goes to the manuscript which is the most clearly and concisely expressed and offers the best and clearest solution to the mystery. We will also pay five dollars for any solution we think is good enough to publish. Be sure to put your full name and address on your manuscript. None will be returned and they must be sent to us by June 20. The winning solution will be published in the September number and the author's own solution will be published also.

Address your manuscript to the "Mystery Contest Editor", 175 DuSable Street, Brooklyn, New York.

"Who is that Beautiful Girl?"

"But you know her already, Tom," replied the hostess. "That is Virginia Carter."

"Oh, come! Virginia Carter was the plainest little girl in all the world."

"Just the same, Tom, she really is the Virginia Carter you used to know — but isn't she beautiful now!"

She had learned from Madame Jeannette how to enhance her best points and how to develop a new beauty by selecting the proper shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder and applying it correctly.

Mme. Jeannette's Beauty Treatment

First, a bit of Pompeian Day Cream to make your powder cling and prevent it shine. Next, apply Pompeian Beauty Powder to all exposed portions of face, neck and shoulders. It will give your skin that lovely effect of rose-petal softness. Lastly, just a touch of Pompeian Bloom to bring the exquisite glow of youthful color.

Pompeian Beauty Powder

"Don't Essay Beauty — Use Pompeian"

Shade Charts for selecting your correct tone of Pompeian Beauty Powder:

Medium Skin: The average American woman has this type of skin, and should use the Naturelle shade.

Olive Skin: This skin generally accompanies dark hair and eyes. It is rich in tone and should use the Rachel shade.

Pink Skin: This is the youthful, rose-tinted skin, and should use the Flesh shade. This type of skin is usually found with light hair, or red hair.

White Skin: If your skin is quite without color, use White Powder. Only the very white skin should use White Powder in the daytime.

At all toilet counters, 60c. Compact, $1.20. (Slightly higher in Canada.)

Get 1925 Panel and Four Samples

This new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, Beauty Gained is Love Retained, is sold at 25. Done in color by a famous artist, worth at least 50c. We send it with sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder, Night Cream and Night Cream for only 10c. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Use the coupon now.

Teard Off, Sign and Send

Mme. Jeannette, Pompeian Laboratories
3045 Phoenix Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Madame: I enclose 25c (shoe preferred) for the new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, "Beauty Gained is Love Retained," and the four samples.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ____________________________ State __________
Shade of powder wanted...
Add Charm
This Way

Do you long for charm and daintiness—poise?
Fastidious women have a secret—these TepsinGum fascinating business on.

As two centuries old—that assures personal daintiness throughout the entire day.
Eau de Cologne-No. 4 is their imperative toilette necessity.
This rare toilette water is a personal deodorant.

Eau de Cologne

It neutralizes—but does not check natural perspiration. Eau de Cologne—No. 4 is a dainty addition to the bath; after the bath it is a final touch of fineness.

Send for this Free Sample

At Your Dealer's
2 oz. 60 cts.
4 oz. $1.25
8 oz. $2.00

Service Laboratories, Inc., 126 W. 16th St., Chicago
Lacto-250 to pay postage and packing charges. Send the generous sample of Eau de Cologne on
Name
Address
My Druggist

—its healthy for the youngsters—deliciously flavored too—its daily use is

"a sensible habit"

BEEMAN'S
Pepsin Gum

Advertising Section

On the Camera Coast
(Continued from page 77)

engaged in one grand scramble to get Lil-
lia. As soon as the verdict was an-
nounced in her lawsuit, the wires began
to buzz. Warner Brothers, Cecil De Mille,
Famous Players, the United Artists and
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer all made her stun-
nning offers. It is understood in Hollywood
that she accepted the last-named offer; and
that her salary will be $8,000 a week. No
announcements have been made as to her
stories.

ALICE CALHOUN, Vitagraph star, is plan-
ning a vacation that will be unique.
With Bertha Blanche, champion bron-
co buster, Miss Calhoun is going to take a
long horseback riding trip up thru the
Yosemite with pack animals and dogs by
way of retinue.

CARLO SCHIPA is a very happy boy. He
is a brother of Tito Schipa, the grand-
opera singer. For some months Carlo has
been trying to storm the studios of Holly-
wood. His brother wanted him to give up
what looked like a wild-goose chase and do
a business assignment for him. The day
that this letter arrived, Carlo was signed
by Mary Pickford to play an important
role in Little Annie Rooney. He is also
playing a good part in Colleen Moore's
picture Sally.

MARY PICKFORD, before starting on her
picture, put on the rags she is to wear
and had a screen "test" with scores upon
scores of children—one after another—who
are to play in the picture. Mary must
have worn out that costume putting it on
and off.

HAVING been away from the screen for
several seasons—since the death of her
husband—Dorothy Phillips has signed a
contract with William Fox to play a lead-
ing role in Every Man's Wife. Elaine
Hammerstein, Herbert Rawlinson and
Robert Kane have also been signed for the
picture.

ALICE LAKE is back in Hollywood again.
The day she arrived she received three
telegrams offering her big parts in dif-
f erent New York productions. She tore
them all up. She says that nobody is
going to get her away from Hollywood
again. The last one who got her away
was a fascinating young husband: the
fascination did not last.

SHIRLEY MASON, who has just blossomed
out with sensational success as an emo-
tional actress—after all these confu-
sion years—her sister's scalp. Sister being
Viola Dana. Recently Shirley found a
very wonderful Japanese kimono in which
she planned to be photographed with the
idea of suddenly slipping it upon sister
and taking her breath away. When she
went to look for it, the garment could not
be found. Her maid explained: "Why
Miss Mason, your sister, came in awhile
ago and got it; she is going to be photo-
graphe in it."

SOMEBODY persuaded Wally MacDonald
to borrow a motor-cycle at the Fox
studio the other day—just to see if he
could ride the darn thing. Wally found
he could start it; but he couldn't find out
how it got itself stopped. So he rode
wildly around and around the block yell-
ing for help. Someone finally chased
after him in an automobile and told what
to do with it.

GRACE DARMDON has been recently mar-
rried to Harvey Leon Madison, formerly
a famous football player, but now a busi-
ness man. He is of a wealthy New Eng-
land family. She will probably continue
on the screen. Miss Darmond only recently
got a court order permitting her to change
her legal name from Grace Mario Giliona
to Grace Darmond; and here her name
changes again.

PREPARATIONS are being made at the
Lasky studio to film The Pony Express,
which will be another big Western spec-
tacle like The Covered Wagon, and with
the same director—James Cruze. Betty
Compton will play the lead with Wallace
Beery, Ernest Torrence, Raymond Hatton
and Ricardo Cortez in the cast.

ROBERT Z. LEONARD will not be sure he
is divorced from Mae Murray until he
gets the decree. He stated to the Los
Angeles newspapers that he understood she

Clarence Brown, the director, with two of his stars, Louise Dresser, as The Goose Woman and Peanuts, the goose

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
was going to Paris to get a divorce. From New York he got a wire which made him think she had changed her mind. "I have the highest respect for her and she for me; but we have not been happy for some time. However, if she changes her mind, I shall be very, very glad."

**JULIANNE JOHNSTON** has returned from Europe where she made four pictures. The fair Julienne wears a silver anklet visible thru one stocking; but declines to relate the significance thereof.

**ALMA RUBENS** and Ricardo Cortez have announced their engagement. Miss Rubens has been twice married.

**MARCO D'AMICO** was held up and robbed recently on Wilshire Boulevard. The robbers took a diamond stock pin valued at $1,500 and $20 in money.

**BETTMANN** was the leader of the dog team which brought the medicine to Nome and thereby won world-wide fame, is in Hollywood to make motion pictures. The dog is his driver, Gunner Kaassen. There was a celebration for them at the City Hall.

**LITTLE KIKI**, the kid sister of Leonore Ulric, has arrived from Wisconsin, where she won a newspaper beauty contest, to be a picture actress. Her name is Florence Ulric.

**GERTRUDE NISSEN**, the Swedish star, who has recently arrived in Hollywood, brought her mother and younger brother along. The first thing she did was to register the young man at the Hollywood high school. And he was promptly signed for the track team. Greta is duly proud.

**GLORIA'S** return to Hollywood was a matter of tears and cheers—the cheers provoked by practically the entire community and the tears supplied by Miss Swanson who broke down under the enthusiastic and emotional demonstration. All the studio people crowded to the station to meet her—and their cheering drowned out the noise of the brass band that marched at the head of the procession. Gloria tried to speak to them from her automobile—but the excitement, the joy of getting home, the thrill of the ovation, was too much for her. She broke down, sobbing, and was unable to speak.

At the première of Madame Sans-Gène, when she entered the theater, the audience rose, and remained standing till she was seated. During the evening she made another attempt to speak. Gloria sobbed, spoke a few broken words, then did a much more eloquent thing; she flung out her arms to the audience and smiled while the tears ran down her face.

---

**A frankly written book which every mother will want to show her daughter**

**WHAT** is more difficult for a mother than the instruction of her daughter in the facts about feminine hygiene? No matter how scientific and up-to-date her own information may be, it is hard to know just where to begin and bow. This little book solves the problem for mother, daughter or wife. It carries a clear and sensible message for every woman who values her health and peace of mind. In this age of wholesome frankness there are still far too many women who stumble along unguided. Some have absolutely nobody to tell them what they should know. Some have received wrong or incomplete advise. Others are simply too shy or timid to ask.

The result is that thousands of women today are running un-tried risks through the use of poisonous, caustic antiseptics. A shameful condition, but mothers and nurses will vouch for the truth of this statement.

**Unnecessary to run these risks**

Happily, science has now come to the aid of woman in her natural desire to achieve a complete surgical cleanliness and to do it safely. She can now throw out all such deadly poisons from the home and install in their place the great new antiseptic called Zonite. Though absolutely non-poisonous and non-caustic, Zonite is actually far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the human body, and more than forty times as strong as peroxide of hydrogen. These comparisons give some idea of the standing of Zonite as a genuine germicide. How different in its nature is Zonite from the compounds containing carbolic acid and bichloride of mercury! These fluids, even when greatly diluted, remain so caustic in their action that they cannot, for instance, be held in the mouth without sharply corroding and withering the delicate tissue lining. Zonite, on the contrary, is non-poisonous and so absolutely safe that dental authorities are actually recommending it widely for use in the practice of oral hygiene.

**The clean wholesomeness of Zonite**

Enlightened women of refinement everywhere have been the first to see the change that Zonite has brought into their lives. While knowing the importance of personal hygiene to their lasting health and happiness, they have in the past shrunk from the use of poisonous antiseptics. Now they have Zonite. And Zonite, clean and wholesome as an ocean breeze, is an assurance of a continued period of daintiness, charm and freedom from worry.

**The Women's Division offers this booklet free**

The Women's Division has prepared this dainty booklet especially for the use and convenience of women. The information it contains is concise and to the point. A delicate subject is treated with scientific frankness, as it should be. Send for it. Read it. Then you can properly consider yourself abreast of the times in a very important matter of health and comfort. Pass this booklet on to others who need it. Use the coupon below.

Zonite Products Co., Postum Bldg., 250 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. In Canada, 165 Dufferin St., Toronto.

---

**Zonite**

**Summer Uses for Zonite**

For cuts, wounds, burns, scratches, insect stings and insect bites, Zonite is an absolute and immediate antiseptic. For insect bites, likely to become infected when scratched, especially in the case of children.

For poison ivy and other poisons of the woods.

For sunburn, another source of infection.

For the purification of drinking water from unknown sources.

For a daily mouthwash to guard against pyorrhea. As a body deodorant.

**In bottles 50c and $1 at drug stores**

Slightly higher in Canada.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c direct to the Zonite Products Co.

--

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
ADVERTISING SECTION

The High Cost of Pictures

(Continued from page 68)

Production. This picture cost only $100,000 and it made a profit of about $4,000,000.

The following year Mr. Griffith produced Intolerance at a cost of $390,000. It was not nearly so good nor so great as The Birth of a Nation, and its net receipts were only $400,000.

The same year William Fox produced Daughter of the Gods, with Annette Kellerman, at a cost of $850,000, and this picture showed a net return of $1,350,000.

About two years ago The Birth of a Nation was released again for a revival, and up to date it has grossed over $450,000. Deducting about 40 per cent. for making the prints and for necessary distribution charges, we still have a handsome income on a ten-year-old picture which, perhaps, will be shown again ten years from now at a similar profit.

In 1920 Mr. Griffith produced Way Down East at a total cost of $800,000, which includes the $175,000 paid for the picture rights. This picture was released thru the regular channels for seven months and showed a net income of $1,350,000. Later on, this sum was practically doubled by additional showings throughout the world; hence the original investment of $175,000 was not a bad one after all, altho no man can say whether it was the reputation of the play or the story itself which made the venture so successful. Take out the very dramatic ice flood, on which nobody has a patent, and which has been done many times since in other plays, and it is a grave question if the story was worth even a small fraction of the $175,000 paid for it.

In 1920 William Fox again put over a big winner. It was Over the Hill, taken from Will Carleton's famous poem, Over the Hill to the Poorhouse. I remember that, about ten years previous, Mr. Carleton himself tried to sell me a scenario of this poem, which he had written, and he apparently would have been content with one or two hundred dollars for his rights. I do not know what his executors received for these rights from Mr. Fox, but it is said that the total cost of the picture was only $250,000 and it showed a net income of $2,500,000. Quite a good investment, don't you think?

And, by the way, Over the Hill did not cost $250,000 or anything like it. Judging from the cost of the cast, and from the probable cost of the scenic effects and mobs, I would say that $600,000 would cover everything. In giving the cost at $250,000 all exploitation costs were included, such as advertising.

The same is true of Daughter of the Gods, which cost about $850,000 to produce plus $400,000 or $500,000 extra for exploitation costs; thus Mr. Fox made practically no profit on this picture, but he certainly made enough on the costs given later on, when the receipts were gathered in from its later showings throughout the world.

The great picture of 1923 was The Covered Wagon, which cost only about $360,000 and which thus far has shown an income of $1,650,000.

In 1924 came The Ten Commandments, the first half of which was put over as elaborate and spectacular as has ever been shown on the screen. The second half should not have cost much more than $200,000, yet it is said that the total cost of the production was $1,800,000. This picture is still showing and thus far it has shown a net profit of only $750,000.

These seem like big figures, but please hold your breath while I tell you what the big 1925 picture is costing. The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer people, at this writing, planning a campaign for the most expensive of all pictures, Ben Hur, and, accord- ing to their figures, the cost is nearly $6,000,000. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse was the big picture of the following year, 1921, and this cost $1,000,000 and showed a net return of $1,160,000 thru the regular distribution channels; but it is said that these figures were figured a year later on, when the receipts were gathered in from its later showings throughout the world.

The great picture of 1925 was The Covered Wagon, which cost only about $360,000 and which thus far has shown an income of $1,650,000.

In 1924 came The Ten Commandments, the first half of which was put over as elaborate and spectacular as has ever been shown on the screen. The second half should not have cost much more than $200,000, yet it is said that the total cost of the production was $1,800,000. This picture is still showing and thus far it has shown a net profit of only $750,000.

These seem like big figures, but please hold your breath while I tell you what the big 1925 picture is costing. The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer people, at this writing, planning a campaign for the most expensive of all pictures, Ben Hur, and, accord- ing to their figures, the cost is nearly $6,000,000. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse was the big picture of the following year, 1921, and this cost $1,000,000 and showed a net return of $1,160,000 thru the regular distribution channels; but it is said that these figures were figured a year later on, when the receipts were gathered in from its later showings throughout the world.

The great picture of 1925 was The Covered Wagon, which cost only about $360,000 and which thus far has shown an income of $1,650,000.

In 1924 came The Ten Commandments, the first half of which was put over as elaborate and spectacular as has ever been shown on the screen. The second half should not have cost much more than $200,000, yet it is said that the total cost of the production was $1,800,000. This picture is still showing and thus far it has shown a net profit of only $750,000.

These seem like big figures, but please hold your breath while I tell you what the big 1925 picture is costing. The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer people, at this writing, planning a campaign for the most expensive of all pictures, Ben Hur, and, accord- ing to their figures, the cost is nearly $6,000,000. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse was the big picture of the following year, 1921, and this cost $1,000,000 and showed a net return of $1,160,000 thru the regular distribution channels; but it is said that these figures were figured a year later on, when the receipts were gathered in from its later showings throughout the world.

The great picture of 1925 was The Covered Wagon, which cost only about $360,000 and which thus far has shown an income of $1,650,000.
DO YOU remember how uncomfortable your hair made you last year, through your vacation? Yet it is unnecessary, really! You can scusably, for you to spend the Summer enying your more fortunate friends, and crimping and re-crimping your hair—when, so easily, quickly, and SAFELY, you too can have healthly, permanently curly hair. We mean hair which ALL Summer long, will grow even prettier when you dance, walk in the misty night air, or bathe at shore or mountainside.

Try the Safe LANOIL Process At Our Cost

One pleasant application of the wonderful Nestlé LANOIL Process will give you such hair—just send the coupon below, and we will forward to you either our interesting booklet or the dainty Outfit itself on trial, with extra materials free, for you to see for yourself the beautiful results of a LANOIL Permanent Wave. We do not ask you to make up your mind immediately after your waving. No. Wait thirty days. If your soft waves, curls and ringlets do not become more satisfying and delightful every day—if you are not convinced that the LANOIL Process, in addition to curling it permanently, improved your hair, then send back the Outfit, and without question or delay, we return every cent of its $15 purchase price.

You Will Love the Work—It's Easy

Perhaps, until now, you did not feel confident that you could do this waving. But, it is really FUN! Even little girls of twelve have been known to do it with lovely results. Perhaps you thought it a tiresome process, requiring several applications. NO! A single afternoon—sometimes less—suffices for permanent waving a head. And it is just as comfortable and as pleasant as the girls look in the photograph above. Risk is so entirely absent from this treatment, that not only do LANOIL Wave young children at Mr. Nestlé's two magnificent New York Establishments, but we have received many photographs of little girls, whose mothers have given them exquisite permanent LANOIL-curls with the Home Outfit!

Send Now—TODAY

Remember this: the LANOIL Process is a healthful treatment for your hair. A few thrilling hours are more charming waves, curls and ringlets that last, and look as naturally curly as if you were born so. Today, send a letter, a postal or the coupon below, for further information, or for the Outfit itself on free trial. If you prefer, send no money, but pay the postman when you get the package, on the distinct understanding that you get your money back if for any reason whatever you decide to return the Outfit within thirty days.

Nestlé LANOIL CO., LTD., Dept. S
Established 1895
12 and 14 East 49th Street, New York City
Fill in, tear off and mail coupon today

What Is the Most Popular Picture?

(Continued from page 60)

possibly novices, yet the work of some of them compares favorably with that of the best of professional critics.

Mrs. Frederick E. Parker, 629 Tremont Building, Boston, sends in the following review of The Great Divide. Many may differ with her in her conclusions, but none can fail to see the beauty and charm of her manner of expressing her opinion.

ROMANCE in God's created out-of-doors can have no more perfect setting than the region of the Grand Canyon and the Painted Desert. So says an American pioneer blood courses in the veins of us, this vast display of Nature's noblest mood will thrill to devo of courage all humankind who fall heir to the traditions of America.

A man born anew by the look deep into a pure woman's matchless soul. A sense of charm, and perfect and profound self-control in the face of stark terror reveals, to a morose-reeling man, the purpose of life. Love rises up with self-shame as its companion, a love born with a desire to prove his falter self a match to kindle her respect and longed-for affection.

In "The Great Divide" all incidents are bold strokes of character sketching. Action is but the artist's brush. Mr. Conway Tarm is the man of the golden heart brimming with love, yearning for a mate and more beauty or love required. He portrays the most difficult of all characters, a man transformed by an incident to become full-grown in his soul's nature thru that incident. Miss Alice Terry is the personification of Purity in the flesh, by every gesture as well as physical charm. Mr. Hamly Gordon is the most human of brothers, with his keen anxiety and concern over his sister's unaccomatible marriage. Mr. Allan Forrest, the youthful physician, not less committed but more willing to accord a beneficent friendship to the new husband.

The Great Divide is a powerful portrayal of man's instincts.

Many of our contestants making the best choice of including in their reviews the story of the play. Those who read reviews in the newspapers and magazines are of two kinds: Those who have been to the play and those who have. The former certainly do not wish to be informed of the plot, the latter already know it. Half the interest in the play is gone when we know in advance just what is going to happen.

Miss Alta M. Toepn, 202 Highland Avenue, Middletown, New York, reveals no more of the plot than is necessary to register her viewpoint and criticism. She reviews Big Brother as follows:

PLOTS may come and plots may go, but there are some plots that never grow old. These stay young, as young as apple blossoms and springtime and snowy fields and moonlight on the water.

Does a picture of a man's wrestling with his weaknesses and bringing forth his difficulties, in spite of unfavorable surroundings, ever fail to thrill you?

Can you resist a picture of a woman who has such faith that he dares to be true and brave even when circumstances seem to be crushing him?

Has the picture of a child's influence on older people lost its force?

All three of these plots are combined

(Continued on page 108)
That Musical Pal of Mine

Happiness, friendship, inspiration, popularity—all these and more are the result of music. No wonder millions of happy people affectionately refer to the Hohner Harmonicas as “That Musical Pal of Mine.” Anyone can quickly learn to play a Hohner with the aid of the Free Instruction Book. You don’t have to tune it; it is always tuned. You can’t make a mistake as to tone for the tune is fixed. You merely breathe into it the song that is craving expression and out come the cheery strains of an opera, symphony or popular melody.

Get a Hohner today and ask for the Free Instruction Book, illustrated with charts, pictures and favorites. It is a practical lesson. If your dealer is out of copies, write M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 175, New York City.

Leading dealers everywhere sell Hohner Harmonicas — 50c up.

Hohner Harmonicas

Moles

HOW TO BANISH THEM

A simple, safe home treatment—10 years success in my practice. Moles (also BIG growths) dry up and drop off. Write for free booklet giving full particulars.

W.M. DAVIS, M.D., 124 Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

BE AN ARTIST

Counties, cartoons, commercial, newspaper and magazine Illustra-
tions, portrait, landscapes, special, cover designs, advertisements, associated art studios. Dept. A 100 W. 23rd, New York.

Easy to Play

Easy to Pay

Buescher True-Tone Saxophone

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Who is the Most Popular Player? (Continued from page 61)

Who is the cutest girl or the most irresistibly funny man on the screen? It may be that it's the most dramatic, tragic and powerful actor or actress whose name draws you irresistibly to the silver sheet. In that case your vote belongs to the most emotionally sincere, the most compelling and earnest artist you know.

It's to your own interest to see that the star you like best is the winner in this fan race. Naturally, the people who own motion-picture houses want the most popular players for their performances. The winner of this contest will be more in demand than ever after the returns are all in.

Get busy and see to it that the player you will see most often in the future is the one you want most to see.

Read the announcement on page 93 and then cast your ballot.

Again we urge you to examine the list of players in this contest and see if the name of your favorite is there. If not, send in your vote for him or her and get your friends to do likewise. In the list given here we have included only those who received two hundred and fifty votes or over.

If the name of your favorite is there, but is down the line, try to put it up at the top of the list. And if it is at the top—jump in and do your best to see that it stays there.

The contest is very young yet. In fact, it is just getting under way. There is no telling what the voters will do in the next thirty days. Doubtless the many admirers of those players whose names are not yet on the list will hustle around and see that they are not left out next month.

Hurry up. Send in your ballot and swear the count. The players have done a lot for you—can't you do this much for them?

NEXT MONTH:
A Real Treat

Pictures

The Gallery is going to surpass itself in beauty.

There will be a specially posed picture of Mrs. Gish with her daughters, Lillian and Dorothy.

Of course, you've noticed the trend of the coiffure? Can you swear your hair is "licked back"? We're giving two pages to stars who are daring to expose their foreheads and their cars completely.

There's a page of pictures of Ramon Novarro with his two doubles.

And the sauciest study of Clara Bow that you ever saw. And dozens more!

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

My Secret of Loveliness!—a touch of henna in the shampoo to set off every woman's charm with the richness of lustrous hair.

ALL New York society finds its way to her for she is an artist in making women beautiful.

"Tell me, I begged, "your overripe beauty that will give every woman charm.

"Make the hair lustrous," she said deliberately, "that is the birth of charm.

"But, I protested, "few women can have such wonderfully lustrous hair!"

"You are mistaken. All women can have it and the charm it gives. In every woman there is a wealth of luster she has never dreamed of.

"And the secret of bringing it out—"

"Simply— a touch of henna in the shampoo. Ask who do not know henna. Crudely used, it is not without its drawbacks. Artfully used, it is magic—so swiftly does it reveal the brilliance in a woman's hair.

"But, is there no change—?"

"None, save a change to greater beauty. I have treated thousands of blondes and thousands of brunettes. Every one has retained her own natural type. But the touch of henna in the shampoo has given their hair a new and luxurious radiance—and their beauty a new appeal."

THE TOUCH OF HENNA in the clear, delicate, fragrant liquid of Hennaoam Shampoo is treated to bring out all the beauty of a woman's hair, whether it is blonde, brown or brunette.

Hennaoam Shampoo blends the touch of henna with the pure vegetable oils which stimulate the hair and scalp and make the hair soft and full. The touch of henna reveals the gleaming brilliance of each separate hair.

If you would discover all the lustrous loveliness of your hair, begin using Hennaoam Shampoo today.

Hennaoam Shampoo

If you cannot get Hennaoam Shampoo from your dealer, send 50c to the Hennaoam Corp., 511 West 42nd St., New York.

$2500.00 FOR YOUR OPINION

See page 93

Advertisements

INSECTO RAPID

DIAMONDS WATCHES

CASH OR CREDIT

DIAMOND IMPORTERS

We are agents for the most popular of European imports with the finest diamonds from Europe and sell direct by mail—a great saving to you. Our Diamonds are "quality" gems, blue, white or fancy colored. Each piece comes to you personally inspected by our expert buyers.

SEND FOR CATALOG

DIAMONDS OF THE LARGEST SIZE OR ANY SCALE

REAL RINGS 

WEDDING RINGS

CASH OR CREDIT

SPECIALS

ICIAL VISIONS

LOFTIS BROS. & CO.

43-35 W. 46th St., New York

BEST BEAUTY SHOPS: Drug and Department Stores.

INSECTO INC.

SALES REPRESENTATIVES: NEW YORK.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO.'S LUXURIOUS DENTAL FLUIDS

105 PAGE 17

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Her Honeymoon Letter Continues

"...and everywhere you go to the races, the tea dances, the opera, the fashionable Night Clubs, you see this gorgeous new rube—so brilliant, so absolutely glowing with the joy of living. And then you realize that costumes and decorations are all so gorgeously colored, that one looks smart and pale and wistering without it. Yet with a black, grey or neutral gown, when one really needs color most, this rube gets perfectly lovely. In Paris, as in Vienna, everyone is wearing it. I tried to get some. But it wasn't the shade. These European women are artists in make-up and sunny. I suspect, "blend their own" right on their cheeks. But they are funny about giving up their beauty secrets. Not until I got to London was I able to put the right shade. It's called PRINCESS PAT Vivid—and it is vivid, but oh it's lovely. Do try to get some. With your eyes it will be wonderful." Affectionately, Doris.

Princess Pat
VIVID
The Stylish New Rouge

This marvellous shade introduces a new vogue in rouge, now reaching its height in the fashion centers of Europe, and just making its debut in New York, Buenos Aires and Hollywood, where it is swiftly becoming the rage. It is made by the makers of PRINCESS PAT English Tint, the original orange rouge. If your favorite shop is not yet stocked with PRINCESS PAT Vivid, we will be glad to send a generous sample, entirely free of charge.

Princess Pat, Ltd., Chicago, U. S. A.

Free You are invited to try this wonderful new shade of rouge on your own complexion entirely without expense. We are glad to send a generous trial sample for thorough test with various gowns in both day and evening light. You will find no other rouge ever brought out your beauty so emphatically.

JUST MAIL THE COUPON
PRINCESS PAT, LTD., Dept. 27
5 N. Wells St., Chicago

In Canada, address: 107 Duke Street, Toronto, Ont.

Please send me entirely free, a sample of your new VIVID Rouge.

Name
Address

Page 106

Advertising Section

The Joke's on Monte

(Continued from page 35)

Monte seems to do his best work as a "society hero" when he plays opposite Marie Prevost.

sees Monte Blue with wonder and admiration on the screen—not knowing that Monte has several burns as souvenirs.

In those days life meant hunger and exposure, fights with brutal hobos in the "Jungle," the agony of bitter cold on the brake-beams.

Monte says that the nearest he ever came to death was one night while riding the brake-beams of a freight. He hadn't had anything to eat and he was so exhausted that he felt himself going to sleep in spite of the bitter blizzard cold. He was so stiff and numbed that he dared not try to drop off the train. And it was torturing trying to keep awake.

He took the only precaution he could think of, which was to put one arm around a beam and thrust his hand deep into his pocket. Then he lay back and bit his lips until the blood came in the effort to keep awake.

In spite of all he could do, he dozed off. He says that he suddenly felt a shock as the body he had been torn to pieces.

He had slipped from the beam and lay hanging down, only his arm and the hand in his pocket holding him from the wheels. One of his legs had dropped to the track and was against the ties. He couldn't find strength to drag himself up and at every tie his leg was almost torn off. He says it seemed hours while his body was flung to and fro like an old hat. At last, battered and bleeding and nearly dead, he managed to drag himself inch by inch back to the brake-beam.

Monte got into the train itself eventually. He became a fireman, and in that job made his way to Los Angeles.

The picture business was just beginning then. It never entered his head, however, to become a picture actor. All the actor had been taken out of him; beaten out by police clubs as he was driven from town to town with the other hobos.

It is an old story now how Monte got a job digging post-holes at the old Griffith studio on Sunset Boulevard; how Mr. Griffith heard him giving one of his old soap-box Socialist speeches to the laborers in the noon hour; and offered him a part in a picture to do the same thing.

He became an actor then; but Fate didn't hand it out to him in soft bundles even yet. Ironically enough, the worst beating Monte ever got from a policeman was while acting in a picture.

In order to get a realistic mob for one of the pictures Griffith was supervising, they sent down to the "Hobo Corner" in Los Angeles and rounded up a herd of real I. W. W.'s. Monte was the only actor in the mob. The rest were sure-enough mob.

The police were also sure-enough policemen. Whether it was an accident; whether the policemen got too excited; or whether they decided to use the chance to punish their old I. W. W. enemies, no one knows to this day. Anyhow, two or three policemen picked out the only I. W. W. who really wasn't an I. W. W.—which was Monte—and nearly beat him to death. A cruel night-stick caught him on the back of the neck—just at the base of the brain.

He says the last thing he remembers at the Police, Hospital before merciful darkness came over his brain was the surgeon saying: "No use bothering about him; he can't live until morning."

By chance, an actor who knew him happened to come in and hurried him off for an operation by a famous brain surgeon who saved his life.

Years afterward, it was D. W. Griffith again who saw in Monte what no one in the meantime had discovered—a great actor.

I was in the Griffith studio at the time. It was while Griffith was making Orphans of the Storm. He asked Monte to play the part of Danton. And the part of Danton was originally intended merely as a "bit." But "D. W." couldn't let it alone. Under his master hand, it grew and grew. Monte delighted him to the bottom of his soul. I think I am violating no confidence when I say that Mr. Griffith always bitterly regretted that he
Make hearts leap to the spell of your magical hair-free beauty of skin. Learn all that Neet, the dainty hair-removing cream means to you. Use Neet today.

Plunge wholeheartedly into the joys of the day fearing not for an instant what your costume reveals. With skin that is hair-free, lovely and smooth, you feel at ease, happy and confident you are at your best. Only Neet, the hair-removing cream can bring an assurance of such perfect freedom from unwanted hair. You merely spread it over the surfaces to be treated then rinse as you would the offending hair. No other method is so convenient and so rapid and satisfactory, especially for the larger surfaces of legs and arms—to remove hair from the entire forearm takes but a few minutes. To hundreds of thousands all around you, it has brought unexpected loveliness, beauty and charm.

Learn what Neet means to you—Buy Neet at your drug or department store. Accept no substitutes. Test it critically if you wish. You will agree that no other method, regardless of cost, equals this quick, simple, hair-removing cream. Neet is really quicker than shaving and you use it with absolute assurance that hair will not come back thicker and coarser than before—as it does after shaving. Following its use, note the whiteness of underarm in contrast to darkened skin where the razor has been used. Should your favorite store for the moment be out of Neet, send fifty cents with name and address for full sized tube by mail.

Advertisement Section

Very Special Ask your Neet dealer for IMMAC also, IMMAG hair dainty, snow-white Cream Deodorant that side underarm perspiration of all odors and assures personal fragrance.

Neet
The Hair Removing Cream

A Sure Way to End Dandruff There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and 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 can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

Beauty Secrets Revealed WHY was Cleopatra so gloriously beautiful? WHAT did the Empress Eugenie do to retain the transcendent beauty that brought the ravish of the nineteenth century to her feet? HOW can you attain and retain the wonderful combination of lustrous and luminous hair that give the women beauties of history their charm and power? BEAUTY ANALYSIS, a wonderful little book compiled by a Beauty Expert of 30 years experience, tells the "WHY" and "HOW" it is done scientifically, yet in the simplest words. Easy directions for young and old. A limited number of copies, paper bound, for only 10c. Send your dime TODAY!

L U Z I E R  L A B O R A T O R I E S
14, Westport Ave, Kansas City, Mo.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
in “Big Brother” so splendidly as to make me consider it the best movie I have ever seen. It is swift-moving in its action, sympathetic and tender, without being harrowing or over-sentimental.

It is natural murder. The hero of the play is not changed from a sinner to an angel. He is very human, even as you and I. When they take Mickey from him, he says just what you would expect him to say and goes out to show them just how defant and loveless he can be.

The character of the fatherly priest, shown in the scenes of his friend on the East Side rather than their faults, adds much to the play.

Mickey Bennett is a real little boy in the story and acts much older than we have seen.

A well written story by one of the best authors of the time, combined with skilful acting, make it my idea of a perfect picture.

W HILE this review is ably done, some will perhaps object to the expression “The hardest movie I have ever seen,” particularly when they recall to mind dozens of masterpieces of the past. A reviewer must be emotional, it true, but he should not weigh every picture and not be carried away for the moment. Possibly Miss Toep will not have changed her mind six months from now, yet perhaps when she has had time to digest all the great pictures of the past into proper perspective she will not be so enthusiastic about Big Brother. Did she weigh all the points that go to make a great picture, or did she place too much stress on emotional interest and morals?

A. E. Gartner, San Quentin, California, reviews The Ten Commandments quite differently than most critics. The majority of critics, believe, have placed this picture among the first ten great pictures of all time, yet there is a dissenting vote. He dares to disagree, and we admire his independence even if we cannot agree.

MUCH stress has been laid on the prologue of Cecil B. De Mille’s Ten Commandments, the magnificent scenes, immense spectacle, and splendid acting. But to my mind there is nothing extraordinary in this film, if one is to discount the usual De Mille skill for planning gigantic scenes and handling vast mobs. Theodore Roberts is superb in the role of Moses, the lawgiver. He gives Moses the flesh and blood, fire-tinged personality that is so lacking in the Bible.

The script for this part of the story was lifted bodily from the Great Book; this perhaps accounts for its jerkiness and lack of cohesion, altho the constant shifting from story to story is due chiefly to the colors has much to do with the general air of unreality of the prologue. The pyrotechnic display on the occasion of Moses receiving the Ten Commandments was so much to be expected in a De Mille production, altho it did produce a thrill for the first time or so.

Altho the modern end of the story is done in black-and-white and there are no spectaculars, it packs a gripping story that drives home its splendid acting and sheer strength of writing. The most moving part is old—written by Moses on Sinai—“that whosoever that breaketh the law shall surely be broken.” However, never before has its relation to the world today been so clearly portrayed.

In the “Four Horsemen” the directors took but one Commandment; De Mille has incorporated all into one massive, swift-moving story.

H ERE is one from an admirer of Gloria Swanson—a first attempt at reviewing the picture, from Miss Gladys Reipker, 180 Fernwood Avenue, New York. We are not printing this as an example of how it should be done, but to encourage those who are just learning the art.

T O begin this written conversation I shall give my opinion of Gloria Swanson. I have never seen a person who can change her actions as well as personality at Gloria Swanson. In “Manhandled” in the role of a woman, she is too darling for words. Again we see her as a Countess who is in despair when a real Russian comes up and speaks to her, and “The Passion of Gloria” is delightful. And last, but not least, when Gloria becomes Manhandled once more by none other than Tom Moore, her rich husband-to-be.

THE following review of Abraham Lincoln looks quite professional and is well done, but the reviewer, Mr. Baxt, 1015 Longfellow Avenue, N. Y., perhaps does not create in our minds a clear impression of what the picture is. While his opinions are sound, he should have said more about the nature of the play. A review should tell us something that will create a picture in our minds. It is not necessary to say that the play is a drama, melodrama, comedy, farce, scenic, historic, etc., but the reader wants to know if it is a love story, a Western, a costume play, a spectacle, a fantasy, and so on, and if it is thrilling, or sad, or funny, or gruesome, etc. Here is Mr. Baxt’s review:

IN filming Abraham Lincoln’s life of trial and tragedy, Alistair and Roy Rockett have come close to the summation of the cinema a drama that will serve as an influence for the achievement of “better pictures.”

George Billings’ characterization of Abraham Lincoln was revealing in its humanity and sincerity. The unique simplicity and subtle consumption of the almost legendary patriarchs were sustained by the artificialities of “movie” technique.

Piloted by Phil Rosen’s unquestionable competency, the story echoes a responsive note of appreciation and emotion in the hearts of the audience. There are the dark moments and the lighter strains all coherently linked and compelling in their individualism.

Lincoln’s romance with Anne Rutledge is pictured in all its rural tenderness. And words are futile in the effort to paint the dynamic and gravity of the Lincoln-Douglas debate; the dark days of the war; the Gettysburg sequence; and finally the assassination.

This cast is to be congratulated on its sincere intentness. Ruth Clifford was appealing as Anne Rutledge. The roles of Stephen Douglas, Lincoln and Grant were depicted strikingly exact, and finely interpreted.

Frances Marion, always dependable, is to be thanked for the perfect script. Phil Rosen has proven himself a keen
Affairs. What we do not understand, we have not the right to condemn. I pass.

Betty Compson Fan.—Oh don't be so cruel and say that if I don't answer your questions, you won't read our magazine any more. Colleen Moore is five feet three; Betty Compson is five feet two and Norma Shearer is five feet three. Percy Marmont is playing in Herbert Brenon's The Street of Forgotten Men in which Neil Hamilton and Mary Brian have the juvenile leads. Now will you continue?

Movie Fan.—Only thirteen years old. That's an old age! Betty Blythe is five seven. Keep on growing and maybe some day you will be that important.

Mary A. G.—My Greek is a bit ancient, but I'll do my best. The Amazons were a nation of women soldiers who lived in Scythia. They were defeated by Hercules, who gave Hippolyte, their queen, to Theseus for a wife. (I hope this is O.K.) Address Claire Windsor at Metro-Goldwyn, Culver City, California. Lloyd Hughes is married to Gloria Hope. Blanche Sweet will be featured in Marshall Neilan's next production, The Return of the Soldier. What could be sweeter?

A. M. H.—You refer to Wallace Mac-Donald as Hugh Warren in New Wives for Old, and he was certainly good. You ask what the critic was who writes so much about international intrigue and who predicted the Great War. You refer to E. Phillips Oppenheim. Valintino is to make Bronze Collar, from the story by John Frederick, which will be rechristened The Slave.

Unnoticee—Cheer up, I'm with you. With years come peace, wisdom, liberty and happiness. 'Tis true. I received a (wrote on page 125) and (Continued on page 125)....

A Natural Color at last, for both Cheeks and Lips

MOIST Rouge!

"I wish I could find the right rouge!" How many times have you said it? Here it is! Not another dry color that goes on in dabs—but a marvelously smooth, soft, meat color that you blend with perfectly wonderful results. Medium, do not disregard this real discovery—for most makeup is not only here to stay, but must surely doomed the crank kinds?

A True Makeup at Last

Artists have always worked in oils for beauty and realism. Cryon is too coarse. Smaller, then, that a true blood-red in metallic oils brought a new beauty-power to makeup? Jarnac is a new form of color—brilliant, color impossible for dry form. It is wonderfully natural when spread; by comparison, the hard red spots from rouge-puff are ridiculous and unreal. The same difference is seen in lips as well—for this one blood-red blend is the same perfect red for lips—your fingertips tugged with Jarnac is an end to lip-stick too.

The French formulas Jarnac has, in fact, overcome every one of the mistakes of makeup which have made such a burden of beauty in this country.

Some Amazing Properties

Observe these five extraordinary properties, any one of which would be reward enough for trying Jarnac:
1. This form of color has what artists call "special" and leaves not the suggestion of a line where its perfect film of color begins or ends.
2. Moisture has no effect whatever on this color which is itself moist! Not even tears can streak the cheeks, nor will washing the lips damage it. If you use Jarnac in the morning and leave it home if you like.
3. Pho trope Ideas Wanted

Don't sell your manuscript to studios until first protected by copyright. Plots accepted on any terms—royalties, copyright, copies—nothing to have. We are right on the ground for the next film! Not a school—no courses to sell. Advise free.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO CORPORATION
240 Security Bldg., Santa Monica and Western Ave., Hollywood, California
Publishers Popular Scenario Writer

"Both girls left their rouge at home, but one had used Jarnac and didn't worry!"

A Natural Color at last, for both Cheeks and Lips

MOIST Rouge!

"I wish I could find the right rouge!" How many times have you said it? Here it is! Not another dry color that goes on in dabs—but a marvelously smooth, soft, meat color that you blend with perfectly wonderful results. Medium, do not disregard this real discovery—for most makeup is not only here to stay, but must surely doomed the crank kinds?

A True Makeup at Last

Artists have always worked in oils for beauty and realism. Cryon is too coarse. Smaller, then, that a true blood-red in metallic oils brought a new beauty-power to makeup? Jarnac is a new form of color—brilliant, color impossible for dry form. It is wonderfully natural when spread; by comparison, the hard red spots from rouge-puff are ridiculous and unreal. The same difference is seen in lips as well—for this one blood-red blend is the same perfect red for lips—your fingertips tugged with Jarnac is an end to lip-stick too.

The French formulas Jarnac has, in fact, overcome every one of the mistakes of makeup which have made such a burden of beauty in this country.

Some Amazing Properties

Observe these five extraordinary properties, any one of which would be reward enough for trying Jarnac:
1. This form of color has what artists call "special" and leaves not the suggestion of a line where its perfect film of color begins or ends.
2. Moisture has no effect whatever on this color which is itself moist! Not even tears can streak the cheeks, nor will washing the lips damage it. If you use Jarnac in the morning and leave it home if you like.
3. Photoprotein Ideas Wanted

Don't sell your manuscript to studios until first protected by copyright. Plots accepted on any terms—royalties, copyright, copies—nothing to have. We are right on the ground for the next film! Not a school—no courses to sell. Advise free.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO CORPORATION
240 Security Bldg., Santa Monica and Western Ave., Hollywood, California
Publishers Popular Scenario Writer

"Both girls left their rouge at home, but one had used Jarnac and didn't worry!"

A Natural Color at last, for both Cheeks and Lips

MOIST Rouge!

"I wish I could find the right rouge!" How many times have you said it? Here it is! Not another dry color that goes on in dabs—but a marvelously smooth, soft, meat color that you blend with perfectly wonderful results. Medium, do not disregard this real discovery—for most makeup is not only here to stay, but must surely doomed the crank kinds?

A True Makeup at Last

Artists have always worked in oils for beauty and realism. Cryon is too coarse. Smaller, then, that a true blood-red in metallic oils brought a new beauty-power to makeup? Jarnac is a new form of color—brilliant, color impossible for dry form. It is wonderfully natural when spread; by comparison, the hard red spots from rouge-puff are ridiculous and unreal. The same difference is seen in lips as well—for this one blood-red blend is the same perfect red for lips—your fingertips tugged with Jarnac is an end to lip-stick too.

The French formulas Jarnac has, in fact, overcome every one of the mistakes of makeup which have made such a burden of beauty in this country.

Some Amazing Properties

Observe these five extraordinary properties, any one of which would be reward enough for trying Jarnac:
1. This form of color has what artists call "special" and leaves not the suggestion of a line where its perfect film of color begins or ends.
2. Moisture has no effect whatever on this color which is itself moist! Not even tears can streak the cheeks, nor will washing the lips damage it. If you use Jarnac in the morning and leave it home if you like.
3. Photoprotein Ideas Wanted

Don't sell your manuscript to studios until first protected by copyright. Plots accepted on any terms—royalties, copyright, copies—nothing to have. We are right on the ground for the next film! Not a school—no courses to sell. Advise free.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO CORPORATION
240 Security Bldg., Santa Monica and Western Ave., Hollywood, California
Publishers Popular Scenario Writer

"Both girls left their rouge at home, but one had used Jarnac and didn't worry!"

A Natural Color at last, for both Cheeks and Lips

MOIST Rouge!

"I wish I could find the right rouge!" How many times have you said it? Here it is! Not another dry color that goes on in dabs—but a marvelously smooth, soft, meat color that you blend with perfectly wonderful results. Medium, do not disregard this real discovery—for most makeup is not only here to stay, but must surely doomed the crank kinds?

A True Makeup at Last

Artists have always worked in oils for beauty and realism. Cryon is too coarse. Smaller, then, that a true blood-red in metallic oils brought a new beauty-power to makeup? Jarnac is a new form of color—brilliant, color impossible for dry form. It is wonderfully natural when spread; by comparison, the hard red spots from rouge-puff are ridiculous and unreal. The same difference is seen in lips as well—for this one blood-red blend is the same perfect red for lips—your fingertips tugged with Jarnac is an end to lip-stick too.

The French formulas Jarnac has, in fact, overcome every one of the mistakes of makeup which have made such a burden of beauty in this country.

Some Amazing Properties

Observe these five extraordinary properties, any one of which would be reward enough for trying Jarnac:
1. This form of color has what artists call "special" and leaves not the suggestion of a line where its perfect film of color begins or ends.
2. Moisture has no effect whatever on this color which is itself moist! Not even tears can streak the cheeks, nor will washing the lips damage it. If you use Jarnac in the morning and leave it home if you like.
3. Photoprotein Ideas Wanted

Don't sell your manuscript to studios until first protected by copyright. Plots accepted on any terms—royalties, copyright, copies—nothing to have. We are right on the ground for the next film! Not a school—no courses to sell. Advise free.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO CORPORATION
240 Security Bldg., Santa Monica and Western Ave., Hollywood, California
Publishers Popular Scenario Writer

"Both girls left their rouge at home, but one had used Jarnac and didn't worry!"
forms the background of my childhood; people coming and going, lights, music, luxury, costly food. My father was wealthy by now and nothing was too good for his children. We had sons, a riding man, a bandmaster, music lessons. If starvation is a necessary tuition for success, I should never be successful, for I have never missed a meal in my life, even when the lean years arrived later on.

Then came a country-wide financial panic and my father's first failure in business. But he did not lose heart. He immediately moved his family to Cleveland and started another hotel. It is hard to realize how provincial life in a small American city was in those days, and yet it was not so very long ago. I am thirty-five now, and I was seven when we moved to Cleveland. But the wealthy people of the town never went outside their own homes to dine. As a matter of fact, they didn't dine at all. When they were hungry, they ate. The restaurants in Cleveland had no table-cloths or silverware, none of the refinements of the most ordinary restaurants nowadays. My father literally taught Cleveland its table manners.

Like all self-made men, he was determined that his sons should not follow his own life, but should be educated for one of the learned professions. Henry and I were sent to St. Joseph's, a private school, to begin our education. From that time until I was twenty-two, fifteen years later, I was continually in schools—and select schools, too, my family could not afford them. We were given our choice of preparatory schools, and chose Culver Military Academy because of the lure of the uniforms all small boys adore. I was a mild little chap with no instinct for fighting (I have only had one fist fight in my life, and then there was such righteous rage in my soul that I won that!), but I attained a lurid reputation as a bruiser among my classmates because I accidentally hit another and much larger boy in the eye with my elbow.

The eye immediately swelled up and got black, bringing admiring comments from my playfellows and making me quite a hero, even in the remaining eye of the injured boy!

With the selfish unconcern of youth, my brother and I never inquired into the matter of the family purse when it came time to go to college. We had always had everything, we took it for granted we always would have everything. I received a wire from my brother telling a lordly attitude for the descendants of generations of farmers!

As a matter of fact, I realize now that it isn't true. I have been a cruel struggle for my people to send us to Cornell, for the hotel was not succeeding—my father always fed his guests too well for his own pocketbook. But to Cornell we went, and for three years I struggled with civil engineering against all my inclinations, which were more nearly satisfied by the dramatic life of the university. I didn't my first acting there, in college plays.

I might have gone on, finished my course, taken my degree and become a thoroughly discontented engineer, but in my senior year, my father found he could no longer afford luxuries like college degrees for his sons and I went home to try to help him save his business—and didn't succeed.

From the wreckage I managed to salvage some bottles of wine which I sold to a rival restaurant owner in Cleveland for enough money to take me to New York. I firmly intended to go onto the stage, make an immediate and remarkable success and repair the family bank-account. I packed my trunk with several dozen pint bottles of champagne, some tins of pate de foie gras, and imported herring and other delicacies from the hotel storerooms and came to New York, May 13, 1912.

By the middle of June I had hardly a cent left. I moved my trunk of episcopal dainties to a Mills Hotel, where one could purchase the use of a bed with not too distressingly second-hand linen for thirty cents a night. I was preparing to exist on herring and champagne when I met a man who introduced me to the fact that he had found a place for both of us to work on a farm in northern New York for the summer.

The summer was laboring under the impression that I was a graduate of Cornell Agricultural College, as I found when I was led into the barn and introduced to the end of a cow, named Belle.
My engineering training had not taught me to milk, but I have never been one to confess, my inability to do anything. There were nine cows in the row, switching nine tails. The farmer cheerfully suggested that we should begin at the end and meet at the middle. He milked eight cows, however, before I was able to extract a single drop of milk from Belle. The next day I was fired.

However, I found a job on the neighboring estate of Vincent Astor at Rhinebeck as a day-laborer. All that summer I washed endless milk-bottles and pitched endless hay with the other farm-hands. But there was a social difference between us. Every day I took a pint bottle of imported champagne to the fields with my lunch, and while the others looked respectfully on, drank it between bites of sandwich and pie from my tin lunch pail! The other men thought that I was a college student working for the fun of the thing, instead of for a living.

For all the hard summer’s work, I had nothing to show for it when I got back to New York but a pair of very calloused hands and twenty-five cents in my pocket. I went back to the Mills Hotel, where they very properly put my trunk in the cellar when they discovered I had slept several nights’ worth on one of their beds without the means of paying for it. It is a queer thing, but, no matter how broke I have been at times, nobody would believe it. I have always been taken for the son of a millionaire.

My next neighbor at the hotel was a young Englishman, stranded and homesick. He suggested that, if I could finance the necessary tip to the captain of a cattle boat to get us a nominal rating as crew, he would in his turn have his father’s small but both work when we arrived at Liverpool. The necessary tip was eight dollars apiece. I visited my trunk under some pretext, removed the best-looking clothes from it and managed to smuggle them out of the hotel to a pawn-shop, where I hocked them for twenty dollars. Leaving my companion’s share at the hotel for him, I recklessly called up a young lady of my acquaintance and suggested a farewell dinner at the Belmont Hotel, then the most exclusive in New York.

It was a gallant gesture, leaving the Mills Hotel to dine at the Belmont, but unfortunately my companion proved so charming that I lingered too long over dessert, and when I got to the dock the boat had sailed, taking my friend with it.

A telegram to my father pleading for a small loan was coldly answered. I had made my bed—at the Mills Hotel—and I could lie on it. If it was hard and uncomfortable, perhaps I would get out of the habit of oversleeping.

And now by that same Chance which rules all our destinies, according to Math. 6: 16, I met on Broadway an actor whom I had known in Cleveland, very prosperously dined. His secret came out—the movies! Why didn’t I try? I looked dubiously at my face in the mirror and couldn’t see a fortune in it, but the next day I went out to Vitagraph in Brooklyn, and got a job as an extra, not because the director recognized potential genius but because I answered affirmatively the question, “Have you a dress suit?” I borrowed one before the next morning from the manager of the Mills Hotel and so made my first screen appearance—the day when I went to see the picture afterward I couldn’t find myself anywhere in it!

After some months of starving as a movie extra (that word “starving” is used in a purely literary way, for, as I said...
AGENTS WANTED


Big money and fast sales. Every owner buys for his family and you can make $1,500, most of it in 4 1/2 to 6 weeks. Profit, $4.41 profit. 10 orders daily easy. Samples and information free. World Monogram Co., Dept. 18, Newark, N. J.

Why not sell us your spare time? $2 an hour. Ends daily for two weeks. For original, quality, name style guaranteed handsome, 57 styles, 49 colors. No capital or experience required. Just deliver and collect. Your PAY DAILY, also monthly bonus. We supply samples. All colors, goods, including slips, hats, gloves, Mancioker, Textile Co., Station 2357, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Absolutely no competition selling. Val-style millinery. Live wires earn $50 to $100 a week. Write for liberal offer and EXCLUSIVE TERRI-

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

Ladies Farm $6-$8 a day learning Pillow Tops at Home; experience unnecessary. Particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 126, Lasting Ave., Indianapolis.

Girls, Women, 16 up. Learn Gown Making at Home. Earn $25.00 week. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. 606, Rochester, N. Y.

HELP WANTED—MALE

WANTED—Mail clerks to handle mail on trains (travel), forest rangers, guard forest reserves; needed quickly, send for information and application. Forest Service, Department A, Big pay. Write—Outz, the Coach, 291, St. Louis, Mo., quickly.

Detectives Earn Big Money. Excellent oppor-

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 Profit Nightly—Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Your machines work and are en- dorsed by government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., 431 Morton Blvd., Chicago.

OLD GOLD AND SILVER


PATENTS


Inventions commercialized on cash or royalty basis. Several large proprietary concerns are unacquainted. In business years. Complete facilities. References. Write—Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 513 Faright Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Film Development-Camera Trial Offer. Any size Kodak film developed 50, prints 5 x 7 inch. Trial 6 x 9 Enlargement in handsome folder 85c. Overnight service. Photo Finishing Co., 296 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Virginia.

PHOTOPLAYS

Photoplays, short stories, novels, articles sold, criticized, revised. FREE details and advice. Have successfully managed manuscripts. Advance Publishing Company, P. O. Box 496, San Francisco.

Send to-day for free Copy Writer's Digest. Tells how to write and sell short stories, photo- plays, poems, etc. Write—Title Digest, 9-22, East 12th St., Cincinnati.


$ 5 FOR PHOTOPLAY IDEAS. Plots ac- cepted any form; revised, criticized, copyrighted, marketed, Advance Publishing Co., Dept. 605, Box 265 Security Bldg., Santa Monica and Western Ave., Hollywood, California.


Photoplay Authors—Turn your scenarios into cash. Just help you win success. Write for booklet A. Screen Writers' Service Bureau, Box 505, Newark, N. J.

RATES

THOSE ADVERTISEMENTS are read by thousands of people. Many of these advertisers use this section every month to increase their business. Write for rates to Brewer-Simon & Co., 125 Buffleth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

STORIES WANTED

Story Ideas Wanted for photoplays and maga-

azines. Big demand. Accepted in any form. Re- vised, typed and written manuscripts for free criticism. Universal Scenario Corporation, 2925 Sunset Blvd., Santa Monica and Western Ave., Hollywood, California.

STORIES, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for pub- lication. Big demand. Send well typewritten manu- scripts. Send MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 134 Hamilton, 360 Mace Street, New York City.

Short stories, novels, news articles sold, criti- cised, revised, in demand. Has used and suc- cessfully handled thousands of manuscripts. Ad- vance Publishing Company, P. O. Box 496, San Francisco.

Short stories, novels, articles, etc. revised and typed written in proper form and placed on the market. Send manuscript or write H. L. Hurst, Dept. 2, Box 12, 307-11, New York City.

VAUDEVILLE


Ten Reasons Why You Should Read Motion Picture Magazine

1. Because it is the oldest movie magazine in the world.
2. Because it pointed the way which all others have followed.
3. Because many of the same writers and editors are with us today who were with it in the beginning.
4. Because it has the best authors, critics, and news-binders in the business.
5. Because it is authoritative, authentic and reliable.
6. Because it prints the latest news gathered from reliable sources.
7. Because it is the oldest, widest, most and best American in all the world. Criticisms and views are unbiased, unprejudiced, and not influenced by affiliations with producing companies, players or advertisers. Many other reasons it is the best movie magazine in the world.

Adolph at the age of three

before, I never went hungry), I tried vaudeville on a cheap circuit, doing my act nine times a day! In the towns we played, I ran across some of the trite opera was amazed at my occupation—until I conveyed the idea that I was doing it merely as a lark, whereupon they regarded me as an actor—be shamed.

Refusing to admit defeat, my father had come East and started a poor little roadhouse in Lynbrook, Long Island. I went out to help him as soon as I got back from my tour, bought the food, cooked it—and served it, too. A casting director from the Equity Pictures happened to drop in one day and offered me a job with his firm, with the stipulation that I get three suits of clothes for the part. Thru all my ups and downs and I had chung to a diamond ring my parents had given to me in the affluent days. Now I went to New York, pawned that ring for sixty-five dollars, and, by walking up two flights, saved enough to buy three suits for thirty-five dollars—that was ten years ago, remember.

Carrying my wardrobe in a suitcase, I reported at the Equity, to be informed by a gentleman with his heels on a desk, that the man across made in our opera in the elevator, I passed the Fox office and saw a crowd of men standing about the casting window. I took the next elevator back, and Fred Thropp, who was the casting director at the time, saw me and shouted, "Come back at five!"—not because he recognized latent possi-

When I arrived on the set, everything was in confusion because the pianist hadn't shown up. When the director called, "Can any of you fellows play?" I beat eight others to the piano. This attracted his at-

1. Ten Reasons Why You Should Read Motion Picture Magazine

2. Because it is the oldest movie magazine in the world.
3. Because it pointed the way which all others have followed.
4. Because many of the same writers and editors are with us today who were with it in the beginning.
5. Because it has the best authors, critics, and news-binders in the business.
6. Because it is authoritative, authentic and reliable.
7. Because it prints the latest news gathered from reliable sources.
8. Because it is the oldest, widest, most and best American in all the world. Criticisms and views are unbiased, unprejudiced, and not influenced by affiliations with producing companies, players or advertisers. Many other reasons it is the best movie magazine in the world.

Ten Reasons Why You Should Read Motion Picture Magazine

1. Because it is the oldest movie magazine in the world.
2. Because it pointed the way which all others have followed.
3. Because many of the same writers and editors are with us today who were with it in the beginning.
4. Because it has the best authors, critics, and news-binders in the business.
5. Because it is authoritative, authentic and reliable.
6. Because it prints the latest news gathered from reliable sources.
7. Because it is the oldest, widest, most and best American in all the world. Criticisms and views are unbiased, unprejudiced, and not influenced by affiliations with producing companies, players or advertisers. Many other reasons it is the best movie magazine in the world.
I left the movies to enlist in the army a few weeks after war was declared. For a year I was in camp, beginning as a private and ending as a captain. I forget just why I was promoted—I probably talked them into it.

The war... People saw that they cannot get a soldier to talk of it. I believe the reason is that we never knew exactly what was happening. I was under fire for a year. I saw a great deal of smoke, mud and mud men—dead and alive. At night I crouched with the rest in a hole in the ground, watching the flash of the guns on the German line, listening to the shrill sinnings of the bullet as it came careening wondering whether it would hit us or not. I don't mind admitting right here that I was scared to death from the beginning to the end. Most soldiers are.

I was with the Italians first, then the French, and afterward with the Cornell unit, a troop of multimillionaires.

Now and then, in the confusion of smoke, an incident stands out. There was the time when I was driving with four other French officers in a rattletrap taxi-cab outside of Verdun, with a bombardment going on in the distance (the not-too-comfortable distance, either), and happened to look out and saw Hector Turnbull driving by in an American army car. We stopped, got out and solemnly shook each other's hands and inquired after each other's health as we the two had run across one another on the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway.

There was the time I went out hunting among the shell holes for "Madame Sherry," an American ace whom we had observed fall under an attack of a swarm of enemy planes. I found him very much alive and invited him to lunch with me—if we got back to the lines safely.

There was the time a friend and I started out to defect Dodge to deliver a bottle of champagne to a brother officer up towards the front, for which he had promised us with dollars in American money. We did not notice the "No Further" sign and, before we knew it, we found ourselves driving along a narrow path behind a line of American trenches in which, to our amazement, the soldiers did not pay any attention to us because they had dropped their guns. In a moment came the familiar ping-zing of bullets from a distance and our muni- tions fell under a rain of fire. We were in the very midst of a hot engagement!

There was no room to turn, so we went on, the bullets throwing up spatters of earth all around us. And of course the carburetor chose this time to give us trouble, and we had to get out and tinker with it, all the time outlined against the sky. We offered a wonderful mark, but somehow they managed to miss us and we reached the farmhouse where the owner of the champagne was quartered. It was the center of a bombardment. The spent bullets sounded like the patter of rain on the tin roof. We delivered the champagne safe. But we didn't even offer us a drink and got home safely in the darkness. The next day the poor chap to whom we had taken the champagne was struck with a shell.

When the war ended, I returned to New York with two thousand dollars of my pay saved. I met Arbuckle and a number of other screen stars, and one night over dinner in Keene's Chop House they persuaded me to try my luck in Hollywood.

But meanwhile I had met a young news-
It Isn't Fair

WHENEVER a salesgirl tries to sell you a substitute for your favorite brand of perfume, face powder or other toilet article, you are being imposed upon. A big majority of the good stores will not tolerate substitution, but a number of them will. In these stores you are likely to be told that some article you may have been using for a long time is inferior.

Thousands of American women have been fooled by such salespersons and are now determined that this system will not continue. The next time substitution is tried on you, get what you ask for or go to another store where you can.

Perhaps you have had some experience with the evil of "substitution." Write and tell us about it. Address "Director of Service," Brewster Publications, 175 Duffyield Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Advertising Section

Adolphe Menjou's hobby is stamp collecting. Behold him showing some of his precious books to Jean Hersholt paper woman, Katherine Conn Tinsley, and for the first time in my life I had fallen in love. She didn't like me—at first. But four months later we were married, in spite of the trepidations of her relatives in the tiny Southern town where I went to visit them. I was wearing spats, carrying a cane, and my mustache was waxed to needle points. I think they believed poor dear Kate was marrying a dancing master! Well, I spent the two thousand on an engagement ring, a wedding ring and two tickets to California. The rest I changed into dollar bills so there would seem to be more money, and every day I would count them feverishly until my wife begged me to stop. It made her nervous to see my deepening grouch as the roll grew steadily smaller day by day. Thru all our discouragements—and they were many—she never doubted that success was coming. At least, she never seemed to doubt.

We were down to our last hundred when I sat in at a poker game, desperately determined to win enough to keep us going. That was the last time I ever gambled. I lost three hundred dollars. At Greene, a director and a perfect stranger to me, then paid the two hundred I couldn't meet, for me.

I went home, and stood outside a long time watching my wife sewing on a new necktie for me thru the window, afraid to go in and tell her what I had done. I had made over fifty motion pictures, and spent seven years struggling along in the pictures before A Woman of Paris. The morning after it was first shown everyone was asking, "Who's this new chap, Menjou?"

I wish I could close this story with some wise precept which would help some other actor along the rough road toward recognition. But I remember that bag of beans in that old college course Probability and Chance, and how the red bean turned up every once in so often, according to fixed and final laws.

You'd think that the people "in the know" at Hollywood could tell a success when they see one! But that isn't true. There's no one who seems to know less about the worth of a picture than the people who make it.

Read the astounding revelations of the mistakes movie people themselves make in judging a picture. Harry Carr tells you the truth about this in the August Motion Picture Magazine.
Broadcasting with Eleanor Boardman

(Continued from page 44)

"And we'll all love seeing you in it on the screen, Miss Boardman. Now, won't you name a role you liked in some picture that has already been shown?"

"There's The Wife of the Centaur. It gave me a chance to act. I enjoyed it, all right, and the critics were kind to me. But the important thing is whether the public like it."

(At countless receiving sets, from Maine to Texas. Miss Boardman, there must have been comments, and perhaps cheers. But radio, unfortunately, doesn't work backwards. We in the broadcasting-room heard nothing.)

"Will you tell us how you have been spending your visit to New York?" I asked.

"Oh, I have just been having a good time!"

"You came East to shop and to see a play every evening, I suppose. All the stars from Hollywood tell me that."

"Dont you believe them. The companies provide costumes, and the Los Angeles shops are equal to furnishing the things we have to buy. Stars play hookey in New York, because they're fed up on Hollywood."

"You'll find it hard to make our radio cavedroppers believe anyone could be fed up on Hollywood."

"They don't have to work there. We do. It's great to be able to give the job the slip once in awhile, whether you toil in a Wall Street office or in Hollywood."

"You haven't answered yet about going to the theater."

"Righto! Well, I'll admit I've taken in a show every evening. It's been a regular tag. But think what a good girl I'll have to be when I get back home! A Broadway show out there is the week's event."

We talked on for about fifteen minutes, and I hope the fans were entertained. They couldn't have guessed that Miss Boardman had just recovered from nerves at the prospect of speaking to a million people. Beside the microphone, she was poised, witty—the perfect actress.

But the fans missed the treat that was in store for them. A show every night was not given her slender figure; nor her glowing complexion, her dark brown hair and gray eyes.

Let's hope that the next step in the development of the radio will be the simultaneous transmission of a motion picture of the speaker.

Cast Your Vote
And then please send it to us

An enterprising theater out West, controlling a number of other theaters in adjoining cities, recently conducted a questionnaire campaign to ascertain why people attended the motion-picture theaters. They wanted to know whether it was the story interest in the picture, the star, or the acting that attracted and interested them most. The result was that about 50% voted for the story interest; about 30% voted for the star interest; about 15% for the acting interest, and the rest voted for such minor details as scenery, photography, etc.
The Charge of the Light Brigade

(Continued from page 57)

Gertrude Astor says:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, bard of the centuries, wrote: "Women were divinely tall, and most divinely fair."

Most women will admit that all women are vampires, and that being true, and there being many more brunettes in this world than blondes, brumette vamps are naturally more numerous. But the blonde vampire is far more dangerous. Her appearance of innocence makes her more attractive to men. Those of the masculine sex, drawn to a brumette, are warned by her obvious siren qualities and the fact that the blonde, of whom they expect no advances.

It has been my stage experience to be refused roles with traveling road shows because of my blonde hair. Inquiring a reason, I was told, on more occasions than one: "Blondes disturb the morale of a stock company; they are too vampy."

Not so many years ago, women wore white wigs to make themselves more attractive. Certainly this is an argument in favor of blondes.

Nothing attracts like coldness and indifference. Laugh at a woman and she wants you; laugh at a man and he loves you. The allure of coldness which some blondes possess is really one of their greatest assets as vamps.

Lilyan Tashman answers:

SINCE the world began there have been vampires. When the end of the world comes, some little blonde is sure to make her exit singing the siren song to some ex-banker as they stroll thru the Elysian Fields.

My friend, Nita Naldi, has remarked that nobody ever heard of a blonde vampire. I am surprised that she's forgotten about me. I am making my living as a vampire in pictures and I am a blonde. And Nita and I have been pals for years.

Also I think the studio has forgotton her history. The greatest heart-breakers the world has known were blondes, including Helen of Troy and Gaby Deslys. She was a "red head."

Ganna Walska and Mary Garden are blondes, and Peggy Joyce, who just about holds the world's record in the way of vampism, is a blonde.

Nita and I broke into the theatrical game together, working in the chorus on the Century roof. Her first screen role was as a vampire in Blood and Sand. My first picture part was a vampire in Garden of Weeds. We are both cataloged as vamps. She has capitalized on the reflection of the world's love of her Latin blood.

I am trying to capitalize on the reflection of the warmth of my Slav blood. As a parting shot there's this. In most cases the stenographer, who is named as a co-responder in the domestic controversy between a business man and his wife, is a blonde. Just read the newspaper stories about divorces!

Miss Dupont states:

IT'S the light that lies in a woman's eyes and not the color of her hair or eyes that makes or unmakes her as a vampire.

I think the popular conception of a vampire in the motion picture business is based on the same fallacy that has existed for years in America. Because we are essentially Anglo-Saxon we have come to look on the vampire as some exotically created being, and this is emphatically wrong. A blonde vampire is not so wrong. She is fun, and one may be too sophisticated to appreciate her fully. But the blonde is not a vampire. Men are vampires. Women are very seldom vampires.

...
Miss Dupont

Lecatice and Her Baby

(Continued from page 52)

"But then you seemed to stop to rest. You never got there. Why did you stop to rest?"

Her face fell a little. She was trying to take it like a good sport. "I guess it was the stories," she said. "Haughtiness was the first and last great chance I ever had. Really great chance. After that I was in stories and productions where the actors were lost in the theme or the story—like The Ten Commandments."

The talk turned to other things. "I tried being up-stage yesterday for the first time in my life," she said delightedly. "I got a great kick out of being a haughty lady." Her eyes fairly danced with fun.

"To tell you about it, I'll have to go back a way," she said.

"The first time I ever had a chance to do anything in pictures was in Mary Pickford's studio. She was putting on a picture called The Pride of the Clan. Maurice Tourneur was the director. I had been hanging around Hollywood for a long time trying desperately to break in. They gave me an extra part in this picture."

"The first day on the set, some question as to the story came up and they decided to rehearse it. Miss Pickford said she would like to have some girl rehearse it for her. The director's eye happened to fall on me."

"I was so thrilled that I nearly fainted. Bernhardt, acting before the King of Eng-

ture of another land. The Latin type is the one most commonly accepted.

Perhaps it is simply the electrical law of opposites that is responsible for the acceptance of the exotic as the ideal vamp. We, as Americans, are now too cosmopolitan a race to regard the Latin types as exotic.

The term "vampire" is simply a condensed expression for a woman who has a particular appeal to men. Why a brunette should be considered a more acceptable type of vampire than a blonde is beyond me. At any rate, I doubt she is. I have known blondes who looked the picture of innocence that were as dangerous as dynamite to masculine morale. A baby stare from limpid blue eyes, a petulant pout of pretty lips, and, like Cooper's Red- skins, the men hit the dust in homage to her every wish.

Who owns the telephone?

For seven carefree years young John Graves worked in the car shops at Orenville, spending his dollars as fast as he earned them. Soon after his promotion to foreman, he was married and moved to a little white house on Orchard Avenue. Life was happier than ever, but spare dollars were not more plentiful, especially after a third member was added to the family.

Then came a day when the plant superintendent showed John the wisdom of saving a part of his earnings, for the satisfaction it would bring, and for protection against emergencies and old age. He and his young wife, for the first time, learned the difficult art of economy, and finally they came to know the joys of saving and of safe investment.

Today John Graves, and many thousands like him, own the stock of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. This company is owned by more people than any other, and the great majority of its owners—laborers, clerks, housewives, business men and others—have bought it with their savings. As its business has grown, the number of its shareholders has increased until now one out of every 45 telephone subscribers is also a stockholder.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

Youth-Ami Skin Peel—A New Scientific Discovery

which painlessly and harmlessly replaces
the old skin with a new and removes all
Surface Blemishes, Pimples, Blackheads,
Discoloration, Tan, Excess, Acne, Large Pores, etc. A non-acid, invisible liquid. Produces a healthy new skin, beautiful to the baby's. Removes aching. booklet "The Magic of a New Skin" free in plain sealed envelope.

Youth-Ami Laboratories, Dept. BB, 11 E. 20th St., New York

Develops Bust Like Magic! During the past 15 years thousands have ordered this captivating story of womanhood by

GROWDINA

for bust, neck or arm development

Great University of Purdue faculty and
accomplished sportsmen, engraved free to special subscribers. Confidential gift enclosed. Free to first 50 in each city.

GROWDINA, 25 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

BATHASWEET

To Keep You Lovely All Day Long

The girl who prides herself on her attractive face bathesweet her favorite bouquet, not only because it enhances her sense, but because it adds so greatly to her freshness throughout the day. With it she bathes in water as fragrant as a flower garden, and so soft it cleanses the body as no ordinary water can, leaving her skin radiant and smooth as recent to the touch. Then for the best, the bath. Bathesweet is distributed in 10c, 25c and 50c. Beautiful glass package. 15c. at drug and shop stores. You can send FREE if you write the C. S. WELCH Co. Dept. 16, 4 S. 3d Ave. New York.

Advertising Section

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
The New Motion Picture Classic

The July issue of *Classic* will come to you almost a new magazine—a new-and-better-than-ever pictorial appearance, a more beautiful typography, a vigorous editorial policy and a raft of good features. Do not miss it.

Who Is the Bernhardt of the Screen? and Who the Edwin Booth?

If you were asked today who is greatest among living screen actresses, whom would you name? Lillian Gish, Norma Talmadge, Pola Negri, Mary Pickford or Gloria Swanson? If the same question were put to you with regard to men who have achieved distinction would you say the Barrymores, or Valentino, or Ramon Novarro, or Richard Barthelmess, or Thomas Meighan? *Eugene V. Brewer* will give you his opinions and tell you why in the July issue of *Classic*.

The Pickford-Fairbanks Idea of Happiness

Charming Mary Pickford tells for the first time the rules and reasons for her and Doug's home joy—in an intimate interview with Harry Carr.

The Seven Deadly Cinemas

This is a delightfully humorous contribution, introducing Robert S. Sherwood, editor of *Life*, to the readers of *Classic*.

And besides, the *Classic* for July is crammed with new, interesting, and intimate stories of all the stars of Shadowland.

This issue marks the return of Frederick James Smith to *Classic* as editor. Mr. Smith, who has the reputation of being one of the leading editors in America, will define the new editorial policy of *Classic*.

**MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC**

The New July Issue

At all news-stands
the remark that we had better be going. Leatrice agreed with us. You better bad, she said, "because my baby feels at eight o'clock."

At the curb, however, we were called back. "You come back here," she said in a stern voice. "You just come back here and tell me if this baby looks just like any other baby—if she is puckery and uninnocent."

A critical survey of the young person in the arms of her grandmother compelled us to modify our decision, to ameliorate our first rashness. The truth is, she is a "very beautiful baby. Being the daughter of Jack Gilbert and Leatrice Joy, she scarcely could help being so.

Confidences Off-Screen
(Continued from page 88)
Louise, "because I think bragging about the future is unlucky. It's my only superstition."

"Only one superstition! And you an actress! Amazing!"

She laughed, and admitted that when she had fallen ill some friends had persuaded her that the peacock feathers she was fond of collecting were formidable jinxes and certainly to blame for her condition.

"I got scared," she said, "and threw them all out—as I thought. Long afterwards I discovered that I'd overlooked some. As these hadn't prevented me from recovering, I guess the poor things were harmless."

Now, wasn't that a curious confession to come from an actress whose nickname in the old days was "the peacock girl."

Introducing MacLean
Another visitor has been jolly Douglas MacLean, the hero of that hilarious picture, Introduce Me! He came to my desk and chatted in his fluent, colorful way about the difficulties of shooting comedic scenes among the snows of heating Cascade Mountains in Oregon. The story was laid in the Alps, and a real Alpine guide had been imported to coach the actors and to say whether the settings had the right atmosphere.

The guide had been enchanted. He had sworn that Switzerland could boast no grander scenery. And at every opportunity he dashed off to seek a peak, just for the fun of it.

"It was hard work, not fun, to us," declared MacLean. "My big stunt was to roll downhill in a snowball that burst at the proper moment and cast me forth into the arms of the heroine. The snowball had to be stuffed with straw, or it wouldn't have been workable. There were some many rehearsals that I stopped counting them. I helped to tote whole bales of hay to location after location. I got so I could write without skates on an ice-sheathed hillside."

"And when it was all over, where did you go for a rest?"

"To Hawaii," he shouted. "To Waikiki Beach, where the temperature is always around 70 degrees. I went in for surf-boarding rides, which is the finest sport on earth, and made friends with easy-going, happy Kanakas who wore flowers in their hair."

Advertising Section

Misty Gowns and Filmy Frocks

Wear them now in security, without a second thought

This new way in solving women's oldest hygiene problem has changed women's hygienic habits throughout the world in a NEW way...3 unique features you will appreciate.

To be charming, exquisite, beyond all doubt, every minute, every day! Do you seek the peace of mind, that knowing you are will bring?

Modern science has supplanted the old-time sanitary pad in a new way...a way different from any have you ever known.

It absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. Five times that of the ordinary cotton pad. It does away with the uncertainty of makeshift ways.

It is as easily disposed of as a piece of tissue. No laundry. It is deodorized—an all-important advantage.

What it is

It is called Kotex, and is made of Cellucotton, the war's super-absorbent.

Use it and wear your filmiest frocks, your lightest of silks...dance, motor, dine, without fear of losing a single moment's precious charm.

Use it, too, for your health's sake. 60% of many ills, common to women, are traced by many authorities to the use of unsanitary ways...and 80% of the charm that's today expected of women at all times!

It will make a great difference in your life.

It will bring you a feeling of security, of immaculacy that is positive. No other method again will ever satisfy.

Test it, please

Obtain Kotex at any department or drug store.*

in sanitary packages of 12, in two sizes: the Regular, and Kotex-Super (extra thick). You ask for it without hesitancy simply by saying "Kotex."

You'll appreciate these 3 factors

1. Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and is deodorized, thus assuring double protection.

2. No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.

3. Easy to buy anywhere.* Many stores keep them ready-wrapped—help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

Kotex Regular: 65¢
Kotex-Super: 9¢
Per Dozen

Confidential chats next month with Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Barbara La Marr, Mae Busch, Lowell Sherman, Marion Davies, and others

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Advertising Section

That's Out
(Continued from page 59)

American life also has a couple of villainous Yankees in it. For every bad Mexican presented on the screen, there are one hundred Americans presented likewise.

Why doesn't the City of New York officially protest because it is always placed in such a bad light upon the screen?

Want Ads of Film Stars

WY doesn't some enterprising paper start a classified advertising column for the express use of film stars and directors? It might help the celebrities out and do the public a lot of good at the same time.

Here, for instance, are a few advertisements that might be inserted:

WANTED—Very clever and talented star. A good story or play that will show him off to best advantage and win the approval of both men and women.—Rodolph Valentino.

REWARD—Will pay handsome reward for anyone who can give me an effective substitute for masquerade balls and Roman fade-backs.—Cecil B. De Mille.

HELP WANTED—Anyone who can instruct an ambitious author in how to write a successful novel without putting "sex" into it.—Elinor Glyn.

FOR EXCHANGE—An uncompleted starring contract for two or three good feature roles.—Barbara La Marr.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN—A dynamic and popular screen personality. Former owner will trade interest in several big spectacles for its return.—Douglas Fairbanks.

TO RENT—One perfectly good studio to anyone who aspires to make artistic pictures for the public. Can be had cheap. —D. W. Griffith.

WANTED—Some new stunt for a Western star to do with a rope and a horse.—Tom Mix.

INSTRUCTION WANTED—On how to make good pictures and yet be able to sell them. Not a fraud of hard work and will pay well.—Eric von Stroheim.

WILL TRADE—Wonderful assortment of gowns and coiffures for another vehicle like Manhandled.—Gloria Swanson.

And then—the world welcomed and rewarded him

He was always puzzling things out for himself, wondering intensively how and why. He seldom talked. People didn't know what was back of that screwed-up forehead till now and then and there appeared small, thrilling paragraphs in the home-paper—things that got hold of them and set them thinking. "Who's writing those?" Yet not until stories of the Palme Institute appeared in some prominent torch magazine, over his name, did they recognize him as the writer, . . . trained by the Palmer Institute of Authorship to write impressively what was in his mind and heart.

Then came the letters. "That's the first bit of fiction I've read for years that's made me actually cry." "Write more about Jerry." And from his favorite editor—"How you can write."

The Palmer Institute of Authorship is unique in taking men and women who want to write, or who have not even thought of writing, but have an almost instinctive story-telling sense, . . . and training them, at their own convenience, wherever they are, to write most well.

There is the greater and greater pleasure in sending to the Palmer Institute stories that are increasingly your best while the Palmer Institute helps you make them infinitely better. Thin, straggling stories, perhaps, that become through Palmer training—richly emotional, Cold, harsh stories that need poured into them gobletfuls of color and fire. There is then the keen moment of pride and joy in the first check, no matter how small—and then in the next check and the next, growing larger as your ability grows.

The Palmer Institute does not accept all applicants. It will not enroll you unless you have something on which you can build. The method and the art of story writing can be taught. Not so the instinctive, creative imagination. To see if you have just this kind of imagination—the kind that will make Palmer training worth your while—the Palmer Institute of Authorship asks the privilege of putting to you, without expense or obligation, a simple creative test. For full particulars, sign and mail the coupon below.

---}

Dr. Folts' Soap Takes off Fat.

Learn Classic Dancing At Home! Only $5.00

A Month

You, like thousands of others, will find it amazing easy to learn classic dancing home by this wonderful new method. The orignal famous Dr. Folts' Soap, 50 cents, and complete Dancing Course, $1.00, can be had for only $5.00. A month. Complete self-instruction series including music, phonograph records, dance苗gle, movement, etc. Send coupon now and get full information about our wonderful new period. No obligation. Send to address below.

Mereghein School of Classic Dancing
Bellevue, N.Y.}

Teach Children To Use Cuticura

Soothes and Heals
Rashes and Irritations

Cuticura Soap Keeps the Skin Clear

Why doesn't the City of New York officially protest because it is always placed in such a bad light upon the screen?
telegram only the other day from our
Const representative confirming the ru-
ror. They are really married. It was a
"Western Union." Henry Hall was John
Fairfax in One Exciting Night. He is
playing on the stage in New York City in
The Fainting Girl.

LOUIS T.—That's as plain as A. B. C.,
unless you are D. E. F. Henry Walthall,
Miriam Cooper and Lillian Gish had the
leads in The Birth of a Nation. Gloria
Greer and Calle Landis in The Girl of the
Limberlost. Zena Keefe and Edward
Earle in None So Blind. Tom Douglas
and Marjorie Seaman in Free Air.

MARY F. SPARKES.—Well, your letter
was certainly a work of art. You ask
"Will mere desire, but, mind you, horrible,
devastating desire, finally give one the
chance to exist among the grace of large
rooms; to walk with the rustle of refine-
ment; to chatter with the intelligent and
play golf with the successful; to wake
with the sea rolling under one's bed; to
sleep in the midst of mountains far, far
away; to explore hidden ports; to shop in
Paris; to entertain in New York; to love
in Venice; to get out of your own four
walls and beat it away to somewhere?
Answer me, can desire achieve these
things?" No, my child, nothing but cold
cash can get those things for you. Very
well said, but very hard to get.

BINKIE; LILLIAN M.; EVELYN G.; PERI-
METER; ROSE G.; IMA B.; LOUISE Y.;
MAE; E. B.; WILL E.; TELL; BUS;
TOOTLES V. C.; MARVIN L. and EDNA S.
Sorry to put you in the alsortans, but will
see you next month.

RAINBOW.—Hello there, how are you.
Still on the diet?

MISS M. H.—So you have just discov-
ered this department. My word, perhaps
there are hundreds of others just like you.
Why not tell your friends all about it.
Let's have a big party. William Collier
is not married. He has black hair and
brown eyes.

JEANETTE N.—To be always in a hurry
is a sign of a disorganized mind. Keep
calm and take it easy. You sure do write
a beautiful hand. Wesley Barry in My
Home Town. Virginia Valli was mar-
rried to George Lawson.

Harry P.—Virginia Lee Corbin and
Helen Ferguson are playing in The Cloud
Rider, the second of the series of aviation
stories produced by F. B. D. and starring
Al Wilson, the aviation hero. No, that
was no optical illusion.

TEA.—Yes, I get over to Broadway
every now and then. No, I have little to
do on Wall Street. Bebe Daniels in The
Crooked Hour.

MRS. G. H. T.—Frank Keenan was the
crab in that play.

LOLA P.—You need not approach me
with fear and trembling, I neither bite,
nor shake your hand, nor fight. "No, Richard
Dix is not married. A. W.—Ricardo Cortez
is six feet one, born in Alsace-Lorraine, France, and he
is not married. Thomas Meighan's next
will be Old Home Week. You want to
see more of Bert Lytell? Well, he says
he is going to retire after playing in three
more pictures, after Ne'er the Twin Shall
Marry.

ELIZA V.—So your new favorites are
Pierre Gendron and Robert Frazer. The
latter is playing with Pola Negrini in The
Charmer.

MARY LAMB.—There are other obstacles,
alas, besides your mama's consent, that
stand in the way of your becoming a
photoplay star. Myrtle Stedman has
signed a three-year contract to play for
First National. Richard Dix was born
July 18, 1894. Agnes Ayres was born
April 4, 1898.

BURTONITE.—Hurrah! May the hinges
of our friendship never grow rusty. Jack
Pickford is 28 and Lottie Pickford is 29.
Shirley Mason is 23, Viola Dana is 26.
John Bowers and Madge Bellamy in
Lorna Doone.

GEORGE.—No, Jacqueline Logan is not
married.

TOOTLES.—Thomas Meighan is 41. Quite
simple. As Emerson says, "Nothing is
more simple than greatness; indeed, to be
simple is to be great." Theda Bara is
coming back to the screen.—again! She is
to play in The Unchaste Woman, for
Chadwick Pictures. This story was first
produced by Oliver Morosco in New York
in 1915 with Emily Stevens in the lead.

DUCHE OF CHICAGO.—Hello, Duke. Are

Gloria Fan.—So you were disappointed
not to find a picture of Gloria Swanson's
noble young husband in the last magazine! Well, here he is, and am especially for
us, while they were lunching with Jesse Lasky. D'you like the Marquis

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
you the chap who is giving away the millions? I shall look forward to a copy of your magazine. The woods are full of 'em.

Rea A. B.—Yes, that is her right name. No, I certainly do not believe all stars are as you say. I know the heavens, the stars, the constellations are different. Richard Talmadge is playing in Tearing Thru.

Douglas F., Russian Fan.—Yes, we have had Douglas Fairbanks. There is imported into the United States each year over 1,352,312,000 pounds of coffee. But I will go on drinking butlers.

Just Helen.—Conrad Nagel is married to Ruth Helms. Now, are you convinced that these are real answers?

Stirring!—I am glad you wrote to me, I feel highly flattered. Glenn Hunter is about twenty-five. Richard Barthelmess at Inspiration Pictures.

Quincey—Your very interesting letter. A little prosperity kills many good souls. You see, it never bothered me. Harry Morey is playing right along, his last was The Heart of a Serpent, with Barbara La Marr.

E. J. A.—Clive Brook is playing in The Mirage, with Vola Vale and Alan Roscoe supporting Florence Vidor, Lewis Stone, Samuel H. Nilsen and Bessie Love in The Talkers.

Doris C.—June Marlowe is with Fox.

Patsy—Herbert Rawlinson was born in Birmingham, England. Yes, I did a lot of ice skating so far. Elaine Hammerstein is playing in Parisian Nights and Lou Tellegen and Gaston Glass opposite her.

Thea.—Corinne Griffith is Corinne Griffith's real name. She has been married twice.

Genevieve L.—There are twenty waterfalls in Wisconsin, and in Wisconsin Falls, the highest being Grand Falls, Labrador, 2,000 feet. Yes, it takes five days to get a letter to Hollywood. Ramon Novarro is with Vola Dana, Raymond Griffith, Theodore Roberts and Anna May Wong in Lord Chaulky.

Oscar.—Mae Murray at Metro-Goldwyn, New York, California. Irene Rich is thirty-one.

J. W.—Viola Dana is an American. What did you think she was? She lives in California, and she is the daughter of Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. Harris is playing with Wesley Barry in The Fighting Cub, with Anna May, George Favvett, Mary Carr and Pat O'Malley.

Young, Etc.—Ian Keith is with Ince, and Neil Hamilton is with Griffith. House Peters in The Titans. You have a genuine閣UNDERWOOD阁 genuine.

Rex Ingram has brown hair and blue eyes. The Ingalls are abroad right now. Thanks very much for the compliment. Exquisite.—Address Norma Shearer at the Hotel Savoy, Hollywood, California, City. Antonio Moreno is playing in Marie Antoinette. You just bet I want to hear from you again.

A. K.—Your letter was your first letter. Welcome, old chap, welcome. Yes, Clara Kimball Young returned to the screen to play the lead in Lying Wives, in which Madge Kennedy, Richard Bennett, Edna Murphy and Niles Welch also appear.

Harrriet A.—So you like Norma Shearer. Most everybody does. She is playing in Booth Tarkington's adaptation of his novel at the Metro-Goldwyn, City. Irene Rich in Eve's Lover.

Douglas.—Glenn Hunter is playing in The Little Giant, and Douglas MacLean's introduce Me is making a hit everywhere. Richard Talmadge's real name is Metzetti and you can address him at 5617 Hollywood Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Your letter was a gem, and I hope to hear from you again.

Lynne Audible.—Say, lookahere, when you speak of M. P. persons, spell it out—I thought you meant Member of Parliament. Just address Clara Bow at Warner's Studio, Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Dorothy M.—Yes, I am just as pleased to hear from a little girl ten years old as from a big girl sixty years old. Norma Talmadge is twenty-four, Baby Peggy is six and Richard Barthelmess is thirty.

John P.—Yes, Willard Louis and John Patrick have been signed for the leads in Warner's The Ineligible Millionaire, which is from E. Phillips Oppenheim's latest novel. Viola Dana's real name is Viola Flugrath and she is an American, having been born in our little village of Brooklyn. Fred Thomson is with F. B. O. K. N.—No, I have never traveled—except in my backyard on wash-day. Then I continually cross the line and travel from pole to pole. Richard Dix was born in 1894. Bebe Daniels had the female lead in Monsieur Beaucaire, Rod La Rocque in The Unknown, Nita Naldi in The Necessary Evil. John Gilbert is twenty-nine, and James Remie was Phiup in Argentine Love. You know that Don of the Street, James Cagney.

Curtis.—No, Irene Rich is not married. The Moore boys you mentioned are brothers. . .four of them, all told—Joe, Quin, Matt and Tom. Red-Hot Mama.—You are like a drum with a hole in it—hard to beat. The players you mentioned are with Famous Players, and I believe they have read considerable of it with much interest and shall finish it shortly. It was kind of you to think of me, and we please accept my thanks.

Merz.—No, I am not sure that Douglas Fairbanks always rides the same horse. Billee Dove in The Light of Western Stars. You forgot that luck is but a rich name for bad judgment.

Agnes Ayres Fan.—Yes, Enid Markay is coming back to play in pictures with William S. Hart, and you received his recent book. I am sure he would accept your request.

Bee.—You have been very busy. How doth the little busy bee?—He cannot call it. Why dont you try to sell some of your wit to the funny papers?

Lila Zaza.—Gloria Swanson is playing in Marie Antoinette. Yes, I am quite happy and contented, except that there are so many magazines around here I am afraid I may read too much. Bebe Daniels is playing in The Moonlight Girl, Clara K. Young in Lying Wives. Yes, Harrison Ford and Kenneth Harlan are playing opposite Corinne Griffith in The National Anthem.

Marlene.—So you want to do crossword puzzles for us. Sorry, but we dont need any. Thought they were going out of style, anyway.
“I alternate a soap-and-water shampoo with a dry shampoo,” says Belle Bennett

Ten Keys for Perfect Locks

(Continued from page 81)

Belle Bennett says:

BLONDE hair is the hardest kind to take care of, because everything affects the color. Too much shampooing makes it look dry and lifeless; too little shampooing, and it looks dingy. I alternate a dry shampoo from one of the reliable cosmetic firms with the water shampoo for my hair. For washing it nothing but rain water is used. The Hollywood water is so hard that it leaves the hair actually sticky.

Blonde hair is always liable to suspicion. The first thing a woman says of another with blond hair is, “I wonder what she uses?”

As a matter of honest fact, it is almost necessary to use something in order to preserve the natural color of light hair. Some blondes put a spoonful of peroxide in the rinse water, not to color the hair (anyone who has ever tried to bleach her hair yellow will admit that a teaspoonful would have no effect whatever), but to keep it its natural color. Others use a spoonful of ammonia. I favor a dash of ammonia in my rinse water, but if that is used it has to be followed by a brush with brilliantine after the hair is dry, as ammonia might make it brittle.

Betty Bronson says:

BEFORE I had my hair cut they told me, “Oh, I should think it would be an awful lot of trouble, keeping that long hair from getting snarled, and doing it up neatly.” But I can see but that bobbed hair takes just as much care.

I have always brushed my hair every night and morning whether I wanted to or not. And now no matter how tired I am after a day at the studio I still have to do my hundred strokes before I go to sleep. The studio is a dusty place and if you don’t want to be always washing your hair you have to brush the dust out.

I use a beaten egg as a lather after I have washed the soap out of my hair. It makes it so nice and soft and fluffy. And I sit on the back steps of the bungalow and massage my scalp half an hour in the sunshine while it is drying after a shampoo.

Ruth Roland says:

IN my life I have played in so many outdoor pictures in which I had to ride in stifling clouds of alkali dust and roll in the dirt that I

(Please don’t dance any more, dear!)

HE was combed on the thought of another’s nearness to her glowing young cheek. He begged for a stroll in the shadowy moonlit garden. She smiled happily at his ardent words. How well she knew the secret of her radiant charm! Pert Rouge could always be depended upon to keep her cheeks aglow with natural rosininess.

Again she had the flattering proof that PER.T stays on indefinitely. Its lovely tint had not been affected by perspiration or constant powdering. The slightest touch of her moistened finger spread its creamy greasiness base, blending it so perfectly with her natural coloring that it left no definite outline. She knew it would vanish only at the touch of cold cream or soap.

This triumph had convinced her also of the efficacy of another little trick for increasing the beauty of her complexion. After tinting her cheek with cream Per.t she had powdered it lightly. Then she applied Pert Compact Rouge to heighten the warmth of her glow. Both forms of rouge are waterproof.

To her friends she recommends:

For a fair skin, light orange cream Pert changes to pink on the cheek and gold and compact.
For a medium skin, dark orange cream Pert and blush and compact.
For an olive skin, rose shade cream Pert and rose compact.

Beyond the beauty of the lips, Pert waterproof Lipstick. (Rouge and Lipsticks, 75c, U.S. and Canada.)

Mail the coupon today with $2 for a generous sample of Pert cream Rouge. Another six brings a sample of Wine.

ROSS COMPANY

242 West 17th Street New York

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Ten or Fifteen Years Ago
(Continued from page 76)

Daisy—For the ninety-ninth time, this is no matrimonial bureau. Love-struck girls must find some other medium thru which to express their mushiness. It is all right to admire, but all wrong to adore. Keep your hearts; you will need them some day. Players like to get letters of appreciation, but not mash letters. —From The Answer Man.

EVERYBODY! EVERYWHERE!—Visitors will be welcome at our new home, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, on July 7, 1913, between 2 and 5 P. M. We will all be on hand to greet you. We assume that everybody will be in New York that week to attend the great International Exposition.

(In the July, 1913, picture gallery were portraits of Alice Joyce, Lilian Gish, Claire McDowell, Jack Warren Kerrigan, Bryant Washburn and others.)

July, 1914

MARY PICKFORD is to be eight nationalities on her international tour. Even little Mary must do some remembering, or she will be making big Spanish eyes at a staid German lover. When Mary saw herself in Tress of the Storm Country she could buy only standing-room. Serious matter when a player gets so popular that she cannot see herself.

Hamlet is Vitagraph’s latest, with James Young in the title-role and Clara Young as Ophelia.

Ruth Roland, the Kalem comedienne, is getting tired of little odds and ends, like boxing and fencing, so she has learnt to pilot an aeroplane.

Francis Bushman was selected by three world-famous sculptors as the typical American, both in figure and facial contour.

The Famous Players recently gave a sumptuous beefsteak supper. Alice Joyce and Tom Moore have married—Florida the place—last month the time—at least, so the newspapers say.

—News Items.

Standing of the leading players in the Great Cast Contest:

Leading Man—Earle Williams
Leading Woman—Mary Pickford
Old Gentleman—W. Christie Miller
Old Lady—Mary Maurice
Character Man—Harry More
Character Woman—Norma Talmadge
Comedian (Male)—Charles Chaplin
Comedian (Female)—Mabel Normand
Handsome Young Man—J. Warren Kerrigan
Beautiful Young Woman—Anita Stewart
Villain—Jack Richardson
Child—Bobby Connolly

I really can’t answer why Charles Chaplin does not kiss his opposite. Possibly she set him up, or maybe it is the censor’s, or his mustache.

Syd Chaplin was Reggie in Gussie the Golfer (Keystones).

—From The Answer Man.

The Business of Getting a Laugh

Do you know what a hard job it is to be a “funny man” in the movies? Do you know how much real work and thought every laugh represents?

Do you know what sort of things people laugh at?

Read Eugene V. Brewer’s article, How They Make Us Laugh, in the August Motion Picture Magazine, and learn a few things about your funny-bone.
The Prize Winners

Here they are! The three lucky Limerick Liner winners of the May contest. On page 5 this month’s contest is going strong! Keep at it!

A professor was our Milton Sills. But his wages were less than his bills, So he stole all his books, And with naught but good looks, Soon was billed as a star of De Mille’s.
—Josephine McMahon, New York City.

Have you ever seen sweet Norma Shearer? No one could be fairer or dearer, By the tricks of her art, She will capture your heart, (But will you capture hers?—make that cleverer!) —E. H. Kerkhoff, Detroit, Mich.

The acting of Adolphe Menjou Is simply too perfectly too, He acts with distinction, Looks bored to extinction, However, he never bore you.
—T. Ross, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ten Keys for Perfect Locks

(Continued from page 127) have had to give serious thought to the care of my hair. I wash it oftener than most authorities advise, about once a week with pure soap and soft water. Then, to restore the oil removed by such frequent shampoos, I brush a great deal of brilliantine into my hair whenever I arrange it. I have always worn my hair long until the last year, and it hung far below my waist and grew evenly without broken hairs, so I think that proves that frequent shampoos dont do any harm. I shed real and not stage tears when I had it cut, and tho it’s much easier to take care of now, I must admit I was sorry when hairpins come back into style again.

Frances Teague says:

When I was a little girl my mother brushed my hair. I remember it seemed foolish to spend so much time in such a stupid way when I wanted to run out and play, but thanks to her care, I reached young girlhood with glossy and thick locks which I have never had bobbed. Another hobby of my mother’s, which may have had something to do with the thickness of my hair, was my going without a hat. I hardly knew what it was to wear one, except on Sundays to church. Even now that I am grown up, I run around bareheaded in the California sunshine. It makes flowers and oranges and avocados grow, why not hair? They used to tell me that if I ate carrots and bread crusts I would have curls, and if I told my hair was as straight as a stick. It is a good testimonial to my behavior in childhood that I never have to have a marcel nowadays!

Losing 39 lbs. In 6 Weeks Was Easy

Had Mrs. Betty Clarkson been told that in less than 6 weeks she could lose 39 lbs., she would have smiled incredulously, and then pointed to her 162 pounds as a pretty good reason for her doubts. She had tried everything. To stand just 5 ft. 2 in. and weigh 162 lbs. made Mrs. Clarkson, as she puts it, “the despair of friends and dressmakers.” Her story is interesting, for there are thousands today who have the same problem she has, and who now have the same opportunity for free proof.

I was so fat that I hated to look in a mirror. I was the despair of friends and dressmakers. I tried the diet of everything to lose weight, without success, when a friend urged me to try the Wallace records. I really did it to please her, and as she told me the first lesson was free, I figured I had nothing to lose, I went for the lesson—it came, everything free. Imagine my joy when the scales showed me 4 lbs. lighter the first week. At an incredibly low price I got all the lessons, and in just 6 weeks I lost 39 lbs to music, nothing else. Now I am slender, wear modest gowns, look and feel better than ever, and Mr. Wallace, I owe it all to you. What I have done others can do, and the lessons aren’t work. They’re just fun.”

Wallace’s Free Offer

For those who doubt, and wish to test at home, Wallace has set aside a thousand first lessons, records and all, which he will gladly mail for a free trial. I you will send name and address. There’s nothing to pay—no postage so deposit. He wants you to prove for yourself that you can reduce, just as Mrs. Clarkson and thousands of others have done.

Wallace, 636 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, III. 574
Please send me free and postpaid, for a week’s free trial, a lesson of the Original Recipe with full instructions. This trial is not to cost me one cent.

Name.

Address

I am sending a payment of $____ which means you owe us nothing for this trial.

STUDY AT HOME

Become a lawyer. Legally trained at your own time, on your own terms, but under the supervision of a great institution. Enroll now and start at once. We will send you a letter containing all the information needed.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 778-L Chicago, Ill.

The World’s Largest Business Training Institution

YOU CAN WEAR THIS ON A CLUSTER FOR ONLY

$100.00 TO $150.00 ANNUALLY

We are proud to announce the introduction of the Original Bangle Bracelet. It is a beautiful creation of wire and semi-precious stones. You will love it. It is delicate and lovely. We are sure it will brighten your life and add beauty to your appearance.

GIULIANO'S FINE JEWELRY

85 Maiden Lane New York N. Y.

Limeade Glasses

Pointed to us by our eagle-eyed friends, we present for your inspection this wonderful发明! A glass of limeade, for example, will not only cool you down, but satisfy your thirst, as well as provide an invigorating drink. It is a perfect combination of sweet and sour, and is sure to be a favorite with all.

PRICE: 25c a glass

WEAR IT 30 DAYS

Be sure to refill it often. It looks exactly the same, is made of the same high grade of glass, and will last just as long. It will be a pleasant surprise to your friends, and will certainly attract the attention of anyone who deals with glasses.

WE ARE WEARING IT NOW. NO RED TAPE. NO DELAY.

YOU CAN WEAR IT. WE WENT TO THE Phony east, and have been very pleased with the results. It is a wonderful invention, and we are certain that you will be just as satisfied as we are.

WE ARE WEARING IT NOW. NO RED TAPE. NO DELAY.

YOU CAN WEAR IT. WE WENT TO THE Phony east, and have been very pleased with the results. It is a wonderful invention, and we are certain that you will be just as satisfied as we are.

WE ARE WEARING IT NOW. NO RED TAPE. NO DELAY.

YOU CAN WEAR IT.
The Movie Magazine for the Masses

Movie Monthly (formerly Movie Thrillers) has enlarged its field to take in the personalities of players, and the romance behind the making of popular pictures. A department in which the best film dramas are reviewed is a new feature.

However, we shall still publish a goodly amount of fiction. The producers paid enormous prices to well-known authors for the plots you will find in Movie Monthly. Our authors give you these same plots in story form.

Stories

Unusually thrilling stories that will help you to select the pictures you would like to see on the screen.

Interviews

Heart-to-heart talks with popular motion picture stars who appear in the pictures fictionized in Movie Monthly.

Looking Seaward for Forbidden Cargo

The Bootleg Pirates started all the trouble when they attacked a rum-runner, forcing the law-breaking captain, who, by the way, is pretty little Evelyn Brent, to take refuge on a deserted island with a Secret Service agent. What happened after that will be found in Forbidden Cargo, a stirring tale told in the July issue.

Confessions of a Director

The anonymous author of this splendid article lets you into the secrets of a director's troubles. He names no names, because it would be highly indiscreet to do so. But after you have read his revelations, you will be "on the inside" concerning movie life, as you never were before.

On Sale at All News-stands June 15th

JULY NUMBER MOVIE MONTHLY 20 CENTS

A BREWSTER MAGAZINE
For Parfums Lubin are acknowledged the finest made in all France. The firm of Lubin is one of the rare French houses which manufacture perfumes. So quite naturally these are the most expensive perfumes in the world. For today that is the only way they can be kept from becoming common. Everyone would like to have these scents—only a fortunate few may have them. Only in the most exclusive shops in America will they be found. A few of those specially selected are listed below. Or madame may write to us and we will refer her to one who sells LUBIN.

For Parfums Lubin are acknowledged the finest made in all France. The firm of Lubin is one of the rare French houses which manufacture perfumes. So quite naturally these are the most expensive perfumes in the world. For today that is the only way they can be kept from becoming common. Everyone would like to have these scents—only a fortunate few may have them. Only in the most exclusive shops in America will they be found. A few of those specially selected are listed below. Or madame may write to us and we will refer her to one who sells LUBIN.

For Parfums Lubin are acknowledged the finest made in all France. The firm of Lubin is one of the rare French houses which manufacture perfumes. So quite naturally these are the most expensive perfumes in the world. For today that is the only way they can be kept from becoming common. Everyone would like to have these scents—only a fortunate few may have them. Only in the most exclusive shops in America will they be found. A few of those specially selected are listed below. Or madame may write to us and we will refer her to one who sells LUBIN.
"Those Endearing Young Charms"

are most often expressed without words—just the enticement of natural loveliness, as millions know, which comes in this simple way

Born of the wisest of all generations in beauty culture, the modern woman has succeeded in making natural loveliness the most important quest of the day.

To be audacious, she seeks, above all things, to be demure. To incite the emotions, she employs the dangerous weapon of simplicity.

Thus the natural complexion succeeds the artificial. Which is as it should be. For, like artificial flowers, or imitation jewels, the artificial invariably offends in contrast with the real.

So today, wherever your eyes turn, fresh and glowing complexities greet you. Modern beauty methods start with the common-sense care of natural cleanliness—the balm of Palmolive used in this simple way:

Simple rules that do wonders

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on overnight. 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 dryness, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

The world's most simple beauty treatment

Thus, in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty, charm and Youth Prolonged.

No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day's accumulations of dirt and oil and perspiration, cleanse the pores, and Nature will be kind to you. Your skin will be of fine texture. Your color will be good. Wrinkles will not be your problem as the years advance.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. The Palmolive habit will keep that schoolgirl complexion.

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped.

Soap from Trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (De1. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILL.