A million-heir who vanished and a girl who waited.... A happy hobo trail that leads 2000 miles from a prison yard to a "dead" man's fortune and his fiancée.—But the guns of the trailing guards point to amazing secrets.... and the eyes of love prove sharper than the searchlight of the law!

You're sure to guess the wrong ending to this amazing mystery-comedy. A laugh with every thrill and a thrill with every laugh in a masterly production featuring favorite players.

From the novel by Francis Perry Elliott
And the Play by Lee Wilson Dodd
Adaptation by Olga Printzlau
Scenario by Lois Lesson
Directed by Edwin Carewe

Pictures to see
—and remember

Corinne Griffith in "Into Her Kingdom." The famous screen beauty in a gorgeous setting of royalty and romance. The drama of a princess and a peasant who find love and happiness amid the ruins of nobility.


Johnny Hines in "The Brown Derby." Tommy Burke takes him to a lucky job that can start a promising plumbing career and get him a girl—and lots of excitement. A comedy.

Ken Maynard and Dorothy Devore in "Santa Fe." The new king of adventure stars. trumped-up of black riders, in a rollicking outdoor drama that sets a new pace for ranch romances.

A First National Picture
Follow the Crowd
to the theatres playing

WARNER BROS. PICTURES

Greater Movie Season
Brings a Feast of
Entertainment in Warner Productions

In commemoration of Greater Movie Season, Warner Bros. offer for the
delight of the American public an array of entertainment certain to
delight the fancy of every picture patron. Romance, adventure, drama and
comedy— you'll find your favorite stars in roles that will carry you to the
very heights of enjoyment. Truly you will not be seeing all that is fine in
motion picture entertainment unless you see these WARNER BROS. produc-
tions. Ask the manager of your favorite theatre when he will play them.

An ERNST LUBITSCH
Production
SO THIS IS PARIS
All that the name implies. A sample of Parisian life for those who have been there and those who
haven't. The splendid cast includes MONTE BLUE, PATSY RUTH MILLER and other
favorites.

FOOTLOOSE WIDOWS
with LOUISE FAZENDA
and JACQUELINE LOGAN
Life and laughter; New York to Palm Beach and
back again. A rapid-fire comedy-drama that takes
its place as one of the season's most delightfully
entertaining pictures.

A HERO of the BIG SNOWS
with RIN-TIN-TIN
A story of the far north with the wonder dog of
in a role that is a revelation even to
have seen this marvelous animal in
pictures. Every lover of dogs will

JOHN BARRYMORE
in the great adventure-romance
that is thrilling the nation

The SEA BEAST
with Dolores Costello
Directed by Millard Webb

BROKEN HEARTS
HOLLYWOOD
with PATSY RUTH MILLER
Hollywood—that magic word. What it con-
tinues up in the mind of every aspirant to screen? With one of the season's greatest casts of stars,
including Louise Dresser, Douglas Fairbanks, Stuart Holmes and others.

The
HONEYMOON EXPLORE
with IRENE RICH
From the play that swept the whole country
in pictures with a great cast of favorites, is
Willard Louis, Helene Costello, John P.
Jane Winton, Virginia Lee Corbin, Harold
and others.

The
PASSIONATE QUEEN
with LOUISE FAZENDA
May McAvoy and Willard Le-
London and Paris—the world's centers of
and revelry. Here is a story of surprising
the highest of it all. From the popular E.
E. Phillips Oppenheim.
CRITIC: A person who is hired to find fault and pick flaws; member of the Anvil Chorus; one who is trained to see the fly on a barn door without seeing the barn; member of the I Know It All Club; an unusually shrewd observer who magnifies blunders and minimizes virtues, and who detects the fly-speck on a painting without detecting the painting; a destroyer; a smart alec; one who knows and knows he knows and knows that nobody else knows; a wise guy who wants everybody to know he is wise. Syn: Knocker.

In every branch of art we have certain students and investigators who make a life study of the subjects and who become what we call experts. These experts or specialists usually start with a good background such as a college education and a natural aptitude for the subject, and that they devote years to research and travel, finally becoming masters. Then they collect a library on the subject and perhaps write a few magazine articles, then a book or two, and claim they are recognized as authoritative last es.

But with the Motion Picture it's different. Anybody can sort it out and tell you whether he likes a picture. And not it is an easy matter to or up a few fine phrases and to pick out a few good points from the scholasticism. And the question arises, anybody can review a picture as he have so many bad critics and so few good ones.

Now, what is the function of a Motion Picture critic in a magazine or newspaper? He is not there to tear down, he is not there to tear down, he is not there to build—up—he should be neither destructive nor constructive. It is not for the producers how to make pictures. When a picture is released it cannot be corrected or should be written. It really wanted to help the industry for the producer the criticism for his publication and one should guide him in future productions.

The real function of the critic is to review the picture and tell whether, in his judgment, it is good, bad or indifferent. He should point out its virtues noting such items as story interest, acting, characterization, composition, finesse, etc., so that the reader will be guided and instructed as to its fine points. After reading the review, the reader will probably decide to see the picture or not to see it. If the former, he or she will have in mind the points mentioned in the review and will agree or disagree. Others who had not read the review will go home and look it up just to compare notes.

There are no two things alike in this world, not even two minds or two pairs of eyes; hence, opinions will differ. I think “Stella Dallas” a very great picture, but you, my reader, may not like it. Likewise “The Last Laugh,” but apparently the public did not agree with the almost unanimous verdict of the critics everywhere, which shows perhaps that we critics place too much stress on the fine points of a picture and not enough on the main thing—the entertainment or story value.

I believe that the public would enjoy all pictures more if they learned to appreciate all the fine points. Even the worst picture has some good in it, something to admire. Not all of us have been educated up to enjoying chamber music, symphony orchestras, and Wagnerian opera, and we all have much to learn about the fine points of a picture. It is for the critic to point out these things, thus adding to our enjoyment. But most critics are knockers pure and simple. They think they are not earning their salaries unless they can find fault and show how much they know.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TABLE OF CONTENTS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Cover</strong>—Pola Negri, from a photograph by Strauss Peyton</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Editorial**
- Eugene V. Brewster

**The Bulletin Board**
- Last minute settings

**Gallery of Players**
- Adele Whitely Fletcher

**A Hollywood Idyll**
- The most beautiful love story that has ever come out of Hollywood

**There's Something to This Hereditary Business**
- Considering the fruit of the movie's family tree

**A Flapper of 1928**
- The story of Esther Raston

**The Age of Our Men and the Innocence of Our Women**
- Are the things on the screen with which the internationally famous Raquel Meller quarreling

**Lillian's Wife**
- Eliza Bowers

**Sandy**
- Here is a story which is the stuff of which tears are made

**For the “Lemon or Cream?” Hour**
- Bert Ennis

**One Hundred Years from Now**
- Celine Boll

**Why Do You Have Your Fortune Told?**
- Alice Tildesley

**Hollywood Notes**
- Helen Hanemann

**“See You in the Funny Sheet”**
- Eugene V. Brewster

**The Good Soldier**
- Helen Squires

**Grandfather's Old Shoes in the Parlor**
- Stephen Gooson

**The Story That Cost $93,000**
- Esther Caruples

**Harold’s Wifey**
- Theodore Dreiser is just that

**When Doris Kenyon Pours**
- William Holland

**An Assistant Director Forgets Himself**
- Ruth Stare

**She Knows How to Be Pensive**
- Esther Caruples

**He Gets Our Vote**
- Laurence Reid

**Mae Murray**
- A new portrait

**The Picture Parade**
- F. Vance and R. Revere

**Whose Hand?**
- Marion Heyer Drey

**“Shall I Go Into the Movies?”**
- Tamar Lane

**On the Camera Coasts**
- Elisabeth Greer and Milton Howe

**Sans Silk**
- Corinne Griffith continues to do fairly well for herself

**Shucks, Shirley!**
- Miss Motion changes her act

**Genuine Jade**
- Homer Little

**All Aboard the Limerick Liner!**
- Homer Little

**The Answer Man**
- Gertrude Driscoll

**He's in the Army Now**
- Gertrude Driscoll

**Say It with Letters**
- Homer Little

**A City Made to Order**
- Homer Little

**What the Stars Are Doing**
- Homer Little

**He Doesn’t Worry About the High Cost of Living**
Supporting Cast includes Renee Adoree and Karl Dane of "The Big Parade", Roy D'Arcy of "The Merry Widow", Frank Currier of "Ben Hur", as well as George Hassell and Edward Everett Horton.

Story by Fred De Gresac based on Henri Murger's "Life in the Latin Quarter".

GISH and GILBERT in LA BOHÈME.

KING VIDOR'S production of STUDIO days in Paris GOLDEN days of love, laughter and tears...
AND through it all A great undying love. COMING to your theatre AFTER a record breaking $2.00 run AT the Embassy Theatre BROADWAY'S most exclusive playhouse

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
CECIL DE MILLE has had a hard time finding a story that nobody else has the rights to. After giving up "The Deluge" because Warner Brothers had a prior claim to a similar story under the title of "Noah's Ark," he decided to do "Thirty Pieces of Silver," a story of Judas, the Biblical betrayer. But Famous Players have announced their intention of filming "Pieces of Silver," a picture in which Emil Jannings will be starred as Judas. So De Mille will not start work until he has definitely established his priority in choosing this theme.

Mme Murray has given up all thoughts of Europe, now that her new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is under way. She has bought a very Spanish man-sion on San Vicente Boulevard, for the conservative sum of $65,000, and the house-warming consisted of a very Spanish dinner for her friends.

We always shudder at the news that a "military expert" has been engaged for a picture, because the result usually is lots of drills and no drama. You know what happened when one Colonel Byam lent his expert supervision to "Ranson's Folly." Now William Von Brincken, formerly a Life Hussar (whatever that is) and also military attaché at the German Embassy, has been engaged as advisor to Clarence Brown during the filming of "The Flesh and the Devil." However, we have confidence in John Gilbert's ability to offset any expert advice, however technical.

REDOLEPH VALENTINO has signed a new contract with John W. Considine, Jr., of United Artists, to make three more pictures for that organization. He is still at work on "The Son of the Sheik," in which they say Rudolph and Agnes Ayres will duplicate many of the love scenes which made him famous in that "Sheik" of many years ago. Can this mean that the vaguely lovely Vilma Banky was not satisfactory as the "Sheik's" heroine?

THERE has been a great inrush of stars from the Coad of late. Reginald Denny came on for the Broadway opening of his new picture, "Rolling Home." Mary Brian arrived as a loan to First National, for "Duke of Ladies." Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, the latest Lasky hero, has come back to play the juvenile lead in "So's Your Old Man"; Marie Prevost stepped off the train without explaining the reason for her visit; and Ramon Novarro arrived, incognito, like the Prince of Wales. Ramon is taking a short vacation after finishing "A Certain Young Man"—a picture in which he is much sought after by Renee Adorée, Sally O'Neil, and Carmel Myers.

PARAMOUNT is always hunting for someone. If it isn't Theodore Roosevelt, it's the homeliest girl in the world. Two of the latter are very much in demand for the new Beery-Hatton comedy, "We're in the Navy." It seems to us, after looking on our fee for many years, that nothing could be easier to find. But only beauty flocks to Hollywood, and casting director is having quite a time. He might try Mary Philbin make up for the part.

FLORENZ ZIEFELD wishes it distinctly understood that he personally selected Esther Ralston as the heroine of "Glorifying the American Girl." This is an evidence of gold faith and an assurance to movie patrons that the thing will be done up brown, as it has been on the stage of the New Amsterdam for these many years.

LOIS WEBER proves again that women can be successful directors. Her last picture, "Show World," was greeted with enthusiasm and she is now working on "The Savage in Silks," from the Ernest Pascal novel, "Egypt."
Mellin’s Food—
A Milk Modifier

A nursing mother takes Mellin’s Food and milk between meals and at bedtime, resulting in an increased supply of breast milk and a more comfortable baby.

Another nursing mother, whose breast milk is insufficient, uses Mellin’s Food and milk as a supplementary diet or complementary feeding, and at once notices that her baby is better satisfied and that the gain in weight increases, as a result of this additional nourishment.

A mother cannot nurse her little one, but solves this problem by preparing her baby’s diet from milk properly modified with Mellin’s Food, and is relieved from all anxiety, being confident that the selected diet is full and complete nourishment.

It is well to know about Mellin’s Food, in order to be ready for these emergencies

Write today for our free book, “The Care and Feeding of Infants”

Mellin’s Food Company, 177 State Street, Boston, Mass.
At the Mayflower IN WASHINGTON D.C.

135 Women Guests

tell why they prefer this soap for their skin

It is one of the thrilling sights of Washington—the dining-room of the Mayflower Hotel.

Foreign diplomats, with discreetly worn decorations; statesmen and financiers, military attaches—rarely, amid the black coats, the sudden splash of color from some Continental uniform...

And everywhere the beautiful women: women in dazzling full dress, such as one sees in the public gatherings of no other American city.

How do the women guests of the Mayflower take care of their skin? What soap do they find, pure enough and fine enough to trust their complexion to?

We asked 188 women stopping at the Mayflower at the time of our inquiry what toilet soap they are in the habit of using.

Nearly three-fourths answered, Woodbury’s Facial Soap!

"It suits my skin better than any other"—they said—"I think it is wonderful for the complexion"—"It clears my skin better than any other soap I have tried—lives up to all the things that are said of it"—"I am sure of its purity"—"I have found it very helpful in clearing my complexion."

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's Facial Soap is made. This formula not only calls for the purest and finest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury’s lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet of famous skin treatments for overcoming common skin defects.

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

NOW—THE NEW LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET

The Andrew Jergens Co., 1301 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O

For the enclosed 50c please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder and the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch."

In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1301 Sherbrooke St., Montreal, Que.

Name ____________________________

City ____________________________  State __________

Copyright, 1926, by The Andrew Jergens Co.
Importations are the thing...
And while our exportation of movie stars exceeds our importation, foreign companies forever seeking an American favorite for their productions, every now and then some European lad comes to our studios. And there is always a great fanfare of publicity. Lya de Putti is making her American premiere under auspicious circumstances. For immediately upon her arrival she went to work under D. W. Griffith's direction in "The Sorrows of Satan"
The producers do not seem quite sure what to do with Alice Joyce. They recognize her charm and her beauty because they have never let her retire from the screen, altho she has several times attempted to do so. In "Stella Dallas" she was perfectly cast. But as a general thing, they do not seem to get the utmost out of her personality. Now she is playing with W. C. Fields in "So's Your Old Man"
We give John Gilbert full credit for being the greatest lover shadowed upon the screen in many a day. But we think more than this is contributory to the high place he holds. With the public constantly demanding a higher standard in acting, it is the most natural thing in the world that John’s stock should rise. He adapts himself to the rôle in hand... not the rôle to his personality. Goodness knows that is done all too seldom.

This dashing picture finds him as 
Bardelys the Magnificent.
There's something about Tommy ... And it is that something that keeps his name in electric lights whether the world kneels at the shrine of Latin lovers, college boys, or men of "the dangerous age." He always reminds us of the most attractive man in a smart suburb ... And we especially like this study of him. He might have just come in from the links ... with that healthy "dinner ready" look in his eyes. "Tin Gods" will mark his next screen appearance
"Love Me and the World is Mine" is what is known in the motion picture profession as "a good, box-office title." It is the sort of thing believed to bring people to the theater. Maybe it does . . . But we will never be satisfied until we see Mary Philbin in another sort of thing. She would be lovely in some of the Barrie plays,—we can see her as the delightful, whimsical and practical Maggie Shand in "What Every Woman Knows." We offer Mr. Laemmle, Mary's boss, this suggestion gratis. And humbly suggest that it isn't a bad box-office title, either.
Dick has been kind to either his mother or a dog now in every picture he has made since goodness known when. But he still comes out near the top in popularity contests. He is too fine an actor to be submerged in such trite repetition and we hope that his new contract with First National Pictures will offer him an opportunity for another Yellow Man or Tol'able David. Right now he is disporting himself in the studios as "The Amateur Gentleman"
That Shearer girl has gone far, as people predicted she would. And we are of the opinion that she has much farther to go. After all, she has more than a straight nose and a shape head that permits a variety of coiffures. She can act. Her work improves in every picture. We look forward to her performance in "Up-Stage," confident that it will be as well etched as those that have gone before.
Personalities do change! Pauline Starke used to go in for the sad, tragic heroines. Now she is one of the most vivid and flashing shadows on the screen . . . even if the photographer did catch her in a pensive mood this time. Clarence Brown has selected Pauline for "The Trail of '98"
If Eleanor Boardman succeeds in portraying an old-fashioned girl in "Bardelys the Magnificent"... a girl who belongs to the demure curls, the wasp waist-line, and the lacy crinolines... any last doubt about her being an excellent actress must be erased. For Eleanor is the most modern young woman we have ever met. She belongs to this generation of young ladies who manage to keep their appeal and, at the same time, think for themselves... something our grandmothers just wouldn't have believed could be done.
A Hollywood Idyl

In Which Mary and Doug Walk Forth, Hand in Hand, to Meet Life

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

WHEN we have heard legends of years that have now slipped into the dim centuries, we have wished mightily that we did not live in such a cynical age . . . and that we might observe some life that needed only years to make it legendary.

We wondered, too, if coming upon such beauty we would pause to mark it or pass it by.

Then we went to Hollywood. And we listened to the stories that the townsfolk tell of Mary and Doug. One story borrows another and some of them have been told so often that they are already of legendary character.

Mary and Doug have found something which words are too brutal to set down . . . something beyond the abstract scope of philosophy or theory . . . something of which dreams and unreality are made. But for all of this, they are not people who shirk life. They do not hide away behind the high stone wall of their house or draw silken curtains to shut out the poverty, ugliness and hate that stalk abroad. Had they done this even once, some of their greatness would have slipped from them. It has been proved that to be truly great you cannot let life flow over you but that you must take in all experience, whether bitter or sweet, if you are to be fortified for uncertain tomorrows. And Mary and Doug know this.

There are nuns who could tell you where Mary Pickford is to be found on Christmas mornings. There are workers in their studios who will tell you of that time a wife was ill in St. Louis and money seemed miraculously provided for the husband’s fare home and a consultation of specialists.

Always they are Mary and Doug. Even in their Kleig-light kingdom Miss Mary . . . Mister Doug. We remember the darkies who are partners with Doug in the refreshment stand on the lot and their naive comment on “The Black Pirate” which they had seen in the projection room that very morning.

They rarely go to parties, but that does not mean that they shun contacts.

Nights when their work at the studio is done they drive up the mountain to their lovely house with its stretching gardens and sloping lawns. It is far more like something out of New England than like anything in Hollywood. It does not remotely suggest Spain, Mexico or Italy in its architecture. There is a permanence to the broad rafters and heavy timbers. Wide open porches command the sunsets. And there are many guest-rooms where interesting and celebrated and titled people from all over the world are glad to stop.

The world comes to them, in a sense. And they talk music with music masters . . . paintings with artists . . . politics with statesmen . . . international affairs with their titled guests.

The rest of Hollywood rushes from the studios to talk motion pictures at dinner-parties and dances. But Mary and Doug find that they have more to bring to motion pictures if there is frequent talk of other things.

They married several years ago and in doing so risked the very thing to which both of them had dedicated their lives. Predictions that they had sacrificed their careers for their love were many. And here and there could be heard a rumbling of disapproval. They are both too sane and wise not to have been aware that they were risking everything they had won professionally. Lesser people would have cheated and stolen off into some retreat, and the world might never have found out.

The last time we were in Hollywood we went over to their studios to see “The Black Pirate” in the projection room. The picture was on the screen when they married several years ago, they risked the careers to which they had both dedicated their lives. But they knew that no matter what turn life’s tournament might take, they would be victorious in a great sense . . . for they would be together.
Doug has been away from Mary one evening since they have been married. That was the evening he joined a Masonic order.

when we arrived and we slipped into a back seat. Just in front of us we saw a dim mass of soft gold. And the lights went up to show the mass Mary’s head at just about the level of Doug’s shoulder.

It was at the time that Mrs. Pickford was so very ill. Mary’s eyes and voice were heavy with tears as she talked to us and then turned again to study the second reel about to be projected on the screen.

Once we heard her say: “I would cut that scene just a little bit, Doug. It will sharpen the character.” And we saw Douglas make a notation on the drop-lighted desk before him.

Every time the lights went out for another of the seven reels, Doug’s hand groped for Mary’s. He knew the anxiety she suffered, and his bronzed hand slipped into her small white one in mute sympathy and understanding.

We have always counted it a privilege to have known Mary and Doug. But after that morning in the projection room we listened to the things Hollywood said of them with a new interest. We talked to Lillian Gish who is their friend. And to Albert Parker who was constantly with them when he directed “The Black Pirate.” We talked to less than these. And everywhere we heard the same stories.

They both discard old premises and live according to their own wishes. They find no pleasure without one another, so they are never separated. Doug has been away from Mary one evening since they have been married. That was the evening he joined a Masonic order.

They do not postulate their procedure as ideal. It is their inclination. They are content and happy to live this way.

In a day when sentimentality is looked upon as a vice, Mary tells you that she has never taken off her wedding-ring and that she places tape over it when she is acting. There is a sweet gravity about her dark eyes and her curving mouth when she tells you: “I like to think it has been there since the afternoon when Douglas slipped it on.”

There are those who feel that Mary’s pictures would be greater if she and Doug did not always make pictures at the same time. She becomes so interested in the things he is doing, so anxious for his achievement, that she is inclined to place her own secondary.

(Continued on page 96)
There's Something to This Heredity Business

We Call Your Attention to the
Fruit of the Movie's
Family Tree

The Costellos

There is nothing we can say about Dolores Costello that every motion picture critic and feature writer in the country has not already said. She is about the most promising girl on the screen today. And that does not mean that she has yet to win her laurels. She has won them. Now it behooves her to keep them. Something tells us that she will do so

Helene Costello is coming along now . . . also with flying colors. Dolores' brilliant rise put her in the background for a short time, but Hollywood prophesies equally interesting things for her. She played with Raymond Griffith in "Wet Paint," you know

Long years ago when Maurice Costello was known to the public because of his gray curly hair and his dimples, it was also known that he had two daughters. They played with him now and then. That was all. Perhaps Maurice always felt that they would eventually hold high the name of Costello again . . .
Doug Senior would do anything in the world for young Doug if he would remain in the classroom and forget motion pictures for a little while, but he has found that there is no use talking about it. The boy was born within the smell of greasepaint. Acting is in his blood.

Of course, Doug Junior will succeed. Not because of Doug Senior's influence, yet because of Doug Senior, nevertheless. The same things which brought his father fame are to be found in his make-up. He has ability and more... a vivid smile, an agile body and a romance about him.

Ralph Bushman is evidently going to follow in his father's footsteps in more ways than that of selecting a theatrical career. He is already a proud parent... and that reminds us of the large old-fashion family of which he himself is a part. Ralph is now on the screen in "Brown of Harvard".

The Fairbanks

The Bushman
We have had many historical dramas, but they have not always remained faithful to things as they were. What is the importance of a battle compared to the star's dramatic opportunity of back lighting? However, if this had not been the case, we would have a more or less complete film history by this time.

We are assured, speaking of such things, that "Old Ironsides" will faithfully reproduce the years from 1804 to 1820. It is Esther Ralston who plays Esther . . . a flapper of those days when the younger set were called young ladies, rather than by less formal terms.

A Flapper of 1820
The Age of Our Men and the Innocence of Our Women

Are the things on the American screen with which the internationally famous Raquel Meller quarrels

By Beth Norton

We secured an unusual interview, because the sun was shining that morning, because Señorita Raquel Meller on her flowered balcony at the Hotel Ambassador stopped as she threaded her needle thru some Andalusian bit of lace, and chose to smile in the face of her fantastic American contract, which not only gives her the largest sum ever paid a performer on the stage, but protects her from such nuisances as interviewers, photographers and unkind critics. The sun was shining and we happened to be there. Even so, we had to obtain her opinions translated thru a third person, George Baud, her French representative. Nevertheless, we got the facts—we got Señorita Meller's own treasured opinions on the cinema, on screen acting and screen personalities.

Raquel Meller is—oh, take the word of two continents for it—the most undefinable, glamorous personality in the world. In France she is also a screen star, and now it looks as if she would be one for a limited time in Hollywood. Metro-Goldwyn is wagging its royal lion's mane, and a contract is in the process of being negotiated. This contract will in all probability surpass in ingenuity of wording, demands and prerogatives anything ever heard of on the screen, but we will leave that subject until it comes to pass.

(Continued on page 95)
Lillian's Protégée

The story of "The Scarlet Letter" gave Lillian Gish, as Hester Prynne, many scenes with little Joyce Coad, who plays Pearl. And Miss Gish believes that Joyce, who is the winner of a California baby contest, will win an esteemed place for herself on the screen.
Cross-Country Travelers Leave the Train at Albuquerque for Exercise ... or to Buy Post-Cards.

But the Motion Picture People Look Forward to This Twenty-Minute Stop Because of Sandy.

By Ruth Crane

THIS is the story of a movie fan.

Of a little red-headed, blue-eyed, freckle-faced kid who, tho he lives far from Hollywood, is personally acquainted with more film stars, producers and directors than any other fan in the country.

He tells them his joys and his problems quite as unaffectedly as tho they were his next-door neighbors. He asks them interestingly about their work, he criticizes their pictures freely and frankly to their very faces, certain that they will consider his opinions of value. He isn't bold and pushing. Neither is he shy. He is just superbly unself-conscious. He believes the picture people are just regular good scouts and he meets them on that basis. They love him for it.

"The motion picture stars are all my friends," says Sandy. "Gosh, I certainly wouldn't know what to do without my friends out in Hollywood."

Sandy lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico. I met him when I crossed the continent recently with Lois Wilson. As everyone who has made the transcontinental trip knows, Albuquerque is a sprawling, sun-baked desert town on the Santa Fe, where the California Limited makes a half-hour stop before it plunges onward toward Chicago.

After thirty hours of steady traveling, the film stars headed eastward give a sigh of relief as the train halts before the yellow stucco railroad station at Albuquerque. There is ample time to stroll up and down...

(Continued on page 93)
In "Stella Dallas" Belle Bennett plays the mother as no one else in the world could have played her.

Almost overnight Jack Gilbert became famous. Women adored him for his tragic brown eyes. Men liked him because he really could act.

The Thing That Makes

By Elizabeth Benneche

Is unhappiness the price paid for genius or is genius the reward of unhappiness?

There is a thought for you, you contented, care-free people who may be longing for fame and never realizing the heartaches that so often come with it. Young girls posturing before mirrors feel that they are born to be great actresses. They imitate the little, fluttering mannerisms of a certain star. They may even recapture a little trick of hers, a sidelong glance, a twist of the shoulders, a gesture.

But they can go no further. There is something lacking in their mimicry, a false note, a something indefinable.

Some time ago Charlie Chaplin won a lawsuit against an imitator.

The man was a flagrant copyist. Little tricks of expression, his make-up, his clothes, including the derby hat, the cane and the funny shoes were all the familiar trappings we had so long associated with Chaplin. Not content with this, he had gone so far that even the name he chose, Charlie Aplin, was a travesty.

But there was something he could not imitate, and it is this something, and not the funny shoes or the cane or the mustache that we love in Charlie Chaplin.

His own experience had taught Chaplin and he had learned his lesson by heart. His own heartbeats had marked the tempo. It was his, earned by suffering and heartbreaks. No one could take it away from him.

We can thank an unhappy childhood, the squalor of London slums, the flickering lights of third-rate music halls, the sad little ghost of Hetty Kelly and the mother who dwells in the border land of shadows for Charlie Chaplin.

In spite of the success that has come to him, Chaplin is one of the most pathetic men in the world.

He loved greatly . . . once. She was a little girl who also played in the

Max Linder, one of the funniest men in pictures, and his young wife died a few months ago . . . suicides.
Them Great

Petersen

third-rate music halls and she loved the shy little man with the cane and the funny shoes who wasn't making a particular hit with his audiences.

One day they would both be famous and happy! They dreamed of this day on their little excursions around London. Once they looked in at the gaily lighted windows of Simpson's in the Strand. Some day they would dine there...and Hetty would have a beautiful gown and Charlie a dress suit like the toffs were wearing.

But how often do the dreams of youth come true?

Fame of a sort came to both of them. Hetty Kelly's sister married Frank Gould, the American millionaire, and she wore the pretty clothes and went to the places she had dreamed of for so long.

Charlie Chaplin was creating attention in Hollywood. His cane and funny shoes were beginning to make people laugh.

But it wasn't until after Charlie had returned for Hetty, and arrived just in time to see her coffin carried thru the friendly door where she had met him so often, that he became really great.

(Continued on page 87)

Today Gloria Swanson is no longer bizarre and unreal. She looks and acts what she is...a woman who has at last discovered that life can hurt.
He's a Good Picker

As a discoverer, Columbus did his bit when he went out and found America. Somebody had to find it eventually. So three cheers and a zebra for Chris! But what we are concerned in right now are the Columbuses of the movies—the men who have discovered stars and placed them in their celluloid setting. Just as Columbus got his statue, there shall come a time when the Celluloid Capital will erect monuments to these movie discoverers, these star finders, Griffith, De Mille, Ingram, von Stroheim, Chaplin and Sennett.

More and funnier Columbus! May I add the name of Johnny Hines, for he is a Christopher of the cinema who has discovered stars in embryo, in footlight settings, and given them the golden opportunity.

No one would be more startled than Johnny Hines to find himself on a high pedestal bearing the chiseled inscription that he has discovered and started on the paths to fame as many stars and probably more than some of these other navigators of the gelatine sea. But it is a fact that the comedian has given some of our best-known twinklearts their first chance to appear under the Kleig lights and has also given them a training in the good old school of comedy, from a branch of which Gloria Swanson emerged, a graduate of Professor Sennett's Slip-stick Seminary, not to mention Marie Prevost, Phyllis Haver, et al.

To the list of Doctor Hines's Select Cinema School for Young Ladies belong the names of Dorothy Mackaill, Norma Shearer, Billie Dove, Doris Kenyon, Jobyna Ralston and Jacqueline Logan—all sweet girl graduates, and many of them ignorant of the lessons in motion picture make-up when they began under his tutelage.

These were the days when Johnny Hines was beginning to make a name for himself in the "Torchy" comedies, and the most important requisite for a leading lady was to have a pretty face, an ingratiating personality, a sense of comedy, and a willingness to learn all the movie lore that this cinema campus provided. And before long, each one of these sweet girl graduates would confide to an interviewer that "comedy is, after all, the very best training for drama." And it is, isn't it?

So in looking about for leading ladies for himself, Johnny Hines proved that he was not only an excellent picker, but a splendid teacher, and in almost every case he realized that he had a winner under his wing who would go far in the picture world and perhaps climb up into the starry firmament of electric lights some day. And most of them have.

At the time that Dorothy Mackaill fell under the eagle eye of Professor Hines, she was playing in a successful musical comedy on Broadway. The comedian was immediately struck with her blonde beauty, her charming personality, and above all, her sense of humor. He engaged her at once and she appeared in six comedies opposite him.

"The moment I saw Dorothy Mackaill, she was hired," says Johnny Hines. "And she had the stuff we wanted for comedy. I wanted her because she was a blonde and I was a brunette. You see it was an excellent contrast.

It Was This Way:

Billie Dove was "like the girl that married dear old Dad"

Dorothy Mackaill had blonde hair, and a sense of humor

Jobyna Ralston had a wicked wink while she looked the sweet, young thing

Jacqueline Logan photographed beautifully from every angle

Norma Shearer looked like a "nice girl!" and an aristocrat

Doris Kenyon could step out of a rented Rolls-Royce and look as if she owned it
**By HERBERT CROOKER**

And I wanted her because a twinkle in her eyes told me she had a wonderful sense of comedy. I was not disappointed. Dorothy Mackaill, even in her first work before the camera, was one of the most tireless workers I have ever seen in a studio. In spite of the hard work, the hot weather under the studio lights, she did not lose her good nature for a moment. She had a tremendous amount of pep and everybody liked her and was ready to do anything for her. She realized she had found an opportunity to get into screen work and nothing was too difficult for her to undertake. I need not say she made good. "Just look at the gal now!"

At the time Dorothy Mackaill was working with Johnny Hines, the company began work on a comedy that called for another girl, and the comedian started out to find one. His search brought him to a very lovely girl, beautiful, aristocratic and charming. And she was just the type he wanted, as she was a brunette and would go well in company with the blonde beauty of Dorothy Mackaill.

Long Beach, on Long Island, was chosen for the first outdoor location for this new comedy, and this necessitated the company's taking a number of rooms in the Nassau Hotel for dressing purposes. Comedy companies in those days could not afford to spend a great amount of money, so the girls were forced to double in these high-priced dressing-rooms.

The pretty brunette, probably ignorant of the money-saving plan, demurred slightly at being thrust into a room with the extra girls. She complained. Johnny and his staff went into conference, as this was an unexpected problem which had to be settled with diplomacy. The girl was so lovely and aristocratic that they knew she was a nice girl and did not want to hurt her feelings, and at the same time they could not afford any added expense. To solve the problem and save the situation, they cut the rôle down so that her scenes could be photographed quickly, and, in the lingo of the studio, the girl could be "killed off" early in the shooting. Her name was Norma Shearer.

"Norma Shearer," Johnny Hines has said, "is the only girl I have ever seen in pictures who screened beautifully with practically no make-up. With only a slight coating of

*(Continued on page 103)*
Disillusioned again...

We believed all that talk about Ramon Novarro being shy and idealistic. And now look at him! Shy? Idealistic?
It takes more than a monocle, a mustache and a silk hat to make anyone look so dangerous and... so, er...
interesting...

Menjou, Stone and all the other sophisticates certainly have a rival.

It is in "A Certain Young Man," formerly called "Bellamy the Magnificent," that Novarro steps out of character.
The line forms at the right of the box-office, girls.
Down at the Tivoli, the gaudiest dance hall in Tia Juana, they call her Tia Juana Red. Her flaming mass of copper hair brought her that cognomen and obscured her baptismal name of Esther.

Tia Juana, you know, is one of the most notorious resorts in the world, located just fourteen miles from the lawful, sunny town of San Diego lying across the California border.

It is comprised of a single street, which is lined with one- and two-story buildings. Shacks really. And each shack houses a saloon, a dance hall or a gambling joint. If the proprietor is greedy, all three may be found under the same roof.

Tia Juana Red is the main attraction at the Tivoli. She holds forth, singing such diverting classics as “Red-Hot Poppa, don’t you try to two-time me.” She dances too. With whoever among the motley throng of tourists exacts the privilege of doing a fox-trot with one of the entertainers. This goes with the drinks.

According to her story, Tia Juana Red was a stenographer in the Legislature of the City of Spring- (Continued on page 88)
For the "Lemon"

A few suggestions for social summer afternoons, whether you are at home or at one of the resorts.

Mary Pickford inclines towards organdie and a wide brimmed hat, especially if she is serving tea at home. In the drawing on the left, her white gown is worn over a pink slip. The appliqued motifs are of two shades of sky blue and the velvet bow is of a darker blue. Incidentally, the same velvet bands her leghorn hat. Jewelry is apt to be annoying on warm days. Here Mary wears only a single strand of pearls at her wrist and her marriage ring.

Simplicity is the thing . . .

The chemise frock which Constance Talmadge wears (it was part of her spring trousseau) is extremely simple and smartly new in line. It is fashioned from gray flannel with a yoke of appliqued net and bound just below the normal waist-line with a girdle of heavy white beads. Her hat is of white belting with a pin of onyx and rhinestones. And, as usual, she prefers the classical opera pumps . . . this time varying them with white bows.

How like Lois Moran to wear this demure frock of French blue pongee! It is all in one piece and opens just enough at the neck to slip into it without disarranging the hair. The collar is tied with a beige grosgrain ribbon . . . and for a touch of color Mistress Lois wears a pale pink handkerchief in her pocket.
or Cream?" Hour

By Cerline Boll

The other day when May Allison was having tea at the Ritz, she wore one of the smartest and most becoming hats we have seen this season. It was made of a black milan straw with a band of green velvet ribbon that crossed in front in the manner shown above.

Aileen Pringle is always distinguished... and casual. With this frock of gaily printed modernist flowers on a gray silk background, she carries a navy-blue coat. And she has wisely selected one of the newest hats of navy-blue milan from Reboux, which has a discreetly wide brim, wired and bound at the edge... and a band of blue grosgrain about the crown. Because Miss Pringle wishes height, she adopts longer skirts than most people are wearing... for these enhance her superb carriage and innate poise.

Norma Talmadge also favors clothes of the semi-sports genre for informal occasions. She is extremely partial to this exotic gown of white flat crêpe, painted in futuristic fashion in pastel colors. Her white felt hat contrasts beautifully with her dark hair and vivid complexion. And orchids on the shoulder are always pleasant... if sometimes impractical.
One Hundred Years From Now—

—life will be very difficult, according to "Metropolis"

"Metropolis" is the latest celluloid importation from Germany. It is said to have cost one and a half million dollars to produce.

The story is an imaginative one, dealing with the struggle between the overlords and the workers who live in tenements under the ground. A sensational actress, named Breta Helm, plays the humble factory girl who aspires to love the son of one of the wealthy overlords.

Jimmie Cruze has superlative praise for this production. And Jimmie has the reputation of being conservative in his opinions. He says of "Metropolis," "it is incomparably the greatest motion picture ever made."
Why Do You Have Your Fortune Told?

Some People Believe in It | The Motion Picture People Spend Thousands of Dollars a Year on Fortunes

... Others Have It Done for the Fun of It——

By Alice Tildesley

The fortune-telling trade is brisker in Hollywood than in any city in the world, they say.

Whether or not stars believe that there are some who can read the future, the fact remains that most of them give the aforesaid a chance to try. There is a roomful of illustrious “waiters” outside the sanctum of the crystal-gazer Dareos almost any hour of the day or evening. A certain negro seer used to make appointments three weeks ahead, and a popular form of entertainment at film parties consists of a palmist, psychic or numerologist.

There is another side. In Hollywood’s busiest cafeteria, a once-upon-a-time seer is now engaged in serving chicken hash; another has gone in for millinery, and still another is in jail—or was, a few weeks ago.

Most of the stars consult the oracles for no better reason than the thrill they get from what might happen, because everybody else does, or because somebody invited them; but there are others who would not think of signing a new contract without going to their favorite psychic first.

It was Jane Novak who told me about Aunt Carrie of Victorville. Jane loves having her fortune told, and doesn’t care who knows it. Aunt Carrie is an ancient negro of such uncanny powers that special trips are taken to her desert town by picture people who have met her on location.

“It’s the thing to see Aunt Carrie when you’re on location near Victorville,” observed Jane. “The first time I heard of her, several members of the company made up an impromptu party and we went together to her cabin.

“It was about eight years ago that a negro housekeeper told Estelle Taylor that she would marry the world’s champion boxer or wrestler Harold Lloyd belongs to the American Society of Magicians and insists that he knows how to do all the things that are done in séances and, therefore, he never believes anything.

“It was a dark night and we had to feel our way into the house. The doorways were low and tall men bumped their heads. We went thru rooms piled with furniture—as tho someone had hauled it in and said: ‘Now, when we want any of this, we’ll come get it.’ At last we entered a room lit by a fire in a grate and were told to sit down.

“Aunt Carrie was there in her turban, smoking her old pipe before the fire. She didn’t look at anybody, but presently she spread her cards around, not in any particular way, I thought, and began to talk. She didn’t tell first one, then another, but all together. She told one man, whom we had all supposed to be happily married, of his domestic difficulties and how soon the trouble would break.

She told me of my own divorce, and another girl, whom I had considered very quiet, some amazing—simply amazing—things that were then occurring.

“We were terribly embarrassed to be told such facts in public, but strangely enough every one of them came true.

“Aunt Carrie has foretold the rising of stars who have been extras and the eclipse of others who seemed at the top of the heap.”

When Jane Novak went to Berlin to make a picture, a companion accompanied her who was discovered to have a gift for ten-cup reading.

“Germans drank coffee before we arrived,” smiled Jane, “but after they heard about Irene, they took to afternoon tea, and there was a line waiting outside my dressing-room every afternoon. Irene is amazing. When we were in England, she read my cup one day and laughed. ‘There’s an unborn babe to your family,’ she told me.

People
Eve was married, but I had understood she intended to make a picture, and no one had mentioned baby to me. However, just for fun, we bought a complete layette in Paris. When I got home, Eve thought she would surprise me—but I surprised her!

Margaret Livingston, not only believes in "fortunes" but she can tell them herself. "Jack Gilbert can't come near me without handing me a pack of cards," laughed Margaret. "He says I'm the only person who ever told him anything that came true. I modestly admit it.

"I use cards as a means of concentration. I always told the girls' fortunes in school, and nobody seemed to be able to do it by laying the cards out the same way. It's funny, tho, I can't get a thing for myself.

"Once when I was at an informal party, something terrible happened. As usual, someone had handed me the deck and I was doing my stuff. New people kept coming in. Suddenly I looked up and saw a stranger standing by the table. He asked me to read for him. He shuffled and cut and I laid out the cards—then I ran them all together and told him I couldn't see a thing. But I saw calamity so plainly that I was scared all night. A short time afterwards he died under peculiar circumstances."

Louise Fazenda has her horoscope cast by a noted London astrologist every other year. She can wait until it comes, she says, and then after she has read it, she forgets all about it.

It was Louise who had the numerology last winter. Perfect strangers used to stop her on the street and beg her for a reading, so Louise proceeded to forget the science of numbers so completely that she doesn't know now whether she ever foretold anything that came true or not.

"Down at San Diego, when we were making a picture, all of us went to see some weird somebody who took flowers from everyone," remembered Louise. "When he came to me, flower, he said: 'This person is in difficulties that are all of her own fault. She can just try to get out of them.' All of which was true.

"But fortune-tellers generally tell me that I giggle too much. Unless I'm serious nobody can get anything for me."

When Clive Brook was making a picture with Natacha Rambova, something of the sort was said to him. Natacha is a great believer in the occult, and Clive was invited to a seance. The medium's Indian control seemed able to get all sorts of messages for everyone else, he could not get a word for Natacha's leading man.

"Ugh" sputtered the medium, at length, "No can get for you. You have too many blankets on."

By which he meant that the Englishman was too reserved.

Tho Georgia Hale insists that fortune-tellers justify themselves because they're so awfully much fun. John Miljan thinks that if their gifts could be depended on surely the Government or business interests would take advantage of them. At the same time, John Miljan has had an experience that would have made a convert of any other man.

When John was beginning his stage career, he joined a repertoire company with which was traveling a woman who had recently lost her husband. She was a well-educated woman, a friend of James Whitcomb Riley, and she read palms for pastime.

One afternoon, when the company was playing in a small town in Colorado, a girl stopped in to have her hand read. The woman, who was rather weird-looking, took one glance at the hand, choked and asked for a drink of water. Before she got over her seizure, the girl left. Then the woman cried out that she had seen that girl meeting with an accident. What to do? What to do?

While the company was trying to soothe the seer, word came that the girl had been killed at the railroad station.

Gloria Swanson has a favorite fortune-teller in New York with whom she sometimes wiles away idle hours. When Lois Wilson had tonsilitis and was laid up with face and throat bandaged, Gloria surprised her by sending the psychic to amuse her. Later when Lois had recovered, the two invited the woman in again, one rainy day, and Lois, unrecognized, received the same fortune.

(Continued on page 114)
He Hated Alarm-Clocks

And Proves That Old Saying About the Early Worm
Is Not to Be Taken Too Seriously

By HELEN HANEMANN

BEHIND the counter of a country store, a soda jerker jerked at his saccharine calling. Necessary, but hardly inspiring, the perpetual blending of chocolate, strawberry and vanilla, of more chocolate, strawberry and vanilla, of finally still more, long after the proper count had been lost. To be sure, the monotonous was varied once; the soda clerk tried to mix a glassless soda, but that would scarcely pad a letter home. Strong the personality that could have stood out in this medley of syrup bottles, and used, still fuzzy glasses. Yet this man succeeded. He belonged definitely to that small class of persons conspicuous anywhere, even behind a soda counter. Here stood still another possessor of Elinor Glyn’s famous “it.”

Perhaps this vague quality arose from the tremendous solemnity with which he quizzically effected his task; possibly the secret lay in the kindliness with which he nodded in the direction of an occasional passer-by, a kindly nod which had seen and experienced much sadness, even aged a little, but was not discouraged. More likely it was a mixture of both mellowed with a singular wealth of charm.

The country store was set in a tiny portion of the lot enclosed by Famous Players for its Long Island Studios, and the picture, “The Old Army Game,” first starring vehicle of William C. Fields. Strangely, prophetically enough, Bill Fields, comedy juggler, named this present triumph in previous engagements with the “Follies.” “The old army game” was a favorite byword of his. The story of his world pilgrimages, of his ten years at the “Follies,” doing a juggling act against the grim fear of an old age when he would again wander from town to town, from continent to continent with returns which diminished steadily, has become almost as well known as that of his sudden ascent to stardom. Two pictures, “Sally of the Sawdust,” and “That Royle Girl,” started producers outbidding each other for what they realized would prove the gilded services of W. C. Fields. Anyone, well, almost anyone, they argued from the depths of their wealth of hard-boiled experience, can be a pretty girl, but a man like Fields is a comedian.

There is further testimony of these hard-boiled gentleme n’s appreciation in the fact that Julian Street’s short story, “Mr. Bisbee’s Princess,” winner last year of the O. Henry memorial prize, is being made into a picture for Mr. Fields. It will appear under a title suggested by the current favorite maxim of a wise-cracking stage: “So’s Your Old Man.”

“I’ve tried for years to break into pictures,” said Bill Fields, as they stopped shooting for a moment, “but no one would give me a chance. I don’t know the reason for this, except that managers and most producers are alike in one respect: they don’t see, once they like something you do, why you should want to try anything different. ‘Do what you’re sure of,’ is their constant advice. So I was branded juggler, and that was that. At least, that was that until D. W. Griffith bought the screen rights to ‘Poppy,’ or ‘Sally of the Sawdust,’ as it became known in pictures. When Griffith asked me—he’d liked the performance I gave in ‘Poppy’—to take the same part in the picture, I got my first real opportunity. Altho I had been in ‘Janice Meredith,’ doing exactly one day’s work, it didn’t count in any way as a start. In other words, as I often tell people, it was only after I got my first real speaking part that I could get a chance in pictures.”

Here Bill parked his cigar stub, and returned to his ministrations at the soda fountain, or as one might better say in speaking of him, to his soda juggling. And here I got an insight into one of the unusual features of Fields’ work: it is practically undirected. There was an occasional suggestion of “Bill Fields’” from Kleig browned young Edward Sutherland, who spoke from the eminence of a stool beside the soda counter and from the deep absorption of folded arms and bent brow. Not that one is casting any slurs on a director who has the good judgment to leave swell enough alone. And so much, incidentally, for the screen critics who say that the art of acting is in pictures supplanted by a simian following of mechanical directions.

(Continued on page 98)

“I always have the best luck with gags. I’ve actually seen take place,” Fields said, “the little things that are totally unimportant yet full of humor and human interest.”

He dares to intimate that he has succeeded because he was lazy—because he hated to get up early. He says inherent laziness is his chief asset.
Hollywood Notes

By Eugene V. Brewster

I have always understood that Hollywood is divided into cliques and that one set claims to be a little more select than the other. I have also heard that Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno move in the best circles and that when they give an affair it means something to get an invitation. Well, last Sunday night I attended one of these Moreno functions and it was indeed all that I had heard. In the first place their home is something of a palace or castle. Spanish style, situated on the top of a young mountain up which I motored on first speed. It is surrounded with walls, gardens, pergolas, swimming pools and romantic-looking nooks and corners. Inside, the rooms are spacious, high-ceilinged, and elegantly furnished. We were told "informal," but two or three of the seventy-five guests did not obey. The hour appointed was seven-thirty, but we did not sit down until about eight-thirty and we did not get up until eleven—except to dance during courses. There was an orchestra playing and a very good vaudeville entertainment going on while the waiters were serving us, and handsome Tony and his charming wife gracefully flitted hither and thither looking after their guests. It was really a brilliant affair, and here's a list of the best-known people present as well as I can remember: Constance Talmadge, Claire Windsor, Bert Lytell, John Gilbert, Florence Vidor, Jack Holt, Mae Murray, Corliss Palmer, Frances Marion, Fred Thomson, Conrad Nagel, George Fitzmaurice, Fred Niblo, Marion Davies, Irving Thalberg, Earle Williams, Samuel Goldwyn, Frances Howard, Emil Bennett, Harry Rapf, Charles Ray, Richard Barthelmess and Sid Grauman.

Noah Beery is noted for his barbecues and when he gives one, everybody goes who is invited, which means a hundred or two. His ranch is a few miles out of Hollywood and it is a real ranch. It is only about twenty acres large and the house, barn and other buildings are simple and anything but pretentious, but very cozy and homelike. The affair I attended was given for The Masquers, a select theatrical club, but many other players were present. Noah had his big velvet bass voice, genial smile and pleasant manner makes a charming host and everybody seems to love him. He had built many long tables and seats and a dancing platform in the back yard, and I observed smoke coming from the ground just beyond, which, I was informed, was where the buffalo, deer and beef were cooking—but I didn't find out. There was an appetizing odor of cooked meat all about, and when a half dozen men began shoveling off the dirt from three large concealed holes in the ground, we all began to get very hungry. Two or three feet below the surface they dug up all kinds of sticks, boards and burlap wrappings, and some gentlemen of color soon exposed to view huge chunks of steaming meat which certainly smelled good. I suppose that somewhere in the bottom of those holes were smouldering coals on which the steaks had been placed and covered. Anyway, there was enough meat to feed an army, but we hungry guests soon disposed of it, and I am telling you that it certainly tasted good. Even Mrs. Leslie Carter seemed to enjoy it. Meanwhile a vaudeville entertainment was going on. I hope Noah will pardon me if I remark that he has an enormous appetite and that he could not have had any breakfast or luncheon that day. Edgar Norton also acted as if he had been starved. But, would you believe it—the hungriest of all was little Georgie Harris, Ronald Colman, Vera Reynolds, Charlie Chase, Margaret

Constance Talmadge seems to be a most popular girl so far as the male contingent goes. No matter where you are, you see the men seeking her for a partner—and grouped about her chair.

Melbourne Spar
The Motion Picture Colony Looks to Itself for Enjoyment and, According to Our Social Editor-in-Chief, Seems to Find It

Hollywood, like all towns and suburbs, has caste. And it means something to be invited to the Antonio Moreno's. Their informal parties are attended by seventy-five guests . . . and dinner lasts from eight-thirty until eleven, with dancing between courses.

At the famous Montmartre the other day Tom Mix listened to the jazz and was convinced that we have slipped back centuries. He feels our modern music is very similar to that enjoyed by Indians and cannibals . . .

Livingston, Corliss Palmer, Earle Fox and William Conklin, also showed signs of previous starvation. As for myself, well, I fear that my sylphlike figure has been endangered if not quite destroyed.

Sunday mornings in Hollywood are usually devoted to horseback riding, provided one has a horse or can ride one. Tom Mix and his lovely wife often take care of those who have boots but no horses, and last Sunday I was among their riding guests. We started from the Mix castle at eleven, each mounted on a Mix steed and it must have made a pretty sight. Mrs. Mix led the way, Kathleen Clifford next, Corliss Palmer next, all in brilliant colors, and for two hours we rode thru pretty mountain passes and trails amid the variegated grasses and wild flowers. On our return we found a few more awaiting us, and then we sat down to a very elaborate luncheon which was certainly appreciated.

I never leave Tom Mix without taking away with me some brilliant thought. Tom is a deep thinker and when he opens his mouth you can always count on hearing something worth remembering. He sat next me at the Montmartre café the other evening and after listening to jazz for a couple of hours he said: "Modern music convinces me that we have slipped back a few centuries. This music is quite similar to the kind the Indians and cannibals used to enjoy. We educate ourselves up to the (Continued on page 106)
“See You In the Funny Sheet”

When the cast of “Ella Cinders” said that they weren’t using slang, they were being literal.

Colleen Moore as Ella Cinders

Will “Ella Cinders” lead a procession of comic-strip characters to the screen? Only time and the box-office receipts will tell. Suggestions for stars to appear as “Mr. and Mrs. — Pa’s Son-in-Law,” “Petey,” and all the rest, are now in order.

Photographs by Freulich

Lloyd Hughes as The Iceman
Producers always used to think of Louise Dresser as a comédienne. They would not give her an opportunity to play anything else until she managed to get the title rôle in "The Goose Woman." But she always had the conviction that she was an emotional and character actress.

Despite the fact that she had yearned to play the part of the mother in "Stella Dallas," she grants that Belle Bennett was exactly the one who should have gotten it. If that isn’t being a good soldier—?

On the left is Miss Dresser’s dramatic portrait in "Blind Goddess."

The Good Soldier

By Helen Squires

This is the story of a soldier.

Her name on the roll-call is Louise Dresser: just now banners are flying and salvoes sounding for her creation of the mother in "Blind Goddess," even as they did not so long ago for her unforgettable "Goose Woman."

The way she learned to be a soldier is this:

She had been on Broadway for two years, and her success was so great that producers fairly fought with one another to secure her services. Was there a big part for a comédienne? Get Louise Dresser! Was there a snappy new song? Louise Dresser must sing it! Wait till Louise comes on!

No wonder the young comédienne who was also, "the most beautiful blonde who ever gladdened the eyes" was in danger of having her lovely head turned.

Charles Frohman and C. B. Dillingham presented Louise that season in "The Girls of Gottenberg."

Gertie Millar, having starred in the comedy abroad, was, as a courtesy, to be featured ahead of Louise and the comedian, and since Gertie was on the ocean, rehearsals proceeded without her. But she was scheduled to appear at dress rehearsal when, according to New York custom, prominent people had been invited to view the performance.

Gertie duly arrived, with Paris trunks and press notices. So did dress rehearsal.

Louise came on for her first song, singing as only Louise could sing. Off-stage, she lingered for a moment to watch Gertie’s entrance. The chorus fluttered off; the orchestra began the opening bars of the song, and—

the understudy came on!

Back in her dressing-room, Louise "had a temperament." Didn’t they think Gertie needed a rehearsal? Why should she get away with this when Louise—Louise whom producers fought over—was expected to be on hand?

That Time Louise Dresser Was Temperamental . . .

. . . She was really justified. It was Charles Frohman who interrupted her tantrum and showed her the value of being a good soldier.

In this story you will see how that memory has followed her all thru her life . . . even when others have been given her plum.

On she came at her next cue, and walked thru the scene. She moved mechanically thru her songs, not bothering about high notes, business or proper emphasis.

Louise and Gertie appeared together in the second act, and this time it was the English comédienne and not her understudy who entered on cue. Gertie tried (Continued on page 101).
Grandfather's Old

THERE may be sadder words in the world, but to one who for years has decorated everything from a movie set representing a Russian winter palace to a Norwegian fishing-shack, and including a couple of hundred private homes, the saddest words I can think of are: "I'm furnishing my home in real antiques."

Not that I don't like antiques. The right antiques—rightly used—are always good, but when I think of the thousands of sins committed in the name of "antique furniture," inconvenient. Glass is no longer prohibitive in price, as it was only a few generations ago, and all of us like our houses to have large windows for both ventilation and light. The modern house has steam or hot-water heat, which makes radiators necessary. Because we want to be comfortable, we like overstuffed furniture and down cushions.

Radiators, radios, electric lights, victrolas—to say nothing of modern built-in furniture and open book-shelves! All these are comforts that we would not dispense with but they are also comforts that were not present in the generations when "antiques" came into being. This means that if you are using antique furniture you must of necessity combine it with new furniture and unless you are clever you are going to get a hodgepodge of old and new that is far from good.

But that is only one difficulty. There are many others. One is the actual interpretation of "antique" or "period" furniture. All furniture is period furniture! A piece of furniture made today is simply furniture of the Modern Period. Furniture takes its name from the period in history in which it was introduced. French furniture of the Louis is "French period furniture." Georgian furniture may be "Adam furniture" or "Chippendale furniture," depending on the designer. Queen Anne period furniture simply means furniture designed in the time of Queen Anne of England.

To say that a piece of furniture is "period furniture" is incorrect. All furniture was made in some period, just as every dress, every hat and every other manufactured article was made in some particular time. Period furniture must be designated by

The Truth About Antiques

When we plan to use antiques in the modern home, one of the most vital things that we overlook is that our present living conditions are far different from the living conditions of any other generation.

We should not put furniture into our homes just because we believe it to be old. An antique is valuable only if it has charm and beauty.

Sometimes we go so far wrong in our quest for antiques that we might just as well put our grandfather's old shoes in the parlor.

To say that a piece of furniture is "period furniture" is incorrect. All furniture was made in some period, just as every dress, hat and every other manufactured article was made in some particular time. Period furniture must be designated by

It is wise for the person of moderate finances to buy reproductions which duplicate the finest points of any period and which may be rubbed down so that they appear quite old and mellow. On the right is a chest. Incidentally, chests were the first pieces of furniture.
Shoes In the Parlor

By Stephen Gooson

Interior Decorating Expert for First National Pictures

the period in history in which it was made. Our next problem in furnishing antiques is to select a suitable period for the American home.

Most attractive is the carved oak of Jacobean and Elizabethan days. But, alas, most of this furniture, because of its great age and scarcity, is found only in museums, in exclusive shops and in the homes of people who have large sums of money to spend on furnishings. We may almost count out entirely the sturdy oak of Jacobean and Elizabethan times so far as furnishing a modern home in antiques is concerned, for the few authentic pieces in existence are well guarded. Reproductions of these periods may be had at moderate prices and prove most attractive in the modern homes—but we are contenting ourselves now with real antiques.

The furniture of the Italian Renaissance period is lovely and much of it is suited to the average American home, but this too, alas, is becoming rarer every year and while real Italian Renaissance pieces may still be purchased, they are hard to find and, of course, must be bought from dealers or private owners in large cities. Even so, the cost makes them prohibitive to everyone excepting those with unlimited sums of money at their command.

Real pieces of French furniture

(Continued on page 111)
Theodore Dreiser Says:
The average American girl is in a sweet dream. She has a notion that she is all the candy. She lives in a crazy aura of the importance of joy, of sex, of youth. And gosh, the importance to a boy in our cities of the place to take a girl . . . of getting on with the fascination stuff . . . of making money.

The Story That Cost $93,000
With the Understanding That the Author Is to Approve the Scenario

By Esther Carpes

They are going to put one of the greatest books this country has produced into the movies, and from West Coast and East Coast this has been the big news of the year. Theodore Dreiser has kept his own gargantuan self in the background, saying only that his work must be produced in fidelity to the story. Famous Players, with a magnificent gesture, paid $93,000 for it—ninety-three thousand dollars for a book that isn’t by Harold Bell Wright or Zane Grey, but for a literary masterpiece. It is to be made into a super film that will run two hours and its direction and cast will hold some of the big plums of the forthcoming season. "Yes, I got $93,000 for it," said Dreiser, "but who is to be high-hat, I or the movies?” Well, Dreiser wrote the book and Famous Players only bought it.

To settle this money point which had been variously reported, Dreiser’s contract reads $93,000, but ten per cent of that went to his publisher, Horace Liveright, and out of this Dreiser also paid a handsome fee to his attorney. The whole thing contains a certain splendor because this wealth has come to Dreiser after twenty-five years of pioneering as a realist in which time he has been hailed, reviled and suppressed, only to win a wholesale popular acclaim at last by his gloomiest tragedy of all. “It surprises me more than anyone,” said Dreiser. “It surprises me, and it doesn’t matter.”

The movies and the screen public had better get one point right at the start. The title, “An American Tragedy,” is only a reflective handle to the book, it’s putting a name to the overtones of the two-volume novel and to Dreiser’s appraisal of life. The book itself is full of life, color, passion, full of America, of its prejudices, wild dreams, illusions, religion, bell hoppers, shop girls, tawdry loves, good trusting girls and bad, joy rides, scenic beauties, millionaire’s daughters and one ordinary fellow, Clyde Griffiths, who ends up in the electric chair and thru whom we see how it is that in the American scene some 3,881 murders come to be committed annually.

Dreiser would like to see Erich von Stroheim do “An American Tragedy.” He thinks that von Stroheim is the only one of the directors who will choose the right cast, collect people who will say inherently I am this character and that.

“I should like above all,” said Dreiser, “that they pick the right people to play it. They’ve got to get the minor characters in the book right, the jurymen who try Clyde, his mother, his family, his associates, the whole American panorama is the creative force that impels events. Let them read the book carefully and get its psychology. The idea itself is the important thing. Scenes like those on the lake where Clyde drowns his factory-girl sweetheart so that he can be free to marry the rich girl. Sondra, have intrinsic drama and...
There are other scenes, but I am not concerned about those. 'An American Tragedy' isn't a tract for anything or against anything. I am not concerned with capital punishment, am not for it or against it. What is in the book is the psychology of America, the people we are. It is this country that generates this type of boy, generates this kind of backwoods jury to hang the boy. Von Stroheim might put in some subversive psychology, but he would get the right spirit. I have heard Griffith might do it, and I am not against Griffith as a choice, he will picture the sweep of it, I think. If some of the younger directors do it, I should like to see two of them on the job so that they will act as a check on the other. I don't want the spiritual values of the book distorted. I don't want a sentimental melodrama made of it, or a stylized tragedy."

"Couldn't an American Tragedy happen in any other country?" we asked Dreiser.

"No, our American psychology is positively our own. This show and bluff, the noble gestures of the American girl, our fairy tale avoidance and dislike of reality, materialism, self-indulgence, a good time, dancing and having a swell time, all this fan-tan is ours. The streets are full of kids like Clyde Griffiths and others in the

Mr. Dreiser mentioned Glenn Hunter for Clyde Griffiths, saying: "The kind of a fellow Glenn Hunter played in 'Merton of the Movies' would do for Clyde. Clyde, like Merton, lived in a mist."

It looks now as if Charles Rogers, the most promising actor of the recent Paramount School of Acting, would play Clyde Griffiths. They have tremendous confidence in his ability and he has the youth so vital to the character.

Mr. Rogers is so clearly not the right kind of boy on whom to have put this. His face is too much like a movie boy's. But it is Eric von Stroheim who is the author's first choice. "He would get the right spirit," says Dreiser.

On the extreme left of the lower row is Monta Bell, who it is rumored is to direct this very interesting picture. Next comes D. W. Griffith, also considered for the direction and approved by Dreiser.

But it is Eric von Stroheim who is the author's first choice. "He would get the right spirit," says Dreiser.
HAROLD'S WIFE

—wearies of retirement on Lloyd's paltry forty thousand a week. She has been dieting—and considering stories—and the next thing you know you'll see Mildred Davis on the screen again
No woman is ever quite so feminine or so charming as when she is bending over the tea-service, dispensing charm and hospitality at one and the same moment.

As a matter of fact, we Americans are reverting to pre-Colonial days in one decided respect. We are rapidly increasing the typically English custom of afternoon tea. It has become a rite in many households, and Doris Kenyon's is one of them.

In the winter the tea-table is drawn near the big fireplace in the Kenyon's New York apartment. Then Doris serves melted cheese on English muffins...cinnamon toast...other such things.

But in warmer months she inclines towards the specks of tea sandwiches, cut in all manner of fascinating shapes and sizes.

And if she and her mother are in the country for the summer, Doris has the tea-table carried out under some wide spreading tree. It is pleasant to drink tea out-of-doors...when there are bordered paths of old-fashioned flowers...butterflies skimming thru the drowsy air...hazy clouds sailing overhead...and a tree's heavily leaved branches screening the sun.

Every hostess has her own pet menus. Of course. There are the things she loves best to serve on certain occasions. And Doris told us one day at tea what items are in particular favor with her.

China tea comes first, winter or summer, hot or iced. It is fragrant with a myriad remote flowers...dream-dispensing. And it is lovely to look at. A pale amber. With its slivers of lemon spiked with aromatic cloves.

The more kinds of sandwiches the better. As many flavors as shapes. And just a bite in each.

Tiny round ones just the size of a slice of egg and holding just a slice of egg except for the speck of lettuce and dash of mayonnaise.

(Con. on page 113)
Lois Moran, Henry B. Walthall and Owen Moore are also in the cast. Miss Moran plays Singapore Joe's daughter, who is terrified by his advances, not aware that he is her father, and Henry Walthall is a priest.
An Assistant Director
Forgets Himself

And Tells What Happened
On the Set

By
WILLIAM HOLLAND

I HELD an assistant’s job for quite a while with a certain producer who believes that all human drama begins and ends with lions. Whether it’s in Africa or New York—his characters must meet up with lions. His world is simply littered with lions. Well, one day after shootin’ a Western, this producer came in the projection room to see the rough cut of it. In the big scene where the heavy was being chased by a pack of wolves I noticed that the producer started to squirm. “Vy should that guy be afraid from dogs?” “Those aren’t dogs,” we answered, “they’re wolves.” “Vell, it looks like dogs,” he replied with an impatient gesture, “and men ain’t afraid from dogs. It don’t look very dangerous—make him a lion.” “But they don’t have any lions in the part of the country shown,” we replied. “Vell, what of it? We’ve got ten lions on the lot, haven’t we? Take ‘em up!”

On another occasion when we were making a situation comedy without lions, the producer looks on for a while, and then says: “I don’t see you usin’ no lions in this here picture.” We explained that the story didn’t call for any lions. “Vell,” he said, “we must use lions! Shave them! Paint ‘em! Disguise ‘em! But use ‘em! We’re feedin’ ‘em.”

Speaking of lions, reminds me of a story that Charlie Gay, the famous lion tamer, tells on one of his Zoo assistants. It seems that this helper was a small man who was married to a big woman who continually argued with him. One night, he sneaked out of the house and didn’t turn up all night. In the morning, she looks around and finds that he’d taken refuge in a lion’s cage. She just gave him one look of contempt, and said: “You coward.”

A dumb, but self-important bird arrived from New York one day with a contract to cut pictures. It turned out that he had never seen a piece of film in his life, and dumb, so dumb that I doubt if he could generate an idea if he were thrown head-long into the wound of knowledge itself. One day, out of curiosity, he opens up a can of film that has just been laid down by a cameraman containing stuff shot that day, but not developed. Of course, it changed color right before his eyes when the sun hit it. He gets sort of scared, feeling that all was not right, and asks the cameraman what color film is. Well, after he got out of the hospital!

We were usin’ a dog in an Andy Gump comedy, but he developed rheumatism right in the middle of the picture. It slowed him up so bad that even by cranking eight or ten we couldn’t get any speed out of him. He looked about as menacing as Fay Tincher. Well, some bonehead tells the humane society and these birds with something to do at last, pay us a visit and order the dog shot. Well, as they were old maids, we get Joe Murphy to vamp them and they finally agreed to let us finish the picture with the understanding that the dog was to be shot immediately thereafter. We had to get the scenes, so we cover the stage with chicken wiring and then hooked up with the switchboard. When the dog got the juice shot into him on his entrance, he came to life like Joe Murphy does when a dame passes the set. We got the scenes in no time, and the laugh is that the electricity cured the dog and we didn’t
have to shoot him.

Am thinking of trying it on Joe, too, sometimes.

We needed a large number of whiskey and gin bottles for a Neeley Edwards comedy, but were unable to buy any—we tried several places without success. It seems the bootleggers had all of them. We decided to drive around and call on a couple of movie stars that I knew drank now and then, figuring I could get a bootlegger's phone number in this way. However, we didn't have to call on any bootleggers after all, for we had a car full of empty bottles after visiting two houses. But that didn't end our trouble. A revenue man spotted the bottles in the car while we were eating and figured that we were going to fill up the bottles later on from a still. We almost tangled up in a fist fight. He followed us until we drove into the studio gate and then feeling kinda cheap, he beat it to get a drink of gin to brace himself.

We used a flock of bees at Universal on an Andy Cump that almost caused a panic. They stung Fay Tincher and she had to use a pillow whenever she sat down. The Director tells Fay that the bees won't sting if she doesn't strike at them, and get her confidence, he goes thru the scene for her. However, he didn't know the bees, and the prop-man had to dig up another pillow for the director. Jack Hoxie was working in the next set, and in the big scene he takes little Nell into his arms and is about to kiss her, one of our playful bees travels over and lands on the girl's lips as he finally kisses her. When he gets stung, he pulls out a gun and starts firing—his director thought he was crazy until another bee sat down on his neck. Pretty soon, all Hoxie's cowboys were dressed in bees, and had to quit and change to outside scenes.

The studio manager orders us to get rid of the bees, but it was easier said than done, for the bees were good and mad by now. The prop-man decided to smoke them out with a smoke-pot. It was then the noon hour, and all the stars had to pass the building from which the bees were making their hurried exit. And I don't think the bees missed any of them either. I never heard such a squawk in my life.

Then a bee, in revenge, turns to the prop-man and he drops a lighted smoke-pot and it set fire to the canvas in the set and it looked like the studio was going to burn down. The fire department arrived and had a hard time fighting the fire and bees at the same time. Every now and then when a fireman got stung, his hose would get aimed in the wrong direction and the actors looking on would get soaked. Well, after it's all over, the director calls me down for not having ordered trained bees. Later in the day, a flower-pot fell from above and landed on his head—he still thinks it was an accident.

We made a boat picture at Balboa recently, but had a lot of grief. On our way down, the car broke down and the prop-truck got lost. Then the leading lady discovered that she had left part of her wardrobe at the studio. The houseboat was found to be all wrong, and we nearly came to fist blows with the carpenters before we had the necessary changes made. It was nearly noon by now, but we set the camera up on a parallel sunk in the water and started to shoot the first scene. A wind storm came up and the director lost his balance and fell overboard. We got him out all right, and started once more, but the rope holding the house-boat to the pier broke and the house started to drift away. We knocked off for lunch while the carpenters towed it back. However, the prop-man had forgot to put the lunches on the truck, and we lost another hour going to town for dinner. After lunch, we try our luck again and get a few scenes. Then we decide to shoot the big fire scene. We explain the action to the fire-boat tug captain and give the cue to the prop-man to touch a match to the house. The wind was doing pretty good by now. Well, the house is set afire all right and starts to drift to sea with the actors at the windows hollering for help. The wind soon fanned the flames into a blaze. The director who stutters, tried to tell them to jump, but they didn't understand. He flags the fire-tug to go to the rescue, but something happened to their engine and they couldn't move. The director finally is able to holler at the captain of the tug-boat, but this bird hollers back, "Say, who in hell is running this boat" Well, the actors get wise and jump. Then the tug-boat comes to life again and starts for the house-boat, but the captain is so ratted that he runs right into the side of the house-boat and spills himself and his crew into the water. Meanwhile, it was growing dark, and the house was nearly gone in flames, so we decided to change the story to a nice quiet bedroom comedy. We hired a double to shoot a jump off a building. Everything was made ready and the fellow made a beautiful jump, but the cameraman forgot his crank-handle and was unable to photograph the scene. The last I heard of him was that he is still running.

The cameraman forgot his crank-handle and was unable to photograph the scene.
Renée Adorée ISN’T the kind of a woman a man writes odes to while he plays around with someone else . . .

She Knows How to be Pensive

SOMEONE has said that the greatest wisdom of Providence is in leaving little boys of genius on the doorstep of washerwomen, and it seems that those stars who are saved undue exploitation while they are making their marks, have also to thank the unknown wisdom that manages such things. Nobody has pigeon-holed Renée Adorée, nobody has established an iron-bound character for her, so she has been free to play many parts and in many moods. Then when the peasant girl Melisande in “The Big Parade” came along, the public became wide-eyed and discovered something. In fact they discovered two things simultaneously—that Renée Adorée is a great actress, and that she is an off-shoot from the usual run of heroines, and something of a new type. Well, not a new type, but sort of a Burbank improvement on several types. She filled a need for an actress with depth, but without tragedy, not any one exotic, or turbulent, but a woman patterned for many emotions.

When you meet her face to face, she is a strikingly beautiful young woman, and she is bantering and gay and wise. She knows how to be pensive. There are many womanly women on the screen but Miss Adorée is more than that. She is intensely feminine and she has fire. It’s a combination that doesn’t burn, but glows. You feel when you see her on the screen that you could never tire of her, and you feel that way about people of her type in real life. She isn’t a woman to be worshipped distantly, not the kind a man writes odes to while he plays around with someone else. As a type she makes you wonder whether the screen and public in experimenting with vamps, were not really reaching out fumblingly for something else, and that something else was a sensuous woman who wasn’t wicked or sinful, but someone warm and earthy and human.

We saw Miss Adorée on the second day of her first visit to New York in several years. The liveried flunkies at the Hotel Ambassador stood aside ornamental, correctly

(Continued on page 122).
The Court of Daniels

By MYRTLE VEST

"VISITING hours 10 to 11 A. M. Please meet in the patio."

That's the neat little placard that hangs beside the bell on Bebe Daniels' beautiful Commonwealth Avenue home in Hollywood. But if you are over fourteen, you're out of luck for you can't join the gay gatherings that take place in the Daniels' patio.

When the youngsters around the Daniels' home heard that Bebe had returned to Hollywood from New York, they fairly stampeded the house and yard. Kids don't forget good times and good eats, and Bebe was known as the champion good scout of the neighborhood before she went East.

So popular was Bebe that she was made "Honorable Poly" of the "Polywumpus Club"—a neighborhood organization headed by "Sonny" Perry and his fat little brother, Tommie. How the name originated is unknown, but the purpose of the club is to protect the birds and pets in their home district. And on Saturdays and holidays to array themselves in gay feathers and near-skin chappies, with huge sandwiches and hunks of cake, and play "injun" in the wilds of Griffith Park.

Bebe's first association with the club came when it was discovered that her pantry boasted of the best three-layer cake in Hollywood. The coveted office resulted.

When it was first learned that "Honorable Poly Daniels" had returned, a grand rush occurred, so visiting hours were established.

Pictured with Bebe are two of the high officers of the "Polywumpus Club"—Master Bud Jones, known as Quill, the secretary, and Master Bill Howard, as Montezuma, the treasurer. They are partaking of some of the royal fruit of the vine that Bebe provides for her kiddie callers.

Of course, during school the hours had to be changed.

When I Was a Little Boy

Willard Louis Tells of Some Pranks He Played

Say, if any of you fellows are in the choir, I bet you can guess some of the things I did when I was a kid. We had great times, all right.

There was the time we stuck the minister's prayer-book together with postage stamps. Believe me, we sang like little angels that morning—each one of us looking slightly more innocent than the other. They never did find out which one of us did that.

Pretty soft.

What about pie, fellows? Any of you like it? Huh, I thought so. Me, too. The Ladies' Auxiliary had a pie-eating contest at a Social once. Me, I was right there and that's the only time in my life I had enough pie. . . . I got first prize.

You know how kids are always playing tricks on each other. Well, those fellows made up they were going to get even with me for winning that prize, so one of them had a good-sport cousin and she made a mince pie—and let two of the kids help her. They brought it to Sunday-school and told the teacher it was for me because I was so fond of pie.

Wasn't Willard Louis the cutest little toot? And wasn't he full of fun too? You'll think so when you read his story.

Gee, it looked good, all brown and crisp, and mince pie my favorite and all. But she said I couldn't have it until after Sunday-school was out.

My mouth just watered—I couldn't think of anything but that pie—never suspected anything at all. But Jennie did. Jennie was a little girl in the class who was sort of sweet on me. You know how it is. Anyway, she snipped around and listened to them snickering, and presently, accidentally on purpose, stuck her finger in the pie.

Right after class she came and whispered to me. I said: "Here, wait a minute, fellows. You didn't think I was going to eat all that pie, did you? Well, I hope I know my manners better'n that."

And the teacher, she thought, golly, Willard's getting good all of a sudden, but she said that was right, always share with one another. So I nobly cut her pie into lots of little pieces and unselfishly passed it around, so that when it came to me, there wasn't a single piece left!

I'd a sure hate to hit into that pie—Jennie said they emptied pepper and mustard and salt and everything in it.
The Junior Answer Man

Joe Frank Cobb Answers the Questions Sent to Him in Care of Movie, Jr., 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York

TED.—Yes, I enjoyed Colleen Moore’s performance in “Sally” too. Her next picture will be “Ella Cinders.” You can write to Pola Negri and Bebe Daniels at Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Milton Sills is just starting work in “Paradise” at the Biograph Studios, 807 E. 175th Street, New York City, New York. Betty Bronson will appear opposite him. Remember her as Peter Pan?

NANCY.—It is customary to send the stars twenty-five cents in payment of their pictures. We have a new member in “Our Gang.” He is Skippy Lowry, a New York youngster. The other members are: Mary Kornman, Jackie Condon, Johnny Downs, Mickey Daniels, Husky Haines and Farina. Our latest comedy is “Baby Clothes.” You can write to Ramon Novarro, Lew Cody, Sally O’Neil, and Marion Davies at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

G. RAYMOND E.—I am glad to tell you that Baby Peggy is returning to the screen in “April Fool.” Other members of the cast include Mary Alden, Eddie Phillips, Max Davidson and Pat Moore.

LAWRENCE L.—Rin-Tin-Tin is owned by Lee Duncan. Did you like the picture of them that appeared in last month’s Motion Picture, Jr.?

OWEN MOORE ADMIRER.—Address John Bowers and Marguerite de la Motte at the Metropolitan Studios, 1040 La Palmas Avenue, Hollywood, California. Owen Moore is going to play opposite Marion Davies in “The Red Mill.” You can write to him and Gertrude Olmstead at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver, California.

PAULINE Mc.—We had a grand time while we were making “July Days.” Mary Pickford was born April 8th, 1896. Jackie Coogan will be twelve years old in October. Ever since “The Sea Hawk,” Milton Sills has been playing in pictures in New York. I thought “The Sea Hawk” was great, too.

EVELYN S.—Mary and Doug were married March 28th, 1920. They are vacationing in Europe right now. Mary’s new picture, “Scraps,” is going to be released this fall. A few lucky people who have seen it say it is her best. Lillian Gish was born October 4th, 1896. Did you know that she and Mary Pickford are very good friends? That was Baby Mary Louise Miller in “The Bandit’s Baby.” You will see her in “Scraps” too.

ELIZABETH M.—Alice Day’s little sister in “Gooseland” was Mary Ann Jackson. She is just a little over three years old.

JESSIE T.—Mary Brian is eighteen years old. She will be Ben Lyon’s leading lady in “Duke of Ladies.”

MARGIE E.—Jackie Coogan is about to start work on “Johnny Get Your Hair Cut.”

Do You Remember What George Washington Said to Betsy Ross?

What could be more perfect for a magazine that comes out right near the Fourth of July than this lovely picture of Claire Windsor as Betsy Ross, the mother of our flag.

We are reminded of that story about George Washington and Mistress Betsy. She was working on the flag for the colonists and it was quite shabby. An old flannel petticoat for the red stripes. A soldier’s coat for the blue field. And an old sheet for the white.

One day General Washington called to see the flag, but he noticed that the stars had only four points. He didn’t say anything about it at the time. He told Mistress Betsy that it was a beautiful flag . . . just the thing to wave at the head of his army.

But that night he took her outdoors and pointed to the stars in the sky. At first she didn’t understand what he meant. Then he told her to count the points. She did and her mistake was corrected.

Aren’t we human beings funny? We can look at things all the time and not really see them. That is because we do not concentrate.

The people who really teach themselves to see things are the people who go the furthest in this old world of ours.

What could be more perfect for a magazine that comes out right near the Fourth of July than this lovely picture of Claire Windsor as Betsy Ross . . . the mother of our flag?
William Fox has some of the greatest plums to offer actors and actresses this year, having purchased the screen rights to the famous David Warfield successes. Who will play the title rôle in "The Music Master"? That's the question! Here Henry B. Walthall offers two studies of his interpretation of the rôle. Does he get your vote, too?
Morals for All

If it is going to be insisted that only players of the highest moral caliber be allowed upon the screen, then in fairness to the thespian, he, too, should have the same privilege of demanding that only those persons of proper moral fiber be allowed to view him on the screen.

It should be quite within the actor’s rights to insist that every theatregoer, before being admitted to the cinema at which the player’s film is being shown, must present credentials to the manager to prove his good standing in the community.

Why not run the whole proposition somewhat on the Henry Ford factory system? Let every person in the community be given a weekly card, passed by the Board of Censors, showing that he has strictly adhered to every ethic, law and moral and is therefore entitled to view our upright movie heroes upon the screen.

An exhibitor up in Saginaw, Michigan, writes in to complain about Rudolph Valentino. He says every time Rudy gets a divorce, the ex-Mrs. Valentino becomes a screen star and the exhibitor loses money on her.

The exhibitor wants us to make a personal request to Rudy that in the future he please make it a point to marry good actresses, so the exhibitors can get back some of the money they have lost.

Hollywood Is Worried

The rush of foreign artists to American shores continues at a great pace.

The panic is on in Hollywood studios.

Our American directors will now have to do a little thinking if they wish to save their hides.

And some of our players will have to do a little acting instead of striking pretty poses and worrying about camera angles.

Pity the Poor Public

We take great pleasure in printing another little epistle from one of our admirers.

“Dear Mr. Lane: I would suggest that you and Herbert Howe get together and 'rave' to each other.

(Continued on page 86)
If Mae Murray keeps on looking younger—and younger—and younger, the Children's Societies will begin investigations. We have never seen her lovelier than in this new portrait taken just as she began her rôle in "Altars of Desire"
By Laurence Reid

The Picture Parade

In "Aloma of the South Seas," Gilda Gray gives promise of making a place for herself in the film sun.

Aloma of the South Seas—Romantic Drama

As no sweet encomiums were sung for this romantic excursion upon the stage, one could hardly expect to find it of especial consequence upon the screen. The story, itself, is weak, but it might have had more melodramatic punch. Maurice Tourneur, however, has done nothing to pep it up but has given it a picturesque appeal with the Porto Rico settings. You expect something to happen in a half-dozen episodes, but they evaporate into nothing.

Gilda Gray is the whole picture and she gives a graceful, wistful study of the South Sea dancer who falls in love with a renegade white man who is fast drinking himself to death thru being spurned by his fiancee. Gilda executes her colorful dance and she gives promise of making a place for herself in the film sun if given the proper stories.

Brown of Harvard—Romantic Drama

We've had college stories and college stories, but none of them won their diplomas until "The Freshman" and "Brown of Harvard" happened along. The last-mentioned shapes up as a likely campus number even if its plot is typical of the stuff that made Frank Merriwell's name a household word. One thing in its favor is its approach to a real collegiate atmosphere. The boys don't sit around a room decorated with pennants of girls' colleges, nor do they strum their ukuleles.


The trouble here is a weak story which has been over-publicized. It isn't as good as its advance notices have led us to believe. William Powell is the villain who goes down to the sea in sharks and he tries his best to be convincing. So does Warner Baxter as the native lover. Percy Marmont overacts—something strange for him as he invariably gives a restrained performance.—Paramount.
Dick Barthelmess has had better roles and better stories than he finds in "Ranson's Folly," but he is, nevertheless, convincing as a half-way human chap, tho it is unlikely that he would continue to be so fresh after he's become a "soph."

The idea behind it is based upon the premise that a youth must go thru the mill in college just as he would go thru it in life—if he would be successful. And in expanding the theme it develops along simple romantic lines. Harvard must suffer thru Brown's dodoes until he finds his character.

Meanwhile the college loses its boat-race—and Brown loses his sweetheart. There is a football scene which affords a rattling good climax. The role of the Harvard hero gives William Haines a chance to act with considerable spirit and enthusiasm—and Jack Pickford is sufficiently wistful as his worshipful roommate.—Metro-Goldwyn.

Ranson's Folly—Romantic Drama

This best seller of yesterday, written by Richard Harding Davis is brought forth on the screen with a good deal of conviction. True, it offers nothing as a work of moving, absorbing drama. It is so simple that a wee youngster can "spot" the development of every scene. But the plot shortcomings are partly overcome by Sidney Olcott, the director. He has dressed it up with appropriate atmosphere and detail, the military flavor giving it a certain tang that lifts it out of the ordinary rut of plots.

Richard Barthelmess has had far better pictures—and he's done far better work with bigger characterizations, but at that he makes himself convincing as the venturesome lieutenant who has a folly or two. Indeed, Folly Number (One) finds him saving the post from being destroyed by fire, and Folly Number (Two)—which gives the punch to the picture—arrives when he, for the sake of a thrill, masquerades as a highwayman. A court-martial develops from this bit of playfulness.

There's not so much to it, but suspense is well projected. Dorothy Mackaill makes the most of a weak role—and the others in the cast are competent. We give it a mark of "moderately good"—and let it go at that.—Inspiration-First National.

The Brown Derby—Comedy

It's a lively, sparkling number that Johnny Hines has here—one that should carry him along the high road to popularity where he can sit back and rest on his laurels—and say "I'm satisfied." The piece is bright with brand-new gags and develops spontaneous laughter from the start. If there are any old high jinks they have been dressed up so you cannot recognize them.

What we like about it is the "snap and go" of the action. Truly, there isn't a scene which loses its pace and gingery quality. From the moment that Hines inherits a brown derby from an eccentric uncle and proceeds to overcome his inferiority complex by wearing it until he mani-
fests a conquering spirit the piece skips along breezily and releases a volume of laughs in its journey.

Much by-play is created from the derby which almost has a mind of its own in the way it places Hines in difficulties. He gets caught in all kinds of jams, tight and otherwise—and always comes up smiling. Marital complications enter to keep the pot boiling and the w. k. chase figures for a climax. In all a hilarious number and surely provocative of laughs.—*Burr-First National.*

**Tramp, Tramp, Tramp—Comedy**

**Harry Langdon** skyrockets into the limelight with this feature-length comedy. In taking him out of the two-reelers his sponsors have simply answered the public’s demand—that he be given substantial stories like those concocted for Keaton, Lloyd, *et al.* It’s a smart little number—one which generates many laughs without resorting to imitations of other comedians' gags to get over. Langdon is a sure-fire comedian—a comedian with a sound knowledge of how to extract the utmost humor from a situation. He knows how to blend the pathos with the fun—if his wistful expressions and bashful gestures are any criterion.

The star enters a cross-country walking contest—hoping to cop a $25,000 reward which the enterprising shoe manufac-

**Up in Mabel’s Room—Farce Comedy**

The bedroom farce has its innings again—and while the crisp dialog is silenced this story has been treated gingerly enough to make it quite as substantial and interesting as the stage version from which it was adapted. Like all bedroom farces it calls for much activity on the part of its characters who must make hurried entrances and exits in order to avoid compromises. And the more active they become the more compromising become the situations. Again like all bedroom farces a word of explanation would cause it to topple over before it had half finished. But
The characters gesticulate and dodge and run. And explanations are avoided.

It is a bright little number which revolves around a fair divorcée determined to win back her ex-husband. The pièce de résistance is some filmy gewgaw which hubby bought in Paris to present to his wife, altho for the purposes of the plot she believes he bought it for someone else. This bit of lingerie starts the fun and finishes it—with most of the high jinks taking place in Mabel's room (Mabel and the others having been invited to a week-end party).

The players act with an admirable mock-seriousness—the pantomime being thoroughly in character. Harrison Ford and Marie Prevost have the honors and display a fine adaptability for farce. And, of course, there is Harry Myers. And Phyllis Haver. It is neatly staged and the direction is good.—Christie-Producers Distribution Corp.

Mlle. Modiste—Romantic Drama

Sometimes the musical comedy adaptations succeed on the screen if they are well equipped with plot and humor. We have but to mention "Sally" and "Irene" to establish this fact. But if they are lacking any definite story they are not so good—especially when deprived of their musical score. That's what happened with "Mlle. Modiste" minus Victor Herbert's charming melodies. An effort has been made to jazz up the piece but the humor appears to be dragged in by the heels.

The decorative Corinne Griffith gives it a certain appeal—what with her personality and the sartorial effects she displays. Otherwise it is boresome. The subtitles strive hard to put over the humor but they are not spontaneous enough.

The original was not a very plotty affair. It served solely as a medium for Herbert's melodies score and Fritzi Scheff's high notes. So with the operatic matter removed it doesn't hit on all cylinders. Miss Griffith sports her glad togs when as a Paris mannequin she is set up in business by an American butter-and-egg man. This piques the French count who loves her and who believes the worst.

"The Rainmaker" offers something different in racing stories. And William Collier, Jr., offers a most convincing portrayal of the jockey.

"The Midnight Sun" is not a great picture. But if you like Pat O' Malley, go to see him as the Grand Duke.
There's the picture. Otherwise it is a fashion show. The star can certainly wear gowns exceedingly well—and she can act when they give her a chance. Willard Louis indulges in some obvious gags, and Norman Kerry swanks around in some gay uniforms.—*First National.*

**Wet Paint—Farce-Comedy**

Raymond Griffith's new comedy can be mentioned in the same class as "Hands Up" and "Paths to Paradise," his previous fun pieces. For one thing it is crammed with gags of the slap-stick pattern which start from nothing and get nowhere in particular.

The introductory title announces it as a version of the Bard's "Much Ado About Nothing" in modern clothes. And a sparkling hour is promised. But after a few moments of spontaneous fun it gets down to horse play—most of which concerns auto chases and ridiculous shootings. If you accept it as straight slap-stick you will find merit but Griffith's name has become synonymous with subtle pantomime.

"Hell-Bent for Heaven" is not as good a motion picture as it was a stage-play (for which it won the Pulitzer prize). It has suspense, tho... and Gardner James gives a remarkable performance.

And when he resorts to gags to gain the laughs those who have followed his antics are apt to be disappointed.

The celebrated high hat comes in for a kick or three and there are some explosive laughs sprinkled thru it. But in our opinion it goes back to early Sennett when Mack tossed out the Keystones. Helene Costello and Natalie Kingston carry on the pulchritude appeal.—*Paramount.*

**The Greater Glory—Drama**

An effort has been made to produce another "Four Horsemen" in this picture, but the results are not a hit satisfying. Whatever merit the original story, "The Viennese Medley," carried has not been brought forth here. The war from the Germanic side is shown and while it is painted in a ruthless manner the method of treating it is wrong.

For one thing there are far too many characters and most of them have "von" attached to their names. Hence it is difficult to identify them. These relatives (yes, most (Continued on page 121)

"So This Is Paris" finds Monte Blue in a sophisticated rôle. It is a Lubitsch picture.

"The Little Irish Girl" does not do Dolores Costello justice. She is worthy of a better production.
WHOSE HAND?
Can You Guess the Owners of these Hands from the Character Readings Given?
By F. Vance de Revere

This hand corresponds more accurately in type with the owner's face than the masculine hand in this series. It is a long hand, with thin fingers, belonging to a person who is tall and slim, with the muscular and osseous development. Such a person would be an active, restless nature, highly ambitious, with great determination and persistency; one who never gives up and has great ability to overcome obstacles. She has a splendid, well-developed thumb, which indicates musical ability. The third finger dominates the hand and, its general formation, in conjunction with other characteristics shown in the hand, gives decided dramatic talent. In fact, she is in the vocation for which she is best suited. The good breadth of the palm denotes a practical turn of mind, giving good judgment. Here is something which may interest you. I analyzed this young lady, over a year ago, and, at that time, the third phalanges of her fingers were thin, which indicated a lack of interest in eating and a poor appetite; this same sign was pronounced in her face, a serious thing and a weakness which might affect her health. The first thing I noticed this time was the fulness and development of these signs and I said, "You have been giving more attention to your eating and your appetite is better." She laughed and said, "It is true!" This young lady has developed greatly and this is shown in her hand and still more so in her face.

By direct contrast to the other two hands illustrated on this page, is this long narrow hand, long fingers with a still longer palm. This hand belongs to an individual of good height, with a face which has greater length than breadth. However, the owner of this type of hand would, usually, have a long thin face, whereas in this case the face has good breadth. Notice the fine, well-shaped thumb, showing strength of character, much determination and persistency, but unfortunately, for its owner, there is a lack of aggression; this makes a gentle, sweet person and gives a charm socially, but frequently is a handicap in business, especially the Motion Picture Industry where, unfortunately, self-assertion is so often made necessary if one is to gain the heights. The waistlike shape of the thumb shows a very tactful person. In fact, the whole hand indicates an affectionate, kind, sympathetic, highly emotional nature. The firm palm denotes one who is active, restless and never lazy, either mentally or physically. The lovely, smooth-jointed fingers, with their cushioned tips denotes a highly sensitive, intuitive and inspirational nature with great love of the artistic and all that is beautiful. A person has great appreciation of both color and music. This individual would make a good executive of the type which governs and directs thru respect and personal charm but not force. There are variances in face and hand, giving a more diversified character than if the two corresponded exactly.

Generally the outline, size and formation of the hand corresponds with the person's stature and the shape of the face. This hand is one of the finest examples and reasons why the usual courses in Character Analysis are so inaccurate. This type hand, with its great breadth of palm and its unusually short, square fingers, with their full, thick phalanges and other characteristics would, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, belong to a short, thick-set man with a broad, full face and a square formation of the head. This hand read, without reading the face, would indicate ability as a surgeon, also mechanical ability. I believe there were mechanical geniuses in his family and he started training for surgery. His hand shows heredity traits, but his face shows the characteristics which would govern his abilities and tastes. Notice how the first finger, also the little finger, stands apart from the others, this indicates an individual who is independent in both thought and actions. The third finger dominates his hand and, with its square finger tip, denotes artistic and dramatic sense. The knotty finger joints indicate a philosophical mind and the long second phalanx of his thumb, denotes a logical thinker, a person who reasons things out. The third phalanges of the fingers are full, which indicates great enjoyment of the creature comforts of life and one who likes good things to eat and drink. The owner of this hand has a good mentality and is a very interesting and unusual personality.

--F. Vance de Revere

*Editor's Note.—On page 80 you will find pictures of the stars whose hands were analyzed last month. And next month you will find the answers to these character readings.*
July Sponsors Many Brilliant Stars

“Shall I Go Into the Movies?”
Marion Meyer Drew will cast your horoscope and tell you if the stars forecast a career for you in the movies

Ida F. L., January 10:
Your horoscope shows a good many difficulties in your life at the present time; one of the most real of which is opposition to your personal interests, although the indications for health just now are not so good either. I wonder if you would not be better off in the long run if you were to compromise with circumstances and adopt some ambition which would be less startling and easier to accomplish than your dream of entering the movies. You really have a good deal of ability when you once get to work at anything. You have practicality, persistence and a great desire for the good things of the world, which combined will make you acquire either reputation or money for yourself. But this is more apt to come thru business activity than thru acting.

Ruth Lee, May 16:
Ruth Lee is five years old, but by no means too young to have her horoscope read. In fact, the younger the better, for the sooner we know our own capabilities the better we are able to use them. This little lady has imitative ability, due to the fact that a strong sign in her horoscope is that from which most of our noted mimics and impersonators come—the sign Cancer. But she has other underlying characteristics which will crop out as she grows older and which will make her of a rather serious and practical turn of mind. Her ambitions will lie along scientific lines of thought, geology and mineralogy appealing to her greatly. If this were my daughter, I would give her a thorough grounding in the material sciences and then settle back and watch her make a name for herself.

M. C. K., D. C. B., C. E. M., Agnes B., and many others:
The horoscope is, of course, a fascinating subject and nearly everyone in the world would like to have his or her chart drawn up and read, even if only in the brief manner possible in a magazine, but you see, don't you? that this would be impossible on the face of it, and this department is intended for the answers to those who are interested in a motion picture career and wish to have an unprejudiced word as to whether or not they have indications of success in such work. I cannot answer general questions about marriage, money matters, health, and so on, in the pages of Motion Picture Magazine, any more than a writer might expect to conduct a department similar to this one in such a magazine as we find devoted to the steel industry or the advertising business. So don't feel hurt if your general questions are omitted here and the space given to those who are knocking on the gates of the studios either in person or in dreams.

(Continued on page 108)
Gossip of the

The last authentic word about the players

By Elisabeth Greer

Alice Joyce will be the next decorative background for the antics of W. C. Fields, Paramount's pet comedian, who has already allotted such alluring ladies as Carol Dempster and Louise Brooks to cavort opposite him. Alice won't do much cavorting, tho, because she has the rôle of the Princess in "Mr. Bisbee's Princess"—known to the screen as "So's Your Old Man"—and that implies a certain amount of dignity. Alice is rising higher and higher in the

Oh, Well . . .

When Alice Calhoun was released from her contract with the Warner Brothers, she said that she had virtually been a prisoner to it . . . that she had been unable to leave the city without permission, etc. She stated further: "I am most happy to be free and it will be a long time before I tie myself up to another long-term agreement."

Within a week she had married Mendel B. Silberburg.

nobility, having just finished work as the lovely Lady Brandon in "Bean Geste."

Maurice Costello is breaking into the movies. After a lapse of many years he is returning to the screen which once made him an idol. Mr. Costello has been getting lots of publicity, lately, as the father of the beautiful Dolores. Last summer Dolores told us her father had never been to Hollywood, but when it became obvious that she was there to stay, he packed up and went out to join the rest of the family. Now he is in the large and imposing cast which Columbia Pictures has assembled for "The False Alarm." Mary Carr, Ralph Lewis,

Behind the camera:
Jack Holt with Mrs. Holt and the two children

Ernest Torrence hates to remember the early rising he did when "Lady of the Harem" was being filmed. It took the studio make-up man hours every day to paste on the whiskers et cetera.

When Rin-Tin-Tin left Hollywood for a recent transcontinental tour, in typical movie-star fashion, he bid his son look after the family and see that no one wanted for a bone.
Camera Coasts

and the plays in which they are to appear

AND MILTON HOWE

Dorothy Revier, George O'Hara, Lillian Leighton, John Harron, and Priscilla Bonner are just a few of the others who have been engaged for this picture, which Frank O'Connor will direct.

Hollywood seems determined to glorify the fire-fighters, and more and more importance is being attached to "The Fire Brigade," Metro-Goldwyn's propaganda picture which is being made in co-operation with as many fire departments as can spare the time. Charles Ray has the leading rôle opposite May McAvoy.

The Week's News in Hollywood

Monday: Pola says "Yes," and Rudy says "No."
Tuesday: Rudy says "Yes," and Pola says "No."
Wednesday: Pola says "I go to Europe."
Thursday: Pola says "I do not go to Europe."
Friday: Pola has dinner with Rudy.
Saturday: Rudy has dinner with Pola.
Sunday: A holiday.

Lillian Rich's little sister, Patricia, has arrived in Hollywood from London, and will start work in pictures. Shortly after the arrival of her sister, Lillian left for New York to make a picture at the Eastern studios.

Patricia asked no special favors upon her arrival in the cinema capital, saying that she was perfectly willing to begin at the lowest rung on the ladder.

What is the correct way to address a female governor?
The title of Pauline Frederick's new stellar picture seemed to be at stake. Hyatt Daab and Weed Dickenson, the authors of the piece, had called it "Her Honor, The Governor."

The Monte Blues certainly do not live up to their last name since Barbara Ann arrived. They both wear the parental smile that won't come off ... unless something goes wrong in the nursery. Then pandemonium reigns. Yes, it is their first child.

Underwood & Underwood

James Kirkwood is going to play in "Butterflies in the Rain." He has had conferences with Edward Sloman, who is to direct the picture, ... and Lila Lee, who seems to have forgotten her own career.

Willard Louis has been in demand ever since "Beau Brummel." He is again with Barrymore ... this time in "Don Juan." It is in a scene from this production that Alan Crosland is directing him here.

John V. Weaver is out in Hollywood, meeting the stars and working on scenarios. We wish he would write a story for Charlie Ray. He writes about the fellows that Charlie plays best.

Every movie person who comes to New York is inveigled into broadcasting. It is the one thing about the trip that they don't like. But Renée Adorée found that she couldn't escape it any more than others have been able to.
According to the well-informed legal powers of the studio, "Her Honor" is not the correct way to address a lady governor. They say it should be "Her Excellency."

"'Her Excellency' is a bum title," said Weed, a former newspaper man. "Few people know the difference."

"But the people who do know the difference will shriek their disapproval!" exclaimed the technician.

"Well," mused Weed, "If you want those people to know that we know better put 'Her Honor' in quotes."

Therefore, we wish to inform you that Pauline Frederick is returning to the screen in the stellar rôle of "Her Honor, the Governor."

Another proof of the old axiom that producers are like a lot of sheep is the rush they've all been giving the Devil lately. What with "Hell's Four Hundred" and "Sorrows of Satan" old Nick was well on the way to having his head turned. And now Fox is going to film "The Devil's Master," a Gerald Beaumont story which John Ford will direct, with William Russell and Olive Borden in the leading rôles.

Gilda Gray's first picture, "Alona of The South Seas," was ushered into the Rialto at a special midnight performance, 'mid much confusion. Only one door of the theater was opened, so the large crowd had to shuffle in inch by inch, uncomfortably but good-naturedly. The ushers, the politest in New York, were distractedly wrestling with the problem of reserved seats, which they are not accustomed to. Knowing nothing whatever about the numbering of the seats, they sent everyone down the wrong aisle and there was much climbing over knees and trampling on toes. All these difficulties delayed the performance about an hour, and we must admit with regret that the picture was hardly worth the sleep lost by the large audience. It wasn't lost to everyone, however, for one or two courageous individuals gave up the struggle and frankly slept in their chairs, giving to the occasion a pleasant informality.

The high light of the evening was the appearance of Gilda herself in the flesh. Either she has improved since the old Ziegfeld days, or else the fact that she didn't sing added enormously to her charm—at any rate, we thought the Hula she did was a wow. Gilda and her husband entertained most of the audience at their studio afterwards, and Gilda was able to eat heartily for the first time that day. Mal St. Clair was also able to eat heartily, in spite of the distracting proximity of Lenore Ulric. Alice Joyce and her husband, Paul Bern, May Allison, and innumerable others were there.

If our Pacific coast is ever attacked by a foreign foe some enterprising director like James Cruze will probably organize an army and drive them back into the kelp beds before the Government has decided what kind of powder to use.

According to rumors, and there are more in Hollywood than there were in the A. E. F., Cruze asked permission of the Government to use some marines in the filming of "Old Ironsides." Before the necessary red tape had been unwound Cruze had assembled an army of ex-service men, and was making pictures of them when he received word that his request had been granted.

However, the Government has been called upon to aid in the making of "Old Ironsides" on so many occasions that one slip on its part is excusable. In fact, I cited the above instance because I was in the war, and at that time I swore that if ever I had the chance to bawl out some of the red-tape gang I would relish it more than an extra can of corned willie.

The Government has come to the rescue of Cruze many times. During the late storms a Government cutter saved one of the movie ships from demolition. Cruze's latest request to use the radio in directing his battle scenes has been granted. After all the Federal authorities have been quite liberal in their co-operation with the film companies.

Dave Kirkland, director for Fred Thomson, was engaged in selecting a leading lady for Thomson's next picture. A number of beautiful young things with their hands full of photographs were standing in the outer office. The stenographer admitted one girl at a time to Dave's inner office.

As the steno was about to usher in number seven she stopped, "Say!" she exclaimed, staring at the trembling ingénue. "Didn't you work for the Portland Cement Company at one time?"

"No," pouted the fair one, "I've never even been there."

The Lasky studios are still trying to find someone who looks like Theodore Roosevelt, to star in "The Rough Riders." Tests are being made all over the country of people who claim to be Teddy's double. These tests are being forwarded to the studio. Old news reels of Teddy are being run for the purpose of checking up on... (Continued on page 119)
Corinne Griffith has put away her perfumed silks... her jewels. She has cancelled her standing order for orchids. She has laid away the marcelling irons... and become a starry-eyed peasant child for the first half of "Into Her Kingdom"...
You can believe it if you want to. But we knew Shirley Mason on the screen when she was a demure little thing with pigtails down her back and wearing gingham pinafores... and it was no time ago at all. She's trying to steal all of "Don Juan's Three Nights," we'll bet a hat... and what with Lewis Stone playing Don Juan, we can't say that we blame her.

Shucks—Shirley...

What Do You Go Acting Like This For?
Genuine Jade

... a sateen tie is just about as likely to figure in Adolphe Menjou's wardrobe as an imitation jewel in his morocco case

By Holmer Little

Adolphe Menjou is one person to whom Beau Nash, custodian of knowledge about what the well-dressed man will wear, could turn for authoritative word on style and taste. The suave, polished gentleman of society, so skilfully portrayed by Mr. Menjou, is the last word in correctness of his attire as well as in his manner.

A sateen tie is just as likely to figure in Mr. Menjou's wardrobe as an imitation jewel in his morocco jewel case. A cotton handkerchief would have as good a chance of appearing with him in social life or on the screen as would a piece of green glass masquerading as an emerald.

In short, Mr. Menjou is an actor with jewels as genuine as his dramatic skill.

His collection of stickpins is sufficiently varied to supply the correct one for any occasion. There is no scurrying messenger sent to the five- and ten-cent store to supply the need of the moment. Instead, Mr. Menjou leisurely opens his jewel case and the variety he wishes is forth coming.

A lustrous single pearl and a diamond horseshoe are two favorites of his that have appeared on the screen.

Platinum watch, monogrammed with sapphires. French cigarette case, envelope design, decorated with sapphires

A group of the Menjou jewels showing some stickpins and rings which he favors

Other rings ... and watch chain of platinum and pearls

offered would be an ill-fated attempt to gild platinum. The flap is bordered with small square-cut sapphires that lend a decoration that is simple and also simply grand.

The watches that Mr. Menjou has chosen are equally (Continued on page 99)
All Aboard the Limerick Liner

Now if YOU get a ticket this time,
For completing a Limerick Line,
You must watch with both eyes
For some sort of surprise
To bring back from a far-away clime.

For, like all of the stars nowadays,
You must follow the foreigners' ways,
And take up a hobby,
Queer, funny, or nobby—
But one that your friend will all praise.

Adolphe Menjou has taken to writing
Saucy verses in French—most exciting!
Oh! He sure has a flair
For a rhyme full of "dare"—

New steps for the Charleston is what
Kathleen Key by a Russian was taught
For her hobby, and my!
She can leap to the sky!

Pola Negri's new hobby is munching
Two apples at noon time, and lunching
On one quart of milk—
And her skin is like silk—

Noah Beery's pet hobby's to raise
Pond lilies—he started the craze,
And Filmdom's gone mad
Over this pleasant fad,

Are you going to be one of the lucky passengers on the Limerick Liner? We have $50.00 to divide among five writers of clever lines. Remember that the line you submit to complete a limerick must
Best to
as you
Address
here: }

Page 72

Miss Dolores Costello designs
All her negligees—exquisite lines
She gives them; and hues
Of the strangest she'll use,
ANNIE LAURIE.—I should say it is warm. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Marie Dresser have been added to the cast of "Broken Hearts of Broadway." Thanks for the card, also the forget-me-not.

FRANCIS B.—No, no George O'Brien and Olive Borden are not engaged. You want me to tell George O'Brien's secretary to take poison. Then maybe she may be a charming little girl.

DORIS A.—So you think I must look like Buck Montana or else I would publish my picture. Well I don't! There was a picture of Rudolph Valentino in the November 1924 Magazine. And you say "The Eagle" five times.

SYLVIA C.—What's this, you are not sure whether I am the real thing or not. Well let me tell you, young lady, there is nothing false about me, not even my beard or teeth. Write to First National, 383 Madison Avenue, New York City.

TEARLE FAN.—Oh, yes, Conway Tearle is still around, he is playing in "Altars of Desire," with Mae Murray. And speaking without thinking is shooting without taking aim. Blanche McAfrey in "Take It From Me."

BESS AND CORA.—What's this, a duet? Well I don't think I can settle the argument, but Pola Negri's mother was Polish and her father was a gypsy. France boasts of having more women average the length of country in the world. I always did hear that they were high-flyers.

IMA TALKER.—So I see. Curiosity is not the monopoly of sex. No, I don't hear much about Marguerite Clark. Neil Hamilton is playing in "Beau Geste."

ANNA M.—No, I have never been asked to pose for shaving-cream advertisements. I don't know who said "The society of women endangers men's morals and refines their manners." Parking in "Say It Again, Darlin'". So you want to be a nurse.

TWO GREAT THINKERS.—Who? Yes, Douglas Fairbanks played in the mob scene of Mary's "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." Did you see him? Ian Keith opposite Belle Bennett in "The Little Governor."

CLAIRE.—So you got a real thrill when you saw Marion Nixon. She and Pat O'Malley in "Spangles" for Universal. I think you have a very good angle on the situation, but a man phoning in is not the best on the human heart, but she reads the hearts of men better than he.

VIVIAN F.—So you think my answers are cute. In "Laddie," the Gene Stratton-Porter story, four of the late novelist's relatives are connected with the picture. Jeanette Porter Meehan, daughter of Mrs. Porter, adapted the story which is being directed by her husband, Leo Meehan, and Jeanette and Gene Stratton, both grand-daughters, are included in the cast.

LOYAL THRU THE YEARS.—Your letter was mightily interesting, and I hope to hear from you again.

LIBERTY.—Well the other magazine that I answer questions for is the Motion Picture Classic, this magazine's young sister. Yes, I wear my beard all summer. Richard Dix was born July 18, 1894, six feet, 170 pounds, brown hair and eyes and is playing in "Say It Again," woman for Universal. I think the tiger is physically stronger than a lion. The silkworm lives from 50 to 73 days.

B. W. S.—Your letter surely sparked. Thanks for the buggy ride.

MRS. M. S.—Enjoyed yours, also the cards. I didn't see Ruth Roland this time when she was in New York, but she phoned me. I feel the same way you do about her.

G. C.—Pride only helps us to be generous; it never makes us so, any more than vanity will help us to be witty. So you like John Bowers. You know Mickey Daniels has left "Our Gang" but has been supplanted by another boy, even more freckled than he is.

SUE.—A guilty conscience is the mother of invention. Yes, Valentino has been married and divorced twice. From all accounts, I don't think there will be a third time. I should say I do drink buttermilk, and good and plenty this warm weather.

NOEL.—Here you are Noel, anything to make a boy happy in his youth. You want to know how "long was the whip used by Douglas Fairbanks in 'Don Q.'" How much did it weigh? What style was it? It is an Australian bull-whip, long, very slender and with a very sinuous lash fastened to a short, buttfike handle and tapering from an inch or so in thickness to a little more than a small cord in its 15th or 16th foot in length. It was used by cattlemen in the early ranch days of Southern California. Yes, Douglas is in Europe at this writing.

MISS L. D.—Speaking of curious words, there is one in the English language, the first two letters of which signify a male, the first three a female, the first four a child, but the word itself signifies a great woman. The word is "heroine." Yes, I think Richard Dix and Lois Wilson are an ideal couple. "Lefty" Flynn is playing in a series of two-reelers called "Bill Grimm's Progress."

RAMON'S SLAVE.—Well actions may speak louder than words, but they are not so great liars. Ramon Novarro was born September 20, 1899. John Barrymore was born February 15, 1882. Byron was the author of "Don Juan" that has just been reprieved.

DOROTHY L.—Thanks for sending me your Bebe Daniel's Club chats. Anyone wishing to join this club write to Dorothy Lubou, 2064 Vyse Avenue, New York City.

DOROTHY B.—Well I know anything personal—there's one club after another. Carol Dempster was born January 16, 1902. She is playing in "Sorrows of Satan." So it was in a dentist's office that you first met our magazine. Owen Moore in "Red Mill" with Marion Davies is playing in "The Road to Mandalay" with Lon Chaney and Lois Moran.

OLIVE NUT.—The Juggernaut is supposed to be a Hindoo god. He has a famous temple in India. Yes, there is a Columbia Company, and they have such stars as Betty Compson, Bert Lytell, Mary Carr, Ann Pennington, Johnnie Walker, Lionel Barrymore, Katherine MacDonald, and George O'Hara.

H. B. B.—Better start a company in Florida with the good-looking family. You say your wife resembles Pauline Starke, and your daughter resembles Dorothy Mackeall, while your son wants to join Tom Mix. I wouldn't be surprised if you looked like Valentino. Guess I could play a little part in that picture you mention myself. See you later. Have one on me.

MISS MAUDE R.—Surely you don't ask me to give you here a list of the pictures Tom Mix has played in—there were eight in 1924, and about as many every year since he began in 1920. Have a heart.

A. L.—No, I have no thoughts of marrying. I should say my room is reasonable; how could it be otherwise on a $15.00 salary? But it is not big enough for two and light housekeeping. Jacqueline Logan, Creighton Hale, Earle Fox, Zasu Pitts and David Butler in "Wages for Wives," from the stage play, "Chicken Feed." (Continued on page 78)
We have discovered one of the reasons for the lumber shortage—namely, Russell Simpson. You have heard about the long waits between scenes—of the weary waiting done by the players. Well, Mr. Simpson spends his time whittling. He is the film colony's jack-knife man. Here you see him in the character of Stubbins, which he essayed for "Lovey Mary."
Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt says:

"...together they constitute as simple, swift and effectual a method of caring for the skin as has yet been discovered"

The lovely younger women of society have learned that even in the proud bloom of youth it pays to keep the lamp of beauty filled and trimmed.

Listen, for instance, to Mrs. Vanderbilt—"Youthfulness is the real pot of gold at the end of every woman's rainbow. How to keep it, how to achieve it is her goal."

Mrs. Vanderbilt's beauty is like a star—cool, white, apart. It is unexpected—and thrilling.

As Miss Gloria Morgan she "danced at courts in the great capitals of Europe. Then came her brilliant marriage into one of America's most celebrated families, followed by the birth of a lovely baby girl.

Marriage, motherhood, houses in New York and Newport—responsibilities have only increased Mrs. Vanderbilt's conviction that beauty must have wise care.

"Pond's Two Creams," she says, "are a wonderful help to this coveted end—they cleanse the skin, keeping it fresh and firm. And protect it, giving it a velvety finish. Together they constitute as simple, swift and effectual a method of caring for the skin as has yet been discovered."

"Care for your skin as follows daily."

Whenever your skin needs cleansing use Pond's Cold Cream. After you return from an outing and always at night before retiring, pat it generously over the surface of your face, throat, hands. Let it stay on a few moments that its soft fine oils may sink down, down into the skin's deep cells, forcing out all dust, dirt and face powder. A soft cloth or facial tissue removes all cream and pore-deep dirt. To make doubly sure, pat fresh cream on again. Remove once more. Finish with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice.

If your skin has been exposed to sun and wind or if it tends to dryness, after the bedtime cleansing put on more Pond's Cold Cream and leave it until morning. It smooths out all the unhealthy little lines, brings you supple and fresh to start the day.

Oiliness means overactive oil glands and these in turn mean congestion at the base of the pores. Repeated cleansings with Pond's will eliminate every trace of oiliness and bring back a soft, clear tone—like satin without the sheen.

After every cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream, except the bedtime one, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream thinly. It vanishes, leaving an exquisitely smooth surface, a translucent loveliness. And now for your powder. Whisk it on and see how beautifully it lies and lingers! You won't forever have to be daubing your nose in public. And go out, now, without apprehension for your skin. Laugh at the wind. Turn your nose up at the sun. They cannot harm you—spared, protected, as you are by this delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Buy and try Pond's Creams. See for yourself that Mrs. Vanderbilt speaks truly when she says, "They constitute as effectual a method of caring for the skin as has yet been discovered."

Other women of beauty and social prestige who have praised Pond's Creams are:

Her Majesty the Queen of Roumania
The Princesse Marie de Bourbon
Mrs. William E. Borah
Miss Anne Morgan
Mrs. Nicholas Longworth
Miss Marjorie Oelrichs
Miss Eliza Patterson
Miss Camilla Livingston

Free Offer: Why not try Pond's Two Creams, free? Mail coupon for tubes of each and instructions for using them.

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

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Creams.

Name __________________________

Street __________________________

City __________________________ State __________________________

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
He's in the Army Now

— you know the rest of it. Anyway Syd Chaplin gets into khaki for "The Better 'Ole"

There's a funny side to everything, even warfare. And "The Better 'Ole" is it. If you don't believe us, go see for yourself.
YOUR POWDER WON'T "SHOW"
when you use a scientifically blended shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder to match your skin

By MADAME JEANNETTE
Famous cosmetician, retained by The Pompeian Laboratories as a consultant to give authentic advice regarding the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparations.

A SOFT, delicate texture—a lovely satiny face—yet not a sign of powder. What is the secret of her alluring complexion? Does she use powder? She does, but a shade that matches so perfectly the tone of her skin that she secures the good effects of powder without seeming to use it.

All smart women strive for a natural complexion, but all do not achieve it. Nor all women have found a powder that really matches their skin—a powder that reveals their natural coloring. Complexions are not composed of single colors, but a blend of different colors. Pompeian Beauty Powder is scientifically blended from different colors. Whatever the tone of your complexion, some one shade of this powder matches it perfectly. Select this shade from the directions that follow in the Shade Chart.

Pompeian Beauty Powder has gained its remarkable popularity because of its purity, its exceptional consistency, its delicate odor, its quality of adhering well—and its perfection of shades.

Shade Chart for selecting your shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder

Medium Skin: The average American skin tone is medium, neither decidedly light nor definitely olive. This skin should use the Naturelle shade.

Olive Skin: Women with this type of skin are apt to have the dark hair and eyes characteristic of beautiful Spanish women. This skin should use the Rachel shade to match its rich tones.

Pink Skin: This is the youthful, rose-tinted skin, and should use the Flesh shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

White Skin: This skin is unusual, but if you have it you are the only type that should use White powder in the daytime.

In the evening under artificial light it may be better to use powder of lighter shade than the one recommended above. In case of doubt, write a description of your skin, hair and eyes to me for special advice.

If you have experienced the difficulty of having powder look "chalky and unnatural," buy a box of Pompeian Beauty Powder today, in the shade suggested for your special type. At all toilet counters 60c. (Slightly higher in Canada.) Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

Madame Jeannette
Specialist in Beauty

P.S. I suggest Pompeian Day Cream to protect your skin against the weather, and Pompeian Bloom for a touch of color.

Send for Liberal Sample of Powder

Do you not agree with me about matching your skin tones with the correct powder shade? Then I urge you to act on this advice, and see with your own eyes how much more beautiful Pompeian Powder will make your complexion. It is so easy to make this test. Just fill in the coupon and send it to me with 10c. In return, I will send you a generous sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder (enough for several weeks' use) and in addition a sample of Pompeian Bloom containing enough rouge for 30 applications.

It will never be easier to tear off the coupon than NOW, before you turn the page.

Madame Jeannette, The Pompeian Laboratories
2613 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Madame: I enclose a dime (10c) for samples of Beauty Powder and Bloom.

Name
Street
City
State

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
DESPERATE AMROSE.—How desperate are you, Amrose? Yes, I have heard that the opal stone was hard luck, but cheer up. The turquoise stone is supposed to be a preservative from death, and Russian officers still wear them in their rings for that purpose. Wallace Beery is married to Mrs. Gillman. That is Gloria Swanson's real name. Mary Pickford was born in Canada, and her real name is Gladys Smith.

KITT-Y.—But the girls who can, but try, deserves more than the man who can but won't. Gloria Swanson's next is "Personality." Fred Thomson is married to Frances Marion. Therefore he probably gets all his scenarios free.

MARGARET F. C.—Well, Lloyd Hughes was born in Biscay, Arizona, October 2, 1899, and was married to Gloria Hope on June 30, 1921.

ALICE OF OLD VINCENNES.—So you are trying to convince me that a woman's love is more sincere than a man's. We will have to chat out some day. You are right about Bebe Daniels. No, Nita Naldi is not married.

Watch Them Rise!

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MEN</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Richard Dix</td>
<td>97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ramon Novarro</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ronald Colman</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Gilbert</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ben Lyon</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rudolph Valentino</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lloyd Hughes</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Haines</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richard Barthelmess</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ricardo Cortez</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George O'Brien</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tom Mix</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rod La Rocque</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lawrence Gray</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buck Jones</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Barrymore</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thomas Meighan</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lon Chaney</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clive Brook</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Douglas Fairbanks</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harrison Ford</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conrad Nagel</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adolphe Menjou</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jack Holt</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Percy Marmont</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Once more Richard Dix and Colleen Moore came out on top. But there is the usual shifting about among the other players.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WOMEN</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Colleen Moore</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Betty Bronson</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norma Shearer</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marion Davies</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Pickford</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gloria Swanson</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norma Talmadge</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bebe Daniels</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Brian</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clara Bow</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sally O'Neil</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Esther Ralston</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mae Murray</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barbara La Marr</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pola Negri</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vilma Banky</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Madge Bellamy</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dolores Costello</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lois Wilson</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Claire Windsor</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lillian Gish</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Constance Talmadge</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eleanor Boardman</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

SLIM JIM.—So you like Mr. Brewster's articles. He is some philosopher and prophet. Did you know that in August, 1909, issue of the Coldron Magazine, Mr. Brewster said, "Future wars will be fought and won with the pen and after that in the parlaments and congresses"? Yes, he was right.

DICK BARTHELMESS ADMIRER.—He was born May 9, 1895. Five feet seven. So you think it is a shame that Mrs. Barthelmess left him. You say you know many a girl who would like to take her place. Well, you know when a girl gets the "career" idea in her head, you can do nothing with her.

BERTIE—So you sent twenty-five cents to House Peters, Louis B. Mayer, and Will Rogers and their photographs never sent them. Perhaps they needed the money. Mary Philbin had an especially built celluloid "body" which she had to wear for her role of Unity Blake in "Stella Maris." Maybe she'll come back. They always do. Harrison Ford was married to Beatrice Prentice, but I understand they have separated. You say our alphabet is too long and should be shortened, and you ask me why. Say, is this a proposal? This is so sudden! The only way I know to get married, for then U and I would be one. Alas, I am too old.

Yet, I could certainly keep a woman warm with my whiskers—she would not use for fur.

FIRM AS A ROCQUE.—Oh! No, I am not in Walter Hiers' or Babe London's class. I'm in a class all by myself.

SAULAM. I. O.—Well, when my thoughts don't flow fast enough, I step on her. Lucille Ricksen was born September 2, 1907, and died March 13, 1925, of pernicious anemia.

CHAPPEE—Blessed are the Marys.—Mary Pickford, Mary Astor, Mary Philbin, Mary Brian and Merry Christmas. So you think I should go into the diplomatic service for Uncle Sam. I'm too young and honest for that crowd. Wasn't it the letter "L"?

ALBERTA.—Yes, I am a man of few words, and they are usually disagreeable ones. Anna Q. Nilsson is five feet seven. Perhaps Nita Naldi is the tallest woman on the screen. Valentino is five feet eleven. Yes, Constance Talmadge was married to John Pahlagou, but she is now Mrs. Alastair MacIntosh.

GAY—That's easy, Wallace Beery, and it's OLD VINCENNES again. — Continued from page 73 —
You Live Every Day—Meet Every Day—Unhandicapped

In this NEW way which solves women's oldest hygienic problem so amazingly by banishing the insecurity of old ways, and adding the convenience of disposability.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Registered Nurse

OTHER women have told you about Kotex; about the great difference it is making in their lives.

Now from the standpoint, both of practicing nurse in charge of more than 500 women and girls... and as a woman myself... I urge you to try it.

It converts most trying situations of yesterday into the mere incidents of today. You can wear your most exquisite things, your sheroest frocks and gowns without a second's thought. Once you try it, you will never again use a makeshift sanitary pad.

Eight in every ten of the representative women of America have adopted it. Highest hygienic authorities advise it. Virtually every great hospital in America employs it.

These new advantages
Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad, is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads.

Kotex also deodorizes by a new secret disinfectant. And thus solves another trying problem.

Kotex will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind—and in your health. 60% of many ills, according to many medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe or unsanitary makeshift methods.

There is no bother, no expense of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would waste paper—without embarrassment.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way. Obtain a package today.

Only Kotex is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the only sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton. It is the only napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super. Cellucotton Products Co., 166 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue
The Answer to "Whose Hands?"
Which Appeared in the July Issue

By F. Vance de Revere

The very versatile hand, whose owner is a very individual, belongs to Aileen Pringle. In her face, more than her hand, are shown determination, persistency and good judgment. In hand and face alike is indicated an honest, fearless, straightforward nature with great courage of her convictions, a person who is independent in both her thinking and her actions; one who is an excellent judge of human nature and very adaptable and adaptable to all conditions and people. Poise, dignity and self-control are much in evidence and are dominant characteristics. Aileen Pringle, with her mentality and ability, if given worth-while parts, would overshadow those who have been more fortunate.

All rights reserved
F. Vance de Revere

THE very youthfui hand belonging to one of the new people in the "Movies" is the hand of Gertrude Olmstead. Her hand, as well as her face, indicates a very versatile person with a number of possibilities. Vocationally, she could do well in several vocations. In both hand and face is shown a sensitive, emotional person, especially susceptible to music and color; tact, diplomacy and a sociable, friendly nature, a love of luxurious and harmonious surroundings. If Gertrude Olmstead, who is young and whose character is still in the formative state, develops her possibilities, she will be very successful.

ARE THEY ALL THEY SEEM?

Is Valentino a Don Juan in Hollywood?
Is Lillian Gish really as spiritual and wistful as she seems on the screen?
Is John Gilbert the same type that he appears to be?

Gladys Hall

has written a frank story about several of the motion picture people sans the mask they wear professionally. It is not only delightful and entertaining reading ... it is also an illuminating side-light on human beings.

Reserve Your Copy of the
September MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE Today
No Longer Guesswork or Uncertainty

Do you know that you can now have your hair made naturally wavy? Not waves of a day or a week, but permanent waves that will withstand washing, bleaching, dying, shampooing, wind or rain, sea or spray. And what is more—you may have the exact style of wave you want—small or large, tight or loose, with perfect results assured in advance.

Nestle Puts Permanent Waving on a New Scientific Basis

It is the Nestle METER SCALE that has brought about the new era in Permanent Waving...that tests the hair and determines how it shall be waved.

This machine, in the Nestle Laboratory, New York, reads a strand of your hair and reveals its exact characteristics. It makes it easy for us to prescribe the Circuline treatment that suits your case.

Nestle's Circuline Process of Permanent Waving

Nestle's Circuline Process carries out the readings of the Nestle Meter Scale to the letter. By this new method, any Nestle Circuline Waver will treat your hair according to its own characteristics—with results made certain before the wave.

Send a Sample of Your Hair For a Laboratory Reading

Just fill out the coupon below and enclose a small strand of hair, cut from the top (about as thick as the lead in an ordinary pencil and at least five inches long). Enclose $1 deposit—which will be deducted from the price of your next permanent wave, anywhere in the United States where the Circuline process is used. Over 6000 hairdressers and beauty parlors use Nestle permanent waving apparatus. The Nestle Company guarantees the refund of your deposit.

Mail the Coupon Today!

The Nestle Laboratory will send you its official examination card, showing the result of your hair test, and containing explicit directions to your permanent waver stating exact Circuline treatment required for type of wave you want.

NESTLE LANOIL CO., LTD.
12 East Forty-ninth Street, New York City Originators of Permanent Waving. (Est. 1905)
YES and NO

SAY IT WITH LETTERS

Have you a kick against the movies? Then don't suffer in silence. Write us a letter about it. Have you a favorite that you want to tell the world about? Then remember that it isn't fair to keep the good news to yourself. This department is devoted to your opinions and you are the boss of this page.

I

WAS very much interested in a letter published in the June motion picture in which the writer protests against players being cast according to type. Now, I think a review of the different favorites indicates that however versatile the players may be, the public will not allow them to break away from those parts with which they are identified.

If we separated Bill Hart from his six-shooters, Tom Mix from his sombrero, Harold Lloyd from his glasses, Mary Pickford from her curls, Charles Chaplin from his derby, cane, and shoes—would these stars continue to be stars in our eyes? I wonder.

The stars today have become established by the individual style of their respective vehicles in which they have stuck to these roles. The classic example is that classic comedian, Charles Chaplin. Never has he dared remove his little mustache, never has he discarded his derby or baggy trousers. When so great an artist as this feels it imperative to stay in one well-defined part, the necessity of creating a type and sticking to it becomes apparent.

What of Buster Keaton and Harold Lloyd? Harold Lloyd was comparatively unknown until he found his horrid rimmed glasses, and created his present type. One of our best types was Charles Ray, the bashful farmer boy. This type brought him fame—he tried to get away from it, and disaster followed. True, he is trying to get back into different vehicles, but he has been so identified with types that he has always been associated with them.

Dick Barthelmess attempted something different in "The Enchanted Cottage"—it was an artistic success, but a box-office failure. Mary Pickford attempted to change her type in "Dorothy Vernon"—it brought a storm of protest, and Mary returned to the type that made her famous.

Adolphe Menjou is a distinct type—he knows it, and keeps to it. So is Raymond Griffith, and Wallace Beery.

So we might go on. Most stars today are such because they have appreciated the value of type, and have capitalized it.

M. M.,

Vancouver, B. C.

Nothing Whatever—Only Five Husbands

I wonder where Peggy Hopkins Joyce got the idea that she is good-looking. She sure has it. I have never in my life seen anybody so conceited and egotistical as she is and with nothing whatever to even justify it.

I went to see "The Skyrocket" expecting to see a marvel of good looks, intelligence and acting. I came away disgusted, to say the least. I am surprised that such an intelligent and good-looking actor as Owen Moore would agree to play with her. That may not have been his fault, but that of the casting director, however.

She is vainly trying to win fame in the movies on her reputation in real life. Whatever her fatal charm for members of the opposite sex may be, let her continue to practise upon them and NOT on the poor unsuspecting fans.

G. R.,

Atlanta, Georgia.

Is Valentino Through?

I think that I can name the few actors that I think have talent and possibility. There are only a few. Valentino is gilt-and-he might as well "own up." Milton Sills, Thomas Meighan, Conway Tearle and Eugene O'Brien are too old to consider as possibilities. Lloyd Hughes, Rod La Rocque will always be just what they are today, good. Conrad Nagel, Ben Lyon and George O'Brien have possibilities as good-looking young men, but again, where is the talent? Richard Dix will always give good comedies. I could name lots of others who will finish soon, in my estimation, or stay the way they are, but what is the use when there are men who will do some more and better work in the future and for some years in the future, too? John Gilbert is either a fake or a "stay-in." I think probably the latter.

Ronald Colman has some common qualities, and he is rather clear of the rocks. But there is still John Barrymore. I will not say anything about him on the screen. He is a stage-actor and should have stayed there. He is too good for the screen and he knows it. He cannot bring out the same character on the screen the way he can on the stage.

I guess you are wondering where I put Ramon Novarro. Mr. Novarro has to have a place to himself. He will not fit in with any other actor on the screen. He is the exact type for the Prince Charming character. He is a real Prince Charming. I agree with Mr. Brewster entirely that his personality, magnetism and possibilities are the largest of all the other stars put together.

One thing I like about him personally is that he shuns the publicity part of it all. I know several stars who have liked very well for that thing called personality and then out comes a lot of publicity and I leave their vicinity forever. It may be prejudice, but I hate anybody who forces themselves on the public eye.

J. M. F.,

Ridgewood, N. J.

Be Accurate, Please

Life is certainly not as the movies paint it. Too much beauty is evident everywhere. For instance: In any death-bed or sick-room scene, the patient invariably looks very beautiful. No matter if it is a scene of childbirth, pneumonia, heart-failure, or consumption, I have yet to view the picture wherein the heroine does not look as if she had just stepped from Dorothy Gray's Face and Hair Parlor. We all know that life is not like that. I have been confined in bed myself for four months and I know that I look sick because I am sick, and I also get very cross and irritable, but ack ... in the movies ... regardless of how long the incubation, then, etc., they always remain sweet-tempered, forgiving, happy and uttering too microbiologically for words. If life could only be that pleasant ...

One thing more. Please print Mary Philbin's correct age. I was fortunate enough to have an article of mine printed in screenland some time ago about her, as we are old school-chums and playmates, and she's not in her teens. I'm out of mine, and she's older than I am, so let's be frank—the truth is always best, N'est-ce pas?

MARY SMITH MYTHORNE,

Indianapolis, Indiana.

But On the Other Hand

I have heard, frequently too, that Valentino has lost his popularity. Such being the case, I ventured to go to see "The Eagle" without looking my seat in advance, and all I saw were the S. R. O. signs—when there was any room at all.

"French Tango" has taken London and other large cities by storm. It is danced nightly at the best hotels to the strains of La Parisienne and Valentino.

Finally Paris and London have given (Continued on page 115)
You, Too, Can Realize Your Dreams
By Developing a
Strong Rich Voice

More than 20,000 men and women all over the country have
developed powerful, beautiful voices by Physical Voice
Culture. You, too, can build up a strong, magnetic, com-
pelling voice that will be the marvel of your friends, and
your key to success and fame.

Read the letters on this page from men and
women who have made their dreams come
truE by this wonderful, scientific method of
voice culture. You can continue your pres-
ent occupation and mode of life while you
study in your own home—and the cost is
nominal—only a very small amount each month as you study.

100% Improvement
Guaranteed
It makes no difference whether you
wish to improve your voice for your
own pleasure or for professional
singing. The man or woman sing-
ing in the home—the opera or con-
cert singer—the choir singer—all
can improve their voices 100%, at the
very least, by Physical Voice Culture.

We absolutely guarantee 100% improvement or your tuition will be
 gladly refunded. You alone are
to be the judge.

Gives Physical Voice Culture
Credit for Grand Opera Voice
Each 24 hours brings me a stronger and better hold on
my voice. I feel like telling you of it each day when
I think back to six years ago when catarrh had just
about finished my hearing and voice.
I joined the Los Angeles Opera Company this Spring
and we will have five Opera ready in September. It is
really pathetic to see the starving students, from the great voice
masters try for a place in the Company. Some very
pretty, but weak, palate attacks, throat and lip attacks.
I work hard all day and your silent exercises are a
wonderful rest.—Sert Langstro.

Harry Lompiere
Finds the
"Right Way"
I wish to give credit where
credit is due. The past twelve
years have been spent in pro-
fessional singing.
Believing that I had at last found
"the right way," I cascaded an
total season's bookings to apply
myself diligently to your idea.
Today my voice is completely new.
Formerly, I could sing only a fair
"P" (fifth line). Now I can sing
"P" flat with a rich, reson-
ant, manly tone.—Harry Lom-
piere.

Church Singer Delights Congregation
I cannot help but say "Thank God" for everything you have
done for me. As I sang in church yesterday people turned to
see who was singing.
I hope you will always think of me as one who has made a big success in
the work I chose to do.—Catera Becker.

For obvious reasons the names signed to these letters have been changed. But
the letters are all true and the real names of writers will be sent on request.

Singer Triumphs Over
Discouragement
Did you think one year ago that I would now be singing
as high as high "C"? I am very sure that I didn't.
I often think of that hopeless first letter I wrote to you
and I want to thank you for the help you have given me
and especially for the cheering letters at the beginning
when I needed boosting along the worst way.
Hoping that you will believe me to be ever your grate-
ful friend.—Mrs. Mary Brown.

Perfect Voice Institute, 1920 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago
Studio B-126

Send Coupon!
The coupon will bring you a
FREE copy of "Physical Voice
Culture, a valuable new book
on voice building. Do not hesi-
tate to ask for it. It is FREE
and need not be returned. This
may be the first step in a great
career for you. Send the cou-
pon TODAY!

Perfect Voice Institute, Studio B-126
1920 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, FREE and without any obligation, Prof. Fouck-
tinger's new book, "Physical Voice Culture," I have checked the
subject in which I am most interested.

[ ] Read Voice
[ ] Singing
[ ] Stammering
[ ] Speaking

Name.
Address.

City. State.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
When Ernst Lubitsch prepared to film "So This Is Paris," he looked about Hollywood and could not find any cafés that looked wicked enough. They were all well and good for that prosperous Western town..., but they weren't Paris. Then Harold Grieve was called in to design the exterior scenes as well as the interiors with these results.

At the top of the page is his conception of the exterior of a café on the Bois. Just above is a café's dance floor. The ceiling of silks and laces is draped away from the waists of striking pillars in the guise of shapely feminine limbs. And, on the left, is a room, the floor of which is completely hidden by mulberry velour carpet, while the curtains have many ruffles of gold net edged with robin's-egg blue ribbon. The walls are blue-gray and the furniture of the Louis XV period and hand-painted with gold trimming. So this is Paris... is it?
Rex Ingram's
MARÉ NOSTRUM
MEANS "Our Sea".
ALL New York thrilled to it
THOUSANDS and thousands
GLADLY paid $2.00 to see this epic by
BLASCO IBANEZ, master maker of tales.
ALICE TERRY as the beloved spy,
ANTONIO MORENO as Ulysses
WHO worshipped her
BUT loved a great cause more.
A sinking submarine—
THRILL after gasping thrill!
A STUPENDOUS picture
COMING to your theatre
DIRECT from Broadway.

A Metro-Goldwyn-Picture
"More Stars than there are in Heaven"
about your own personal favorites, and devote the space in the magazine to those players in whom the public is interested. "I might also add that as a diplomat you would make a fine substitute for a red flag at a ball-fight. In a recent issue of Motion Picture you made the statement that Thomas Meighan's admirers belong to the 'lower classes of citizenry.' And now you make the statement that the film public is slow thinking..."

"(Signed) One of the Slow Thinkers."

Unfortunately for the public—and the slow thinkers—Herbert Howe and myself have built up such sound reputations for acumen in motion picture matters that we are now paid immense salaries just to set in print the things which interest us.

We don't even have to be diplomats.

The Essence of Comedy

The secret of the success of comedy is its surprises, a culmination of an incident in just the opposite direction to which the spectator imagined would be the outcome, i.e., a diminutive comedian, having a slapstick battle with a large and fierce-looking gent, the two disappear into the next room, whereupon the walls shake and ornaments fall to the floor in such a manner that it leads the spectator to believe the dwarf is being annihilated. Instead, the little fellow returns, bearing in his hands the trousers and underwear of his opponent as symbols of victory.

Or a comedian, upon depositing a dachshund into a sausage-grinder, the spectator is led to expect that a string of frankfurters will come forth, but instead a cat and three kittens come marching out.

This Might Help

The mental reactions of the reformers certainly are a puzzle. They are always clamoring for laws to prevent children under fifteen from going to the movies.

Judging from many of the films we have seen lately, something should be done to stop people over fifteen from viewing them.

They Do It in the Movies

All burglars replace their loot and immediately return upon little Willie's awakening and walking in upon the intruder in his nightgown.

Persons confined to their bed because of illness always look in the best of health and present an attractive appearance.

There are no ordinary men in the Sahara desert, all Arabs being sheiks.

Why Doesn't My House Look Like That?

Have you at one time or another wondered why your living-room or bedroom did not have the charm of some room you have seen on the screen? Perhaps the set was not the home of a wealthy family at all. Perhaps there was nothing in it that you couldn't have in your own house. Yet there was a difference.

STEPHEN GOOSON

the interior decorator for the rooms used in First National Pictures, will write an article every month in which he will tell you how to get charm in your home.

Most houses suffer because there is not enough color in the rooms. Most of us are afraid we will overdo things in this direction. The way to get enough color in your rooms—yet not too much—is simple.

Don't miss Mr. Gooson's article in the

September Motion Picture Magazine

On the news-stands August 1
The Thing That Makes Them Great
(Continued from page 29)

The tears that had refused to come as he stood there dry-eyed and inarticulate, were there in his picture.

It is these tears trembling in every smile that have made Charlie Chaplin the greatest clown in the world.

And all the tears that were ever shed before the camera, haven’t one-millionth of a degree the poignancy of those shed where no eye will ever see or ever know.

After years of waiting, Belle Bennett has arrived. Her empty heart and empty arms have reaped the laurels denied to her in her happy youth.

"Stella Dallas," the story of a mother’s sacrifice, has revealed her one of the truly great emotional actresses of the screen.

Belle Bennett played the mother as no one else in the world could have played her. Her boy died just before she started work on the picture. She is alone now.

You don’t have to be ashamed if you wipe away a furtive tear or try to gulp down the hard lump in your throat. You are seeing the naked soul of a mother. It is her own heartaches you see pictured there in the cheap, shoddy little mother on the screen.

And if you praise, do it gently. Applause may ring harsh in a mother’s ears.

Jack Gilbert was just as handsome and romantic a few years ago as he is today. But then he was a comparatively obscure leading man and today he is among the screen immortals.

It was his marriage and separation from Leatrice Joy that bridged the distance. Those who understand him best, know that he hasn’t taken his marital difficulties lightly.

Almost overnight Jack Gilbert became the rage. Women adored him for his tragic brown eyes. Men liked him because he really could act.

He has found himself, but he has lost Leatrice. I wonder if the fame that has come to him will be sufficient for that.

One of the funniest men in pictures and his young wife died a few months ago—suicides.

He was Max Linder, the gay, debonair young Frenchman who didn’t seem to have a care in the world. He seemed to have everything worth while, a wife who loved him, another to die with him as she proved so tragically, wealth and fame. But his heart was so heavy life did not seem worth living.

They call Mabel Normand the stormy petrel in Hollywood. Her life has never been free from sadness. Her name has been connected with one scandal and tragedy after another. She has lost those nearest to her. And yet Mabel Normand has a smile on her lips, a smile sweeter and more appealing because it is shadowed by tragedy.

It took two unhappy marriages and the birth of her baby to make an actress out of an animated clothes model.

For years Gloria Swanson created a certain interest because of her bizarre coiffures, her ultrafashionable clothes and the eccentric uses of her make-up.

And then she became an actress, a woman who could sway her audiences to smile and sigh when she plucked the strings.

Today Gloria Swanson is no longer a big name in the news and acts which she is— a woman discovered life can hurt.

Mary Pickford for ten years has been the most conspicuous in the screen, but (Continued on page 89)

FREE:
A wonderful little book that gives new beauty secrets. Free, with every jar of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream

Four Simple Ways to improve your skin
—NOW!

By FRED INGRAM, Jr., F.A.C.
B. Sc., (Pharm.)

From 10 to 30 you need from 7/4 to 3 hours sleep at least four nights out of seven. At 80 to 5, 6/5 to 7 hours will do with a dry rest after lunch or just before dinner. If you want to be in your best for golf—get your rest. No cream or cosmetic can compete with loss of sleep.

And you simply must eat each day either butter, celery, cabbage, carrots, spinach, oranges, white cherries, mandarin, lemons or tomatoes. Your doctor will tell you just up to what these foods are a sure foundation for health.

II. For the arms, neck, shoulders and hands—at least once a day, lukewarm water and any good soap (Ingram’s Milkweed Cream soap is fine). Two use Ingram’s Milkweed Cream on hands, arms, neck and shoulders. Rub it in gently. Don’t rub it off. Use only at night before going to bed, or with your hands. You will be astonished. The results will be immediate and marked.

Your friends will comment on the remarkable change in the appearance of your skin with this simple common-sense treatment. Under no conditions use any other cream while you are making the test.

III. For the face, give our cream two weeks exclusive use. Write the date on the label. Use this method carefully. Use no other cream of any kind. Wash your face at night with lukewarm water and Ingram’s Milkweed Cream soap. Rub cream in gently; don’t rub it off. Use morning and night, using water only at night to cleanse face. Blotches, blemishes, redness, tan, wind, and sunburn will go if you follow the diet suggested and use Ingram’s Milkweed Cream exclusively.

Women today will tell you this simple treatment gets results. We have thousands of letters over a period of 40 years that back up our statements. And today thousands are enjoying the beauty insurance which this simple method brings.

IV. If you have a good beauty shop operating, stay with her. But insist that she use your own jar of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream. Infections are dangerous. Not one woman in a hundred has a scientific beauty operator. We are always glad to answer questions—to help those who have been unsuccessful in their search for skin lines. Particularly those who want to protect their beauty over a long period of years.

If you are in doubt, take no chances. Do your own face, arms, neck, hand and shoulder treatments at home. We will tell you how in our little booklet that comes with each jar of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream.

Your Arms, neck and hands may be beautiful, ivory white—often in two weeks!

As last year, and evening trocks leaves the arms, neck and upper back exposed. To be truly charming, beautiful—you must have this!

Smooth, satiny, ivory-white skin—so utterly charming to men!

Ingram’s Milkweed Cream has done just this, for over a million women—in this country alone. Use it daily on your hands, on your arms, neck and shoulders. You too will notice pleasing results, often within two short weeks.

Read the four common-sense beauty secrets in the column at the left. It tells you how. Then obtain a jar of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream at your favorite store. Get it in the 50 cent or dollar size. The dollar size is more economical. Start using it now. And remember:

You need only one cream—Ingram’s!

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Established 1885
Windsor, Ont.
321 Tenth St.,
Detroit, Mich.

Ingram’s Milkweed Cream.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
field, Illinois. She wanted to be a movie player. And with this urge upon her she ran away from home some five years ago and made the rounds of the various agents in New York, seeking to break into the golden gate by the extra route. She met with the usual response at the agencies.

"Nothing doing today."

Then she heard about Hollywood and the great number of studios there, of the increased production activities, and of those who suddenly found themselves famous and sought after by producers because of some effective "bit" they contributed to the screen.

But the railroads have a custom of charging for transportation and Red had no money. She knew that she danced with an abandon that was desirable, for she had danced in amateur theatricals back in Springfield. She applied for a job as a dancer at Rector's, then flourishing as one of Broadway's leading cabarets. She was hired and nightly did the dance which had made her the hit of the amateur offerings in her home town.

The girl with whom she dressed was a seasoned veteran who had had her fling under the studio lamps as an extra in several pictures. And when she confided to her her ambitions for a screen career, this girl pointed out the requirements of a wardrobe necessary for those who planned to heat and beat upon the movie's door until it swung open and remained open to them. She told Red that she would need a variety of shoes, evening gowns, hats and all the little incidentals. To get these things would take a large sum of money.

Then the Wise One offered Red a suggestion. Why didn't she blow out to Tia Juana in Hollywood. The pickings there were soft. The tourists spent money freely on the entertainers in the dance halls there. She knew. She had acquired a bank roll there herself. Sure, it was a tough life. But if your heart was set on being a movie player... well, that was one way.

Red listened. And the next night when the show went on at Rector's, she was in an upper berth and on her way to Tia Juana on borrowed money.

Once there, she did not have any difficulty in filling the requirements of the Tivoli. Her New York background gave her a superiority and it is not difficult to divest those who seek recreation in that one-street Mexican town, where the lights are turned on in the afternoon and are still blazing brightly when alarm-clocks awaken the average citizen to another day of toil.

So Esther became Tia Juana Red. That was just as well. She was in a place where few care to be known by their real names.

Every night she sang her numbers and did her dances in the smoky ribald palace of pleasure. She told herself that she was singing and dancing her way nearer and nearer the enchanted land of Kleig lights. She was acquiring the coveted wardrobe and saving her earnings for the siege she planned against Hollywood.

Then her chance came.

Arthur H. Sawyer, the discoverer of Barbara La Marr, who was always on the alert for new talent, visited Tia Juana in a search for types for his next picture, "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." He strolled into the Tivoli. Red was doing her stuff. Sawyer saw her at once and knew that she was the exact type for the dance-hall girl in the Yukon sequence.

His elation at finding a perfect type was nothing compared to Red's at being the type, however.

The long nights in the Tivoli... The brushing shoulders with the riffraff of the world... Her exile in the Mexican border town... It had all been worth while. It had brought her to her ambition.

So she descended upon Hollywood, armed with her bank-books... her clothes... even her car. They spent money freely down there in Tia Juana and she had been one of the favorites.

She played the role of the dance-hall girl in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" and gave it all the wild coloring and gave the atmosphere and realism that the part demanded. She called heavily upon her own experience. It may truthfully be said that she lived the part wholeheartedly.

And she made good.

The bits she contributed to her scenes were life. They shone forth brilliantly. She thought it might be a fad. So did Arthur Sawyer. So did I, who happened to be publicity director for the production.

But the ways of Hollywood and those who control its destinies are strange and unexplainable. Tia Juana Red armed with her skills and a good word from her producer made the rounds of the studios. She went to the big ones first. Of course. Then after a month or two she applied to the smaller companies. Everywhere she met the same story.

She had done a good dancing girl. But that had been easy. Hadn't she simply been playing herself. They had no pictures calling for the delineation of a dance-hall girl. But they hired her and kept her name on file and let her know.

Tia Juana Red was not easily daunted. She took quarters in a modest hotel, incurred a few debts, and spent some judicious money on that important weapon, publicity.

For six months she battered at the doors, but they did not budge. Then she did something that convinces us that sooner or later her ambition will find fulfillment.

Her savings were exhausted. She had sold her car. Her clothes were becoming passé. And she packed her trunk and headed for... Springfield! New York! No, Tia Juana and the Tivoli, and for more raucous nights of singing and dancing. She is back there now, saving again...

If you go to Tia Juana, look out for a girl with hair that shines like burnished copper... listen for the strains of "Red-hot Poppa, dont you try to take two time me..."

When You Have Dinner Guests...

Are you sometimes puzzled as to serve? Almost every hostess is. That is why we are glad to publish the menus and recipes favored by the stars. They have the best cooks that money can secure in their kitchens... and they know the little extras that make dinner parties successful.

We will print the menus and recipes of some meal every month.
The Thing That Makes Them Great
(Continued from page 87)

now her box-office receipts aren't quite so high as they used to be.
She had everything, beauty, charm and youth. But the greatest part of her appeal was her wistfulness. There was no one who could portray the forlorn little waif, the innocent child with the same degree of tenderness as she.

And somehow, even after seeing her in the happiest sort of fade-out, you couldn't help feeling a lump in your throat.
There was a pathos about Mary that suggested a little kitten hungry for affection.

It would be an old story to reconstruct the bridges Mary has burned behind her. You all know of her childhood, incomplete and barren as is the childhood of most stage children, her marriage with Owen Moore, her unhappiness, the cares of her family that rested so heavily on her shoulders.

And then suddenly, miraculously, happiness came.
She married Douglas Fairbanks, who adored her. He banished the cares that had been pressing against her. For the first time in her life there was someone to do things for her, to give instead of take, to shoulder the burden she had been carrying so long.

Today Mary's happiness glows in her eyes.

But something is lost.

Mary's art is still as great as it has ever been, but the wistful little waif whose eyes mirrored the sorrows of the whole world is gone forever.

We miss that little waif. Mary's gain has been our loss.

But somehow we feel that she is more than compensated for any loss of popularity that happiness has brought her.

We cant have everything, and who wouldn't choose happiness if they had the choice of what they wanted above everything else in the world?

Corinne Griffith's Clothes

. . . occasion admiring comment even in the well-groomed motion picture set. She has a faculty of selecting a fragile smartness that is most delightful.

Carline Boll
spent hours studying the things Miss Griffith bought on her recent trip to New York and she has sketched them so that you may adapt them to your own wardrobe.

They will appear in the September Motion Picture Magazine.

Advertising Section

Now—a new and totally different way to remove cold cream

A way that will double the effectiveness of your make-up
That will combat oily nose and skin conditions amazingly
That will make your skin seem shades lighter than before

Please accept a 7-day supply to try. See coupon below.

The ONLY way yet discovered that removes all dirt, grime and grease-laden accumulations in gentle safety to your skin

MODERN beauty science has discovered a new way to remove cleansing cream—a way different from any you have ever known.

It banishes the soiled towel method that all women detest. It contrasts the harshness of fibre and paper substitutes with a softness you'll love.

Now a test is being offered. Send the coupon and a 7-day supply will be sent you without charge.

It will prove that no matter how long you have removed cleansing cream with towels, paper substitutes, etc., you have never yet removed it thoroughly from your skin . . . have never removed it properly, or in gentle safety to your skin.

What it is

The name is Kleenex Kerchiefs—absorbent—a totally new kind of material, developed in consultation with leading authorities on skin care, solely for the removal of cleansing cream.

It is the first absorbent made for this purpose. There is no other like it.

Exquisitely dainty, immaculate and inviting; you use it, then discard it. White as snow and soft as down, it is 27 times as absorbent as a towel; 24 times as any fibre or paper makeshift!

Stops oily skins. Combats imperfections. Lightens the skin

On the advice of skin specialists, women today are flocking to this new way.

It will effect unique results on your skin. By removing all dirt and grime, it will give your skin a tone three or more shades whiter than before.

That's because old methods failed in absorbency. They removed but part of the cream and grime. The rest they rubbed back in. That is why your skin may seem several shades darker sometimes than it really is.

It will combat skin and nose oiliness amazingly. For an oily skin indicates cold cream left in the skin. The pores exude it constantly. That's why you must powder now so frequently. That's why, too, imperfections often appear.

This new way combats those failures of old ways. One day's use will prove its case beyond doubt.

Send the coupon
Upon receipt of it a full 7-day supply will be sent without charge.

Kleenex Kerchiefs—absorbent—come in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes, to fit your dressing table drawer . . . in two sizes:

Boudoir size, sheets 6 x 7 inches . . . 35c
Professional sheets 9 x 10 inches . . . 65c

7-Day Supply—FREE
KLEENEX CO., 167 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send without expense to me a sample packet of Kleenex Kerchiefs—absorbent—as offered.

Name__________________________
Address________________________

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
When you’ve taken a plunge in the cool, bracing surf—and battered and wet with spray, you climb out on the welcoming sand—have a Camel!

When the surf is running in from the sea. And you plunge in to shoulder aside the foam-topped rollers. When you climb out, glowing, and join the crowds on the beach—have a Camel!

For after healthful exercise, no other cigarette in the world satisfies the taste like Camels. Camel mildness and mellow fragrance is the awaited award of millions of experienced smokers. Camels are rolled of the choicest tobaccos nature grows—they never tire the taste. Camels are the expert blend that did away with cigarettey after-taste.

So this sparkling day as you start for the cool, restful beach. When with measured strokes you have tried your strength against the breakers—know then the most fragrant mellowness ever made into a cigarette.

Have a Camel!

Camels contain the very choicest tobaccos grown in all the world. Camels are blended by the world’s most expert blenders. Nothing is too good for Camels. In the making of this one brand we concentrate the tobacco knowledge and skill of the largest organization of tobacco experts in the world. No other cigarette made is like Camels. They are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.
Perfectly Natural

One shade for all complexions

Everywhere that women go, you will find *Pum-Kin Rouge*. It helps you look your best. At all Owl drug stores; at nearly all good drug and department stores; or by mail prepaid for 75c.

Address The Owl Drug Company,
611 Mission Street, San Francisco;
6th and Broadway, Los Angeles;
Clark and Madison Streets, Chicago;
53 West 23rd Street, New York

*Pum-Kin Rouge*

75¢ with mirror and puff
the platform, to send telegrams, to buy pottery from the gaily shawled Indians with some of their sunshine, their wares spread before them.

As our dusty train came to a stop, Lois said, "I have a movie fan here named Sandy. I wonder if he will be at the station to meet me?"

"A movie fan," I shrieked. For a crowd had collected to meet Lois. At least three hundred of Albuquerque's citizens, ranging in age from five to seventy-five years, swept her from my side the instant we descended from the train.

"Miss Wilson, why will you give me an autographed photograph?"

"Miss Wilson, will you write your name in my autograph album?"

"Miss Wilson, won't you stand over here in the light, please, and let us take your picture?"

I made a dash for freedom, leaving Lois at the mercy of her public. Some ten minutes later I saw her coming toward me down the platform. Many of her admirers still trooped behind her, at a slight distance.

But I was in hand with her strolled a young gentleman of about thirteen years. He was a rather ragged young gentleman but he wore his faded blue overalls, his patched coat, his scrubby shoes with that dashing air which sets one apart from the multitude. His freckled face was Healthy. His tumbled red hair seemed simply standing on end with enthusiasm. No boisterous, strolling with his lady, more gay than this you ever saw, much more gay than the triumphant from the tournament, more proud and happy in his lady's smile.

"This is Sandy," said Lois. And she was a smugly, too.

"Well, I'm certainly glad to meet you if you are a friend of Miss Wilson's," announced Sandy briskly, with a friendly grin which revealed uneven but very white teeth.

"Sandy is the best-known film fan in the country," explained Lois. "He meets the California Limited every day and has become my very staunch producer and director who travels over this route.

"Yes, I guess I know them all," said Sandy, as we three resumed the promenade. "I'm awful glad to see them, too, and they're always glad to see me, it seems.

"I thought," teased Lois, "that you had forgotten me, Sandy. Really you were very late in getting down to the station today.

"Well, it's this way, Miss Wilson," said Sandy seriously. "I had to help my mother this afternoon, so I couldn't start as soon as usual. I live over by the sawmills," he explained to me courteously, "and it's a long way for a boy to walk. But you must know, Miss Wilson," he added with naive flattery, "that I wouldn't think of missing the train when you are on it. Let's see the last time I saw you were with Miss Blanche Sweet. How is she these days?"

And at that Blanche was enjoying good health, he then proceeded to tell me how exciting news about himself. He was now, it seemed, the possessor of a Boy Scout cap.

"It fits fine. Gee, I wish you could see me in it, Miss Wilson."

"I wish I could, Sandy," said Lois sincerely. "You were telling me, the last time I came thru, that you were planning to go to the Scout camp. Did you go?"

"Yes, I did. We fellows had a great time up there. The only trouble was that I missed my mother. I got pretty lonesome for her. I did a lot of thinking while I was up at the camp," he continued, "and I just seemed to me that I never could live without my mother. Don't you feel that way sometimes, Miss Wilson, when you are away from your mother on these trips?"

"Yes, Sandy," Lois replied. "I know just exactly how you felt about it."

"I guess I could live without my father," said Sandy, "but I certainly wouldn't know what to do if anything ever happened to my mother. It's her birthday pretty soon and I'm saving up to get her a three-dollar tie for Christmas."

His blue eyes shone earnestly. "I guess she'll be pleased about that all right, won't she?"

One suspects that the shabby Sandy's mother might appreciate a more practical gift than a box of candy, but who would have the heart to suggest this to her gay, eager son? Neither Lois nor I, surely.

"Say, Miss Wilson," was the next remark, "I saw 'The Vanishing American' a little while back and I certainly was terribly disappointed in it."

I glanced over to see how Lois would take this. I thought it was very frank criticism, and found that she was very truly interested in Sandy's point of view.

"What didn't you like about the picture?"

"Well, your work was all right, and I liked Mr. Dix, too. But the picture wasn't a bit like the book. I read the book first, and so I couldn't appreciate the picture now."

"After this," I suggested frivolously, "I'd advise you to see the pictures first, and then read the books from which they are adapted. It may lessen the shock."

Sandy considered this line of action for a moment, and then nodded his red head. "I guess maybe that would be better," he said. "But I don't care much for fiction and these popular novels anyway. I like mostly books about travel and adventure. I'm reading a fine book now about a man named Livingston who went into Darkest Africa to go on a long camping trip."

I like to hear about Boy Scouts and what they do, and books about girls, too," he added generously, "if they're Girl Scouts."

I expressed my regret that neither Lois nor myself were Girl Scouts and then, being very much interested in this utterly unique young person, inquired if he worked for a living.

"Yes, I sell newspapers, but, of course, there's not much money in that," said Sandy. "Albuquerque isn't a very big place. Our population here is just thirty thousand and that includes the outskirts."

Sandy, you see, is right there with the details concerning his native town, and I'll wager he is accurate, too.

"I'll only be here a year longer, tho," he continued. "Carl Laemmle and I had a long talk the other day, when he stopped off here, and he promised that next year he would take me out to Hollywood. They say," he looked up keenly now at both of us, "that there is a man who always keeps his promises."

I had a quick vision of this shabby newswoman, talking as frankly and unconcernedly with the president of the Universal Film Corporation as he now talked with us. Laemmle, too, has come under his charm, it would seem. What road may not be opened to this young Dick Whittington? Particularly since it is often..."
said in Hollywood that Mr. Laemmle never does break a promise.

"But what can you do going to when you get to Hollywood, Sandy?"

"Why, I'm going to become a motion picture actor," he replied with perfect assurance. "That's what Mr. Laemmle is going to do for me. Isn't it wonderful, the friends I have in Hollywood!"

Sandy was as radiant as tho the Gates of Promise already swung wide. Indeed, in his eyes, they do. Has not Mr. Laemmle spoken?

"But why do you wish to become an actor, Sandy?"

"Because I dream of so many things," replied this astonishing child, "and if I'm an actor, all my dreams will come true."

Lois and I exchanged a glance. We know so many actors whose dreams have not come true. But again, in the face of such blissful faith, we could not tell Sandy so.

Sandy was now looking up and down the platform, evidently seeking someone.

"Isn't Miss Griffith on this train?" he questioned. "I heard that she was, and I'll be sorry to miss her."

Indeed, Corinne was reported to be on the train, but, as we told Sandy, we had not caught a glimpse of her so far. He then inquired after the Talmadge sisters, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Bill Hart, all friends of his and of whom he was interested in hearing reports. He spoke of them to his two-door neighbors who had been out of town for a little while.

"Bill Hart is my pal, and he's a great pal for a fellow to have," he said. "He certainly knows a lot about the West. Every time I see him he tells me stories about the Indians and cowboys, and the two-shooters who used to shoot from the hip. He's going up to the Scout camp with me some time. The fellows will certainly like Bill Hart.

The first section of the Limited rolled out of the station. Ours would follow, so escorted by Sandy we turned toward the train. But before we had joined the crowd clambering aboard, Lois paused, opened her hand-bag and drew out a dollar bill.

"Sandy," she said, smiling down at her shabby young caller, "there's a dollar to help pay for that box of candy for your mother."

Sandy stopped dead in his tracks. His face went sadder.

There was a hurt look in his blue eyes as he stared up at Lois. He drew in his breath, and then said in a hoarse little voice, "I can't take money from you, Miss Wilson. I can't take money from you."

I loved him for the brave manliness of that moment. It takes a tremendous pride and courage to refuse a crisp new dollar bill to some boy who is to whom dollar bills come all too seldom.

And remember, this strange, precocious child is without doubt keen enough to know that he could explain his naive charm with the warm-hearted, generous film stars, if he chose to do so.

But Sandy refuses their money and wins their love and respect instead.


"A-a-aboard."

The ten last moments had arrived. But I stood silent at Lois' side, watching the unexpected little drama being played out by a famous motion picture star and a little boy of three years old who lived "out by the sawmills" in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Lois smiled down on the child and then put one hand on the shoulder of his patched jacket.

"Sandy," she said gently. "I love little boys who—who go without many of the things other boys have, in order to give presents to their mothers. Unselfish boys," said Lois, and suddenly bent over to brush his tousled, upstanding red hair with her lips, "like you."

She thrust the bill into his reluctant hand, and we made a dash for the train, Sandy at our heels.

"But Miss Wilson! A whole dollar! Why that's more money than I've had in an entire year!" he cried protestingly.

However, Lois had won, and back in her drawing-room we looked out of the window to see Sandy, his face ashine once more, gazing eagerly up at us.

He waved at us, called to us, tho we could not hear what he said. We waved back, "Good-bye, Sandy!"

The train started, Sandy running along the platform under our window. The happy grin was vanishing from his face.

He was saying good-bye to one of his "motion picture friends," as he called the film stars.

Reaching the end of the platform, Sandy had to stop. As the train flashed by, one grabby little fist was pressed furiously over a very blue eye.

Is it possible that the most famous film fan in the country was close to tears as he caught a last glimpse of Lois? Perhaps. Tho, no doubt, he would have explained to any fellow Boy Scout who happened by that it was just a cinder.

That child has the rarest gift for friendship I have ever known," said Lois, as our train swept away from Albuquerque and on into the sunset desert. There seems to be no hero-worship in his affection for us. To him, the film players are just nice, friendly people whom he likes. He confides in us so naturally, so unaffectedly, that we cannot help being won over to him."

We speculated then on the probability of Carl Laemmle's taking Sandy to Holly-

wood, to make a film actor of him. It's quite within the bounds of possibility.

Sandy has poise and assurance, and the friendly grin on his freckled face would endear him to the film fans, without doubt.

Already this remarkable youngster has made no small mark for himself, in win-

ning the friendship of the leading stars, producers and all the motion picture nure realm. Who can say how soon his charm may extend beyond the confines of his native town, with its "thirty thousand people standing on the outskirts" to de-

light, entertain and amuse his fellow film fans everywhere?

Sandy, the film fan, may indeed become Sandy, the film star, in time. If so, may all his dreams come true, as he so firmly believes they will.

Are the Stars Beautiful?

Next month Nikol Schattenstein, the famous Russian portrait painter, answers this question. He has painted many of the screen stars ... and you'll be interested in the new things he has to say about women and the thing that makes them beautiful.
The Age of Our Men and the Innocence of Our Women

(Continued from page 25)

Meanwhile, Señorita Meller has looked upon the American screen and made observations. Translated from Spanish to French to English:

"You have many fine artists on the screen, but the men are too old, many of them are too old. They play youth and they have lines about their mouths and eyes. Good acting can make the same man and kind of personality, the tyrant, the saint, a thief, a fool, but a mature person cannot play extreme youth. Youth is one quality that dies and cannot be recalled.

The screen is not wholesome with older lovers always. They make love, but not like youth. Your girls are too innocent, your men too wise."

"Would Señorita Meller say that an artist is restricted by his physical self?"

"Yes," Raquel Meller would say. "Yes."

Casting according to type is simply following nature. But within the limits of his physical self an actor can be many different people. She herself is fourteen different women in one performance, singing fourteen different songs, but she does not choose roles that are not for Raquel Meller. Look what forgetting nature has done to the French stage, she said. Old men playing boy's parts, fat men playing the spiritual. Fantastic, ridiculous. Art is to make clear a soul, not to change the body.

Señorita Meller declared that she loves the screen so much that she would give up her singing for it. Whereupon Monsieur Baud, who has learned infinite tact from having been the manager for Bernhardt, Rejane, Duce, the Guietys, smiled cordially and said, "Oh, but she could not," in a manner that let in the whole world as lamently this possibility, which it would.

And what parts will she play, this most rapturous, beautiful, and mystic lady. It is just as well to get in some adjectives rashly about Señorita Meller's beauty before the avalanche starts in movie circles. You look upon her photographs and she is the same to many, undeniably Spanish, portrait merely. When she arrived in New York at last, the ship-news reporters, who aren't taken in by anything, not even the ravings of critics, who couldn't see it. This writer felt the same way, until midway into Señorita Meller's performance one evening, and then became ecstatically willing to shout with the rest. It all depends on how she screens. On the stage she works miracles of personality. You will swear that her eyes are green and brown and blue and jet-black, that she is really a larking peasant girl at heart, that she is a grande's donna, that she is the most dramatically lovely woman you have ever seen, that it isn't her art, it's her beauty, that it isn't her beauty, it's her acting. The critics' estimate of her is just as much a free-for-all.

The pictures she has made abroad are "The White Gypsy," made in Spain; "Les Oprrimés, les Oppressors," made in France, and these others made in France—"The Merry Widow," "The Promised Land," "The Night Watch," "Carmen." The Selwyns, New York theatrical producers, have purchased "The Imperial Violet." Her pictures have been released in this country so far, and she is therefore a mysterious quantity as a screen personality.

"In the big films, not superfims," said Miss Meller. "I do not want to play in those. If the scenery is big, the artist (Continued on page 97)
The Witchery of Starry Eyes

lures and beguiles as she bobs up from the waves. Tiny drops of water quiver at the very tips of her thick lashes, sparkling as dew in the summer sunshine.

It is the heavy sweep of long, dark lashes that makes her eyes so alluring. You can invest your eyes with this fascinating lure by darkening your lashes with WINX. Instantly they appear much longer and heavier, imparting roguish mischief with every glance. And, dive as you will, your eyes will stay lovely, for WINX is waterproof! Applied with brush attached to stopper of the bottle, it dries at once.

WINX is a harmless liquid that neither runs nor smears. Black or brown. 75¢. U.S. or Canada.

Offer! To prove the merits of WINX, mail the coupon with 12¢ for a generous sample. Another 12¢ brings a sample of PER T mont Rouge—waterproof tool.

ROSS CO., 424-H West 17th St., New York

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

MARMOLA

2.235 General Motors Bldg.
DETROIT, MICH.

25¢ Sample Free
Mail Coupon Send No Money

In 1907 Folks Began to Get Slender

Marmola Prescription Tablets were perfected in 1907. Look about you and note the result. Mark how slenderness prevails, how rare is excess fat. When Marmola came 18 years ago, at least ten times as many people overweighed.

Marmola combats the cause of the trouble, which usually lies in a gland. No abnormal exercise or diet is required. Simply take four tablets daily until you reach the weight desired. The method is prompt and pleasant.

Users of Marmola have told others about it until millions have learned the facts. Now people are taking over 100,000 boxes monthly.

Fat is a blight to beauty, health and fitness. It adds years to age. Everyone so handicapped should learn how to correct it.

The coupon will bring samples of Marmola. Also our books stating all the ingredients. Also our guarantee. Clip coupon now.

All druggists sell Marmola at 25¢ per box. Or it is mailed direct to plain wrappers by Marmola Co. Address in coupon.

A Hollywood Idyl

(Continued from page 21)

When she was working on "Scraps," it was necessary to build a swamp on the very edge of the lot and this was a great distance from where Doug was working with his pirates. He had a telephone installed on her set. But if he left the studios, he walked over to tell Mary good-bye, nevertheless.

They always make location trips together if they are for more than one day. If it is Doug's company that goes, Mary halts work on her production so that she may accompany them. And the reverse is true.

They are wise to hold dear such a precious thing. But it is the desire on their part to do these things that is idyllic.

Hand in hand, they walk forth to meet life. And no matter what turn life's tournament takes, they will always be victorious in a great sense...for they will be together.

There is something symbolic in the golden Mary and the bronzed and gallant Doug...something reminiscent of the medieval knights who rode forth bearing a holy pennant because of a lady...

And Doug will tell you that it was thru Mary that he became a Christian...

Let the cynics prate of love's being a myth...and of all the other silly things about which they prate so ceaselessly and stupidly.

We have seen what we have seen. We know what we know.

Out of the chaos of greasepaint, masks, press-agentry and the shifting scenes of Hollywood, an idyl has come.

A Map of Hollywood

There is such a craze for copies of the old-fashioned maps these days that we think it altogether fitting and proper that we publish one of Hollywood.

You'll see the studios—the homes of the stars sprawling all over the mountains—the Pacific Ocean overcrowded with yachts and lazing girls.

And you'll see the whole of Hollywood blocked out before your amazed eyes.

Wait for the September MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE!
The Age of Our Men and the Innocence of Our Women

(Continued from page 95)

becomes too small. In a superfilm like ‘Ben-Hur’ you cannot really act. In the picture, ‘The Big Parade,’ that is different, because it is so near our time, and because the story has been made very simple. King Vidor used the first principle in art—good selection. You will get big pictures by coming close to life and interpreting it only thru a very small cast.

“Costume pictures must be made differently, and I want to play in costume pictures. They do not age. It is a pity to make pictures that will die in a few years because the styles in clothes and hair-dressing have changed. It makes the best acting ridiculous. In Paris I saw recently the picture, ‘Forfeiture,’ with Panny Ward and Sessei Hayakawa. A few years ago it was a big success, and today everybody laughs because Miss Ward’s waistline is different.”

When Señorita Meller acts before the screen, Hollywood will learn some new temperamental demands as to filming reality. Miss Meller will act in costume and genre production, but if the producers think that Miss Meller will romanticize the past, well let them just think they can. When Miss Meller played Carmen before leaving France, she stripped Carmen of all traditions and made her a ragged mountain wench, and a thief. “Pola Negrí did not know. Miss Meller, ‘but a gypsy smuggles lace, but would never think of wearing it.’

The great Spanish beauty, imperious as a queen, keeps her hold, with her two Spanish maids, her Pelienege, her fabled casket of jewels three feet long, her two cars that stand at the door and are never used. It makes one giddy to think of the material for fan stories when Miss Meller enters the screen aristocracy. She may still keep her vows and not give interviews, but there is the story of her birth in a traveling troupe, her years as a factory facemaker, the two miracle years when she became blind and sang or begged in the streets and the miracle of her returning sight. Not the mysterious Count Domski in the background of Pola equals the picturesqueness of the Argentinian husband of Señorita Meller, Gomez Carillo, who carried her off to South America and imprisoned her in his embattled mansion.

On the stage she sings her famous song, the “Violeteras,” and throws bouquets of real violets into the audience. Señorita Meller also had a few fragrant posies to throw to our screen actors. Upon seeing Renée Adorée in “The Big Parade,” she wrote a public appreciation of Miss Adorée, saying that Miss Adorée had the great soul of a true artist. She saw Belle Bennett, especially in the latter hall of “Stella Dallas,” Lillian Gish, according to Raquel Meller, is a fine artist despite her manners.

John Gilbert got her accommodation, but Gilbert should not play young boys, he is too sophisticated. The thing Miss Meller has to bring to the screen, it is carried every day by the camera, is a clarity and nakedness of emotion such as no other actress possesses. She uses very few gestures, her pantomime is wonderfully reserved, but she can create characterizations that are real with a sort of world pang that makes the fates of a single character universal. She sings a little song to a girl in the streets, a flower of an, and you see the myriad lives of many such girls. You see nature revealing thru flesh where inwardly some nerves, some springs of life are lax and malformed.

Advertising Section

The Age of Our Men and the Innocence of Our Women

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
When Fields had once more returned, as in the blemachers, some astute admirer asked him about his new film. "I've got a film on the go, and the characters are all taken from my life."

"No, you never have," said Fields, "but you've been out of the film business for a while."

"Yes, I have," said the admirer, "and I think you should get back into it."
More Spending Money?

Here is your chance to earn a lot of pocket money. You can do it in spare time or part time, as you choose. The work is pleasant and dignified. We pay you a fine commission and big bonus money.

$300,000.00

Yes, we are going to pay our subscription agents all that money during the next year in commissions and prize money for securing subscriptions to Motion Picture Magazine and Motion Picture Classic—and we want you to earn some of it, too.

This is your opportunity. The job is an easy one. You’ll like it. Just write to us and say that you are interested—and we will tell you all about our plan.

Write Today!
BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.
172 Duffield Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Advertising Section

Genuine Jade
(Continued from page 71)
unique and appropriate. One has a round, very thin platinum case with a string of sapphires all around the edge. For full dress, the watch Mr. Menjou usually wears. With it he wears the narrow guard ring also pictured. His other rings are variegated, one emblematic, a gold seal ring, and one set with an amethyst, his birth stone.

"These cuff buttons," said Mr. Menjou as he showed me a pair with Chinese characters, "are some I value very much. My brother sent them to me from the Orient and those characters spell my name. Perhaps they aren’t the most legible identification tag I could wear, but I use them more than any other pair for business wear."

Carved jade surrounded by rose diamonds and mounted in platinum is Mr. Menjou’s newest full-dress set. It is of polished granate, even among his patently choice sets. Included in the jade set are two studs, four waistcoat buttons, and the double links. The photographs represent the design charmingly but cannot give hint of the real beauty of the gems.

For dinner dress, Mr. Menjou prefers black pearl buttons of fleur-de-lis diamonds set in black gold.

The use of pearls Mr. Menjou strongly commends for those of very simple tastes and others who are limited to the purchase of perhaps only one set. Buy pearls," he said, "they are always good for fine quality. In fact, they represent conservative as well as correct taste, and conservativo is the key-note to good taste in dress. It applies equally to clothes and jewelry.

"As for jewelry, per se," he continued, "I considered well, as a man of business, its merits and invested but before I bought many pieces. I have decided that it is an investment that pays good dividends in giving years of service in wear, and besides that, it has a constantly increasing intrinsic value.”

Love in the Movies

Impetuous love—Caveman love—Bashful boy love—Sophisticated Love—Intense love—

Next month Chamberlain offers his impressions of these five varieties of celluloid love.

His drawings are delightful.

Make Your Skin Ivory-White in 3 Days!

I have the honor to announce the most important beauty discovery of the age...a wonderful new-type lotion that clears the skin of every blemish and makes it as smooth and white as ivory. Every woman who wants a glorious complexion can now have it in three to six days.

NOW...a New Kind of Lotion Skin Whitener

NOW you can have the smooth, flawless complexion you have always longed for...the exquisite white skin you see only in famous beauty. The kind of skin that powder cannot give! This skin itself must be soft, smooth and white. My marvelous discovery now gives you the striking complexion in just three to six days. It smooths the skin to soft, silky texture. It whitens the skin to ivory whiteness.

Freckles and Tan Vanish!

All trace of freckles, tan, blackheads, roughness and redness disappear almost as if you had wished them away. Never before have women had such a preparation! Mild, gentle and guaranteed safe and harmless! Apply it in just three minutes at bedtime. Every woman should have it. There is not one complexion in a thousand that will not be cleared, smoother, more striking in just 71 days. Test It—Whiten Your Neck

Test this preparation on your arm, hands, or on your neck where the skin is usually much darker than on the face. See what an amazing improvement three days make. Use my Lotion Face Bleach any way you like for six days. Then, if you are not completely delighted, I ask you to let me refund your money.

Large Bottle—Low Price
Send no money—arrives pay on delivery.

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home in 2 years. Write for full particulars.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. MC 56, Dearborn Ave. & 50th St., CHICAGO
Calls Gray-Haired Women Foolish!

Folks don't mean to be unkind to the woman whose hair says "I am growing old." But gray hair today is your own fault! For its full, natural shade can be restored so easily!

Wear your hair in a style as youthful as you feel—but don't let gray, or faded locks spoil it all. There is a perfectly harmless liquid—clear as water from the spring—that restores the true shade no hair should ever lose!

Do try Mary T. Goldman's hair color restorer. You can so easily banish every sign of graying, and have the hair so delightfully soft and healthy, too. Ask your druggist or mail the coupon.

Complete Test FREE

MARY T. GOLDMAN
Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Send me the demonstration outfit FREE and POSTPAID. Mark color of hair with X.

[ ] Black [ ] Dark Brown [ ] Medium Brown
[ ] Auburn (dark red) [ ] Light Brown [ ] Light Auburn (faint red) [ ] Blonde

Name:________________________
Address:______________________

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer that Leaves No Artificial Look

Learn PHOTOGRAPHY at Home

Hundreds of his picture opportunities! Here is the fast-working camera, which enables you to send in a leading photographer's tests in proving your book. Write for free illustrated book. Order today! Git it now! Complete Camera Kit: Deluxe with 35 rolls of film, 20 prints, 15 transparancies, 2 cases, lens, etc., $2; complete camera, $7.50. No. 2 Camera, $2.50. Deluxe Camera Kit, $10.25. Inst. 10 days. Mail orders from New England Camera Works, 3001 Michigan Ave., Chicago, III.

PERSONAL Appearance is now more than ever the keynote of success. Is your physical appearance--

Charles Ray

Does His Stuff for "The Fire Brigade"

PROMOTION OF THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE IS GUARANTEED.
Nothing Like It!
You will simply marvel at the new Del-a-Tone Cream for removing unsightly hair. It's just an old tried and true friend in a new, convenient form ready for immediate use. Millions have used Del-a-tone in powder form and the circle of new users is constantly growing.

"If other women knew what I know about depilatories," said one delighted user, "they would use only Del-a-tone."

Such enthusiasm must be deserved. We want you to see for yourself how delightful Del-a-Tone Cream is. It is the only snow-white fragrant cream for removing superfluous hair in 3 minutes. Think of it — no unpleasant odor; just pure-white, and as convenient and easy to use as your favorite cold cream.

3 Minutes and Hair Is Gone
Del-a-tone is safe and sure. Just apply to face, neck, arms or limbs. In 3 minutes, rinse off and behold, a lovely, dainty skin free from all unsightly hair. Keeps bobbed hair neat and trim.

Del-a-tone and Del-a-Tone Cream are sold by Drug and Department Stores or we will send large size container of either product prepaid in plain wrapper for 50c (Exc. Ore. and S. $1.00). State whether you wish Del-a-Tone Cream or Del-a-Tone (powder). Fill out and return this coupon.

The Delatone Co.
Dept. 74, 221 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill.
Please send me FREE, prepaid in plain wrapper, 6c tube of Dela-Tone Cream.

Name _______________________________
Address _______________________________

MORE Pocket Money
Can be had by securing subscriptions to Motion Picture Magazine and Motion Picture Classic.
The work is pleasant and dignified. Write today.
Brewster Publications, Inc.
175 Duffield St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

PIMPLES
Cleared Up—often in 24 hours. To prove you can be rid of pimples, blackheads, acne eruptions on the face or body, barbers' itch, eczema, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin, simply send me a large name and address today—no cost or obligation. CLEAR-TONE tried and tested in over 100,000 cases—sold like toilet water—simply magical in fighting acne. No matter how bad your case, send us these three small perfume bottles. If not entirely satisfied, write TODAY.
E. S. GIVENS, 422 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

The Good Soldier
(Continued from page 43)
to play up, but Louise refused. Like a bad child, she sulked thru the scene.

A little man at the back of the theater stopped the music. H. walked up the aisle to the steps from pit to stage and mounted them, beckoned to Louise, who had de-fiantly watched him com, and backed her against the wall of the set.

"Louise," he said, gently, "I want you to be a good soldier. Some day, you know, you're going to be a general."

He was Charles Frohman.

"I've never forgotten it!" cried Miss Dresser, her wide-set blue eyes tender with memories of days in the F. "I went to Gertrude at once and apologized. Whenever I've been tempted to be cocky, I've remembered what that great little man said to me—and mentally saluted."

But before Charles Frohman ever saw her, Louise Dresser was enrolled in the ranks of good soldiers.

Her father died when she was fourteen, leaving her widow and children nothing but loving memories. Since the little girl was gifted with a golden voice, not unnaturally she found her way to opera houses, in a more or less amateur fashion.

A big benefit held in a Columbus theater where Louise was a tremendous favorite brought her in touch with two show girls from New York, who promised to find her a real job some day.

"People often say those things and seldom do more," observed Miss Dresser, across the luncheon table, "but behold the exception! One day, when I was nearly sixteen, a letter came asking me to join a musical show in Boston.

"Nothing would do but I must go. My poor mother led an awful life until she agreed and we got the money together to buy a ticket to New York, where I was to be met by 'the impresario.' There wasn't money enough to get a berth so I sat up all night, arriving next day, tired out and scared to death.

"A man in an overcoat that fell quite to his heels, a near-mink collar and a high silk hat met me. He could have doubled for Mephisto without make-up.

"'Jack says—Jack is Miss Dresser's attractive husband,' says my guardian angel must have been right there that day, for Mephisto took me to a house on Fourteenth Street that is worse than can be imagined. Up two flights of narrow stairs we went, my poor little legs shaking so they could hardly carry me, to a bit of a room with a queer, carpet-covered folding bed.

"'Rest awhile,' Mephisto directed. 'We go on by boat tonight.'

"The minute he left the room, I fell down beside that carpet-covered bed and prayed every prayer I knew. I know I said 'Now I lay me' six times! Then I crawled up on the bed.

"At Boston he took me to a boarding-house. I explained to the landlady that I'd never been away from my mother before and begged her to let me sleep with her, not to leave me alone! She put me with her daughter.

"Then came the blow. The 'musical show' turned out to be a burlesque. I didn't even know what the word meant. I'd never seen a pair of tights in my life. For four miserable weeks I stuck it out. My clothes were thin and I wasn't used to New England winds, so I had pneumonia.

"Some day I am going to tell you about the wonderful woman who took care of me then—took me, a little unknown burlesque dancer, to the best homes in Boston, never spent a day that you didn't feel well in your own home.'

"There are better things..."

The Good Soldier
(Continued from page 105)

Irresistible is the charm of a smooth clear skin.

Nor the element of beauty
has the alluring appeal of a fresh, velvety skin,
glowing with health and color.
Every man admires it and nature intended every woman to possess it.

But no skin, however lovely, will retain its beauty unaided and thousands of women have found the solution of their problem in the daily use of Resinol Soap. There are three excellent reasons why this soap appeals so strongly to the woman who wishes to preserve or restore the fresh, youthful charm of her complexion.

First, it is a decidedly pleasing toilet soap giving a quantity of creamy, pore-searching lather that invigorates while it cleanses.

Then its ingredients are absolutely pure and wholesome. There is no trace of free alkali—that harsh, drying chemical which makes so many ordinary soaps injurious to the skin and hair.

But best of all, it contains the soothing Resinol properties which give it that distinctive, refreshing fragrance and rich color, and cause it to keep the skin clear and velvety.

RESINOL OINTMENT is a ready aid to Resinol Soap. In addition to being widely used for eczema, rashes, chafing, etc., thousands of women find it indispensable for clearing away blackheads, blemishes and similar blemishes.

Write for free sample of Resinol Soap and Ointment.

1 c. c. Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
Their hair defies summer breezes

Long evenings, hatless, outdoors... At times like these it takes more than ordinary brushing to keep your hair smooth, in place.

Defy summer breezes—with Stacombs! Keep your hair lustrous, smart—all day long. Stacombs counteract dandruff, too. In jars, tubes and liquid form. All drug stores.

Stacombs

FREE OFFER

Standard Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. O-28, 113 W. 18th St., N.Y.C.
Send free sample of Stacombs by checked:
Box form □. Liquid form □.

Name

Address

Why Blonde Hair Requires a Special Shampoo

Nothing attracts more attention than beautifully blonde hair. That is why blondes always have a charm all their own. The only unfortunate thing about blonde hair is that it has a natural tendency to darken, streak or fade as one grows older. Then blonde hair is anything but beautiful. But now a way has been found to correct the natural darkening of blonde hair. You simply shampoo your hair with Blondex, a new shampoo for blonde hair only. Blondex not only keeps hair from darkening—but actually brings back the original golden beauty, even to the most faded and darkened blonde hair. Blondex is not a dye—contains no injurious chemicals.

Down at No. 410 East 106th Street, they settled in a little home and Albert found that he had to scratch gravel mighty hard even in opulent America to keep the shoes going and the rent paid.

One day he conceived a brilliant idea.

That night he announced it to his wife.

Have You an Idea for a Movie?

Having an idea is the first thing... But how to present it to the film companies so that it will reach the proper person is another thing.

Agnes Christine Johnston, a brilliant scenario writer, who knows how the wheels go round in scenario departments, gives a few valuable suggestions which anyone who has an idea for a movie will be interested in reading.

Look for this story in the September Motion Picture Magazine.
He's a Good Picker  
(Continued from page 31)

powder dabbed on her fine features, she faced the camera in those extremes and was an exquisite picture of beauty and charm.

It seems that a wicked wink got Jobyna Ralston in the movies and gave her her preliminary training that prepared her for her present roles opposite Harold Lloyd. In 1917, she was offered a girl role opposite him, Johnny Hines wanted one with lovely eyes, and one of these eyes had to wink naughtily. The scene was a drug-store, with the comedian as the clerk. A sweet young thing enters with a cinder in her eye, and Johnny, seeing beauty in distress, via the blinking optic, welcomes a flirtation over the soda-fountain.

Dozens of girls were tried out for this scene, and none of them, strange to say, could wink the right eye with all of the fineness that Jobyna Ralston was playing in a musical comedy on Broadway around that time with hopes for a chance in the movies. Johnny Hines happened to see her in the show.

"Gosh!" he said to himself, or words to that effect, "that girl ought to screen like the so-called and elusive million dollars!"

But could she wink! Jobyna was sent for, her wink qualified as an entrance examination, and she soon received her diploma, which paved the way for bigger and better things for Jobyna.

Johnny Hines saw a ravishingly pretty girl in the "Follies." Her name was Billie Dove. He sent for her and asked her if she would like to lend her beauty to the uplift of the silent art and she assented. Billie Dove was chosen by the comedian because she was the sweet type of girl that was at that time becoming so popular on the screen. Not the Broadway type, nor the flapper, but the—well, a popular song of days gone by describes Billie Dove aptly in its chorus by, "I want a girl just like the girl that married dear old Dad!"

That was Billie Dove as Johnny Hines saw her and gave her her chance. Perhaps you've heard of Billie. Let's see! She's playing opposite Doug Fairbanks in "The Black Pirate."

"Have you ever come across a girl," Johnny suddenly asked, who was absolutely beautiful from every angle? No matter what way she faced the cameras, her loveliness registered? Such a girl came into our studios and got her first experience before the motion picture camera. She hadn't walked from studio to studio with the hopes of obtaining extra work. She came to us and she got her first job. I'll never forget the first day that motion picture make-up was introduced to Jacqueline Logan——

Now all the time that these girls were learning their movie lessons and stepping into the great big world in search of fame and fortune, Johnny Hines was progressing. He had established himself as a first-rate comedian in the "Torchy" comedies. Other comedians were flirting with feature-length pictures, so why shouldn't he?

Before Johnny began with "Sure-Fire Flint," he determined to start off with a bang that could be heard around the celluloid world. He began thinking about a leading woman to be someone who would lend class and distinction.

"For that picture," the comedian explained, "I had to have a girl who could step out of a rented Rolls-Royce and look as tho she owned it. I had to have a girl who would walk into a lavishly sat

Ample argument

THE OLD CHINESE proverb says, "One picture is worth ten thousand words." By much the same reasoning and it is sound reasoning, too, the best argument for Fatima is Fatima. Taste one... for just one taste is worth a bookful of description

FATIMA

"What a whaled off a difference just a few cents make"

Subscribe to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE  (Rates on page 5)
The Moods of Chaplin

A short time ago a writer of repute went to Hollywood with the main purpose of interviewing Charlie Chaplin for a magazine with a huge circulation. He waited. He kicked his heels. He had arrived at a time when Chaplin was in no mood to be asked questions. And he returned to New York without an audience.

This is just one of the incidents which Mordaunt Hall tells in his graphic and understanding character study of Charlie Chaplin. The world comprehends the figure which Chaplin presents upon the screen. But few have ever troubled to understand the man himself.

Further Adventures of Cella Lloyd
By John Held

And Other Features Presented for the Entertainment of People Who Think

Ask Your Newsdealer to Reserve the August CLASSIC for you.
**BANISHES**

**Gray Hair**

**in 15 Minutes**

WITH invisible success hundreds of thousands of American women have removed the story of their hair by using INECTO RAPID NOTOX. And the success of those in guiding thousands more to use this, the one that is perfectly natural and perfectly safe; strictly scientific, conforming with the most exacting laboratory standards.

It is specifically guaranteed to impart a glamour, a sheen to faded hair all its former charming beauty of lustre, of silk texture and shade. Its use cannot be detected. It is guaranteed permanent; its color is attained by natural means. You cannot destroy Nature’s will—rubbing, rubbing, shampooing, sunshine, salt water, etc., TO REMOVE IT. There is no warping, marcelling and curling. It is safe; it cannot injure texture or growth contains no paraphernalia. The ease of application enables anyone to apply it in the privacy of one’s own home.

**Send No Money**

Merely fill out the coupon below INECTO, Inc., 33-35 West 46th St., New York City.

Please send me at a special low full-price of INECTO NOTOX and the beauty and chemical chart D-35.

**Name.**

**Address.**

**City.**

Is CANADA called State.

N.B. Make check payable to N. A. Laboratory

220. Cold St., Toronto.

---

**All for a Dollar!**

PIN a dollar bill, or better, a U.S. money order for one dollar, to this advertisement, with the coupon filled out—and we will send you a handsome set of 24 pictures of Motion Picture Stars (4½ x 7 inches)—and the next four issues of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.

175 Duffy Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**BUST DEVELOPED**

**My Big Three Font Treatment is the ONE that gives FULL DEVELOPMENT without exposure.**

Please send me a VERY GENUINE DEMONSTRATION FREE.

If you send a dime toward expense.

A Big Almanac Book of my Wonder Pill... It contains many conditions treated by it... and many more that can be sent for Gratis.

Taker in 25c.

If not, your dime back quick. This book is a true one. It is printed on very softest paper, so send NOW with 25c, only MADAME WILLIAMS, D. S., Buffalo, N. Y.

---

**BROWNIE NAME CARDS**

**Latest Handy Siz—**

50 Perfect Name Cards and Case 50c.

Size 2½ x 3½, engraved in dull black, gold, black, silver, or gold. Choice of Old English, Script, etc., types. With novelty case, Price complete, $1.00. Send stamps, coin or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Address, Brownie, 641 Main Street, Chicago, Illinois.

**BROWNIE NAME CARD CO.** 641 MAIN STREET

GEO. R.

---

**FEDERAL SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING**

8096 Federal School Building

Minneapolis, Minn.

EARN **$100** to $250 a WEEK

You can quickly learn to draw pictures that sell through a remarkable simple system which is taught here. Each student is given a portion after completion which becomes his own. Good artists are always in demand and make fine income. Write today for free book. No obligation.

Washington School of Art

Room 188-D, 1118-11th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

---

**The Good Soldier**

(Continued from page 101)

lesque actress, into her own home!...

Some day—

"When I recovered, I looked for work and didn't find it. I wouldn't eat at her house then. This was the period. I had meal ticket that bought a meal a day for a week and I spent tens cents a day on chocolate. The ticket ran out on a Tuesday and I couldn't work, until Thursday, and I was invited to Sunday dinner, with my wonderful woman. ...

Sunday came. I managed to get to the table, eat my soup and fainted. I starved too long. ...

"After that came a chance to sing at the museum—nine shows a day. Girls say no young people take so-and-so; would you?" I took what came, no matter how hard, gritted my teeth and stuck until I reached Broadway—and stayed there nine years!

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gardner have been married eighteen years, and never have let stage or screen come home with them.

They came to the Coast, because Louise's mother couldn't live in the East, and stayed because Louise broke into pictures.

It was a hard climb, this picture trail, but the good soldier held to his father. She knew she was an emotional and a character actress, but nobody else knew it. Producers thought of her as a comedienne, till "The Gypsy Girl" came.

"Now they think of me as a player of mothers," said Miss Dresser. "I don't want the label."

"The best thing about pictures is that everything is for the good of the picture. When I first got into it, I didn't understand this. George M. Cohan delighted me by asking me to do Roscoe Arbuckle in 'Salomy Jane.' I had a scene in which I ran cursing and screaming down a long hill to reach my husband, who was about to be hung; was my last scene and my only one. We made it in a canyon, with hundreds of people looking on."

"This is what pictures should be!" I thought. "One whole scene!"

"I saw the rushes and the thing looked as I had imagined it. I could have wept with joy, for I felt that my mother went with me to the opening of the picture. I waited for my scene breathlessly. It came. I saw myself standing at the top of the hill, running—to run—then they cut to another sequence."

"I couldn't bear it. I got up, dragging my cloak, walked over my family, felt my way out, wandered blindly down the street, crying like a child. I remember I stood by a bakery window, saying: 'I mustn't cry like this' and not stopping."

"But I saw that cutting my scene helped the picture. I'm no Pollyanna, but I've lived long enough to know that things work out for the best."

When I went off to New York, I learned that a famous star had her picture taken and let me have Stella. Up to the last minute, I thought for the part, and I was broken-hearted when I lost it.

"Yet look at Belle Bennett. Wasn't she exactly the right one to play it? It was the housewife because to tell you the good work of others. How gifted is Lois Moran! Dolores Costello, with that eerie something that transcends the ordinary. Everything's running. "He has not even touched the heights he could reach." Esther Ralston was so easy to work with, so in sympathy with me that when I failed, she didn't care if she really and truly belonged to me!"

There you have the good soldier. A general, indeed.
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 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. Contains no grease or color and will not stain. At all toilet counters, 25c.

Send for Sample—only 5c.

Ruth Miller
The Odorono Company
68 Blaisd Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me sample tube of Creme Odorono, for which I enclose 5c.

Name

Address

Hollywood Notes

(Continued from page 41)

point of appreciating symphony orchestras, grand opera and chamber music, and then we slip back to the crude jangle and dumb-dum-dum of our primitive ancestors." And Tom is quite right.

I have been wondering who are the most popular players in Hollywood, but have come to no definite conclusion. In some sets a certain player is very popular, but this very popularity makes him or her unpopular in the other sets. Among the men everywhere Constance Talmadge seems to be the most popular—but, lest, they all seem to want to dance with and be around her. Of all the places, studies and parties I have been to, not once have I met Rod La Rocque, nor even heard his name mentioned. Corinne Griffith is another who does not seem to mix, and I have seen her only once.

Most of the best two-reel comedies in the world come from the Hal Roach studios out in Culver City near the M. G. M. and Cecil De Mille studios, including many with "hathing beauties." I used to have the notion back East that these young ladies were not always Sunday-school girls and that therefore the atmosphere of these studios was not quite like that of a Method-ist prayer-meeting. I recently had a long talk with Billy Joy, brother of Leatrice Joy, who has just severed his long connection with the Hal Roach studio. Among other things, he said: "One thing about the Roach lot is that it is clean and above reproach in every respect. Any child or young girl would be just as safe there as at home and Hal Roach has always insisted on keeping everything on a high plane mentally, morally and physically."

Leatrice Joy is not married and has no official manager, but she has a brother who lives with her, and greater love than this hath no man. Talk about idolatry and devotion—well, Billy Joy could certainly give Sidney Carter lessons, and he has all but laid down his life for his sister. They say that one must live with a person to know that person, and therefore Billy ought to know Leatrice about as well as anybody; and if she is all that Billy says she is, Leatrice Joy comes about as near the perfect woman as anybody I have ever met or heard or read about. And if must indeed be a happy home—the Joy home which is well named—the smiling, happy, always-charmful Leatrice, the fond, doting mother, the loved and loving child of the unfortunate Gilbert marriage and the idol-izing brother. And when they invited Corliss Palmer and me to dine with them at the Ambassador, I accepted, curious to know if all the wonderful things Billy had said about Leatrice were true. And now, after an evening with Leatrice, I am convinced that Billy is no relation of Ananias—that everything he said was true.

I said to Louise Fazenda the other night at a party given by Bess Meredyth, the scenarist, "I have been wondering why you are not starring in feature-length comedies, like Chaplin, Lloyd and Keaton." Her eyes sparkled, she straightened up and said earnestly, "I wish you would tell Harry Warner that." I told her I would, but that I require nine-tenths of her salary as my share of the spoils. She said I could have ten-tenths, so I promptly went over to another corner where Harry and his wife were sitting and made an elo-quent appeal to the Warner magnate. But to my surprise and delight he said that they had already planned to star Louise with Willard Louis.

I was sitting in the publicity office of the Hal Roach studio talking to the young lady in charge, when Joe Cobb and Farina rushed in demanding some lollipops or all-day suckers—whatever you call them. The young lady was reluctant but was finally compelled to go to a closet and deal out the candies. I afterwards talked with Director MacGowan, and he said that the gang frequently goes on strike like that, refusing to go on with their work until they are sweetened up.

Shoemakers' wives may go ill shod, but movie magnates' wives not only go to the movies regularly—they also adore appearing in them. Mrs. Earl Hudson is seen here with Mrs. Dorothy Walker in a scene from "Mimases".
Merton lived in a mist. I do not hold a brief for anyone in the book, they are all of their time, of this day. I do not want them to speak. If the life of the book is set down it will have what lessons anyone wants to find in it. If we could get an answer, to anything, if we could repeat and bring back to a reform the world and change human nature, it would be wonderful. But no one sits in at the council table in heaven. I am not thinking man regulates life, life regulates man.

"Do you think the American public will like the film story? It is a tragedy." "I hope they do, and get all its moods, I think the American public will like it. An American Tragedy is different in psychology from other American films only in so far that it shows sometimes in the mist we live in so many individuals can't pay up for their illusions. Otherwise the gift is there, our success depends on our dreams, that is what I wrote about.

There is another thing that Dreiser would like to see in the filmed 'An American Tragedy' and that is some of the beauty of our industrial civilization. "A sheriff arresting a man, a court scene, the human drama of laboring life like canals, the milltown out there all have beauty. When they picture our grand hotels, the mill town, the line of hundreds leaving a factory at the whistle, they should get the sombre mechanistic dance of it in.'

Dreiser likes the movies, he is not afraid that they can't picture his novels, but he is going to keep a grip on his works until he sees the scenario. There is a clause in the contract between Famous and Dreiser that says Famous may get out of the picture if they want to, and Dreiser must approve the scenario. "It is a silly attitude to say that the movies, cannot do great things," says he, "though they are one of the most human of the momentous things in any medium, and so is 'The Cabinet of Caligari' and some of Chaplin's films. That funny little fellow Chaplin's pictures are on the road that physically and psychically would know him not, an aspiring pauper of physical and spiritual cowardice—it is great life."

"There is a new play, 'The American's rata-ta,' the calliope ahead of the circus. The movies are doing the utmost to spread our American psychology and the world seems ready for it. I don't think that they like American movies from Sumatra to China because our heroines are so beautiful, but because of the psychology the pictures carry. No other people have ever dreamed such wholesale riotous dreams. We go all over the world with our shot of take a chance, that success is the thing. I think, that there is love for everyone, a swell time for everyone. No other people have ever dared even to think such a psychology. I don't know what the moral attitude is out of the soil and air over us I suppose. We get broken on our illusions and pick ourselves up and start in all over again. I remember at the Woolworth building, why do you want to build the Woolworth building? and he replied that he wanted to be the man who put up the biggest building. In the city of Des Moines, in Des Moines, in Omaha, in Wichita, they want big hotels. The hotels may not pay, but they have to have a fine hotel. Our automobile business is based on the buying cars on the (Continued on page 115)

New York City lives a woman who has such amazing vitality that she is the envy of all her friends. Yet not so long ago they used to call her "Weary Winifred." Winifred has asked us to publish her story for the benefit of the thousands of other women who may be helped by it. It is printed here in her own words, as an open letter to all women who are discouraged with their physical burdens.

"The strangest thing," she says, "is that I never realized that there was anything the matter with me. Or, I thought, was that of the ordinary wife and mother. But somehow, I never seemed to catch up with myself, I used to lay my head on my pillow and drag myself out of bed the next morning. I had to climb up the mountain, so to speak. I didn't know why, or, if I knew, I didn't care. It was too weak to make the effort. I looked tired, and I was tired."

"My looks began to show the effect too. My neck began to show stringy and hollow. My cheek muscles sagged, my complexion was 'pasty' and colorless. My figure began to look dumpy. My age—which was only thirty-five—began to feel like fifty. Life was becoming just too much for me. I didn't like the book."

"But one day, something happened that made me 'sit up and take notice.' I read an article telling the story of Annette Kellermann's—of how she, who is called the world's most perfectly formed woman, was once a puny, ill health, and in fact, so deformed as to be practically a cripple. The story of how she dragged herself out of her misery and actually made of herself the lovely creature of graceful health and beauty that she is today was revelation to me. Indeed, I was so taken with this wonderful woman that I wrote her. In response, I received not only a charming personal letter, but far more important, one of her special little lessons.

"That lesson opened my eyes to the fact that it is totally unnecessary for women to suffer as they do—unnecessary for them to be continually

Annette Kellermann, Inc., Dept. 388, 225 West 39th Street, New York

If you want to improve your health, your carriage, or your complexion, you will be glad to hear of the wonderful new offer she is making. She has prepared a series of new, individual lessons, each of which gives the methods that have been proved successful thousands of times. For a short time she is offering you the special advice you need at the low price of only $1.00 each for any of her lessons you may want.

For this small sum you can regain the charms you may have lost, and repair the outstanding defects in your figure. But you do not risk even this small amount. All Miss Kellermann asks is that you make ten days' faithful trial of any of her lessons which you order. Then, if you are not perfectly satisfied that you can easily improve yourself under her direction, return the lesson or lessons, and receive your money back by return mail. There is no cost, unless you are convinced that you are actually receiving the benefit you seek. Check on the coupon the things you would like to have improved in YOUR figure, and mail it today. Enclose only $1.00 for each lesson you want.

Annette Kellermann, Inc., Dept. 388, 225 West 39th Street, New York
Comb your hair with Glo-Co

It's a dressing, and tonic, too.

Alfred V. S., October 2:

You are extremely interesting. I can imagine this thirty-odd small town where you might well be considered peculiar, but here's a secret—s-s-h, don't let anybody hear—most people with artistic ability or ambitions are thought peculiar but what do they care? Would you rather be dumb or have the dumb ones think you queer? Your chart shows much musical and artistic ability, but I really think Nature intended you for the speaking type, altho without the time of birth I am not quite certain of this. You are making a mistake to sell your services for less than the regular wage. Be sure to develop the ability to ask and get a good deal of money. Things will change very much after 1929, and my advice to you is to try your wings.

Ellena S. A., July 25:

It's undoubtedly true that you have screen possibilities, but let's look over the situation impartially. Acting for the camera is a definite art, with tricks and twists that are learned only thru experience. A woman of mature years with no stage or screen experience is handicapped, getting even a chance to learn the technique, to say nothing of establishing herself in worth-while parts. Mary Carr, Louise Dresser, Bertha Baur, who play the roles of women of experience, have had long years of arduous training before they achieved success, and for a woman to break in at an age when she could reach the top is rather difficult. It's too bad that youth is the great asset in stage work, for youth so quickly passes into maturity, but that does not alter the facts. Try to find contentment in work with children or animals; you could raise fancy stock or pet dogs successfully. Unfortunately, the folder did not reach me, so I do not know if this is what you are doing at present. Your work lies in the country.

L. A., August 5:

I think you may keep on doing fairly well in motion picture work until late this year or early in 1927, but along about February of next year you are going to make a change which will prove disastrous to your career and effectually stop your progress for about two and one-half years. It looks to me as if you were going to marry at this time and there is a chance that a husband would not approve of your presence on the set. So think it over. Don't say that nobody told you. As a matter of fact, I think you'll finally settle on some other form of work, possibly something connected with money or politics.

M. M. M., August 18:

You'll get back into pictures as soon as you make an effort to do so now, your aspects being rather bright for such work. You will make your greatest success when you are about thirty years in age. It is a very emotional and dramatic role. Meanwhile, drill away at the regular routine and don't let your natural impulsiveness govern you to such an extent in the future.

Peggy, April 30:

You have a brilliant future in film work or in stage work. You are not choosing a very good time to start, but you have a lot of dogged perseverance and much physical energy, so maybe you won't mind training around from here to office as one of the aspirants do. I do not give encouraging advice on this business thoughtlessly; I am convinced that you can make good in the movies or else I would not advise your giving up your present work. Your next big year will be 1928.

E. D. B., December 31:

I cannot always get an answer in the magazine one mentions, you know, because very few people give time for printing and distributing, so the issues in which they want their answers to appear. I hope this is not too late. You possess great imagination, energy, variety of interests and personal personality, but you do not concentrate nor do you consider practical details. I don't know why you have lived in seclusion—you seem just the type of woman who will kick over the traces whenever the idea seized her. If that restricting Saturn in the part of the horoscope governing your career has been what has saved you, you can consider yourself born under a lucky star! I am not going to flatter you by telling you that you were meant to be a dramatic queen, for you were not. If I were you, I would use your perfectly good brain and splendid powers of visualization in teaching or writing.

Miss T. L., November 22:

Yes, you can write. It's possible that you'd be able to write scenarios, but that is a field that one approaches by a special talent, not a talent that you can cultivate for yourself in fiction and Hollywood will offer you thirty thousand dollars to write a plot, but perfect yourself in the planning of such things and you won't be the self yawn and ask if you wouldn't like a nice job dredging for oysters in the Mojave Desert. Seriously, and because you have ability, get a job on a magazine and work at it for two or three years. Save your money and then get into a studio, preferably as film cutter or office assistant. In other words, get an idea of construction and be on the inside when the director is tearing his hair for some story ideas.

P. Z. F., April 10:

Dancing for yours, not screen work—possibly eccentric dancing or some special form of dance art, not every-day ballroom dancing which has passed for so long as the highest example necessary for stage or film appearance. You have a sense of humor which is bound to show in your work. Go to see some of the Russian or Swedish ballet performers, because your tendency is in that direction. Your horoscope is quite unique and would repay you for any time you might put upon a study of it.

Lillian B., January 12:

Your outlook upon life is very serious, even inclined to melancholy, while your personality is a very sensitive, idealistic one. I think your chief interest will lie in religion or psychic development; rather unusual interests, but very powerful in your nature. Your artistic work which you might take up would be tinged with these qualities and therefore distinctive, altho perhaps not widely popular. I believe you could do well in any design, painting, or even interior decorating. Do not attempt to deal directly with the public, because this is not your leaning.

J. E. W., July 16:

You are not adapted temperamentally for the screen too bad, but better now than after you have put in a lot of time and
“Let Us Taste Life While We May”

Doushka,” he whispered, “Life is so short. Let us taste it while we may!” And the princely stranger, who had suddenly appeared out of the soft shadow of the warm, sensuous Egyptian night, bent and kissed her lips.

She struggled against the intoxicating emotion—tried vainly to resist—to push him away—but he again gathered her into his arms and most tenderly kissed her.

All power of movement seemed to desert her. She only knew that she was wildly happy, that this was heaven, and she wished it would never end.

* * *

Thus Elinor Glyn sets the stage and plants the situation very early in her startling novel “His Hour”—one of the 10 thrilling dramatic stories that you may now secure at an unheard of low price.

10 Great $2.00 Novels by Elinor Glyn
Now Yours—All For Only $2.98

Think of it. Ten $2.00 novels—actually sold in the original edition for $2.98—all for only $2.98. This is the most amazing book bargain ever offered—a bargain that has absolutely astounded the publishing world.

Elinor Glyn’s Masterpiece

But that is not all. Included in the 10 volumes is Elinor Glyn’s latest sensational success, “This Passion Called Love”—a powerful treatise on this burning subject that everyone wants to read. The regular bookstore price of this great work alone is $2.00 a copy.

How Can We Do It?

How can we give you a complete set of 10 fascinating volumes for the absurdly low price of only $2.98 for all? This wonderful offer is made possible only by paying Elinor Glyn a few pennies royalty—by economically printing an enormous quantity of books at one time and by selling in great quantities at small profit.

These 10 Volumes are not tiny paper booklets with soft covers—they are handsomely bound in genuine Royal Blue Cloth with stiff board covers—artistically stamped in gold—finely printed from FULL-SIZE PLATES on high-grade An-tique book paper. Actually better looking books than the original $2.00 edition!

Send No Money

Simply mail the coupon and the books will be shipped to you at once. When they arrive pay the postman only $2.98 (plus a small amount for postage). If you are not delighted with your purchase, simply return the books within five days, and your $2.98 will be promptly refunded. So don’t put it off—but fill in and mail the coupon—Now. The Authors’ Press. Dept. 857, Auburn, New York.
It's Easy to Make Money This Way

Here is your chance to earn lots of pocket money. You can do it in spare time or part time, as you choose. The work is pleasant and dignified. We pay a fine commission and big bonus money.

We are going to pay our subscription agents $300,000 this year in commissions and prize money for securing subscriptions to Motion Picture Magazine and Motion Picture Classic—and we want you to earn some of this, too.

This is your opportunity. The job is an easy one. You'll like it. Just write to us and say you are interested—and we will tell you all about our plan.

Write Today!

Brewster Publications, Inc.
175 Duffield St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Reduce and Shape Your Limbs with Dr. Walter's Medicated Rubber Stockings and Anklets

Light or dark rubber. Over 20 years they have relieved swelling, varicose veins and muscle congestion promptly. Worn next to the skin they induce the body to stimulate the circulation and give a neat and trim appearance. They give wonderful relief from rheumatism, varicose veins and blood congestion. Anklets, socks, or pantyhose of rubber. Write for brochures.

Dr. Jean M. Walter, 153 Field Ave., N. Y.

Advertising Section

F. N. S., July 15:
Here you have a beautiful chart for appearing before a public, winning their admiration for dramatic parts, and giving the world some real artistic creations, and what you want to do is write, while other people, without an atom of intelligence as to what makes for stage or screen personality, want to act while in reality they can write! I cant account for it, and if anyone can wish or he saw what it really is, he's not seen your time in the law office, but your theater may lead to something. You have a big year in 1933.

William F. B., July 1:
While dancing as such is not often used in motion picture portrayals, it is another feature which you can use in dramatic parts, and giving the world some real artistic creations, and what you want to do is write, while other people, without an atom of intelligence as to what makes for stage or screen personality, want to act while in reality they can write! I cant account for it, and if anyone can wish or he saw what it really is, he's not seen your time in the law office, but your theater may lead to something. You have a big year in 1933.

Isabel C., February 8:
You have literary ability of some unusual sort—possibly critical ability, possibly humor or satire. Keep on trying to sell your book; you have a splendid period this summer, and a distinctive quality. Remember it; it has the stamp of the mint on it.

Roma, April 28:
I don't think you have a great deal of acting ability, but I know that your personality would register and carry you along pretty well if you were trained to possess some of the characteristics of the role. If you can afford it, you would be worth while to get yourself the most striking and dashing gown you could, and make the rounds of the studios. Remember you must get by on your appearance, not on your experience or arguments. And there's lots of competition in looks in Hollywood.

Miss D. L. G., November 11:
Let's settle this question of looks again. Do you honestly think that Lillian Gish, Gloria Swanson, or Constance Talmadge would be considered "pretty" by people who saw them in ordinary clothes without special lighting and costumes designed to show off their feminine attributes? I don't think so. I believe these women are intelligent and forceful personalities, and that is what counts, not the baby stare. Your own case does not fall into the category of looks, but you have a very intense emotional nature and much independence and originality. I do not think you are an actress, however, and would like to see you devote yourself to one of those invaluable secretaries that all big men either in or out of the movies have to have.

V. M. T., August 29:
Your very strange handwriting attracted my attention and I will do my best not to judge the acting abilities by that means, still one's eye cannot help seeing the curlicues and ruffles with which you adorn a page. Why don't you stop that? You are a nice sensible girl with a lot of critical ability and great will-power and determination, but no one would ever think it to look at your letter. You can't make such things as technical articles, advertising or newspaper reports, or you would make a splendid nurse, having the executive ability and the most sensitive of hands or a sanitarian. No movies for you, except as a means to get rid of your spare change.

Robert F. LeW., April 16:
While I don't criticize you in the least for loving and adoring screen actors and actresses, and wishing to emulate their work, still I don't believe that this is getting to be one of the most congenial work you could do yourself when you are ten years older. The technical reasons are so long to live; you have known, but hasn't had influence in your chart lately that has emphasized all your interest in such things, but this is a temporary affair with you. You will do best in some form of engineering work, preferably architecture or the construction of bridges, dams and so on.

Betty, October 28:
You have an interesting little daughter here. She is talented, intense, emotional and very demonstrative and sensitive. Dark temper can make her ill, and she is in danger of wearing out her delicate nerves at all times. Teach her to control those emotions or else she will always control her to her own lasting unhappiness. She possesses dramatic ability, and will probably make use of it in some public way. Do not force her into a premature expression, however, as she has not the constitution for it.

Aileen R., March 20:
There is apparently a very happy and financially favorable marriage in your horoscope, which seems due in the near future. You have known, but haven't allowed the films hold out any opportunities for you and would discourage any attempt upon your part to enter this line of work. Try to stay put for a time and let fortune catch up with you; you seem to have been moving about so fast for the past year that it would be practically impossible for you to keep friends or dollars either. The year 1927 should mark a big advance in your life, so wait for it.

Robert V., August 5:
You are a man of great emotional force, personal magnetism and executive ability. This would make you an excellent director, even give you success in character parts, uollo you might have difficulty in being cast properly. Your experience upon the stage would make this problem somewhat easier, but the description you give of yourself might make the average casting director want to place you in rather minor roles. You have the talent and ability, however, and feel that success will crown your efforts. The present year is none too active a period for you, however, it might be better if you look to the future for marked advances.

W. R., January 11:
The strong Mars influence in your birthchart denotes a strong personal force which must in some way be expressed in your stage and screen work. The experience you have had already must have made this influence clear, and I would suggest that you specialize in parts where passion and impulse are leading characteristics—possibly "heavy" parts, but those villainous-there impulse is often a blessing. The year 1927 will be a highly favorable one for you and I expect to see your picture in all the papers at that time.
How You Can Insure Real Love In Marriage

Don't commit a crime against the girl you love by plunging into marriage unless you are physically fit—if you are dissipated and weak through living and excesses. Don't do it, or you will find out only too quickly. Then comes the realization—effort lost, happiness impossible!

Why take such a chance? Why not wait just long enough to take up

STRONGFORTISM

and through it get yourself into fine physical and mental condition and make your wife proud of you.

I will help you restore your health and strength by natural methods, as I have helped thousands of men—no dope or drugs or apparatus. Just give me the opportunity.

Write today.

GET MY FREE BOOK
SEND THIS COUPON FOR IT

LEONLION STRONGFORT
Physical and Health Science 25 cents
Dept. 189, Newark, N. J. U. S. A.

Send me your Free Book, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Energy."

Name:

Street:

City State:

Strongfort Institute of Men

FREE
NON-SCENTS, Inc., Dept. C-4

Feel beautiful and at ease in the company of others. Those with a good sense of smell will be treated with awe. Those with a bad sense of smell will be turned away.

Othine Will Remove These Ugly Spots Safely and Surely

This preparation is so successful in removing freckles that it is given a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold at all drug stores at a low price. It will remove freckles and other blemishes from your skin. It is sold at all drug stores.

10% off all orders for over $50

For Free Sample write "Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads" for Free Sample write "Dr. Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago"

PIANO JAZZ

By Note or Ear. With or without notation. Short Course. Adult beginners taught by mail. No teacher required. Self-Instruction Course for Advanced Pianists. Learn 212 styles of music in 8 weeks. 88 Symphonized Effects. Blue Harpsichord, Oriental China, Moonlight painted pictures. Clever Breaks. Space Fillers. Sax Barre, Triple Bass, Wurlitzer Hammond, Pipe Organ, and 141 other sounds. Complete self-teaching for all. Written for use in private schools or concert halls. Send $2.50 to Othine, 25,000 copies

Waterman Pianos School, 160 West Adams Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

Cuticutta Talcum
Unadulterated Exquisitely Scented

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Clear Up Your Skin

Freckles are a handicap, both good looks and social popularity. Get rid of them. They are needless. You can remove them forever quickly, surely—and no one will ever know how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream, double action, not only dissolves away freckles but whips them from your skin without doing any harm. After using thisスーメニ care of your skin will be soft and white, clear and transparent. Results guaranteed.

At all druggists 50¢ and $1. Try it tonight.

Stillman's Freckle Cream

Free Coupon

The Stillman Co.,
33 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.
I would like your free booklet, "Beauty Parlors Secrets," telling all about make-up and skin treatment used by stage stars.
Name
Address
City State

Your Chance to Get into the MOVIES

Big money, and fascinating work for you in Motion Picture Photography. Camera work is in demand. You can make a fortune in this fascinating field. Free training book will tell you how to make a fortune. Free. We make you an offer you can't refuse.

$75 to $250 a week and more

There's big money in every branch of Professional Photography: Motion Picture, Portrait and Commercial. Make money in spare time. Learn on salary. Free book on motion picture photography. Your choice of red or blue. Free. Thousands have made it rich. Why can't it be you?
When Doris Kenyon Pours
(Continued from page 49)

Diamond shapes... with a paste of cream cheese, olives and nuts.
Small squares... with watercress and cucumber fillings.
Hearts... a layer of devilled tongue between them.
Doris often serves sweet sandwiches, too. There are thin slices of white bread rolled with a marmalade of oranges and grapefruit. Incidentally, the secret of rolling bread successfully is having it quite fresh and being careful not to tear the slices when the crusts are being cut.
The tea cakes have been a favorite with the Kenyons ever since those by-gone days when they lived in the little parsonage next to the father's church. Mrs. Kenyon made them then. And she has taught a succession of cooks to make them since.
They are also tiny affairs, frosted in delicate pistachio and lemon yellow and chocolate.
Doris asked her mother for the recipe of these cakes and Mrs. Kenyon insists that they are so simple to mix up that the most inexperienced cook need not fear to try them.
For the cakes themselves you cream two-thirds of a cup of butter with two cups of sugar, being careful to add the sugar gradually. Then you add four well-beaten eggs... then one cup of milk... and three and one-quarter cups of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-quarter of a teaspoonful of mace.
Bake the cakes in tiny individual tins, well buttered.
For the chocolate frosting you add one egg to one-third of a cup of flour, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of salt and one-half a cup of sugar. Into this you pour one cup of scalded milk. Cook about fifteen minutes in a double boiler, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens. Then add a half teaspoon of vanilla and one square of unsweetened chocolate which has been melted in a saucepan over hot water.
The lemon frosting you proceed in the identical manner, substituting one-quarter of a cup of lemon juice instead of the vanilla and melted chocolate.
And for the pistachio icing you heat one-half a cup of sugar and one-eighth of a cup of milk, letting it slowly come to a boil and boiling it about six minutes. You then break about one-eighth of a pound of marshmallows into small pieces and melt in a double boiler, adding one tablespoonful of hot water. You cook this mixture until it becomes smooth and then add the sugar and milk gradually while you stir constantly. After this you add a few drops of the extract of almond and one-third of a cup of pistachio nuts, blanched and chopped, and leaf green to color it.

New-way shaving
More and more men are discovering it

Self-shaving in a professional manner with a barber-edge blade, speedy, super-comfortable. This is the daily delight of all who own Valet Auto-Strop Razors.

Not amateurish. Not a substitute. But a better shave in every way.

Simpler. This unique razor sharpens its own blades. No unscrewing. No disassembly. Sharpen, shave and clean without removing the blade.


Valet Auto-Strop Razor
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 646 First Avenue, New York City

Have You Sometimes Wondered What This World Is Coming To...?
... if so turn to page 36 and you will see one version of life one hundred years from now.
"Metropolis" is an imported motion picture depicting life a century hence...
Have New Outer Skin! This New Way

Old Outer Cuticle Comes Off in 3 Days-
Then Blackheads, Pimples, Tan, Freckles, Large Pores, Blemishes and Wrinkles ARE GONE! “Because They’re OFF!”

Most Amazing Discovery in History of Beauty Culture. Send Any Person to Do It at Home!

Read Free Offer Below!

Worry no more over your disfigured skin and complexion! Forget your failures in the effort to create a new you. Your blackheads, pimples, large pores, freckles, tan, sallow complexion, surface wrinkles and blotches do not have to be a concern or a symptom of approaching age, go, definitely—“because they’re OFF!”

Most astonishing discovery in the history of beauty culture. All explained in an amazing free book called “Beautiful, New Skin in 3 Days.” Tells how to do what foreign skin specialists have charged extensive fees for. Make your own skin and complexion the envy of all who behold you.

Hundreds of men and women are now doing it themselves—in the quiet of their own homes. It is a deep mystic of their most intimate friends. They surprise and astonish others with a new, soft, velvety, clear, spotless, youth-like skin on face, neck, arms, hands or any part of body where new skin is desired.

How old saying that “Beauty Is Only Skin Deep” has been made to come true for thousands of both sexes, young and old, easily.

The method is absolutely harmless and easy. It’s astonishing—almost beyond belief. Send name and address only—this amazing new book is absolutely free to readers of this magazine. Address, Marvo, Lab, Dept. 32-F, No. 168 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

OPPORTUNITY MARKET

AGENTS WANTED

Would you risk a 1¢ postal card against chance to make $5 to $15 daily during the next four months? If so, send name and address now to Marvome Hoster Co., 218 S. 2nd St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS—New plan makes it easy to earn $50 to $100 weekly selling shirts direct to wearers, no capital or experience needed. Register a real manufacturer. Write now for FREE SAMPLES. Madison Shirts, 562 Broadway, New York.

Twenty dollars weekly mailing erasers in spare time for mailorder companies. Others make that much. Why don’t you? I’ll tell you how. Complete information sent—W. N. Hamilton, Lock Box 868-J, Sherman, Tex.

HELP WANTED


HELP WANTED—FEMALE

Ladies Earn $6-$8 a Day decorating Pillow Tops at Home! Experience unnecessary. Penalties for stump. Tapestry Peist Co., 123, LaGrange, Ind.

Ladies wanting home work: any kind: spare time. Write Edna Lloyd, 208, E. 57th St., New York City.

HELP WANTED—MALE

Be a Detective—Earn big pay: cities, towns; easy work: open to all; we show you: particulars free. Write Chief Wagger, 195 East 70th St., New York City.

PATENTS


INVENTORS—Write for our free guide books and “Record of Invention Blank” before disclosing inventions. Send model or sketch of the invention for our Inspection and Instructions Free. Terms reasonable. Victor J. Evans Co., 513 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

PHOTOPLAYS

Photoplay ideas wanted. We are right on the ground in Hollywood. We know the market. Booklet free, Universal Scoro Co., 201 Security Bldg., Western and Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.


$50,000 for One Successful Photoplay. Let us tell you about it. Free for “Successful Photoplays,” our new, valuable, free book for writers. Successful Photoplays, Box 43, Des Moines, Iowa.


Scenario Plots Wanted by Big Companies. Our series covers Hollywood and New York markets. Photoplays sold on commission. Free Instruction course. We protect your ideas. Classic Photoplays Co., 54 West Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

REDUCE


VAUDEVILLE

Get On the Stage. I tell you how! Personality, confidence, skill developed. Experience unnecessary. Send for our picture for instructive illustrated Stage book and particulars—M. Lisle, 605, Los Angeles, Calif.

Why Do You Have Your Fortune Told?
(Continued from page 38)

“But I don’t believe in fortunes, so I don’t remember what they say,” moured Lois, “I’ll never be able to check up on her!”

Norma Talmadge is like a little girl when she visits a fortune-teller. She throws herself into her rôle on the screen. She loves the mystery of it.

I took her to see “Zara,” the seer who reads the hands of Marlowe and other celebrities (this for a scientific story of Zara’s) and it was more fun than a Grauman first night.

“I adore fortunes,” sighed Norma, after we had ruined our cuffs and stained our finger nails with the hand-print ink-roller, used all the soap and disfigured the towels.

“It’s like eating hot dogs and pop-corn on boardwalks, going to country fairs and circuses, where no one knows you and you can just be you. . . . But if they don’t tell me I’m going to travel, I always come out saying, ‘She wasn’t any good!’

Constance, too, is always racing off to see a new fortune-teller, dragging all her friends there while the mood last, en\--joi\--ing it with her own mother and then forgetting all about it.

The famous astrologer, Evangeline Adams, has consulted the stars for more than a thousand years. John Roche, one July day, when seeking a between\--seasons engagement, met her.

“You may as well spend the summer out of town,” she observed, “There is nothing for you here in town.”

John paid no attention to her warning, but it was not until September 29th that he signed for his first picture with Vitag\--ra. The next day also signing for Belasco’s “Debrau,” in which he died on Broadway for the New York run.

Some eight years ago, a neglectous housekeeper told Estelle Taylor that she would marry the world’s champion boxer or wrestler.

“I didn’t know who the champion of anything was,” said Estelle, “but I gathered it was Jack Johnson, who didn’t seem the right color. Then it was Jess Willard—or maybe I was a year or so behind the times then and it was always Jess Willard. He was married and it didn’t seem quite the thing for me to set my heart on him. So I laughed and let it go.

“When I met Jack Dempsey, I suddenly remembered the prediction. It was in an antique shop where we were both buying stuff, and I blushed and dropped whatever I had and he picked it up, just like the ingénue in the first reel. He made an engagement to see me again—and I was lost.”

Harold Lloyd belongs to the American Society of Magicians and insists that he knows how to make others do things as if they were done in sérènés or what have you, and therefore he never believes anything.

Charley Chase says that he was having the time of his life. He was invited to all the big parties, tipping tables and raising spoons, until one night Harold Lloyd came over and stopped the show. Harold knew the answer to everything.

“He’s getting dressed for magic!” they whisper to each other at the Lloyds’ when Harold takes an extra half-hour to get ready. The others put on their suits for things to disappear into, you know.

“But that’s not the same thing as fore\--telling what’s ahead!,” argues George, who can pont to any specific thing that
has happened to her "But it's going to—
give it time!"

There is the prophecy of Dareos that
Charles Farrell has the brightest future
of any boy in Hollywood, and that other
prophecy made by several seers that Dor-
othy Dwan will be the mother of twins—
yet to come true.

Victor McLaglen toured the world with
his brother before the war, and heard
strange forecasts of the coming years.

Near the Tower of Silence of the
Parsees, an ancient cult of fire-wor-
shippers, a tahir offered to tell the for-
tunes of the "white sahibs."

Among other things, the old man said
that a war was coming, in which both
brothers would fight, the elder being
killed. Their father, he said, was a "high
priest" of a tribe across the sea—he was
a retired minister in London. And Victor
would be dead twice, first by knife
and then by water.

The brother was killed in the British
fighting near German East Africa. Victor
was stabbed by an Arab while serving as
British Provost Marshal in Mesopotamia,
the native having been sentenced to jail
by the court over which Victor presided.
Several years later, Victor, while playing
in "The Hunted Woman," almost lost his
life in the Yuma dam.

The tales of one star may send others
flocking, and the tales of another may
keep them away.

But say what you will, and believe them
or not, the fortune-telling trade is doing
well in Hollywood.

The Story That Cost
$93,000

(Continued from page 107)

installment plan, borrowing money on the
Morris plan and buying automobiles. But
they've got to have a car. It may be taken
away from them, the furniture grabbed,
but they've had a car. Everyone takes a
chance and hustles around to make good.
They take a chance and figure that nothing
much more can happen to you but to be
locked up, and you'll get out of that in
time. They've got to get the feel of all
this into the film of 'An American
Tragedy,' or it won't be true to life.

"I dont think I am a gloomy fellow,
Dreiser wound up. "Some of us are
mentally honest, and some are born
mentally optimistic or dishonest. I am not
talking in 'An American Tragedy.' I have
only set down what I have observed. What
I myself think about life is nobody's busi-
ness."

Yes and No
(Continued from page 82)

us an entire change in millinery and
christened their new creation Valentino.
If this is losing popularity, I wish I could
lose mine.

DOROTHY E. STONE,
Manchester, England.

A Poem

PLEASE listen to my plaint: Why do the
film folks in some parts look like what
they ain't?

For example, I will give parts played
by Charlie Ray. Does he manicure his
finger nails so he can rake the hay?
And then, again, a movie queen on her
broom so weary lean's. Can you tell me

You Want This Book!

"BEHIND THE SCREEN"
(Illustrated)

by Samuel Goldwyn, the well-known producer

"CHARLIE CHAPLIN and his moods;
Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks,
drawn together by their complete absorption in
pictures; the beginnings of the romance between
Geraldine Farrar and Lou Tellegen—and the
beginning of its end; the rivalry between
Pauline Frederick and Farrar; the fiasco of
Mary Garden in films; the discovery of Valen-
tino; the rise of Harold Lloyd; the unhappy
isolation of Eric von Stroheim; the eccentricities
of Elinor Glyn—these are some of the topics to
regale the eager devourer of 'fan' food."

"THERE is intense drama in Mr. Goldwyn's
description of the scene in which Geraldine
Farrar, sensing the company's disappointment
in the results of her pictures, voluntarily tore up
a contract worth $250,000."

"In appearance, so typically feminine, Mary
Pickford gives to the romance of business
all of a man's response."

Order This Now

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen: For the enclosed $2.50, please send me a copy of "BEHIND
THE SCREEN."

Name

Address
Can This Be Lew?

WHY—oh, why isn't Lew Cody chosen for more pictures? To my estimation, he is one of the best actors on the screen, and I think he proved it in "His Secretary" and "Monte Carlo." He is far from having traces of conceit, and does not proclaim himself a great artist like some of the other male stars. He acts—and at the same time has that refined appearance. He is truly the American type of hero.

I'll work for Mr. Cody any time, because he is a safe bet—and let's hope that directors soon take the hint.

Perhaps Motion Picture Magazine will give us an interesting interview with Mr. Cody, and a full-page portrait of the most wonderful actor on the screen.

MRS. HENRY C. RAYNOR

Baltimore, Maryland.

The Foreign Invasion Doesn't Reach Inland

WHAT becomes of all the foreign films about which one reads as being shown in New York? They are acclaimed by the critics of that city, but very few of the small schemes of this territory can get hold of them. It is interesting particularly of "Grass" and "Siegfried," two of, to quote someone, "the most inspiring" films of 1925. Neither of these pictures were exhibited in the smaller cities of this country.

The foreign film since Pola Negri's "Mad Love" and Lubitsch's "Loves of Pharaoh" to be shown in Washington was "The Last Laugh.

Here's for better circulation of foreign films. Most of them are good, but not so good generally, as the home-made product.

Some others that were not generally exhibited were "Othello" and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari.

And here's a bouquet for Dick Barthelmess—because Lois Moran is no longer his leading lady.

R. L. J.

Washington, D. C.

Syd, Don't Get Artistic

I DON'T know how Syd Chaplin's director, Chuck Reiner, goes about his work, but judging by the result (usually bufferingly funny pictures), one imagines that Mr. Reiner gathers his cast around him, tells them the general outlines of the plot, and then says, "Give me a carte blanche in carrying it out." At least, that is what the general enthusiasm and spontaneity of comedy indicates.

Incidentally, I hope no one ever tells Syd that he is an artist. We don't want to murmur regretfully. Another good comedian in the making. But when, Syd is not just "another comedian. To my mind, he is the best we have, and judging from the enthusiasm of the audiences viewing his pictures, I'm not alone in my opinion.

MRS. VERA HOGUE

Richmond, California.

Cut Out the Dieting

I AM a girl that goes to the movies five times a week, and always sit in the first row to take a good look. And what I suggest is that I do not see why a movie star should get credit when someone she takes the dangerous parts instead of letting the star herself do it.

Quite awhile ago I saw Anna Q. Nilsson in "Frowning Gold" at Loew's State Theatre where someone else died. And who got the credit for it? The movie star. I do not think it is fair in any way. Lately I've been so disgusted with pictures that I just turn away. I was also very disgusted with that picture. "The Beautiful City." The only decent picture I've seen lately is the "Sea Beast." I should like to go to see "Sea Beast" with Norma Shearer in a good romantic picture.

What I see in some of the pictures is that stars are often depicted as if they didn't look like they had a square meal, their clothes look like a hanger. I like Bessie Love—she is nice and plump. That's what I think of the movie stars.

GREGORIA GONZALEZ

Los Angeles, California.

I have long wished that someone would have the courage to say what they really think about Lillian Gish. She has always impressed me as being like a mechanical toy, which must be wound up before it will perform; and now a very good technician is using her, but since she must be wound up so many times, over and over again, before she is finally ready to go.

Bian Gish may be a great technician, but she is not a great actress, nor a great artist. All her actions, her mannerisms, her self-conscious posturings and little tricks, appear to be just mechanical. How could she portray any real human emotion when she herself feels none? How could she give us a warm, vital, magnetic performance? She is brotherly, warm, vital, nor magnetic? One cannot give out that which they do not possess.

Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, and others, appear to be just mechanical, but they have something besides technique. They have personality, sympathy, love, magnetism. They have warm, pulsating blood in their veins. They can portray human emotions because they themselves are human, and have human hearts in their breasts instead of some kind of a mechanical ticker.

Lillian Gish's face shows not a line or mark of any kind of emotion. Her features are painted on as flinty and smooth, and are as expressive as a mask. She is intended as those of a rag doll. Why should her face show emotion, when she herself feels none?

All the more credit belongs to John Gilbert and his art, that he should be able to give such a charming, and compelling, and glowing performance, after being obliged to rehearse his scenes tiresomely and mechanically, not only day after day, but week after week, while Lillian was getting her little parts depicted by heart well enough to be able to go thru with them without making a mistake when the camera was finally allowed to turn. One wonders how Gilbert could still act spontaneously after all those parcel post rehearsals. And indeed, one wonders how he could make any kind of a convincing love to a girl when she herself feels none.

Lillian Gish has never given but one good performance, and she has Griffith to thank for that. I mean the child in "Broken Blossoms." She has been running around in circles and biting her fingers ever since. But there is something more to acting than running around in circles, I feel we have an old-fashioned shop-worn little tricks. At one time I reached the stage where I could laugh at her, but I am too bored to even do that now.
A Guide to Current Pictures

Which are now being shown thruout the United States

A Certain Gentleman
Cleverest society comedy of season. Novarro-
Wonderful. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Aolata of the South Seas
More was expected. Simple story never gets anywhere and plot disappears. Gilda Gray makes debut and flashes ability. (Paramount)

Burrier, The
Rex Beach’s story is done again—and shapes up as fairly good. Not much suspense, but plenty of action. Somewhat overacted. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Bar, The
A curing mystery melodrama which keeps you keyed up with excitement from beginning to end. A very good pace and is well acted. (United Artists)

Behind the Front
A burlesque on the late unpleasantness in Europe, executed with much broad slapstick. Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton put it over. (Paramount)

Beverly of Grauernark
The best it could sell well as a picture. Different from the story in characterization, but full of highbrow and lowbrow color. Marion Davies immences in her gay masquerade as the prince. (Cosmopolitan-Metro Goldwyn)

Black Pirate, The
This one has created another rich picture—one unfolding spectacular romance and adventure. Doln is his best and supported by a great cast. Don’t miss it. (United Artists)

Blind Goddess
This one is worked out pretty well and contains quite a lot of melodrama with its murder and courtroom scene. Enough action to satisfy. (Paramount)

Broadway Boop, The
Glen Hunter in a first-rate small-town story with National Short supplying comedy. (Associated Exhibitors)

Brown of Harvard
The straight college story has yet to be made. The characterization is hardly convincing and there is too much holier-than-thou. It is partly saved by running climax showing football game. Just fair. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Cave Man, The
The co-writer enters society and becomes a pol- lution-pole. The situation is very much single track in idea, tho it has moments of appeal. (Warner Brothers)

Clothes Make the Pirate
A burlesque in which the laughs are achieved in too strained a manner. Leo Errol’s droll comedy is in the main, satisfactory. Pleasing enough, tho it doesn’t ring the bell. (First National)

Cobza
Valentino in a new role—not a lover—suave and polished as ever. Nita Naldi miscast. Fairly good drama, but not up to “The Eagle.” (Paramount)

Cowboy and the Countess, The
Bruce Bennett takes off to Europe and gives fair entertainment in a Lockhart role. (Fox)

Dancer of Paris, The
The Michael Arlen story with Dorothy Mackaill. Disappointing even to Arlen admirers. (First National)

Dancing Mothers
Mother goes to bat for her headstrong daughter. Paying the one-side EDIT. Done with good drama and competently played. (Paramount)

Desert Gold
A role of Zane Grey story and just about the dullest of the lot. Plenty of heroes and villains executed in the same old style. (Paramount)

Devil’s Circus, The
A strong religious motif here, which brings happiness out of tragedy. Bound up with a spirit of redemption. Good circus background and fairly good symbolism exhibited. Well acted by Norma Shearer and Charles Emmett Mack. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Dixie Merchant, The
J. Farrell MacDonald in a delightful character study based on Barry Benefield’s novel, “The Chicken-Wagon Family.” (Fox)

Don’t
Slap-stick stuff from the pen of Rupert Hughes—the idea presenting a strong-willed flapper who tells her father where to get off. Just fair. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Eagle, The
Valentino comes back with a bang, but Vilma Bancroft shares the honors. You will like this romantic drama. (United Artists)–E. V. B.

Ella Cinders
H. Colleen Moore’s best characterization since “So Big.” Charming comedy, replete with laughs, pathos and mystery. Harry Langdon plays small part in it.

First Year, The
An amusing story of married life with Matt Moore and Kathryn Perry as the young couple. Matt Moore is splendid. (Fox)

Flaming Frontier, The
Does not come up to expectations. Depicts Cus- ter’s last fight and has good atmosphere, but lacks edge. A few big moments are few and far between. (Universal)

Foot Loose-Widows
Starring Fazenda best farce comedy of season. Excellent direction and cast including Jacqueline Logan.

For Heaven’s Sake
Harold Lloyd has another rollicking number, one that is rich in gags and humor. Not quite up to “The Freshman,” but excellent enough to be considered one of the best bets of the season. (Paramount)

Fresnmonic, The
Harold Lloyd’s funniest picture—and by all odds his greatest. Has everything and will please any type of pictures. Don’t miss it. (Pathé)

Gold Rush, The
After two weeks we expect something better from Charlie Chaplin. However, you will probably like it, but not as well as “The Kid,” etc. (United Artists)–E. V. B.

Golden Strain, The
Pretty, nifty, well-starring Kenneth Harlan. Hobart Bosworth gives the best performance. (Fox)

Grand Duchess and the Waiter
A light and fluffy piece of entertainment, done with much a little more clever in every way—and capitaly played by Menjou and Vidor. (Paramount)

Great Love, The
Broad comedy hit, which centers around the antics of one elephant to restore peace and happiness to a heroine in distress. Too trivial for the adults. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Hell-Bent for Heaven
Feud story with emphasis placed upon characteri- zation. Good enough for its type. Contains a thrill or two. Finely acted by Gardner James. (Warner Brothers)

Her Sister From Paris
A rollicking comedy hit, based on the wife who masquerades to bring back her wayward husband. Constance Talmadge is delightful in a dual role, and the support is good. (First National)

His Secretary
Norma Shearer’s best since “He Who Gets Slapped.” Willard Louis fine, also Cody and Karl Dane. Excellent comedy. (Metro-Goldwyn)–E. V. B.

Ibantex’ Torrent
A very good picture of love and its tragic con- sequences in Spain. Has unusual ending. Good atmosphere and plenty of interest. Finely acted. (Cosmopolitan-Metro-Goldwyn)

Irène
A first-rate companion piece to “Sally” is this latest Colleen Moore picture. The Cinderella pattern executed with good comedy and romance. And the star is immense. (First National)

Use This Famous Beauty Method at Home
I Guarantee You a Clear, Soft Skin
Lucille Young

My Methods, which you can use yourself at home, make it possible for you to know the joy of being a radiant, alluring woman. For lovely, soft skin, properly cared for and glowing with health is the basis of all real beauty.

It is so easy when you just know how—to correct coarse pores, wrinkles, pimples, or oily skin, freckles and similar blemishes that I guarantee results. In my years of experience, I have seen the wonderful benefits my methods have had for others and I know what they will do for you. There is no guarantee work — no uncertainty — no doubt.

I Actually Guarantee Results

I am so sure that my methods will correct coarse pores, wrinkles, pimples or oily skin, freckles or similar blemishes that I guarantee results. In my years of experience, I have seen the wonderful benefits my methods have had for others and I know what they will do for you. There is no guarantee work — no uncertainty — no doubt.

Send Coupon
for Expert Beauty Advice

Send the coupon below to me personally for a copy of my book, free of charge, tell- ing you how you can solve your own individual beauty problems and become radiantly attractive. You owe it to yourself — to your future to make the most of your appearance. Send the coupon today!

LUCILLE YOUNG

Lucille Young Bldg., Room 1246, Chicago

Please send me by return mail, your Free booklet

"MAKING BEAUTY YOURS."

Name: ____________________________

Address: __________________________

City: ____________________________

State: ____________________________

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Oh What Joy! I am Free, you may be

WHAT woman is there who will not rejoice—she knows she can be FREE from the humiliation of Excessive Armpit Perspiration—to know that wonderful NONSPI keeps the underarms normally dry and odorless.

Let this be our personal message to you that such glorious freedom is available. For, by past old reliable NONSPI (a pure antiseptic liquid) on an average of only two or three times each week, your dress will be saved from ruinous perspiration stains and you will be freed from the embarrassment of amrit odor.

NONSPI, is used by more than a million women, is prescribed by numerous physicians, and is sold and advocated by toilet dealers and druggists everywhere.

ALL WE ASK is that you give NONSPI just one trial. Either purchase a bottle the size but not size or send us your name and we will mail you a liberal FREE SAMPLE at once.

ADVERTISING SECTION

Johnstown Flood, The
The film version of the Johnstown disaster is re-
corded with excellent realism. The flood scene is immense and the suspense puts it over. A good melodrama. (Fox)

Just Suppose
Richard Barthelmess tries the mythical kingdom story—and gets away with it fairly well. A finely mounted picture—the acting and direction compen-
sating for a weak plot. (Inspiration)

Kiki
Norma Talmadge makes this screen version of the play a highly interesting one. Has more slap-
stick and comedy than usual, but none of it is overdone. (First National)

La Boheme
Opinions differ whether this is great or ordinary. Anyway it is beautifully produced and you ought to see it and judge for yourself. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Let's Get Married
A light, but fast-moving picture giving Richard Dix plenty of amusing high jinks to prove himself a first-rate comedian. Put over to the tune of capital comedy. (Paramount)

Little Annie Rooney
The same old twelve-year-old Mary Pickford and not a year older and good. While not an elaborate or well-done production, it "gets" you. (United Artists)—E. V. B.

Little Irish Girl, The
Much too somber for Dolores Costello. Hasn't enough plot and never leaves the obvious groove. Just average. (Warner Brothers)

Man Upstairs, The
A diverting comedy-comedy adapted from Earl Derr Biggers' "The Aunty Columb." Monte Blue is the villainous hero. (Warner)

Masked Bride, The
Mae Murray returns to a mob-type story of her former style. Has nothing much to interest you. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Memory Lane
For entertainment in a story featuring Eleanor Boardman, Conrad Nagel and William Haines. (First National)

Merry Widow, The
Mae Murray and John Gilbert 100 percent in a gay, passionate romance full of action and interest. Excellent. (Metro-Goldwyn)—E. V. B.

Mike
Very much to the hokum—which means that it should have been longer than its thirty-six episodes. Epic, but has certain amount of color. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Miss Brewster's Millions
Slap-stick comedy, dynamic action and Bebe Daniels, making up capers as a fair speedball, makes this an enjoyable number. Amuses and entertains.

Mlle, Modiste
Mostly a fashion show—act is extremely thin. Helps some settings and costumes for appeal. Corinne Griffith needs stronger stories. (First National)

Moana
A beautiful and impressive drama of tribal life in the South Seas. An epic of land, sky and wat- er that deserves to rank with the best. See it. (Paramount)

Money Talks
Aldo Ray Moore the opportunity to masquerade in feminine clothes and gets away with it in good style. Light, but fairly amusing. (Metro-Goldwyn)

My Own Pal
Tom Mix and his pony, Tony, do their stuff again—with lots of incident and action to keep it going. Familiar plot, but it has its moments. (Fox)

New Klondike, The
Tom Meighan, for once, has a good picture. Good take-off on the real-oldest one in Alaska. Has humor all the way. Look into this one. (Paramount)

Night Cry, The
Kitty-Tin-Tin in his very best picture and that's saying a lot. Little Marie Louise Miller in extra-
dinary performance. (Paramount)

Oh, What a Nurse
Syd Chaplin has gone in for more feminine attire. Doris Davenport as the woman who writes advice to the headnurse. Very coquettish—and quite amusing. Should get the laugh or Warner Brothers)

Old Loves and New
Another slick picture by the author of "The Sheik." Presents the same situation. In the desert and should interest audiences thru its well-developed action. Well played by Lewis Stone. (First National)

Other Women's Husband
Helen Tennis and Hugh Prouty work out their problem with the aid of Hunty Gordon and Phyllis Haver. Pretty likely to please you. (Warner)

Partners Again
Ace and Hearnaw go into the automobile business and are not so funny, nor so successful as when they "partnered" in the movies. Mostly illustrated.

Prince of Pilsen, The
Nothing much to it. Relies almost entirely upon subtitles and it looks as if there is no variety of plot. (Producers Distributing Corp.)

Rainmaker, The
Starts off as a race-track story and develops into a good melodrama. Has some humor, quite good. Very well acted. Will be successful everywhere, and deserves the honors it is sure to receive. (First National)

Ransome's Folly
Old-fashioned and Dick Barthelmess not at his best. Plenty of thrills, however. (First National)

Road to Yesterday, The
A beautiful, romantic drama introducing Cedric De Mille, with Joseph Schildkraut and Vera Reym-
olds. Excellent top splendid, but long drawn out. (Producers Distributing Corp.)—E. V. B.

Royle Girl, That
The latest Garland-Card Dempster melodrama with plenty of the old-style girl, handsome, fairly

Sandy
Mabelle Bellamy in a very riteful and the best thing she ever has done. (Fox)

Sea Beast, The
John Barrymore. Yes, also Dolores Colegro, whales, ships, etc., but mostly Barrymore, Gross,
some and thrilling but long drawn out. A hit. If a good picture. (Warners)—E. V. B.

Sea Heroes
A sea thriller involving tropical storms, a typhoon, jungle life, schooner ketch and what-not. An exciting hair-raiser. Good for weak polacks. (Paramount)

Silken Shackles
An absurd story with Irene Rich as the flirtatious wife. (Warner)

Silence
Crock melodrama has interesting plot and plenty of suspense. Affords H. B. Warner the role he has been seeking for some time, and he does good performance. (Producers Distributing Corp)

Skinner's Dress Suit
A successful picture of some seasons ago has been made over again—and the results are far

Social Celebrity, A
A bright little number which is exceedingly frothy and hardly substantial enough for length.

Stage Struck
Far below what you expect from Gloria Swanson. A glorified slap-stick comedy done to the tune of romance. Carries a sprinkle of laughs but is tiresome and overdone. (Paramount)

Stella Dallas
The greatest emotional drama ever produced. Bella Bennett wonderful—are they all. You will wish but there will be tears of joy. (Samuel Goldwyn)—E. V. B.

That's My Baby
Once this piece gets started it packs a mirthful wallop. MacLean acts with plenty of spirit and style but Misses Harold Arlen's right. The midget, is excellent. A neat comedy. (Paramount)

Three Faces East
A clever mystery melodrama touching upon the pastime of spy catch spy. Excellently treated and acted—and clock-full of suspense. (Producers Distributing Corp)

Tough Guy, The
The children will like this Western with Fred Thom-
son and Louise Fazenda. (United Artists)

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp
One of the funniest comedies that ever reached the screen. Surprisingly made by Harry Langdon right up in the front ranks. Don't miss it. (First National)

Unlabeled Lady, The
Just America's weakest picture Gloria Swanson has had. In far-fetched and ridiculous in most of its scenes. Pass it up. (Paramount)

Up in Mabel's Room
Parachute somersaults according to Hoyle, but it is well handled and entertains all the way. First-

Wanderer, The
From an artistic standpoint perhaps the greatest dramatic smoke screen produced. Very beauti-

THE NONSPI COMPANY
4412 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.
Please send free testing sample to address listed below.

Name ______

Street ______

City ______

CASH or CREDIT
It's Easy to Own a Genuine Diamond Ring

Our huge stocks include thousands of the latest mountings in platinum and gold, solid gold, all set with brilli-

ant blue white Dis-
monts of exceptional quality. Order today and get your ring at once. Pay $5 down—we ship immediately, balance weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly as convenient.

Big Diamond Band FREE! Write for our Today!}

Crown Jewel Sales

No. 38 $15.00
No. 39 $25.00
No. 40 $45.00
No. 41 $75.00

Wedding Rings No. 754—The $25.00
No. 755—The $25.00
No. 756—The $40.00
No. 757—The $55.00
No. 758—The $75.00

No. 29 $20.00
No. 30 $30.00
No. 31 $50.00
No. 32 $75.00
No. 33 $125.00

Wrist Watch

No. 42 $25.00
No. 43 $35.00
No. 44 $45.00
No. 45 $55.00
No. 46 $65.00

Big Diamond Ring at a Fraction of Retail Price

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Wet Paint
Raymond Griffith again—this time in unab-
terated slap-stick. Not up to previous pictures,
that's for sure. (Paramount)

"Whispering" Smith
A good railroad melodrama—this one which is al-
ways successful when the hero is a real train
man. The heroine is a real train man who
rides in the engine. (Producer's Dis-
tributing Corp.)

Why Girls Go Back Home
Nestor Foreigner, the only bit-part girl who
left the four to pursue her career. Reveals some
ill-fated touches to his girl friends. (Warner Broth-
ers)

Gossip of the Camera Coasts

(Continued from page 68)
every little mannerism of the former
President.

"Tim" Holt bought a horse.

Young Jack Holt, junior, looks like a
bird on a buffalo when he climbs astride
his new pinto pony and tries to emulate his
famous dad.

The pony, which appeared in "The
Vanishing American," cost a lot of money,
one hundred dollars. Tim wanted to buy
it eight months ago, but his father told
him he would have to earn his own money.

The pony, which appeared in "Tim
al's" eight long months weeding the gardens of
Florence Vidor and Ernest Torrence. He
also made extra money picking up snails.

The opening of "La Bohème" at the
Forum Theater in Hollywood brought forth a
beautiful star to witness John Gilbert's
triumph thru the daisy fields, but appauled when Gilbert enacted the
scene in which he demonstrates to
"Mimi" the action of his play.

The opening of "La Bohème" at the
Forum Theater in Hollywood brought forth a
beautiful star to witness John Gilbert's
triumph thru the daisy fields, but appauled when Gilbert enacted the
scene in which he demonstrates to
"Mimi" the action of his play.

Wilderness Woman, The
Something of a weak plot. One of the
principal woman gets a taste of civilization. Has its
highlights, for it's not a bad melodrama. Chester
Conklin and Aileen Pringle see to that. (First National)

Yankee Setter, The
Tom Mix and Tony cutting up melodramatic
canine.) The familiar tale of rescuing the
heroine from the hordes. Exciting enough and
pleasing to the eye. (Fox)

Yellow Finglers
Olive Borden gives a remarkable performance
in this romantic story of the South Sea Is. (Fox)

Advertising Section

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Never a Marcel Wave

By Edna Wallace Hopper

My hair is ever-curl-y, with never a Marcel wave. And it always goes a glow. This because the hair is a hair dress made exclusively for me. It was perfected for me a great expert when I had my hair done. Now all tow and cure my hair, under the name Edna Wallace Hopper’s Wave and Sheen. The price is 25c, a price which a great woman going without it when she knows. No one who sees my hair do so. Nothing like it has been found makes hair so lustrous, so wavy, so fluffy, so abundant. Let me send you enough to show you what it means. My beauty book comes with the sample.

For Trial Bottle
A-1 M.P.M.

of Wave and Sheen, mail this today to Edna Wallace Hopper, 52 Lake Shore Lette, Chicago, Ill. Enclose 15c for postage and packing.

Name
Address

FOR SALE, BACK ISSUES

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC MOVIE MONTHLY
BEAUTY SHADOWLAND
50 cents per copy Post-paid

Write to
Brewster Publications, Inc.
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
The Picture Parade

(Continued from page 63)

of them are related) make various entrances and exits and become involved in all kinds of situations—from the triangle to the mother-love idea. Naturally, it all speaks.

The director has striven for too much detail. He should have aimed for a simple treatment and built the picture from some well-chosen basic materials. His handling of the plot sequences of the four horsemen galloping across the sky he brings back memories of the original steeds and their riders and the new impetus isn't so good.

A large cast of players has been selected, but not one has been able to do anything in the way of characterization because of the plot ramifications and the frenzied manner in which the figures are handled. Jean Hersholt contributes the outstanding performance.—First National.

Skinner's Dress Suit—Romantic Comedy

They've lugged this story to the movie studios. It soared its laurels several years ago with Bryant Washburn as the chap with the evening togs. At that time it proved to be something entirely different from the usual light comedies. Today it doesn't look so novel, tho it stands to the credit of the director, William Seiter, and the star, Reginald Denny, for peppering it up with one tongue-in-cheek in which the Charleston figures importantly.

There isn't so much weight to it. And it skips about at times without head or tail. But oh, Reginald Denny is a capable comedian with most any kind of material— and he cuts up capers with all the abandon of a trouper who is sure of himself. Laura La Plante, one of the players present, and most of them seem to get keen enjoyment from it—especially the La Plante person. This is the type of story which fits her. And she should remain in light comedies and not venture in emotional numbers like "The Midnight Sun."—Universal.

The Wise Guy—Drama

There was quite a run on the crook story, as it concerned fake preachers after "The Miracle Man" was produced. Sensing the popularity of the type, the picture mogul did his "darndest" to cash in on its appeal. The idea was used so often that it tired the public and, naturally, it was dropped. Now it has cropped up again and makes a rattling good picture—one that is logically developed—and which, making allowances for dramatic license, is consistent and convincing.

There could be no better choice than James Kirkwood for the role of the fake preacher who conducts a mission on wheels. He has surrounded himself with some "rebels" and although his picture mogul did his "darndest" to cash in on its appeal. The idea was used so often that it tired the public and, naturally, it was dropped. Now it has cropped up again and makes a rattling good picture—one that is logically developed—and which, making allowances for dramatic license, is consistent and convincing.

There could be no better choice than James Kirkwood for the role of the fake preacher who conducts a mission on wheels. He has surrounded himself with some "rebels" and although his picture mogul did his "darndest" to cash in on its appeal. The idea was used so often that it tired the public and, naturally, it was dropped. Now it has cropped up again and makes a rattling good picture—one that is logically developed—and which, making allowances for dramatic license, is consistent and convincing.

There could be no better choice than James Kirkwood for the role of the fake preacher who conducts a mission on wheels. He has surrounded himself with some "rebels" and although his picture mogul did his "darndest" to cash in on its appeal. The idea was used so often that it tired the public and, naturally, it was dropped. Now it has cropped up again and makes a rattling good picture—one that is logically developed—and which, making allowances for dramatic license, is consistent and convincing.

The Rainmaker—Melodrama

Something different in racing stories is unfolded here—one which, while not so original in its theme, manages to release some novelty in its characterization and the manner in which the stock situation is manipulated. Certainly it doesn't lack for dramatics—there being enough of the element known as action to supply an old-fashioned serial. But unlike the typical story, it has no running episode to start it off, but it continues with its punch when a fire and epidemic are added for good measure.

Naturally, this all builds a plot which becomes truly "tri-curious" and difficult to accept as real. But no one can deny that it fails to tickle the pulse. The hero is a jockey who knows how to pick a mud horse and ride it to victory on a rainy day. His barometer is his arm, which, having been wounded in the war, gets rheumatic enough to tip him off on the approach of inclement weather.

The racing episode gets over quickly—and the following scenes introduce the romance and the melodrama. Indeed, the love interest enters and stays with the drama moments. William Collier, Jr., gives a most convincing portrayal of the jockey. He succeeds in admirably blending the paths with the humanities. Georgia Hale is satisfactory as the girl, while Ernest Torrence gives a perfect characterization of a "diamond-in-the-rough."—Paramount.

Why Girls Go Back Home—Romantic Drama

One would think that this was a home-and-fireside melodrama to judge from its title—a melodrama in which Pop and Mom wait patiently for their erring daughter to return by the light of the parlor lamp. In a measure this is true, but the director has wisely seen the obviousness of it in time to brighten it up with humor and human interest. Also, the plot gets out of hand occasionally, it doesn't take itself too seriously. Where it errs is in the method employed to drive its message home.

The girl of the title pursues an actor to New York after he has been trapped in her town. When the thespian gets on the front pages she, having become a chorus girl, falsely announces her engagement to him.

(Continued on page 123)
Aviation Brings Quick Success

TO young men of daring no other field of work offers such a fascination, such high pay, nor such opportunities for quick success as the field of Aviation. As yet, aviation is practically in its infancy. But now is the time to get in.

Amazing Opportunities in Airplane Industries

In the automobile industry and in the moving picture business hundreds of men got rich by getting in at the start. They made their success before others woke up. Today, these lines offer greater opportunities than a hundred years ago.

But Aviation Is New. Get in while the opportunities are big. All over the country there will be a chamor for trained men. It will not be a question of pay but of getting capable men.

Become an Aviation Expert $50 to $100 per Week

The study of aviation is almost as fascinating as the actual work. Every lesson is full of interest. That is why it is easy to learn aviation. You do not have to make yourself study—it is like reading an interesting book that tells you things you have always wanted to know. Only one or two of your companions will have had training in a surprisingly short time.

Captain T. P. MacNaughton of Chicago, says: "Your lessons are like a romance, and what is more, after one reading, the student gets a thorough understanding. One never tires of reading them." James Powers, P., another student, says: "I am indeed surprised that such a valuable course can be had from such practical men for so little cost."

Fascinating—Daring—Big Paying

Prepare Now for One of These Positions

Aeroplane Instructor $60 to $150 per week
Aeroplane Engineer $100 to $300 per week
Aeroplane Contractor

Examine proofs

Aeroplane Mechanic $40 to $75 per week
Aeroplane Mechanic $60 to $90 per week
Aeroplane Mechanic $80 to $120 per week
Aeroplane Mechanic $50 to $75 per week
Aeroplane Salesmen $500 per year and up
Aeroplane Assembler $40 to $65 per week
Aeroplane Builder $75 to $200 per week

Get Big FREE Book—Now

Send for New Book, just out, "Opportunities in the Airplane Industry." It is interesting and instructive. It will tell you many things you never knew before about aviation. We have but a limited supply of these books, write now before they are all gone.

American School of Aviation

3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 831A
Chicago, Ill.

Advertising Section

She Knows How to Be Pensive

(Continued from page 53)

English, the elevator stopped and Miss Adorée calmly, softly, gracefully glided into gray, April, pussy-willow gray. She is an exquisite person, really quite exquisite, and her eyes are large and strange and of a cinnamon blue, a shade lighter than she appears on the screen. Face to face, she is not the cuddly, chubby French peasant woman, not the darling bundle of cuteness that she is in some of her pictures. It is only when she talks that these moods of character come out. She talks rather as you would imagine Coquelin, Talma and other grand personalities, vivid, blunt, riding over preliminaries, and engaging.

Miss Adorée has been many things in her life, a flapper, an actress, a socialite, and a woman of mystery. She is one that, and the circus is different there. Small, intimate cirques, not our biggest show on earth. The troupe is a band of shrewd, gaily shrewd, vagabonds. You get the flavor of the many things she has been in her irregular and beautiful smile. She has a mouth that says puckily and wisely. You feel that she is not to be taken lightly, and let's not be serious over it. She is so much the woman in an elemental all-bracing way.

When some of our other actresses play serious roles, you feel that they would be beaten down if the hero should not arrive, if things did not straighten out, but when you see Miss Adorée's players, you feel that she would come out all right no matter what happened. She has in her personality what psychologists place above everything else, that of the power to make a man want to appeal that is deeper than sex attraction alone. She became heroic in "The Big Parade" because of that quality, but she was a real woman, "Blackbird" and in every other role she has played.

"I think," said Miss Adorée, "in order to be a fine actress, one does need a colorful past, but one should have suffered once, anyway, very much. Once is enough. You cannot take a pretty girl from a sales counter and ask her to feel things she has no knowledge of. Even to play very happy roles, you should once have been very sad. It makes the gaiety more real."

She was born ready-made, it is as much techic to acting as some actors and directors would have you believe. When you really sink into a character, it is because you are in an emotional transport and let go of your own identity. The finest acting must be spontaneous and unconceved, even when you know the effect you want to produce. You will act a thing right, if you feel it right, and that's the important thing.

Miss Adorée dined on grapefruit juice and omelette aux herbes and showed at the same time just how little of a French accent and mannerisms a real French woman exerts. She only saw a hint of partly Anglo-Saxon. Well, not one French phrase; not one sigh over dear Pare. We asked Miss Adorée outright what type she thought she was, and she shrugged her shoulders and answered "sympathetic" and let it go at that. She made several gestures with her hands and has not yet decided to become a star, but remains a featured player, that she does not travel with at all entertain, not even a single road, that she is not prepared to speak of, that she likes to save her money, and that she does not own a mansion in Beverly Hills, and that her home in Wilshire Avenue is a bungalow of only six rooms. She made several expressive gestures about her ears, where her hair is tangled, and about her wrists, where there were no tiers of bracelets. "Oh, I couldn't play the part," she said. "Not crinoline on my dressing gown every morning."

She confessed further that Louis B. Mayer once found in her one actress whom he can convince that good parts are more to be desired than riches, and that she lets him get away with it.

"Every time I go to Mr. Mayer to tell him I ought to have more money, he gives me as much as he can. And Mr. Mayer talks so well, and I hate arguments so much, that pretty soon I find myself agreeing with him."

"Yes, Clemenceau," she answered smilingly, "but not Mr. Mayer. You gather she must be the life of a studio cast.

She is so sure of herself as a woman, when you want to think, only feel. There was a round-table discussion one day as to the kind of person Mimi really was. They asked Lilian Gish, and Lilian thought through. "Mimi, sure. Oh, no," Miss Adorée contradicted. "Mimi was just like Musette, only Mimi was sick and Musette was not."

Renée Adorée has the morals of a Frenchwoman and she smiles at it and shrugs her shoulders like a good Frenchwoman. The whole intriguing charm of Renée Adorée is the type of Frenchwoman who wants to be anything but a woman, in fact almost every woman when she grows up to full emotional maturity wants to be just that, some Frenchwoman.

She and John Gilbert have a gift of the gods in Hollywood. Between King Vidor, Gilbert and Adorée, "The Big Parade" grew up like Toppy. Tod Browning gave her the same freedom in "The Blackbird." "I can't rehearse," she said, "it kills me. I think about a role before I play it, but when I am before the camera I don't want to think, just feel."

She has many interests, she likes to work with John Gilbert, he is "so pleasant," and Vidor is pleasant and Tod Browning is cheerful and natural. "You can laugh with me," she says, "there is no serious like a jumble."

She likes Hollywood. It is a "mild pleasant little Mid- dle West." But people in the profession should not marry—"much temperament and too many temptations."

She has not had a hard time in pictures. She came to this country six years ago and went on the stage. She played in "The Strongest" and with Emma Dunn in "Sunny," and in "Oh, Uncle" and "Oh, Cap it at a Caper" and in "The Dancer." In musical comedy she used her skill as an acrobatic dancer and was told it did not matter how she sang. Between engagements she learned to play the piano and took it. That was the beginning of her movie career and she stayed on.

Miss Adorée is happy that the public has not rejected her yet. She is glad of all that they have not pigeon-holed her as to nationality. "When directors do all the acting for the cast, they become stale and they build up their own characters and take it. That was the beginning of her movie career and she stayed on."
The Picture Parade (Continued from page 121)

Which disconcerts the young trouper and his press-agent.

However, it shapes up as moderately interesting story line, and that is the reason for the title. He succeeds in making his acting felt, even if he doesn't command much sympathy.

Patsy Ruth Miller is the bucolic heroine and Myrna Loy is also present with that "I"—or what Elinor Glyn calls personality.—Warner Brothers.

The Midnight Sun—Drama

This is nothing more or less than a simple love triangle against a Russian background—a background which could just as well have employed an American setting. Heavily exploited as a vivid story of Russian passion and intrigue as it concerned life in Petrograd before the World War, it fails to live up to its advance notices. There is nothing about it suggestive of Russia except the uniforms of the soldiers.

The central figure is played by Laura La Plante. She is the "Midnight Sun—the première danseuse of the Russian ballet. And right there the sponsors err in establishing her as an American. These ballet girls have been enlisted almost from the days of their infancy. It is her fancy to play a Grand Duke against a captain of industry. And in carrying out her intrigue, she develops a romance with a lowly officer of the G. D.'s guard. That's all there is to it.

Some hints are given that it may soar to dramatic heights, but the situations are then neglected.

The direction is old-fashioned—and truly suggestive of an early Biograph period, particularly in its last scenes with their conventional chase. Mean has been lavished upon the picture, but it has been inadvisedly used. Miss La Plante belongs in light comedies. The best work is contributed by P. W. O'Malley as the Grand Duke and George Seigmann as the wealthy Tartar. Both strive to humanize their roles.—Universal.

Money Talks—Farce Comedy

Owen Moore is the latest take to the comedian's privilege of disparaging himself in feigned chases. Mean has been lavished upon the picture, but it has been inadvisedly used. Miss La Plante belongs in light comedies. The best work is contributed by P. W. O'Malley as the Grand Duke and George Seigmann as the wealthy Tartar. Both strive to humanize their roles.—Universal.

The piece is not substantial—and naturally, it slackens a bit here and there. But just as it seems about to spend itself, a bright bit of "business" is introduced and it recovers. The idea is mostly slap-stick—what with Moore cutting up didoes. He manages to bluff his way thru his ability to put up a good front. Eventually the other half of the romance, played charmingly by Claire Windsor. The characterization and the speed of the gags are the particular high lights. Bert Roach assists the Moore-Windsor combination with someirthful by-play.—Metro-Goldwyn.

The Wilderness Woman—Comedy Drama

The little Irish Girl—Melodrama

If there is one girl who has been knocking at the gates of stardom, that girl is Dolores Costello. Now she has arrived—and this picture doesn't do her justice. Her appealing personality is as pronounced as ever, but she doesn't have the opportunity to do anything in a histrionic way—even if she is cast as a crook. The trouble is the director has allowed too much sweetening matter to enter the scheme of things—with the result that the story is syrupy and lacks the punch anticipated.

The pretty star plays one of those reformed crooks and what moments she has are mostly given to looking sad.

The plot? Well, it's bound up with the idea of selling a suburban hotel famous for its mineral springs.

We hope to see the Costello person in some picture more worthy of her personality and talent. This one is not so good. —Warner Brothers.

When guided by advertisements you can buy with faith

Ann, eat your breakfast

Here's cream taken from a bottle, and breakfast food got out of a box. I haven't tasted them yet, but I'm not afraid to ask you to eat. And in the bathroom is new tooth-paste to use on your teeth. Here's medicine to take before you start off to school. . .

Don't forget to wash your hands—that's a fresh bar of soap—and maybe dust your face with powder. No, it won't hurt the skin. This list of things I've seen advertised

—stop and give it to your father. He'll bring them home tonight. Some of them old, some of them new . . . but what a civilized thing! To buy on faith and use on faith and never be betrayed!

Read the advertisements. Their honesty is as clear as a mirror. You can believe in them as surely as you believe in yourself. You can follow their directions with utmost faith. You can use their products with confidence—you'll want to use them again. Theirs are facts proved and accepted. Use their news.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
"It's a Real Thrill!"

"To receive a letter from the Answer Man. His answers in Motion Picture Magazine are so witty—and he knows everything and everybody in pictures. I write to him often—and always receive a wonderful letter from him." Thousands of people know this dear old fellow, and his department is one of the finest in any magazine.

For over fifteen years Motion Picture Magazine, the pioneer and the oldest magazine of its kind, has fearlessly, accurately and authoritatively presented the news of the great motion picture industry to the millions. Under the experienced and able leadership of Eugene V. Brewster, its Editor-in-Chief, it has become a powerful influence for all that is good and progressive on the screen. The editorial staff are the leaders in their profession.

A clean, wholesome magazine for the entire family

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
For Motion Picture Magazine, $2.50 per year in U.S. A., Cuba, Mexico and Philippine Islands: Canada, $3.00; Foreign, $3.50.

(Subscription Rates for Motion Picture Classic are the same as for Motion Picture Magazine.)

Subscribe now and be sure to receive every issue.
CRISPY Diana “Stuft” Confections are as essential to the picnic as the sandwiches themselves. They are the perfect summer candy. The taste-tempting deliciousness of these thin, crispy sugar shells “Stuft” with pure luscious fruit-jams, nuts and marmalades has never been equalled. The shells are paper-thin, to hold more of the tempting fruit-jams we make ourselves. These tidbits are best for children—and go four times as far. Each pound contains 160 pieces—21 varieties—a taste for every tongue.

Have Diana “Stuft” Confections handy for every summer occasion. Keep a supply at home always. Sealed in air-tight glass jars, 2½ oz., 20c; 4 oz., 30c; 9 oz., 50c; 16 oz., 75c—or in 2, 3 and 5 lb. air-tight decorated tins. Pacific Coast prices are only slightly higher.

Look for the name “Bunte”—it means 50 years of quality candy-making. Demand the genuine. Choose from 1200 Bunte Candies.
Now—This "hard-milled" soap, used every day
... keeps skin young and lovely

There is radiant, happy beauty in a skin that has the fresh satin-smoothness that Nature gave it—and intended it to keep.

But so many skins have been robbed of their fine-textured loveliness. So many show coarsened pores, and blemishes, instead of the clear, smooth beauty that every girl longs for. And, Oh! the heartaches and the disappointments that result from poor complexions. Only the girl who suffers, knows.

Soap, of Course—But the Right Soap

All up-to-date, scientific advice on the care of the skin urges the daily use of soap and water. It is the kind of soap you use that makes all the difference between safe cleansing and the danger of coarsened, blemished skin.

Cashmere Bouquet is made especially for the face, hands and tender skin of the neck. It is "hard-milled," which means that it is put through special pressing and drying processes that give each cake an almost marble firmness. It is not the least bit squidy. This special hardness is what makes it safe. Cashmere Bouquet lather penetrates deep into the pores, searches out dust and dirt and rinses away instantaneously and completely. No undissolved soap remains in the pores to mix with dirt and stiffle the tiny openings. That is why skins cared for with Cashmere Bouquet keep their youthful texture and remain beautiful.

Try This Treatment—Watch Results

Wet the face with warm water. Work up a thick Cashmere Bouquet lather on the hands. A wash cloth is too harsh for some skins. Massage this soothing lather into the skin with the fingertips until the skin feels refreshed and alive. Rinse in warm water, in order to remove all traces of soap while the pores are still open. Follow with a dash of clear cold water. Pat the face dry with a soft towel. If the skin is inclined to be naturally dry, rub in a little Colgate's Charmis Cold Cream.

Many beauty secrets told in booklet!
CRAZY QUILT
A Big Human Story

Have You an Idea For A Movie?
See Page 28

They Are Not What They Seem
IDEALS OF BEAUTY

Physical Perfection

That Schoolgirl Complexion

If you wish to gain them, follow nature's laws—and, above all, this natural rule in skin care which has proved its effectiveness to the world

Palmolive is a beauty soap made solely for one purpose; to foster good complexions.

In France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive is the second largest selling soap and has supplanted French soaps by the score. In beauty-wise Paris, Palmolive is the "imported" soap.

RIGHT living, right diet and proper exercise are the factors leading experts urge for physical perfection. For skin perfection these experts urge natural ways in skin care.

Thus, on expert advice, the artificial beauty methods of yesterday have largely been discarded.

Foremost beauty authorities have found beauty insurance starts with proper cleansing of the skin. They urge the soothing lather of olive and palm oils as blended in Palmolive as the safe, natural way in skin care. Most of the pretty skins you see today are due to it.

Use Palmolive according to the simple rule here given. Note the difference a single week will make. It is nature's formula to "Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion."

Start today with this simple care—
Note how your skin improves

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. 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.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—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 natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.
All Hollywood is talking about this fairest of Eve's daughters!

Ever since Eve listened to the serpent, woman has worshipped the raiment that makes her fairest, and man has worshipped woman thus adorned. In the person of beautiful young

Olive Borden

millions of screen devotees will have found a new subject for their adoration. As revealed in the William Fox Picture

Fig Leaves

She has youth, radiant and unfettered, loveliness of a rare degree, a high quality of dramatic artistry—and oh, oh—how she can wear her clothes! A new screen “find” that the wise ones are all rejoicing over! In “Fig Leaves” this young actress is co-featured with one of your old favorites.

George O’Brien

Well remembered and loved for his performance in “The Iron Horse” and other Fox pictures. Here George scores in a new type of role. “Fig Leaves” is a gorgeously dressed photoplay, beautiful girls in lavish imported creations shown in full color, and a novel scene in the Garden of Eden. Directed by Howard Hawks, with Phyllis Haver, Andre de Beranger and other good supporting players.

Forthcoming Fox Films every one should see:

What Price Glory
The Music Master
7th Heaven
all made from renowned stage successes
3 Bad Men
staged by John Ford, who directed “The Iron Horse”

One Increasing Purpose
from the best-selling book of the year by the author of “If Winter Comes”

Fox Film Corporation
September 12th to 18th is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Week.

"More Stars than there are in Heaven"

SEPT. 12TH – 18TH

THIS week
MORE people will see
METRO-Goldwyn-Mayer
PICTURES
THAN all other
MOTION pictures
PUT together.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Motion Picture Magazine

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton in 1910—Trademark Registered

Vol. XXXII  
Adele Whitely Fletcher  
Editor
Colin J. Cruikshank, Art Director

SEPTEMBER, 1926  
Number 2

A Prophecy
An Editorial by

[Image of Editor-in-Chief of the Brewster Publications]

The first motion pictures were less than one reel in length, that is, there was less than one thousand feet of film to them and they required only about a quarter of an hour to be shown on the screen. It was easy for the pioneer producers early in the present century to discover that a story could well be longer than one reel, and so came the two-reel pictures and the well-remembered announcement—"One moment please while we change reels." Then came the still longer pictures, until finally the theaters were all showing "features."

Five or six years ago a feature had to be just five reels long—no more, no less, and a longer or shorter picture was practically unsalable. Today the average length is seven and a half reels (7,500 feet) for purely commercial reasons, the theater manager estimating that he must fill his theater so many times a day and to do so the program must not be too long. Hence, he prefers, say, a feature that will run about an hour and a half, and allowing a quarter of an hour for a news reel and half an hour for a two-reel comedy, he can draw one audience at two, another at four, another at six, another at eight, and another at ten and thus making a good profit. And those theaters which have only two performances a day generally open at two-thirty and close up at five, and in the evening open at eight-thirty and close at eleven. Thus, believing that every audience requires about the same program, such as a prolog feature, news reel and comedy, the theater demands features that are not more than eight reels in length.

This, of course, is all wrong. Commercialism prevails. Art is suppressed. Because, some stories are naturally three reels long, and some are naturally just twelve reels long, and so on, which necessitates tiresome padding or destructive cutting down. This accounts largely for the present surplus of poor pictures. True it is a pity, and a pity it is true, that theater patrons are thus placed at the mercy of commercialism, and apparently have no redress and no means of even expressing their demands. In literature we have short stories and novels, and readers may choose. In the speaking theaters we have full-length plays and vaudeville or short acts, and in opera we have long subjects and short ones. Some people enjoy reading short stories and seeing several short plays, while others prefer long ones. The time will come when we shall have "vaudeville movie houses," where patrons may see half a dozen short subjects including two- and three-reel dramas. And right around the corner will be a theater where they can see one long drama or comedy from eight until eleven—and nothing else, not even a prolog. And picture stories will be told in exactly the number of feet that they naturally require, and the exhibitor will have nothing to say about the length. And the big producers will make short comedies with the same sets and casts that they now devote only to features. And pictures will cost less to produce, and will be given to the exhibitor at a lesser price. And the actors will receive lesser salaries and do more work. There won't be so much waste and loss of time; the whole industry will be reconstructed on sound economic principles and rest on a strong financial basis. And you, my readers, you who make the industry possible, by contributing your dimes and dollars at the box-offices, will have your say. You will not be at the mercy of selfish exhibitors, and you will find a way to register your likes and dislikes and get what you want.
Motion Picture Magazine

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Cover—Rudolph Valentino from a painting by Flohri

A Prophecy
A Eugene V. Bremer editorial

The Bulletin in Board
The news as we went to press

Gallery of Portraits
Camera studies in person of Carmel Myers, William Haines, Nona Talmadge, Bebe Daniels, Rod La Rue, Belle Bennett, Allen Pringle and Raymond Griffith

The Fake Princess
The true story of the little stenographer who passed as a Spanish princess in Hollywood

Janet Reid

Crazy Quilt
The first installment of a big, human story of motion picture people

Adie Ormiton

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Flynn of Hollywood
A domestic portrait

Gladys Hall

They Are Not What They Seem
An intimate photograph

Chamberlain

Have You an Idea for a Movie?
The almost forgotten truth about the making of scenarios

Faith Service

In Spite of the Fact That He Looks Like Wally Reid
Agnes Scharenberg's note on Wally's double, Kent Stetade

Wm. K. Gibbs

Do the Women of the Screen Lack Beauty?
Selma Robinson

Have You Enough Color in Your Home?
A practical article on interior decoration

Stephen Gooson

Home, Sweet Home of the D'Arcys

Catharine Brody

He Didn't Like Europe
Buck Jones gets an original travelogue

Franka Brody

The Screen Hall of Fame
Presenting a group of favorites in their favorite role

Dunham Thorp

Gilda Gray Tells How She Does Her Stuff
An interview

Anna and Alice

Eugene V. Bremer

Hollywood Notes
Paragraphs of social importance from the most famous suburb in the world

Motion Picture Junior
The children's own magazine

The Movies Sub-deb
A photograph of Miss Morgan and her mother

46

All Aboard the Limerick Liner
Complete these last lines and win a prize

47

This Is Not a Press-Agent's Story
But the truth about how a man was discovered to play Teddy Roosevelt in "The Rough Riders"

48

Who Made Charlie Chaplin?
The almost forgotten truth about Syd Chaplin's achievement

LeRoy Green

The Keaton Children
Delightful portraits

51

Morning, Afternoon and Evening à la Mode
Carmen Griffith's new wardrobe suggests a variety of smart ideas

52

It's a Girl!
A marked contrast in portraits inspired by Lorraine Joy's extreme beauty

54

Alice Joyce Suggests This Luncheon

55

There Is an Infinite Variety to the Motion Pictures That Come to the Screen This Autumn
Scenes from the new offerings

56

The Great Gatsby
In the person of Warner Baxter

Tamar Lane

That's Out
The funny side of serious things

59

The Picture Parade
An up-to-date guide to the latest motion pictures

60

It All Began When Charlie Caught La Meller's Violets

A. W. F.

64

The Editor Gossips
Of Ramon Navarro—Carmen Griffith and Paul Bern

Norman L. Sper

66

How Long Are They Stars?
Some amazing facts

Elizabeth Green and Milton Howe

68

Say It with Letters
Interesting opinions on a variety of interesting things

The Readers

71

Little...But, Oh My!
Snap-shots from a California beach

72

Shall I Go Into the Movies?
Astronomical readings

Marion Morgan Drew

73

The Illinois Thunderbolt Strikes Hollywood
The latest of the film fables into the studios

F. Vance de Revere

74

Whose Hand?
Can you guess the owners of these hands from the character readings?

78

The Answer Man
Answers to questions, spiced with wisdom and wit

His Much Imitated Self
We Guarantee to Improve Your Voice 100%

Read how to do it in "PHYSICAL VOICE CULTURE", the greatest book ever written on voice building. It will show you the one scientific, tested way to build a powerful singing or speaking voice. Send coupon below for—

Free Book!

Glad to Tell Everybody What Your Course Did

I shall certainly be delighted to tell anyone what your course did for me. In fact, I have been telling people for the last three years and started several people in the work in Japan.

When one lives in New York, as do I now, and teaches the number of highly unqualified people who are teaching singing, it seems as if there couldn't be a worse test for teachers. I think that learning ten operatic roles, one after another, is a pretty good test of the condition of a person's throat, don't you? My voice doesn't seem to have suffered in the least from it.

Florence Mendelson,
New York City.

Wouldn't Part With Course for $1,000.00

I have a great deal to say about this wonderful course, and want you to know that I am a happy man since taking it up. I needed your course badly, very badly. Being a teacher, I have to speak, at times, quite loud, and the strain on my throat was nearly fatal, and hoarseness followed. My voice is absolutely clear and resonant now, in fact, I have no words to thank you enough.

I wouldn't part with my Course for a thousand dollars.

Julio C. De Vasconcellos,
New Bedford, Mass.

Realizes the Dream of Her Life

A feeling of thankfulness comes over me to think I have found such an opportunity to cultivate my voice. It is the one thing in my life to develop a beautiful voice, and to think that it is only improving through your wonderful method brought right to my own door.

I will now make you happy by saying it is certainly the best investment I ever made.

Florence M. Clarke,
1488 11th Ave., Vancouver, B. C.

Lost Voice Restored—Sings Better Than Ever

I am very glad to be able to inform you that the study and practice of your exercises is making a great change in my voice.

You may appreciate what this means to me when I tell you that an illness while in France, weakened my throat to such an extent that I feared I would never sing again. However, after studying your lessons, I find that I can sing better than ever, in fact, I was told by friends that my voice had improved. An impression that I had never been in better voice than I am now.

J. Ralph Bartlett,
Newton, N. H.

The four letters on this page tell amazing stories of vocal development. They are from men and women who have learned that Physical Voice-Culture is the one, infallible, tested, scientific method of voice building. They are just a few of the thousands telling the same story of success, in many cases, after all other methods of voice building had failed.

Your voice has fascinating dormant possibilities that you may not even realize. The new book, Physical Voice-Culture will show you how to build up a superb voice by the development of muscles whose existence you never suspected. No matter what condition your voice is in now, it can be improved at least 100% or every cent of tuition will be cheerfully refunded without question when you have finished the course.

Just a few years ago, Bert Langtre's voice was almost destroyed by catarrh and asthma. An impediment in his speech caused him untold embarrassment and suffering. Now he is singing in Grand Opera in California. "An unusual case," you say. Not at all. He merely took advantage of the opportunity you are given here.

Build up your voice the simple, easy, natural way by silent physical exercises in the privacy of your own home. The Physical Voice-Culture method is ideally adapted to home study. It is being taught as successfully by correspondence as by personal instruction. No one need know that you are studying until you have developed a strong, beautiful voice. When you are constantly urged to sing or speak at your church, at private receptions or public functions—when you are the most popular person in your circle of acquaintances, then you will know the rich rewards of Physical Voice-Culture.

If You Can Pass These Tests You Can Develop a Superb Singing Voice

1. Can you open your mouth wide enough to insert two fingers between your teeth?
2. Can you swallow five times in succession?
3. Holding your hand to your throat, can you feel the cords vibrate when you sing "oo-oo-oo"?
4. Can you hold your breath for 30 seconds?
5. Are you determined to sing or speak well?

If your answer "yes" to these questions, you have a potentially fine voice that can be developed amazingly by PHYSICAL VOICE CULTURE.

Mail This Coupon

Find out at once about the wonderful possibilities of your voice—possibilities that you have never realized! Simply send coupon for FREE book. Read the astounding true stories of what others have done. This may be the turning point in your life. Mail coupon today.

Perfect Voice Institute
1922 Sunnyside Ave. Studio 12-66 Chicago, Ill.

---

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 12-66
1922 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Special Offer—Send at once, free and without obligation, your beautifully illustrated book "Physical Voice Culture" and full information regarding your home study method of voice building. It is understood that I do not have to pay a cent for this book, either now or later, and that I do not have to return it.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________

When you write to us please mention the MAGAZINE.
The Bulletin Board
The Very Last Word in News

ARRY POLLARD, Universal director, has had to give up all hope of finishing "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He began work on this revival last winter, but had to abandon it because of illness, company has waited several months for his recovery with the overhead piling up, and as he is still unroved, Lois Weber has been selected to finish the picture. Miss Weber has just made a great success of "The Marriage Clause," and was about to start work on "The Salvation Seekers."

Harry Pollard played Uncle Tom in the first film version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and it has been his ambition to direct the picture. The cast will remain unchanged—with Pauline Frederick, Marguerita Fischer, and in all probability Charles Gilpin, the negro star.

VIN COBB has gone to Hollywood with a double purpose. He will write a comedy for Cecil De Mille entitled "Turkish Delight," which describes what happens to the harem when the harem is let loose. And he will also prepare the script for Metro-Goldwyn's pictorial version of the building of the Panama Canal.

GILDA GRAY and her first picture, "Aloma of the South Seas," played at the Rialto in New York for six triumphant weeks. The question is whether Gilda's picture, without Gilda and her shimmies in the flesh, could have lasted even two weeks. And her producers apparently don't want to find out—for they are sending Gilda along with the picture on a tour of the United States.

ALICE HARRIMAN, the society woman who had movie ambitions and who was given her first part in "Sorrows of Satan," died suddenly in Europe of septic poisoning. She had gone abroad to act with the UFA company in Germany.

OSCAR SHAW, the musical-comedy favorite who once in a while appears in pictures, is being mentioned as leading man for Norma Shearer in her next picture, "Upstage," to be directed by Monta Bell. Oscar worked with Mr. Bell as the small-town lover in "The King on Main Street," and as we remember it, there was nothing in his performance to recommend him as a foil for the lovely Norma. A few years ago Oscar was one of the most ingratiating personalities on the musical-comedy stage, but his charm either has faded or does not photograph.

GLENN HUNTER, having been suggested by Theore Dreiser but ignored by Famous Players as a candidate for the leading role in "An American Tragedy," is going abroad. He will star in a screen version of "L'Aiglon," the play that Maude Adams made famous on the speaking stage. It will probably be directed by Dudley Murphy, known to American film fans only thru his "Ballet Mecanique," which gives very little hint of what the young man can do with a dramatic story.

Since musical comedies seem to furnish such good material for the screen, First National has decided to convert "Lady, Be Good!" to the uses of Dorothy Mackaill. Frances Agnew is now busy on the scenario. One has come to look for Jack Mulhall in the cast of any Dorothy Mackaill picture, but he does not anticipate this time. Lloyd Hughes will also have an important role.

LOIS MORAN has signed a contract with Famous Players and will begin work with them as soon as "The Duke of Ladies" is completed. Her first picture will be "God Gave Me Twenty Cents," to be directed by Herbert Brenon.

Mr. Brenon is still busy on "The Great Gatsby," in which Lois Wilson appears for the first time with shorn locks. Lois' is a bob in name only tho, for it is not at all boyish and the effect from the front is exactly the same as before. It has given Lois a new gesture, for she insists that she feels quite nude, and keeps stroking the back of her head experimentally.

DOROTHY HUGHES has been making rapid strides toward success of late. Her small part in "Sorrows of Satan" was followed by a role in "Glorifying the American Girl," and when this is completed she will join Adolph Menjou and Alice Joyce in the cast of "The Ace of Cad's." Like so many of her cinema sisters, Dorothy hails from the chorus, and she has all that this implies.

$10.00 for the Best Title to this Picture

You may send as many titles to this picture as you like— not more than ten words long. All answers must be mailed by September 10 and no titles will be returned, Address them: Title Contest, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York.

(Walter Hiebs in some new "Ladies Up")
A Message
From E.W. Hammons
To the readers of
Motion Picture Magazine

If you were connected with the great motion picture industry—if you were a star or a
director or a business executive—what
would be your greatest ambition? Would your
fondest dream be that some day you would be
responsible for the “biggest and grandest”
spectacle the screen had ever produced?

Perhaps on first thought you will quickly
answer “yes, of course.” But that isn’t my
chief ambition—and it never
has been. I’d like to tell
you why.

* * *

The motion picture industry,
in my opinion, has one function
to perform that is more impor-
tant than any other consideration
—to provide you and the rest of
the great picture-loving public
with consistently fine, wholesome
entertainment and amusement.
Of course, you want to see the
fine big feature spectacles. But
you also want to be sure that
whenever you care to spend an
evening at the “movies,” you can
count on having a fine evening’s
entertainment all through the
whole show.

And that’s why it always has
been my chief ambition to have Educational provide you the
finest possible entertainment in
the comedies, novelties and other
Short Features that make up “The Spice of the Pro-
gram.” In the many years that Educational has
played a part in the motion picture industry, it has
never handled a long feature picture, and I’m mighty
proud of the fact that it has grown to its present
position among the leaders of the industry through
specializing in the briefer pictures that go to balance
the ideal picture program and that provide such a
large part of your film entertainment.

You have shown that you want—that you demand—
the finest entertainment all through the show; and
that’s why most of the country’s
better theatres are showing Educational Pictures today.
That’s also the reason why the
Greater Movie Season that is
just beginning will bring to the
screen for your entertainment a
still bigger and finer group of
Educational Pictures.

Your favorite theatres can tell
you what Short Features they
are going to show as well as
which longer feature. And if
you’ll consider them all in de-
ciding “where to go,” you’ll find
that you get more consistent en-
joyment out of your movie
 evenings. You’ll be impressed by the
beauty and story value of the
Romance Productions in natural
colors, such as “The Vision.” You’ll
always get a hearty laugh out of
any of Educational’s comedies
or cartoons. Any program is a
better show that includes some of
the Short Features that make
up “The Spice of the Program.”
Dancing every night, beginning at midnight and ending with breakfast at dawn; teas, receptions, private theatricals, the opera, the theatre, the dressmaker, the caterer, engagements packed one into another like a conjurer's puzzle...

Until the society woman, abandoning her calendar, takes a run to Atlantic City for a few days' perfect relaxation in that golden air.

From New York, Philadelphia, Washington—even from as far as Pittsburgh and Chicago they come—lovely creatures in Paris frocks, thronging the brilliant promenades of the Ritz and Ambassador hotels.

How do these women, who can afford the most costly personal luxuries, take care of their skin?

What soap do they find, pure enough and fine enough, to trust their complexion to?

One hundred and ninety-four—over three-fourths—said, "I use Woodbury's Facial Soap for my skin."

"My skin was so irritated by ordinary soap."

"Other soaps which I had given a fair trial had failed—Woodbury's has greatly helped me."

"Because once I find something good, I want to hold on to it. It is the most refreshing soap in the world."

"All my friends who have good complexions use it."

"Because of the amount of soap necessary for use, living in Pittsburgh, I find Woodbury's leaves the skin as smooth as possible."

These are a few of the reasons they gave.

A SKIN specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for the purest 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 is conscious of this extreme fineness.

Every Woodbury user recognizes something individual and unique in the feeling of Woodbury's on her skin: mild, soothing, and at the same time tonic and gently stimulating.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet containing special treatments for overcoming common skin defects, such as blackheads, blemishes, conspicuous nose pores, etc. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in correcting these common skin troubles make it ideal for regular use.

Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's you will notice an improvement in your complexion—will see it grow smoother, clearer, finer.

Get your Woodbury's today—begin tonight, the treatment your skin needs!
CARMEL MYERS

Carmel is hard to classify. After seeing "Ben-Hur" we knew she was never intended to be a vamp—yet she continues to be cast in these roles. In this blonde study only the back denotes the siren. The face might be Claire Windsor looking starry-eyed and ingenuous. Carmel will next be seen in "Tell It to the Marines"
Bill is looking very collegiate since the triumph of "Brown of Harvard." His brilliant performance in that picture entitles him to a place in the very front rank. Yet in "Lovey Mary" his rôle is negligible, and in "Tell It to the Marines" he plays second lead, with Lon Chaney. Someone is not using good judgment.
In spite of the tumultuous success of "Kiki," Norma Talmadge will have no more of comedy. Convinced that straight drama is her forte, she has chosen "The Sun of Montmartre" for her next picture. Norma has threatened to retire from the screen in three years, but we refuse to begin worrying yet. In the meanwhile, she has on her program such eagerly awaited offerings as "The Darling of the Gods" and "The Garden of Allah."
Bebe persists in riding, even tho she was thrown in the course of her last canter and was seriously ill for many weeks. It takes more than a horse to upset Bebe. She has to be more or less of a daredevil in her new position as Paramount's première comédienne. Her next picture will be "The Campus Flirt," in which we will see one more movie director's conception of college life.
Rod La Rocque

Fox couldn't afford to cast Rod as Sergeant Quirt in "What Price Glory," tho he was their first choice for the rôle. Maybe that's why Rod looks so sombre. There are disadvantages in being a high-priced star. He is working hard now on "Gigolo"
BELLE BENNETT

"Stella Dallas" established "Billy Bennett's mother" as one of the finest actresses on the screen, and she will gather more glory in Universal's production of "The Fifth Commandment." With her in this study is her son Theodore, who comes as quite a surprise to everyone.
AILEEN PRINGLE

Joseph Hergesheimer has publicly declared her the most fascinating woman in Hollywood. Elinor Glyn long ago proclaimed that she had "It." Yet Aileen Pringle has never quite caught the fancy of the public. Perhaps she has never had a rôle which could illuminate her personality. Perhaps her charm is too still and deep to be captured on the screen. At any rate, fame eludes her. She is playing with Thomas Meighan and Renée Adorée in "Tin Gods"
We were beginning to despair of Ray Griffith. For the past few months his formula for making pictures seems to have been—plenty of Ray Griffith, and never mind the story. But at last he has realized that one man doesn’t make a picture. His next will be a straight drama in which mystery, murder, and plot will mingle with Ray’s irresistible comedy. The title is “You’d Be Surprised"
We see Helen Otero, stenographer, at the gorgeous dinner tables making her brave, bright stand, laughing to cover her shudders. We see her in her hotel room counting over her money and wondering whether she dare buy an orchid for her gown...

HERE is a really, truly story of Make-Believe for you... a story about Poor Little Princess Pretend. The only part of the story that remains shrouded in mist is the ending... whether or not it is a Happy Ending must be left to Time and the gods.

It was in the month of May, 1926. A modern story of Make-Believe, you see.

Hollywood was going its painted plutocratic way. There hadn't been a sensation in months. And then, all at once, there blazed into the film foreground the blue-blooded fact that a Princess of Spain, a daughter of the blood royal, was at the Hotel Biltmore in Los Angeles and that her avowed desire was to "get into the movies," that Mecca of the humble born, the royal born and the Great Middle Classes. That touchstone which makes Julie O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady veritably sisters under their skin.

No one was very much surprised. It takes a great deal to surprise Hollywood. But everyone was thrilled. After all, even in Hollywood, Princesses of Spain do not come every day. Princesses of Spain who say that their heart's desire is to play opposite to Valentino, Antonio Moreno and Ramon Novarro.

Hollywood "took up" the Princess Beatriz de Braganza. Hollywood entertained her as befits Royalty. It dined her and wined her. It obtained movie tests for her. She had come to see the Golden Apple of the Hesperides (Hollywood) and the Golden Apple quivered and was about to drop into her outstretched palm.

The Best People were her hosts and hostesses. Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno, Mrs. Arthur Wright, Mr. Eugene V. Brewster, Leatrice Joy and her brother. It never occurred to any one of them that this little lady was other than she purported to be.

Now and then it appeared odd that a daughter of royal Spain should appear in a frail little frock of no particular pretension. But what of that? It is an integral part of royal blood to know impoverishment. Now and then it was delicately hinted that her Spanish was not of the

(Continued on page 95)
A Fascinating Story About

Illustrations by
Henry Pilgrim

Prize Offer

Why is this new novel about motion picture people called "Crazy Quilt"? Two hundred dollars in prizes is offered for the best explanation. See page 122 for details.

The Editor

Crazy Quilt

"The man who started this vogue for artificial

THE aroma of an Habana cigar never failed to startle Judith into an unwelcome memory of that afternoon. And years later when she remembered the big mahogany-filled office and the dusty band of sunshine shifting thru the curtain, she was to remain grateful that the short, fat hand of Marcus Goldstein had not touched her.

She had asked to see him in a brave moment. She had seen her rushes on the screen and the knowledge that she
Fascinating People—By Adele Ormiston

had etched the bit she played with finesse had girded her with courage.

Ordinarily, of course, she would never have been allowed in the sacred precincts of the projection-room. But the director had been called away and had asked his assistant to look over the film. The assistant had invited Judith to come in and have a look at herself.

“Yours will be the face on the cutting-room floor,” he announced.

And Judith knew enough about motion picture parlance and motion pictures to realize that he was giving her a compliment and telling her the truth. Anyone undiplomatic enough to steal a scene from a star might expect to be surgically removed from the footage.

Marcus Goldstein had seen the rushes too. And he had immediately recognized Judith as the girl who had waited for his car to pass in the studio driveway the day before. He had made a note of her then. He had admired her.
She Was an Extra Girl

"Who is she?" he asked Sam Bond, the director, with whom he had seen the film that afternoon.

"Her name is Tower, I think . . . that's right, Jack?" Sam Bond had sought confirmation from his assistant director.

"Yes sir," Jack said, "Judith Tower is her name."

There had been a non-committal grunt from Marcus Goldstein and at that moment nothing else had been said. But a few minutes later he asked if the Tower girl was new at the game and if he should know her.

Sam Bond believed she was new at the game.

"She has a freshness about her that makes me think she is kind of new," he had explained. "As a matter of fact, he had actually thought this. But even if he had not, he would have said something to this effect. It was evident that this girl was going to find favor. Being on the safe side had always been Sam Bond's long suit.

When Marcus Goldstein had shortly quit the projection-room, both men had looked at each other significantly.

"You'll direct Miss Tower again," Jack vouchedsafed.

"It's a safe bet that someone on this lot will," Sam agreed.

Both of them knew the proclivities of the president of the Excelsior Film Company. They made production in his studio difficult. Favorites. Capricious. Women. Always the possibility they would not be able to act and that the director would be the one blamed. Two or three productions had been ruined at about this time and the directors had subsequently been let out.

It would have been difficult to say whether Goldstein had left the ladies' underwear business because of the pretty girls in the motion picture studios . . . or whether he had found the pretty girls merely an added attraction.

Back in his office, Goldstein had been thinking how fortunate it was that his commercial and predatory instincts lay alongside of each other this time.

And his office boy had announced Judith Tower. He had been a little surprised. Naturally, And he was relieved that it would be unnecessary for him to manufacture a pretext for an interview. It was infinitely better this way. It placed her at a disadvantage.

His quick little eyes watched her as she entered his room and took the chair he indicated beside his desk. He made allowances for the severity of her gray-tailored suit and the small felt hat. He had imagination. He saw how she might look in the jewels and furs he could give her. He pictured her roundly turned slenderness in a Lelong gown. And he thought how beautifully white her hands would look wearing those pigeon-blood rubies in his safety deposit box. He saw himself walking down the aisles with her on first nights. She would wear ermine. What else? Expensive? What of it? He had made a large fortune in this Aladdin's business. Pretty girls had made it for him. He would spend something on pretty girls.

He could see himself sitting with her, tête-à-tête, at a small table at the Ritz Carlton at luncheon. Everyone went there. Such prices! And the head waiter always expecting you to slip him a crisp bill if you expected a table held for you. But it was all part of the game. The profits warranted such extravagances.

He saw her in a fragile negligée pouring his cocktail . . .

Judith stirred uncomfortably in her chair. She knew that he had only partially heard what she was saying. And she wished that he would not look at her that way. She had seen her father's friends look at race-horses in something the same manner. Suddenly she wanted to hide her audacious red mouth. She lowered her green eyes. She thought not even the fulness of a nun's robe could sufficiently hide her body. This man made her acutely conscious of every moving curve.

When she paused, he did not attempt to break the silence.

"If I could become a member of your stock company, at even a small salary," Judith broke the interminable lull, "I feel sure I would please you . . ."

She found that her voice was playing queer tricks. It (Continued on page 76)
The gridiron has not been the same since Lefty Flynn married Viola Dana... for Lefty now spends his days in the studios. He is with the little woman, for one thing. It is more lucrative too, of course. Lefty comes to the screen next in "Mulhall's Great Catch" And Viola in "Kosher Kitty Kelly"

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Flynn, of Hollywood
They Are Not What They Seem

By Gladys Hall

Some 'eroes and 'eroinés are what they seem. But many are not. It is of the latter we write... removing their masks and showing their real faces, minus make-up and minus Kleig lighting.

Mary Pickford is not the curly-headed little girl... she is mature of mind and very, very wise. She is pre-eminently the practical, intelligent woman of business.

Charlie Ray has lived far from the old swimmin' hole... in a house staffed with correct functionaries... he has been concerned chiefly with ultra-tensorial appearances.

Harold Lloyd doesn't wear his horn-rimmed glasses, and instead of being care-free, he is a serious and industrious business man, a doting father and protective husband.

Mary is, to her Public, which is
A Story About the Picture People Who Are Paradoxes

Then there is Valentino, the sheik . . . who potters about the house and can hang pictures with finish and dispatch . . .

A Series of Unexpected Exposures

Harold Dean Carsey

the World, the beauty of Young Romance. The golden-haired child with wistful eyes and dreaming mouth. She is America's Sweetheart; the golden dreams of Business Men. Yes and no. Largely no.

Mary is a practical, poised, intelligent woman of business. She has great executive ability. She has a perfect sense of balance and the stamina to maintain it. She is level-headed and capable of driving a bargain if necessary. She is the devoted wife and the devoted daughter. She is sensible, sane, serene. She is mature of mind and very, very wise. She is philosophic and logical beyond the imagining of any Golden Sweetheart the world has ever known. Thus Mary.

Lillian Gish is a popular paradox of the first water. We think of her as the Lily Maid of some Astral or other. We think of her as Elaine, fragile and frail. A mere filament. We pray every night that the North Wind will never assail Lillian lest it blow her to radiant dust. We think of her as detached from the world of reality, helpless, clinging, inestimably delicate.

This is not the real Lillian Gish. Not at all. Lillian is as healthy as Sandau. She is as strong as finely tempered steel. She is as unresisting as pure fiber silk. She is economical to a cent. Definite. Delicate. She has immense resources of courage and the full determination to use them. She is not to be deluded nor deceived.

When she has rights she will defend them with the gentle ferocity of . . . of Lillian. She is completely the mistress (even the master) of herself and of all the circumstances of her life, personal and professional. S' truth.

John Gilbert . . . ah, magic! . . . what springs from our hearts to our lips when this throbbing name comes to us . . . this Flame of Romance . . . the beautiful, ardent, splendid sad lover every woman curses Fate for denying her . . .

Well, John Gilbert is a business man. He prefers the aif of the megaphone to the fore. In case you are not a sailor accustomed to nautical terms we will explain that John prefers directing to acting. (At least he did six months ago). He saves his money. He also invests it. Impossible to think of Prince Danilo, of Rodelphe, saving against a rainy day. But he does. He figures out his own career in terms of dollars and cents and consults the calendar in doing so. He estimates success exactly for what it is worth, staying power and all, and not for what Mr. Webster's dictionary says it is. He wants to be happily married and believes in home life, children and mowing the front lawn.

John Gilbert suggests Ronald Colman. Not that we need anyone or anything to suggest Ronald Colman to us. Who are we to be able to forget him? But because they are such close friends, such warm admirers, the one

It may be difficult for you to think of Prince Danilo . . . of Rodelphe saving against a rainy day . . . but John Gilbert does. And he wants to be happily married and have children and mow the front lawn.

S'truth . . . Lillian Gish is as strong as finely tempered steel. She defends her rights with a gentle ferocity.
of the other. Ronald appears on the screen as the profound and deeply passionate lover. He is the force that runs deep. He is the symbol of love when love is Great. He is the perfect type of the One Love. The man who causes weary, disillusioned women to think, "Ah, if it might have been him—how different everything would be!"

Ronald Colman is a paradox, too. He is, really, a man's man. If you know what I mean. It was for him that John Gilbert prophesied the greatest and most enduring success of any man on the screen today. He loves to take his spare time, between pictures, and go off into the woods with a couple of other men, fishing tackle, a gun and a dog. He isn't a hermit, as has been said. He is too sane a person for such a pose. He even takes the girls out now and then, goes to night clubs and revues. But he does it mostly in the company of men and from a man's point of view.

Another contrast—Harold Lloyd.
Harold Lloyd seems to you what he once seemed to us... simply and entirely a care-free boy, having larks and scrapes every minute of his time. Horn-rimmed and happy.

Well, he doesn't wear the horn-rims in everyday life. That seems to make a difference to begin with. It is the outward symbol of the inward paradox. He isn't a care-free, hysterious boy, but a sober, serious, industrious man making pictures and money and calculating very carefully and with a great deal of anxiety at times what his next move should be, pictorially. He is the doing

Ronald Colman is a paradox, too. He is a man's man. He spends his spare time off in the woods, roughing it.

If you treasure your illusions, read no further. For Adolphe Menjou is a homey, folksy sort, comfortable, dependable and secure.

Tom Mix, from the Great Open Spaces you have read about, has a penchant for cream tailoring and scarlet do-dads... and he is always ablaze and a-glitter with diamonds.

Everyone knows that Charlie isn't the funny little man with the derby. He is brilliant and moody... either exuberant and optimistic or morbid and pessimistic.

father and the fond, protective husband. He is also the artist or he couldn't be so distinctly a paradox. While in the field of comedy it is impossible to pass over the king of them all. Charlie Chaplin. Who is, perhaps, the greatest paradox of all the picture people. It is, however, all but unnecessary to tell the world about Charlie since the world has heard so often that Charlie hankers to play Hamlet or Napoleon—or both. Such information must have set you thinking... a little.

Charlie, really, is the genius-type. He doesn't conform to any mould. He certainly does not conform wholly to the funny little man with the derby, the cane and the big shoes. Not unless you realize that in that funny little man is invested all the piteous futility, the wistful frustration of all pitiful, frustrated gallant people. At any rate, Charlie is brilliant and moody. He is brilliant and fitful, he is morbid and pessimistic or he is exuberant and optimistic. He goes in for intellectual things. He is high-sky up or he is the reverse down. Whoever it was who said that Comedy and Tragedy are akin must have had a foreknowledge of the birth of Charlie.

We run to contrasts... Tom Mix comes next in our portraits of paradoxes.

We don't know whether we can go on with this paradox or not. Our vocabulary is limited and we have a strong aversion to dying of laughter. It is painful and undignified. BUT—

We expected Tom to be one of these Where-Men-Are-Men (Continued on page 87)
HOLLYWOOD AND ENVIRONS

With the craze for old maps what it is today, what could be more interesting than this impression of the movie capital and the surrounding country done in the topographical-pictorial manner employed by the old map makers?
Once upon a time there was a little girl and she went to Packer Institute in the Borough of Brooklyn. She was just a schoolgirl, as the saying goes. She made fudge and joined little clubs and went to the movies now and then, for pastime. Then one day she found herself and her mother and her younger sister in rather more than "reduced circumstances." The little family were downright poor. None of them were prepared to do battle with the world and the wolf. They lived in one room in a boarding-house and subsisted upon pea soup and rice contributed by a kindly landlady.

It was up to our heroine.

She thought, first, of newspaper work. She went the beaten rounds from paper to paper, but none would give her a job.

Then, suddenly, clearly, from out the sky it came to her. She thought, "I'll write a movie!"

She might just as well have thought that she would get the golden apples of the Hesperides for all the experience she had had of either venture. But when this idea came to her it came as a revelation, a "hunch." She followed her hunch or the voice of her guardian angel or the prompting of her subconscious, whichever it may have been.

She hadn't the faintest notion of how to write a movie. This was back in the days when Vitagraph was ace-high in the film field, when Maurice Costello was the Man of the Hour, when J. Stuart Blackton was pioneering.

Our heroine betook herself to Vita-

The story of Agnes Christine Johnston told here is a human story. She is a woman with three kingdoms—motherhood, wifehood and a career.

graphic and asked for a job. There was no job for a schoolgirl with a retroussé nose and the appearance of a sub-deb. But she did manage to get hold of a script. She took the script home and studied it carefully. She got the hang of how the thing was done. Then she took pen in hand and wrote an original story. She called it "Tried for His Own Murder." She put it into script form and—she sold it to Vitagraph for Maurice Costello.

She admits that to sell your first original story is a wow. She says she nearly fainted when she got the check.

She again went to Vitagraph and applied for a job in the scenario department. Despite the success she had had, there was no job in the script department. But she did get a job—typing. She didn't know how to type—but what of it? She used two fingers and managed to keep pace with the accomplished stenographers. Meanwhile she waited and watched and wrote. Every now and again she sold another original story. And she came at last to the attention of Commodore Blackton who was, she says, always interested in beginners.

Thus began the career of Agnes Christine Johnston who is today under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, their "best bet" and at a starry salary.

Between the days of two-finger typing and the brilliantly contractual now there is a sturdy record of such screen successes as "Daddy Long Legs" with Mary Pickford, "The Tower of Lies" with Lon Chaney and Norma Shearer, "Beverly of Graustark" with Marion Davies, "The Female," "Barbara Frietchie," "Confessions of a Queen," "The Denial," "Forbidden Paradise" and many others. At present Miss Johnston is at work on "Mary of Vassar" for Marion Davies.

One thing has led to another... and she says of her own career, "It's been marvelous... it seems too good to be true... ."

* * *

Agnes Christine Johnston is the woman with "three kingdoms,"
for hand in hand with this vigorous and victorious career there have gone, too, the careers of wifehood and motherhood. Agnes Christine is Mrs. Frank Dazey in private life, the mother of two little Dazey children and the expectant mother of a third. A woman of three kingdoms indeed! A woman to emulate. A woman to be encouraged by, for she has done what many say cannot be done and she has done it all gallantly and gaily and—successfully. She is happy in her home. She is happy in her children. She is happy in her work. She has her problems, needless to say, but she meets them sanely and intelligently and they become solvable. She has gone out to meet life from every fundamental angle and Life, like a good sport, has “come across.”

Here is Agnes Christine’s advice to other girls (or boys) faced by the spur of necessity, the ambition to create or any one of the numerous goals to a career.

“Necessity is most important” she said, “that is one of the many reasons why I feel that children do not hamper (Continued on page 94)

In Spite of the Fact That He Looks Like Wally Reid

NATURE is said never to duplicate, but sometimes an example of her handiwork is so nearly identical with other achievements as to be almost parallel—so near alike, in fact, that a deft touch of human skill removes all dissimilarity. Hollywood has an example that typifies both the foregoing statements and that example is human, a motion picture actor, if you please, whose name is destined to shine in electric lights if prognostications of the “wise uns” may be credited.

He is Kent Meade. Nature’s part in this instance lies in the fact that she fashioned Meade almost identically as she did that much loved and sadly lamented star who held such a lure for picture fans a few years ago—the late Wallace Reid. The skill of a noted plastic surgeon is the “third dimension” so to speak, of this narrative.

Kent Meade—brought to Hollywood a little experience in things theatrical gained with a stock repertoire company in Salt Lake City and way points of Utah, and an ambition to climb the cinema ladder. The experience counted for little, but the ambition—well—it took him consistently to studio casting offices where rebuffs are common and where each one usually deflates, little or much depending on the will of the rebuffed, that “toy balloon of desire” we are wont to call our goal, or ideal. But Meade’s ambition just wouldn’t deflate; it rode high and he kept his eyes fixed on his goal without wavering. (Continued on page 94)

Kent Meade Hopes to Succeed

By William K. Gibbs

Above is a photograph of Wally—on the left and right are two photographs of Kent Meade. Could you tell them apart?

When these pictures were taken to Dorothy Davenport Reid, widow of Wally, she looked them over and said: “This must be a set of photographs Wally never showed me. And I don’t recall the clothes as any he ever wore.”

Photograph above by Evans. Photographs, left and right, by Hartsook

(Continued on page 94)
Love in the Movies

Caveman love—Wallace Beery

Intense love—Richard Barthelmess
Showing how some of our popular leading men portray the great emotion on the screen.

By Chamberlain

Impetuous love—John Gilbert

Sophisticated love—Adolphe Menjou

Bashful boy love—Charlie Ray
The correct, the proper way to begin an article on beautiful women would be to give an explicit definition of that much press-agented, much misunderstood quality. For quality it is, something so intangible, so elusive that one cannot say, "This is it." One senses it somehow and says instead, "I feel that it is here," apologetically, for in the presence of absolute beauty, one becomes humble. Definitions are unavailable; as well try to capture a star, or imprison a breath of perfume.

Beauty may lurk in the lace spread of wrinkles on an aged face. Beauty may be the line of a girl's slender throat. Beauty may be a trick of personality, a charming play of expression, graceful movement or tenderness. Beauty is not a matter of perfection in features or complexion. It bears no relation to prettiness. Beauty, to go further, would probably not win a beauty prize. All of which is by way of preamble to the disclosure that the movies are noticeably poor in really beautiful women.

Nikol Schattenstein, the noted portrait painter, who is as much devoted to the moving picture as he is to the painted one, is authority for the statement. Anyone who has dealt as much in beauty as this gifted artist has can qualify as an expert on the subject, but Mr. Schattenstein prefers to speak only for himself. "This is merely my opinion, you understand," he explains. "We all have our conceptions of beauty and it is an exceedingly wise or exceedingly stupid man who attempts to choose for the world. Your choice is as good as mine and mine is no better than the next person's. It is banal but true to say that beauty is a relative quality, that it varies with geography, with environment, with experience, with any of the influences that help to shape human character.

Mr. Schattenstein considers Greta Nissen an amusing type because she is as exotic as an Oriental in spite of her Scandinavian blondeness. He feels that Nazimova has a claim to beauty . . . in a tragic way.

Pola Negri qualifies in an almost barbarian way. Mr. Schattenstein considers her a vivid, gorgeous woman with a face that is capable of expressing the great variety of her moods.

He thinks Mary Philbin beautiful because emotions sweep across her face like a song over harp-strings.

Mr. Schattenstein considers Greta Nissen an amusing type because she is as exotic as an Oriental in spite of her Scandinavian blondeness. He feels that Nazimova has a claim to beauty . . . in a tragic way.
According to artistic standards, Pauline Starke is beautiful, but she does not belong wholly in this century. She has that beauty that is found in Botticelli painting.

He ranks both Alice Joyce and Florence Vidor high... He attributes a patrician quality to Miss Vidor... And he feels that there is a rich, haunting beauty about Alice Joyce.

The Turk considers avoid Dupuis essential to beauty. The American considers it a tremendous handicap.

"Absolute beauty is as rare as genuine genius—the one hears of a person with extraordinary talent being called a 'genius,' or one of exceptional good looks labeled a 'beauty.' Strictly speaking, there is not a real beauty in the movies, but perhaps it would be better in this interview to limit ourselves to the more common definition of beauty.

To me beauty cannot exist without animation. Nothing makes a woman more beautiful than that sparkle which shows itself in her eyes, her smile, her mouth, her gait, her whole bearing. I don't mean that a woman must dance about like a dragon-fly. No, animation manifests even in repose. I suppose that what I call animation someone else would call variety, nuances in mood that give an ever-changing interest to a familiar thing."

The motion pictures are filled with pretty faces, sated with them, cluttered with them. They are like so many dolls, each with its own particular expression as firmly fixed as if it had been painted on in a toy-shop. Nikol Schattenstein speaks of expressions as "masks" and the majority of movie stars are blessed with but a single mask, he believes.

Of all the hundreds of pretty girls who take part in the vast parade of pictures there is only a small percentage who can qualify as real beauty. But the fact that this minority is being honored by stardom and that it is constantly expanding is an encouraging sign that the so-called infant industry is kicking off its pink wool booties and growing up.

Mr. Shattenstein declined at first to name the beauties (Continued on page 102)
Have You Enough Color

The home that is cheerful and colorful and charming is the home where you will find happiness

The average home has the same difficulty that the average individual has, in at least one particular—the home and individual both far too frequently lack color. And lacking color, they lack charm and graciousness and beauty as well. The color that you introduce into your home is as definitely a part of the personality of the home as the color of an individual, whether that color is happiness, charm, gaiety or beauty of soul.

Most people are afraid of color in the home. They hear, mysteriously, of color schemes, but they do not know quite what color schemes mean. They hear of colors that blend or complement each other, and that seems even more mysterious. The result is that because they are afraid to introduce brilliancy into their homes because they might make a mistake, they put, instead, drab things together and it is not surprising when the whole effect becomes most uninteresting and dull.

Recently I visited the homes of two newly wedded couples. The first bride had far more money to spend than the second, but either she was afraid of color, did not understand color, or did not care for brilliant colorful things around her. She bought changeable silk curtains in dull tans and blues for her living-room—and the effect was brown. Her two bedrooms were both done in dull, mousey silks, too. The walls were gray, her floor coverings a dull taupe, and her davenport and cushions were just as colorless. The result was an austere room. It was correct enough, to be sure. The shapes of the pieces of furniture were not bad. If reproduced in a black-and-white photograph, the whole effect would have been good, but seeing it for the first time as it was in its real colors, I realized that the whole thing was drab. There was no real beauty anywhere. It was toneless and cheerless and spelled neither hospitality nor charm.

The second home was far simpler—and what a difference here! There was a bright bedroom set in colored enamel and a bowl of jonquils at the window. A little nest of red lacquer tables was placed next to a taupe armchair and the curtains were soft green chintz deliciously sprigged in white, vermilion and yellow. There were gay cushions and a chair that reflected the green of the curtains. The lamps of inexpensive parchment were a soft cream yellow and they were light and cheerful too. The whole room seemed to say, "What good times we have here! Isn't this a cheerful place in which to live?" Life became immediately more worth while because of this pleasant little home.

You must, of course, decorate your home according to its size and proportion, but from the simplest little cottage to the most dignified mansion, color judiciously applied...
In Your Home?

By Stephen Gooson

Motion Picture Magazine Offers a Valuable Service

Stephen Gooson furnishes all sets used in First National productions. For years he has worked out his theories and is acknowledged as one of the greatest experts on interior decorating in America.

Every month he will offer a simple article on decoration in the home and his readers will unquestionably be benefited by his practical suggestions and explanations.

THE EDITOR.

will add a value that can be achieved in no other way. "I'd use color," exclaims the young bride, or even the more experienced matron, "if I knew what colors to use and where to put them." So the average woman wanders around in the shops, doesn't know what to buy and ends by buying something that is serviceable even if not attractive. You can do your shopping carelessly and without a definite plan and hope to achieve a room or a home that is satisfactory as a whole. If you were buying a hat, you would buy it to harmonize with the rest of your costume. In buying things for your home, you must think of harmony, too.

There is no reason why you can't put color in a room and put it in correctly if you learn the simplest things about color and color combinations. The secret of using color is to use grayed colors—that is, colors that are neutralized by the addition of gray—in large quantities and use pure color—that is, color that is brilliant—in smaller quantities. No one would want a bright red davenport or a huge, brilliantly colored chair unless he was quite sure how and when these were to be introduced. This same orange and

COLOR CHART

Very often it is practical to let your chintz or cretonne curtains suggest the color scheme of the room in which they hang. The designs of this material are supplied by splendid artists.

(Continued on page 117)

Keep this color chart for reference. If you use the colors it recommends, your color problem will be solved. The simple way of reading this chart is explained in the text.

this same green in brilliant but smaller splashes would be far more appropriate in the average home. Soft orange—that is grayed orange—can be used in large quantities. Orange that is grayed and lightened enough might even become cream. Sometimes it becomes buff.

Grayed red becomes soft and attractive-looking. Light grayed green, too, may be used successfully as a background color. All right then—grayed colors in large quantities and brilliant colors in small patches.

What colors to use? That's simple enough, I am sure. To make a correct color scheme all you have to do is to choose one color—and then choose the complement of that color. Use one color
Home, Sweet Home
of the D'Arcys

The Roy D'Arcys went up into the foothills to build their home. They wanted to capture the sunsets in their own back yard. Romantic! You know how it is with newly weds . . .

The living room is walled with bookshelves . . . and shaded lamps complement the easy chairs . . .

There is a wide hearth . . . and bowls of fragrant flowers from the all-year-round garden brighten the rooms . . .

Turn to Page 88 for the Other Side of the Story
HE DIDN'T LIKE EUROPE

Buck Jones Gives an Original Travelogue

By CATHERINE BRODY

Drawings by Eldon Kelley

It does take courage—to say what you think when you are thinking differently from most people you know. The movie folks had been trekking to Europe for years. And Mr. and Mrs. Buck Jones had listened to their enthusiastic descriptions when they came back and gave dinner parties so they could talk about their travels.

Then Buck and Mrs. Buck crossed the pond, as some say. And to think, forgetting that Fox had crowned him humorist with the title-rôle in "Lazybones," we once thought Buck Jones was just a broncho-busting cowboy star, merely another he-man from the wide open spaces! And to think that we thought this up to the exact moment (even a few minutes after) Mr. Jones appeared for lunch. He wore a sad expression and a light overcoat, checked in a cross between purple and old rose. He said that he had a headache and had been to Philadelphia.

"And you've also been to Europe, haven't you?" gently suggested the enterprising publicity man.

"Yes, to Europe," admitted Mr. Jones with a sigh. "Just got back."

There wasn’t anything else to say, so, we said it, with a sigh, too. "And what do you think of Europe, Mr. Jones."

Buck Jones turned his handsome manly countenance full-square upon us. He began to laugh. "Ha-ha-ha!" he laughed. "Ha-Ha-Ha." Just like that.

"Listen," he said confidentially, as it were, "Any time I see one of these birds lookin' over boat sailings, gettin' their baggage and their tweed overcoats 'n' their caps for the boat together, all swelled up, yes, sir, we're off to Europe, I feel like going up to them and laughing right out in their faces!"

"How long were you in Europe?" we gasped.

"Well," said Buck Jones, "lessee. Two days in London coming and two days going back, that's four, and a week in Paris, that's eleven, and two days around the battlefields, and a day here and there, well, I reckon about fifteen days, in all."

So then it all came out. It seems that the Joneses, Mr. and Mrs., who was a trick rider herself once under the name of Odille Osborne, set out for Europe, "all swelled up" and the recipients of a great deal of valuable advice, such as, for instance, not to go up to one of the London bobbies who wear helmets and coats to their ankles and ask where one could find a policeman, for London bobbies have no sense of humor to speak of, at least, so Buck Jones says. All went well for several hours in London, until Mr. Jones set out to give King George's stables (Continued on page 104)
THE SCREEN HALL OF FAME

JOHN GILBERT
"'The Big Parade'—absolutely. All of us lived thru the war, and the glory and terror of it stay with us. I felt that I grew with my part. It was not just a two-dimensioned drama. It was life and worth while."

JOHN BARRYMORE
"I like elemental stuff, so 'The Sea Beast' is the picture I like best. There is no more pioneering in three-masted schooners. I love the sea and always hoped to do 'Moby Dick' on the screen. Now here it is."

RAMON NOVARRO
"'Scaramouche' is my favorite. A picture that has had the long runs this one has had must have something real behind it. I like costume stuff, and I enjoyed doing this one most."

MILTON SILLS
"Anybody could select my favorite role and be right the first time—'The Sea Hawk.' It was a man's part in a man-sized picture... a part you could get your teeth in."

NORMA TALMADGE
"'Smilin' Thru' is my choice. It is the picture which more nearly approached my vision of the thing it was going to be. I feel, too, that it is the most artistic thing I have ever done, and I should like to be remembered in this rôle."

POLA NEGRI
"'Carmen'—oh, yes, Carmen. I understood her. I loved her. I was her. It was like playing on an organ with innumerable stops. Every emotion could be touched upon. And the première in Berlin... on the last day of the reign of Kaiser Wilhelm II."
A Dozen Stars Name Their Favorite Role

MAE MURRAY

"I believe in happiness, and I would rather be remembered for brilliance and joy than for bitterness and power. My passion is beauty, and I feel that 'The Merry Widow' is the most beautiful thing I have done."

LEATRICE JOY

"'Manslaughter'... because my part called for the comedy touches I love—yet gave me a chance at tragedy and unlimited scope for what I call 'human drama.' That is the sort of thing I adore."

COLLEEN MOORE

"That's easy! 'So Big,' of course. A great story by a great author with a part for me in which I broke out of flappers and stopped being a type. God bless it!"

RUDOLPH VALENTINO

"'The Four Horsemen' has an epic sweep. It deals with the greatest event of modern times—the war—and it deals with it gloriously. Julio won me my first friends and so is very close to my heart."

CORINNE GRIFFITH

"'Black Oxen,' that romance of lavender-scented youth, held the combination of mystery and tears and love-barred-out that I am always looking for and seldom find. I want to be remembered for this unless I do something better."

HAROLD LLOYD

"I choose 'The Freshman.' It has the spirit of youth, which is a lot more elusive than people think... and there is a sympathetic appeal about it that I like. I enjoy a character with plenty of work in it, and this was marvelous from that angle."

"I believe in happiness, and I would rather be remembered for brilliance and joy than for bitterness and power. My passion is beauty, and I feel that 'The Merry Widow' is the most beautiful thing I have done."

"'Manslaughter'... because my part called for the comedy touches I love—yet gave me a chance at tragedy and unlimited scope for what I call 'human drama.' That is the sort of thing I adore."

"That's easy! 'So Big,' of course. A great story by a great author with a part for me in which I broke out of flappers and stopped being a type. God bless it!"

"'The Four Horsemen' has an epic sweep. It deals with the greatest event of modern times—the war—and it deals with it gloriously. Julio won me my first friends and so is very close to my heart."

"'Black Oxen,' that romance of lavender-scented youth, held the combination of mystery and tears and love-barred-out that I am always looking for and seldom find. I want to be remembered for this unless I do something better."

"I choose 'The Freshman.' It has the spirit of youth, which is a lot more elusive than people think... and there is a sympathetic appeal about it that I like. I enjoy a character with plenty of work in it, and this was marvelous from that angle."

39
Gilda Gray Tells How

By

DUNHAM THORP

Drawing by
De Pauw

"One, Two, Three . . . One, Two, Three! That's Not Dancing!"

According to Gilda

WHAT is dancing?

"One, two, three, kick"—and the ballet-master's rod flung across the floor? "One, two, three, get set"—and a jump in the air, with the legs spread apart? "One, two, three"

—Or is dancing something else again than merely the product of a long, arduous, and often deadening, training—something done to express the emotions surging within oneself?
She Does Her Stuff

These, and other, thoughts danced vague and hazily thru my mind as I wended my not so weary way to meet the perfectly chosen person from whom to find their answer: Maryanne Michalska—now Mrs. Gil Boag, but better known as Gilda Gray—whose South Sea Island dance is said by Samoans themselves to have caught "the essential spirit of our race."

I arrived and met this lady, who laughs at the fact that a "blonde Polack" should have been made a Samoan princess as she has been in her first motion picture, "Aloma of the South Seas." Gilda does not want to be labeled merely as a South Sea dancer. And she laughs at the fact that a "blonde Polack" has been a Samoan princess. For, be it known that she who plays Aloma in this picture ("Aloma of the South Seas") is also the Samoan princess Fetuoa (the morning star, the evening star, the only star that shines), a title conferred upon her by the royal Samoan house because:

"They say I've done more thru my dancing to advertise Samoa than any other person. That, when the South Seas are mentioned, one naturally couples them with me—same as pork-'n'-beans."

And she told me of the ceremony within the walls of the old Moro castle: of the governor's declaration of half-holiday; of the children's parade; of the ancient Polynesian ritual. . . .

All of which happened in Porto Rico; and all (Continued on page 88)
Back in the old Kalem days Anna Q. Nilsson and Alice Joyce had dressing-rooms next door to each other.

Now they rarely see each other—unless Anna comes to New York to shop or Alice goes to California to make a picture.

This photograph was made while they visited together at Anna Q's ranch the last time Alice was in California.
Hollywood Notes

Paragraphs of Social Importance from the Most Famous Suburbia in the World

Perhaps you picture Charles Ray as a thin, raw-boned, gawky country boy.

Well, you’re wrong. The first impression he gives you when you meet him on the street, at a reception or on the tennis-court, is that he is about six feet tall, gracefully built, pleasant face, good-looking and very smartly dressed. I have read sob stories about the tragic career of Charles Ray, but to see him and talk to him is to dispel all thoughts of any lasting unhappiness in his life.

* * *

The nose is formed for spectacles; therefore we wear spectacles,” Voltaire makes the professor say in “Candide.” When I first looked upon Jack Duffy, who was doing a two-reel comedy over on the Christie lot, I thought he was at least sixty and that his spectacles seemed to grow on his nose. And he was very, very funny, alt hough I observed that he was extremely spry for an old man.

Later on I saw the real Jack Duffy (who, by the way, is Kate Price’s brother) and I could hardly believe that he was the aforesaid old man. In fact, he is a regular fellow in every respect and a good one, and he can’t be much over thirty.

* * *

If monsieur will be so gracious—” he said, as he mounted the stool beside me and nearly pushed me off. I turned from my sandwich and “Eastside” and saw a strange-looking specimen of humanity: “To what fortunate circumstance do I owe the honor of this intrusion? Prithi, who art thou, my lord?” I asked. He then smiled sweetly under and around his walrus mustache and replied: “Charlie’s Aunt.” I couldn’t see the slightest resemblance to Syd Chaplin, but it was indeed he, in his “Better ‘Ole” make-up.

* * *

Gertrude Astor seems to be coming to the front lately, having been quite successful in a line of parts that are quite similar—the chorus-girl-actress type—that has brought her into prominence. She is excellent in this type of thing.

Sunday afternoons in Hollywood are identically the same as Sunday afternoons in less famous suburbs. There are tennis tournaments . . . golf engagements at the country club . . . impromptu suppers because the servants go out . . .

Gardner James, Patsy Ruth Miller, Theodore von Eltz and Eugene V. Brewster were among the players entered in the Blackton Tennis Tournament

Antonio Moreno seems to be in greater demand than ever since “Beverly of Graustark.” Several companies are bidding for his services on a contract basis, but he told me that he preferred to free-lance, as he is now doing, because then he can pick his own plays and parts. Wise Tony! N’est-ce pas?

* * *

John Barrymore must be a sort of recluse. He is here, of course, somewhere, but nobody seems to know where. I haven’t met him or met anybody who has met him. Ditto Rod La Rocque. And it seems to me that the people who are talking about and seen around here the most are the ones we see the least on the screen and in the magazines.

* * *

Gardner James seems to have taken Richard Barthelmess’ place with Inspiration Pictures. I am told that the two ran a sort of race in “A Certain Gentleman” and that the former won out. But perhaps Dick is more than satisfied because he has signed up with First National. His last picture, “Ranson’s Folly” was a rather sad affair when I saw the preview, and Gardner made quite an impression in Blackton’s “Hell-Bent for Heaven.” By the way, Warner has a rather unique handbill out. On the front in large red letters is “Go to Hell,” but as you unfold it the words “Bent for Heaven” follow.

* * *

Charlie Chaplin is one of the finest impromptu entertainers in Hollywood. Whatever the game, whether dancing, reciting, singing, imitating, acting, acrobating or nonsense, Charlie does his bit with remarkable cleverness. The other night I saw him do a burlesque imitation of John Barrymore as Hamlet and he kept us in roars of laughter. A Russian was present and he was induced to do a scene from Romeo and Juliet in Russian, and Charlie played Juliet. I could not tell what either of them were talking about.

(Continued on page 112)
ELEANOR DIETT.—I like Rin-Tin-Tin's pictures, too. Lee Duncan is his owner. I'm sure if you write to Mr. Duncan at Warner Bros.' Studios, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California, he will be glad to send you a picture of Rin-Tin-Tin.

AUGUSTA.—Gee, wasn't "The Bat" a "creepy" picture? That was Louise Fazenda who played Lizzie Allen. Sally O'Neil's next picture will be "A Certain Young Man" with Ramon Novarro. Our latest comedy is "Thundering Peas." I hope you like it.

PATSIE L.—Richard Headrick and Virginia Marshall have been appearing in Fox pictures. You can write to them in care of Fox Studios, 1401 North Broadway, Hollywood, California. And Jackie Huff and Muriel Frances Dana are at Warner Bros.' Studios, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

MAY.—You can write to Thomas Meighan at the Famous Players' Studios, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Astoria, Long Island, where he is playing in "Tin Gods."

JUANITA.—That was little Billy Kent Schaffer in "The Homemaker." His next picture will be "Lost at Sea," in which Jane Novak and Huntly Gordon are featured.

MAY.—You can write to Thomas Meighan at the Famous Players' Studios, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Astoria, Long Island, where he is playing in "Tin Gods."

MARY H.—Carol Dempster, Esther Ralston and Florence Vidor are all at the Famous Players' Studios, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Astoria, New York. Mary and Doug are vacationing in Europe at the present time. Anna Q. Nilsson is at First National Studios, Burbank, California. Bessie Love's next picture will be "Lovely Mary."

MARY.—You can write to Richard Barthelmess at the Clune Studios, 5860 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, California. Ramon Novarro is at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

A Talk With the Holt Children

I was being interviewed by young Jack Holt, Jr., known in his Laurel Canyon neighborhood as Tim. I had come to the Holt back yard with the express idea of getting Tim's views on the picture situation, but instead he put me on the defensive immediately after our introduction.

"Do actors eat?" he asked.

I replied that I had never known his father to go without food, and the neighbors, Mr. Ernest Torrence and Miss Florence Vidor, appeared well fed.

"I didn't know," said Tim, poking a chubby fist in his right eye, "until I saw in a picture that actors didn't eat."

Because of this astounding bit of information which young Tim had just gleaned, he refused to state whether he would become a picture actor or not. He seemed to think the greatest accomplishment in his life would be to ride a horse like "Daddy."

"Imagine can ride, too," said Tim, pointing to his elder sister, who was sitting in the shade of a tree reading, "but Daddy says I ride better."

Elizabeth Marshall Holt, Tim's younger sister, was rather aloof. When asked about her prospective career, she shyly put one hand up to her ear and bowed her head and whispered something. Tim walked over to his sister and took her hand in an understanding manner. She jerked away from him.

"Betty says no," said Tim. "Let's go look at the goldfish."

There is little doubt but what Charles John Holt, Jr., will grow up to be a regular two-fisted American boy. He is principally concerned with horses. As he remarked to his mother the other day (Continued on page 103)

Tim and Jack Holt and Betty
When We Were Very Young in the Movies

Verses for all photographs on this page are done with apologies to A. A. Milne, who wrote "When We Were Very Young"

Ernest Registers Objection

What is the matter with Mike, the mule?
His ears are back, and he's kicking too.
There's nothing that anybody can do—
What is the matter with Mike, the mule?

Jerry in the Movies

Jerry asked
His mother,
His mother asked
The Movie Man:
"Couldn't you make some comedies
With Jerry in the Zoo?"
His mother asked
The Movie Man,
The Movie Man
Said: "Certainly!
I'll go and tell the animals
And see what we can do."

Puppy and I

I met a Puppy as I went walking,
We got talking,
Puppy and I.
"Where are you going this nice, fine day?"
(I said to the Puppy as he went by).
"Up to the Fox lot to work in a play,"
"I'll come with you, Puppy," said I.
Lois Moran comes from Pennsylvania, where her father was a prominent physician. It was after his death that she studied dancing and entered the ballet of the Paris Opera. She has just signed a new contract which will keep her in the studios for some time to come. And her next appearance upon the screen will be framed in "God Gave Me Twenty Cents." Her mother is with her here.
The new Swedish beauty, La Garbo,
Has radical notions of garb-O.
All her modesty needs
Is a few strings of beads

Tho they say to be seen while
in tears
Is a thing every pretty girl
fears.
Florence Vidor refused
To look gay or amused

If Mae were a Japanese miss
She would have to wear
costumes like this.
As her legs and her arms
Are her principal charms.

Pauline Starke thought, "I'm
far too demure.
Without sex appeal—fame
can't endure."
So she proved she had "It"
And at once made a hit

With the price of Bebe's
bouquet
Most girls a month's rent could
pay
And still have enough
For a coat and a muff

All Aboard the Limerick Liner

August Prize Winning Limericks on Page 84
THIS IS NOT A PRESS-AGENT'S STORY

THEY could not find anyone who looked enough like Theodore Roosevelt to portray the famous Teddy in "The Rough Riders." So Famous Players-Lasky offered a reward of five hundred dollars to anyone who brought them a man who resembled T. R. enough to play the part.

Such an advertisement appeared in the program of Grauman's Los Angeles Theater and a woman, coming out of the theater, saw Frank Hopper passing. She asked him if he would go to the studios with her, explaining the situation.

Mr. Hopper went. And he got the part.

The first thing he had to do was reduce twenty-five pounds. But he was paid five dollars every time the scale dropped one mark.

At the time of his discovery Mr. Hopper was a book agent, but he is not without knowledge of acting, having played in a stock company in Montana.
Who Made Charlie Chaplin?

By Le Roy Green

It is an odd little yarn, this of the two Chaplin brothers from an English poor-farm. It is a little cruel . . . a little funny. It might have come from either Theodore Dreiser or the "American Magazine" if it had not come from life.

Although the answer to "Who Made Charlie?" is: the World and his wife and his little fat boy who paid their dimes into nickelodeons and recognized genius in the illusive derby and the timid feet long before George Jean Nathan, Thomas Burke and some of the other boys got around to it. But "Who made the world make Charlie?" is another question and another story.

Anyway, it is an odd little yarn, this one of the two brothers from an English poor-farm, a little cruel, a little funny, and it might have come from Theodore Dreiser or the "American Magazine" if it hadn't come from Life.

Briefly, it is the story of an idea of Syd Chaplin's, the boy who made the trap that lead the world to beat the path to Charlie's door.

If Syd ever wanted to quit the Warner Brothers for free-lance management of young folks with talent, he would need the Armory for an anteroom. Making mighty oaks from little acorns grow is a sleight-of-hand trick with Syd. Under the bonnet of "Charley's Aunt" lies a brain that for sheer shrewdness of judgment has few equals and even fewer superiors in the industry.

Syd, some people will tell you, is merciless where money is concerned. Others say he is canny. Some call him
"a wise little guy." But there are a few who know that Syd remembers from bitter experience that ten pennies make a dime, and one dime makes a loaf, and one loaf equals three meals a day—if you've got it—and they often didn't have it, Syd and Charlie, in those bleak days of the English music-halls.

They were doing "turns" then in a London comedy, not a particularly brilliant comedy but a comedy just the same. They did clips and falls and handsprings and tumbles, and the English cabbies with mouths full of tobacco wads, and house maids with beer pails, and ladies of the morning-noon-and-night flocked to the halls to guffaw at the funny boys. They slapped their thighs and held their sides and shook the rafters until a canny little manager with a mustache, seeing the possibilities of the two, particularly the "little fellow," offered to bring Charlie to the States as the featured comedian of "A Night in a London Dance Hall." Charlie who was flattered to be the featured anything in anything at all, agreed. Syd stayed behind.

America loves to laugh and pays well for the privilege. She was good to Charlie. Taxi drivers with chewing-gum, housewives with shopping bags, and "kids" flocked to the cheaper vaudeville to laugh at the droll boy who oddly enough could be quite funny and look quite sad. They slapped their thighs and held their sides and shook the rafters until it penetrated to the comedy lot of a Mr. Mack Sennett, who was starting out in "pitchers" and was in the market for bathing girls and first-rate comedians.

Mack heard Charlie was funny, so he hired him. He said in effect "I'll take you on at a salary of $175 per week if that is satisfactory to you." It was so satisfactory to Charlie that he swooned and was ill for two days from the sheer munificence of the thing. When he was fully recuperated but on a light diet in order to avoid a setback, Charlie did a little wiring himself. He sent word to Syd that there was a gold-mine in the picture business—then known as the movies. But Syd, who had run into a gold-mine of his own in the form of a good weekly salary, couldn't see the movies—YET.

Charlie went to work for Sennett. He found a derby in the prop room that was later to become a symbol. He found shoes, too big for him, and baggy trousers and a cane and a temperament that were one day to inspire the praise and critical atten-

tion of the loftiest brows of two continents. He founded an international character—a pathetic little tramp who had a talent for doing the wrong thing at the right time to do the wrong thing. Charlie was a figurette from the Sahara Desert to Walla Walla, Washington, and points East. He was more than an actor or a comedian. He was a personality. His moods and his whims were diligently recorded. His opinions respected.

Syd, in England, read about it. He read in a movie magazine that a man named Charlie Chaplin was making America resound with laughter, and for a man who was making America resound with laughter a paltry $175 per week didn't look so big to Syd.

It looked like an insult when he arrived in New York and saw the lines that flocked to the place when pictures were not being shown. It looked even more so when he found out that stage favorites of the New York theaters were drawing thousands of dollars a week.

So Syd stood on a street corner and put two and two together and got plenty out of it. He reasoned that if Charlie could draw audiences to theaters all over the country, he was a hundred times more valuable than a legitimate star who could fill only one house. Therefore the managers of the picture houses could be made to pay more to the producers who could be made to pay more to the stars—and Charlie in particular. Which was what might be called a bright idea considering that film at that time was being sold like string sausage, so much the foot, no matter who the star or what the story. He took his idea out to Hollywood and Charlie and Sennett. It was jake with Charlie but Sennett couldn't see it. Syd asked what Sennett could do for Charlie and Sennett said he didn't think he could do much more than he was doing in the money line, so Syd said "Thank you" and took his plan and Charlie over to Essanay at ten thousand a week. (Ten pennies make a dime, one dime makes a loaf, one loaf makes three meals if you've got it. They had it now.)

With Charlie sitting pretty for the duration of that contract, time weighed heavily on Syd's hands. He got an offer to make a picture called "The Submarine Pirate" and accepted. He seemed satisfied.

But genius such as Charlie's needed constant attention (Continued on page 85)
THE KEATON CHILDREN

The sons of Buster and Natalie Keaton are two of the loveliest children in the film colony.

The eldest is Joseph—after his famous Aunt Norma's husband, Joseph Schenck. The other is Robert.

Both bear the middle name of Talmadge.

All photos by Spurr
There is an air about this gown of which the Princess Mary might approve... yet it is decidedly à la mode. Fashioned of white chiffon, over a foundation of white satin, it has godets of old ivory silk lace which give the fashionable circular motion in both front and back. All the other inserts, including the waistband, are of the same lace. The neck line is round in the back and higher than it is in the front.

An interesting new material has been used in this two-piece, semi-sports dress. It is a kind of wool alpaca in yellow, with collar and pockets stitched with silver and yellow thread. The borders are almond green. In the back are two groups of pin tucks which give the blouse a slightly fitted appearance. And the pattern of the soft silk tie is printed in soft pastel colors.

The coat below is a masterpiece in leather... of Venetian red, with summer ermine of beige color. It is lined with a silk crêpe of the same color which shows on the revers when the collar is open. The belt is drawn thru two brass rings at the left side. A circular godet at either side of the front gives the slightest flare.

Very, very nautical in spirit is this navy blue twill frock that has a white flannel collar with a naval emblem embroidered in red and gold in each corner. Then there is gold braid at the cuffs and on the suede belt. Even the brass buttons that fasten the white flannel cuffs have anchors on them.

The same subtlety of tone and suavity of manner that characterize Corinne Griffith characterize her wardrobe.

She favors soft reds, greens, wood browns, and much beige for her town clothes and pastel shades for evening wear and sports.

Because she is neither a decided blonde nor brunette, having green eyes, fair skin and brown hair, she may wear almost any color. But whatever the color she favors, it is certain to be of a subdued tone.
Evening à la Mode

Cerline Boll
Presents
Corinne Griffith’s
New Wardrobe

To the left is a one-piece frock of orchid satin-back crêpe. There is an under-skirt over which is worn a tunic, box-plaited, which opens in the front. The back, however, is quite flat. The scalloping around the bottom of the simulated jumper extends up the sides to the pockets...and the triple collar and cuffs and the ties are of a pastel-green chiffon.

The coat of the very swagger walking costume shown below is made of moleskin dyed a navy blue...the latest experiment in fur. With this Miss Griffith usually wears a dark-blue crêpe-satin dress with lingerie collar and cuffs.

The gown above is a flat crêpe, with wine-colored tulips in three shades printed on its white ground. There are five circular godets across the front and the string belt, attached at the sides, is tied in back. A wine-colored chiffon scarf is part of the gown...and a coat of the same color in velvet and made like the other wrap on this page beautifully complements this costume.

The coat above is of a beige silk serge with a long wide scarf attached. The front is made rather circular by strips sewn together, which widen at the bottom and are scalloped. This is worn on informal summer occasions, over a gown of the same material which is trimmed with coral satin and coral beads.
You cannot be sure these days... Who would believe that the striking head above was Leatrice Joy. Her extreme and modish bob so delighted Manhattan photographers that they beseeched her for sittings... There is a far hail between this ultra-modern effect and the crinolined study...
Alice Joyce Suggests This Luncheon

Luncheon Menu

- Honeydew Melon
- Iced Consommé
- Lamb Chops
- Fresh Peas, Potatoes Sauté
- Cold Asparagus, Vinaigrette
- Bavarian Cream
- Demi-Tasse

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead he could look at Alice and think of bread...? The above does not even deserve the apology of poetic license. It came to us spontaneously and we couldn't help it.

Moreover, it will not interfere with the menu at all, for while a man might well forget mundane bread in gazing upon Alice, the ladies, God bless 'em, can always "nibble," even when they are dieting their best.

And since all of us have to plan breakfasts, luncheons, and dinners for our families and for guests, it does rather help to know what the stars plan when we get down to our more earthly recipes.

We asked Alice Joyce what her favorite luncheon menu is, or one of them. She confided in us that, quite frequently, when she eats at home, alone, it is crackers and milk, but she admitted that this would not look so well in print as a luncheon menu.

"When you have the girls in for luncheon..." we urged.

Then she told us.

"There is one luncheon menu," she said, "that I very often order for myself or for chance guests. Taking it in all, I think it is about my favorite."

We publish this menu verbatim.

(Continued on page 107)
“Fine Manners” is the last picture that Gloria Swanson will make for Paramount. Months were spent filming this tale of an actor who loves a girl with atrocious manners and endeavors to reform her. Eugene O’Brien is the actor in the case...

Judging from the oval photograph above, “The Temptress” is well named. Altho Greta Garbo has only been on the American screen for a short time, she enjoys quite a vogue. The admiring trio is composed of Tony Moreno, Armand Kaliz and H. B. Warner.

“Another type of rôle for Norma Shearer! There seems no boundary to this actress’ versatility. In “The Weaker Sex” she portrays a lawyer. She is shown here pleading in defense of her client. If we know anything about men, she wins the case...

“So This Is Paris” has considerable to recommend it. Monte Blue for one thing. Patsy Ruth Miller for another. And the sparkle and ultra-sophistication of Lubitsch direction for another.

There Is an Infinite Variety to the Motion
Marion Davies has always been seen to best advantage in human roles. And "The Red Mill" offers her just the sort of thing in which she excels. She should make an enchanting Tina. George Siegmund plays her cross Uncle William.

Who else but Adolphe Menjou for Satan in "The Sorrow of Satan"? D. W. Griffith is reported well pleased with the finished version of the Marie Corelli novel. Carol Dempster is the girl and Ricardo Cortez is the boy . . . and Lya de Putti is also in the cast.

"You Never Know Women" is the profound title of the picture in which Lowell Sherman, Joe Bonomo and Florence Vidor are shown above. Joe Bonomo is a strong man, insanely jealous of his flirtatious wife . . . and a source of amusement to the other characters.

"Variety" comes to us from the German studios. It finds its interest in the triangle idea, but the treatment of the theme is intelligent and original and results in a compelling story. Emil Jennings and Lya de Putti are the featured players.

Pictures That Come to the Screen This Autumn
has been a successful character. He was a best seller when he made his first public appearance between the covers of the F. Scott Fitzgerald novel. Then he made his stage début and there was a continual line at the Broadway box-office. And now he is to try his fortune on the screen.

Warner Baxter, judging from this photograph, will do well by Gatsby.
They All Fall for Hollywood

The Motion Picture Theater Owners of America have just finished holding their big annual convention. It was held in Hollywood this year and the exhibitors gathered with the avowed purpose of finding some way to combat the trust and save themselves from being wiped out of the film business.

During their stay in Hollywood, however, most of the theater owners were so busy shaking hands with Tom Mix and rubbing elbows with John Gilbert, Raymond Griffith, Monte Blue and other film celebrities that they forgot all about the trust and its so-called menace to their theaters.

Not much was accomplished at the convention, but the theater owners had a good time. When they get back to their home towns, some of them may be lucky enough to find that they still own their theaters.

* * *

The moral of the above note is: Motion picture exhibitors are human. They came into Hollywood like lions, but they went out like lambs.

The next time that Michael Arlen visits Hollywood, he will, no doubt, be presented with a brown derby instead of a green hat.

Arlen's literary reputation made him quite the man of the hour on his recent trip to the film colony. Hollywood film moguls, whose estimate of high-grade literature is based upon reading weekly copies of the Saturday Evening Post and the Sunday cartoon supplement of their favorite daily newspaper, expected Arlen to revolutionize scenario writing with a few original stories.

In view of the fact that Arlen had failed to include any original matter in the literary work on which he based his reputation, it is not quite clear how producers calculated he might inject originality into the silent drama.

Nevertheless, they were willing to pay him fancy prices to teach Hollywood a few new tricks. Film fans get their chance to see some of Arlen's scenario work in "The Dancer of Paris." Now that they have viewed it, they will understand why Hollywood no longer looks upon Arlen as the Moses who will lead them out of the wilderness.

Why Not Be Consistent?

I see where the club women are at it again. At their recent convention in Atlantic City they sent forth the announcement and advice that American women should refuse to view any picture which they did not consider proper for their children to see.

That's fine. Now let the club women apply the same sort of sound common sense to all other matters of daily routine.

In future, all mothers should confine their reading matter to nursery rhymes, their diet to malted milk and paregoric, their wearing apparel to rompers, and their conversations to marbles and mumbly-peggs.

So long as we are going to have censorship, why not make a good job of it and censor everything?

While we are on the subject of censorship, it may please some of our readers to know that "The Wise Guy," one of the cleverest pictures turned out of Hollywood in recent months, has been rejected by the censors.

If the producers spend about a hundred thousand dollars to remake the picture, and cut out all the sense in it, the censors say that they will allow the picture to be shown in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Ain't Life Terrible?

Hollywood is getting all excited. Somebody has started the rumor that the big film moguls are forming a combine with the intention of cutting down star salaries.

It will be a terrible blow when that day arrives.
It will be a pitiful sight to see some of our poor screen

(Continued on page 105)
DON JUAN—Romantic Drama—90%

THIS production is a far hail from “The Sea Beast.” It presents the romantic, profiled John Barrymore. And it places him in the years to which he so utterly belongs. The story is laid in the days of the Borgia and one intrigue after another builds a plot mighty with suspense.

Of course, Barrymore in the titular rôle has many amorous adventures. And not the least of these is with Lucrezia Borgia.

Nothing flavored with high romance is omitted. There is a two-sword duel which Barrymore fights with the daring and enchantment for which we have always adored him. He is through all that we have come to expect him to be.

Praise should be given Estelle Taylor who plays Lucrezia Borgia. She is a fascinating actress. Mary Astor is a fragile and beautiful heroine. Willard Louis offers delicious comedy. And Montague Love is also excellent.

Alan Crosland has done splendidly with the direction.

SAY IT AGAIN—Comedy—80%

THE good old Graustark pattern comes to light as a merry burlesque here. While the director, Gregory La Cava, does not trespass too far away from the mythical kingdom boundaries—he sees to it that it goes on a bright holiday most of the while. He becomes romantic at the start in establishing the plot, swings into burlesque in introducing the crown prince as a Detroit sausage manufacturer—together with his royal entry into Spezonia—and finishes with a battle royal and the inevitable romantic clinch.

A good time should be enjoyed by all at this picture. Patrons will laugh over Chester Conklin trying to look like a prince—and not getting away with it.

It is set to a fast pace—the scenes being well timed—and carrying a kick or two all the way. The subtitles are provocative of laughter, tho with the Spezonià language represented by spelling English backwards they become somewhat monotonous. The burlesque far outshines the romance. Richard Dix plays the American hero who doubles as the prince with fine abandon—and “Gunboat” Smith shows a bag of comedy tricks as his aide-de-holok. Alice Mills, the new leading woman, does her bit charmingly.—Paramount.

VARIETY—Drama—95%

EMIL JANNINGS again demonstrates that he is supreme as a pantomimist in this simple, but powerfully dramatic triangle—which is enacted against the background of a Berlin music-hall. As in “The Last Laugh,” he submerges his personality so that one sees beyond the environment of the character portrayed—and discovers the soul of the man.

The same invisible forces which guide a man’s conduct take him in charge and wreck him. Boisterous, playful, cunning, proud, a big mastiff, sure of himself and his strength—he plays upon his emotions and becomes so much animated stuffing in the hands of the wily temptress—whose passion is men.

The story builds in typical Teutonic fashion—marching inexorably to its pre-destined tragic climax. The director hasn’t missed a single point in fashioning the story as an impressive study of realism and his figures stalk life-like across the screen.

The brutal cavalier of the carnival renounces his marital vows. A woman, soft and sensuous, with big, limpid eyes comes into his life. She is the Eve who destroys his Eden. The latter he calls his wife bows down with grief and humiliation. And her man runs away with his new mistress—runs away to reap the age-old insults of his careless friends who have knowledge of his degradation. There is your triangle—shot with varied shades of true character building. It is told in the flash-back style with Jannings facing the Court as the bitterly memories unfold.

Here is a picture which paints human wreckage in its natural color of gray. Thrust it all Jannings stalks as a human being. And not far behind him in the conception of what she represents is Lya de Putti.—Ufa-Paramount.
A GUIDE TO THE GOOD PICTURES

WE will publish our reviews in a uniform size so that they may be filed for future reference. They are written by critics whose viewpoints are unbiased. The ratings should be of special assistance.

Ratings: Excellent, 95%; Good, 80%; Fair, 70%; Poor, 50%

THE SON OF THE SHEIK—Drama—80%

In “The Sheik,” that romantic drama played on hot desert sands, Rudolph Valentino did much to add a new word to our vernacular. Youths who pull a heavy line are still classified as sheiks by the feminine contingent. But if this word was becoming passé, we prophesy that Valentino in “The Son of the Sheik” will do something to revive it. Which is one way of saying that this will be a popular production.

E. F. Hull, author of both of the sheik novels, might be said to know her stuff. And the same might be said of Valentino ... the director, George Fitzmaurice, and Vilma Banky.

Again Valentino wears the robes of the Arabians ... again he dashes over desert sands on a full-blooded steed. And again there is a fair lady in distress. Else, why a sheik?

There is a beauty to the entire production. And if it adds nothing of unadulterated art to the screen, it certainly adds an entertainment value. Surely Valentino need have no doubt of the appeal of his most famous character. Zorro’s son made screen history for Douglas Fairbanks—and the sheik’s son should carry on Rudolph’s popularity.—United Artists.

ELLA CINDERS—Romantic Comedy—70%

This picture is right up the street where Colleen Moore lives. With her sense of the ridiculous she makes this rustic Cinderella a real character study. The first impression of the famous cartoon strip was that it couldn’t be done in the movies—that it didn’t have enough stuff in it. But translated into celluloid, it more than holds up—and makes good.

We see Ella winning the beauty prize—we see her making off to Hollywood—we see her getting sick on the train as a heap big Injun orders her to smoke one of his cigars—we see her crashing the studio gate successfully—and actually getting a contract for feature roles.

Call it hokum if you will—but it is the kind of hokum that registers with nine persons out of ten who do not pose as hard-boiled. There is pathos in Ella’s every move and the humor is well-distributed in the studio scenes. Here was a chance for the director to overdo it. But he keeps his balance.

Colleen makes Ella the eccentric “step-child” she is in the comic strip—and Lloyd Hughes, playing a movie counterpart of “Red” Grange, makes a competent foil for the star. You should enjoy the picture—not only for its appealing characterization, but also for its homey incident which is most colorfully presented. The trail idea might have been spoiled, but, thanks to sympathetic treatment, it takes on real value.—First National.

GOOD AND NAUGHTY—Romantic Comedy—80%

Every other director on the Lasky lot has been assigned to direct Pola Negri—so it was quite to be expected that Mal St. Clair would have his opportunity of trying to make a worthy picture for her. He has succeeded where others have failed. Whatever magic he used is not known, but he has directed her as if in sympathy with her moods. The result is a brisk little hodge-podge of comedy and fine manners.

Now the idea is not so new. It is nothing else but the dowdy secretary yarn dressed up with novel trimmings. The girl, looked upon as a hopeless old maid by her alert employer, becomes piqued over his partner’s wise-cracks anent her ugliness. So she makes herself over in a jiffy—too much of a jiffy to ring true—and follows the boys to Florida—in order to save the more acceptable from a wily vampire or three.

The idea of the picture is what makes up the “kick” to the picture. It is all done to the tune of fast and breezy action—with Ford Sterling nearly stealing the honors with his assortment of gags. Leave it to him—a graduate of the Sennett school—to know what to do with a scene when he sees it. But St. Clair has brought forth Pola as a comedienne, and that is the big achievement of the picture. The public has almost despaired of seeing the star in a story that fits her histrionic stature. “Good and Naughty” is Pola’s best American film.—Paramount.
MISS NOBODY—Romantic Comedy—50%

THE excuse for this picture is in giving Anna Q. Nilsson the chance to masquerade in masculine clothes. Otherwise it is a frail little piece—which tugs at its romantic strings and very nearly breaks them. That's how brittle is the plotting of the idea—which concerns a spirited society girl, made penniless by her father, assuming a masculine make-up in order to get on in the world.

Attired in makeshift clothing, she meets a party of tramps and the following scenes are devoted to enlivening it with gags and snappy subtitles. Miss Nilsson has a lot of fun in her disguise. While the romance is having its innings, there are interludes given up to the slap-stick of the other tramps. Mr. Hero proves to be in disguise, too. The film isn't substantial enough for five reels. What few moments it has belong to Miss Nilsson. Walter Pidgeon is competent enough as the youth who rides the brake-rods with her.—First National.

THE FLAME OF THE YUKON—Melodrama—50%

SHADES of Dorothy Dalton and her original flame! Here comes the old melodrama of the Alaskan honky-tonk—all dressed up in new trimmings—and with Seena Owen in the title role. But the modern version does not place its ancestor under an eclipse. There have been too many similar ideas ground thru the movie mill. However, the title is magnetic. It suggests quick trigger-fingers—and mad passion. Which doubtless inspired the sponsors to employ it again.

The anticipated fireworks do not go off. Indeed, the action is rather mild compared to the original. If you know your Alaskan melodrama at all, it is easy for you to guess that the girl repents and reforms—guided as she is by the elevating influence of romance. The punch scene introduces one of those knock-em-down and drag-em-out fights. There is a young tramp in the picture who will bear watching. His name is Arnold Gray.—Producers Distributing Corp.

LOVEY MARY—Heart-Interest Drama—80%

ALICE HEGAN RICE'S beloved character becomes humanized on the screen—the result of a sympathetic treatment of the story and the able acting of a well-balanced cast. There is much sentiment here, but it isn't the kind that becomes mawkish. Indeed, it becomes almost lifelike and so well are the humanities distributed that the spectator will feel as if he is an actual inhabitant of the Cabbage Patch.

Bessie Love plays the title rôle—and extracts a lot of color and feeling from it. She is a bit kittenish at the start, but later gets right into the characterization. It is our opinion that without competent players the story would not have much to carry it. But it is so finely acted that the obvious high marks are eliminated. Mary, an orphan girl, adopts her wayward sister's little boy—and the interest is found in her troubles in rearing him. Patrons will enjoy Bessie Love, Vivia Ogden, Mary Alden and William Haines.—Metro-Goldwyn.

THE MARRIAGE CLAUSE—Drama—80%

MANY pictures have been plotted around the life behind the footlights, but "The Marriage Clause" comes closer to realities than any celluloid work we've ever seen. The story is not the usual excursion into the life of some chorus who has to fight constantly to keep the bestial manager in his place. It is motivated around a bigger idea than that.

Everyone knows that some managers, to keep their stars, stipulate that they must not marry. Upon this premise the star signs on the dotted line. She has made good because of the constant sympathy and friendly advice offered her by the stage manager. They fall in love, but must wait three years.

The drama soars and touches real humanities. It brings Lois Weber, the only woman director, back to the megaphone—and she demonstrates that her art has broadend during her absence. Billie Dove, as the star, gives a most sympathetic performance.—Universal.
FOOTLOOSE WIDOWS—Comedy-Romance—50%

The main title is about the most commendable feature of this picture. True, some of the players try to catch something of the spirit of the plot, but their work is wasted upon a story which has barely enough substance to carry thru three reels.

The idea involves a couple of gold-diggers who work in a modiste shop in New York. The owner, being in love with the more personable of the girls, permits both of them to borrow sufficient finery to make a hit at his little party. These fair hombrey then proceed to place New York and their boss far from their immediate presence. They hop to Palm Beach for the express purpose of trapping a millionaire.

What results is a time-worn treatment of hackneyed situations. The film is burdened with a set of weak titles—which do not furnish any humor to the commonplace scenes. Louise Fazenda succeeds in being colorful.—Warner Brothers.

PARIS—Romantic Melodrama—70%

The story of the Paris underworld is given another celluloid treatment. Which is that of the apache and the gamine who loves him for his cruelty. This theme, seemingly, never grows old. It furnishes Charles Ray with a different characterization—and his study is the only novel twist in the picture. He plays a young giddy American who falls hard for the girl of Montmartre and succeeds in establishing her in his house until her lover gets out of jail.

As mentioned above, this surprise finish adds a novel touch in a story which doesn't get off the beaten track. True it carries interest here and there—what with its fights, its atmosphere—and its character sketches—but these hardly compensate for the lack of originality and humanity in the treatment of the plot. Joan Crawford adds spirit to the rôle of the girl—and Douglas Gilmore is as much in character as any apache who stalks our stage and screen.—Metro-Goldwyn.

THE PALM BEACH GIRL—Comedy—70%

About everything happens here that could possibly happen in a picture built upon a racing finish. The director is forced to rush it thru to the tune of frenzied action until the girl from the Corn Belt speeds her boy friend's motor-boat past the wire a winner. The idea is based upon the lively plan of keeping it in perpetual motion. Yet despite its speed, it manages to lag in its pace.

The irrepressible imp from Ioway comes to visit her relatives and is introduced by one of the oldest gags that ever was ground thru celluloid. Poking her head of the train window, a passing tugboat blackens her face. And so it goes from one gag to another thru six dizzy reels.

Bebe Daniels and Lawrence Gray have their hands full in obeying the laws of gravity. Miss Bebe and her leading man succeed in making it interesting. But the idea is nothing to make a great fuss over.—Paramount.

ROLLING HOME—Romantic Comedy—70%

The homely and thoroughly tried-and-true story of the son whose mother thinks him a millionaire—and who returns to the native hearth with the guilty conscience that he is broke, is lugged forth again here. It is rather creaky stuff for this star who has climbed into popularity—not only for his personality, but for the high calibre of stories which have been his allotment.

The action introduces plenty of complications for the central figure. Speeches are made from platforms—dressed with the flag—and when it appears likely that he will be exposed as a big fraud, oil is discovered in the village square. He is given credit for giving the town its boom—and he stays to fall in love and win the girl. Naturally, with such a story Denny cannot employ his usual pace. But at that it remains a pretty fair sort of picture. The star and Marion Nixon see to that.—Universal.
It All Began When Charlie Caught La Meller's Violets

By Milton Howe

CELEBRITIES of the motion picture world applauded with enthusiasm for fifteen minutes after the final curtain had been lowered on the first-night performance of Raquel Meller, the Spanish song-bird. A greater reception has never been accorded anyone by the stars of the motion picture world. Señorita Meller at first gave but two performances and at both of them the house was sold out at ten dollars a seat. Later in the week she appeared under the auspices of Charles Chaplin and other motion picture folk in a special performance at El Capitan Theater in Hollywood.

The first night the famous Spanish artist played, all the stars of filmdom were present. Of course, Antonio Moreno was there to greet the Señorita from his native land. Pola Negri made a couple of entrances, but she caused no more comment than if she were entering her own front door.

Rudolph Valentino sat in a box the first night and the (Continued on page 115)

It was uncertain whether or not Raquel Meller would sign a motion picture contract when she went to California. And the news that her first appearance on the American screen will be under Charlie's direction is excellent news indeed.
The Editor
Gossips

... with Ramon Novarro ... Corinne Griffith ... Paul Bern

In the parked plazas it was pleasant after school. The girls would walk about the curving paths. And they sometimes seemed like butterflies in their pale dresses when dusk came. Their mothers or duennes would sit embroidering or talking on benches among the twilight flowers.

"We boys would walk around and around, each one of us hoping to meet one girl. Always in every boy's heart there was the image of one girl."

"Sometimes when you passed her she would smile. That meant great happiness. You would hurry your steps so that you might pass her soon again. But if she did not smile at you but was so interested in talking with her friend that she seemed not to see you, why then you were very sad."

"The girls and boys still have those romantic evenings in Mexico."

It was Ramon Novarro talking. He had come to New York incognito. He had not wanted his telephone to ring constantly with requests for interviews or photographic sittings. He had traveled three thousand odd miles to get away from motion pictures and being a star. He wanted to see a few of the new plays and to hear some music.

And while he had talked, the traffic of Park Avenue had groaned and honked and slithered on fifteen stories below.

We think that life today is what it is in spite of people. We of this century have created a Frankenstein monster in the modern pace. We are in such a nervous state that we constantly fear that we will miss something. We have taken even romance by the heels. And, of course, to misquote the immortal words of Fannie Hurst, "the dust has dropped off the butterfly's wings and the dew has dropped off the rose."

"What would happen, do you suppose," Ramon asked us humorously, "if we presumed to make the gestures made years ago ... if we resurrected old graces?"

It would have been difficult to say. However, in a comparative degree, Ramon Novarro has stepped back and permitted the mad modern pace to pass him. Hollywood calls him a recluse. He does not attend countless dinner-parties and tennis tournaments and dances. But he is not a recluse. He has merely not entered the social life of what might be called his group.

Away from the studios he looks for recreation in his own way. He has a few friends and evening after evening drifts into midnight as they sit talking of an odd variety of things. He reads ... not what is being read but what interests him. It may be an adventure of old whaling days ... or a semiscientific book about the professors who went down into the tropics to fight a plague ... or the autobiography of some musician. And he almost always goes to the Hollywood Bowl because there is good music to be heard there.

How few of us actually do the things we want to do. It takes a courage to seek your individual interest regardless of what everyone else is doing ... to eschew any social group so that you find it unnecessary to maintain any standard or group interests.

(Continued on page 89)
How Long Are They Stars?

STARS that are clustered in the motion picture firmament today are shining far more brilliantly and are enduring in public favor much longer than those who shone so splendidly in the pioneer days of the misty past.

The stars of today are having an average run of from six to seven years as stellar lights in the comparatively new heaven of entertainment, while in the earlier days the luster of the leaders dimmed in a fraction of more than four years.

This does not mean that these stars become totally obscured in the film firmament but rather that their brilliance was dimmed by the radiance of the new arrivals and that they become secondary planets to the new constellations the producer-astronomers had discovered.

There are exceptions, of course, a few of the stars of today appeared on the horizon from ten to fifteen years ago and are still shining brilliantly, but these can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Relentless time and the fickle fancy and the short memory of the public have eclipsed the others—or rather most of them—down into the depths of oblivion.

Stardom is at best short-lived in motion pictures. In some cases it is like the fleeting cloud that dissolves after passing over the surface of the ocean; in others it is like the shining diamond that dissolves after passing over the surface of the world. Stardom with others is more tangible, more durable, more impressive. It adds to its brilliance after it appears on the horizon, grows in splendor following the orbit to its zenith and then fades gloriously into a sunset of golden memory as it sinks beyond the western border of time.

The world has seemed to believe otherwise, the stars of the cinema heaven are eclipsed and fade into virtual obscurity quicker than do those of its nearest rival in American favor—baseball.

The average length of stardom today, as already stated, is between six and seven years. The average life of the great stars of the diamond is between ten and twelve years. In the case of the famous Ty Cobb, it has extended beyond twenty. The great Cy Young pitched marvelous baseball nearly twenty years. Zack Wheat is still a .300 hitter and a glowing star of the diamond after eighteen years' service. The lamented Christy Mathewson and Adrian Anson, Joe McGinnity, Larry Doyle, Mike Donlin, who is now in Hollywood and very successful as a motion picture actor, and others enjoyed stardom on the dia-
There are not more than five people on the screen who have been able to hold their stardom for more than ten years.

But the cinema stars with long records of public favor are few—Mary Pickford, Harry Carey, Charles Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Norma Talmadge and perhaps a few others. These have enjoyed stardom for ten years or more. How many others can claim to have remained stars for so great a period of time? Few indeed.

A distinction must be noted here. There are at least thirty-five actors and actresses who have been in public favor ten years or more. Some of these have been stars. But their period of stardom was comparatively short-lived, they were eclipsed by the brilliance of newly discovered constellations and retrogressed back into the ranks of featured players. Many of these are still great favorites today, but their light has been receding and is still receding rapidly and soon they too will be just a memory.

But all the while, as these other stars rose brilliantly and then faded slowly into minor parts or obscurity, the greater satellites remained fixed in their positions and several at least are as brilliant today as ever and perhaps, in one or two instances more so.

As we turn back the pages of cinema history, we find that the stardom period of the other favorites ran from two to seven years, except in the instances already noted. There is an element of the tragic and pathetic in comparing the lives of these stars in the old days with their existence now. The lovable Mabel Normand, who starred for seven years, is seeking re-establishment in public favor. She is attempting a comeback in two-reel comedies. Henry Walthall is now a featured player. Mae Marsh has failed to come back. William and Dustin Farnum occasionally play. Marguerita Fisher takes parts now.

Florence Turner, one of the greatest of old-time favorites, is playing roles of more or less importance. Maurice Costello, the matinee idol so greatly beloved by the girl fans, is playing minor parts. Antonio Moreno holds his own to a certain extent by being featured. Francis X. Bushman, who left the screen for a time, is still being featured in big casts. Theda Bara is in comedies. Florence Lawrence failed in a comeback. Charles Ray is fighting desperately to regain his old place in the sun. Bryant Washburn appears in an occasional picture. Pearl White could not

(Continued on page 97)
Now Helene Costello has done it. But she was not a willing victim to the shears. She loathed having her hair bobbed and would not have thought of it if it had not been for her rôle in "The Honey-moon Express" which demanded short tresses.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN—without his cane, his hat, his classic shoes and baggy trousers. Without any of those funny, pathetic symbols which to the public have been the very essence of Chaplin, but from which Chaplin has always longed to escape. This is what next winter will bring to the screen. Everyone has always known of Charlie's ambition to play in serious drama, to create the rôle of Napoleon on the screen, to act the tragedy which his spirit knows so well.

Raquel Meller has inspired Charlie to make his dream an actuality. The Spanish singer captivated Hollywood as she did New York, and was offered incredible sums by various moving-picture companies, to make one picture. Attracted by the genius of Chaplin and the fact that his offer of $120,000 for twelve weeks' work was just a little larger than any other, Meller signed a contract to make a picture under his direction next winter. It will be a story of the Napoleonic régime, with Mlle. Meller as Josephine, and Chaplin, at last, in the rôle of Napoleon.

He is greatly daring, and we await the outcome with some misgiving. It is hard, even for a great artist, to live down a cane and a hat and such very large shoes, and it may be the old story of the man who finds, in the attainment of his ambition, only defeat. But whatever the results, this will bring together two of the greatest personalities of the modern world.

Another of those mythical kingdom romances was perpetrated in Hollywood. Mae Murray took unto herself a fourth husband, a native of the Republic of Georgia, who calls himself David Divani. David is just twenty-seven, and until now has been quite guiltless of any marriages. He is, of course, a film-actor now, but they say that back in the old country he was a Prince. Which should make Mae a Princess. The ceremony was performed under the auspices of that perennially romantic couple, Rudy and Pola, at a church in Hollywood whose name is withheld from the curious public. The Prince is reputed to be wealthy, but that can make little difference to Mae, who has just bought a nice little ten-room bungalow in Beverly Hills and is able to support anyone in what might well be luxury to which they, are unaccustomed.

The filming of "Old Ironsides" is going forward with a little more realism than the director intended. While a battle scene was being shot off the coast of Catalina, a cannon exploded on board the old frigate Constitution and caused the death of one man and the serious injury of two others. Six men were in the rigging of the ship when the blast occurred. It blew down two huge masts, and the men were sent hurtling to the deck many feet below. Three of them were only slightly injured. The man who was killed is unidentified.

ERICH VON STROHEIM has picked another! When his next picture, "The Wedding March," is released, you will hear much of a new discovery, Fay Wray. She has been selected by the famous little Austrian director to play the important feminine rôle in this picture. She is very young and in her mannerisms bears a striking resemblance to Mary Philbin. Previous to the von Stroheim engagement, Fay Wray had been playing small parts and bits in Universal pictures.

Eleanor Boardman has actually had an opportunity to enjoy her new home. She had a few weeks' holiday when she completed "Bardelys the Magnificent" before she began "Tell It to the Marines."
Camera Coasts

and Milton Howe

Syd Chaplin tells this one on "Chuck" Reiser's young son. "Chuck" had just finished directing Chaplin in "Oh, What a Nurse." One evening at home he was complaining because he had been unable to get a theater in which to preview the picture. His young son who attends a school devoted exclusively to the children of Christian Scientists asked his father the name of the picture.

"'Oh, What a Nurse' is the title, sonny," replied "Chuck." "Well, I was just thinking you might preview the picture at our school," said junior, "but the title's all wrong."

There was one murder in Hollywood this month. Peter the Great, the dog star, was killed when he was shot thru the neck by a man who entered into an argument with his master.

The dog's owner and trainer was paying a visit to another man who is a dog-fancier. An altercation took place between the two men and, according to reports, as Peter's master started to drive away in his machine, the other man pulled a revolver and began firing at the departing car. One of the shots struck the dog in the neck and he died shortly after.

The King of Kings is the title of Cecil B. De Mille's next picture. It is to be a story surrounding the life of Christ. De Mille plans to present the human side of Christ, depicting him as a human being without allusion to the spiritual symbols such as the halo and the long white robes.

De Mille also announced that he would not film "The Deluge," after paying a handsome price for the suggestion to a Long Beach schoolteacher who won the idea contest which he sponsored in a local newspaper. The fact that Warner Brothers announced that they would film a picture called "Noah" may have had something to do with De Mille's decision to cancel the production.

When last I saw Patsy Ruth Miller, she had just undergone one of those operations where the surgeon cuts out the tonsils and carves a few frescoes on the roof of the mouth.

However, the operation seemed to have no effect on Pat's ability to yell, for when I saw her she was screaming bloody murder and whacking a villain over the head with a couple of fists. She is playing in "Broken Hearts of Hollywood," and when I crashed onto the set at Warner Brothers she must have been enacting the scene where the hearts are broken. The young man who was playing the villain suffered an awful pummeling at the hands of Pat. In fact, the hair pulling was so apparent that I believe the poor young actor will have to play bald-headed roles for a while.

Pola Negri is to have a new director, Maurice Stiller, who was relieved at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios by Fred Niblo after he had started work on "The Temptress." Stiller has suffered the fate that overcomes most foreign directors when they come to Hollywood. He was unable to grasp an understanding of the business and technical end of making a motion picture in an American studio.

Raymond Hatton had about decided to give up his picture work and become an animal trainer when the animal died. Ray captured a baby sea-lion on the rocks

Down at the Santa Monica Swimming Club, Shirley Mason and Viola Dana amused the week-enders by their impersonation of "The Volga Boatman"
near his beach house at Mussel Rock. The animal evidently had been in a fight with another sea monster, for it was badly scarred and wounded. Ray nursed it along on fresh fish and had it catching a ball on its nose when it developed the hicoughs and died. He had planned to use the sea-lion in the next picture he is to make with Wallace Beery, "We're in the Navy Now!"

Ray and Walsh haven't started on their navy comedy. Some director is always shouting for their services in other pictures. At present Hatton is working with Jack Holt in "Forlorn River," and Beery is playing a featured role in "Old Ironsides."

If nothing else, Corinne Griffith strives for contrast in her film productions. She never warms us with the same type of picture. Having completed "Into Her Kingdom," a tale of Russian court life, she will make "Tim Pan Alley." Following this story, which is suggestive of the jazz-music realm, she will make the screen version of that lovely operetta, "The Lady in Ermine." Svend Gade, who directed her in "Into Her Kingdom," will be czar of the megaphone on the latter production.

There is a general stampede on the part of producers to make sequels to their successful pictures. Douglas Fairbanks must have been the instigator of this practice when he filmed "The Son of Zorro" as a sequel to "The Mark of Zorro." Valentino followed with "The Son of the Sheik." Harry Carey is making a sequel to one of his pictures. If Paramount will follow after "The Son of the Covered Wagon" and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer make "The Brother of the Big Parade," the sequel will be complete.

If any of these pictures have a soul, it must be very embarrassing to them. I have been playing a sequel role ever since my big brother decided to write magazine stories. I have been "The Kid Brother of Herb Howe" for so long that I have ordered the following epitaph engraved on my headstone: "Here lies the sequel to Herb Howe. May he get an early release from the place he is going."

John Gilbert is about to don the togs for another big role. He will play the stellar part in "Flesh and The Devil" which Clarence Brown will direct. Brown was recently signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer after he had turned out several big successes for Joseph Schenck. He is an able successor to King Vidor, who has directed Gilbert in practically all the star's big hits.

Barnum must have included actors when he said that we all love to be bamboozled. Monte Banks fell for one of his own gags in a Hollywood restaurant. Monte had just swallowed the last bit of dessert when the waitress said, "Pardon me, but you look just like Monte Banks. That's a compliment because I think he's a great actor."

Monte smiled but said nothing and left a dollar tip. As the actor was going out the door, the waitress walked up to the table, pushed the plate away, picked up the dollar and nonchalantly dropped it into her apron pocket.

"Actors are awful saps," she said, shrugging her shoulders. "That's the fifty-first time I've pulled that gag."

What I call a very, very feline remark was made by a prominent actress when she observed another equally prominent actress tripping across the floor at the Montmartre. "Yes, she's all right, but the only thing I have seen her do well, is wear her shoes."

Word received from Mary Pickford and Doug state that they are getting tremendous receptions from the foreigners. In Rome, says Mary, the crowds surged about them making it necessary for her and Doug to do their old acrobatic stunt. Doug put her on his shoulder and made a bee-line for the post-office which was near by. The postmaster did not recognize them and slammed the doors, which I don't think was much of a compliment to our American idols, because postmasters only close their doors that way when they think bandits are coming.

Mary said that Doug's picture, "The Son of Zorro," was very popular in Italy. One reason for the picture's appeal is that Doug wears a black shirt, which is the symbol of the Fascisti, and he champions the cause of right. One of Mary's pictures was awarded a (Continued on page 114)
**YES and NO**

**SAY IT WITH LETTERS**

Have you a kick against the movies? Then don't suffer in silence. Write us a letter about it. Have you a favorite that you want to tell the world about? Then remember that it isn't fair to keep the good news to yourself. This department is devoted to your opinions and you are the boss of this page.

Defending the Foreigners

I WOULD be gratified if this letter were printed merely to contradict the impression R. H. of Minneapolis, created against foreign talent.

I wonder what impulse actuated R. H. to write such a letter. Well, yes, it was a "kick" against the movies, but the writer certainly was bashing about signing her or his full name under such an article.

Does she or he know that competition merely adds a zest to the game, and if foreign actors and actresses are the chief cause for such an upheaval, I would say, let 'em in by all means! And if foreign talent is superior to the home-sweet-home product—though this is a battle of the survival of the fittest, and if a person who can't read or write English is capable of pushing a native of "my country 'lil of three" to the back in order to reach the heights of stardom, that's a person we should pay to see—she or he has that IT, Madame Glynn's well-known saying.

As for R. H. having seen sixty-five pictures within the last three months, I've seen more than that amount in the funny papers.

Still speaking about the home vs. foreign talent—Say, if you had the chance to buy a Ford or a Rolls-Royce at the price of the Ford, which would you buy? So would I.

MIKE BERNARD,
Akron, Ohio.

They Know the Public Likes It

I WITNESSED the portrayal of "The Sea Beast" this evening and was disgusted at the exaggerated passion displayed in the love scene in the garden at Mauritius. Who is responsible for this? Actor or director? If directors think the public like to witness such passionate oscillation instead of dignified love scenes, such directors have a very poor sense of their responsibility.

JOHN NURING,
Woodhaven, New York.

Dick Steals Mae's Stuff

GLORIA SWANSON used to be my favorite actress. I suppose she is still, but she won't be if she doesn't have a good picture soon. "Stage Struck" was good, but I can't say that for "The Untamed Lady," and I am sure "Fine Manners" won't be very good with Eugene O'Brien as her leading man.

Richard Barthelmess was my favorite actor, but "Just Suppose" changed my mind somewhat. In "Just Suppose" he was just like Mae Murray, always posing.

As a matter of fact, I think that all of the pictures this year are punk, with the exception of "The Big Parade," "Ben-Hur," "The Merry Widow," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," and a few others.

GEORGE WILLIAMS, Jr.,
Shelter Island, New York.

Page Arthur Rankin

HERE'S boosting an unknown! The blond boy in "The Volga Boatman," who saves Feodor's life by sacrificing his own. Congratulations. I have seen the above three times for the express purpose of watching your acting and am delighted with the naturalness of it. Not only was your voice the center figure, but in every detail your expression was excellent and wholly unaffected in that you didn't look as tho a director were shouting instructions at you continually as so many minor do. I do not know how to identify you other than as "The Blond Boateeman," but at any rate here's to your success! I'm all for you.

J. H.,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

An Art Collector

FOR nearly a year I have been a subscriber to Motion Picture, and I have saved all the portraits on the covers. On the wall in my room there is a blanket to which I have pinned these pictures, and it really looks very attractive—the colors are so cheerful.

In fact, they are a permanent institution in our home and the family would be lonesome without them. I am myself greatly interested in art, and I think that the portraits by Marland Stone are worthy of special mention. He not only paints very well, but his color schemes are magnificent, and Motion Picture is very fortunate to have his work on its cover. I sincerely hope that Mr. Stone will be the one to paint Pola Negri's likeness for the cover of the September issue, because she deserves the best portrait in the whole world.

JESSIE KARLES,
Spring Valley, N. Y.

Try Again

Fans, don't give up if you don't get an answer to the letters you write to your favorite stars.

About two months ago I wrote to my favorite actress, Lois Wilson, but received no answer. About two or three weeks ago I tried again, and this time I received not only a letter, but also her autographed picture. I was very much surprised when I received the picture, for in my letter I had not asked for one.

Even if your favorites don't reply, remember that they are too busy to attend to their correspondence, especially when they get so much, but they appreciate your letters just the same.

R. O.,
Adel, Iowa.

A Directory of Directors

I HAVE read Motion Picture Magazine for many years and have enjoyed each number. In a recent number I read where directors are coming into their own more and more. This is very true, and the public is becoming interested in the directors more every day. No doubt many would like to know what picture such and such a director is working on.

Of course, in different parts of the magazine, that can be learned, sometimes, not always. Now you have a department called "What the Stars Are Doing," in which, by the way, the name of William Haines should be included. Couldn't you also have a similar department for directors? It would be very convenient and I'm sure it would be appreciated by many.

JOHN T. CUFF,
New York City.

**Y**our **O**pinions on subjects relat ing 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 of the month, which will be printed at the head of this department. 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 YES AND NO, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**Q**uestionnaire

**W**ill somebody please answer the following questions:

Why do the critics persist in knock ing Coleen Moore's acting? Because most of her vehicles are comedies does not prove that she can't act. For she can.

(Continued on page 121)
Little—But, Oh My!

Snapshots Taken on a Californian Beach

Mary Hay Barthelmes has been spending these months with her father. And needless to state, she is always the most admired little girl on the sands. She is pretty enough . . . but that is not the reason . . .

Richard Barthelmes, père, and his side partner, Ronald Colman, are usually with her. The feminine contingent at the shore find Mary a perfect excuse for starting a conversation . . .
“Shall I Go Into the Movies?”

Let Marion Morgan Drew cast your horoscope and tell you if the stars forecast success for you on the screen

Mrs. J. M., Son born December 12:

Your son should make a first-rate advertising man, editor, publisher or critic. He might become connected with the movies in one of these capacities, for the stars say that the literary side of motion picture producing will come into far greater prominence after the year 1929 than has ever been the case before. In case his tastes change about taking up some form of literary work and he decides to develop his talent for athletics, I believe he could make a success as a professional athlete if he sticks to it. One of his great troubles in whatever career he adopts will be a tendency to have too many side-lines with the resulting neglect of the main source of the bread and butter.

Fay P., August 3:

This is the most sensible letter that has come into this office in many a day. In addition to your determination to have money enough to support yourself for a time in Hollywood and a thorough training in some sort of work which is valuable in screen presentation, let me urge you also to consider the proper introduction to the studio managers. Don’t join the mob that storm the outer offices, but think up some plan whereby you can meet higher officials or bring yourself directly to their attention. I am going on the conviction that you ARE suited for the screen, as shown by the positions of the Sun and Moon in your horoscope. You have brains enough to make you successful in business life, but whoever told you that you were

EDITOR’S NOTE: All comments made in this department are based on Astrological rules but neither the writer of this department nor this publication can assume responsibility for statements made therein, because inaccurate data is sometimes furnished, even tho the sender believes it to be correct.

You must send: your date of birth . . . your year of birth . . . city or nearest town and county of birth . . . your sex and the hour and minute of the day or night when you were born.

T. F. E., November 21:

I hesitate to offer suggestions as to how a physician might work up a connection with the movies in which his physical education would be useful. A lot of movies do need a doctor, to be sure, but of a somewhat different type. You have some wonderfully good configuration in your nativity, but I could hardly advise you to change your profession at this stage of the game. The year beginning with your next birthday will be a hectic one for you. Wait until that is over before taking any chances at new occupations.

Catherine D., April 25:

Things look pretty good for you where you are just now, and I would not advise you to force changes. Your chart for the coming year indicates travel, but let this seek you out, as it will do. Your natal positions are such that you would have difficulty when you leave one good position or favorable connection for a new field. Make a reputation in your fashion work, then move to New York. It’s less of a jump from New York to Hollywood than from Philadelphia to New York, just as

(Continued on page 108)

Eleanor Boardman was born August 19, 1896. Colleen Moore on August 12, 1902, and Hobart Bosworth on August 11, 1867

Clara Bow was born on August 8, 1905, and Norma Shearer on August 10, 1904
No one so spectacular as Harold "Red" Grange could possibly elude the motion picture producers. And, considering the contracts they wave as bait, who would want to? His first picture is fittingly called "Half Back."

Ena Gregory is the girl. (You could hardly recognize her from the picture above.) And Sam Wood is the director.
The Lovely Young Daughter of MRS. JEROME NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

points out that the care of the skin is an important social duty

"There is one personal obligation that follows a girl wherever she goes—the care of her skin. With Pond's Two Creams this is easily accomplished. Swiftly and surely they work to keep the skin exquisite. That is why their use has become a habit with the girls of the younger set."

Barbara Strebeigh

use them yourself every single day as follows:
First Step: Whenever your skin needs cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream generously. Leave it on a few moments so that its pure oils may penetrate every pore. With a soft cloth wipe off the Cream—and such a lot of dirt comes, too, you'll notice! Repeat the treatment, finishing with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice to close the pores. On retiring give your skin this same thorough cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream and, if your skin is dry, leave some of the cream on until morning. When you waken, your face will be clear, fresh, and free from lines.

Second Step: After every cleansing with Pond’s Cold Cream except the bedtime one, smooth over your skin a wee trifle of Pond’s Vanishing Cream. You will love the soft even finish it gives your skin, the velvety, glowing tone. And you will notice that your powder clings to your skin with a new smoothness, and that it stays on too. Used before you go out, Pond's Vanishing Cream protects your skin from hot sun and wind and from the harsh grit of soot and dust.

Begin today to follow the method pursued by the beautiful younger women of society. Pond's Cold Cream now comes in extra large jars, both creams in two smaller sizes of jars and in tubes.

Free Offer Mail coupon for free tubes of these Two famous Creams, and folder of instructions for using.
The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. J., 143 Hudson Street, New York City.

Name.
Street.
City. State.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Advertising Section
had lost its liquid smoothness. It was jerky and uncertain and halting. The obvious interest that Mr. Goldstein displayed intimidated rather than emboldened her. And she seemed in no hurry to make his reply. He mended a broken tobacco leaf with his tongue. Judith was never to forget him as he sat there during that minute.

"So," he said finally, "you are modest for such a beautiful girl."

If Judith had been in a compliment impertinent, she gave no sign.

"I'll tell you," he went on. "You're not so much on the screen. But maybe I could do something for you. Maybe not.

"Why, I am surprised that you remember my work at all," Judith became hopefully. "I'm afraid I'm not a very interesting person.

"Isn't it encouraging that you do remember me, Mr. Goldstein?"

The heavy shoulders shrugged deprecatingly.

"No, No. That's my business, remembering. Everything. The directors on up say, 'It's too bad you're leaving. They are all scared of the way I remember.'"

He laughed with the pleasure of a child.

"Why I remember things I see in a film rushes for weeks and nobody can argue with me about them. When a director has worked for me a little while, he gets into his head that I remember.

"Judith thought she ought to say something complimentary but she could think of nothing to say that would top his opinion of himself. Certainly he appeared to need no reassurance about his remarkable ability.

"There are too many in the payroll now," he told her "if I say you go on and get trained for the big parts, then you go on. It is a gamble for me to take on a new girl. You may make a star and then again you may not. I always like to feel that I am getting something for my interest. Understand? I like to feel that I am appreciating it when I groom a hero for a later stardom.

Judith sensed that his hand, studded with a large and flashing diamond, was reaching towards her. She withdrew her hand on the instant, could get fresh with her edge of the desk and pretended to adjust her hair. But Goldstein was not at all pleased. He produced a pencil, and make a variety of squares and circles on a scratch pad.

"If you did do any good at all, you'd soon get lots of boys, and the Auto-mobile. Clothes. he enumerated the expenses. "It would take more than we would be paying you at first. Have you got some money you could use?"

Judith for the minute did not quite understand. She had a sense of the conversation closing in upon her, cornering her.

She shook her head: "I have no money equal to such demands," she admitted. "You would not be willing to get along slowly."

Goldstein brought the conversation back to his own grounds without any parley.

"I just need a good acting agent for a lot of this new business," he informed her. "I like you too. And when I like a girl I'm not going to have her in a position so as directors on the screen will never see her. See? Now if they know you are Marcus Goldstein's girl—then you're safe."

Judith was not afraid of him but she wished she had never come and that her anger would not fog her brain so that she could not deal with the situation.

"If you understand that you are offering...

Goldstein shook his head affirmatively and enthusiastically. She understood after all. She had done everything, he was not sure his intentions were as innocent. He reached over with the now obvious intention of patting her hand.

She stood up, facing him.

"If I'm sure of something, I don't like to see you do that, what then?"

"What would be then?" he asked her. "Is it something for nothing you're asking of me now?"

He was not quite so friendly. Yet there was still a slight playfulness in his manner. He hesitated a moment to make it impossible for her to change her tactics. He left a slight opening for her to reconsider.

But he might have spared himself the trouble.

It had become evident that she was silent only because she had no words with which to admit her answer were as eloquent as she was inarticulate.

"Such highfalutin notions will never get you nowhere," he warned her now that he was certain that there was no reason for diplomacy. "You want something from me. You should be willing to be agreeable. What will be such a fool as me not to take a chance on you for nothing? You think you're a lot, Miss Tower. Business ..."

His hands were outstretched with a typical gesture.

"You're too silly minded for this business," he went on, buzzing for the boy to show her out.

Now Judith spoke. This last indignity. His manner indicated that he rather than she had put an end to the interview.

"You know, Mr. Goldstein," Judith said and a hatred charged her voice, "you are too horrible for this or any other business. You are not as big as the position you hold. You are able to keep it."

Marcus Goldstein squirmed a little in his big chair.

"I will be somebody without any help from you. And someday you will be nobody."

The overgrown youth who served as an intermediary between a forever seeking world and the Excelsior Film Corporation opened the door.

Goldstein hardly raised his eyes from a contract he had picked up.

"The lady is going," he said.

"Did he get fresh with you?" the boy asked Judith as she passed him. He seemed very serious and a little hopeful.

"Did he, huh?"

"Yes, indeed, what makes you think so?" she said. "He was a perfect gentleman."

The youth saw her eyes-dark with anger.

"So's your old man," he said. Judith smiled.

This seemed to make it worse. It was not that she by some fluke of the chemicals of sex, had appealed to the man. Anyone appeared to do so. A new one every few months no doubt. She wondered if she looked as if she would entertain such a proposition.

Now she was embarrassed before the others still waiting in the anteroom. Some of them had been there when she had come in. They probably construed her impulsive audience in one way and one way only.

She was glad when the door of the private suite closed behind her and she was left in the general office.

She found herself envious of the secretaries, the bookkeepers, the file clerks who were going about their duties. They had boy friends, and they would eventually marry and live moderately well in some apartment or a tiny house in some suburb. They would get those things that they wanted from life.

Not that Judith would have actually changed with them, despite her momentary pangs of envy. She knew instinctively that this was not her pattern. She belonged elsewhere. The monotony of such a life would beat the desires out of her. It was not a life she could bear.

She wondered if her great grandmother had something to do with her burning urge to be an actress. She thought it most likely. Judith had long read that tendencies skipped generations.

She had always adored hearing stories about that grandmother. As a child, when she went to visit her mother's mother in the big brick house in the city, she had loved the candy-yellow plum album. It had the photographs of Lola Chase in it. They discussed the tall, grand-Duchess name before she married great-grandfather. She had been an actress and her name had had glamour in old New York.

There was one photograph that had shown the lovely Lola Chase with her pet monkey.

Another showed her bundled in soft furs in her golden sleigh.

But best of all, Judith had loved the one in which she was a fair-haired, rather maimed little poke made of fresh violets.

All of the mad things her great-grandmother had done before she had met her great-grandfather had always thrilled Judith. After she had married she had not mattered any more. The family had always gone to great trouble to explain to Judith that it was only a story. Lola Chase had been so vain and foolish. She had later given up the stage and settled down into a sweet Christian wife and mother.

Judith had always thought that a great pity. Who would want to trade a bonnet of fragrant purple violets for a stiff taffeta affair ... probably of a brown color ..., that must be immediately brushed and put up in the hat box after Sunday service? She could bear it?

Besides the great-grandmother memories and that afternoon in Marcus Goldstein's office, Judith Tower was always to remember The Funeral. That had come in between. It was not a sad memory. She thought of it as a great event. And it had been weeks after her mother's death before she had had the time to speak of it. Death had been new ... strange. At twelve years of age she had found it absorbing and exciting to have her house overflowed with friends and flowers. Never in all her life had she known more attention. Some uncle or another would forever be saying, "Don't forget about giving her a penny or a nickel and calling her "a poor, motherless little chick.""
Your Sheerest, Gayest Gowns

Your filmiest, daintiest things...

Wear them now without hesitancy or a moment's doubt

This NEW way solves women's oldest hygienic problem as the women of constant social or business activity would have it solved...exquisitely, and by ending the uncertainty of makeshift methods...ending, too, the bother and embarrassment of disposability.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Registered Nurse

FRESH, charming, immaculate, all day and every day beyond all doubt or question—this new way is bringing it to millions.

In your life, it will make a great and refreshing difference. It will end the doubts and uncertainties of the old-time sanitary pad. It gives back the days women used to lose.

Eight in every 10 women in the better walks of American social and business life have adopted it. Doctors urge it. Highest authorities approve it. Virtually every great hospital uses it.

These new advantages

Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad, is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton. Nurses in wartime France first discovered it. It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads. Kotex also deodorizes by a new secret disinfectant. And thus solves another trying problem.

Kotex will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind—and in your health. 60% of many ills, according to many medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe or unsanitary makeshift methods.

There is no bother, no expense of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would a piece of tissue—without embarrassment.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way. Obtain a package today.

Only Kotex is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the only sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton. It is the only napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

On sale everywhere

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super. Today begin the Kotex habit. Note the improvements, mental and physical, that it brings. Write today for "Personal Hygiene" booklet. Sample of Kotex will be mailed free on request. Cellucotton Products Co., 166 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Ask for them by name

KOTEX
PROTECTS-DEODORIZES

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
WHOSE HAND?

Read the Character Analyses and See If You Can Guess the Owners of These Hands

By F. Vance de Revere

Notice the long fingers of this hand, which denote a love of order and beauty in everything, with a fine sense of details; such a person would be appreciative and quick to notice attentions, and this, with other qualities found in the hand, would indicate a gentle manner, quiet in temper, confiding and instinctively trusting every one who is kind to her; a very emotional nature and an individual who feels deeply and is very sympathetic and understanding. The straight, firm development of the thumb denotes a conscientious nature and a person of good moral consciousness. The squareness and breadth of the palm show a practical turn of mind and much common sense. The very many lines spreading like a net over the surface of the hand denote an intensely nervous, sensitive nature, one who worries over things and frequently crosses her bridges before she comes to them. While I am not analyzing the hand from the standpoint of palmistry, I cannot help but notice the unusual markings when observing a hand. In this hand, you will notice a cross clearly defined in the center between the head and heart line. This strange mark denotes mysticism, occultism and superstition. Such people like to have their fortunes told and are interested in the unusual. The long fingers with the square palm show culture, this with the cushion finger-tips, indicate great refinement. The dominate fourth finger shows the artistic inclinations.

If this hand runs true to type, it would indicate a person who is tall in stature with a broad face. This hand, with its conic-shaped fingers, represents the artistic temperament and denotes an individual who is easily influenced by color, music, tears, sorrow, joy or eloquence more than any other type, a very emotional nature, one who is readily thrown into the depths of despair or rises to the greatest heights of rapture. She is in the vocation for which she is best suited. The long finger-nails indicate an impressionable and an artistic nature, one who would be fond of poetry and music. Long-nailed persons are inclined to be visionary and shrink from looking facts in the face, especially facts which are distasteful. The square formation at the base of the thumb shows musical ability. The second finger denotes a thoughtful nature, one who is almost morbid. The third finger, being nearly as long as the second, indicates a nature which looks at life as a lottery; one who gambles with all things, life and danger, but also indicates one who is endowed with strong artistic instincts and talent. The spatulate termination of her third finger gives decided dramatic talent and sensational power to move and appeal to audiences. This hand is deeply emotional, its owner would be quick-tempered and speak her mind, but it would be a flash and soon over and quickly forgotten, for hers is a sympathetic, affectionate nature.

All rights reserved,
F. Vance de Revere

Editor's Note.—On page 84 you will find photographs of the stars whose hands were analyzed last month. And next month you will find the answers to these character readings.
For Expert Beauty Advice
-Write to me
Lucille Young

WITH my beauty methods it is easy to
become a radiant, alluring woman. I
teach you all the secrets that make it so
simple to beautify yourself at home.

Would you like to know how to correct coarse
pores, blemishes or oily skin — freckles and
wrinkles? Wouldn't your life be happier with a
clear, smooth, lovely complexion—and with
eyes, hair and figure to complete the picture
of perfect womanhood?

All of this I can give you. I know every one
of your beauty problems because I have had to
face all of them myself. The expert knowledge
I have gained in years of experience is yours if
you will only accept it. I know I can make you
happy. In fact, I actually guarantee results.

See How I Have Helped Others!
Let Me Help You, Too!

Here are but a few of the many enthusiastic letters received every day
from others I have helped. How happy I have made them! Through my
methods and my personal advice they have found the way to Beauty.

Skin Smooth and Clear
Dear Miss Young: I received your wonderful
Methods and am glad that I made up my
mind to send for them. My skin is so smooth
and clear already, thanks to your wonderful
Methods.—Yours very truly, M. G., Stockton,
Calif.

Eyelashes and Brows Improved
Dear Miss Young: I received your Methods
and am very much pleased with them. My eye-
lashes and brows are beginning to grow very
nicely, which makes me very happy as I had
hardly any eyelash before using your Method.
—Yours very truly, M. M.A., San Anselmo, Cal.

Complexion Like a Rose
Dear Lucille Young: I was troubled with a
bad complexion, but after using your Methods
for three weeks, my complexion is like a rose.
Although I have used many things for bleaching
the skin, I have not found anything equal to
your bleaching Method.—Yours faithfully, J. P.,
Reading, Pa.

Finest Ever Used
Dear Miss Young: I received my order in good
condition and thank you for your kindness.
Your methods are the finest I have ever used.
—Yours truly, L. P., Holland, Texas.

A World of Good
My dear Friend: Just a line to tell you that
your Methods have done me a world of good,
as my face is clearing up very rapidly.—Yours
very truly, P. C., La Salle, Mich.

Hair Beautifying Method Fine
Dear Lucille Young: Your Hair Beautifying
Method is fine. My daughters and I used it
and found it is just what you said, also your
other Methods. My friends tell me I look like
a young girl.—Yours very truly, L. B. W.,
Beaver, Ohio.

So Happy, Must Tell the Secret
Dear Miss Young: I received your letter and
your Methods, and am very happy and grateful
to you. I was so anxious to try your Method
and at last I got the results I was expecting.
My friends say to me, "Rose, you look so much
better... What has happened to your com-
plexion?" That makes me so happy that I
tell them the secret.—Yours very truly, R. G.,
Remoza, Wa.

Methods Wonderful
Dear Miss Young: I don't know how to
express my thanks to you, but I do thank you
a thousand times. I cannot see how you can
almost give these grand
Methods away. I think they
are wonderful.—Your friend,
A. T., Shippensville, Pa.

Like a Magic Wand
Dear Miss Young: I received your Methods
three days ago, and want you to know that I see
a wonderful change already. What a relief.
Everything you sent me acts like a magic wand.
I am proud to have listened to your good advice.
—Yours faithfully, Mrs. H. E., Jr., Yorktown
Heights, N. Y.

No Equal
Dear Madam Lucille: I received your Beauty
Methods and firmly believe you sent me more
than I expected. Everything is just as you
claimed it to be—each Method finer than the
other. My sisters have used some of them and
they claim your Methods are so equal. I wish
I could have the pleasure of meeting you to
express my appreciation and thank you from
the bottom of my heart.—Your friend, M. M.,
Elizabeth, N. J.

Pimples Have Vanished
My dear Friend: I had a real bad case of
pimples and since I tried your Methods I seldom
have any at all. Everyone wants to know what
I have been using and I can gladly recommend
Lucille Young's Methods.—Truly your friend,
G. P., San Saba, Texas.

Method Book FREE!
Just let me know you are interested and I will be very glad to send you a free copy
of my book telling how you can easily solve your beauty problems at home. Of course,
there is no obligation. Just mail me the coupon. But do it today. Why delay finding
out about the wonderful methods that will bring you so much happiness? Mail the
coupon and let me help you.

Lucille Young, Suite 12-66, Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Lucille Young, Suite 12-66 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Dear Miss Young: I will be glad to have you tell me all about
your Beauty Methods which I can use at home to correct all
blemishes of complexion and to beautify my skin, eyes, hair and
figure. I understand that I am NOT placing myself under any
obligation by sending this coupon.

(Do NOT send any money with this coupon)

Name: _____________________________
Address: __________________________

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
I'M A NATURIST.—It's no secret. Your drawings were very good likenesses. Harry Earles was the dwarf in "The Unoly Three" and wasn't he splendid? That picture will always stand out in my memory. Your story is like the drowned man who was sought to be free from a marked impediment in his speech.

PEARL C., JERSEY CITY.—Here's one for you:
If your lips would save from slips,
Five things observe with care;
Of whom you speak, and how, and when, and where.
You have just seen a revival of "Rosita" and think Mary Pickford was great. You can't understand why Mary continues to play child roles. I can, the public want them. So you like Ray Griffith. Thanks for yours.

GIL DE B.—Your letter was mighty interesting. You reminded me of the following—Never speak unless you have something to say, and never stop when you have done. So you don't think I am as old as I pretend. How can my readers doubt me? H. B. Warner was Gloria Swanson's leading man in "Zaza." Betty Bronson was born in 1906. Eleanor Boardman is playing opposite John Barrymore in "Ralph the Magnificent." Marion Davies is in "The Red Mill." You see later, Gil.

BOARDMAN'S ADMIRER.—That's all right. Initiative is the art of making the fullest use of somebody else's ideas. Eleanor Boardman was born August 19, and she has brown hair and gray eyes. No, Ben Lyon is not married.

W. R. S.—Many are called, but few get up on the first call. So you think I am a twin brother to Santa Claus. I am, except that he works only one year a while I never cease to work. Doris Kenyon was born September 5, 1898, and she never ventured on the rocky sea of matrimony. She expects to be married soon to Milton Sills.

CHARLES W. C.—That was a beautiful tribute you wrote about Barbara La Marr and you don't think it is right that detri-
mental articles be published about her now. I haven't read any. So you think I seem to grovel in every picture.

BANJO EYES.—That's right, the hairs of my head are all numbered. Mary Brian in "Behind the Front." Yes, E. H. Sothern played for Viatgraph pictures some ten years ago. Lloyd Hughes had had no stage experience when he went into pictures as an extra in 1917, and two years later he was starred in "Homespun Folks."

TINY B.—Allene Ray is at the Fine Arts Studio, 4500 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. She is playing in "Snowed In." After six months' search, Frank Hopper has been chosen to play the role of Teddy Roosevelt in "The Rough Riders." Mr. Hopper was representing a book concern in Los Angeles at the time he was selected and was told that if he lost twenty-five pounds he would receive $50.00 cash for each pound he lost, in addition to his regular salary. Don't tell me it doesn't pay to be a book-
keller?

ROSARIO S. R. CEBU.—Write to Gloria Swanson at 522 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MRS. W. E. G., COLUMBUS.—Yes, I like color, and the girls' gowns of today are certainly colorful. You know a grain of sand will color seven thousand times its weight of water. William Haines is at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. He was born in 1901, six feet tall, brown hair and hazel eyes. Playing in "Tell It to the Marines."

CHUA K. H., SINGAPORE.—So (Continued on page 82)
Miss Anderson's Statement

When I arrived at the Kaufmann & Fabry Studio my hair was thoroughly waved, as you may see in the picture at the left. I had very little faith in any of the so-called hair-wavers and expected I would have to visit my hairdresser after leaving my first hair-waving appointment. However, the photograph, it was not necessary. My hair was perfectly waved. I have proved that the Maison Marcellers will save time, money, and the bother of waiting to have one's hair marshalled. (Signed) Evelyn Anderson.

Marvellous New Method

makes any hair naturally wavy

No more "appointments"... No more tiresome treatments...

No more "wave" expense... No hot irons to dry out your hair

Now you may have as lovely a marble as the finest beauty parlor possibly can give—in your own home—when you want it, and at a trifling cost.

WHERE IS the woman, in this busy day, who can afford from her little leisure all the time it takes to make appointments, arrange her convenience to suit someone else's schedule, go through the usual experience of waiting many minutes, and then submit to a long drawn-out process? Women do that, to have their hair marshall'd and so insistent is the real need for loveliness.

But that exasperating method is no longer necessary. It is rapidly becoming obsolete — wherever this amazing new invention called the Maison Marcellers makes its way, just 30 minutes with the Maison Marcellers once a week—in your own home—and your hair is always at its wavy loveliest and best.

A $1.50 marble any time for a few cents

Moreover, how many women really can spend $5.00, $10.00, $15.00 for a visit of hair waving done the ordinary way? Isn't it a fact that even on a liberal allowance, these inroads are too heavy, with the usual result that you forego many a marble that you know you ought to have?

Here again, the Maison Marcellers are literally one of the greatest boons ever conferred on womankind.

The woman who owns a set of Maison Marcellers may keep her hair at all times in the full glory of its beauty, at a cost of a few cents for each complete marvel.

And the menace of hot irons eliminated forever

Finally, this invention is the most protective of hair quality, texture and lustre ever introduced into modern hair culture.

It does away with the old-fashioned curlers and so-called "waves"—with dangerous curling irons that tear the hair and dry the scalp—with all the muss and fuss of the old-fashioned water-waving comb.

In eliminating the hot iron peril alone, the Maison Marcellers are worth their weight in gold to any woman who prizes the natural health and beauty of her hair.

Your mirror will tell you this is true

Nothing that we could say about the results which thousands of women today are obtaining with the Maison Marcellers would tell so complete a story of their value as the photographs above note. Them well. Then read carefully the sworn affidavit of one of Chicago's most reputable photographers, as to the circumstances under which these photographs were taken. They could be duplicated anywhere—and are being duplicated everywhere the Maison Marcellers are in use.

Maison Marcellers will give you any kind of marble you want—a single bob, Ina Claire, horshoe wave or pompadour, center or side part. They will do this whether your hair is soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short. Regardless of the kind of hair you have, they will give you the most beautiful marble imaginable. We guarantee this absolutely, and you are the sole judge of your own satisfaction with them.

Our most liberal, limited-time offer to you

In order to establish this revolutionary invention in the favor of women all over America, we offer the first 10,000 sets of Maison Marcellers at a price which hardly covers the cost of making, packing and advertising—only $2.98, plus a few cents' postage!

This includes a new and authentic marble fashion chart, and a complete set of Maison Marcellers. Nothing more to buy. Just dampen the hair with water and place the Maison Marcellers in your hair according to directions.

Take advantage of this special offer right away, because it may be withdrawn at any time.

Send no money—just mail the coupon

Even at this special price you need not risk a penny. Just sign and mail the coupon. In a few days, when the postman brings your outfit, just deposit $2.98 with him (plus a few cents' postage). And when you put in your first marble, you'll say it was the best purchase you ever made in your life, for your hair waving troubles are ended. Every time you use this outfit, you'll get better and better results and you'll never have to spend your good time and money for marbles again.

After you have tried this marvelous new marcelling outfit for 5 days, if you are not delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marble you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit to us and your money will be refunded quickly and cheerfully. But don't put it off. Be among the first to take advantage of this special introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon today!
you liked Mary Astor in "Oh Doctor." Fred Thomson has the lead in "The Lone Hand."

The Answer Man
(Continued from page 80)

you liked Mary Astor in "Oh Doctor." Fred Thomson has the lead in "The Lone Hand."

KITTEN KET.—Thanks for the gum. What do you mean, I must have a birthday every other leap-year. Lois Wilson is five feet five. So you resemble Greta Garbo. Gaston Glass is in the cast of "The Romance of a Million Dollars" with Alyce Mills and Glenn Hunter. See you later.

A BILLIE DOVE FAN.—You flatter me. It was Burns who said "I pick up favorite quotations and store them in my mind as ready armor, offensive and defensive, amid the struggle of this turbulent existence. I don't know why Billie Dove calls herself Billie, but her real name is Lillian Dove. She was born in New York City, May 13, 1903.

BETTY D. AUCKLAND.—Well, by ignorance we mistake, and by mistakes we learn. Like a line there is in a white, but don't write a book each time. And isn't six feet tall, brown hair and gray eyes. He is married to Gloria Hope.

DIKEY FAN.—Richard Dix was born in

WOMEN

Anna Q. Nilsson .................. 80
Colleen Moore .................. 60
Gloria Swanson ................. 46
Clara Bow .................. 43
Norma Talmadge ................. 42
Dolores Costello ................. 39
Bebe Daniels .................. 38
Norma Shearer .................. 36
Vilma Banky ................. 31
Pola Negri .................. 31
Mae Murray .................. 31
Betty Bronson .................. 30
Marion Davies .................. 30
Mary Brian .................. 27
Sally O'Neil .................. 26
Esther Ralston .................. 25
Constance Talmadge ............ 24
Mary Pickford .................. 23
Renée Adorée .................. 23
Corinne Griffith ................ 22
Lois Wilson .................. 21
Madge Bellamy .................. 21
Greta Garbo .................. 20
Claire Windsor .................. 18

MINNEAPOLIS. Lois Wilson was born February 24, 1895. Marie Prevost in "For Wives Only" a screen version of last year's stage success, "The Critical Year."

DOPS.—Yes, a great many of Walter Scott's works have been done. Billie Dove and Beryl Lytell in "The Lone Wolf Returns." Evelyn Brent in "Flame of the Argentine" with Orville Caldwell.

LILLIAN PARTO.—Yes, in the May 1925 issue of the Magazine. I think you can secure it direct from our Circulation Department.

HENRY L. R.—I don't remember your inquiry, but if you had asked the question again, I would have been glad to help you right away.

BETTY ANNE.—That was a beautiful picture of your pony, Betty. Doris Kenyon in "The Unguarded Hour." You must write to me again.

INCOMPRISSE.—Sorry, but I cannot get that address for you, as I rarely retain the letters from my readers after I have answered them.

ANDEA.—Hire a hall! I am so poor fish, but you can drop me a line once in a while, don't write a book each time. And you think Richard Dix is a symbol of American Manhood, particularly after seeing "The Vanishing American." So do I. PELL.—How's everything out your way? Sure was glad to hear you liked the magazine.

NINETEEN.—The State of Washington was named after George Washington, and Nevada is a Spanish word meaning "snow-clad." Universal City was started by Carl Laemmle in 1912 when he bought a large tract of land in San Fernando Valley not far from Hollywood. The walled studio city was opened in 1914. Bertram Grassby was born in Lincolnshire, England, forty-six years ago. He is six feet seven and weighs 175 pounds.

HARRIE FAN.—Sweet are the uses of adversity may all be true, but I am inclined to think the uses of prosperity are sweeter. Oh, yes, in another month I'll be getting fifteen dollars per. Hoop la! Harrison Ford was married to Beatrice Prentice, Hollywood. Buy more. Born in Kansas City on March 16.

T. S. M. LONDON.—Cherio, old Top; Yes, you refer to "The Prince Chlap."

Watch Them Rise!

MEN

Richard Dix .................. 99
John Gilbert ................. 73
Ramón Novarro ............... 61
Ronald Colman ............... 57
Rudolph Valentino ........... 48
Ben Lyon .................. 44
William Haines ............... 40
Lloyd Hughes ................. 35
William Boyd ................ 31
Richard Barthelmess ........... 30
John Barrymore .............. 30
Ricardo Cortez .......... 27
George O'Brien .............. 23
Neil Hamilton ............... 21
Douglas Fairbanks ........... 20
Lon Chaney ................ 18
Conrad Nagel ............... 18
Harrison Ford ............... 17
Tom Mix ................ 17
Lawrence Gray ............... 16
Rod La Rocque ............... 16
Thomas Meighan .............. 16
Jack Holt ................ 15
Clive Brook ............... 14
Norman Kerry .............. 14

Once more Richard Dix and Anna Q. Nilsson came out on top. But there is the usual shifting about among the other players.
Own a Typewriter!
A Bargain You Can’t Ignore!
Try It Free, and See!

GET YOUR typewriter now. A genuine Shipman-Ward rebuilt Underwood is the one you want—"the machine you will eventually buy!" Everyone needs it; now anyone can afford it. Don’t send a cent—but do get our big special offer—our valuable book on typewriters and typewriting, FREE.

You can learn to write on this standard-keyboard machine in one day. A week after the expressman has brought it, you’d feel lost without it. A trial will prove it—and doesn’t cost you a penny!

A New Plan
Our rebuilt plan gives you the best machine and saves you a lot of money.

The Underwood is so famous a make, and No. 5 so popular a model, you’ll have to speak up if you want one of the lot we are just completing now!

We rebuild from top to bottom; replace every single worn part; each machine is in sparkling condition. New typewriters are commonly guaranteed for a year; we guarantee these completely rebuilt Underwoods five years: That’s our Better-Than-New Guarantee! And we guarantee a big saving in money!

We don’t ask for a cent now. Nor any money at all, unless you are completely won by the wonderful writing machine we ship you for an unrestricted 10-day free trial. When you do buy, take advantage of our very liberal scale of monthly payments. A host of our patrons have paid for their typewriters out of money made typing work for others. (One woman made a thousand dollars at home last year with her Underwood.)

If you know typewriters, you know the superior work and the ease and speed of an Underwood. If you

* Act NOW! If Ever! *

have never owned a typewriter, start with the finest! One that will last you all your life! But, the time to act is NOW. Don’t miss out on this present bargain offer. Don’t do longer without the convenience of a typewriter.

Free Trial Offer
Our plan gives you the opportunity of a thorough trial before you buy. You run no risk whatever. You start to pay for your typewriter after you have found it the one and only machine for you! But get the facts before this lot of machines is all in use. Clip the information coupon below and turn the page. It will pay you! Note the very useful book you will receive free! Write for full particulars at once.

** This is a Genuine UNDERWOOD **

The ace of All Writing Machines!

Get our catalog that tells how we rebuild these wonderful Underwood typewriters in the largest factory of its kind in the world, and lowest prices and terms in existence. We will also include free, the new Type Writing Manual—it gives many examples and samples of uses for your typewriter in business accounts.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
The Shadow

Perhaps it's a gray hair, a wrinkple or a trace of flabbiness. Just a little hint, but its flickering shadow across your mirror awakens a longing for youth—a longing to have and to hold its appearance over the years to come. Let us prove how simple it is for you to gratify this longing.

GOURAUD'S

ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

renders an entrancing appearance of youthful freshness. It gives to your complexion that subtle, alluring touch of Oriental Beauty with all its mystic, seductive charm.

The highly astrangent properties of Gouraud's Oriental Cream keep the skin firm and smooth, discouraging wrinkles and flabbiness. Its antiseptic action maintains a pure, clear complexion, eliminating tan, freckles, muddy skins, redness, etc. A permanent, lasting improvement to your skin and complexion awaits you. Commence its use today.

Send 10c. for Trial Si	
Fred. T. Hopkins & Son
420 Lafayette St.
New York

The Prize Winners Are:

Pola Negri says she'll masquerade,
As Carmen the bold gypsy maid;
With her gay tambourine,
She will dance for the queen,
And for hearts "castanets," the sly jade.

Mrs. E. Parker,
330 No. 14th St.
Lincoln, Neb.

If there's one señorita who's sweeter
Than Miss Astor, then we'd like to meet her;
Every gringa in Spain
Has wooed her in vain,
On a pedestal we'd like to seat her.

Mrs. Claudia Peters,
Ontario, Canada.

Ricardo Cortez looks much more
Like your dream of a Toreador
Than any you've seen
On the stage or the screen,
But his "bull" comes in "jacks" from the store.

Milton McAllister,
San Antonio, Texas.

Lucas-Kasten
Kesslere

The Answer to "Whose Hands?" in the August Issue

By F. Vance de Revere

Eugene O'Brien

The hands of the man with great breadth of palm and unusually short, square fingers with full, thick phalanges, did not run true to type, for instead of a short, thick-set man, it belonged to a very tall, well-built man named Eugene O'Brien. In face and hand alike are shown a person who is logical in his thinking, also an impulsive, emotional, sensitive nature, a reserved person who, at times, is shy. The face shows a very inspirational nature with vivid imagination and qualities which would be useful in writing. The face and hand are so entirely opposed that it would make a complex nature.

All rights reserved,
F. Vance de Revere

Dorothy Mackail

The long hand with thin fingers, belonging to a person who is tall and slim, with the muscular and osseous development, was Dorothy Mackail's hand. Her hand corresponds accurately with her type and, in most of the details, the same characteristics are found in hand and face equally well developed. This gives added strength to the characteristics and makes a nature more readily understood. Her dominant traits are a strong will, much determination, persistence, independence, courage of her convictions, industriousness and an ambitious nature. She has won her present success thru her ability, good judgment and common sense.

All rights reserved,
F. Vance de Revere

May Allison

The long narrow hand, with its long fingers and still longer palm, which was in direct contrast to the other hands appearing with it, belongs to May Allison. The face is harmonic, indicating ability, vocationally, in a variety of lines. This is not indicated in the hand. However, in hand and face alike, we find indications of an active, restless nature; an individual who is very sensitive, emotional, highly intuitive, sympathetic, charitable, genteel and kind, but lacking in aggression. Strength of character, determination and persistence are shown in both face and hand. Likewise, appreciation of both color and music.

All rights reserved,
F. Vance de Revere

Last Call Before the Drop is the prize-winning title for the picture which appeared on page 72 of the July issue. It was contributed by H. L. Crutchfield, Miami, Florida.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Who Made Charlie Chaplin?

(Continued from page 50)

and Syd felt his time and efforts belonged to his brother. Perhaps, too, the business end of the industry was in Syd’s blood. He was an agent with genius on the market. A dealer in a rare talent. Close-ups and long shots have seemed tame in comparison. And that is the only reason Syd left the screen again to assume management of his brother’s affairs. He scoffed at the idea that Charlie paid him to keep out of the field because of professional jealousy.

Syd was flitting with Big Stakes and the stake gave in.

Where other managers would have been content to rest on the commission from ten thousand dollars a week, Syd figured it could be improved upon. He did as nice a little piece of bidding as you’d ever want to see with Mutual and almost before Charlie realized what was happening, negotiated the deal that was heard around the world—the terms being $75,000 for twelve two-reelers with a $150,000 cash bonus. Nice? What? The publications from that deal was the lever that raised salaries to the exorbitant sums now enjoyed by Mix, Swanson, Tal-madge and the other big leaguers.

Time and the golden contract went on until it seemed to shread Syd’s propitiousness to make another move. A corporation was appearing on the horizon known as First National. First National owned a large chain of theaters and Syd, realizing the sensible plan of their distribution program, promoted a deal for Charlie. The million seventy-five thousand dollars for eight pictures. Charlie got the money and Syd had the fun.

Charlie’s moves from First National are too well known to need repeating here. His successful affiliation with United Artists, also engineered by Syd, his personal recognition as one of the outstanding artists of the age, his cultural advance are by words. Great men do him homage. Great thinkers respect his opinions. The boy from the English gutters has found common ground with Beethoven.

Well, you hear it said that Charlie’s brother Syd is branching out pretty well for himself now. He’s funny, too. Nice contrast with older Brothers. Everything sitting pretty.

Which makes a nice ending for a story about the man who made the world make Charlie.

Is It Worth While?

Fame has an intoxication... a glamour. It brings wealth, too, especially if you are a motion picture star.

But is it worth the price you pay for it? And do you know the full measure of the price that is paid, always?

Gladys Hall and Adele Whitley Fletcher, the two most interesting charmers, selected Gloria Swanson as the subject of one of their original and amusing one-act playlets... and she talks on this subject and many other interesting ones.

Dont miss We Interview Gloria Swanson In the October Motion Picture Magazine On the News-stands September 1st.

FREE:
A wonderful little book that gives new beauty secrets. Free, with every jar of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream.

Four Simple Ways to improve your skin—NOW!

By FRED INGRAM, JR., Ph. D. B. Sc., (Pharm.)

I. From 16 to 30 you need from 7½ to 8 hours sleep—at least four nights out of seven. At 30 to 40, 6½ to 7 hours will do. Too little rest, after lunch or just before dinner. If you would have beauty after 30—if you want it. No cream or medicine can compete with loss of sleep.

And you simply must eat each day either lettuce, celery, cabbages, carrots, spinach, eating a few cherries, apricots, dates, lemons or tomatoes. Your doctor will tell you just what combinations are good for you personally. Sleep and these foods are a sure foundation for beauty.

II. For the arms, neck, shoulders and hands—at least once a day, lukewarm water and any good soap (Ingram’s Milkweed Cream Soap is fine). Then use Ingram’s Milkweed Cream on hands, arms, neck and shoulders. Rub it in gently. Don’t rub it off. Use only at night before retiring—wear old gloves on hands. You will be astonished. Your friends will comment on the remarkable change in the appearance of your skin with this simple, common sense treatment. Under no conditions use any other cream while you are making this test.

III. For the face, give our cream two weeks’ exclusive use. Write the date on the label so that you may watch results carefully. Use no other cream of any kind. Wash your face at night with lukewarm water and Ingram’s Milkweed Cream Soap. Rub cream in gently; don’t rub it off. Use morning and nights, using water only at night to cleanse face. Blotches, blemishes, blackheads, redness, tan, wind and sunburn will go if you follow the diet suggested and use Ingram’s Milkweed Cream exclusively.

Women today will tell you this simple treatment gets results. We have thousands of letters over a period of 40 years that back up our statements. And today thousands are enjoying the beauty insurance which this simple method brings.

IV. If you have a good beauty shop operator, stay with her, but insist that she use your own jar of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream. Infections are dangerous. Not one woman in a hundred has a scientific beauty operator. We are always glad to answer questions—to help those who have been unsuccessful in their search for skin love- lies. Particularly those who want to protect their beauty over a long period of years.

If you are in doubt, take no chances. Do your own facials, arm, neck, hand and shoulder treatments at home. We will teach you how in our little book that comes with each jar of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream.

Lovely Skin in two weeks this easy way See blemishes go—skin grow lovely. Here is beauty insurance!

HERE is a simple, NEW method. One that thousands of beautiful women have used for ten years or more. Lovely skin is so important to your beauty. Every woman can have it—quickly, easily. This way, every woman can appear 5 to 10 years younger. For blemishes do actually vanish—often in two short weeks!

Read the four common-sense beauty secrets in the column at the left. Then obtain a jar of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream at your favorite store. Get it in the 50 cent or dollar size. The dollar size is more economical.

And you and your friends will notice—A remarkable improvement in two weeks. And remember: You need only one cream... Ingram’s!

Frederick F. Ingram Co. Windsor, Ont., Canada Established 1869 421 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

Ingram’s Milkweed Cream
Crazy Quilt
(Continued from page 76)

She knew now that she had dramatized herself when anyone had been looking. Always dramatics. They were her life. They were frequently much realer to her than reality.

Her worst memories had followed this by about three years. For three years she had been married again. Judith felt it was not because he had loved her stepmother but because he had been utterly dependent. The second Mrs. Colin Tower had been little assistance, rather a hindrance. She had completely lacked Judith's mother's gift for management. The scant family income ceased to include a luxury now and then. It often failed to cover necessities.

Debts. Because the house money was always being used to buy turbelows. Then another derbied head would climb the hill from town.

Until her dying day Judith was to have a horror of debt. Her memories of the tower room in that old mansard roof house were too humiliating ever to be forgotten.

At first the room had been her playroom. Then when she grew older, she had turned it into a study and she read there during the afternoons. The windows commanded a view of the town of Westport for almost a full mile down the hill. It was a water tower from which Judith gave frequent warnings of approaching creditors. She came to recognize them by their inevitable derby hats. On warm summer days the derbies would be pushed back on the heads mounting the crest of the dusty hill.

Often Judith had thought and dreamed of escaping into the city. But she had never done more than this. She had no money, for one thing. And the very fact that she was about seemed to make life a little easier for her father. She managed to keep the house in order and every now and then she did something to straighten out money matters.

But when the opportunity to get away had come, she had taken it without hesitation. Her mother had left twelve-hundred dollars for her in the care of old Cais Wiggins. He had given it to her on her birthday with a note from her mother. Judith knew that her father would be looking for it. It was as if her mother's tired hand had reached over from Eternity to help her out of a difficulty.

The letter had read:

"My dear Judy,

"At eighteen you are old enough to know what you wish to do with your life. Looking at you now, you are very much like my grandmother must have been. You are always acting when I come upon you in your playroom or in the garden. What is more, you promise to grow into a lovely woman and I am sorry that I shall not be there to see you on your eighteenth birthday.

"Westport has narrow boundaries. And even if you are to marry and spend your life here, I feel that you will be happier if you have some opportunity to get away before you decide. Whatever it is I will have saved for you. It will cost you much. But perhaps it will be enough to tide you over any decision you make. It may be enough to give you the courage to do the thing you want to do. That will be something.

"The doctor says I may live for several years. But often I feel so weary that I do not think I will survive the day. I have not told your father that it is willed that I shall not grow old with him. I wonder if he will have married again. Men are so helpless without a woman to look after them. Always love him, Judy. But remember that if each one of us must carve our own lives.

Your mother,
Westport, June 30th, 1914
Grace Tower

There had been no word of love. Perhaps Grace Tower had known what a shock it would be for her to see her daughter when the note was delivered. Judith wondered how her mother had saved that twelve-hundred dollars.

She never knew Westport had been bled from the economy of mended and remedied gloves...of cardboard innersoles in worn-out shoes...of little things. It had been saved almost entirely of dimes and quarters and of every penny that had come to Grace Tower in change from the day that Judith was born.

She had known the limits of the man she loved so devotedly.

Mrs. Tower had had vituperation for Judith when she left. But her husband had not blamed her in his heart. Nor had he blamed his wife for being incensed when the entire twelve-hundred escaped her. Like Judith, she faced the exigencies of life, Colin Tower blamed himself for all that was wrong in the lives of his loved ones. And he always seemed to understand the trials to which they were subjected because of his shortcomings.

Judith would not have blamed her stepmother either had she heard the things she had said. She felt wretched about going. But she knew from the moment that she read her mother's note that she would go. She could not remain now that this opportunity had come to her...and at such a cost.

Chapter II

F. had not been Judith's background that had fitted her for the life she immediately experienced upon her arrival in New York. It had been some instinct within her that had propelled her in the right direction.

That afternoon in Marcus Goldstein's office had come after Judith had been in New York about three months. There was five-hundred dollars left in the bank. Despite frugal living in the hall bedroom of an old brown-stone rooming-house with sterno-cooked meals and laundry done surreptitiously in the wash bowl, there had been many inroads upon the exchequer.

There had been the problem of clothes. Judith would have gone without sufficient food in order to be smartly dressed. She had. But the skimping had never depressed her. There were no more derbied men climbing a hill into her life.

She had made a few casual friends among the other girls who posed for magazine illustrations. About Judith, many of these girls had no reserve fund upon which they might fall back for clothes and other extras. She knew how many of them had stood in fur coats in the winter before when they had been hungry. And she had seen any number of them give the hint that twinkling legs might wear silk tops.

She wondered how some of them lived. She knew how others did.

Sometimes she was lonely for masculine company. The Westportites had flocked to her house ever since she had been permitted to receive their attentions. The (Continued on page 93)
They’re Not What They Seem
(Continued from page 26)

Madam—please accept
a 7-day supply of this amazing new way of
removing cleansing cream

A way that will double the effectiveness of your make-up
That will correct oily nose and skin conditions amazingly
That will make your skin seem shades lighter than before

The ONLY way yet discovered
that removes all dirt, grime and
germ-laden accumulations in
gentle safety to your skin

THIS offers a test that will effect
some unique results on your skin.
That will make it seem shades lighter
than before. That will correct oily
skin and nose conditions amazingly.
That will double and triple the efect-
tiveness of your make-up.

Modern beauty science has found
a new way to remove cold cream . . .
a different way from any you have
ever known.

It will prove that no matter how
long you have used cold cream, you
have never removed it, and its accum-
ulation of dirt, entirely from your
skin . . . have never removed it in gentle
safety to your skin.

Just use the coupon. A 7-day supply
will be given you without charge.

What it is

The name is Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—absor-
vent—a totally new kind of material, de-
veloped in consultation with leading
authorities on skin care, solely for the
removal of cleansing cream.

It banishes the soiled towel method
that all women detest. It contrasts
the harshness of fibre and paper substitutes
with a softness that you’ll love.

Exquisitely dainty, immaculate and
inviting; you use it, then discard it. White
as snow and soft as down, it is 27 times
as absorbent as an ordinary towel; 24
times as any fibre or paper makeshift!

Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—absor-
vent—comes in:
6 x 7 inches . . . 25c
Boudoir size, sheets . . . 1.50
Professional sheets . . . 65c

KLEENEX A B S O R B E N T
KERCHIEFS
To Remove Cold Cream—Sanitary

$200 For Your Opinion

Why is “Crazy Quilt” a Perfect Title for This Story

About Motion Picture People?

On page twenty of this issue
a fascinating story begins,
called “Crazy Quilt.”
If you haven’t read the
story, do so now . . . and see
if your opinion as to why this
is an appropriate title for a
story of motion picture people
doesn’t win a prize.

The Editor

KLEENEX CO.
167 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill.

Send the coupon

Upon receipt of it a full 7-day supply
will be sent you without charge.

7-Day Supply—FREE

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Gilda Gray Tells How She Does Her Stuff
(Continued from page 41)
of which is very fine, but—"On with the
dance."
"You are self-taught?"
"Ah-so-lutely! Never took a lesson in
my life!"
No polite maneuvering to avoid taking
a definite stand in this! In fact, Miss
Gray is most plain-spoken in the voicing
of her abysmal scorn of the usual and
"approved" method of teaching the dance
the time-honored "one, two, three, kick."
"I just get up and dance what I feel—
that's all. I dance in the way that comes
most natural—and that's what the people
I dance for—the masses, not the classes.
They don't want a stilted and un-
natural thing like the toe-dance.
"And if you don't believe me, compare
my salary with that of a good classical
dancer. And the box-office does tell what
the people want.
"People aren't 'classical'; they're alive,
and I give them their feelings—feelings
as alive as they are."
If she did anything but "just dance,
this would not be so, and she realized this
early in her life, when she first danced in
a barroom cabaret.
Realizing it, she has been careful that
she should not dance anything that is not
natural to herself. She has never at-
tended a recital by a Pavlova or Fokina
to see if she could learn more of the tech-
nique of her art—for the emotions of life,
not an isolated "technique," are to her
the true spirit of the dance.
"It wasn't that I just stayed away—I'd
have fought if anyone had tried to make
me!
"And even if it wasn't for that, I
wouldn't give ten cents to see the best
classical dance going. 'One, two, three;
one, two, three'—and they call that danc-
ing!"
It is natural that a lady who never
studied the dances of the South Seas until
after she had created her own version of
them; a lady who never dances the same
steps twice because her feelings are never
twice the same, should see red when told
that dancing consists of learning certain
steps and formule by heart.
But how about that "imp of the pervers,"
arbitrary temperament? If she dances what
she feels, what does she dance when she
doesn't feel like dancing?
"Well, it's usually only when I'm sick
that I don't feel like dancing. Then, I
grrouch about and curse everything—until
the moment I appear upon the stage. Then
it all leaves me, and the music takes its
place—and I have only emotions reacting
to the music and the audience. There is
nothing left in the world but the music
and the audience."
This taking of oneself from out the
every-day world into a world of emotions
and the spirit worked very well for the
nymphs who danced thru the groves and
across the hillsides of early Greece; and
it even works upon the stage—but what
about such earthly considerations as the
proper placing of lights and the camera?
For, after all, dancing in a picture is not
of much use unless caught by old eagle
eyes.
"Technical difficulties? But I don't use
'technique.'"
"Not of your dance—I mean the placing
of cameras, and so on."
"I just danced and didn't worry about
that. There are plenty of scenes where
you can't see my face—and I dance in and
(Continued on page 101)

Home, Sweet Home of the D'Arcys
(Continued from page 36)

BUT—
The first of the month comes around every few weeks. You know
how it is!

You can't hide a poor complexion

COSMETICS were never in-
tended to conceal facial blem-
ishes, and the woman who
tries to cover up blotches, blackheads,
redness, roughness, etc., with a coat-
ing of rouge and powder, will find
the last state of her skin worse than
the first.
A dull, splotched, or otherwise
unattractive complexion is frequently
due to the wrong method of clean-
ing. The pores have become clogged
and they are unable to function prop-
erty. Such a skin needs to be stimu-
lated by the pore-searching lather of
a pure soap and warm water.
You will like Resinol Soap for this
purpose—because it is different. The
first time you use it, the distinctive,
refreshing Resinol fragrance it gives
out will convince you that it con-
tains unusual properties. Its soft
lather almost caresses the skin as it
sinks into the pores and gently rid-
s them of their impurities. Then it
rines so easily, too—leaving your
skin soothed, refreshed and soft and
pink as a baby's.
Resinol Ointment is a ready aid to Resinol
Soap. In addition to being widely used for
eczema, rashes, chafing, etc., thousands of
women find it indispensable for clearing away
blackheads, blotches and similar blemishes.
Ask your druggist about these products.
Free—Trial size package Resinol Soap
and Resinol Ointment. Write to
Dept. F-8, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
We have always said that Ramon Novarro did not belong to this generation. But he has adjusted to it ... even if he does some day take the gold he has earned and saved and go off to a villa many kilometers out of some European city, Italy perhaps ... or Spain. ...

The intervening years have not taken from him that simplicity of spirit he knew as a schoolboy who walked at twilight in the plazas.

"The trouble with Corinne," Alice Joyce complains and we agree with her, "is that she never gives you an opportunity to simply sit and watch her. She always embarrasses me by turning swiftly and finding my eyes glued on her."

That is generous of Alice. But really she has small grounds for complaint. When you look like Alice Joyce, all you need to satisfy your aesthetic and sensuous sense is a large mirror.

But we understand how she feels about Corinne Griffith. In our opinion she and Corinne are the two most beautiful women on the screen.

Which reminds us of Corinne's embarrassment when Liberty Magazine recently advertised "The Most Beautiful Woman in the World," on the cover and inside went into a eulogistic description of her.

She was in New York at the time and when we asked her if she had seen Liberty she was obviously confused and a little doubtful as to whether we were making fun of her.

I laid the magazine down on the table yesterday when a friend came in for tea," she said with that amused little laugh. "She picked it up and, after glancing at the cover, began to turn the pages.

"I made some excuse and went into the other room. She never did read the story but several times she picked up the magazine and glanced thru it and several times I made an excuse and an exit."

Also, altho Alice did not mention it, it is a rare treat to observe Corinne engaged in a business conference. It puts to ridiculous route all your images of square-jawed, tailored business women. She is never so agitated as the average person gets over bridge. Always she is wholly social and charming. But in the end it is quite likely that she has gained her points.

Paul Bern quarrels with the things Raquel Meller said in our last issue about Pola Negri's Carmen. La Meller insisted that Pola erred in wearing lace. "The gypsy steals lace but never wears it," she explained.

We mentioned this comment to Paul Bern when we met him at a week-end party at Thyra Samter Winslow's.

"I disagree in that criticism of Pola's Carmen," he said very definitely. "An artist must create a character that is universally understandable. Most of us understand Pola's gypsy better because she did wear lace. Only a few found that her lace finery robbed her of realism."

We are always interested in the differences of opinion between sincere artists. No minute detail is too unimportant to evoke intense interest.

Perhaps this is why they are artists.

A great factor in health is good digestion—getting the most benefit possible from our food.

Doctors tell us chewing gum, used after meals, helps the stomach in its work and has a great effect in overcoming digestive troubles.

Dentists say chewing gum keeps the teeth clean and prevents decay by removing food particles that linger in the mouth.

The result is a sweet breath that is evidence of care for one's self and consideration for others—the final touch of refinement.

Wrigley's is the other word for "chewing Gum"—only the best of ingredients go into it.

The joy of the lasting sweet and the flavor of Wrigley's after every meal are additional reasons why you should get its benefit and pleasure.

This sanitary wax package
sealed tight—

Wrigley's Spearmint
Mint Leaf Flavor
The Perfect Gum

delivers all of the original goodness of Wrigley's to you.
What the Stars Are Doing
And where you may write to them
Conducted by Gertrude Driscoll

Adorée, Renée—playing in The Planning Forest—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Allison, May—playing in Minster—Biograph Studios, 807 E. 17th St., New York City, N. Y.
Among, George K.—playing in Burdick The Magnificent—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Astor, Mary—playing in Forever After—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Banks, Vilma—playing in The Winning of Barbara Worth—DeMille Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Barthelmess, Richard—playing in The Amateur Gentleman—Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City, N. Y.
Beery, Noah—playing in Paradise—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.
Beery, Wallace—playing in Old Ironside—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.
Bennett, Belle—playing in The Fifth Commandment—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Blue, Monte—playing in Across the Pacific—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Boadman, Eleanor—playing in Tell It to the Marines—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bow, Clara—playing in You'd Be Surprised—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brian, Mary—playing in Daisy of Duke—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Bronson, Betty—playing in Paradise—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.
Carey, Harry—playing in Burning Bridges—Pathé Exchange, 35 W. 45th St., New York City, N. Y.
Chaney, Lon—playing in Tell It to the Marines—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Collier, William Jr.—playing in Glorifying the American—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Colton, Ronald—playing in The Winning of Barbara Worth—DeMille Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Corazza, Riccarda—playing in The Surrouns of Satan—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Dana, Viola—playing in Koosher Kitty Kelly—F. O. O. Studios, 1901 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Daniele, Rebe—playing in The Campus Flirt—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.
Davies, Marion—playing in The Red Mill—Metropolitan Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Del Rio, Dolores—playing in Blue Highways—Fox Studios, 1601 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Dempster, Carol—playing in The Sermons of Satan—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Denny, Mary—playing in Take It From Me—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Devore, Dorothy—playing in She's Danred—Universal Studios, 2610 S. La Brea Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Dit, Richard—playing in The Quarterback—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Dove, Billie—playing in Kid Boots—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.
Fields, W. C.—playing in Sot's Your Old Man—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Garbo, Greta—playing in The Fleur and the Devil—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gibert, John—playing in The Fleur and the Devil—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gish, Lilian—playing in The Man O' War—Cecil De Mille Prod., Culver City, Cal.
Gray, Gilda—latest release—Alma of the South—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Gray, Lawrence—playing in Kid Boots—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.
Griffith, Corinne—playing in Tin Pan Alley—100 Louisiana Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Griffith, Raymond—playing in You'd Be Surprised—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.
Haines, William—playing in Tell It to the Marines—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hamilton, Cleo—playing in The Great Gatsby—Famous Players Studios, 6th and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Haines, Johnny—playing in The Dancing Mayor—C. C. Burr Prod., 138 W. 44th St., New York City, N. Y.
Holt, Jack—playing in Forlorn River—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.
Hughes, Lloyd—playing in Forever After—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Joy, Louis—playing in Fox Aliman Only—Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Joyce, Alice—playing in The Ace of Cads—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Kean, Buster—playing in The General—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Kenyon, Doris—playing in The Blonde Saint—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Kerry, Norma—playing in Suni Laure—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Kirkwood, James—playing in Butterflies in the Rain—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Langdon, Harry—playing in The Yet Man—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
La Plante, Laura—playing in Butterflies in the Rain—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Love, Bessie—playing in Young April—Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Love, Edmund—playing in Wha Price Glory—Fox Studios, 1601 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lyons, Ben—playing in Daisy of Duke—Biograph Studios, 807 E. 17th St., New York City, N. Y.
Mackall, Dorothy—playing in The Charleston Kid—Biograph Studios, 807 E. 17th St., New York City, N. Y.
MacKell, Ourl—playing in The Story of a Young Woman—Fox Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.
MacLean, Douglas—playing in Ladies First—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.
Mason, Shirley—playing in Up from the Border—Fox Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.
McCoy, May—playing in The Fire Brigade—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
McElhaney, Thomas—playing in Tin Gods—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Menjou, Adolphe—playing in The Ace of Cads—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Moore, Tom—playing in The Arizona Wildcat—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Moore, Pat—playing in Diplomacy—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Moreno, Antonio—playing in The Tempress—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Murray, Morton—playing in Desire—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Nagel, Conrad—playing in Tin Hats—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Negri, Pola—playing in The Hotel Imperial—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.
Nilsson, Anna O.—playing in The Masked Woman—Fox Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.
Nissen, Greta—completed The Love Thief—Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.
Novarro, Ramon—playing in The Great Galatea—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
O'Brien, Eugene—playing in Flair Manners—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
O'Brien, George—playing in The Devil's Master—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Hara, George—playing in Cook's Toasts—F. O. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Neill, Sean—playing in The Winning Week—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Phihlin, Mary—playing in The Man Who Laughed—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Pickett, Mary—playing in Sparring—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Talmadge, Constance—playing in The Wedding March—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.
Prevoast, Marie—playing in Almost a Lady—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Rakston, Esther—playing in Glorifying the American Girl—Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Ray, Charles—playing in The Fire Brigade—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Talmadge, Greta—playing in The Duchess of Buffalo—7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Talmadge, Norma—playing in A Son of Montmartre—7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Talmadge, Norma—playing in Altars of Desire—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Terry, Alice—latest release—More Norwim—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Torrence, Ernest—completed Maraud—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.
Valenti, Rudolph—playing in Song of the Skunk—7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Vidor, Florence—completed You Never Know Women—Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.
William, Lois—playing in Actors of Desire—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Windsor, Claire—playing in Tin Hat—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Worthin, Helen Lee—playing in Lew Tyler's Wives—TechArt Studios, 44th St., New York City, N. Y.
When vacation time has come again—and you’re off in your car for the land of carefree outdoors—have a Camel!

Camels are sold wherever civilization has its stores. If going into the deep woods or far back in the mountains where trade and people have not come, better take several cartons of Camels with you. You’ll find "Have a Camel" the password to friendliness, everywhere.

When glad vacation time again is here. Ah, then—when straight ahead lie the great woods and sparkling waters of your own outdoors—have a Camel!

For each happy day is more satisfying, more restful for the companionship of Camels. Camels have never been known to tire the taste—they are made of such choice tobaccos. Camels are so perfectly blended that they never leave a cigarette after-taste. Rolled into Camels is the utmost in cigarette goodness and enjoyment.

So as you start away for a deserved vacation. As the long road calls you on to unexplored land. When each day you feel more joyously rested—taste then the perfect contentment. When it’s your right to be happy, have the best cigarette made, regardless of price.

Have a Camel!

Our highest wish, if you do not yet know and enjoy Camel quality, is that you may try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.
One shade for all complexions

This is the rouge that so many women like so well that they will use no other. At all Owl drug stores and Owl agencies; at nearly all good drug and department stores; or by prepaid mail, 75c.

Address The Owl Drug Company,
611 Mission Street, San Francisco;
6th and Broadway, Los Angeles;
Clark and Madison Streets, Chicago;
53 West 23rd Street, New York

NEW YORK  CHICAGO  LOS ANGELES
SAN FRANCISCO
Crazy Quilt

(Continued from page 86)

 freed from her purse, but she thanked him
he thought. The profession
there was no place to entertain them.
there were hundreds of pretty girls who applied for
She realized also that there would always
She began to answer. It was evident

Judith and the studio might have been
Those who would be directors and assistant directors ready
to recognize the fact.

Still on the Excelsior lot she knew several
There were two of them who had
to be kept out of the way. Other girls had gotten
She had the same chance.

The gray suit was carefully brushed.
And the hat was also different by her expert fingers.
There was no place to which she felt able to
She had her regular

Of course, she might not get past the
door. That was always a possibility. Walking thru Fifty-ninth street on her
way to the subway, she prayed that the

The day was chilly for late May. Only the pastel hayscintosh in the windows of the
Hotel Plaza and the coats of the cold air made her feel colder than ever.
When she came to the subway, she found that the

Judith pushed her way in and swung
from one of the strips with hundreds of
other girls and the color of the news
appeared to be as green in the sunlight corrobora
ted the calendar and convinced New Yorkers that it was really Spring.

Yemen. Old. A girl scarcely adolescent 17
had a wedding-ring and holding a tiny
baby, wrapped in a blue blanket with white
bunnies on it.

There was a fat darky with three
children, evidently off on a holiday.

It's Film

that makes your teeth look
"off color" and invites decay and gum troubles.

In a few days you can work a trans
formation in your mouth this new
way. Dazzling whiteness will supplant that "off-color" look of your teeth. Your
gums will become firm and take on the
healthy coral tint you envy.

FILM . . . the trouble maker

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film, a viscous coat. This
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. It is the basis of tartar. Germs
by millions breed in it, and, they with

tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and gum disorders.

New methods remove it.

Your Gums become Firm

Now, in a new-type dentifrice called
Pepsodent, dental science has discovered
effective combatants. Their action is to
curdle the film and remove it. Gums
become firm and of healthy coral color.

Mail the coupon. A ten-day tube
will be sent you free.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Cleans where brushes cannot reach

The toilet bowl should be kept especially clean in hot weather. Use Sani-Flush! Even the trap, unreachable to any brush, is cleared of all sediment and foul odors.

Just sprinkle Sani-Flush into the toilet bowl. Follow directions on the can. That is all you have to do. All marks, stains, incrustations vanish. Sani-Flush leaves white, gleaming porcelain clean as new.

Sani-Flush cannot harm the plumbing connections. Keep it handy in the bathroom always.

Buy Sani-Flush in new convenient pack-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-size can, 50c in Far West, 35c in Canada.

Have You an Idea for a Movie?

(Continued from page 29)

a woman's career. They may hold her brick for a time, but the joy that is her strongest desire a woman can have—^to get things for her children. Advantages. New frocks.

"If the career is to write for the screen, the best way to get a story across is to write an original one if possible. Send in two versions of it. A bribe résumé of it is an 'ad,' is understood. A selling angle.

With this send a treatment, which is a detailed synopsis. The 'ad' always gets to the producer. If you have sold your idea he will read your treatment. And there you are.

"Be sure to write in picture form and not in fiction form, and it is a good stunt to write the sentence, I can see," before every paragraph; then you will have some certainty that you are writing stuff that can be photographed. It will help you to learn to write picturable material.

"If you can write an original story, you can take a good magazine story or a book that appeals to you for picture production. It may be that the company to which you send this story or book may have purchased it already. That needn't matter. It is much the same way with a nation.

"Write your treatment of this story or book just as you would write it for your original story. Write your brief 'ad,' too. Give your angle on the story. It may be the one angle that will most appeal to them. Always remember that it is the angle that counts.

"It is always good to be well read. Frequently, and for all of the zeal of the reading departments, stories and books are overlooked or certain picturable angles of them are overlooked. My sister recently recommended a novel by one of the Russian novelists. She recommended it for Valentino. Mr. Schenck paid her well for the suggestion. The book was not copyrighted, and Mr. Schenck got it for what he paid my sister.

"There are, then, these things to do: "Select your story. Write your detailed treatment, putting the material into pictureable form. Write the details of your story. Send it to the company most in the market with or with a star best suited for the story you have done."

After all, it is performance that counts. Agnes Christine Johnston has "performed." Such being the case, her advice is bona-fide stuff, 14-karat, A-1.

In Spite of the Fact That He Looks Like Wally Reid

(Continued from page 29)

One day when Kent had reached a film set requiring a group of "extras," a director singled him out for a "bit." That director admits he couldn't tell exactly why he chose Meade at the moment, but before the day was over he confided that his esteem for Wally Reid, whom he had many times directed, was such as to select Meade. The more he watched Meade, the more apparent did the marked resemblance become—not only physically, in stature, but in personality as well.

Who cannot recall the famous Wally Reid brow, that could wink in frowns so human and yet seem to stare just as keenly, even while so doing? Meade was called upon to "stunt his stuff," as it were, for this director, yet he never admitted to the megaphone wielder at the time that he knew why he was being so tried out. For Kent Meade, be it known, has no desire to be considered a "double" for the late star. He hadn't then; he hasn't now.

This director finally burst forth: "Do you know you are enough like Wally Reid to be him—a-ah!—with one exception—your nose! That isn't right, is it?"

"I know it," replied Meade, "but I've never said anything publicly about it. I'd rather any interested would find it out for themselves."

The news soon spread. Meade was unconfident, but that was hardly true of any one else. In fact, his appearance not only was a sensation to others on the set, but almost a shock—a shock because this player so much resembled the late Wallace Reid, that his appearance confounded the senses of many who saw him. To some the late lamented star very much seemed to have returned to earth—the same face, the same smile, the same frown, the same personality generally.

Photographs of Meade were taken casually to Davenport Reid, widow of the dead film star. She looked them over and remarked:

"This must be a set of photos Wally never showed me. I don't recall the clothes as any he ever wore."

That convinced the producers that Meade's resemblance to Wally Reid was no mere matter of the first glance, but the humped nose! That stood in the way of a complete resemblance—a Wally Reid reincarnation.

They determined that a Meade brow was not a Reid brow, a Meade smile was not a Reid smile, unless the nose was to lose the lodge bulge. At their suggestion, Kent Meade became the national known plastic surgeon who gave Jack Dempsey his new "beaver" to take the place of the新三.

Thus, the one little discrepancy with which Nature endowed Kent Meade and withheld from Wally Reid was remedied. Tolstoy's resemblance is flawless.

In "Hearts and Fists," Meade has one of the principal roles, supporting John Bowers and Marguerite de la Motte. Critics have commended Meade's portrayal, especially for the wonderful fight he puts up against a bullying villain—and wins. This fight has been acclaimed as being worthy of comparison with the famous fight in "The Spoilers," which attests Meade's prowess as an athlete.

New contracts have just been signed by Meade and he will be featured in a series of productions. He declares he is going to win whatever renown comes his way, not because he looks like Wally Reid, but in spite of it. However, fame is crowding closer, and when Kent Meade has climbed to the top rungs of the cinema ladder knowing next to go without saying that the fans and the critics and the wags and all the others too, will adopt race-track parlance and voice statements, the substance of which will be:

"He won by a nose!"

He IS a Man!

There is so much talk nowadays about men not being all they said to be. ... Reginald Denny impressed the sophisticated, modern interviewers when he was in New York. Read Fith Service's appraisal of him.

In the October MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

On the newsstands September 1st

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
The Fake Princess
(Continued from page 19)

purest. But what of that? Even a Princess may lapse into the vernacular. Do not our best sub-debs say "So's your old man?"

And after all, who are the proletarians to pick flaws in the daughter of a hundred kings?

The proletarians may not, but to the lordly and skeptical persons known as Consuls blue blood is blue only when it is verified and charted by such cold things as credentials, et cetera.

There began to stir in Hollywood the ugly tongues of Rumor and Suspicion, those two Ogres who have demolished so many lovely Princesses and laid waste so many phantoms of delight.

It was rumored that the Spanish Consul was seeking admission to the Princess de Braganza and that he, or is it "they," was being, to employ a vulgarism, "stalked." The Duenna of the Princess was explaining that Her Highness was much fatigued from her long trip from the entertaining that was being done in her behalf, that Her Highness would see the consul "tomorrow." That said Madama. Tomorrow didn't seem to want to come.

The rumors persisted, gathered strength... the little facts of the frail frock... the one trunk... the faulty accent...

What was it all about? Was this girl under the spell of some enchantment? Was she in disguise? Was there a mystery, a hoax? Well, what... who was she?

Then, one ominous day, the truth broke. The revelation was made. The Princess Beatriz de Braganza of Spain was plain Helen Otero, a stenographer from San Francisco.

Hollywood gasped, sputtered, recoiled, staggered, condemned, shrugged, laughed, gossiped. Hollywood didn't know quite how to take the exposure. The joke was on... well, who? Hollywood or the Princess Beatriz de Braganza?

One woman in Hollywood knew how to "take it," as she knows how to take every situation, that arises—like a thoroughbred. One woman said "She needs me more now, as a friend, than ever she needed me as a hostess." This woman was Mrs. Antonio Moreno.

Such is the surface story of the Poor Little Princess Pretend. But we ask you now to do a thing never required of you in the usual fairy-story of ladies fair and gallant knights. We ask you to peep behind the painted arras and tell us what you see. We'll tell you what we see... We see a poor little girl who staked her All on a glittering dream. We see a girl who made a gallant stand, a magnificent gesture, who played an Ace card—and lost.

We see Helen Otero, stenographer, sitting in her room at the Biltmore Hotel, shivering with fear in her garment of Illusion, wondering, dreading, fearing the time when the filmy veil would be torn from her and she would stand revealed and exposed. We see her at the gorgeous dinner-tables of Hollywood, making her brave, bright stand, laughing to cover her shudders, accepting the kindnesses showed upon her with inward spams of repentance and terror. How many, many times she must have felt like crying out to Mrs. Moreno, "Oh, don't be so kind to..."

ADVERTISING SECTION

Entertainment for Everybody

COLUMBIA Pictures guarantee the kind of entertainment you seek by offering worthwhile stories of the best authors, the most intriguing stage plays, enacted by popular picture artists.

Just as these pictures star many of filmdom's favorites—so do they feature the works of many leading authors and playwrights—Richard Harding Davis, Rupert Hughes, Gertrude Atherton, Louis Joseph Vance, Alfred Henry Lewis, Montague Glass, Geo. Bronson Howard, Al H. Woods and others.

There are many hours of entertainment ahead for Columbia Picture fans. Insist upon your local theatre showing Columbia Pictures or you'll miss some of the best features of the year.

COLUMBIA PICTURES CORPORATION
"A National Institution"

Studios:
Hollywood, California

General Offices:
1600 Broadway, New York

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
**Advertising Section**

A portrait of the little stenographer who fooled the social and professional circles of Los Angeles

---

**Wally Reid's Double**

Did you see the photographs of Kent Meade on page 39? If not, turn to this page now . . . even Dorothy Davenport Reid thought his photographs were pictures of Wally that she had never seen.

Nature seldom duplicates her handiwork so perfectly!
How Long Are They Stars?

(Continued from page 67)

continue to shine, so she retired and is now promenading the Paris boulevards. Betty Blythe is playing in pictures abroad. Miriam Cooper is working for the smaller companies. Dorothy Phillips proved successful in her return to the screen, she is now a featured player with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Alice Joyce seems to have made a fairly strong comeback. And so the list could go on.

Irrespective of these there are other stars who occupy a unique position in the cinema world. Pauline Frederick, H. D. Warner, Blanche Sweet and a few others who for various reasons were off the screen for a while and then returned, to resume again the high position that they enjoyed before. These three in particular are conceded great, with marvelous powers of adaptability and personalities that insure them long success.

The accompanying table discloses that seven years was indeed a long period to remain a star in the other days. But the records of the stars of today and their popularity indicate that they will remain in that exalted position indefinitely and that the span of stardom is increasing.

Gloria Swanson has enjoyed five years of stardom to date with but little diminishing of her popularity and drawing power. Betty Compson is in her sixth year. Beh Beh Daniels her fifth. Harold Lloyd has increased his popularity in his six years of laugh producing. Mae Murray has been shining seven years and is still brilliant. Richard Barthelmess, Lewis Stone, Colleen Moore, Bessie Love, George Walsh, Bunter Keaton, Priscilla Dean, Milton Sills, Pola Negri and others have already exceeded the years of stardom achieved by many of the great favorites of the past and give every indication of continuing their success for years to come.

There have recently appeared above the meridian several new stars whose ability and popularity tend to the belief that several of them at least will occupy stellar positions for years to come. Norma Shearer perhaps heads this list. Laura La Plante gives promise for many years of brilliance.

Producers admit the life of stardom is lengthening, that it will continue to grow but that only those with the consumming soul and fire of genius will in the future be able to retain their stellar position. Beauty has relinquished first place to ability in stardom today. But the girl who possesses both beauty and charm and ability will in the long run outshine the one with just the ability unless, of course, that ability be of the type that characterized Duse and Bernhardt on the legitimate stage.

So today the cinema universe continues to revolve with constant changes in the star constellation and nobody is able to agree upon who is the center—the sun—of the firmament. Some say Mary Pickford, Others Swanson. Others Norma Talmadge and Charles Chaplin. But irrespective of these discussions and disputes, the salient fact remains that the stars of today are lasting longer than their predecessors with few exceptions and that ability and ability alone will elevate girls and youths to the dizzy heights where fame and fortune abound.

All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten—

"All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand," mourned guilty Lady Macbeth.

A pitiful plaint, full of tragic meaning for her... And there is not, perhaps, a meaning in it for the modern woman, too—in quite another sense... Perfumes—so subtle, so compelling in their place! Yet the rarest fragrance of the perfumer's art cannot sweeten what is not by nature sweet.

Soap and water itself cannot counteract the unpleasantness of one condition that is common to everyone. Bromhidrosis. It is hard to believe that you can offend with underarm odor. Yet how many refined, attractive women do have about them this unmistakable odor?

As for excessive moisture—Hyperhidrosis—imaginary longing to look neat, chic, well-groomed, with horror half-moons of stain under the arms! Even the best dry cleaning can never take them out.

Underarm moisture and odor are not easy to combat. The perspiration glands here are stimulated to unusual activity by heat, excitement, nervousness. Clothing and the hollow of the underarm prevent normal evaporation of moisture.

It is a physiological condition which physicians say can and should be corrected by local application. The Journal of the American Medical Association says, "No harm comes from stopping the perspiration under the arms."

There is just one sure effective way to get the best of old enemy Perspiration. Not perfumes, not creams and powders, not even scrupulous cleanliness. A scientific corrective of the condition that causes it is needed. Odorono! Odorono is an antiseptic, astringent liquid originated by a physician. Doctors and nurses use it in their work in hospitals.

It's just like a lovely toilet water and twice a week is all you need to use it. You'll never have a trace of trouble either with moisture or odor again. And you'll have no need of any other protection for your clothing.

Think of the joy of complete freedom from any danger of perspiration stain or odor! Always sweet and dainty, always neat and trim! Start the twice-a-week Odorono habit today.

You can get it at your toilet counter, 35c, 6c and $1, or sent by mail prepaid.

THE ODORONO COMPANY, 129 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, O.
Canadian address, 468 King Street, West, Toronto, Canada

RUTH MILLER
129 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, O.
NOTE: If you would also like to try Cream Odorono, a delightful way cream, which corrective odor, send 5c additional.
Please send me sample of Odorono and booklet for which I enclose 5c.

Name

Address

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
"It's the Biggest Raise You Ever Had"

"Oh, Tom! You don't know how proud it makes me feel, I knew you could earn more money if you really tried."

"Now we can put a little money aside each week and buy some of the things we need so badly."

"And to think that only a few months ago you were worried about losing your job! Remember how you determined to get out of the rut by taking up a course with the I. C. S.?"

"I knew it would help you and the firm would soon notice the difference in your work. But I didn't think you would get such a big raise so soon! Oh, Tom! You seem like a new man since you started studying at home through the I. C. S."

Every day, in office, shop and factory, you will find men who are being given better positions and larger salaries because they are studying at home in spare time with the International Correspondence Schools.

Al J. C. S. Course helped Jesse M. Vincent to rise from tool-maker to Vice-president of the Packard Motor Company. It helped Aaron Goldberg to rise from a nineteen-year-old clerk to President of the Mutual Life Assurance Company. It helped Bert N. Ramsey to increase his salary ten times! And it will help you too, if you will only make the start.

Mail the Coupon for Free Booklet

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
1510 North 26th Street, Scranton, Pennsylvania

Gilt-ed and largest correspondence schools in the world—without cost, please tell me how I can qualify for the position at in the subject before which I have marked an X.

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

Business Management
Industrial Management
Personnel Organization
Traffic Management
Business Law
Accounting and Banking Law
Typing and Bookkeeping (Including C.P.A. Examination)
Bookkeeping and Accounting
Private Secretary
Special Correspondence (French)

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

Electrical Engineering
Machine Drafting
Mechanical Draftsman
Machine Shop Practice
Railroad Positions
Tin-Working and Smelting
Civil Engineer
Surveying and Mapping
Metallurgy
Mining Engineer
Radio

Name
Street
City
Occupation

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian Limited, Montreal.

KEEP YOUR BOB LEGGY 249

Keep your pretty bob looking its best with this
personal hair cutting aid.
Triac hair for the
entire family. No experience required—easy as combing
your hair. Set includes close cutting, tempered steel clips
(leak proof), fast-tie pleat comb and best quality
steel shears.

Safe—sanitary—quickly saves tax. Thousands of
satisfied users. Order your set now. Send No Money
just pay postage. 224-7 and two cents postage on
delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

GOOD SERVICE COMPANY
Dept. 2 Jersey St., Buffalo, N.Y.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Crazy Quilt
(Continued from page 91)

until you came in," she said frankly, notic-
ing Judith's fresh-outs in contrast to the somewhat dusty, artificial one pinned on her dress. "A real gardenia, no less, Spanish class. That's country-club stuff, all right!"

Judith smiled. "Yours will look as good as mine if we get in," she said moving over on the bench built around the wall. A young man, evidently a Gentleman of the Ensemble, had come in and seated him-

self now.

"Country-club stuff today, I understand...," he said.

Judith smiled affirmatively. There was an informality here. There was an eagerness and hopefulness that bound the ill-

assorted types together.

A very smartly groomed girl of about eighteen came in and walked assuredly to the old doorman.

"Mr. McAllister?" she queried.

"Appointment?" the doorman wanted to know.

The girl said that she had.

"I am to work in the country-club scenes," she explained. "Mr. McAllister asked me to come over.

"Are you Miss Estabrook?" the door-

man asked.

She was.

The man's manner altered.

"Here, Boy," he called. "Show Miss Estabrook the dressing-room McAllister reserved for her. He will show you the way, Miss.

When she had followed the boy thru the door into the studio, there was a whisper of disapproval among the waiting cast.

"Wouldn't that jar you?" the girl next to Judith asked. Some society dame Mc-

Allister met.

She puts the job for a lark and we need the money and may lose out. That's life all right.

Judith found herself agreeing with the girl. It probably did mean that one less extra would be chosen. She smiled symp-

athetically.

"Several of us still have a chance," she said coolly.

At this juncture the casting director... a spare, stoop-shouldered man with a gentle but persuasive look opened his window and looked over the assembled company. By this time there were many standing.

The bench had ceased to ac-

commodate them all.

Judith tried to look composed. She would have loathed appearing as nervously eager and anxious to please as some of the others seemed. Immediately, when that window had opened, a tremor had run thru the crowd.

Several bolder extras went up to the window and asked if there was anything for them. He hardly seemed to see them as he shook his head negatively.

After a few minutes he said: "The ones I pick will go to the extras dressing-rooms for scenes with the Mc-

Allister company. Country-club stuff.

He choose two men. Judith knew a sense of suffocation. He might not select her. He had not seemed to see her at all. She looked up. He selected her and five other women. Judith's com-

panion was not one of them.

"I knew he would tell you to go in," she said as Judith started for the door.

"Maybe I'll pick you yet," Judith suggested but the girl shook her head.

She was right. After selecting one of the more attractive men, the casting director hung out the fatal "No Casting today" sign and slammed the window.

(Caunted on page 109)

Now I'm Ready for 800 Men who can Earn $150 a Week

If you are looking for the big chance—your real op-

portunity to make money—this is it. If you have the ambition and the vision to go after $500 to $1,000 a month for yourself, then you will realize that this is the one opportunity you have been looking for.

Stylish, Long Wearing Suit

Now read this carefully. Get it? On the left is a pic-

ture of a suit of clothes. It's a good suit of clothes—

stylish—good looking. It fits. It holds its shape. The pattern is excellent. Thousands of men in your local-

ity need this new, modern, sensible, low priced suit.

Wears Like Iron!

Listen! The treatment this suit will stand is almost unbelievable. It is made entirely of a special cloth that is easy, strong, durable, tough and long-

wearing. It is unaffected by treatment that would ruin an ordinary suit.

Tremendous Demand

And now we're making this wonder suit to tremendous quantities—not one at a time—but by the thousands.

All that modern machinery and efficient methods can do to produce big value at small cost is applied in making the new Comer suit.

And finally, we are using the same modern efficiency in selling it—direct from factory to wearer through our local representatives. The result is amazing. It brings this suit and the wearer at a price that is revolu-

tional—a price that every one can afford to pay—

a price that makes it the greatest clothing value in years.

An Amazing Suit for Only $9.95

Think. $9.95 for a good suit of clothes. You can see immediately that every man is a prospect. Every community in America is swarming with opportuni-

ties for sales. And now if you are interested in making money we want to show you how you can make it. We are appointing men in every locality to represent us—salesmen. That's all. We furnish all in-

structions. We deliver and collect. But we must have local representatives everywhere, through whom our customers can send us their orders. We have already a few. We want more ambitious—industrious and honest. Men who can earn $30 or $40 a day without getting a woman—men who can make $1,000 a month and still stay on the job. If you are the right type—you may be a bookkeeper, a clerk, a factory worker, a mechanic, a salesman, a farmer, an ex-soldier, a teacher, a younger—no difference—

the opportunity is here and we offer it to you.

A Few Hours' Spare Time

Will Convince You

If you feel you want to devote only spare time to the work, that is satisfactory too. You can earn a $10 to $20 a day in a few hours. You will find in a few days that it will pay you to give this work more time—for your earnings will depend entirely on how many men you sell.

Write Today

Territories will be filled rapidly. Orders are now coming in a flood. Men are making money faster and easier than they ever hoped. So don't delay. Write today for complete descriptions, samples of cloth and full information. Do it now. Don't waste any money. Cap-

ital is not required. Just fill out the coupon and mail it for all the facts.

C. E. Comer, Pres., THE COMER MFG. CO. Dept. V-318, Dayton, Ohio

Please send at once complete details of your new $9.95 suit, pretension that offers opportunity for a man without experience or capital to earn as much as $1,000 a month. I understand that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name: ____________________________
Address: __________________________

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
For unruly hair—more people use this dressing than any other . . .

Pleasant to use—beneficial

No matter how unruly your hair is, you need not be discouraged. You can keep it in place without making it look sticky or greasy.

You need not, should not wet it with water— that only robs the hair of its natural oils, doing out the scalp and leaving it a prey to dandruff.

Stop experimenting with your hair—you can do it irreparably injured!

Begin today to use the hair dressing more people rely on than any other. This dressing is Stacomb.

Just a touch of Stacomb in the morning or after a shampoo and your hair will really stay in place, all day long.

Stacomb comes in two forms, which makes it the only dressing that suits all types of hair. As a delicate cream—in jars and tubes—and also in the delightful, new liquid form. Both are totally invisible on the hair.

You may prefer the cream, or perhaps the liquid. But you will find Stacomb in both forms equally effective, pleasant to use, benevolent. It helps to prevent dandruff. And it keeps your hair, smoothly, in place—without sticky or greasy. At all drug and department stores.

FREE OFFER—Stacomb

Standard Laboratories, Inc.,
Dept. O-33, 113 W. 18th Street, New York
Send me free sample of Stacomb as checked: Original, cream form □ New liquid form □
Name ____________________________
Address __________________________

Watch Your English

I'aint cant hardly

Its him

New Way To End Mistakes

You may make errors in English and never know it. Mistakes in spelling, grammar, punctuation, pronunciation make others think you are ignorant or uncultured, and prevent you from performing your duties. Unconscious errors may be handicap your success.

FREE Book on English. Write in English, through Shernan Coyle's remarkable new method. No rules to memorize. No drudgery. Only 15 minutes a day required. Every day, you helped. Penciling or a game. Get free book about this amazing new-system method today. Write today.
SHERMAN COYLE SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, 405 South Bldg. Rochester, N.Y.

Who Is the Best Dressed Woman on the Screen?

Gloria Swanson? Norma Talmadge? Alice Joyce? Corinne Griffith?

The leading modistes of New York give their opinion on this question in the October Motion Picture Magazine . . . and the reasons for their choi-

The Barrett Institute

NEW INVENTION AND NEW KNOWLEDGE OF THE EYE
MAKE IT POSSIBLE

The Barrett Eye Normalizer is the new invention which makes it practical for you to use the NEW VISION, as it is now known, and thereby retain or regain normal eyesight.

The beautiful illustrated booklet on "Better Eyesight—Unhampered by Glasses" will be mailed FREE upon request. It may answer your question: "What Shall I Do for My Eyes?" Send for it today.

THE BARRETT INSTITUTE
1070 Proctor Avenue Building
Los Angeles, California

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
The Telephone and the Farm

There was not a farmer in the world fifty years ago who could talk even to his nearest neighbor by telephone. Not one who could telephone to the doctor in case of sickness or accident. Not one who could telephone for the weather report or call the city for the latest quotations on his crops. Not one who could sell what he raised or buy what he needed by telephone. A neighborly chat over the wire was an impossibility for the farmer’s wife or children. In this country the telephone has transformed the life of the farm. It has banished the loneliness which in the past so discouraged the rural population and drove many from the large and solitary areas of farms and ranches. It is a farm hand who stays on the job and is ready to work twenty-four hours every day. The telephone has become the farmer’s watchman in times of emergency. It outruns the fastest forest or prairie fires and warns of their approach. It has saved rural communities from untold loss of lives and property by giving ample notice of devastating floods. Three million telephones are now in service on the farms, ranches and plantations of the United States.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

Before

Beautiful Eyes Instantly

Delica-Brow

is the original Waterproof Liquid Dyeing for the lashes and brows. Your first application will make your lashes seem long, dark and heavy, and your eyes very large and bright.

Send for Free Two Weeks’ Supply

You will never know what beautiful eyes you really have until you use Delica-Brow. Send for a free trial bottle today. Kindly mention life for prompt and mailing.

Delica Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 46
3012 Osceola Ave. Chicago, Ill.

After

RESHAPE YOUR NOSE!

You can surely and safely mold your nose to beautiful proportions with the ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER

Shapes while you sleep or work—painlessly, comfortably.

Kinds speedily and guaranteed.

Physicians praise it highly.

No metal to harm you.

FREE BOOKLET
tells way to facial beauty and

happiness. Write for it today.

The ANITA Co.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Advertiser's Section

Do the Women of the Screen Lack Beauty?
(Continued from page 33)

of the screen. "Criticism that does no
good is best kept to oneself," he said.
"Surely it is kindest not to remind women
that they are not beautiful, especially since
telling them cannot make them lovelier.
but if you promise to write nothing about
these who are not so fortunate as to
possess beauty?"
I promised.
"Well, before I say anything about
beautiful motion picture actresses, I must
pay a tribute not to a woman, but to a
man, whom I consider the most striking-
looking of all, Douglas Fairbanks.
Mr. Schattenstein said. "To me he is the
type that Goya loved to paint, bold,
swarthy, dashing, glowing with life.
There is something not colossal in
him, whether he appears in the boots of a
pirate or the tailored camel's hair coat of
the modern sportsman. Chaplin, too, in
character or as himself, manifests an
inner beauty.
"Among the women, I should place
Florence Vidor high on the list. She has
a patician quality—that is, if you prefer to
call it that, sweet dignity. I should not
hesitate to call her a real beauty. Pola
Negri also qualifies as a beauty, but of a
vital, almost barbarian sort. Her Gracian
Slavic cheek-bones, her dark eyes, and
the wild, tempestuous personality make her
an actress of many masks. In Europe,
several years ago, Miss Negri's pictures,
I did not care much for; she seemed
rather thin, less interesting. But she
has a vivid, powerful, gorgeous woman
with a great variety of moods and
a face capable of expressing them.
"Pauline Starke, the not so versatile,
has the same sort of beauty that is in a
Portuguese sailor—to me is not necessary
does not belong wholly in this century.
Greta Nissen is an amusing type of beauty,
for despite her Scandinavian bloneliness
and the anti-production of goldness that one is led
to expect of her, she is as exotic as an
Oriental; she has an exquisite figure, too,
besides her attractive face. Mary Philbin
I consider a real beauty, because she is an
actress of many masks. Her face is
sensitive and intelligent, and emotions sweep
across it like a song over harmonies.
"Marion Davies has a radiance that puts
her well to the front among women of
animation. It is a pity that Miss Davies'
coloring cannot be reproduced upon the
screen, for it is all part of the live, glow-
ing quality of her beauty. I have painted
her portrait nine times, and she has never
looked twice the same. Nazimova, quite
the opposite type, is beautiful in a tragic
way. Her head, with its strong features
and mop of black hair, is keen, almost
massive. She is dynamic, forceful, keenly
intelligent and appreciative of fine things.
Bebe Daniels has an interesting face of
the Spanish type and really beautiful eyes.
Could any woman ask more?
"Actresses like Dolores Costello, Betty
Bronson, and Clara Bow, I would call
promising rather than actually beautiful.
After life has had a hand in determining
their appearance, they may be beautiful.
Little Miss Bronson is very pretty, very
charming, but at present I can hardly say
much more. It would be interesting to see
her ten years from now, however.
"Another woman of haunting, rich
beauty is Alice Joyce. There is an under-
crush of firelessness in her. She has the
quality that Florence Vidor has, but in
a more somber mood. Miss Vidor is light,
facile, smartly sophisticated. Miss Joyce
is the artless, grand, and sympathetic.
You could not call either of these women
pretty; taken feature for feature, they
probably would not measure up to any
prescribed standard of good looks, and yet
they have without any doubt what is
known as beauty."
It takes such little things to mar beauty.
Nicol Schattenstein declared. There is one
blonde actress he mentioned whose face
was spoiled for him because of its hard-
ness. He laughed when I told him he had
guessed correctly. Other faces have a
streak of coarseness that betrays itself in a
looseness about the mouth. Some show
the signs of dissipation about the eyes—
only a touch is enough to destroy the illu-
sion of youthful beauty. Some are osten-
tatious and assume a rôle in life that they
were never meant to play.
"I suppose that no woman can be
beautiful if she is affected," I suggested.
Mr. Schattenstein shook his head.
"Not necessarily. It depends on the
woman and on the affectation. Some af-
fecation can be as quaint as the powdered
wigs and sandalwood fans of two centuries
ago. Intelligent affectation is merely as-
suming little graces that act as a sort of
decoration. But lumbering, stupid affecta-
tion—maturity trying to masquerade as
short-skirted youth, youth trying to be
blasé, worldliness, arrogance, assumed so-
ciety manners—that is the kind that robs
a woman of charm. Many stars are guilty
of such breaches of good taste and it has
the effect of making what would otherwise
be beauty merely tawdry prettiness."
The real, the essential part of beauty,
Mr. Schattenstein typified while he
groped for words to define the quality, is
individuality. That is why he prefers the
fascinating irregularities of Clare Eames'
profile (which he saw when she played
Queen Elizabeth in "Dorothy Vernon of
Haddon Hall") to a dozen animated
cameos, and the sparkle of Doug to all
the pallid propping of human props.

Try This Wonderful Face Bleach
(at our risk)

Every woman who values a beauti-
ful complexion would use Kremola if
she knew what a wonderful beautifier
it is.
Kremola whitens your skin and
positively eradicates all tan, moth
patches, sallow complexion, pimples,
eczema, and all facial blemishes.
Send for a package, read the direc-
tions carefully before using, and try
it as long as you like. If you are not
delighted with the quick improvement
in your complexion, return what's left
in the package within thirty days, and we
will immediately refund your money. Use this
coupon.

DR. C. H. BERRY COMPANY
2975 Michigan Avenue
Chicago

Dr. C. H. Berry Co.,
2975 Michigan Ave.,
Chicago.

Please send me a package of Kremola
under the terms of your trial offer. I do not
wish to be satisfied, I will return what's left
in the package within thirty days, and receive
my money back. Enclosed find $1.25.

Subscribe to
Motion Picture Classic
$2.50 a year

LEARN to DANCE
at Home
Become a Teacher or
Prepare for the Stage
Ambitious girls and boys, men and
women can win fame and fortune,
young and old, can learn to dance,
now, simply, delightfully, without
leaving your home. Private classes or
self-instruction; at one penny a lesson.

The Stagecraft and Terminology of Ballet, Clas" Sage, Rhythm, Courtship,
Greek, Interpretation, Oriental and Joe Dance.

Vestoff Master of the Dance

V. Vestoff, vestoff, former solo dancer
with Pavlowa, brings his exclusive training
to your door. The Vestoff Method will make you a dancer as well.

FREE—Two Weeks' Personal Training in
New York after completing Home Study
Course. Write for this Special Offer.
Bebe Daniels recommends. Send today.

V. VEOFF ACADÉMIE DE DANSE
190-43 West 72nd St., New York City

Of Douglas Fairbanks, Nicol
Schattenstein says: "He is the
most striking-looking of all actors.
To me, he is the type that Goya
loved—bold, swarthy, dashing and glowing with life.'
Setting the Pace!

It's a difficult matter to set the pace and keep it. Yet that is just what THE CLASSIC has marked out for itself ever since it entered the publication field. It is the one de luxe magazine of the film world. As everyone is interested in motion pictures, THE CLASSIC is the one publication to supply the demand—for brilliantly written articles. It is dedicated to the idea of furnishing its readers with live topics and live pictures. Its contributions are free of bunk but, on the other hand, treat of films and the people associated with films in an authoritative and fearless manner. THE CLASSIC is not only the most beautiful publication of the screen, but it is also the most original.

When you glance over its list of contributors, you will recognize the foremost writers of the screen—writers who know every angle of picture production—and who give you first-hand knowledge of what's going on in the celluloid world. There are Eugene V. Brewster, the founder of the Brewster Publications, Adele Whitely Fletcher, Gladys Hall, Milton Howe, Harry Carr, Tamar Lane, H. W. Hanemann, Don Ryan, Don Eddy—and a host of others. These all write for THE CLASSIC—most of them exclusively.

There will be several fine scintillating articles in the September issue—as well as a complete assortment of beautiful pictures. Don Ryan will tell you about the Foreign Directors. The article places the cards right on the table in regard to the foreign invasion.

The September CLASSIC will also continue Henry Albert Phillips' interviews with famous European writers, in which they talk about their impressions of the screen.

There will also be interesting articles about W. C. Fields, the new comedy star, Reginald Denny, and Lewis Milestone, the director.

And don't fail to read about Hollywood's Pet Extravagances and The Great Athletes of the Screen.

Read the CLASSIC. It supplies you with accurate and interesting information of all the varied activities of the film world.

---

Tell the Children!

The children in the family will be delighted with the prizes offered next month. Full details will appear in Motion Picture Junior.

---

Motion Picture Junior

A Talk with the Holt Children

(Continued from page 44)

remarked to his mother the other day when they were riding past a ranch where hundreds of horses were grazing on the hillside, "Gosh, isn't it a shame all those ponies are going to waste, mother?"

This time Tim had introduced me to the goldfish pond. "Do you like goldfish?" he queried, as he lay flat on his stomach and made a dive with one hand in an effort to capture one of the silvery creatures from the pool.

"I told mother I wanted a Pierrec-Arrow when I grow up," Tim made another industrious dive for a fish. "She says I can't get one, tho... unless I go to work."

At this juncture Betty came running across the lawn, pursued by one of Jack Holt's Great Danes. The dog looked as if he could swallow Betty with one mouthful. Tim sprang to his feet and rushed to rescue his little sister. He gave the dog a violent kick in the ribs, driving it away, then turned to caress Betty, who was on the point of tears.

When he discovered that sister would survive, he turned to me. "That's our new dog," he said proudly. "Daddy brought him home yesterday. Have you a dog?"

I replied that unfortunately I was deprived of the pleasure. "You ought to have a dog," said Tim. "Betty's afraid of him, but he won't hurt ya. Dogs are all right if you don't let 'em run around and tear up the neighbor's flower gardens."

"Didja see my picture in the magazine, didja? It didn't look like me, tho, did it?" And Tim shook his head in the negative. Throughout the interview this is the only time Tim revealed himself as having possible talent as a motion-picture actor.

"Say, where do you live? You should come over and see us some time." Tim wiped the wet hand, which he had used to spear the goldfish, and shook hands. Betty did a little courtesy, with one finger in the corner of a broad smile.

I hastened to the boulevard where the gossip on every screen celebrity runs hot. I inquired about Betty and Tim, thinking they might have been posing during my interview.

"They're the cutest youngsters in all Hollywood," is the only answer I received to my nefarious queries.

The Holt children are a great spiritual tonic. I arrived home, experiencing the same reaction as when Betty Bronson as Peter Pan asked me if I believed in fairies. A talk with Tim and Betty is better than any 99-44/100 per cent. cleansing of the system; they leave you feeling that maybe the world is not such a rotten planet after all.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
He Didn't Like Europe
(Continued from page 37)

and all the King's horses the once-over. "Thought I'd see a wonderful sight," explained Mr. Jones. "Well, we came to the first stable and the first trooper of horses, what a buck they had here in London. But when we say a trooper we mean around fifty to sixty horses. They get ten horses and it's a trooper. I took one look at these horses and I knew I had to have them all. They were covered with fancy blankets and ribbons and such. The groom said to me, right proud, 'Here is a young horse for you. I call it 'Oh, thirteen years old!' Judgin' by that horse's teeth, he might have been any-where from thirteen to thirty.'"

So Mr. Jones gave up looking at the King's horses. He went on to see the chariots, instead, chariots in which kings of the old days had ridden, hundreds of years ago.

"One tourist, he was from Iowa," said Buck Jones, "He says to the guide, 'Where's the horses that used to draw these chariots?' The guide says, 'Well, we've got one right off, very dignified. Man from Iowa was right sore, too, because he wouldn't answer a straight question.'"

However, the only laugh the Joneses could get out of London. London was really nothing to them, so they went on to Paris. There isn't anyone who can tell Buck Jones that he hasn't seen the sights.

"They've forgotten they had a war over there," he says vigorously, "and that they beggar for our help. They look at you as if you didn't belong, they spend their time working at getting our money away from you. You get off the boat and you see all the porters lined up look- ing for tips. They look like the Mob if you had ever met a Mob before."

"Another good gag they got in Paris is when you leave a hotel. They don't send a porter for your baggage till fifteen minutes to train time. Your bill's full of items you've never ordered before, but you can't stop to argue, because you've got to catch your train, and they know it. You get down to the train—whew! just made it! All of a sudden a bird from the hotel comes rushing up with a bill for excess baggage, maybe five dollars or so. You can't stop to figure, there's your train about to leave, so you pay it, and when you come to look the bill over, it's a pound of excess baggage at around twenty-five cents."

"Met a man in Paris. Lived there a year, talks French like a native. Fine! That's what we certainly needed, Dil and I. I know now how these immigrants feel when they come over here, not knowing the language—you stand around, not knowing how to ask which way to go, people push you, bother things at you, you look at 'em and wish you knew what kind of things they're saying about you. This bird who knows French and I go to see the Eiffel Tower. He jumps in a taxi, the guy says, 'You let me pay the bill.' 'You'll tip the chauffeur too much,' I say. So I stood along and watched how a man that knew the language managed these things."

"Maybe it was French he talked, but the chauffeur looked at him just the way he looked at me when I talked English. He starts giving the man an argument. Not enough! This guy who talks French like a native Buck Joneses to me, and the gendarme comes up and gives them both an argument for blocking the traffic. They kept it up that way for half an hour, 'That was the best laugh I had in Paris.'"

But the battle-fields were the worst. Taking the advice of their friend who was in Paris, the Buck Joneses went to one of the battle-fields, mak-ing a reservation at a hotel. They lashed finally in a second-rate inn, at dinner-time, But neither of them spoke French and no one in the hotel spoke English. Buck looked at the menu card and said to Dil, "You order first." Dil said, "No, you order first." Finally, by using the easy-meany-me-ny-see system they stuck their fingers at some item on the card. The waiter brought a very juicy piece of beef-steak. But Buck Jones had been warned that some places in France served horse-meat. He looked at the menu card and remembered it as was just right, very tender, eaten by Mr. and Mrs. Jones that night.

They rose early to see that battle-field.

"All we had to eat," related Buck, "was a couple of snails out of the soup. I learned because I saw a guy drinking coffee in the dining-room and I pointed to him. Dil was pretty tired, she said she'd sit in the window for a good time, looking over the battle-field, inspecting trenches; then I picked up a jaw-bone of some bird they forgot to bury, I come loping back and set it down on the table. She keels over. 'Let's go back to Paris,' she said."

So they went back to Paris. And by that time things were so bad that on the slightest provocation Buck would throw things out of the window. He began by throwing his hat out of the window. Wandering into one of the shops, he had been induced to buy a French hat. He wore it back to the hotel a little tenta-tively and, taking the hat out of his pocket, asked her what she thought of it.

She said, "Hmmm-mmm," according to Buck, and he was so infuriated at the ad-vantage the Frenchman had taken of him that he snatched it off his head, as he stood by the window, and first thing you know, why, the hat was out of sight below.

"But Dil said it had a band on it that she liked. She wanted that band. So I went down to the man at the desk and told him what she blew my hat out. He looked at me. I don't think that guy believed me. Anyway, I had the whole staff lookin' for that hat—found it, too, worse luck."

The habit of breaking the window culminated in this fashion. Buck Jones and Dil had had enough of Paris after a week; they were going on to Ber-lin. Buck was down for his tickets.

"They cost two thousand francs. I had my pockets stuffed so full of their darn money, there wasn't room for more. I unloaded the bunch of paper onto the counter, and he said, 'Take the money, send the tickets around to the hotel, and I'll give you the change.' I was ticked off. I just stuck the tickets back. That got me—their sarcastic way of doing things. I went back to the hotel, and changed every-thing I had into francs. Came back, plumped it all down on the counter and got the tickets. As I was leaving, good
After Sun, Wind and Dust—Murine

When EYES become blood-shot from the irritating effects of wind and dust, use Murine. It quickly relieves this unattractive condition, as well as eye-strain caused by the glare of the sun. Murine is particularly soothing and refreshing after motoring or outdoor sports.

If used night and morning, Murine will soon promote a clear, bright, healthly condition of the EYES. Contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

Our illustrated books on "Eye Care" or "Eye Beauty" are FREE on request

The Murine Company
Dept. 23. Chicago

MORE
Pocket Money

Can be had by securing subscriptions to Motion Picture Magazine and Motion Picture Classic. The work is pleasant and dignified. Write today.

Brewster Publications, Inc.
175 Duffield St.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

BUNIONS
Quick, safe relief from Bunion pain. Prevent shoe pressure. As drug and shoe stores everywhere.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone
For Free Sample write The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago

BLACKHEADS
cannot be hidden. Get rid of them now by regular treatments with

Resinol

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

ADVERTISING SECTION

and sore, I happened to see a folder on this chap's desk—sailings. I looked at it—the Berengaria leaves in two days—past! I threw the tickets out the window. "We sail on the Berengaria," I said to Dil. We did."

And was Buck Jones glad to see the Statue of Liberty again? He was. And was he glad to drop into the circus at Madison Square Garden and talk over old times with the pals who had once been fellow cowboys? He was. And will he be tickled to death to see his own stable of horses, that don't have to be tricked out in fancy blankets, as every moviegoer who has seen Silver, et al. on the screen, knows? He will. However, the European trip was not quite wasted, for Buck took occasion to find out why the Prince of Wales falls off his horse so much.

"I met a man who watched him ride," he explained. "He says the Prince flaps his legs across the sides of the horse, kicks the horse. No wonder he has no grip."

That's Out
(Continued from page 59)

... celebrities struggling along on only twenty-five hundred dollars a week, and reduced to only eight servants in a big, Beverly Hills mansion.

Carey's Twelve-Year Limit

The exhibitors themselves supplied a good many laughs during their stay in the film colony, but Harry Carey was probably responsible for one of the most humorous gags.

Carey proved himself to be somewhat of a Will Rogers when it came to making witty remarks.

Upon being introduced to the exhibitors, Carey said:

"There now stands before you the only motion picture star whom you have all heard about but never seen. The producers who handle my pictures state that no one over twelve years of age ever looks at them. And I can see that you have all passed that age limit, so you had better take a good look at me while you have a chance."

Wanted: New Vaudeville Faces

It begins to look as tho the Paramount School for young players is going to develop into a foothold institution, instead of an incubator for future screen stars.

After spending many months preparing them for a career upon the screen, Paramount cast its school graduates into one film and then proceeded to give them lengthy bookings through the country as vaudeville actors.

Now, if someone will only start a good school for vaudeville artists, perhaps we can find a way of unearthing a few new screen faces.

Where Art Thou, Romeo?

What's the matter with the film industry this month? No one has announced that they are going to make an all-star version of "Romeo and Juliet."

Now Is the Time to Start
reading "Crazy Quilt," the greatest novel ever written about motion pictures. It begins on Page 20 of this issue

A White Skin Easy
Says Star
No More Freckles, Blackheads or Skin Blemishes!

The strong habits used in making our pictures exaggerate all skin imperfections, so that I have to keep on skin always from even the studio. I have found that Golden Peacock Bleach Creme does more in a few minutes to correct every defect.

Doris Kenyon.

Make This 3 Minute Test!

Three minutes before bed-time smooth this creme—Golden Peacock Bleach Creme—on your skin. The very next morning look in your mirror. Notice how blemishes and skin flaws have already started to give way. A quick and easy one minute test. These improvements are the result of this new scientific creme that has absolutely guaranteed. It gets a jar money-back at all good drug and department stores. Use it free of charge. Then if you are not delighted and satisfied your money will be gladly refunded.

FREE—If your dealer cannot supply you with Golden Peacock Bleach Creme mail the coupon below. Retail price $1.00 packed in attractive new jar. You receive your order post paid. If you give us the name of your order we will send you a lovely gift absolutely FREE with our compliments.

PARIS TOILET COMPANY, 9 Oak St., Paris, Tenn.
Freckles
Secretly and Quickly Removed!

You can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear, and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring.

The first jar proves its magic worth. Results guaranteed, or money refunded. At all druggists, 50¢ and $1.

Stillman's Freckle Cream
REMOVES FRECKLES
WHILE YOU SLEEP

The Stillman Co., 33 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.
Send me your FREE make-up and skin treatment booklet, "Beauty Parlor Secrets."

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

A FULL YEAR TO PAY

ROYAL DIAMOND WATCH CO.

ADDRESS DEPT. 170 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

These two pictures might well be entitled "Before and After." Above is Rod La Rocque as the handsome soldier in "Gigolo." And below is Rod again . . . supposedly upon his return from the war with his face made over by plastic surgery. Grease-paint surgery, we'll say!
New! A Shampoo for Blondes Only
Blonde hair always darker with age. But Blondex, the new blonde hair shampoo, keeps light hair from darkening—and brings back true golden beauty to even the dullest or most faded hair! Fine for hair and scalp. Makes hair soft, silky. Fluffy. Over half a million users. No dyes or harmful chemicals. Highly recommended for children’s hair. On sale at all good drug and department stores.

 alice joyce suggests this luncheon
(Continued from page 55)

and now for the recipes

Honeydew Melon
This needs no recipe. It is attractive when served in balls in a sherry glass . . . but the main thing is to have it very cold. Little scoops may be purchased in any department store for achieving the ball effect.

Iced Consommé
The simplest consommé to prepare is quite as delicious as the more difficult recipes. Take one pound of a round of beef and cut in one-inch cubes and brown one half of this in some marrow from the marrow bone. Then put the other half of the beef in a kettle with one quart cold water and add one pound of veal cut in pieces, the browned meat and about one quarter of a pound of marrow bones.

Let this stand for about a half-hour and then heat slowly to the boiling point. Then let it simmer for about three hours, being careful to remove any scum that forms on top of the kettle.

Now add one quarter of a quart of the liquor in which a bowl has been cooked and let this simmer two hours.

Cook about two thirds of a cup of diced carrot, turnip, celery and onion in butter for five minutes. Then add this to soup, adding: speck of bay leaf, cloves, thyme, marjoram, parsley, pepper.

Cook the entire mixture about an hour and a half . . . strain . . . cool quickly . . . remove remaining fat and clear.

This will jell slightly when it is sufficiently iced and it will make a delicious summer soup.

Lamb Chops
Rib chops, frenched are daintiest. And they are always best if broiled with a little drawn butter, pepper and salt.

Peas
The secret of cooking fresh peas is to use as little water as possible. Just enough to cover them. There are now modern utensils which cook vegetables directly over the fire without any water and the difference in the taste is surprising. Most of us know that peas can be made greener and more inviting to the eye if a pinch of ordinary cow-brand soda is put into the water, and the lid left off the pot while cooking.

Sautéed Potatoes
These are, of course, potatoes warmed over. In other words cold boiled potatoes cut in one-inch-thick slices, sprinkled with salt and pepper and a little onion juice, if desired, and then put into a hot and well-greased frying pan.owane pleasantly browned, first on one side and then on the other.

Cold Asparagus, Vinaigrette
This is asparagus boiled and chilled and served with the vinaigrette sauce. Cooks differ in the proportions used in this sauce but a very pleasant concoction is 6 tablespoonfuls olive-oil, 1 tablespoonful of cider or Tarragon vinegar, 1 tablespoonful chopped chives, 1/2 tablespoonful chopped parsley.

(Continued on page 115)
**ADVERTISING SECTION**

"Shall I Go Into the Movies?"

*(Continued from page 73)*

some cynical Frenchman once said that it was easier to rise from the slums than from the suburbs. You ought to make money this year regardless of your address.

**Norma Z., May 26:**

Yes, I believe you have talent. Personally, I would prefer writing for you or some connection with publicity, but there is also some dramatic talent shown in your horoscope. This present year does not seem the most favorable time imaginative for you to make changes, and yet changes are there for you, together with some lack of money and a good deal of worry. I would advise you to tackle the stage rather than the movies, and to wait one year before doing even that.

**Ethel F., July 27:**

By all means, stay on the stage and go on with your dancing. You have ten chances of success there to one in the movies, simply because of the strong positions in the part of your chart which govern personal appearances. About the first of next August things will change for you and during that month and the two immediately following it you will have some very active weeks. Do not incur any more expense than you can help during the next twelve months, for your tendency is toward great extravagance at this time. If you stick to work and avoid acting upon impulse just now, you will progress by leaps and bounds—both literally and figuratively.

**Harold S., January 1:**

You are young enough to change your mind, thank goodness, for you are another who is carried away by a temporary admiration for the life of the stage and screen as you think it to exist, and in later years would feel keenly that you had missed your true vocation if you were to persist in this work. You have one of the best charts I have ever seen for the practice of medicine, natural healing power, a talent for chemistry which would enable you to prescribe accurately, and much genuine professional "feeling," impossible to describe in other terms but characteristic of every natural-born doctor, lawyer or minister. Retrace your steps and get into a medical school, and thank your stars that you caught yourself in time.

---

**Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Barry**

Mrs. Barry, née Julia Wood, first met Wesley when they played together on the same vaudeville bill. We wonder if she ever dreamed that she would marry Wesley when she first saw him a little freckled-face kid on the screen?

International Newsreel

---

**Make Amazing Gray Hair Test**

In 10 minutes natural shade begins to return. This test is free. New, colorless, water-like liquid makes this way safe and simple.

GRAY hair is proved unnecessary. A new safe way, called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, has been found to bring back natural shade—to remove the faded streaks and restore graying parts.

Over 10,000,000 women have used it as the sure way to avoid detection. They urge it because it's safe. Those who know will warn you not to use the crude, messy old-time dyes. This is clean and colorless. Will not wash nor rub off. You simply comb it through the hair.

Gray hair lacks color pigment. This way takes its place, and gives the natural effect. If hair is auburn it will revert to auburn. If black, black it will be.

Test it free if you wish. Simply write for special out fit. Or go to nearest druggist. A penny is worth restores color perfectly. Money returned if not amazed and delighted.

**Test Free**

Mary T. Goldman, 917 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black...dark brown...medium brown...auburn...light brown...light auburn...blonde....

Name

Street

City

Please print your name and address.

**Quick Easy Way to Learn CARTOONING**

You can now quickly learn to make comics, sport cartoons, animated and serious cartoons, etc. Cartooning is lots of fun—and fun that pays big money! Learn cartooning at home in spare time this amazingly easy way.

Send for Free Book

Mail postcard or letter today for Free Book on Cartooning. It tells all about this easy method perfected by our expert cartooning instructors—also filled with interesting facts about cartooning. Mail card TODAY: Give Age if under 18 years.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF CARTOONING

Room 185-D, 1113-115th St., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

**Reduce and Shape Your Limbs with Dr. Walter's Medicated Rubber Stockings and Anklets**

Light and comfortable. For every 20 years that have relieved swelling, varicose veins and rheumatism. Worn day and night they reduce internal heat, stimulate the circulation and the blood. They give wonderful support and are a protection against cold and dampness. Anklets, $7, extra high, white, stockings. Send check or money order. No rush. Write for booklet.

Dr. Jeanne M. P. Walter, 309 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
FRECKLES

Removes That Ugly Mask

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these blemishes forever from your face.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you will see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for double-strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

PERSONAL Appearance

Younger looking than ever is now more than ever the key note of success, beauty, and social success. All women who are looking younger have a secret. This secret is simply double-strength OTHINE for men and women. With OTHINE you will be told to heart that my new appliance will success- fully straighten, within a short time the worst case of bow-kneed legs, safely, quickly and per- manently, without pain, operation or discom- fort. Work at night. My new "Line-Straightener." Model 1385 L. W. U. Building. Binghamton, N. Y.

PIMPLES

Cleared Up—often in 24 Hours. To prove you can be rid of pimples, blackheads, acne eruptions on the face or body, barbers', itch, eczema, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin, simply send me your name, and address today—no cost or obligation. CLEAR-TONE tested and tested in over 100,000 cases—and the results were so amazing in prompt results. You can repay the favor by telling your friends if not, the loss is mine. WRITE TODAY.

E. S. GIVENS, 422 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

BUST DEVELOPED

My Big Three Part Treatment in the NEW "ONE." That gives FULL DEVELOPMENT without exercises, stunting or stunting, or any cost or obligation. CLEAR-TONE tested and tested in over 100,000 cases—and the results were so amazing in prompt results. You can repay the favor by telling your friends if not, the loss is mine. WRITE TODAY.

MADAME WILLIAMS, DA. 19, Buffalo, N. Y.

Advertising Section

Crazy Quilt

(Continued from page 99)

Judith's heart ached for those who had not been included. But she did not turn to see the philosophical acceptance of the inevitable that she knew would settle over their faces as they struggled out.

The girls selected hurried to one large dressing-room. The men to another. A costume mistress in the girls' room with a varied assortment of summer dresses, sweaters and skirts, eyed the girls shrewdly. She handed out garments of appropriate size.

Judith was given a sport dress of beige color and a small hat. Suitable shoes. She changed rapidly and seated herself at the long community dressing-table to apply her make-up. There was the smell of stale greasepaint and powder in the room. Judith loved that smell. She knew that the room was too permeated with it ever to be aired out.

She loved to mascara her eyebrows and eyelashes. She loved to smooth the pale, past yellow patches on her warm skin and to trace faithfully the outline of her mouth with the scarlet lip-salve. She did it with a more care than other girls who had been doing it for years. She never smudged her make-up. There was a cunning in her long fingers.

"Gee, but you get it on smooth," the girl next to her said, "hasn't taken you a minute and then don't get it on the way you do." Judith hesitated. She had learned that these girls were sometimes frank in admitting their lack until you gave advice.

"I find it works better if I put on only a little at a time...just a thin coating," Judith finally explained. "I haven't much color in my cheeks, you see, so it doesn't take as much to cover it."

She walked over to the lockers and placed her own clothes in one of the partitions. Then she put the key in her make-up box. All studios did not make such adequate provision for the extra's clothes.

She found her way to Stage six where the MclAlister company was to work. The cast was not yet on hand.

The director, who had been considering a slight rearrangement of the furniture, was an interior scene with a vista of the veranda outside of the French windows.

Frustration.

The studio's interior decorator was standing with the director. He urged Schinz curtains drawn back.

"We want a swift sweep of the veranda. Fix up a tree or something outside there...just to the left of that wicker chair...so it can be seen through the window." he ordered a property man.

A minute later the man came back with a great branch of a tree which was efficiently nailed to a post so that it might be seen from the lounge window.

The extras stood about. The director looked them over and indicated who was to come on as waltzing tennis racket...or who was to come on followed by an attendant with golf clubs.

He went over to his chair beside the camera. He drove the camera loading.

"All right, take your places," he said.

And to the assistant director: "Grady, show 'em what we want. Come on now. Act like ladies and gentlemen. Don't be afraid of the furniture. I want a couple to be dancing to the radio. See if that tall blond can dance, that girl in beige can dance well together."

Judith knew no other girl wore beige. "I'm sure I can dance all right," she told the assistant director.

"Try it out," he advised as the tall
New Method
~of keeping your skin
"Always Young"

Send today for a 1-day supply of Sem-Pray in code of imported cosmetics and bouquets and follow the method used by most leading celebrities in keeping the complexion "always young."
Use Sem-Pray before retiring. You'll be surprised how quickly, naturally, Sem-Pray destroys the pores of all powders, rouge, dirt.
Use upon arising. You'll find it a marvelous base for powder and rouge, making perfect blending possible.
Use regularly. You'll be amazed how it reduces powder, rouges, rouges, and rouges and rouges, and rouges to a fine, perfect, smooth, natural condition. Guaranteed not to grow hair. Comes in a new style metal container or in original cake form, (see market 30 years) 6c. Send for 1-day supply with order.

Just Say SEM-PRAY

LOFTIS BROS. & CO.
Dept. O-456, 155 N. State Street Chicago, III.
DIAMONDS—Cash or Credit
New importations from Europe, brilliant blue, white, and clear diamons—all sparkling bright. Special prices for a limited time. Terms—Pay in 30 days—no discount.

Diamonds
No. 45—$150.00. Brilliant, full-cut emerald, in a fine white gold setting, with diamond accents, 3.6 grms., $250.00.
No. 85—$100.00. Round, fancy-colored diamond (blue, green, red), 4.8 grms., $150.00.
No. 86—$75.00. Round, fancy-colored diamond (blue, green, red), 4.8 grms., $100.00.

Wedding Rings
820—The "Tina." 14K. white gold 1.50 $150.00
Gold and white diamonds.

Beautifying Complexion
IN 15 DAYS
Clear your complexion of moles, blackheads, whiteness, dirt spots, blemishes, oily skin and painful skin eruptions. Send for a sample free.

127-Jewl Elin

Youth and Beauty for 15 Days. Send for it.

Dorothy Ray, 640 N. Michigan Blvd., Suite 498, Chicago

GIVEN

The only perfect substitute for real diamonds known to science! Nagoma Diamonds are worn by Fashionable Society and no one is the wiser!

NAGOMA SPECIALTY COMPANY
Department 8-8
New York City

Advertising Section

A Camera With Sea Legs

Such a camera was a necessity when they filmed the deck scenes for "Old Ironsides" on the famous frigate "Constitution." They wanted to record the rolling of the ship but the camera had to remain stationary. Finally they fixed the camera by means of a swivel and a counterbalance of weights.

blood man came over. He turned on a phonograph.

"O. K. . . . " said McAllister. "Dance around a few turns. The camera will pick you up dancing. Understand. Then you, with the racquet. You come in."

Inez Uland, the star, came on the set. A maid followed her. McAllister arose and greeted her. Judith admired the soft rose chiffon gown and the large black lace hat she was wearing.

"Is Miss Estabrook anywhere about?"

McAllister asked and the girl who had been the source of speculation in the outer office came up. He introduced her and Miss Uland, and another chair was brought.

Then he showed Miss Estabrook how to come on the scene with Miss Uland. They were to order tea at a side table near the fireplace.

"We'll rehearse it once," he agreed.

"Everybody know their business? All right. Go ahead."

Another man came on the set. He was rather attractive, Judith noted as she waited for the rehearsal to begin. Miss Uland was brushing fresh powder over her make-up while her maid held the large make-up box with the mirror back.

"Who is he?" she asked her partner.

"Harvey Dunn," he told her. "He is assistant publicity director. Clever fellow, I understand. Writes very well."

Judith looked at him again. She decided that he had bearing. He had a well-built frame, curly black hair and big brown eyes. His chin was small and pointed. "Too bad," Judith thought, "still he is attractive."

"All right. Rehearse it now," McAllister called and the stagehands cleared the set as Miss Uland and Miss Estabrook came on and the extras proceeded to go thru their motions.

Judith danced with her partner. They danced well together.

"All right," shouted McAllister. "We'll take it."

"You with the golf clubs, don't come in quite so soon after that pair with the tennis racquets. It will look like a sporting outfit display if you follow on each other's heels.

"Talk a little more vivaciously when you enter and pass the camera. It may be a hard day's work to you people but it's got to look like fun on the screen. Get me?"

Everyone laughed. Laughing at the director's good lines was part of the game.

"Quiet," he called now. "Lights, Ready?" he turned to the cameraman as the scene was flooded with a greenish glare and there was a sputtering and a sizzling overhead.

"ACTION!"

The camera began to grind. The assistant director sat on a record off-stage as Judith's partner appeared to tune in on the radio. Then they started their dance. The couple with the tennis racquets came...
Advertising Section

No effort is required

Don’t you realize that countless people have found an easy way to fight fat?

Look about you. Note how slenderness reigns today. Excess fat is not one-tenth as common as it was. Millions of people have learned how to fight that blight to beauty and to health.

Some still rely on abnormal exercise and diet. But more and more employ the easy, pleasant, scientific way—Marmola Prescription Tablets. Marmola has been used for 19 years. Users have told others the results, until people last year used over a million boxes. That is the great reason why slenderness is so prevalent.

You should learn what Marmola means to you. Learn how it harmlessly and promptly reduces excess fat, up to a pound a day. You will always be glad that you found it.

All drug stores sell Marmola at $1 a box. Or it is mailed in plain wrappers by Marmola Co., 1810 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

L A R A F F I N G T O N T R M A G A Z I N E

Make Your Skin Ivory-White in 3 Days!

I have the honor to announce the most important because discovery of the age . . . . a wonderful new-type lotion that clears the skin of every blemish and makes it as smooth and white as ivory. Every woman who wants a glorious complexion can now have it in three to six days.

NOW . . . a New Kind of Lotion Skin Whitener

N ow you can have the smooth, flawless complexion you have always longed for . . . the exquisite white skin you see only in famous beauties. The kind of skin that powder cannot give! The skin itself must be soft, smooth and white. Your marvelous discovery now gives you this striking complexion in just three to six days. It smooths the skin to soft, silky texture. It whitens the skin to ivory whiteness.

Freckles and Tan Vanish!

All trace of freckles, tan, blackheads, pimples and redness disappear almost as if you had wished them away. Never before have women had such a preparation! Mild, gentle and guaranteed safe and harmless! Apply it in just three minutes at bedtime. Every woman should have it. There is not one complexion so foolish that will not be clearer, smoother, more radiant through its use.

Test It . . . Whiten Your Neck

Test this preparation on your arm, hands, or any part of your neck where the skin is usually much darker than on the face. See what an amazing improvement three days make. Use my Lotion Face Bleach any way you like for four days. Then, if you are not entirely delighted, I ask you to let me refund your money.

Large Bottle...Low Price...Guaranteed!

Send no money—simply mail coupon. When package arrives pay postman only $1.50 for the regular large-size bottle. Use this wonderful cosmetic as days. Then, if not delighted, return it, and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon at once to (Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

GERVAISE GRAHAM
Lotion Face Bleach

(Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM
Dept. 259, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago

Send me, postage paid, one Lotion Face Bleach. On arrival, I will pay postman only $1.50. If not delighted after six days' use I will return it and you will at once refund my money.

Name . . .

Address . . .

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Blackheads
Helena Rubinstein tells how to rid your skin of these blenishes

Blackheads, the most common of all blenishes, should never be pressed out forcibly. Doing so not only leaves the pores wide open—exposed to dust and infection—but bruises them so that they cannot function naturally, consequently they are more than ever liable to become permanently enlarged.

The following scientific treatment will quickly eradicate even obstinate and long standing blackheads.

Treatment for fine skins

Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste—special—washes away blackheads and excess oiliness and closes the pores. Restores normal delicacy and smoothness of skin.

Treatment for coarse skins

Valaze Beauty Grains—a unique, penetrative washing preparation, removes blackheads, whiteheads, greasiness and all impurities. Leaves skin velvety.

1.00

1.00

In both cases, follow with

Valaze Pore Toning Face Cream—the basis of beauty—leaves the skin immaculately clean. Soothes, protects and tones the skin.

Valaze Beautifying Skin Food—the skin-cleansing skin-feeding masterpiece—purifies, bleaches and refines the skin.

Available at leading department and drug stores—send your order direct to

Helena Rubinstein
24 West 57th St., New York
PARIS
NEWPORT
LONDON

Retain the Charm
Of Girlhood
A Clear Sweet Skin
Cuticura
Will Help You
Use Cuticura Soap Every Day

I Can Teach You
Classic Dancing
At Home

Only

$2 00

A Month

Yes, my remarkable new method makes classic dancing simple and fascinating to learn at home. Under normal instruction, you learn dancing technique that few outside the great cities have ever had opportunity to master—and at a mere fraction of the cost of studio instruction. The simple charm of dance, grace, poise, and poise, is taught through technical exercises and dance patterns. Complete Studio Outfit Free—will send you, with your lessons, a delighting picture costume, slipper, photograph records, and a charming book—everything necessary for a practice studio in a manner absolutely without extra charge.

Write: Whether you dream of a career as a dancer, or merely wish to be well-dressed, charming and charming, send for chalk and drainage, write today for full information about my wonderful new home instruction method. No obligation. Write today.

M. Sargfall Markoff School of Classic Dancing
1214-1216
222 South Lake Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Bible story of Ruth—about ten in all. And all the grand operas and Shakespearean plays.

** **

The Fox Company pays Tom Mix fifteen to twenty thousand dollars every week, and good salaries to hundreds of players. At the same time, yet their statement to the Government shows a surplus of $12,029,239. Not so bad!

** **

Lloyd Hughes is the most unassuming, democratic, good-natured, natural fellow I ever met. His face is very fine-looking and dresses well, but there is something remarkably frank, wholesome and easy about him that places him in a class by himself. While he is not at all effeminate, he strikes one as being a one-hundred-per-cent. young man, with no bad habits and perfectly trustworthy and honest. I can't imagine him lying, or posing, or putting on. He is just what he looks to be on the screen, apparently an ideal young man.

** **

There are about 20,000 people here engaged in the movie industry. And every day there is a new star, and sooner or later the lightning will strike him or her and make a new star, just as it struck Belle Bennett in "Stella Dallas."

** **

At the Blackton Tennis Tournament last Sunday I noticed among the good players Lionel Belmore, who is, as you know, fat, gray and sixty. Yet he gets around almost as the young fellows. And as for Richard Neill, well, he plays like a champion and has all the strokes. So has Ralph Ince the director. Stunt演员 in pictures is really a fine art, requiring much physical and nervous energy. The motion picture business is a real manufacturer, Write now for FREE SAMPLES. Madison Shirts, 552 Broadway, New York.

HELP WANTED

All men, women, 18-60, wanting to qualify to work under Government positions, $110-$900, home or elsewhere, write Mr. Osmont, 254, St. Louis, Mo., Immediately.

Earn $110 to $250 monthly; expenses paid as railway travel is required. We secure position for you after completion of three months’ home-study course, free for all time, element of opportunity. Write for free booklet. CM-04, Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.


HELP WANTED—FEMALE

Ladies Earn $4-818 a Decent decorating Pillow Top at Home; experience unnecessary, Particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 1266, LaGrange, Ind.

Ladies wanting home work; any kind; spare time; write us; enclose stamp. Elmer Co., Dept. 26, 296 Broadway, New York.

LADIES—You can easily earn lots of extra pin money by selling subscriptions to "Motion Picture Magazine," Big commission and bonus. Write today and well told how. Brewster Publications, Inc., 175 DuSable St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

HELP WANTED—MALE

Be a Detective—Earn big pay; cities, towns; easy work; open to all; you receive; particulars free. Write C. E. Wagner, 188 East 70th St., New York City.

FOR SALE, BACK ISSUES OF
MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
MOTION PICTURE MONTHLY
BEAUTY
SHADOWLAND

Clip Coupon For Free Details
Develop Your Form
The Way Thousands Have Done

No woman need suffer the embarrassment of fat, flabby, undeveloped bums or this, scrawny neck and arms.

For Mlle. Sophie Kopel, the famous Parisian beauty, discovered quite a new method for developing beauty figures—an external and absolutely harmless method based on Dr. Alice's revolutionizing scientific principles. The bums in less than two months.

In many cases full 3 inches have been added to the hips. And the difference why your bums are flat, undeveloped, this method never fails. Behind it are 50 years of success.

Thousands of women have been made happier in beauty figures—they are getting the most astonishingly effective Parisian way of bust development. It costs nothing to learn of this method.

Clip this coupon. Fill in all details and proof will be sent in plain wrapper.

Mlle. Sophie Kopel, 515 Fifth Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
big silver loving-cup, being judged the best film of the year.

In view of the tremendous ovations accorded Mary and Doug in the foreign countries, I suggest that if ever we need a big number American audiences get their first chance at the golden seats, for they know how to act in a crowd and don't need an expensive bodyguard.

A rlette Marchal, the famous French beauty, is playing her first leading rôle in an American-made picture. She is working opposite Jack Holt in "Forlorn River."

Mlle. Marchal came to this country at the suggestion of Gloria Swanson. She worked with Gloria in "Madame Sans-Gène," and the star thought her one of the most promising actresses she had seen, so she forthwith suggested to Paramount that they sign her. After seeing her work in "Madame Sans-Gène," the Paramount officials obtained her signature and are now grooming her for stardom. To date, she has had very little publicity, but she is proving to herself with American methods of film production. She played a small rôle in "The Cat's pajamas" and "Born to the West." She was then assigned the difficult rôle of Ziska in "Diplomacy" and did so well that it was decided she should play the lead in Jack Holt's picture. Altogether, she captured the heart of Lelane beauty contest in France, being judged the most beautiful French girl out of a list of three hundred entrants, she is considered a typical American type.

H arry Carey is credited with the following line which he used during a speech made to a group of exhibitors: "Gentlemen prefer blondes," said Harry, "but blondes are not so particular."

Y ou've heard of the plumber's helper who spent two days hunting for a left-handed monkey-wrench. That story has its parallel in the picture business. Harry Carey and Raymond Hatton were just starting work in a new Western picture when Ray spied a Broadway cowboy trying to put his chaps on backwards.

Jack Holt and Raymond Hatton were just starting work in a new Western picture when Ray spied a Broadway cowboy trying to put his chaps on backwards.

"Oh, yes, yes, Mr. Holt."

"Everything fit?" asked Ray.

"Oh, yes, yes, Mr. Hatton."

"And have you had your saddle fitted?" continued Ray.

The startled young extra gasped, "No, No, Where?"

"Go down and see the smiths," Ray advised.

The blacksmith sent the young aspiring actor to the carpenter and the carpenter sent him to the painter, and by this time he is probably in a glass factory trying to get someone to blow him a saddle.

J ack Holt took his young son, Tim, on location with him to Utah where exterior scenes will be filmed for "Forlorn River." It is Tim's first experience on a location trip. According to reports, Tim may play a small part in the picture with his father.

H ollywood may have its queer individuals but some of them. Hollywood is also clever at choosing unusual stars from the provinces of Iowa and New York have a few unusual dents in their heads. Clara Bow's troubles with Robert Sage have provided the moving picture world with lots of fun. In fact, I have quit reading Andy Gump since Clara and her gentleman friend started acting up.

A jury declared young Savage sane after hearing that he had broken a leg and let the blood drop on Clara's picture. Savage blamed his actions on the "soft, Southern California moon," but I don't believe it was the moon that was soft. As a matter of fact, us Californians are more readily affected by the sun if you will note the advertising we send out. Then he added that "In the spring the young man's sappy." So take it all in, it is really the wonderful California weather that makes saps and geniuses.

I remember a man who suffered the same kind of moon stroke. He used to write poems to Claire Windsor when I was handling her publicity. He used to lock them under the front door. I saw Claire last week and the conversation related to this young Yale student who was writing poems to Clara Bow. Claire said, "Yes, I think that's a little unfair of them that they didn't teach the art of making bombs at Yale.

R udolph Valentino plans to make another trip abroad when he completes his next picture. He is at present working on "The Son of the Sheik." When he finishes this opus he will take a short vacation touring about California waters in his new boat.

The last time I saw him frolicking on the water he had the boats of the motor stuck, the waves leaped higher and Rudy and his party barely escaped a salt bath. It is said his next picture will be the screen version of a new Italian novel.

I t looks as if Samuel Goldwyn will become one of these "by permission" producers. Of late Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky have appeared in pictures which carry the line that the players are performing "by permission of Samuel Goldwyn."

Sammy stepped out and discovered two worthwhile stars who had no sooner landed them than all the rest of the producers wanted to borrow them. His intentions were to keep Colman and Banky together in a series of big features, but his brother film makers have been paying big money for the use of them. It is no more than justice that Goldwyn should be credited when these stars are used.

A ndré Menjou and his director, Mal St. Clair, who have really become quite a famous little team, have decided to get along without each other for a while. Perfectly friendly, and all that, but they thought they needed a little change. And I can quite understand that, after viewing their latest and freestyled drama, "A Social Call." St. Clair, for many months, has been slated to direct "The Ace of Cads," Michael Arlen's story in which Menjou is to be starred. But his name has now been erased, and Luther Reed, erstwhile scenario-writer for Paramount, is the substitute. This change was made at the instigation of Mr. Menjou who has not only a plane faith in his new directors, but also quite a gift for detecting the talented ones.

This leaves Mal St. Clair free to help Thomas Meighan make a good picture, if

"Marvoulus! You say it took only 3 minutes"

Yes, and see how white and smooth my arm is. Not a trace of hair. I've tried other methods but I give all praise to Del-a-tone. For nearly twenty years Del-a-tone has been enhancing beauty and true feminine charm; a record unmatched.

Nothing Like It!

Just 3 minutes after applying Del-a-tone to arms, limbs, back of neck or face, rinse and behold the loveliest of white, hair-free skin.

Removes Hair

DEL-A-TONE
CREAM or POWDER

The quick, effective results are the same, whether you use the old reliable Del-a-tone (powder) or the newer Del-a-tone Cream prepared, ready for immediate use. It is the only pure, snow-white, fragrant depilatory cream that removes hair in 3 minutes.

At drug and department stores or sell prepaid anywhere in U.S.A. in plain wrapper for one dollar — a big economy. State whether you wish Del-a-tone or Del-a-tone Cream. A trial package of Del-a-tone or Del-a-tone Cream will be sent prepaid in plain wrapper for 5c.

THE DELATONE COMPANY
Dept.79, 721 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Are You Reading

"CRAZY QUILT"?

It Begins on Page 20

"CRAZY QUILT"?

It Begins on Page 20

It looks as if Samuel Goldwyn will become one of these "by permission" producers. Of late Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky have appeared in pictures which carry the line that the players are performing "by permission of Samuel Goldwyn."

Sammy stepped out and discovered two worthwhile stars who had no sooner landed them than all the rest of the producers wanted to borrow them. His intentions were to keep Colman and Banky together in a series of big features, but his brother film makers have been paying big money for the use of them. It is no more than justice that Goldwyn should be credited when these stars are used.

A ndré Menjou and his director, Mal St. Clair, who have really become quite a famous little team, have decided to get along without each other for a while. Perfectly friendly, and all that, but they thought they needed a little change. And I can quite understand that, after viewing their latest and freestyled drama, "A Social Call." St. Clair, for many months, has been slated to direct "The Ace of Cads," Michael Arlen's story in which Menjou is to be starred. But his name has now been erased, and Luther Reed, erstwhile scenario-writer for Paramount, is the substitute. This change was made at the instigation of Mr. Menjou who has not only a plane faith in his new directors, but also quite a gift for detecting the talented ones.

This leaves Mal St. Clair free to help Thomas Meighan make a good picture, if

(Continued on page 116)
Alice Joyce Suggests This Luncheon

(Continued from page 107)

chives, 1/2 tablespoonful chopped green pepper, 1 tablespoonful parsley and a dash of salt and pepper.

Bavarian Cream

For a quick Bavarian cream use one lemon, grated rind and juice, one cup of white wine (orange juice may be substituted), two thirds of a cup of sugar, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls granulated gelatine and two tablespoonfuls cold water.

This is a large quantity and if the recipe is halved it will serve an ordinary luncheon.

First mix the lemon, wine, sugar and yolks of eggs together. Then stir vigorously over a fire until the mixture thickens. After this add gelatine, which has been soaked in cold water. Then pour this over the whites of the eggs which have been beaten stiff. Set in a pan of ice-water and beat until it is thick enough to hold its shape. Now turn into a mould lined with lady-fingers. Chill.

"All told, this is a very well-rounded luncheon and one of which I am extremely fond." Miss Joyce explained.

It All Began When Charlie Caught La Meller's Violets

(Continued from page 64)

Señorita, during one of her songs, tossed a gay bunch of violets' up to Rudy. The sheik missed the easy throw and was credited with an error by the sport editors in the audience. The actress crossed herself when she saw that Rudy had fumbled. The next night, however, there was a different gentleman sitting in the box. It was Charles Spencer Chaplin who was on the receiving end for the violets. When she cast a beseech in his direction, the famous Chaplin almost fell out of his box, making a marvelous left-hand stop of the Señorita's throw. And now he has signed her at $120,000 for twelve weeks. He will direct her and it is likely that they will film the life of Emperor Napoleon in which Charlie will co-star.

Raquel Meller's conquest of Hollywood is complete. She is now the toast of the boulevard. Altho she is not a great vocal artist, Señorita Meller possesses such a quantity and quality of charming feminine personality that she wins the heart of any audience the moment she steps on the stage. By a mere nod of the head and a twitch of the hand she conveys a character that it would take pages of writing to describe. There is little doubt of her being a successful movie favorite, for she has all the requisites necessary to stardom.

Are You Married?

If so, how do you and your husband arrange the family finances? More divorces start in little squabbles over the wife's allowance. The wives of several prominent motion picture stars have solved this problem...and it is a problem different and satisfactory ways. Read "Confessions for Wives," by Catharine Bracy in the October MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE on the newstands September 1st.
You Want This Book!

"BEHIND THE SCREEN"
(Illustrated)
by Samuel Goldwyn, the well-known producer

"CHARLIE CHAPLIN and his moods; Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, drawn together by their complete absorption in pictures; the beginnings of the romance between Geraldine Farrar and Lou Tellegen—and the beginning of its end; the rivalry between Pauline Frederick and Farrar; the fiasco of Mary Garden in films; the discovery of Valentino; the rise of Harold Lloyd; the unhappy isolation of Eric von Stroheim; the eccentricities of Elinor Glyn—these are some of the topics to regale the eager devourer of ‘fan’ food."

"There is intense drama in Mr. Goldwyn’s description of the scene in which Geraldine Farrar, sensing the company’s disappointment in the results of her pictures, voluntarily tore up a contract worth $250,000."

"In appearance, so typically feminine, Mary Pickford gives to the romance of business all of a man’s response."

Order This Now

You Want This Book!

"BEHIND THE SCREEN"
(Illustrated)
by Samuel Goldwyn, the well-known producer

"CHARLIE CHAPLIN and his moods; Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, drawn together by their complete absorption in pictures; the beginnings of the romance between Geraldine Farrar and Lou Tellegen—and the beginning of its end; the rivalry between Pauline Frederick and Farrar; the fiasco of Mary Garden in films; the discovery of Valentino; the rise of Harold Lloyd; the unhappy isolation of Eric von Stroheim; the eccentricities of Elinor Glyn—these are some of the topics to regale the eager devourer of ‘fan’ food."

"There is intense drama in Mr. Goldwyn’s description of the scene in which Geraldine Farrar, sensing the company’s disappointment in the results of her pictures, voluntarily tore up a contract worth $250,000."

"In appearance, so typically feminine, Mary Pickford gives to the romance of business all of a man’s response."

Order This Now

You Want This Book!

"BEHIND THE SCREEN"
(Illustrated)
by Samuel Goldwyn, the well-known producer

News of the Camera Coasts

(Continued from page 114)

Lois Wilson has bobbed her hair! Everyone in film circles is very much surprised because Lois always said she would not bob her tresses if she was the one woman in the world with long hair. However, Lois did not submit to the shears because she changed her mind ... but because she hankered after the rôle offered her in "The Great Gatsby." And this rôle demanded a bobbed head possible. They are working now on the story, which is an adaptation of Maugham's "The Land of Promise," and has been tentatively titled, "The Canadian."

"Rain," that glorious play of Jeanne Engels and the missionary, which needs no introduction since its long tour of the United States, has been more or less forgotten by movie producers in the last few years. Because it was banned from the screen by Will Hays, and after the first few screen rights of protest everyone settled back and said "Well, that's that." But now the producers of "Rain" are making a bid to Mr. Hays for leniency. The play has arrived in a Los Angeles playhouse, minus all its cuss and other objectionable words, apparently in the hope that Papa Hays will see it and cry, "Come back, all is forgiven!" And if he does, I nominate Dolores Costello for the rôle of Sadie Thompson.

Beatrice Lillie, the English comedienne who finally fell for the movies, is going to have the very best of everything for her début. Her director will be no less a person than Sam Taylor, who has directed the Harold Lloyd comedies for many years—including "The Freshman." And an original story has been written for her by Marc Connelly, who looks like an egg, in the best sense of the word, and is one of our really amusing humorists. Mr. Connelly, you remember, is one of the authors of "Reggae on Horseback," and is now even better known as the author of "The Wisdom Tooth." The Lillie script will be the first product of his trip to Hollywood.

Gloria Swanson has packed up her woes and left the Paramount studio for good, after finishing "Fine Manners," which cost the company a number of thousand dollars more than they had bargained for. Gloria contends that the delay was due to ill health, and that she is now on the verge of a nervous collapse brought on by too much work and too much cruel criticism. She has not even had the strength to drive around to the United Studios and inspect the surroundings in which she will work when her new contract starts. I hope Gloria will take a nice long rest and be in good form to act in, direct, and supervise her first picture as a United Artist.

The Rosson brothers, by the way, have both gotten their chance as directors recently. Richard was called in to finish "Fine Manners" and was pronounced the most satisfactory of the several directors engaged on that picture. And Arthur Rosson is handling the megaphone for Ray Griffith in his new mystery comedy, "You'd Be Surprised." Dorothy Sebastian, by the way, seems to be replacing Clara Bow as Ray’s leading woman. Clara was so busy with engagements and suicides.

Paramount has bought the screen rights to "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," the Londale comedy in which Ina Claire has been delighting New York this winter. Now everyone is waiting for Jesse Lasky to make up his mind whether he will adapt it to the uses of a male or a female star. For, strange to say, this amusing story is equally suitable for either, Roland Young’s part in the stage version was subordinated to Ina Claire’s, but the man could easily be the made the dominant figure.
Grow Taller

Science has found the way to add inches to your height. No need to envy or look up to the tall giants. No need to worry about your little stature. This course makes you grow taller. What is more, it can be done at home with your fellow men or women, in one of the largest and most scientific programs. More than one million people have tried the course and more than one million have been successful. Mail coupon for full information on how to grow taller.

Name: 
Street: 
City: 
State: 

To Our Subscribers

A NUMBER of subscriptions expire this month; maybe yours is one of them. Better renew it before you forget. Motion Picture Magazine is getting more interesting, bigger and better as the months roll on. Send us your remittance for $2.50 and we will renew or extend your subscription to Motion Picture Magazine for another year.

Brewer Publications, Inc.
175 Duffield Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.

EARN LADIES' WRIST WATCH
GIVE your watch to Motion Picture Magazine for a chance to win a beautiful and charming ladies wrist watch. Only those who send in a coupon will be eligible to win this prize. Now is your chance to get rich. Watch goes every day with five dollars now in cash. Just name and address today.

C. S. SUPPLY CO., Dept. T - 115, CEDARVILLE, PA.

BEAUTYFUL COMPLEXION GUARANTEED
New Method Brings Radiant Beauty and Charm to Proliferation Completion or Money Back
This is the new method. Full information will be sent on request. I guarantee perfect complexion, or money back. Such a good plan that you can't lose. Write to-day. Mr. L. P. W., 333 West 31st St., Chicago, Ill.

HEALING LABORATORIES
500 E. 88th Ave., New York City

BUNIONS

Pain, swelling, crooked toes—just a few of the symptoms of Bunions. Let us help you! For a complete study on Bunions, write for our FREE TRIAL COPY. It's sent by mail, absolutely free.

KAY LABORATORIES
309 Laflin St., Dept. 9, Chicago, Ill.

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home in 2 years. Write for complete details.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Box A, 6-599, Dearborn Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Have You Enough Color in Your Home?

(Continued from page 35)

and its close relatives in fairly large quantities and use the complementary color in smaller and more brilliant hits.

How to find which colors to use? Oh, that's easier still. Here is a color-scheme finder for you. Simple enough, isn't it? It's just a color circle from which you can make your own color plans. The color directly opposite another color is its complement—and that's all there is to it! Choose a color! Choose its complement! There you are! There are other ways of making color schemes—one more subtle way which introduces a triangle of colors—but using one color and its complement is more than satisfactory for making a color scheme to fit in the average home.

Now let's see how we'll go about choosing a color scheme. Shall we say that orange and blue are your favorite colors? Then we choose orange and blue, as we know you will. You will choose orange, then for your main color because blue is too cold a color to be used in a warm room. Orange when it is grayed and lightened a lot becomes a soft rich ivory. This can be used for your wall color. For furniture you will use any shade of orange which is red-orange. For a davenport you may use tan or brown or a figured linen showing orange and red. Your curtains may be chintz with a cream background and flowers of orange red and yellow and bits of blue and green. Or you may put your complementary color in curtains and have straight hanging curtains of the same silk or you may have your curtains with blue. Your lamp-shades should be orange or cream. By introducing a pair of bright blue cushions, a chair covered in blue or in blue and tan, for instance, and pieces of blue pottery, your room will have color and beauty, and the colors will be perfectly selected and well blended, too.

If you are taking green for your color scheme, you will find that red is the complementary color. If you want your walls red, they should be a very pale reddish blue. If you take green for your main color, your walls should be a very pale green slightly grayed and with more blue than yellow in it. Your curtains may be yellow or soft lemon or a red and white print. Your chair coverings may be tan, duff red or orange and figured or striped, introducing blue-green, yellow-green and yellow. A brilliant red lacquer table, a red glass candy jar, one chair covered in red either in striped figure or plain material and curtains of blue, red violet, orange, yellow and blue violet, orange red and blue green—all of these may be worked out the same way. And remember, that no matter what color scheme you have selected, you may put bits of all other colors into your room. Every color in small quantities may nearly always be introduced into every room without altering the color effect. How else would it be possible to bring in flowers and books and gay frocks. The old-fashioned, two-color scheme, such as rose and gray, has gone clear out of style. In picking out a color scheme, be sure that you choose a very light soft color for your background. Your ceilings should be an even lighter tone of this same color, your floors should be much darker. The rule of light walls, lighter ceilings and darker floors is an old rule in decoration and one that can never be ignored if you want satisfactory results.

Your rugs need not be colorful, for neutral rugs are good, but they should not be too dark. Usually one-piece rugs of

Richard Dix says:

"YOU'RE MISSING HALF YOUR LIFE—
if you don't play a Lyon & Healy Saxophone.
For fortune and prosperity or for money and independence it can't be best." Other like Richard Dix without special musical talent rapidly learn to play a Lyon & Healy Saxophone. So can you.

Write to-day for our special "Easy to play at no pain" plan. Friendships, trust and money are yours when you play a Lyon & Healy Saxophone. Write now, and we will help you quickly, easily.

LYON & HEALY
58 E.JACKSON BLVD. CHICAGO

Develops Busts Amazingly Quick and Easy!

Just what every woman has been wait- ing for at a price everyone can afford.

A "BEAUTIBUST" for real bust and neck development. "BEAUTIBUST" is harmless,Name: 
Address: 

Eat Candy and get SLIM

If you crave sweets—then you can eat all you want! SLIMS are delicious candied fruits, in quality to the most expensive brands. They contain a special herb not found in any other brand. This element, instead of building fat cells, does the opposite! Rapidly dissolves them! A secret procedure! A formula that the manufacturers have never fully revealed. These are on SLIMS. No matter how long standing your flabby tissues, they weaken each morning with this delicious, all-natural, skin tightening, firming and tone-up Elixir. Elixir-MONEY RAISE. Send only a dollar for this special package of SLIMS now, and start getting slim without further delay! If your druggist does not carry SLIMS, mail this coupon and we will send you a full package of SLIMS direct without delay. Maple, Wintergreen, Lemon, etc.

Name: 
Address: 

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
She doesn’t know how you do it!

You feel a little embarrassed and sorry for her. She looks so admiring and helpless, so enviable, and so—so—ineffective!

Her clothes are always so bad, poor little thing. And she pays too much for them. Her home is furnished with all the wrong things. She seems to have a genius for wasting money. When she goes out to buy anything, soap or silverware, or lingerie or lamps, she’s sure to turn up with something nobody ever heard of before and doesn’t want to hear of again.

She is that eager, but not very bright, little woman who, “my dear, doesn’t ever read advertisements.” Who doesn’t know what to buy, or where to find it, or what to pay for it. Who doesn’t know values and can’t compare them. Who doesn’t know that when a new style, or a new convenience, or a new anything arrives, one sees it first in the advertisements.

One really gets a little vexed with her—

But let’s not waste too much time on her. It’s about time for you, dear lady, to have your look thru the advertisements.

Tell your friends not to overlook the advertisements

Advertising Section

as the kindred notoriety had squandered them.

“Attention everybody,” McAllister called and Judith had to go back to the set. “I’ll tell you what. Have luncheon with me. I’ll be back here when the company quits. All right?”

Judith said that it was. She walked on the set with a feeling of interest and adventure. This was luck. She thought her most valuable any contact inside a studio would be. She knew how everyone on the lot sought favor with the members of the publicity and advertising departments. But she found herself less interested in what Harvey Dunn could do for her than in Harvey Dunn himself.

He was a person she could talk to. She felt that she had known him for a long time. He made her think of interesting things to say. It was not often that anyone interested Judith so much. And he liked her too. That was quite evident.

In the next scene she had nothing to do. She sat at a card table and acted gay. It was not difficult. She felt gay—and young—and right and optimistic.

The company stopped for luncheon at twelve-thirty. Harvey Dunn was waiting when she got there and they went down to the cafeteria together. Today, however, Judith did not eat at the bar. Dunn led her to a table over in a corner, away from the others.

This in itself was a boon. Judith ordered a vegetable luncheon and decided that it had enough antimony to save her the cost of a dinner that night.

She liked Mr. Dunn more than ever.
Before the luncheon was over she had told him about the modeling she had done for magazines and exhibitions, about her determination to get on... and of how encouraged she had been about the rushes in the Excelsior projection-room.

"That Goldstein is a fine mess," Dunn said. "There are some extra girls who will not work on his lot. It is a crime that a man like that should have it in his power to help girls get ahead. His pictures are cheap. But he makes lots of money."

Judith said nothing. . . .

McAllister came over to their table to speak to Dunn about a story on Miss Estabrook working in the picture and he introduced Judith.

"Miss Tower is working in your company today," he explained.

McAllister nodded. "You did that dance number, wasn't it?" she said, placing her hand on the table.

"That mean anything?" Dunn wanted to know. "Miss Tower has been helping me out with a few extra-girl impressions for a story I am doing. I might be able to mention her name in it somewhere and to say she worked under you."

McAllister beamed. "Great, I guess we can fix Miss Tower up with a little something extra. That bit warrants it. I'll see Grady about it.

"And I'll tell Miss Estabrook to stop in and see you before she goes. She is somebody in Long Island society, you know. Story in it for the local papers anyway.

"Fine," agreed Dunn. "Don't forget about Miss Tower."

Judith turned to thank him after McAllister had departed.

"Glad to do it," he said. "You deserve something extra for that bit but you probably wouldn't have gotten it if you had not asked for it."

The three of them reverted to the impulse that made people of every description in every walk of life eager to go on the screen.

"I wish you could see some of the pictures submitted in motion picture beauty contests," Dunn said. "There must be something wrong with me. I have never had to do anything of that sort. I'm not the type, I know. But as I just said, that doesn't seem to matter if you get the fever. Some pictures submitted by hopefuls are unbelievable. The people have had no claim to good looks at all.

"I suppose I work out my desires in trying to do scenarios. They have promised me another script this year. That work is fascinating . . ."

Mother Hall came over from her table to speak to Mr. Dunn. Judith was interested in her voice and the way she had been seen on the screen and in the studios.

"Well, how is our mother today?" Dunn asked.

"Very well, very well. And now is my turn. Mother Hall will have to know."

"Fine," he said, "And Mother Hall do you know Miss Tower? She works on this lot. She is in Mr. McAllister's company today. She knows Mother Hall, of course, Miss Tower."

Judith had instinctively arisen when she was presented to the older woman said that of course she knew her, and Mother Hall smiled and said "How do you do, Mrs. Hall." Judith smiled graciously.

"Hear the child, Mrs. Hall. Why the idea. Call me Mother Hall. Everyone does. I call all the people on this lot my children and indeed I feel that they are. Isn't that true, Harvey?"

"It is indeed," Harvey Dunn replied and Judith caught an amused twinkle in his eyes. "Your mother heart has room for all of us. That has been said before if I'm not mistaken."

She went away and Judith asked if she really was a motherly sort of person. He did not answer for a minute. Then he said. "She thinks she is."

"How cryptic?" Judith told him. He laughed at her but with kindness.

"You're going to have a great many illusions, young woman," he warned her. "When I see you sitting there so impressed by all of this, I want to stand between you and life."

Judith smiled. She hoped she was not showing how much she liked this man.

She knew she was due back on the set.

"It is one twenty-five," she told him. "I must not keep them waiting or I won't get any pay check at all. Thank you again . . ."

Harvey Dunn consulted his wrist-watch and then arose for her to take her part. "Miss thirty," he seemed surprised that it was so late. "But say, I want to see you again. I must see you. I have to stand between you and life, you know. I'll be up on the stage before you leave. You go along. I'll see you later."

Judith went upstairs to the set with happiness beating in her heart. She thought she had never seen a nicer person.

And Harvey Dunn calling for his check was thinking something of the same kind. He wondered what her background was. She had a patroniac quality . . .

The cafeteria had cleared out. Most of the companies were on the sets again by this time.

But a couple still sat at a table behind Harvey Dunn. He could hear a fragment or two of their conversation when the waitress went for his change.

"Tower is her name," he heard one girl say. "Goldstein of Excelsior thinks she is pretty too. Surest thing you know. She gets into his private office before you can say Jack Robinson. You know what that means. And if you could have seen her face when she came out of there yesterday . . . Well . . ."

Harvey Dunn felt as if someone had slapped him across the face.

He felt a fool. He remembered that she had been strangely non-committal when he had knocked Goldstein. That accounted for it then. She certainly didn't look the part. But there couldn't be any mistake. The girl knew her name and everything. Goldstein . . . that pig, of all people in the world.

He hated the girl who had been talking. When the waitress returned and when his change, he couldn't get out quick enough.

He laughed bitterly. For he remembered that he had told her he wanted to stand between her and life.

"God, what a fool I am," he thought making his way across the studio yard. "Just let a pretty face come my way and my reason deserts me . . ."

Idle gossip often shatters lives! Does Harvey Dunn let this fragment of gossip be the over-weigh his own opinion of Judith Tower?

And what happens when Judith returns to the set?

The next instalment is particularly dramatic—and shows how the wheels go around behind the scenes in motion pictures.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
The Secret of a Good Magazine

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
Issued on News-stands the First of Every Month

In this magazine you will find the latest news . . . the most beautiful photographs . . . unbiased reviews of pictures . . . excellent fiction . . . invaluable information on fashions, beauty and interior decorating . . . and human interest features.

If you go to the movies, you will want this magazine in your home. There are features in it to interest every member of the family.

CLASSIC
Issued on News-stands the Fifteenth of Every Month

Because it is printed entirely in rotogravure it is possible for the CLASSIC to offer a surpassing beauty in its pages.

It is a unique and smart publication. And a sophisticated angle on everything of interest that occurs in either professional or social motion picture circles will be found between its covers.

E. R. Richee

GLADYS HALL
Miss Hall (above) is probably the greatest motion picture writer. Her feature stories . . . her interviews . . . and her fiction are unsurpassed.

LAURENCE REID
Mr. Reid, (right), formerly editor of Movie Monthly, is now editor of the Classic. Before his association with the Brewster Publications he was editor of the review department of the Motion Picture News. He brings years of experience and success to his work.

Russell Hall

DOROTHY MANNERS
Miss Mann (left) is recognized as one of the finest journalists in motion picture circles. She has both the ability to find the hidden story and to present it in its most attractive form.

Ruth Hackett Louise

DORIS DENBO
Miss Denbo (below) knows the motion picture studios as you know your country club. And the things she writes of motion pictures and motion picture people are peppered with sophisticated enthusiasm.

Russell Hall

ADVERTISING SECTION

. . . is no secret at all. A publication is as great as its staff.

In recognition of this fact, the Brewster Publications have signed the greatest editors and writers in the motion picture field under exclusive contracts.

EUGENE V. BREWSTER
Mr. Brewster is the world's first motion picture editor and one of the greatest authorities on motion pictures. He will continue to give the Brewster Publications the same personal supervision that has placed them foremost in their field.

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER
Miss Fletcher (left) enjoys great prestige both as an editor and writer. She returns to her post as supervising editor of the Brewster Publications and as editor of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

GRACE CORSON
Miss Corson is one of the most distinguished artists in the world of fashion. For years she was associated with Harper's Bazar. She will conduct fashion pages monthly in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

DORIS DENBO
Miss Denbo's motion picture studio is recognized as one of the finest in the world of the camera. She has the ability to find the hidden story and to present it in its most attractive form.
The No's Have It!

If I wanted to tell of all the actors and actresses I like, I should need reams of paper, so I'll just mention that Ian Keith is first of them all, William Haines next, and then a batch of about a score. Now for some whom I say "NO" very emphatically. Firstly Norma Talma: Perhaps it's wrong to judge by one film—I have seen her only in "Grau-stark" and I never want to see her again! She did nothing but loll up against doorways and wait for the photographs. Next, your equally advertised Gloria: Why in heaven doesn't someone teach her how to make up naturally? Her face invariably looks like a caricature—white with black splodges for features—I never see her but I feel desperately anxious to scrub her. And she minces so and, purses up her mouth.

Next Corinne Griffith, or as we call her—she's never happy but when she's sad. Also Mae Murray, whom I have avoided seeing, because her photographs alone annoy me in the extreme with her eternal pout. Blanche Sweet is another. I have seen her only in "His Supreme Moment," a picture that was sheer piffle anyway, and she did nothing but pose; and one day I'll send her a slip to keep her hair back. Now to object to items in actual production. In "My Son," Nazimova came from her sitting-room dressed in a plain dress, thru a single doorway to her shop, and behold! She wore a flowered dress. Similarly, in "The Sea Beast," a very fine picture. Dolores Costello left her house in a flowered dress and reached the quay in a plain one. And Dolores likewise was in advance of her age in gazing at a photo of Barrymore taken on his perch up the mast—marvelous for outdoor photography in the early days.

I did hear of eucalyptus-trees in Sherwood Forest (Robin Hood), and very few films seem to get English atmosphere into so-called English interiors. They are generally so terribly obviously American film sets, and very elaborate. I could say a lot more, as there are about thirty people I like to each one I don't!


ADVERTISING SECTION

WAVY HAIR FOREVER!

This Marvelous Invention, The Secret of Success of New York's Most Exclusive Hairdresser, Now Offered to Every Woman—ON FIVE DAYS' FREE TRIAL!

Now every woman may have the same beautiful wavy hair as have New York's elite. R. Louis, in his famous salon across from the Hotel Plaza, long guarded the secret of his wonderful system for water-waving the hair. Now he has released this invention, through us, to everyone who desires that characteristic beauty known to the coiffeur.

This is not a makeshift. It is not one of these "fads" that come and go. Hundreds upon hundreds of leading hairdressers throughout the country have purchased it for use in their shops. They know it is the greatest hair waving invention of the century. Yet it is so very simple that you, in your own home, can win the same beauty for your hair that you could acquire in the R. Louis Salon. The method is remarkably quick and easy. Read the details in full.

Any Style of Coiffure for Any Kind of Hair

Here at last is your chance to have any of the glorious coiffures you have heard of. Whether your hair is long or short, coarse or fine, dry or oily—these clips will give it the splendor of a finished hairdresser's wave. And the wonderful part of it is that they work automatically. No effort or practice required.

Make This Test At Our Risk

We guarantee that Waveasy Clips will give you the most beautiful wave you have ever put in your hair. Not only were they the sensation of the big hairdressers' convention in New York, but they will be equally desired by all women who see you. So do this. Fill out and mail the coupon below. When the clips arrive, try them. Notice that they are simple and neat and strong. Observe their featherlight weight, their automatic action and their perfect comfort. Then, with waves set, look in your mirror. You will now see why every hairdresser isc screaming with delight.

Then, if you do not agree that this is the most wonderful safest, easiest and best method of hair-waving you have ever known, return the clips as us and your money will be instantly refunded in full.

What Experts Say

Experts tell you not to marcel the hair. They know the danger of heat to its delicate structure. So they state that the best and most beautiful way is the wave-wave. They also tell you that this is the only correct way to keep your permanent wave in condition. And now, for the first time, real wave-waving is made practical in the home.

Waves Set Automatically

Like the trained fingers of an expert, Waveasy Clips automatically direct and shape each wave. Then the waves set quickly and firmly. You get large, loose waves or narrow tight waves, as you wish. And each one is perfect. So lovely that your friends will marvel.

WAVEASY AUTOMATIC WATER WAVING CLIPS

It's Easy to Make Money This Way

Here is your chance to earn lots of pocket money. You can do it in spare time or part time, as you choose. The work is pleasant and dignified. We pay you a fine commission and big bonus money.

We are going to pay our subscription agents $100,000.00 during the next year in commissions and prize money for securing subscriptions to Motion Picture Magazine and Motion Picture Classic—and we want you to earn some of it, too.

This is your opportunity. The job is an easy one. You'll like it. Just write to us and say that you are interested—and we will tell you all about our plan.

Write Today!

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc. 175 Duffyfield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
**Aviation Brings Quick Success**

TO young men of daring no other field of work offers such a fascination, such high pay, nor such opportunities for quick success as the field of Aviation. As yet, aviation is practically in its infancy. But now is the time to get in.

**Amazing Opportunities in Airplane Industries**

In the automobile industry and in the moving picture business hundreds of men got rich by getting in at the start. They made their success before others woke up. Today, these lines offer no greater opportunities than a hundred and one others. BUT AVIATION IS NEW. Get in while the opportunities are big. All over the country there will be a clamor for trained men. It will not be a question of pay but of getting capable men.

**Become an Aviation Expert $50 to $100 per Week**

The study of aviation is almost as fascinating as the actual work. Every lesson is full of interest. That is why it is easy to learn aviation. You do not have to make yourself study—it is like reading an interesting book that tells you things you have always wanted to know. Only one hour each evening will give you the basic training in a surprising short time.

One student, S. F. McNaughton, Chicago, says: “Your lessons are like a romance, and what is more, after one reading, the student gets a thorough understanding. One never tires of reading them.” James Powers, Pa., another student, says, “I am indeed surprised that such a valuable course can be had from such practical men for so little cost.”

**Fascinating—Daring—Big Paying**

**Prepare Now for One of These Positions**

- **Aerostatical Instructor** $60 to $100 per week
- **Aerostatical Engineer** $100 to $300 per week
- **Aerostatical Contract Engineer** $1,000 to $2,000 per week
- **Aerostatical Instructor** $200 to $300 per week
- **Aerostatical Mechanic** $100 to $200 per week
- **Aerostatical Instructor** $100 to $200 per week
- **Aerostatical Mechanic** $500 to $1,000 per week
- **Aerostatical Instructor** $500 to $1,000 per week
- **Aerostatical Mechanic** $75 to $200 per week

**Get Big FREE Book—Now**

Send for New Book, Just Out. “Opportunities in the Airplane Industry.” It is interesting and instructive. It will show you many things you never knew before about aviation. We have got a limited supply of these books—write now before they are all gone.

American School of Aviation

601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 831A

Chicago, I'd.

---

**Advertising Section**

**$200 in Prizes**

We Will Pay for the Best Compositions on Why “Crazy Quilt” Is a Fitting Title for a Story About Motion Pictures and Motion Picture People

ON page twenty of this issue a new novel begins. It is called “Crazy Quilt” and it finds its human drama in motion picture people. We are offering two hundred dollars in prizes for the best compositions of not more than three hundred words which express opinions as to why “Crazy Quilt” is a perfect title for this story.

The rules are simple, but we urge you to read them carefully.

**Rules of Contest**

1. No person may submit more than one composition.
2. This contest is open to all people except employees of Brewster Publications and their relatives.
3. No composition must run over three hundred words.
4. Write on one side of the paper only.
5. List your name and address at the head of every sheet of paper used.
6. Address compositions to Crazy Quilt Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
7. No communications about the contest will be answered.
8. No compositions will be returned.
9. Compositions may be sent any time up to February 1, 1927. But we suggest that you read the entire serial before submitting your composition. It will run for six months, concluding in the February issue, so you will receive hints about the title from time to time.
10. In the event of two or more letters being of equal merit, equal prizes will be given the writers.
11. The two hundred dollars will be divided as follows:

**Prizes**

- **$100** ..................... First Prize
- **$50** ..................... Second Prize
- **$25** ..................... Third Prize
- **$10** ..................... Fourth Prize
- **$5** ..................... Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Prize
WHO IS THE BEST DRESSED WOMAN ON THE SCREEN?

Three Famous Dressmakers Make Amazing Statements and Give Their Ideas on Dress

Madame Frances—Harry Collins—Maybelle Manning—
Those are names to reckon with in the world of fashion. A gown from their ateliers costs hundreds of dollars. They dress prominent women in stage, screen and society circles.
Whom do they name as the best dressed women on the screen?
Whom do they criticise?
What do they say about autumn styles?
And what do they advise?

Do not miss this remarkable and frank feature next month.

We Interview Gloria Swanson
By
GLADYS HALL and ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

The double-interviewers, famous for their delightful one-act playlets in which they co-star with the star, talked with Gloria Swanson. They asked her all the questions you would like to ask her.
This is unquestionably the finest interview with Miss Swanson ever published—and the most interesting double interview on which G. H. and A. W. F. ever collaborated.

For Married Women Only

An amusing and at the same time interesting story on the way in which the wives of movie stars manage their finances.
Does your husband turn over his entire salary to you?
Do you pay the bills and keep the remainder of the weekly income for yourself?
Or does your husband pay the bills and give you an allowance?

Divorces frequently begin when there are family disputes about money. Read this story in which several wives explain their several arrangements regarding money matters and the reason why they believe their plan is best.

There Are Features in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for the Whole Family
The October Number Reaches the News-stands September First

Reserve Your Copy Now!
"It's a Real Thrill!"

"To receive a letter from the Answer Man. His answers in Motion Picture Magazine are so witty—and he knows everything and everybody in pictures. I write to him often—and always receive a wonderful letter from him." Thousands of people know this dear old fellow, and his department is one of the finest in any magazine.

For over fifteen years Motion Picture Magazine, the pioneer and the oldest magazine of its kind, has fearlessly, accurately and authoritatively presented the news of the great motion picture industry to the millions. Under the experienced and able leadership of Eugene V. Brewster, its Editor-in-Chief, it has become a powerful influence for all that is good and progressive on the screen. The editorial staff are the leaders in their profession.

A clean, wholesome magazine for the entire family

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
For Motion Picture Magazine, $2.50 per year in U. S. A., Cuba, Mexico and Philippine Islands; Canada, $3.00; Foreign, $3.50.

(Subscription Rates for Motion Picture Classic are the same as for Motion Picture Magazine.)

Subscribe now and be sure to receive every issue.
There is the Caress of soothing Almond in—Princess Pat complexion Powder!

NOT ONLY DOES THIS NEW INGREDIENT GIVE A SOFTER, MORE CLINGING POWDER BUT ONE THAT GUARDS AGAINST COARSE PORES, BLACKHEADS AND DRYNESS

PRINCESS PAT Face Powder is a departure, something different. Every woman will want to try it because of newness alone. This natural curiosity can be gratified by sending for free sample. One of the things you will discover is that Princess Pat stays on as never a powder did before.

Now as to the New Ingredient which accounts for Princess Pat being so different. It is Almond, and it replaces the rice or corn starch of familiar use in face powder. It has been possible with Almond to produce an entirely new degree of fineness. This, in turn, gives greater smoothness. This outward evidence of a delightful powder is noticeable immediately.

But of immensely greater importance, is the beneficial effect of Princess Pat. Heretofore women have not expected powder to improve the skin. It was not definitely made with that result in view.

How Princess Pat Powder Benefits the Skin

Here you have the idea which identifies Princess Pat—the idea of abandoning the starch formulas, handed down from grandmother’s days, and finding in Nature’s storehouse a new powder base. Almond suggested itself above all things else. It is good for the skin, in lotions and creams. Its many virtues are known to every woman. And now the difficult problem of using Almond for Princess Pat Powder is an accomplished fact. The new process is exclusive with Princess Pat. You will not find the Almond Base in any other powder.

A frequent cause of coarse pores and blackheads is eliminated by Princess Pat Powder. The greatest medical authorities have found that starchy substances in face powder swell in the pores under the influence of the skin’s combined heat and moisture. Physicians prefer sober than starchy powders for dusting skin surfaces when all possibility of irritation must be prevented. Thus Princess Pat Face Powder—containing no starch—fulfills the latest requirements of science. It cannot, through fermentation, cause blackheads or roughened skin texture. The most tender skin gratefully accepts Princess Pat, no matter how often or freely it is used.

Thus Princess Pat Powder is to be preferred for two reasons. Its inimitable fineness and soft, velvety texture are a revelation as powder is ordinarly judged. And the presence of Almond aids materially in keeping the skin soft, pliant and flawless. Often, coarse pores and blackheads are corrected with no more effort than a few weeks’ use of Princess Pat Powder.

Ask for PRINCESS PAT Face Powder today—at your favorite toilette goods counter.

We shall take pleasure in sending you free a generous sample of this new Almond Bass Face Powder in a purse-size enamelled box. Just mail coupon to

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Princess Pat perfect beauty aids include: PRINCESS PAT CREAM SKEINFoOD AND ICE ASTRINGENT (THE FAMOUS TWINS CREAM TREATMENT), PRINCESS PAT SKIN CLEANSER, ALMOND BASE FACE POWDER, ROUGE, LIPSTICK, TWO-PURPOSE TALC, PERFUME, TOILET WATER.

PRINCESS PAT, LTD.
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. 1269, Chicago
Check shade you prefer:
□ Flesh □ White □ Brunette
Olde Ivory (The “Naturelle” for that “Peaches and Cream Complexion.”)

Name (Print) ...........................................
Street ..................................................
City and State ........................................
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 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 free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconu 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 coconu oil shampoo.

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

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, 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 if 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 set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconu 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 coconu oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Mail This Coupon and Try it FREE

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me a generous supply of "Mulsified" FREE, all charges paid. Also your booklet entitled "Why Proper Shampooing is BEAUTY INSURANCE."

Name:__________________________
Address:_______________________
City:___________________________
State:__________________________

Canadian address: 462 Wellington St., West, Toronto, 2-Ontario
The Secret of Personality
See Page 19

Who Are The Best Dressed Women On The Screen — And Why?
BUSTER KEATON in BATTLING BUTLER

BUSTER Keaton

THAT great giggle getter

LANDS the biggest knockout

OF his frozen-faced career

IN Battling Butler!

FROM the opening gong

TO the final flop

EVERY round's a riot!

AND Sally O'Neil falls too—

FALLS hard for Buster Keaton!

DO you know why?

YOU ought to!

READ on the right . . . .

You can win one of these Valuable Prizes

Can you answer Norma Shearer's questions?

Do you "glance" or Do you really see?

E VERY Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer fan has a chance to win one of the valuable prizes I am offering this month. All you have to do is to keep your eyes open and your mind alert when you go to see a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture. Don't be a "glimpser"—be a "seeker". You may be one of the winners.

To the person who writes the best answers to all the questions in this column, I will present—if it be one of the fair sex—the hand bag I use in "The Waning Sex" and a cash prize of $50. If a man is the lucky one, Buster Keaton will present and sign the boxing gloves he uses in "Battling Butler" together with a cash prize of $50.

To the next fifty lucky ones, I will send my personally autographed photograph finished in a sepia style suitable for framing.

Go to it and best of luck.

Yours cordially,

Norma Shearer

Norma's six questions

1. In what Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture does a Mollusk play a prominent part? Who is the director?

2. Who plays Musette in La Boheme?

3. In what picture does Sally O'Neil fall for Buster Keaton and why?

4. In what Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture does Lon Chaney play the part of Singapore Joe? Describe his "make-up" in not more than fifty words.

5. Where are the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios?

6. What animal is the King of Beasts and where is he most often seen?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1542 Broadway, New York. All answers must reach us by October 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in value with that tied for.
First—the Story!
It is of prime importance in all FOX PICTURES

So here, in a new group just arriving at the theatres, we find two stage successes, one of the present and one of past years, a novel by a "best-selling" author and an original story by a "top-notch" popular fiction writer.

"The Pelican will pluck her breast to feed her young"—says the old legend. This theme—a young mother's choice between her true happiness and her son's self-centered demands—inspired the title, The Pelican, for the stage play by F. Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood from which is drawn the Fox picture.

"MARRIAGE LICENSE?"

Do you note the question mark? Alma Rubens, the mother; Walter Pidgeon, a father; Walter McGrail, the husband, and Richard Walling, the son, are all exquisitely molded into the fabric of the photoplay staged by Frank Borzage, one of the screen's most dependable directors. A poignant and absorbing recital!

Consider The Lily! No; the flower of the field—but one of the flowers of stage perfection. Adapted and presented by David Belasco from the drama by Pierre Wolff and Gaston Leroux, a few years ago this play was the sensation of the American stage. As a Fox picture.

THE LILY

has been given a fine production. Belle Bennett, who so distinguished herself in Stella Dallas, plays the title role—in France a "lily" is a girl who passes through life without the realization of her love. Victor Schertzinger directed this picture; Ian Keith and Reata Hoyt are in the supporting cast.

Gerald Beaumont, one of the aces of short fiction, composed a story of manhood, courage, faith, steadfastness; its inspiration—the vision of a pure and tender young girl. In the Fox Picture.

THE BLUE EAGLE

John Ford (who directed "The Iron Horse") has set this story on the screen so as to quicken your heart and grip your emotions. George O'Brien, Janet Gaynor, Margaret Livingston, William Russell, Robert Edeson—the distinguished cast tells its own tale! You should see George O'Brien and "Big Bill" Russell in action!

"Harold MacGrath has everything!" So the critics say of this author of more than a dozen actual best-sellers, and in this photoplay which we have called.

WOMANPOWER

We find MacGrath at his best. Harry Beaumont, who directed "Sandy," has used Ralph Graves, Kathryn Perry, Margaret Livingston, Ralph Sipperly and others in a thrill-plus-laughter picture you will keenly enjoy. The title tells the story—some power this!

WILLIAM FOX PICTURES

You Must Surely See!
"What Price Glory"
"7th Heaven"
"The Music Master"
"3 Bad Men"
"One Increasing Purpose"

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Suppose you could follow yourself up the street . . ."

Could you come home behind yourself from the bridge club some afternoon, what would you see? . . . A lady (a little larger than you thought you were) in the dress you gave so much time and effort to choosing. . . . But hardly the dress you expected you were wearing. This one rises up where it shouldn’t, pulls in where it ought not to. Instead of being effective, its lines are—bad. Instead of curves, you can actually see ridges where your corsets end!

If this could happen to you, don’t blame your dress or your figure. But do see that you have a foundation garment that fits you perfectly before you wear the dress again.

The new Bon Ton Foundation Garments are perfectly designed, perfectly cut, perfectly finished. They fit your figure and make certain that your clothes will fit. Absolutely smart and in the mode, they are planned each season to suit each season’s fashions. Among the girdles and bandeaux, the Brassiere Cor-Sets and the Step-Ins; the Back-lace and Front-lace Models and the special styles is a type of garment for every type of figure.

You will be charmed with the appearance of the garments themselves, as well as their fit and comfort. And in keeping with the tradition of this famous old concern, prices are reasonable for highest quality merchandise.


BonTon
ROYAL WORCESTER

A new Bon Ton Brassiere Cor-Set . . . with the uplift top of rayon tricot. Elastic gore in the skirt front and elastic side panels. For all figures.

A new Bon Ton Girdle of Paisley effect brocade in a combination of peach and burnt orange, with knit silk elastic side panels. For the larger figure.
Building a City to Make a Movie

An Editorial by

Editor-in-Chief of the Brewster Publications

WHEN a man invites you to visit him for a few days out on the great desert of Nevada, you naturally wonder if there is not some ulterior motive. Is the man lonesome, or is he trying to punish you for some alleged offense real or imagined? The desert is about eighty miles long by twenty miles wide and without a vestige of foliage, with no water on or in the ground, and no sign of life—not even a vulture or a snake, and with the nearest human habitation twenty miles distant. When I received such an invitation from my old friend Samuel Goldwyn in the middle of summer, I tried to recall some unintentional injury I had done this good person; but found none. I looked up the matter and found that the temperature on this desert averages twenty degrees below zero in winter and one hundred and fifteen above in the shade—if there is any—in the summer. Furthermore, I discovered that blinding sand-storms were a frequent occurrence—at least one a day—and that it takes a good two days to get there from Hollywood and requires changing cars in the middle of the night. A lovely place to spend a vacation, thought I! But when Sam told me his program and what was going on out there, I decided to take a chance, for I had not forgotten that this man Goldwyn had a faculty for doing marvelous and unexpected things, and that only recently he had startled the world with the greatest emotional drama ever shown on the screen—"Stella Dallas." I went! And I shall never regret it.

I arrived at 1.30 A.M., with nothing to be discerned but sky and sand, and a dust-covered auto in the dark. The road was deep with dust, yet—hope springs eternal in the human breast. Soon we arrived at a small city in the middle of the desert—a city that had been built in a night, as it were, just for a movie. I was heartlessly informed that the rising siren would blow at five, breakfast at five-thirty. Cheerful news! My tent, however, was large, comfortable and cool, and I lost no time in embracing Morpheus. When that siren awakened me, the sun was well up and it was already getting very warm. After breakfast I looked around. Activity everywhere. On every side were hundreds of tents, and just around the corner a city street, with stores, banks, saloons and dwellings, representing the city of Kingston, conceived, founded and built by Samuel Goldwyn just for the making of "The Winning of Barbara Worth," from Harold Bell Wright's novel. About a mile distant was another similar city called Barba, which was a necessary part of the story because Kingston is destroyed by a flood and the inhabitants promptly build a new city called Barba. I marveled at it all and asked hundreds of questions about the difficulties of getting food, water and other supplies daily to this army of workers in the center of Nowhere in No Man's Land. Then I was introduced to the mayor, who turned out to be Henry King, the director of "Stella Dallas," then to the beautiful Vilma Banky, next to handsome Ronald Colman, and eventually to about six hundred other "citizens." That day I watched them make a few scenes under the broiling sun on that vast expanse of desert sand. At night they gave us a real picture show and all the citizens were present. And such citizens! Most of them were natives of the surrounding country, all carefully selected (Continued on page 87)
### Motion Picture Magazine

#### TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cover</th>
<th>Estelle Taylor by Marland Stone from a photograph by Richter Studios</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Building a City to Make a Movie...</td>
<td>An editorial</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bulletin Board</td>
<td>The news as we went to press</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gallery of Players</td>
<td>Camera studies of Lois Wilson and Diana Kane, Joseph Schildkraut, Gilda Gray, Alice Terry, Conway Tearle, Phyllis Hans, Doris Arden and Adolph Menjou</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Is Personality IT?</td>
<td>The Indispensable Something is Now Described</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When Good Fellows Get Together</td>
<td>A snapshot of the social party at Constance Talmadge Mackintosh's</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who Are the Best Dressed Women on the Screen?—And Why?</td>
<td>The makers of the movies lift the veil of Vanity Fair and a few well-guarded screen escape</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The South Seas on the Subway</td>
<td>Proving that nothing is impossible in the movies</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Historical Films.</td>
<td>Ken Chamberlain</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We Interview Gloria Swanson</td>
<td>Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In a London Studio</td>
<td>The Paul Whiteman's visit Dorothy Gish</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crazy Quilt</td>
<td>Adele Ornston</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corned Beef and Cabbage Behind a Ming Screen</td>
<td>Elizabeth Petersen</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charlie Goes Under the Big Top</td>
<td>Scenes from &quot;The Circus,&quot; the next Chaplin picture</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Unpardonable Sin</td>
<td>Doris Denbo</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wages for Wives</td>
<td>Catharine Brody</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As Others See Us</td>
<td>Grace Corson</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Suburban Gentleman</td>
<td>Selma Robinson</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He Is a Man</td>
<td>A human story about Reginald Denny</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Motion Picture, Junior</td>
<td>Janet Reid</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It Happened Very Suddenly</td>
<td>But now Mac Burch is Mrs. Cartier and we present a new portrait of her and her husband</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Making the Living-Room Livable</td>
<td>Stephen Goosen</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Rich&quot; Steals Red Grange's Stuff</td>
<td>A practical article on decoration for your home</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Girls Will Be Girls</td>
<td>Robert E. Sherwood</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bebe and Her Modern Sir Walter Raleigh</td>
<td>Taking her title role of &quot;The Queen of the Backsides&quot;</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Carol Dempster Breakfast</td>
<td>She's engaged to be married. What will all the men do now, poor things?</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Forecast of the New Screen Plays</td>
<td>Shows that the winter screens will have entertainment for you whatever your preference</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From Hoke to Dick Bartholomew's Shoes</td>
<td>This may sound like a Horatio Alger title but it is the true story of Gardner James</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hollywood Notes</td>
<td>Eugene V. Brewer</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Picture Parade</td>
<td>The Staff</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Limerick Liner</td>
<td>Read these reviews and you will be able to shop for your motion picture entertainment</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What Is Trumps?</td>
<td>Dorothy Manners</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bachelor Hall</td>
<td>Ben Lyon proves there is safety in numbers</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Editor Gossips</td>
<td>A. W. F.</td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the Camera Coasts</td>
<td>The latest news on the set and off</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That's Out!</td>
<td>Tamar Lane</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Shall I Go Into the Movies?&quot;</td>
<td>Marion Morgan Drew</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Say It With Letters</td>
<td>Our readers have their say—and it proves mighty interesting</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whose Hand?</td>
<td>F. Vance de Revere</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Answer Man</td>
<td>Himself</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What the Stars Are Doing</td>
<td>Gertrude Driscoll</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Discovered!
The Secret of Caruso's Amazing Vocal Power

This is an Age of Marvels. Wonderful scientific discoveries have changed our mode of living and our mode of thinking. One discovery of tremendous benefit to all humanity is the discovery of the principle of voice control by Eugene Feuchtinger, A. M.

His resulting system of voice development revolutionized old methods, and changes voice development from a little understood art to an exact science. More than that, it brings a Perfect Voice within the reach of every man and every woman who desires a stronger, richer voice for either singing or speaking.

Prof. Feuchtinger's method is founded on the discovery that the Hyo-Glossus muscle controls the voice; that a strong, beautiful voice, with great range, is due to a well developed Hyo-Glossus—while a weak or rasping voice is due to under-development of this vital vocal muscle. A post-mortem examination of Caruso's throat showed a superb development of his Hyo-Glossi muscles. But it required years of training under the old method to produce this development.

You can develop your Hyo-Glossus in a much shorter time by Prof. Feuchtinger's wonderful scientific method. You can take this training under the direction of the Professor himself, wherever you may live. And the cost is so low that it is within the reach of every ambitious man or woman.

100% Improvement in Your Voice—Guaranteed

Professor Feuchtinger's method is far simpler, far more rapid, far more certain in results than the tedious, half hazard methods of ordinary vocal instructors. His unqualified success with thousands of pupils proves the infallibility of his method.

Under his direction, your voice will be made rich, full and vibrant. Its over-tones will be greatly multiplied. You will add many notes to its range and have them clear, limpid and alluring.

You will have a voice that is rolling and compelling and so strong and magnetic that it will be the marvel of your associates.

Professor Feuchtinger absolutely guarantees an improvement of 100 per cent—a redoublement of your voice! If you are not absolutely satisfied that your voice is doubled in volume and quality, your money will be refunded. You are the only judge.

You Do Not Know Your Real Voice

Until you have tried the Feuchtinger system, you cannot know the possibilities of your vocal gifts. Physical Voice Culture produces as well as develops the true voice. It corrects all strain and falsetto and makes clear the wonderful fact that any normal person can develop a fine voice if correctly trained. Thousands of delighted graduates testify to this—many of them great vocal successes who, before coming to Professor Feuchtinger, sang very poorly or not at all. Among Professor Feuchtinger's pupils are grand opera stars, concert singers, speakers, preachers, actors and educators.

FREE!
The Wonderful New Book "Physical Voice Culture"

Send the coupon below and we will send you FREE this valuable work on voice culture. Do not hesitate to ask. Professor Feuchtinger is glad to have us give you this book, and you assume no obligation whatever by sending for it. You will do yourself a great and lasting good by studying this book. It may be the first step to your career. Do not delay. Send the coupon TODAY!

Perfect Voice Institute
1922 Sunnyside Ave., Studio 12-67, Chicago

Perfect Voice Institute
1922 Sunnyside Ave., Studio 12-67, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Prof. Feuchtinger: Will you please send me a copy of your free book "Physical Voice Culture"? I understand that this book is free and there is no obligation on my part. I am interested in ____________

- Singing
- Speaking
- Stammering
- Weak Voice

Name

Address

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
The Bulletin Board

RUDOLPH VALENTINO backed everyone else off the movie pages when he challenged a Chicago newspaper editorial writer to a duel. When Rudy was on his way East for the opening of "Son of the Sheik," the Chicago paper took the opportunity to publish an editorial called "Pink Powder Puffs," in which Rudy was blamed for various styles and customs which the writer thought unbecoming to he-men. Rudy offered to prove by combat that he was the better man, proclaiming that the wrist under a slave bracelet can deliver as wicked a punch as an undecorated one. Great was the publicity which followed, but almost everyone agreed that Rudy could back up his statements, and so far the identity of the newspaper writer remains a mystery.

Rudy received an overwhelming ovation at the opening of his new sheik picture, proving that a man isn't out just because a few dismal prophets say he is.

Hope Hampton, she of the flame-colored hair, returned from Europe not long ago with the announcement that she will temporarily forsake the screen. Hope has an idea that opera is her forte, and has arranged to appear in a Shubert operetta called "The Proud Princess." To get in training for her debut as a singer she gave several concerts aboard the Leviathan on her way home, and the reception she got doesn’t seem to have dis-couraged her. The Italian Government has just decorated Hope for the technical execution of her latest picture, "Marionettes," which is done in color.

Constance Bennett, who retired from the screen a few months ago when she married Phil Plant, is beginning to tire of a quiet home life. When she married she insisted that she would never return to the screen, but now she has begun to wonder who will give her her next part. This was to be expected.

Mildred Davis Lloyd has again begun to talk about returning to the screen. Her last attempt petered out because no one could find a story to suit Mildred, but now "An Old Fashioned Girl," by Louisa M. Alcott, has been bought for her. She will release thru Famous Players-Lasky, and—lest the public has forgotten Mildred Davis during these years of retirement—she will be billed as Mrs. Harold Lloyd.

Comic strips are having their day in moving-pictures, now that the musical comedies have been just about exhausted. Colleen Moore did "Ella Cinders," Marion Davies is busy on "Tillie the Toiler," and George McManus, who is most famous as the creator of "Bringing Up Father," has gone to Hollywood to watch the filming of two of his strips. They are "The Newlyweds and Their Baby" and "Let George Do It," both being produced by Stern Brothers.

"Personality" will not be Gloria Swanson's first picture for United Artists, after all. She has decided to remake "The Eyes of Youth," in which Clara Kimball Young appeared a number of years ago.

Estelle Taylor is under contract to Feature Productions, and will play leads in the pictures which this company releases thru United Artists. It is very probable that she will play with Rudolph Valentino in his story of Benvenuto Cellini. Estelle gave an impressive performance with John Barrymore in "Don Juan."

Florence Vidor is on her way East to star in "The Popular Sin," an original story by Monta Bell. Mal St. Clair is directing. St. Clair and Florence Vidor are a happy combination, as was demonstrated in "Are Parents People?" and "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter. "The Popular Sin" deals with divorce.

$10.00 for the Best Title to this Picture

You may send as many titles to this picture as you like—not more than ten words long. All answers must be mailed by October 20 and no titles will be returned. Address them: Title Contest, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York. (Courtesy Christie Sport Girls Series)
Mellin’s Food—A Milk Modifier

If your baby is to thrive, the needs of his little body must be met. He must have food for the growth of his muscles and tissues, the development of his bones and teeth, the maintenance of bodily heat.

Mellin’s Food properly prepared contains fat, protein, sugar and mineral salts,—elements a baby needs for normal growth.

Mellin’s Food and milk makes good, healthy muscle and tissue, sound bones and teeth, and maintains bodily heat.

*Write to us today for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin’s Food*

Mellin’s Food Co., 177 State St., Boston, Mass.
New York and Boston Debutantes –

“like this soap better than any other”

• • • “find it marvelous for the skin”

Lovely tingling strains of newest, most seductive jazz—if they might never end!

Thrill of the ballroom floor, so glimmering, so enticing—if one might dance on and on forever! To be grown-up at last—a debutante—the recipient of bouquets, bonbons, sophisticated compliments, delicious invitations all day long...

A breathless—a dazzling existence.

Never again will it seem so important to look well, to be at one’s best, to enter on each new engagement alert, starry-eyed, with a skin smooth as a shell, radiant and fresh as morning.

How do they do it? How do these engaging young creatures take care of their skin, to keep it always soft and clear in spite of late hours, a feverish social regime?

We asked 224 New York and Boston debutantes what soap they use for the care of their skin—and why.

Nearly half answered, "Woodbury's Facial Soap!"

"It's life-giving," they said. "It makes my skin clear and soft"... "I like it better than any other..." "It's a marvelous soap for the skin."

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury’s is made. The formula not only calls for the purest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped the booklet of famous skin treatments.

Get a cake of Woodbury’s today!

Your Woodbury Treatment

for ten days

NOW—THE LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET!

The Andrew Jergens Co.
1740 Spring Grove Ave.
Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed ten cents send for the new large-size trial cake, the Woodbury’s Facial Soap, the Woodbury’s Facial Cream and Powder, and the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limford, 1100 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Page 10
Diana was careful to change her name so no one would suspect her of trading on the reputation of her sister, Lois. But now that she has become a success in her own right in "The Brown Derby," they can do a sister act for the photographers. Tho Lois decided to bob her hair and be gay and modern, she just couldn't change her character, so they have cast her as the good sister in "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em."
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

The younger Schildkraut is not above playing a villain now and then, when the leading rôle isn't within his grasp. So he will appear as Judas Iscariot in Cecil De Mille's ambitious picturization of the life of Christ, to be called "The King of Kings"
Gilda Gray has in a few short years spanned the gap from Polish immigrant to Samoan Princess—which is an honorary title South Sea Islanders have bestowed on her because of her tropical shimmy. In the interim she has been the toast of New York's theaters and night clubs, and now threatens to extend her triumph to moving pictures. She is touring the country with her first film, "Aloma of the South Seas," which broke records on Broadway.
Alice recently said good-bye to Rex Ingram and their two villas in Nice, and turned her languorous eyes toward Hollywood. She will stay only for the duration of one picture, but that will be long enough, we hope, to bring romance back to the screen. For she is to play again with Ramon Novarro, in "The Great Galeoto"
Conway is one of a little group of Peter Pans who now invigorate our screen. The years may roll by, but these youngsters don't turn a hair as they continue to play sheiks, juveniles and collegians. And the fans love it! Try to guess who the others are. You will next see the plaintive Mr. Tearle in "Altars of Desire"
Odd that it should have taken producers so long to appreciate Phyllis, when only a glance would seem to suffice. She and Marie Prevost were bathing girls together, and Marie has been a star these many years. But not until this summer did Metropolitan pictures give Phyllis a dotted line to sign, and the lead in "The Nervous Wreck." It may be just one more of the far-reaching results of Anita Loos's ultimatum about blondes.

PHYLLIS HAVER
In the midst of numberless complaints about the foreign invasion of Hollywood, there is not one voice to deny Greta a welcome. Even the most confirmed Americans acclaim her. We are feverishly awaiting her performance opposite John Gilbert in "The Flesh and the Devil".
ADOLPHE MENJOU

This is a portrait of Mr. Menjou trying to look like the Devil. Adolph rejoices with the rest of us that, with the completion of "Sorrows of Satan," he is returning to his accustomed type of rôle. In "The Ace of Cads" he will be a hero in disguise.
Is Personality **IT**?

By

B. F. WILSON

Elinor Glyn, who discovered IT

George Jean Nathan, who discovered the secret of personality

**WHAT** is this personality stuff they all seem to be talking about?

"He's got the most wonderful, personality," you will hear some one say. Or, "She's not a bit pretty, homely, in fact, but my lord, what a personality!"

I looked the word up. My thesaurus ignores it. Webster passes over it lightly with the cryptic definition: "Distinction of person: individuality." But with it the annals of history are written; it unlocks all doors, it sways kingdoms and rules legions. Its reach is boundless, and its influence is high and wide as the horizon.

John Gilbert

**Has the secret of personality been discovered? If you consider modern celebrities, you will agree with George Jean Nathan that personality is nothing in the world but Elinor Glyn's famous IT**

Raquel Meller

**THREE GREAT PERSONALITIES**

The Prince of Wales

International Newsreel

zon. The winds rush across bare, limitless oceans to carry tales of it; the earth seems to absorb into its depths the vibrant message of its force; and the very trees bow their heads before its omnipotence.

This may sound somewhat lyrical for a prosy, every-day world, but few can grasp the full significance of this unseen, elusive, not-to-be-labeled, peculiar gift which providence has seen fit to bestow on her favorites.

Recently, a young Spanish music-hall singer came over for her first visit to America. Her manager decided that even the newspaper reporters would have
The Indescribable Something Is At Last Described

Charlie Chaplin seems to know instinctively how to attract women. He is seen above with the Chariot Revue girls to pay the full admission price of twenty-five dollars to see her. In spite of this public challenge to local feeblemindedness (he might as well have come right out and said he knew there was one born every minute), the house was packed at the première performance. Viewed thru the diminishing mirror of the price per seat, every member of the audience saw a pretty young woman with no particular voice, who sang a number of songs in an alien tongue. There was no elaborate scenery, or any gorgeous costumes. But—what a personality!

Raquel Meller is the epitome of personality. Both on the stage and on the screen, she possesses a peculiar force; a terrific appeal, which makes all who see her helpless before her charm.

On the morning after her first appearance, the critics raved about this newcomer. As a man, they proclaimed her a “Second Duse,” “greater than Bernhardt,” the greatest artist Europe has today; and in each panegyric outburst the word personality was so over-worked that it must have laid down and died from sheer exhaustion.

But as usual, it took our famous dramatic Peck’s Bad Boy, George Jean Nathan, to hit the nail smack on the head with his little hammer. “The answer to all this hullabalooing about Meller; all the caterwauling and yelping that my esteemed confrères have been indulging in, is nothing in the world but sex appeal. She has it, as Madame Glyn would say, to the nth degree. She

Three More Personalities To Reckon With:

Adolphe Menjou Dick Barthelmess John Barrymore

Gentle
When Good Fellows Get Together

A Snapshot of Constance MacIntosh’s Beach Party

It was Sunday. A group dropped in at Dick Barthelmess’. Another group dropped in at Constance Talmadge MacIntosh’s. Dick called up Connie and asked her to come over. She said she couldn’t, but for Dick to bring his party over to her beach house at Santa Monica. He did. Count the stars. . . Reading from left to right on the fence are Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle, Mae Murray, Ward Crane, Virginia Valli, Ronald Colman, Bessie Love, Jack Pickford, Rudolph Valentino and Pola Negri. (The last two would be together.) Scattered thru the middle row are Louella O. Parsons, Carmel Myers, Alan Forrest, Bert Lytell, Claire Windsor, Dick Barthelmess, Constance Talmadge, Beatrice Lillie, Josephine Lovett, Julianne Johnston, Agnes Ayres, John S. Robertson and Marshall Neilan. And scattered thru the bottom row are Antonio Moreno, Prince David Divani (Mae Murray’s husband), Charles Lane, Alf Goulding, Marcel de Sano, Manuel Reachi (Agnes Ayres’s husband), H. D’Abadie D’Arrest, Natalie Talmadge Keaton, Captain Alastair MacIntosh (Connie’s husband), Mrs. Antonio Moreno and Blanche Sweet.
Maybelle Manning

“No one person is so limited that only one style becomes them. But every one has a general type of thing that most becomes them.”

Harry Collins

“It is advisable for a woman to study the tone of her skin, the color of her hair and her eyes, and then select a few becoming colors and stick to them.”

Madame Frances

“I’ve is everything. An eighth of an inch may make a frock all right... or all wrong.”

Great dressmakers are like great doctors—they frequently disagree. We ought to know, for we have spent the last few envious days in the gilded salons of Madame Frances, Harry Collins and Maybelle Manning.

They are the three great surgeons of style. We have seen creations the like of which would turn any Ugly Duckling ever born into a Ziegfeld Follies girl overnight. We have gleaned and garnered the pearls beyond price that have dropped from the lips of these creators of beauty, these arbiters of fashion, these Last Words in the costuming of the female form divine.

Each one of them agreed in one particular! If you ever happen to have a few thousand dollars to spend on a couple of simple, but chic little frocks, you may care to know what is expected of you and what is not expected of you when you enter the portals of Vanity Fair.

Well, you are NOT expected to say what you want. It is “the thing” for you to abandon all personal notions, tastes and tendencies when ye enter there. For instance, if you cherish the fond illusion that you look particularly fetching in a straight-line gown of Chinese red, put the thought firmly behind you. Your cue is to say, not “I want so-and-so” but “What do I want?”

It was Irene Castle whom Harry Collins selected as an outstandingly well-dressed woman.

Of Alice Joyce, Madame Frances says: “She dresses with charm and always in the right thing for the right time and place. She can wear any color.”
Women On the Screen--and why?

By

FAITH

SERVICE

Maybelle Manning says of Norma Talmadge:
"Norma dresses very badly in the daytime and at night she is lovely, usually wearing filmy, shivery white or flittering white and silver."

If you do not go with the plastic idea of placing yourself in their hands, you had better stay at home or do your shopping in department stores or go to dressmakers who have not achieved international fame. They know what you want and what is best for you better than you know yourself. That is the alpha and omega of the knowledge you need to have if hubby ever blows you to a Frances, a Harry Collins, or a Maybelle Manning.

* * *

We paid our first visit to Mr. Harry Collins. Gentlemen First is our slogan.

We were received via the portals of a charming old house in the east fifties. Of course, in none of these places

Madame Frances says that Corinne Griffith dresses extremely well . . . and that she has a dignity, a certain pomp and circumstance

"Carol Dempster knows her type and sticks to it," said Maybelle Manning. "Quaint, olden things . . . ivory and old lace . . . tight bodices and full skirts are Carol's things."

Miss Manning thinks that Bebe Daniels is beginning to dress extremely well. She says that Bebe, tending towards the Oriental in type, wears ivory beautifully.
"Being well dressed does not depend upon money—it depends upon the way a woman puts on her clothes"

is there any sign or token of the lowly vocation known as dressmaking. No, indeed. You would never know that you were at a dressmaker's unless you were told and then you wouldn't be sure. You would think that you had dropped in to an exclusive tea, minus the tea.

Mr. Collins, dark, compact, brisk and businesslike, escorted us to his private office by means of a self-operating elevator.

We faced him across a flat-topped desk as we might have faced one of the gentlemen on Wall Street, an editor or an attorney. The pretty ladies and the atmosphere of social dalliance were left behind on the ground floor. Here was the workshop whence emanate the creations.

He said, "You want to know about the women of the screen; whether or not they are well dressed; why they are well dressed.

"We find that motion picture people should be well dressed. Of all the people in the world they have the least excuse for being anything else. There is no possible excuse for them being anything but well dressed.

"It is our belief that any woman can be well dressed if she looks at herself often enough in a mirror. That is the first secret of good dressing.

"It comes down, of course, to seeing ourselves as others see us. And that is precisely what the screen people can do, times innumerable.

"A girl on the screen will be cast as an ingenue, let us say. She will find that the bouffant or ingénue type of dressing suits her excellently or does not suit her at all. Thereafter she will either adhere to that type of dressing with modifications or she will forever eschew it.

"One of the main tests of a gown is that gown in motion. There, too, the girl on the screen has the advantage, for she sees herself in motion as well as static and can judge from every angle and posture.

"There is a particular essence about being well dressed. It does not depend upon money. It depends upon the way a woman puts on her clothes.

"How many times in the Ritz or elsewhere do we look up instinctively as some woman enters the room. We do not know why our eyes follow her, but they do. It may not be because she has striking beauty. It will probably be because of some certain air with which she wears her clothes, which, again, may be of the simplest.

"Every woman should compromise with style. If the normal waistline, for instance, does not become you and the normal waistline happens to be the vogue, the clever woman can suggest the normal waistline and yet preserve the line that is most becoming to her.

"There are no laws of fashion.

"There are principles of good taste and the first of these is to adapt fashion to your own particular type and requirement. The woman who wears a style because it is in the mode is stupid and doesn't know the first elements of good dressing and what is more, she won't look in the style.

"Learn what becomes you and then wear it—you can always compromise with fashion.

"Many people take a type, a definite type, and proclaim her the best-dressed woman of the screen, the season at Newport, or wherever it may happen to be.

(Continued on page 111)

Diana Kane used to dress very badly, according to Miss Manning. She had a faculty for getting the wrong hats. But now they have persuaded her to wear simple things

Alfred Cheney Johnston

Madame Frances says: "If you are as individual as tiny Anita Loos, you have to be more than ordinarily careful to preserve that individuality.

Nicholas Muray
The South Seas on the Subway

Ray Rockett built a native hut on the studio lot . . . planted a few palm-trees and tropical shrubs . . . sent out a call for a few dark-skinned girls and boys—and presto! the Polynesian setting for "Paradise" was ready. No wonder traffic was congested on the bridge seen below. New Yorkers never expected to find the South Sea tropics sprouting right over their own subway.

It is nothing short of miraculous what a few palm-trees will do. The shore scene above was taken on the very civilized City Island.
There is a chance for Mack Sennett to make a historical film. The first bathing gal parade held in Pawtucket, July, 1894, or thereabouts.

HISTORICAL FILMS

By Ken Chamberlain

Some High Points in American History that the Producers Have Overlooked

Ernest Torrence and Dick Barthelmess could repeat their "Tol'able David" triumph in a film depicting the first successful counterfeiting of the Gordon Gin label in the American moonshine industry.
And the blase young lady who first publicly smoked a cigarette might be shown on the screen by Mae Murray.

Raymond Hatton would be the ideal actor to portray the dare-devil who first ate an oyster.

D. W. Griffith might use Charley Murray in another New England historical film, to immortalize the hero who first played golf on Sunday.
We Interview Gloria Swanson

The Cast

Madame la Marquise de la Falaise de la Condraye ........................................... Gloria Swanson

We ................................................. Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher

Guide .................................................. A studio office-boy—probably a potential Valentino

Others ................................................ Stage-hands ... stars ... directors ... cameramen

{, taxi-cab driver ... gate-keeper, et cetera

Scene I.—The Entrance to Famous Players-Lasky Long Island Studios.

A taxi-cab rattles suicidally up to the imposing white marble portals. Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher, clinging to the running-board in an accustomed fashion, alight, consulting wrist watches that have never gone and never will go, but if you should take such portents of Time seriously, it is about four o'clock of a balmy afternoon.

As they reluctantly dole out the taxi-driver's fare, W. C. Fields hurries past. A girl who would be commonly described as "cute" stops him in the doorway and calls her identity to his mind. He remembers her ... they talk ... .

Two or three hopeful Thespians stand about waiting for the office-boy to come back and tell them "He's in conference." They have heard this every day for years but don't seem to mind. Hope springs eternal in the movie breast ...

The studio's St. Peter looks up resignedly as the interviewers breathlessly approach his dictatorial desk. He is so used to breathless approaches.


St. Peter (still unimpressed ... still superior): You're late, ladies. We expected you at three. Well ... Here, boy, take these ladies to Miss Swanson's set. Maybe she hasn't gone yet ...

The interviewers exclaim after the disappearing youth.

Scene II.—The Big Stage.

A bird's-eye view of this stage would show many companies at work. Perhaps there were interesting things to see ... there usually are ... but the guide appointed to the interviewers appears to be an emulator of Nurni and what with keeping from falling over cables, crashing into lights and colliding with stars and near-stars, the interviewers find some slight difficulty in navigation. It may be their age.

There does come to them the mad tattoo of hammers and the shifting of scenes . . . the dull grinding of the cameras . . . voices speaking lines which never will be heard . . . directors calling instructions . . . the tinkle of pianos . . . the wail of violins . . . now and

There is something about Gloria Swanson—éclat or distinction or whatever you wish to term it—that makes you feel silly in a big hat and curled hair. She is simple in her clothes and her manner of wearing them. It is Eugene O'Brien who is with Gloria below in a scene from "Fine Manners"
An Interview Playlet in One Act and Five Scenes

Drawing
by
John
Decker

The Interview Playlet in One Act and Five Scenes

"Motion Picture Magazine" announces that the interview playlets will once more appear exclusively in its pages where they first won their popularity.

G. H.

A. W. F.

The Playlet Interviews

Meighan's latest "Tin Gods" is being filmed.

The boy goes on... no time to call greetings... no vestige of time for so much as the traditional Hail and Farewell... .

The Boy (briefly): Look out for the paint.

This injunction was evidently intended for Gladys Hall, who has run on with head pivoted backward in a weak attempt to locate Thomas Meighan, who MIGHT be tin-godding in the vicinity.

Adele Whitely Fletcher (her efficiency keeping (Continued on page 94)
Paul Whiteman is a movie actor now. And a very good one, too, according to our latest advice from England, where he played in "London" with Dorothy Gish. The lady on his left is Mrs. Whiteman, who is lovely enough to consider a career in the movies herself.

This is another Limehouse story by Thomas Burke. Let us hope that it brings Dorothy some portion of the fame which Mr. Burke's "Broken Blossoms" brought to her sister, Lillian.
They drove home thru Central Park in an old hansom cab. It was Elysian. Judith marveled that life could be so gloriously perfect.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters on Page 84

Crazy Quilt

By Adele Ormiston

Judith reached the stage just in time to dust some powder over her make-up before McAllister called the company for the first scene. And once on the set she worked steadily. As the afternoon progressed, she felt that both McAllister and Grady were showing her a marked attention. Twice she was definitely selected for forward positions and once again she was given a bit of business.

Every atom of her mind and body was gloriously alive. The fascinating chaos of the studio all about her... grease-paint... a camera grinding... and Harvey Dunn's lounging figure about to appear on the side-lines...
$200 in Prizes

Why do you think “Crazy Quilt” is an altogether fitting and proper title for this story of the motion picture studios? Write us your opinion. Two hundred dollars in prizes is offered for the best letters. See page 72 for further details.

The Editor.


At five o'clock she began to watch the entrance thru which Mr. Dunn had appeared that morning. At five-thirty she began to grow apprehensive. She wondered when the offices closed. She wondered when the company would stop work. She was angry with herself for letting the appearance or the non-appearance of one Harvey Dunn matter to her so tremendously, but it continued to be important.

When McAllister was rehearsing Miss Uland for a closeup, Judith managed to have a word with Grady. She knew that it was impolite to seem anxious to get away. Too many were willing to stay until all hours.

But she felt that she must know how long they were to work. Perhaps Mr. Dunn knew they would be late. Instinctively she made her voice casual when she asked: “Are we going to complete this sequence tonight?”

“Bet your life,” Grady informed her. “God, they're stingy around here lately.”
Then he remembered that this girl was friendly with Dunn. He modified his remark. "You cant blame them, of course," he said. "So many directors loaf on the job. It is business. Now their economy wave is at a peak. McAllister will finish with this set tonight. You can count on that. Then they can strike it and build the yacht cabin while we are on location tomorrow.

"No time is lost when a director gets a bonus for finishing his productions in record time."

He went off to see about some detail and Judith was again called to the set.

Six o'clock... She was almost too nervous to grasp the situation as McAllister explained it. She wondered why Harvey Dunn had not come up on the stage as he had said he would. She knew he had not been around all afternoon. For she had been watching, eagerly.

For the first time since her arrival in New York, Judith found herself more concerned in an outside interest than in her career. At six-thirty McAllister stopped work.

Almost immediately the set cleared of people. The extras hurriedly collected their pay checks from Grady and disappeared. Judith deliberately waited until the others had gone before she asked for her check. She saw that it paid her fifteen dollars for the day's work but this seemed inconsequential. Yesterday it would have been momentous. But that was yesterday... and today Harvey Dunn had said he would come up on the stage to see her and he had not done so. Judith was miserable.

She could not linger in the studio any longer. Grady was gathering up the thumbed directorial 'script, a sheaf of notes and a small megaphone.

The stage otherwise was deserted. Late afternoon shadows had crept thru the windows as the great lights had sputtered out.

Judith wondered if she could have misunderstood Mr. Dunn. Or had he said he would see her later in a careless moment and proceeded to forget all about her.

She started down the stairs to the dressing-room.

Suddenly she was very tired. The tautness of nerves and spirit which she always knew when a camera began to grind had wearied her. And her disappointment had been more important than she admitted to herself.

She smeared her face with the cold-cream and kneaded it in her skin. Around and around. Her fingers circled her face with a slow monotony. She wiped off the mascara slowly.

The wardrobe mistress was waiting impatiently for her to finish with her dressing. She must remain until every girl left, so that she could lock the room.

She asked Judith to hurry. Judith obliged. She was surprised to notice how slowly she had been making her preparations. It was now almost seven o'clock. There seemed no longer any reason to dally. He had gone home without even attempting to see her again. She took a perverse pleasure in forcing this fact upon her consciousness.

Nevertheless, as she walked down the corridor that led past the offices, she hoped that she would hear her name called. And all the way to the subway she imagined that she heard hurrying steps behind her and planned just what attitude she would assume if he should overtake her.

She was mystified as well as hurt. She supposed this was what they called a "stand-up." It was unpleasant, whatever else it was. Judith was unaccustomed to having men fail her. It had never happened before. And never before would it have concerned her one hundredth so much.

She stopped at the little delicatessen store around the corner from her house.

"A combination sandwich, a pint of milk and one fresh egg."

The large German woman knew Judith and, as she turned heavily to fill the order, she asked "Been working in the movies today?"

Judith briefly said that she had. Usually she was eager to talk about her experiences and Mrs. Schmalz was disappointed. It was pleasant to hear about that unbelievable world.

"You look kind of peaked," she said. "Hard work. I suppose. But I dont ever remember seeing you look so sort of all in before."

"We were late tonight," Judith explained. "We had (Continued on page 72)"
Corned Beef and Cabbage

Illustration by
MacGregor

It Would Be Difficult for the Screen Stars to Live Up to All That Is Written About Them. And They Do Not Try

By
ELIZABETH PETERSEN

In a darkened little Picture House, Alma Rubens was fading into the usual happy ending in the arms of a handsome leading man. Exotic in her dark-eyed loveliness, she seemed some legendary princess far removed from the audience yearning towards her.

The girl in the row behind me sighed dreamily.

"Isn't she just too gorgeous for words," she whispered to the prosaic young man beside her, "could you imagine her ever having to cook or wash dishes or—or anything," she concluded vaguely.

The young man could not. Who could associate the lovely Alma with every-day happenings?

The evening before I had been her guest for dinner in one of those exclusive and expensive hotels facing Central Park. Her mother was cooking it as an especial treat and certain familiar odors—behind the exquisite Ming screen which I knew concealed the famous Ruben electric grill. And what do you suppose we had for dinner—corned beef and cabbage!

Corned beef and cabbage and the jade of old Cathay—the magical beauty of a screen fashioned for some ancient emperor and behind it an electric grill, modern, efficient, prosaic—the humdrum order of every-day and the lure of the centuries.

Somehow it accentuated the fact that there isn't so much difference between generations and things and people, and that kings and queens and movie stars aren't so different from us mortals after all.

For in spite of the fabulous tales that drift to us from the studios, the stars are very human.

Jackie Coogan may be the idol of every child's dream and yet he has to learn his spelling and fractions and go to bed at eight just like any other little boy or girl of his age.

Conrad Nagel is an usher in a Christian Science Church and Mabel Ballin does her own upholstering most of the time and occasionally sews shirts for her husband, Hugo Ballin, the director.

You may think Gloria Swanson too decorative a person to have anything in common with a woman of the slums and yet the tie that binds them is the strongest in the world. They are both mothers.

The sophisticated, dazzling Gloria counts her happiest moments those devoted to her babies and takes a sensible and active part in their care. She has the true mother's heart and it isn't alone her own baby Gloria...
Behind a Ming Screen

Many erotic precedes Hollywood Hat. Behind the scenes looking over her shoulder, Anna Q. Nilsson rests her dress givers. The dress givers stopped, as Gradually she realized the disconcerting Disarrays and unhappiness. Gloria was visibly affected. She tried to go on but couldn’t. The spark was gone. She was nervous, tense, upset.

Suddenly she stopped short and before anybody realized what was happening, she had taken the baby from the arms of its distracted mother and was crooning a little melody such as only mothers know, to the tiny mite. Gradually the crying stopped, the little fingers clutching at her dress relaxed, and a tiny golden head rested blissfully on her shoulder.

Somehow it was like looking deep into Gloria’s soul.

Years before Estelle Taylor became Mrs. Jack Dempsey she was buying fine linen and satiny damask for her hope chest just as millions of girls are doing all over the world. Many of her fellow actors smiled to see the fascinating Estelle embroidery initials on guest towels and napkins between scenes at the studio but she kept right on doing it, for her hope chest meant just as much to her as it would to you or me.

Before Jack Barrymore arrived in Hollywood he was classified as “High Hat” and temperamental. Rumor had preceded him and his caustic wit, his erotic impulses and temperamental outbursts were the talk of Hollywood. Then he came and everybody was astonished to find him both simple and unassuming. Given old comfortable clothes and a fishing rod, he was absolutely content. His cronies at the studio were counted among the stage hands, the electricians and the cameramen. Some of them had worked with him on Broadway and with these there was reminiscence.

(Continued on page 104)

Jack Barrymore has a reputation for being temperamental. But given comfortable old clothes and a fishing rod, he is absolutely content. On the left is John on the bowsprit of his schooner Mariner, which he captained in a race from California to Honolulu. He had a crew of fourteen gentlemen adventurers.
Charlie Goes Under the Big Top

Charlie Chaplin planned to go to the Paris boulevards for the locale of his next picture. It was to be called "The Boulevardier." He thought a lot could happen to a man out walking in Paris . . .

... but he changed the Chaplin mind and took Mr. Barnum's famous tanbark for his stage. He must have decided that even more could happen to a man in a circus. At any rate, knowing Charlie, we feel confident that "The Circus" is well named.

In a way, Charlie used his first idea, for the protagonist of this new story is a man-about-town. He becomes mixed up with pink lemonade, peanuts, popcorn and other circus accoutrements because of a girl. And the girl in the case is Merna Kennedy.
The Unpardonable Sin

A little nonsense about the pet aversion of Hollywood

By
DORIS DENBO

RUDY
"It is a horrible, slimy thing!"

JACK
"It's fatal! That's what it is!"

IT'S fatal! That's what it is!" says John Gilbert, with angry emphasis.

"It's Hollywood's crudest curse!" says Valentino between closely pressed lips.

"It's a KILLER!" says Ramon Novarro, with a solemn shake of his head.

"They tried to fasten the beastly thing to me!" says Ronald Colman with an ominous shake of his head. "If they had succeeded—I would have surely been a goner!"

One by one I asked them in surprise—"WHY?"

JOHN GILBERT ANSWERED:

"Because when the report begins going around that you are one of THOSE! It's just FATAL! That's all! Men avoid you like poison and turn their noses up at you as tho you were something distasteful. Women go crazy and forget that it may be a false report and that you are NOT what that horrible thing represents!"

VALENTINO ANSWERED:

"Because it's a horrible, slimy thing that gives one out! It fastens itself to you like a vapor and saps all the originality and spirit out of one's being. One can never prove he is a real artist while he is reported to have that malady."

(Continued on page 108)
Buck Jones, seen on the right with his family, suggests wages for husbands.

Wages for

By Catharine

The question of whether a wife shall or shall not receive a regular and separate compensation for her services, just as her husband receives a wage from his employers, has been a burning one lately. Highbrow publications have printed articles. Doris Stevens has called a mass meeting. Arthur Garfield Hays has argued against it. Various modern young married women have argued for it.

But Hollywood has found the answer. As Buck Jones, the merry cowboy star, says, out there where he lives, wages for wives is too old-fashioned a slogan for anything. The right-up-to-the-minute one is wages for husbands. Buck Jones knows. He turns all his own salary over to his wife, for a good reason. She doubles it for him.

A census of some of the better halves of the best-known and happiest movie couples, where the wives are non-professionals and what you might call dependent, if you didn’t know better, shows that they have each worked out their own method of dealing with family finances.
wages for wives. They don't worry about it any longer, no more than they do about whether or not they shall bob their hair.

The Conrad Nagels, that model young couple, have as ever worked out a model way of handling their affairs.

"I have never thought of a wage for myself," says the pretty and practical Mrs. Nagel, "because it isn't necessary. I have whatever Conrad has. We have worked out our handling of our joint money together.

"We divide Mr. Nagel's salary into four parts. Three-fourths of this goes into the savings account and into investments and under no circumstances is this touched. We live on the other one-fourth. This is put into a joint checking account and we both draw against this for the things we need, both for our household expenses and for our personal ones.

"If we want to buy something that costs more than we can afford from (Continued on page 100)"

The question of whether a wife shall or shall not receive a regular compensation for her services, just as her husband does, has been a burning one lately. Here are several solutions.
Extreme scarfs will be the mode. Norma Shearer wears one of yellow and black with a long tailored coat. And a tam of black felt.

Every wardrobe demands a utility frock. Pauline Starke's is a Kasha plaid in red, gray and blue. Her soft gray felt hat with one of the new two-toned bands of red and blue complements this frock perfectly.

Dorothy Mackaill's coat of a hand-woven fabric with the pointed fox collar and cuffs is very striking.

Fashion's Trend for Autumn
By Grace Corson

Grace Corson is a fashion artist of great prestige. She was previously associated with Harper's Bazaar and her entrée to the Fifth Avenue shops and ateliers, together with her motion picture contacts, makes her the ideal fashion editor of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

An Open Letter to a Country Cousin

New York—on a very warm day.

On your head be it, my darling! You're begged for "brutally frank" advice about your appearance and clothes and you shall certainly have it, but next time—for I've just a half hour before I leave to see Florence Vidor off for the Coast, and trains won't wait. Norma Shearer appeared the other day in a long semi-fitted coat and tiny felt beret and wearing the best looking scarf I've seen, of heavy black and yellow silk. Four of us have sworn to copy it in some terrific material. We could, you know, simply by having it hemstitched with picot edges.

And Polly Starke's brief little flock of novelty wool plaid is much like one I lived in until exasperated friends took up a collection for a new one, fearing it would drop off. Why don't you have one like it for school? I wore mine for walking, shopping, lunching, etc., almost constantly. Dorothy Mackail's coat is, of course, too grown-up for your, dear, but would be very smart for Joyce, our high hat cousin, she is so graceful and superior!

You might tell her, by the way, that hats here are very tall and narrow at the top these days, but have much broader brims—

(Continued on page 101)

Personal Advice

If you have a personal problem, do not hesitate to write Miss Corson about it. Address all letters to Miss Grace Corson, Motion Picture Magazine, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for the reply. Be sure to give a description of your height, weight and coloring. And, if possible, send a full-length photograph.

The Editor.
Harold Lloyd has none of the flamboyance of the actor. He is for all the world like a suburban gentleman. When his day's work is done, he hurries home to Mildred and Gloria. And the most difficult thing a motion picture editor has to do is prevail upon him to sit for new portraits. This is from the biennial sitting. His next picture is laid in the mountain country, but it is not a feud story . . . rather a yarn based on an inferiority complex like "Grandma's Boy"
At a tea recently, I met Mr. So and So, the noted cartoonist, who invited me to look over the caricatures he had made of some famous movie stars. His walls were hung with autographed sketches of Menjou, Barrymore, Gloria Swanson, and other famous personages. What impressed me was the way he grasped the essential characteristics of these actors in a few strokes; Gloria, for instance, was represented by a slanting eye, a sharp tilted nose and a sweep of hair, but she was unmistakable. John Barrymore's portrait was a long line for forehead and nose and a curved line for his hands; the suave Adolphe was there in a neat mustache, elevated brows and a sneering mouth.

"It's easy to caricature them. Isn't it?" I asked. "They have such distinctive faces."

"I don't catch their faces. It is their tricks that make the caricatures," he said. Then as I looked a little bewildered, he explained: "Their tricks of expression, I mean. All the good stars have tricks."

"You mean tricks? The stars are guilty of tricks?" I asked. He nodded, surprised that I should be surprised.

"Watch for them yourself."

I did, and discovered that he was right. The stars have tricks, some of which they know about, others which are as unconscious a part of themselves as breathing. The little tricks they employ are perhaps their most fascinating assets and at the same time among their most annoying. They have helped many actors on to stardom and they have been responsible for ousting many old stars from their pinnacles.

As a rule tho, the stars don't know they use any tricks. The movement of a hand, the toss of a head, the side-wise glance, and other
gestures are what I mean by tricks: perhaps mannerisms would be more accurate. For the most part the "trick" is natural. I met Thomas Meighan and asked him whether he had any tricks. He thought for a while and then shook his head. Couldn't think of a single one. A little later I put the question to Herbert Brenon, the director, and asked him whether Mr. Meighan used any tricks. Mr. Brenon thought a while and answered affirmatively.

"Tommy uses a trick motion with his right hand. I cant quite explain it, but fans all over the world know it." And the great director tried to imitate the short choppy motion. "Of course, he wouldn't know it. It's too intimate a part of him." I could tell you about many tricks that stars dont even suspect they possess, and many they must perpetually guard against. They, and we, too. That's one of the problems that beset a director's life, watching for a too frequent outcropping of mannerisms. As I say, they are such a personal part of the star's make-up that we must be continually on the alert to spot them.

"Now, there's Betty Bronson, who has an altogether delightful trick of clapping her hands when she is pleased with something. It is a charming mannerism, and when she uses it in real life, it is as pretty a gesture as you would like to see. But in pictures it would be disastrous to let her clap her hands thru six reels of film. Betty has another trick that is so winning and so characteristically her own that I let her use it. I hope she won't read what I have to say about it, for if she should deliberately use it, it would lose half its charm. She has a way of tucking her tongue against her teeth that is inimitable, and gives her that wistful, mischievous look. Anna Q. Nilsson has what you might call a trick of throwing her head forward and up; very charming."

Norman Trevor, whom Mr. Brenon was directing just then in "The Song and Dance Man," has a trick that his fans never see—a habit of wetting his lips with his tongue. "That's one I must watch," Mr. Brenon pointed out, "and also his way of cupping his chin in his hand."

There are tricks and tricks, some as appealing as a baby's little ways, and others absolutely maddening in their cheap and obvious imitation of some other actor's or actress's natural gesture. When is a trick charming? "When it is natural," Mr. Brenon thinks, "or rather when it is natural and appropriate. Some actors are simply full of tricks, but happily in some cases the audience loves them and wouldn't do without them. Take Richard Dix. He abounds in what you call tricks. This gesture of craning his neck as if his collar were too tight, and the comical way of thrusting his chin forward and popping his eyes. But they are tricks that the audience demands and without which Richard Dix couldn't possibly be himself.

"Ernest Torrence is another actor with mannerisms, but he is such an excellent artist that he curbs them when he loses himself in a part. Mr. Torrence has an amused trick of expression which you have often seen in his pictures, a popping twinkle in his eye and a one-sided, screwed-up smile. Percy Mar-mont, another superlative artist, has tricks that never reach the screen because he forgets himself in the character he is to portray. Neil Hamilton has a trick posture that must be guarded against, altho it is extremely graceful."

It would never do for a director to brush all the tricks from an actor, any more than it would do for a mother to brush out a particularly whimsical curl from her child's hair. They both have a peculiar charm, but while a head full of curls is by no means objectionable, an actor with nothing but tricks is, especially bad ones. Mr. Brenon illustrated (Con. on page 82)
Reginald Denny says his present status seems like a dream. He is sure he will awaken some Blue Monday to find that he has been the victim of a delusion of grandeur. Below are Mr. and Mrs. Denny as they appeared at a recent Hollywood First Night.

By JANET REID

HE IS A MAN!

We found Reginald Denny in his suite at the Hotel Plaza surrounded by some half-dozen admiring newspaper women, each one with pad and pencil in hand, each one hanging upon the words that dropped casually, nonchalantly, from the Denny lips.

There were some half-dozen men about, too, each one there, apparently, to gaze upon the Denny person and to imbibe each syllable and gesture.

A test for a strong man—but Denny met it.

He was bronzed and laughing and diffident and trying not to be shy. He has amazingly blue eyes, girls, with that whimsical expression in them, a humorous quirk to his mouth, and he wore a double-breasted dark blue suit and looked like the Great Outdoors.

His manner seemed to say, "Oh, come, now, this is awfully nice of you... but really, don't you know, let's be ourselves..."

There were tall glasses of iced drinks about, a ton box of Sherry's, cartons of cigarettes. When embarrassed, Reginald would pass the Sherry's, light someone's cigarette and lapse back into his chair, or on the edge of his chair, really, with a "Bring on the next" expression. Questions were fired at him like shrapnel and he met them as he met the shrapnel during the World War.

What is more, Reginald has come to stay. We'll tell you why...

There used to be a boarding house in New York kept by a Mrs. Bond. Adolphe Menjou, Tony Moreno, Reginald Denny, Ernest and David Torrence and Eulalie Jensen lived there. They seldom had the weekly board money. But there were poker games and Mrs. Bond... Reginald Denny tells of the days in this old boarding house in this story.

He is of the new era of screen stars, his head is not among the clouds, his well-shod feet do not disdain the humble earth, he knows what he is about and why he is about it, he estimates people and things for what they are worth, including himself.

(Continued on page 109)
The Junior
Answer Man

DAN V. F.—Mickey McBan and
Dorothy Brock have been added to
the cast of "Risky Business," in which
Vera Reynolds is starred.

HELEN M. K.—Colleen Moore is
one of my favorites, too. How did
you like "Ella Cinders"? Now she is
working on "It Must Be Love," with
Malcolm McGregor. You can write
to her at First National Studios, Bur-
bank, California.

THE MAN IN THE BROWN
DERBY.—I'm sure Mickey Daniels
and Mary Kornman will send you their
pictures if you write to them at Hal
Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
May McAvoy is playing in "The Fire
Brigade," with Charlie Ray. Write to
them at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Cul-
ver City, California.

MARY ELLEN.—William Haines
was born in Staunton, Virginia, Janu-
ary 1, 1900. He is playing in "Tell it
to the Marines," with Eleanor Board-
man and Lon Chaney.

ELIZABETH L.—Buddy Roosevelt
is with Artclass Pictures, 1540 Broad-
way, New York City, New York.
Universal Pictures have their studio
at Universal City, California. Their
executive offices are located at 730
Fifth Avenue, New York City, New
York.

DOT.—Lawrence Gray was born
July 28, 1898. Gloria Swanson was
born March 27, 1898. Gloria's next
picture will be "Fine Manners." Doug-
las Fairbanks' birthday is May 23,
too.

LILLUMS.—You can write to Col-
leen Moore at First National Studios,

It will be very trying for Joan Duncan's
friends when she returns to Chicago... the
fact that she played with Jack Coogan
during her visit to Hollywood will give her
importance

The Gang's reward for good work in the
summertime is a trip to the beach, where
they have races along the water's edge

Joe Frank Cobb Answers
the Questions Sent to
Him in Care of Movie,
Jr., 175 Duffield Street,
Brooklyn, New York

Burbank, California. Betty Bronson,
Mary Brian and Esther Ralston are at
Famous Players Studios, Sixth and
Pierce Avenues, Astoria, New York.
Vera Reynolds, Leatrice Joy and Ed-
mund Burns are at the Cecil De Mille
Studios, Culver City, California.
Constance Talmadge is honeymooning
in Europe at just the present time.
Her latest picture is "The Duchess
of Buffalo."

JERRY.—I'm glad you like the
"Our Gang" comedies. Of course, we
are going to miss Mickey Daniels, but
he promises to come around to the
studios to see us when he is not
busy working on a picture. Baby
Peggy's next picture is "April Fool." Per-
haps you can get a picture of her
at the Chadwick Studios, Sunset
Boulevard and Gower Street, Holly-
wood, California. You can write to
Mary and Doug at the Pickford-Fair-
banks Studios, Hollywood, California.
Porina is at the Hal Roach Studios,
Culver City, California. EstherRal-
ston, Betty Bronson, Thomas Meighan,
Alice Joyce and Lya de Putti are at
the Famous Players Studios, Sixth and
Pierce Avenues, Astoria, Long Island.

KITTY F.—I am sorry I do not
know Virginia Marshall's birthday.
You can write to her at the Fox Sta-
dios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Holly-
wood, California.

MRS. H. V. C.—You can secure the
information you desire by writing to
the Publicity Department of Warner
Brothers at 5642 Sunset Boulevard,
Hollywood, California.
DRAW FELIX And Win a Prize

Sharpen Your Pencils!
Every Young Artist May Enter This Contest

List of Prizes

For Girls
First Prize: A dressed Felix doll (standing about one foot high).
Second Prize: A large wooden Felix with jointed limbs (standing about eight inches high).
Third Prize: A walking Felix made of metal.
Fourth Prize: A Felix scooter (Mechanical toy on wheels).

For Boys
The boys' prizes will be the same as the girls', except that the first prize will be an undressed Felix known as the Carnival Felix.

Also twelve Felix Junior dolls will be given to the twelve next best artists.

And in addition to all of these prizes, the Pat Sullivan Studios will award a signed original drawing of Felix the Cat to each of the prize winners and also to the next twenty-five contestants whose drawings are worthy of honorable mention.

List of Rules

1. Any boy or girl fourteen years old or younger may enter this contest.
2. All drawings must be mailed by the fifteenth of September.
3. Address your drawings to Felix Contest Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York.
4. Pen or pencil may be used.
5. Make your drawing in the space provided on this page or on another sheet of paper of the same size.
6. Mr. Pat Sullivan, the artist who draws Felix, will be the judge.
7. In the event of two drawings being of equal merit, two prizes will be given.
8. Neatness will, count, but the deciding factor will be the clever idea back of the drawing.
9. It is not necessary to draw Felix as he appears on this page. You may draw him in any position you wish... and give him any expression you desire. You may find it helpful to see Felix on the screen at your neighborhood theater. Also there are other drawings of Felix in the back of this magazine.
10. No drawings will be returned.

Contest arranged thru courtesy of Pat Sullivan Studios, George Borgfeldt Company and the Educational Film Exchanges, Inc.

Make Your Drawing Here
It Happened Very Suddenly

Mon Dieu! More marriage news! It must be the earthquakes. Mae Busch said, "It happened very suddenly," which may sound like someone recounting the events of an automobile accident... but Mae was referring to her marriage to John Earl Cassell, a civil engineer, at Riverside, California.
Go into your living-room and try to look at it with the eyes of a stranger. It may be shabbier than you had supposed it.

Group complementary pieces of furniture if the size of your room permits it... as in this scene from a recent production...

Making the Living-Room Livable

By

Stephen Gooson

Mr. Gooson is an interior decorator of prestige with years of experience behind him. He is responsible for the charm of the sets used in First National productions. Every month he will offer a practical article on decoration in the home.

Each comfortable armchair should have an occasional table near it. And these tables should be strong.

Lamps, if carefully chosen, are most important adjuncts to a room. But they may be unbecoming and absolutely useless.

The living-room is the most important center of the home. Every housewife I know pays some attention to the appearance of her living-room—but not enough attention and often not the right kind of attention, at that.

It's so easy to furnish the living-room with a few necessary pieces of furniture, to add a lamp or two and toss a few cushions on the couch—and think that the living-room is finished. The result may be a room that is fairly comfortable, but when furnished in such a haphazard way it is quite likely to be lacking in both charm and beauty.

The hostess should remember that her living-room...
"Every Hostess Should Remember That Her Living-Room Represents Her"

says

Stephen
Gooson

represents her. She is judged more by her living-room than by any room in the house. A living-room means hospitality—and it must speak for itself and represent the charm and culture of the family. The days have passed when any old sort of living-room will do. We all have learned too much about decoration to accept a room that is without beauty. It's so easy, however, to get into the habit of neglecting the home, that is, of taking it for granted, because the living-room has passed muster in the past is no reason why it may not need to be done over now.

Go into your living-room and try to look at it with the eyes of a stranger. What do you see? Are the cushions shabbier than you supposed them to be? Are the furniture coverings duller and less interesting? Are the walls a bit dingy? I am sure you will notice half a dozen things that can be changed and without a great expenditure of money. A living-room to be really livable should be comfortable and beautiful, too, and reflect the family that lives in it. It should be charming and hospitable.

If I had only a small amount of money to spend on a living-room—and alas, these days so many of us are pressed for money because there are so many things to do with whatever money happens to be available—I should put my money into two things—walls and slip covers. I do not say that these are the most important things in a living-room, but I do say that these can, with the least amount of money, transform a living-room and make it far more lovely.

Walls are backgrounds. If you realize how important a background is in a picture, you must of necessity realize that it is just as important in a home, for the walls of a home form the background for everyone who comes into it. If I wanted my living-room to be attractive, I would be sure first of all, then, that my background was correct and good-looking.

It doesn't make much difference what material you use (Continued on page 114)
Richard Dix will pursue the pigskin in his next picture, for he plays the title role in "The Quarterback." It promises to be a picture faithful to the autumnal game of the gridiron in every detail, for it is from the typewriter of W. O. McGeehan, the sporting writer on the New York Tribune, who should know about such things. Esther Ralston is the girl . . . and if we know anything about girls at football games, she will wave a pennant . . . and wear a large chrysanthemum . . .
Girls Will

It might be well to preserve these mother the next time she waxes when she

When Isabel Vane trod the boards in New York theaters, one thing was demanded of woman's crowning glory—it must be sufficiently long and thick to cover the padding that was laboriously pinned about the head. Mary Astor is our argument in favor of the boyish bob versus this passé coiffure.

Old Photographs by Courtesy of Harold Seton

The younger girls did not attempt to carry the entire weight of their hair upon their head. They compromised and wound one portion in a braid that was pinned up, while the other half hung down their back. Some of these people with a flair for figuring how many nickels it would take, laid end to end, to encircle the globe, might figure how many hours Clara Bow will save during her lifetime because she does not arrange her hair as Kate Bateman did.

No wonder the ladies had a reputation for never being on time. Imagine trying to achieve this Grecian effect of Julia Neilson's, as half the feminine population of New York did when Miss Neilson was a stage favorite. Speaking of such things, Helene Costello has no cause to regret the recent clipping of her tresses.

W. & D. Downey

Sarony & Co.
BE GIRLS

pages and show them to grand-sentimental about the fair sex was a girl.

The fringe and coro-net effect was quite the thing. But it meant that the parts in your hair had to be very correct. Judg-ing by this old picture of Carlotta Patti, the sister of Adelina, this was no simple matter. Billie Dove's worst problem is getting the little curl in front of her ear to stay in place.

If you lean towards the bang, take your choice between the boyish bang that the piquant Louise Brooks wears and the spit curl fringe of Emma Stockman. Now we understand why they used to wear the hats on the very back of their heads. It would have been a pity to hide such artistic efforts.

Gurney & Son

Words fail us when we look at this picture of Ida Devere. Padding and curls had to be held exactly in place by a net. And this was appli- qued with jet flowers. Virginia Valli's chic bob would seem more practical if you planned to move about now and then.

A. Bogardus

Burr

Mora

Wide World

George P. Hommel
ALL the favorite bachelors of Hollywood have been running after Bebe Daniels for years. But it took a professional runner to catch up with her. You have all heard of Charlie Paddock, whose specialty is pole-vaulting but who is a crack all-round athlete. After his triumphs in the West, it was inevitable that he would be offered a part in the movies, always hospitable to celebrated figures.

His first role was with Bebe in "The Campus Flirt." He made the most of this and saw that Bebe got safely home from the studios every night without being waylaid by any of the aforementioned bachelors.

Then one day it rained. Charlie carried Bebe across a mud puddle to her dressing-room. That settled it.

- Charlie, like Sir Walter Raleigh, knows how queens feel about mud puddles. And when soon after this he asked Bebe to marry him, she said she would.

The only thing that makes us skeptical is that Bebe insists upon a twelve months' engagement. Who ever heard of anyone staying engaged for a year in Hollywood? To the same person, we mean.

And mud puddles are not to be found every day. (See the advertisements of the All-Year-Round-Club of California.)
A Carol Dempster Breakfast

For those who breakfast simply for energy’s sake and do not enjoy the morning meal

CAROL DEMPSTER is one of the ever increasing majority who take their breakfasts light.

Gone are the days—gone for most of us, at any rate—when we sat down to fruit, ham and eggs, if not a minute steak with hashed brown potatoes or a couple of chops, hot breads, country sausage, several cups of coffee, et cetera, et cetera.

There may still survive in Merrie England the custom of breakfasting heavily, but it does seem to be dying out in this country; certainly it is expiring so far as the screen folk are concerned.

The diet craze may have something to do with it, but not in Carol’s case.

She assures us that her “penchant” for a light breakfast has nothing to do with reduction.

It was an unnecessary assurance, since Nature has taken care of Carol by fashioning her of a wand-like slenderness.

Besides, we have had afternoon tea with Carol often enough to know that she has no fear of lobster salad (one of her favorite later-in-the-day dishes) nor yet of [Continued on page 121]

BREACFWEST MENU

Blackberries in Cream
With Brown Sugar
Toasted Whole Wheat Bread
Coddled Egg
Coffee

Like the farmer she is, Carol insists upon strictly fresh eggs, and she gives the infallible test for determining the freshness of what the crossword puzzles call the breakfast fruit.
A Forecast of the

The war furnished a tapestry against which many authors continue to move their characters. Both "The Yes Man" and "Tell It to the Marines" harken back a few years to the days of turmoil. In "The Yes Man," Harry Langdon promises to be as seriously comic as ever under a military headgear... and Lon Chaney and Eleanor Boardman are the shuttles that weave the drama of "Tell It to the Marines."

The Great Gatsby's title rôle should give Warner Baxter the opportunity to invest himself with glory that has been coming to him for some time. If you read the F. Scott Fitzgerald novel or saw the stage play, you will agree that Lois Wilson should be charming as Daisy... and Neil Hamilton a pleasant note as Nick Carraway, who brings Daisy and Gatsby together after her marriage.

One thing, "The Honeymoon Express" will offer several surprises. Helene Costello is the elder daughter with the boyish bob. The erstwhile child actress, Virginia Lee Corbin, is a petulant flapper. And Irene Rich ages to the years of gray hair, spectacles and wrinkles for her portrayal of a harassed mother.

"The Show Off" is half the amusing presentation that it was on the stage, it would be a pity to miss it. New Yorkers paid speculators' prices to laugh over the father who played the title rôle. And the cast virtually insures a good production. In this scene are Gregory Kelly, Claire McDowell, Louise Brooks and Ford Sterling.
New Screen Plays

Even if the obvious and flamboyant box-office title of this picture, "Midnight Lovers," does not intrigue you, perhaps Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone will. They get married again, you see. And they are always delightful in domestic situations.

Dorothy Gish has gone into Thomas Burke's Limehouse. In this scene from "London," Adelqui Miller is the Chinaman. It is said that both his performance and Dorothy's have the shadings of fine etchings.

When Alice Terry came home to play opposite Ramon Novarro in "The Great Galeoto," she brought a print of "The Magician" with her. This is the story that her husband, Rex Ingram, filmed in Europe. Ivan Petrovich plays the surgeon who performs the delicate operation on Margaret's spine, following an accident in her studio. You will recognize Alice Terry as Margaret.

In our opinion, Marshall Neilan does well to cast Blanche Sweet in his productions. She is one of the most compelling and interesting shadows on the screen. Neil Hamilton plays with her in "Diplomacy," which, it is promised, will be something of a special production.

André Beranger, Mae Murray and Conway Tearle are the three corners of the triangle in "Altars of Desire." And you just know what complications will follow when Conway bursts in upon this pretty little scene.
A little over a year ago Gardner James, a young Irish lad, arrived in the Los Angeles harbor aboard a tramp steamer. He had served as a coal-heaver on the voyage from New York.

Today he holds a five-year contract with the Inspiration Pictures. Dick Barthelmess is leaving them at the expiration of his contract and Gardner James is to be groomed for Dick's place on their program.

Talk about the Horatio Alger novels...

James was on the New York stage as a child. But he knew the lure of the sea and as soon as he was old enough he shipped on a boat that was going around the world. He worked his way up from cabin-boy to deck-hand and then to third mate.

He was twenty-three when he finally returned to New York. And he was broke. He wanted to try his hand at theatricals again...not on the stage but on the screen. But he had no money to get to Los Angeles. He signed up on the first vessel bound for California—as a coal-heaver.

It was ten days after he landed on the Pacific coast that J. Stuart Blackton gave him his first role...Lord Rollo in "The Happy Warrior." His work in this picture was promising and Mr. Blackton cast him in "Hell Bent for Heaven."

(Continued on page 107)
Hollywood Notes

On Several Famous People

By EUGENE V. BREWSTER

Von Stroheim Steps Before the Cameras Again

I SAT in a comfortable chair in the back of a colossal and gorgeous cathedral, where some five hundred barons, dukes, generals, captains, cardinals, priestesses, duchesses, soldiers, choir boys, honor maids and what not were participating in a wedding. Beside me sat Mrs. Erich von Stroheim. In front of us, her husband was being married to Zasu Pitts. There was music, but it was far from being a cathedral pipe organ—only a little studio orchestra playing “Here Comes the Bride” in jazz tempo. The costumes were brilliant, and the scene was dazzlingly beautiful and impressive. I smoked on, and talked on to pretty Mrs. Erich while the camera by our side clicked on. After Erich was duly married he ran to a dressing-room and in a few minutes returned dressed in boots, trousers, and sleeveless B. V. D’s, and began directing another scene in “The Wedding March.”

“Could your husband ever be as cruel and villainous as his screen impersonations make him out to be?”—I asked Mrs. Von. She laughed and said that after living with him for eight years she ought to be competent to know him as he really was, and that no better man ever lived—generous, courteous, sympathetic and considerate to a fault, if such is possible. “Only yesterday,” she continued, “that officer over there blundered terribly and spoiled a big scene five times, but Erich did not once lose his temper. He spoke to the fellow with great kindness and the sixth time it was O. K.”

A moment later Erich came over to us. He clicked his heels, of course. The long deep scar across his forehead had been accentuated and he looked the strong, fascinating personality that he is. He stands about five feet seven and is powerfully built. His eyes are large, brown, deep-set and brilliant. His nose is large and straight and he carries himself as if born to command. And he does command, but not like a commander—his large flock of associates and helpers follow and obey like so many idolaters. It is no joke running a cathedral and a royal wedding, and half a thousand extras, but Erich and Harry Carr seemed to be succeeding admirably, while Pat Powers, the producer, walked around approvingly. They all tell me that “The Wedding March” will beat Erich’s last, “The Merry Widow,” but that remains to be seen. It has no John Gilbert, yet it has an Erich von Stroheim—a new star, Fay Wray.

I ASKED von Stroheim what he thought of the verdict recently handed in by the leading editors of the United States, who were asked to name the ten best directors, Erich receiving the most votes, 129, Vidor, 121, Griffith, 114, DeMille, 81, etc. Von blushed and modestly said, “They’re all wrong—but I’m doing my best.” And he does his best. He works about twenty-four hours a day. He’s on the lot about fifteen, on the average, and he’s working the other ten, too—even when he sleeps.

I HAVE been introduced to Edgar Fawcett seven different times, and after each handshake we laugh, as he says, “So I fooled you again!” You see he has a different make-up and costume every time and he steps into these varied portrayals so well that I cannot keep track of him.

(Continued on page 122)
The Picture Parade

MEN OF STEEL—Drama—80%

A MOVING, rugged story is on view in "Men of Steel." It has a solidarity, a compactness about it which is suggested throughout—and the characterization provides the motivation of the plot. Symbolism is suggested, too. As the raw ore enters the crucible, to emerge as steel—the symbol of strength—so the raw, stolid workman becomes thru a refining process a power in the community.

That's the idea behind this picture, regardless of any plot ramifications. Some may scoff at its obvious treatment, and its melodramatic fireworks (they do become a trifle far-fetched) which build to a conventional finale, but these scoffers will have missed one of its themes, the ruggedness of its action, and the lusty vigor of its characterization.

Life in the raw is exposed here—the life of men who work with their hands. Their background comprises giant shovels and cranes, flaming furnaces and chimneys. Work, titanic work, is being carried on—and it is this work which dwarfs the romance and makes the film a forceful, compelling drama.

The impression gathered is one of a surging realism which swallows up its hokum. The energy of America is being released—and that idea will probably be accepted by most of those who see it. As for entertainment, it presents a kaleidoscopic sweep of events—moving graphically and directly to a climax.

Milton Sills suggests a true son of the workshop, a grimy laborer—who has the force and energy to rise above his environment. It is only when he becomes too immaculate in his triumphs that it turns the realities. The others in the cast are excellent—especially Doris Kenyon, Victor McLaglen and George Fawcett.—First National.

YOU NEVER KNOW WOMEN

—Romantic Drama—80%

THE German influence is suggested in this picture. There is thought behind it—not only in the treatment of the plot, but in the handling of the camera to record true characterization. William Wellman, who directed the opus, may now go to the head of the class. He has taken a conventional yarn of unrequited love and woven it into something which carries the quality of freshness.

The picture is smart and sophisticated, even tho it sings a sort of dying swan song for its theme. A Russian troupe, patterned after the more or less famous Choufle Souris, takes up the background. The principal male member, a magician who also indulges in tricks à la Houdini, discovers himself accepted as a big brother instead of a lover by the leading actress of the troupe. She has responded to the ardent advances of a gay philanderer who votes in America.

Do you catch the simplicity of the idea? Surely it is obvious and becomes hokumized toward the end, but it succeeds in capturing the fancy and holding it. The camera shoots the action from many angles—the theater shots being exceptionally well executed.

The picture serves as Florence Vidor's entry among the stars. She gives her usual sympathetic performance—and her supporting cast includes such seasoned troupers as Lowell Sherman and Chay Brouk.

A right clever film, this—with a place for everything—and with everything in place.—Paramount.

BIGGER THAN BARNUM'S—Romantic Drama—70%

THE title is the strongest point about this picture. But it surely exaggerates its contents. What is unfolded must be cataloged as an obviously simple circus yarn—that barely gets out of the "Rollo" series in the way its figures and plot are handled. The title, however, has "box-office" written all over it. Take it away, and there is nothing left but a romantic feud which is settled under a one-ring top.

It concerns a tight-rope act—the troupers being an old-timer, his son and a girl. Neither of the men is in favor of the girl's risking her life eighty feet in the air—especially when the act is billed as working without a safety net. So the despicable villain "goes Desmond" and offers to double for the old man. When the latter, thru pride, tries to do his stuff, he falls and becomes crippled.

Thus the story builds to its conflict between the girl on one side and the heroic aerialist and the villain on the other. She brands the good youth a coward, but he proves his mettle when he walks a telegraph wire and saves his dad from perishing in a hotel fire.

Outside of one or two thrills, the piece hasn't much to recommend it. It follows too closely on the heels of "Variety" to be accepted as a real slice of circus life. However, there is an audience for it. And Viola Dana and Ralph Lewis are competent enough.—Fifth Booking Office.
A GUIDE TO THE GOOD PICTURES

We will publish our reviews in a uniform size so that they may be filed for future reference. They are written by critics whose viewpoints are unbiased. The ratings should be of special assistance.

Ratings: Excellent, 95%; Good, 80%; Fair, 70%; Poor, 50%

SO THIS IS PARIS—Force—70%

Herr Lubitsch has descended to the American level, and given us a picture as full of forced situations, crude humor and poor taste as our very worst native product. He has even sunk a little below the American standard of light comedy, which has been raised considerably in the past year. "So This Is Paris" is a social comedy, a quadrangle, a light affair of marriage and flirtation and jealousy, which must depend entirely on the clever handling of situation, for its humor and interest. It aspires to equal "The Marriage Circle" in complexity and ingenuity. But it does not do this. Where Lubitsch was risqué, he is now merely vulgar.

There are some interesting technical effects in the dance sequence, and one or two bright moments when you smile in spite of yourself. Monte Blue, who has behaved like a gentleman in so many Lubitsch pictures, reverts to type under the influence of Lilian Tashman. And André Beranger will amuse only those who have never seen him. Paul Robeson, however, behaves credible and with appeal in a dreadful rôle. This is, as the title indicates, a tale of Paris. But Lubitsch sets out to tell it with a most terribly American cast, and a set of slangy subtitles calculated to destroy the last shred of illusion. Even to one who has never been there, it is quite obvious that this is not Paris.—Warner Brothers.

MANTRAP—Romantic Comedy—80%

Whoever seized upon the chance to take the bunk out of Westerns is deserving of a gold gewgaw of some kind. Here is Sinclair Lewis’ story—which more or less satirized the great open spaces—coming to light on the screen, with most of its spirit intact. In other words, the sponsors have worked on the premise that intelligence is abroad—that it stalks among the movie patrons now and then.

As a result, we have a clever take-off on the great open spaces—a take-off on a love triangle—in which the wronged husband refuses to take the law in his own hands, but looks philosophically upon the amatory inclinations of his spouse.

And who could be a better choice for the little manipulatrix from the city than Clara Bow? When the big, primitive backwoodsman comes forth from the tall pines to taste a bit of adventure in the city, he becomes smitten with the ways of the spirited girl. And whisk the back to the open country—to God’s vast cathedral—where she proceeds to vamp all the boys in general and a chap from the city in particular.

The appealing points of the picture—is its humor and charm—arise from her reactions to her primitive friends and settings. In the end, she vows to be a good girl, having become fed up with city slickers.

The piece is decorated with pithy and pointed subtitles—and the acting, particularly Miss Bow’s performance and the character study by Ernest Torrence as the backwoods husband.—Paramount.

THE ROAD TO MANDALAY—Melodrama—70%

Outside of the technical arrangements, the marks of production, so to speak, which concern the settings, atmosphere, camera angles—and the straightforward progress of the story—this picture cannot be called any “great shakes.” True, it gives Lon Chaney another opportunity to tuck a weird characterization away in his gallery, but the plot is so sordid and morbid that it is not for the grace of the star’s uncanny performance it would in all likelihood be dismissed as a crass caricature of life.

Chaney saves it, however. He appears as a one-eyed derelict of Singapore, who rises from the depths only when he comes in contact with his pure and undefiled offspring—a girl reared in a sanctuary of sweetness and light. Chaney effects his characterization by using some chemical in his eye—and the story goes that the process was so painful that the drug could only be used two hours at a time. This eye of his fascinates from the same line of reasoning that a bird is fascinated by a snake. Watching it, together with his play of facial muscles, you can understand the grip he has on you. And that’s about all there is to the story.

It builds to a most morbid finish—when the girl kills her father, ignorant of his identity. There is a flash of redemption in the plot—built around that one-eyed man’s partner, who becomes a disciple of good morals when he falls in love with the daughter.

Tod Browning can be depended upon for thrilling melodramas. He measures out suspense in large doses. If his story was as good as his direction, he would have another “Unholy Three” on his hands.—Metro-Goldwyn.
PUPPETS—Romantic Drama—80%

Hot Latin love and vengeance are expended in this tale of New York's little Italy. It suffices as entertaining throughout most of its scenes. It is only toward the conclusion that the story spends itself and finishes in a blaze of hokum.

Some may say that Milton Sills is not the type to play a son of Sunny "It." But by good make-up and a fair expression of Latin gestures, he makes a first-rate characterization. It is Sills' job to enlist under his adopted colors for the late war. He reminds a "stay-at-home" or two that the girl he leaves behind is his particular property. And seals his warning with a knife.

When he returns home to his puppet show, the romance still lingers in his heart, the events haven't proved very peaceful.

The picture tries to steal some of the thunder of "The Dark Angel"—and doesn't get away with it.

Still it is an entertaining picture—one carrying its share of story interest.—First National.

THE CLINGING VINE—60%

Peggy Wood talked her way thru the stage version of "The Clinging Vine" with creditable success. But we can't imagine what makes P. D. C. or Leatrice Joy go in for this kind of stuff.

The story, if it can be so termed, has to do with Miss Joy in the rôle of "A. B." an efficient and entirely sexless young woman with flat-heeled shoes who runs the office she works in and the Boss, otherwise known as Grandpa. The well-known Robert Edeson is unhappily cast as Grandpa, an elderly gentleman with a passion for golf and a consuming belief in the abilities of "A. B." "A. B." goes up to Grandpa's country place, bristling with brief cases. There she gets into the clutches of Grandma, a coy young-old type. Grandma "takes 'A. B.' in hand" and transforms her, miraculously, into feminine exhibit No. 1. She likewise tells her that in order to make the grade with men she must practically flutter her eyelashes, cling and tell them how wonderful they are. She does. She then meets Tom Moore, Grandpa's grandson. They fall in love . . . and . . . oh, but why go on?

GIGOLO—Drama—80%

Dna Ferrers' story of the dancing men of the Paris cafés (The Gigos), who earn a livelihood by tips from fat dawagers, has become for screen purposes a character study of an American boy bruised and maimed by both life and the war. Probably fear of the censors made his dancing days brief and almost incidental to the plot, but the sequence lasts long enough to give Rod La Rocque an opportunity to do an unusually effective tango.

Briefly, the plot concerns a small-town boy transplanted to Paris by an Europeanized mother and her new husband. Boy goes to war. Husband deserts the mother. Mother dies. Boy, wounded and penniless, becomes a Gigo in a Paris café, where girl from the small town finds him and saves him.

The characterizations throughout are excellent. Particularly the work of Louise Dresser as the woman who was afraid to grow old. Rod is consistently good, and Jobyna Ralston is sweet as the girl he left behind.

It was excellently directed by William K. Howard.—Producers Distributing Corp.

THE SPEEDING VENUS—Romantic Drama—70%

Do you recall the Wally Reid stories—wherein he dashed across the continent in a fast roadster to beat the Limited carrying the villain or the irate father of his sweetheart? Well, this picture is cut from the same pattern, tho it is minus the dash and sparkle of the lamely written Wally's films.

Instead of having a breezy youth as its protagonist, we have a spirited girl. And it is her job of driving a gearless car from Detroit to Los Angeles in order to foil the villain.

The piece hasn't much variety of scene and follows a single track road in its race across the screen. After introducing the why's and wherefores of the plot and establishing its characters, it swings into action—and develops a fair amount of interest.

The m-for-hike becomes monotonous because it is unrelieved by any humor.

Priscilla Dean is the girl at the wheel—and accompanying her as mechanician is Dale Fuller. All fair enough if you are not looking for masterpieces every time you visit the nickelodeon.—Producers Distributing Corp.
SUNNY SIDE UP—Romantic Comedy—70%

A FIRST-RATE idea is back of this picture, but it hasn’t been made the most of. For one thing, too much emphasis is placed upon subordinating the plot so that Vera Reynolds may frolic before the camera. Not being a comédienne, the girl doesn’t get very good results.

As to the idea, it projects a young madcap who is employed in a pickle factory. She is the cut-up, the wise-cracker—and she knows it. When a theatrical producer sees her putting on her high jinks, he signs her to appear in his musical comedy. She is still the madcap on the opening night. Forgetting her lines and having no stage presence, she ad lib—and gets away with it.

At this point the story sags for want of any situations. To revive it again, a triangle is introduced—one having to do with the theatrical man’s spouse having a verbal battle with the fair picker. But the situation merely affords temporary relief.

Miss Reynolds’ comedy talents are too uneven as yet for her to carry such a story by herself.—Producers Distributing Corp.

THE TWO-GUN MAN—Melodrama—70%

SHADES of Bill Hart! Here comes Fred Thomson loaded down with artillery and he starts his guns a-poppin’ from two quick trigger fingers. But Bill Hart in his palmiest days never had a horse like Silver King—and it is this same noble steed which saves the picture.

True, it is flavored with a moth-eaten plot which places Thomson in the role of a pseudo-rustler out to get some real rustlers. Yet it contains what the Dons of Oxford would call the punch. Fred comes home from the trenches to discover his aging father evicted from his home and the mortgage about to be foreclosed. Doubting as Dad he tosses the bandits to the right and left of him—then mounts the saddle and saves the heroine, aside from capturing the ringleader. The chase is picturesquely staged.

You can spot the finish from the opening scene, but nevertheless, it keeps your attention glued to the screen. Particularly exciting is Thomson’s marksmanship. The high spots, however, concern the star’s episodes with his horse.—Film Booking Offices.

HER HONOR THE GOVERNOR—Drama—70%

PAULINE FREDERICK steps out in front again in a picture built around the safest and surest theme that ever graced a stage or movie plot. We are paging the element known as mother love. It is not conceived on the simple yet grandiose scale of “Stella Dallas.” Indeed, it takes a wise cut out of melodramatic cloth—and defies logic in a number of instances.

Yet, thru the intelligent playing of Miss Frederick—who contributes her emotions as well as her poise and restraint, the film takes on a certain appeal.

Elected to the office of chief executive of her state, she runs afoul of politicians who frame her when she refuses to “yes” them. They make her son appear illegitimate and succeed in impeaching her. And when the boy tries to defend his mother’s good name, one of the skulking politicians is accidentally killed. The boy is convicted of first degree murder in a scene which is easily the high light of the picture.

Old stuff, you say? Right. Yet it contains its moments.—Film Booking Offices.

THE OLD ARMY GAME—Romantic Comedy—60%

HERE is a distinct disappointment. After W. C. Fields started the comic ball a-rolling in “Poppy,” we expected to see him reveal some more of his funny antics in his own individual style. It isn’t the comedian’s fault so much as it is the plot behind him. There just isn’t any. So they introduce some of his gags which formerly decorated the Follies. Upon the stage these episodes crackled with mirth, but on the screen one is reminded of the fact that most of them have been done some time or other.

These gags are used as a frame for the plot—but the picture is so episodic that it simply fails to register.

If you care to know the meaning of the title, it is defined as “never give a sucker an even break.” So Fields flits from one gag to another, occasionally playing the sucker himself and at times making suckers of the other players.

The decorative Louise Brooks acts as the romantic ballast. But she adds nothing to the picture other than a pleasing figure and a pretty pout. Fields is a real comedian. Will someone do him the honor of writing a suitable story for him?—Paramount.
All Aboard the Limerick Liner

August Prize Winning Limericks on Page 88

Tho Connie is married again, She still has a way with the men, And, as proof, she got Lew To pose for this view

Bobby Vernon's been known to devour Buckwheat cakes for one solid hour, But he later atones With dyspepsia and groans.

Ben Turpin's the Queen of the Vamps, For he has reversible lamps. With just one pair of eyes He can flirt with two guys

Says Miss Crawford, "A kick's comme il faut If I just keep my eye on my toe." But please tell me who Would have eyes for Joan's shoe

Are you going to be one of the lucky passengers on The Limerick Liner? We have $50.00 to divide among five winners of clever lines. Remember that the line you submit to complete a limerick must rhyme with the first two. Send as many as you like before September 20th. Address: Limerick Contest, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
What Is Trumps?

They play bridge in the film colony. Indeed, yes. And how!

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Illustration by Eldon Kelley

We play bridge in Hollywood. Indeed, yes. And how!

We play for blood and a quarter of a cent a point.

Trumps are counted even, and four aces in a no-trump hand score 100.

We don't say "What are trumps?" We say "What is trump?"

Work, or is it Works, has supplanted Hoyle as our authority and when your partner doubles a one bid, you are forced to declare your strongest suit—and play it. If he hasn't all the face cards in his dummy, after that, any jury will acquit you.

I guess our best players are Bebe Daniels and Eddie Sutherland and Jim Kirkwood and Lila Lee and Larry Semon and Dorothy Dwan and George Melford and his wife and the Walter McGrails and the Arthur Rossons. But they are experts, a few of them even able to keep score, so in a stricter sense it can be said that we beginners really play with them. When in doubt with experts, it is always best to "pass."

Sometimes a bunch of us get together and spend a whole evening at bridge, going as high as three or four tables progressive. But that is always more or less in the nature of a party and I don't think people play bridge well at a party because if a player is going to progress from table to table he ought to be able to get up from his chair at a moment's notice.

We usually play just one table, tho. And that's a lot nicer. Because, gracious, bridge is just a game, anyway, and if you are going to get any fun out of it, you want to be able to talk, and listen to the radio, and answer the phone and crack ice or practise the St. Louis hop or any of the other things that are liable to come up during the course of an evening at cards.

I think the nicest games I know are played at the home of a certain Leading Lady. She is married to a man known as Her Husband, which is practically ideal, as that makes one couple on hand all the time.

The last time I was over at her house the Leading Lady and Her Husband and a Comedian Between Pictures and a Director on Salary got up a table. The rest of us, including relatives and other professional onlookers, grouped ourselves around the players to watch. For the rest of this discussion on the fine and (Continued on page 117)
It must be that there is something in that old wives' tale about safety lying in numbers. Take Ben Lyon, for an example. Was there ever such a Lothario? The press is always linking his name with that of some famous and beautiful lady. Yet Ben still keeps bachelor hall.
THE EDITOR
GOSSIPS

Of the things that do
not ordinarily find
their way into print

We were lunching with one of the girls
who is just coming into prominence on
the screen. Across the dining-room sat
another girl we knew. A few years ago
every magazine editor sent interviewers to learn
what this latter girl thought about every sub-
ject under the sun . . . from cabbages to kings. Her
new photographs graced the pages of all magazines and
newspapers. And her arrival in New York, once or twice
a year, resembled the triumphal procession of a conqueror,
of a Caesar. Now she is passé.

There was something poignant about it . . . something
tragic and fated. Looking from one to the other, we felt
as we feel when we look from an old person to a baby.
One so inevitably mirrors the tomorrow of the other.

In the case of the stars, the span is very short. It is not
more than a slim decade at the most and more likely a few
swift years. That is the tragedy of stardom. To people
in most strata of life . . . in most pursuits and profes-
sions . . . the crest of achievement comes with full ma-
turity. It is in the rounded years that you stand at the
top of your hill.

But while motion picture stars are in their twenties or
their thirties at the very latest, they are the most that they
ever will be. The rest of their days must be spent in being
less than they were before.

We think of a smile. It is like giving a lovely child a
nursery filled with bright and new toys of wonderful
ingenuity and marvelous designs. The child learns to
accept each toy as its very own. Then, night after night,
phantom hands reach into this room and remove the glit-
tering delights until the room seems quite bare.

It may be difficult for the average mortal who worries
now and then about the grocer or bootlegger bill to know
a sympathy for those with a financial security. They may
say that it is better to have had a few shining years than
ever to have experienced the sweets of fame at all.
We wonder?

When we were in Hollywood several months ago, we
marveled over its youth, possessed of wealth and those
pleasantries of living that gold brings. We thought that
nowhere else in all the world was youth so enshrined.
In other places youth must walk a treadmill . . . shuttle
back and forth from work every day in order that Age
may be secure. But this is not so in Hollywood. Rolls-
Royces . . . fragile gowns . . . castles of uncertain ar-
chitecture on the seven hills . . . here these things are
youth's very own. And it is good to see.

But what about the other side of the story? Is the gall
of being less than you have been through the years that
normally belong to a full fruition too great pay for a few
golden moments?

We think that only those who have lived on the sunlit
heights and now walk slowly thru twilight places can
properly answer.

NEW YORK in midsummer is frequently something to be
avoided. One day in August the thermometer's red
thread climbed to ninety something and the trains out of
the city were too crowded to be considered.

So Betty Blythe and Gladys Hall and we sought the
jade waters of the Shelton pool. Betty parked her rose-
chiffon gown and her rose hat and parasol in one of the
lockers. The suit given her by the matron was too large.
The shower washed her face of its make-up. But Betty
did not seem to care. She dived into the waters, swam
a length and came over to the marble side smiling.

Her face was gay under the bright bathing hat. Her
long arm holding to the ledge sparkled with drops of
water. Betty was having a jolly time. And Betty was
having a jolly time in her own way.

(Continued on page 123)
News of the Camera Coast

It is said that Lillian Gish is to have the rôle of Lorelei in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." This has stirred up much wrath in the hearts of those who liked the book. "If Lillian Gish is to have the lead in 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,'" said the hotel clerk, "I cease to be a gentleman."

"Heaven knows," said a little gold-digger, living in my hotel, "the girl has talent, but if Mr. Eisman were living he would never pick her to educate. I know lots of Mr. Eismans and Miss Lorelais living right here in Hollywood who wouldn't even have to step out of character to do the part."

Letters from fans have been coming into the Paramount studio, demanding that Jack Pickford be given the difficult rôle of Clyde in "An American Tragedy." So Jack is being mentioned for the part, and some people insist it is already his, altho this is really not more definitely settled than that Mal St. Chair will direct this much-disputed picture. Jack probably is just as eager to play Clyde, tho, as Mal is to direct.

Raymond Hatton returned home the night of his birthday to find a surprise party awaiting him. Mrs. Hatton gave the dinner with a navy setting. Raymond's next feature picture with Wallace Beery is to be "We're In the Navy Now," which accounted for the maritime fixtures. Little papier-maché sailors with marshmallow heads acted as place cards. The salted almonds sailed along next to the salad dishes in rowboats, and the ice cream was served in big candy sailboats.

Two minutes before the dinner bell rang calling all hands to come and get it, the guests bowed their heads in silent tribute to Wally Beery who had been invited but couldn't come because he was at Catalina working with the company making "Old Ironsides."

Fox Films have opened their Eastern studio for the first time in many years. Allan Dwan presides at its reopening, also celebrating the beginning of his contract as a Fox director. Madge Bellamy, who recently spent several weeks in European capitals, has returned, to star in the first Eastern production, "Summer Bachelors." Allan Forrest and Hale Hamilton are also in the cast.

Remember Carlyle Blackwell? He was recently married to Mrs. Leah Barnato, the daughter of the wealthy diamond merchant, under whose will she inherited a vast fortune. The best man was William Gardner, formerly British Consul in New York. This picture shows the wedding party.
You may remember Gloria Gordon as the girl who was badly hurt in an accident just as she had got her first real chance on the screen. She had to give up her part in "The Romance of a Million Dollars" and it was some time before she recovered from her injuries. But J. G. Bachmann, the producer, didn't forget about her, and the minute she was completely well he signed her up for another picture. She has just left for Hollywood, to play the lead in "Studies in Wives," the first American picture to be made by Doctor Arkatov, the European, who was a co-director of "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari."

Clara Bow has suddenly taken everyone by storm. Her two latest pictures, "The Plastic Age" and "Mantrap," appeared on successive weeks on Broadway, and the critics, especially the masculine ones, got out all their most vivid and rhapsodic adjectives and admitted that Clara is no longer what she used to be. The innocent cause of all this excitement is on her way to New York to play opposite Adolphe Menjou in "The Ace of Cads." So no doubt there will be a stampede of writers to the Paramount studio, eager to find out from the lady herself how it all happened.

When Tony Moreno is not being romantic under Metro's Kleig lights . . . and when Milton Howe is not banging his typewriter in order that we go to press on time . . . they are to be found in the swimming pool on the Moreno estate.

The Latest News of Social and Professional Circles

Fox, incorrigible story-buyers that they are, have acquired the screen rights to "The Vagabond King," which has flourished as a musical comedy on Broadway all winter. Dennis King, that Shakespearian actor who occasionally lends his gifts to musical shows, gave a very interesting performance as Francois Villon, the vagabond poet. So he is being approached as the most likely candidate for the screen role.

One thing about the motion picture people. They do believe in marriage. Let those who will prate about single blessedness.

Eddie Sutherland and Louise Brooks joined the long list of summer newlyweds. Coming to New York all the three thousand miles from California, Eddie wired Louise to meet him at the Municipal building. She did . . . And one of the speediest romances ever known, even among the film folk, was culminated.

Eddie was married to Marjorie Daw once upon a time, you know.

It is with deep regret that the Motion Picture Magazine marks the passing of Willard Louis. The screen is poorer indeed because of his death. He was ill only a
Rin-Tin-Tin and Nanette are bringing up their family in the exclusive Beverly Hills section, as befits their stellar station. “A Hero of the Big Snows” will frame their next appearance upon the screen.

He has determined not to be known as Mae Murray’s husband. So you will see David Manor seeking fame thru his own efforts in support of Madeline Hurlock.

short time with typhoid pneumonia and his friends had hoped and believed that he would recover.

Sometimes fame is a two-edged sword. Take the case of Ramon Novarro. . . . Universal offered Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer a large sum of money if they would release Ramon to them long enough for him to play Romeo.

And Cecil B. De Mille was known to express interest in having Ramon play Christ in “The King of Kings.”

Ramon was eager to play both roles. But Metro did not see things that way. They are planning an ambitious program for this young actor and they wished to keep him safely within the confines of their own glass tops.

Incidentally, speaking of the program ahead of Ramon, he will do “Old Heidelberg” after “The Great Galcoto” and following this will come Conrad’s “Romance.”

Here is a real mother-in-law story—with a point to it.

Larry Semon, feature comedian, has again proved himself to be a very clever young man. He not only makes splendid comedies, but he can handle a mother-in-law.

The comedian and his charming wife, Dorothy Dwan, were guests of Dorothy’s mother, Nancy Dorothy Smith, at the Writer’s Club, in Hollywood recently. Larry was called on to make a speech about his rollicking comedy of the war, “Spuds.”

Everyone in Hollywood knows that Mrs. Smith has always acted as Dorothy’s manager and publicist. After the marriage, Larry came under her capable banner, and now Mrs. Smith also handles the production publicity as well. The strongest friendship exists between the three and their loyalty to each other is one of the outstanding spots of film home life.

(Continued on page 85)
THAT'S OUT

The Funny Side of Serious Things

By TAMAR LANE

Far Fetched

Saw a picture the other night in which an assistant director was shown taking pity upon a poor extra girl and giving her a twenty-dollar bill, to help keep the wolf away from the door.

We wish to protest such inconsistencies in films. Assistant directors don't do such things. Besides, whoever heard of an assistant director having twenty dollars all at once?

When Silence is Golden

A man in Albany was arrested for talking out loud in a theater, during the showing of "Too Much Money."

We don't blame the management of the theater for its action. The culprit no doubt woke all the patrons from a nice, sound sleep.

Director's Power Will Wane

While the director will always be a most important factor in the making of a picture, everything indicates that in the near future he will have to bow considerably to the scenario author.

While producers have long been exclaiming that "the story is the thing," in reality their weekly payrolls have proved that so far as actual facts are concerned, the director has been the thing.

The scenario writer is at a disadvantage. If the picture turns out good, the director grabs all the credit for it. If it proves to be a lemon, the director asserts that he was provided with a poor story.

The producers, however, are beginning to discover that they are being buncoed.

Something is Going to Happen

We also note that Warner Brothers are going to make a film entitled "What Happened to Father."

This opens up another virgin field for rival producers. M-G-M can produce "What Happened to Mother," Universal can make "What Happened to Sister," and Paramount can rush forward with "What Happened to Uncle John."

Another Screen Face

Peter the Hermit, one of Hollywood's most noted characters, has finally embarked upon a screen career. Peter is the only person in captivity who ever out-talked Elinor Glyn.

If Peter can act as he can talk, he ought to make a great hit in the films.

The Ten Best Directors

One hundred and fifty-eight critics throughout the country recently cast their ballots as regards the ten greatest screen directors.

Here are the ten megaphone wielders who received the most votes: Erich von Stroheim, King Vidor, Ernst Lubitsch, D. W. Griffith, James Cruze, Cecil B. de Mille, Malcolm St. Clair, Rex Ingram, Charlie Chaplin and Herbert Brenon.

Not a bad selection. But should F. W. Murnau, Victor Seastrom and Joseph von Sternberg be substituted for some of those on the list?

(Continued on page 97)
Crazy Quilt

(Continued from page 35)

to finish all the scenes in the set we were using. It is an ince Uland picture.
"My, she's a pretty thing," Mrs. Schmalz said. "She gives the calendar register to make Judith's change. "I always go when she's at the movies. She plays in real good pictures, too." "If you want we'll be a good one," Judith said, turning to go. She was glad to get out of the store. Tonight she did not find enjoyment in any of the little things that interest her better. As a rule, she liked to talk about her work. It was fun having people think you were different because you were an actress.

Why had Harvey Dunm forgot to keep his word? Why? Why? Why?

Judith could think of nothing else. And before the evening was over she admitted to herself that her disappointment was because of Harvey Dunm himself and not because of anything he ever could do to help her in the studios.

Then she wondered if she had shown him how well she liked him with his crisp hair, his big brown eyes, and his long, loose frame. Perhaps he had been aware of her extraordinary interest and felt it only discreet to keep a distance. This thought was the most humiliating of all. Perhaps that is why Judith suddenly accepted it as an explanation of everything. She immediately decided that she could never go back to the Acme Studios. And considering that she felt the same way, even to the Excessive lot, it made the future appear very difficult.

Marcus Goldstein . . .

Harvey Dunm . . .

But no one could hate both of them with a great fury generated by her desire to succeed. And that might she dreamed ffitfully of their two figures pushing her back . . . back . . . away from the glitter and brilliance of New York . . . back to the mansard roof at Westport . . . back to the tower room and those horrible derided heads mounting the hill from the neighboring town.

She awoke with tears in her eyes and a sense of rest. That amounted to almost an illness with Judith. For she had always been an exceptionally healthy young creature, awakening to the morning refreshed and ready for whatever the day might bring.

Today she felt no urge to arise. What was there to live for? She had experienced the more disastrous disappointments, but for the first time in her nineteen years she was inert with the sense of it.

The sensible thing to do was get up and go to the magazine studios. She knew that. They might be casting for illustrations. Or she might go to the remaining motion picture studios in the East, the Feature Studios on Long Island.

While she was thinking about this and doing nothing whatever about it, the pay telephone in the hall below rang. Judith found herself immediately alert. Her heart gave a sickening pound. She jumped out of her bed and opened the door on a crack. She listened. Someone answered it. Then she heard them begin a friendly conversation. And her heartly returned.

"I seem to be losing my sanity," she thought. "How could he telephone me, evidently thru with your last sequence.

"Darnation," muttered Dunm. He made his way over to the extras' dressing-rooms. The matron was busy cleaning some garments.

"Hello, Mr. Dunm," She greeted him with an odd mixture of cordiality and impatience. "What can I do for you? Mind if I clean these while you talk? I have to see if I can get more stains before the dry-cleaners call for the weekly batch.

Harvey hesitated. He leaned his body against the door and in- dignant in a few half-hearted jibes about economy regimes.

He lit a cigarette.

The matron began to look at him suspiciously.

"You ain't come to call on me socially now, have you?" she asked.

Harvey laughed. "Maybe," he said. "But I hoped you would have a message for me."

The spot was obstinate. She rubbed it vigorously.

"Who would be giving me messages for you?" she asked.

"I thought perhaps an extra girl named Miss Turner had," he explained. Something of his accustomed peace of mind came back in the mere mention of Judith. "She worked with the McAllister company yesterday. I got some copy from her for a story I'm writing on extra girls. I thought she might have left some word for me. However, it does not matter."

After years in the theater and studios, Mrs. Brophy knew something about human nature. "If it doesn't matter, you try to tell me," she said. "Go along with you. It doesn't matter, hey? That's why you walked that lazy body of yours all the way over here."

"You're a suspicious person," Harvey announced.

"I wasn't born suspicious, don't suppose," she philosophized, "but years with people do things to you."

Harvey was always amused by Mrs. Brophy. He lit another cigarette.

Now she was on her favorite topic of conversation, the carelessness of the girls.

"Just look at that table," she scolded. "Wouldn't you think they had kids to pick up after them when they were at home? Wouldn't you?"

Her rheumatic finger indicated the long community dressing-table.

Harvey looked. Then he walked over slowly. There on one end of the table was a heavy, brown wad. He picked it up. Yesterday it had been a creamy, waxy gardener.

He left Mrs. Brophy continuing her dirge of complaint and went back to his (Continued on page 84)
HER MAJESTY, Victoria Eugenia, Queen of Spain, is granddaughter of Queen Victoria, niece of King Edward VII, and cousin to the reigning King of England. When as a Princess of the British royal household she married the dark imperious King of Spain, she was "a beauty from the North, with pale golden hair, wild rose complexion and eyes of malachite blue." Today as Victoria Eugenia, Queen of Spain, and mother of six lovely children, she is more beautiful, more regal than ever.

The silver Tiffany jars below, engraved with the royal monogram and filled with Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, were recently sent by the Pond's Extract Company as a gift for Her Majesty's dressing table. Her Majesty, who uses the creams, has expressed her royal pleasure in them.

Try these delicate creams of which Her Majesty has signified her appreciation—Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing the skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream for an exquisite finish, a foundation for powder and complete protection against exposure.

FREE OFFER: Mail coupon for free tubes of Pond's Two Creams and directions for using.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. K
143 Hudson Street, New York City
Please send me free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Name__________________________
Street_________________________
City___________________________

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
"Shall I Go Into the Movies?"

Have your horoscope cast by Marion Morgan Drew and see if the stars forecast success for you on the screen

Mary V. M., February 1:
So you want to be a photoplaywright? Well, you have one qualification that a good many aspirants lack, and that is that you at least can spell and punctuate. You have no idea of the number of people who try to write photoplays without being able to express themselves intelligibly. As for the astrological end of it, your horoscope is hardly one which shouts aloud your literary ability. You have great appreciation and emotion, but not many of the points for which we look when deciding upon a literary career. But I'd advise you to try your hand at it, anyway, taking the road around Robin Hood's barn—in other words, master fiction writing first, reserving photoplay rights to all your output, and then after making some impression on the literary world, hand over your published stories to an agent to place for you.

Dr. C. F. N., July 15:
Inasmuch as you understand Astrology, let's have a technical answer. Your chart is one which verifies throughout a choice of a medical or professional career, for instance, your Sun in the house of health, your Moon in the house of trusts and legal matters, and Jupiter, the physician's planet, rising at your birth. Why change? Motion pictures are a Neptunian occupation, with strong twelfth house affiliations—the ancients called the twelfth house, the "House of Shadows," also the movies were not invented until ages afterward. There is nothing very powerful in either the twelfth house or the position of Neptune in your chart, the present ambition probably coming from the progression of your Moon thru the House of Shadows. Keep away from the jumping celluloid, Doctor. Some of us have to pay our two bits in at the box-office, you know.

Adeline L., January 8:
The day has passed when the prime requisite for a motion picture career was a baby stare and natural curls. I don't discourage people who claim to be unbeautiful—at least, not for that reason. I would advise you not to set your heart upon acting, however, for there is a restriction evident in your expression which would make it very hard for you to give out to the public the full force of your inner emotion. Your best field of work is writing. When you can hide behind a typewriter you will have no difficulty in giving voice to sentiment, emotion or fancy, whereas in personal appearance the thought that you might be showing the world your secret shrine would stifle you. Read everything you can and write as much as possible. Don't be discouraged if you cannot sell your stuff at once, for only the great genius has much to tell the world until he or she is about forty.

A. E. C., February 29:
(Yes, that date's right!) My dear sir; I am an astrologer, not a mind-reader. I have absolutely no way of guessing, foretelling, prognosticating or deducing what particular form of work you may have in mind when you write me that you'd like to know what I can say about what you're thinking of. People get wild fancies every day about careers and such, and the horoscope has nothing whatever to do with such notions. What we can see is what one OUGHT to do, not what he or she may drift into or think would be a nice easy way to earn a million dollars. Now, what you

(Continued on page 89)

EDITOR'S NOTE: All comments made in this department are based on astrological rules, but neither the writer of this department nor this publication can assume responsibility for statements made therein, because inaccurate data is sometimes furnished, even tho the sender believes it to be correct.

You must send: your date of birth . . . your year of birth . . . city or nearest town and county of birth . . . your sex and the hour and minute of the day or night when you were born.
Natural-Looking Complexions

are the result of using Pompeian Beauty Powder. It is scientifically blended to match the shade of your skin.

**SHADE CHART**

for selecting your shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder

*Medium Skin:* The average American skin tone is medium, neither decidedly light nor definitely olive. This skin should use the *Naturolle* shade.

*Olive Skin:* Women with this type of skin are apt to have dark hair and eyes. This skin should use the *Rachel* shade to match its rich tones.

*Pink Skin:* This is the youthful, rose-tinted skin (not the florid skin) and should use the *Flesh* shade.

*White Skin:* This skin is unusual, but if you have it you should use *White* powder in the daytime.

In case of doubt about the shade you require, write a description of your skin, hair and eyes to me for special advice.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is 60c a box. Also comes in compact form in a dainty, hinge-cover box with mirror and puff. (Slightly higher in Canada.) Satisfaction guaranteed.

By MADAME JEANNETTE

Famous cosmician, retained by The Pompeian Laboratories as a consultant to give authentic advice regarding the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparations.

**A SOFT,** delicate texture—a lovely satiny face—yet not a sign of powder. What is the secret of her alluring complexion? Does she use powder? She does, but a shade that matches so perfectly the tone of her skin that she secures the good effects of powder without seeming to use it.

All smart women strive for a natural complexion, but all do not achieve it. Not all women have found a powder that really matches their skin—a powder that reveals their natural coloring. Complexions are not composed of single colors, but a blend of different colors. So it is only natural that the shade of powder to match your complexion must also be a blend.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is scientifically blended from different colors. Whatever the tone of your complexion, some one shade of this powder matches it perfectly. Select this shade from the directions in the shade chart.

Pompeian Beauty Powder has gained its remarkable popularity because of its purity, its exceptional consistency, its delicate odor, its quality of adhering well—and its perfection of shades.

**Send for Liberal Samples**

Do you not agree with me about matching your skin tones with the correct powder shade? Then I urge you to act on this advice, and see with your own eyes how much more beautiful Pompeian Powder will make your complexion.

It is so easy to make this test. Just fill in the coupon and send it to me with 10c. In return, I will send you a generous sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder (enough for several weeks’ use) and in addition a sample of Pompeian Bloom containing enough rouge for 30 applications. It will never be easier to tear off the coupon than NOW, before you turn the page.

Madame Jeannette, The Pompeian Laboratories 2614 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Madame:

I enclose a dime (10c) for samples of Beauty Powder and Bloom.

Name................................................

Street...........................................

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

Shade of powder wanted?

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Say It With Letters

Have you a kick against the movies? Then don’t suffer in silence.
Write us a letter about it. Have you a favorite that you want to tell the
world about? Then remember that it isn’t fair to keep the good
news to yourself. This department is devoted to your opinions and
you are the boss of this page

Another Ten

NAMING the ten most beautiful women on the screen is no
easy job, but nevertheless I am going to have my say even
if I am in danger of a million or more brickbats being
hurled at me. I shall name the ten most beautiful, in my
opinion.

Gloria Swanson. Many people say she is not beautiful. What,
then, is beauty? Has she not personality, versatility, a perfect
form and a beautiful face? Her eyes alone would put her in
first place. And she is a wonderful actress as well. A beauty,
a mother, a marquise and an actress! Vive la Gloria!

Pola Negri. She should have lived when Du Barry did, for
Pola does not belong to this modern age. Her beauty lies in her
aloofness, her cold manner, and her stateliness. But I know that
she is a lovely woman as well as a great actress.

Vilma Bánky. Here we have the beauty from the land of the
midnight sun. Critics, in this instance, have done
wondrous eyes. And, a manner that
makes you love her.

Norma Shearer. Your childhood sweetheart grown up, and just the way
you wanted her to be. She looks best
in flimsy white dresses and big picture
hats. A girl you could be proud of.

Florence Vidor. She looks and acts like a grand duchess should. And yet
there’s a merry little twinkle in her
eye!

Lois Wilson. A sweet, sensible girl that makes delicious fudge, has a good
time even if she doesn’t drink and
smoke.

Renée Adorée. Straight from Paris and oh! so charming! Talks with a de-
lightful accent and has beautiful eyes.

Mae Murray. Dancing feet and
laughing eyes! Sparkling with pep, and lots of personality.

Norma Talmadge. An old-fashioned bouquet in one hand and
thumbing her nose with the other! We will always love Norma
Arlen Pringle. She should always have a tiger-skin handy and
wear long, slimy, black gowns.

Now for the brickbats, and, let us hope, a few bouquets!

Gates Herbaud.
New York City.

A New Crop of Critics, Mayhap

After reading the various critics’ reviews on “La Bohème,” and
their unanimous opinion that Lillian Gish is a distinct dis-
appointment in the role of Mimì, I’ve been wondering just what
they had expected of her. A combination, no doubt, of Bern-
hardt, Duse, Renée Adorée and Pauline Frederick. If so, the
fans could have readily told them that Lillian is not, and never
has been, an exceptional actress. She has always been simply an
appealing child, a very lovely picture and a competent actress, and
as Mimì she was just as appealing, just as lovely and entirely as
competent an actress as she has always been.

The critics, in this instance, were just what they have
long desired the fans about—raising an idol on a pedestal, only to
topple it over when they grew tired of it—or saw their mistake in placing it there. They are the ones who started the talk of
Lillian’s being the screen’s greatest artists—not the fans, and now
they are anxious to take the title away from her. However, I’m
pretty sure that her position with the general movie public remains
the same.

As to Lillian’s not being spontaneous enough as Mimì, I found
her calm pose a pleasant relief to the other players’ tempestuous
actions. Had she joined in the general hysteria of the rest of the
cast, I’m afraid the film would have been in danger of blowing
up from spontaneous combustion.

D. H. C.,
San Francisco, California.

When Beauty Isn’t Truth

I’d like to reply to a letter published in the August Mortrook Picture
Magazine in which the writer complains that there is not
enough realism in the movies, that “too much beauty is evident every-
where.”

Now, I think that’s exactly why we
go to the movies—to find the beauty
we miss in our own lives—to escape from our much reality. We
see in the movies to get something we cannot find during the day, something we
cannot find at home—life turned topsy-turvy. Ideal heroes, ridiculous
adventures, hair-breath escapes, lux-
ury, happy endings, miraculous repent-
ances.

We, who spend our days in humdrum routine, doing things that must be
done—wish for an hour at night of
make-believe. I think the movies
should be an escape—not a teacher.
They should be to us grown-ups what
fairy stories are to children—a
magic carpet carrying us away from
the grind and grind of life as it is, into
a land of beauty, magic, and
make-believe. For my part, I want to see my heroines happy, beautiful and
contented. It may not be life, but I
think it’s what the majority of us need and want.

I think the improbable is the life
of pictures; that the public wants
the things that do not happen in real life—the other side of
routine.

M. M.,
Vancouver, B. C.

Welcome for Mabel

I am writing you for the benefit of one of our oldest stars. I have
never in all the years I have been a fan written either to my
favorites or the magazines until this time and I’m an old
timer myself.

Altho I was an admirer of some of the others who have ceased
to be, there is none I mourn so completely as the one whose pic-
ture, I understand, is the only one Pola Negri keeps. I believe in
everyone having a fair chance, and this is why I have come to
the front for Mabel Normand. We need her.

Let’s not be so narrow as to neglect her honor. We are mod-
erns and need her because she is a great actress and this is why
we pay our hard-earned half-a-dollar—to be entertained, and not
because our entertainers were on a party or failed in church
attendance last year. So long as they work for our fifty cents
and give us good work for our money—we’ll say. Come to the
front, Mabel fans. I am sure one of you has missed “The little
slim Princess” as much as I, so let’s get together on it.

Mes. E. G. M.,
Samarra, Michigan.
UNKNOWN BEAUTY
The Girl Who Lives Next Door
You do not know her name. She is not known to fame. Yet thousands as lovely as she—grace the homes of America. For this is the land of beauty—beauty famed—beauty unknown—and this is the land of Tre-Jur—the helpmate to true charm.

And now it's been done—a Tre-Jur compact at 50c

We once said that when a greater value in quality compacts could be found—Tre-Jur would show the way . . . . . Meet—

"The Little One"—Your heart's desire in Beauty Aids!

Light and slim, and two inches in girth, is its lovely silver-finished case. Slipping handily into the smallest purse—the social equal of the finest bag. An aristocrat in its quality of powder—an inspiration in its delightful scent. Ample in its contents—amazing in its price of 50c (Refills 35c).

And may we introduce two more Style notes in compact fashions for Fall? Tre-Jur's "Thinest"—truly the thinnest Compact ever designed. Gracefully convexed in rich, gunmetal finish—a large mirror and a bountiful measure of powder. Single, $1—Double, $1.50. The "Purse Size Twin"—in friendly size for the little purse—contains powder and rouge at the price of $1 . . . Each brings you the quality of cosmetic for which Tre-Jur is famed—scented with that exquisite perfume, Joli Memoire.

If not sold nearby, any Tre-Jur item will be forwarded by mail, upon receipt of price. A generous sample of Tre-Jur Face Powder sent for 10c—stamps or coin. House of Tre-Jur, Inc., 19 West 18th Street, N. Y.

TRE-JUR
The name Tre-Jur in toiletries is your promise of money's most

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
WHOSE HANDS?

Can You Guess the Owners of These Palms After Reading the Character Analyses?

By F. Vance de Revere

This hand belongs to one of the very young and very new girls in the movies. It belongs to a person who is very individual and different, one who is not readily or easily understood by others. An individual whose nature appears simple, yet in reality is complex. A person who can be most affectionate and also very cold and distant; one interested in human nature, yet one who prefers to be alone rather than in constant company of others; one who lives in the clouds of a world of her own. An individual who would be greatly interested in the psychic, the occult, or anything unusual. This square hand, with its square fingers, shows great power of concentration and ability to carry out plans, a very serious nature, one who takes life seriously and people literally and usually would not be gifted with a great sense of humor. A very honorable person; one who is orderly, punctual, dependable and rather formal and conservative, with great respect for law and order. Such a hand loves to systematize things, is very neat and orderly, and does not like any irregularities or departure from scheduled routine. People with this type of hand admire fine things, in a general way, but they must be distinctly useful and contribute to their comfort and convenience. Not demonstrative but very fond of those close to her and devoted to her family and friends. Great independence of thought and a very ambitious nature is shown here.

Here we have a long hand, with long slender fingers, whose owner would be a tall, lean, muscular man with an oblong face. This hand, with its square palm and long, square-tipped fingers, would indicate an orderly punctual, dependable person who would be apt to be conservative and would usually have great respect for law and order and would conform to conventions. The owner of this hand would be a thinker inclined to be silent and secretive. The long fingers with the square finger tips would indicate that he is a man who is very careful over little matters and would notice quickly the little things which would pass by unnoticed by a different type. He would be very patient over details in any work he attempted to do and very serious and conscientious about his work. The first and third finger being even, would denote an ambitious nature. The spatulated finger tip of the third finger shows dramatic talent and artistic taste. The little finger standing, apart from the others, shows independence of thought more than action, for he would conform to conventions. The square formation at the base of the thumb shows musical ability. The thumb shows love of luxury and a distaste for economy. The wrist-like formation of the thumb denotes tact and a person who usually says the right thing at the right time. This hand shows an honest, loyal person, affectionate and kind with a good understanding of human nature, also decided mechanical ability.

The owner of this hand would accomplish things by the use of her brain rather than by her hands. There is every indication of a reserved, cautious, almost shy individual, extremely sensitive, with a refined nature, preferring quality to quantity in all things and all people. The long first finger shows executive ability; one who likes to lead and dominate situations; this being done thru others, respecting her ideas and opinions rather than thru force. The conic fingers with their lovely, smooth joints denote a highly insip- tional nature. The tip of the thumb is delicately rounded, and rather thin in proportion to the rest of the hand, showing a good imagination, great love of beauty and the fine arts, with decided artistic tastes but lacking ability to represent with her hands. The second phalange of the thumb is longer than the first, denoting one who reasons things out but frequently lacks the courage and will to carry out plans and ambitions. In this case, the thumb is long and well shaped, showing determination and a strong will but great dis- taste for friction and quarrels. The pulp thumb indicates a love of ease and luxury and the full base denotes an affectionate disposition but with other characteristics shown in this hand, would indicate that, while she has an affectionate disposition and feels deep- ly, she would not be demonstrative. The whole hand indicates love of ease and luxury, a very emotional nature, affectionate, with the maternal instinct highly developed.

All rights reserved,  F. Vance de Revere

All rights reserved,  F. Vance de Revere

All rights reserved,  F. Vance de Revere

Editor's Note—On page 88 you will find photographs of the stars whose hands were analyzed last month. And next month you will find the answers to these character readings.
What the World Expects of Women Today

In society—in business—demands the discarding of makeshift hygienic methods

Eight in every ten women have adopted this NEW way which solves woman's most important hygienic problem so amazingly... by ending the uncertainty of old ways... and adding the convenience of disposability.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

THE lives of women today are different from those of yesterday. More is accomplished, more is expected. The modern woman, unlike her predecessors, cannot afford to lose precious days.

Thus makeshift hygienic methods had to go. There is a NEW way. A way that supplants the uncertainty of old-time methods with scientific security.

You meet all exactments every day. You wear filmiest frocks and sheerest things without a second's thought. You meet every day in confidence... unhandicapped, at your best.

These new advantages

This new way is Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it. It is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as cotton.

Kotex also deodorizes by a new disinfectant. And thus solves another trying problem.

You can get it anywhere, today.

If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind and your health. Many ills, according to leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way.

There is no bother, no expense, of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would waste paper—without embarrassment.

Only Kotex is "like" Kotex.

In purchasing, take care that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the only pad embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton. It is the only pad made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and the Kotex-Super. Cellucotton Products Co., 106 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
SARAMOUCHE.—Glad you like our magazine and that you think the pictures are so clear. Speaking of printing, there are some 30,000 printing plants in these United States. Yes, I like Ramon Novarro very much.

ELEANOR A.—I don't know why Colleen Moore is not on the thermometer list. She is playing in "Twinkletones." from Thomas Burke's "Limehouse Nights." Malcolm McGregor is not a star, but you had Mrs. Boying in "A Little Bit of Heaven" with Colleen.

AMY G.—Your letter was forwarded.

EVELYN H.—That's some joke. You say a circus had just come to town. The duck, frog, sheep and skunk all wanted to go see it. The admission was one dollar. How many of them got in? Answer: The duck because he had a bill, the frog because he had a greenback, the sheep because he had four quarters, the skunk couldn't get in because he only had a scene. "Hurray!" Dorothy Guitet's first picture under her contract with British National is "London," and she has signed Will Rogers to play in her next.

CATHERINE I. L.—It is pronounced "Kiek-ee." Tell your mother Mary T. Earle was born in 1880, and that I resemble him very much.

CHARLOTTE, L. N.—Thanks for the picture of the whole family. Mary Brian in "Behind the Front.""}

JACKIE O.—Kenneth Casey certainly has his own orchestra and plays over the radio. He is not playing in pictures right now. Your letter was very interesting. Run in again some time.

COLLEN T.—Glad to hear from you these warm days. Your letter was great. Ruth Roland is to play the role of a chorus girl in "The Masked Woman," featuring Anna Q. Nilsson, Eumer Hanson and Holbrook Blinn.

MISS DOROTHY P.—Yes, indeed, Ben Lyon was born in 1900. I can't very well tell you how many cars he owns, nor do I know whether he ever takes any girls out." Richard Dix was born in 1894. As for Ramon Novarro, he was born in 1899.

CORINNE M.—So you think I am an old man of 102 years old, and still running wild. Well, I'm still in the ring, but not the running ring. Charles Ray is playing in "Thirty Days" with Gertrude Olmstead and T. Roy Barnes.

FLAPPER NELLIE.—That's right, some people think that a baby brightens up the home—it does, and some homes have lights burning all night. Yes, Harrison Ford was married to Beatrice Prentice, and born March 16, 1894. No, tell your friend she's out—Raymond Griffith is not deaf and dumb, tho he cannot speak above a whisper, due to strain. Warner Baxter is married to Wimmiefry Bryson and born in 1892. Run in again some time.

GREEN EYES.—Why, Natacha Rambova is starring in a picture being made in Nice, France, which she will finance. Ernest Truex is to star in a series of two-reel comedies. So you don't think I am as old as I look. But you should see the way I feel.

NOSY FARREL.—I think the players will answer your letters in time. You know they are very busy at the studios. Famous Players-Lasky are not going to produce "Glorifying the American Girl," because it would cost too much money. Ziegfeld, who was to supervise the production, is in $150,000, having received that amount at the time the contract was signed. It may be made later tho.

WALTER K.—Well I should say we are very well acquainted. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is 19 years old. Jack Holt is about six feet tall. Richard Barthelmess next will be 'Four Fathers.'

VISSIA.—I should like to be in your country right now. Emil Bennett was born in Australia, not New Zeland, and the date was January 22, 1896, so you now have her birthday. Her sister Katherine is about 22. You must write to me again.

KRAZY KAT.—You say, be considerate of the unfortunate—even a tombstone will say good things about a fellow when he is down. Righto! Susse Hayakawa was born in Tokio, Japan, in 1889. He went to college in Japan, also at the University of Chicago. He has black hair and eyes, weighs 159 pounds. You refer to "Beau Brummel." J. B.—Yes, thank you, it is Noah Beery instead of Wallace in "Beau Geste." Vilma Bankey is 5 feet 6. That is her right name. "June" comes from Junius, a great trump or family name. As for gasoline—it is a liquid with which to clean pocketbooks.

PUZZLES.—You have the right idea, and I am glad you wrote coming. "Whether does it take a star to answer a letter?" There is no special time limit, William Boyd's last pictures were "The Volga Boatman" and "Eve's Leaves." His next are "Her Man of War" and The Yankee Clipper.

PATSYS ADMIRER.—You've got the idea, but as Judge Landis once said "The road to hell has some beautiful scenery, but it's not much of a place to speak of after you get there." Patsey Ruth Miller was born June 20, 1905. The war between Tripoli and the United States lasted from June 10, 1801, to June 4, 1805.

FRANKIE.—Well, the reason you didn't see Helene Chadwick in "What the Stars are Doing" is because she is not playing steadily right now. She was born in Chadwick, N. Y., in 1897, 5 feet 7, light hair and brown eyes. She was married to William Wellman at one time.

A HARRY LANGDON FAN.—A collision is two things which come together unexpectedly, such as twins. Yes, I like Harry Langdon. Esther Ralston is playing with Richard Dix in "The Quarterback." This picture is being directed by Fred Newmeyer, who directed Harold Lloyd's football picture, "The Freshman."

ENZEDDER.—What do you mean, calling me an "old fraud," and an "old wretch."? You thought you were going to lean all about me in my interview. Ha, ha, you've got another guess coming. Better not talk about the English actors. Wait until you see the German player, Lyda de Putti, in "Variety." Boy, boy oh boy!

NIAGARA'S SWEETHEART.—I suppose all the honeymooners are at Niagara right now. Yes, I like Dolores Costello. Enjoyed your letter very much. Some day we will see your name on Broadway.

MICKEY HUNT.—I don't know what kind of skims make the best shoes, but banana peels make the best slippers. Eugene O'Brien expects to return to the stage in a comedy, "Steve's Return," a sequel to his former stage vehicle in which he appeared in 1922. Anita Stewart is also deserting the screen for the stage. A young beauty as you say are ambitious. I am sorry, however, that I cannot help a Turkish girl from the City of Constantinople to get into pictures. You say you are 22 years old, 156 centimeters tall and weigh 46 kilos. Blonde with dark eyes and have long hair. I wish there was something encouraging I could tell you—but I can't.

ASTRI, OSLO, NORWAY.—Thanks for the pressed violets. Also for the beautiful pictures of yours, and one of Mary and Douglas when they were in Norway. Sorry, but I haven't Paul Ellis' address. He freelances. You write a beautiful letter, and I hope to hear from you soon again.

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 eight years, and it's all yours for the asking. Be answering ??? here for the last fifteen years and still going strong. If you want an answer by mail, enclose a stamped and 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, care of Motion Picture Magazine, 175 DuSable Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
The Woman Who Works Youth Miracles

On Society’s Most Famous Faces

DOROTHY GRAY

Coming to New York ten years ago, the daughter of a noted doctor and scientist, Dorothy Gray, by the application of a new method of scientifically restoring a youthful chin line, soon became one of the most famous beauty specialists in the world, numbering among her clientele scores of the greatest names in the international social register.

67% of all women past 25 and 90% past 35 reveal one or more of these conditions

There are three places—weak places—on a woman’s face which unerringly reveal one’s years. Correcting these makes a difference that is almost unbelievable.

A double chin is a glaring sign of departing youth. So are wrinkles around eyes and mouth. So are flabby or withered facial muscles.

By developing unique treatments and scientific preparations for erasing them, Dorothy Gray became beauty mentor to scores of the most important women socially and financially, both in Europe and America. Scarcely an important name in the international social register but has yielded to her amazing ministrations.

67% of all women past 25, according to experts, show one or more of these three facial conditions. Almost 90% of women past 35 have all three.

Ordinary beauty methods have failed in correcting them. That is why the battle against age, regardless of precautions taken, has largely been a losing one.

Now by the perfection of new and radically different treatments and preparations, it’s been proved, virtually beyond question, that those conditions are responsive to correction.

In proof of it experts now point out that those percentages do not apply to the wealthier women except in a small degree. It is shown that while almost 95% of the ultra-wealthy women of America look years younger than they are, the average woman past 25, in ordinary walks of life, looks from 5 to 10 years older than she is.

Why? It isn’t worry, household cares, motherhood, but lack of scientific youth protection. Correct means have mostly been denied them.

What the Dorothy Gray Treatments Are

Their objective is strengthening certain facial muscles which, by weakening, result in flabbiness, in lines and wrinkles. Thin and withered faces can be made plump—sallow skins can be made white—the actual color of youth can be restored—lines and crow’s-feet around the eyes can be erased—double chins can be reduced...absolutely—drooping throat muscles can be overcome.

The Dorothy Gray methods banish them, results in most cases being almost beyond belief. Today, looking one’s age is a folly; looking older than one’s years, a crime against oneself.

Telltale signs of facial age can be erased.

Send Coupon for Personal Advice—FREE

Dorothy Gray preparations are now on sale at the toilet goods counters of the better department stores and at quality drug stores under very definite and easily followed instructions.

Note the coupon below. Check and fill it out carefully. Then mail it.

Exact and detailed instructions for individual treatment will be sent you without charge.

Each skin requires a certain treatment. That is why no general directions are given here. Once your condition is understood and the method of correction suggested by Miss Gray, you can follow it at home in satisfactorily as in Miss Gray’s own establishments in New York (753 Fifth Avenue) or at Atlantic City (1637 Boardwalk), San Francisco (The White House) or Washington, D. C. (1009 Connecticut Avenue.)

3 Telltale Places Which Reveal a Woman’s Age
Correct Them and You Take Years Away

A Double Chin
Wrinkles and Lines
Flabby Muscles and Crepy Throat

Dorothy Gray’s preparations with complete directions for treatments can be obtained at the leading department stores and quality drug stores throughout the country.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
the favorite trick of a bad actor, an awkward gesture of the hands, as if asking alms. Probably in some remote stock company, the actor was taught to hold his hands that way when he didn’t know what else to do with them, and he never recovered from it.

An outstanding example of tricks, good and terribly bad, is Mac Murray, or as the truthfully says Mac Murray, for in “The Merry Widow” she shows herself to be an unquestionably fine actress. The Girl with the Bee Stung Lips, they used to call her back when she was in the Follies and she probably took the appellation too seriously, for every one of her pictures showed the same type, whether she was supposed to be a Russian Countess or a virtuous chorus girl. You remember it, don’t you? And Mac had another trick of kicking her heels back or waving her forefinger to register coyness, a habit no doubt acquired thru dancing. She started her career as a dancer, you know. Von Stroheim had many unkind things to say about the well-known poet and after a few bitter quarrels, he made her give up some of her tricks and try some real acting.

Nobody thinks of ethereal Claire Windsor as possessing any tricks, but she has one that registers every time it is used, which is pretty often. Watch her clever that slow, drowsy way she drops her eyelids, as if the weight of her lashes was too much to bear. It’s a lovely gesture. John Gilbert is, so far as I can discover, guilty of only one trick. I doubt whether he knows it, tho it characterizes him off the screen as well as on. His walk in a way, it is a key to a whole personage, for his tricks often are. It is a springy, darting walk, as fascinatingly alive and expressive as his face is. His directors know his fans like him to walk that way and they don’t check it.

One of the swifts rising stars in movies is a creature alluring tricks, Constance Bennett. The Lorelei of German folklore must have looked like Constance, I think. She has sex appeal to a higher degree than any other film actress, and the tricks she uses are remarkably simple, as simple and as baffling as the lure of any ancient siren. She looks at you with half-closed eyes that say “You wouldn’t dare,” while her lips and her provocative chin say, “Want you, please?” Then the blonde Constance has a slight wiggling serpentine movement with her shoulder that is irresistible.

You’ve heard of the new verb “Pringling” and you know, of course, that it best describes a gesture that Aileen Pringle is fond of using, a little too fond. It sometimes seems. She flares her nostrils, elevates her eyebrows, tilts her chin and draws herself to the full height of her magnificent form. Then, before yellow mirror. One director told me she liked it. Another abhorred it. So there you are.

Both Norma Shearer and Talmadge are devoid of tricks, so far as I am aware. But you can learn from their directors and others who are most familiar with their acting. Mary Pickford is a pet trick and it looks clever. Gloria Swanson to discover it, as she demonstrated in her picture, “Coast of Pavlov,” Gloria’s imitation of Mary’s famous childlike��态 was one of the finest bits of barbs. I’ve seen on the screen, and for the moment the pinprick Swanson face looked exactly like the angelic Pickford face. We are the only unaffected, un mannered person I can think of, except Alice Joyce, who equals her for naturalness. Lillian Gish is at once an actress devoid of tricks and an actress supreme. Lillian always is herself at all times with her placid smile and her wistful eyes, yet she and her parts are so completely lost in each other that they can’t be separated and you can’t tell whether the tricks belong to her or the part she is playing.

Speaking of Lillian Gish brings us to D. W. Griffith. D. W. Griffith has been accused of purveying holism, but what of it? He is what is called “of the theater,” meaning that he is versed in the dramas and that still gets the hearts of audiences. Mr. Griffith’s heroines are strangely alike. They are all wistful, hazy-eyed, wan-faced and fluttery. Lon Chaney has carried trickery to a fine art. Trick faces, trick make-up, trick costumes and trick characters have become identified with Mr. Chaney in his scene of those revelations of unusual roles. Still, one would not call him a man of tricks because he does not have a limited set of mannerisms which he uses in all pictures. As any actor might. Instead, he adopts for the course of the pictures those idiosyncrasies which the man he is acting would use or they would not be free from tricks. One is Richard Barthelmess, an artist if ever there was one, and Ramon Novarro, whose only “trick” is the way he thrusts his head forward or back.

Tricks properly used are an actor whose style is to a writer, is the original viewpoint of Frank Tuttle, one of our brightest young directors who has worked with such stars as Menjou and Bebe Daniels. Imagine Michel Arno. His literary tricks. Would he be flat and lifeless? That is precisely what Mr. Tuttle thinks of mannerisms in an actor. He says, “Menjou is not too much a person, those who are. He’s funny that the actor has said to have mannerisms should be such ardent admirers of other art,” said. Mr. Tuttle. “John Barrymore and Adolph Menjou are not the same people who criticize them are more interested in Barrymore than in the play. Some one lofty said, It is Hamlet in Barrymore. Not Barrymore in Hamlet. Menjou has an individual way of expressing himself, which some people call tricks. After all, how many ways are there of saying the same thing? They show surprise differently than I do. That is your way of doing it, and as often as you are surprised you will want that same expression. The same is true of an actor. The same is true of Menjou. He shows surprise, and his lips part while he raises his eyebrows. He shows delight while his mouth turns down at the corners knowingly. But he feels every one of his emotions, for Menjou is too great an actor to wear a mask. Very often the real trouble lies in the pictures that artists like Menjou are assigned. Given a story with a limited run, the writer repeats his expressions? But as for tricks—I’d as soon have champagne without a kick as an actor without tricks. They’re nothing more nor less than his style.”
On Trial

Sensational offer—almost a year to pay! An outfit of 77 pieces—and a 7 piece set of Genuine Cut Glass FREE, if you order now—at a price you could not equal in your home town even for spot cash. In 1 ship this complete outfit—44 pieces in all—direct to your home on 30 days trial for only $1.00 down. Examine the quality, the beauty, the durability of each piece. After trial, if you are not delighted with the bargain, send the outfit back and we'll refund your dollar plus all transportation charges you paid.

$200 a Month FREE, 84 pieces in all—only $19.95—Outfit Consists of:

91 pieces you need in your home every day. And, if you act now, the 7-piece genuine cut glass set is included—84 pieces in all!

44-Piece Bluebird Dinner Set Has absolutely finest design of bluebirds and flowers in natural colors. Each piece is hand made and has a snowy white glass of great clarity which cannot crack. The set consists of 4 cups, 6 saucers, 6 dinner plates, 6 in. diameter, 6 fruit plates, 6 in. diameter, 3 small salad plates, 6 in. diameter, 1 small platter, 10-1/2 in. long, 1 soup plate, 7-1/2 in. diameter, 4 AlphabetTea Cups, 3-1/4 in. tea cup, 8 dessert forks, 5 knives, 1 large platter, 10-1/2 in. diameter. Each piece has a shiny blue edge and is beautifully shaped.

26-Piece Silver Set A silver service that will grace the years. 4 dinner sets and pans for 4. Each piece perfectly pricked on silver silver base. Handcrafted by William Rogers. 12 inch covers of a basket, 4 forks, 4 dessert forks, 6 teaspoons, 1 soup spoon, 1 butter knife. Finished in finest finish.

7-Piece Table Cloth and Napkins Cloth, 60 x 60 in. and 6 napkins, lint free, made of strong durable fine finished cotton in pure snow white that will launder beautifully. All pieces are printed with monogrammed flower motif and have deep blue and red borders. Each piece is gold bordered with high color. Horsehair finishes perfectly with dish set, and remember, the 7-piece genuine cut glass set is FREE, if you send in order. Shipping weight of entire outfit about 60 lbs.

Order by No. G8741A, $2.00 with coupon; $2.00 monthly; Total price $19.95.

Send Coupon NOW

We have made up only a limited number of these combination outfits for this special sale. Send the coupon now while the offer lasts. Only 30.00 deposit brings the outfit on 30 days' trial. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. (We do not ship C.O.D.)

[Straus & Schram, Dept. 1527, Chicago, Ill.]

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Crazy Quilt

(Continued from page 72)

JUDITH TOWER lives in a small town near New York. Her mother dies when she is twelve, and she is brought up by her father and stepmother, in an atmosphere of trade. On her eighteenth birthday she receives $1,200 left by her mother with a letter urging her to use it to launch herself on any career she may choose. Judith goes to New York with the purpose of getting into the movies. She spends most of her money on clothes, and lives frugally and miserably, earning a little money as an artist's model. After ten months she gets a small part in an Excelsior picture, and proves her beauty and ability. Alvaent Goldstein, the producer, who is much attracted to her, sends for her and offers to groom her for stardom, but on terms which she cannot accept. By repelling his advances she ruins her chances in that studio. The next day she gets work as an extra with another company. She falls into conversation with Harvey Dunn, a young publicity man, who asks her to give him material for an article on extra girls. They lunch together in the studio restaurant, and are drawn to each other. Harvey introduces her to McAllister, the director, who has noticed her on the set and promises to give her a bit that afternoon. Judith returns to the set, and Harvey goes to see her again on the set before she leaves. He hears her name mentioned by a girl at the next table, who has seen Judith promptly admitted to Goldstein's office, and misunderstood it. She insinuates, with much assurance, that Judith is accepting the attentions and help of Goldstein, who is notorious for making pretentious women famous. Harvey is stunned by this revelation.

But still he found no peace. And so two o'clock, on his way back from lunch, he decided that he would put into action the plan that had buzzed in his head all the morning. He stopped at a florist shop and ordered a corsage of gardenias. In the box he dropped his card, on which he impulsively wrote: "Will you take dinner with me tomorrow evening?"

Having done this, he hurried back to his office and waited for the telephone to ring.

The flowers were delivered at Judith's door the next day, at three-thirty, a half hour before she returned home after a dreary day. She was climbing the dark stairs, covered with the hideous red patterned carpet that had been bought with her heady loot, when she heard the knock of a rear door on the third floor. A kimoned figure followed it.

"Miss Tower?" the Voice asked.

Judith said she was.

"A man telephoned you this morning. He had the nerve to ask if I was the name. He wanted to see you."

Judith thanked the girl. She wondered if it could have been Harvey Dunn. She wished she had not gone out. The blonde head disappeared, to reappear in a moment. She told that no information was to be offered. But not before a shrewd inventory had been taken of everything Judith wore.

On one thing Judith had determined that day. She was not going back to Westport. She was going to let it be known that she was the grand-daughter of the famous Lola Chase. It might help. It would make a good press story. And it was things like this, Judith had discovered, that were needed to focus official attention upon you. She felt confident that attention was what she needed. Her conviction that she was a potential star was something instinctive... something beyond either conceit or vanity.

She had planned to write her father for the photographs of Lola Chase that were in the old album. They had been relegated to the storeroom of the Westport hotel.

Judith had unlocked and opened the door of her room before she was conscious of the night. She found it was dark in the late afternoon.

Again her heart misbehaved. Plump... plump... plump. She did not know who could have sent her flowers. But she knew that it was too much to be borne! If she went out that day she had gone about the streets hoping to meet him. She had imagined a chance encounter, whenever she thought once that she saw him just ahead of her. She had hurried... The florist's letter on the lid confirmed her hopes. Her fingers trembled as she untied the cord. The address was in the neighborhood of the Acme studios.

She dropped her hands into the mists of paper and brought forth gardenias, three of them tied with a silver bow. But without even stopping to look at them, she searched further for a card. There it was. "Will you take dinner with me tomorrow evening?" she read. And on the other side, engraved in old English, were two words magic enough to transform a weary girl into a radiant creature — "Harvey Dunn."

She flew down the stairs to the telephone. And when the operator at the studios answered, she could scarcely speak. Her throat was dry and preposterous. She was afraid she would think he was crazy. She had been pleasant enough the day before, but it had been a professional matter.

"Mr. Dunn, please," she said, thankful that she was not altogether inarticulate.

Then his voice came, "Mr. Dunn speaking."

"This is Judith Tower," she said, "Those gardenias — the Voice's door (Continued on page 86)"
News of the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 70)

"For years," began the comedian in addressing the writers, "I have produced comedies about mothers-in-law, written gags on them and told jokes on them. When Dorothy and I were married, everyone kidded me about having a mother-in-law of my own. I solved the difficulty by making her my press agent so she could talk about me all she liked without hurting me. If she hadn't liked me, I would have gotten publicity anyway."

Knowing how much Larry admires his mother-in-law, the speech is now on record in the film colony.

RALPH INCE, the director, and brother of the late Thomas Ince, was married last month. The bride was Lucilla Mondez, daughter of a former president of Venezuela. The couple announced their intention of taking a honeymoon trip to the Hawaiian Islands.

Anna May Wong's young brother was arrested for bootlegging firecrackers. James Norman Wong was officially charged with illegally transporting firecrackers to Santa Monica for a Fourth of July celebration. There is a Los Angeles ordinance that prohibits the transportation of certain classes of firecrackers, and Anna May's brother was caught red handed.

As Tony Moreno remarked when he was asked where he intended to spend the Fourth, "I shall call up my bootlegger," said Tony, "order a case of firecrackers and celebrate the birth of liberty in my back yard."

Incidentally, Tony has started a new one at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios. Tony is playing the leading role in "Flaming Forests," and this time dons the trappings of an officer in the Northwest Mounted Police. Reneé Adorée is to play opposite Tony in this production which is to be filmed in Montana.

Joseph von Sternberg, the young director, whom Charlie Chaplin discovered making an artistic picture, "The Salvation Hunters," with a steam shovel in the cast, was married to Riza Royce, who played in the New York stage production of "Dancing Mothers."

The people of the motion picture business must be entertained with something other than motion pictures. We are fortunate when the producers bring from New York a few after-dinner speakers.

The latest ones to arrive have been in the persons of Irving S. Cobb, Marc Connely and Robert Benchley. They all came here for the purpose of injecting something into the movies. Regardless of whether they contributed any new thoughts to the cinema, they contributed much to the entertainment of the film folks with some masterful after-dinner speeches.

At a recent meeting of the Wampas two of these gentlemen were present. At the same Wampas meeting the organization was celebrating the recovery of four brother press agents who have been in the hospital ever since the Florida boom died out.

When Marc Connely was introduced, he was asked to give his impressions of Californians. He replied that he thought the gathering before him was a repres... (Continued on page 90)
opened on a crack—"are lovely," Judith was unaware of her eavesdropper. "Thank you so much."

"Glad you like them," he said. "But how was the gardenias?"

"Why, that will be splendid," Judith said.

"I'll call for you about seven."

"At seven, then," Judith repeated the hour. She wanted things to be definite this time. "Good-bye."

The door closed softly.

And Judith bringing up the receiver, wished she had asked him if she should dress. She wondered why it was that she always had been so very adequate with other men about whom she cared nothing. And why it was that the very sound of Harvey Dunn's voice dispelled her poise.

She pulled aside the curtain covering her dresses which hung on pegs in the hall. It was not difficult to make a selection. There was a dull black crepe with the wide lace collar and cuffs. Judith had worn that little dress to go to the opera.

There was a dull green chiffon dress with a low V-neck and wide, flowing shoulders. It was something of a cross between an afternoon and dinner dress. Judith thought this would be lovely if she wore the gardenias with it.

In the gardenias. She rearranged on her hat. She repacked the corsage carefully. Then she hurried down-stairs and down the street to the little florist shop.

"Would it be possible for you to keep these in your ice-box until tomorrow at about this time?" she asked the man. "I will pay you." Her words came in a rush. The man looked at her admantly. Her eyes were less grave than usual and there was almost a pink flush in her cheeks.

He hesitated. Perhaps he knew that Romance had come into his shop. "Give them to me," he said, and it was almos as if he was going to oblige her against his will.

"I won't be responsible if they don't keep," he said. "Can't tell about gardenias."

"I understand," Judith said. She was a little embarrassed now. She had done it all so impulsively. She had thought of nothing except the way the gardenias would serve that green chiffon dress.

"I do appreciate it," she assured the man. "I know it is—well, a little unusual. But they were sent to me and I did not know how else to keep them. I'll call for them tomorrow at about this time."

Walking home, she hummed a little song she thought she had forgotten. Once more she was gloriously alive. She had so many plans. There was so much she wanted to do. She thought she would shampoo her hair that night. It always looked better if it was done the day before. Her nails were chipped.

Suddenly she remembered that he had made no explanation or apology about the night before. She was surprised that she had not been more explicit. It was unlike her. But another boy she had ever known had promised to treat her so carelessly, she would have refused to see him again. But with Harvey Dunn it was different. With Harvey Dunn, just everything was different.

"I'll look out there," someone shouted, and Judith jumped out of the way of a delivery motor. In the very center of the street, with the suddenness of a thunderbolt, she realized that she was in love with Harvey Dunn. Blindly, unreasoningly, gloriously and insanely in love.

Until this minute she had doubted the very existence of such a thought. And now it had descended upon her like a silver haze.

While she shampooed her hair and while she manicured her nails, she thought about it. She fell asleep thinking of it and woke to the immediate happy consciousness of it. The darkness was quick. She had several things to do. She wrote her father and asked him to send the pictures of Lola Chase. She felt that she understood this woman now. She could imagine giving up the stage for a man you loved the way she loved Harvey.

In the afternoon she went to one of the smartest hairdressers in town and paid one dollar and a half to have her hair marcelled in wide waves. Judith knew places where they would wave your hair for half the price. And there was no comparison between the frizzes they gave and the way in which her hair now clung smoothly about her head.

The gardener had not faded, except to lose a few of the fresher. And Judith knew they would have looked this way after she had worn them for an hour or two any way.

At six forty-five she was entirely ready and doing her utmost to read. But she went over a passage innumerable times without understanding it and finally put down the book. And in spite of the fact that she was sitting there waiting to be called, she jumped when Mrs. Clabby, the landlady, shrieked up the stairs:

"Miss Tower! Gentleman to see you."

Judith had considered the advisability of asking Mrs. Clabby to come up-stairs and announce Harvey quietly, but she had almost immediately discarded this idea. She had decided that it would be a silly affectation, and it was in a very evident a second-rate rooming-house. And it was doubtful if Mrs. Clabby could have been prevailed upon to do anything but shriek in her usual manner.

Judith called back that she would be down immediately.

She fastened the gardenias at her waist.

A few months before, in a moment of unprecedented extravagance, she had bought a few yards of a silver crepe, printed with a conventional wave design in varying and vivid shades of green. She had edged that with a wide fringe. The result was an effective wrap. And this she flung over her shoulders with all the magic of a naturally smart woman.

Judith knew that she was beautiful. But she was entirely impersonal in her conviction. The only effect it had upon her was to make her sure of herself.

Harvey Dunn awaited her in the narrow hallway. And when he saw her coming down thru the faintly lit spaces, he was charmed. He had a premonition that she had been a little dubious as to the advisability of this, not knowing what she would do. But he had naughted he would have suggested an informal attire if she was not prepared to dress.

Again Judith's heart pounded a choke into her throat. Again there was that ache and constriction in lack of her eyes.

He thought she was "A Princess in a Rooming-house" and put this phrase away in a corner of his mind, aware that it was a good movie title.

"Would you like to go to the Ritz?" he asked.

"Motion picture people go there a great deal and I thought you might be interested."

He laughed. "It is funny," he said, "the way all of us motion picture people go around looking for each other whenever we are away from the studios. And if we don't look each other up, we go to the matter. Talk about a cabman's holiday!"

Judith was glad that she had dressed and that months ago she had bought those yards of printed crêpe.

"The Ritz sounds delightful," she told him.

"Well, there is good music there. And the food, of course, is excellent," he said, as they went to a cab waiting outside.

"Yes, but the marvelous influence and wondered whether Mrs. Clabby would see them and think that Judith could afford to pay more for her room. Mrs. Clabby's house was as much as she thought she could get.

She felt now that she should say something to him about his failure to appear the evening before. She knew that invention it lest she break this perfect spell.

"You are a very curious person," he told her, as their cab turned down Fifth Avenue. "You look utterly poised and sophisticated. Yet I have a feeling that you are incapable of coping with the world in which I find you. Do your looks belie the reality you?"

Judith laughed throatily.

"They do and they don't," she said spontaneously, with her habitual frankness. "I know just what you mean by it, I think. My strains of maturity and sophistication are uneven. Perhaps everyone is like that. But how acute of you to make such an observation!"

He shook his head. At first Judith thought he was not going to say more and she wondered why he had grown so serious.

"I am not unduly acute," he said. "We are always able to sense things about people we love you, you know.

Judith hoped he would say it again.

"You love me, too, don't you?" he asked her.

She looked up and his eyes held her.

"Yes," she said simply, "I do love you, very much."

When Judith was to think of this interlude afterwards, she was always to marvel at the utter simplicity of it. Conventions . . . civilization . . . and the years upon these things had been charged up into the building of society were swept aside. It was elemental, primitive and fundamental. For all their sophisticated trappings and second-rate houses women who were riding, they were purely a man and his woman. It was like that.

He did not speak again. But reaching for her hand, which seemed at the same moment to reach for his, he found it cold and warned it. The immaculately white-uniformed at-tendant at the Ritz Carlton marooned held the door for them to alight. Harvey helped Judith out and they smiled at one another. With them now there seemed no need for words.

"I'll be waiting here," he said, as Judith went into the dressing-room to leave her (Continued on page 95)
Building a City to Make a Movie
(Continued from page 5)
by Henry King for parts in the picture.
It was a great sight to see them all huddled
together on the floor watching themselves
on the screen. There were mountaineers,
cowboys, Indians, trappers and ranchers
of every description, and all in all the
queerest-looking specimens I had ever
encountered. They had never seen a cam-
era before they were brought here to
become temporary citizens of this mush-
room city. When you see them on the
screen you will say that they are great,
very great, actors—raw, crude, but per-
fectly natural; and that not even Wallace
Beery and the like could have done any
better. They not only looked and acted
their part, but they were the part.
I was never quit. sure that Mr. Goldwyn
had not blundered in spending nearly a
million dollars in selecting that God-
forsaken desert of desolation on which to
build a city just for a few scenes in a
movie, until I saw the result on the screen.
But the finished product dispelled every
doubt. All the enormous expense, sacri-
ifice and suffering of a very large company
seemed fully justified. "The Winning of
Barbara Worth" was not fully edited and
titled when I saw it, but if it is equal to
its promise, it will be a world-beater. It
is the true story of a part of our national
development, following the "Covered
Wagon" epoch, and thus it has more than
an entertainment value.

This editorial is not only to praise "The
Winning of Barbara Worth," but to
call attention to the fact that motion pic-
tures are entering upon a new era—upon
an epoch-making era in which nothing is
too good, too great, too colossal or too
daring for a producer to undertake if it
will insure the perfection of the modern
motion picture.

One of the Evidences of Refinement

Good taste and good health
both demand sound teeth, a
clean mouth and sweet breath.

The use of Wrigley's chewing
gum takes care of this important
item of personal hygiene in a
delightful, refreshing way.

Wrigley's does its work by remov-
ing particles of food from between
the teeth, by stimulating the flow of
digestive juices, and by the antiseptic
action of the flavoring extracts for
which Wrigley's is famous—"The
Flavor Lasts!"

It removes odors of dining or
smoking from the breath.

These facts, so freely attested by
doctors and dentists alike, are making
the use of Wrigley's a thrice daily
routine of people of refinement.

after every meal!

Are There Children in
Your Family?
If there are boys or girls in
your house, fourteen years
old or younger, tell them to
look at page 46 of this
issue. There is a Felix-cat
contest that will delight
them.

©by

worth, you

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Tan, freckles, muddy complexions and coarse, wind roughened skins are passé for Fall and Winter social activities. Correct this condition now. Wipe out your summer blemishes and in their place give your skin a pure, soft, pearly appearance of alluring beauty. Let

GOURAUD'S

ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

prove to you the value of "Corrective Beautifying." In a moment's time it renders a bewitching appearance to your complexion that cannot be duplicated by any Powder, Cream or Lotion. Its effective astrignent and antiseptic action discourages blemishes, wrinkles and flabbiness. The weak points of your appearance are yielding to its corrective properties as you enjoy the immediate effect of a new beauty to your skin and complexion.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream is ready to add years of youth to your appearance. Try it today. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel, also Compacts.

Send Me. for Trial Size
Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, 430 Lafayette St.
New York

Answers to September's "Whose Hands"

The feminine hand, with long fingers, belonging to an individual with a gentle manner, quiet in temper, confiding and instinctively trusting every one who is kind to her, belongs to Lois Wilson. From just these few descriptive lines it would seem that every one could have guessed it was Miss Wilson, for, off the screen as well as on, she is all of these things. Her face and hand do not wholly correspond in detail, although both show a conscientious, sympathetic, kind, gentle nature and both show ability. Vocationally, Miss Wilson could do well, with training, in most any work she would feel equal to undertake.

All rights reserved
F. Vance de Revere

The very masculine hand, with its long fingers, which corresponded in outline and general formation with its owner's face and figure, belonging to a tall, well-built man with good breath to the central portion of his face, was Thomas Meighan's hand. Both face and hand alike show a sensitive, kindly nature, highly inspirational with great love of the artistic and all that is beautiful. Honesty and sincerity of purpose, determination, persistency and a strong will, a social nature, good conversational ability and a person not easily swayed, a generous person, tactful and very sociable and adjustable to people. He has executive as well as dramatic ability.

All rights reserved
F. Vance de Revere

Prize Winners for Limericks Published in August Magazine

New steps for the Charleston is what Kathleen Key by a Russian was taught
For her hobby, and my!
She can leap to the sky;
There'll be countless "star-earners" "its thought.

W. M. Price
Atlanta, Ga.

Miss Debra Costello designs
All her negligees—exquisite lines
She gives them; and axes
Of the strangest she'll use.
When she dots them, the rainbow resigns.

Miss Nellie Halpin
Memphis, Tenn.

Adolph Menjou has taken to writing
Sundry verses in French—most exciting!
Oh! He sure has a flair
For a rhyme full of "air"
It is per "verse" and cant stand reeling.

Miss C. Eliz.
Waterbury, Conn.

The usual Morning Tie-up

Jules Negro's new hobby is marching
Two apples at morning, and lunching
On one quart of milk—
And her skin is like silk—
Hence her "meal ticket" shows little punching.

M. Trigem
Eldred, New York

is the prize-winning title for the picture which appeared on page 8 of the August issue. It was contributed by William Lawrance, 931ameda, California.
Advertising Section

They’ve Found Now that the way you remove cleansing cream has an almost unbelievable influence on the color and firmness of your skin.

Please accept 7-day supply to try

The new and totally different way experts urge

LARGELY on the advice of beauty and skin specialists, thousands of women have turned, with some remarkable effects on the skin, to a new way of removing cleansing cream.

With its use darkish skins seem shades lighter than before.

Oily skin and nose conditions are curbed amazingly.

Dry skins — skins that tend to “flake” — are largely overcome.

Scores of skin imperfections — many traced to improper ways of removing cleansing cream — are combated.

... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ......
sentative crowd, because they had turned out to celebrate the recovery of three press agents. Then Marc launched into his speech as to what was wrong with the movies. He said the brainy writers of the East never could understand the movies unless they came out here. He attributed their lack of knowledge to the fan magazines and other motion picture publications that are supposed to print articles about the movies. He said if the wise men of the East only had more enlightenment on the subject, we might get them interested in coming out here to help us along in solving our problems.

These remarks of Mr. Connelly have prompted me to publish a few lines for the edification of New York's big brainy and bashful playwrights who only seem to know what they read in the papers.

In the first place, the New York playwright coming to Hollywood will discover to his amazement that no one has heard of him! He will have to start building up a reputation again by making after-dinner speeches. When he has made enough of these so the Hollywood folk know him by his first name, he will be welcomed into the fold and given a script. The first snag he will strike is when a scenario writer who has never been to New York will tell him that his ideas are all wrong because he is now dealing in movies, not speeches. This kicks him in the pride and he goes out and makes another after-dinner speech just to make sure he hasn't lost any of his oldtimer's friends. After two or three scripts he learns that he is dealing in an entirely different medium for hokum. He makes another after-dinner speech about the movies being a different medium for art and returns to New York.

I sincerely hope this aids New York playwrights who are contemplating visits to Hollywood, and may I add that the Will Hay's organization advises those coming to Hollywood to have enough money to keep them in food, clothes and drink for six months.

After Marc had gone, Irvin S. Cobb took the stand, as the newspapers say, and kept his audience bowing with mirth for the next half hour. Irvin's troubles didn't seem to be so much different as Marc's. He characterized a movie supervisor (the man who supervises the story and tells the author what a poor job he is doing so the scribe won't feel like asking for more money), by saying that the gentleman reminded him of a goldfish swimming restlessly around and around, asleep all the time, but with his eyes open.

I didn't have the opportunity of hearing Robert Benchley, who was brought here for the same purpose as Cobb and Connelly. However, I have obeyed that impulse and am a three year paid-in-advance subscriber to his magazine, so I shall probably get his reactions from the pages of his journal.

Raymond Hatton returned from location with the Hal Roach company with the following description of the meals he enjoyed:

"We had chicken every day," said Ray, "they started in Maryland and brought him west. The first day it was 'Chicken a la Maryland' on the menu card. The second day it was 'Chicken St. Louis.' The third day 'Chicken a la Cleveland' and the last appearance of the bird was under the title, 'Chicken a la Holt,' with the spurs on!"

A quick brush of Glazo Liquid Polish across the nails, and at once they assume the most alluring lustre, the most bewitching, just-right shine! This instant Glazo finish lasts a whole week. It will not crack, peel, or turn an ugly brown. Make sure you get Glazo for this perfect, modish gloss.

Glazo gives you one more advantage—an advantage that you can get only with the absurdly priced imported polishes. It comes complete with separate remover. This remover not only insures best results, but saves the polish itself.

The next time you go out, ask your dealer for Glazo. She everywhere.

The Glazo Company, 610 Blair Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

GLAZO
Nails stay polished longer—no buffing necessary
Try GLAZO Cuticle Massage Cream
It softens the cuticle and keeps it even and healthy
When Indian summer days are come—and with gay companions you saunter over the friendly fields—have a Camel!

When Indian summer days are here. And the smoky haze lies over the fields. When the merry notes of the horn, sounding after the coach and four, remind you of other days—have a Camel!

For life is never so complete, so joyous as when a lighted Camel sends up its fragrant smoke. On city street or country road, in any season of the year, no other cigarette was ever so rich and fragrant—so smooth and mellowy mild. When you become a Camel smoker, there's no end to your enjoyment, for they never tire the taste. You'll never get choicer tobaccos, more superbly blended, than you get in Camels.

So, this perfect autumn day as your trail leads over the fields or along the turning road—

Have a Camel!

No other cigarette in the world is like Camels. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. The Camel blend is the triumph of expert blenders. Even the Camel cigarette paper is the finest—made especially in France. Into this one brand of cigarettes is concentrated the experience and skill of the largest tobacco organization in the world.

© 1926

Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any other cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.
One shade for all complexions

You can get Pum-Kin Rouge at all Owl drug stores and Owl agencies; at nearly all good drug and department stores; or by prepaid mail, 75c.

Address The Owl Drug Company,
611 Mission Street, San Francisco;
6th and Broadway, Los Angeles;
Clark and Madison Streets, Chicago;
55 West 23rd Street, New York

The Owl Drug Co
A National Institution
Crazy Quilt
(Continued from page 86)

wrap and he went to check his hat and stick.
The room into which Judith stepped was
sweet with a hundred mingling perfumes
from France. There was a haze of pow-
der and scented cigarette smoke in the air.
A maid watched to see that the women did
not leave their gleaming rings on the basin.
As Judith returned to Harvey, she not-
ticed that a tall girl was talking with him.
He introduced them. "Miss Royce," he
said, "This is Miss Tower."
The girl acknowledged the introduction
and made no move to leave. She was
pretty in a brittle way. She glittered
harmlessly.
"Is Miss Tower a professional, Harvey?"
she asked. Judith thought her manner
with Harvey slightly possessive.
"I hope to be some day," she said, an-
swering for herself.
Miss Royce smiled at her, but again she
addressed her remarks to Harvey.
"You will help Miss Tower at the stu-
dios, of course," she said. Her tone was
mocking. Judith was made to feel an
outsider.
Harvey answered this time, saying: "I
do not think that Miss Tower will need
any assistance to get on. She has all the
ingredients of success."
He seemed anxious to get away.
"Who is she?" Judith asked as they
walked away.
"Joy Royce. She is on the stage," he
said, but made no further explanation.
And Judith was far too happy to bother
with questions. Harvey loved her. That
was enough.
They passed thru the large salon.
Groups of beautifully gowned women and
men in correct black and white sat about
smoking. There was moderate light
laughter. There was muted conversation.
The orchestra was playing.
Judith and Harvey walked up the few
heavily carpeted marble steps to the en-
trance of the large oval dining-room.
Here tables crowded together, patterning
the scene with circles of white damask.
They were set with silver and rose-shaded
candelabra. There were flowers. And
glass walls extended the scene.
Harvey consulted with the head-waiter
and they were shown to a table at the
golden railing of the platform which
circled the room.
The menu was in French. That made
it difficult. Judith's French was sketchy,
a mere high-school French. But the waiter
made suggestions.
They ordered:
Honeydew melon.
Filet of sole, mar-
guery—the marguery sauce being a delect-
able concoction of cream, mushrooms,
chopped lobster and chives. Asparagus.
Browned wips of potatoes. A salad of
alternate slices of avocado and grapefruit.
Cœur flottant merveilleux aux fruits. This
last was a sweet worthy of its poetic
name—Floating heart, marvelous with
"Do you suppose that waiter is really so
intensely interested in what we order?"
Judith asked naively.
And Harvey laughed and laughed. Per-
haps he laughed because he was so gor-
ously happy and because he and Judith
were alive.
The room crowded.
"There is Goldstein of Excelsior," said
Harvey. Judith turned to watch the
heavy-set Jew follow a waiter to a promi-
nent table. A lovely young girl was with
(Continued on page 98)
We Interview Gloria Swanson

(Continued from page 29)

pace with her feet, which is some FEAT!): The appointment was NOT for three. It was for three-thirty, any-
way, and everyone who rides in taxis is half an hour late. It’s expected of them. (Her voice is plaintive, which is not her line at all.)

G. H.: Whatastarr? Funny, Tommie wasn’t on that list, don’tchenthink?

A. W. F.: I KNOW that St. Peter was wrong. I said three-thirty distinctly.

Look, there’s Louise Brooks. She has a unique personality. I predict things for
her.

G. H.: Where? Oh, yes. Isn’t her hair straight? You have to be so good looking to wear your hair straight. I don’t see how I can predict when you are doing a Marathon forty leagues long. What is this, a labyrinth? Who’s the man
with Louise Brooks?

A. W. F. (offensively): I know who you mean but I just can’t call the name to mind.

The Boy (pasing at eternal last on the dark rim of a dismantled set): The Swanson company should be here. Looks like they are thru for the day.

G. H.: Well, that’s as may be, but if
they are I’m thru for life. It’s up to you, Miss Fletcher, to so notify the powers-that-be.

A. W. F. (who is obviously unperturbed by this cataclysmic threat again commits the pitiful circlet she totes about on her wrist): My watch says only fifteen
to. Anyway, the appointment wasn’t for three. She can’t have gone yet. My luck couldn’t run like this all day.

STAGE-HAND (evidently struck by the dramatic quality of the little group): Looking for Miss Swanson?

G. H. (to A. W. F. in whisper): They don’t call her Madame La Marquise in the studios, you see. You said I’d have to say the whole title every time I opened my mouth. The more I go around with you the less stock I take in.

A. W. F.: Oh, what difference does it make what they call her if she isn’t here to be called anything? The point is not what she is called but whether she is here . . . you do prattle on more about nothing . . .

The Boy (impatiently): Know where she is? (To stage-hand.)

STAGE-HAND: She’s down on the lower stage. We’re striking this set.

Boy (starting off at the normal nip once more): This way, ladies . . .

Again the interviewers follow on, down flights of circular stairs, around more sets, along corridors variously and pompously inscribed . . .

SCENE III.—A drawing-room set in which card tables are grouped with chairs. There are three or four men arranging small tables, ornaments, etc.

In the center of this scene and curiously dominating it stands a small definite figure clad in powder blue, coat and skirt. A close felt hat of the

same shade is crushed down on her head with that casualness that, alone, is elegance. A sheer white blouse, short-sleeved, gray shoes complete the costume.

A. W. F. (taking quite a manner unto herself, goes over to the blue figure): How do you do, Miss Swanson. We were so afraid we had missed you. May I present Miss Hall . . . Gladys Hall?

Gloria Swanson: How do you do. Won’t you sit down. I’ll be thru almost at once and then we can go to my dressing-
room and talk.

The interviewers seat themselves with what they feel to be proper dignity and decorum under what you might call Court circumstances and watch the tiny Marquise as she confers with the various men over the various details. Every item she suggests is sedately noted. A slight difference here. An alteration there.

G. H.: I noticed her eyes first. Amazing eyes. And her pocketbook. It isn’t so terribly different from mine and mine came from Best—$3.95—in fact, I think you gave it to me, ‘Dell.

A. W. F.: What difference there is is certainly terrible—I agree with you there. Do you like the color blue she is wearing?

G. H. (trying out the subtle sensation
Uh-huh. I mean, chewing gum.

A. W. (compassionately): Oh, don't try so hard. You'll get along better if you don't. I do like her hat.

Gloria Swanson (completely over to them): Now I've finished. Would you like to come to my portable dressing-room? The regular dressing-rooms are so far from the windows. Well, I gave them this... (Miss Swanson and the interviewers thereupon enter what resembles a moderate Pullman drawing-room. The room is a length couch at one end and full-length dressing-table at the other. The maid unlocks it for them and opens the tiny windows.)

SCENE IV.—The interior of the dressing-room. At one end the aforementioned dressing-table before which a boudoir chair is placed. The room is decorated with the usual lavish paraphernalia of the tricks of the trade... lip-sticks... puffs... rouge pots... creams... grease paint... nazaris... other ointments and unctions...

At the other end of the little room is the bed, covered in palest taffeta. The four windows are likewise draped in taffeta. But it is none the less a casual little room without any great attempt to make it look too luxurious.

Gloria Swanson (facing the two interviewers who have seated themselves on the lounge): These portable dressing-rooms are very nice. You have traveled the length and breadth of the studio six or seven times a day often wearing heavy costumes you are exhausted.

W. (sympathetically): You've been ill lately, too.

Gloria Swanson: Yes. A nervous breakdown. It was probably a very good thing for me. It has made me realize that I must take care of myself: that I can't just go and go without taking stock at all. I had never before this really thought about my body or what it needed. I feel differently about it now.

A. W. F.: I've always heard that you were a particularly healthy person.

Gloria Swanson: I was. That was just me. I've written to other members of my companies for years working long after they felt like giving up. But I suppose for some time I've been doing it on myself. I think at the back of my mind I was stupid about such things. I didn't really think. But this horrible session I have come thru of feeling as tho' I simply couldn't make any move at all has given me a warning, probably just in time. Now I'm watching what I eat and I'm going to bed not later than ten o'clock.

G. H.: This is your last picture for Famous Players, isn't it?

Gloria Swanson: Yes. Then I work on the lot and I'm very good friends and Charlie and the others. Which means then, that I will be able to do what I want in the way I want. Hereafter if I am not happy I can say, I love to make a picture in Japan for any known or unknown reason, I'll make it there... there is considerable responsibility but there is also liberty.

A. W. F.: You have always taken a great deal of responsibility in production at any rate, haven't you?

Gloria Swanson: Yes. I am always very much interested in all that goes on... I mean, any particular degree of strength...

G. H. and A. W. F.: But you wouldn't have been so successful...

Gloria Swanson (in blue shoulders eloquently expressing her doubt): Perhaps... perhaps not. I suppose it's a great deal the way you are made... the way you work. I've always been intensely serious. I never could see the funny side of things. I hated being in burlesque. When I'd heard I never even wanted to see a comedy. I couldn't laugh at them. I've always dramatized things... even work... And so when I began to get on I wanted especially to get to the top. I would never leave the studio at nights until I had seen my rushes, even tho' that meant, and means that there is really no time for dinner, no time to dress for going out. Then between pictures there are always stories to be read, costumes to be seen to and the domestic regime that is so vitally important to me...

G. H.: You supervise the children yourself a great deal, don't you?

Gloria Swanson: All I can possibly find time for. I spend every minute I can with them and find the minutes only too few.

G. H.: If you had to give up your fame—or your family—your motherhood—can you say which you would sacrifice now that you have both?

Gloria Swanson: Oh, my career, in an instant. I have never been so peaceful, so happy, so near to what I imagine ideal motherhood. I am but little little Gloria was very little. I think a woman hasn't really lived, isn't a woman at all, until she has had a child. I hope to have others, at widely spaced intervals, so that as I grow old there will always be a child in my house.

A. W. F.: Shall you mind growing old, do you think?

Gloria Swanson: Yes, I'll mind growing old. I can visualize myself at all that intermediated stage. I can see myself quite perfectly as a nice, very old lady... but middle age... I do shrink from that...

G. H.: You wouldn't want to give up the fame you have won, would you? You couldn't quite say that? I mean, is there a heavy price to pay?

Gloria Swanson: You do pay for fame, do you think? I can't say whether it is worth while or not. Of course, there is such a great difference between fame and notoriety. The sad part being that some people get the two hopelessly confused. I have had such unkind publicity, such sensationalism. Would, for instance, a man be doing for some preposterous sum of money because I am supposed to have slapped his face or something of the ridiculous sort if there were not Gloria Swanson or not Gloria Swanson specially but a movie star... Would any little move I make be so constructed that it appears as a front page story if I were not "famous"?

G. H.: Is that, or is this why you keep the children's pictures out of the papers?

Gloria Swanson (in her calm, definite way): Yes. I want them to lead normal childhood lives. I do not want my little girl to go to school and be known as "Gloria Swanson's daughter." I do not want her to go to school and be beleaguered with questions about her mother. Perhaps stories about me that will not be true but that will do something to the...
child. When they grow up—then they are free. I trust that I will not be one of the kind of women who try to live their lives over in the lives of their children, but while I am young and capable of making wise choices for themselves we feel that the wise one is to keep them in the country as much as possible with tutors and governesses so that they will hear as little as possible about "Gloria Swanson this-and-that."

I believe in public schools for children. Thoroly, I think it all ought to be carefully and if I thought she would be allowed to be herself in any degree I shouldn't hesitate to send her too, but we have decided that the reason I have given you. And then, too, suppose the newspapers involved me in a scandal and my daughter was in school and compelled to go. Oh, my! I want to keep her away from all this for as long a time as I can...she must have her chance to be an individual and not be in any sense submerged by such att-ention as is publicly drawn to me...When she is older I shall probably send her to school abroad, in France or in Switzerland where it doesn't matter who you are...

A. W. F. (in what is supposed to be her best humorous vein): You don't seem to care for the American Public?

Gloria Swanson: It doesn't matter much whether I care for it or not. It isn't necessary that I—not that I'm not. That is what I have been getting. But I quite realize that there is nothing I can do about it.

G. H.: You might do what Maude Adams did...you know, the cloister stuff...seclusion and all that.

Gloria Swanson (smiling her rather morbid smile): I did and they said that I was crazy. An uncle of mine went to a barber shop and was commiserated with by the manicurist who assured him that he was going mad...supposing I...that she had seen the funeral and all the details. Even when I materialized in full view of the reporters they said that they knew his mother, that to that extent, but how could I prove it? It was an interesting abstraction. Even my mother's statement to the certain effect that I was dead. I suggested the idea to that extent and I didn't care how much I proved it was real and I don't a double engaged to live my life for me.

There are a great many penalties attached to fame, if that is what you call it...I have too little home life and as for social activities...well, the last time Mr. De Mille was in town I got away early enough to pay him a visit. I went into the Ambassador Hotel about five and heard music playing. "Ah," I thought, "there must be a big party in progress."

"If you say, and then it dawned upon me that it was merely tea time and that men and women were having tea and enjoying things like that, really do go on...and I thought how nice it would be to go to some afternoon...and daily...and dancing.

When I go away for a week-end, my hostess will say to me, "Do you play bridge?" "No," I am obliged to say, "I don't play..." and I am too tired in the evenings. You have to play so awfully well these days if you play at all. She will look a little doubtful, then, say to me, "Golf? I suppose you golf?" "No," I say, rather stupidly, "I don't golf. You see, I haven't time Sundays, when I am home, I like to be with the children, to play with them..." "Tennis, then?" "No," I say, I don't play tennis...if it will just last long enough; and sit; I shall be quite happy...

I am assured that the average public has no notion of the way in which we prepare for it. A. W. F.: I do think that one of the saddest things in life is the way most of us have to work in our youth...give up the fun-things...so that we may be se-cure financially in our old age.

Gloria Swanson: That's quite true. Last week my husband and I were at West Point and I can't tell you how I felt as I sat among the young cadets...how out of it all...my main thought was that I should like to send Joseph, my little adopted son, to West Point. I mentioned this to my husband who laughed and said that I was anticipating a great deal, consider-ing the fact that Joseph is three. But it was from the mother's point of view that I was seeing West Point.

A. W. F.: You don't know what story you'll do for first for United Artists, do you?

Gloria Swanson: No, I have three in mind. When I get back next week I am going up to the country and live in sweaters and rusticate for a few weeks and then I'll come back and get things together.

G. H. (rising, obviously because it is her duty): It has been so pleasant meeting you, Miss Swanson...Gloria Swanson (rising flatly): And meeting you. I hope you'll both come in some evening about six so that you may see the children. They come to town a couple of days a week...G. H. and A. W. F. (in the well known and long rehearsed unison): We will. We'd love to. Gloria Swanson: Do, please, I'll look for you. Good-bye...

The interviewers exclaim as the maid announces that Miss Swanson's car is waiting.

Scene V.—The interior of a taxicab bound suburbioar on Long Island. The interior is comfortably furnished as comfortably as the resources at their command permit and prepare to discuss upon the merits versus the demerits of the question.

G. H. (in a somewhat surprised tone of voice): I liked her...a great deal.

A. W. F.: Well, what's strange about that when she greets me? I

G. H.: I don't know. It's funny...she almost the only celebrity I've never interviewed before and I had got the impres-son that she was up-stage and un-approachable and not exactly human a-1. Of course, it made humble demand of humanity of any kind, and quite the contrary from what I had expected. Considerably human. Very much of a lady, Intelligence, Direct. A. W. F.: Yes, all of those things.

You know, she reminds me of Mary Pickford, I mean in essence. The same kind of matter fact manner...the same direct method of dealing with the problem...the same quiet acceptance of her fame which is infinitely better than mock modesty...

G. H.: And no less of any of those sterling qualities is the way in which her eyes are set...A. W. F.: And what color...what would you say...aquamarine...G. H.: Some girls with her features...because they are not the features...
him. But Harvey was talking, and Judith could consider nothing else.

"Did you wonder why I did not come up on the stage the other night as I said I would?" Harvey asked. "Or did you forget that I had said I would be up to see you later on?"

"I waited for you," Judith said without artifice, "but you did not come. I wanted to ask you about it tonight, but I was afraid it would break this beautiful spell if I mentioned it."

Harvey restrained himself. He wanted to reach over and take her hand.

"You darling," he said. "What an idiot I was. What a blithering idiot. I don't deserve you. I overheard something and believed it. Someone said you had entrance to Goldstein's office."

Judith's eyes darkened to the color of the sea on a cloudy day.

"You thought that of me?" she asked, but he interrupted her.

"I told you I was an idiot, Judith. Say you forgive me, love. Say it," and when she hesitated he pleaded with her. "Say you forgive me. Now!"

She had been hirty by his suspicions, but she could not resist his begging eyes. She did forgive him. Oh, she did. And Harvey held her hand beneath the long tablecloth.

As a nearby table were debutantes with young bloods. They were all very gay. Their little young bodies were wrapped in heavy silks and frill chiffons. Their slight young arms were brilliant with bands of jewels and synthetic synthetics. They glittered so it was impossible to tell which were which.

Judith noticed that they suddenly seemed concerned with the entrance to the room. She turned, too.

"There is Sonia Solana," Harvey superfluously remarked, for the actress was unmistakably herself.

She stood almost defiantly. Her cloak, fashioned of a beaten tissue of gold, was dazzling. Her black hair was brushed sweepingly back from her oval, ivory face. Her black eyes were a jewel in part of stateliness.

About her forehead was a golden band studded with a large ruby. About her high throat was another of gold. And her figure, small and perfect, were sandalled in what also seemed beaten gold rather than leather.

"Do you know the man with her?"

Harvey asked, pleased over Judith's fascinated enthusiasm. Judith shook her head.

"Heath Thomas," Harvey named one of the wealthiest men in America and the scion of an old family.

"Who could blame him?" Judith asked, with what Harvey thought an extraordinary nary generosity. Women did not usually admire Sonia.

"There is someone who blames him," and Harvey nodded in the direction of the debutantes' table. Judith noticed that one girl deliberately ignored the stir that the couple in the doorway had caused. A moment later this girl and her escort left the room. It was evident that they were not returning. The waiter rearranged the table.

"Good Lord, she won't stay with them here," Harvey said. "She is Phyllis Thomas, his cousin. The entire family is in a furious over it. He was to have married Phyllis' friend, I understand. But just before the engagement was announced he became interested in Sonia and the girl has sailed for Europe."

Crazy Quilt
(Continued from page 93)

Judith was interested. This was the life she had dreamed about.

"Still," she said, "I like Sonia Solana."

"You wouldn't like her if you really knew her," Harvey said. "She has a voice and tongue that would be mistaken at the most amazing story is true," he said. "But it has never been published. She is madly in love with Harry Crane."

"Not that nice person who always plays the abused husband?" Judith seemed incredulous.

"That nice person," Harvey insisted. "They went about together last year, but Harry never was in love with her. When he does not meet her at trains and when he does not send her telegrams and pay her other such attentions, she is broken-hearted. She has told one or two friends that she will never marry until he does."

"It sounds unbelievable, Judith exclaimed."

"It is unbelievable," Harvey granted. "Harry wishes to God she would marry Heath Thomas or the other hideous men who are so mad over her. All he wants is to be left alone. The funny part of it all is that he is probably the only man upon whom Sonia has ever bestowed who has not been willing to die for her."

"It is tragic. It is ironic. But it is no crazier than a hundred other patterns in this motion picture game. It is a phantasmagoria, for the greater part. There is no rhyme or reason for half of it. But somehow everything seems to work out into a whole. It has color and interest. That is why we love it so, I suppose."

Judith was quiet when Harvey finished talking. She looked over to the table where Sonia Solana and the aristocratic Heath Thomas were. He was bending over the table, talking earnestly. There was speculation in his manner. But Sonia was leaning back indolently in her chair and appeared to be smoking rather than dining. Every time Judith looked in their direction she seemed to be on the end of Sonia's cigarette in its long, golden holder.

"Tell me all about yourself," Harvey asked Judith, impatient with her interest in Sonia Solana and Heath Thomas. "Tell me all about the years when I did not know you. How did you happen to come to New York so determined to be a motion picture actress?"

"Not particularly a motion picture actress," Judith began. "But an actress." She reached again beneath the long cloth for Harvey's hand, and, holding it precisely in her own, she began her story. First she told of her childhood visits to the big brick house in the city and of the canary-yellow photograph album with the photographs of Lola Chase. Then she told him about her mother's letter and the enclosed funds.

Hers was a more intriguing story than Harvey had expected to hear.

"I have heard of Lola Chase," he told Judith. "As a matter of fact, I read something about her other night in an old book that I have not been able to remember by anyone today, but the photographs will reconstruct her glamour and they will help you tremendously. Every newspaper will be glad to help you get one of those pictures and a story about you."

"You are right in thinking they will open the way for you, Judith. But this
will bring the fame that I know belongs to you sooner than I had expected. I am so afraid I will lose you."

"I couldn't bear it if you should, Har-vey," she told him whimsically.

"You dear, you," he said, looking over at her. "Do you know that I am a poor man? Tonight I wanted things to be perfect. But we could not frequent places like this on my salary. I earn one hun- dred and twenty-five dollars a week, Judith dear. That may sound like a great deal to you now, but suppose you do get on—do you think you would be sorry that you had married a humble P. A."

"I'll marry you just as soon as you'll have me, Harvey," she said. "I would not want the success that you think I may have if I had to take it alone."

"The day after tomorrow, then," Harvey said. "And God Bless the future Mrs. Harvey Dunn."

They drove home in an old hansom cab. But first they went thru Central Park. It was Elysian. Harvey held her in his arms and whispered adorations in her ear. And she marveled that life could be so glori-ously perfect.

Long after he had left her in the dark hallway, and long after she was in bed, she continued to marvel that Harvey Dunn should love her so. With the feel of his kisses still on her lips, she dropped off to sleep.

CHAPTER IV

The following morning Harvey was at the studios long before his usual ten o'clock arrival. Before nine-thirty he had looked up the film shot in the country-club two days before and had arranged with the operator in the projection-room to show it before McAllister saw the rushes of the location trip the day before.

Then he found McAllister and told him the story of Judith and Lola Chase.

"There is a great publicity story in it," Harvey said, "and if she is any good at all, I am sure that Mr. Irving will be in-terested in her. If he gives her one of those option contracts, he does not stand to lose anything. You might as well get in on this and be the little Columbus who discovered her."

McAllister was interested.

"I did not see the rushes of that country-club stuff," he admitted. "Grady looked it over for me. Finishing productions in schedule time is no joke. But come on down into the projection-room and let's see if we can locate that film. I have to look at yesterday's stuff anyway."

Harvey explained that he had already found it. "I thought you might want a look at it before I showed it to Mr. Irving," he said.

The operator was waiting for them and a minute after they seated themselves in the projection-room, Judith and her partner danced across the screen. Harvey knew she was effective. And, making allowances for his personal interest, he felt that she had great possibilities.

"She seems to have something," McAl- lister grunted. She photographs very well indeed. A little schooling and I think she would be quite capable of handling bigger things."

They watched the remainder of the footage in silence. Judith was prominent in one or two more scenes, and every time she appeared it seemed to Harvey that she was the most compelling shadow upon the screen. She had appeal.

"All right," agreed McAllister when the lights went up. "You can announce me as your Columbus if you want to. I rather think it will reflect credit upon me. I re-member now that I noticed her in the stu-

(Continued on page 103)
Wages for Wives

(Continued from page 39)

that one-fourth, we use the good old installment plan that has solved many financial problems. I keep a budget system of everything that is spent, for reference when income tax time comes around and for my own personal reference.

Mrs. Noah Beery is a wife who thinks such a slogan as wage for wives is laughable.

"A silly, a preposterous idea," she calls it. "Any woman who has been happily married for many years, as I have, and has shared all sorts of difficulties, financial and otherwise, with her husband, knows that the services she has rendered to him, if you like to call them services, are not computable in money. And, vice versa, about those he has rendered to her. When we were poor troopers we took what little money we had and spent or saved it together day by day, and we do this now. I know what I want to run my household and for myself and the boy, and this I get and put into my own checking account. Mrs. Beery takes care of savings and investments."

Buck Jones, on the other hand, offers the question of wages for husbands as a point that really ought to be considered, in some instances.

"My wife," he admitted, "is very much better at handling money. I turn my weekly pay check over to her, and I'm never sorry. So far she has always at least doubled my salary by money she makes in real estate and horse trading. No, I don't have to ask her for my wage every week. We have a joint checking account. But it's all wrong to think that all women can't take care of money and haven't any sense about it. Lots of them know more about it than lots of men, and a man who has no money sense and is married to a woman who possesses this sense couldn't do better than turn the old pay envelope over to her."

A number of other Hollywood husbands seem to believe with Buck Jones that their money is better left to their wives. Chuck Reisner, Sydney Chaplin's director, for instance, turns all his salary and financial matters over to his wife. All their property and checking account is in her name. Mr. Reisner has a small checking account of his own upon which to draw for his personal expenses—his wage. In this way, he thinks that he simplifies matters in case of his death, protects his family and frees himself from worry about finances.

Mrs. George K. Arthur is one of the few wives who says aye to the wage, in a sense.

"I emphatically believe in a personal allowance and budget system, a wage of a sort," she declared. "Ever since Mr. Arthur and I have been married we have kept a record of everything we have spent. I believe in and wanted an allowance that I could do just as I pleased with, and I have one. I put this into my own checking account each month and draw on it."

(Continued on page 102)
Do good looks count for or against a business woman?

"I know of no occupation in which good looks are not of value to a woman in their effect upon others, and in the assurance and self-confidence which they give her. Good looks are not dependent upon beauty of feature or coloring...the good looks of perfect grooming are within the reach of every woman. Good looks have to be backed up by capability to be of any permanent value but a general smartness and alertness in appearance indicates an efficiency that can be applied to a job as well as to one's appearance."

Correct care of the skin is the first and most important step toward the good grooming Mrs. Déesse recommends. A few cents invested in a jar of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream—a few minutes faithful care every day—and your skin will begin to take on that clean, fine, wholesome look that is called "well-groomed".

D & R Perfect Cold Cream is so good for the skin because it is so beautifully made—blended with all the skill of 36 years of experience. For Daggett & Ramsdell is a famous old firm, which has devoted its chief energies for many years to the perfection of this one exquisite cream.

D & R Perfect Cold Cream is suitable both for cleansing and moulding. For best results apply with a bit of cotton wrung out in cold water. Use it always before retiring and as often during the day as occasion demands. It not only cleanses the pores, but refines the texture of the skin. Don't subject your skin to the strain of a lot of different applications. Choose this one sure treatment that has been found beneficial by so many lovely women.

For those who want a powder base that really makes the powder stick, try D & R's new Perfect Vanishing Cream. As dainty, as pure, as fine in every way as the cold cream. If you don't already know these two creams intimately, send in the coupon for free samples. Do it now!
Laborless—and safer

The toilet bowl must be kept clean. It is dangerous to neglect it. But there is no need to resort to old-fashioned scouring and scrubbing. Sani-Flush keeps the toilet bowl glistening white. It eliminates all the work. And it does a more thorough job because it cleans the hidden trap which no brush can reach.

All you need do is sprinkle Sani-Flush in the bowl. Follow the directions. Then flush. You will see every mark, stain, incrustation vanish. Foul odors disappear.

Sani-Flush is a necessity in every home. Keep it always handy in the bathroom.

Buy Sani-Flush in new convenient punch-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-size can. 30c in Far West. 35c in Canada.

Sani-Flush
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

The Hygienic Products Co.
Canton, Ohio

Reduce and Shape Your Limbs with Dr. Walter's Medicated Rubber Stockings and Anklets

Light or dark rubber. For over 20 years they have been wearing them and they have found no rival in comfort, service or attractiveness. A perfect solution to the problem of shape, beauty and comfort. Dr. Walter's Stockings and Anklets are more comfortable and give wonderful support and give a protection against cold and discomfort, Anklets 115 cts extra high.

Stockings 11.50 one pair
Anklets 9.50 one pair

Write for booklet.
Dr. Jeanne M. Walter, 385 First Ave., N.Y.

GRAY HAIR
Bubbied or Long

Makes you appear years older.

Dr. B. Paul's Henna

Why Have Gray or Faded Hair

The best medicine for gray hair

Dr. B. Paul, Dept. B, 21 W. 39th St., N.Y.

At all drug and department stores.

GRAY HAIR

Colors gray hair in ONE APPLICATION.

Returns natural color or you can make it brown. Bubbied takes years off your age. But it is a gr. Not affected by salt water, perspiration, oils, tonics, shampoos or gels. Does not discolor scalp or rob oil glands. Compounded of Henna, Hellebore, Haps and other remedies. Applied at home, 1 shade, sizes, P. P. $1.60. White Henna for lightening hair grown dark, $2.25. Pilocarpine Hair Tone (new formula) $5.00. Free advice—Booklet.

GRAY HAIR

Wages for Wives

(Continued from page 100)

for all household and personal purposes. If I draw more heavily one month than usual, as sometimes happens in a home or a business, I dont forget it. I make it up by economizing next month.

I especially want to try myself on this new system of buying. But Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, a very lovely and much-adored deferred to wife, is an old-fashioned woman who opens her eyes wide at such a method of detail as money. 'I've a joint checking account with Mr. Lubitsch and my own personal account, and when I need more I just ask him for it. 'I'm allowed all the money I want.'

Mrs. Lars Hansen, wife of the famous Swedish screen star who was brought over for Lillian Gish's latest picture, like Mrs. Jones, handles the money end of their matrimonial partnership. She was a well-known actress herself on the European stage, and has the first experience with being a defendant woman. "In Sweden," she explained, "my husband and I both worked and received independent salaries, and kept separate accounts of our money, and arranged with a housekeeper to manage our home. "Now we have had to adopt a new method. I manage the house and all his affairs. Every week I collect his salary, bank it, keep books and handle all details. This leaves him free to study his roles and act without having to worry about money matters at all, and it is really better for him. I believe that no actor or actress while married should be bothered with business affairs. I think that actors with non-professional wives usually follow the system Lars and I do. Furthermore, in the case of most of our wives—I never saw a man who could save money as a woman can."

The Tom Mixes, however, have found that neither the man nor the woman in their case can save money or attend to its handling at all. Therefore, they turn it all over to a business manager, who takes care of them. They have every-thing and anything. Whenever Tom Mix or his wife is in need of money, they have to go to this manager and demand his dates, and inform him when they have overrun the weekly budget on which they decided beforehand.

"And, believe me," says Tom, "he does it!"

Mrs. Warner Baxter, Winifred Bryson that was, simply asks for money as she needs it.

"I always hated to think about apportioning my own salary and all that, when I was working," she confessed, "and I'm glad enough to let too, George handles it now. I suppose it wouldn't work with a stingy husband, but it isn't yours, why should you worry?"

Mrs. Edward Connelly shares her head over the new-fangled schemes of young married people.

"They always don't come up when you have been married for as many, many years as Mr. Connelly and I have been married. We have always had one purse. We have never had to make any provision against financial problems. I never feel that I have to ask Mr. Connelly for anything. Whatever he has is mine, and vice versa, and our account has not been kept for decades. I have no allowance. I dont keep a budget. I take what I want from the common purse and never have to explain to Mr. Connelly even for my hobbies. If I want to entertain a group of poor old ladies every week and take them riding or do whatever they think they would enjoy, I can simply take the money I need for this and Mrs. Connelly never says a word." "I've never had an allowance," smiled Mrs. Tod Browning, the wife of the director, "a wage or what you might call it. Mr. Browning pays me all our other wages, however. 'I mean that by we limit ourselves, and together decide what we shall use for household and other purposes. Of course we keep a certain account and into this we put a certain percentage of what he makes. This is a joint wage that limits both of us. The rest is left into a joint pool, we both know we have access to if we need it."

"I think wages for wives are silly and impractical," says Mrs. Charles Ray, "But I think having to ask your husband for money every time you need something is just as silly and impractical, even when the husband is generous."

"We were never married and hadn't thought, of course, of making any arrangements, I was terribly embarrassed about this financial situation. I had never thought of asking for money and I thought I should dread it."

I remember the first thing I bought for myself after we were married. It was a hat. I'ed heard a lot of funny stories, the kind that go the rounds about what happens when the wife comes home with a too expensive purchase, and I was almost afraid to see Mr. Ray that night. Of course, I'ed spent too much money—I never knew any woman who didn't on a hat. "But I'll tell you what happened. 'It isn't my money, it's our money.' I never felt any embarrassment after that, and it gave me far more of a sense of responsibility than if he had insisted that I be economical. I always tried to keep within a certain limit after that, but everything was joint and we both took what we needed. That was our trouble, when Mr. Ray went bankrupt, we had to be extremely careful, we both had to be, not alone. We worked out a budget together, and kept and still keep a careful account of everything. We trust each other. To me the joint one is the fairest, and if there were no trouble, if we changed our minds, there wouldn't be any trouble. I must say, I think most actors with non-professional wives do this." Mrs. Mrs. have what is the last, but not by any means the least sensible word on the subject.

I think a rule about such a thing is worthless. And if there ever is a law or even a custom setting wages for wives, I know that I'll land in the poorhouse. It depends on the individual. Some women can't have husbands keep their money. It's no use expecting them to keep within anything. The person with the most money had should look after the person with the least."

"Now, I'm not a very shining example, I'm afraid, of what an economic wife should be. For household expenses, and I try to keep within it, but I'm afraid I overdraw many times. However, Mr. Bell doesn't seem to think there is much wrong with it. I draw now, and is prepared for the blow. How he arranges it, I don't know, and I'm willing to let it all to him. He knows I don't make much money myself." Mr. Bell's is the only thing that it if I got a certain definite amount, like a wage, and was in honor bound not to ask for more. But I probably know, no matter how much I got, that's all."
Crazy Quilt
(Continued from page 99)
dios the other day and selected her for
that dancing bit. I gave her prominence
in the other scenes, too, you'll notice.”

“Now to convince Mr. Irving,” Harvey
announced. “You come along with me, Mac. He will take your word for her
ability before he takes mine.”

McAllister did not especially relish
urging Mr. Irving to sign anyone to a
contract. But by now along. His own
contract was nearing expiration and he
felt that this publicity at this time would
be valuable. And if the girl did turn out
as well as she promised, it would give
him an excellent argument when they ap-
proached a new contract.

Mr. Irving was in his office. When his
secretary announced Mr. Dunn and Mr.
McAllister, he had them shown in imme-
diately.

Harvey told their story, calling upon
McAllister for comment at what he be-
thought to be psychological moments.
Mr. Irving listened to all they had to say and
finally agreed to look at the film.

“Run it slowly,” Harvey instructed the
operator. “Mr. Irving wishes to watch
someone.”

He said nothing while the film was
being shown, but he found himself grow-
ing more nervous every minute. He was
looking at Judith's performance thru Mr.
Irving's shrewd eyes. But he still thought
her highly promising.

“You are sure about her being related to
Lola Chase?” Mr. Irving asked when the
film had been shown.

Harvey explained that there was no
doUBt about this being true.

“Miss Tower and I are engaged to be
married, Mr. Irving,” Harvey announced,
aware that McAllister registered sur-
prise. “She told me about this relation-
ship in a personal conversation. I think
it undoubtedly accounts for her stage
presence and her personality. She will
have the photographs I mentioned in a day
or two. They are in an old album in her
Westport home. She has already sent for
them.”

Again there was a silence. Mr. Irving
puffed on his expensive cigar and con-
sidered the matter seriously.

Harvey signaled to McAllister to say
something.

“The girl has promise,” McAllister said.
“If you are at all interested in her, Chief,
I can give her that third part in this
picture. It would be all right to have her in
the country-club sequence.”

Harvey blessed McAllister in that
minute.

“She shows promise, all right,” Mr.
Irving agreed. “But people often fool
you. I wish we could see her in some-
thing else. Maybe her effectiveness in the
films is one of those flukes.”

“She has not done anything else on this
lot,” Harvey explained. “But the Excel-
sior people were interested in her. How-
ever, you understand the conditions that
exist over there sometimes...”

Mr. Irving smoked in silence.

“Very well,” he said finally, “have the
young lady come in to see me this after-
noon. At three-thirty. We will give her
a chance. You know the option contract.
Harvey. Willing to have her sign that?”

“Certainly, sir,” Harvey agreed. “I
think we've made up our minds, and I do
not think you will regret it. I am confident
that Miss Tower will prove an asset to this
company.

(Continued on page 116)
CAREFUL, conscientious training by our faculty made this possible. Today trained illustrators who draw pictures for magazines, newspapers, etc., both men and women.

Earn $200 to $500 a Month and More

Present splendid opportunities in this field never existed. Publishers buy millions of dollars worth of illustrations every day, and the demand is for the highest type of art. If you like to draw, let your talent make your fortune. Learning to illustrate is fascinating to anyone who likes to draw.

The Federal "Master Course" includes illustrating, cartooning, lettering, poster design, window card illustrating, etc. No one artist is competent to give instructions in all these branches. That's why the Federal School has established its "Master Course," in which every subject is written by a specialist. No other school can offer a course nearly comparable. No other institution in the country has such an array of artists as are on the Federal Staff.

The Federal Authors include many nationally known artists as Sid Smith, Neya McMen, Fontaine Fox, Charles Livingston Bull, Clare Briggs, Norman Rockwell and over fifty others. Exclusive lessons and drawings especially prepared by them are included in the Federal Home Study Course.

Federal Course Gets Results

Federal School graduates have become so distinguished for their high quality work they are in constant demand by leading publishers and commercial organizations.

Send Today for "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 about illustrating as a profession and about the famous artists who have helped build the Federal Course. It also shows remarkable work by Federal students. Just mail in the coupon below and we will send you the book free.

The company in the studio used to laugh at Estelle Taylor when she embroidered initials on guest towels and napkins between scenes. They were for her hope chest. And she could have bought the most wonderful embroideries and laces in the world!
Romantic Eyes

Weave strange spells!

The expressive beauty of dark-veiled eyes and lures with each coquettish glance. All the dreams of the ages are caught and held in the shadowy sweep of midnight lashes.

To bring out the expressive beauty in your eyes darken your lashes with WINX. Touch them up lightly with this harmless, waterproof liquid and your lashes instantly appear longer, darker, heavier. WINX is waterproof and will not run or smear. Black or brown, 75c U. S. or Canada.

To outline the brows after powdering use Winxette (cake form). Black or brown—complete with one row brush and mirror, 50c.

Offer! Mail coupon with 2c. at once for a generous sample of Winx.

CLARA BOW,

shady-eyed

ROMANTIC STAR

Harrisburg, PA.

Bargains

THE MIDGET

Winxette cake. Eyes glance.

You Can't Beat Our Low Prices

Diamonds — A Fraction of Market Prices

Any diamond set for absolutely free examination.

3649 No Roy Building, 3649 No Roy Building

This ring $88

82/100 Carat Diamond cut

Why Pay Full Prices

Cuts Nothing to See

Always free to make your acquaintance.

Diamonds, as Gem of Perpetual Value.

Resinol Soap

Resinol Soap

A fact no woman can afford to overlook

THE vital importance of keeping their pores open and active is an accepted and well known fact to most of the intelligent women of today. They know that a sick body and a blenched skin usually result from pores that are clogged and unable to function properly.

There is one fact, however, which many women overlook—the absolute necessity for preserving the natural oil of the skin. Remove this protective oil and the skin becomes dry, cracked, rough—a prey to many of the more serious forms of skin disorder.

The soft, luxuriant lather of Resinol Soap most thoroughly cleanses the tiny pores, yet its action is so gentle the delicate oil is preserved and the skin remains soft and supple. These results are possible only because of the Resinol properties in this delightful toilet soap—those properties which give its rich color and distinctive fragrance. It's the soap that makes and keeps skins lovely.

If little irritations are already present, apply a touch of Resinol—that soothing treatment which doctors have prescribed for years in treating itching, burning skin troubles. Excellent for the rashes and chafings of childhood and as a healing home remedy. At all drugstores.

Free—Send this coupon today

RESINOL, Dept. C-8

Baltimore, Md.

Please send me trial size package Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment, free.

Name

Street

City, State
Blondes!

Don’t Let Your Light Hair Grow Dark

Don’t let your hair turn dark, faded or streaked. Keep it light, shiny and golden always. If you see your hair changing color, growing dull and unattractive, losing its pretty golden sparkle and charm, try Blondex before it is too late. Blondex is a new Swedish light hair shampoo, made especially for blonde and light hair, and will bring back all the shining gold and keep your hair looking beautiful. Blondex is not a dye and it is not injurious in any way. Have half a bottle waiting for fine or children’s hair. Get Blondex at all good drug and department store. Money back if not delighted.

BLONDEX
The Blonde Hair Shampoo

For Eyes Reddened by Weeping—Murine

Perhaps it’s only a touching movie . . . or an affecting magazine tale. Whatever the cause, Murine quickly relieves the red, puffy, unsightly condition that invariably follows a good cry.

Just another reason for keeping Murine always handy. It’s invaluable for relieving eyes irritated by exposure to sun, wind and dust . . . and for relieving the eye strain caused by protracted reading or sewing. Used regularly each night and morning, this harmless, long-trusted lotion keeps eyes always bright and clear.

Our valuable illustrated booklet, Eye Beauty is FREE on request

The Murine Company
Dept. 25, Chicago

Is Personality It?

(Continued from page 20)

Haunted Houses

Even if you do not believe that houses can be haunted, it is curious the way some houses seem to house one tragedy after another. There is such a house on a hillside far above Hollywood . . . and what sorrow has come to those who have had the temerity to live there.

Read about it in the November Motion Picture Magazine.

Every advertisement in Motion Picture Magazine is guaranteed.
We Interview
Gloria Swanson
(Continued from page 96)

of little flappers, you know ... wouldn't dare to wear her hair brushed severely back the way she does. . . .
A. W. F.: Or wear such a close hat but she has such etch ... such distinctive ... the words seconded.
G. H.: She's the type that makes you feel silly in a big hat.
A. W. F.: I know ... and curled hair. . . .
G. H.: She's simple in her clothes and her manner of wearing them as she is in her method of dealing with life.
A. W. F.: Her children do matter most to her, you see. She wasn't just talking. You can always tell. She wouldn't trouble to, I'm sure. There was the most vital interest charging her voice when she talked of them.
A. W. F. (nodding anxiously, for once): Of course, there isn't any use in our writing what she said looking forward to old age and living in France in peace ... none of the people who envy her their twelve thousand a week above all else that she has will believe that anyone could want that time to pass away.
G. H. (weakly): Did you say twelve thousand? Well ... they would believe her if they said she her eyes and hear her voice when she talks ... Let's write it anyway ... Twelve thousand a week, did you say?
A. W. F.: Some such fabulous amount under the new contract, I understand. Dear, dear, I've been thinking all along that this was a cut-rate cab and now look at the meter.
G. H. (weekly): I was going to suggest a soda ... Just a cheap one without ice cream, you know.
A. W. F. (firmly, stopping the cab): Not today. And we can walk the rest of the way home. It's only three miles.
The curtain descends upon two little pillars of dust.

From the Stone-hole to Dick Barthemess' Shoes
(Continued from page 58)

At a preview of this picture, J. Boyce Smith, the general manager of Inspiration Pictures, saw him and offered him a role in "The Amateur Gentleman." Before he had completed his second day's work in this picture, he was offered the long-term contract ... which he signed, of course. If you put such happy drama into fiction, people would say it was far-fetched.

Society Girls Do Not Make Good in the Movies!
They have come from Newport ... Park Avenue ... and Southampt-
on and other stamping grounds of the elite. And they have returned from the big light kingdom without any laurels.
What is the answer? They have beautiful clothes ... good looks and charm of manner!
See the November Motion Picture Magazine.

[ADVERTISING SECTION]

The health and beauty of the hair depend chiefly upon the condition of the scalp. Normal capillary circulation and nerve tone mean well-nourished roots—strong, vigorous hair shafts—lustrous hair. Important also, of course, that the scalp be kept really clean. Excellent for these purposes is Liquid Silmerine. Rubbed into the scalp it has a wholesome tonic effect, invigorating tissues, improving circulation. And it effectively eliminates dead-dull, dirt, excess oiliness. Always use before shampooing.

For the keeping hair wavy or curly—ever under most trying conditions—Silmerine long has enjoyed a splendid reputation. Use with utmost confidence. Large bottle, with adjustable cap. $1.00, at drug stores and toilet counters everywhere.

PARKER BELMONT & COMPANY
2350 Clybourn Ave., Chicago

Liquid Silmerine

Gives a neat, well-groomed effect

Bring out the hidden beauty

Do you know that just beneath that soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon? Mercolized Wax will gradually, gently, peel off the devitalized surface skin, revealing the youthful fresh, white and beautiful skin underneath. It leaves no trace but that of increased loveliness. The new complexion is a perfectly natural one, not to be compared at all with a make-up.

It hastens Nature's efforts. Shedding worn-out skin is Nature's way of renewing the complexion. They cutaneous particles come off day by day. When this skin shedding begins to lag—as it does in time—complexion troubles begin. Nature may then assist by simply applying Mercolized Wax. The Wax actually destroys the mask of dead scar skin—causing no discomfort. It makes the pore breathe; livens up the whole countenance. All of a sudden you seem to have lost 10 to 20 years from your age.

Freckles, pimples, liver spots, moth patches, etc., of course disappear with the shedding article, just as this is better than attempting to hide or cover up skin defects, and stiding the pores with a soggy mass of creams or other cosmetics! Mercolized Wax will give you a new skin of enchanting beauty as rich church-bearers or the slightest evidence of artifici alness. One that will give you complete confidence in your appearance—one, indeed, that will make folks turn a second time to look at you in passing.

And all these results are accomplished by using just one box of Mercolized Wax, longer than that, in fact. Try it today—$5 a box, with full directions, at any drug or department store.

MERCOLIZED WAX

Removes Wrinkles In 15 Minutes

Sounds too good to be true? It is true; you can prove it this very day. If you want to see wrinkles, creases, sagging completely disappear from your face in 15 minutes, just mix a spoonful of Powdered Tarkroot with a spoonful of lemon juice and apply this soothing mixture to your face. Then sit down before your mirror and have the surprise of your life!

See the Age Line Vani!

Blackheads, Oiliness or coarse pores. It leaves the skin velvety soft and smooth, with a healthy, girlish tint.

To work so as upon an important physiological principle, invigorating skin and underlying tissues, making them much firmer. It is not a cosmetic for you wash it off after it has done its work, the skin appearing natural, glowing, refreshed.

Costs Less Than 3 Cents

an application when purchased in the original package. So Tarkroot certainly is not expensive to use. Tarkroot produces such really amazing results it is difficult to tell the whole story without appearance of exaggeration. Only the actual experience could make you believe it all. It will pay a package from your druggist today.

TARKROOT

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
The Unpardonable Sin

(Ramón Novarro Answered):

"I have never had it, but they do say it is contagious and that its power of suggestion is fearful! My last picture in title and story definitely gave this suggestion and they have changed the title and some of the story. I would never live thru it if it ever did hit me!"

Ronald Colman Answered:

"Anyone that has that thing attached to him and his career is sunk!"

Chorus:

"It makes a man effeminate, pretty, silly, useless, and a sap! It's Hollywood's stigma! No scandal ever sticks so close or tenaciously and has such lasting and destructive force!"

Me:

"Look at all the great lovers of history— they were empire builders, not weaklings and—saps!"

All this excitement and vehemence was caused by asking these Hollywood favorites why they so solemnly objected to the title, "Great Lover."

I found John Gilbert on the set in costume for Bardeley's in "Bardeley's, the Magnificent." He could not run away! When I slung the question at him again, he looked thoroughly disgusted. Sternly he said, "Pardon me, my dear, but I did think you had more sense than to speak that blood-curdling word to me!"

"I never want to be called a 'Great Lover!' I hate the very name and—in fact, I think I shall positively refuse to talk about it even to you—friend that you have always been to me!"

"Please think of a story am I out on, anyway?" I went, but I called back over my shoulder at him, "I don't care, John; you carry the screen's greatest lover in 'His Hour!'"

He drew his sword and lunged at me, saying, "Be that your last utterance, and be it said John Gilbert slayed for his honor!"

His sword missed—and I was soon missing—from his set. Seeking the gentler, and more charitable disposition of Ramón Novarro, I wandered over to his set.

Ramón laughed outright, "I object mainly because—I am not one! Suddenly at each eye I pray that I shall never be one! This picture depicts a lover. Heaven forbid I be a great one!"

He let my side at this moment to go into as "Great Loverish" a scene as one could imagine and over the heroine's shoulders he murmured softly—"Don't tell on me?" I could bear no more, so I left, throwing him a knowing smile. He looked anxiously after me.

A few days later I was conversing with Ronald Colman. Finding him in a jovial and friendly mood, I sprang the fatal question.

The laugh on his face melted like magic and he said, "Have you ever heard what I do to people that mention that Hollywood terror to me? They tried that silly, terrific slander on me once, and the Reds of Russia had nothing on me when it came to revolutions. Samuel Goldwyn, too, saw that I was rapidly going mad, frothing at the mouth and all of that sort of thing—so he called it off. No one has dared mention it to me since. I was just beginning to like you," he frowned, "but—well, you must know you have committed Hollywood's unpardonable sin, and suffer the consequences you must!"

Now every time I see any of these "Great Lovers of the screen" they look suspiciously at me and say, "You haven't another to spring like that—Hollywood stigma—one have you?"

I haven't—not right now!

The life of an interviewer in Hollywood is a queer one. One just gets everyone eating out of one's hand and then one has to spring a "Great Lover" thing. They turn in maddened fury and bite the same hand that they were feeding out of! What a life!

Advertising Section

Make Your Skin Ivory-White in 3 Days!

I have the honor to announce the most important beauty discovery of the age. I found it. A wonderful new preparation that clears the skin of every blemish and makes it as smooth and white as ivory. Every woman who wants a glorious complexion can now have it in three to six days.

NOW... A New Kind of Lotion Skin Whitener!

Now you can have the smooth, flawless complexion you have longed for... the exquisite white skin you see only in famous houses. The kind of skin that powder cannot give! The skin itself must be soft, smooth and white. My marvelous discovery now gives you this striking complexion in just three to six days. It whitens the skin to ivory whiteness.

Freckles and Tan Vanish!

All trace of freckles, tan, blackheads, roughness and redness disappear almost as if you had washed them away. Never before have women had such a preparation! Mild, gentle and guaranteed safe and harmless! Apply it in just three minutes at bedtime. Every woman should have it. There is not one complication in a thousand that will not be clearer, smoother, more radiant through its use.

Test It... Whiten Your Neck

Test this preparation on your arm, hands, or on your neck where the skin is usually much darker than on the face. See what an amazing improvement three days make. Use my Lotion Face Bleach in any way you like for six days. Then, if not delighted, return it, and I will refund your money.

Large Bottle...Low Price...Guaranteed!

Send no money—simply mail coupon. When package arrives pay postman only $1.50 for the regular large-size bottle. Use this wonderful cosmetic six days. Then, if not delighted, return it, and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon at once to (Mrs.) Gerwaise Graham, 23 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

GERVAISE GRAHAM

Lotion Face BLEACH

(Mrs. Gervaise Graham, Dept. B-10, 23 W. Illinois St., Chicago)

"Send me postman only $1.50 for Lotion Face Bleach. On arrival, I will pay postman only $1.50. If not delighted after six days, I will return it and you will at once refund my money.

Address...

Name...

Page 108

Every advertisement in Motion Picture Magazine is guaranteed.
To get the effect you want

**Dress your hair with Glo-Co**

Glo-Co Liquid Hair Dressing makes your hair easy to arrange, and keeps it in place all day. It’s a tonic and dressing too—better by far than brilliantine.

Use Glo-Co Hair Dressing before a curl or marcel. Prevents split and broken ends and keeps your hair curled longer. Remember to use it on the children’s hair too. Keeping the most unruly hair in place all day. Glo-Co Hair Dressing will take the curl for the scalp as well as the hair. Stimulates the hair roots to new growth and lessens dandruff. It is what your doctor would recommend.

Use it on the scalp before a shampoo. Then wash with Glo-Co Shampoo. The cleansing, antiseptic lather frees the scalp from dandruff and bacteria and makes the hair like silk.

Sold at drug and department stores and barber shops. If your dealer cannot supply Glo-Co Hair Dressing and Shampoo, a full-sized bottle of either will be sent free, Glo-Co Company, 6511 McKinley Ave, Los Angeles, California.

**GLO-CO**

**LIQUID HAIR DRESSING**

**AXEL CHRISTENSEN**

(Famous Ventriloquist and Radio Star)

Will Teach You

**JAZZ PIANO PLAYING IN 20 LESSONS**

His wonderful system has made thousands of piano students expert musicians in only 20 lessons.

If there is a "CHRISTENSEN SCHOOL" in your city, just apply for free "CHRISTENSEN SCHOOL" catalog or information given by mail.

**SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET**

GET THE COMPLET Jazz Instruction Book, dumber how to "Jump Up" any time, with your breath, left and right hands, from our plant.

**PIANO TEACHERS**

If there is no "Christensen School" in your city, write and request a "CHRISTENSEN SCHOOLS OF POPULAR MUSIC" Suite 420 20 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

**Why Don’t Society Girls Make Good in the Movies?**

**What Do Men Want?**

The Haunted House of Hollywood

**IN NOVEMBER**

Motion Picture Magazine

AT ALL NEWS-STANDS

**BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION GUARANTEED**

Beautiful Complexion

By using any of the classes of Hair or Complexion Creams, etc., we thoroughly modernize your complexion, making you beauty of your life.

**ADVICE AND FULL INFORMATION on us**

**GLO-CO**

**Piano Jazz**


Waterman Piano School, 1803 West Adams St., Los Angeles, Calif.
"No," he said; "how could I be? Or anyone else? I don’t believe any personality can succeed another. Poor Wally... he was the victim of too much friendship, much publicity. He was the perfect example of what not to do—to off the screen.

"As a matter of fact, I think the screen actors and actresses of today are improving. They are more realistic in their approach to a sauer point of view. They aren’t taking themselves so seriously. It’s a great mistake to take yourself too seriously, whether you’re a leading player or a plunger.

"There’s no doubt about it that it takes a pretty hard head to stand up under the money we make, the excitement and pressure we live under. In the studios, the press stories that go out about us, the flattery we receive, all the ‘yes’ men—and women.

"On the stage it’s different. We put on a part as a game and when we step from the stage we take it off again and are ourselves. For instance, if you see a man on the stage portraying to be a wild Westerner, we got up on nothing from a tree, you know—and he knows—that he is not a Westerner, wild or otherwise, and that he probably couldn’t shoot a clay pigeon at an inch range."

"But on the screen so many of us come to believe that we really are the type we play a scene of humor.

"If a woman gains a reputation as a siren, a vampire, she begins to believe that she is one and that she must go about, in private life, wreaking homes and husbands."

"If a man plays a sheik on the screen, he seems to think that he must continue to strike it—in even the home."

"Then this publicity... a man may have to play in a polo game in a picture. The chances are that he can’t play polo at all and that a substitute does it for him. None of the less, the press departments send out stories to the effect that So-and-So is a crack polo player, an athlete of amazing prowess, the winner of fifty silver hol- tabs. That’s all right... what isn’t all right is that So-and-So really believes that he is.

"I believe that this condition is changing."

"I think a great deal of the notoriety and sensationalism that got abroad was due to the persons who publicized. Subconsciously, no doubt, they felt that sort of thing was expected of them, that it was good for them and they let it fly.

"There is all too little in the world between publicity and notoriety."

"In poor Wally’s case... if they had let him alone after working hours, let him be himself, rest, relax, but no, it was good publicity for him to appear here, there, everywhere. After work we are all tired out. The lights alone are enough to exhaust anyone. We get up at six unless we are tempestuary geniuses and do not appear at the studio until ten or eleven. And we work all day and sometimes into the night. When we are thru we are dog-tired. If we must go out, the only way we can manage it is to take something to give us pep. And then you’re played for.

"I want to see aันaie. If I am thru at five o’clock I go home, rest, dine and go to bed. I get up early and take a lot of exercise. I try to keep my constitution and keep on exercising that no one can burn the candle at both ends and expect it to keep on burning.

We said, "Are you one of a family of actors? Is it hereditary?"

"Yes. My father, grandmother and grandfather were all in the profession. When I was seven I remember seeing my maternal grandmother play the leading role in The Great Millvowie, an old Drury Lane melodrama, put on by Mrs. Henry Leigh."

"Ah," we said, "the Barrymore complex without the genius," said Reginald, modestly.

"Not temperamental?" we queried.

"Ha! Haven’t a right to be. Very few have. Take Jimmy and me—he’s right to be temperamental. He has genius, and genius is usually a bit off balance—in the right direction, professionally. His is the real stuff—when you can help it. Most people can help it, and there’s no excuse for them."

"Do you suppose," we said, "that so many stories on the stage fail because of all this... temperament... too much of everything... we’ve been talking about? Yours hasn’t failed, you see."

"No, I suppose not," said Dr. Denny, "providing..."

"Yes... yes."

"There is a great deal of hush-hush."

"Is that what has kept your marriage successful and intact?"

"Partly. Partly affection. A great deal because we went thru such bitterly hard times together. I couldn’t begin to tell you what my wife has been thru, poor kid. The strongest bond in the world is the bond of suffering together. And we have suffered. You wouldn’t believe the things... After we were married we joined the Bandes Opera Company and toured India. We played in musical comedies in Bombay, Calcutta and Singapore. We entertained Rajahs. We introduced the turkey trot and the bunny hug to Hindu and Brahmins. We were strung there. We’ve been jobless. We’ve just about starved. While I was away at war my wife had the baby, all alone. After that she had a splendid breakdown. She was started to the stage, and just when she was to begin had a severe nervous breakdown. They had to carry her to the stage. I certainly have a great deal of sympathy for the things she has been thru and admiration for the good sport she has been thru with."

"She’s a great little actress, too... not to act the modest young man, but she really is a bigger actress than ever I will be. She’s done a great many nice things. Took Mary Hay’s part in ‘Mar- joyine’ one time... many things. If she were in the East, she’d be working the whole time. But my work is on the Coast—and there you are. It’s pretty hard on her, when she was on the stage for so long.

Well, it may be awfully hard. We have no doubt that it is, but not to make a personal remark, there must be considerable difference between being Mrs. Reginald Denny. Not because he is playing the Big Time, to employ a vaudeville expression, but because he is a man, human and humorous, sane and sympathetic, dependable and strong. A hero and a husband.
$100 for One Good Commercial Drawing

Scores who ever 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, let your work receive the personal attention and criticism of successful art instructors. 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 on 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 Commercial Art and shows how this starting quick method easily enables you to enter this field. It tells about our students—their success—who they are, or 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 1818-B, 1115-12th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Who Are the Best-Dressed Women on the Screen?

(Continued from page 24)

"On the screen, many say that Miss Swanson is the best dressed of the women. She is type. If I were asked to select a highly individualized type, I would certainly select Miss Swanson, but not as the best dressed woman of the group.

"One has to have a more general example—Miss Castle, for instance.

"Dress is more classic today than it used to be. There are no longer 'best dresses.' Nor are there 'summer dresses' and 'winter dresses.' A printed georgette may be worn in the spring and summer and may also be worn under a wrap in the fall and winter.

"It is always advisable for a woman to study the tone of her skin, the color of her hair, her eyes, and then select a few becoming colors and stick to them. All colors cannot be becoming to all women.

"Many women do not trust to their own judgment. When they come to us, they should not trust to their own judgment. It is our business to supply the judgment. Often women come to us and say, 'I want to-and-so. I want it a certain way, in a certain color. Will you help to dissuade them, but to no avail. When the costume is complete, they do not like it.

"But I will say that the majority of girls and women who come to us know that we are here for the purpose of telling and not being told, and they say to us, 'What do you suggest?'

"For the best-dressed woman, it is our advice to look in the mirror and keep on looking.

"Details are important, too. You are not really dressed when you have on your dress. There should be, also, the right shoes, the right hat, the right handbag, gloves, handkerchief and flower. If your dress is elaborate, eliminate touches. If it is necessarily simple, relieve it with a flower, a string of beads."

Mr. Collins, in concluding, cast the following horoscope for the fall. This will be what when autumn comes.

"The tailored dress that we knew six or seven years ago will have a revival in tweed material and in gabardine. The colors most evident will be navy blue, shades of brown and golden brown. In America as burgundy. The sleeves of this dress will be long and tight, with a tailored shoulder.

"In sports apparel we will undoubtedly see the return of the sweater coat—not the pull-over, but put on like a jacket, buttoning or buckling either on the side or center front. For the ultra-slim lady, the soft, glosy rubber-like suede will be worn for coat linings and short coat effects. In fact, we shall see a fashion for suede jackets and sleeveless long coats in all types of leather."

"The silk street dress will not be of consistent type. We shall have those with a bloused back—some bloused under the arm—to some tunic effects, and lastly, one is safe to prophesy the silhouette of a silk dress for fall and winter, as it will be a conglomeration of all the lines and all the silhouettes that we have known for the past seven years. From this conglomeration there will evolve a definite waistline for spring, 1927."

"The everyday day dresses will, in many cases, have circular skirts. For the slim and slender person, we shall return to what was known as the baby waist. For the matron we will retain the straight line in velvet and in chiffon, indicating a waistline by a loose rope girdle or by buckles or embellishments on the sides."
Maybell Manning has a charming house. We sat in a room with a lovely 'feel' to it. Old pieces of French Venetian windows draped with magnificent georgette and ashes-of-roses taffeta. Odd di- vans... tall vases... Oriental rugs... morning coffee... then a slim and lovely girl, a model... drifted in by some gown of such stuff as dreams are made of.

Maybell, slim and gorgeous "things" were then and there modeled for me—and they were divine. Tight bodices, lovely, voluminous skirts, quite long, one with exquisite applique, one with handmade other colors. I think, with a band of blue ribbon tied oddly, right in the middle of the bodice, over the bust; the other made in blue satin. Maybell Manning called "sea foam" on the deep hem of the skirt, it was sea foam... jade green, tasteful of fawn pink... exquisite.

A strong tenet of faith with me," said Miss Manning, "is that women should always go in for subdued things in the daytime. Tailored suits are always good. Simple sports things. And in the evening they should open like flowers—be colored things, not black.

"Oddly enough, china red, flaming red, is best for blondes. It brings out the loveliest tints they have. And the old ivories—white, pale yellow, is best for brunettes.

"Bebe Daniels is beginning to dress extremely well. She tends toward the Oriental in color, and she can wear ivory beautifully. We have made her a lovely old ivory silk of lustrous heavy fabric worked with threads of old gold. We made her a "frock" with a little tail, box effect, with chevrons and brass buttons, round sailor hat. She was adorabie in it.

"Then there is Norma Talmadge. She has to wear either very juvenile little things or very bizarre little things. Always petite, slightly of little frame, recently she made a little sailor costume. Darling, such as costume a ten-year-old child might wear. Blue dress with tie and white boots, for her, a very early idea. I recently made her a little sailor costume. Darling, such as costume a ten-year-old child might wear. Blue dress with tie and white boots, for her, a very early idea.

"Carole Dempster is another girl who knows her type and sticks to it. I do not believe, as some people do, that a girl should adhere to one type of gown. I believe that she should adhere to it until she finds something else that suits her just as well."

No one person is so limited that only one style becomes her. But every one has at least one type of thing that most be- comes them.

"Carole always makes me think of baby things... white fur... softness. We feel the young girls in the film that Carole can wear and she knows what she can wear perfectly.

"Olden things, picturesque things. quaint things, heavy, laced, grey, tight bodices and full, soft skirts. These are Carole's things. And she follows one requisite. She always wears what she knows. She is always perfectly turned out. By which I mean that she is correct and complete in every least detail. She never wears more than two gowns. No one should, if they can possibly avoid it. A hat goes with one gown properly and one only. It belongs to one gown and should be kept for it. Also, she is complete in all the details of her costume.

Her hat, her shoes, her bag, her gloves. She never mixes her costumes."

"Diva" Joyce was doing very badly when she first came to me. She had a perfect faculty for getting the wrong hats. She had too much of everything. We per- suaded her to wear the tailored suits in the daytime, sport things. And in the evening we made her lovely things, two of white organade.

Two of those familiar organade "things" were then and there modeled for me—and they were divine. Tight bodices, lovely, voluminous skirts, quite long, one with exquisite applique, one with handmade other colors. I think, with a band of blue ribbon tied oddly, right in the middle of the bodice, over the bust; the other made in blue satin. Maybell Manning called "sea foam" on the deep hem of the skirt, it was sea foam... jade green, tasteful of fawn pink... exquisite.
Stop Fat
If you see it creeping on
Do n't lose your youthful figure. All ideas of style and beauty call for slenderness today. Those boyish figures are easy to attain and keep, as millions of people know.

Take Marmola Prescription Tablets, four a day, until your weight returns to normal. Do not exercise or diet in excess. This method has for 19 years held its leading place. Delighted users have told others, and the use has spread. Now people are using 100,000 boxes monthly. The results are seen in almost every circle. Excess fat has largely disappeared.

Ask your friends about it. They will tell you and show you what Marmola did for them.

Go try Marmola if you need it. Do that in fairness to yourself. Watch how weight reduces, how vitality increases. You will always be glad that you know it.

All druggists sell Marmola at $1 a box. Or it can be ordered direct by Marmola Co., 1330 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce
Beautiful Complexion IN 15 DAYS
Clear your complexions of pimples, blackheads, freckles, and all other blemishes. You can give your complexions a new, clear, healthy look every day in 15 days or your money back.

Ciba
The Beautiful Choice

A PERFECT LOOKING NOSE
EASILY CAN BE YOURS

Trade Model No. 25 corrects all ill-shaped noses quickly, painlessly, permanently and comfortably at low cost. Includes illustrated guide for perfect adjustment and a full guarantee. Satisfaction is absolutely guaranteed, or money refunded.

Men: Try it on yourself; women, let your man adjust it for you. Ladies, office workers, artists, business girls, college girls, and college boys, try it.

M. T. T. SMITH, Sales Manager

Corner Your Pictures—Album
where you can have them safe and enjoy them always

Style A


tiny

at

Engel

Art

Corner

Sizes

are

on

sale

at

Sally

Simly,

and

Marmola Prescription Tablets. Ask your druggist for Marmola Prescription Tablets and Engel Corner Your Pictures.

Corner Your Pictures—Album, Engel

100

Buy

00

Engel McCoy Co., 2238 S. Clark St., Chicago

What Do Men Want?
What is the first thing a man looks for in a woman? Physical attractiveness? Cleverness? A good disposition? Read what the motion picture men say about this in the November Motion Picture Magazine.

What do you like in a man? Women! motion picture women! What do they like in a man? What do men want? You will find the answer to these questions in the next issue of this magazine.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Today both men and women want smooth hair

2107 People tell how they keep their hair in place.

If your hair is unruly you must use something to keep it from getting out of place. You need not experiment. Today you can use the dressing that more people rely on than any other.

When 2107 people were asked what they used to keep their hair in place, the dressing which they overwhelmingly preferred to all others was—Stacomb.

From Coast to Coast you will find that people who want their hair to lie in place, yet never to look greasy or sticky, rely on this remarkable dressing.

Let us send you, free, a generous sample. Stacomb will suit any type of hair, because it comes in two forms. You may prefer it in cream form—in the attractive jar or the handy tube. Or you may prefer the delightful new Liquid Stacomb.

But in either form Stacomb you will find, is totally invisible on your hair, pleasant to use, and really keeps your hair in place—all day long.

Stacomb never leaves your hair dry and brittle, either, as daily wetting with water makes it. Stacomb is actually beneficial, because it tends to prevent dandruff. At all drug and department stores.

FRIE OFFER—Stacomb

Standard Laboratories, Inc.
Dept.O-34, 113 West 18th St., New York
Send me free sample of Stacomb as checked:
Original, cream form □ New Liquid form □
Name__________________________
Address________________________

Advertising Section

Making the Living-room Livable

(Continued from page 50)

for your wall coverings. Paper, paint, wash, each has its advantage—all are attractive. I feel that my choice of wallings are a very light tint of my wall color. I should see that my floors are darker than my walls, preferably a dark brown, either painted or patterned, or they are used of one of the new attractive linoleums. For the wall surfaces I should choose grey, tan or green. The gray runs from a gray-white to a French gray. The green should be quite light and perhaps a bit more blue than yellow and with a large amount of gray in it, as to keep the room from being too deep a color. However, of all background colors for general use I should choose one of the tans. These may range any place from a pale egg-shell through the ivories and creams to a true tan. Under no circumstances should a wall verge on to brown, however, for then it would become too dark to reflect light—and cheerful living-room is always desirable.

Creams are the most livable colors, because they harmonize with far more other colors than background and are, besides, warm and easy to live with.

Painted walls are perhaps the most satisfactory. Walls painted over canvas are the ideal wall and I would recommend you to mend them above everything else. Covered with an egg-shell or dull finish oil paint, they may be washed when necessary and are, besides, very inside and looking. I would prefer oil paint directly on plaster. If I were building a new house, however, for the first several years I would use a water paint on my plaster walls until I was sure that the walls had settled.

Wall paper has always been most satisfactory as a wall covering and is quite frequently the rival of painted walls. In soft tan or gray, absolutely plain or with an indistinct, soft design, wall paper is most attractive and forms a lovely background for the living-room.

Next I would choose slip covers if I had only a small amount of money to spend. I would have these slip covers made so well that they would look like permanent covers. They may be plain or finished on the bottom with a box-pleated ruffle. When you are having these made—or if you cut them yourself—you have them fitted tight instead of allowing for shrinkage, for they will look much better if they are dry-cleaned instead of washed and they need not be done frequently. Slip covers will transform a room quicker than anything I know of, even if the price is not considered.

If I were fixing up a room, I would cover a davenport and one chair in bright linen or chintz in a color that harmonizes with my background. Block-printed linen is most effective for a davenport covering, but any linen or cotton, or cretonne, if you are careful to use the colorings which the room needs, are excellent, too. I would put the chair in a bright color—the color of one of the predominating colors or figures in the cretonne. I would choose another chair in a solid color for the same reason. Mix the two colors or combining other colors which the cretonne contains. In this way all of your chairs will harmonize and fit together and your room will be gay and cheerful. Many people I know who have charming homes leave their slip covers on their chairs and davenport both winter and summer as part of the permanent home decorations.

How about your lamps? Have you a couple of stiff, or silk-covered, lamp on your table far from any chair or have you convenient bridge lamps or table lamps just where you want them for reading?

Lamps may be becoming or unbecoming to the rooms’ occupants. They may be useful or absolutely useless. If carefully chosen, they are most important adjunct to a room. Chosen carelessly they are hideous—and useless as well. If I needed lamps and had only a little money to spend—or even if I had a lot of money—I think I should buy first all of a pair of wrought-iron bridge lamps with parchment shades, in cream, yellow or soft orange. These add beauty to a room and when placed behind a chair they are most excellent for reading—and cast a most becoming glow. If my room were large, I would have two pairs of bridge lamps or one pair of bridge lamps and a couple of other lamps on occasional tables in such a position that they would be useful for reading.

Too many people neglect comfortable pillows and cushions. Stiff and ugly cushions add little comfort to a room and nothing to its beauty. Make a number of them small and good-looking. They are useful like feathers if you can get them, and covering the cushions in plain material either satin or taffeta or sateen, using the colors that dominate in your furniture or davenport covering. Have enough pillows so that they may be tucked back of your guests and have them soft enough so that they will be comfortable without being used. Nothing is so ugly as a davenport or a couch too fully covered with stiff, useless pillows. And a room without cushions is bare, indeed, and altogether different from the one that we all that you will need in the way of window decorations.

If you wish to add more furnishings to your living-room, I can suggest one thing
— a new comfortable chair. You may think your home is completely furnished, but I have seen very few homes where an additional comfortable chair was not welcomed. In getting a chair, remember the men in the family or men guests, anyway. Far too many women, when doing the buying, pick out chairs that are comfortable to women, but not necessarily so to the men of the household. Men like chairs that are low and long with seats deep and soft enough for comfort. Any of the English lounge or club chairs are ideal and almost any living-room could be made more attractive with the addition of these chairs. They are covered in velvet, corduroy, tapestry or linen. Then men in the family and their guests, too, will vote this a very splendid addition to the room.

Outside of occasional tables you will need another living-room table and in most modern homes I prefer a long, narrow library table either of walnut or mahogany, according to the other furnishings of the room. This may be an English, American or Italian design and should be straight and sturdy with a fairly large, adequate-looking top. On this table you may stand a lamp, a bowl of flowers and books or magazines.

Books and magazines! Far too few housewives realize what an important part these can play in a room’s decorations. Low open bookshelves filled with books present to the eye as lovely a tapestry as I can imagine. Besides the comforting presence of books, the books you want to read, books are in themselves decorative. Nothing reflects so well the owners of a room as the presence of books. A pile of magazines, decorative booklets on the table and other books convenient on open shelves are as lovely a part of a room’s furnishings as I can imagine. Stiff rows of books behind glass doors—and the magazines put out of the way before company comes—may be neat, but does not spell hospitality and charm. Keep books in sight.

Outside of their intrinsic value, and I can’t imagine being happy where there are no books, books will give an “air” to your home that nothing else can possibly give it.

If your home needs new rugs I would choose, first of all, one-tone rugs in tan, sand color or a soft brown-gray. My second choice would be Oriental rugs in dark, soft colors.

I think now, that your refurnished living-room will please you—that you will find it livable and charming, and beautiful as well. Soft light walls of ivory cream or gray—bright linen or chintz slip covers, cushions to harmonize—a new comfortable chair—occasional tables drawn up close to low upholstered chairs—lovely bookcases, magazines, smoking things—a place to stand a glass or a book—flowers in low bowls—conveniently placed lamps in soft puchamph colors or silks shaded—and I think you will admit that the picture is not only one of comfort but of beauty as well.

Your family wont mind staying at home if they have a living-room like this to stay in and you will find that guests appreciate it, too. As a hostess your own charm and personality will be reflected in the beauty of your living-room. A few new things, the getting rid of a few old things that are not attractive, a little money, a great deal of thought and perhaps time—and your living-room will reflect you as you want to be reflected and will repay you by giving you a background of comfort, charm and beauty.

H ere is a way that works wonders by supplying coloring elements to gray hair. What happens is that the natural shade is conveyed. If your hair is naturally amber, it will revert to amber. If black, black it will be.

No need now for crude, messy dyes judged dangerous to hair. They are noticed by your friends.

This new scientific way defies detection. Some 10,000,000 women have used it. You take no chances.

It’s safe and makes your hair live looking and lustrous. Will not wash nor rub off. And may be applied only to gray and faded parts.

We send you free a sample of Mary T. Goldman’s Hair Color Restorer. You snap off a single lock of your hair and try it first on all a single lock BEAUTIFUL hair to see what it does. Thus have no fear of results.

Now it takes only a few minutes to bring back natural shade to faded and graying hair. You watch it creep back after using this clear water-like liquid—accept amazing free test

Your Musical Bump will pay You well

Start how to develop your talent with a Conn easy-to-play hand or orchestral instrument. Unusually developed Presto or clarifique wind. A trial package of Del-a-Tone Cream or Del-a-Tone Powder will be sent free to you.

THE DELATONE COMPANY
Dept. 710, 271 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill.
When Mr. Irving returned to his office, Harvey went to the booth telephone. It was now eleven-thirty, and he knew that Judith would be waiting to hear from him.

At the first jingle of the telephone bell, Judith had hurried downstairs. She had spent the morning preparing to leave this room which had been her home for almost a year. She had cleaned out her bureau and packed most of her things. She had written her father of her plans and had done a little shopping.

Now Harvey's message about Mr. Irving seemed too good to be true.

"A contract has been drawn up," she exclaimed. "Oh, Harvey, dear, not really!"

Harvey explained about the options, but this did not distress her in the least. After he hung up, she said to the studio a few hours later, Harvey thought he had never seen a more radiant face. It was as luminous as the morning.

He took her to Mr. Irving's office and introduced her with an ill-concealed pride.

Judith's fears were allayed as soon as she met Mr. Irving. She knew immediately that she was to have letters on the Goldstein letter. Charles Irving was a very different sort. He was an odd mixture of shrewd business, fatherly kindness, pride in his position, and distillations.

And on his desk was a large portrait of Mrs. Irving and their two sons.

"Well, Miss Tower," Mr. Irving began, "you seem to have picked up a motion-picture actress. We cannot tell definitely from the little work you have done for us, but we want to sign you up so that no other company can sign you up.

"This shows that we believe in you. But frankly, this contract I am going to give you to read—and to sign if you so desire—means something to you. We are going to give you fair parts in two pictures within the next two months and pay you two hundred and fifty dollars a week while you are playing picture parts.

Judith listened carefully to all that he said to her. She knew that she was so inwardly excited that things were not as clear to her as they would otherwise be and she was anxious to understand.

"After that," Mr. Irving continued, "everything is up to you. Really, this contract is only a sort of courtesy for you to show us what you can do."

"And for giving you this opportunity we get your service; if you do make good. That is fair enough, I think."

He handed Judith the contract and noticed that she was quite as lovely as any famous star who had ever been in his office. She had worn the little black crepe with the lace collar and cuffs. And a large black straw hat was crushed over her hair.

"Now will you read this over carefully," he said, giving no sign of his approval. "I have already shown it to Mr. Dunn, and he is quite satisfied with it. If there is any legal wording that you do not understand, I will explain it to you or you are at liberty to show it to your attorney.

"Judith read the several pages carefully. Out of the mass of legal phraseology she deduced the fact that she would receive seven hundred dollars a week at the end of a year contract.

"But the latter two pictures in which she appeared there was an option. They might exercise it or not, as they saw fit. However, with the beginning of every option there was a substantial rise in the salary figures until the contract expired in 1927.

(Colored of thousands of the very women most successful in the idea that their gray hair now do so with Nour.)

Because Nour is so natural that it cannot be detected—and

This is why:

The Nour principle differs from that of the oldfash-

With this new principle, every gray hair is covered by a

Nour is in artistic coloring. It does not penetrate the

He came to the point. Mr. Dunn had told him that

Nour is also a new principle, because the color is not

Nour is specifically guaranteed to impart color to gray,

strands of oldfashioned gray. The color is a result of

Nour is also a new principle, because in the case of

Nour is specifically guaranteed to impart color to gray,

strands of oldfashioned gray. The color is a result of

the surface of the hair. Nour is a new principle, because

the color is not permanent. Nour is specifically guaranteed

to impart color to gray, strands of oldfashioned gray. The

color is a result of

Nour is specifically guaranteed to impart color to gray,

strands of oldfashioned gray. The color is a result of

the surface of the hair. Nour is a new principle, because

the color is not permanent. Nour is specifically guaranteed

to impart color to gray, strands of oldfashioned gray. The

color is a result of

the surface of the hair. Nour is a new principle, because

the color is not permanent. Nour is specifically guaranteed

to impart color to gray, strands of oldfashioned gray. The

color is a result of

the surface of the hair. Nour is a new principle, because

the color is not permanent. Nour is specifically guaranteed

to impart color to gray, strands of oldfashioned gray. The

color is a result of

the surface of the hair. Nour is a new principle, because

the color is not permanent. Nour is specifically guaranteed

to impart color to gray, strands of oldfashioned gray. The

color is a result of

the surface of the hair. Nour is a new principle, because

the color is not permanent. Nour is specifically guaranteed

Obviously, and the secret of the success of Nour is the

The Nour principle differs from that of the oldfash-

With this new principle, every gray hair is covered by a

Nour is in artistic coloring. It does not penetrate the

He came to the point. Mr. Dunn had told him that

Nour is also a new principle, because the color is not

Nour is specifically guaranteed to impart color to gray,
In three words...

NOT too much Turkish, not too little Turkish; neither over-rich nor commonplace... But just enough Turkish... there, in three words, is the secret of Fatima's extraordinary delicacy.

What a whale of a difference just a few cents make.

Loggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
BAYER ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!
Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for:
Colds   Headache   Neuritis   Lumbago
Pain   Neuralgia   Toothache   Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

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

ASPIRIN

Genuine

BAYER

Advertising Section

LEADING LADY: "I don't like Lillian Gish, tho. I don't know what the matter with
me. Priscilla Bonner and all those girls
just adore her. She's so flirty. She was
supposed to have lived in that garret
for years, and still she never could find
the door without looking for it. You don't
care, partner, do you? If I had two dia-
monds? Honors count almost as much as
points." She smiles across the table.

Her HUSBAND: "Pass."

COMEDIAN: "Well, well, well. Let's
talk about his words. 'I didn't like
Jack Gilbert much in it. He's a nice
fellow, I like Jack, but I thought he
was pretty poor in that. Do you know
what the greatest drawback to such a
boy's popularity is going to be?"

The others seem to be looking at their
cards.

COMEDIAN: "Do you know what it is
going to be?"

COMEDIAN'S WIFE: "No, dear, what
is the greatest drawback to Gilbert's
popularity?"

COMEDIAN: "He has no sense of humor.
Now that he ever was in a rather
volatile way. But he has nothing of the
lighter touch. In my latest picture I
play a Bohemian, myself. I want you all
to see it. Of course mine is more or less
slap-stick, but underneath it all I think
you will recognize more real Bohemian
characterization than Gilbert's. I'm
previewing Wednesday. I think you will
agree with me in going to start some-
thing new in the comedy line. Because
what are the big pictures of the next year
going to be?"

Pause.

COMEDIAN'S WIFE: "I don't know, dear,
what are the big pictures of the next year
going to?"

COMEDIAN: "Comedies. The big pictures
of the next year will be comedies."

LEADING LADY: "I believe I bid two
diamonds, and he passed, and it's your
bid, Abe, isn't it, or am I wrong?"

COMEDIAN: "I'll pass. I passed long ago
any producer will tell you that he
cleaves up on his comedies. If they didn't
make their money on the comedies, they
couldn't afford to produce artistic pictures.
Comedy is Art's greatest patron."

DIRECTOR: "I pass."

LEADING LADY: "Oh, good! Oh, dear.
I hope you have a lot of help, partner,
because I told you mine was just a
weak little bid. Oh, dear, you haven't
anything, Jim Kirkwood said you could
usually depend on your partner for some-
thing. But you haven't a single diamond!"

COMEDIAN'S WIFE: "There was so
much talking I don't think he heard you
bid a diamond, Lorice."

LEADING LADY: "I bid two diamonds!"

COMEDIAN: "I guess I should
stuck to my hearts."

DIRECTOR: "If I'd had that hand I'd
have put it in the pot."

COMEDIAN'S WIFE: "Well, can he
help it if he gets it in the deal, can he?
You can't bid cards you haven't got."

COMEDIAN: "Please don't talk while
we're playing, Anna."

She gets a look.

COMEDIAN'S WIFE: "Excuse me." To
the director: "Let's go over and play the
victrola, girls, and let them get down to
the game. When you're playing for money,
you ought to concentrate."

And I don't know but what she's right, at
that. Because no matter how much of a
social game you make of bridge, it takes
a lot of thought.

Page 118
Get Rid of Your Pimples, Blackheads, Acne, Oily Skin, Freckles! Unsightly Blemishes and Marks of Age. Crazy Quilt

(Continued from page 116) eventually the seven hundred dollars a week was reached.

This is personally satisfactory," Judith said. She was in something of a daze.

Mr. Irving handed her his gold fountain pen and she signed her name.

Then, Mr. Irving added his signature to the copies. He gave her one of them.

"Good luck, Judith Tower," he said. "I hope you will fulfill all the promise you give. Mr. Dunn will look out for your publicity in connection with the Lola Chase photographs, I expect. He will also explain things to you. And if there is anything which he cannot tell you about, do not hesitate to consult me or my secretary."

Judith thanked him warmly and started for the door. She could hardly wait to show Harvey the typewritten pages that were rolled in her hand in a blue paper folder. Her contract. She would be a star.

"Oh, another thing," Mr. Irving said as he opened the door for her. "Mr. Dunn tells me that you and he are going to manage. That is fine. He is a smart man, I hope that you will have as much happiness together as Mrs. Irving and I have had. I cannot wish you more than that."

Judith was touched. Harvey had told her about Mr. Irving. But Judith had been skeptical about the story. It was magnified after her experience with Goldstein.

Harvey was waiting for her in the outer office. The secretary was not there and he kissed her as she came up to him.

They read the contract over and over and were as thrilled and excited over it as two children.

"Come see the dressing-room I had Mrs. Brophy show you when you came. It is not a star's dressing-room, but I think you will like it. We can get a pay chintz for the windows and upholstery. They'll re-finish the green furniture for you and it will be very charming. I hope I will be invited to luncheon sometimes."

Judith pulled his face down and kissed it softly. "I won't want to be invited," she whispered.

They walked across the studio lot. "Oh, it isn't true," Judith said happily. "If you have been turned away, you really have had a terrible good fortune."

"Hush," Mr. Irving commanded. "They're true, darling girl. And if we have each other, what can happen?"

By this time they had reached the dressing-room door and Harvey paused before one of the doors.

"Thought I heard voices," he said. "That's funny," for they had both listened and not a sound was to be heard.

Then Harvey unlocked the door and opened it.

"Surprise! Congratulations! Congratulations! Surprise!" a dozen hilarious voices shouted. The room was crowded.

"You told them," said Harvey, singling out McCormick, "that you were in the background grinning like a schoolboy.

The air was heavy with the scent of the flowers that stood about. There was a shallow basket of old-fashioned garden flowers. Then American Beauties. There was a silver basket of orchids.

In the next dressing-room, the adjoining door of which had been opened, there was a lounge refreshment table. A caterer's waiter stood behind it. There were cock-
WIRKLES GONE IN 3 DAYS
They vanished so quickly. I was astonished at the wonderful results.

By Miss Karten

For years I tried everything to remove wrinkles which marred my beauty, hindered my pleasure in social life and made me look old before my time, but without results.

One day a friend who had just returned from abroad gave me this magnificent vial of Ruga Cream, a preparation sold in Egypt, which preserved the youthful appearance of the fairest Egyptian beauties. I tried it — I could not believe my eyes. After a few applications wrinkles and worry lines faded away. In 7 days my skin became firm and youthful freshness was restored.

This Priceless Secret Yours

What a find! Why allow wrinkles, blackheads or pimplies to mar your appearance when they can be permanently restored at so little cost by magic? No munching — no painful clinging treatment — no harmful legislation. Ruga Cream will amaze — bring back new youth to your face. Try it!

Special $5 offer Only $1.69

Our Laboratories have secured a limited supply of these choice preparations. 100,000 599/100 cts. of Ruga Cream at the special offer to introduce. Just pay postage $1.60 to cover laboratory expenses plus a few pennies postage. If after first treatment you do not notice a decided improvement, return balance and we will refund your money. You have nothing to lose. Try it.

Just send name and address TODAY.

Jean Laboratories

GRM S. Paulina St. CHICAGO, Ill.

Print Your Own Money

SEND NO MONEY YEAR YO.

Pick Yours Now! Deliver and Trust you

DIAMONDS

Again country's foremost diamond firm becomes leader in offering these treasures, at almost unbelievable low prices. Hooded surprise! Opportunity to own the world's most fantastic gems at 100% less than prices you know. Get free catalog.

ORDER

Send Name and Address FREE

CANDY CORN

SPECIALTY CANDIES all manufactured at home candy factory. No. 15, 20th St., Philadelphia, Pa. 20c per box. Free catalog. To specialty and drug stores. Sugarless. Sold by other manufacturers.

J. M. Lyon & Co.

12 Maiden Lane NEW YORK, N.Y.
Advertising Section

very had been reading the note, and as she approached, he jammed it into his pocket. She watched him do this and saw that, unbelown to him, it fell to the floor.

"Will you have a cocktail, dear?" he asked.

"Please," said Judith. Anything—anything so that he would turn to the table and might pick up that crumpled note unsensed. The other men had moved away and were talking in a group. They had not seen the note fall. She felt confused of that. And if she pretended to drop her handkerchief, ... Anything—anything so that she could get the note that Joy Royce had written—that precious note that must be delivered to Harvey personally.

Some deep instinct warned her that her happiness was that moment suspended in the balance.

She dropped her handkerchief, as if by accident, and stooped swiftly to reclaim it.

Is it better for a man and woman to be frank about their pasts before they marry—or can happiness be built on a foundation of secrets? Read "Crazy Quilt" next month!

A Carol Dempster Breakfast (Continued from page 55)

buttered toast and plenty of it, pastries and other highly colored concoctions.

Carol says that she just doesn't feel like eating when she rises in the morning and the light breakfast she does prefer is more a concession to habit than to actual desire. After all, so many of our ancestors ate breakfast!

Usually Carol omits the coddled egg. Now and then, if she has a strenuous day ahead of her at the studio and the luncheon hour (which she does observe) is a problematical one, she includes it for energy's sake.

When blackberries are absolutely out of season, she resorts to the juice of two oranges chilled and served in a tall glass.

All fruit, Carol says, should be served as coolly chilled as possible. Including blackberries. She uses brown sugar, both because she likes it better and because it is better for you.

The whole wheat bread is cut medium thin, crusts removed, buttered and put back in the oven for five minutes, which process gives it a delicate and delectable flavor.

As for the coddled egg, naturally the first thing we demand of an egg is absolute freshness. As Carol has recently acquired a two hundred acre farm in the "real country" in New York State, she doesn't have to worry about the freshness of her eggs. She leaves that to the chickens.

At any rate, there are two or three ways of determining the freshness of eggs. If placed in a basin of cold water they should sink. If the large end is held against the cheek, warmth should be distinctly felt. The shells should have a roughness.

A coddled egg is a matter of putting some water in a frying pan or some semi-flat utensil. Bring the water to the boiling point, drop in your egg—there are rings that may be bought for the purpose, so that the egg doesn't drop—let it cook just long enough to form an egg with white, fold the white over it and remove it to a slightly buttered round of toast—whole wheat toast in Carol's case. Thus does Carol start the day—lightly.

Use This Amazing Invention and Ill Guarantee To Keep You In Razor Blades for Life

Sensational New Invention Guarantees You 365 Shaves a Year—No More Blades to Buy!

KRISS-KROSS marks such a radical advance in shaving comfort and economy that it deserves to be called much more than a shaver. Rather, it is a blade rejuvenator. Makes hundreds of keen, quick shaves blossom where only one grew before.

Kris-Kross strips your blade of a'fvrstner. As you shave, it removes, heaves, and makes your blade fner. It is a'fvrstner that you can carry in your pocket.

Kris-Kross is a'fvrstner that you carry in your pocket. It is not hard to explain; it is self-explanatory. Your blade becomes perfectly sharp at once, and stays sharp.

WRITE FOR DETAILS AT ONCE!

This astounding offer is limited. Send for information on amazing Kris-Kross inventions today. They are never sold in stores—and they're even more remarkable than I can tell you here. Clip the coupon today. No obligation.

AGENTS!

Make big money as a Kris-Kross representative. $75-$290 a week. Free gift range in marvelous business lawsuit. We have a unique sales plan that brings you extra profits while you sleep. J. G. Keillor made over $290 in 7 days. H. King took in $660 in one day!

Spending workers, office and factory man make $19.20 extra a day just showing Kris-Kross to friends. Send coupon for details. Check bottom line and mail at once.

RHOSES MFG. CO.

Manufacturers Kris-Kross Products

Dept. P-321, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS FREE

MYSTERY RAZOR FREE


Flax, P. O. Box 283, St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me, without obligation, details of your offer to keep me in Razor Blades for Life. Also full description of free razor and stropper.

Name:

Address:

City:

State:

□ Check this space if interested in becoming a representative.

Page 121

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
**Taking stock of your beauty**

_at the end of a perfect summer_

On the one hand, you have health, radiance, energy! On the other, layers of tan, islands of freckles, coarsened skin, "squint tan," at the eyes that deepen into crowfeet and wrinkles, open pores, and all the penalties of neglected beauty.

For quickly clearing and bleaching the skin—for removing sallowness, tan and freckles—for typhoiding and beautifying both the complexion and contour—daily use of the following Helena Rubinstein preparations is especially recommended at this time of the year.

**The basis of beauty**

VALAZE PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM—a marvelous cleanser—removes dust and grime thoroughly, leaving complexion smooth, protected, healthy. Excellent for all normal skins, also the only cream that positively benefits any oily, pimpled or acne blemished skin. 1.00, 2.00, 4.00.

For smooth finishing touches, use the Basting CREAM—VALAZE ROUGES in Red Raspberry, a tripe tone, colorless lace, Red Geranium, a youthful color or Crushed Rose Lemon, a subtle conserva-tive shade. Connect 1.00. BAGGIE-CREAM. 1.00, 2.00. VALAZE LIPSTICKS to match 1.00. Scientifically compounded to guard against the most delicate skin.

Deposited by trained and competent advisors at the better druggists, order direct from Dept. M-40.

**Helena Rubinstein**

46 West 57th Street, New York

CHICAGO DETROIT BOSTON NEWARK, N. J. PHILADELPHIA

_Fill Out and Mail This Diagnosis Chart_

Mar. Helena Rubinstein

46 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me full individual instructions for correct daily care of any skin and facial contour.

No charge or obligation involved.

Check mark of the items which apply to you or—

<p>| | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Name

Address

City State

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

**Hollywood Notes**

(Continued from page 59)

The Girl with a Thousand Emotions

"Language was given to us to conceal our thoughts," said Talleyrand, and "our facial muscles were given us to conceal our emotions," he might have added. The science of diplomacy and the game of poker are similar in that he who can make his face express what his heart does not feel is the most successful. Dignified persons never express any emotions—they talk, but their faces are as marble. It is not good form among the aristocracy to laugh or frown, or to express any emotion whatever. But let's get to the point—Mary Philbin will never be a good poker player, diplomat, aristocrat or dignitary. Not because she is a simple little girl and very much like a child, but because she just cannot make her face behave. She could not lie or deceive a person if she tried. Her face is an open book that anyone can read. Every thought and impulse promptly goes to her face—and she apparently knows it, because if you should ask her an embarrassing question, as I unfortunately did, she has a way of turning her head so that you cannot read the answer. She leads a quiet life in a very quiet way and enjoys life to the full. She is never bored. Everything interests her. While I sat talking with her, a lady-lug lit on her hand and she almost talked to it and petted it and urged it to "fly away home," before she realized that I was watching her. Then she seemed to be embarrassed.

When I first saw her, she impressed me as a simple girl of about sixteen and as very small and unsophisticated. Her feet and hands are long and thin, and her body is rather child-like in its belated development. She looked wistful and almost bashful. At first I thought she was only pretty and attractive, but after talking to her for an hour I would say that she is actually beautiful—fascinating and charming. When you see her act, you know that she inwardly feels every emotion to which flesh is heir. No player ever felt more. If you saw her in "The Merry-Go-Round" you will know what I mean, because you will remember that her face clearly registered every thought, emotion and shade of emotion that a face is capable of registering. In "Stella Maris" she played two roles, showing a versatility that has rarely been equaled on the screen. She was not given ample opportunity in "Phantom of the Opera," nor has she had anywhere near the chances that Lillian Gish has had, who is her only competitor in her line. But Mary Philbin is yet in her early twenties and a great career is before her.

**Normaisms**

Norma Talmadge says men always like a polka-dot dress. She says other things, too, and we have known Norma to stick to her convictions for years. That's why we call some of her pet theories "Normaisms." See the November Motion Picture Magazine.

**Who's Who?**

Who is the biggest flirt in Hollywood? Who is the best-dressed girl? Who is the most popular man? There was a vote taken on these and other questions...just the way they do in collegiate papers. See the November Motion Picture Magazine.

**Did You Guess Right?**

Raymond Griffith and Eddie Cantor confer between scenes of "You'd Be Surprised" and "Kid Boots," which brings Mr. Cantor to the screen.
The Editor Gossips

(Continued from page 57)

We remembered something a manager of Betty's had said some years ago. You cannot be too careful about her illusion," he complained. "She seems to have no hair for the air." And in this complaint we see the very clue of Betty. In the creation there is something spontaneous about her. She is a good sort. And she is just as able to create a spell as she would be of playing the Queen of Sheba. However, paradoxical as it is, in this very naturalness she weaves a spell.

She has been in Europe making pictures for over a year. And now after a few weeks in vaudeville she has returned—and perhaps motion pictures. "Of course, I'll do pictures over here again, if they'll have me," she said. That is Betty...most girls we know would not admit that there was the slightest possibility that they would not be welcomed home with open arms. It was cool in the water...But a while we climbed up on the marble side and philosophized. We pondered on what is the greatest thing in the world.

"It is youth," said Betty watching a very young creature whose slim body darted thru the water," and the moments when you drive into the country on moonlit nights and sniff the hay...and laugh...and try to count the stars. You never know how precious such moments are until you remember them...retrospection gives you their worth.

"And it's something which we may not manufacture. It comes as I said, spontaneously. It may endure one moment...it may endure five."
Whiten Your Skin My Way

By Clara Bow

Just recently I found a wonderful new way to whiten and brighten the skin—almost overnight! As you know anyone appearing before the camera simply must have a sparkling white skin free from even the tiniest blemish. But now I no longer worry about sun freckles, sallow skin or tan, for I have learned that a new discovery gently removes all blemishes, clearing and whitening the skin with amazing quickness. In hardly any time at all you can have that satiny, smooth skin which photographers so beautifully.

This Little Secret Ends Freckles, Blemishes

Almost overnight you can clear your skin of disturbing freckles, redness, roughness, blotches, and blemishes. Seen your complexion will take on a clearness and a smoothness that will astound you. You will discover that there is a hidden beauty in your skin. Dust, wind, and chapped pores may have blemished it. But underneath you will find a clear, vividly beautiful complexion. And in an amazingly short time you can bring it out.

So wonderful—are you sure the results of this new, scientific crème that we absolutely guarantee it. Get a jar now today. Use it for only five nights. Then if you are not delighted and amazed with the transformation your money will be instantly refunded. Now being used by millions of women.

If your dealer cannot supply you, just mail the coupon below. When package arrives pay postman only $1.

FREE Special Gift

If you will give us your dealer's name with your order, we will send you a lovely gift absolutely FREE, with our compliments.

PARIS TOILET COMPANY
410 Oak St., Paris, Tenn.

Golden Peacock Bleach Creme

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

---

Class Will Tell

The October Classic

will feature the first of a series of absorbing stories about the old days in the movies—entitled "They Were the Happy Days." There will also be a highly entertaining article about the "Broken Hearts of Hollywood."

Henry Albert Phillips will conclude his series of interesting interviews with leading British and Continental authors on the subject of motion pictures. In the October Classic you will find the opinions of John Galsworthy, Margaret Kennedy and Lord Dunsany.

Another striking feature will present an interview with F. W. Murnau, who has come to America to make pictures. And Mal St. Clair will tell you his impressions of the stars he has directed—together with his own caricatures of them.

And a dozen or so other big features, including the second instalment of Faith Service's interesting Serial Story, "Painted People."

The Classic passes them all. Order your October number now.
Not for just a day—a week—nor a year—but ALWAYS

SUCH was the promise he had made and that she cherished. How worried she had been when her mirror told her that ghastly story that every woman dreads—yet which comes when most unwanted.

She thought that she, like others she had seen, was doomed to have that dreadful, dead, dyed-looking hair—something must be done before he, too, should know!

Now she looks back to that dreadful hour when the grey hairs were discovered and smiles—and well she may—for Rap-I-Dol, the “Master” Hair Coloring, has tinted those grey hairs as though they had never been—no one is the wiser and that naturally glossy shade, nature's rival, is her's—not for just a day, a week, nor a year—but always!

That is why Rap-I-Dol for over fifteen years has been used and recommended by the leading beauty experts in the United States and Europe—they know—their art demands the best that science can give them. That is why women—who know—are using Rap-I-Dol.

The natural gloss of Rap-I-Dol, its ease of application and its permanency are unequaled. It is the hair coloring that almost overnight took away woman's dreadful fear of having her hair tainted.

Rap-I-Dol colors the hair after nature's own fashion—permeating the inner layers and not just coating the outside. This means that hair that has been tinted with Rap-I-Dol may be subjected to any treatment—permanently waved, shampooed, and may be subjected to sunlight and electricity without being detected by the most severe critic.

RAP-I-DOL
The Master Hair Coloring

RAP-I-DOL CO., 518 Broad St., Newark, N. J.
Attention: Yvonne Rebeaux
Kindly send me your Charm Digest which I understand is sent gratis—together with further information regarding Rap-I-Dol.
Name
Street
City

Ask your Beauty Shop about Rap-I-Dol. Send in the coupon for the Charm Digest. Yvonne Rebeaux of the Rap-I-Dol Expert Department will gladly answer all your questions.
All correspondence will be sent you in plain envelope—strictly confidentially.
Proud to say
"This is Mother"

The reward that comes to many mothers—unconscious tribute from the younger generation to the woman who has retained her youth.

MODERN mothers have learned not to look their part. Competing in youthful allure with daughters of debutante age, they prove that charm no longer admits the limitation of years.

That is because protective skin care has become the rule of the day. Natural ways have supplanted the often aging, artificial ways of yesterday. It's been discovered that Youth can be safeguarded.

The following rule is probably credited with more youthful complexions, past the thirties and into the forties, than any other method known. Leading beauty experts agree that skin beauty starts with skin cleanliness, pores that have been kept healthfully clean. In fairness to yourself, try this, with the softening lather of olive and palm oils as blended in Palomilive.

Do this for one week
Mark the difference that comes
Wash your face gently with soothing Palomilive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on all night. They must be washed away. If not removed, they clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow.

Avoid this mistake
Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palomilive.

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. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes. Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palomilive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palomilive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palomilive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palomilive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.
WHAT DO MEN WANT?

Do You Believe in Haunted Houses?

See Page 19

Why Do Society Girls Fail in the Movies?

CREATURE / A Triangle Story with a New Twist
Beauty—
safeguard it

Do as all the world is doing—preserve the natural loveliness, which even sunlight cannot rob of its charm, by following this proved rule in skin care.

A BEAUTIFUL complexion lost is hard to call back again. A beautiful complexion safeguarded, and made more beautiful, is a simple matter in skin care.

Women all over the world have found that to be true. The thousands of pretty skins you see everywhere today overwhelmingly prove the point. Nature’s way is the only true complexion insurance.

Start by ending artificial ways in skin care. Follow natural ways as foremost skin authorities urge. The most widely advised skin care of today starts with the proved rule below. Just the simple rule of keeping the pores open, and the skin gently cleansed every day, with the soothing lather of Palmolive.

Follow this rule for one week—

Note then the changes in your skin.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. The clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackhead and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little the millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—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 natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world’s pricest beauty secrets.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Another Notable Picture
From the Man
Who Directed
"THE IRON HORSE"
Presented by
FOX FILMS

The ability
to catch with
the camera and portray
on the screen those traits which
proclaim us all kin—that is one of the
marked achievements of Director John Ford.
Just as the epic story of "The Iron Horse" was
larded with this rich vein of human interest so

"3 BAD MEN"

now a magnificent, colorful screen story of the
West in the making, again reflects Director
Ford's understanding of the human heart.
Three bad men—grime-crusted, crime-
hardened, wanted, but how tender and lovable they are in
their self-appointed task of guard-
ing from danger a young girl
who has ventured beyond
the safety zone! Tom Santschi,
Frank Campeau and J. Farrell Mac-
Donald (he of the cocked eye) as the trio,
GEORGE O'BRIEN, OLIVE BORDEN, Lou
Tellegen, Alec Francis and others, are the main
personalities in a picture which includes prairies
seething with men and cattle, horses and vehi-
cles, with action rampant.

"3 Bad Men" upholds the screen's finest
traditions. It will be shown in leading
theatres everywhere and it is a

WILLIAM
FOX
PICTURE

Based on
Herman Whitaker's
novel
"OVER THE BORDER"

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
THE STAR OF 1926-7

RENÉE ADORÉE

YOU liked her in
THE BIG PARADE
YOU loved her in
LA BOHÈME
YOU'LL adore her in

BLARNEY

IN this ringside romance
THIS lovable star makes a
PICTURE you'll never forget!
SHE plays an Irish Lass who
IS forced to fight for Love . . .
EVEN her most ardent admirers find her
MORE appealingly human, more
ADORABLE than ever before!
YOU will thrill at Donn Byrne's story—you
WILL revel in every reel—you will
LOVE the winsome star who wins
HER battle with Fate!

Directed by
Marcel de Sano
adapted by
Albert Lewin
from the story
"IN PRAISE OF JAMES CARABINE"
by
Donn Byrne

Allons!
The big parade
of questions
I hope you win
the big prize

A prize worth winning is
worth striving for—is it not so? For you I have
chosen most desirable me-
mentos of motion picture
stars and I have made my
questions most difficult!
For the lady who sends me
the best answers to my ques-
tionnaire I have chosen as a
reward a vanity case similar
to one I myself carry. And
the cleverest gentleman shall
receive a cigarette case very
much like John Gilbert's own.
And I have fifty of my favor-
ite photographs ready to
autograph for the fifty "next
best" contestants!
Allons! Here comes the Big
Parade of Questions and here
are my best wishes for your
success.

Renée Adorée

Renée's six questions

1. In what pictures have
   Alice Terry and Ramon
   Novarro been co-starred?
2. Who is the original "Nell
   Brinkley Girl" and what is
   her latest Metro-Goldwyn-
   Mayer picture?
3. What is the title of the first
   Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
   "western" and who is the
   featured player?
4. Where does Rudolph
   first meet Mimi in "La
   Bohème"?
5. Whom do you regard as
   the greatest Metro-Gold-
   wyn-Mayer director? Why?
   Answer this in less than 50
   words.
6. What are the three famous
   Ibanez stories transferred
to the screen by Metro-Gold-
   wyn-Mayer during the past
   year and who directed them?

Write your answers on one
side of a single sheet of paper
and mail to Metro-Goldwyn-
Mayer, 1542 Broadway,
New York. All answers must
reach us by November 15th.
Winners' names will be pub-
lished in a later issue of this
magazine.

In the event of ties, each
tying contestant will be
awarded a prize identical in
value with that tied for.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"
The Passing of Rudolph Valentino

By

(EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS)

We come to a sad task in writing of the passing of Rudolph Valentino. For we know a grievous loss. He was an actor, beloved by his associates. He was a brilliant personality, admired in the farthest corners of the earth. But more than this, he gave of the golden coin of Romance with largess. And the world is poor.

There will be less gay adventure on the screen now that Rudy has gone. To thousands of lives, frustrate because of enforced narrow limitations, he brought the unattainable. He was always a gallant figure. He was the soldier who presumed to love a mighty queen and to be loved, in return, by her. He was the brave toreador in whose eyes there were dreams to match his prowess. He was the incarnate spirit of Romance.

As a young lad, he came to this country from his native Italy, girded with a belief in himself. He stepped from obscurity to fame with the easy confidence of youth. No wonder he believed in the magic of Tomorrow. Sometimes it does bring that which Today has denied. And who could know this better than Rudy?

We had scheduled an interview with Rudy for this magazine. In it he mentioned some mistakes he had made in his career. He said he would do very differently if he had things to do over again. He seemed a wise man. We shall never publish the interview. It would be too sad. But there is tragedy in the fact that life is often over by the time we have learned how to live.

At his funeral the mighty of many professions stood tearful and with bowed heads to mark his passing. And outside of the little church a multitude gathered from near and far.

But we could not help thinking how death is less sad when it claims someone who has known a fulness of life. Rudy stood upon the High Place to which so many aspire and which such a pitiful few achieve.

And he never knew, his physicians say, that he would be no more.

Death was kind to him as he slept, a man fulfilled of every high young dream that he had kept since childhood.
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

**The Passing of Rudolph Valentino** .................................................. Eugene V. Brewster 5

**An Editorial** .......................................................................................... 8

**Bulletin Board** ....................................................................................... 11

**Gallery of Players** .................................................................................. 19

**Shadows of the House of Mirth** .......................................................... Dwinelle Benthall

**A story that will intrigue those who do and those who do not believe in evil jinxes and haunted houses**

**Diamond Tom Mix** .................................................................................. 21

**Why Do Society Girls Fail in the Movies?** ......................................... Janet Reid

**Who's Who?** ............................................................................................ 22

**The staff votes on the stars' standing in their own home town**

**What Do Men Want in the Woman They Marry?** ................................... Doris Denbo

**Von Stroheim Reappears on the Screen** .............................................. 28

**As well as directing "The Wedding March"**

**The Great Opportunity** .......................................................................... 31

**The Favorite Moreno Luncheon** ............................................................ 32

**And the recipes which comprise it**

**My Life by a Long Shot** .......................................................................... 34

**An autobiography in the vernacular . . . the men in the household will enjoy this one**

**On Location at Night** .............................................................................. 37

**As Others See Us** .................................................................................... 38

**Late autumn and early winter modes**

**Normaisms** .............................................................................................. 40

**On men . . . clothes . . . love and the other things girls talk about when they get together**

**All Aboard the Limerick Liner** ............................................................... 42

**Some more bad lines are needed**

**Crazy Quilt** ............................................................................................. 43

**The story of an extra girl who married a press-agent . . . became a star and . . . Illustrations by Henry Pilgrim**

**A Daughter in the Movies** ....................................................................... 46

**If the actor mirrors the mood, it looks as if the mustache was returning to favor**

**In Memoriam to Rudolph Valentino** ..................................................... Faith Service

**That's Out** ................................................................................................ 47

**Humorous truths—Illustrations by Harry Tansley**

**Summer-Time All Year Round** ............................................................... 48

**Suggestions for the room this winter**

**Lois Adopts a Sister** ................................................................................ 49

**And is photographed with her**

**The Question of the Mustache** .............................................................. 51

**If the actress mirrors the mood, it looks as if the mustache was returning to favor**

**The Lady of the Manor** ........................................................................... 52

**Corinne Griffith in her garden**

**The Editor Gossips** ................................................................................ 54

**A. W. F.**

**Pictures That Will Soon Shadow the Screen** ......................................... 55

**Previews from forthcoming productions**

**A New Version of an Old Picture** .......................................................... 56

**From Rich and Country Twenty pce in their characterization of "His Official Wife"**

**Miss Swanson Presents John Boles** ...................................................... 57

**Who will be her leading men in "Eyes of Youth"**

**The Picture Parade** .................................................................................. 59

**The Staff**

**Motion Picture Junior** .............................................................................. 60

**Pages with pictures and stories for the children**

**On the Camera Coasts** ............................................................................ 64

**Reporting of interest from the studios and social groups in motion picture circles**

**"Shall I Go into the Movies?"** ................................................................ 66

**Tell Miss Drew your birth date and she will answer this question for you**

**Have You Heard About the Vitaphone?** ............................................... 69

**It is a new invention that will bring music to the small theater**

**Whose Hand?** ........................................................................................... 70

**Read the analyses of these films and see if you can guess to what movie stars they belong**

**The Answer Man** .................................................................................... 71

**Answers to your questions**
Presenting the NEW cosmetic masterpiece.

An entirely new kind of lipstick

Cupidsbow

THE SELF-SHAPING LIPSTICK
Created by HELENA RUBINSTEIN

A lipstick that forms a perfect cupidsbow as you apply it!
— that ends fussing and shaping and reshaping and smudging!
—a lipstick in the new shades that are now taking Paris by storm.

PERFECTLY CURVED LIPS WITH PROFESSIONAL DEFTNESS

“Feminine lips should resemble as closely as possible a cupidsbow.” To this, painters, poets and authorities on beauty the world over, agree.

The new Cupidsbow, the self-shaping lipstick, created by Helena Rubinstein, assures you this greatly desired and much admired effect instantly! The veriest amateur at make-up gets the professional touch at once.

Cupidsbow stays on . . . scientifically safeguards even the most delicate skin . . . is simple to use and molds itself to the individuality of the lips in exquisite curves.

Made in two typically Parisian tones
— Red Raspberry (medium) rich and becoming to every type, Red Geranium (light) vivid, flattering to blondes and an evening shade for all.

This intriguing new lipstick can be had in containers of stunning Chinese Red with a band of gunmetal black — extremely fashionable in Paris and New York and so smart to take from your bag in this day of exotic hues. For those who prefer them—silvered and golden casings, both also banded with black, are equally as handsome.

HELENA RUBINSTEIN

46 West 57th Street, New York

HELENA RUBINSTEIN

46 West 57th Street, New York

TEN N. Michigan Blvd.

Detroit: 1400 Washington Blvd.

Philadelphia: 1719 Chestnut St.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
The Bulletin Board
The News as We Went to Press

BERT LYTELL will forsake pictures in December, and begin a tour in Keith-Albee vaudeville. Bert's first love was the speaking stage, and he returns to it periodically. Last winter he had the leading rôle in a play which ran for several months in Los Angeles.

It was Raymond Griffith's lucky day, not long ago, when Paramount assigned James Cruze to direct his next picture. What Ray needs more than anything else is a director who will insist on being something more than a figurehead, and Cruze can be depended on for that. Robert Benchley, the dramatic critic of Life, who is out in Hollywood trying to apply his wit to the films, is going to do a story for Griffith. It will probably follow the Cruze production.

WARNER BROTHERS have decided to adapt their Vitaphone to the uses of the deaf and blind. They are going to allot twenty-five orchestra seats in their New York theater to the deaf, and are installing telephonic headpieces on each one, so the deaf people can tune in until they get the music at the volume best suited to them. The blind are also being allotted twenty-five seats, fitted with telephonic headpieces and wires connecting with a microphone back-stage. A speaker will describe the "actors, scenes, costumes, and the action as the picture progresses." It will have to be a pretty rapid speaker to cover all that ground. We should think it would be much more fun for the blind to stay at home and have someone read aloud to them.

The Paramount School is no longer the only institution where the avid public can learn about movies. The New School for Social Research in New York is now offering a course on moving pictures—"the history of their development, and the structure and functions of the motion picture as an art and as an industry." The course is in the form of twelve lectures to be delivered by Terry Ramsaye, who, according to the Director of the New School, is the one man in the world qualified to give this course. Mr. Ramsaye is the author of "The Romantic History of the Motion Picture," and we have no doubt his lectures will be absorbing. But after all, there is no offer of a contract to those who pass the course, and no opportunity to watch and learn to know the stars. It seems to be a purely academic affair, a new delight for the intellectuals, rather than a wedge for movie aspirants.

After "Stella Dallas," it is only natural that Belle Bennett should consider mother rôles her forte. And accordingly, she has signed with Fox to play the title-rôle of "The Story of Mother Machree." And as this is an Irish picture, to be directed by the sentimental Mr. John Ford, we may as well get out our pocket handkerchiefs and prepare for a good cry.

REX INGRAM has returned from Europe, whence he fled several years ago threatening never to return. Metro-Goldwyn would much prefer to have him do his directing in Hollywood, but Mr. Ingram is wedded to his beautiful studios in Nice, and just came over to argue the thing out. He may do a picture in New York before returning to France, but if Ingram's determined expression means anything, Hollywood will not see him again.

PARAMOUNT is making a picture that will not have a single familiar face in it. Karl Brown, the director, has spent four months in the hills, making a picture based on the customs of these primitive people, with the natives themselves as the only members of his cast. Helen Mundy, a sixteen-year-old mountain girl, and Forrest James, also of the hills, have the leads. The tentative title of the film is "Stark Love."

$10.00 for the Best Title to this Picture

You may send as many titles to this picture as you like—not more than ten words long. All answers must be mailed by October 20 and no titles will be returned. Address them: Title Contest, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York.
Here are the stars who are playing in the spirit of fun in joyous two-reelers produced by Christie for your amusement.

Watch for them on the programs of best theaters everywhere. If you don't see them you are being cheated of some great twenty-minutes of diverting entertainment.

Produced by Christie

The name Christie on Comedy is like Sterling on Silver

When you write to advertisers please mention Motion Picture Magazine.
UNKNOWN BEAUTY

Many lands can boast their beauties of the stage and screen—but in America lovely ladies flower like the unknown blossoms of the fields. And, in this land of charm there is TRE-JUR, a little group of toiletries in quality, outstanding—in value, unequalled—dedicated wholly to enhancing loveliness.

Tre-Jur presents "The Little One"—a compact that sets a fresh record for Value. It's the handiest "single" yet devised—a two-inch silver-toned case, graceful, slender and lovely.

An ample supply of powder—and such powder . . . exquisitely soft and friendly to the finest skin. You'll love its secret fragrance, for lovelier scent was never known.

Not only is "The Little One" the handiest compact in Christendom . . . it is also the greatest value of them all. To see it, you'd never guess the price was 50c (with refills at but 35c). It's Tre-Jur's finest contribution to true economy in toiletries.

"The Little One" plays hostess to Tre-Jur's Stars in compacts. There's the Thinnest ($1.) more slender than any compact known. The Purse Size Twin ($1.)—a double compact for double duty. There's the Triple (powder, lipstick and rouge at $1.25). Each a messenger of Quality—each a pledge of Money's Most.

If not sold nearby, any Tre-Jur item will be forwarded by mail, upon receipt of price. A generous sample of Tre-Jur Face Powder sent for 10c—stamps or coin. House of Tre-Jur, Inc., 19 W. 18th St., N. Y. C.
NORMA SHEARER

There is a quality about Norma, a distinction, which places her apart from other stars—and it isn't just because hers is one of the few unbobbed heads remaining in Hollywood. It goes beyond mere externals. You will have a chance to study the Shearer charm in "Upstage"
Jack Holt knows his type and he's going to stick to it, no matter what startling changes may go on around him. His fans love him as that military, tight-lipped gentleman of so many Westerns—and that's all that matters to Jack.
ESTHER RALSTON

Beauty was the wedge by which she pushed her way into films. Everyone doesn't agree that this perfect blonde can act. Maybe not—but she's got what it takes to make a star, and one much sought after. "The Quarterback" is the most recent of Esther's pictures, which come in quick succession.
"Men of Steel" was a very personal triumph for Milton Sills. He adapted the story, and then gave one of the finest performances of his career. He has set himself a high standard to live up to in "The Legionnaire".
Mary has more or less given up her position as Hollywood's brightest star, to become an international figure. But that doesn't mean that she's not still beloved as the eternal little girl of the screen. She and Doug have just returned from their world tour, and there are promises that they may make a picture together.
ANTONIO MORENO

Handsome and dashing and almost Gilbertian is Tony these days. We don't know whether this accounts for the recognition he's been getting as a popular leading man, or whether it is an outgrowth of that success he has so long deserved. Watch out for Tony as one of those fellows who always get their man, in "The Flaming Forest"
In "The Patent Leather Kid," Dorothy will again play opposite Richard Barthelmess, who not so very long ago gave her her first big chance in "The Fighting Blade." Perhaps Dick can help her to recapture the spirit of those fresh and unsophisticated days.
Here's another girl who was plunged into prominence before she was ready to cope with it. Since Marshall Neilan first exploited her in "Mike," second and third leads have been the portion of this very young Sally. Being saucy and piquant are her chief talents now, but time may change all that. Her next is "The Mysterious Island," that undersea picture.
GOING Rome a little better, Hollywood was built, or is built, or to be very exact, is being built, on seventy-seven hills more or less. Fortunately the country round is full of them, so that our beloved Picture Capital will never have to cramp her style, and the Studio Toilers can climb to their eeries as long as their brakes hold.

In the early days Theodore Roberts camped on the top of a hill that overlooked the Lasky Lot, and what was then about all there was of Hollywood. Sessue Hayakawa built his “Castle” just around the corner. Kathlyn Williams, the Tully Marshalls and Larry Semon climbed just a little higher on the same street, and

Lila Lee and James Kirkwood moved in when they were a bride and groom. He was recuperating from his severe accident. And it looked for a time as if they had broken the spell

By DWINELLE BENTHAL

Haunted Houses

We say we do not believe in ghosts ... in evil spells... Yet who would wish to live in the grim House of Mirth after reading this story?

Mary Miles Minter went to The House of Mirth to get away from her mother’s avarice ... she had lost the happiness she used to know when she drove about Hollywood with her sister years before
It was a honeymoon house . . .
for a honeymoon
that lasted such a
little while. And
when Leatrice Joy
and John Gilbert
were gone, a sad
little ghost of hap-
piness lingered be-

The house came to
have a reputation
and commanded a
fabulous rent. The
late Max Linder
moved in. There
was one party
when six lions from
the Universal Zoo
were imported for
an evening . . .

The road goes no farther. The
little house perches on the top
of Hollywood’s highest hill.
All the windows are stained
glass. Many have come laugh-
ing up the hill to revel for a
time . . . and then pass out in
shadow

Reggie Denny went as far as
anyone could, until Noah Beery
climbed clear around the hill
and built a fascinating place on the other side
of it—which looks out over hills and more hills,
with its back quite turned on Hollywood. They
felt that they had achieved the summit—the hills
above them were just the necessary scenery for
the sunset—not practical for building at
all, but somebody found a route to an-
other tier, and houses and gardens began
to dot the higher hillsides—houses that
clung to the slopes miraculously—from
whose windows one could glimpse the
sea fifteen miles away.

On the very top of the highest hill is
a little brown house, like an owl, and
just beneath it is another house—“The
House of Mirth,” the neighbors call it.
You see the nearest neighbors are not
“Movie People,” and all the people who
have lived in The House of Mirth have
been “Movie People”—and
thcreby hangs a tale.

“The road winds up-hill
all the way—yes, to the
very end.” There, one
finds two flights of steps,
one up to the little Owl
House, and one down to
The House of Mirth, and

porch of the Owl House would
almost fall down the chimney
of The House of Mirth, so you
see they are very near neighbors. The road
goes no farther—you cant pass by. Just so
far you can come, then you stop—and later
back down. Everybody who comes to The
House of Mirth backs down—and you should
hear them doing it after a party! Such
parties! It’s the most perfect house in
which to give a Hollywood party in Holly-
wood.

All the front windows are stained
glass—no chance for prying eyes—
and the back windows look out over
the top of the world—privacy
supreme.

One summer’s day five
years ago, the first tenants
moved in. Rubye de Remer
and her retinue—a big, fat,
colored “Mammy” and a tall,
thin, colored “Pappy”—and
Mr. de Remer—the neighbors
called him that.

Then followed a series of
parties such as never had been
known in those parts before.
Parties in which the good-byes
were mingled with invitations
to breakfast. At first the
(Continued on page 88)
DIAMOND TOM MIX

By JANET REID

WHOEVER it was that mouthed the platitudes about anticipation being better than realization had better be psychoanalyzed, put into the hoosegow or otherwise educated.

"Tisn't so.

We know, for the simple if insufficient reason that we were sent to interview Tom Mix.

You all know Tom.

You may say, "Well, what of it? You have had to do worse. What does that prove?"

All right—ready for you: It proves that you never can tell—about a man.

There again some omnipotent wiseacre is proved to be wrong. It has been said by such an ignoramus that you never can tell about women. You can. You always can.

We know, because we have spent the time of day with Pola Negri and Greta Nissen, Alice Joyce and Lillian Gish, Anna Q. Nilsson and Lois Moran . . . and we have usually got just what we expected to get. No less. No more.

Moreover, we never had to be carried out from whatever hotel, café, apartment, street corner or Rolls-Royce we happened to be received in. Carried out on a stretcher, to give you the straight dope.

We were always able to walk out even as we had walked in, with a certain characteristic jauntness.

But in the case (Case history No. 999,999) of Tom Mix, such was our ignominious and tragic dénouement that it required a stretcher and four well-set-up orderlies to remove us, the while we beat the air with futile hands and cried "The sun! The sun! How pale the sun . . . how pale!"

The remainder of said tragic dénouement we spent in a hospital ward. An observation ward. There followed an eventual release tho we still wear glasses copiously smoked with soft coal and are delicate about looking at anything brighter than a Woolworth turquoise.

He hails from the Great Open Spaces. But he is more Brummelish than Brummel . . . more Beauish than Beau . . . and he would put a Bond Street tailor to shrieking shame.

It was like this:

Our Editor said to us, in an unguarded tho by no means malicious moment, "Have a talk with Tom Mix . . ."

"Ah, yes," we replied inoffensively, "about the Great Open Spaces, you mean. The Great Open Spaces where men are men and women are squaws and . . . out where the West begins . . . with the shooting of Dan McGrew . . ."

"You've got the dope," said our Editor.

Alas, he never knew what dope was to be ours. He never dreamed the day would dawn when he would print an interview without words.

* * * * *

We went to the Hotel Biltmore, New York City.

We thought that a bit odd, a bit out of drawing . . . Tom Mix at the Biltmore . . . we're fussy and we like things so-so.

. . . It would have been more seemly, we thought, if it had been the Hotel Elk, Iroquois or, perhaps, Algonquin.

Not to make a pun, because we're not allowed, but there would have been a sense of reservation about it!

Still, we let that slide. We put it down to the fact that the Biltmore has nice large suites and that these suites were doubtless proving better grazing-grounds for Tom than would the rooms of lesser hosteries. We thought, too, that the spaciousness would prove a freer reach for that big (Continued on page 101)
Why Do Society Girls

They have come to the Kleig-grounds of the elite with beauty, But they have failed.

By Beatrice

"RICH Society Heiress Goes Into the Movies!" "Millionaire's Daughter Leaves Home for Hollywood!" "Society's Pet Abandons Life of Luxury for Film Career!" And so on. And so on.

How often has the insatiable, million-eyed public greedily devoured these eight-foot head-lines over their morning coffee. Another thrill! Another delightful, juicy morsel to cull over on the way to the bridge club, the typewriter, the tea-table, the switchboard, or the links. Here's a sensation for you!

What do you think of that, eh? A rich girl with everything in the world... Mrs. Thelma Morgan Converse... now a titled lady... played quite a part in Gloria's "Society Scandal." She is shown here in a costume she wore to an exclusive supper dance.
Russell Ball

Alice Harriman, who recently died in Paris, had forged ahead of all her society sisters as a screen actress. But for her tragic passing . . . who knows?

Fail in the Movies?

light Kingdom from the stamping-smart clothes, and charm of manner. What is their lack?

Wilson

she wants: clothes, automobiles, jewels, parties, theaters, travel and beaus—and nothing to do—going into the movies! Can you beat it? Why, she must be crazy! We know from all the interviews in the fan magazines and the newspapers that going into the movies is no cinch! Of course, she can get in because she's an heiress, but even if she can get in without the usual difficulty, we know it's pretty hard work.

There's money in it—yes. When you think of some of the salaries that the stars make, according to the papers, it makes you want to rush right out and buy a bottle of poison. But what does a rich girl need with money? And besides, heiress or not, she's got to be good. She can't get away from being a society pet. We might go to look at her once for that reason, but after that, unless she can make us forget Gloria Swanson or Mary Pickford, we won't go back to see her, that's all there is to it!

Even if she has twenty millions in her own right, that doesn't (Continued on page 115)
Faustine had lacquer black hair with blue lights in it... white skin like gardenias... red lips... and something of a foreign accent

That

Caroline’s husband was in the motion picture business...

Faustine was a star...

And this story about them is a very modern version of the old triangle...

CAROLINE was indignant. She felt that she had every right to be. All her girl friends said they wouldn’t stand it for a minute if they were in her place... the way Harley Pennock was raving over that slinky movie vamp, Faustine. Faustine! Anyone would know that she had got that name out of Swinburne. Hadn’t Caroline read a piece by that name only last winter when The Women’s Literary Club “took up” the poets? Faustine... a bad woman, too; one for whose soul God and the Devil had thrown dice or shot craps or something. Sacrilege! Blasphemy! Caroline had had her qualms when Harley first went into the motion picture business. She had been afraid, then. But after the first two or three years she had sort of settled back, had stopped worrying. After all, if that was Harley’s “line” and he made good money at it, which he did, what was there for her to do or say? So long as he behaved himself. Besides, Harley had good hard common sense. No one got by with much where Harley was concerned. Caroline took a deal of comfort in that reflection. Harley was, as he said of himself, “hard-boiled.”

At first he had been in the script department. One of the clerks working on the continuities. He had done two or three original stories, had turned out some dozen excellent scripts and was now chief scenarist of the Super-Excel Film Corporation, drawing three hundred and fifty a week. It had enabled them to buy a darling little house in Great Field, Long Island, and Caroline dressed better and “went” more than did any of the friends of her girlhood who had married men “in trade” and were compelled to consider their check-books, have their dresses made at home and go to matinees and operas for a “treat.”

If they felt sorry for Caroline in her mink coat and “little imports” because her husband was “mixed up” in the movies, why Caroline could afford to feel just as sorry for them in their last-year cloth coats with near-fur trimming, even if their husbands were securely fixed in trade.

The first couple of years at the Super-Excel
Harley made great fun of the movie queens. The stars. The lesser lights who came and went and for all of whom he wrote parts in his scripts. He said they were a bunch of "tinsel queens" and told Caroline verbosely that they had "no brains," were "common," were "poseurs," and he wondered whether they really thought any common-sense Anglo-Saxon businessman would ever take them seriously. So far falling in love with one of them... pooh, pooh!

Caroline was comforted. Allayed. After all, it is the man and not the environmental dangers that makes for safety or danger. She began to feel that Harley could be depended upon in a seraglio.

He often told her, too, when he had been late for dinner a few nights running or when, perforce, he had lunched with Felicity Folly and her director, he often said at such times that men in positions like his were the safest bets of all.

"It's the man who never comes up against good-looking women," he said, "who is apt to fall the hardest for the first bob-haired stenog who steps his way. But a fellow like me... seeing these vamps and cuties every day and all day... why, say, a fellow like me is as safe as nails. We get used to 'em. Fed up on 'em. We know a good thing when we have it..." At which point he would pause to beam fondly at Caroline. At which point, too, Caroline would preen and bridle a bit. After all, she did make a good appearance. She wasn't one of these natural beauties who awake in the morning looking what you might call their very best, but she did "keep up" and looked years younger than her age. Miss Edythe, the girl who "took care" of her at the beauty parlor, said that she had never seen anything like it!

At which point, too, habitualy, Caroline would take further pause to reconsider what Harley had said. She would go back over it and pick a weak spot here and there: "I thought you didn't think they are good-looking? Or cute... or anything... You say you don't, but when you get talking you say that you do."

"Oh, well," Harley was contemptuous, "Oh, well, I mean that I suppose most men... the average man, you know... would say they are good-
looking or cuties . . . that's what I meant, honey, the average man . . . some poor duh who isn't used to a lot of glitter and such stuff. Of course, I don't. Not personally. Why, I often say to myself, 'What would these dolls look like in the early mornings? What would they look like before they got to the old make-up box?' That's what I often say, sure fire.'

It didn't occur to Caroline that this monolog with Self must involve considerable absorption in the matter. In the end, she would be placated.

Now and then, too, Harley had gone on location with some unit making a picture for which he had done the script. He always contrived to take Caroline along. Never wanted to go without her. He took her even when it meant money out of his own pocket. Caroline had observed him closely on such excursions and had never been able to find, try as she did, one thing to discomfort her. She felt, she told "the girls," that Harley's attitude was "perfect." Of course, the movie girls didn't see that he was actually despising them under his urbane good nature. He couldn't let them see his real attitude. That wouldn't be good business. No, his manner was friendly and nice. Cordial, even. But she could see. She, who knew him so well, could tell.

And now, after these satisfactory years, now here was Harley actually forgetting himself so far as to rave over this new "vamp," this Faustine creature with her lacquer black hair, her preposterously curved torso, her slanted blue-green eyes, her pursed-up, affected-looking mouth, her hands with nails long enough to put a Manchu lady to shame and confusion.

It began quite abruptly. The even tenor of their days was suddenly and sharply stabbed into by thin knives of fear . . .

One night at dinner:

"We've signed a new star. Carrie, Vamp type. Term is out of date, I know, but it suits her. Gee, Carrie, wait until you see her. She'll knock you for a goal!"

Ill-advised remark! Unprecedented praise! Carrie had a momentary, indignant vision of herself hurtling to a goal.

She prickled in every least pore of her body and brain. The finely pointed nose of her suspicious instincts sniffed and sniffed at the suddenly threatened conjugal atmosphere. She might be said to have layed, as will a hound on the scent of that secret, Fox.

The evening resolved itself into a questionnaire. Caroline, a cross-word puzzle on her knees, pencil poised in air and with as calculated an attitude of casualness as she could achieve, fired question after question at Harley.

"What type do you say she is?"

"What type do I say who is?"

"Now, don't pretend you don't know who I am talking about, Harley Pennock. Don't pretend you have forgotten. That doesn't go at all. That . . . that thing . . . that creature . . . you know, the creature you say is signed up at Super . . . ."

"Oh, you mean Faustine . . . for Heaven's sake, Caroline, what a way to refer to anyone? What's the big idea? Stomach out of order? Anyway, I told you once . . . black hair . . . that sort of lacquerish black, you know. Sleek and shining, with blue lights in it. White Skin. That dead white skin, you know, sorter like gardenias. The kind you said you wished you had once—remember? And red lips and one whale, I mean peach, of a figure. And sorter a foreign accent. I tell you, Carrie, you've never seen the like of this one. You won't believe your eyes!"

Caroline was straining with superiority. Her pencil described a little gesture of superiority in the vibrant air between them. Her elbows and knees, the arch of her throat, the suggestion of her double chin, all were little arcs of superiority, of delicate disdain.

"Oh, yes, Harley," she said, in as syrupy a voice as her constricted throat could manage, "Oh, yes, I'll be able to believe my eyes. My eyes won't deceive me. I'll be able to see thru it all."

"See thru what all?" Harley was irritated. Really, Caroline was unpredictable at times. Particularly in the last few days.

"See thru this cheap creature who seems to have upset your perspective, my dear Harley."

Harley always knew that Caroline was particularly irate when she called him her dear Harley. He knew that he was, at the moment, quite the reverse of dear. But he said, "I don't know what you mean."

"I know you don't. Harley Pennock, stop reading that paper and talk to me. Are you ashamed to talk to me? That's it, I guess."

Is there something you can't say . . . ?"

Harley dropped the paper. It crackled with exasperation. So did he. He didn't know what to make of Caroline at times. He watched her, waiting with outward martyrdom and inward trepidation for what was to come next. Unquestionably he was "in for it." As he waited—and watched—he observed for the first time that Caroline's eyes were set too close together, that she had more than a suspicion of a double chin, that her fingers were inclined to be clumsy, and she at any rate, and that her hair seemed to be growing thin right where the glow from the lamp struck it on the crown . . . it had never been any particular color, anyway . . .

(Continued on page 82)
We published a story a few months ago in which we showed that motion picture personalities are not always what they seem on the screen.

What about them in their home town then? What are their personal claims to distinction?

We took a vote among our staff writers after the manner of collegiate papers with these interesting results.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN Most unpopular with interviewers

CONSTANCE TALMADGE Biggest flirt

ERICH VON STROHEIM Most brilliant man

RAMON NOVARRO The most seclusive

MILTON SILLS Most intellectual

LLOYD HUGHES Handsomest man

MARY PICKFORD Most beloved personality

GLORIA SWANSON Most compelling personality

MARY SPENCER Most intellectual

RAMON NOVARRO The most seclusive

JOAN CRAWFORD Best woman dancer

ADOLPH MENJOU Best-dressed man

MARY PICKFORD Most beloved personality

CHARLES MURRAY The wittiest man

Milton Sills Most intellectual

VILMA BANKY Most beautiful girl

RAMON NOVARRO The most seclusive

Mae Murray Most beautiful figure

POLA NEGRE Most brilliant woman

JOHN GILBERT Most versatile actor

NORMAN KERRY Most perfect military figure

Mae Murray Most beautiful figure

VILMA BANKY Most beautiful girl

CLAIRE WINDSOR Best-dressed woman

MARION DAVIES Most popular girl

LEW CODY Best host

MRS. ANTONIO MORENO Best hostess

LILY TASHMAN Most dashing

COLLEEN MOORE Most unassuming girl

MRS. ANTONIO MORENO Best hostess

TOM MIX Most popular with interviewers

FRED NIBLO Best orator

HAROLD LLOYD Most unassuming man
Do Men Really Look for Someone "Like the Girl That Married Dear Old Dad"?

NITA LOOS and her best seller would have us believe that gentlemen prefer blondes. Let that pass! What other preferences? There are any number of bromides about the masculine point of view on women. But, after all, it is an important matter. And a census of opinions from various prominent males in motion picture circles not only discredits the old wives' tales but sheds some light on the subject.

John Gilbert

Whenever I tackle John Gilbert on a story like this one, I take a big swig of T. N. T., chew a few nails and get generally hard boiled before I ease up on him.

This time I cornered him in his dressing-room, going over fan mail.

"Shades of Caesar!" he moaned, as I fired my first shot, "you here to ask me such a question? Who am I that I should say what it is in a woman that attracts a man?"

"Now, John!" glowered I. (You see this is where the T. N. T. and nails come in.) He looked closely at me and decided I was not going to be bluffed.

"Well," he sighed resignedly, "if you would like to know what kind of a girl it is I like, it is a pal! A girl that will ride and walk and talk and live life as I want to live it. Free-spirited and full of life and enthusiasm.

"She mustn't be too sweet or too temperamental but a creature of moods and whims. A breezy, refreshing counterbalance to my nature."

Then—with a pointed, needlelike glance in my direction, he added venomously, "Above all she must not ask silly, idiotic questions and insist on an answer!"

I silently folded my notebook and as silently stole away!

Ronald Colman

"Blonde, Brunette or Titian! I care not, just so she be fair to me! I like the old-fashioned, gently bred, womanly woman a bit the best as to type, I think. A woman who is sincere in her friendships and affections. Oh, by all means she must be sincere!"
WANT

In the Woman They
Marry?

How About the Beautiful But
Dumb Type?
Do Men Honestly Find Her Attractive?

DENBO

This Ronald Colman howled across a desk to me! We were sitting in a busy publicity office. The ever poised and at ease Ronald was trying to concentrate on woman and her often sung charms, while set-dressers, newspaper representatives and art directors came bustling in, talking over plans on "Barbara Worth."

Thru the often opened door droned noisily the sound of the saw-mill across the way. "I think it is personality in a woman that means more to me than anything else!" yelled Ronald. "The girl that attracts me is the one whose personality is natural and rings true."

"Thank you!" I screamed.

"You're welcome!" he called—with a cough, "let's go have some lunch!"—and we did.

Tho we had a quiet, comfortable hour's chat across the luncheon table, Ronald only repeated his first choice of feminine charms.

Lew Cody

Lew was standing on the lawn of the M. G. M. Studio after luncheon one day. I said, "Lew, tell us what you know about women!"

He said, "What's the matter, haven't you anything to do for 365 days or has the heat of this day gone to your head?"

I made myself more specific, after which he said: "Oh, if that is what you mean, my dear. Every man in his heart of hearts cherishes the memory of his mother and the older he grows the more he admires 'his mother's memory qualities' in women!"

That's the delightful thing about Lew when he makes a sentimental speech, there is a solemnness in his expression that makes you feel it comes from the depths of his being.

Bill Boyd

Bill Boyd, with sideburns and uncut hair as he is to appear in "The Clipper Ship," smiled sheepishly as he answered my question with—"Wouldn't it be easier if I showed you a picture of what it is about a woman that attracts me? Because the whole thing can be seen in this young lady! . . ."
Of course, what he was proudly displaying to me was a picture of his bride, Eleanor Fair. (Ain’t love GRAND—even in the movies—sometimes!) Anyway, I was gentle with him and said: “I quite agree with you, Bill! But—if you were to meet three girls at once—one would most likely attract you more than another? Eh?”

“Yes,” smiled Bill, “the one that looked most like her!” At my groan he laughed and said, “More specifically the typical American girl. Self-reliant, affectionate, little, motherly pat.”

Now serious, Bill continued, “The American girl to me typifies the supreme combination. They watch their personal appearance and are fresh and clean and full of fun. Ready to ride, or walk or swim or dance or cook or sew or—raise babies—and to do each efficiently and well.”

Bill certainly has the “low-down” on American women!

Lewis Stone

Lewis really surprised me! He is such a sort of sophisticated, lovable, cultured gentleman of the screen. I saw him at the Santa Monica Swimming Club. I asked him the fatal question.

He answered with accustomed brisk courtesy—“YOUTH, my dear. YOUTH. Every man if he told the truth would say first, last and always—YOUTH.”

“That is,” as he saw my amazed countenance, “not necessarily youth according to years but youth of the Soul. I have met middle-aged women that had more real youth than the flappiest of flappers.”

“YOUTH is enthusiastic over life and its problems and possibilities. It is always interested in human nature and its reactions. In fact, real youth is so busy and interested in life going on around it, it has no time to think of self and build up an impossible ego. This is why I believe every man—if truthful, would say youth was woman’s most potent weapon.”

Huntley Gordon

Hollywood’s prince of good fellows and the screen’s perfectly abused husband, Huntley Gordon, was on the golf course. That’s the only place you can catch him when he’s not working and Huntley won’t talk if he knows you are there to hear him.

I stopped him by yelling “FORE!” over his shoulder. He called back, “No, two will do!” Then we sat on the eighteenth hole and I asked him if he had ever met his ideal.

My feet hurt and I was tired, so I didn’t care whether he had or not, but strangely he warmed up to the subject. “Do you expect me to describe you or do you want me to tell you the truth?” he asked me with a laugh.

I smiled sort of weakly—I don’t usually play eighteen holes in one afternoon and a smile was all I could manage—“The whole truth and nothing but the truth,” I recited weakly.

(Continued on page 93)
When von Stroheim returned to the screen after months of retirement merely to direct, we made the most of it. Half a loaf is better than none . . . But "The Wedding March" is something to be anticipated. In it Erich plays Prince Nicki . . . as well as directing the production.

Fay Wray, who plays Mitzi, a little vine-garden girl, is a von Stroheim discovery. She has been on the screen for some time, but this is her first prominence.

Hughie Mack plays Anton Eberle . . . and Dale Fuller is cast as a Mrs. Schrammeli . . . It is a typical von Stroheim cast, Zasu Pitts also playing a prominent rôle.

We wonder if von Stroheim's masterful direction will do as much for Fay Wray as it did for Mary Philbin in "The Merry-Go-Round."

He is up to his old tricks again, you see . . . We can think of no one who suggests high life with more deft touches than Erich. Take the scene below . . . what could speak more eloquently of the night before than the ice-bag? What, indeed?

Von Stroheim Reappears on the Scene
An Impression of a Casting Director's Office when there has been a Call for a Large Number of Extras

It is a funny sight.

An agent has had a call from a motion picture studio for a large number of extras. One hundred and one peculiar types stand about waiting for the red ticket that will send them to some studio. This ticket represents the five dollars they will receive, minus the agent's commission.

Ah... but that is not the point. Once again a Great Opportunity. Every now and then an extra makes good. Every now and then a bit well done brings stardom. What if hundreds have remained obscure? Hope eternal!

Everyone has made an attempt to present a prosperous appearance.

There is the lean youth, stamped by Manhattan, pale of face, with a tight belted suit...
Opportunity

Chorus girls made up and ready to go on . . . typical little Broadway trotters. . . .
There is the old careworn burlesque queen with her bedraggled feather boa, now looking for aristocratic dame parts. . . .
And colored gals from Harlem. . . .
Also Harlem sheiks willing to portray anything from a desert monarch to "Uncle Joe" for five dollars.
Look again . . . it does not seem quite so funny now. It seems slightly ironic. . . . It seems a little pathetic, too. . . .

Drawing by
Robert Orr
From a Suggestion
by
B. F. Wilson

The erstwhile Shakespearian tragedian with the gray locks may be on the verge of starvation . . . his cuffs may be frayed . . . but he will gaze with proud contempt on the hoi polloi about him.
The Favorite Moreno Luncheon

Luncheon with Mrs. Antonio Moreno is more of a function than is usually the case in the homes of film stars, as Mrs. Moreno is neither on a diet nor in a hurry to get back to a studio. A leisurely hour is devoted to the meal, served almost formally by Filipinos. Altho Tony is the most Spanish of the Spanish, wholly American meals are enjoyed in his home.

The Moreno dining-room is worthy of a paragraph in itself. Overlooking the valley of the city, it boasts a color scheme of neutral shades with pastel green predominating throughout. At the long windows hang apple-green drapes. The chairs are high-backed, of the old Spanish period, the table corresponding long and narrow. On its shiny surface Mrs. Moreno arranges a centerpiece of mixed flowers from her garden. The service is of linen, individual pieces at each plate.

It is in such a delightful surrounding as this, that Mrs. Moreno seats her luncheon guests and offers her favorite mid-day menu:

**Fruit Cocktail**: In Mrs. Moreno’s cocktail, grapefruit predominates. Dice it into small bits. In half quantities add other fruits: orange, apple, pineapple, and grapes with seeds removed. Squeeze juices of all fruits together and pour over mixture until well moistened. Sugar to taste. Serve in glass or silver compote.

**French Chops**: Broil lamb chops until well done. Do not season until removed from stove. Immediately before serving add salt, pepper, butter and dash of paprika. Serve with parsley.

**Peas**: If peas are fresh, care should be taken not to cook them in cold water. Allow water to boil before adding peas. This preserves the color. Salt before draining water. Served with or without butter.

**Potato Fillet**: Pare and slice potatoes. Cut into small fillets about a quarter of an inch square and as (Continued on page 104)
My Life by a Long Shot

By "Boo!" Montana

MY life story is going to be different than most movie actors. I am going to give my age. Forty years old! I was born in Voghera, Italy, near Milano, and was a kid there for nineteen years.

When I was a kid eleven or twelve I was like all kids, I don't like school. The old man he says, "Louie, you better go to work." I say that's good. I want to be a shoemaker, so the old man get me a job with a shoemaker.

He pay me three cents a week to pound leather. I work a year with him and the next Christmas my boss he says, "Louie, I give you raise. Next year you get four cents a week." I say that's good.

I work for him about two months when one day I am to deliver pair of shoes to army officer. The officer tip me four cents and I go buy one of these things with rubber bands, you know what I mean... slangshot. I get back to the shop and hide the slangshot under my apron. Next day the boss he says to take pair of shoes to man in the country. I start to walk down the road thru woods and I see a bird on a tree. I lay shoes down beside the road. I put a rock in the slangshot, pull back rubber and PINGO! I miss bird and he jump to another tree. I shoot, shoot, shoot, and every time I shoot, bird jumps to the next tree, you know what I mean. So pretty soon I am ten block from the shoes. When I come back, there is only one shoe. Holy smoke! You can imagine when I get back to the boss with one shoe! He fire me and my old man beat me up. The old man says, "You better work on the ranch." I say that's good, and I work on the ranch.

When I am nineteen I tell the old man that I think I go to Germany. He says no, that all kids who go to Germany come home broke and have to buy new shoes, you know what I mean. So he says you go to America. I get on the boat and come to this country.

When I get off the boat in America, the custom officer come to us and says, "How much money you got?" Everybody was suppose to have ten bucks. I have three. When he come to me he says, "You got money?"

I say, "Sure. Plenty, my pocket is fulla jack!"

He says all right and don't look at my money. They give me big box lunch, a big handkerchief and put red tag on my coat. I tie the handkerchief around my neck, put my hat on the side of my head and walk down the shore with all the whops. Everybody along the shore...
rubber at us. I am such damn fool I think they come to watch me get off and I put my chest out and walk like a swell. To me it was like a big parade, you know what I mean.

I have three bucks and I go to Connecticut where a friend of mine works and he tells me I get rich in this country. I soon find out he is crazy. I go to work in a rock quarry. That place is hell. Great big rock, big as a house, I move and every day I hear, "Bam! Get outta way, you damn whop! Sis Boom!" and they blow off dynamite and I run like hell. I worked on the derrick pulling rock out of the hole. Pretty soon I get job in a shop. That was 1907 and everything tough . . . panic, you know what I mean. I lose job in shop, so I go back to the quarry. The foreman, he is from my country. He says, "Hello, Louie, what I do for you?"

I say, "I wanta go to work."

"Look," he says, "Who's got your job?"

I look and there is a horse doing my job. I use to wind the windlass on the derrick, but now the horse is pulling up the rock. "That's too bad," I say and go to New York.

In New York I meet a bunch of whoops and they tell me I am big and strong and they take me to wrestling show. There is Charlie Cutler, big wrestler. He says he meet all comers and pay dollar minute to man who can stay with him. I climb on stage and stay seven minutes. Boy! Seven bucks! That is a lotta dough. This is my racket, I say, and next night I stay with him six minutes. I buy a pair of shoes and pay room rent for month.

Then I meet a guy who says he wants to be my manager. He is a big crook, but I don’t know that. I am just big damn fool, you know what I mean. He says we go to Buffalo and get match. I say that’s good. But, he says, we can’t pay car-fare, we bum. I say all right and we start to bum freight-train to Buffalo. It is cold and I nearly freeze riding in box car, and I get hungry. God! But I am hungry! We stop in the yards at a little town. I jump off the car and run over to a freight-car on another track filled with cabbage. I grab two cabbage and eat . . . I eat you in five minutes. As we come to Buffalo, the train stop in the yard for minute and the manager says, "Louie, go hook those two bottles milk off the porch of that house." The house is about a block away so I run over to porch to lift milk and when I get up there it is not milk at all but a couple of white statue rabbits. I swear and go back.

We can’t get match in Buffalo so we go to Jamestown. This manager is big crook I look like hell with pants worn out, you know where I mean. Just like big bum, so I can’t go to swell hotel. The manager goes to hotel and tells clerk I am new wrestler known as "Terrible Turk," and not to care if I look like bum because I am tough and what you call eccentric. Then I walk in hotel, get a big swell room, nice soft bed and everything swell. The manager says he is going out to get match

(Continued on page 106)

One time I am sick of California and want to go back to New York. So Doug says all right, and he buys me a big overcoat because it is winter back in New York

Spike tells me Doug Fairbanks, a big movie guy, wants to see me. I say all right, and I go to see Doug. That’s how I get to be an actor.
Above is a scene from "Across the Pacific" as it will be shown in your neighborhood theater. It is the very essence of romance.

On the left is the same scene, looking at it from a different angle . . . from behind the cameras. It isn't quite so romantic.

---

**On Location at Night**

**By Dorothy Hampton**

WADING knee-deep in sand to the Warner Brothers' location spot by the sea, we saw:

Huge arc-lamps and Kleigs throwing a blinding glare over a few huddled canvas tents. Cameramen, directors, prop boys, running here and there in and out of the deep shadows.

Great moths, June-bugs, whirring, buzzing insects flying madly around the brilliant lights. The sandy shore alive with wiggling, excited, light-seeking crabs and other crawling creatures.

Hundreds of men in blue flannel shirts and khaki trousers sitting, lying, standing, uncomfortably amidst the crabs, waiting for the command "Camera."

A Comparison Between a Hectic Location Scene . . . and the Idyllic Setting It Eventually Appears on the Screen

This call sends them scurrying into little groups, singing, playing boisterous tricks on one another as tho in great glee over a few days' leave from the strain of fighting! Most of these men are veterans of the World War, wearily playing at war "for the movies."

Palm-trees made out of eucalyptus-trees, painted and clayed to make them look like palms, are stuck here and there in a straight line for three miles. Tropic jungle effect is gained out of a lot of sand with sticks, plants, etc., stuck in it!

Native girl—Myrna Loy—huddled in a canvas chair squealing over the crabs and bugs, waiting for the call to become alluring and "nativish" with Monte Blue.

(Continued on page 94)
Upper left is a black satin dolman effect of my own design. Antelope felt turban from Agnes. Top, center—two views of Dorothy Mackaill’s emerald velvet and lamé reversible evening wrap, trimmed with green dyed fox and white.

Upper right, excellent lines for the stout woman, worn in “So’s Your Old Man.” It is beige crêpe romaine, cocoa grosgrain trimming, and pale beige gilet.

Below, at right, is Greta Nissen’s moiré frock in sage and darker green.

Center group, bottom row, left to right—Norma Shearer’s crystal fringe and opal-hued figured lamé evening gown is cut in tiers and scalloped. In the center is Greta Nissen in a supple silver cloth gown made over georgette to form the bodice; and shaded tulle in the popular tiered skirt does the rest. Right of center is Alice Joyce in Frances’ mouse-color satin cut in diamonds. The color contrast is secured by applying pieces of opposite ways of the goods.

On the extreme left is Blanche Sweet’s cape and frock of black satin-back crêpe with velvet trimming and high collar fastened with brooch.

Above, and to the right of Miss Sweet, is Dorothy Mackaill in an odd little coat of beige broadtail with a fitch collar.

Center is Norma Talmadge, wearing Agnes’ high draped turban of velvet. Altho these hats are striking, they are hard to wear, but will doubtless have an influence on the later collections.
An Open Letter to a Country Cousin

DEAR COZ:

Branding his arms overhead and with a fanatical gleam in his lightho kindly eye, Adolphe Menjou advanced upon me. But, jammed between

hot lights, three trunks and a camera, I could only cover, while "Why did I wear this hat?" and "Oh Lord! My mascara is flaking. I'll be weeping in a minute" went scuttling thru my mind.

Thru the haze I heard a voice: "Give you some 'don'ts' for men? I'll give you plenty, Mento!"

And thus we gathered, for our various male cousins, brothers, husbands (I mean husband), the information anent English

For Men Only

Some Do's and Don'ts Regarding Masculine Attire

By ADOLPHE MENJOU

LIV'ATS wear suspenders!!! (Excepting for sports.) It is the only way to "stay put."

Always have cuffs on your trousers.

Always have at least two buttons on a single-breasted suit. Never only one.

Never! Never have too many buttons on your cuff, even four is extreme.

Never wear sports clothes in the city. But you may wear fancy linen or plain linen waistcoats with a single-breasted suit. Whenever possible there should be contrast between the tie and shirt.

Hats should be in harmony, of course. For instance, brown shoes, brown hat, etc.

A new tie is the twenty-two-inch bow tie. Most are from thirty-one to thirty-four inches. (Mr. Menjou's own tie, a Trewelett, was a polka dot, tied just once with but two ends and no loops, and his

(Continued on page 96)

Lilyan Tashman's new and clever frock from Chanel has its fulness in front, as it should be, this season. The back is plain. Of heavy crépe Elizabeth in Chanel red, jungle green or navy blue, with crépe de Chine slip. An exact copy of this frock may be bought from Arnold, Constable & Company thru Miss Corson's shopping service. Sizes 16-44. Price $25.00.

(Continued on page 96)
The Chronicle of a "Hen Party" at Norma Talmadge's

By Faith Service

Hans Kraly does the scripts for many of Norma's pictures. He and Norma were down at the train to see Constance off on her postponed wedding trip.

Normaisms

We arrived at twelve-thirty and found Norma in bed. The colored maid admitted us and Norma called sleepily, "Come in!"

We went in, inquiring anxiously, "What's the matter? Have you the flu? Grippe? Kleig eyes, or what?"

Nothing was the matter, of course.

We will never become star-wise, no matter how many decades we may pursue this honorable calling. We still naively believe that when a gal is in bed at high noon she is in need of a clinical thermometer.

Norma arose at once, a vision in pink crêpe de Chine and real lace and cropped, curly hair. And she ordered forthwith a mammoth luncheon.

It is a wise star that knoweth her own guests. Over a long period of annual feedings Norma has remembered that, in the spring, we always expect chicken and asparagus and strawberry shortcake and various sundries. She knows that anything less would be considered an insult. There has never been anything less.

Behold us, then, seated about a festal board in the flower-filled living-room of Norma's suite at the Hotel Plaza, New York City.

We began at once to talk about—Men.

Just girls together. You know how girls are.

Norma did most of the talking. We did most of the eating—we mean listening.
Norma said, apropos of something-or-other, "Men like best the women who do things. They say they dont, but they do. Really. They respect us more . . . girls who work. They admire us more and you've got to have a man's admiration if you want to keep his love. That's sure. Admiration may have a long life without love, but love without admiration is a corpse before the funeral.

"Men say, 'I like the woman who stays at home . . . the feminine woman. . . . They may like 'em, but watch 'em stay home with 'em."

"On the other hand, women like men who take them places. They like men who are considerate of them, thoughtful, watchful. Any half-grown moon-calf can stage a love scene but it takes a man to show a woman the attentions that make him worth her time.

"That's what makes it difficult for the average, stay-at-home married woman. There are exceptions, of course, but the average married woman in a small town has to sit at home night after night watching her husband read the evening papers, monkey around with a hammer or mow the front lawn. They've been waiting all day for evening and husband to coincide and that is what they get for their waiting.

"Men seldom understand this. They don't take the trouble to. They know that the Little Woman will be there, night after night. They know that she has no place else to be. What of it?

"They think of the evening as a pleasant time to relax, take forty winks, talk a bit about their day's triumphs and turn in. But for the Little Woman the evening is the time of day to which she has most looked forward. She has got 'dressed up,' she has carefully placed some lipstick and powder on the little old face. She has sprayed herself with perfume and has hoped for the best. She doesn't get it. . . ."

"Yes, siree, the business and professional women have changed the tune for women to dance to. In many ways. In more serious ways. There was a time when, if a girl had a love affair either before or after marriage, she was tabu. She was 'out.' 'Nice people' didn't want to know her. She was marked for life. Nowadays, girls mind their own business. If they have any affairs before or after marriage, it is nobody's business but their own. If they are the sort that are inclined to go in for this sort of thing, they are not much worse off for it than were the men of the same ilk in the preceding generation.

"I don't say that this is right . . . but it is equally right, and that is something.

"But what is still more important—girls in the business or professional world seldom do 'this sort of thing.' They have other matters on their minds. They can take men and love as once men took women and love—casually. Men and love are no longer 'Woman's whole existence.'"

(Continued on page 89)

Thus Spake Norma

Men like:

Women who do things
Polka-dots
Black dresses
Waist-lines
Coy frills of lace
And feathers

Joseph Talmadge Keaton is on the steps of the Schenck beach house with Norma. His grandmother, "Peg," stands by the swing. And his mother, Natalie Keaton, rests in the swing with another house guest.
All Aboard the Limerick Liner

Far from buying his pleasures, this one—Herbert Brenon—gets paid for his fun, For picking out beauties Is one of his duties

Dotty Gish doesn’t care if her voice Gives nobody cause to rejoice. "On the screen," she averred, "I’ll be seen, and not heard.

You can tell by the eyes—that’s how I know This isn’t a fair young albino, A Ku Klux, or a swan— But Miss Alberta Vaughn

Miss del Río’s warm welcoming glance Is not caused by her latest romance. Only roast beef on rye Puts that look in her eye

See Page 86 for September Prize Winning Limericks

Are you going to be one of the lucky passengers on The Limerick Liner? We have $50.00 to divide among five writers of clever lines. Remember that the line you submit to complete a limerick must rhyme with the first two. Send as many as you like before December 20. Address: Limerick Contest, 125 Duf- ford Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Crazy Quilt

By

ADELE ORMISTON

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters
on Page 76

Illustrations
by

Henry Pilgrim

IT was the last scene to be filmed on Judith’s second production. This time her rôle was slightly more important. And again McAllister was her director. Judith knew this was to her advantage. Mac had taken a sincere interest in her work and tutored her whenever he sensed a lack. She had come to be looked upon as his protégée in the studios and her only fear was that this might make for antagonism in other directorial quarters.

Mac was explaining the action of the next scene to Judith and the assembled company.

“You never dreamed that your old father cheated at bridge until this minute,” he explained to Judith.

“And the fact that your sweetheart is playing at the

The edge of the chifforobe struck her head and she slipped to the floor. There was the rushing of many waters in her ears . . . . she seemed to be falling thru steep, dark places
Do you think the title of Crazy Quilt fitting for this story? Write us your opinion. Two hundred dollars in prizes is offered. There are further details on Page 78.

same table and is also aware of your father's substitution of a card makes matters far worse. It is a horrible moment!"

He rehearsed the others in the broad sweep of the scene's action and then turned to Judith to explain his conception of what her attitude would be under such trying circumstances.

In the last two months she had frequently been surprised at Mac's knowledge of feminine psychology. But this time she disagreed with him.

"It seems to me," she said when he had finished, "that a girl would laugh and talk excessively under such circumstances. She would pathetically try to cover the situation with the social weapons at her hand.

"And she would also feel a deep pity for her father. He is, of course, humiliated at being discovered. And his cheating comes from the fact that he is childishly unable to lose. It is nothing worse than that as I understand it."

Psychologically, McAllister admitted that Judith's analysis was quite correct. But he warned her that such action would be extremely difficult to put across. He again suggested the more conventional close-up of pain and hurt in the eyes and a twisting of the mouth.

"You cannot photograph thought very well," he said, "and audiences will understand my way. They are familiar with that sign language. They have been translating hurt looks in movie stars' eyes for years."

His manner was semi-humorous but Judith knew that he was afraid to try it her way. At the same time she was convinced that her way was more effective and, at the same time, more intelligent.

"Let me try it my way," she said, "And if it does not please you—if you feel that the girl's reaction is not conveyed, we can do it over again. Surely it is worth trying."

"You win," groaned McAllister with a certain affection mingling with his despair. "We'll rehearse it once for the others. You had better walk thru the rehearsal and save your stuff for the shooting. At times like this it is best to depend entirely upon inspiration."

The extras watched Judith enviously as she talked with the director. Her good fortune was a byword on the Acme lot. Every now and then someone like Judith stepped from the ranks to prominence. Sometimes, as in the case of Valentino, they won great fame. And every uninspired and drab extra who had haunted studios for years merely to eke out a precarious existence fed on the ambrosial hope that he too would one glorious day step from improvident obscurity to glory.

The rehearsal progressed. Judith walked thru the action as she had been instructed. But she was becoming imbibed with the feel of it.

Now they were ready to shoot. The tubes overhead filled with light. The actors took their places. McAllister went back to his chair beside the camera.

One of the musicians on the side-lines was tuning his violin.
"Quiet there," McAllister's voice was terse. "Don't play until I give the signal. When Miss Tower begins her action after seeing her father cheat, I will raise my hand. Be ready!"

There was quiet now punctuated only by the staccato beats of a hammer on another set. Judith was as tense as a race-horse waiting for the spurs.

"All right," called McAllister, "C-A-M-E-R-A!"

Everything proceeded as rehearsed. Judith's aristocratic old father took an ace from his sleeve with a bungling attempt at slyness and won the trick. The hand was ended. The game was over.

Then suddenly the old man became aware that both his daughter and her sweetheart had seen him. He looked with a guilty furtiveness from one to the other.

Judith's first instinct seemed to be to spare him. She reached over and gently took his hand. She said something casual yet affectionate.

The musicians called soft music from their instruments at the signal. And the people in the scene caught the tension. There was a hush. A hush. Judith felt it. She turned to the others who were supposedly guests in her home. She began to talk.

She talked faster... faster. She laughed louder... louder. She was her father's loyal daughter, using the weapons at her hand to cover her chagrin.

The music became crescendo. It beat her now hysterical tempo.

Her father went over to a corner, unhappy because he knew the pain he had caused his daughter. Judith impulsively moved towards him. Her hands were outstretched to succor him. And as she did this, she turned for an imperceptible moment to her sweetheart. Her eyes were supplicating. They asked him to stand by her and understand the childish trick of an old man.

Again the violin was muted...

"CUT!" McAllister clipped his command emphatically. There were tears in Judith's voice by this time. It all seemed very real to her. She chaliced the emotions of the girl in the story.

The company did not talk in the interim. The camera ceased grinding but the lights still flooded the scene with their shadowless brilliance.

"We will take it again. The same, please."

McAllister spoke more quietly than was his custom. It was as if he felt that something so sensitive and fragile had been wrought that even the vibration of his voice might break it.

Again the company went thru the drama of the scene. And again Judith's intensity hypnotized every last one of them.

"That will be all for today," McAllister said, dismissing them. "Lights out."

Judith came over to get her make-up box from the chair. She hoped that Mac would not speak to her. For her eyes stung with unshed tears. And her body

(Continued on page 76)
A DAUGHTER IN THE MOVIES

Sadye Miller Tells What She Did About It

I was I, who—all unsuspecting as to how Fate was "setting the sails"—brought Patsy out to California with me for a visit, one summer.

But it was Pat, herself—plus her desire to go into pictures— who was responsible for that visit's lasting five years ... and for the transplanting of the entire household, from St. Louis to Beverly Hills.

Nor was it done without a struggle. ... When the subject was broached to her father ... he rose up in righteous indignation.

"Leave St. Louis?" "NEVER!"

"And as for Pat's going into the Movies!!" (There had never been a professional in the family, and rumors of wild and wicked Hollywood were on every hand.)

The House of Miller shook on its foundations!

But I had always backed the children up on anything worth while, that they were sincere in wanting to do ... and I discovered that Patsy had had for a long time, a secret yearning to do picture work.

When we first arrived, we had been eager to visit the studios. We were fortunately able to go thru them all—to watch them working:

And Pat's whole heart and soul was in it. ...

She knew ... she ... she was absolutely sure, that she could succeed. ... And with the confidence ... the enthusiasm ... and the ignorance, of youth, my other thought ever entered her mind.

They had noticed her at the studios. Had asked to make tests. Had wanted to put her in little bits. ...

So after the first shock—(it was so far removed from anything we had ever thought of, for Pat)—I took my stand. ...

I let her do a few things ... and then Goldwyn offered her a two-year contract.

We talked it over.

"If it is the thing you want to do—we’ll stay and give it a trial," I decided. "If it doesn’t go—nothing is lost."

And finally her father gave his consent.

So we came out here to live ... that Pat might always have her home. ...

I had been very close to her ... and I did not see, after all, why this should make any difference.

Nor has it.

Patsy was fifteen, then. And in these five years ... aside from the hours she has been before the camera ... her life has gone along very much the same as before.

She has had her home ... her studies ... her outside interests ... her friends.

When she first began her work on the screen ... doing atmosphere, and small parts ... getting her experience ... I was always with her. Everything was so new ... to both of us.

But now that she has reached the grown-up age of twenty ...

(Continued on page 103)
Rudy always seemed so gloriously alive that we feel the pictures made of him in death lack his incarnate spirit.
This photograph was taken in his California home before he left for New York on his last journey.

In Memoriam—Rudolph Valentino

By Faith Baldwin

He is not dead for whom the thousands weep!
The strong, young body only lies at rest,
The dark eyes closed in lovely, ancient sleep,
The warm heart stilled within the quiet breast,
Where trees and flowers fragrant vigil keep
Above the couch of their beloved guest.

As gently as Love's tender hands, earth lies
On his dark head ... and leaves his spirit free
To win the greater goals of Paradise,
And know the triumphs of that Mystery
Which, veiled beyond our mute, horizoned skies,
Grants Youth's brief flame bright Immortality.
THAT'S OUT

An Amusing Commentary on Motion Picture Things

By TAMAR LANE

Legs vs. Brains

"Legs will make way for brains upon the screen," says Sam Goldwyn in an inspiring publicity announce-ment.

Let's hope that Sam is right. But first some one will have to invent a way to photograph brains in a shapely manner.

Reflecting upon what has been done to Pola Negri, we shudder to think what will happen to Lya de Putti and Emil Jannings now that they are to become fixtures in the Hollywood film colony.

Lya will probably end up playing in Christie comedies, while Jannings will be featured in a series of wild and woolly Westerns.

The Last Laugh Is on Hollywood

F. W. Murnau, famous German director who made "The Last Laugh," has just arrived in Hollywood with a great fanfare of trumpets. The film colony is winning him and dining him and making an all-around hullabaloo in general.

The funny part of it all is that this same F. W. Murnau was in Hollywood no less than two years ago. And he had under his arm the now famous picture, "The Last Laugh." But there was no brass band to meet him at the train, there were no dinners given in his honor.

He went about Hollywood unheralded and unsung, because Hollywood has ever been unable to discover real merit in anything until it has been labeled and exploited for them like a freak in Barnum and Bailey's circus.

Moral: It isn't what you really are that counts in Hollywood—it's what you can make them think you are.

Apparently the screen is in for a series of millinery pictures.

No sooner has it been announced that "The Green Hat" will be presented upon the silversheet, than along comes M-G-M with "Tin Hats" and Johnny Hines with "The Brown Derby." Now it is announced that Lew Cody is going to be featured in "The Grey Hat."

There is undoubtedly going to be a wide selection of headgear for the well-dressed man or woman to select from this fall when they journey to the cinema.

It is not so long ago," says Michael Orme, an English writer, "that each successive film I went to see included a swimming-pool orgy, until one might be excused for thinking that every wealthy individual in America preferred to give his dinner-parties at the edge of his private swimming-bath, wherein maidens disported themselves almost as scantily clad as the nymph.

"At another period, I remember, there was quite a run on elaborately wrought metal gates—presumably of gold—that hid the heroine's silken couch behind their intricate tracery. Now I am quite prepared to believe that Hollywood goes to bed thru golden gateways."

(Continued on page 87)
Do not let the bleak winter scene outside penetrate into your home... with the proper surroundings hearts can be kept as gay as summer weather

It's easy enough for the average housewife to make her home look attractive in the summer-time. A gay chintz pillow here, a slip-cover there, windows wide so that the green out-of-doors has a chance to get in, low bowls of flowers from the garden. The effect is lovely. But, alas, it is lovely only a small part of the year. The average house is rather apt to be a drab affair when winter comes.

There is no reason why, if you study your surroundings a bit, you can't bring summer into the home even in dull, cold days. We are not all rich enough for private conservatories, it is true, so that we might have quantities of fresh flowers all year round. There would be no problem if this were the case. Even always having bowls of fresh flowers is beyond the purse of many of us. Fresh flowers are the surest way to bring cheerfulness and beauty into the home, but these things may be achieved in other ways, too.

Flowers, however, are one of my fads. I believe that if more people knew not only their decorative but their psychological value, they would be introduced with far more frequency into most homes. Some people believe that it is necessary to have huge bowls of flowers about in order to gain any effect at all. This is exactly opposite the truth. The real truth is that a big bunch of flowers...
stuck into a bowl or vase is usually inartistic and clumsy-looking. You can gain a far lovelier effect with far fewer flowers. If I were a young housewife and had only a little money to spend on my home, I would get several graceful bud vases of crystal glass, of green glass or perhaps of plated silver and I would put one or two graceful flowers in each slender vase. I would have, too, a low bowl with a "flower stone" in it and instead of sticking this full of flowers I would put in it a few graceful buds or blossoms. Half a dozen flowers of the simplest variety together with a few green leaves makes a far more delightful ornament than any bust or head or empty vase could ever make. Added to these I would get one tall and rather heavy vase and I would keep it filled, too. In the winter in the big vase I would put graceful bunches of autumn leaves, lovely sprays of evergreen or some of the bright berries that you can procure in any climate in the winter if you take a walk thru the woods. Even a few blossoms won't prove too prohibitive if you learn their amazing decorative value. A single spray of flowers placed on a table near the window or on a mantel will brighten the whole room—and they will bring almost unbelievable cheer into the spirits of the occupants of the room, too.

The next touch of summer that I would add to a home would be bright, useful cushions. The average sofa pillow after a few months of wear becomes dingy. Too often, too, in buying sofa pillows, the housewife buys dull, "practical" pillows of figures or changeable taffeta or satin or silk and these, tho comfortable, do not add appreciably to the appearance of the home.

If I wanted to bring a spirit of brightness and cheerfulness and summer-time into a general living-room, I would, first of all, add bright cushions. I would pick a color that I was using in my room and "pick up" this color by adding cushions of a brilliant hue that corresponded to it or to one of the more neutral colors in the room. For example, if my room were done in tans and browns, I would add two brilliant orange cushions and two brilliant blue-green ones—the blue-green as a direct compliment to the orange. If my room, on the contrary, was cream with touches of soft green or brown, I would add brilliant cushions of yellow and henna. For a room done in creams and tans, cushions of red and purple would be brilliant and colorful, tho red and black would be good, too. Two pairs of cushions, two of each color, will bring up the general tone of a room quicker than anything else I know.

Please make your cushions plain! They may be round, square or oval and, if you like, for variety, you might

(Continued on page 97)
LOIS ADOPTS A SISTER

Four gather around the Moran table now instead of the previous two. Lois and her mother, Mrs. Gladys Moran, have adopted five-year-old Betty Evans. The adoption papers have been taken out in a Pittsburgh court and Betty is now Betty Moran.

Betty has an elder sister, Helen, who is fifteen, and she has also become a member of the Moran household. Helen has not been legally adopted but she is to receive every advantage of education and home surroundings.
The Question of

Ramon Novarro was almost the last one we expected to see with a mustache. But when he came to play a man about town in "A Certain Young Man"... well, what could he do when an attractive young lady passed if he had no mustache to twirl in the time-honored manner?

It is so long since Jack Gilbert appeared without sideburns, a goatee, or at least a mustache, that this smooth-faced portrait of him looks unfamiliar...

We cannot think what Ben Lyon would have done if a role had necessitated his growing a mustache a few years ago. He just couldn't have done it, for he was a young lad and, as the song goes, his beard was not grown...

But take Ronald Colman. There was a time when Ronald did not wear the badge of manliness. We think him more attractive with it. Some men are... It is just as well, for the vogue of the mustachio seems to be returning...
the Mustache

Tony Moreno is the mustached type—dark, Spanish. Still, it is only recently that he has been wearing a mustache—just since the vogue began.

It makes Percy Mar-mont look as deucedly English as his name. . . . Percy, however, is smooth-shaven most of the time.

Pat O'Malley found that a mustache was a great help to him when he wanted to look like a Russian Grand Duke. . . . It might be well to tell husbands and boy friends to start a mustache, provided they haven't already done so.

If actors are the same harbingers of the mode that actresses are— and they are—the smooth-shaven male will be démodé. It makes a great difference in Edmund Lowe.
Corinne Griffith has contrived to invest her Beverly Hills estate with the charm of age. And this is pleasant in a land where new houses of vivid stuccos predominate. The house is of English manor architecture, built of fieldstone and stucco and seasoned timbers. There are great trees, curving walks. And fragrant, old-fashioned gardens. It is like Corinne ... for she seems to belong to traditional things.
The Editor Gossips

And Suggests a New Game for Those Who Don't Play Bridge . . . or Even Those Who Do

Hugo has been painting murals and writing books . . . but now Gloria Swanson has him under contract to design the settings for her version of "The Eyes of Youth"

However, the quiet, peaceful days in the house under the big pepper-tree were not to go on and on undisturbed. Albert Parker signed a contract to direct Gloria Swanson in "Eyes of Youth." He immediately wired Hugo to come to New York and design the settings. Hugo thanked him for the offer but refused. He turned again to the colors on his palette—to his typewriter . . . Mabel found a fascinating new book, "The Relic," translated from the Portuguese. She read it to Hugo when he was weary after a day before a new canvas. They thought what a delightful motion picture it would make—if it could be made as a motion picture. But, of course, it couldn't. Censors.

Another wire came. This was from Gloria.

And a few days later Mabel and Hugo packed their trunks and locked the windows and doors and entrained for New York.

At the last minute someone asked Mabel if she would remain and make a picture. Such a foolish Someone. With Hugo going to New York, Mabel would never think of remaining, whatever the picture or the rôle or the salary.

They are frightfully in love with each other after years of matrimony. And that is so often an antidote for love. We think it is because they both have the same precious sense of humor.

Neither of them could ever find anyone else with their kind of humor.

If an authority tells Hugo that he wants a Queen Anne house for a setting long before Queen Anne herself existed, Mabel and Hugo do not act very superior or very cynical or very caustic. They look at each other with the most sober faces. But little smiles crinkle in their eyes. That is quite safe, you see. It is hard to be sure about these smiles, even after you have known Mabel and Hugo for years.

They came to dinner the other evening. The maid was ill and things were the way things are when the maid is ill. But it did not matter. We did not feel the least

(Continued on page 114)
Pictures That Will Soon

Tin Pan Alley, where pianos in try-out studios constantly bang out tunes, is the stage for Corinne Griffith's next story, "Syncopating Sue." In it she is afforded lighter moments such as she charmed her audiences with in "Classified." Lee Moran is her customer.

When Eddie Cantor and "Kid Boote" delighted crowded houses for a long season, it was to be expected that they would both come to the movies. With Mr. Cantor in this scene are Natalie Kingston, Clara Bow and Mr. Van Meter.

The gentlemen critics are inclined to lose their impartial critical faculty when Marie Prevost appears in a riding habit, as she does in her new picture, appropriately enough called "For Wives Only." The title hardly seems to define its appeal.

In "Upstage," Norma Shearer is the young girl who comes to the Big City. A novel twist is promised in this story in which the girl makes her way on the vaudeville stage.
“Tin Hats,” according to those who have seen the film rushes, abounds with that camaraderie that existed among the troops. Not that this scene proves anything of the sort . . . the foot in Conrad Nagel’s face belongs to social Bert Roach.

One thing we know about “The Ace of Cads.” It is a story about charming people, for Alice Joyce and Adolphe Menjou head the cast . . . and they are both certain to be charming, whatever the coloring of their roles.

Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky . . . and Harold Bell Wright’s story, “The Winning of Barbara Worth”! Mr. Colman plays Willard Holmes and Miss Banky, Barbara Worth. Henry King is the director and Samuel Goldwyn the producer. Splendid!

A native girl with lotus flowers in her hair . . . A soldier with unfulfilled dreams in his eyes . . . Myrna Loy and Monte Blue in these two roles . . . This is the stuff of which “Across the Pacific” is made.
A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD PICTURE

Your memory of motion pictures previously filmed is like your memory of songs previously sung. If you are not careful, you give away your age. However, even tho you may not remember it, the old Vitagraph Company filmed "His Official Wife" long ago with Clara Kimball Young in the title role. When the Warner Brothers took over the Vitagraph Company, they secured the screen rights to all the stories ..., and "His Official Wife" is to come again to the screen. Irene Rich and Conway Tearle carry the new version of this old story.
The trouble is that all the handsome men with reputations that are worth anything at the box-office are under contract. When Gloria Swanson faced the casting of her version of "The Eyes of Youth," she was in a quandary. Who could she get to play opposite her? Then one night she went to see "Kitty's Kisses," one of the summer shows on Broadway.

And prominent in the cast of "Kitty's Kisses" was a young man named John Boles, good to look upon and all that sort of thing. Gloria made inquiries. He was from Texas... a university man... had never been on the screen... but had played several seasons in musical comedies. Gloria gave him a screen test. Now John is in the movies. As Gloria's leading man

Photograph by Kesslere

Miss Swanson Presents
John Boles
The Picture Parade

BEAU GESTE—Mystery Drama—90%  

THIS is as gallant a story told by shadows on the screen as it was when told by the author, Wren, between the covers of the popular novel. Herbert Brenon has kept the same intangible spirit that the book possessed. He focuses your interest upon the screen in the first episode and holds it through, even if the remainder of the story is not so thrilling and mysterious as the prologue.

Because of a cloud that hangs over the honor of their name, the three Geste brothers join the Foreign Legion, a regiment comprised of self-exiled men from all nations ... a regiment that marches under the French tricolor to hold desert forts against marauding Arabs.

Considering the material at hand, it was rather up to Herbert Brenon to make an excellent production of this popular mystery novel. He had considerable drama and suspense in the story, to begin. And he was able to assemble an excellent cast. Ronald Colman, Nit Hamiton and Ralph Forbes are the three brothers. Noah Beery contributes a masterful portrait of the cruel commanding officer. And William Powell etches his performance of a despicable member of the regiment, a thief and liar, with sly, crafty strokes.

Alice Joyce as the aristocratic owner of the priceless jewel that is stolen also gives a commendable performance, enhancing it by a beauty and sincere dignity that is charming to behold.

More than all of this, the production has a great pictorial beauty. We recommend "Beau Geste" whole-heartedly.—Paramount.

INTO HER KINGDOM—Drama—80%  

Is motherhood the greatest estate that any woman, be she artiste, serf or queen, can enjoy? Wise men have said that this was the case because it suited Nature's tyrannical scheme of things to have it so. Life must go on.

And this idea, plus the fact that Russian royalty mysteriously disappeared during the Soviet uprising, is the substance of "Into Her Kingdom," the latest Corinne Griffith production.

You will undoubtedly find entertainment and diversion in its pictorial appeal, even tho you will agree that the story is flimsy stuff.

The fact that you are interested and hope that the lovely Catherina Grand Duchess Tatiana will come to appreciate the virtue of Stephen, a revolutionist, is a tribute to the cast.

Without the direction of Sven Gade ... the lavish settings which are nevertheless within the realm of possibility and the fine acting that is generously contributed, this would have been a far less interesting picture. It is not the plot that recommends it.

Einar Hanson gives a forthright performance, born of what seems some understanding of the Soviets. That is a relief. He is all that Miss Griffith predicted of him.

Claude Gillingwater gives his usual dignified performance.

And Miss Griffith as the Grand Duchess charmingly animates a role that might easily have become grossoporous. There is a sincere intelligence and sensitiveness to her characterization that saves it from dropping into the realm in which the sob sisters thrive. We have always felt that the critics would give more of their limited space to praise of Miss Griffith as an actress if they less occasion to spend adjectives in lauding her beauty.—First National.

BATTLING BUTLER—Comedy—80%  

RIGHT up Buster Keaton's street is his newest opus, adapted from a musical comedy which had its share of success on Broadway a couple of seasons ago. Much merriment is evoked from the stone-faced comedian's efforts to camp out à la Ritz. As a pampered youth he believes in luxuries. Naturally on the camping jaunt he takes his valet as well as a complete wardrobe of suits for every occasion.

Buster times his appearances as hunter, fisherman and dinner guest in fine sequence, and each exit from his well-equipped tent (it has all the modern conveniences) is provocative of much laughter. A laugh straight from the diaphragm greets him when the mountain girl has to escort him back to camp after he has escorted her home.

The piece gallops along with pleasant gags and doesn't show any sagging quality until the prize-fighting episodes are reached. Then it becomes a little monotonous. However, Keaton jumps in time to keep it peppy. He has some rollicking moments in trying to train for the fight—and again when he enters a ring or three.

If you must know what it is all about—with, the mountain girl's heavy and hardly relatives mistrust him for weakness, then palms him off as the prize-fighting Butler. And in the end Buster makes good with the gloves.

The story is just made for Keaton and he does very well by it—and in it. Such Edwards renders first aid as the valet and Sally O'Neil makes a charming mountain girl.—Metro-Goldwyn.
A GUIDE TO THE GOOD PICTURES

WE will publish our reviews in a uniform size so that they may be filed for future reference. They are written by critics whose viewpoints are unbiased. The ratings should be of special assistance.

Ratings: Excellent, 95%; Good, 80%; Fair, 70%; Poor, 50%

LADIE—Romantic Drama—80%

IF you go to see “Ladie” because you thought the book was “such a sweet love story,” you will surely be disappointed. For the romances have been unfortunately entrusted to two people quite incapable of handling it delicately and sympathetically. John Bowers is a stocky and stolid Ladie and Bess Flowers as the Fairy Princess of the Big Wood simpers in her ruffles and curls like the leading ladies of ten or fifteen years ago. But the background for their story, which seems really to have been the chief concern of everyone connected with the picture, is far more successful. The lovely country scenes and the simple, home-spun life of the farm are delightful and in the true spirit of Gene Stratton Porter. The real heroine of the story is Little Sister, played in a straightforward manner by a rather military and very engaging little girl named Gene Stratton. She is Gene Stratton Porter’s granddaughter. Eulalie Jensen, Ernest Torrence and John Fox, Jr., as the Bad Boy of the family, give excellent performances. The continuity is inept and unconvincing, but you will enjoy this for its quiet humor and sincerity, if for nothing else.—Film Booking Offices.

THE SCARLET LETTER—Drama—90%

LATELY there have been some critics who have made a fetish of disparaging Lillian Gish as an artiste. Yet we believe that her work is infinitely greater than it was heretofore when extravagant words were written by her name. Then her work suffered because of a series of fluttery mannerisms and tricks which colored whatever rôle she played. Surely they did not serve a wide variety of rôles.

Today this criticism of Lillian Gish is comparatively passé. She has abandoned the greater portion of such repetitious mannerisms and emerged a greater actress.

Which brings us to “The Scarlet Letter,” that tale of suffering perpetrated in the name of Christianity.

If this production does not shadow our personal conception of the Hawthorne story . . . and if Lillian Gish is not our idea of Hester Prynne, the persecuted heroine, both are nevertheless intelligent, convincing and sincere.

Hester Prynne, you will remember, is the Puritan seamstress whose youth rebels only to be bruised by the ironclad morals and conventions of the colony in which she lives.

There is one scene in which Hester is taken from the prison to the scaffold where a scarlet A for adultery is to be sewn upon her gown. She walks down an aisle cleared for her in the crowd, her baby in her arms. We do not ever remember seeing anything more poignantly sensitive than Miss Gish’s conception of this scene. She is not a beautiful creature even tho she knows a timidity because of the hard, unrelenting faces that stare at her. There is a shadow of disdain upon her face . . . she suggests the queen being mobbed by commoners who can never really destroy her because she possesses something far beyond them.

Lars Hanson, who plays the Reverend Dimmesdale, gives a most commendable performance. And Karl Dane of “The Big Parade” fame in the role of a barber and chirurgeon is a bright spot in an otherwise grim dark pattern.

“The Scarlet Letter” will not be ranked with the great pictures, but it should win a very real reception from the American people. It is a faithful interpretation of one of our greatest classics.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN—Romantic Drama—75%

RICHARD BARTHELMESS has brought another spiritless but very correct and well-behaved picture to the screen. It’s all very well for Dick to go on making these half-hearted and dreably dull things if he wants to take the consequences in loss of popularity. But it’s too bad he drags such awfully good stories to the bottom with him. Someone else could have made Jeffrey Farnol’s novel into a romantic and witty and exciting and utterly charming affair.

Dick’s version is very perfunctory story-telling. It stops for no explanations, yet gains nothing in speed or interest by this neglect of detail. There is none of the pictorial charm which should certainly be the hallmark of any Farnol picture, and hardly a hint of the Farnol humor and whimsicality. And those few hints are rather jabs. Dorothy Dunbar utterly fails to capture the spirit of the lovely Cloe Meredith, and Barthelmess does little but smile his property smile and pose determinedly, even while looking slightly sheepish in his unbecoming period costumes. We are among those who hold that a book should be faithfully copied—unless the director has something better to give.—First National.
THE DUCHESS OF BUFFALO—Comedy—85%

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK presents Constance Talmadge in "The Duchess of Buffalo." He presents her "with Tulio Carminati," who looks like Conway Tearle, only not so much so. It is a First National picture, a Sidney Franklin production. You would think that it would be a wow. But it isn't. It may have been the system of refrigeration in the Capitol Theatre, but we think it was our critical faculty that made us fidget during the lively antics of our old favorite, Constance. She is not at her best, Nor, we believe, is Tulio. He is called upon to act like an adolescent simpleton. He couldn't help it. It was the part he played. Even Chester Conklin, funniest funny man of them all, wasn't so funny as usual. Maybe we are not interested in an American girl who, as the skittish titles inform us, danced "without avail" in America and "without a veil" in Russia—result, Lieutenant Vladimir Orloff of the Dragoons falls in love with her as likewise does his superior, the Grand Duke Gregory Alexandrovitch. In different ways, of course. It is a story without benefit of originality. And there is a snow-storm composed of flakes the size of silver dollars. Maybe they have 'em like that in Russia.

PALS FIRST—Romantic Drama—80%

EDWARD CAREW apparently realized that he had sure-fire movie stuff in this story of mystery and mistaken identity—for he didn't trouble to give it more than an adequate presentation. It is very good entertainment, nevertheless. A young hobo, with two pals, enters the house of a wealthy Southern family and is mistaken by the servants for the "young master," whom they thought dead. You can imagine the complications that ensue—or perhaps you can't quite imagine them all, and in that case you will have much more fun at the end. There is a girl, in the person of Dolores del Rio, who has never believed her lover dead. Dolores is disappointing in that she reveals none of the fire, on the screen, that her off-screen personality promises. But she is beautiful and sweet. Lloyd Hughes as the mysterious hero has a rôle which we suspect is just about as big as any his talents could cope with. But he plays it with becoming maladroitness and affability. The familiar comedy of the tramp in the gentleman's shoes is overdone. Alec Francis is excellent, as always, as an elderly and wistful and very nice tramp.—First National.

HER BIG NIGHT—Farce—90%

THIS spirited comedy augers well for the future of Melville Brown, Universal's erstwhile scenario writer, who has directed only two pictures. No brighter comedy has appeared on our screens for seasons. Laura La Plante's métier is frivolous comedy and she is perfect as the shop-girl who finds out what amazing things can happen to you if you resemble a famous movie star. Laura grows more engaging with every picture. Her vivacity is bracing enough to turn almost any picture into good entertainment, but in this case it is matched by the pace of the story. Einar Hanson, from Sweden, hasn't much of a chance to demonstrate his talents, but he manages to continue the excellent impression he made in "Into Her Kingdom." After all, the light breezy things come to the screen with merit too seldom. And without making any great pretenses this picture is delightful. Don't miss this picture. It is thoroughly delightful.—Universal.

THE GREAT DECEPTION—Melodrama—70%

IT is only natural that war pictures should abound these days, yet it does seem reasonable to expect something a little more mature and authentic than this hectic tale. It is a rambunctious drama, full of spies and double-eyed villains and falling air-planes, and is unique only in the fact that for the greater part of the picture it leads the audience into a very decided sympathy for the enemy. The hero, an English boy who has been educated in Germany, becomes a spy, apparently for the Germans but really of course for "the country he loves best." He gets caught—naturally—and in the midst of all this red-hot action, farce is resorted to in order to get the hero out of an insoluble situation, in the hope of getting the audience to forget the implausibilities in a laugh. Unfortunately, the laughter of the audience, too, is rambunctious, and often breaks out most impolitely in what the director would like to have you regard as stirring moments. Really a dull and silly picture, acted tonelessly by Ben Lyon and Aileen Pringle, and not worth your attention.—First National.
THE HONEymoon express—Comedy Drama—80%

The movies never tire of that grub-to-butterfly theme which has served so often of late. In this Warner Classic there are two metamorphoses—the mother transformed from frumpy middle age to beautiful youth and the daughter finally won away from manish attire and revealed in all the splendor of her sex.

This is an unskilled comedy, hardly worthy of the sacrifice of Helene Costello's hair, which was bolded for the occasion. Irene Rich is pleasing as the mother who finally rebels against being used as a door-mat by her whole family, and by breaking away and living her own life wins back their affections and a romance for herself as well. Willard Louis, her husband, is left forlornly among his bottles—a rather sad last appearance, as he managed to make even that old reprobate a sympathetic character. Virginia Lee Corbin didn't do as much with her portrayal of the 'unwise flapper'—she was merely and completely common through.

Old in theme and clumsy as the picture is, it still manages to hold and entertain. If you are not inclined to be too critical, you will probably find this diverting.—Warner Brothers.

ONE Minute to play—Comedy Drama—85%

We expected this to be just a glorified newsreel featuring Red Grange and his football, and to our vast surprise it turned out to be a real picture which would have been entertaining with or without the football. It's a college story—one of those movie colleges, of course, but we've seen so many of them now that they begin to look more authentic than the real thing. The picture is peppy and light-hearted, and Red comes thru with a performance that has made us his ardent fan. He is not handsome or polished or any of those things, but he behaves with an unaffected ease that would put some of our seasoned leading men to shame. And he is modest and thoroughly likable—in fact, he outshines Richard Dix completely so far as we're concerned. The plot reveals a new and convincing angle of the college-boy theme, and works up to the usual climax on the gridiron, need not be described. The title and any of Red's press notices tell the story—suffice it to say that if you get a kick out of football, this will provide a great thrill. A real comedy that will surely please you.—Film Booking Offices.

THE WALTZ DREAM—Comedy Drama—90%

A UFA production, directed by Ludwig Berger. An adaptation from the famous Oscar Strauss operetta, "The Waltz Dream." But ye gods, what an adaptation! What subtlety! A slim story, perhaps, of an inhibited little Princess of Flausenberg taken to Vienna a-husband-hunting by her lecherous old father. Father is to do the hunting. They return to Flausenberg, where there is a wedding ceremonial, or a series of ceremonials as clever, as sophisticated as anything we have ever seen. And there they are. The cold little Prince, consummately portrayed by Mady Christians—an interesting young person, by the way. The dashingly and appealing Nicholas Count Preyn, also dashingly and appealingly played by Willy Fritsch. He pines for things—and women—Viennese. The cold little Princess pines for him. There your problem is skillfully and subtly worked out. But, as usual with UFA productions, it is the people in the cast who count, who are real and in whom you are absorbingly interested. This story is in lighter mood than most UFA's, but even so it has its poignancy, its undertcurrent of sadness that is also true to life. DON'T MISS IT.
I was the youngest of eight boys, my twin being half an hour older.

But it wasn't long before I looked like his big brother—I grew so fast!

See this picture of my brother and me, taken when we were between three and four—look at our long hair and funny little dresses! That picture was taken one day when we were visiting an uncle in Canada, and when my mother showed it to him, he shook his head and said: "Why these are not little boys—they must be little girls!"

And the very next day, uncle took us down town, without telling my mother, and had our curls cut. Then he bought us some little boy suits, had us dressed in them and had our pictures taken again.

This other picture shows you what we looked like then! You can imagine how our mother cried when she saw us come in! But we thought it was fine. We didn't want any skirts hanging around making it hard to climb things.

My sister, Kathleen, being the eldest of the big family, was grown up when I was a kid.

I can remember how we went to see her play at Macauley's Theater in Louisville, where we lived, and how proud we were of her!

One night, Kathleen played Portia in "The Merchant of Venice." I went back of the scenes and watched all the actors and actresses going on and off the stage and dreamed of how some day I'd do that, too. My sister had such lovely dresses and looked so beautiful and played so well that the people were cheering in front, and I remember that the cab in which we drove home was full of flowers.

There was one great "K" made of all sorts of flowers that was put in on top of the rest. My twin and I thought it the most gorgeous thing we had ever seen.

There were great double-porches in our house, with sliding doors between, and in one of these we used to give shows, when we were kids, the other being the theater and the doors being the curtain.

My sister's wardrobe was very large and she kept a great many costumes at home, so we used to borrow them. I'd dress my twin up in long-trained gowns with collars that were so high you could hardly see his face, and he'd be the heroine while I was the hero. We'd turn the table upside down—that was a mountain. A chair on its side made a cave, and an old sofa was a pirate ship. My mother never cared what we did—we could have any-

(Continued on page 104)

Watch This Little Girl

How would you like to have the honor of "putting a big city on the motion picture map"?

That is exactly what little Nancy Kelly, of Queens, Long Island, has done for the city of Lowell, Massachusetts. You see, Nancy, who is only four and a half years old, was born in Lowell. After playing two small parts in pictures with Gloria Swanson and Richard Dix, she was selected from nearly a hundred other children to play one of the big roles in "Mismates" for First National, in which Doris Kenyon and Warner Baxter had the two leading roles. Little Nancy did her work so well that she is one of the big figures in the picture now that it is released and already the people in the city of Lowell are proud of their little girl who has at last placed Lowell on the motion picture map. Nancy plays the part of a boy in her last picture and plays both sad, emotional scenes in which she has to cry, and then turns around and plays in other scenes in which she is a regular comedienne. Little Nancy is a born actress and all the players and Director Charles Brabin told her mother that she is one of the real screen "finds" and should have many picture successes to her credit before she gets thru.

Watch Mistress Nancy!
ADA L.—Gloria Swanson's next picture will be “Eyes of Youth.” That is her right name. You can write to her at 522 Fifth Avenue, New York City, New York.

LILLIE M.—You can write to Jack Pickford at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California, for his picture. “Our Gang” works at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City.

CLIFFIE K.—I bet you have great fun roughing it. I agree with you that camp life is the thing for us boys. Your favorite Sush Pollard isn't playing in pictures at just this time.

CHARLES J. S. J. O. S. P. H. E. N.—Hoot Gibson was born in Tekamah, Nebraska, in 1892. Wesley Barry was born in Los Angeles, eighteen years ago. He is five foot seven inches tall and has red hair and blue eyes.

JOEY B. F. —Farina isn't a “she.” He was born August 9, 1920, and his real name is Allan Clay Hoskins. His little sister, who is almost three years old, is going to join “Our Gang.”

EUGENE M. C. N.—Did you know that Fred Thomson was a minister before entering pictures? You will see Billie Butts with him again in “Lone Hand Saunders.” Write to him in care of F. B. O. Studios, 780 Governor Street, Hollywood, California.

ALBIE—Rin-Tin-Tin's next picture will be “A Hero of the Big Snows.” You pronounce his name as Ran-Tan-Tan. You can address Verna Banks in care of Samuel Goldwyn Productions, De Mille Studios, Culver City, California. Mary Brian is at Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Astoria, Long Island. She is playing opposite Johnny Hines in his next picture.

PAT—I bet it was thrilling to ride in an aeroplane. I've never been up in one, but would love to. That was Spee O'Donnell in “Little Annie Rooney.” He is playing with George Jessel and Patsy Ruth Miller in “Private Izzy Murphy.”

DIDDY.—You can write to Virginia Marshall at Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. She is not mentioned in the cast of “Lazybones.” Sesela Johnson was little Bess in “Riders of the Purple Sage.”


CHARLES G.—You can write to Clara Bow at Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine Street, Hollywood, California. She is twenty years old.

We Will Be as Angry as Felix—

We were going to say we would be as mad as Felix... but we remembered that we said we were mad once when we were a little girl. Our mother told us that we might be angry, but that only animals got mad.

What will make us as angry as Felix seems here? Letters asking us about the prizes in the Felix contest! Every time we have a contest we tell people not to write asking about the judges' decision or any other thing. If we answered one question we would have to answer all of them... and to do that we would need a whole army of secretaries. And we only have one.

So please do not write asking us about the Felix contest. We will ask Mr. Pat Sullivan to hurry about his decision. And we will print the names of the winners in the first possible issue.
The miracle of it is that Helen Wills and Richard Dix met each other one summer day at Forest Hills... posed for news pictures together... and were not reported engaged. Helen was playing on the courts of the West Side Tennis Club when Dix and his company arrived there to take some scenes for "The Quarterback."  

"You know," said she, "I have chased that liar all over Hollywood and I haven't been able to catch him. If there ever was a 'Vanishing American,' he's the baby!"

I have heard this gag before, but never applied to the ear of the industry.

Two ministers were discussing the motion picture business. "You don't happen to know Will Hays, Jr.?" asked one.

"No," replied the other, "but I do know Will Hays, the elder."

I have often wondered what the Will Hays' organization did for a living, and I have just found out. Will takes the blame for the movies, which is a tremendous assignment for one man.

The latest news is that many people over the country are registering objections to Mary Pickford's picture, "Sparrows." They claim that the children in the picture must have gone thru terrible privations while the film was being made, and they say the kiddies were not humanely treated.

(If these deductions are based only upon the children's appearance on the screen it is something of a left-hand compliment to the realism of the acting.)

If every complaint registered was corrected, the motion picture screens of the country would be filled with scénics, and then someone would kick because there was a tree in the way.

Noonday on the desert... with Ronald Colman visiting Vilma Banky on the veranda of the bungalow she occupied while on location for "The Winning of Barbara Worth."
CAMERA COASTS

and Elizabeth Greer

A day or two before Viola Dana started work in her first picture for F. B. O., she received two calls from the studio. The first was from the wardrobe department and the second came from the publicity department.

In answer to the publicity man’s request that she appear for still pictures, Vi replied, “I’ll see you as soon as the wardrobe department finishes with me. They want to give me a fitting, and all I’m to wear in this picture is a wig and two handkerchiefs. Maybe they want to put my laundry mark on the handkerchiefs.”

Mae Murray’s next picture is to be titled “Valencia” after the song, not the orange. In California we have Valencia oranges, which I am told were named by the Spaniards before the song ever came out.

A story is being written around the title. I haven’t found anyone who knows the words to the song. The nearest I can come to the lyric is, “Valencia—Ta-da-ta-da-ta-da,” and that is as near right as anybody in Hollywood can sing it. I hope the story is better. It is to be a tale of old Spain where hearts are hot and both parties are jealous.

I do not remember Jenny Lind, but she was the siren of her day, which was in the 1850 period of American history. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are to make a film of her life.

P. T. Barnum brought Jenny to this country. First she appeared as a dramatic actress with great success and later made her début as a singer with even greater success, so M. G. M. think the story of her life will be the success of all successes.

A new young leading man with auburn hair and blue eyes came to Hollywood this month with a Lasky contract tucked under his arm. He leaped right into the leading rôle opposite Bebe Daniels in “The College Flirt,” and is now playing opposite Pola Negri in “Hotel Imperial.” It is his first experience before the camera, so there is a reason why James Hall is not popular with the ambitious crowd of young actors who have been working for years to get a big part.

Before coming to Hollywood, Hall was the juvenile in “Merry Merry,” a New York musical comedy success. He is handsome and must screen exceptionally well, judging from the parts that are lined up for him. He is scheduled to play the leading rôle with Bebe Daniels in her next picture.

I got a glimpse of the newcomer working with Pola, and he has the stuff which makes popular screen idols. The underground rumor is that Pola’s latest, “Hotel...

Mrs. Luther, Irene Rich’s mother, and Jane and Frances, Irene’s two daughters, visited their mother and Conway Tearle at the studios when “His Official Wife” was being filmed.

Fred Niblo insists upon realism... and this scene of Tony Moreno and Greta Garbo in “The Temptress” promises to provide a thrill when it reaches the screen. 
Note the angle of the camera.
music or dancing, I wouldn't be so crabby. Ray Griffith was the only star in the place, and I believe he must have been entertaining some of his mother's friends from back East or else he had spotted a piece of silverware he wanted.

**DISCHARGED** servants of movie people have more fury than a woman scorned. The latest one to register action is Jackie Coogan's ex-chaufleur.

After being told that he was out of employment, the gentleman returned a few nights later and was caught hiding in a bush on the lawn by the night watchman. He pulled a gun and fired three shots at the guard and then fled in an automobile. A week later he committed suicide.

**I DON'T know why the CROWN PRINCE of Sweden came to this country unless he wanted to find out what the particular attraction is about St. Paul and Hollywood. St. Paul always has been known as a high-class residential place for the Swedish people, and now Hollywood is importing all the Swedish artists as fast as they develop.

A grand luncheon was given the Crown Prince at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. There was only one breach of etiquette and that wasn't caused by a star getting his finger caught in the

(Continued on page 118)

**LADIES and GENTLEMEN . . . the only four-footed star in captivity! Marguerite de la Motte charleston under pedal difficulties**
“Shall I Go Into the Movies?”

Milton L. S., December 1:

I am sorry that your answer could not be printed sooner, but few people realize the time consumed in the printing and distribution of a magazine of the scope of this publication. Your horoscope shows much change throughout life and you would do well to take up work in which these travels or changes could be a part of your work. You have a distinct connection with dramatic matters shown in your chart and I would suggest that you go to New York, according to your plans, and try to get into the advertising or exploitation end of the theatrical business.

Francisco V., December 1:

So you think I give “rich detail,” do you? Absolutely the only thing I base it on are (Continued on page 95)

Let Marion Meyer Drew see if the stars forecast success for you in the movies

EDITOR’S NOTE: All comments made in this department are based on astrological rules, but neither the writer of this department nor this publication can assume responsibility for statements made therein, because inaccurate data are sometimes furnished, even tho the sender believes them to be correct.

You must send: your date of birth . . . your year of birth . . . city or nearest town and county of birth . . . your sex and the hour and minute of the day or night when you were born.
Have You Heard About the VITAPHONE?

... the new invention that will bring an orchestration by the finest musicians in the country to the small town theater?

By ELIZABETH GREER

WHEN we were very young, there was occasionally an exhibition of "Talking Motion Pictures," which meant that shadowy figures went about their business on the screen, while from somewhere above or behind it issued a voice that wheezed and cracked along in its own time, regardless of the tempo of the lips from which it was supposed to flow. It wasn't much fun listening to this device, and tho the optimists among us murmured, "What a wonderful invention!—think what that will mean when it's perfected!" most of us refused to take it seriously and certainly didn't stay for the second show.

Then we forgot about it completely, until fifteen years later, as the subtitles say, Warner Brothers presented a sensational thing called the Vitaphone at their opening of "Don Juan." Orthophonic Victrolas have accustomed us to the almost perfect reproduction of natural voice tones and musical instruments, but no one was prepared for the almost perfect synchronization of sound and motion that the Vitaphone accomplished. A speech by Will Hays, a symphony orchestra, a singer, a violinist—all these different mediums of sound were registered by the Vitaphone and reproduced so that they filled the auditorium and created perfectly the

(Continued on page 105)

C. Grove of the Bell Telephone laboratories is shown looking at the wax disc upon which sound vibrations will be recorded. The electrical system of recording employs a high quality microphone of an improved type, an electrical amplifying apparatus and a record cutting mechanism which appears in this picture.

The audience at the premiere performance of the Vitaphone which accompanied the first showing of "Don Juan" in New York was most thrilled over the perfect reproduction of Giovanni Martinelli's rendition of Vesti la Giubba from "Pagliacci"
WHOSE HANDS?

Read the Analyses—and See If You Recognize the Owners of These Palms

By F. Vance de Revere

If this hand corresponded in type with the face and figure of its owner, it would belong to a person of good height, lean and muscular, with a face of greater length than breadth. It is a youthful hand, restless, emotional and full of energy of purpose and enthusiasm; very independent in spirit, unconventional, with a love of daring to seek the unknown. The broad development at the base of the fingers gives practicability. The mixed finger-tips would indicate ability in many directions; such an individual, if you can get her to talk, proves interesting, for her experiences are many and varied and such an individual is usually keen and amusing. There is great love of creature comforts shown in this hand. The first and third fingers being even in length, gives a very ambitious nature. The thumb should be longer to give strength to the character. The long finger-nails would indicate an inclination to be visionary and shrink from looking facts in the face, especially facts which are distasteful. These long nails also show a very impressionable, artistic nature, one fond of poetry and music. Long-nailed people seldom have the physical strength of the short, broad-nailed person. The nails would show a very individualistic nature which would disregard and not care about other people’s opinions of her actions. A “Live and let live” sort of person.

This type of hand, with its square formation; square at the wrist and at the base of the fingers also with square finger-tips, is a very useful, capable hand. The face and figure which corresponds with this hand is broad, well rounded, and of good size. It personifies physical strength, hardihood and endurance; weaklings seldom have this type of hand. The hard, firm palm signifies energy and physical activity. This is the type of hand sometimes found on a pugilist, also the short index-finger would indicate a nature more gentle and submissive than one would expect. Great perseverance, determination, good judgment, common sense and general practicability, with an interest in agriculture and commerce; domestic in taste, with love of home, family and friends but not generally demonstrative in affection alto really affectionate, highly paternal and sympathetic. Such a person would be staunch in friendship, strong in principles, sincere and honest in business. This hand gives indication of a nature whose greatest fault is in the inclination to disbelieve all he cannot understand. He must be given logical reasons for things. These characteristics are plainly shown in his thumb, the long first phalange, square and rather stiff, showing a nature not easily swayed or moved and the good long second phalange, showing a logical turn of mind. The third finger dominates the others and note also its spatulated tip, which gives dramatic ability. The thick, full third phalanges of the fingers denote great interest in food.

What an expressive, sensitive hand we have here, denoting an individual whose feelings are deep but buried beneath a calm, well-poised exterior. The owner of this extremely sensitive hand would be frequently misunderstood and misjudged by others and, when misjudged, would feel it keenly. A person of moods, one who descends to the lowest depths of despair and, at other times, rises to the heights of rapture. An individual who would respond quickly to sympathetic influences, highly inspirational, and with a restless, active, emotional nature. One who is very responsive to beauty, in every shape and form, especially susceptible to the effect of both color and music. Notice the very pronounced angular formation at the base of the thumb; this would indicate a splendid sense of tune and rhythm and appreciation of music, also musical ability. The hard, firm palm would indicate that its owner leads an active life and is seldom lazy. The network of many lines, also the color markings of the palm, shows a very nervous condition at the present time; this person has, evidently, been under great strain or has been worried. Notice the extreme waistlike shape of his thumb, showing a very tactful person. The third finger dominates and gives evidence of decided dramatic ability. This hand has the mystic cross in the palm, giving an interest in the mystical, occult or the unusual. It also shows a very intuitive nature. There is executive ability, as well as the dramatic ability.

All rights reserved,
F. Vance de Revere

Editor’s Note.—On page 86 you will find photographs of the stars whose hands were analyzed last month. And next month you will find the answers to these character readings.
THE WANDERER.—So you like Greta Garbo. Wait until you see her with John Gilbert in "The Flesh and the Devil." Yes, and some are wise and some are otherwise.

CLARA R.—R. U. Clara? Billie Dove in "Little Jennie." Well, I've learned it's not what you say to a woman, but the way you say it that makes her believe you.

RUFUS R. M.—Thanks for the picture, Rufus. Jacqueline Logan is playing the rôle of Mary Magdelene in Cecil De Mille's "The King of Kings."

EVA L. G.—So you like Alice Joyce and me best of all movie folk. I admire your choice. You have seen Miss Joyce in 137 pictures. Cant tell you anything about Virginia Marshall, except that she's with Fox.

BALTIMORE LADY.—Your letter was mighty interesting. You say you don't understand why there are so many foreign pictures and stars. Don't you like Lya De Putti? Women aren't the only ones who marry for a home.

DELL HAMPTON.—Away with thee! Please don't ask me to bob my whiskers. My one treasure in life, yes, Corliss Palmer played in "Her Second Chance." Conrad Nagel's next is "Captain Harding."

KITTERTAN.—You sure do ask enough questions about Anna Q. Nilsson. Her first leading man, I believe, was Guy Coombs in the old Kalem days. Eugene O'Brien is playing with Leatrice Joy in "Nobody's Widow."

KATHERINE S.—I wish I could comply with your request to put Vita Banky at the head of the thermometer—but that wouldn't be fair.

GUADALUPE.—You are all for William Boyd. He is playing in "The Yankee Clipper." Elinor Faire weighs 123 pounds. So you like our covers by Stone and Paddock. Thanks for your water-color. I, too, hope you will make a cover for us some day.

MARIE H.—Don't thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the small life is made of. That is Alberta Vaughn's real name. Betty Compson is to play in "White Cargo" with Conway Tearle.

CLEOPATRA.—Are you really serious? You say you love moving pictures and would become an interesting mate for an actor. Well, I didn't think I was in the matrimonial business. No, there is no hope.

PHYLIS ANNE.—Well, I find that people who know most about love are the ones who have never had it. You would have to go to Hollywood, and I wouldn't advise that. No, I shall never forget "Stella Dallas."

JOHN GILBERT'S WORSHIPPER FOREVER.—Well that's a say no. Indeed, New York City is no cure for nervousness and impatience. Haven't seen so many stage-plays—saw "The Great Temptation," "Lulu Belle," "Scandals," and "Loose Ankles." And Lytell is starring in "Obey the Law."

GENEVIEVE L.—So you have the A. E. C. Club at P. O. Box 272, Wilmington, California. Thanks for allowing me to be an honorary member. I wish I could be an active member, but if you saw this desk full of correspondence to answer. Whence?

ETHELI L. F.—No, you tell that someone they are all wrong—Colleen Moore and Ben Lyon are not related. Harry Earles was the baby in "The Unboly Three," but he really is a man—not only not full grown.

SIS.—Hello—you've got the right number this time. They say telephone operators are always bound to have the last word. That's why females are always employed in that capacity. And you say your ears are still burning from the garden scene in "Sea Beasts." Walter Pidgeon was the "shiek" in "Mannequin."

GRACE E. L.—Well, I don't know how you all feel in Australia, but in New York divorce doesn't bring a man down from his pedestal. Mary Brian in "The Street of Forgotten Men."

MILDRED.—That's some canary paper you have. You can get a picture of Laurence Gray in Famous Players-Lasky, Astoria, Long Island. Mary Philbin is playing in "The Bargain Bride."

LORAINITE.—You know what they say—it takes will-power to love a fat girl. Warner Brothers are producing E. Phillips Oppenheim's "The Enviable Afflilience" under the title of "Millionaires." George Sidney, Vera Gordon, Helen Costello, Louise Fazenda and Jane Winton are in the cast.

F. S. M.—Yes, a club has been formed in memory of Wallace Reid. The president is Ray E. Harris, No. 1920 S Street N.W., Washington, D. C.

KAHLEEN Q. O.—Your letter was a gem. I'm afraid we would be a peculiar world if we didn't believe in marriage as an institution. Your suggestion may work out for a few individuals, but not for the masses. Corinne Griffith and Emal Hanson in "The Lady in Ermine."

RICHARD T.—Thanks for the clipping about Mary Fuller. That was eleven years ago when she was in the height of her glory. Last I heard of her she was in California doing some screen work.

RICHARD DIX FAN.—Yes, and you can always tell a dogwood tree by its bark. Adolph Zukor, president of Famous Players-Lasky, arrived in this country from his native Hungary at the age sixteen, and he is not yet sixty years. He made as much as $200 a week when he first arrived, but now he makes considerably more than that and doesn't have to work half as hard. Why, Reginald Denny is to play in "Fast and Furious" from the Peter Milne story.

G. M. E.—So you want to see Mary Pickford in more grown-up pictures. Lewis Stone is playing with Doris Kenyon in "The Blind Saint." Ralph Graves in "Golds."

RAINBOW.—Thanks for "Star Dust." It is getting better every month.

BETTY COMPSON FAN.—No, Betty Compson was never married to anyone before her marriage to James Cruze. Betty Compson and Clive Brooke played in "The White Shadow."

M. J. W.—Whoa there! You say maybe a man's wife is a nag because her husband is a jackass! That was some letter you sent me. Jack Holt is playing in "The Man of the Forest." Clara Bow is playing in "It." Gloria Swanson's first for United Artists will probably be "Eyes of Youth."

YES, NOTES.—Your letter was great. There is always the need for the man to go higher, if he has the capacity to go. Harold Lockwood, Jr., the sixteen-year-old son of the film star who died during the influenza epidemic of 1918, is entering pictures. His first will be with Colleen Moore and Kenneth Harlan in "Twinkle Toes."

SUSAN M. D.—Why, Pearl Regay was the Indian dancer in "Rose Marie." She was born in North Carolina and her real name is Ellen Rose.

TILLIE D.—Oh you can't bore me, the more the merrier. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is nineteen years old. I'll try to remember that—"Mississippi stole Missouri's New Jersey, what would Delaware?" "I don't know, but Alaska." See you later.

(Continued on page 74)
OMEN of royal blood, of noble birth, of high position whose destiny demands that they face the world with skins as clear and delicate as dawn, pursue a time-tested method of caring for their skin, of keeping their loveliness safe from weariness and strain, inclement weather, grit and dust.

Pond's are the Two Creams they use. Forming a complete method of caring for every normal skin they should daily be applied as follows:

First Step: During the day whenever your skin needs cleansing—especially after exposure to weather, wind and dust and always before retiring—apply Pond's Cold Cream generously. Let it stay on a few moments. Its fine oils will penetrate the pores and bring to the surface the dirt and powder which clog them. Wipe off cream and dirt and repeat the treatment, finishing with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice. If your skin is dry, after the nightly cleansing, pat on more Cream and leave it until morning.

Second Step: After every Pond's cleansing except the bedtime one, over your freshly cleansed skin, apply Pond's Finishing Cream thinly. Your skin has a new and delicate finish now, an even, satiny tone, and is perfectly protected from harsh weather, soot and dust. Fluff your powder on! See how long it clings, with velvety smoothness!

Cleanse, freshen and protect your skin the gentle, safe Pond's way.

Free Offer: Mail coupon if you would like to have free trial tubes of Pond's Two Creams with instructions for using.

Every normal skin needs these Two famous Creams: Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing, Pond's Vanishing Cream for smoothness, protection, a delicate powder base.
The Answer Man

(Continued from page 72)

ANNA BELL.—Why, Alfonso XIII is the present King of Spain. Queen Victoria Mary, daughter of the late Duke of Teck and wife of George V, is the present Queen of England. So you didn’t like Colleen Landis in “Peacock Feathers.” Yes, he has two children and was married to C. Mignon LeBrum, but they are separated.

ZAK, PARIS.—We, we, merrily Pola Negri was born January 9, 1897. You like all the players. Jack Pickford will play the role of Clyde Griffiths in “An American Tragedy,” in pictures, while Glenn Hunter will play Clyde on the stage. You must be living a very interesting life. I guess Paris is the life all right. BERNUSSE LOLA VON S.—Welcome to the throne, her majesty. No, I have not seen Mady Christians in “Walzertraum” as yet. It is being shown in New York at this writing. Your letter was very interesting, and I could read it very easily. Thanks for the photo.

MRS. MARGARET S.—Thanks for your letter.

WOMEN

Colleen Moore ...................... 115
Gloria Swanson ..................... 77
Betty Bronson ....................... 73
Mary Pickford ....................... 73
Norma Talmadge .................... 72
Pola Negri .......................... 69
Dolores Costello .................... 68
Alberta Vaughn ..................... 67
Mae Murray ........................ 67
Clara Bow .......................... 67
Bebe Daniels ......................... 64
Norma Shearer ....................... 62
Mary Brian .......................... 60
Marion Davies ....................... 51
Vilma Banky ......................... 48
Anna Q. Nilsson ..................... 47
Corinne Griffith ..................... 46
Lois Wilson ........................ 43
Lois Moran .......................... 43
Sally O’Neil ........................ 41
Madge Bellamy ....................... 41
Esther Ralston ....................... 40
Eleanor Boardman ................... 39
Claire Windsor ....................... 35
Lillian Gish ........................ 34
Constance Talmadge ................ 34

WILLIS A. B.—Here, here—you say, “What did the comb say when it goes through hair?” Answer: “Thanks for the buggy ride.” Is that dignified?

Madge Bellamy, Alan Forrest and Matt Moore are working on “Summer Bachelors” for Fox, directed by Allan Dwan. This picture is being produced at the Fox New York studio in 55th Street, which has been reopened.

SIR LAUNCELOT.—I must say your verses were exceptional. I enjoyed reading every one of them. Hope you kept a copy—you should type them and keep them in a scrap-book entitled “My first verses.” George O’Brien is 26 years old. Write to me again, any time.

H. L. R.—Anyway, swallowing one’s pride never caused indigestion. Ann Forrest has played in “The Great Arden,” “Love’s Boomerang,” “The Faith Healer” and “The Great Impersonation.” She was never a star. Sorry I cannot help you on the other twenty-five questions. Space is short, time is short, and it’s mighty warm right here.

HELEN Y. F.—No, this is no easy job. Even if my job is not, that is no excuse to lay down on it. Metro-Goldwyn are to produce “The Great Galeotto” with Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry.

Richard Dix maintains his supremacy. And Colleen Moore supplants Anna Q. Nilsson

MEN

Richard Dix ......................... 191
Ben Lyon ............................. 122
William Boyd ......................... 121
Ronald Colman ....................... 113
William Haines ........................ 112
Lloyd Hughes ........................ 110
Ramon Novarro ....................... 100
Rudolph Valentino .................... 99
John Gilbert ........................ 86
Richard Barthelmess .................. 80
Douglas Fairbanks .................... 65
George O’Brien ........................ 45
Ricardo Cortez ........................ 44
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. ................ 43
Tom Mix ............................. 43
William Collier, Jr. ................... 41
Adolphe Menjou ....................... 37
Rod La Rocque ........................ 34
Harrison Ford ........................ 34
Thomas Meighan ....................... 33
John Barrymore ....................... 33
Jack Holt ............................. 32
Lon Chaney ........................... 31
Buck Jones .......................... 30
Lawrence Gray ......................... 29
Norman Kerry ........................ 28

BILL BOYD VICTIM.—Well, the chap who looks both ways on a one-way street is sure a pessimist. Bill Boyd was born in 1898. Priscilla Bonner is playing in Harry Langdon’s “The Strong Man,” which was made under the working title of “The Yes Man.” Carmel Myers has been added to the cast of “Tell It to the Marines.”

JOHN C.—Well, if I’m not glad to hear from you. You still want a cover of Charlie Chaplin. I’ll have to tell Miss Fletcher. Well, I guess it’s “Ben Hur.” Write me often, John, I like your letters.

DORIS P.—The Cape Cod Canal runs from Buzzard’s Bay to Cape Cod Bay, a distance of 13 miles. You refer to the May, 1925, issue of the magazine. Yes, Bill Boyd is coming back on the stage next season in “Padlocked.” That certainly is timely.

DOROTHY P. D.—Well, you want to know all about Bill Boyd. He was born in 1898, 6 feet tall, 176 pounds, light hair and blue eyes. You seem to have all the requirements. There’s nothing lacking. All you need is the job.

LUCKY NUMBER 13.—Tullio Carminati, a new Italian leading man, who made his American début in “The Bat,” has signed a contract with Joe Schenck and his first picture under that arrangement will be “The Duchess of Buffalo.”
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, rubbing it in thoroughly over the scalp, and all through the hair.

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

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, 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.

You will find that after a Mulsified shampoo 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.

Mail This Coupon and Try it FREE

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY

2634-42
1776 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me a generous supply of "Mulsified" FREE, all changes paid. Also your booklet entitled "Why Proper Shampooing is BEAUTY INSURANCE."

Name:

Address: State:

Canadian address: 623 Wellington St., West, Toronto, T-Ontario

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Crazy Quilt

(Continued from page 45)

She gave her attention now to a design she had sketched on an evening gown. She had found a skilful seamstress who had previously been with one of the big dressmaking establishments. She was Barney's own creation but possessed of a perfect capacity for executing the ideas of others. Judith had not been optimistic enough to hope finding anyone as ideally suited to her needs when she had inserted an advertisement in the papers.

Harvey had wished her to open an account with one of the ateliers. Harvey was always insisting upon one extra-

Judith had learned many things. She had traveled as much as the short time that had elapsed since she signed her contract and married Harvey Dunn.

Debts. They were very different from debts in Widow's Walk, but were
derbied drunx. Instead, Judith had reason to fear heavy envelopes with engraved flaps and the same men who urged you to charge things. She could not decide which were worse— the courteous little notes calling your attention to bills which you had, of course, overlooked, or the bigger shops where you were urged to select anything that pleased your fancy. This quite regardless of the fact that you were already heavily in their debt.

However, Harvey seemed equal to the intricate and shilly-shallying. He rather insisted upon extravagance. He made the rules. Judith lived according to his. He said his last year, they had gone to live in a suite of rooms in a family hotel when they were very much in debt.

"Don't give this address to anyone, Darling," Harvey had immediately advised her.

"You will be at the studios most of the time, considering the fact that you begin your second production on the heels of this. Let everyone communicate with you there."

"Later on, when your option is exercised, we can take a country place."

"Just the thing, Judy! If newspaper and magazine people call up and ask for interviews—and God grant they will—always make an engagement for tea. That cannot cost very much. You can explain that you are busy at the studios, all right, and send them to Sherry's or the Japanese Gardens at the Ritz. Never less than these places, unless we change our living arrangements in the meantime. Then you might have them come to the house. Provided it is what it should be."

Judith had evidently appeared disturbed at these plans, for he had paused and cupped her face in his loving hands.

"Don't look so worried, dearest," he had pleaded with her. "It is a game—a crazy game. Play it to the limit."

So it had been from the very beginning that Judith had looked to Harvey for advice. Some things about it she disliked. But she knew she could not decide sitting that she played a role outside of the studios as well as before the camera. She remembered that Goldstein of Excelsior had hinted that he best to go in for something of this sort.

So it went...

A diamond ring when she would have preferred a golden one...

Secrecy about her address until an exclusion one might be given...


Synopsis of First Chapters

JUDITH TOWER, the great-granddaughter of Lola Chase, a once famous and beautiful actress, uses $1200 left her by her mother to go to New York and break into the movies. She gets a bit in an Excelsior picture, and proves she has her great-grandmother's beauty and talent. But the producer, Marcus Goldstein, offers her a contract on terms she cannot accept, and she leaves that studio forever. The next day she gets work as an extra at another studio. She falls into conversation with Harvey Dunn, you know, and has much with him. He introduces her to McCallister, the director, and promises to see her before she leaves the studio that night. Meanwhile he overhears some scandal linking her name with Marcus Goldstein, and does not return to the set. Judith is hurt and unhappy. The next day, remorseful and unable to forget her, Harvey sends her gardenias and an invitation to dine with him the following evening. She accepts, and realizes she is deeply in love with him. They dine at the Ritz, and he declares his love and asks her to marry him. She accepts, and feels her happiness to be perfect. He confesses his momentary distrust of her, and she forgives him.

In the Ritz lobby they meet Joy Royce, an actress, who greets Harvey with a proprietorial which disturbs Judith momentarily.

Harvey urges her to use her relationship with Lola Chase for publicity purposes. He convinces McCallister she is a "find", and together they convince Irving, the producer, who offers her a contract. Harvey tells off their engagement, and they are given a surprise-party in Judith's new dressing-room, at which Sonia Solona and the other stars welcome and congratulate her. While Harvey is away, Judith learns she has been invited to dine with him the following evening. The boy says it is from Miss Royce, and will be delivered personally to Mr. Dunn. He takes it to Harvey, who reads it and tries to slip it in his pocket as Judith approaches. Unwitted by him, it drops to the floor. Judith's one thought is to get the note. She drops her handkerchief over it, and stoops to pick it up.

As for the other...
Your Chin Line Reveals Your Age

THOUSANDS of women are saying, "I look ten years younger—it is almost miraculous," after a few simple home treatments under the guidance of Dorothy Gray.

This remarkable person—famous on two continents for her discoveries in facial rejuvenation—now extends her services beyond the confines of her New York Salon on Fifth Avenue.

If you have a double chin, as shown in picture No. 1, you can banish it. If you merely have indications of its coming, you can prevent this handicap to beauty in a short time—at home— inexpensively.


If you wish to correct flabby muscles, crepy throat and drooping chin line, as shown in picture No. 3, Miss Gray offers another special treatment box containing 6 preparations, including her famous Circulation Ointment and the proper non-drying astringents and nourishing and tissue building skin foods. With this treatment is included the Dorothy Gray Patter and special directions.

If you have lines and wrinkles, as shown in picture No. 2, Miss Gray offers a treatment box containing 5 special preparations with careful instructions.

These three treatments, as outlined, enable you to duplicate in your own home the treatments given at Miss Gray's famous Salon.

These are the three basic treatments for youth prolongation. Of course, Dorothy Gray has perfected other treatments—so whatever your facial or complexion problems, she can help you.

Now her complete treatments as well as her individual preparations are sold in the leading department and drug stores—or you may order direct. Formerly only a fortunate few could partake of her services in her New York Salon.

Now, wherever you live, you can duplicate her treatments in your own home—thanks to her plainly printed instructions.

You can erase years from your face, or—if you're so very young—you can prevent the first telltale signs of age.

Dorothy Gray's clientele has multiplied ten times over the last two years—a reward for her twelve years of service in specializing in facial rejuvenation. Every one who tries her treatments and preparations acclaims her genius.

Diagnose yourself. What of your chin line? Does it reveal an unpleasant sign of premature age? What of lines and wrinkles? Have you flabby muscles and a crepy throat? There is a special Dorothy Gray treatment for remedying each condition.

These treatment boxes can be bought at all leading department and drug stores or you may order direct, via the convenient coupon below. Or you may visit any of her Salons and buy them at: New York (733 Fifth Avenue); Atlantic City (1637 Boardwalk); San Francisco (The White House); or Washington, D.C. (1009 Connecticut Ave.).

Dorothy Gray's Double Chin Treatment includes her Cirulation Cream, Tissue Cream, Russian Antirriment Cream, Orange Flower Skin Tonic and Russian Antirriment, together with her Reducing Chin Strap and Patter.

DOROTHY GRAY, 733 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

[Circle one: I enclose $10 for more information regarding your treatments. I enclose $25 for one box containing a treatment for reducing a double chin. I enclose $8.75 for one box containing a treatment for lines and wrinkles. I enclose $1.66 for one box containing a treatment for another chin or wrinkles.]

Name: ____________________________

Street: ____________________________

City: ____________________________ State: ____________________________

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Crazy Quilt
(Continued from page 76)

Never any mention of her married state . . .

And a robbing of Peter to pay Paul when Paul became insolvent, and a robbing of Paul to pay Peter if he should write con-

Her life had become a tissue of falsi-

And it was, at the very same time, become more and more colorful and en-

Judith did not worry exces-

Her husband and her work ab-

She stooped over her sketch. The lines were swiftly drawn and simple. That was the essence of what she wished in the gown itself. It was to be a fragile web of
grey chiffon, suggesting the simplicity of a sheath. Loose flowing sleeves . . .

Harvey came in as Ju-
dith crayoned the slippers of her model in jade. He stopped to kiss the sweep of her copper hair on her white neck.

"That is effective," he praised.

Judith's labor was re-
warded when Harvey approved. What more?

"With a heavy string of jade, it would be lovely." She spoke impulsively, and then wished she had been silent. She dreaded what she knew Harvey would probably say.

"That can be arranged," he said. "The biggest jew-

"Oh, no!" Judith spoke quickly. "It is not im-

But already Harvey vis-

"Whatever it would be, it would be too much," she said insistently. "We owe a great deal now. More than we can pay for some time. You know how I loathe debts. Do let us conserve a little here and there. I have jade slippers, and the gown might really be more effective without any orna-

He laughed indulgently at her subter-
fuge.

"You are a goose," he said. "Our debts are nothing. And they wont last long. You seem to have no idea of your worth to this company. It is important that you have luxuries. They belong to you. That I cannot give them to you my-

He was convincing her again.

had referred to the things Harvey and she had meant to each other in the past . . . to Joy's undying love for him . . . and to his erstwhile declarations of love for her. She had learned that he was to marry Judith the following day and had pro-

Judith had picked this note up from the floor when Harvey had dropped it, but she had never spoken to him about it. As a matter of fact, she honestly believed it to be comparatively unimportant. She knew that Harvey had done it before she had come into his life. And now she believed, utterly, in his love for her.

What is more, Judith's mirror told her that she need not fear com-
petition with any woman. She was beautiful enough to cause a man to be un-
fatal. She was hardly a woman of whom any man would weary.

That was that. Harvey had "brought you two gifts," Harvey announced. It seemed to Judith that his every thought was directed toward her pleasure and ad-
vancement.

He was inordinately proud of her. He hardly knew what to do with her beauty and ability and the glamour she cast. He acted some-
times like an old hen who hath found a delicate snail and stands clucking on the shore to watch the miracle of it swimming. "Tell me "the presents," Judith, put away the sketch of her new gown and was aware that she would wear it with borrowed or rented jade.

"First," said Harvey, like a child playing some gor-
game. "I bring you an address. It is a most ex-
clusive . . . a very smart . . . an ultrafashionable address." So. They were going to move into one of those duplex apart-

They had planned to do this when her option was exercised, of course. But she had half hoped that Harvey would take cogni-

And it is furnished!"

Judith was interested. It would be a home of their own. Surely they were entitled to this. The hotel was not inex-

"It was a stroke of luck getting it furn-

She felt that he spoke truthfully, too. She had every reason to feel that the Acme company would continue to exercise the option in her contract. And with every option her salary increased.

As a matter of fact, it was only now and then before she dropped off to sleep at night that Judith was overwhelmed with any fear. Sometimes then she would imagine that the public had not liked her . . . that options were not renewed . . . and that everything crashed.

Other times she remembered Joy Royce. Judith still had the note Judy had sent Har-
ney the day before they were married. It

She felt that he spoke truthfully, too. She had every reason to feel that the Acme company would continue to exercise the option in her contract. And with every option her salary increased.

As a matter of fact, it was only now and then before she dropped off to sleep at night that Judith was overwhelmed with any fear. Sometimes then she would imagine that the public had not liked her . . . that options were not renewed . . . and that everything crashed.

Other times she remembered Joy Royce. Judith still had the note Judy had sent Har-
ney the day before they were married. It

She felt that he spoke truthfully, too. She had every reason to feel that the Acme company would continue to exercise the option in her contract. And with every option her salary increased.

As a matter of fact, it was only now and then before she dropped off to sleep at night that Judith was overwhelmed with any fear. Sometimes then she would imagine that the public had not liked her . . . that options were not renewed . . . and that everything crashed.

Other times she remembered Joy Royce. Judith still had the note Judy had sent Har-
ney the day before they were married. It

She felt that he spoke truthfully, too. She had every reason to feel that the Acme company would continue to exercise the option in her contract. And with every option her salary increased.

As a matter of fact, it was only now and then before she dropped off to sleep at night that Judith was overwhelmed with any fear. Sometimes then she would imagine that the public had not liked her . . . that options were not renewed . . . and that everything crashed.

Other times she remembered Joy Royce. Judith still had the note Judy had sent Har-

she said. The entire serial before submitting your composition. It will run for six months, concluding in the February issue, so you will receive hints about the title from time to time. In the event of two or more letters being of equal merit, equal prizes will be given the writers.

The two hundred dollars will be divided as follows:

$200 in Prizes

On page forty-three of this issue is a story called "Crazy Quilt." It finds its human drama in motion picture people. We are offering two hundred dollars in prizes for the best compositions of not more than three hundred words which express opinions as to why "Crazy Quilt" is a perfect title for this story.

The rules are simple, but we urge you to read them carefully.

Rules of Contest

1. No person may submit more than one composition.

2. This composition is open to all people except employees of Brewster Publications and their relatives.

3. No composition must run over three hundred words.

4. Write on one side of the paper only.

5. List your name and address at the head of every sheet of paper used.

6. Address compositions to Crazy Quilt Editor, 175 Dufield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

7. No communications about the contest will be answered.

8. No compositions will be returned.

9. Compositions may be sent any time up to February 1, 1927. But we suggest that you read the entire serial before submitting your composition. It will run for six months, concluding in the February issue, so you will receive hints about the title from time to time. In the event of two or more letters being of equal merit, equal prizes will be given the writers.

10. The two hundred dollars will be divided as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prizes</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>First Prize</td>
<td>$100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Second Prize</td>
<td>$50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Third Prize</td>
<td>$25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fourth Prize</td>
<td>$10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Prize</td>
<td>$5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
This Is Ending Women's Greatest Hygienic Mistake
—the hazardous use of makeshift methods

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Registered Nurse

FROM the standpoint of modern social life, with its activities and full days, its filmy frocks and often ill-timed exactaments, millions of women urge this new way.

From the standpoint of health, highest authorities urge it. Virtually every great hospital in America today employs it.

It ends the hazards and uncertainties of the old-time methods, the use of which is a great mistake. Largely on expert advice, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life now employ it.

You wear sheerest things without a second thought. You meet every day handicapped. It is making a great difference in the lives of women.

These new advantages

This new way is Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it. It is made of the superabsorbent Cellucotton. It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as cotton. Kotex also deodorizes by a new disinfectant, thus solving another trying problem.

You can get it anywhere, today

If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind and your health. Many ills, according to leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods. Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way.

There is no bother, no expense, of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would waste paper—without embarrassment.

Only Kotex is "like" Kotex

In purchasing, take care that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the only pad embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton. It is the only napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super. Cellucotton Products Co., 166 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

This NEW way solves woman's most important hygienic problem scientifically, providing charm and immaculacy beyond all doubt, and at all times, by banishing the insecurity of old ways... by giving the convenience of disposability.
the next year. Only four hundred a month, Judith. Actually, it is being given to us.
At the mention of the rent, fear winged in Judith's heart. But she remembered that she felt the same way at the mention of other things they had done in the past. Yet they had managed.
"How do you expect to have a home, even if the things in it are not our own," she said. She was a little wistful. "I never did like the hotel. The500 rooms look gray and dreary and depressing."
Harvey had her in his arms now. He never seemed content with her elsewhere.
"Of course, they depressed you," she said. "And you never complained, either. Bless your heart. I do love you, Judy. I do... oh, I do!"
He was a little boy. Judith was a mother. She was glad she had never failed to bring this maternal response. To matter so much to another person was rather terrifying. Judith thought it almost exclusively toward other people with such a vast need. She did not forget the frailty of human nature.
"Oh, Judith, dear," she said contritely, "I've gone and smeared all your lip-stick."
"It doesn't matter," she said, and went over to her dressing-table to repair the damage.
Harvey picked up the motion picture magazine he had brought in with him. He glanced over the pages while Judith straightened up her make-up tray. She covered the little jars of purple salve for shadows beneath the eyes, the tube of pale pink grease-paint, the large tin of powder, the lip salve, the cheek rouges, the mascara.
"Anything especially interesting in that issue?" Judith was still fascinated by the motion pictures, just as she had been in Westport, when she had practiced every economy to buy every issue of every publication.
Harvey smiled portentously as he handed her the copy.
"You judge," he said.
The magazine opened as if from habit at a page on which Judith saw her own photograph and one of Lola Chase.
"Harvey!" She was beside herself with joy and belief. "Harvey, my dear, why didn't you tell me?"
He was delighted with her delight.
"It is your other present—the other surprise I explained to you.
And, heads together, they read about the great-granddaughter of old New York's favorite who was to be in the movies. There was the photograph of Lola Chase in the little pink bonnet made of fresh violets.
"I divided the photographs of Lola Chase especially among her, the motion picture magazines," Harvey explained. "We're pretty sure to get a good break in every one of them. And it will help to have this present. The motion picture picture is being shown. A good tie-up.
"May I have a drink as a reward for my industry, " he asked. "I finished the first half of the script today. Where is the good old bottle?"
Judith checked the admonition that came to her lips. "It is behind the hot-box," she said.
Harvey poured himself a man-sized drink.
If any instinct within Judith was greater than her love for Harvey Dunn, it was her hatred of drunkenness. And already in their two months together, she had experienced too occasions when Harvey had not been himself. How far from himself he had been! Judith was never to let anyone know. Following both times he had been repentant and so humiliated that she had felt sorry for herself, the heart was gray and depressing.
She recognized the utter absurdity of saying anything about a casual and single afternoon drink. And she dreaded giving any semblance of a nagging wife.
She pulled her hair out from under the sweep of her black hat.
They had lingered so long that they would have to hurry or they would be late for the second performance.
However, the subway took them downtown quickly and gave them three-quarters of an hour to dine. They had not yet indulged in the extravagance of a motor. That was the next expenditure on the program. Harvey did not feel that an expensive car would do.
They reached the theater as the first show patrons were coming out. Harvey's pass admitted them. The ushers were holding the way open until the velvet ropes until the orchestra had emptied of the first audience.
"Let us sit in the back row," suggested Judith. She was at the prospect of seeing herself on the screen with an audience. She wanted to be unobtrusive until she had felt her way.
"Harvey did as she asked.
Two or three of the critics on the New York dailies had mentioned her debut in this film, but they had reserved judgment regarding her until her next appearance. They unanimously granted that she seemed to have potentialities and that she was effective. But they concluded that her first role was unimportant and made no demands.
Both of them were restless while the diverted audience were in awe. Judith could not help but be envious, with the President receiving a delegation of Boy Scouts, with a parade of floats in some carnival. The ruins of a factory and staged low-motion pictures of a race-horse seemed to stretch into eternity.
But finally the prolog came, and then the feature film. Judith was hypercritical of her shadow. And she vaguely remembered that quotation of Burns, "Oh, was some power the gilitte gie us to see irlses as irlses see us?" She wondered if he had sensed what an uncomfortable process it would be. She noticed that her hair was not smooth in the sunshine. But it is not true that anyone else in the theater was aware of it. However, she could see nothing else on the screen.
Another time she thought she walked awkwardly.
She was superconscious of every move and gesture she made. It was as if she was looking at her slightest defect through a magnifying-glass. And she was to find that it was always like this when you watched yourself on the screen.
They hurried to the lobby. She did not look toward to her. They held hands when the lights went out. Judith knew this because the girl's bangle bracelets jingled every time, she moved her hands.
"There's a story about that girl in the new Motion Picture Magazine," the girl said. Judith held her breath in an intense desire not to miss one whispered word.
She nudged Harvey with that wifely pertinacity that he had already come to heed.
Nothing more for a moment. Then the man commented.
"Attractive, I think.
She knows how to wear clothes, all right," the girl said. Judith was actually surprised to hear this. She had thought the wardrobe gown hung badly.
"See, Judy," said Harvey. "they're going to be after her. And she's going to be something, dear. You have it. Sure, Fate."
Judith hoped he was right. She hoped that others would feel as kindly disposed toward her as this young couple appeared to. But she wanted to get out of the theater. The picture was ending. She thought she would like to escape any possibleness of further comment.
They hurried toward the lobby. But just as they reached the door, someone called to them. It was Dolores Cortez. Judith was delighted. She seemed genuinely glad to see them. And Judith was excited over the meeting. She had always gone to see Dolores on the screen. She had lived in Westport. She had been one of the first vampires.
"Introduce me to your wife," Dolores commanded Harvey. I wish to tell her that you are very fortunate.
She smiled at Judith with warmth as Harvey effected the introduction.
Charley Martin, the husband, also had kind things to say.
Judith marveled over him. She wondered why Dolores had married him. He was a drab person of a slight frame, with pale blue eyes and straw-colored hair which receded from his forehead. And his false teeth clicked when he talked.
"By the way," said Dolores, "I am giving a tea-party to the press tomorrow.
At my apartment. I am going on a vaudeville tour for a few months, you know. And I thought I would like to see some of the magazine and newspaper writers before I left.
Wont you both drop in? I'd love to have you.
Harvey offered his regrets and explained that he was working on a scenario that was due to go into production in a few days. But Judith accepted gladly.
"I heard something about you going out on the vaudeville circuit," Harvey said.
"Going to play in a sketch?"
"Yes," said Dolores. "It is a dramatic thing. After I had signed the contract, the Exchange wanted me for a picture. It was a fine role, and I would have liked to play it, but naturally there was just nothing I could do about it."
Judith had become aware that several people were standing watching them. Others turned to look again as they passed. They had recognized Dolores and she was in her glory. She talked a little louder so that she might be overheard.
Charley Martin beamed with his pleasure.
"There is as much privacy to this star, don't stuffy as to Irvin Cobb's goldfish bowl," he complained, but no particular irritation marked his tone.
"Look," said someone, "she is with the girl who played that part in the picture tonight!"
It was Judith's baptism of fame. She flushed. But she enjoyed it, in spite of the fact that a few minutes ago she had

(Continued on page 108)
Advertising Section

We Guarantee to Improve Your Voice 100%

Glad to Tell Everybody What Your Course Did

I shall certainly be delighted to tell anyone what your course did for me. In fact, I have been telling people for the last three years and started several people in the work in Japan.

I am in New York, as I mentioned, and see the number of wholly unequalled people who are teaching singing, it seems as if there ought to be some test to the condition of a person's throat, don't you? My voice doesn't seem to have suffered in the least from it.

Florence Mendelson, New York City.

Wouldn't Part With Course for $1,000.00

I have a great deal to say about this wonderful course, and want you to know that I am a happy man since taking it up. I needed your course badly, very badly. Being a teacher, I have to speak, at times, quite loud, and the strain on my throat was acutely felt, and hoarseness followed. My voice is absolutely clear and resonant now, in fact, I have no words to thank you enough. I wouldn't part with my Course for a thousand dollars.


Realizes the Dream of Her Life

A feeling of thankfulness comes over me to think I have found such an opportunity to cultivate my voice. It is the one great thing in my life to develop a beautiful voice, and I thank you that it is daily bringing through your wonderful method brought right to my own door.

I will now make you happy by saying it is certainly the best investment I ever made.

Phoebe M. Clarke, 1688 11th Ave., Vancouver, B. C.

Lost Voice Restored—Sings Better Than Ever

I am very glad to be able to inform you that the study and practice of your exercises is making a great change in my voice.

You may appreciate what this means to me when I tell you that an illness while in France weakened my throat to such an extent that I feared I would never sing again. However, when I study your lessons I find that I can sing better than ever, in fact, I was told by my friend who had heard me sing at a reception that I had never been in a better voice than I am now.

J. Ralph Bartlett, Newton, N. H.

The four letters on this page tell amazing stories of vocal development. They are from men and women who have learned that Physical Voice-Culture is the one, infallible, tested, scientific method of voice building. They are just a few of the thousands telling the same stories of success, in many cases, after all other methods of voice building had failed.

Your voice has fascinating dormant possibilities that you may not even realize. The new book, Physical Voice-Culture will show you how to build up a superb voice by the development of muscles whose existence you never suspected. No matter what condition your voice is in now, it can be improved at least 100% or every cent of tuition will be cheerfully refunded without question when you have finished the course.

Just a few years ago, Bert Langtree's voice was almost destroyed by catarrh and asthma. An impediment in his speech caused him untold embarrassment and suffering. Now he is singing in Grand Opera in California, "An unusual case," you say. Not at all. He merely took advantage of the opportunity you are given here.

Build up your voice the simple, easy, natural way by silent physical exercises in the privacy of your own home. The Physical Voice-Culture method is ideally adapted to home study. It is being taught as successfully by correspondence as by personal instruction. No one need know that you are studying until you have developed a strong, beautiful voice. When you are constantly urged to sing or speak at your church, at private receptions or public functions—when you are the most popular person in your circle of acquaintances, then you will know the rich rewards of Physical Voice-Culture.

If You Can Pass These Tests You Can Develop a Superb Singing Voice

1. Can you open your mouth wide enough to insert two fingers between your teeth?  
2. Can you swallow five times in succession?  
3. Holding your hand to your throat, can you feel the cords vibrate when you sing "Soo-ee-ah?"  
4. Can you hold your breath for 30 seconds?  
5. Are you determined to sing or speak well?

If you answer "yes" to these questions, you have a potentially fine voice that can be developed amazingly by PHYSICAL VOICE CULTURE.

Mail This Coupon

Find out at once about the wonderful possibilities of your voice—possibilities that you have never realized! Simply send coupon for FREE book. Read the astounding true stories of what others have done. This may be the turning point in your life. Mail coupon today.

Perfect Voice Institute
1922 Sunnyvale Ave. Studio 12-68, Chicago, Ill.

Advertising Section.

NOW FREE

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 12-68
1922 Sunnyvale Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Send at once, free and without obligation, your beautifully illustrated book "Physical Voice Culture" and the booklet telling the scientific method of voice building. It is understood that I am to keep this book, either new or repaired, and that I do not have to return it.

Name

Address

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

P 81
That Creature!

(Continued from page 26)

Funnily, he had never noticed these things before.

“Everyone said,” Harley Pennock, that sooner or later you would be taken over by these movie creatures. Everyone said that I would regret my implicit confidence. My faith in you..."

“I wish to God you would quit quoting what ‘everyone says,’” Caroline. Haven’t you a mind of your own, without drawing on the opinions of others every time you want to start a fight?”

“Oh, I haven’t a mind now? Is that it? I’m a dumbbell, a moron, am I? Well, don’t you expect to young, be. I have a mind of my own, all right, all right, but it doesn’t mean anything to you. You listen and believe only other people... very could in, by creatures like... like that thing at the-a-studio!”

Caroline was suddenly and violently disposed to weep. She had a current of tears. Unfortunat e Caroline, who had never been taught by mother or director to weep becomingly.

Harley, snorting, returned to his paper. It was so unbelievable of Harley to do that, that Caroline Summers, wheoping and sat stunned. Harley had always “come around,” had always comforted her, been repentant and solicitous when she had had no mind to tell. He had never been unmoved. He had never unagitated. He had never in all their life together sat coldly thru her tears.

“Now,” thought Caroline, desperately, "none I know. That creature has got him in her toils. This is absolute proof, Oh, the stuff... oh, the stuff... things.”

Caroline consulted with Wynne Summers. They bathed at the Biltmore.

Caroline knew that Harley didn’t like Wynne Summers; didn’t “approve” of her. Huh! Who was Harley Pennock now to do that, that Caroline Summers just because she had got a divorce from her hus band to marry that good-looking Peter Delasheld, and then hadn’t married Dela shed, and then married Delasheld, and then... had met while in Reno? Goodness knew how many divorces that Thing at the studio had been guilty of! She felt that she would just like to see Harley Pennock make any further comments about Wynne Summers. Let him try it! If anyone could give her sound advice, Wynne could. She was super-sophisticated wise in the ways of men. She would know just the method to cure Harley of his ridiculous infatuation for that creature. For, at the moment, Caroline had worked it up into an infatuation.

Caroline toyed with words and French provokes. She felt that she was being casual and clever, despite the fact that her heart was breaking.

"Men are such babies,” she said, as one might address an observation.

"But you. All of ‘em. All cut from the same piece of material. Same bolt of goods. Don’t know enough to come out of it."

Wynne always said cute little things like that, in a brief way, in her thin, brief voice.

"I know. Harley believes anything he’s told. He pretends not to, but he does. I know him so well. I can see right thru him. It’s awfully amusing.”

Caroline felt that the awful amusement didn’t register so well in her voice, which had a tendency to break because of the nervous tension she had been back of it.

“What’s he up to?”

“Oh... Caro...” Caroline gave a little thrill of laughter... she had to to cover the amusement she felt at the idea of the poor stab to the truth. “Oh, he’s not ‘up’ to anything! He’d better not be! Nothing like that. Only, I was so amused last night when he hus home from the studio and told me about some new vam they’ve signed up on a starring contract. You should have heard his description! My whole wrong about when he had called her “a heartless little cat” and other not-probrious terms, he just didn’t know (anything).

"Yes, I am,” she said, unexpectedly even to herself, meeting earnestness with earnestness; "I really am. Oh, not so very seriously, but I just can’t bear to see Har ley keep his manner of opinion, you know and, frankly, I don’t just know just what to take. You have to treat men like children-babies—"

"You have to show ’em. Like babies. Yes. Christmas-tree balls are not to be eaten. Hurt if you do. Santa Claus doesn’t exist. Candy is just—lipstick. Make him see that the red lips are an expensive brand of lipstick. Marbles are not to be swallowed. All that gitters is not gold. That’s your line.

"But, my dear, what do you mean? How do you mean?"

"Oh, have her out. To the house. Expose her. Strip her. Denude her—of imagination. Make him see that the lacquer-black crown is just—hair. Make him see that the red lips are an expensive brand of lipstick. Make him see that the gardenia skin is good old calcimine. In short, make him realize that this Faustine person is just an ordinary, everyday creature. A woman.

Get me?"

"Yes, I think I do."

"Start a campaign. Go easy. Little by little. Want our body. A word there. Meet her. Have her down. Strip her of glamour. That’s all you have to do. It’s easy. Any woman can strip another woman of glamour if they keep at it long enough. Women know how. By instinct. Easy, go easy. You can do it."

"Oh, I know. You know—... if I can pull it off... it is a good idea... just make him see that this—this—this—thing—is an ordinary, everyday woman without personality... commonplace, really..."

"That’s the eye! Sure fire. He’ll drop the scales from his eyes in no time. You’ll turn the trick.

"Wynne, you are clever!"

"That’s my stock in trade. Go to it! Good luck!"

It was difficult to “go easy.” It was such a temptation to say bitter, scathing things. But Caroline held herself in check. She had never realized that she had so much sense. She kept saying to herself that she must tread lightly... lightly... She took extra pains with her hair and nails. Had them done twice a week instead of once. She had facials, too. She bought new lingerie, pace-colored. She acquired a new brand of perfume. An asthmatic...

She was pleasant to Harley. Had the dinners he liked most. For a couple of nights she didn’t even mention Faustine. Just chatted easily of this and that. Harley was pleasant, too. Even affectionate. No one could have guessed that there was anything menacing beneath the silky texture of their lives.

On the third evening she said, casually, “How is the new ‘find’ coming on?”

"Oh, Fausta? She’s great. She’s going to be the sensation of the movie year.

He knew right away. His mind was on it, on her. He called her “Fausta” now. Caroline swallowed a roc’s egg in her throat. She was afraid of the reassuring voice of Wynne Summers. She said, “Can we have her down for dinner some night? I’d like awfully well to see her.”

Harley laughed, shook his head. “Fraid not, dear,” he said. “Fausta is the Rolls Royce type. She belongs to that setting. Can’t imagine her here. She’s not the sort that a plain, ordinary man like myself would mix in with. It would cost a year’s salary to entertain her for the evening."

“Tell me then, what I can’t imagine her “here”! It was good enough for her, Caroline, but, oh, no, not good enough for “Fausta”! Ohhhhh! Oh, I’m sure she’d enjoy it. Just by way of—of contrast, you know. I’d do my best. The home atmosphere, however humble, might be restful.”

“Can’t see myself driving her out in our Buick, somehow. No, I don’t think she’s our kind, Carrie.”

Caroline won another battle with herself. She was the subject now. She had to go to the studio herself, meet the Creature, issue her own invitation. It was worse, far worse, than she had imagined. When once a man looks upon a woman as unattainable, inaccessible, shrouded in mystery... why, it was the most inflammator y attitude of all. She said, “The peonies are coming along nicely. I think we’ll have to have them staked up.”

It had been too amusingly easy. So easy that Caroline had gone home from the studio torn and shredded with fear and rage. The creature was coming... was coming... because of the way she acted. It was the only explanation. Harley had been right about her not being their kind. She was even more coiled in glamour and calculated coyness to the notteness than Harley had said. She was the kind who simply would not visit a little married couple in a little suburban homestead. Well, it was going to be a desperate game to play. It was going to require every last ounce of energy and resource and possession of her...
The Real JAMES BRIDGER Has Returned

The Truth Behind "THE COVERED WAGON"

Presented by J. CECIL ALTER

In the first extended biography of this celebrated western trapper, scout, frontiersman and guide. A valuable reference work of 61 chapters, 566 pages, 235,000 words and many rare illustrations. A mine of facts for the historian, the student and the general writer, with complete bibliography and detailed analytical index.

**Bridger Biography Takes High Rank**

"Old Gabe" Bridger, caricatured in a popular novel and burlesqued in a popular film play, receives in this extended biography something of his just due. The author has sought to assemble every contemporary reference to the famous guide, and to trace definitely his movements through all the long years of his career... His unflagging labors have resulted in a work of great merit, which is sure to take high rank in the literature of the frontier."—W. J. Ghent, in The Outlook, New York.

**Jim Bridger Returns**

"It is a rich mine of historical facts, faithfully reproduced and conveniently arranged in their original and ungarbled form, in which Bridger, quaint, capable and notorious, is always present. And, thank goodness, the work is indexed to the minutest detail, making it a valuable reference for the student, the historian or the general writer."—Editorial in The Salt Lake Tribune.

**Best Biography**

"It is the best biography that has ever been written of an American Frontiersman."—Secretary, Texas Folk Lore Society.

**Scholarly Efficiency**

"Mr. Alter has done a real service to the chronicling of the story of the West, and made a contribution both interesting and important to its literature in thus rescuing the memory of one of its great men from the oblivion into which it was about to be consigned. He has done the work with scholarly efficiency and good judgment, having searched widely for the material which would report the many activities of his subject, and give them their proper setting."—The New York Times.

**Facts Told in Living Form**

"As did Francis Parkman, the author has told the facts in living form, with active, moving men, red and white, peopling the West of a century ago. In smaller type, with little abridgement, original sources are given as part of the narrative and as foot notes. The book will prove, therefore, not only interesting to the lay reader, but valuable to the story writer, who seeks the true background for the yarns of the old West."—The Salt Lake Desert News.

**Rigid Test of Accuracy**

"Mr. Alter has made an exhaustive and careful study of the career of this noted hunter who has been the subject of as much legend as of actual history... He has taken pains to ascertain every possible fact regarding his hero, and to insist upon rigid tests of accuracy. The result is a valuable contribution to the history of the West."—New York Herald-Tribune.

**A Dependable Work**

"Mr. Alter avoids even a suspicion of embroidery. He presents a vast array of facts that are a valuable addition to the literature of the period through which Bridger moved. Diligence and painstaking research have produced a useful volume... All in all his book is extremely valuable and dependable."—F. S. Dellenbaugh in The Nation.

A limited, specially bound and numbered edition, signed by the Author
Price $10.00—prepaid if cash with order

SHEPARD BOOK COMPANY
408 SOUTH STATE STREET
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
that Whiteness.

Faustine, Caroline and Harley were in the kitchen. Caroline had kept the close front windows closed all afternoon so that the sun would be hot. Faustine didn’t seem to mind. Caroline recalled that there are women who never perspire. Unfortunately, she herself perspired.

Faustine insisted upon mixing the salad dressing. She moved about with signal expertise. She was deft and sure and, watching her, you couldn’t think of Savory for Daddy Sunday nights,” she said.

“I feel that I may as well be myself with you people, Mrs. Pennock. Why not? Of course, I had to earn my living... Dad isn’t well... things were not easy at home... I found out that a girl named Elsie Fowler, from up-state, wasn’t much chance where the big money is. I think that, where women are concerned, big money goes to the poses. Men haven’t got used to paying women for what they are worth, instead. They have to be fooled, a little. As they have always been fooled in other phases of life. Socially, you know, they do it that way. And I said to myself, ‘Righto, it shall be a pose—a pose that pays. You see, it has! I named myself out of Swinburne... I adopted an accent... the first thing I knew, I was signed up under a big contract.’

They were at the supper table. The salad was notably delicious. Faustine had to do most of the talking, because Harley was laughing all the while, for no apparent reason... and Caroline couldn’t think of what to say. Every time she had planned to say, or insinuate, Elsie Fowler was saying for her. Without insinuation.

She glanced at Harley now and again. expecting to meet his eyes, expecting to get the subtle signal. “So, this is all there is to it! Well, I’m damned if you weren’t right!” But she couldn’t meet Harley’s eyes, because they were riveted on Elsie. They seemed to be laughing and grave at one and the same time. They seemed to be amazed and reassured. She couldn’t remember ever having seen just that expression in Harley’s eyes before. They seemed to be wondering... Well he was right woman! After all the absurd exag- gerations he had gone to... and then to find out that Faustine was only Elsie Fowler from up-state!

How they began bickering about it together!

‘I dont see how you do it... how you manage to keep it up... ’ Harley’s voice was admiring, eager. That was just about the way he had a perfect manner with these... these people.

‘Yes, it is hard work. Harder than I imagined when I began. It’s acting all the time, on the job and off. I often think, too, that some of the interviewers, the women, at any rate, see thru me. (Well, Caroline should know so.) “See thru her—why not? I often think, too, that they understand and, so, keep silence. They realize, no doubt, that one must make a living in the cleverest way one can. This was my way...’

The Most Popular Cream in the World for Evening use

Social activities are always an incentive to “look your best.” Many women know that there is nothing to equal the delicate, refined, soft appearance Gou-raud’s Oriental Cream renders to the skin. The arms, shoulders and complexion are blended into an entrancing, pearly beauty that will not streak or show the slightest effects of moisture or perspiration.

GOURAUD’S

ORIENTAL

CREAM

“Beauty’s Master Touch”

Is so subtle and refined in effect, the use of a toilet preparation cannot be detected. It is very simple to use, no rubbing in, or messy treatments. Just a moment’s time each morning assures you of possessing your “evening affair” beauty throughout the day.

Isn’t it just as important to always appear at your best, as it is to look well for a particular occasion? Com- mence its use today, and learn how effectively the astringent and anti- septic action discourages blisters, wrinkles, freckles, tan, filthiness and muddy complexion. Made in white, flesh and rachel, also compacts.

Send 10c. for Trial Size

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son
430 Lafayette St
New York
"You know," it was Harley's voice again, still with a warm note of laughter, "you know, I was scared to death to have you out here. I wouldn't invite you. It was Caroline who insisted. Men—plain chaps like myself—are rather afraid of—of—well, the sort of vamp type, you know. Expensive . . . too much for us. I said that you were the Rolls-Royce type. It was Carrie here who prevailed upon me . . . against my will . . . we're pleasantly surprised, aren't we, Carrie?"

"Oh, no," Caroline laughed, lightly, brittlely "Oh, no; I know, Harley, that Faustine would be—what she is."

Try as she would, Caroline could not suppress an unpleasant note from creeping into the last three words.

"What she is" became an unpleasant actuality, to be met and dealt with as summarily as possible.

It occurred to Caroline that Harley didn't take it quite that way.

Elsie laughed, "The idea!" she said. "I hadn't an idea I was fooling Mr. Pennock. And you should have seen me riding around in Dad's tin lizzie at home. Why, I love being here! It's the first time since I've been in New York I've had a chance of being myself. I hope you'll let me come again."

"You betcher!" said Harley Pennock. But she never did.

Wynne Summers and Caroline were lunching at the Ritz. Caroline was in mauve gray from head to foot. She felt that it became so recent a divorcee and, besides, it was becoming. That man, Peters, Wynne had told her she was "a symphony."

Caroline was treating, as she usually did. Wynne was never very flush with money. But Caroline had some substantial alimony and nothing to do with it but have a good time.

Wynne was saying, "I feel rotten. Sort of my fault . . . ."

"Oh, no, you mustn't feel that way, dear. Of course, it is much better as it is. Harley and I were never suited, temperamentally. He sort of kept me in, restrained me from being my true self. I often told him that we should separate. I suppose that worked on him to some extent."

Wynne blew away the smoke. Her slate-blue eyes were a little harder than usual.

"Want to tell me what happened?" she said. "Straight stuff, I mean."

"Why not?" Caroline's voice was brittle, too, thin, like Wynne's. "Not much to tell. That—Creature came down to supper one night. We got it together, picnic fashion. As you suggested, I wanted Harley to see that she was just a woman, after all. He saw. I didn't have to work at all. She spilled everything about herself. Tore away the veils with her own hands. I thought Harley would see—she did. He saw that she was a woman—accessible, not inaccessible, not unattainable.

"That's about all. She never came down again. Harley began to act more peculiarly than ever. Then, one night, he came right out and told me. Said that he had been attracted to Faustine from the beginning, but would never have thought of her as a woman, to be won, if I had not had her down to the house. Said that he would have thought of her as a beautiful painting, a strain of music, a myth. Then, when he saw her at home, he realized that she was human after all. Human. Real. A woman. His detached attraction became—love."

"Hmm . . . " said Wynne Summers. She added, "I'll have to jot that down in my note-book. It's a new one. Worth remembering."

### Help Your Teeth

Avoid teeth discoloration and remove food particles by using Wrigley's Chewing Sweets after every meal.

Besides being a most economical and delicious sweetmeat—Wrigley's is just the thing for tired, weary workers. Vim is restored, hope renewed, and the whole day brightened by its cool refreshing taste.

Wrigley's aids digestion, soothes the throat—helps that dry, parched tongue.

Sweetens the breath of smokers and makes the next smoke taste better.

#### Long-lasting

Low in cost

Good for you

Comes to you fresh and full flavored, clean and wholesome

in its sanitary wax-wrapped sealed package.
Advertising Section

The Answer to October Hand Analyses

Neil Hamilton
The long hand, with long slender fingers, belonging to a tall, lean, muscular man with an oblong face, was Neil Hamilton's hand. Face and hand correspond in great detail, showing the same characteristics through. This gives added strength to these characteristics and also gives strength to the character. There is nothing complicated or complex in this character; a wholesome, honest, sincere nature, loyal, affectionate, kind, and with good understanding of human nature. Dramatic and artistic taste are found in face and hand alike, also an interest and liking for mechanical things. A serious, conscientious, conserv-ative individual.

Alice Joyce
The hand belonging to the person who would accomplish things by the use of her brain rather than by the use of her hands, was Alice Joyce's hand. This hand showed love of the artistic and artistic taste, but not the ability to represent in the arts by use of her hands. Great distaste for friction or quarrels is indicated in her face as well as in her hands. Face and hand alike indicate a very emotional nature; a person of moods; one who is very sensitive and feels deeply. Both face and hand, voca- tionally, show ability in many directions.

Lois Moran
The hand, which belonged to one of the very young and very new girls in the Movies, one who is different and not readily or easily understood by others, was the hand of Lois Moran. Her face and hand both give evidence of a very serious person; one who takes life too seriously for her own good. The hand and face differ in many de tails, making a more com-plex nature and one not easily read or understood. For example, the short fingers would denote an impulsive nature, whereas in her face there is control, repression and poise, in fact, a complete comparison of both, would show many variances.

Prize Winners for Limericks Published in September Magazine

The new Swedish actress, La Garbo, Has radiant notions of garb—O. All her modesty need Is a few strings of beads— That's the reason why she got the job—O! E. Lloyd, New York.

With the price of Bebe's bouquet Most girls a month's rent could pay And still have enough For a coat and a may— Yet her orchids will last but a day. Janet Morse, Brooklyn, N. Y.

If Mae were a Japanese miss She would have to wear costumes like this. As her legs and her arms Are her principal charms, All her fans would be paper, I wis. F. M. Scott, Paterson, N. J.

The they say to be seen while in tears Is a thing every pretty girl fears, Florence Vidor refused To look gay or amused For emitting movies make careers. Matt Raymond, Enfield, Mass.

Pauline Starke thought, "I'm far too de-buret, Without sex appeal, fame can't endure." So she proved she had "It!" And at once made a hit! Now her clothes, like her troubles, are easier. Emily Hoover, Washington, D. C.

A Popular Candi'd Date (Candidate) Seeking Election is the prize-winning title for the picture which appeared on page 8 of the September issue. It was contributed by J. Archibald Dunlap, Nashua, N. H.
That's Out

(Continued from page 48)

Speaking of Murnau makes us wonder what America will do with him now that he has arrived. American producers have a peculiar habit of signing up foreigners because of an outstanding ability in some particular line, and then assigning them to an altogether different type of work when they arrive in this country.

Murnau's forte apparently being a remarkable ability to picture dramatic action without subtitles, he will no doubt be placed in charge of the Fair Animated News or the Literary Digest's "Topics of the Day."

Some well-meaning individual has just organized a company to make films especially for children.

The idea is a good one, but he is a little late with it. All of our leading film companies have been doing that exclusively for the past several years.

The thing to be done is for someone to organize a company to make a few pictures for grown-ups.

A move has been started to build a chain of theaters which will show only short subjects, and no films of over three reels in length.

Some steps should be taken at once to stop this. If theaters start showing short pictures of the same quality that we are now getting, the patrons will no sooner be comfortably settled than they will have to wake up again.

Judging from the past records, the successful producer is not one who can make the best pictures, but the one who can get an outlet for his celluloid.

Will Wonders Never Cease?

A censor board has at last been discovered with a few grains of common sense. Sad to say, however, the board is in far off Australia.

In approving the screen version of "Anna Christie," which many other places have banned, the Australian censor board stated: "We look with more favor on a film which handles a dramatic situation powerfully, if sometimes a trifle realistically, than on one which, though not directly objectionable, juggles with the facts of life and seeks to endow its less pleasing features with a meretricious splendor. A censorship would not be fulfilling its functions in a very capable manner if it sought to discourage genuine drama, tragedy or comedy!"

American censor boards might use this policy to good advantage.

What is funnier than a movie star who has been abroad for the first time (for three months) and who on her return keeps saying, "In Europe they do this." "Abroad they dont do that."

Or another who, after spending five weeks in Italy and France and two in Germany, exclaims how dreadful it is to return here and listen to Americans speak English.

Happiness

Which road leads to it... Success? Wealth? Fame? Marriage? Children?

See the December Motion Picture Magazine on the newsstands by November first.

Advertising Section

FREE:
A wonderful little book that gives new beauty secrets. Free, with every jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Four Simple Ways to improve your skin—NOW!

By FRED INGRAM Jr., Ph.C., B. Sc., (Pharm.)

I. From 16 to 30 you need from 7/4 to 9 hours sleep at least four nights out of seven. After 30, 6 1/4 to 7 1/2 hours will do with a daily short rest after lunch or just before dinner. If you would have beauty after 30—get your rest. No cream or cosmetic can compete with loss of sleep.

And you simply must eat each day either lettuce, celery, cabbage, carrots, spinach, oranges, white currants, grapefruit, lemons or tomatoes. Your doctor will tell you just what combinations are good for you personally. Sleep and these foods are a sure foundation for beauty.

II. For the arms, neck, shoulders and hands—at least once a day, lukewarm water and any good soap (Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soap is fine). Then use Ingram's Milkweed Cream on hands, arms, neck and shoulders. Rub it in gently. Don't rub it off. Use only at night before retiring—wear old gloves on hands, as they will be stained. Your friends will comment on the remarkable change in the appearance of your skin with this simple common-sense treatment. Under no conditions use any other cream while you are making this test.

III. For the face, give our cream two weeks' exclusive use. Write the date on the label so that you may watch results carefully. Use no other cream of any kind. Wash your face at night with lukewarm water and Ingram's Milkweed Cream soap. Rub cream in gently; don't rub it off. Use morning and night, using water only at night to cleanse face. Blot, then apply a thin film. On lips, blackheads, redness, tan, wind, and sunburn will go if you follow the diet suggested and use Ingram's Milkweed Cream exclusively.

Women today will tell you this simple treatment gets results. We have thousands of letters over a period of 40 years that back up our statements. And today thousands are enjoying the beauty insurance which this simple method brings.

IV. If you have a good beauty shop operator, stay with her. But insist that she use your own jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. Infections are dangerous. Not one woman in a hundred has a scientific beauty operator.

We are always glad to answer questions—to help those who have been unsuccessful in their search for skin loneliness. Particularly those who want to protect their beauty over a long period of years.

If you are in doubt, take no chances. Do your own facial, arms, neck, hand and shoulder treatments at home. We will teach you how in our little book that comes with each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Your Arms shoulders neck and hands may be beautiful, ivory white... often in TWO WEEKS!

As last year, afternoon and evening frocks leave the arms, neck and upper back exposed. To be truly charming, beautiful—you must have this!

Smooth, satiny, ivory-white skin—so utterly charming to men!

Ingram's Milkweed Cream has done just this, for over a million women—in this country alone. Use it daily on your hands, on your arms, neck and shoulders. You too will notice pleasing results, often within two short weeks.

Read the four common-sense beauty secrets in the column at the left. It tells you how. Then obtain a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream at your favorite store. Get it in the 50 cent or dollar size. The dollar size is more economical. Start using it now. And remember:

You need only one cream... Ingram's!

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Windsor, Ont., Canada
621 Temple St., Detroit, Mich.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream is the BEAUTY INSURANCE you need in every jar. No woman—wherever she stands in life—should be without it.
Girl of 13 Makes $75.00 a Week!

Alice Higgle, 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 $35.00—a dollar a minute! Read what she says—"Playing a musical instrument is lots of fun. I wish everybody knew how easy it is and how quickly you can learn, because they're just no fun to play."—Alice Higgle.

New Offer

Learning to Play Made Easy

We now furnish a Scholarship Certificate Free with each instrument. This Certificate permits you to secure a complete course of study at a special reduced price in one of the country's foremost correspondence schools of music. Whether you want to play for pleasure or profit, choose your favorite instrument and send for this New Offer now. Use the Coupon below.

Send this Coupon

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 1528
1776, 48th St., Cincinnati
325 S. Halstead Ave., Chicago
718 Broadway, New York
250 Mission St., San Francisco
Send me your Free Book on musical instruments. Also complete articles—by artists from Wurlitzer and save money. Special offers on complete outfits.

We also give you Free Trial, Easy Payment, School Offer, No Obligation. Send Coupon Today.

Are you reading "Crazy Quilt"... the fascinating story of motion picture people... and motion picture studios... and fortunes made and lost overnight? See page 43.
Normaism
(Continued from page 41)

"Of course, men are going to say that they prefer the 'stay-at-home girl.' They are going to say so, but they are not going to
mean it. They say it because the stayat-home girl is still dependent upon them.

"The little married woman who says, 'Tom, dear, do you mind it... well, do you
care if... well, CAN I HAVE A
PAIR OF SHOES NEXT MONTH?' is becoming obsolete. It is a slow
process but a sure one.

"It would never have been so bad if men had ever thought that women did need
and should have the things they had to ask for. But what man, no matter whether
rich or poor, but hasn't said, 'Oh, you don't need a pair of shoes next month! Why,
good gracious, you just had a pair three months ago tomorow'.

"Or, who hasn't overheard this, 'George, I'm sorry, but I can't go with you to the
dinner tonight—I haven't a thing to wear!' The answer being, 'My God, that's what
you always say!'

"The real answer being that, of course, she 'always says' that because it happens
to be true. And even if it shouldn't be true, according to the male point of view,
what of it? What business has it been of his? When there has been but one
business in the family, he has jolly well
made that one his. No mistake about that.

"Of course, I am not talking about the few silly women who are constitutionally
extravagant and ridiculous.

"With the professional or business woman, what man would dare to utter a
protest if he expressed the opinion that she needed a new fur coat, let alone a pair
of shoes? Nine out of ten of the men married to working women will say, 'Fine,
I'll go with you and help you pick it out.'

"And if they were unwise enough not to say something of the sort, the independent
woman would go and pick it out anyway.

"It is natural with men to object to the things women want to do and buy and be.
They always object. On general principle, it is part of the male tradition."

We whispered, chickenishly, "What kind of clothes do men like best?"

"Polka-dots and waist-lines. I never knew what a fail. I don't know what it is
about polka-dots but they always 'get' the
men. I've never had a polka-dot dress, par
ticularly one with a waist-line, that Joe
hasn't especially loved it at.

"Men like black, too. You ask them that
and they will invariably tell you that they
prefer bright colors. Really, they don't
know what they like a thing half the time.
There's no use in asking a man about dress; there's only use in dressing for him.
Oh, yes, and men all like lace, too. Gay little bits and trills of lace inserted here
and there. And feathers . .

"Men always say that they like long
hair, too. No matter how ugly a girl's hair
may look and be, if that girl says to any
man, "Shall I bob my hair," the answer is
invariably and emphatically and quite
unreasonably "NO!"

It's natural with 'em to object to the
things women want to do . .

"And then, too, most men have a
mother-complex. Theoretically they will
pick and as desirable in their wives and
sweethearts the things their mother used
to do and have and wear. They do this
because they feel safer when there is no
change. They are a little bit afraid of the
'new woman,' men are. But they love the
new woman, too, and what is more, they
admire her. And the newer, the better."

Thus Kiki.
And she oughter know!

Grantland Rice answers:

"There are many thousands of women who through golf, tennis, riding and
other forms of sport have added much to their attractiveness and caught the
observing masculine eye which otherwise might not have looked again.

But few men care for the Amazon with brick red face and leather
skin. A natural glow or glint which the sun gives adds directly to
attractive looks when proper care and attention is given to the skin."

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream is the right one
for this daily care because it is made of the finest ingredients—blended
with all the skill of thirty-six years' experience.

This same skill and insistence on
quality, has brought great popularity to D & R's New Perfect Vanishing
Cream. Apply a layer of this dainty
cream and rub nearly dry before you
get out. It holds your powder evenly,
gives your skin a lovely clear trans-
lucent look, even under merciless
doorlight, and protects you
against the ravages of wind and sun.

For those who do not already
know these Perfect Creams, in-
timately, a free offer of trial tubes is
made in the coupon below. Cut it
out and mail it today

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
PERFECT COLD CREAM
PERFECT VANISHING CREAM
Also makers of Perfect Shaving Cream,
Hair-Ed (Headache Cologne), Perfect Cold Cream Soap

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
214 West 14th Street, New York City or
165 Dufferin Street, Toronto, Canada

Please send me free trial tubes of your two creams

NAME__________________________
ADDRESS________________________
CITY________________________

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Happy Endings Are Misleading

REALLY your offer at expressing one's opinion is so engaging, that in spite of my poor English, and bad spelling, I pull together whatever brain the four years' dancing career left in my head (you see they pretend that dancer's brain descends in her extremities) and decide to write you about a kick which I have got against the "Happy Ending" by George Fitzmaurice, or Happy Ending in general. First of all, according to my modest thinking, nowadays movies have got the high mission that only books had until this century—to educate and regardless if that is Arabian way of living or architecture of Babylon, or love story, if the film is not true to reality, the motion picture cannot occupy the important role in the Universe they claim to assume. Why should they bluff about noble men and constant women? To make people sorry about their personal wreck in life, and bitter about inferior life-mate they have got? Why? It is better that the girl sobs in the car after an unhappy ending in the movies, than ruins forever her life because of the boy she imagined to be as noble and honest as a screen hero. And, exactly the same with boys, why should not they be careful picking out their wives when all their future might be depending from this step? I am only nineteen, but I would be ruined hundreds of times if I had not as a background to my personality all the wonderful Russian literature realistic and true, droll and gloomy—exactly as the life is. To be pessimistic or at least incredulous has a great advantage of never being deceived or disillusioned, never getting the painful shock in meeting the real face of the Life. One says. Everybody is unhappy, why should I be an exception? and everything is taken easy, and one does laugh a great deal. Or else: Everybody is so happy, why am I such a darned exception? Tears follow that exclamation, usually. Now, why, how fool the people with happy endings? And artistically it sounds so bad! Happy endings because the majority of movie fans are shop girls! Poor Shakespeare! Where would be these wonderful heartrending tragedies, if he thought of the tastes of his audience? Well, I stop right here—the real artist does not follow the tastes of the mob, but takes the leadership, so did Wagner, Leonardo da Vinci, Beethoven, etc., and so have got to do movies, if they want to be considered as artists educators. To touch with what I have got to say that good artistic picture with logical, realistic ending, especially sad I remember for all my life the one's with forced happy endings, those innumerable marriages are so mixed up in my head, that even on film it is always director's masterpiece of originality) does not help me to discern what was all this fuss about.

Well I am afraid here are more than three hundred words, and in such a home-lettered, lame English that I feel really ashamed and a kind as if it was true what they say about dancer's brains.

Olga Sokolova
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

I Wonder Why

(1) Why cant Cecil De Mille turn out a film that is not showy, nor scriptural, nor sexual? (2) Why cant the screen give us real mothers? I am tired of seeing boys and girls from fifteen to twenty-five being clasped to the bosom of a seventy-year-old Ma. Don't these women marry before forty-five? I am not caviar at American films. English Movie Mates are even more aged. (3) Why do heroines, looking as blase and sophisticated as they make em, always believe the lies the villain or vamp tells 'em, and then in the fifth reel sob out "I did not know," on the hero's manly bosom? (4) Why does Kenneth Harlan always come on the scene panting? Does he run to the studio? And why doesn't he smile occasionally? (5) Why doesn't the Hero arrive too late to save the heroine or vice versa? Painful perhaps, but more true to life. (6) Why doesn't Gloria Swanson play in a film that does not once necessitate the revealing of her pelad extremities? The latter are shapely, but the public have had a surfeit of such close-ups. (7) Why ever did Rex Ingram allow young Novarro to escape? They were twin souls, those two, and now Ramon is relegated to the banal. A pity! (8) Why doesn't Lillian Gish play a human girl for once? (9) Why can't we have re-issues of Wallace Reid's films?

Maybe She Has Two Expressions

In a Screenland's June Book, 1926, there was a beautiful portrait of Lorette Joy. It had a very sad expression. It contradicts a statement made by her brother a few weeks ago in a Sunday paper. He said how happy and gay she was.

A. W.
New York City.

Their Bark Is Worse Than Their Bite

My grudge isn't against films or players, but against box-office titles. Many a time, when we want to make the movies a family treat and take our three young hopefuls along, we cut find nary a show that SOUNDS suitable for three small boys to see, much less enjoy. Lurid titles everywhere: hectic subtitles! So, being in movie mood, we bribe the cook to stay an extra night with the children, and go on alone. To what? A perfectly harmless picture, entirely mislabeled. A picture that has parts that would interest children, and is followed by an uproarious comedy. Perfectly proper family amusement, but misrepresented in title and advertisements.

True we can always play safe on Douglas Fairbanks, Thomas Meighan, Buster Keaton or Harold Lloyd, but there are many other pictures we all might enjoy, but for the titles. It isn't that I'm wanting all pictures made safe for children! Sophisticated plays have their place, and many things that we cannot were never meant for minds to appreciate. But I DO wish that titles would not deliberately mislead us, and that we were not scared off by hinted scandals that never materialize.

M. W. H.
New Orleans, La.

Stop the Soft Stuff

I AM terribly disappointed to read the item about John Gilbert, in your article, "They are not what they seem," in the September number of Motion Picture Magazine. Gladys Hall says that (Continued on page 114)
When it's hunters' day at the horse show—and the best jumpers in the land are soaring over the hedges—have a Camel!

No other cigarette in the world is like Camels. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. The Camel blend is the triumph of expert blenders. Even the Camel cigarette paper is the finest—made especially in France. Into this one brand of cigarettes is concentrated the experience and skill of the largest tobacco organization in the world.

WHEN it's the most exciting day at the horse show. When the famous hunters take water jump, wall and rail in faultless performance. Have a Camel!

For, all the world over, no other cigarette cheers and satisfies like a Camel. The golden enjoyment of Camels makes every happy holiday happier, adds the sense of well-being to every friendly occasion. Camels are made of the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown—they are the cigarettes that never tire the taste, never leave a cigarette after-taste. Millions who could well afford to pay more will smoke only Camels.

So as you join the gay throngs at the horse show. After each thrilling event—know then the enjoyment of the finest in cigarettes.

Have a Camel!

Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any other cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.
The Irresistible Challenge of dark-fringed Eyes

A compelling, age-old lure that never fails!

A world of fascination lies in teasing, half-tamed eyes, veiled by a heavy fringe of dark, luxuriant lashes. The clever woman has long ago learned beauty's secret of bringing out the loveliness of her eyes by darkening the lashes with Winx!

Have you ever tried applying Winx to your lashes and seen the new lure in your eyes? If you haven't there's a thrilling experience in store for you.

Touch up your lashes ever so lightly with Winx—immediately your eyes will become fascinating, beguiling. Applied with brush attached to stopper of the bottle, Winx dries instantly and will not rub off or smear, for it is waterproof! Black or brown, 75c. U. S. or Canada.

After powdering trace a bit of Winxette (cake form) through the eyebrows, thus adding character and charm to the face. Black or brown—equipped with one row brush and mirror, 50c.

Ross Co., 242-K West 17th Street, New York

Offer! Be beautiful! Mail the coupon at once with 12c for a generous sample of Winx. Another 12c brings you a sample of Pert moist (cream) Rouge—the rouge that is waterproof and lasts all day.

Winx
Waterproof
What Do Men Want in the Women They Marry?

(Continued from page 30)

"Well, then, I met her in England a number of years ago," he got that far-away look into his eyes that is fatal—and the sun was going down—I wanted a shower—and so I said—"Yes? YES?"

He came to earth with a hurt thump. "Poise and tact! They are the two essentials in a woman to me. This lady I spoke of was famous for her tact, her poise and ability to handle any situation, no matter how embarrassing."

"What a wonderful interviewer she would make!" I murmured admiringly. Huntley sighed and finished quickly, seeing I was not going to make a good listener for long. "She was my ideal and even tho I have never seen her since, nor met another, I always hold her in my thoughts as the acme of womanly charms."

Walter Pidgeon

Walter, big and brave and handsome, was tittering with the Hollywood Athletic Club Radio one noon when I sidled up and struck the thrilling question.

Walter looked longingly at the radio, and then politely and pleadingly at me. "Must I answer?" he meekly asked.

I nodded my head sternly.

"Well, then, I like gentleness more than anything else in a woman! Of course, I don't mind if they are attractive to look at as well as gentle and sincere! You see, 'self-preservation' is the first law of human nature—and I have some married friends that tell me temperament and temper are the two 'T's in Matrimonial TNT.'"

With which sage remark Walter returned with evident relief to the radio. After listening in on a few shrieks that might have been a Chinese High School play in China—or have anything in it, I left him. He seemed sure he had the Fiji Islands.

Edmund Lowe

Ed and I were eating location lunches while he was marching in Hollywood France to find out "What Price Glory had—if any."

I waited until we were on dessert and then sprung it. "I like a good scout with a good heart. You know there is something irresistible to a man about a woman who can be a real pal, enjoy his companionship, and be comfortable, easy way. Deliver me from a woman who is forever worrying about how she looks and what she says. I guess that's why I married Lilyan Tashman! She's the best little scout in the world!" He finished enthusiastically.

I nodded my head solemnly—my mouth was full of banana.

Ned Sparks

"I don't even want to concern myself with the question of a woman's social standing. As a matter of fact, I am more interested in the woman's temperament than in her social standing."

"Well, then, I like gentleness more than anything else in a woman! Of course, I don't mind if they are attractive to look at as well as gentle and sincere! You see, 'self-preservation' is the first law of human nature—and I have some married friends that tell me temperament and temper are the two 'T's in Matrimonial TNT.'"

Ned looked at me as tho I was a new species of insect under a microscope when I asked him to tell me what it is about a woman that attracts a man. He would only mournfully relate the above—nothing more.

Charlie Murray

"Well, then, I like gentleness more than anything else in a woman! Of course, I don't mind if they are attractive to look at as well as gentle and sincere! You see, 'self-preservation' is the first law of human nature—and I have some married friends that tell me temperament and temper are the two 'T's in Matrimonial TNT.'"

"If you ask me to pick THE things about woman that attract a man—and me! Is it possible anyone has answered you in any language—but that of the Soul. Why, bless 'em, to me there are more attractive qualities in women than there are stars in the heavens."

"For these many years I have been married to one little woman, she is gentle, intelligent, a loving character—in fact, I am well off with all of them—women are the noblest work of God. You never reach the fullness of their natures even in a lifetime of companionship."

Now don't you agree with me Charlie Murray is a real red-headed gentleman?

Charles Farrell

"Tenderness and a calm, quiet nature," says Charlie Farrell. "What man doesn't love tenderness in a woman? Who can be so capable as a woman when she is cool and poised in nature? When in trouble is it not man's first thought to go to his loved one for tenderness and sympathy? It is the 'mothering instinct men love in their women!' I think he's right, after all is said and done!"

Are You Interested in Love?

If not, you will have no time for a story Dorothy Manners has contributed which tells of a half dozen or more current romances in the film colony.

Johyna Ralston and Dick Arlen are engaged. And Dario, the seer, advised them not to wed. . . . But . . .

See the December Motion Picture Magazine

On all news-stands by November First
Ever notice?
SOONER OR LATER most men reach a point, in everyday matters at least, where price is no longer all-important. They begin to look around for “something better.” And it is by no means an accident that just at this point so many men turn to Fatima

F A T I M A

"What a whale of a difference just a few cents make!"

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

On Location at Night
(Continued from page 37)
Monte is one of the bold brave boys in blue and khaki.

Men are standing on the side-lines having "crab fights," as a huge loud-speaker radio sends forth the voice of one of the soldiers singing jazz songs and comic parodies between scenes. This is the only diversion from—the crab, whirring bugs—and stinging sea-breeze!

A big open tent—back in the shadows—on our way home. Mess hall preparing midnight lunch for the "bunch." Stew, rice, potatoes, beans, cobbler and coffee. One round of hot black coffee—and home! Sigh of relief over fresh white sheets, soft mattress—no crabs—no bugs—sleepy thoughts—"Poor gang on location."

Oblivion.

As It Will All Appear on the Screen!

Soft, glowing moonlight on foaming waves, booming in to shore. A moon-bathed beach, lined with palm-trees rustling in the soft tropic breeze. Miles of little huddled canvas tents faintly seen in the shadows.

Full-throated men voices raised in rollicking song and boisterous laughter. Strong men at play!

The serious battle for life and country is pushed into the past. Tomorrow is the first day of leave after days, weeks, months of cruel, relentless, death dealing in a tropic clime.

There is the man, the native girl, moonlight, tropic beauty, romance and love.

No bugs, no crabs, no creeping sand! Nothing to break the serene beauty of the tropic night! Illusion!

Manufactured romance! God Bless the Movies! Long may they live!

Pola Negri's Dinner-Parties...

. . . They're events in the film colony. Joseph Hergesheimer was moved to lyric prose over a Negri dinner he attended.

Of course, half the secret of these dinners is Pola's excellent cook . . .

And next month we will give a menu of one of these dinners and the recipes of the various dishes which comprise the perfectly balanced courses.

Get the December Motion Picture Magazine . . . and surprise your friends the next time you give a dinner-party.
The answers to those questions printed in the foreword to this department, altho when someone writes an interesting letter, naturally I react to it, like everyone else. Your horoscope is indicative of a very pleasant personality backed up by a rather revengeful or vindictive temper, which you want to control because it may get you into trouble during the next three years—difficult ones for you at best. I would not advise you to try to get into the movies; you have more ability as medical man, banker or lawyer.

Norma E. C., August 11:
Your horoscope is a very fortunate one in spite of some difficulties during the coming year. You have good aspects for public appearances, friends in high places, and a very strong indication of marriage to a wealthy and worth-while man—the two qualifying words not necessarily synonymous, you know. It would be so easy for you to be successful in public life that it seems rather unfair that you, who are somewhat indifferent about it—I whisper in your private ear that you are a trifle lazy—should have the gifts of the gods handed to you willy-nilly on a solid gold platter while so many hard-working and ambitious folk struggle along thru a lifetime without an iota of the praise that comes to you naturally. Get busy, sister, and use some of this ability; also pass the applause along to others.

Altona C., July 21:
I haven't a doubt but that you like the emotional and artistic side of dramatic work, but how do you think you'd like the traveling about over the country week in and week out, two days in Chicago, two weeks in Atlantic City, a week in Cleveland, a week in Erie, a week in Pittsburgh and then a tour of one-night stands lasting three months thru the entire South? Not so much fun and yet the above is a verbatim list from a letter which reached my desk this morning from a comparatively successful actress. You like home and comfort too much to enjoy these changes and inconveniences. Why not use your talent for speaking in the welfare work that is equally strong with you? It would get you in a much happier position than the one you now are in.

Elise deW., April 17:
I consider your chances of professional work sufficiently strong to advise you to see about the ways and means of entering one of the big German companies producing such marvelous films at present. You may not be able to enter film work for another two years, due to conditions in your horoscope, but the talent is there and some very pronounced success in a foreign land. You are already abroad, so why make the rest come true. Be very careful of your throat at all times, particularly this fall.

Edwin C. R., September 21:
That's the right idea, Edwin. There isn't anybody who wont respond to a little attention. Flattery and telling 'em they have a sense of humor is one of the surefire ways to convince others that you are a discriminating youth with a great future ahead of you. Let's see what the horoscope says about it—you can't jolly the

(Continued on page 100)

Now—This fine "hard-milled" soap keeps your skin smooth—fragrant—youthful

Look closely at an exquisite complexion. Notice its clean, fine texture. Pores are practically invisible.

The Safest Beauty Treatment
Cleanliness is the surest way to enviable skin. But cleanliness is not mere application of soap and water. Care in the soap you use is most important. Choose Cashmere Bouquet as the soap for your face and hands. It is "hard-milled," which means the cake is hard and firm—not the least bit squdy. With Cashmere Bouquet only enough soap penetrates the pores to cleanse them. Thus no soap stays in the pores. It all dissolves, bringing dust and dirt out with it, leaving the pores clean and unstilled.

A Book of Beauty Secrets
This unusual booklet has been endorsed by an authority on beauty. Every statement is approved by an eminent skin specialist. Send for your copy and a trial cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Fill out the coupon.

COLOGATE & CO, Dept. 920
581 Fifth Avenue, New York.

I enclose 4c in postage. Please send me a ten-day treatment size of Cashmere Bouquet Soap and a copy of the new booklet.

Name__________________________
Address________________________

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
As Others See Us
(Continued from page 39)

An Open Letter to a Country Cousin

was some sort of trick camera stunt by which gradually changing the lights an actor can appear to age twenty years minus any change in make-up.

Yes, I'll get to fashion in a minute, but not until I've asked you to try and picture Lois Wilson, the demure, in flesh-silk-lace unmentionables, as she smashed wine glasses and waved a Sauterne bottle. Don't be alarmed, dear, your Lois is still as sweet as a mayflower. It was only a scene for "The Great Gatsby" and alter each rehearsal or show she would call for more water for her "wine bottle."

Everyone on the set envied her that day, from Herbert Brenon in his shirt-sleeves to your own cousin in an exceedingly clinging satin.

We may shop together soon if she is still in town...and I have made tentative arrangements with Alice Joyce for another shopping excursion.

The latter, by the way, convinced me of the joys of being a movie star when she said, "I've seen flocks very similar to your black satin dolman, and they're the smartest things I have."

(My one such flock is almost thru at the elbow.)

But really, dolmans are the leading influence in both coats and dresses. Bloused backs and tight hips, tiered skirts, peplums and front draperies are being featured too. Sleeves are either long and tight or quite elaborate.

And now, Patsy, your fashion lecture is really beginning. About hats, furs, shoes, gloves, materials, colors and so forth.

Materials for day wear will be probably plain and plaid velvets, dull canton satins and moiré. Moiré is doing well in New York now but may not last thru the season.

Plain straight little frocks of velvet and tailored cloth dresses will be good.

For evening...pastel satin for frocks, moiré, lamé and metal brocade. Shawls promise to be well liked as wraps.

The skirt length now from twelve to fourteen inches from the floor, may be quite a bit longer, particularly for evening, if the Paris houses may be judged from their August collections.

Colors.—Browns, all shades...much coffee, beige...green, the dark shades...reds, Burgundy and all wine colors

and, of course, black will be much favored.

Hats.—At last hats show definite signs of being more elaborate. The tall draped turbans, the very striking in several tones of colored velvet, are not universally becoming. But brimmed hats are making an effort to come back. There will be more velvet hats, but felt and grosgrain continue to hold their own. Feathers, too, are shown in long, sweeping lines from one side down over the shoulder.

Purses are most popular in the shape of the pouch bag, in satin and soft leather, tho the envelope still continues.

Shoes are smartest when of soft dull, black kid. All shades of brown, and even moiré again, are shown. Styles are something more elaborate for day wear and decidedly so for the evening. These are often beautifully pearl-embroidered or elaborately bejeweled. Pastel tones are best.

Gloves continue to be plain. The fancy cuffs are gone for a long time.

Hose will, of course, tone with the shoes. Some of the newest shades are "alesan," a soft tan..."even glow," a castor gray...and "Dorado," a golden brown.

Furs will be dyed in lovely colors for evening. H. Jaceckel has been showing some beautifuliatrics caused by soft fox, tinted the palest green, mauve, peach, etc.

For day wear beaver will probably predominate, and in the long-haired furs whole skins will trim wraps and coats...tails and all.

Jewelry! Paris is jewel-mad. Smart women here who can afford it, are having jewels made in sets for gowns instead of gowns for jewels, as before.

Red stones, rubies, garnets, etc., are favored. Coral is being revived. So is crystal. These are the most worn, but slave chains (and this is good news for those of us who cannot afford to support a "ven" for costly jewels) are bigger and better than ever.

And that, darling, is all for now. I've a cramp in my wrist. Next time I shall try to have ready several inexpensive late Christmas gifts that you may send for.

My love to everyone,

GRACE.

Bobbed Hair?

Lovely! But—

Unsightly hair on the back of the neck spoils the effect. This is easily and harmlessly overcome in a few minutes with the well-known and well-liked Del-a-tone Cream or Del-a-tone (powder). For nearly twenty years millions of women, beauty specialists and physicians have preferred safe, sure Del-a-tone for removing unsightly hair from face, neck, arms and limbs. Apply, and in a few minutes hair is all gone—skin white and velvety smooth.

The new Del-a-tone Cream is the only snow-white, fragrant hair-removing cream that removes hair in three minutes. A test will convince you that it is best.

Some Do's and Don'ts Regarding Masculine Attire
(Continued from page 39)

collar, English Worcester, was made attached to the skirt.

Collars should be made on the shirt, not attached.

There should never be vents in either business suits or dinner coats, only in sports, where they are, of course, necessary.

In full dress never wear an opera hat, and always wear a white vest and always when in the company of a lady, full dress should be worn.

A black vest always with a dinner coat...and in all evening dress the collar must be of the coat material, never of silk.

The lapels only.

And never wear a double-breasted dinner coat.

Thus Menjou.

Shopping Service

Anyone wishing to take advantage of Grace Corson's expert shopping service in connection with the articles mentioned on page 39, may address Miss Corson, care of Shopping Service, Motion Pictur Magazine, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Send either a check or money order, payable to Motion Picture Magazine, for exact amount of the desired purchase. Be sure to give color, size and other additional details and do not fail to write your name and address plainly and in full.
Summer-Time All Year Round
(Continued from page 50)

even add a three-cornered cushion, which is considered a bit amusing just now. We would have made these pillows myself if I were at all handy with my needle, if I were a young hostess, and I would make the edges plain—just with ordinary inside seams or I would make boxings, that is, a plain three-inch band where the sides are put together. If you feel that your cushions would be too plain this way you might bind or pipe them with another color, thereby bringing in a note of contrast.

A slip-cover of bright linen or chintz or cretonne, introducing the color of your pillows combined with the other colors in the room, will be another thing which spells of spring-time. Some people use slip-covers in the summer only. I am in favor of using at least an occasional slip-cover all the year round. A dingy chair can be so rejuvenated by a slip-cover that it will not only look like new but will add a great deal of charm to the whole room as well.

Until now I have only discussed bringing summer-time into the general living-room. If you have room for it, there is a far lovelier way of making the home seem as if it were always summer—and this is by having a regular summer-room—a sun-room—all the year round. Many people have sun-rooms—and, alas, too few of them know what to put into them. The average sun-room, even if it has steam heat so that it may be used all year round, looks little enough like sun and summer. The average sun-room contains a set of dull wicker furniture, not very well chosen, an awkward wicker lamp—a table, perhaps a piece of left-over furniture from another room—and that's all. The result is that it's bare and uninviting even in the summer-time. And in the winter, unless it is actually needed for space, it is neglected altogether. If your sun-room is properly decorated, it can be so surprisingly successful that your guests will almost hold their breath when they see it for the first time. Even if you haven't a regulation sun-room, if you can take a small den or study or any other seldom-used room in the house, you can work this same transformation.

In making an all-the-year-round summer room, the first thing is that the room shall be as light as possible. The real sun-room will be light, of course. If the room itself is dull, you must manipulate cleverly so that the room will have the appearance of having a great deal of light and cheerfulness.

Walls, then, first of all. You need not be so conservative with color in your sun-room as you would have to be in the other rooms of the house. Your sun-room may be your old room, bizzarre, even, and still charming. To make the room cheery, the walls must be as light and gay as possible. If I were decorating a sun-room today, I would make a wall cheerful light yellow or a soft green. These colors are both perfect for sun-rooms. If I wanted my walls papered, I would use a paper with a cream or pale green background, ground sprayed with bright flowers and birds. I would make my woodwork the same color as my walls so it just a little deeper in shade. This two-tone effect will give variety and charm to the room. I would make my ceilings cream. The floors might be any of half a dozen things. If the floors are wood, I would stain them

Here's the Remarkable New way of removing Cleansing Cream

that experts say makes an almost unbelievable difference in the fineness of your skin

No more oily skins. Your make-up holds hours longer than before. Instead of towels, clothes, or paper make-shifts, you use this deliciously soft new, wholly different material—27 times as absorbent!

Please accept a 7-day supply to try

MODERN beauty science has discovered that the way you remove cleansing cream has an almost amazing influence on the texture and softness of your skin.

Now a new way has been found—one that ends oily nose and skin conditions, remarkably. That holds your make-up fresh for hours longer than before. That largely ends skin imperfections and eruptions.

Virtually every prominent motion picture star employs this method. Foremost beauty specialists are urging it as marking a new era in skin care.

The only way that removes germ-laden matter from the pores

This new way is called Kleenex "Kerchiefs—absorbent. A new kind of material; different from any other you have ever seen; developed in consultation with leading authorities in skin care solely for the removal of cleansing cream.

It comes in exquisite, aseptic sheets of handkerchief size. You use it, then discard it.

It is the first method known that removes all cleansing cream, dirt, grime and germ-laden matter from the pores.

No more soiled towels

Soft as down and white as snow, it is 27 times as absorbent as an ordinary towel. It ends the "soiled towel" method that is dangerous to skin beauty. It avoids the harshness of paper make-shift ways.

Because it removes all dangerous matter and grease from the pores, it combats greasy skin and nose conditions. A greasy skin often means, cold cream left in the skin which the pores constantly exude.

KLEENEX

KERCHIEFS

To Remove Cold Cream—Sanitary

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Gargle

Dissolve two “BAYER TABLETS OF ASPIRIN” in four tablespoonfuls of water and gargle thoroughly.

Swallow some of the solution. Don’t rinse the mouth. Repeat gargle every two hours if necessary.

This is an effective gargle proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians.

Safe Accept only “Bayer” package. Look for the “Bayer Cross.”

Handy “Bayer” boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacochis, Seltzit.

For

TONSILITIS
and
SORE
THROAT

The floor itself might be of tile—and this is the ideal sun-room floor. Square tiles, a bit irregular, with a mat finish in blue-green or red, is the perfect floor for the sun-room. Few of us may have rooms with tiled floors, however, as tiles are expensive. The next best floor for the sun-room would be of cement, marked into squares to simulate tile really is not an attempt at imitation, so you needn’t be afraid to use it. A red cement floor and green or light yellow or cream walls make a color combination that is most attractive all the year round.

Cane and rattan furniture are both nice for open porches but if I were furnishing a sun-room to be used in winter I believe I would choose fiber or wicker—a wicker would be my first preference. The weave of wicker is closer than that of cane or rattan and it has a sense of coziness that the other summer furniture does not have. Too, it comes in most pleasing and artistic designs and is quite comfortable as well.

I would not accept any of the regular “sets of furniture” but for my sun-room I would choose the pieces I liked and then select the color for them. I would have no rocking-chairs in my sun-room, first because in nearly all cases rocking-chairs are in bad taste and, second, because a better-looking room can be secured without them. I would choose a pair of armchairs, first, only a pair of comfortable armchairs I would try these out and let a tall man try them out to be sure that they are comfortable. Too many wicker chairs, the decorative enough and comfortable, for the small woman, are almost useless for resting-places for a man of average or above average build. Next I would choose a table and I would see that this table is large enough for magazines and books and cooking—or warming—drinks as well.

Now I would add a comfortable couch, a settle or a divan. One very large chair would be good, too, if the porch were large enough for it. To this wicker furniture I would add a pair of straight chairs in either wicker or wood and a nest of occasional tables. I would have all of this painted the same color excepting the occasional tables which might be one contrasting hue. I would use a wicker lamp, or such superficial articles as wicker flower holders or wicker bird-cages. Nothing makes a room so softly and so restful as a room that is too crowded with wicker. By combining wood in graceful lines with the wicker you can achieve light and more pleasing results than if all wicker were used.

I would choose the color of my wicker with care. Black wicker with light walls is always pleasing. Nor have I ever seen a sun-room done in natural colors that was not pleasing if the colors that were used with it were well chosen. In fact, I think these two standards are my favorites. I do not like natural wicker because it resembles wood too much, and so long as you are using material that can be painted, there is no use applying wood stains to it. Any contrast in color in wicker are good if the color is right. Black antiqued with gray gives a very attractive effect. Wicker gray is splendid—one of the best. Blue antiqued with gray until it is a silver tone is lovely, too.

dark and add cheerful rag or rush rugs. Matting rugs are most satisfactory and look like summer, too. A tan matting rug in oval or square design with a black border with, if you like, one other color in the border will make the room cheerful, calm and summerlike.
Ivory wicker antiqued with a deeper ivory is nice, but a trille too ‘dressy’ for the average home where it will be in use every day.

After you have chosen your wicker and have had it stained or enamelled, then choose the cretonne for window drapes and for cushions. To achieve a truly symmetrical effect I would use big, splasgy, brilliant cretonne in floral designs, in which orange, black, green and yellow are prominent. These colors will usually give you the best result. I would use cushions of this material and would use them in pairs of three, or in threes.

In addition I would use a straight valance and, if the room needed it, side curtains as well. If the windows were small and the walls were papered, I would use simple glass curtains of soft orange yellow or green instead of cretonne at the sides of the windows. If the room were green, I would use yellow or orange curtains, and if the room were cream or yellow I would use curtains of green or orange.

I would have extra cushions of the cretonne for both beauty and comfort—for a wicker chair is comfortable only if there are enough cushions. I'd use plain colored cushions as well, choosing bright colors—and those which predominate in the cretonne used for cushions and curtains would be best.

If you like to swing and your porch is large, you could get a big swing or porch hammock in the same cretonne or one that tones in with the cretonne you are using. This would be appropriate for the room and useful as well.

I would use plain wrought-iron lamps—perhaps a pair of bridge lamps would be best. I think I would have parchment or silk shades in bright yellow, a pale cream or orange. These bright shades will make the room seem cheery and summery-like, too.

I would keep the room simple. I would use no pictures on my walls at all, tho if possible I would put in a shelf to hold flowers. I think I would build a trellis at one end of the room and I'd put a flower box on the floor beneath it and in this I would plant a beautiful sprig of roses which will be the ivy climbing up the trellis on the wall and stay green even in winter. Besides this I would have a few potted plants all in one of my windows. These do not make much extra work and they add beauty and a summer quality to the room. And of course I'd have cut flowers when I could.

Can you visualize your sun-room? Bright walls, gay cushions and curtains, comfortable wicker furniture, lamps, occasional tables drawn magnetically near the wicker chairs, a fl at at all places would be perfect.

Read what Stephen Gooson, the interior decorator of First National Pictures, suggests for bedroom decoration in the December Motion Picture Magazine... on the newsstands November 1st.

What About Your Bedrooms?

Too often we concentrate upon our living-room... and neglect the bedroom, perhaps... So much can be done with a bedroom... it can be given a quiet charm and a tranquility which will make you feel at ease.

See the Age Lines Vanish! Blackheads, Oli

The health and beauty of the hair depend chiefly upon the condition of the scalp. Normal capillary circulation and nerve tone mean well-nourished roots—strong, vigorous hair shafts—lively, lustrous hair.

Important also, of course, is that the scalp be kept really clean. Excellent, for these purposes is Liquid Silmerine, a valuable preparation which in a wholesome effect, invigorating tissues, improving circulation. And it effectively eliminates dandruff, droll, excess oiliness. Always use before shampooing.

For the strength and welfare of your hair—for intensifying its natural color—for keeping it delightfully soft, silky, with a gleamy gloss and sheen—use Liquid Silmerine regularly. It's a toilet requisite.

For straight hair, men, women, children—Silmerine is the ideal dressing. Keeps hair smooth and neat all day without friction, without being greasy or sticky. Makes unruly hair easy to manage.

The health and beauty of the hair—professional for years—used by thousands of salons and elsewhere. Liquid Silmerine brings out the hidden beauty.
**GLO-CO**

**LIQUID HAIR DRESSING**

**SEND NO MONEY**

Gamut No. 4132—Solid Gold Men’s Initial or Emblem Ring, 2 Genuine Diamond, 4-100 each, 14-Kt. White Gold top, Gold Emblem (any Lodge) or any Initial (Gold English) Yellow or white Gold Crown or Bar, (all is under warranty).

**HOPE RUBY**

Also, in Black Onyx

**$25**

No. 6592


---

**Advertising Section**

"Shall I Go Into the Movies?" (Continued from page 95)

Stars, you know. The verdict there is that your talents are about equally divided between writing and acting. You have the ability to get the ladies on your side—a big thing in the success of any actor or writer, and also enough analytical ability to judge the favor of the multitude at its true worth. I would suggest to you that you finish a college education if possible, take courses in journalism and try for fiction work. You would find that the purely emotional appeal of the stage would not satisfy you in later life.

Laranda S. P., April 11:

Now, listen, my dear; you have the Moon in the sign Virgo, technically speaking. When translated into everyday language, this means that you have a personality—shown by the position of the Moon always—which is aloof, reserved, snobbish, if you like, and highly critical and fastidious indeed all this. The fiery position of your Sun in the sign Aries makes you want to express animation, emotion and fire, but you cannot break thru that barrier which your own soul sets up about you. Understand this in yourself and make it work for you. You can write, for Virgo is a writing sign and some of our best authors have the Moon so placed, but probably you will never be able to act, for acting requires abandon—and that you have not. Don’t waste time wishing for things you have not, but use the talents you were handed when you left the pearly gates.

Mrs. E. B., August 31:

What makes you think it’s too late for you to do what you want to do? You are not tripping over your whiskers yet, you know, and the vast majority of mankind does not know what life is all about until they have passed thirty, anyway. Get busy and go to art school. Don’t tell me you can’t manage it. For I know very well that one can do what one sets out to do if the desire is sufficiently strong. Just as long as you sit on the front porch and watch the procession go by, you’ll be a dissatisfied and none too pleasant woman. You should be right in the paradise yourself. This is timely advice and may not set well with the family, but that I leave to you. If you cannot attend school you can at least take a correspondence course and still manage to get the dishes washed on time.

Miss Winnipeg, May 20:

Probably you have some genuine dramatic talent. You have a difficulty in the position of the restricted planet Saturn in part of the horoscope connected with the public reception of your work, however, and it will always be hard for you to gain the support of your audience. I will say in absolute truth that once having gained their favor you can retain it. This is advice to make up your mind to a long struggle if you once embark on a stage or screen career. My own opinion would be that it would be wiser for you to be content with your present talents and settle down to the task of making some good man better.

P. C., November 29:

Why waste time in studying to perfect yourself in such a difficult field as illustrating if you intend to drop it as soon as possible. (Continued on page 102)
Diamond Tom Mix

(Continued from page 21)

stroooong man, Tom, when practising his lariat, four shooters or whatever impedimenta it is that go with being a man’s man. We were clad in a cotton frock as best befitting the atmosphere of the Great Outdoors and we bore in mind, too, that out where men are men “frilly” women are despised the kidnapped and everything.

We wanted to fit as well as might be into the frame of sage-brush and cactus and prairie-dogs or whatever it is they have out where the West begins.

Now, right here, we want to warn you that once the door of the Biltmore suite opened to us we can veraciously report no longer because—we could see no longer. Not the blind staggered contracted from Tom . . . no, no, not that . . . but read on . . . read on . . . you may as well, you haven’t anything else to do.

At first, after the opening of the door, we couldn’t understand why the hand of God had smit us so suddenly and so horri-

bly right at an apex in our journalistic career. Then, as thru a glutter dimly, we began to realize that our opthalmia came from looking straight into the concentrated heart of—a diamond mine.

Tom Mix was wearing the diamond mine.

We peered. We ogled. We tried to rub the diamond dust from our affronted optics. We strove with our lashes and brows and the backs of our quivering hands. We saw—or we think we saw—now mind you, we only think—we can’t be sure—we never will be sure—but we think we saw, en-blazoned in splendor, a stomacher sheathing a stable waist-line—an escutcheon encircling the Mix waist—a sheath—a script of diamonds spelling out the name T-O-M M-I-X!

It took us some time to recover enough to penetrate over the threshold. Cataracts were roaring in our ears. We didn’t like to ask if we were in the right suite—as maybe we were not—for fear the tearful splendor—the diamond dream—would fade away and we would find ourselves in the lusterless dark fingering a ninety-eight cent string of department store pearls.

We peered once more. Upon a finger, the general tone of which, we think, was brown, there blazoned forth another sun of the earth in rays of scarlet, jade and topaz . . . here . . . there . . . everywhere . . . facets of light . . . points, splinters, modicums, veinlets of light!

All of them, all of them, emanating from the person that was Tom Mix. And thru them, we caught fractional glimpses of a figure more Brummellish than Brummel, more Beauith than Beau, a figure that would have put a Bond Street tailor to shrieking shame. . . a figure clad in palest cream—the coat lined with mandarin scarlet and picked out, bound, lapelled in the same vivid tone . . . patent-leather extremities . . . boots that strapped with cream straps under elegant patent-leather boots . . . and, near-by, a sombrero of mammoth proportions also “done” in cream, also picked out and corded in mandarin scarlet.

From an adjoining room, in the direction of which we feebly turned our spinning head, came so strong a glitter and glare that we shudder and turned back again, but not before catching what must have been the aura and penumbra of Mrs. Tom Mix.

It was at just about this time that cold compresses were pressed down upon us and we were carried forth, a stricken creature who, not having been raised on diamonds, could but see them and die.

You can take it or leave it. It may have been a delusion but we believe it to have been Tom Mix. And that’s where the West begins . . .

Transform Your Skin!

I have the honor to present a new kind of cosmetic . . . an amazing skin whitener . . . that often brings bewildering beauty to an ordinary skin in just 3 to 6 days. It not only clears your skin of every blemish . . . it simply transforms your skin from ordinary texture to smooth, lumi-

nous, ivory whiteness.

NEW KIND OF LOTION Whitens . . . Clears . . . Smooths

Some skins are dull, sallow—some are tanned, freckled, reddened—weather has roughened and neglect has robbed some skins of freshness and smoothness—rare indeed is the clear white skin! But now every woman who wants a glorious complexion can have it.

My marvelous discovery whitens the skin to almost milk-white. It smooths the skin to flawless, velvet texture. In 1 or 2 days all trace of freckles, tan and sallowness fade out. Blackheads and im-

perfections disappear completely.

Never before have women had such a cosmetic. Never before have such amazing results been possible.

From all over the world comes praise of this new preparation—men, from American and English women in China, India, Australia. They call it the most important beauty discovery of the age.

Test It . . . Whiten Your Neck

Use my Lotion Face Bleach to whiten your face, hands, or the back of your neck, where the skin is usually much darker than on the face. Test it—see what a striking improvement just three days makes.

Large Bottle . . . Fully Guaranteed!

Send no money. Simply mail the coupon, and when the package arrives pay the postman only 35.00 for the regular largeliter bottle. Use this wonderful cosmetic six days, then if you are not more delighted, I will refund your money without comment. Treat out the coupon now and mail it today to (Mrs.) Gertrude Graham, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

GERVAISE GRAHAM

Lotion Face BLEACH

(Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM,

Dept. M-14, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago

Send me, postage prepaid, one Lotion Face Bleach. On arrival, I will pay postman only 35.00. If not delighted after six days’ use, you will at once refund my money.

(You may enclose money order or check, if you expect to be out when the postman calls.)

Name:__________________________

Address:_______________________

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Pagi

101

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
"Shall I Go Into the Movies?"

(Continued from page 100)

you can make enough money at it to go to Hollywood? It doesn’t sound sensible to me.
You have a very interesting horoscope but I don’t believe you have given me the right time of birth because your ideas, your very characteristic handwriting and the way your letter formations do not at all coincide with a chart made for a few minutes before midnight on the 29th of your month. Your horoscope shows that your best work is dramatic criticism; your handwriting points to design and mechanical skill. Which is right? Personally I think the chart was wrong and that you entered the world some months after midnight, which would bear out the artistic career as the proper one for you. Your difficulty is not being able to stick to one thing.

J. K., February 12:

There is no particular method by which I can tell from your horoscope the amount of so-called “sex appeal” which you may or may not possess. I would venture to say that you have it, however, and so you know, as you say, it’s probably because you either give them the eye or else look funny to them. If they bother you very much, it might be wise to turn on some angles.

Your horoscope shows you that just as soon as you marry all this annoyance will cease, for you will get a wife with a temper of her own and the minute any strange female trespasses on her premises there will be a hurry call for the ambulance.

Frances R., April 24:

(Your knowledge is a little just ahead of you. It is really a nice kid, only he ought not to go around telling people how crazy everybody is about him, don’t you agree with me?"

Your horoscope indicates government work, writing, business or something very technical and practical rather than stage work or teaching as the proper career for you. You have a strenuous time ahead of you in your work, a very interesting and unusual set of experiences. Some time will come when you get around to teaching or a smaller stage work, but it will be necessary for you to learn a good many problems which will otherwise be dark mysteries to you. The aspects next December are not favorable for you to avoid danger at this time and take immediate care of any symptoms of throat trouble. But don’t take up the movies; you would not agree with them at all.

R. A. G., February 15:

I disregarded your request to use the envelope because I cannot undertake to answer people personally thru the auspices of this department, and your letter deserved an early reply. You would be very successful in motion picture work and I advise you strongly to keep on with it, but at the present your aspects are not right for cutting loose from your friends in the East and trying your fortunes in Hollywood. There is a temporary condition here which makes it difficult for you and your own chart just now is very adverse. Just keep drilling along until next winter, meanwhile getting along with any friends you may have out here and preparing a way to make yourself known to directors and managers on the Coast. Look at the horoscope in the next lesson; you lesson just now is to learn to wait, then when you go on to the next class next year you will get some better breaks.
A Daughter In the Movies
(Continued from page 46)
and is a star...and almost all her time is given to her work...I know that she is perfectly all right without me at the studio.
She always calls me up at noon...to let me know how things are going. And when she is thru, her father generally runs in for her.
With her days so busy, I do all her shopping. We are, luckily, about the same size, and have very much the same tastes. So I take her fittings, after the first one, and pick out her clothes. They are sent home and she selects what she wants.
And raising a daughter in the movies is no different from out—that I can see.
Like all mothers...
You want her to have high ideals of life...and try to live up to them.
You like her to know nice people.
You want to know where she is, and whom she is with.
You like to be as much of a companion to her as possible, to keep up with her interests, and to look at things from her view-point.
I know all Pat's friends—charming, clever, lovable boys and girls—both in and out of pictures.
And our home is always open to them.
We like them to come here for their fun.
I want the house lived in, and I don't mind in the least how much the floors get scuffed up, doing Charlestons and Carolina hops.
About a few things I am strict—and they all know, and abide by my rules.
One is, that Pat must be in bed at a reasonable hour when she has to be up for work early the next morning. And if they stay too late, I just shoo them out.
And Pat will be the first to leave a party, in order to be in bed before twelve.
For her work comes before anything else, and she is never late on the set.
She has a decided mind of her own—and the courage of her convictions.
She has never cared to take a drink, and so she doesn't, nor will she go anywhere when she knows the crowds is uncongenial.
I do not feel that I am responsible. She just is that way.
But one thing I have always tried to make both children feel—that they should be leaders—not followers. To do what they know is right—and stand by it. That what other people do is not our concern.
It is only what we do ourselves.
We talk everything over with Pat, very frankly.
I realize things are changing, that we are constantly going ahead, in ideas and in achievement, and that girls today know so much more about the world, and life, than they did when I was twenty. And so they should...because they are thrown more in contact with it.
But it's like a dash of cold water at first, getting used to the things they know and openly discuss. Then, it's all right.
Pat says I am not quite so bad as I was...not quite so mid-Victorian.
But I still worry about her. A mother just can't help it.
I do not like her to be out at night. On the rare occasions when she has had to work late, I am so afraid of automobile accidents. There are so many reckless drivers.
It is not that I am afraid of anything Pat might do. I am always sure of her good judgment.
We have never had any trouble with Patsy. She has been too busy, with her constantly changing interests. They have absorbed all her spare time and energy.
The house is periodically being rocked.

Between Pat and Brother, who is sixteen, there is always a lively competition...for he goes in for the same things and tries to outdo her. Right now it is tennis...Below are Brother, Pat and Mr. Oscar Miller

Stoeb

BE alluring!

Give Yourself
That Irresistible Charm
Which Once Swayed
Empires and
Conquered Kings!

Such intriguing beauty, so History tells us, came from the use of a rare, white mineral earth found only on the island of Lemnos, off the coast of ancient Greece.

It Worked Like Magic!

Just a few applications brought such exquisite loveliness to complexion that it was pronounced Sacred by the Priests of Diana who gave it the name of Diana's Earth. Later, by Royal Decree it was reserved exclusively for women of noble birth.

PEACH BLOOM

Since that day Diana's Earth was thought lost forever. But just recently the miraculous happened! An American Mineralogist, while surveying near Hot Springs, Ark., was astounded to find another small deposit of this precious beautifier.

Now, at last, your complexion can have that alluring charm and loveliness of early ages, for genuine Diana's Earth, now called PEACH BLOOM, has been re-discovered.

BEAUTY GUARANTEED!

Regardless of the present condition of your skin, Peach Bloom will restore quickly the beauty Nature intended you should have. And this magic improvement will be so apparent once you have tried PEACH BLOOM that you will never again be without it.

The coupon below carries our Positive Beauty Guarantee, which likewise applies to your purchase of Peach Bloom from any Drug or Department Store, Beauty or Barber Shop in the United States.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

PEACH BLOOM MINERAL CORP.,
228 N. Wells St., Dept. 83, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me postpaid a 12-Treatment jar of PEACH BLOOM for which I am enclosing $.
If after three treatments my skin fails to respond to the extent expected, I may return the unused portion and my $ will be immediately and cheerfully refunded.

Name
Address
City...State...
by outbursts of enthusiasm over some new hobby, from tennis to playing the ukulele, or re-creating her room.

And we all "stay with the guns" until it is mastered. She never leaves it until it is.

Between Pat and Brother, who is sixteen, there is always a lively competition . . . for he goes in for the same things and tries to outdo her.

Both children have one habit of which I do not approve. They go to bed with their books, at night, and read. But it gives them so much enjoyment that I cannot say anything.

We have never regretted taking the step that brought us to California. Pat is happy over her work . . . and now that she is under the direction of Lubitsch, she feels that she has been rewarded for all she has put in these five years.

He has just started the picture, a French comedy, and she can hardly wait to get to the studio in the mornings. For characterizations are the things that interest Pat. And no one can give them quite the real and subtle touch that Lubitsch can.

And in the studio, I have found the atmosphere—the influences (that outsiders seem to feel exist) have hurt Pat in the least.

Instead, she is learning some of the real essentials of life—without which no one can succeed.

She is learning to meet the rough places, the disappointments, the discouragements, head-on.

For work does not always run smoothly, and things are not always pleasant.

And she has come in contact with some fine, big-hearted people who have gone far out of their way to help her in her work and whom we are proud to have as friends.

The Favorite Moreno Luncheon

(Continued from page 34)

long as the potato admits. Drop into boiling grease. When nearly done, remove potatoes with skimmer and drain. Boil grease again, drop potatoes back in and fry until done. This operation permits the potatoes to swell and puff.

Melons: All melons should be served chilled, not iced.

Motion Picture Junior

(Continued from page 64)

thing we pleased to play with so long as we played at home.

I remember that one day I built a chariot. It was a pretty good chariot—but it wasn't a horse. I had found a large rubber toy, so I had my own ride and I was the horse.

When I was back home a few months ago making personal appearances, the old ties all came alive and asked me if I remembered how I used to dress my brother up in Kathleen's costumes!

They used to call me "Hotstuff" at home. -H.R.

As I grew bigger, the other boys my age would come over to play with my twin and they'd all say: "Oh, Hots, make us a haystack. What would you want us to build us a fort?" but they'd never let me play with them. I was too big. When I was fourteen I was six feet tall.

For years I tried everything to remove wrinkles which marred my beauty, hindered my progress in social life and made me look old before my time, but without results.

One day a friend who had just returned from abroad gave me this wonderful nail discoloration remedy I was never to have, and has preserved the youthful appearance of the finest Egyptian beauties. I tried it on a few wrinkles—my hands and face. I could not believe my eyes. After a few applications wrinkles and worry lines faded away. In a few days my skin became firm and youthful freshness was restored.

This Priceless Secret Yours

Why look old? Why allow wrinkles, blemishes, or pimples to mar your appearance when they can be harmlessly removed at a magic? No mussing—no painful electric treatments—no harmful chemicals.

Remover.

Hyruline.

Ruga Creme is at beauty salons everywhere. Get it back new youth to your face. Try it.

Special $5 offer Now $1.69

only the jar for a person.

Our laboratories have selected a limited supply of these rare ingredients. 10,000 jars of Ruga Creme are held in stock by special offer to introduce. Just pay postage $1.49 to cover laboratory expense. Above a hundred few pence postage. If after third treatment you do not notice a decided improvement, return purchase and your money back.

Don't miss this amazing offer, get it while you can.

Send Cash with Foreign Orders.

Jean Laboratories, 40 Palestine St.

Chicago, Ill.

DONALD BARTON's

MONEY BEAUTY LOVE VITALITY

Donald Barton, physical director of one of the University's largest and best known secretions in the world, is an expert in his line.

For the first time, he has written this book, "How to Get What You Want," to show you how you can achieve success and happiness in any season of life.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOK

Even after the first rate has been reached you can still get better results at very little expense. And all the more reasons why you should read "How to Get What You Want." Did you ever know for firsthand success how to get your money's worth when you've got it?

FREE MILLION DOLLAR BARGAIN BOOK

How to make thousands of dollars and build a fortune. A book that is worth more than its weight in gold.

Send for the free book today.

J. M. LYNCH & CO.

DEPT 342 2 MAIN STREET

NEW YORK, N. Y.

PERSONAL Appearance is now more than ever the keynote of success both in social ambitions and in business. Here are some samples of things that can be done.

Write today for particulars, testimonials and free copy of practical physiological booklet which tells you how to correct almost any handicap with little effort.

M. TRITLEY, SPECIALIST

1835 L. W. U. Building, Binghamton, N. Y.
illusion that the sound was coming from the artists who simultaneously appeared on the screen. And the incident, they say, is as easy to operate as an ordinary moving picture projection machine.

But the registering of the sounds is a little more intricate. The first is accomplished by a high quality microphone, with an electrical amplifying apparatus and sound-registering mechanism. It is not necessary for the artists to crowd before the microphone in unnatural positions, as registration may be carried on at some distance from the sound equipment. By means of electrical currents, the registered sound waves are then picked up, passed into an amplifier, and by means of loud speaking telephones these vibrations are transformed into sound.

The synchronization is accomplished by a master camera, which controls the sound registration apparatus, and grinds continuously while the other cameras are taking close-ups. But the reproduction of sound does not necessarily have to be seen to give life to each of the scenes as they are photographed. For the music, or whatever the sound may be, can be cued, and then registered in synchronization with the film. This would make it possible to provide musical programs or other accompaniments of sound for any picture which has been filmed.

The Vitaphone is the wonderful invention that the optimists of years ago prophesied, tho as a matter of fact its mechanism is as old and feeble attempts. Its tones are clear and resonant, its volume perfectly regulated, so that the sounds and the figures on the screen are timed to each other, and create an almost perfect illusion. It is destined to have a tremendous effect on moving picture presentations.

The immediate purpose of the Vitaphone, however, is not to introduce talking movies. We believe they are inevitable even then they do not intrigue us personally, but it is our conviction that the motion pictures belong to the art of pantomime.

But in the almost immediate future the Vitaphone will be used to advantage in and audiences in small towns where the capacity of the theaters will not permit a large, expensive orchestra. By the installation of an electrical sound-registering mechanism, these theaters will be able to have the musical score of whatever feature they are showing played by splendid musicians.

There is a curious twist to this, too. Moving picture patrons have been crying "Banish the prolog!" Many have preferred to take their movie fare in small houses, to escape the interminable programs of third-rate music, dancing and song that are dealt out in the large picture theaters.

Now there will be no escape. Atmospheric phlegms will be within the grasp of every exhibitor.

However, even the moving pictures themselves be accompanied by dialogue, and converted into the spoken drama, it would mean a complete change in the technique of picture making. The aim of directors now is to tell their stories with as little recourse to words as possible. Pantomime is the important thing, and the whole trend of pictures has been toward accomplishing perfection in that art. If the Vitaphone became established as an integral part of moving pictures, it would mean the breaking down of the old standards and establishing of a new ideal of the screen.
and leave me in hotel. I stay there for two weeks and the clerk come to me, says where is your manager. I say he went out to get match, and the clerk says I better get out and follow him, so I am thrown out of this swell dump. I just being Turk and go down and talk to whoops in the town. One nice Italian boy helps me get a match and I pick up thirty-eight dollar and go to Pittsburgh.

There I meet a promoter who gets match for me in Rochester and I make hundred sixty-five dollar for losing match. The big bun wrestle with him throw me off platform onto piano. But I dont care I make all this money, so I go back to promoter. He gets me another match and I flop the guy and win two hundred and fifty bucks. I should get more because the theater is packed and my share is one-fourth, but I am just a dumb whop, you know what I mean. The promoter pay me in dollar bill. That night I go to the hotel, lock the doors, spread the bills all over the bed and lay down on top and go to sleep. Boy! I never have seen so much jack! This is the racket for me.

I go back to New York and when I meet my friends they say how did you get out, Louise? You better hide. I dont know what they mean, but I find out there is a guy with the same name as mine gets twenty years in the big house for sticking up a bank. I say, Aw! Whatta hell is the matter, I dont hold up bank. I around awhile to show them I am not the guy who robs banks.

I get a job working in a show at Coney Island, five bucks a night. The second night I go to work I look at the sign on front of the show. It says: "Jim Galvin, The Irish Giant." "Leo Fardello, Italian Champ." "Neil Olson, Terrible Swede." "Bull Montana, Middlewast Champ." I go to the Jew and I say you dont put up my name. He says sure your name is Bool Montana. I say where do you get that stuff. He say sounds better, and I am such a dumb-bell I dont know so all right, that's good. Then I say where is my five bucks for last night? So he gives me the five bucks. I dont know it but the Jew has put a piece in the paper that day and says I am Stanley Ketchel's sparring partner. That night he induces me to big crowd in front of the show. He says, "Mr. Bool Montana, Middlewast champion." Everybody yell, "Hurray, Cowboy! Hurray, cowboy!" and I go over big, so I dont think the name is so damn bad and I go in and flop the guy I am matched with.

I meet another manager and he says, he wants me to go to Boston and wrestle. He say that's fine. I got to Boston and meet the champ of New England, who has the same manager as mine. We have a match before a big crowd and I flop the champ of New England. My manager he gets madder than hell and says what did I flop the guy for? I was supposed to let him flop me. The manager fired me and I go back to New York.

I go to George Barthner's gym and fool around. One day Doug Fairbanks come in and they introduce me to Doug Fairbanks the big movie star. I dont look at him much and go on and work. He tells one of the boys I am great type, and I dont know what he is talking about.

I get a match the next month in Newark and I go out and buy swell new suit with brown derby and horseshoe diamond and big cigar. Boy! The sweet mamas all fall for this thin guy. They say I am great guy and all say how do you do, Bool? I am walking down the street one day and Spike Robinson stop me and say Doug Fairbanks want to see me in his office. I say who ta hell is Douglas Fairbanks. Tell him to come and see the Bool. Then Spike says Doug is the big movie guy. I meet two months ago, I say all right I go to see Doug.

I go in Doug's office and John Emerson, the director, he is there. I say what you want? Doug says to John, "Isn't he a perfect burglar type?" "I believe he is a real burglar," says John.

So they give me a job to work for seventy-five bucks a week. I dont work the first week, and they call me the second. I go up and they give me check for the first week I didn't work. I dont want the check and they say I get it for signing contract. Boy! Seventy-five bucks for doing nothing! This is my racket.

I go to work and Von Stroheim, who is John Emerson's assistant, puts on my make-up. That night I have big match in Newark. I go home from the studio and try to wash off the make-up. It dont come off so I have to go and wrestle. Everybody kid me when I come to wrestle in make-up. The boys stand up and whistle and say, "Oh, Papa Bool, isn't he sweet! Papa Bool better go up on Fifth Avenue and wrestle." I am mad as hell and I go back to Doug the next day and say I am thru with the movies. He says whats a matter, Bool? And I tell him can't get this dumb stuff off my face, so he show me how to take it off with cold cream. I keep on work in the picture, and they tell me I am great actor.

When the picture is finished, Doug says, "Bool, I want you to go to California." That's good, I say and we go to California. I work as Doug's trainer. After about three months I say I am sick of California and want to go back to New York. I have saved up about six hundred dollar, so Doug says all right and he buys me a big overcoat because it is winter back in New York.

In New York I meet the doll I used to go with. She want me to go with her again. I tell her no, that I am big movie star now. I stay in New York about three weeks and I am sick to go back to California. I write Doug and he says to come back. I go to see the dame who has bothered me all the time, I go up to the room and I have on a brown derby and a cardboard suitcase. I raise hell with me and throw my cardboard suitcase out the window. Six story hotel. I break window. I am mad and I start to run down the stairs to pick up my suitcase and as I am going down she throw an alarm-clock and it smash right thru my brown derby. I go outside and find everything busted all over the street. I pick it up and say I am glad to get away for California.

I work with Doug and he get me jobs with other companies. Everything goes fine since then. I just finish work eleven weeks in "A Son of the Sheik." Oh, Boy! Papa Bool is setting pretty high, you know what I mean.
84 pieces—all for $100 Down

On Trial

Sensational offer—almost a year to pay! An outfit of 77 pieces—and a 7 piece set of Genuine Cut Glass FREE if you order now—at a price you could not equal in your home town even for spot cash. We'll ship this complete outfit—$4 pieces in all—direct to your home on 30 days trial for only $10 down. Examine the quality, the beauty the durability of each piece. After trial, if you are not delighted with the bargain, return the outfit back and we'll refund your dollar plus all transportation charges you paid.

$20 a Month

FREE, $4 pieces in all—only $19.95—and send coupon now.

Outfit Consists of:

- 77 pieces you need in your home every day. And, if you get at once, the 7 piece Genuine Cut Glass set is free included—$4 pieces in all
- 44 Piece Bluebird Dinner Set—Has definitely hinted design of colors. Each piece is cut to the lovely perfection in natural flake white glass of great brilliance which cannot crystal. The set consists of 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 dinner plates, 9 in. diameter; 6 fruit saucers, 6 in. diameter; 6 oatmeal saucers, 6 in. diameter; 6 salad plates, 6 in. diameter; 11 appetizer plates, 16 in. long; 1 round vegetable dish, 9 in. diameter; 1 cream pitcher; 1 sugar bowl and cover (2 pieces); 1 baster plate; 1 utility bowl, 1 pt.; 1 petite dish, 6 in. diameter; 13 piece have a dainty lace edge and is beautifully shaped.
- 26 Piece Silver Set—silver service that will give you years of artistic service. A striking pattern and perfect made from solid. Each piece has a dainty lace edge and is beautifully shaped.
- 7 Piece Table Cloth and Napkins—Along with 7 napkins, 10 in. in. of silk, made of strong, durable linen finishing cotton in pure snow white that will wash beautifully. All pieces are washable with overhead starch in blue. Each tablecloth and napkin have been made at Hainesburg, our own latest designs, made of genuine, solid silver. Your satisfaction guaranteed.

And remember—the 7 piece Genuine Cut Glass set is FREE if you send at once. 30 days trial by mail notice about 40 lbs.

Order by No. 08741A. $1.00 with coupon; $2.00 monthly; total price $19.95.

Straus & Schram, Dept. 1528 Chicago, Ill.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Advertising Section

Crazy Quilt
(Continued from page 80)

**“Your Fat Will go as mine did”**

For 19 years women have told women about Marmola Prescription Tablets. Told how easily, how pleasantly they ended excess fat. No exercise, no dieting required. Mark the result today. Countless women keep slender with Marmola. You must them in every circle. Over-fat figures are the exception now. People are using over one million boxes of Marmola every year.

You know that Marmola must be safe and efficient, else it never could have gained such a place. Then let it do for you what, for 19 years, it has done for others. Excess fat is a bight to beauty, health and fitness. Let Marmola show you how others control it. You‘ll always be glad to know.

All drug stores sell Marmola at 81 a box. Or it is mailed in plain wrappers by Marmola Co., 410 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

wanted to escape the possibility of this thrilling thing.

Harvey, too, was evidently pleased. Both he and Charlie Martin preened. Discr
cetly, of course. They were the con
couring makers. The superiorit
ority over the other men who stood
about, even if their claim to this superiorit
was a trifle vicarious.

"I’ll expect you at four-thirty tomorrow, then," Dolores told Judith when they
parted. "At five East Fifty-sixth Street."

Ordinarily, Judith and Harvey would have enjoyed the evening stroll blocks
and into their hotel. But tonight Harvey deemed it advisable to call a cab. The public eye
was focusing upon Judith. Her personal
liberty was slipping from her.

"Poor old Dolores and Charlie," an
ounced Harvey, as he let a Camel and
hitched about, endeavoring to find some
comfort in the springless seat.

"Why poor old Dolores and Charlie?" asked Judith.

"She’s thru," Harvey’s tone left no room for argument. "Her vogue has
passed. She was too obvious to last, as a matter of fact. And I dont believe they have
saved much—she’s got to change in this game—and there are enough of them—
took advantage of their largess when they
had money. I hate to think of the
thousands that slipped through their hands."

"But why would they give her that vaudeville contract?" Judith was evidently
puzzled.

"The vaudeville men will take anyone
on who has any claim to fame today .
even if it is remote," Harvey explained.

"They cannot get head-liners for their
bills. They need big names. And all the good vaude
ville performers—all the old head-liners—
are in the revues in New York. No one
who is worth anything has to go on the
road any more.

"But she said Excelsior wanted her." Judith was persistent in her endeavor to
find some hope for Dolores. She had
rather liked her.

"Maybe they did." Harvey seemed
doubtful. "Poor, old thing... she’ll probably spend money she can ill afford in
tearing the press tomorrow. Anything
to get her name in print."

They were quiet for a minute. Then
Harvey said:

"It must be a bitter pill to swallow when you
have to go for the greater part of your
life at your the way you are. That’s
what is bound to happen to so many in
our game.

"Take Dolores. She was never an
actress. She was a fluke. She had an
exotic face and body and dark poor
taste in clothes. Nothing else. I have
seen directors ready to tear their hair when
they were putting her thru the paces of a
dull musical. And all the good vaude
ville performers had to accept her
offering the action just before she had
to show any emotion."

It depressed Judith to hear this. She
knew it was true, only too true. Yet here
they were, already borrowing from to
morrow. She wondered if it might not be
a month or two after an operator she would
insist upon saving a certain portion of
her income just as soon as they could get
on their feet. She supposed it would not be
possible to live so comfortably with it.

"I’m pleased to go to her tea," she said
as the cab stopped at their hotel.

"That’s good," said Harvey. "You’ve
done quite a bit of the work in a long
while. I’m glad you’re going. Only
I wouldn’t be seen with Dolores too
much, if you were. She is passe. And you
are judged by your associates, you know.

Judith thought Harvey’s careless aware
ness was extraordinary. She thought how
stupidly her friends would have stumbled along
without him.

He noticed that she had grown serious. Cheer up, old dearest," he said. "Going
to Dolores’ tea-party tomorrow will do
you a bit of harm. And you will meet all
the magazine and newspaper people.

They’ll be a source of tribulation to you
and you must go thru with this game. De
pend upon it."

"Why?" asked Judith. "Especially?"

You are bound to forget a face or a
name once in a while, you will meet
so many people," Harvey said. 

"And you’ll know it when you do. Hurt feelings
themselves in various ways. When one
special—it gets after you, just depend
upon it that you didn’t recognize himself
somewhere."

"Sounded terrifying," laughed Judith.

"I might take a memory course, or buy
a note-book, ."

Harvey laughed, too.

"You see, I’m not worried. However, I’m not
worried that they won’t like you. Foolish
of Dolores to invite you tomorrow, if you
ask me. She’s trying to be a good sport."

**Chapter VI**

It was after five o’clock the following
day when Judith arrived at Dolores Cor
tez’ apartment. There had been so much
to do. Her seamstress had arrived early that
morning for fittings and instructions
about the new gray gown. And after she
had gone, Judith had taken advantage of
her uncustomary leisure to go window
shopping preparatory to their removal to the
apartment on the following Monday.

Then she had written to her father, ask
him to look up their old servant, Lil
ian. She often needed someone with her
at the studios. And she felt it would be
less expensive to have Lillian than one of
the very high and mighty servants to be
employed thru the city agencies. She knew
that Lillian would help her dress between
scenes and look after the apartment also.
Lillian would cook their meals and be
ble to do a bit of gardening.

Harvey had been frankly dubious about
the advisability of bringing in a darky from
the country, but had finally agreed to
Judith’s plan.

When she had done all this, Judith
had decided that both her hair and nails
needed attention. She had telephoned the
hair-dresser and secured a four-oclock
appointment.

However, she did not worry about her
late entrance. She knew that Harvey
would rather approve. It was dramatic.

She had dressed with care. One of
the new gowns she had designed was of
white crepe, heavily embroidered with
white silk flowers. It was seventy simple,
with long, tight sleeves and a V-neck.
Judith wore a sapphire-blue felt hat. And
at her shoulders was a broad white bu
lazuli. Her blue slippers were of the
same intense color.

Dolores’ apartment was in one of the
remodeled houses. Half a century ago
the family had lived in the rooms of the four
stories. But now every floor had been
renovated to serve a family. And the
result was charming.

A trim maid admitted Judith.

Despite the late summer day outside,
the curtains of wine satin were drawn
across the windows. And the room was lit only by the tall white tapers in several gleaming candelabra.

Bowls of deep red roses and heavy lilies stood about.

And Dolores was pouring from a low coffee table down to the lounge on which she lounged, rather than sat.

Judith thought she was quite lovely to look at. She was slightly disconcerted by it. She had rather hoped that she looked more than her years. She wished to be considered sophisticated and interesting rather than naive and youthful.

The room was filled. Groups of men and women stood about, talking and laughing. Shortly after Judith's arrival they wandered over, or one guest met another... for fresh tea or a cocktail or a petit four or a bonbon.

"I have been telling them about you," Dolores admitted, between introductions. "They rather forced me to. I said that I had met you last night. That started it. The public is so interested in us than the magazine and newspaper people.

"But you, Judith, cause an unusual stir in this group."

Judith hoped she was not disillusioning anyone if they expected Dolores was true.

"Where is Mr. Martin?" she asked finally, when it became evident that no hostess was to appear.

"Charley?" Dolores raised her eyebrows. "You did not expect to find him about, did you? He loathes parties, my dear. Loathes them. And he would not be most out of place here.

Looking across the room, Judith quite credited this. She remembered what Harcourt had said about Dolores and Charley being impecunious. She wondered how they managed this expensive sort of thing.

There were hot-house flowers everywhere. All sorts of drinks, too. The men mixed themselves cocktails and highballs with a free hand.

Helene Astair dropped in for a few minutes. She and Dolores had once shared the same dressing-room. Helene's rise had been slower than Dolores'. She had just about reached her crest and had recently signed a contract with Exclusior.

Judith thought she was a beautiful creature. Her gown was of a fragile flower chiffon. Her slippers were adorned with sparkling buckles of a rare design. Her large black lace hat was evidently an import. Her bag was of gold mesh with an emerald clasp. She wore several jeweled bracelets. A tear-shaped solitaire. And about her neck was a string of pink pearls with a diamond clasp.

Downstairs, a Pierce-Arrow cabriolet with a uniformed chauffeur awaited her. She had driven in from her summer place at Great Neck.

"Monte Winthrop came down over the week-end," she told Dolores. "Have you seen his new yacht? It is gorgeous. He sailed down.

She was vivacious, and Dolores appeared almost wistful beside her.

"Aha," whispered a girl who was a critic on one of the newspapers. "Monte Winthrop again! I'll bet they do marry when he gets his divorce. I don't blame him. His wife is such a tramp. She does
This one carat diamond is of fine brilliancy and best style setting. Mounted in latest style 14K solid gold setting. If this ring can be duplicated elsewhere for less than $200.00 sent back and your money will be returned at once without a quibble. Our price direct to you $.145.00.

This one carat diamond is of fine brilliancy and best style setting. Mounted in latest style 14K solid gold setting. If this ring can be duplicated elsewhere for less than $200.00 sent back and your money will be returned at once without a quibble. Our price direct to you $1,145.00.

Advising Section

not even try to make herself attractive. And when you stop to think that practically every woman in the land is mad over him—well, you can't blame the handsome devil for feeling that the Little Woman is a total loss. She is.

Judith was thinking of what Harvey had said the night before about motion picture people being tragic because they achieved their dreams and, after a decade of fame at the most, spent the remainder of their lives as less than they had been. She thought there was another side to this story.

Robert Landis, a feature writer of note, was standing with her.

She mentioned something of this to him.

"There is something thrilling about it all," she said. "Motion picture people are able to have beautiful clothes and homes and motors while they are still young. Things must lose their savour when enthusiasm fades to the calm acceptance of age.

"Yet most people must give their youth to hard work and a rigid economy in order that their old age may know a security.

Robert Landis was interested.

"You mention the tragedy of civilization," he said, with feeling, "I would like to use the idea for my next feature story.

"Do you mind?" I'll mention you in it, of course.

"It is tragic, as you say," said Judith. "And, of course, I shall be delighted to be mentioned in your story."

She smiled. He was to remember that slow, slow smile.

"Already," she told him, "I appreciate the value of my name in print."

Miss Chambers, the girl who had expressed herself so freely on the Astair-Winthrop matter, thought him.

"I would like to see you some day next week, Miss Tower," she said. "My magazine has assigned me to write a story about you."

Judith thought, "I must remember this moment. It marks a mile-stone in my career. I am to be interviewed. Harvey will be delighted."

"What time will be best for you?" she asked graciously. "I will be at the studio every day next week. And it is difficult to talk there. Perhaps you could come to my apartment for tea?"

She was glad they would be in the apartment for tea.

"That will be fine," said Miss Chambers. "Is Thursday all right?"

It was arranged.

Guests had started to leave. Helen Astair had offered to drop four or five. Others were now saying good-bye to Dolores. But Robert Landis gave Judith no opportunity to break away. He seemed quite fascinated with her.

She liked him, too. That is, she liked him as much as she could like anyone. She was completely absorbed in Harvey. But this Robert Landis was a nice person. Rather quiet. And more charming for the fact that he was totally without any superficial charm.

He had a sort-of-doctor look about him. Tan skin. Startling blue eyes. And teeth that flashed when he smiled.

"I must go," said Judith. She somehow sensed the fact that Dolores wished them to leave. The maid had been ordered to carry away the tea things. And the last group had gone downstairs.

"I'll go along," said Mr. Landis.

Together they said good-bye to Dolores. Judith thought she seemed less cordial and a little resentful.

"Did they all make appointments to interview you?" she asked, in a curious tone.

Your Favorite Star's Photo (Or Your Own)
on a Compost

Beautifully Colored by Hand

$1.98

on a Compost

Your Favorite Star's Photo (Or Your Own)
on a Compost

Beautifully Colored by Hand

$1.98

BLONDEX

The Blonde Hair Shampoo

Agoodold Friend

Remember the old-fashioned mustard plaster Grandma pinned around your neck when you had a cold or a sore throat? It worked, but my how it burned and blistered!

Musterole breaks up colds and does its work more gently. Rubbed over the throat or chest, it penetrates the skin with a tingling warmth that brings relief at once.

Made from pure oil of mustard, it is a clean, white ointment good for all the little household ills.

Keep Musterole handy and use at the first sign of tonsillitis, croup, neuritis, rheumatism or a cold.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole. The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Jars & Tubes

Better Than a Mustard Plaster

BLONDEX

by new Swedish shampoo

BLONDE hair is highly attractive but it has a tendency to darken, streak or fade as one grows older. Then blonde hair is far from pleasing. But now every blonde can keep her hair beautifully light and sparkling always. Simply use Blondex, the new Swedish light hair shampoo. This not only corrects the natural tendency of blonde hair to darken—but actually brings back the true golden beauty to hair that has already darkened. Makes hair flabby, silky. Fine for scalp. Not a dye. Contains no injurious chemicals. Over half a million users.

Fine for children's hair. Get Blondex at all good drug and department stores. Money back if not delighted.

=110
of voice which Judith could not quite fathom. "One did," she said. Robert Landis evidently sensed Dolores' resentment, too. "Shame on you," he mocked Judith as they went down-stairs. "Dolores gave this tea so she might get some publicity, and you corner all the writers and quite charm them."

"But ... but I really . . ." Judith paused. The stair landing was dark. And a figure was coming toward them. She recognized Charley Martin as he stepped aside, farther into the shadows, allowing them to pass.

She spoke to him. And he smiled his quick, frightened smile. He did not seem quite sure what to do about the bottle of milk and the large coffee cup he carried. Their wrappings hardly disguised them.

When Judith looked at Mr. Landis, he was smiling. And his amusement was ironic, yet tinged with pity. "Just in case there weren't any Sherry sandwiches or petits fours left over for dinner," he said. "So it goes!"

Judith was silent. She thought this should be a lesson not easily forgotten. "Poor old thing," said Mr. Landis. "She really hates you. I saw it in her eyes. My God, how she despises you the next few years! Who could blame her?"

He put Judith into a cab. "Perhaps you will let me come to tea some afternoon?" he asked.

Judith felt a personal challenge in his tone. She wondered if he knew that she was married. However, she made no reference to it. He must have seen her wedding-ring. And, anyhow, Harvey had especially told her not to stress this phase of her life.

CHAPTER VII

It was fun getting settled in the apartment. Judith almost forgot to worry about the rent as she hung her gowns in the big closet and straightened things about her bedroom. She was delighted to have her own home, where she could fix in the kitchen and arrange and rearrange dishes on the shelves of the cabinet. For the most part, she was satisfied with the large living-room. Curtains of silver gauze hung over the tall studio windows. And the lounge and easy chairs were gay with summer covers. Open book-shelves flanked the fireplace, screened for the warm weather.

And the arrival of Lillian was her father's answer to her letter. Lillian came one morning before they were awake.

And, answering her peremptory ring at the door, Harvey had been shocked by her generous proportions. He found her jargon almost unintelligible. But Judith was so delighted to see her that he curbed his irritation and offered only amusing comments directed with some good humor at both her size and speech.

They secured a room for her at the top of the building in her parents' quarters. Extra expense. But Judith did not mind this. She was surprised at the pleasure she found in having Lillian about.

After all, she was a familiar figure in an unfamiliar world. She reminded Judith of her childhood... and baking days when she had remained close to the kitchen door in the hope of an icing pan to scrape.

Of course, if Harvey had raised objections, Lillian would have returned to Westport. Judith knew she was an incongruous figure in their smart apartment. But she did not attempt to garb her as a correct maid. She shopped for "gay gingham..."
Hair in place—
but never sticky or greasy. Try
this remarkable dressing—FREE

Yes, you can keep your hair in place without
that greasy, sticky look that is so objection-
able. Thousands of men, women, boys have
learned this secret that has made untidy hair a
thing of the past.

One trial will convince you. That is why we
are offering, free, a generous sample of this
remarkable dressing.

Don't take chances with your hair—you can
do it irreparable injury by improper care! Be
sure now to use the dressing that more people
rely on than any other. This dressing is Stacombe.

A mere touch of Stacombe in the morning or
after a shampoo and your hair will stay
smoother in place all day.

Stacombe will suit any type of hair, because
it comes in two forms. You may prefer it in
cream form—in the attractive, spigot can filled
with the handy tube. Or you may prefer the
de-lightful, neat liquid hair rinse.

But in either form Stacombe, you will find,
is totally invisible on your hair, pleasant to
use, and really keeps your hair in place—
smooth, smart, but never sticky or greasy.
And never dry and brittle, as daily wetting with
water makes it.

Stacombe is especially beneficial, because it
ends to prevent dandruff. At all drug
and department stores.

F R E E  O F F E R  —  S t a c o m b e

Standard Laboratories, Inc.,
Dept.0-35,113 W. 18th Street, New York.

Get the free sample of Stacombe as checked:—
Original, cream form ☐

New liquid form ☐

Name
Address

"The LYON & HEALY is
so popular because it's
easier to play" says
Wm. Haines

"Now I know why the Lyon & Healy
Bass was so popular with men in
high school and college. It's easier
to play!" Haines, Metro-Goldwyn-
Mayer star, is a favorite everywhere
because he knows the qualities and
accomplishments which are admired
in a man. He knows from personal
experience that the fellow who wins
the one who can do things.

"Now I can make my tone go the way I
want it. When I was young, you
wouldn't find our new simplified instruction
today. I didn't know how to play first, and had
trouble. Now I can do it without using
the instruction book.

The key is certainly easier to
press. I have also noticed that my tone
is much stronger. And the sound is
very good. And, the bass is so
responsive. I have to wear it in my
suit at all times. I love the stylish
look it gives me. It has made me
more confident in myself."

LYON & HEALY
350 South Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Everything Known & Unique

F R E E  !
MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

LYON & HEALY,
350 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago
Please send me away, my remarkable new Harmonica Book and full details of your special "Easy to play" while you play offer.

Name
Address

RE DUC E  w i t h  O . B . C . T.

How Did You Get
So Thin?

Women who reduce with O. B. C. T. aston-

lish their fat friends!

"I lost five pounds on the first box," says Mrs.
A. P. N. Y. "And I lost ten pounds in the month of
May—I am feeling fine." Writes Mrs. R. H. O.,
Thousands of similar letters are our best
recommendation.

O. B. C. T. is guarantted to reduce quickly and
safely. Made under supervision of licensed physi-

ian. No sacrifices, no dieting.

Write Today for Two
Weeks' Treatment

Send no money. Just write for trial treatment.

Pay postman $1.50 when package arrives. We guar-

antee that you will positively lose weight on first

box or we will refund your money. Two weeks'
treatment will convince you that O. B. C. T. is the
most successful fat reducer in the world.
Results guaranteed. Write today. Start reducing right away.

Notice:—Until all dress sizes have been supplied we will
ship O. B. C. T. (Gentle) dress.

O. B. C. T. LABORATORY
4016 Lincoln Ave., Dept. St, Chicago, Ill.

W R I T E R S !

Our Free booklet explains our photo-day instruction
surveys, criticism, revision, and editing of manuscripts
story course. Published JULY. Advance
Publishing Company, Box 490, San Francisco.

Has New Hair

KOTALKO

"After coping

valescent from pneumonia and

mumps, nearly all my hair came off,

and left me practically bald," writes

Miss Amee

Bryan.

I t r i e d
evoryt h i n g ,
gaining neither
time nor money, yet those who
sign of life in these slips. I came to the conclusion that
the hair could be really filled by a group of our best
seriously by buying a wig.

One day a sympathetic lady gave me some Kotalko which I began to use, I, and all who knew me, were amazed at the result, as the improvement came almost immediately. Now I see the proof posses-

sor of lovely, thick curly hair. Life seems worth
living, and I am very happy.

Men also who were bald-headed for years report new hair growth through Kotalko, Kotalko commercials from men and women. May you buy a full-size box
at the drug store under money-refund guarantee.

Free Box

KOTALKO CO., A-507, STATION L, NEW YORK

Please send me FREE Proof Box of KOTALKO

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________

"If you have dandruff, or are

losing hair, or if you are

heavily or entirely bald, write

Full Address ____________________________

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Have You These Symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion?

Do you get excited easily? Do you become fatigued after slight exertion? Are your hands and feet cold? Do you suffer from constipation or stomach trouble? Is your sleep disturbed by troubled dreams? Have you spells of irritability—gloominess and pessimism? Do you suffer from palpitation, dizziness, cold sweats, ringing in the ears?

These are only a few of the signs of weakness and failure that are steadily robbing thousands of people of their youth and health.

What Causes Sick Nerves

In women this is largely due to overactive emotions, and to the constant turmoil in their domestic and marital life. It is not so in men, where these symptoms are produced by worries, intense concentration, excess, and stress beyond the limit of which we are made to endure.

Nerve Exhaustion does not come on suddenly. It is a gradual development that destroys sources of apparently minor worry. Yet all the time their nerves are in a constant state of upheaval, only underlining their entire Nervous Organism.

How to Strengthen Them

No tonic or magic system of exercises can restore vigor, health, and strength to unbalanced nerves. To build up strong normal nerves requires an understanding of the action and abuses of nerves. It needs a knowledge of the natural laws of nerve function, of mental and physical relaxation and nerve metabolism. Only through the application of these laws can mild cases of Nerve Exhaustion be overcome.

Read This Book

Based upon many years of intensive experience and study, the famous Nerve Specialist, Richard Blackstone, has written a remarkable book entitled, "New Nerves for Old." In plain language he gives us the game-to-follow rules that have enabled men and women to regain their lost nervous energy. He enables you to correctly diagnose your own case and shows you how to acquire glowing health with nerve function and energy by simply strengthening your nerves.

"New Nerves for Old" is worth its weight in gold—and yet it is only 25 cents, stamps or cash. Get your copy today. Address: Richard Blackstone, 6011 Fifth Ave., New York City.

When a Foreign Actress Arrives in Hollywood... What Happens?

Are the men more gracious than the women in extending a welcome?

This is the subject for a page drawing in the December Motion Picture Magazine...a drawing that has as much truth and observation in it as the drawing on Pages 32 and 33 of this issue.

Reserve your copy of the December Motion Picture Magazine at your neighborhood news-stand now.

COLOR HARMONY

Fall Fashions depict harmony of color—intimate blending of gown, hat, shoes, and accessories.

Whiting Costume Bags, always correct, are designed to harmonize with the most fashionable of gowns and accessories. Correct dress dictates a Whiting Costume Bag for every ensemble, and the modern costumer makes this possible for everyone. See the exquisite new designs now—At leading jewelers and jewelry departments

Whiting & Davis Co.
Plainsville (Norfolk Co.), Mass.
In Canada, Sherbrooke, Que.

Whiting & Davis

Mesh Bags

Hand in Hand with Fashion

Why Don't YOU Earn $50 to $200 a Week as a Stage Dancer?

Learn at Home

Let Veronique Vestoff, former solo dancer with Pavlova, teach you in your spare time at home for a glorious career in dancing. Would YOU like to be a star on the stage—or earn a handsome income as a teacher of Dancing? In just a few short weeks you can learn Ballet, Character, Eclectic Greek, and Modern dancing, along with basic dancing. Most delightful way to gain dance, graceful lines, glowing health and vitality.

Vestoff Students Make Big Money

Leading stage dancers and successful dancing teachers owe their success to Vestoff's complete technique. Learn these steps. Betsy Rees, première danseuse of the Kellih-Hibbs Orpheum Circuit, Doris Gardner, model for a picture star, and many others, are Vestoff students.

You, too, can acquire professional technique through the wonderful Vestograph that brings to your home the actual movements of the dance in motion pictures.

Send for Free Book

Just send coupon or write for Vestoff's beautiful illustrated booklet on dancing. Right now a wonderful offer is open to a few new students. Rush name, address, and

V. VESTOFF ACADEMIE DE DANSE
1411 32nd St., New York, N.Y.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Quick Easy Way to Learn Drawing

You, too, can earn big money in Commercial Art, Illustrating, Designing or Cartooning

NEVER was there such a need for artists as today! Illustrated catalogs, advertisements, posters, circulars, trade-mark designs—countless pieces of art work are needed by the business world. 20,000 periodicals are published in America—every one of them needs the services of artists for each issue. Through our quick, easy method of teaching, YOU can earn $40 to $100 a week as an artist, regardless of your present ability.

Learn in Spare Time

This simple method is like a fascinating game. No matter how little you may know about drawing—if you can write we can teach you to draw. This quick method simplifies everything—all the red tape and superfluous theory is taken out and in its place is put definite, practical instruction so that you will make money in the art game.

Write for Interesting Free Book

Mail coupon for our interesting, illustrated booklet, "Quick Easy Way to Become an Artist," also for full details about our Attractive Offer by every new student. No obligation whatever. Address Washington School of Art, Inc., Room 1811-D, 1115 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, Inc.
Room 1811-D, 1115 15th St., N. W.
Washington, D. C.
Please send me, without obligation, free book, "Quick Easy Way to Become an Artist," together with full details of your Attractive Offer to every new student.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________

YOU CAN OIL PAINT

Advertising Section

The Editor Gossips

(Continued from page 55)

uncomfortable. That is a tribute to our guests. Everyone was so busy talking... about everything.

For one thing I was talking about "Variety," the German film we mentioned in this column last month. Sooner or later we were bound to. It is a conversational feast in motion picture circles.

There was a difference of opinion about Boss Huller when he caught Artinelli, even tho he would have liked to drop him from that high tracepe.

We argued.

Did he catch him because that was his job and he must do it well... or did he catch him because he was the exhibitionist and he could not bear to appear to tumble with the audience watching him?

We plunged into a psychological discourse. And what other motion picture would induce this?

Goring over some recent films we had seen, we wondered why the Germans seemed more able to achieve interesting results than we do.

"We have never quite forgotten that they are motion pictures," Hugo wrote quietly. "Pictures that would move. At first, in the very beginning, we showed waterfalls, race-horses... a man walking or running... always moving things. Then we discovered that we could show crowds of people in motion. We have been doing this ever since, only on a more elaborate plane."

"Always we have concentrated upon showing motion. We have overlooked emotion. The Germans have not done this."

It seems to us that Mr. Ballin has stated the case.

A be they really a motion picture actress and a motion picture director?" our maid asked the morning after the Ballins had been to dinner.

We assured Anna that they were. They don't act like it," she said with a Finnish finality. "They were just like the other people we have to dinner... nicer than lots."

We said nothing. We have always believed in everyone's right to speak the truth.

Cladys Hall and we played a most amusing game the other day. We were supposed to be working on a scenario that we are doing for First National. But you know how we Americans can always think of the most preposterous things to do if they will keep you from the work at hand. "If you could look like anyone on the screen, whom would you look like?" we asked her.

G. H. did not pause. She appeared to be quite at home in the playing of this nonsensical game.

"Alice Joyce," she said, "Alice Joyce, by all means."

"Who else?" we persisted.

"Petra or Nazimova... Nazimova only under the consideration that I could look like her and go in for a different style... you know,dl, as I say."

"Who would you look like?"

"Corinne Griffith," we said, "Or Alice Joyce. Or Florence Vidor. Any one of those would do beautifully."

That evening other dropped in. Thysa Samter Winslow, the novelist, chose Lillian Gish.

"Especially the way Lillian looked about four years ago in "Broken Blossoms,'" Thysa said.

Henrietta Strettet, a fashion artist, and a Mrs. Collins, whose husband is a professor of something-or-other, chose Corinne Griffith.

Someone else selected Pola Negri.

"Um-m, because she has a way with the men," we exclaimed, cattily.

"But has she?" demanded Thysa Winslow.

"Or is she the type that women think men like?"

"Not having been asked to give a discourse on the subject, I think there are two types of women, the women whom men do fall for and the women whom women think men will fall for."

A vote was taken from the men who had remained silent thus far. Did they like Pola Negri and Lydia de Putti? The men said they did not think these two types as attractive as others.

One of them then spoke up in behalf of Claire Windsor. We knew one of them would. She suggests the clinging vine. Pola and Lydia might cling, but they doesn't look it. We think the men are a little fearful of these two ladies. They have read about them in the papers.

But then you cannot tell anyway. They may think the most attractive women on the screen. They were surrounded by wives.

But, it is a good game if you do not play bridge. If you do. We guarantee it will liven up the dullest group.

Try it!

Say It With Letters

(Continued from page 90)

Gilbert wants to be happily married and have children and now the front lawn. Ha! Ha! That's a rich one. If he would be happily married and have children, where else could he have picked a more adorable wife than Leatrice Joy, and who on this earth has a baby half as adorable as their daughter? While I believe that John Gilbert is certainly at the top of the ladder, when it comes to being a perfect motion picture actor, I do think that this soft stuff that is written about him, is fierce. It should certainly be stopped.

Another thing I can't stand is this bunk that is written of Hope Hampton. Why was she given a medal in Europe—probably because she decided to return to America. In my opinion, she is about as boring as it comes to acting. Surely there is no reason for her popularity, if one would call it this.

Give us more of Alice Joyce, Ronald Colman, Wilkie Haines, Lloyd Hughes, and above all John Barrymore. Where are Henry Walthall and Guy Bates Post? Can Charlie Chaplin. He is passe. I much prefer the low comedy of W. C. Fields.

L. B.
Baltimore, Md.
Beauty Lies in Healthy EYES

It's not so much the size or color of the EYES that makes them beautiful. Rather, it is the light which radiates from them. Unless kept always clean and healthy, EYES lack that alluring luster. Millions of women throughout the world promote EYE health and beauty with Murine. It cleanses EYES of irritating particles and keeps them bright. Contains no belladonna.

Our illustrated books on "Eye Care" or "Eye Beauty" are FREE on request.

The Murine Company
Dept. 25, Chicago

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Superbly Hair all GONE

Forever: removed by the Mabler Method which kills the hair root without pain or tipping. Why not write for full particulars in the privacy of your own home.

Send today 3 red stamps for Free Booklet.

D. J. MAHLER CO., 161 B, Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

FORM DEVELOPED

My Big Three Part Treatment in the

DEVELOPMENT of the natural, exclusive, genuine, either dangerless
GUARANTEED TWO

14-DAY TREATMENT FREE

If you send a DIME toward expenses, you are entitled to a FREE Booklet. Why not send today to receive immediate benefit. Mention "EYES" and be sure to state name. You, if your doc's back by first mail address and state want free copies only, Madame C. Y. Williams, Buffalo, N. Y.

EARN LADIES' WRIST WATCH

DOZENS were won of three designs, each a glow guaranteed irremovable.

If you can't get gold lace, anyone may win that lovely golden lace. All the lady's free mail order house. Please be sure to state name. Mention "EYES" and be sure to state name. Mrs. Lydig Hoyt had decided that she was an actress. She got herself a job. She worked, everyone gives her credit for that. Fairly and sincerely, but it seems to me that rumors of her taking advantage of the social position she occupied interfered seriously with her stage and screen success. She looked lovely on the silversheet. Tall, stately, wearing her clothes almost as perfectly as a Follies girl. (and by this we mean no disparagement to Miss Hoyt). She had all the outward appearance of what a star should be. But the same fatality mistake they all made seemed to have ended Miss Hoyt's career. She couldn't stand the strain.

Neither could Margaret Morgan Belmont, wife of the well-known millionaire. She worked with Mr. Griffith in a picture. One of the most beautiful of her pictures she hasn't been seen on the screen since. Neither could the pretty and extremely popular Dorothy Stokey stand the "gaff." She purred over to the Long Island studio.

Why Do Society Girls Fail in the Movies?

(Continued from page 23)

prove she is a good actress, or that she has any talent. How will she look on the screen? She seems to be good to look at from all the pictures we've seen of her in the papers. On the Avenue—riding horseback in Central Park. Leaving on the big steamer de luxe for Paris to do a little shopping, all covered with orchids. Lunching on Park Avenue. All dressed up in a ten-thousand-dollar costume for a fancy-dress party. All dressed up in another ten-thousand-dollar costume for a charity benefit to buy milk for starving babies.

But what has all this to do with her going into the movies? Why has she decided to become a screen actress? Her world and the motion picture world are as far apart as the two poles. The members of her circle form the smallest part of the motion picture audience. She, personally, may see every violent movie fan. She may thrill to Jack Gilbert's sideburns or burn series! Which is it, I never can remember. She may sigh ecstatically over Adolph's Mauve-wired little mustache. She may adore Dick Barthelmes' eyes—luster! In all probability, the nearest she has ever come to any of these allurements is from her orchestra of the Plaza, in a movie house over on Madison Avenue, or the loge of the Capitol where she and her party sit while waiting for their favorite night club to open its doors.

However, a number of New York's most exclusive young women have been, in reality, heroines of the aforementioned head-lines. The sensation lasted the proverbial nine days. After that a deep, long silence. What happened? Why were they heard of no more? What had become of them since then?

Had they suspected their environment too plebeian? Their directors too coarse? Had they discovered, or been helped to the discovery that as actresses they would make more money than having businesses? Had they gone into the movies in the first place just for a lark, and having got the thrill out of it they sought, decided to go back to Palm Beach or Newport or Southampton where they belonged?

We all remember what excitement Julia Hoyt aroused when she shook the glitter of New York society from her robe and turned to the stage and screen for work. I am not sure, but I think she was the first member of the 400 to make such a radical step. The beautiful stately Mrs. Lydig Hoyt had decided that she was an actress. She got herself a job. She worked, everyone gives her credit for that. Fairly and sincerely, but it seems to me that rumors of her taking advantage of the social position she occupied interfered seriously with her stage and screen success. She looked lovely on the silversheet. Tall, stately, wearing her clothes almost as perfectly as a Follies girl (and by this we mean no disparagement to Miss Hoyt). She had all the outward appearance of what a star should be. But the same fatality mistake they all made seemed to have ended Miss Hoyt's career. She couldn't stand the strain.

Neither could Margaret Morgan Belmont, wife of the well-known millionaire. She worked with Mr. Griffith in a picture. One of the most beautiful of her pictures she hasn't been seen on the screen since. Neither could the pretty and extremely popular Dorothy Stokey stand the "gaff." She purred over to the Long Island studio.

Advertising Section

The crippled girl who became the world's most perfectly formed woman.

Annette Kellermann's Own Story

When I was a child I was so deformed as to be practically a cripple. I was bow-legged to an extreme degree. I could neither stand nor walk without support. No one ever dreamed that some day I would become famous for the perfect proportions of my figure. No one ever thought that I would become the champion woman swimmer of the world. No one ever dreamt that I would be some day starred in great feature films. Yet that is exactly what has happened.

My experiences certainly shows that no woman need be discouraged with her figure, her health, or her complexion. The truth is, very many tired, sickly, over-weight or underweight women have truly proved that a proper improved figure and better health can be attained in only a few minutes a day, through the same methods as my self. These benefits can now be used in your own home.

I invite any woman who is interested to write to me. I will gladly tell you how I can prove to you in 10 minutes a day to greatly improve your figure, how to improve the figure from the inside out instead of from the outside. This is the secret of removal and clarify a muddy, sallow, bleached face, how to stand and walk gracefully, how to add or remove weight at any part of the body, hips, bust, neck, arms, shoulders, chin, limbs, waist, abdomen or legs and to have greater health, strength and energy so that you can enjoy life to the utmost; how to be free from many ailments due to physical insufficiency; in short, how to be in perfect health and beauty.

Just mail the coupon below or write a letter for my free book. The Body Building book for all women can be had for as low as 10c, or 10c with order. Mail the special Demonstration Offer. Mail the coupon now, before I close the offer of free book is exhausted. Adddress: Annette Kellermann, Inc., Dept. 3814, 223 West 29th Street, New York, N. Y.

Annette Kellermann, Inc., Dept. 3011, 225 West 39th Street, New York City.

Dear Miss Kellermann, Please send me, entirely free of cost, your big book on the body building. I am particularly interested in (Reducing Weight, B) Body Building.

Name.
Address.
City. State.
Kindly Print Name and Address.

LOW

Now Under...

Prices Ever...

$300

AND IT'S YOURS IF YOU ACT QUICK.


Name.
Address.

115
PAGE
OPPORTUNITY MARKET

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—New plan makes it easy to earn $50.00 to $100.00 weekly merely by applying your name to the direct mail lists. No capital or experience needed. Represent a real manufacturer. Write now for FREE SAMPLE Madison shirts, 562 Broadway, New York.


AGENTS—Earn handsome profit selling subscriptions to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and MOTION PICTURES MAGAZINE. No capital, no experience required. Big commissions and bonus. Write today for particularities. Publishers, Inc., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

All men, women, 18-60, wanting to qualify for permanent Government positions, $140-$300, home or elsewhere, write Mr. Osmack, 294, St. Louis, Mo., immediately.


HELP WANTED—FEMALE

Ladies Earn $6-$818 a Decent decorating Pillow Top at Home. No experience necessary. Particulars for stamp. Tapestry Point Co., 126, Laflin, New York.

Ladies wanting home work? any kind; spare time. Write Miss H. F. Keller Company, Dept. 20, 296 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

LADIES—you can easily earn lots of extra pin money by being on our mailing list. "Motion Picture Magazine", Big commission and bonus. Write today and send us your name and address. Publishers, Inc., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

HELP WANTED—MALE

Be a Detective—Earn big pay; cities; homes; easy work; open to all; we show you; particulars free. Write Chief Wagner, 188 East 79th St., New York City.

HOW TO ENTERTAIN

Plays, musical comedies and revues, minstrel shows, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, pantomime, imitations, recreations, entertainments, minstrel pageants, make-up jobs. Big Trees Co., 1526 S. Wabash, Dept. 622, Chicago, Ill.

OLD COINS WANTED

Old Money Wanted. Do you know that Coin Collectors pay up to $100.00 for certain U. S. Coins? And how much for all rare coins? We buy all kinds, send for Large Folder, Major Coin Company, 1400 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Numismatic Co., Dept. 48, Ft. Worth, Texas.

PATENTS

Inventions commercialized on cash or royalty basis. Patented or patented. In business 24 years. Complete facilities. Write to Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 513 Euston Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

PERSONAL

Your handwriting reveals your character! Prove it? A 25¢ test without a word or friend’s writing for expert analysis and astounding, quick results. Remarkable, quick test. Real guide to success. B. Pencuck, Cowes, Conn.

Want to earn some more money? Sell subscriptions to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and MOTION PICTURES MAGAZINE. Write to Brewer Publishers, Inc., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAYS

888 For Ideas. Photoplay Plots revised, criticized, marketed. Send for free booklet. Universal Scenario Company, 260 Secord St., Santa Monica & Western Ave., Hollywood, California.

Successful photoplays bring big money. Send for "Successful Photoplays," regular book on successful writing and marketing. Successful photoplays, Box 43, Des Moines, Iowa.


Photoplay ideas wanted. Big money for good motion picture material. What have you? Write for "Photoplays of America," Delta Bldg., Los Angeles.

PHOTOGRAPHY


RATES

 THESE ADVERTISEMENTS are read by thousands of people each month. Some of these advertisers use this section every month to increase their business. Write for particulars. Brewer Publishers, Inc., 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

REDUCE


STAMPING NAMES

Make $20 per 100, stamping names on key chains. Either sex. A spare time business of your own. You can tack on your own instructions. Good for $5 daily. R. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

STORIES WANTED

Earn $35 weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. De- tails FREE. T. W. Synthetite, 560, St. Louis, Mo.

If you are not selling your scripts, let us try. Courses in Short-Story Writing, Photoplay, News- scripting. ROBERT C. HAEZEL, THE HARVARD CO. 456 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California.

PIMPLES

Clared Up—often in 24 hours. To prove you can be rid of pimples, blackheads, acne eruptions on the face or body, barbers' itch, eczema, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin, simply send me your name and address. No obligation. CLEAR Tone tested and tried in over 100,000 cases. Guaranteed to increase your cash medical profile. You can repair the favor by telling your doctor and friends. E. S. GIVENS, 427 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

BLANK CARTRIDGE PISTOL

Protection against Burglary, Farms, & Dept Prices

50c.

1.00

$1.00

POST-

PAID

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
had to be undergone, it isn't at all strange that they couldn't see the point of going on.

Kleig lights are hot on a hot day. Why should any girl suffer their discomfort unless she had to? Why should she be in a sultry, stuffy studio when she might be out on Long Island Sound in her new speed-boat? Why should any girl work long hours every day when she could be dancing, or golfing, or yachting, or touring Europe?

The society girl has failed in the movies for the simple reason that she hasn't the necessary incentive to make good. Just as in other careers, the love of the work itself has to be the driving force for creation—and necessity has to be the primary incentive. I doubt whether the average debutante, brought up in the lap of luxury, cultured and intelligent as the best of her set might be, could stick to any form of work long enough to make good at it. That is, unless she had suddenly become poor and dependent on her own resources for a living.

If this happened to her, there's no reason on earth why, with hard work, with patience, with study and willingness, there shouldn't be a Mary Pickford or Gloria Swanson from the gold-barred set of America's 400.

Most of them went into the game as a sort of lark, as we have said before. Bored with the monotonous round of pleasure; ever seeking a new sensation, a new thrill, they turned to the movies for relief. One or two may have been genuinely interested in the life they led. But the strange environment, the hard labor, soon discouraged them.

It takes more than caprice to make a success on the screen. A girl has to be strong, as intelligent as a man of affairs, willing, and talented, to get anywhere. She must be on the alert every moment. In the waiting hours spent on the set, how many of these society girls took advantage of their time to watch the make-up of those around them, to get into the atmosphere of the work and the place, to study the desires and instructions of the director, to keep their eyes fastened on every movement of the players and learn from them how to register joy, and sorrow, and pleasure and pain?

How many of them rehearsed at home and worked over their gleanings of knowledge that they had acquired during the day? How many of them appeared anxious to take advantage of every single opportunity for improvement?

Few, if any. That is why they have failed. Not any wanted to go back to school and start in at the beginning to get their scholarship. The work was too hard. The hours too long. Life is too short, and why not, if you have been placed by Destiny in a position to get everything possible out of it with the smallest expenditure of energy, why not, we say, enjoy it instead of following the chimera of Fame?

Bunions Unnecessary
Prove it in 15 Days!

Can you believe your eyes? Note the actual photographs above. (The same foot, pictures twenty-seven days apart.)

Will you trust your own senses? The same wonderful demonstration on your feet, free if it fails.

No wonder pedodyne solvents have caused the whole world of foot specialists to turn their attention from surgery to the miracle of chemistry that gently but surely dissolves the growth.

So far as the painful part of bunions is concerned, you may forget it from your first day with pedodyne—for relief is almost instant.

Actual reduction of the enlarged joint takes a little time. Two weeks or more. Isn't it wonderful that you can absolutely do away with the malformation and be wearing a smaller, trimmer shoe by the time you need new shoes again?

Trial FREE

The pedodyne process is scientific, and cannot be explained here. But the full treatment guaranteed to bring complete results may be yours to try—if you'll only clip this special coupon:

Kay Laboratories
166 N. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please arrange for me to try your pedodyne process, which is guaranteed to dissolve bunion formation and restore normal cone and flexibility of affected joints.

Name___________________________

Address_________________________

(THIS IS NOT AN ORDER. ONLY A REQUEST.)

CALLouses
Quick, safe relief for callouses and burning on bottom of feet.

Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads

Put one or two in your shoes. The pain is gone.


MAKE MONEY EVENINGS

Let me show you how $436 men, without experience add $25 to $75 weekly to their income without giving up their present position.

H. E. Fischer, 122 W. Austin Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Clip Coupon For Free Details

Develop Your Form
The Way Thousands Have Done

In many cases full 3 inches have been added to the busts in less than two months. It makes no difference why your busts are flat and undeveloped, this method never fails. Behind it are 20 years of success.

Thousands of women have been made happier through this amazingly simple and astonishingly effective Parisian way of bust development. It costs nothing to learn how of this method.

Simply clip the coupon and full details and proof will be sent in plain wrapper.

Bille. Sophie Kopel 563 Fifth Ave., Suite 5-11, New York City

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
WHY BE LONELY?

The Motion Picture Classic, bright, snappy and beautiful, solves the problem. When you find yourself wondering what to do of an evening—just take up the Classic. It generates warmth and friendship and drives dull care away. You will find a full evening’s entertainment in every issue of Motion Picture Classic.

The Classic is the magazine of the celluloid world. There is no other magazine like it in the vigor, liveliness, youth, charm and authority of its scintillating pages.

The November Classic

will be full of interesting things. B. F. Wilson will tell you about Anita Loos, who wrote “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,” Bert Ennis will acquaint you with the second of his series, “Them Were the Happy Days”—featuring the Keystone years. There will be highly illuminating articles by such authorities as Dunham Thorp, Gladys Hall, Robert Donaldson, Charles Adair, Helen Carlisle, Dorothy Manners and a host of others.

Charming drawings will adorn its pages by such famous artists as John Held, Jr., Armando, Chamberlain and Leo Kober.

There will be absorbing personality stories. Faith Service’s serial romance, “Painted People,” is reaching new heights of interest.

There will be a generous display of beautiful photographs of screen folk—photographs that carry real tone and quality reproduced thru rotogravure.

You can afford to be without the Classic. Order your November Issue now.

FREE "Fashion Book Styles"

A beautiful book of smart new dresses exactly according to the styles of the Motion Picture Magazine Pictorial Review. Shows our exclusive new fabrics in their true colors and textures. Tells how you can buy at wholesale right from the mill where they are made and the garment finished. The astonishingly low prices have satisfied thousands of customers. Your satisfaction is guaranteed. Write for free style book today.

HIGHLAND PARK KNITTING CO.
Dept. J
Higlnd Park, N. J.

FOR SALE, BACK ISSUES

Motion Picture Magazine
Motion Picture Classic
50 cents per copy Post-paid

Write to
Brewster Publications, Inc.
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

GET RID OF YOUR FAT

Free Trial Treatment

sent on request. Ask for our “pay-when-reduced” offer. We have successfully reduced thousands of persons without starvation diet or fundamental exercise often at a rapid rate. Let me send you proof at my expense.

R. R. NEWMAN, Licensed Physician
State of N. Y. 265 Fifth Ave., N.Y., Desk M

FOR FREE SAMPLES

Carlton Mills Inc.
Shirt Mfrs.
114 Fifth Ave., Dept. H, New York

News of the Camera Coasts

(Continued from page 68)

olive bottle. It all happened over the social status of Mae Murray.

When the royal couple were seated, there was a vacant seat to the left of the Crown Prince. It remained unoccupied for several minutes. Then Greta Garbo was placed beside his highness.

There had been active competition among the feminine stars as to who was to sit next to the son of the Swedish King. According to Mac Murray, it was about a toss-up between Greta Garbo and who was to have the honor.

"That was the case as I understood it," said Mac. "But naturally they had to fill the seat when I could not get there on time. I had to ask my chauffeur to move, and he had no one to move to the studio. They finally had to send a car for me. I hear that they are trying everywhere to get me by phone."

Miss Murray’s husband, Prince David Divani, of Georgia, was not among the guests.

The Prince might have been busy at his new job, which would account for his absence. He is now a leading man for Mack Sennett, and will appear in a two-sheet comedy entitled "The Lindbergh and Murphy Film De Luxe." I haven’t the slightest idea as to whether the Prince is to play Murphy or Ginsburg. The Prince’s screen name will be David Xanor, which translated means David’s house or the house of David.

It’s caviar month in Hollywood. The Russians are descending upon us. A troop of Cossacks is due to arrive any moment to lend its presence to "The Cossacks," which is scheduled as a starring picture for John Gilbert.

Viacheslav Tourjanski and Nathalie Kovanko, respectively husband and wife and director and star, arrived with new contracts. They were discovered by Harry Rapf, who viewed one of their films while he was in Europe.

These Russians were to change their names. No theater owner will be able to get Viacheslav Tourjanski in lights above his lobby, and if he does his overhead on the electric bill will jump about seven kilowatt hours. The names will probably be cut to Vi Janski and Nattie Vanko.

Natale is a blonde of an unusual type and is said to be related to the old Russian nobility. We seem to get nothing but nobility in the way of foreign film artists. It would be a pleasure if some great artist would be different and emerge from the ranks of the peasantry.

Of all the nobles who have come to Hollywood, not one of the blood has made any remarkable success. Many stars have married titles, but I don’t know of any titled persons who have succeeded in becoming stars. Most of our players are from the American peasantry like the rest of us.

In a talk with Maurice Stiller, who is classed as Europe’s greatest director, I learned that nearly all the worthwhile directors and stars the old countries have produced have come to America.

Stiller is directing the fiery Pola Negri in "Hotel Imperial," and is producing a picture that promises of success. Pola says she is much pleased with "The Great Director," and is working hard to make a big success of the story. In fact, Pola’s enthusiasm was so great in one particular scene that she all but cracked her skull and
suffered bruises and contusions of the right arm and shoulder when she fell on the stairs.

George Siegmund, the villain of the piece, was supposed to accuse her of playing false and throw her back into a chair. George is a good actor, and when he throws him all his energy into his work. Pola missed the chair and fell on the stairs, but gamely continued with the scene.

I have talked with several of Pola's former leading men and they all say that she is so insistent on realism when it comes to a scene that requires a bit of rough work that she is willing to take a chance on the tensile strength of her anatomy.

Jack Holt was sitting in the restaurant adjoining the Lasky studio, trying to enjoy a drink before his company came up to him and said, "I want you to come over and look at the wildcat you are going to work with."

Jack looked up in amazement, "A wildcat?"

"Yes, a wildcat," said the intruder, "don't you want to see him?"

"No," replied Jack, "I have had enough difficulty talking with foreigners who have come to Hollywood, and I'll be darned if I want to try and understand a wildcat!"

I have seen the situation done on the same screen, and I have read about it in prose and poetry, but it was not until recently that I encountered it in real life.

It is the story of the clown who must make his audiences laugh despite some deep private sorrow.

Raymond Hatton's mother died the day he was taking the initial scenes for his second commercial, "The Navy Now," in which he shares honors with Wallace Beery.

He went to San Francisco for two days to attend his funeral and returned the third day to continue with his work of making the public laugh.

If the Crown Prince of Sweden on his recent visit to the studios had seen Antonio Moreno in his new red uniform of a Northwest Mounted policeman, venturing to say the Prince would probably rush up and shake Tony's hand thinking him a brother Elk. Tony looks like a member of all the imperial families in his new outfit which he is wearing in "Flaming Forests," Renée Adorée, the flame of France, is playing opposite the torrid Tony in "Flaming Forests," which makes this picture one of the warm variety for winter use. Tony may do another outdoor picture after he finishes this one, but he swears that he is going on a vacation, not having had one of those in eighteen months.

I try to restrain these notes to news concerning our own countrymen, but that's like asking a reporter at Ellis Island to do the same. Hollywood is full of film immigrants.

Of all the foreign talent imported during the past twelve months, there appear but two personalities who stand a good chance of becoming popular American stars. They are Arlette Marchal and Elmar Hanson.

Mille. Marchal has given such evidence of her ability that the company which has her under contract renewed their option on her services long before the required time, and she is to play the leading role opposite Adolph Menjou in "An Angel Passes."

Elmar Hanson is a Swedish youth who
A great many of our celluloid stars trooped out to Cecil De Mille's studio to make tests for the important role of Mary Magdalen in "The King of Kings." Jacqueline Logan emerged the victor in the iracas and was awarded the part. I know that Lila Lee, Virginia Valli and Jetta Goudal were considered for the part and tests were made of them. I never heard of Mr. De Mille being in a quandary before, but he was when he looked at the batch of test film he had made of many prominent actresses in Hollywood. The requirements for the part are that the actress must have both a physique and an emotional appeal. De Mille was in so much of a quandary regarding the casting of this rôle that he decided he would let his brother producers make the decision for him.

De Mille was invited over to Jesse L. Lasky's for dinner. Thinking it a great opportunity for a surprise-party, "C. B." arrived with several reels of tests for Mary Magdalen tucked under his arm.

Among the guests were Samuel Goldwyn, Jeanie McPherson, Bruce Barton and Sid Grauman. The tests were shown, and the guests voted on their choice for the rôle. Jacqueline Logan won the majority of the votes. The party adjourned and a private note was made haste to sign up the attractive Actors for the part.

Clarence Brown, the director, has experienced considerable delay in casting starting on John Gilbert's next picture, "The Flesh and the Devil." Brown was signed by the M. G. M. Company after he had turned out such works as "Kiki," "The Eagle," and "The Goose Woman." For several weeks he has been waiting to get work started on the Gilbert opus.

Carlo Garbo was supposed to play the leading rôle opposite Gilbert in this picture, and Brown waited many weeks for her to complete her work with Antonio Moreno. After the film had been on the easel for several weeks, Brown had the leading lady play the part. She was an agreeable actress in clothes which the Swan actor pocketed her luggage and left the studio. Brown was facing the problem of another long delay, but decided to start making tests with Gilbert alone.

Then Greta came back—No one will say what happened.

Marion Davies is making preparations for her next Cosmopolitan picture, "Tillie the Toiler," which is a story written around the comic-figure character of that name.

There is no doubt about Marion being the champ of all screen comedians, and one of the most witty individuals in the industry. She has found many friends who come to our city and see the stars. They say our stars are great disappointments when viewed in a play, but Miss Davies, as Tillie, is a juggernaut. She can put on an act with the best of them, and the audience is delighted.

Marion has heard many stories about her and her work, and has been a great favorite in the old countries. She is twenty-five years old and single, which are good commercial assets for a talented actor.

At last you can banish scaly skin, freckles, Blackheads and all skin blemishes! Science has made a new discovery—Leaves of Peach and Bee smart your skin with amazing quickness. The little imperfections vanish as by magic—and your skin takes on that delicate smooth beauty that everyone admires.

Make This 3 Minute Test

There is hidden beauty in your skin. Dust, wind, and chapped pores may have injured it. But underneath—just waiting to be brought out—is a clear, vividly beautiful complexion. Make this 3-minute-before-bedtime test. So simple a few minutes and Golden Peacock Bleach Creme on your skin. The very next morning look into your mirror. Your skin will already be clearer. Notice how quickly it develops a way to unblemished milky white—flat particles, freckles, pimples, and other imperfections have already started to vanish!

Money-Back Guarantee

So wonderful—so quick—so the results of this new scientific cream that we absolutely guarantee it! Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme now—today. Use it for only five nights. Then if you are not delighted and amazed with the transformation, your money will be instantly refunded. Now being used by millions of women for all good drug and department stores. If your dealer cannot supply, write below. When package arrives pay postman only $1.60.

Free Special Gift

If you give us your dealer's name with your order, we also will send you a lovely gift—absolutely free, with our compliments.

PARIS TOILET COMPANY

Golden Peacock Bleach Creme

7611 Oak Street

Paris, Tenn.

-- Golden Peacock Bleach Creme--

-- With your FREE gift--
When package arrives I will pay postman only $1.60. If not delighted, my money will be instantly refunded.

Name:
Address:

---End---

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Advertising Section

Another Tangee Beauty!

Two kinds of 'natural' color look natural in both sunlight and artificial light—Nature's and Tangee—and no one is ever a 'tose without a Natural Beauty owes her natural beauty!

Tanger Lipstick, $1: Celeste Rouge, $1; Rouge Compact, 75c: Frost Powder in Peach-blow, Rose, Cream, Rachel and White, $1.

Note: The most recent development in face creams has been accredited to Tangee DAY and Tangee NIGHT. These creams effectively improve the texture of the skin, and give the true basis for lovely color. $1 each.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Two kinds of 'natural' color look natural in both sunlight and artificial light—Nature's and Tangee—and no one is ever a 'tose without a Natural Beauty owes her natural beauty!

Tanger Lipstick, $1: Celeste Rouge, $1; Rouge Compact, 75c: Frost Powder in Peach-blow, Rose, Cream, Rachel and White, $1.

Note: The most recent development in face creams has been accredited to Tangee DAY and Tangee NIGHT. These creams effectively improve the texture of the skin, and give the true basis for lovely color. $1 each.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Two kinds of 'natural' color look natural in both sunlight and artificial light—Nature's and Tangee—and no one is ever a 'tose without a Natural Beauty owes her natural beauty!

Tanger Lipstick, $1: Celeste Rouge, $1; Rouge Compact, 75c: Frost Powder in Peach-blow, Rose, Cream, Rachel and White, $1.

Note: The most recent development in face creams has been accredited to Tangee DAY and Tangee NIGHT. These creams effectively improve the texture of the skin, and give the true basis for lovely color. $1 each.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
You are looking at history

The hawker of yesterday who cried his wares in the public places is now but vaguely remembered—swallowed up in yesterday's seven thousand years.

Today the news of goods for sale becomes an indelible record of human achievement.

You may take, for instance, the history of transportation in America and read that extraordinary tale of progress in an unbroken series of advertisements in the files of newspapers and periodicals—advertisements that inform us of each progressive step from the sailings of sloops out of Boston for Philadelphia in the days of Franklin, to the flight of the Air Mail from Mitchell Field to San Francisco in our own day.

You may read the startling story of the revolution in household economy and the emancipation of the American wife and home-builder in the advertisements of the last twenty-five years.

But in today's publications you find an even more amazing record—the advertisements of radio outfits, automobile equipment, electrical appliances, foodstuffs, clothing, medicines—things which have raised our civilization to a plane higher than the world has ever known. Do you quite realize that in these advertisements you are examining a contemporary contribution to the recorded history of civilization?

Chico and Dan in his production of "Seventh Heaven." And he doesn't care whether they've ever been heard of before, if they can just fulfill the other requirements. Just what those are, Mr. Borzage doesn't specify.

Of course, everyone knows that screen stars run all sorts of risks of being attacked and bitten when they play with wild animals. That's not news. But if a screen star bites a lion—that's not news, either, according to Douglas MacLean's producing company. In fact, they have taken steps to insure the wild beasts against rough treatment during the filming of "Ladies First," MacLean's new comedy. You wouldn't expect any rough stuff to occur in a picture with such a refined title, but Charles Gay, who owns the animals, looked over the script and decided his pets were in danger of being injured during the lion hunt which is the climax of the picture, so he took out an insurance policy covering three full-grown lions, one lioness, and two cubs.

When Theodore Dreiser mentioned Erich von Stroheim as the ideal man to direct "An American Tragedy," it started an idea germinating in the minds of Paramount officials. Von Stroheim, the perfect delineator of American life as it is really lived, "Mr. von Stroheim has long awaited an opportunity of making a production of typical and essential American nature," quoth Mr. Lasky. And thereupon assigned him to direct "Glorifying the American Girl." Mr. von Stroheim has moreover been cast in the "outstanding male role." And ever mindful of the fitness of things, Paramount has arranged for the picture to be made in New York, home of the Ziegfeld Follies, with Gilda Gray as the American girl.

Mr. von Stroheim will prepare for his great opportunity by taking a six weeks' course in Broadway's night life, right on the ground, as soon as he arrives from Hollywood.

The film colony seems to be going in heavily for religion—at least as an aid to interior decoration. Gardner James has a house with an altar as the chief piece of furniture. Herbert Howe, the wit of Hollywood, built himself a house with holy relics enshrined in every available corner. His conscience couldn't stand the strain of looking a madonna in the eye every time he turned around, and it got so bad that he had to move. But Alice Terry, who has no nerves at all, moved in and has been living very placidly among the saints. And now Marion Davies is building herself a dressing-room bungalow on the Metro lot with a stained-glass window.

Getting into the Fox East Coast Studio is like being presented at court. Of course, you don't have to wear an ostrich feather, but practically all the other ceremonies are observed. I put in my application a few weeks in advance and finally received a pass with the royal seal affixed. Once within the sacred portals, I took a look around and felt my healthy ego returning. It is much like any other studio, only Allan Dwan was making "Summer Bachelors," his first picture for Fox. The bobbled and blondined Madge Bellamy was the center of a cabaret scene which included hundreds of extras, all self-conscious and posing in their best attitudes in the hope of being noticed. Matt Moore was somewhere in the crowd, looking rather sulkily because he had to dance,
before a moving camera, with a newcomer to the screen named Leila Hyams. And there also was Clifford Holland, sulking because he couldn't dance with her. Holland versus Hyams is the most recent and conspicuous studio romance. Clifford, who is tall and agreeable, requested that I print his love for the lovely Leila. It seems that off the set in the studio, Clifford's standing isn't so bad, but outside—everything is so different. Miss Hyams has had stage experience, and is showing great promise in her first screen role.

Her mother, by the way, was considered for the role of Matt Moore's mother in "Summer Bachelors," but when they ran her screen tests they found she looked just about twenty years too young for the part, so there will be but one movie career in the Hyams family.

Mal St. Clair dropped in, rangy and smiling, and clad in the inevitable white flannel. Assuming his favorite role of raconteur, he soon had Walter Catlett and Charles Winninger and the others of the cast clustered around him, and all but broke up the afternoon's work. But hundreds of extras can't be hired and left idle, even if it does mean missing some pretty funny cracks. And as I left, Allan Dwan and his cameras were mounted on a truck, rolling about the set in pursuit of Miss Hyams, who was being guided thru a maze of dancing extras by the unhappy Mr. Matt Moore.

**Pauline Frederick**

**in**

**"Devil's Island"**

If you like romance, if you enjoy a charming, sweet love story that is tinged with sadness, if you want to see a tense, stirring story of strange loves in a strange land, you will certainly enthuse over Pauline Frederick's new Chadwick picture, "Devil's Island."

Leah Baird has written a most unusual story of the loves and hates of the life prisoners on Devil's Island, the prison home of Captain Dreyfus. The alluring beauty of the tropics is the charming background of this drama of the "Island of lost men."

Mother love is reflected in a new light in "Devil's Island." Pauline Frederick, struggling for the freedom of her son in servitude, brings a force to the role of the mother that makes this part stand out even above her marvelous "Madam X."

There is a good supporting cast, too, with Marion Nixon, George Lewis, Richard Tucker, John Miljan, Harry Northrup, Leo White and William Dunn among the others.

Let me know how you like "Devil's Island." In fact, I am always interested in hearing from you about every Chadwick picture that you see.

**Fanny**

CHADWICK PICTURES CORPORATION

729 Seventh Avenue

New York City

**Ignorance of physical facts never brought happiness.**

Unless there is frank discussion, there can be no real enlightenment on a subject such as feminine hygiene. The recent advances in this branch of hygiene have all come about as an answer to one existing evil. And that is the evil of poisonous antiseptics. Every physician and nurse is familiar with the effects when delicate tissues come in contact with bichloride of mercury or the compounds of carbolic acid. Yet until lately there was no other recourse for fastidious women who demanded an efficient and true surgical cleanliness.

Every woman has reason to welcome Zonite

But no longer need a woman risk the effects of dangerous poisons for the purpose of feminine hygiene. No longer need she fear accidental poisoning in the home. For now she has Zonite. This powerful antiseptic-germicidal is a remarkable achievement to contemplate. Though absolutely non-poisonous, Zonite is more than forty times as strong as peroxide of hydrogen and far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely used on the human body.

No wonder, then, that Zonite has been welcomed with satisfaction. A powerful conception which, in many uses, is harmless to human tissue! Dentists are using it widely for prophylactic oral hygiene. Suggestion: ask your physician's opinion of Zonite.

Send for a booklet on feminine hygiene, franked.

Zonite Products Co., 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

At your druggist's in bottles 25c, 50c and $1

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, scratches, suntans, etc. Also a powerful deodorant in the form of a vanishing cream.

**ZONITE PRODUCERS CO., Women's Div., 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.**

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked.

☐ Feminine Hygiene

☐ Antiseptics in the Home

☐ Please check for future offers.

Name ____________________________________________

Address __________________________________________

City ____________________________________________ State __________

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Are You Interested in Love?

If not, you will have no time for the story Dorothy Manners has contributed about a half dozen or more romances in the film colony. She has unearthed romantic fragments of life that you would not want to miss if, like the majority of people, you love love.

Take Jobyna Ralston and Dick Arlen. They’re engaged. But the colony’s prophet warns them not to wed. But they are going to...

Some of the romances are comic... some dramatic... some mysterious.

Which Road Leads to Happiness?

Happiness is the one thing that we all seek. It is the world’s quest. Which road leads to it? Wealth? Fame? Learning? Love? Marriage? Children?

Only those who have tasted of these things can properly answer. We put this question to several people wise in these things. What did they answer?

When a Foreign Actress Arrives in Hollywood...

What Happens?

Are the men more gracious than the women in extending a welcome?

This is the subject for a page drawing which has as much truth and observation in it as the drawing on Pages 32 and 33 of this issue.

There will be fiction, too. And beautiful photographs.

And all the other varied good things of which the Motion Picture Magazine is made. . . . Reserve your copy of the December issue at your neighborhood news-stand today.
THE winning kick sails between the goal posts... the final whistle sounds... surging down the field comes the frenzied victory dance... at the head of it marches the band!

In school and college Bandsmen share honors with the team. They win individual honors in state, sectional and national tournaments. They go on trips, enjoy opportunities as few others do; have the chance to earn their education with their talent.

With a Conn instrument you can join a band in a very short time. Exclusive, easy-playing features enable rapid progress, make practice real fun. World-famous professionals choose Conns for their superior quality. In 50 years building fine instruments Conn has won highest honors at world exhibitions. With all their exclusive features Conns cost no more!

We help organize bands or orchestras, with detailed plans, including an easy method of financing. Schools, communities, organizations, or individuals should write to our Band Service Department for details; no obligation.

Free Trial, Easy Payments. Choose any Conn for trial in your own home. Send coupon now for free literature and details. The Conn dealer in your community can help you get started; talk over your plans with him.

C. G. CONN, LTD., 825 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.
Please send literature checked and details of free trial offer on

Name.
St. or R. F. D.
City.
State, County.

☐ An Easy Way to Earn a College Education
☐ Interested in organizing a band or orchestra

CULTIVATE YOUR MUSICAL 'BUMP' WITH A CONN

Factory Branch Stores

New York, Strand Theater Bldg., Broadway at 47th
Boston, 488 Boylston St.
Baltimore, 406 N. Howard St.
Atlanta, 62 N. Broad St.

Chicago, 62 E. Van Buren St.
New Orleans, 125 Carondelet St.
Mobile, 5 St. Emanuel St.
Detroit, 1431 Broadway Ave.
Kansas City, 1011 McGee St.

San Francisco, 47 Kearney St.
Oakland, 531 16th St.
Portland, 11th & Alder Sts.
Seattle, 1613 Third Ave.
Tacoma, 1155 Broadway

Vancouver, B. C.
324 Hastings St., W.
Conn National School of Music,
62 E. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.
A Lady of Mayfair, exquisite as an orchid, frail as Venetian glass—or a modern flapper with the tenure of a beautiful boy—a princess, a gypsy, an adventuress—Whatever part she plays, the successful actress must be able to throw about it the vivid spell of her own personal beauty.

Lovely and youthful as the dawn she must seem to her audiences when she steps before the curtain.

How does she do it? Her skin, which has to be covered with harsh make-up—exposed to cruel, high-power light—how does she keep it fresh and unfaded—flawless, under the gaze of a thousand eyes?

We asked two hundred and fifty leading actresses of the New York stage, playing in 44 of the season’s plays, what soap they use for the care of their skin—and why. Nearly three-fourths answered, “Woodbury’s Facial Soap!”

“It is a wonderful soap for the skin,” they said. “It is very soothing,” “It keeps the skin firm and fresh-looking, preventing large pores and blemishes.”

Every one of the Woodbury users was eager to praise the soothing, non-irritating effect of Woodbury’s on her skin.

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury’s is made. This formula not only calls for the purest 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 is conscious of this extreme fineness.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects. The same qualities that give Woodbury’s its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use.

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

Your Woodbury Treatment for ten days

NOW—THE LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET!

The Andrew Jergens Co.,
1311 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed tax please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder and the booklet, “A Skin You Love to Touch.”

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1311 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

Name
Street
City State

Copyright, 1926, by The Andrew Jergens Co.
THE boy who plays a Conn is the most sought for fellow in his crowd. He's welcome everywhere, because he brings zestful, cheering music that everybody likes.

A Conn saxophone is a key to social prestige; it can be a great help to success in any career. Professional playing, whole or part time, is highly paid and fascinating; opportunities are open everywhere. Many of America's leaders in business, the professions, and statecraft, have earned their education with their musical talent. With a Conn you can win this pleasure and profit quickly.

Conns are used and endorsed by the world's foremost artists and conductors. Yet they cost no more than others!

Free Trial, Easy Payments on any Conn. Select the instrument which appeals to you; try it in your own home. You can own it by small monthly payments. Send the coupon or write now for free literature and details of trial offer.

CARTIVATE YOUR MUSICAL "BUMP" WITH A CONN

CONN BAND INSTRUMENTS
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS

Factory Branch Stores

Conn New York Co., Strand Theater Bldg., 47th St., at Broadway,
Conn Detroit, 1431 Broadway Ave.
Conn New Orleans Co., 125 Carondolet St.
Conn Seattle Co., 413 Third Ave.
Conn Chicago Co., 62 E. Van Buren St.
Conn Kansas City Co., 1011 McGee St.
Conn Tacoma Co., 1155 Broadway.
Conn Vancouver B. C. Co., 324 Hastings St. W.
Conn Baltimore Co., 406 N. Howard St.
Conn National School of Music, F. N. Innes, Director, 62 E. Van Buren St., Chicago.
FOR YOU—THE UTMOST MAGIC OF THE SCREEN

To give you the utmost magic of the screen—that is the mission of Fox Pictures! To this end, the greatest hits of the stage are being converted into Fox Photoplays by directors who have been selected because of their past successes. The stars and supporting players form the greatest pool of dramatic talent any one company has ever brought together.

"Cradle Snatchers", "Is Zat So?", "The Auctioneer", "The Lily", "The Return of Peter Grimm", "The City"—these are a handful of the noted stage plays being made into Fox Pictures. There are many others, and popular novels, too.

And the list of players in Fox Pictures—bewildering!—Alma Rubens, Edmund Lowe, Madge Bellamy, George O'Brien, Olive Borden, Matt Moore, Belle Bennett, Lou Tellegen, Lila Lee, Walter McGrail, Virginia Valli, Ian Keith, Anita Stewart, Walter Catlett, Phyllis Haver, Charles Farrell, Janet Gaynor, George Sidney, Dolores Del Rio, William Russell, Margaret Livingston, Alec Francis, Bessie Love, Victor McLaglen, Olive Tell! Yet these are far less than half the well-known players engaged.

Raoul Walsh, who directed "The Thief of Bagdad"; Allan Dwan, who directed "Robin Hood"; John Ford, who directed "The Iron Horse"; Alfred Green, who directed Colleen Moore; F. W. Murnau, who directed "The Last Laugh"; Harry Beaumont, who directed "Beau Brummel"; Frank Borzage, who directed "Humoresque"—are only a few of the Fox directors—the list reads like a movie hall of fame.

Watch your theatres for Fox Pictures—for they bring you the utmost magic of the screen!
THE FIRE BRIGADE

COMING to amaze the world...
THE epic photoplay
OF the heroes of peace
THE fearless fire-fighters
NEVER such a titanic drama
AGAINST the Red Death
ENDORSED and sponsored by
AMERICA'S firemen
IT is truly called
THE Big Parade of Peace Times

with
May McAvoy
Charles Ray
Scenario by
Alfred A. Cohn
From the story by
Kate Corbaley
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by
William Nigh

Do you see motion pictures or merely look at them?
Win one of these Rare Prizes

Do you remember what you see? I wonder! Take my test—Try my five questions—you'll be surprised how much you miss in the movies!

For the best answers to my questions I have chosen rewards that you'll be proud to win and to own.

The lucky lady will receive the signet ring I wear in "Bardelys the Magnificent."
The fortunate gentleman will win the handsome rapier John Gilbert uses in the same picture and the fifty "next best" contestants will receive my favorite photograph autographed personally by

Yours hopefully,

Eleanor Bronson

Eleanor's Five Questions

1. What four nationalities are represented in the cast of Rex Ingram's "The Magnificent"?
2. Name the four pictures in which King Vidor has directed John Gilbert for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer?
3. What do you regard as Lon Chaney's greatest screen characterization? Answer this in less than fifty words.
4. Name four Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars whose surnames begin with the letter G?
5. By what means was the stroke of the Roman galley slaves regulated in "Ben Hur"?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1542 Broadway, New York. All answers must reach us by December 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
"More stars than there are in Heaven"
This Business of Types

ALMOST everyone we know in the screen world complains of the limitations that he has forced upon him in his work. And it is very often true that you can tell just what a certain star will be and do even before his latest picture is announced on the screen. So and so is the wicked man-about-town. So and so is the aristocratic lady. So and so is the neglected husband. So and so is the little waif who comes into riches before any of her pictures fade out. It is not necessary to mention the names and further tie these personalities to the artistic ball and chain of their type. And it is probably unnecessary that we do so. The chances are that every reader of this editorial knows to whom we refer in each and every instance. That is how inflexible these limitations have become.

An Editorial by

Editor-in-Chief of the Brewster Publications

As soon as a motion picture personality becomes popular in a certain type of rôle, in that type of rôle he remains. Barring time and death, synonymous, professionally speaking, only a stray fluke can save a personality from the particular type which he has been cataloged in a producer’s mind.

This is not true of the stage. A stage personality may be the naughty silken lady from Paris one season and a persecuted and very virtuous and middle-class wife from Texas the next season.

And this is as it should be. Our screen artists would be far greater artists if they were permitted to broaden their scope of expression. And consequently the screen would have a far greater interest, for it would have a more varied pattern and color.
# Motion Picture Magazine

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>This Business of Types</td>
<td>Eugene V. Brevster</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bulletin Board</td>
<td></td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gallery of Players</td>
<td></td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When Lya de Putti Arrives in Hollywood</td>
<td>Armando</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love Stories</td>
<td>Dorothy Manners</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Idyl or a Tragedy—Which?</td>
<td>Doris Markham</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Movie Martha Goose</td>
<td>Ken Chamberlain</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poverty Row</td>
<td>Dwinelle Benthall</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Just the Right-Town Type</td>
<td></td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No Kidding!</td>
<td>Gladys Hall</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Which Reed Leads to Happiness?</td>
<td>Dwinelle Benthall</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Styles That Are Old-Fashioned</td>
<td></td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“Meets the Hall”</td>
<td>Helen Carlisle</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As Others See Us</td>
<td>Grace Corson</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That Funny Little Man</td>
<td>Madeleine Matzen</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enter and Exit Smiling</td>
<td>Helen Carlisle</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Are Your Dinner-Parties Events?</td>
<td></td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crazy Quilt</td>
<td>Adele Ormiston</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Little Girl with a Long Pedigree</td>
<td>Dorothy Drown</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Motion Picture Junior</td>
<td></td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harold Thinks It’s Pretty Good</td>
<td></td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Faux Pas</td>
<td>Dorothy Manners</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All Aboard the Limerick Liner</td>
<td></td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Right Rooms for Rest</td>
<td>Stephen Gooson</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richard Barathemness Becomes the White Black Sheep</td>
<td></td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ernesto and Teodora</td>
<td></td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Editor Goes Up</td>
<td>A. W. F.</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shadows That Will Pattern the Winter Screen</td>
<td></td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Evolution of a Movie Hero</td>
<td>B. F. Wilson</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lillian Gish Wears the Plaid</td>
<td></td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That’s Out</td>
<td>Tamur Lane</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Picture Parade</td>
<td>The Staff</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Piffle!</td>
<td>Gladys Hall</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the Camera Coasts</td>
<td>Elizabeth Greer and Milton Howe</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whose Hand?</td>
<td>F. Vance de Revere</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“Shall I Go Into the Movies?”</td>
<td>Marion Meyer Drew</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It’s Getting Pretty Crowded Out In Those Great Open Spaces</td>
<td>Ken Maynard</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Answer Man</td>
<td></td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yes and No</td>
<td></td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Lincoln Knew How To Laugh!

LINCOLN had sent for them. Seward, Stanton, Chase, and the other members of the famed war cabinet. None knew the purpose of the meeting. Save that of course it had to do with the war.

"Gentlemen," said the President, book in hand, "did you ever read anything from Artemus Ward?" Not a member of the cabinet smiled. They had not come there to joke.

But the President had, apparently. For with great deliberation he started to read page after page of Artemus Ward, the greatest humorist of his day. Having finished, he laughed heartily. The others sat aghast. What madman was this to read funny stories to them at such a time? Stanton was on the point of leaving the room.

Stony silence greeted the President as he looked up. "Well," he said, "let's have another chapter." And to everyone's astonishment, he read another chapter of humorous anecdotes. Then, throwing the book down and heaving a long sigh, he said, "Gentlemen, why don't you laugh? With the fearful strain that is upon me night and day, if I did not laugh, I should die. You need the medicine as much as I do."

After which, Lincoln reached into the pocket of his long-tailed coat and pulled out a little paper. The "little paper" was the Emancipation Proclamation!

* * * *

THE tall, gaunt figure who prefaced his cabinet meeting by reading funny stories knew what he was about. He knew the value of a laugh. He, better than they knew the necessity of something to relieve the tension that was trying men's souls in the dark days of '62.

Knowing how to laugh is the greatest tonic ever devised. If you've lost the art of laughing naturally and heartily—or think you have—see an Educational comedy tonight. You'll forget your dignity, forget your cares, forget you're grown up. You'll look younger and feel younger.

Educational comedies are deservedly popular. They are supreme in their field, just as are the other Short Subjects for which Educational is famous. News reels, novelties, scenic pictures of rare beauty, and the exquisite Romance Productions—you'll enjoy them all.

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGE, Inc.
E. W. Hammons, President
Executive Offices,
370 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.
BEATRICE LILLIE, otherwise Lady Peel, the English comedienne, who is making her first movie, has already become involved in the divorce mill of Hollywood. Her role this time is correspondent in the divorce of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Whalen. Whalen is a scenario writer. All the experts seem to agree that Bee is innocent, and that Mrs. Whalen thought that as long as she was naming a correspondent she might as well pick out someone with fame and a title.

MARY HAY, who is still the wife of Richard Barthelmess, although they've been separated for some time, has gone out to Hollywood and created a panic among the several ladies whom Dick is supposed to have captivated during the summer. Mary went to visit her little girl, who has been living with Dick at the beach all summer, but Dick delayed his departure for New York, just so he could entertain her, and for several weeks they have been going about together constantly, and happily.

EMIL JANNINGS's arrival in New York is to be celebrated by many social affairs for the press, and by the personal appearance of Mr. Jannings at the Rivoli Theater in conjunction with the showing of "The Gilded Hypocrite," one of his German pictures. One of the first people to seek an audience with Jannings will be Jim Tully, former fan magazine writer and now getting more famous every day as a playwright and novelist. Tully has written a novel called "Jarnegan," the tale of a Hollywood director, and he harbors a hope that it may be adapted to the screen with Jannings in the leading role.

There is something wrong in the McIntosh family. And we wouldn't be at all surprised if Constance Talmadge was a divorcée again when you read this. Just how long it will be before she and her husband of less than a year separate no one actually knows.

Constance has been seen about with Buster Collier, to whom she was reported engaged up to the very day of her marriage to Captain McIntosh.

The days of the good old-fashioned Mack Sennett comedies are over. Lately—as you've no doubt noticed—his slap-stick methods have been used in many of our best pictures, and are now considered quite the thing. So Mack has been engaged by Famous Players as supervising head of their comedy units. And that's the end of the custard pie and the broken crockery. By this move Famous Players renews the old bunch who used to work together on the Sennett lot—Mack and Mal St. Clair and Ray Griffith and Ford Sterling. But they haven't done a thing about Ben Turpin, who will probably work in educational comedies for Pathé.

VIRGINIA BUSHMAN, one of the daughters of Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, was married recently to Jack Conway, a Metro-Goldwyn director. When Virginia and her sister went out to Hollywood for a visit last year, they decided they'd like to stay and enter the movies instead of going back to school. Francis X. demurred, but the girls stayed, and got small parts for themselves. And Virginia has further solidified her position in the movies by her marriage. That means that practically the whole Bushman family is on the screen, except their youngest son, who is now six. When the Bushmans were divorced, Beverly Bayne got the custody of the child only on condition that he would be kept off the screen until he was at least fifteen years old.

ERNST LUBITSCH, it seems, is to do one picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer before starting on his Paramount contract. M-G-M bought his unfinished contract with Warner Brothers, and are planning to have him direct "Old Heidelberg," with Ramon Novarro. We hope, for the sake of poor Kannon, who has been getting the worst possible treatment, that this plan will materialize.

MARY PICKFORD and Douglas Fairbanks have abandoned the idea of touring the Orient. They are back in Hollywood and are ready for some strenuous work in the studios. Their decision to stay at home is a result of the death of Valentino. The output of United Artists has been reduced, and the pictures of Mary and Doug are needed.

KATHERINE MACDONALD, has been awarded a divorce from her lazy husband, C. S. Johnson. Katherine said his chief talent was borrowing money from her—money he never thought of returning. She was awarded the custody of her little son. Katherine made an attempt to come back to the screen, but it was not an unqualified success.

$10.00 for the Best Title to this Picture

You may send as many titles to this picture as you like—not more than ten words long. All answers must be mailed by November 20 and no titles will be returned. Address: Title Contest, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York
Mellin’s Food—A Milk Modifier

During the first year of life the growth of cells and tissues together with the building of the framework of the body should go on rapidly and without interruption, for the foundation then laid has a very important bearing upon the baby’s general health as he enters the period of childhood. It is, therefore, very necessary that an infant’s diet contain food elements of a form to completely satisfy the constant demand for appropriate nutritive material.

Mellin’s Food and milk properly prepared supplies these essential elements of nutrition, and a baby fed in this manner not only grows normally during the nursing period, but in later life shows the advantage of this well-selected diet by his strength and endurance, healthy color, resistance to the illnesses of childhood and his happy disposition.

What will be the general condition of the baby at the end of the second year is a matter that should always influence the selection of the diet during the period of bottle feeding.

Write to us today for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin’s Food

Mellin’s Food Co., 177 State St., Boston, Mass.
In Canada too...

at McGill and Toronto universities

this soap is three times as popular as any other

Everywhere — college girls say they find it "the only soap for their skin!"

At leading women's colleges in America—Smith, Bryn Mawr, Sweet Briar, Barnard, Wellesley,—from half to three-fourths of the girl students we questioned prefer Woodbury's Facial Soap for their skin.

At the five great universities of Chicago, Minnesota, Michigan, Wisconsin, California—Woodbury's is from 3 to 5 times as popular as any other toilet soap! Over 3,000 girls in these universities wrote praising its beneficial effect.

And in Canada, too—at her leading universities, Toronto and McGill, more than half the girl students replying to our inquiries find Woodbury's "wonderful," "the ideal soap."

"There are five girls in our family, we all use Woodbury's," wrote one Canadian girl... "A splendid cleansing soap, and an excellent aid in keeping the skin clear of ugly blemishes"...

"Keeps my skin in such a wonderfully healthy condition"... "I use it because my skin is very delicate, and most soaps irritate it."—

These are characteristic comments.

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's Facial Soap is made. This formula not only calls for the purest and finest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soaps.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet of famous skin treatments for overcoming common skin defects.

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

Your Woodbury Treatment for 10 days

Now — the new large-size trial set

The Andrew Jergens Co.,
1323 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10c please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, and the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." In Canada address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1323 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

Name
Street
City
State

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Madge still has those great big eyes, but she uses them differently. If you missed "Sandy," where the demure Miss Bellamy was first transformed into a blonde and flippant flapper, see her in "Summer Bachelors." If you didn't miss "Sandy," you'll see her without being urged...
CLAIRE WINDSOR

Claire never does anything sensational. But she always gets in the lists of the "ten most beautiful women," she's frequently hailed as the "best-dressed," and she goes quietly and consistently on making amusing and popular pictures. What more could she want? Her next will be "The Little Journey," with William Haines.
After being dignified and irreproachable for years, Florence bobbed her hair and unleashed her sense of humor, and fairly dazzled the Lasky officials into making her a star. As such, she appears in "The Popular Sin"
Here's a new hero for you. Whether it's acting ability, sincerity, or sex appeal you're looking for, Lars has got it. He was a match for the screen's foremost actress in "The Scarlet Letter," and we've no doubt he'll make even John Gilbert look to his laurels in "Flesh and the Devil." In short, we're a Lars Hanson fan.
"Is that so?" ask the challenging eyes of Louise. She has just been chosen as the vamping baby sister whom the gentlemen very frankly prefer—in "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em"
Five years ago, Mr. Warner refused to adopt the florid technique of moving pictures, and the few pictures he made were ignored. He waited—five years—until the screen grew up to his own quiet and repressed style of acting. Now he is one of the most persuasive personalities in pictures. He has been cast in a rôle which no man has attempted before—Jesus of Nazareth, in De Mille's production, "The King of Kings"
ALICE JOYCE

It is obvious every time you see a portrait of Alice Joyce that she is a charming and beautiful woman. But she is more than this. She is a sincere actress, and it is a pity that she is not more often given opportunities for interesting characterizations. In "The Ace of Cads," she plays a rôle that ranges from girlhood to middle age.
MONTE BLUE

Monte has always seemed to us a paradox—the good-natured, homespun fellow whose speciality, by some odd accident, became polished drawing-room comedy. His next picture will be a slight departure—a mystery story called "Wolf's Clothing"
When Lya de Putti Arrives in Hollywood

Curiosity will not be the only emotion felt by the film colonists

On the left are Louis B. Mayer, Jesse Lasky and Adolphe Menjou. In the front row on the right are Carl Laemmle, Cecil De Mille, the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray, Gloria Swanson, Marion Davies, Clara Bow, John Barrymore and Dick Barthelmess. In back of them are Samuel Goldwyn, Joseph Schenck, Syd Grauman, Tony Moreno, Charlie Chaplin, Pola Negri, Leatrice Joy, Monte Blue, Colleen Moore, Lillian Gish, Erich von Stroheim and Alice Joyce.
Dareos, the film colony's seer, tells Jobie Ralston and Dick Arlen that nothing but misfortune and disaster will come of their marriage.

Dorothy Manners
Tells of Their
LOVE STORIES

These are real love stories I am going to tell you about.

New ones, too, if love stories are ever new. It may be true that "the same old story" can never be really novel, but it does have its variations. Some love stories and comedies. Some, dramas. Others, mysteries. Or so they seem out in our little suburb of Los Angeles, where the last six months has seen the blooming, and sadly enough, the wilting of loves that ran the gamut from Thalia to Melpomene.

Some of these loves are all over now. They were love stories.

Others of them are just beginning. They are love stories.

But the point is they've all been wept and laughed and thrilled and worried over by real people. People you know. People like Jobyna Ralston and Richard—commonly called Dick—Arlen. You knew of their romance, didn't you?

And you'd heard that Joan Crawford and Michael Cudahy were no longer engaged?

And that Irving Asher and Mary Astor were to be wed?

And that Josef von Sternberg is newly married to a girl named Riza Royce?

Back of each is a little story. An odd little story. Sometimes of heart-break—of peace after bitter cynicism—even of fear and foreboding.

Take Jobyna and Dick. You wouldn't think that any—
The greatest play
Fate ever staged is
Love. Sometimes it
is a tragedy ... sometimes a mystery
drama ... and sometimes a comedy

thing in the world would
rise to threaten their future, would you? Two
young people so made for happiness and love?

And in the beginning
there was nothing to suggest anything else.

If ever a girl was drawn up according to specifications
to be a sweetheart—and a bride, that girl is Jobie. She
looks like that . . . all curly and pink and white and joy-
loving. She lives in a little vine-covered house with her
dad and brother. She still makes a difference between her
party clothes and her every-day clothes. When she gets
a new evening wrap, or a new hat, she models it for her
girl friends. You've known a hundred girls like her.
Only maybe not so lovely.

And Dick's the same kind of boy. Just a nice kid.
He fell head over heels in love with Jobie right away.

But for a long time Jobie thought of him as just one of
the "gang." A pal. Someone to laugh around with. She
continued to feel that way up until the time they went on
a house-party to a place that was just made for romance—
like themselves. There was a lake so clear that a million
trees cast shadows to its very heart. There were bright-
colored boats for rowing. There was soft music over the
water. And in the bow of a boat sat Jobie, in pale pink,
his face shaded by a Japanese umbrella. Dick at the oars.

They fell utterly, quite madly in love. To Jobie, Dick
was no longer just one of the "gang." He was the man
from then on, forever. Life stretched before them,
Jolie says they are going to be married anyway within a year. She tosses her head a little defiantly when she says it. But you can see she wonders—just a little bit.

Anyway, she's made her choice. There will be happiness first. A happiness she is willing to pay for in deep tears and bitter regrets—if the great Dareos is right. It is a big thing for a girl to do. So proving of her love.

Jolie is going to take a chance.

Entirely different is the love story of the beautiful, madonna-browed Mary Astor and Irving Asher.

If ever there was a romance that laughed at life and chuckled it under the chin, it is the love affair of Mary and Irving.

You know Mary, of course, but possibly you don't know Irving.

He is a young studio official. That is, in office hours. Before nine and after five-thirty he is an utterly mad, but quite personable, young man who thunders down Hollywood streets in a fearful and high-priced motor. The tout ensemble of the car and Irving makes quite a pleasing impression to the eye. Particularly the feminine eye. He used to B. M. (before Mary) "step around" a good deal. He let the world know that he preferred ladies with plenty of animation, a

(Continued on page 110)
An Interview with Greta Garbo Which Holds Another Love Story

An Idyl or a Tragedy—Which?


By Doris Markham

ONE of us knows very much about her. You, on the other side of the screen, even less than we, who in a sense live ‘back-stage’—back where so much of the gold is frankly tinsel—and where so much of the tinsel proves to be pure gold! It isn’t always easy to tell which is which, even “back-stage.” But once in a while a woman appears who is more than anything else just that—a woman, and subconsciously everyone acknowledges her power. It doesn’t make any difference whether you are one of those who help to make pictures, or one of those who just see them—you fall under her spell—you admit without question that she

(Continued on page 99)
Movie Mother Goose

By
KEN CHAMBERLAIN

Sing a song of sixpence,
Scotch and gin and rye—
To see 'em in the movies
Is bad for you and I. *

* Poetic License.

Simple Simon left the pie-man,
Not because he was not fair,
"But," said Simon to the pie-man,
"I can make more jack elsewhere."

There is a man in our town,
He's not so wondrous wise;
But he won a nice fat contract
Thru a pair of crooked eyes.
Rub-a-dub-dub, three gals in a tub,
   And how do you suppose they got there?
They cannot act, an obvious fact,
   But would the film sell were they not there?

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to the studio, sir," she said.
"May I take you there, my pretty maid?"
"Not in that old tin can, sir," she said.

Mary, Mary, wise and wary,
   How does your fortune grow?
Tangled curls in golden swirls
   And dirty kids all in a row.
HOLLYWOOD is so young that the years haven’t had much opportunity to touch her here and there and mold her into that fascinating pattern of light and shade that makes the individuality of cities.

At first glance, Hollywood seems to be all “light”—no slums, no “quarters,” no sinister streets—and yet, there is Poverty Row!

The literal Poverty Row is wearing a mask of fresh paint, elaborate stucco, and a general air of prosperity. The little row of nondescript buildings, which once offered shelter to anyone who was trying to make a picture on a shoestring or two, has changed somewhat in character—but Poverty Row as a neighborhood, and Poverty Row, as a condition, still exists.

Figuratively speaking, it is like a narrow ladder leading from obscurity to the bigger, brighter world of success—and everyone climbs that ladder. Some by leaps and bounds, some wearily and slowly. Some climb up and some climb down—and some climb up and down and up and down.

It’s a strange place, Poverty Row—gray with disappointment and bitter with failure, yet shot thru with the golden gleam of hope. Work, work, work! Those, going up, work eagerly. The Will o’ the Wisp, ahead, beckons. Those, coming down, work doggedly, for bread—or gaily, for bravado—or sullenly, for shame—and those who are climbing up a second time, work silently. It is harder the second time, because in failure, they are burdened with the memory of success.

It is stark tragedy for those coming down to be crowded to one side by those pushing up—as they meet on that mythical ladder in Poverty Row—and yet, it is inevitable. They are like rabbit warrens, that group of studios in Poverty Row. You are liable to meet anyone in their dim halls. A company moves in—makes a picture—and
moves out. Then waits until enough money is found to make another picture. Sometimes these are very good pictures—sometimes, very bad ones, but they all are adventures. Perhaps "The Salvation Hunters" has been the most famous one. That queer, heavy epic of mud that meant everything or nothing according to the way you looked at it. Anyway, it was made by a group of youngsters who believed in themselves, in their futures and their ideas, and today they are all acclaimed artists—Josef von Sternberg, George K. Arthur, Gloria Hale and Otto Matiessen, and the one picture that made them all was made for four thousand dollars on Poverty Row! Adventure! Romance! Luck! Call it what you will, but it sings a Siren Song on Poverty Row.

The list of producing companies on these studio bulletin boards reads like the entries in a cross-country race. Some of them come in for The Big Money, but most of them fall at the jumps.

The greatest asset they can have, is names. The bigger, the better, but never has the producer of Poverty Row big enough money to buy a big name—for long. So he does the best he can by using all his ingenuity to entice someone, well known, to come and work for him for a day or two. Then he shoots all the scenes with that person as quickly as possible—one after another, without any regard for sequence, pays off his principal, and goes on making the balance of the picture with cheaper players.

And actors who are not under contract, are glad to pick up the odd days' work, so they scuttle over to Poverty Row and do their bit, hoping that no one will see them, and what is more important, that they will not miss a call from a big studio, while they are gone.

Lionel Barrymore, Mildred Harris, Cullen Landis, Pauline Garon, Gladys Hulette, all have known Poverty Row. You can name them by the dozen. The great rank

(Continued on page 113)
Just the Man-About-Town Type

A movie of a young blood arising at high noon

The orchestra will play "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning." Nothing this side of a new and similar popular song will save you from hearing it.

Something tells us the title is far more wicked than the story itself. It is called "The Prince of Tempters."

Ben Lyon is the man-about-town who finds it increasingly difficult to arise in time to keep his luncheon and tea engagements.

And the valet is played by John Kolb, the truck driver who was discovered by First National and immediately placed under contract.
No Kidding!

By

Gladys Hall

MOST of us like to kid ourselves—and others.
Some of us don’t even know that we are doing it.
That’s how dumb we are.

We like to think we’re what we ain’t.
Some of us don’t even know that we are doing it.
That’s how dumb we are.

We like to pretend tastes and fads and interests and pursuits that we would drop like year-before-last’s second-hand coat if we had the gump to come out and be ourselves.

We look interested and important and “wise” when some dried leaf begins to sprout about Neo-Platonism or Neolithic Man or some ism or fossil that doesn’t really register a beat by natural selection.

We like to think and we like others to think that we play a pretty darned serious rôle in life, no kidding.

We like to give the impression that we are pretty profound, pretty deep stuff, if only other folks “understood” us.

The screen stars haven’t been exempt from this merry malady. Not by a star-full.

We’ve all been regaled by photographs of some pretty lady “among my books.” We’ve all gone blatting thru stories about this one studying the morbid psychology of the

(Continued on page 89)

Below is Constance with her comparatively new husband, Captain Alastair William Mackintosh, who is a familiar figure at Newport, Southampton and other gathering places of the elite

Constance’s Creed

I’d rather dance than read any dusty tome ever written.

And I like parties. All kinds of parties. I never get tired of them. S’truth.

People tell me, well-meaningly, that I ought to employ my spare time to “better advantage”! Why? What for?

Anyway, there have to be butterflies. Or there ought to be. I think they serve their purpose and they certainly have a wow of a time. I’m for ‘em. No kidding!
Which Road Leads

Wealth?
Fame?
Success?

THE most coveted gifts of the Fairy Godmother in all the approved Fairy-Tales were Health, Wealth and Happiness. If the good Dame smiled upon a new-born soul and touched the future with her Magic Wand, all was well. In those three simple little words lies the sum of all good. That is one point upon which fairy-tales and Life agree. Health, Wealth, and Happiness.

But granting health to be just what the dictionary says it is—freedom from bodily pain—and wealth to be—comparative, just what is happiness? Surely it, more than any other quality in the world, is personal. There is no standard. It has a different form, a different color, a different meaning, for each individual.

You and I know what makes us happy, but have you ever wondered just what makes or mars the other fellow’s happiness? Is it money? Success? Fame? Beauty? Love? What is happiness? What is your happiness? With these questions in my mind, and indirectly on my lips, I wandered around Hollywood, where the Fairy Godmother seems to have more Godchildren than in any other one place in the world.

At sunset of one gorgeous blue and gold day, I found Elinor Glyn in her Tower Room on top of the Hotel Ambassador. The horizon was a waving line of purple mountains. The foreground was a vivid room of bright clear Chinese colors, and Madame Glyn, tho wearing gray and very pale, was the most vivid thing in the room. Hers is a force, a personality that one feels instantly—and there are no bizarre trappings! No tiger skins! No voluptuous red roses! No incense! No shaded lights! The whole apartment was flooded with clear, clean California sunshine.

"Happiness?" she said. "Happiness!
to Happiness?

Several Things Generally Believed Make Surprising This Question

Well, of course, perfect communion with one you love—communion that is physical, mental and spiritual—that is happiness—but that is so rare, so rare, that we will not even speak of it. Leaving perfect love out of the question, there are many lesser things—substitutes that give happiness. Work, well done, for instance, but the thing that gives me more personal happiness than anything else is the knowledge that I have been able to help someone—usually some young person, to realize the value of his own life—his own talents.

"People are so blind," she said, "they seem to have no concepion of life in its broader sense."

"As a series of successive Incarnations?" I suggested.

"Exactly," returned Madame Glyn. "I would like to write something very simple, very clear, that would explain life from that angle—it is the solution of all problems, for me.

"But getting back to happiness—my happiness, let me illustrate. Just recently, there was a young woman, brilliantly talented, who was throwing her life away—drinking. It was tragic. I talked to her many times. I begged her, I implored her to consider what she was doing—to understand that she must give an accounting of her gifts. Finally she began to listen—and now she has won her way back. She has a good position again—writing in one of the studies. That has given me great happiness."

The sun was sinking. The woman who has been painted in the most sensational colors, whose name has become a synonym for violent passions, was speaking intensely of her joy in helping—another woman—to live understandingly. There was no pose about it. The pose is the characterization of Elinor Glyn which has been made by publicity. There may be (Continued on page 119)

Elinor Glyn, pictured here in the gown she wore when she was presented at court in England, does not claim that social position brings happiness. She believes that happiness and perfect love are synonymous, but . . . well, that is so rare . . .

By DWINELLE BENTHAL

Health?
Marriage?
Children?
New Styles That Are Old-Fashioned

Rolled stockings! Tut, tut! What are the girls of this generation coming to? Yet rolled stockings do not appear to have been unheard of in the 90's. Compare the photograph of Estelle Bradley of the Mermaid Comedies with the old picture of Madge Lessing, a musical comedy favorite in a now forgotten "Passing Show".

Take Carmel Myers' very modest slave bracelet, for instance. Isn't it for all the world like the gold necklace worn by the Duchess of Leinster in that era of puffed sleeves when ladies boasted of their tiny waist-lines?

The shoulder corsage is the thing today. We never think of wearing our flowers at our waist with modern dress. Dolores Costello wears her bouquet on her shoulder. So did another famous beauty...the photograph above shows Lillian Russell in 1890.
“MEESTAIR HALL...

He is a good actor,” says Pola Negri

By Helen Carlisle

If the shadow of the Valentino tragedy passes across this interview once or twice, it is because the shadow lay so heavily on Pola Negri’s set the day I met her new leading man, James Hall.

The interview took place just two days before Valentino’s death, and a dozen watchmen barred the closed-in set where Negri was trying so desperately to continue her work on “The Hotel Imperial.”

I was permitted on the set, which was shut away even from the press, because I was —I am—Pola’s friend. The star sat erect, her body tense, her hands clasped tightly. Her eyes stared steadily ahead at the set. Not a muscle of her face or body seemed to move, except at the director’s sharp call for action.

Then she and James Hall leaped forward into their scenes—scenes in which she is endeavoring to aid her wounded lover to escape from the soldiers who are bent on capturing him.

I do not ever expect to see screen and life tragedy enacted simultaneously before my eyes, again.

But, in those brief, tense moments, when Hall wasn’t working, he hurried over to my side, and told me something about himself. He is Lasky’s newest leading man, and his first picture, opposite Bebe Daniels in “The Campus Flirt,” is now being released. Not only did this clean-cut, blue-eyed young man distinguish himself in the first picture in which he ever appeared, but immediately thereafter he was chosen, against all comers, as Pola’s leading man. Tests were made of many prominent actors, but Hall won the part. All of which shows that James Hall is quite an unusual young man.

He’s always been somewhat unusual, it would seem. Back in his home town of Dallas, Texas, his parents applied another word. Shocking. For what nice youngster in his early teens would slip away from home whenever a theater hung out an “Amateur Night” card, and dodging the cabbages and eggs of an admiring audience, put on a song-and-dance turn? This James Hall did, again and again. He insisted on dancing, and singing, too. He says laughingly now that the former was better than the latter.

By some firm means he was, kept in high school for two years. But he found an outlet for his ambition even then.

Many a time, when his parents sat at home wondering where their wandering boy was that, night, they might, have found him in one of the local theaters working as a “super,” which is in stage parlance what “extra” is to the screen. He was Sound of Voices Off-Stage, he was My Lord, the Carriage Waits, he was with many others, the Merry College Boy who Cheers for Our Side, indeed he was everything except, as he says, “a bloodhound chasing Eliza.”

(Continued on page 94)
Inexpensive Christmas Gifts which early shoppers may purchase thru Miss Corson's Shopping Service

For instructions and full details see Page 103
Christmas Approaches

DEAR PATSY:

I've seen her again, and that's enough to make it a red-letter month—Who? Don't be sill—Florence Vidor, of course! If you could only have been with me that day. Aside from being the dearest, most lovable—oh what's the use, there aren't words enough. She's just about perfect—but aside from that, she knows more about the art of dressing beautifully than any other woman, with perhaps the exception of Alice Joyce, in this movie game.

Mal St. Clair, the young Lubitsch, you

(Continued on page 103)
That Funny
Or is Harry Langdon sad . . .
figure trudging along

By MADELEINE

ONCE upon a time (way back in Council Bluffs, Iowa) there lived a little boy. His parents were very poor and a penny looked to him as big and as exciting as a twenty-dollar gold piece looks to the average boy today.

He went to the public schools until he was ten years old, then the days grew so lean, the struggle so bitter, he was obliged to leave school and sell papers to help out.

He took up his stand opposite the largest theater in town. The selling of papers progressed slowly, for the boy was so thrilled by imagining what went on inside the theater that he would forget to call out his wares and stand there—just dreaming!

He was a funny little boy, a little boy usually solemn and desperately in earnest, for the wolf of hunger stalked close at his heels. Food was scarce and not always forthcoming. But in spite of this he had a sudden smile, a smile that beguiled each customer and made him smile in return.

At home there was a mother, the kind you used to read of but seldom see these days—a mother who made apple pies and cookies when times were plentiful.

To her he brought glamorous tales of stage folk, of kindly actors (who never asked for change) ; of actresses in gowns that rustled, who carried ermine muffsc and smelled of violets even in the dead of winter.

He told his mother of the throngs that crowded past him after each performance, the throngs who left the theater with laughter and tears still lingering in their eyes and blinding them to the small, eager boy who stood there clutching his papers with frost-bitten fingers.

To him the tinsel was gold, the make-believe world of the theater the only real world and a place of growing enchantment.

A chance came to be call-boy in the theater and he grabbed it. Then he became usher, and later filled the positions of cashier, advertising man, and janitor. And, most wonderful of all, several times he filled in for missing actors.

His ambition grew, he entered amateur night contests and came out with honors and prizes which he brought home proudly to his mother.

About this time, a medicine show came to town. There was
Little Man

a Pierrot . . . a gentle, lonely
the road of the world?

MATZEN

an opening for someone who could sing, dance, wisecrack and
double in selling medicine. Dr. Staley ran the show and he
took the boy with him when he left town.
The boy, now almost grown, played for several years with
this and other medicine shows.
He sold unheard-of quantities of medicine for them—and
all by means of laughter. And the medicine worked wonders, or
perhaps it was laughter that made the cures?
From the medicine shows he went into traveling stock com-
pany and played every part from Little Eva to old character
roles. Then came vaudeville on a small-time circuit.
Hard years followed—the struggle for recognition was a
heart-rending thing. Laughter and hope almost died for lack
of appreciation. Many times the boy walked and bummed his
way home—broke. Only to start out again with a new
company and the encouragement of his mother to uphold him.
By the time he was twenty-one he had done about everything
that was to be done in the way of work connected with the
theater.
These years were filled with disappointment, with drudgery
without reward. They were years during which ambition faded
away to a mere ghost of itself. But, oddly, the tinsel of the
stage still shone like a precious thing to him.
Out of the bitterness grew a gentle, unembittered conception
of the miseries that beset boys who persist in dreaming. This
conception took shape and finally became one of the most lovable
and delightful screen characters the world has ever seen. For
the boy was Harry Langdon, and the Harry Langdon that you
see on the screen today is the boy Harry that smiled his funny
crooked smile and refused to give up his dream.
Mack Sennett says that Langdon is the greatest comedian
in the world today . . . and that he has only begun . . .
and that his future is brighter and
more full of promise than that of any
star.

Mack Sennett says
that Langdon is the
greatest comedian
in the world today . . . and that he
has only begun . . .
and that his future
is brighter and
more full of prom-
ise than that of any
star.

If Christopher Mor-
ley met him, he
would most certainly
write him into a
story . . . he is that
sort of person . . .
charmingly and
amusingly impulsive.

(Continued on page 96)
Beatrice Lille is a riot and a knockout... even if she is known in British society as Lady Peel

By Helen Carlisle

Beatrice Lille, known in English society circles as Lady Peel, wife of Sir Robert Peel and mother of the five-year-old Honorable Bobby, swung her car to the left, as does any good Britisher when in doubt. Traffic regulations in Great Britain are, as you doubtless know, the exact reverse of those we follow in America.

Unfortunately for Lady Peel, there simply wasn't any left-hand turning. She was in America, furthermore she was on one of those tricky narrow roads leading down from the star-crowned heights of Beverly Hills. She was alone with no sturdy American to save her. Also, it was a Dark Night.

Over went the car down the side of the ravine, spiraling twice, quite neatly. Over went the Lady Peel. Sometimes, during the Grand Tour she jumped, and came to about an hour later feeling—er—decidedly hanged up. Jack Gilbert fortunately lived not far away. In the midst of reverie or revelry, as the case may be, his door-bell rang rather feebly. Opening the door, he found not Lady Peel, but Beatrice Lulle, most famous comedienne of the stage today, on hands and knees before him, regarding him with the pleading eyes of a hopeful puppy.

"My God, Bee, what has happened?" asked the horrified Gilbert, noting the torn and bedraggled condition of Miss Lille.

With that inimitable sidelong glance which has sent thousands of theatergoers into hystericms, Miss Lille said: "Heard there was a party. Came."

Shortly thereafter I met Miss Lille at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, where she is appearing in her first screen production, "Exit, Smiling," with Jack Pickford as her leading man. She was dressed in a man's suit, her boyish cropped black hair was brushed sleekly back—and she wore a mustache. I had seen her in the stage production, "Charlot's Revue," and had wondered at the time if, in every-day life, she was as subtly funny as she is before the footlights.

I was quite astonished to find that she is exactly that.

(Continued on page 115)
A Negri Dinner Menu

Caviar
Lettuce Soup en Tasse
Squabs Champignon
Poulet à la Champeaux
Potato Fritters  Latticed Cucumbers
Peaches Thaïs
Café au Lait

Are Your Dinner-Parties Events?

A few suggestions from Pola Negri’s kitchen which will interest the hostess

DINNER with Pola Negri is an event. Lucky indeed is the invitation that brings a bidding to Pola’s colonial house in Beverly Hills for the hour of eight. Joseph Hergesheimer, for one, found dinner with Pola his most vivid memory of Hollywood, judging from his reminiscences.

Mr. Hergesheimer wrote in particular of the classic beauty of Pola’s table. Long and narrow, carved of wood, it is laid even on informal occasions with beauty and elegance. Covered with a mantle of Venetian lace, a mirror of Venetian cut glass and decorated in garlands of fresh fruit—apples, pomegranates, pears, figs, peaches and lemons, twined with grape and fig leaves, it presents a setting as colorful as a Mediterranean orchard.

To strains of Russian music the dinner is served.

Caviar: Served on strips of thin toast as an hors d’œuvre. May be garnished with finely grated egg and served with parsley.

Lettuce soup en tasse: Boil three large heads of lettuce until soft, then rub thru a fine sieve. Add six cupsfuls of strong beef stock. Season with salt, pepper and lemon-juice (Sherry can be used for the lemon, if preferred). Bring to boil and serve immediately.

Joseph Hergesheimer found dinner with Pola one of his most vivid memories of Hollywood. He wrote in particular of the classic beauty of Pola’s table

Squabs champignon: Prepare squabs same as broiled chicken. Split and season well with salt, pepper and plenty of butter. Mushrooms; for every two pounds of mushrooms put quarter of a pound of butter and juice of lemon in saucepan. Clean the mushrooms. Rub them together, as this tends to whiten them. Drain them from water. Put in saucepan and let boil on quick fire for three minutes. Serve with squab on toast with parsley.

Poulet à la Champeaux: Cut chicken into ordinary pieces. Color them in butter. When a golden brown, add chopped parsley. Moisten with white wine or a glass of sherry and a little strong gravy. Cook until tender in covered saucepan.

Potato fritters: Mashed potatoes rolled into cakes and dropped until golden brown in boiling grease.

Latticed cucumbers: Cucumbers shaped and diced and served with French dressing.

Peaches Thaïs: Consists of poached peaches with purée of strawberries and fresh almonds covering a vanilla ice inserted in the fruit in place of a stone. The fruit is cut into halves, the ice inserted and covered with the purée.

Café au Lait: Coffee with milk. When coffee is made, add two-thirds of boiling milk to one-third of coffee.
In her unconsciousness, Judith lost all sense of time. But the little gold hands of the bedside clock with its muffled tick told her that it had only been five minutes ago that she had clutched to the floor, stunned and hurt, how she was lying on the bed. And now she was lying on the bed. And—and was bending over her while Harvey sat at the foot of the bed, distraught to unconsciousness. Lillian bathed her temples with a saturated handkerchief.

"Where... where am I?" her voice was weakly timbred. She smiled. "How trite of me," she forced herself to talk over the wall of lethargy she felt, knowing this would reassure them. "How trite. Everyone says that when they come out of a faint."

From under half-closed lids which she lacked volition to raise, she saw Harvey's eyes, beseeching for forgiveness. And her desire to save him before Lillian overpowered her inclination to slip again into unconsciousness.

"Funny that I should have fainted," she said, "I must have been working too hard. No luncheon... ."

Lillian said nothing. She bent heavily over Judith, cooling her eyeballs. They felt so heavy that Judith was grateful for the lotion. Her wrists and her throbbing temples lined with deep blue veins also responded to the stimulating saturation.

Harvey was entirely sobered. The shock of seeing...
"What I mean is," said Sonia, "don't expect Harvey never to stray from the fold. You'll get only heartbreak if you go on that premise."

Illustrations
by
Henry
Pilgrim

"Has Miss Cameron called yet?" she asked.

Harvey shook his head.

"No, she ain't come yet, Miss Judy. Not yet," Lillian's voice was a mournful drone.

"I will see her," Harvey said. "Dont worry about her, Judith. She will come again another time."

But Judith shook her head. "I feel all right," she lied as she raised herself in bed with a certain stoicism. She was cold with the nausea of weakness. "If someone would help me to the dressing-table."

"Harvey, dear, will you?"

This was her gesture. She must show Harvey that she still looked to him for comfort and protection.

Lillian stood aside, her very silence speaking of her disapproval.

"Kaint hardly sit up and she's tryin' to stan' up," she finally said as Harvey led Judith to the vanity bench. "An' how you gwine see nobody with that bump on your hade's mor'n I kain see."
"Women have been known to love men not only in
spite of their faults but because of them"

would have killed myself," he said without any affecta-
tion. "It would have been intolerable."

"Oh, Harvey," said Judith, "if this has taught you a
lesson, I can be glad it happened."

Lillian interrupted them. But Harvey did not rise.

"She's down-stairs," said Lillian, "smoking! I tol' her
you all'd be right down."

Judith was a little doubtful whether Miss
Cameron had understood Lillian's jargon.

"You had better see her," Judith
instructed Lillian, "As I explained
this morning. Remember!"

She thought it best
Cont'd on page 80

Judith sank
to the bench grate-
fully. The room reeled
so.

There was a fresh tube
of grease-paint in the dress-
ing-table drawer.
Her fingers picked it up
without actually feeling it.

"I'll fix that bump in a
minute, Lillian," she said,
"Watch me."

The bell rang. Everyone
started.

"Tell her I will be right
down," Judith instructed Lil-
lian, who left the room with a
grumble of disapproving complaint.

Harvey stood behind Judith as she
manipulated the grease-paint with un-
steady fingers that refused to hurry.

"Will you speak to me?" Harvey asked her,
or would you rather I went away?"

Judith turned to him.

"Dearest," she said, "you did nothing."
And there was a certain emphasis in her
words that saved them from being enigmatic. "When
you have been drinking, you are not you. You seem a
stranger," she elucidated.

His eyes were frightened when he came over to her
and knelt beside her slim knees. His contrition seemed to
have utterly devitalized him. The spirit that dominated
him was gone.

"My God," he groaned, "I thought you were dead.
You were so white and you lay so still."

A shudder passed over him at the remembrance. "I

His eyes were frightened when he came over to her
and knelt beside her slim knees. And when Lillian
interrupted them, he did not rise.
A Little Girl With a Long Pedigree

When Dorothy Dwan knocked at the portals of Kleig fame, she brought with her a family tree that dates back as far as the first Irish kings, about 1000

On her mother's side, the line traces directly back to the father of Sir William Wallace, the famous Scotch patriot, born in 1270. Lewis Wallace, noted author and writer of "Ben Hur," recently filmed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, is also a direct descendant of this same Wallace. The family is one of the oldest in Scotland, and their Eilderie castle is still intact. From a family always noted for valor and fighting blood, Dorothy brings these attributes to Hollywood, a world of Spartanism. Look her up in "Burke's Peerage" or "Landed Gentry" and read of the Woods and Wallaces in early American history. They fought the Indians and hewed timbers for homes.

Students of Virginia and Maryland history well know the names of Briscoe and Hanson, which families controlled the wealth of the latter state for a hundred years. And it is down thru these well-known aristocratic old families of the South that the blood of Europe and America came to Dorothy. Briscoe Hall in England is another ancestral home ready to welcome its Hollywood daughter.

The forbears of this little blue-blooded scion of aristocracy bore arms in every war in America—generals, colonels, captains in the Navy—and her slender little figure could not get into the bars to which she is entitled in the S precis, the Colonial Dames, Daughters of the Revolution, the Dove and Ark Society.

And still "they" contend that there are no cultivated, well-bred people in the motion picture world. Doubtless there are many others in Hollywood who could lay claim to family trees of almost as much pretension as Dorothy's. But as was said before, American peerage and nobility are unheralded, especially when it comes to the movies. We cannot help wondering what those charming but haughty dames who attend the National Convention of the Colonial Dames or Daughters of the Revolution would think if a young motion picture star should pop into their meeting with more bars on than any one of them.

"Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free.
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose and Dunsce." "Honor, anger, valor, fire, Spirit that life could never tire.
Death quench, or evil stir, the mighty Master gave to her."

What's in a name? Only tradition—but tradition keeps the world going. Hollywood gets all agog every time a new remnant of old European nobility comes to town. The papers herald him, or her, on the front pages. Casting directors say, "Send Him, or Her in."

But what about our own nobility? Right here in filmdom?

Americans, the greatest democrats, are after all the saddest snobs in the world. They will crowd and crane their necks to look at nobility any day—and European nobility, but do they get excited over American nobility? No—it goes unheralded and unsung.

Does Hollywood ever suspect that a pretty extra girl might have a pedigree a mile long? Does the (Continued on page 95)
The Junior Answer Man

Joe Frank Cobb Answers the Questions Sent to Him in Care of Movie Jr., 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York

COLLEEN MOORE ANATOMIZER.—Colleen's next picture will be "Twinkletoes." It will be produced at the First National Studios in Burbank, California. Richard Dix is at Famous Players Studios, 6th and Pierce Avenues, Astoria, Long Island. He has just been chosen to appear in D. W. Griffith's next production, "The White Slave." "The Quarterback" will be his next release.

DOROTHY S.—You can write to Clara Bow at Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Conrad Nagel and Antonio Moreno are at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California. Alberta Vaughn is at F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California, and Irene Rich is at Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

MARY L.—Betty Bronson was born in Trenton, New Jersey, November 17, 1906. You can write to her at Famous Players Studios, 6th and Pierce Avenues, Astoria, Long Island. Mary Pickford has returned from abroad and can be reached at Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, California. Anna Q. Nilsson is at First National Studios, Burbank, California. Mary's last name is Kornman. She is the only girl in "Our Gang.

WALMAR G.—I am sure Colleen Moore will be glad to send you her photograph if you write to her at First National Studios, Burbank, California.

RUBY B.—Ruth Roland will return to the screen in "The Masked Woman," in which Anna Q. Nilsson is featured. Ben Lyon is twenty-five years old. Corinne Griffith's hair is light brown and she is five feet four inches tall. Lloyd Hughes was born October 21, 1897. Viola Dana was born June 28, 1900, in Brooklyn, New York.

ELLEN G.—Greta Nissen is returning to the screen in "The Popular Sin." Did you know that Yvonne Troubetzkoy is a Russian Princess? He was born in Los Angeles, California, about twenty-five years ago.

ILA GRACE A.—Clara Bow is one of our Fame and Fortune Contest winners. She was born in Brooklyn, August 8, 1905. Her next picture will be "Wings." She is not married.

Tommy Is Her Nickname

Because Thomasina Is Too Big a Name for Such a Little Girl

This is Tommy Mix with her mother and daddy.

Her real name is Thomasina, but she's too little for such a long name. She's only four.

But she's been across the ocean on a great big boat—wasn't seaweed a bit, because her daddy has a yacht at home and she learned how to creep on the deck—and she has seen all sorts of queer countries.

She likes Paris best—not because of the clothes you can buy there, but because they have such beautiful parks, and in the parks are little boys and girls who played ring-around-the-rosy with Tommy.

Her mother and daddy sent her to California ahead of them, because they had to stop in so many cities that a little girl would have been very tired. So when they came home, Tommy went in a car to meet them. And what do you think? It rained and the roads were slippery. Tommy was in a great big car with her nurse and some other people. She couldn't see much out of the window, because the rain made such a splash, but all of a sudden there was a terrible noise and—bang! smash! A great big truck came flying out at them from a side street and sent their car lickety-split across the pike! The glass broke and poor little Tommy was cut and bumped her head.

But she didn't cry. Even tho she had a big red bruise above one eye, she only looked solemn and asked when they'd find mother and daddy.

"Oh, it will upset her daddy terribly!" the rest of the people said, and decided not to tell him about it until after he had been met by all the Indians, cowboys and native sons who were gathered at the station. So they brushed Tommy's hair over the bruise and explained it to her, and never once did Tommy put her finger on the bruise and say "Lookit where I hurt me!" as some little girls would have done.

She sat at her daddy's table in his private car and smiled at him and at her pretty mother, and also at the tiny diamond ring they had brought her. She put the ring on and told everybody that now she had "free rings" and this was the (Continued on page 98)

With Tommy in the picture are her mother and her daddy. The last time they were away on a journey they brought her a little diamond ring.
The Little Girl Who Wanted to Be a Boy

And the true story of how her wish almost came true because of a fairy godmother who was her really and truly grandmother

Once upon a time there was a nice little girl only ten years old who lived in a big rambling Indiana country house, with plenty of Indiana country spreading in neat yellows and greens all around, and she wanted to be a boy.

A Boy, really. You know, the kind of Boy who scampers gleefully over fences, throws ripe tomatoes at steved cats, goes in swimming in the ole swimming-hole with the other boys; runs, climbs, shimmies up big trees, jumps into orchards to steal fat juicy apples. . . . But, after all, she was only a Girl, and no matter how hard she tried, even when she put on old overalls and channered up the rough thick branches of the sycamore-tree before the house, there was always a Mother to come out and say reprovingly: "Gene! Come down out of that tree this instant and play with your dolls!"

That was the trouble, you see. They were always giving Gene dolls when Gene wanted pistols and fishing-rods and cowboy suits.

But Gene had a fairy godmother. Except that she wasn't really a fairy or a godmother, but a sweet-faced middle-aged lady who happened to be Gene's Grandmother. Her name was Gene Stratton-Porter. Maybe you've heard of her. And Gene's name was Gene Stratton, after her famous grandmother, you see.

Now Grandmother Porter knew Gene's wish. And Grandmother Porter should have known, because she loved Gene, and studied her and wrote lovely books, and had even put Gene into some of them. Wish and all. One was "The Keeper of the Bees." In which Little Scout was a girl who wanted awfully to be a boy. Another was "Laddie," in which Little Sister was a girl who slid down haystacks, and landed on soft fresh eggs and then laughed instead of crying about it. And it happened that Grandmother Porter passed away, and little Gene, because she had lost a good friend and a comforting shoulder, was very sad. So she couldn't forget Grandmother Porter, and she couldn't forget the desire to be a boy.

Then one day some men came who said, "We are going to make moving pictures out of Gene Strat-leton-Porter's books. Who is there to take the roles of Little Scout and Little Sister?"

And that is how Gene Stratton-Porter came to be an actress.

You see how simple it was. Here was no Jackie Coogan, trained from the moment of infant intelligence to be an actor. Here was Baby Peggy, a delightful imp of poise and aplomb. This was just Gene Stratton, one of the little girls Booth Tarkington used to love to write about before he became interested in their big brothers and sisters; but even more, one of Gene Stratton-Porter's little tomboys. Gene had never thought of being an actress. She had never wanted to be an actress. She had no Ambitions, no Press-Agents. She was not cute. She was not really Pretty. She did not powder her nose in a dark corner of Mother's closet. She did not cry when a knee-pannted youngster tweaked her nose; she tweaked back. She was just a girl who wanted, oh terribly! to be a boy.

And when she heard that she could really and truly be Little Scout and play in overalls and with short hair and bare feet as much as she wanted to, Gene Stratton was glad. Because, as it happened, Gene was a born actress. No, she wasn't a born actress, when you come down to it. Rather, for the first time in her life she was doing what she wanted to do without being fettered by girl-baby skirts. Nothing else mattered, you see.

And so the screen-gained a new child star. There was no fanfare of trumpets, no wild public acclaim.

A public knew her, of course. The great American public who worship and will always worship at the shrine of the sweetness and understanding that was Gene Stratton's Grandmother. But that was all.

Gene made good. Gene had no longer any quarrel with the world, having been granted her heart's desire. J. Lee Meehan, her daddy and director of all the Porter pictures, understood this and gave her free rein. Gene trampled gaily over hearts in the audience and reputations in the ranks of the experienced actors on the same cast. Because, you see—and this is most important of all—Gene wasn't acting; she was being herself: the true tomboy of the American screen.

Felix Certainly Is Popular

If our postman was not very, very good-natured, he certainly would be cranky about the big bags of mail he has had to carry up-stairs lately. And most of the letters in this bag have been drawings of Felix. One day one thousand came. And every day hundreds and hundreds came.

The prizes are here in our office waiting to be sent to the lucky artists! But, of course, we cannot mail them until the judges decide. And the judges keep asking us for more time . . . there have been thousands of drawings made by the readers of Motion Picture Junior and they want to consider every one carefully. It takes time.

But we hope to announce the winners either next month or the month after that. We think maybe it will be next month...
Harold Thinks It's Pretty Good

Scenes from the New Lloyd Comedy

In his next picture, Harold Lloyd again suffers from an inferiority complex... just as he did in "Grandma's Boy." He is the youngest in a family of strong men... and, like all kid brothers, an outsider when it comes to important affairs.

When his father, the sheriff, goes out of town, Harold wears the shiny badge and gives a medicine show permission to hold performances. His father is furious... and insists that since Harold started this he can finish it. He sends him down to the village to oust the medicine show. And there is a Strong Man...

This is the gist of the story, which has skumpy-umpy complications and gives our spectacled star and producer opportunity for splendid characterization. Joyna Ralston is the girl again. And even Harold himself announces that the finished product "looks pretty good." If you knew Harold, you'd know what sentiment holds.
FAUX PAS

An expose of things that should not have been allowed to happen

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Illustrations by George Elmer Hughes

The hostess smiled. "Just leave it there," she said. "We will call it Mr. Gilbert"

AWFUL, isn't it, that creepy feeling up and down the spine, not to mention the hot flushes to the face and the cold flashes to the feet, when you've said or done something wrong and know you've said or done something wrong and know everyone else knows you've said or done something wrong. They call it a faux pas, which is French for "boner," and in most cases the s in pas is silent. The only exception is when it is sounded for hissing. Everybody pulls "boners"—some better than others. Remember the time you guessed thirty as the age of a girl who turned out to be only twenty-one? Or the time you went all fluttery in performing an introduction and forgot your best friend's name?

Even the picture people with all their poise aren't exempt from the common failing. Hardly a day goes by that doesn't circulate a new embarrassment story thru Hollywood, and while some of them can be told because of legal complications—some of them can.

Well do I remember the time a writer friend of mine was preparing a symposium article for a magazine. She was out scouting for material when she ran into Mae Murray. She asked her if she cared to contribute a little anecdote that might serve in the story.

"And who else will be in the article besides myself?" inquired Mae nicely.

"Well," replied my friend without thinking, in fact, utterly devoid of anything verging on thought, "Bob Leonard and——"

But the rest stuck in her throat. Realizing she had tactlessly mentioned Mae's ex-husband, she went panicky. "Well," she began taking a fresh start. "Bob Leonard and——"

(Continued on page 104)
All Aboard the Limerick Liner

Are you going to be one of the lucky passengers on the Limerick Liner? We have $50.00 to divide among five writers of clever lines. Remember that the line you submit to complete a limerick must rhyme with the first two. Send as many as you like before November 26. Address: Limerick Contest 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Imagine an Indian Chief
In a costume so bright and so brief!
But Ruth Roland's appeal
Is much greater, I feel,

The poor Pilgrim Fathers, I fear,
Wont have Thanksgiving turkey this year,
For Patsy cannot
Seem to fire the shot

Gwen Lee is not one to deplore
The scraps on the cutting-room floor,
She'd rather convert
Them into a skirt

According to Miss Ruby Blaine,
Modern girls have no cause to complain;
In old-fashioned apparel
They'd look like a barrel

Tho, as everyone knows, Kathryn Perry's
Game of golf is just simply the berries,
Even she sometimes sinks
In despair to the links

See Prize Winning Limericks on page 93
The Right Rooms for Rest

Young housewives, when furnishing their first homes, are apt to make one of two mistakes. Sometimes they will furnish a most complete and far too elaborate living-room, and by the time they get to their bedrooms, either their money, their taste or their time is exhausted.

By Stephen Gooson

(Interior Decorator for First National Pictures)

YOUNG housewives, when furnishing their first homes, are apt to make one of two mistakes. Sometimes they will furnish a most complete and often far too elaborate living-room—and by the time they get to their bedrooms, either their money, their taste or their time is exhausted. The bedrooms, then, are bare and uninviting, made up for the most part of odds and ends. The other extreme is just as bad. It consists of neglecting the living quarters and designing ornate bedrooms full of frills and bows and ruffles—too much furniture and not enough peace.

For these reasons—for half a dozen other reasons, the bedrooms are usually the least pleasing of any rooms in the average American home.

There is no reason why a bedroom can’t be delightful. There is no reason why it can’t have as much charm, as much feeling and as much atmosphere as any other room in the home. Yet these things need not interfere with the true interpretation of a bedroom. In fact, everything that you put into a bedroom should help to make it an ideal room for purposes for which it was intended.

My favorite bedroom is Colonial. For rooms furnished in this spirit have the peace and restfulness that should be the key-note of sleeping quarters.
If you like fussy things, the bedroom is the place to carry out your ideas, for it permits frills and furbelows that would be taboo in the living-room... such as fussy lamps and frilly cushions.

Go into your own bedrooms, into the bedrooms of your friends, and look critically around. Was each piece of furniture, each accessory, chosen with care and thought? Do the rooms, as a whole, express what they should? It is so easy to forget that the key-note to a bedroom is peace and restfulness. We come to our bedroom so that we may “come to ourselves” for meditation, for thought, for relaxation and for rest. Anything that we put into a bedroom that takes away the blessed peace that a bedroom should give is wrong. Your living-room should spell hospitality and gaiety, good times and charm. Your sun-room may be bright and cheerful and happy. Your bedroom, while it should be happy, too, should bring with it a restfulness that will make you forget the petty troubles of the every-day world.

In planning bedrooms I would plan, first of all, to eliminate all useless things. The table that you don’t know just what to do with, the sewing-machine that could stand just as well some place else, the chair that you hate to discard because it is still good, too often these things appear in bedrooms. Take them away! Take away useless ornaments, photographs of friends you scarcely ever see or think of, pictures that you really never look at. Simplify your bedrooms.

Need I say that, as a usual thing, I do not like sets of furniture? As a rule, they are too commercial and too conventional and you can get more charming and home-like arrangements by combining odd pieces of furniture to suit your own needs. However, bedroom sets are by far the most satisfactory sets of furniture and in many cases are better than selected pieces. There are exceptions to this, too, of course, and Colonial bedrooms, where the pieces are selected and do not belong to a set, are still my favorite of all. In picking sets there are charming little shops where you can buy odd pieces and have them channeled to suit you. This, too, is better than the average set assorted for you by a furniture manufacturer. However, from among regulation “commercial” bedroom sets you can find many that are most charming and well adapted for the well-arranged American home.

As I said before, my favorite bedroom is Colonial. If I had only one bedroom to furnish, I am sure I would select Colonial mahogany for it. I would pick out, first of all, four-poster beds in not too elaborate a design. The pineapple-carved Colonial beds are delightful but (Continued on page 116)
It is to be hoped that "The White Black Sheep" offers Richard Barthelmess an opportunity for characterization. The pity is that he has been utterly wasted in the recent productions in which he has appeared, and good actors are none too plentiful. As Robert Kincairn, he is a sheep in wolf's clothing and, seeking forgetfulness, he goes to Palestine. Patsy Ruth Miller is the native dancer he meets here. Patsy gave up part of the first vacation she has had in three years to play this rôle, because it permits her to be a little naughty, and she is fed up with being such a very good girl on the screen. All of which sounds interesting and promising.

Richard Barthelmess Becomes "The White Black Sheep"
Ernesto and Teodora

Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry in One of the Romantic Moments of "The Great Galeoto"

When Ramon Novarro read the story of "The Great Galeoto," he had two convictions. The first was that he wished to do this story on the screen. The second was that Alice Terry— and Alice Terry only—play Teodora. Alice was abroad at the time, but Ramon cabled her how perfect she would be in the role...he thought he would be even to consider going into the production without her. And Alice sailed for America. For months now they have worked together in the California studios...Ramon as Ernesto...Alice as Teodora.
The Editor Gossips

Of the Motion Picture Set, Observed Socially

THERE are some things that everyone in motion picture circles knows. They are, in a way, lore. For instance, Corinne Griffith when she is in New York stops at the St. Regis, where the reception-room of her suite is formally furnished in satinwood, upholstered in a pale green damask. The cream Rolls Royce cabriolet that drives along Fifth and Park Avenues during the shopping hours belongs to Catherine Calvert, who seems to have retired from the screen since she married the very, very wealthy Captain Calvert. That Ramon Novarro slips into town quietly and incognito and stops at a small, exclusive hotel while he attends the opera and the better plays. That Alice Joyce usually entertains at luncheon at the exclusive Colony. That you are sure of meeting Everyone in the World at the Talmadge suite at five o'clock when either of the girls is in town. And they have been in New York more than they have been in Hollywood lately.

It was open house in Constance's suite the other afternoon. Norma and Joe Schenck occupied one suite. Constance and Captain A. Maclntosh, and skumply umpty bottles of perfume, French dolls, jade trinkets and family photographs occupied another.

Celebrities from the magazine and newspaper and theatrical worlds were already there when we arrived. Waiters came in bearing huge trays of sandwiches, petits fours ... tea. . . . A n d Captain Maclntosh's valet dispensed hospitality. Norma's hair was clung in damp curls. She had just had a shampoo. And because she was not well, she was lying on the sofa, wrapped luxuriously in one of those padded silk robes of a soft rose.

The maid was just finishing Constance's shampoo. She finally emerged in a similar dressing-gown of blue, rubbing the golden tangles of her hair vigorously. She came in with one of her usual bright quips and appraised Norma as she rested, dishabille. Then she surveyed her own figure.

"Just the formal hostesses," she said. "Just the types that know how to entertain."

Norma laughed. She always laughs at Constance's sallies. She adores Constance ... thinks her hair the most brilliant gold in the world . . . her fair skin the smoothest . . . her eyes the brownest and biggest . . . her mouth the youngest . . . and her wit the gayest.

Constance reciprocates. She watches Norma admiringly. She said to us once, "I always go to see Norma's pictures. Just because she is my sister doesn't bar me from thinking she's a marvelous actress."

There really is a camaraderie between them, rare with sisters. They seem to have such good times together.

Norma contented herself with a bowl of milk toast. Constance ate practically nothing. She was too occupied drying her hair . . . rushing to the telephone . . . jok ing with guests . . . begging someone for the latest gossip . . . and opening boxes of flowers that arrived, for all the world as they do in one of those Cecil B. DeMille scenes which the critics scoff at as exaggerated and not true to life.

It was when someone asked Norma if she had seen much of Pola, when Pola was in New York for Rudy's funeral and before she made that sad trip back across the continent with his body, that a hush settled upon the merry room. It was as if a gray mist fell upon the gaiety of the talk and the color of the group.

"People were cruel to Pola," Constance said. "I went about with Rudy and her a lot when we were all in Hollywood and he was making 'The Son of the Sheik.' They adored each other. They were happy and just like two children. No one can say which of them loved the most."

"I'm sure they loved each other, very much," said someone else. "I didn't understand the papers."

"Why were they so skeptical?" asked another. "People who knew Pola and Rudy were surprised."

And so on. The room was filled with people in the "know." And the surprise at the bad taste which some newspapers showed was unanimous.

All of this served to corroborate the things we felt about Pola and Rudy. It is not easy for the reserved, conventional Nordic type to comprehend Pola. She comes from another country . . . she

© Herbert Photos
Captain Maclntosh, Mrs. Joseph Schenck and Mrs. Maclntosh enjoying a morning walk on Park Avenue, New York City (Cont'd on page 107)
Erich von Stroheim never fails to weave a colorful, interesting tapestry . . . and when we consider that he stars in "The Wedding March" as well as directs it, it does much to recommend it to us. This scene shows Zasu Pitts as his bride when they come face to face with his former sweetheart, played by Fay Wray. She is now a slave to a brutal suitor.

"Hotel Imperial" is said to offer Pola Negri the opportunity she has lacked ever since she came to America to make pictures. Stiller, the Swedish director, was behind the cameras . . .

In "Men of Dawn," Milton Sills becomes involved in a native marital tangle . . . arriving on the scene just as Ben Achmed, played by Montague Love, is about to strangle his wife. Viola Dana plays the wife.

"The Unknown Cavaliers" finds Ken Maynard, First National's new cowboy star, in the title role. And another equine actor comes to the screen in "Tarzan"
The Winter's Screen

It will be interesting to see Lillian Gish's portrayal of Annie Laurie. She has surrounded herself with a splendid cast. Reading from right to left, you see Brandon Hurst, David Torrence, Lillian Gish, Henry Kolker and Norman Kerry.

Gerald Beaumont's story of "Even Stephen" has a gay, young cast. And maybe William Collier will prove whether or not gentlemen do prefer blondes. We should think it would be difficult indeed to decide between Louise Brooks and Dorothy Mackaill.

For years we have wanted Colleen Moore to play in "Twinkletoes." Thomas Burke wrote the novel, and it tells of a little girl in the grim Limehouse section of London who forgot the sordid life about her when she danced in a music-hall.

If you read "God Gave Me Twenty Cents," the story which recently ran in a fiction magazine, you'll be interested to hear that Lois Moran and Jack Mulhall appear in the screen version of this story.
The Evolution of

Six Stages Which Depict Gentlemen of

By B. F.

Francis X. Bushman was probably our greatest exponent of the ultra-romantic type. When he made love to Beverly Bayne, the corner grocery store that had been converted into a movie house hummed with "Ain't he grand's!

When the movies were flickers and A. B. appeared circled somewhere in almost every scene, we took our heroes virile. Men of the great open spaces, to be sure. And Broncho Billy was the leader of them all.

D. W. Griffith was responsible for a change in style when he produced "The Birth of a Nation." For Henry B. Walthall as the Little Colonel proved that another type of man also had attraction.
the Movie Hero

the Changing Styles in the
the Celluloid

WILSON

Then came the country boy, à la Charlie Ray. Once again movie audiences turned from the essentially romantic to the human hero. Who was there who didn't adore Charlie Ray in his battered old hat? And wouldn't still, for that matter, if Charlie would only wear it again?

Husbands and fathers came next and had their share of canned glory. Sometimes their wives were extravagant and naughty, but these gentlemen were always noble. Conrad Nagel climbed to his high estate during this vogue.

And now we have the philandering male who conveys more sin with a lift of his eyebrows than was ever seen on the screen before. Wait until the censors find out what all this is about! Just wait! Adolphe Menjou will be forced to retire... and what a pity that will be... What next? Who knows?
An exclusive portrait study of Lillian Gish in the title rôle of Annie Laurie

LILLIAN GISH WEARS THE PLAID
THAT'S OUT

Hard Truths With a Sugar Coating of Humor

By TAMAR LANE

How to Break Into the Movies

The film producers of Hollywood may not be artists, but they are great business men. They never overlook an opportunity to commercialize everything, even the misfortunes of others.

When the Century studio recently burned down, every producer in the colony who could grab a camera was on the scene, shooting stock shots for later use in his productions.

One producer grabbed an actor he had never seen before, threw a prop fireman suit on him, thrust a hatchet in his hand, and told him to run up and down the sides of the burning building, and make motions as tho he was doing something.

"What's the idea?" asked the extra.

"Never mind," said the producer, "Do what I tell you. I'll have a story written around these scenes and star you in my next picture, entitled 'The Fourth Alarm.'"

Salesmen Wanted—Not Afraid of Hard Work

A man in Los Angeles is advertising for salesmen to sell something which he says is a sure-fire article. He states that it is something which motion picture studios are lacking, but greatly in need of.

The advertisement does not disclose just what the salesmen will be asked to sell, but from the description it is to be presumed that the article is brains.

A Prediction Fulfilled

Readers of this column will recall that the writer recently chided the Lasky Company for dropping from its roster of players such a promising young actor as Gilbert Roland, and predicted that the company would some day be willing to have Roland back at several times the sum they were formerly paying him.

Our prognostication has come true even quicker than we expected.

The Lasky Company is now trying to get Roland back into the fold and has offered him a salary over three times what he was getting when he left the organization.

Roland is now playing for First National. It is not known whether he will accept the Lasky offer or not.

Things We Will Never See

LON CHANEY as Little Eva.
Harold Lloyd as Hamlet.
Charlie Murray as Shylock.
Mary Pickford as The Queen of Sheba.
Bull Montana as Beau Brummel.
John Barrymore as Don Quixote.
Ramon Novarro as Ben Turpin.

Hint to Scenario Writers

A scenarist out in Hollywood claims to have written a race-track story without a race in it.

Now, if someone would only oblige us with a dog picture without a dog in it, he will be doing motion picture mankind a great service.

Who Cares?

Believe it or not, Fannie Hurst and another writer are arguing and fighting it out in the courts as to who is

(Continued on page 112)
The Picture Parade

YOU'D BE SURPRISED—Comedy—80%

HERE is a picture with a distinctly new note. A murder mystery, satirically handled. The plot is unfolded with much adroit cleverness and a droll of slap-stick.
A man is murdered on a house-boat, in the midst of a roomful of people. The coroner arrives, debonair and smiling, wearing evening clothes and a high hat (Raymond Griffith). He pronounces the victim "very dead," and proceeds to find the murderer.

Then follows a series of unexpected and highly diverting incidents, while suspicion falls on first one and then another of the guests.

A coroner's jury is brought in from the street—presumably the house-boat is in dock—more satire. Sly pokes in the ribs of Jurisprudence!

A deaf-and-dumb butler claims to have been an eye-witness of the dastardly deed. He acts his story for the jury. He orders the lights off, when they go on again, he is stretched out on the floor with a knife in his back. The second murder! It looks as though the coroner would be the third victim—he isn't, of course, but that's the story. Why rub the bloom off the peach?

As a story, it doesn't mean very much—as a satire that is not too high-brow to be enjoyed by the average audience, it is delicious.

Raymond Griffith's portrayal of the coroner is a most intelligent and finished bit of acting. He puts every point across with no apparent effort. It is comedy of the highest degree.

The cast is merely a background for Mr. Griffith, but it is satisfying. The girl, Dorothy, is played by Dorothy Sebastien. If the audience echoes her question, "But I want to know why?"—it is entirely apropos when Griffith answers, "You can read all about it in the newspapers!" And that's that. A mirth-provoking picture that does not depend on physical gags.

DIPLOMACY—Drama—75%

OUR critical faculties were forgotten during the first part of this picture, in our feeble attempts to untangle the meshes of plot and counterplot that started right out in the first reel to confuse and mystify us. And when we did begin to see light, and looked around to discover what else might be lurking in the picture besides Japanese-spies and stolen photographs and such, we regretted it. What we saw was Arlette Marchal stealing the picture from Blanche Sweet as easily as she seemed to be stealing "the papers" from England's best diplomats. We admire Miss Sweet's daring in playing side-by-side with this young and beautiful French girl, but we must help feeling it was ill-advised and a painful experience for the more sympathetic onlookers.

The whole thing is a prolonged game of "hide the treaty." You've seen dozens of pictures like it in years gone by, only possibly they were a trifle more coherent. All the nations in the geography book are involved in the general scramble for the document on which the future of the world seems to hang, altho you never know just why. Matt Moore has, through no discernible, thrust, so that he may be dragged in at the last moment to save the situation and take the credit for the good old U. S. A. And that's about all there is to that, except the final clinch.

KID BOOTS—Comedy—80%

KID BOOTS is one of the best laugh-getters of this season's screen fare. Eddie Cantor is quite as funny and clever on the silent sheet as he is before the footlights of Broadway. As the goofy little tailor out of a job, he takes his audience thru a series of adventures and side-splitting experiences that are worth seeing.

Lawrence Grey unconsciously saves him from the hefty villain (Ed Kennedy) and in turn gains his undying gratitude and as unconsciously Eddie saves Lawrence Grey from the clutches of a mercenary wife. From that time they work together.

Clara Bow as the woman in Kid Boot's life makes a fascinating little flirty flapper and finally saves the day for Lawrence Grey after a hair-raising thrill chase over the mountains.

In one scene Eddie Cantor flirts with himself behind a door which makes quite as unusual an innovation in screen comedy as Charlie Chaplin's famous "Roll Dance." At the finish the breath-taking, gasping thrills surpass those immortal thrills Harold Lloyd gave us in "Safety Last."

It's a great entertainment picture and worth taking the kids and going to see.

Billie Dove and Natalie Kingston add to the pulchritude of the whole.


Directed by Frank Tuttle.
FINE MANNERS—Comedy—85%

THAT high mark is for Gloria Swanson only. The story and other accessories don’t rate even a passing mark. Nevertheless, the picture is entertaining almost continuously, due solely to the vitality and humor of Miss Swanson. The worse Gloria’s pictures become, the more we admire Gloria. She has an earnest, earthy quality that makes the most false and unbelievable plots seem almost convincing. Like no one else on the screen she can hold you interested and amused thru reels and reels of deadly story, she can work up a gripping suspense where there is no suspense—just thru the sheer force of her personality. And this despite the fact that her beauty, of face and figure, is not quite what it used to be.

Her unfortunate story in this case is of Orchid Murphy, a little music-hall girl of the lower East Side, who captures the heart of a Park Avenue gentleman. He proceeds to have her rough edges smoothed away, only to find that with her crudities have vanished her vivacity, her originality, all that endeared her to him. And no wonder! The “fine manners” invented by these well-meaning movie people would make a wooden image of anyone. Really, stars and directors have lived on Park Avenue or its outskirts long enough, now, to know better.

TIN GODS—Drama—80%

DID you ever read a book that you couldn’t put down and yet didn’t want to finish because you were so engrossed with the characters? Well, that’s the way we felt as we watched Thomas Meighan, et al., in “Tin Gods.” It held us from first to last. We wanted to find out what was going to happen to Roger Drake, splendidly played by Tommie, and to Carol, gorgeously done by Renée Adorée, and, a little less because of the inhumanity of the character to Janet Stone, Roger’s wife, thoroly characterized by Aileen Pringle. So thoroly indeed that we pray whatever gods there be, till or otherwise, that we never encounter her like. Tom Meighan is human, convincing, sincere. One gets a sense of passion and profundity from him which mutes to a fine reality of feeling with the poignant performance given by Renée Adorée. William Powell is superb. There is hokum here and there, of course. Particularly in the first part, scenes with the little child, et cetera. But they maintain dignity of feeling none the less. The sets struck us as slightly macculated and a bit tawdry, but they didn’t matter. The story disintegrated. In a scene of terrible unhappiness where Roger Drake is drinking alone on the anniversary of his son’s death, we have rarely seen better acting than is done then by Tom Meighan. Don’t miss it under any circumstances.

The cast includes: Thomas Meighan, Renée Adorée, Aileen Pringle, William Powell, Hale Hamilton, John Harrington, Joe King, Robert E. O’Connor and Delbert Emory Whitten, Jr. (It was directed by Allan Dwan.)

SUBWAY SADIE—Comedy—85%

AL SANTELL, of “Classified” fame, has made another easy, good-humored comedy of New York life as seen by those who start their days with the morning battle in the subway. It is consistently amusing, and without gripping you at all or making any severe demands on your attention, it still never lags for a moment. Sadie lives in the Bronx but she craves Paris. Herb McCarthy herds her into the subway every morning, and, of course, they fall in love. The rest concerns the struggle of love versus Paris. And which do you think wins? Both, of course! The humor of the thing rises out of simple incidents in a simple girl’s life, and it finds a warm response in New York audiences at least. There is a nightclub and a department store, and no end of picturesque things are done with the subway by Mr. Santell’s cameraman. There is Charlie Murray as a taxi-driver—the story of a departing ocean liner—love in the park—lots of fun, really.

Dorothy Mackull is extremely pleasant and capable in her role, in spite of a slightly Mongoloid appearance. And Jack Mulhall makes a carking subway guard, altho he’s considerably less convincing as the president’s son.

By this time you must have heard enough to decide whether you want to see this or not. We hope you do.
THE OLD SOAK—Comedy Drama—80%

Attempts have been made to place Jean Hersholt and Emil Jannings side by side as the screen's foremost character actors. But nothing in "The Old Soak" indicates that Hersholt is in a class with Jannings, yet. He is a wishful, kindly old fellow who pulls at your heart-strings and all that sort of thing, but the part of "Pop" Hawley is almost sure-fire sol-stuff. Cleo Hawley, you know, meets some swell city girls—chorus girls, if you must have the truth—and in order to supply his particular sweetie with the fur coats to which she is accustomed, he swipes his mother's stock from under the cluck. Ma thinks Pop took it to buy more booze, and he takes the blame. It makes you pretty unhappy for a while, but Pop's ingenuity is equal to the situation in the end.

There's lots of human interest, you can see. But in an attempt to wring the utmost in pathos from these happenings, the tempo is slowed up painfully, and Hersholt's otherwise excellent performance is made to seem too cautious and studied. Louise Fazenda confiding that "A's here" is the high spot of the picture for us.

SPARROWS—Melodrama—85%

It was Douglas Fairbanks who told us that Mary Pickford's production of "Sparrows" was Dickensian. And after seeing it we have nothing less and nothing more to say of it.

Perhaps you know that it is the story of a baby farm... with Gustav von Seyffertitz as Oimee, the cruel manager... and Mary as Mollie, who watches over the little boys and girls.

Melodrama is interwoven in the story and there is nothing new or startling about the plot. But you must realize this until the last lovely close-up of Mary had faded from the screen. Which means, of course, that the story interests you so much that your critical faculty is stilled.

We are glad that Mary is not going to continue to play grown-up parts. So many on the screen can be the grand lady. And no one else that we have ever heard about or seen captures the elusive and wistful quality of childhood as Mary does.

You'll weep a little. You'll laugh a great deal. And you'll hold your breath once or twice.

Directed by William Beaudine.

HOLD THAT LION—Farce Comedy—80%

We like Douglas MacLean. If we didn't, we wouldn't have cared for the picture. As it was, we weren't bowled over by enthusiasm, tho the last reel or so is certainly amusing to the audiences if not to the frantic characters. Walter Hiers is funny in this and no mistake. Anyway, Douglas is one Jimmie Hastings. He is wishing that he could meet the Only Girl, Lo, the long arm of coincidence and Marjorie Brand, played by Constance Howard, drops by. We were not enthused by Miss Howard. Anyway, Marjorie drops her handkerchief or Jimmie thinks she does. He rescues the fragile scrap and starts on a glob-trotting hunt for his charmer, pressing into service the companionship of Dick Warren, i.e., Walter Hiers. He catches up with Marjorie somewhere in East Africa. At which poigniant juncture he is left minus his trousers and plays several scenes in the minus state.

Marjorie's pa is a cat-hunter. Jimmie and Dick are pressed into the cat-hunt. If you don't know what a cat-hunt is now, you will know after you've seen this picture.

PARADISE—Romantic Drama—50%

After "Men of Steel," this is a decided let-down for Milton Sills. As sincere as he is, he cannot lift up the picture and make it anything but just a weak slice of hokum. There are scenes and scenes and scenes—most of them extraneous. On that premise it never gets going on any single well-defined tack, but beats all around Mr. Hood's w, k, barn.

There are far too many characters—and two of them are employed for very poor comedy relief. The attire of these comics is of the ancient burlesque vintage.

The plot has to do with formula twenty-four in the celluloid workshop. Which means that a speedthrift is cut off by his father until he makes good. In order to show the belated spark he is sent packing to a South Sea island—one inherited from the pater familias. And he takes his bride with him. What follows is typical South Sea stuff—the curving of wild desires and the conquering of evil forces.

"Paradise" looks like a serial in its topsey-turvy plot. —First National.
THE STRONG MAN—Comedy—85%

Perhaps we have no funny-bone. We cant have, for while the audience at the Mark Strand Theater were convulsed, mallered, doubled over with mirth at Harry Langdon in "The Strong Man," we felt more like weeping over the mishaps of the futile little fellow. Actually, we neither laughed nor cried, and yet on that borderland between the two we found ourselves. We see him first "wining the war" by means of a bean-shooter. He would. Between shots he sentimentalizes over the letters of his Mary Brown from America. She writes that she loves him. He, of course, loves her. He is captured by a Heine, one Zadow, the Great, Strongest Man on Earth. He is taken to America as the Great's assistant. He searches for Mary Brown on various street corners. He—well, yes, he does meet Mary, but how and when and where cannot be divulged until you see for yourselves. Priscilla Bonner is Mary and a particularly sensitive face she has, too. It's good entertainment, it's comedy based on truth. Whether you laugh at Harry or weep over him, don't miss seeing him.

ACROSS THE PACIFIC—Comedy Drama—75%

This takes us some years back to the time when General Funston was having his troubles with the natives of the Philippines. The U. S. Army is there on the palm-fringed beach—just as you see it on the recruiting posters. There is Monte Blue, the upstanding young private who blunders onto some vital information and as a spy sacrifices love to duty. For the rest, there are reels of flag-waving, fighting, and swamping thru swamps and mud. From beginning to end, everyone seems to be covered with slime, sweat or blood. There is a feeble and pathetic "sten" from "The Big Parade"—an attempt to duplicate the thrill of that grim and relentless march thru the woods into the face of machine guns, and the heroic death of "Slim"—in this case, a genial fat man. But it is very pathetic and very feeble. Myrna Loy is a rather peaked native girl, but Monte Blue is excellent as the loungish private.

Among other lessons to be learned from this picture is that directors are quite right to go to the South Seas for their tropical scenes. These were made on the California coast.

(Continued on page 98)
There is general hocus-pocus to the effect that the screen female is either golden-haired and an A-l moron, or recklessly extravagant or poisonously sirenesque, or irresponsible—nothing to build a home about.

PIFFLE

"Too bad it's a girl... a son would have helped you in your old age..."
"They're all right for amusement, but..."
These and similar utterances have become platitudes. Piffle.
Sour grapes, usually.

In particular, have the screen species been derided and, often, defamed.
"Butterflies..."
The general hocus-pocus has been to the effect that the screen female is either golden-haired and an A-l moron, or

There is Bebe Daniels. Bebe and her mother and her grandmother travel in a tender triumvirate.
Many years ago, when the little family of Pickfords were on the ragged edge of nothing, Mary took the helm.

This photograph of her and Douglas by International Newsreel

But we offer case history to prove that a large percentage of the women on the screen are darned good sports, on-the-level, and with a beauty of character as well as beauty of face, with mentalities, and roots that reach far down into the soil of substance.

By

GLADYS HALL

recklessly extravagant, or poisonously sirenesque, or irresponsible or, in a word, nothing to build a home about.

We have spent the better part of ten years... most of our life, to wit... in disproving this current, the gradually abating opinion.

No microbe hunter ever tracked down animalcules more patiently, more hardily, more meticulously than we have tracked down, microscoped and card-indexed the female of the screen species.

We are not to be sneezed at, therefore, if we make bold to come out with conclusions. Not surmises, be it understood, no guess-work, but conclusions.

Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno... try to beat them at their own game of dignified social standing... domestic happiness and intelligent interests...

Photographs by American Photograph Service and Richee

For all that life offers her, Lillian Gish has never trod many inches away from her mother... And no matter where you go, you wont find anyone living a more intelligent, worth-while life than Alice Joyce lives

Case histories are, we believe, the way men of science frequently prove their hardly got points.

Well, we have case histories.

We can give 'em to you individually or in bulk, as you like 'em.

Speak up!

One individual case, you say. All right... how about the greatest case history of them all, in every respect—Mary Pickford? How about taking her to prove the nonsensicality of women being frivolous, irresponsible, moronic, et cetera?

Is Mary irresponsible? We haven't found her so. The world hasn't found her so. Irresponsible people are never known to get to the top of the heap as Mary has done. Certainly, they are never known to stay.

Many years ago a little family of Pickfords were on

(Continued on page 97)
NEWS OF THE CAMERA

Two Hollywood lions! Charlie Chaplin and Numa; the latter doesn't pay quite the income tax that Charlie pays, but is what might be called successful in the movies, anyhow. This picture was taken during the filming of "The Circus"

NOTRA TALMADGE got the jump on Pola in the matter of "Camille." They both announced that they would do the famous Dumas play, "next," but Norma was a little speedier in making all the final arrangements, so Pola backed out. "Camille" will be Norma's last picture for First National. She starts work in October, with Fred Niblo directing—just as soon as they find a suitable leading man. Both the stage and screen are being combed for that purpose, so something ought to come of it. This is how Dumas described his heroine, "She had a pale, beautiful face, dark hair, red lips, and it was difficult to tell whether she was a duchess or a courtesan." It's difficult to tell whether Norma or Pola best fits that description.

"The Dove," in which Judith Anderson made such a sensation on the stage, will be Norma's first picture as a United Artist.

Connie Talmadge is also nearing the end of her First National contract. And as you probably suspected all the time, there's no truth in the report, current at the time of her wedding, that she will retire from the screen. She will make two pictures a year for United Artists—the same irrepresible type of comedy that has been her forte now for some time.

AL JOLSON was virtually the winner in the damage suit brought against him by D. W. Griffith, altho the jury brought a verdict against Jolson for $2,627.28. That might not seem cause for rejoicing to a lot of people, but $2,000 is just pin-money to Al Jolson, and he and his lawyer were grinning like a couple of jack-o'-lanterns at the end of the trial.

Griffith contended that Jolson made a verbal agreement with him to appear in "Mammy's Boy," a black-face screen comedy, and then walked out on him. He asked for $571,645 damages. Jolson told the court he had not agreed to go on with the picture, and that when he saw his face in the screen tests it depressed him so that he had to take a trip to Europe, to forget. The jury took a look at Jolson and was all sympathy, and awarded Griffith only the cost of the film used in the tests, and court costs.

Ben Lyon has been having a lot of trouble with one Frank Lyons, a young actor, who has been posing as his brother. Lyons first came to Ben and called his attention to the fact that he had all Ben's features and characteristics, and would like to understudy for him. That didn't appeal to Ben, and a little later he found that Frank was going up and down Broadway announcing to everyone who'd listen that he was Ben's brother, and that Ben had deserted him now that he was down on his luck. Now Ben is an awfully nice boy but he has a positive genius for getting unpleasant publicity. And this was another bad dose of it. His friends met Frank Lyons and lent him money, and there was a general impression that Ben was a pretty poor sort of chap.

He went on the war-path, and didn't have a very hard time tracking his enemy down, for just about then Frank forged Ben's signature on a check, to dazzle his landlady. Xceel I add that that little episode ended in the police station.

Altho Ben Turpin proved by his recent marriage that a crooked gaze can go straight to a girl's heart, he is still getting bad breaks in his comedy romances. Once again in "When a Man's a Prince," Ben pursues the beauteous Madeline Hurlock unsuccessfully.

George P. Cunningham
The men of the screen much prefer to work in California. There’s the deep-sea fishing, for one thing. Every time the cameras stop grinding, Reginald Denny and Ben Hendricks, Jr., get out their rods and tackle and set sail on Denny’s boat.

Although the Will Hays office suavely denies that it ever brings any pressure to bear upon producers, in the matter of their choice of stories, titles, et cetera, “The Green Hat” has most undoubtedly been banned from the screen up to this time. The Fox Films own the story, and they are having a new treatment made in the hope that this new version will not offend the sensibilities of Mr. Hays, and the ban will be lifted.

They must have cleaned the story up quite a bit, for they seem quite certain of success, and have tentatively selected Howard Hawks to direct the picture, and Virginia Valli for the rôle of Iris Storm. It is to be hoped Mr. Hays will relent, for it seems to me that “The Green Hat” would be far better as a picture than it was as a novel or play.

Anna Karenina,” Tolstoy’s novel, has been considered for many of the screen’s most able actresses, but it is Lillian Gish who will actually make the picture, as soon as she finishes “Wind.” My interest in Lillian has been greatly stimulated since “The Scarlet Letter.” It has become the favorite sport of critics and other writers, of late, to question Lillian’s right to the title of the screen’s foremost actress, and just generally put her in her place. But in her proud performance as Helen Pryme it seems to me she has vindicated herself absolutely, and also freed herself forever from those forlorn and fragile adjectives that were so persistently applied to her.

Dorothy Gish, who is acting in British films, likes to visit her family between pictures, but she practically has to make a world tour in order to include all of them. She has finished “London” and “Tip-Toes” for British National Pictures, and is coming home for a short vacation before starting work on “Madame Pompadour.” “Home” includes New York, of course, and Hollywood, where Mrs. Gish and Lillian have settled, and Chicago, where James Rennie, Dorothy’s husband, is playing in “The Great Gatsby.”

Speaking of football, there’s no doubt that it’s a passport to stardom, but when the goal is finally reached it’s apt to be kicked out of the picture—for, after all, there’s just a very limited number of things that you can do with a football. Red Grange did pretty nearly all of those in “One Minute to Play,” and with such joyous results that now he’s going to be allowed to perform minus the symbol of his profession. F. B. O., and almost everybody else, think he can get by on the strength of his own charms, and they’re putting him in a straight rôle in his next picture. The title—in fact, the story—has not been decided upon yet, but Red is a movie star for sure.

After Pola Negri had done her fainting act in New York, and taken several encores, she rushed back to

“We want a picture of you as man and wife,” said the photographer, and Mr. and Mrs. Lew Cody (née Mabel Normand) obliged. They awoke the Justice of the Peace at Ventura at some unheard-of hour in the morning to marry them.
Louis Graveur, the world-famous tenor, was entertained at the home of Ramon Novarro during his stay in Hollywood. Ramon himself has a charming voice, and he and Mr. Graveur are fast friends.

"Spots," a two-hundred-pound leopard, is one of the performers in the Biblical production, "The King of Kings," which Cecil B. De Mille will present. There may be something in the theory that a director should be on friendly terms with the members of his company . . . but there are exceptions to every rule.

The recent divorce of King and Florence Vidor bore its first fruit when King Vidor married Eleanor Boardman early in September. Everyone had been expecting it for a long time, but the actual ceremony was decided upon very suddenly. The wedding was at Marion Davies' home in Beverly Hills, and Marion herself gave the bride away. Irving Thalberg was best man, and many of the famous ones of the Metro studio were among the twenty-five guests. To satisfy the eternal curiosity about ages, I hasten to add that Mr. Vidor is thirty-two and Mrs. Vidor is twenty-six.

Now all that remains to be done, as complete justification of the Vidor divorce, is for Florence to marry George Fitzmaurice. They have been engaged for a long time, and apparently are only waiting for the architects to finish building their new house in Beverly Hills.

Ruth Roland—you know, of serial and real-estate fame—had a birthday party. Cant supply the age in this case, but it was a grand party just the same, and the guest list reads like a column on "What the Stars Are Doing." Vilma Banky was there, and Bessie Love, and Blanche Sweet, Marshall Neilan, June Mathis and her husband, Silvio Balboni, Claire Windsor, Mr. and Mrs. Henry King, Billie Dove and Irving Willat, Roscoe Arbuckle and his wife, Colleen Moore, Gertrude Olmstead—in fact, practically everybody whose name you've ever seen in electric lights. There was an Hawaiian orchestra and a birthday cake, and presents ranging from a Victrola to a limousine.

Ruth has just finished work in "The Masked Woman," a June Mathis production, directed by Silvio Balboni.

Raquel Meller's film, "Promised Land," may be presented in America by the Capitol Film Exchange as they had planned, before the Chadwick Pictures Corporation tried to restrain them.

Hollywood where Famous Players did their best to hustle production on "Hotel Imperial," so it might be released before the public fancy had strained to some other topic. It will appear about October 15, coincidently with the revival of many of Valentine's old pictures.

Another activity of Mr. Hays, by the way, has been to discourage the project of raising a fund to buy Valentine's birthplace in Italy and to erect a memorial in Hollywood. Mr. Hays pointed out that the memorial funds for such celebrated persons as Woodrow Wilson have never materialized, and that the there would be a great rush of contributions to the Valentine fund immediately, enthusiasm would probably not last long enough to carry the movement thru. So the matter has been wisely deferred.

All girls love a uniform . . . and all moviegoers love Chester Conklin. So it looks very much as if "We're in the Navy Now" would be a great hit.
Chadwick claimed they had an option on the American rights to this French picture, and that the Capitol Exchange had no right to buy and release it. But the court ruled that Chadwick was not prompt enough in exercising his option, so the American public will see the screen shadow of Raquel even if she doesn't play Josephine to Charlie Chaplin's Napoleon next year.

The Fox organization has been very busy making "finds" this year. Now they think they have a lucky strike in Lloyd Pantages, the young son of Alexander Pantages, who is a prominent theatrical man in Los Angeles. Lloyd's screen tests have been so satisfactory that they've given him a contract and will try him out in a picture very soon. The only thing that's to work against Lloyd is that his resemblance to Rudolph Valentino is being emphasized. These eternal resemblances are resented by fans and critics.

Dolores del Rio has become involved in the Mexican political situation, much to her surprise and dismay. The Mexican newspapers printed articles suggesting that Miss del Rio had furnished $20,000 bail for General Estrada, who is the leader of the Rebel army and was recently captured near San Diego. Dolores indignantly denies any knowledge of General Estrada's affairs, and doesn't see why she should be implicated just because she has a large estate in Durango and is of a prominent Mexican family.

Dolores has her hands full taking care of her movie career. She has just finished "What Price Glory," and as soon as she has done "Carmen" for Fox, she'll have an important role in Tolstoy's "Resurrection."

Charlie Ray's contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has been canceled. There appears to be a question in the minds of the better class of Hollywood aldermen as to whether Charlie canceled the contract or the studio officials.

One story is that De Mille wanted Ray to play a part in "The King of Kings," but Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer officials would not loan him to the rival producer, so Charlie asked for his release.

The other angle is that at a recent convention of exhibitors in one of the Middle West ports there were heard loud shouts against Charles Ray, whose name it was said drew nothing but fresh air into the theaters. There is no news regarding his future affiliations.

While Alice Terry was in Europe, she had her palm read by Fakir Hyradaq, the famous Chromomancer Indian, who has told the past, present and future of most royalty, as well as scores of the famous men and women who have visited the French capital.

A portable dressing-table has been created for John Barrymore's use on the set. He is seen here in the costume he wears in "The Vagabond Lover," a story taken from the life of Francois Villon, the beggar-poet of France.
WHOSE HAND?
Can You Tell Whom These Palms Belong to by Reading the Character Analyses?
By F. Vance de Revere

Looking at this hand, one immediately visualizes a man who is tall, lean, muscular and generally well built. We have the very long finger with good length of palm, if you have followed this series closely, you will remember having seen a somewhat similar hand and you will also remember that the long fingers, with the square finger-tips, denote a person who is careful over little matters, and in any work he attempted would be very patient over details, noticing quickly the little things which would pass by unnoticed by a different type. The owner of this hand would be reserved, cautious, silent and secretive, and would have good judgment and much common sense. Such a hand would indicate a strong inborn feeling for right and authority, and one who would have great respect for established forms, preferring an aristocracy to a democracy and known to unknown things, also great respect for law and order. The straight firm development of the thumb denotes a serious, conscientious nature and a person of good moral consciousness, one who is not easily swayed and one who has a logical turn of mind. The closely held-in thumb would indicate one who is properly cautious over his own affairs and would have strength of will and decision. The third finger dominates and with its stipulated tip also good length of little finger denotes dramatic ability. Great love of beauty; a preference for quality rather than quantity, pride, dignity, and one who tries always to do his best.

This very beautiful hand, long, narrow and fragile looking, with slender, tapering fingers and lovely almond-shaped nails, by its very fineness and beauty would indicate a lack of physical energy and strength, also in this individual, the lack of physical energy is well made up for by an enormous amount of nervous energy. Such an individual would have no idea how to be practical and businesslike and would have no conception of order, punctuality or discipline and would be inclined to procrastinate. This hand, with its smooth fronts, cone-shaped fingers and cushioned finger-tips, is the hand of impulse and instinct, highly inspirational, very emotional, extremely sensitive and very intuitive; restless, active nature, sympathetic, affectionate and demonstrative, strong in her likes and dislikes, and like a child shows quickly her real feelings. Her hand and fingers are very flexible, denoting a very sociable nature and one who is interested in people; being influenced by the people she comes in contact with and by her surroundings, a very impressive person, especially impressionable in affairs of the heart, judging by impulse and instinct, which is apt to make her changeable in her affections; and usually quick-tempered, but temper is but a thing of the moment. However, when out of temper, she would be apt to speak her mind plainly and be too impetuous to study her words or expressions, afterwards being extremely sorry and seldom holding resentment or bitterness.

All rights reserved,
F. Vance de Revere

Editor's Note—On page 93 you will find photographs of the stars whose hands were analyzed last month. And next month you will find the answers to these character readings.
“Shall I Go Into the Movies?”

By Marion Meyer Drew

EDITOR’S NOTE: All comments made in this department are based on Astrological rules, but neither the writer of this department nor this publication can assume responsibility for statements made therein, because inaccurate data is sometimes furnished, even though the sender believes it to be correct.

You must send: your date of birth . . . your year of birth . . . city or nearest town and county of birth . . . your sex and the hour and minute of the day or night when you were born.

Grace M. F., May 14:

You are better suited for the business world than for the artistic sphere. I don’t want to be too technical, but your artistic interest is shown in one section of your horoscope which influences tastes and attributes rather than career, while the position of your Moon—your personality—in the part of the chart devoted to money matters and in a very businesslike and executive sign is another indication that your true place in life is in handling the work of others rather than in trying to create yourself.

W. H. P., October 22:

The writing of photoplays, so far as I know, is shown in the horoscope by the same aspects and positions as the writing of fiction generally. I believe that you will accomplish more by sticking to your profession than by wasting time in getting your thoughts down on paper—that is, unless you have a good deal of time to spare. The selling of a photoplay after it is once written is a vastly different matter. Unless one has a well-known name for fiction writing, it is very hard to dispose of screen plays from a distance, as the market is so changeable and studio requirements are unfamiliar to the new writer. I wish you luck, but don’t say that I encouraged you in a disappointing venture.

Ella M. R., September 30:

Take time to recover fully from your operation and then go on with your stage work. You are an actress, not a screen performer. In time you will be successful, but you cannot hurry this. Also, provide for old age while you are at your best, for there is trouble in life after the age of fifty, and this can absolutely be prevented by laying aside money in the sunny days.

Hortense P., May 6:

I like the practical way you figure out a plan for your future—it’s quite characteristic of your sign, Taurus, too. These people are seldom scatter-brained or driven by impulse. Your horoscope shows the kind of self-confidence, personal magnetism and emotional capacity that is best suited for the stage. You could probably get somewhere in the

(Continued on page 101)
It's Getting Pretty Crowded Out in Those Great Open Spaces

It looks as if it was going to be a good season for sombreros and lariats. Ken Maynard is the latest figure from the great open spaces to find a place on the screen. And he's darn popular already. Of course, he has a horse. It's a white one, named Tarzan.
The crowding of the Social Calendar calls for clear fresh skins

The Social Calendar is full! The shining hours of every day fit together like gay mosaics in a brilliant pattern of pleasure. It takes its toll of beauty—this life without rest from morning to midnight—smooth round cheeks begin to droop, little lines of weariness appear, unless the right care is given the skin.

Certain of the beautiful women of the Social World have learned it, however—how to keep dazzlingly fresh and unweathered despite this merry round. Wherever you see them you marvel at their clear smooth cheeks, snow white shoulders, firm round throats. This is how they do it:

Before dressing for the evening and again before retiring, they put over faces, shoulders, throats and hands, Pond’s Cold Cream. They let it stay on until its fine oils sink down into the skin’s deep cells and bring to the surface all dust and powder. With a soft cloth they wipe off cream and pore-deep dirt—and repeat, finishing with a dash of cold water or a brisk rub with ice. If their skin is dry, at night they apply more Pond’s Cold Cream and leave until morning to smooth out unlovely lines.

After every cleansing with Pond’s Cold Cream, except the bedtime one, they smooth on a little Pond’s Vanishing Cream. This gives their shoulders, throats and cheeks a lovely even finish, a soft glowing tone. And how white it keeps their hands. Powder and rouge blend beautifully and last long over this Cream as a foundation. Pond’s Vanishing Cream also protects the skin perfectly from city soot and dust, winter winds and the strain of long, late hours.

Try this method used by the lovely women of Society. See how fresh and soft Pond’s Two Creams will keep your delicate skin.

Free Offer: If you’d like to try, free, these Two famous Creams made by Pond’s, mail this coupon.

The Pond’s Extract Company, Dept. M.
143 Hudson Street, New York City
Please send me free tubes of Pond’s Two Creams.

Name:
Street:
City:
State:

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
BETSY OF MD.—Yes, here we are again around the time of the year that we look for the good things to eat, and the time that the kiddies love best of all. And you think I am the meanest old gentleman next to Santa Claus. Ronald Coleman is married to Thelma Ray, but they are being separated. Why, Buster Keaton was born February 22, 1902.

XOMAR.—How are you away down there in Sidney? No, Margaret Livingston was born in Salt Lake City, Virginia Brown Richardson is one of our contest winners. Faith Cole is Douglas McLean's wife.

LONESOME.—The picture you enlose is of Dorothy Sebastian.

CHERRY AND EDITH.—Well, you know someone once said that "Paying alimony is like buying oats for a dead horse." Marie Prevost was the girl in "Red Lights." Frances Howard in "Shock Punch." Esther Halston in "The Lucky Devil." Mae Murray was born May 19, 1903. Marion Nixon was born in Superior, Wisconsin. You're welcome, run in again some time.

POSITIVE.—Well, you are quite in being positive that Len Chaney did not play in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and that John Barrymore did.

LORA.—Yours was a pleasure. Pleasure that comes unlooked for is thrice welcome. Viola Dana is playing in "Bred in Old Kentucky" and Give Brook in "Barbed Wire" opposite Pola Negri. You must write me again.

UKULELE LADY.—Well, the difference between the temperate and the intertemperate is: one governs his affairs and the other lets his affairs govern him. That was William Collier, Jr. Beth Sulky was Douglas Fairbanks' first wife. You want to know my idea of a happy marriage. That is a question. I give up.

CLARENCE J.—Thanks, it is mee of you to want me to send me a letterman suit. Eugene O'Brien and Ruby DeRemer in "The Food and its Money." Jack Mulhall and Madge Bellamy in "The Dixie Merchant."

BETTY S.—But love looks thru a telescope; envy thru a microscope. You are right, Ricardo Cortez in "The Hero." Ronald Colman was born February 9, 1891, and he has brown hair and brown eyes.

ELIZABETH G.—Lillian Hall Davis was Lygia in "Qo Vado." It was taken abroad. Garrett Hughes is playing in "The Auctioneer." for Fox.

BRAND—NEW FAX.—Welcome to the throne. More the merrier. Nt., Mae Murray and Charles Murray are not related. Neither is Charles a dancing teacher. George O'Brien, Virginia Valli and William Powell have the leads in "Gaby" for Fox, which Harry Carey put into scenario form. It is the life of Gaby Desh.

VIIMA'S FOLLOWER.—Come, come, if you need a physician, employ these three—a cheerful mind, rest, and a temperate diet. Viima Banky was born January 9, 1903. Anton Moreno and Alice Terry have the leads in Rex Ingram's "The Garden of Allah," to be filmed abroad. Priscilla Dean and John Bower in "Jewels of the Limberlost."

M. F. S.—You say "How I would love to have your picture for my family." The family is alive. Arthur Lake was Adolph in "Kiki." Randle Ayrton opposite Dorothy Gish in "Nell Gwyn." Ronald Coleman in "The White Sister." This is not my sequentimental—you are referring to Philadelphia. Gloria Grey and Raymond McKee in "The Girl of the Limberlost."

JAMES C.—Tell your sister that George O'Brien was born in 1900. I am glad to know you are my friend. Lew Cody and Mabel Normand were married September 17, 1926, at Marion Davies' home. Louise Dresser in "The Third Degree" for Warner.

MEN JOU FAX.—You are quite right, Adolph Menjou was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

BILL BOYD FOREVER.—You have it bad, child, William Boyd was born in 1888. So you don't believe I am eighty years old. Well, pretty soon I'll have to look over my diary. Nelly Mackay in "Song of the Dragon" with Lowell Sherman, Neil Hamilton and Holbrook Blinn.

THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL.—So you think Corinne Griffith's "Into Her Kingdom" was one of the best pictures you have ever seen. You say you saw it three times. Her next is "Purple and Fine Linen." I certainly don't see any reason why you can't sign off "With Love" as you say when you also state that you are taught in Sunday-school to love everyone. You are quite right.

KATHERINE S. PAUL.—Thanks for the pressed flowers. I shall keep them in my "Gentlemen Prefer Blonds," which Olga, seventeen, kindly presented to me. Why, Marguerite Clark is not playing in pictures now. She has retired to private life. Lillian Gish was born in Springfield, Ohio. What do you mean, do I still stick to the square dance? I can Charleston as good as the next one, only not for very long.

HILDEBRAND J.—Mary Astor hasn't had her beautiful hair bobbed. She is engaged to Irving Asher, Pauline Frederick and Holmes Herbert in "Joelyn's Wife." Charles Mank, Jr., of 226 E. Hill Street, Stauton, Illinois, has started the "Movie Fans' Friendship Club."

FIVE FOOT TWO.—Oh, there are a lot of good books on the market, "Show Boat" by John Ferber; "Nigger Heaven" by Carl Van Vechten; "Cree Train" by Rose Macaulay. Donald Keith is twenty-three years old.

BRENDA.—So you actually met Ramon Novarro when you were in California. He was born in Durango, Mexico, September 20, 1899. He is five feet ten and weighs one hundred and fifty-five pounds. Has black hair and brown eyes.

EILENE M.—Your letter was mighty interesting. Your verse is good:

"If a bright genius only would Invent a brand-new story
For married men who stay out late
He'd pave his way to glory."

ENZEDDER.—Well, well, glad to meet you. I believe "The Ordeal" was taken from Dale Collins' book. Pola Negri's next will be "Barbed Wire." from the Hill Came novel "The Woman of Knockaloe." Gladys Brockwell in "Long Pants."

HORSTENCE H.—So you are going to look me up. Then, come to Brooklyn at Christmas time. You will have hard work picking me out of all the young people around here. Alma Beene is playing in "Men of the Dawn."

MARY R.—Yes, I get along fine in my little Buick. Came near being arrested the other day. The speed cop (who is a friend of mine) said I was not only a speeder but a stowcher. You see I go at a hot pace. I made a detour and I was boiling mad, I warm up the police, and when I get roasted by a cop, I tell him it's a burning shame. But I never go faster than fifteen or eighteen.

(Continued on page 76)
Youthful Beauty Instantly

lies in the youthful shades of Pompeian powder and rouge

by MADAME JEANETTE de CORDET

Famous cosmetician, retained by The Pompeian Laboratories as a consultant to give authentic advice regarding the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparations.

No more dull-looking complexions! I can tell you how to have that indescribable charm of fresh young girlhood.

So perfectly do the shades of these twin toilettries—Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom—accord with the tints and tones of the natural skin, that their combined use gives fresh youthful beauty—instantly. They add the soft touch that reveals the full blown glory of your complexion.

This powder is soft and velvety to the touch—delicately perfumed—spreads evenly, spreads with an enchanting smoothness.

Pompeian Bloom looks exactly like your own coloring. It does not crumble or break, but keeps compact and usable—and comes off on the puff easily.

All shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder and Bloom for sale at drug and toilet counters. Price 60c per box. In Canada slightly higher.

Shade Chart for POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER and POMPEIAN BLOOM

POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER comes in Flesh—a definite pink for fresh, youthful skins; Natu-relle—a delicate creamy pink with a rosy suggestion of youth; Rachel—the warm creamy tan for the brunette type; and White—the pure white used by many women in the evening.

POMPEIAN BLOOM, a perfect rouge in Medium—a soft warm rose that gives natural color to the average woman; Oriental—a more brilliant tone, similar to poppy red; Orange—the new golden-rose for vivid types; Dark—a rich, deep damask rose; Light—a delicate but decisive pink suitable for very fair women.

Send for this new 1927 Pompeian Art Panel

The picture shown here (top part only illustrated) represents the lovely new 1927 Pompeian Art Panel entitled "The Bride," which we offer our friends for only 10c. Painted by the famous artist, Rolf Armstrong, and faithfully reproduced in ten color printings. Actual size 2½ x 7 inches. Its art more value would easily be 75c. With the Art Panel (and at no extra charge) I will send you generous samples of Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom (a rouge). Specify on the coupon the shades you wish.

My booklet of beauty hints and secrets will also be sent to you with the samples and the Art Panel. Clip the coupon, enclose a dime and send today.

Jeanette de Cordet

Specialiste en Beauté

Madame Jeannette de Cordet
Pompeian Co., 2600 Payne Av., Cleveland, O.
I enclose 10c for the 1927 Pompeian Art Panel and samples of powder and rouge.

Name:
Street:
Address:
City:
State:
Shade of powder wanted?
Shade of rouge wanted?

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
miles an hour. That was Lawrence Gray in "Stage Struck."

A GLORIA FAN.—Well, you certainly tell when you want. Yours is more of a letter to the editor. You want Miss Corson to give you stories of Gloria Swanson, you want Harry Carr to write more for us, and you want the barometer to appear in this department. I will do what I can for you.

MADCAP.—You say "love is always justified, even when short-lived, even when mistaken, because during its existence it enlarges and empowers." That is a beautiful thought. Richard Dix was born July 18, 1894, and he has brown hair and eyes. Norma Talmadge's forthcoming pictures are a modernized version of "Camille," and after that "The Dove." Rudolph Schildkraut is to be starred in "The Country Doctor."

CHARLES S. C.—Well, well, all the way from Hongkong. Why, Doloros Costello was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1906. No, Lillian Gish has never been married. Reggie Denny was born November 29, 1891. I sure was glad to hear from you.

SYDNEY M. C.—The difference between civilization and barbarism is the same as that between animals and men. Did you ever watch how an animal will monopolize a bit of good until it has satisfied its own appetite, and how generous he then is with that which he does not want? It is civilization that creates monopolies, but it is uncivilization to keep them so. Billie Dove just

Watch Them Rise!

with Virginia Valli and Percy Marmont. Beverly Bayne and Francis X. Bushman produced "Graustark" some years ago. Percy Marmont is married. Oh yes, Theodore Roberts is all well now. PEGGY S.—Well, a machine of one horse-power running all the time is more efficient than one of fifty horse-power standing still. Norma Shearer is five feet three, weighs 110 pounds. Has dark hair and blue eyes.

DEWEY W.—You can write Bob Custer at the F. B. O. Studio, 780 Gower Street, Los Angeles, California. Jane Winton is to have second lead with John Barrymore in "The Vagabond Prince.

PEG O'GEE.—Wanda Hawley's real name is Selma Pittack. Dorothy M. Thompson, 15 Fifth Street, Aspinwall, Pennsylvania, has started the Colleen Moore Fan Club. And still they come.

D. A. R.—Well, those initials stand for a great many daughters, you know. The children you refer to I guess have grown up and become mothers by now. Rod LaRocque is playing in "White Gold." Bryant Washburn in "The King of Kings." Nita Naldi in "The Pratermizzi" being produced in Vienna. They'll have to change the name before it reaches this country.

B. B. ENGLAND.—So you want a picture of Betty Blythe in the gallery. She is playing in vaudeville right now. No, she has no children.

R. C. K. LONDON.—I say, old chap, Regi

sighed a long-term contract with First National and her first will be "Here You Are Brother" with Lewis Stone.

I. M. KURIOUS.—No, Ramon Novarro is not a woman lover. He is the male, but gives his heart. He is going to get the right one and hang on to her. Marie Prevost is playing in "Man Bait." Kenneth Thomson, a newcomer to films, who recently known on the stage as having played with Ethel Barrymore, will have the male lead opposite.

MISS WATTS.—The only place you can get a picture of Alberta Vaughn is at the F. B. O. Studio, 780 Gower Street, Los Angeles. She was born in 1906. Charles Rogers was the lead, and there were two children.

BERNICE M.—So you have started the Irene Rich Club, and anyone may join by writing to Bernice Meadows, 822 Cherry Street, Fort Worth, Texas.

HAROLD S.—Your letter was a gem. Yes, "K" was produced

WOMEN

Colleen Moore .................................................. 76
Gloria Swanson .................................................. 75
Pola Negri .......................................................... 66
Alberta Vaughn .................................................. 65
Clara Bow .......................................................... 49
Betty Bronson .................................................... 48
Vilma Banky ....................................................... 48
Norma Talmadge .................................................. 45
Mary Pickford ...................................................... 43
Bebe Daniels ....................................................... 42
Norma Shearer ................................................... 39
Corinne Griffith .................................................. 39
Mac Murray ......................................................... 34
Lois Moran .......................................................... 34
Mary Brian .......................................................... 33
Lois Wilson .......................................................... 31
Marion Davies .................................................... 29
Dolores Costello ................................................... 27
Claire Windsor ..................................................... 24
Constance Talmadge ............................................. 23
Sally O'Neil .......................................................... 23
Elinor Fair .......................................................... 22
Lentrice Joy .......................................................... 22
Madge Bellamy ...................................................... 21
Esther Ralston ...................................................... 20

MEN

Rudolph Valentino .............................................. 243
Richard Dix ....................................................... 129
Ramon Novarro ................................................... 102
Ronald Colman .................................................... 85
Ben Lyon ............................................................ 83
William Boyd ..................................................... 81
Lloyd Hughes ...................................................... 78
John Gilbert ....................................................... 73
William Haines ................................................... 69
Richard Barthelmess ............................................. 60
Ricardo Cortez .................................................... 44
Douglas Fairbanks ................................................ 39
Rud La Rocque .................................................... 36
John Barrymore ................................................... 33
Tom Mix ............................................................. 28
George O'Brien .................................................... 27
Lon Chaney .......................................................... 25
Thomas Meighan .................................................. 24
Buck Jones .......................................................... 23
Buster Collier ....................................................... 23
Lawrence Gray ..................................................... 23
Milton Sills .......................................................... 19
Jack Holt ............................................................. 19
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. ............................................ 19
Clive Brook ........................................................ 17

nud Denny comes from your own home town, and Norma Shearer
hails from Montreal, Canada. Richard Dix and Carol Dempster
are to star in "The White Slave" for D. W. Griffith. Before
starting this, Richard will make "Paradise for Two." Ethel
Clayton is playing in "Mother McCree."

R. V. PHILA.—That was some fight you had in your town.
No, I didn't attend—I heard it over my radio. I certainly do
understand your feelings. You are very young.

UKULELE LADDEE.—I should say it is cold around these
parts. We had a miserable rainy summer, and now we are hav-
ing a cold damp fall. Ben Lyon was born February 6, 1900,
Saw Blue on January 11, 1890, and Mae Murray May 19,
1892.

BABE.—Well, a woman has no use for a man who never lies
to her. I didn't deliberately lie. Lloyd Hughes has gray eyes.
Antonio Moreno is married to Daisy Caudle Danziger.
Throwing the Light of Scientific Frankness on Woman's Oldest Problem

has changed, in this way, the hygienic habits of the world

This new way, by supplanting the uncertainty of old hygienic methods with certain and positive protection, provides charm, immacula-
yacy, exquisiteness under all circumstances...and adds the convenience of disposability.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Registered Nurse

Because one woman told another, because doctors advised and authorities urged, and because the frankness of scientific fact was used in dealing with a trying sub-
ject, the hygienic habits of the world have changed.

Almost 80% of American women in the better walks of life employ this new way. A way that banishes the doubtful efficiency of
old-time methods with a protection that is absolute.

If you are one of the 20% who cling to old ways, ask your doctor, please, about Kotex. What he tells you will make a great differ-
ence in your life.

No uncertainty, no doubts. You live every day unhandicapped. You wear the sheersheet and gayest of frocks without a moment's
thought. The most exacting social demands hold no terror, no matter how ill-timed.

These new advantages

Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad, is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton. Nurses in
war-time France first discovered it.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times

as absorbent as cotton. Kotex also deodorizes by a new disinfectant. And thus solves

another trying problem.

Kotex will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind—and in your
health. Many ills, according to leading medi-
cal authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe
or unsanitary makeshift methods.

There is no bother, no expense, of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would a piece
of tissue—without embarrassment.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way. Obtain
a package today.

Only Kotex is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the only pad embodying the super-absorbent Cel-
locotton. It is the only napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

On sale everywhere

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and de-
partment stores everywhere. Comes in san-
itary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the
Regular and Kotex-Super. Cellucotton Prod-
ucts Co., 166 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
That's No Lady—That's Louise Dresser

Poor Louise Dresser! She has such a bad reputation nowadays—in the movies. In "Fifth Avenue" and "Padlocked" she is no lady, the "Blind Goddess" finds her diseveled and broken, while The Goose Woman" and "Broken Hearts of Hollywood" show her affectionately embracing Gordon's Dry Gin. Question—Where does she get it? Will Hays shouldn't let this flagrant disregard of the Volstead Act get by, after his recent edit. Any, please, Mr. Director, let Louise have a little dress of mail occasionally?

We hear much about Art and foreign films, so apparently they are synonymous. Led by these babblings, I had the misfortune to see "Othello." Emil Jannings was strutting his stuff in a series of Terry cloth bath-robcs, girdled tight about him that every quiver of emotion might be seen to rack his well-padded frame. Believe me, he's built to quiver. Santa Claus would make him a fine roll! His acting consisted chiefly of rolling distended eyeballs. I felt, when he had finished, as an oncist just after a hard day's work.

By the way, has there ever been a movie meal which did not consist of fruit cup? I would like to see one of the screen's fair ladies sink her teeth into a good steak. No wonder they're all so thin!

I, too, must ask why Conway Tearle still plays dashing hero parts? He admits to ever forty. He'd make a good grandpa, or even sugar daddy, but boy-friend—never! I'm fussy about chins, and when he kissed Barbara Redford in "The Sporting Lover" the poor girl was completely obliterated. No, ye old drooping eyelid, famous mole, and brown have had their day. Good-bye, old friend!

F. Michael Barrie.

Go to Morning Service

I am an ardent fan of the movies and go to see all the worthwhile pictures that I can. But therein lies the trouble. I cannot often go.

The reason is simple but none the less maddening. All of the best pictures are shown on Sunday, whereby I am excluded. I live in a small town and until recently no pictures were shown on Sunday. The best ones were on Monday and Tuesday. This has been changed now, having the best on the Sabbath and showing almost anything that may be called a picture other nights.

It is very trying with a theater manager on one side offering a superb picture and a preacher on the other side with a sermon. My conscience is quite overtaxed also my parents generally decide.

S. R.,

Greenfield, Indiana.

Advice to Mothers

I went to the motion pictures the other night and heard some one behind me say: "Pictures are so degrading. I do not know why I come. I hardly ever allow my children to go. I want my children to stay young and the movies make them grow up too quickly." But that a compliment to the motion pictures, the producers and the scenarists? Quite. I felt like turning around and telling that woman what I thought of her. I did not, but I will put arguments down here.

Myself—You are wrong, Mrs. (Miss)—The movies are not degrading, if you go to the right ones.

Lady—Well, how can you tell which are the right ones and which are the wrong?

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 of the month, which will be printed at the head of this department. One dollar is paid for the excepts 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 SAY IT WITH LETTERS, 175 Duffyield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Myslef—There are three ways you can tell. When you see an advertisement of a certain picture, look at the advertisement for the corporation putting the picture out. If it is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer or Famous Players-Lasky, it will probably be a good picture. If you see that Cecil De Mille, Fred Niblo, D. W. Griffith, or King Vidor is directing, it will probably be a good picture.

Lady—I see, but don't the actor or actress count for anything. I always go to a picture because of the actor or actress.

Myslef—That is one reason why you so seldom find a picture that you like. You say "Ben Lyon is at the movies tonight so I guess I'll go." That must time does not work out. There are only a very few stars on the screen whom anyone can go to see and be sure of being satisfied. Those are the veterans of the screen. I mean when I say "veterans" people like Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, and I might say Florence Vidor. They have been on the screen a long time and know the tricks and turns of the work. But there are a few who are new but just the same you can depend on them.

Lady—How can you tell with the new ones?

Myslef—By observation and also by getting the Motion Picture Magazine every month. This is my third way to tell. Motion Picture, every month, gives reviews of the latest pictures and criticizes the stars who play in them. I never go to a picture now without looking in the magazine and finding out whether it is good or bad. I usually take its advice, unless I am determined to see the picture and sometimes I am disappointed.

Lady—Well, who do you think are really good of the newer ones?

Myslef—I could name quite a few stars whom I like and whom I enjoy watching on the screen but there are very few who will ever reach the heights which Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks have gotten to. Before Mr. Brewster, the editor-in-chief of Motion Picture Magazine, ever said anything about Ramon Novarro, I decided that he was the best actor on the screen. After Mr. Brewster finished his articles about the screen idols of the past, present and future, I was glad I had chosen Novarro. Then there is Betty Bronson. I think she should leave the screen for a while unless they can keep her in roles like "Peter Pan" and "A Kiss for Cinderella." She is so young and childish.

Lady—I will try that for a time and see if it works.

I am quite sure that in a few months that woman would have come to me and said, "I am so glad you told me of that magazine and all about the companies and directors. I find myself enjoying the movies much more now, and I am not afraid of letting my child go to a movie which I have not seen.

Anonymous,

Ridgewood, N. J.

This Settles It

We all know that none other than Ramon Novarro should be our Romeo. If we did not have Ramon, then of course it would be different, and we must needs choose some one else.

As for Juliet, there is no artist who could possibly outdo Alice Terry, as to splendid acting, beauty and distinction. Think of her work in "The Conquering Power" with Valentino, also "The Four Horsemen" and "The Prisoner of Zenda," besides a number of others. She is a perfect match for Ramon.

F. S. M.,

Leadville, Colo.
DOROTHY GRAY'S SCIENTIFIC PREPARATIONS
For Facial Rejuvenation

The Dorothy Gray Treatment Box for Reducing a Double Chin and Restoring a Youthful Chin Line—5 precious and exclusive preparations, her patented Patter and her new-type Chin Strap. With complete illustrated directions. Price $10.85.

DOROTHY GRAY

COMING to New York eleven years ago, the daughter of a noted doctor and scientist, Miss Gray, by the application of new methods of scientifically restoring a youthful chin line, soon became one of the most famous beauty specialists in the world, numbering among her clientele scores of the greatest names in the international social register.

Now her long-proved treatments, hitherto restricted to those visiting her Fifth Avenue Salon, are available for home application, wherever you live. Dorothy Gray preparations with explicit, illustrated instructions, may be purchased at leading department stores and quality drug stores throughout the country, or at Miss Gray's own establishments in New York (753 Fifth Avenue) or at Atlantic City (1657 Boardwalk.), San Francisco (The White House) or Washington, D. C. (1509 Connecticut Avenue).

The Dorothy Gray Treatment Box for Correcting Flabby Muscles, Crepy Throat and Drooping Under Chin. Six special preparations and the Dorothy Gray Patter. Complete, illustrated directions. Price $11.60.

Write for a complete booklet descriptive of Dorothy Gray's preparations and methods.

DOROTHY GRAY
Dept. 74
753 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

The Dorothy Gray Treatment Box for Erasing Lines and Wrinkles. Included are 5 special preparations. Also complete, illustrated directions for home application. Price $3.85.

For enlarged pores and coarse skin Dorothy Gray's Pure Lotion (for oily skin) ($1.00) and Pure Paste (for dry skin) ($1.00) are delightful relief, restoring the skin to satin smoothness.

As a daytime protection for the skin and a long-lasting foundation for make-up, use Dorothy Gray's Russian Astringent Lotion (for oily skin) ($1.50) and Russian Astringent Cream (for dry skin) each-$1.50 in the new small size.

Lately improved, here is the first, most effective, yet comfortable Chin Strap to be found. A must remarkable easy way to reduce a double chin.

Price $3.50.

To guard against wintry blasts which chap and roughen the hands, use Dorothy Gray's Strawberry Lotion ($1.25). It keeps hands beautiful and enchanting.

Price $2.50.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
to get them out of the room before she attempted to rise. But Harvey waited, loath to leave her. Lillian entered, buen she first, Judy... please..." he begged with a humility that Judith felt ashamed to see.

She took his bowed, shamed head into her hand, looking him against her young breast. She knew that thru some strange psychological twist she adored him more than ever. He possessed something, but in spite of this he needed her tremendously... in spite of this he would go down before the things that threatened him unless her hand aided him.

What weakness is greater than the weakness of a strong man?

"My dear," Judith whispered tenderly, "I love you.

What less could she say? What more? He raised his mouth, salty from his tears. And as her lips gave him the balm of an utter forgiveness.

Then he went downstairs.

Judith wondered if she would be able to carry thru her purpose. Her body was shaken with a weakness greater than she had ever known before. It was only by holding to the furniture that she made her way to the closet where she selected a gown to wear. The mirror in the door showed her unearthly pale. So she selected an amber chiffon, using a little rouge in substitution of her customary fad

Downstairs she heard Harvey and Miss Cameron talking. Heard them. But she knew that Harvey was not being his suave self. She hurried as much as her strength allowed in order to release him from the strain he was so evidently feeling.

A little more were narrow and steep. She dared not take them quickly and her decent seemed timed and slow. This embarrassed it. It seemed to portend an affected entrance. And as she entered the room she noted that Miss Cameron watched her curiously. She thought perhaps her very entrance had induced this.

"Oh, Judy," the dear woman looked and sounded all right. Neither Harvey or Miss Cameron seemed alarmed at the sight of them. They turned on her.

"From what we hear," Miss Cameron graciously said, "your stardom is a mere matter of one or two pictures.

The shoulders shrugged under their amber web.

"Perhaps," she smiled, "but good roles are more greatly to be desired than a painted star on a dressing room door."

It was for the first time, in, importantly hearing the brass tea-try. There was something triumphant in her manner as she set it on the low table. He hearing seemed to ask if it was not that an afternoon tea should be.

Harvey asked to be excused. He explained that he would not stay another moment to make. Judith rather wished that he would remain. She hardly felt equal to the demands of even a casual conversation.

Freedians. They spoke in a mutual admiration of one or two contemporary authors.

"It has been very pleasant talking to you, Miss Tower," Miss Cameron said as she gathered up her bag and gloves preparing to depart. "You're very busy, I know, but some day soon you will take tea with me."

"I would love to do that," Judith said, "perhaps another convenient time. We rarely work after five."

Then she called up-stairs to Harvey, "Miss Cameron is leaving, dear."

He came down immediately. There were more amusements exchanged.

The apartment door closed, and Judith went immediately to the divan where she slept feverishly and fitfully until late that evening when Harvey returned from a conference and helped her back to bed."

"The Magic Thing," the next picture in which Judith appeared, in leading juvenile role. It was Hugh Kendrick, thrashed thru weeks of production.

Night, Judith would leave the studio exhausted after intensive rehearsals and retakes of scenes on which she had shot the day before. And the next morning she would be at the studios at least an hour before she was called on the set. There was a necessity for her make-up to be perfect. For if Hugh Kendrick photographed well in the scene, that scene was usually used little or no difference how anyone else looked.

Carless make-up, warm leather jackets, and other hoochus were taboo.

Harvey was thoughtful and understanding. And not once did he take anything to drink. Judith's accident seemed to have filled him with a terrible dread of anything alcoholic.

Judith, however, appreciated the fact that he would need help if he was to continue his ab

much less an interview. Yet she knew that he was going because he thought she would talk with less restraint if he was not present.

She removed her hand before raising the teapot.

And so on, thru the trile less than that hour that Miss Cameron remained."

The captions concern the picture Men. Clothes. Love. Motion pictures. The compounds of ninety-nine interviews out of one hundred.

Because Judith had always been an omnivorous reader, she was quite on a par with Miss Cameron in philosophic, psychological, biological and literary references. They laughed over the intense stinence. When she had an hour or two between scenes, in the middle of the day, she had Lillian put up a picnic lunch. Then she would get Harvey to drive her to places outside the studio limits where they would lunch together and rest for an hour.

Otherwise, Harvey lunched with a group of men from the studios. This meant that he must refuse drinks while others imbied. Now and then Judith felt this would make her feel small and powerless. But she did what she could to alleviate the constant strain by maneuvering to borrow a studio car and picnic.
You, Too, Can Realize Your Dreams

By Developing a

Strong Rich Voice

More than 20,000 men and women all over the country have developed powerful, beautiful voices by Physical Voice Culture. You, too, can build up a strong, magnetic, compelling voice that will be the marvel of your friends, and your key to success and fame.

Gives Physical Voice Culture Credit for Grand Opera Voice

Each 31 hours brings me a stronger and better hold on my voice. I feel like telling you of it each day when I think back to six years ago when cataract had just about blinded my hearing and voice. I joined the Los Angeles Opera Company this Spring and we will have five Opera ready in September. It is really pathetic to see the star pupils from the great voice masters try for a place in the Company. Some very pretty, but weak, palpitate attacks, throat and lip attacks, I work hard all day and your lessons excelled are a wonderful rent.—Bert Longtre.

Harry Lompaire Finds the "Right Way"

I wish to give credit where credit is due. The past twelve years have been spent in professional singing. Believing that I had at long found "the right way," I cancelled an entire season's bookings to apply myself diligently to you idea. Today my voice is completely new. Formerly, I could sing only a fair F" (first line). Now I can sing him "F" flat, with a rich, resonant, manly tone.—Harry Lompaire.

Church Singer Delights Congregation

I cannot help but say "Thank God" for everything you have done for me. As I sang in church yesterday people turned to see who was singing. I hope you will always think of one who has made a big success in the work I chose to do.—CAROLES BAKER

For obvious reasons the names signed to these letters have been changed. But the letters are all true and the real names of writers will be sent on request.

Inspiring Book Now FREE

Perfect Voice Institute, Studio 12-89
1920 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, FREE and without any obligation, Prof. Fouchinger's new book, "Physical Voice Culture." I have checked the subject in which I am most interested.

\[ \Box \] Weak Voice
\[ \Box \] Singing
\[ \Box \] Stammering
\[ \Box \] Speaking

Name: ________________________________

Address: ________________________________

City: ____________________ State: __________

When you write, please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
The next two months were difficult. Judith felt that the Acme people could make any profit from a picture produced in this manner. Every night Hugh Kendrick would see the rushes and demand that something either be reshot or eliminated.

He would watch himself on the screen with what amounted to a fanatical intensity. He was well over forty and he looked it. And his limitations prohibited his going in for another sort of rôle. He had to appear the genial, warm-hearted, back at cards, innocent of any thing underneath and worried to death every time he stood for a close-up.

Judith felt sorry for him. She appreciated his intense struggle to maintain the high place which box-office receipts proved was slipping thru his frantic, ineffectual fingers.

But she felt worrier still for Al Menten, the director. At the end of the day he would be so harassed that he would appear to have grown years older.

He seemed grateful to Judith for giving him the opportunity to work out her own business. He taught her only when necessary. All her worries about antagonism on his part because she was McAllister’s protégée were wasted.

Harvey had warned her about Hugh Kendrick and some of the difficulties she would encounter.

"I did my best with your rôle in the 'script," he told her, "but it is actually up to you. If I gave you too much of a part, Hugh would never have accepted the script. Anyone who is his head is responsible.

"There is no earthly use in your doing good work in scenes with him. For any time you threaten to steal a small portion of the thunder he will have your stuff cut out.

"Accepting Harvey’s measure of Hugh Kendrick, Judith decided that her course was to walk thru her scenes with Hugh as effect-ively as possible and to save any business or inspiration for the scenes she played without him.

In the beginning both Hugh and Myra Kendrick, who was a frequent visitor on the camera line, watched Judith suspiciously. The producer had proclaimed her after the release of her second picture. Her photographs were being published everywhere. And the Kendricks had quite often by themselves been very much afraid she was not to be permitted to steal "The Magic Thing" from Hugh.

The critics were still talking about her performance in the picture, and I had been particularly commended upon, in very favorable terms.

Judith, however, appeared to give the Kendricks no cause for a continuation of their vigilance. Judith,

"She seems quite ordinary," Myra had confided to Hugh in his dressing-room one afternoon after they had been about two weeks in production, "she won’t get anything in the picture that you do not give her."

And after that Myra had not been on the set quite so often.

Judith was grateful for this. Those wiry eyes had made her nervous. And on several occasions they had come very close to tearing her into doing her best to steal a scene.

She was glad that Mrs. Kendrick was not going on location with them.

"You’ll have a frightful time," she had told Judith, "Hugh’s company went to

Judith remembered rumors about Myra Kendrick being a fanatical director, and she did not mention anything of the sort. Pasts were rarely mentioned in this new life. Judith had discovered this almost immediately. People might know that you knew about their obscure and humble pasts but there was an unwritten, unspoken, tacit understanding and it was never mentioned.

However, she could not resist a shot at the upstart Myra.

"I won’t mind it, I’m sure," she said, hating her쌤. Myra might not be able to maintain a silence this time. "I was brought up in the country, you know. Actually I’m more at home there than I am in a suite at the Ritz."

Myra raised shaded eyebrows that gave her an uncertain expression. "Don’t worry," she said, "really?"

Judith laughed, "Not that I do not prefer a suite at the Ritz, but I have always been terrified of snakes. I admit it, in spite of the psychoanalytical sig-nifications that my palate rapidly accustomed itself to the sauces of the best chefs."

But it was well that Harvey arrived at this juncture. Judith herself felt relieved, knowing that she was not to be trusted with the superior Mrs. Kendrick for any protracted length of time.

"I must go pack," she said. "You packed, Harvey?"

"Harvey shook his head. "I’m not going," he said, "that’s what I came upstairs to do."

Judith thought he was teasing her. They had planned this location trip together as a belated and somewhat unconventional honeymoon trip.

"Silly," she said to him, "you packed."

"Honestly, Judy, dear," he assured her. "Mr. Irving just sent for me. All our plans are changed. Next you are going to be co-featured with John Steele. And I have to remain here and do the 'script. There will be conferences with Mr. Irving and the director..."

"I know," said Harvey. "I was so disappointed that I even overlooked all that Mr. Irving said about you. They’re delaying your departure. But Harvey, darling," she said as if unable to think of the trip without him, "we’ll be away two weeks at the very least. Two weeks without you is too much to bear."

"I know," said Harvey, "I was so disappointed that I even overlooked all that Mr. Irving said about you. They’re delaying your departure. But Harvy, darling," she said as if unable to think of the trip without him, "we’ll be away two weeks at the very least. Two weeks without you is too much to bear."

"I know," said Harvey, "I was so disappointed that I even overlooked all that Mr. Irving said about you. They’re delaying your departure. But Harvey, darling," she said as if unable to think of the trip without him, "we’ll be away two weeks at the very least. Two weeks without you is too much to bear."

"Miss Cameron knew what she was talking about the other day when she said you would soon be starred."

(Continued on page 84)
Al Christie prescribes

Copious doses of the laugh cure

A riotous, rampant, hilarious farce-comedy thriller that will keep you in spasms of laughter from the first flicker to the fadeout.

It's a Sure Cure for What Ails You!
It's a Worry-Chaser De Luxe!
See It and Forget Your Troubles!
Sonia Solana met them in the dressing-room corridor. She was in her street clothes.

"Darnation," she said, "I'm going too."

"Going where?" asked Judith.

"On location with all of you. Stingy little role," Sonia said. She was beginning one of her famous tirades. Most people in the studio moved on in the wake of a ranting Sonia. "God Almighty, I dont believe even Dolores Cortez would accept it... hard up as she is.

"But I go up to Irving's office and he talks me into it."

"And such a location trip. Hell, I'll be so skinny from the enforced diet... so bruised from the straw mattress... so black and blue from falls... so mosquito-and gnat-bitten... that I'll have to wear clothes in my next picture."

"I get real pleasure in thinking of the money they'll lose if I have to cover myself up."

Harvey and Judith laughed at her. She went storming up and down the corridor while Judith unlocked the dressing-room door.

"Oh, Sonia," Judith said, "I'm glad you're coming along. I would have been lost without you."

Harvey finds at the last minute that he has to remain in town.

Sonia shot Harvey a quick look.

"Well, the fact that you'll be there is the only bright thing about it that I can think of," Sonia granted Judith, "but even so, I'm not Christian enough to be glad I'm going even tho my presence will rescue you from that stuffed shirt, Hugh Kendrick, and his synthetic lady, Myra."

"Myra Kendrick is not going," Judith said, "Hugh will not submit her to the inconveniences of the country."

Sonia puffed her cigarette viciously. Its amber fragrance was heavy.

"Helf," she said, "he's afraid she will forget herself and milk the cows."

"She is pretty terrible," Judith admitted.

Sonia paced up and down the room, too restless to remain seated in the children's reced of the Nile-blue chaise longue movie room.

"Oh, I'm so damn easy, I hate myself," she groaned, "just a simple little booky. The old man gives me a few compliments... tells me by his looks to brace up a weak situation and fall for it."

"Are you packed?" asked Judith, bending over her trunk as she folded her crash riding breeches.

"No," said Sonia. "I don't arrive on the rural scene until you are there about ten days. Ten days, providing you have clear weather. The old man said the company would probably be gone three weeks... longer with bad weather."

Judith and Harvey turned to each other in mute despair.

"I did not know we would be gone that long," Judith said as she stuffed her riding boots with handkerchiefs and other incidentals.

"Figure it out for yourself, dearie," advised Sonia. "They've got to get about a hundred scenes of Hugh looking like a good-natured, young villager."

She paused at the door.

"Well, s'long. See you in a week or so."

Judith was glad that Sonia would be with her part of the time. She liked her, thought her an amazing creature... painfully frank... heedless of every convention... loose of tongue... and gorgeous to see, modeled in a creamy flesh.

That Sonia would join her in a week or two was her one consolation when she was leaving Harvey at the station.

"I may be able to get up after a while if the script goes all right," Harvey said, "but don't count on it, dearest. I'll wire you every day. You wire me, too. I'll be forming about it."

"Other members of the company were grouped about, waiting for the train gates to open. Judith drew Harvey aside. She wished to have a few last words with him alone. And already commuters in the station recognized movie picture people and stood about curiously.

She had been beset by worry ever since she knew that Harvey was not to accompany her. She was leaving Lilian at home in order that the apartment be left smoothly. She knew that the first thing to do, under any circumstance, was to make a man comfortable.

"You've been so good about drinking that I hate to say anything," Judith told him softly, "but this first separation is going to be very difficult for both of us. In between times when we are not busy we will miss each other frightfully. You'll want to get away from the lonely reality of it..."

She smiled that slow, reluctant smile that the critics had already found charming.

"... but women are funny," she said, "as much as I fear for you when you are lonely, I hope you will miss me painfully."

Harvey grabbed her long, gloved hand.

"Darling," he promised, "I will be very good. You mustn't worry about me... coming back to me, I will be good."

Al Menten came over to them.

"Sorry," he excused his interruption, "but we're going aboard. The news photographers are going to take the company boarding the train. And some girls over there want you to sign their albums, Judith."

As Judith turned, she was besieged by a quartet of flappers' who offered her fountain pens and autograph albums.

"How can you know if you have a movie company would be here?" Harvey asked them.

"We read it in the paper," two of them answered in unison, "are you Miss Tower?"

Harvey hesitated. He considered it bad policy for Judith's married state to become known. Yet he could not quite bring himself to deny that precious offer.

"You flatter me," he evaded the direct question. Judith was signing the last album and a porter was bound thru the gate with the hand luggage, books and magazines.

"I liked you an awful lot in your new picture," one of the girls called after Judith as Harvey hurried her to the train.

She turned to wave her thanks.

Hugh Kendrick and Myra were already waiting for the photographer to set up his camera. And Al Menten pounced upon Judith.

"Stand right here," he suggested, indicating a position in front of Hugh Kendrick and somewhat to his left.

"But that will shut off Hugh," Myra interposed in a sharp voice as Judith instinctively hesitated before taking that position.

"I'd stand right here," she said, "will you come in it, too, Harvey."

Harvey, however, declined to pose. He stood beside the cameraman... took a look thru the camera and determined that Judith was in focus.

It was her first experience before a
just a softening and pushing back isn't enough—this antiseptic liquid shapes your cuticle in perfect ovals.

Wrong care causes hang-
nails and split edges which spoil the shape of cuticle

Hangnails - Overgrown Half-Moons
come from wrong care of the cuticle

To shape it . . .
use this dainty liquid

If you are to have the smooth, perfect ovals of cuticle and lovely half-moons you so admire, you must first remove the rough, dead cuticle that clings so tightly and stubbornly to each nail.

Softening and pushing back isn't enough. Cutting injures the delicate nail root.

Ordinary methods have little effect on this dry, dead skin that grows up tight over the half-moons and hides them . . . Makes the rim draw too tight across the nail—only to split and crack . . . Gets so rough and ragged you simply can't shape your cuticle in perfect ovals.

For this most important step of all, Northam Warren created a dainty, antiseptic liquid that quickly and safely loosens and removes every bit of superfluous dead skin. Shapes your cuticle in lovely ovals, showing the pretty half-moons.

It is Cutex. Use it at least once or twice each week—particularly when your hands are going to be noticed.

The complete manicure: Wash your hands thoroughly and file the nails. With orange stick and cotton dipped in Cutex work gently around the base of each nail—wiping away the dead skin. You can now push the cuticle back in pretty ovals—revealing the dainty half-moons. Pass the wet stick under the tips to clean and bleach them. Rub Cutex Cuticle Cream over the cuticle to keep it soft and pliant.

Smooth the least bit of Nail White under the nail tips. The lovely brilliance of Cutex Liquid Polish is the final touch.

Cutex Sets are from $2.50 to $7.00 wherever toilet goods are sold. Or see the special offer. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. M-12, 80 St. Alexander St., Montreal.


Lady Robert Peel, the inimitable Beatrice Lillie, of the Charlot Reuse, New York and London, says: "Long ago in London I learned how indispensable Cutex is for getting my cuticle the smooth roundness that is so essential."

Mail Coupon with 10c for Introductory Set

Northam Warren, Dept. M-12
114 West 17th St., New York
I enclose 10c for Introductory Set containing Cutex Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Powder Polishes, Cuticle Cream, Brush, Emery Board, Orange Stick, Cotton and helpful booklet.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Add Years of Youth To Your Appearance

Corrective beautifying will do it. Enjoy the immediate effect of a soft, pearly, entrancing beauty while your complexion defects yield to corrective treatment. Discourage blemishes, modulate skins, flatness and wrinkles and give your skin a fascinating, youthful appearance thrue the use of

GOURAUD’S

ORIENTAL CREAM

Does not streak or show effects of perspiration. Antirrhetic and antiacneic. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel, also Compacts.

Send 1¢ for Trial Size

Ford T. Hopkins & Son, New York City

Advertising Section

and over by the moonlight while the sum-mer boarders danced below on the porch to a brassy phonograph and an infrequent car ground its brakes on the mountain road which led beyond the house. Besides the Kendrick company there were about ten other boarders. They were as objectionable as common people always are when on a holiday. They had been there two weeks now. Bad weather. And fourteen evenings spent listening to Hugh Kendrick’s complainting and boasting monologs.
The trouble is,” he had a way of saying to Judith when he interrupted her even- ing vigil of the stars and the crickets’ chorus, quite oblivious to the fact that his company was not desired. “The whole trouble is that they expect me to carry an entire picture. They think my following at the box-office is great enough to permit a conservation of other expenses.
I suppose I have the devil of a reputa-tion in the studio, but I have to watch my teeth and nail all the time. Lots of people who are stars don’t worry about such things. They take their check and call it a week.”

But Judith, who was always interested in everything in my productions is not right. “Who has said anything about genius being a capacity for taking pains?”

“I know the quotation.” Judith trained her voice to sound sober as she answered, “It is just that, I think. An infinite capacity for every entanglement.
Ordinarily she did not interrupt Hugh’s monologs. She was able to make appro-priate comments in his infrequent pauses without troubling herself to interrupt. Hugh’s face would turn pink every now and then and his voice would rise and hush the night sounds. Judith had several times wished for the Oriental-ability to shut out sound and know that they did not wish to obtrude upon their conscious-ness.
Tonight there was another sound. It superimposed itself upon the songs of the crickets and the complaint of Hugh.

“My God,” a voice lamented, “I’m black and blue from my neck to my ankles. And my body is my fortune. What a road…”

“It is Sonia,” Judith’s voice was eager. “She must have come on the day train.”

“Al, ‘Al,” called Sonia, “send one of the boys over to my porter and have my bagage to whatever suite you have re-served for me.”

“Let us go down and see her,” suggested Judith, already half-way down the stair- way. Hugh Kendrick, however, did not follow. Sonia’s tongue had stuffed him with its raiper thrusts too often. He did not seek her company.

Myra thought her a coarse, com-mon creature to be avoided, and Hugh agreed.

The boarders had, of course, gathered about Sonia’s car.

Judith knew the things they would say of her. There was a great story among the boarders of a boy who had won Sonia always gave bad impressions. She seemed to delight in putting her worse foot forward. Judith hoped fervently that no one would seek her. If they did, it would get shocked. If they did not, it was hard to tell what Sonia would devip them by saying and doing.

“Christ’s holy!” called Sonia when Judith came around the corner of the house into the light cast by one Japanese lantern, left over from the decorations of a recent bridal. How do you manage to look the lady of quality in these wilds?”

“Has it been terrible?”

“Worse than I supposed,” Judith whispered.

“Mosquitoes, gnats…”

“I know,” sympathized Sonia in a tone loud enough for everyone to hear. “Bad food, straw mattresses, and worse than either of these. Hugh Kendrick’s monologs when you might listen to that damn cricket chirp with more profit.”

Likely enough Hugh heard her.

“I won’t tell them where,” Judith said. “You must be dead after that trip. I’m going to bed now. Seven o’clock breakfast tomorrow. Early call.”

“Good night, Jude,” said Sonia. “I’ll turn in, too.”

She watched Judith’s shadow in the grass, cast there by the lone lantern.

“Poor kid,” she said half-aloud.

“Who’d believe it possible?”

As for Judith, she was delighted that Sonia had arrived. She went to sleep as contented as she could be with Harvey miles and miles away.

Perhaps Sonia had seen something of him in the last two weeks. She would ask her about it the next day.

Sonia, however, there was no time to ask any questions. Sonia did not go down into the gorge with them. Al Menten left his assistant to take a few scenes of Sonia’s heartrending scene on the country road that ran alongside of the farm-house.

Judith went with the company. And when she returned, she found Sonia waiting her under an old crab-apple-tree.

“I thought we could have supper in your room,” Sonia suggested. “They can lug it up on a tray. I haven’t a cent of money with that tribe. Never again. I prefer to diet if the worst comes to the worst. As it usually does.”

Judith was delighted with this plan. She had considered doing this before but had not wanted to desert the remainder of the company or to include Hugh Kendrick in the invitation to dine with her and this would have been advisable. She had suffered the boarders and their unflinching stances to their imperious questions and their table manners, or the lack of them, in preference.

A supper with Sonia would be gay. Hugh would probably expect to be in-vited if we do that,” Judith hesitated.

“Don’t worry,” Sonia advised her. “Mr. Kendrick neve,r seeks my company. He considers me coarse. At least he went into the kitchen door and bribed the board-house mistress, Mrs. Hanks, to serve their meal upstairs.

Judith had been unable to eat the tough cold meat, usually served in such places, and Mrs. Hanks had been quite willing to substitute milk and berries. Sonia agreed to take the same menu as Judith.

So on their tray were two large bowls of fresh milk, yellow with heavy cream . . . a box of graham crackers . . . and two saucers of large blackberries.

The latter were a gift from the son of the household. He was a ten-year-old lad with dreams in his eyes and freckles wrinkled over his nose. He had taken quite a fancy to Sonia. When he had given her a copy of Asian which Harvey had given her for train reading, he had become her slave.

The son of the farm had thrilled him. And the next day he had neglected his chores . . . taken a beating . . . and determined to sail the Seven Seas.

He brought up the tray, beaming with his pleasure.

“Mr. Kendrick’s sore because you’re taking a snuck up here,” he said. “He don’t like it one bit.”

Judith set the tray on an old oak table, removing the box of cigs which was generously supplied with candied violettes. Harvey had ordered the box. He knew Judith’s fondness for this exotic sweet. He knew how she had bought a few of
them in a bag for a special treat when she had first come to New York.

She selected a large bonbon and popped it into the boy's mouth. He took it out immediately and licked the icing off. Such sweetmeats must be made to last a long time.

When he had gone, Sonia looked at Judith quizzically.

"Like kids, don't you, Jude?" she asked.

"Most of them," Judith did not quite commit herself to her devotion to juvenile and infantile humanity.

"Going to have any?" Sonia asked.

"I hope so. . . By and by, Harvey says it would be fatal for me to have one right now. That's true, of course. I can't afford to stay off the screen. I must follow up my advantage. But never to have any. . . I would not like that."

Sonia was strangely sensitive to Judith's sincerity.

Her voice showed that. It had lost its mocking, bantering tone.

"Funny," she said. "I'd die if I had to have an Infant Terrible. I would not know what to do with it. Children never like me. I scare them. Because they scare me, I'm always expecting them to do the unexpected. They never disappoint me."

"It would be different with your own," Judith told her. "By the way, Sonia, did you see anything of Harvey after I left New York? I hate being away from him, like this."

Sonia's mouth was full of blackberries. It was with difficulty that she answered.

"I saw him several times. He was busy tho. You're crazy about him, aren't you, Jude?"

"Quite," admitted Judith, "I used to be such a self-sufficient person. But now I find things having an importance because I can tell Harvey about them. I weigh everything I see, hear and do from his point of view."

There was a silence. Sonia evidently had no intention of breaking it. What is more, she wanted Judith to talk. She wanted to hear just how Judith felt about her young husband. And Sonia had learned that if you kept quiet the other person usually talked.

"You know," Judith said, "I think it pleases me because Harvey needs me so. She was always confidential with this frank, Sonia . . . she had trusted her from the first day she saw her. "Harvey appears such a suave, sophisticated and adequate person, doesn't he?"

Sonia nodded.

"Yet he need me . . . frightened," said Judith. "Frightfully, Sonia."

"The old maternal instinct has done its deadly work," analyzed Sonia. "When a man goes that reaction from a woman, it is hopeless. All women fall for Harvey. But I don't think any others have ever felt the way you feel about him."

"I fancy not," said Judith. "Harvey and I have never discussed the affairs he had before we knew each other. And I trust him.

"Don't!" Sonia impulsively said the thing she had argued with herself about saying. And in her tone there was an admonishment.

Judith halted as she placed the supper tray outside of the door.

"What I mean is," Sonia explained. "Don't expect Harvey never to stray from the fold. You will get only heartbreak if you go on that premise. Expect Harvey to love you the most. That is enough. It is more than is given to most of us.

"Harvey worships you, Jude dear. I'm sure about that. I have seen his eyes when he has looked at you. And if I act like a fool where men are concerned, profes-

---

**The Film Danger**

To which authoritative dental opinion ascribes many tooth and gum disorders

To cultivate tooth clearness and firm healthy gums. This way of combating film on teeth is advised by many authorities.

**That** many of the commoner tooth and gum troubles, and most cases of so-called "off-color" teeth, are due to a film that forms on teeth which ordinary brushing does not successfully combat, is the consensus of dental opinion.

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel this film — a slippery sort of coating. Film absorbs discolorations and thus makes teeth look dull and dingy. It breeds germs and bacteria and invites tartar, decay and pyororra. It is a menace to tooth and gum health that must be constantly combated.

Thus dental authorities now seriously urge that film be removed at least twice every day — in the morning and at bedtime. One can't expect gla-

---

FREE—Mail coupon for a 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 227, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name: 

Address: 

Only one tube to a family.
sionally. I know something about them nevertheless.

“What do you mean, then?” Judith’s heart trembled beneath her frail gown.

“I mean,” said Sonia in a measured voice, “That Harvey is not naturally monomous. When a woman looks at Harvey with big bedroom eyes, Harvey forgets everything else. He never knows. She is his mistress.

Judith did not speak. And Sonia lit another cigarette. She was in this thing now and she meant to get it over with. The match flared and the gas flame flashed into momentary view. Then darkness again.

“He is just a child where women are concerned,” said Sonia. “He’s known Harvey much longer than you, Jude. I am not his wife. Therefore it might be said that I know him better than you do. Harvey has found a rare kind of candy that he quite adores. But when he cannot have that one kind... when you’re not about, in other words... he will take other kinds.”

“Sonia!” Judith’s voice rent the pause like a sharp knife. “Do you know quite what you are saying?”

“Perfectly,” Sonia told her. “For weeks I have been making up my mind whether or not to say these things to you... whether or not to play the Good Gend who comes with distressing news because she thinks it is best for you to know it.”

“Go on,” said Judith in a dead kind of a voice. “Go on, Sonia. What else?”

“You may thank me for this frankness by quite hating me,” she paused and studied Judith for a full minute before she continued. “But I am not bargaining for that somehow. You are an intelligent woman. Quite likely you will continue to love Harvey in spite of his faults.”

She shrugged her shoulders. “Why not?” she said. “Women have been known to love men not only in spite of their faults but because of them. It all depends upon the kind of person you fall in love with. That’s all.

“There will be times, I have no doubt when you will find Harvey Dunn’s faults more disconcerting than most husbands’ faults. But to balance that I commend to you his virtues. He is more than most women dare expect in a husband. He is intelligent. His business cares no entirely about bonds or the sale of cotton goods in Duluth.

And always, feel quite sure, he will love you above all others. Even if he does not love you only.”

The crickets shared the silence.

And Sonia’s voice seemed to have taken on a bitter note when she spoke again. “Some of us,” she said, “would give half of our life to know that we had what you have, Jude. I would. You know damn well I’d give anything if I could have Harry Crane to the extent that you have Harvey. And consider myself in hellish good luck, too.”

“Is Harvey misbehaving now?” Judith forced herself to ask this.

And she feared the answer. Sonia instinct deep within her made her accept the things Sonia had said. It was an explanation of the fact that she never felt that she entirely possessed Harvey. He always eluded her... intangibly... mysteriously.

Suddenly Sonia seemed less frank, less willing to talk. “I don’t know that,” she said, honestly enough, considering her involuntary emphasis on the word the word. “Incidentally, Judith, Is there a script for your next production, isn’t he?”

Judith nodded affirmatively.

“Nabisco has a part in it, hasn’t she?” “Why, Judith asked, justifying.

“Nabisco,” repeated Sonia. “You know Felice Friend, that sweet little slayer.”

“Yes, Harvey said something about her playing a second role.”

“U-m-m. Sonia lit still another cigarette and swore, mightily when the match burned her finger. “Well, she is doing her cute best to see that you play the second role. She is very fond of Harvey... eyes... golden curls... rosybud mouth... and boyish form. And he is falling for her line. More’s the pity.

“Cast a look over the script before you begin work, Judith. This picture will count a bullfrog for you. You know, I don’t miss my guess that little weasel has been ogling Harvey and suggesting bits of business for her to do. I am clapping her little hands, every time Harvey thought of anything for her to do... and acting like a cutie ever since you’ve been gone.

“I almost forgot. She calls him ‘Big Man.’ D-i-s-g-u-s-t-i-n-g!”

“You think Harvey is...” Judith faltered.

“No. Sonia spared her. “But I think he’s been to dinner with her at Arrowhead once or twice. He is probably kidding himself that it is business.”

“I’m afraid I don’t,” said Judith, heavy with the certainty that everything Sonia said was true. “Why does it have to be as it is?”

“Because human beings get so damn mixed up between right and wrong,” said Sonia with conviction. “Life is not what our parents taught us it was... it is not what it seems... especially in this game.”

“Here Sonia Solana, the siren, sits eating crackers and milk for supper and pining for a man that will have none of her.”

“And there’s that little nabisco cutie getting away with murder with her innocent blue eyes and her adolescent simper...”

“And take Harvey. He is a writer who is supposed to be wise in the ways of women. And he falls for an obvious little skirt like any schoolboy would.”

“God, it is a damn fool pattern.”

“There are two kinds of women,” said Judith. “There are the women that men have always feared. You are one of them. All publicized vampires are. They are the women that women believe love above all other things.

“Actually I think it is the little blue-eyed baby... the innocent type... that men select.

“Men are a little afraid of the women wise in the lore of love. They wish to be the teachers... even the despisers of innocence. Except for the extremes, the callow youth or the jaded sophisticate whose eternal quest is a new sensation... I think the siren is tabu.”

She was surprised to hear herself troubling to voice any opinion on the heels of the emotional shock she had sustained... even surprised to find herself going on as if Sonia’s conversation had been only casually interesting.

She said something of this to Sonia.

“Goose,” Sonia told her. “Don’t be tragic. If you went into a slump because the man you married did not live up to every falsity of your conventions, you would not be worth while.”

“If I had thought that my opinions about Harvey would break you, I should have had no trouble to get you to permit these facts to retard you. I knew that.

“As a matter of fact, Jude, I don’t think anything will quite stop you. In your...” (Continued on page 102)
FREE—7-Day Supply—Note Coupon

No more soiled towels removing cold cream

No more harsh substitutes irritating to delicate skin fabric—and no more oily skins!

This NEW way will work wonders in lightening your skin—will keep your make-up fresh for hours!—the ONLY way that removes all cream, all dirt from pores.

T HIS offers a test that will effect some unique results on your skin. That will correct oily skin and those conditions magnificently. That will double and triple the effectiveness of your make-up.

Modern beauty science has found a new way to remove cold cream ... a different way from any you have ever known.

It will prove that no matter what long you have used cold cream, you have never removed it, and its accumulation of dirt, entirely from your skin ... nor removed it in gentle safety to your skin.

This new way is called Kleenex Kerchiefs—absorbent. Dainty and exquisite, you use it, then discard it. Just use the coupon. A 7-day supply will be sent you to try.

A scientific discovery

We are makers of absorbents. Are world authorities in this field.

On the advice of a noted dermatologist, we perfected this scientifically right material for removing cold cream.

It is the only product made solely for this purpose. It represents some two years of scientific research. There is no other like it.

Kleenex Kerchiefs—absorbent—come in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes, to fit your dressing table drawer ... in two sizes.

Bondule size, sheets 6 by 9 inches ... 35c

Professional, sheets 9 by 10 inches ... 65c

KLEENEX ABSORBENT 'KERCHIEFS To Remove Cold Cream—Sanitary

Banishes oily skins

It corrects oily nose and skin conditions magnificently. For these come from overbaked pores, cold creams and oils left for nature to expel. That is why your powder now so often.

It combats skin eruptions. For they're invited by germ accumulations left in the skin, breeding places for bacteria.

Old methods, towels, cloths and fibre substitutes, failed in absorbency. And this often rubbed infectious dirt accumulations back into your skin. That is why your imperfections often came. Why your skin looked dark at times.

Multiplied skin benefits

Now in Kleenex Kerchiefs—absorbent—those failures are corrected. Soft as down and white as snow, it contrasted the harshness of cloth or fibre makeshifts with a softness that you'll love.

It comes in exquisite sheets, 27 times as absorbent as the ordinary towel; 24 times that of paper and fibre substitutes. You use it, then discard it.

Just mail the coupon

Clip the coupon now before you forget. Mail it today for 7-day supply at our expense.

7-DAY SUPPLY—FREE

KLEENEX CO.
117 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send without expense to me a sample packet of Kleenex Kerchiefs—absorbent—as offered.

Name: ________________________________

Address: ______________________________

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
What the Stars Are Doing
And where to them

Conducted by Gertrude Driscoll

Adoree, Renée—playing in The Flaming Forest—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Astor, Mary—playing in The Rough Riders—First National Studios, New York City, N. Y.
Banik, Vilma—playing in The Winning of Barbara Worth—De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Barthelmes, Richard—playing in The Black Sheep—Famous Players, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City, N. Y.
Baxter, Warner—completed The Great Gatsby—Famous Players, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Beery, Noah—playing in The Rough Riders—Famous Players Studio, 1308 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.
Beery, Wallace—playing in Old Ironsides—Famous Players Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.
Beery, Wallace—playing in The Man of the Fox—Famous Players—Fox Studios—1491 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Blue, Monte—playing in Across the Pacific—Warner Bros. Studio, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Boardman, Eleanor—playing in Tell It to the Marines—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bow, Clara—playing in Utes—Famous Players Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brian, Mary—playing in Stepping Along—Famous Players Studio, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Brecht, Betty—playing in Everybody's Acrobat—Famous Players Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brook, Cleve—playing in The Popular Sin—Famous Players Studio, 6th and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Brooks, Louise—playing in Just Another Blonde—Famous Players Studio, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Carey, Harry—playing in The Little Journey—Pacifie Exchange, 35 W. 48th St., New York City, N. Y.
Chaney, Lon—playing in Tell It to the Marines—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Cod, Lew—playing in The Gaucho—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Cohen, Sidney—playing in Cavalcade in God Gave Me Twenty Cents—Famous Players, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Colman, Ronald—playing in The Winning of Barbara Worth—De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Corne, Ricardo—playing in New York—Famous Players Studio, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Daniels, Bebe—playing in Stranded in Paris—Famous Players Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.
Davies, Marion—playing in The Red Mill—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Del Rio, Dolores—playing in Upstream—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Dempster, Carol—playing in The White Angel—Famous Players Studio, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Denny, Reginald—playing in The Cheerful Fraud—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
de Putti, Lya—playing in The Prince of Tempst—Famous Players Studio, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Di, Richard—playing in The Quarterback—Famous Players Studio, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Dove, Billie—playing in The Sensation Seeker—Universals, Universal City, Cal.
Dresser, Louise—playing in Everybody's Active—Famous Players Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.
Fields, W. C.—playing in Sot's Your Old Man—Famous Players Studio, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Garbo, Greta—playing in The Flesh and the Devil—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gish, Dorothy—playing in London—Herbert Wilcox Productions, Hollywood, Cal.
Gish, Lillian—playing in Annie Laurie—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gould, Ruth—playing in The Man O' War—Cecil De Mille, Culver City, Cal.
Gray, Gilda—latest release, Allan of the South—Famous Players Studio, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Gray, Lawrence—playing in Everybody's Acrobat—Famous Players Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.
Griffith, Corinne—playing in The Lady in Ermine—1940 La Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Haines, William—playing in The Little Journey—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hamilton, Neil—playing in Mother McCrea—Famous Players Studio, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Hines, Johnny—playing in Stepping Along—C. C. Barr Prod., 135 W. 44th St., New York City, N. Y.
Hughes, Lloyd—playing in Valencia—First National Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Joy, Leatrice—playing in Nobody's Widow—Cecil De Mille, Culver City, Cal.
Joyce, Allen—playing in The Hero of Cadia—Famous Players Studio, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Keaton, Buster—playing in The General—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Kenyon, Doris—playing in A Lady at Play—First National Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Kerry, Norman—playing in Annie Laurie—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Kirkwood, James—playing in The Ritz—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Langdon, Harry—playing in Long Pants—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
La Plante, Laura—playing in Beware of Bridges—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Love, Bessie—playing in Going Crooked—Fox Studio, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Love, Edmund—playing in One Increasing Parque—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lyons, Ben—playing in Not Herbert—Biograph Studios, 807 E. 15th St., New York City, N. Y.
Mackaill, Dorothy—playing in Just Another Blonde—Biograph Studios, 807 E. 15th St., New York City, N. Y.
MacLean, Douglas—latest release, Hold That Lion—Famous Players Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.
Mason, Shirley—playing in Rise of the Tenements—E. O. St. O. Studio, 280 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
McAvey, May—playing in The Fire Brigade—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Meighan, Lina—playing in The Canadian—Famous Players Studio, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Menjou, Adolphe—playing in An Angel Passes—Famous Players Studio, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Mix, Tom—playing in The Cause of Light—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Moore, Colleen—playing in Orchids and Ermine—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Moore, Max—playing in SummerBachelor—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Monteiro, Antonio—playing in The Flaming Forest—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Murray, Mae—playing in Valencia—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Nagel, Conrad—playing in The Merry widow—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Negri, Pola—playing in The Hotel Imperial—Famous Players Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.
Nilsson, Anna O.—playing in The Masked Woman—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Nina, Marion—playing in Down the Stretch—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Novarro, Ramon—playing in The Great Gatsby—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
O'Brien, Eugene—playing in Nobody's Widow—Cecil De Mille Prod., Culver City, Cal.
O'Brien, George—playing in Two in the Dark—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Phibun, Mary—playing in The Kingdom—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Pickleford, Mary—completed Sparrance—Pickford-Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Cal.
Ralston, Esther—playing in The Quarterback—Famous Players Studio, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Ray, Charles—playing in The Fire Brigade—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Shearer, Norma—playing in Upstage—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Sills, Milton—playing in Men of the Dawn—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Slocum, Gloria—playing in Eyes of Youth—Cosmopolitan Studios, 2247 Second Ave., New York City, N. Y.
Sweet, Blanche—latest release, Diplomacy—Famous Players Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.
Talmadge, Constance—completed The Duchess of Buffalo—7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Talmadge, Norma—playing in A Son of Mammy—2200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Terry, Alice—playing in The Great Gable—Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Tovst, Ernest—playing in The King of Kings—Cecil De Mille Prod., Culver City, Cal.
Wilson, Lois—playing in New York—Famous Players Studio, Sixth and Pierce Aves., Astoria, L. I.
Windsor, Claire—playing in The Little Journey—Metro-Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal.
When the Thanksgiving feast is spread—and gay friends gather—when you’re joyously thankful for another year of health and plenty—have a Camel!

When it’s Thanksgiving. And your chosen friends are enjoying the good things of earth—have a Camel!

For no other cigarette ever gave so much added enjoyment to a Thanksgiving feast. No other was ever so welcome to your friends. Millions of experienced smokers are thankful each day for Camels. This distinctive cigarette brought the world a new measure of smoking satisfaction and contentment, for Camels never tire the taste or leave a cigarettly after-taste. Before Camel it was impossible to get every good feature in one cigarette.

So this festive day, with thanks for the good year that is gone—send up the fragrant smoke that is loved by millions. On Thanksgiving Day have the best.

Have a Camel!

Camels represent the utmost in cigarette quality. The choicest of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos are blended into Camels by master blenders and the finest of French cigarette paper is made especially for them. No other cigarette is like Camels. They are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.

© 1926

Our highest wish, if you do not yet know and enjoy Camel quality, is that you may try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.
Remember the days of the slipper bag? When la jeune fille dropped a wad of hairpins, a clean kerchief and a box of powder—"not pink or "naturelle," but a chaste flour-white powder—into the silk bag with her dancing pumps and set out thus thinly armed for the ball?

Chaperones were not all dead then and only the demi-monde resorted—openly—to rouge.

The sophisticated young woman of today is far better prepared to withstand the wilting hours. With the aid of such a captivating little contrivance as the new Terri Compact—dubbed VANITY FAIR—she can keep her complexion in order through luncheon, tea, dinner, theatre and restaurant-after-the-show!

What so decorative as this slender case of polished black bakelite with the tiny white streamline running about the edge and gold crest in the corner? Wherever the spirit moves you to retouch your coloring Vanity Fair will adorn the occasion.

A diminutive gold-tipped pencil slips cleverly into a hollow at the hinge— invaluable for noting those new telephone numbers and addresses friends are always springing at luncheon or tea.

Inside is a mirror that is a mirror! Large enough to reflect the entire countenance—not the usual meagre glimpse of one cheek bone and half a nose! With its assistance it is really possible to adjust your complexion satisfactorily.

On the quality of the cosmetics one can only be frankly enthusiastic. If you have ever made the acquaintance of Terri powders you will know what I mean. They genuinely deserve the adjective "velvety" applied to so many powders—they cover—and they cling. The shades are true and blend well: Blanche, Naturelle and Rachel.

The cake rouge is remarkably fine, and adheses very well. The colors have a hint of the exotic—Coral, with an orange cast, a Medium rose tint and a vivid Raspberry.

The lip rouge is exceptional in being absolutely free from the unpleasant greasy taste common to so much lip rouge. Refills, of course, are available.

An amusing factor is the possibility of removing the fitted compartments in a whimsical moment and turning Vanity Fair into a cigarette case, for the resulting cavity is just cigarette length!

Although containing a generous supply of cosmetics and a sizable mirror in its attractive polished case, Vanity Fair costs only $2.50 and slips easily into the pocketbook.

In fact Vanity Fair is a Paragon of Compacts!

P.S.—That excellent Terri powder—by the way—with its intriguing perfume distilled from the exotic opopanax—may be had in loose form as well as compact. The loose powder has the same clinging quality characteristic of the compact and the same smoothness, like the bloom on a peach.

It comes, too, in a most amusing and delectable box which is well worth the purchase in itself. Terri has chosen a modernistic version of the Spanish tradition for a motif and the languishing Senorita on her balcony—the gay serenader—the dancer—the picador—the matador—and the bull—desport themselves across the box in brisk, humorous black silhouette. A clever gadget for the smart dressing table!
Answers to “Whose Hands?” in the November Issue

Adolphe Menjou

The very expressive, sensitive-appearing hand belonging to an individual whose feelings are deep but buried beneath a calm, well-poised exterior, one who would be frequently misunderstood and judged by others, always feeling this keenly, was the hand of Adolphe Menjou.

Face and hand both indicate a very temperamental person, a man of moods, one who descends to the depths of despair and, at other times, rises to the heights of rapture. The hand shows more effects of strain and worry and a nervousness than the face. There are differences in face and hand which would make a nature not easily understood.

Louise Brooks

The youthful hand belonging to a restless, emotional person full of enthusiasm, energy of purpose, very independent, unconventional, and with a love and daring to seek the unknown was Louise Brooks’ hand. This hand corresponded in type with the face and figure of its owner, Miss Brooks is lean and muscular, with a face of greater length than breadth. The face indicates more practicality than her hand. It also shows one who does not like to do work contrary to her tastes, also a splendid sense of tune and rhythm, and a very individualistic nature, one who is daring and fearless.

Noah Beery

The very useful, capable hand with its square formation, square at the base of the fingers, also with square finger-tips, was Noah Beery’s hand. The hand corresponded in type with his face, for he is broad, well rounded, and of good size. Hand and face alike both show great physical strength, hardihood and much endurance, great perseverance, determination, good judgment, a practical nature endowed with much common sense. The thick, full third phalanges of the fingers denote a large appetite, likewise, the fullness in the side head where the appellative sign is found, shows the same thing.

Prize Winners for Limericks Published in October Magazine

Tho' Connie is married again, She still has a way with the men; And, as proof, she got Lew To pose for this view, For men pose—not propose—now and then! G. W. Boyer, Homestead, Florida.

Bert Turpin’s the queen of the vamps, For he has reversible hams; With just one pair of eyes He can flirt with two guys Without getting optical cramps.

Mary Geyer-Collins, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Says Miss Crawford, “A lark’s commence il faut If I just keep my eye on my toe.” But please tell me who Would have eyes for Joan’s shoe When the shape of the ‘vamp’ is just so? Miss A. Rinkard, Naugatuck, Conn.

Robby Vernon’s been known to devour Buckwheat cakes for one solid hour, But he later stones With dyspepsia and groans While sobbing, “Dont say it with flour.” Miss May B. Dew, Davenport, Iowa.

All Spent and Trying to Get a Quarter-Back is the prize-winning title for the picture which appeared on page 8 of the October issue. It was contributed by Mrs. J. H. Happel, Cleburne, Texas.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
FAMOUS FEET
..how they're kept free from corns...

Queenie Smith's Famous Dancing Feet

"I have never had a corn nor an accident. But if ever either comes—I want protection. That's why I always carry Blue-jay and an accident policy."

So writes winsome Queenie Smith, the star of the musical comedy, "Tip-Toes."

Good old Blue-jay! For 26 years it has been vanquishing corns... The count of conquered toes-calluses runs into the hundreds of millions.

A cool and velvety cushion fits over the corn and ends the pain at once. Usually one plaster routs the corn. But even an "old offender" will seldom require more than a second Blue-jay plaster... At all drug stores.

Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

D 1926

Keep Musterole on the bathroom shelf

Years ago the old-fashioned mustard plaster was the favorite remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, colds on the chest and sore throat.

It did the work, but was sticky and messy and burned and blistered. Musterole has taken the place of the mustard plaster.

Rub on this soothing ointment at the first cough or snuffle, at rheumatism's first warning tingle.

Made from pure oil of mustard, with the blister and sting taken out, Musterole penetrates the skin and goes to the seat of trouble.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole. The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Jars & Tubes

Note: Musterole is a registered trademark.

Your Chance to Get into the MOVIES

"Meestair Hall"
(Continued from page 33)

Along in 1914, came Otis Skinner to Dallas in "Kismet." Jimmy Hall could contain himself no longer. Skinner offered him a small part in the production (The tour was finished, and, without the formality of notifying his parents, away went Jimmy, headed toward New York and glory.

Jimmy's father, having stood just about enough of such nonsense, notified the police, who found our hero in New York State just as he had played the season out with the Skinner company. Jimmy was rather glad the officers found him and took him back to Dallas. By sharp counting, he knew that there were only a certain number of meals ahead of him when the show closed.

It is sad to relate, however, that as soon as his parents had him well fed, he kicked over all precedents for prodigious sons, and again ran away, this time with the "Everywoman" company, in which he played an angelic-faced altar boy.

His father decided against bringing Jimmy home a second time, so the sixteen-year-old youth finished the "Everywoman" tour in New York, proved to Florenz Ziegfeld that he could dance, and appeared in the Follies of 1914 and 1915.

But Jimmy didn't want to be known as a "dancing man." He left the Follies and put in a hard year in stock with the De Witt Thrust Stock Company in Chicago during 1916.

The next year war broke out, and the handsome youth who was already creating attention as an actor, joined the army and was sent to Camp Bowie, not far from Dallas. There, among whatever other tasks were assigned him, he drove the commander's car. The commander, we are glad to say, survived intact, but while hurling the great car over the roads between Fort Worth and Dallas, one day Jimmy got in a bad smash-up, smashed several of his perfectly good ribs, an arm, a leg and what-not, and lay in the hospital for seven months. When at last he was up and around, the wounded, the shell-shocked, the broken men who had served overseas, were being sent home.

Jimmy Hall speaks very seriously of the days that followed, up to the time of the Armistice. For now he had a man's job to face. His task it was to aid in sending dead and dying soldiers home, and thus it was all his comrades at Camp Bowie were dyeing by scores, of influenza. Well Jimmy, like the rest, did what he could to help—and then he added to that his gift as an entertainer. He organized a jazz band to brighten things up a bit.

Yet it was a more serious young man who came out of Camp Bowie than the youth who had entered it. He had a wider conception of life. He had felt. He had lived. He joined a stock company in Sioux City, playing all sorts of roles and gaining much valuable experience.

A year later he was with the Shubert and has appeared on Broadway in two "Passing Shows," "Going Merry Merry" and "The Matinee Girl."

Once, while passing thru Los Angeles, he had screen tests taken by Universal, and was not considered a second rate actor. But this last year, while appearing in a New York stage production, a Famous Players Lasky official sent for him, had a test, and immediately thereafter he was given a contract by the company and came West to appear with Bebe in "The Campus Flower."

"I cant say enough for the wonderful assistance Miss Daniels and the director.
Clarence Badger, gave me, while I was making my first picture,” he said. “They helped me with every single scene, and if I go over with the film fans, it will be due largely to them, and to Miss Negri.

“I stay on the set constantly just to watch Miss Negri work. She is the greatest actress I have ever seen. I’ve learned more about acting during this one picture with her, than I ever learned throughout my stage career. . . . Excuse me . . . I must rush back to the set now . . .

And, as he had done half a dozen times during our talk, Jimmy Hall fled again, to go back into a scene with Pola.

This is a biographical, rather than a personality sketch on James Hall. Occasionally he would smile while talking. He seems to be an amiable chap with a sense of humor. Certainly he is handsome. But the tremendous pressure and strain under which Pola Negri was working was reflected on the face of everyone on the set. Most of the time James Hall’s face was quite grim, and tho it was his first interview, and so, of much importance to him, he wanted to talk of Pola and the tragic fight she was making against time, rather than of himself. Time and again I had to draw him back to the story of himself, and I chalk this up to his credit.

Valentino had loaned his musicians to Pola for the picture. They seemed to help her get thru the scenes, and presently, when she was first from the camera for a few moments, she called to me.

“I’ve missed you. You’ve been away,” she said, in that low, half-chiding voice of hers. “I wanted you to come to a part-e-e.”

“I’m sorry, Pola.”

“But soon,” she added, forcing herself to smile and her eyes to brighten, “we will have more good times. No? Oh, soon we will all be happy. Everything will come out all right! Is it not so, Elen?”

“Oh, of course, it’s so, Pola,” I assured her. “Everything will come out all right.”

“Then young, Miecastor Hall. He is a good actor,” she continued firmly, generous as always in giving praise to an unknown, just starting to climb. The ladder toward fame.

But the stern, tragic look had come back into her face again, and knowing that she was thinking neither of James Hall nor me, I slipped away.

A Little Girl with a Long Pedigree

(Continued from page 43)

 Casting director open wide his door to an aristocratic American extra? It never occurs to Hollywood when it sees a young girl persevering, rising above all the obstacles that lie in the wake of a would-be star—it never occurs to it that the blood of five generations of army officers may be what makes the youngster fight her way to the top. Unless a family tree is escorted by a foreign title, it does not even create a ripple in Hollywood.

But it happens. When Dorothy Dwan knocked at the portals of Kleig fame, she brought with her a family tree that dates back—well, let’s not go back in history than the first Irish kings—about 1000, wasn’t it? On the branches of that tree sit August lords and ladies, judges, generals, etc.

On her father’s side, Dorothy is a direct descendant of Thomas McKean, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. A grandfather McNair was the first Governor of Missouri.

Adds Gloss and Lustre, Makes Your Hair Easy to Manage

IF you want to make your hair easy to manage and add to its natural gloss and lustre, this is very easy to do.

Put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hairbrush, and brush through your hair as you style it. You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color. It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that it will stay any style you arrange it, even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter. Try it! You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to manage.

Send This Coupon and Try it FREE!

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY 1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland Ohio

Please send me FREE, a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid.

Name....................................................................................

Address..................................................................................

In Canada address:

THE R. L. WATKINS CO., 462 Wellington St., West, Toronto 2-Ont.

A generous sample FREE upon request.

Maybelline

DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY, makes them appear longer, lusher, longer and thicker.

Lovely, lovely lashes—lovely, lovely brows—lovely, lovely face! Easiest color for any face. In 3 shades. Perfect for every great look.

Maybelline CO., CHICAGO

PAGE 95
Don't you think?

It is by no means strange that men who want "something better" in cigarettes turn to Cigarettes. All things considered: tobaccos, aroma, subtle delicacy, it would be extraordinary if they didn't.

What a whale of a difference just a few cents make

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

That Funny Little Man

(Continued from page 37)

make people laugh, I could eat three meals a day and do some of the things I had always longed to do for my mother.

"Every time I came West I tried to get a hearing in pictures—but no one would listen to me. The less likely my chances became the more enthused I grew over motion pictures."

"Finally Sol Lesser gave me a chance and I made a few comedies for him. Mr. Sennett saw these pictures—and you know the rest!"

If Chaplin is a clown, with trick shoes and a derby—if Lloyd is that little young man who wears boot-owl glasses and gets into scrapes—Harry Langdon is a small boy with dreams in his eyes and a shy smile that gets you every time.

We shout with laughter at Chaplin and at Lloyd, we admire them, imitate them—but we love Langdon. Chaplin is our beloved buffoon, Lloyd our maker of excellent comedies—but Langdon is just himself. His is a sheer triumph of personality.

And with years of training behind it this personality should reach even greater heights.

He is interested in every one whom he meets, he studies them and appreciates them. He is in a sense a humanitarian, as are all truly great people. There is not an ounce of pose about him, he is naive, disconcertingly so—sometimes.

He is well educated too, self-educated. He is humble about his success.

Try as I may, I cannot see him other than a small boy who has suddenly grown up into a Pierrot—and is a little bewildered at finding himself as he is.

He adores children, every child he meets delights and enchants him. He has no children of his own and back of this shadow lies an unhappy marriage.

He is taller in real life than he appears to be on the screen; his eyes are, very surprisingly, brown and the saddest eyes I have ever seen.

He is a continual curiosity to his press-agent who worships him and protects him from the sometimes rude public with all the earnestness of a mother.

He is too impulsive at times—but always charmingly and amusingly impulsive. He is the sort of person that Christopher Morley would delight in.

The other day a small urchin managed to worm his way into the studio. He seized Langdon's name over the door and rushing over to the screened window pressed his nose against it and stared into the dressing-room.

"You never saw such an excited kid—he watched me as tho I were a wild animal at the Zoo!" Langdon told me.

"I tried to coax him in—but he wouldn't come—I could see he was disappointed. Finally he said boisterous with fear—or something "smile!" He grinned and then he gave a relieved giggle. We were friends. He came in and visited, seemed disappointed because I wasn't litle and departed with a sheaf of autographed pictures.

"That little episode convinced me of the folly of personal appearances," he concluded.

A wise man once said that the trait he found most worth while in mankind was gentleness. Harry Langdon has more gentleness in his make-up than most humans.

To me he will always be Pierrot—a gentle, lonely figure trudging along the road of the world.
the ragged edge of nothing. Something had to be done. Someone had to do it. Mary decided in and took the helm. Fair enough, but what is really important is that Mary has kept the helm. She made a place for herself in this great place. She also made a place for her family. She has never for one instant failed to supply them with every luxury, every consideration involving both money and time. We have heard mothers of sons tell very different stories.

Her husbanding of resources, her balance, her beauty and the fashionable point of view about marriage and her great and shining loyalty to her husband are known to all. But they may be brought to mind again without any harm to anyone. They place Mary.

Take Lillian Gish. For all the whiteness of the great white ways, for all the acclaim and adoration to her door, Lillian has never trod many inches away from her mother. Nor Dorothy either, for that matter. Their devotion to their mother is the paramount consideration in their lives. One or the other of the sisters is constantly with her.

There is Bebe Daniels. Bebe and her mother and grandmother travel in a tender triumvirate. When success piles on top of success for Bebe, she doesn't reap it for herself, as you might think, she doesn't indulge in Rolls-Royces, affairs with Egyptian princes and other colorfull, if fictional, adventures. She reaps the successes equally for mother and grandmother. They share and share alike in the business and the triumph which are Bebe's life.

The Talmdaues ... wherever the Talmdaues are there "Peg."

There are other facets to these facts.

There is the case of Alice Joyce.

Where, in what group of peoples, in what strata of society, would you find a more thoroughly all-around person than Alice Joyce, who is Mrs. James Reagan in private life?

Her years on the screen have accrued and have given her a sum total of fine standing. Of dignity. Of charm. Of an appeal that has grown and become more and more hulterful with the passing of time.

She has a home. A husband. Children. And to all three of these she gives a lifetime of devotion, a feeling and an affection in no wise diminished or interfered with by her notable screen performances.

You might go to Newport, to Park Avenue in New York (where Miss Joyce lives, by the way), to any part of Suburbia and not find six women living the balanced, the meaningful, the worthwhile life that Alice Joyce lives.

Does this come about because she is undependable or petulant, or because she is less intelligent than the male? Not likely.

Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno ... try to beat them at their own game of dignified social standing, domestic happiness, intelligent interests, charities, benevolent influence. Just try it.

There are the "sports" of the profession, of course. Black rams. Black ewes. But in what walk of life will you not find individuals who have no balance, no character, who could have no balance or character whether their path of life led to pictures or to the pulpit, the nursery or the night club?

But most of the women of the screen, a large enough percentage of them to prove that we are right and you—whoever you may be—are wrong, are devoted good sports. On-the-level, worth-while women, with beauty of character as well as beauty of face, with eager mentalities, loyal hearts, sound family affections, roots that reach far down into the soil of substance.

A very well-known and very experienced director recently said to us that it is all the bunk about screen actresses using their sex appeal to get them what they want. "They don't," he said emphatically, "I don't know another class of women who so meet men on their own ground."

A great many of these girls have run the risk of screen sacrifice by the sacrifice of motherhood. For that motherhood has potential sacrifice as well as profound ecstasy nobody will deny. We know women right in our own suburb, who wouldn't do as much, for fear it might interfere with their Bridge game, their First Nights, their bank balance, their figures, their golf or tennis—or their boy friends.

Alice Joyce, Leatrice Joy, Gloria Swanson, Mildred Lloyd, Agnes Ayres, Lila Lee, Claire Windsor, Iris Adrian, Irene Rich, Belle Bennett, Myrtle Stedman—all of these celebrities are mothers.

They have proved their points beforehand. They proved them when they had the babies.

* * * * * * * * *

Another facet.

There are nice girls on the screen, too. Regular girls. Women, clean-limbed, clear-eyed American girls. Girls with whom you could trust your Wandering Willie quite as complacently as you trust him with the idle sub-deb daughter of Mrs. Van Peyster Van Wyester Van Damm. Maybe more so.

Betty Bronson, Norma Shearer, Carol Dempster, Mary Astor, May McAvoy, Lois Wilson, Lois Moran. These girls often wish they could be vampy and poisonous and insidious on the screen but they aren't because they can't be. It just isn't in 'em to be. They have straight bones in their bodies and straight spirits in their bones and straight thinking in their heads—and there they are!

* * * * * * *

Well, have we proved our point? Our part of it?

Now what is the female of the species? the screen species? Can you depend on her? We think so.

If you don't believe us, ask a lot of screen mammas.

Is she frail, frivolous, a moron, a Broadwayite, night-clubite? We think not.

Visit the homes of Alice Joyce and Mr. and Mrs. Moreno, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, and report what you find there, on your word of honor.

Isn't it largely rot? This hectic gabble about the lives they lead, the characters they are personally imbued with?

Isn't it pirile?
The ayes have it!

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Get the Habit and Join the Crowd Who Read the Classic

Everyone is known by the company he keeps. If he keeps company with The Classic, he'll never go wrong.

The Motion Picture Classic is the de luxe publication of the screen world. It is alive with bright ideas. It is fearless and honest. It is brilliantly edited. And it has contributors who write and draw with authority.

Glance over the list of people steadily contributing to The Motion Picture Classic: Eugene V. Breustler, editor-in-chief of the Breustler Publications and the first screen magazine editor, Gladys Hall, Laurence Reid, Don Eddy, H. W. Hanemann, Matthew Josephson, Dorothy Manners, Bert Ennis, B. F. Wilson, Percy Knighton, Dunham Thorp, Peter Milne, Henry Albert Phillips, Hal K. Wells, Robert Donaldson. The biggest writers of screenland contribute regularly to The Classic—most of them exclusively.

The foremost artists are giving The Classic their best work. John Held, Jr., Elliott Hoover, Ken Chamberlain, Armando, Kober—and others are on the art staff of Motion Picture Classic.

WATCH FOR THE DECEMBER CLASSIC

It will carry many notable features, as well as a host of new and exclusive pictures. There will be absorbing articles about the Western Pictures which have captured everyone's attention, and what's going on in Hollywood. There will also be exclusive interviews with stars who are accomplishing things in the celluloid world. Faith Service's serial reaches a dramatic point—and Bert Ennis' feature; "Them Were the Happy Days," will reveal some more inside facts about the pioneer days of the movies.

Order Your December Classic NOW

Tommy Is Her Nickname

(Continued from page 44)

nicest. But when she wanted to take it off, it wouldn't come. The only way that ring would budge was for Tommy to put her finger into Daddy Tom Mix's mouth and let him take it off for her with his teeth.

"We'll have it made bigger," he promised.

But Tommy thought it would be more fun having it little and having daddy bite it off every time.

"Got any news, Tommy?" asked her daddy.

"Sand pile's fixed," announced Tommy, Daddy was pleased, and said so.

"Got awnings on it?"

"That's good."

"Dog kennel's got a fence 'round it."

"We brought you eleven dogs to put in 'em. Isn't that nice?"

Tommy nodded. She likes dogs and she likes horses. She has a pony of her own, that she can ride very well and her daddy thinks it won't be long before she can swing a lasso and beat him at some of his stunts!

But there's something Tommy likes still better.

When her proud mother and daddy got thru telling her all the things they had in the baggage-car for her—including one goat, two owls, and a Belgian police pup—and in the trunks, including dolls, sand pails and new shoes, Tommy said:

"Daddy, will you buy me something?"

"Why, yes, sweetheart! What?"

"Well, will you buy me a lot of little girls to come and play ring-around-the-rosy with me?"

The Picture Parade

(Continued from page 63)

IT MUST BE LOVE—Romantic Drama

A TRIFLE more substantial, more homespun, more wistful than "Ella Cinders," is Colleen Moore's new entry, "It Must Be Love." The piece has all the earmarks of having been written with the star in mind—that's how well it suits her personality. Straight from the pages of the "Savepost" it comes with its tale of homespun love. It makes quite a lot of capital out of the paths of finding this love under parental objection.

Once upon a time it was known as "Delicatessen," the unlike its original title it is not crammed with varied properties. Its simplicity is its chief virtue. We look upon a German family—of a hard-boiled "Pop" who cant be reconciled to his daughter's modern ideas. And the idea just treads along on this theme—asking no odds of drama or climax.

The girl runs away, meets the boy friend in the department store—and becomes united to the old folks when she marries him. There is a touch of pathos in the surprise of the young bride being brought back to the delicatessen shop by her husband—the very shop she tried so long to live down.

To keep the spark going, the piece relies upon considerable incident which pertains to the humdrum lives of its central characters. It is "homey"—is acted with good feeling by the star, Jean Hersholt and Malcolm McGregor—and is happily free from wise-cracking subtitles.—First National.
An Idyl or a Tragedy—Which?

(Continued from page 23)

is genuine! A great artiste! Such a woman is Greta Garbo.

It is just a little over a year since she came to America. She tells it very simply when you ask her why she came.

"Mr. Mayer saw me in a picture, in Sweden, and he asked the director, Maurice Stiller, to come to this country and to bring me. That is all—we came."

And the coming was quite as simple. There was no blowing of trumpets about it—no laying of red carpet. And there has been no sensational advertising since her arrival. Yet today, Greta Garbo is one of the most significant figures among the women of the screen—if not the most significant. It is nothing that has been said or written about her. It is nothing that she has done—yet. It is just the inexplicable charm and power of a rare personality. Everyone feels, without being able to explain the fact, that this slim girl is one of the children of Destiny—as definitely precious as a piece of pale green jade.

And jade is jade—inevitably royal.

So much we know. As for the woman herself—"I can only talk to you in little words," she says. "I can say yes and no, but I cannot explain much in your English"—her smile is the smile of a child, an appealing, serious child—a child who could be eternally happy without ever being merry. A child who could be so hurt and so proud that it would build a wall of repression around its real self, and live and die behind it. There are shadows behind her and reticences.

"Here in America, everyone is so happy and so young. Your men, your women, everyone, they never grow old," she says wonderingly.

"Then you have not been homesick for Sweden?" "No, no," she answers slowly. "no, I have not been that—lonely, sometimes, but not homesick."

"And when the Crown Prince visited the studio, you were his luncheon partner?"

"Yes, and I had never seen him before in my life. Not on the street, not in a procession, not anywhere. And in Sweden I would never have met the Crown Prince. It would have been too difficult—but here in America, I sit beside him, I talk to him—oh, he is charming, and he had such a good time here—he..."

A wonderful fellow, that Crown Prince of yours," threw in John Gilbert, from his place beside Greta—but the look he gave her was not for the Crown Prince—"wonderful," he repeated—and he looked at her.

It was just a flush, but for a second the whole story was told—as clearly, as starkly, as lightning reveals the minutest details of a room.

It was as amazing, as electrifying, as poignant as that—the look between John Gilbert and Greta Garbo.

No wonder Clarence Brown says he is getting the greatest love scenes that have ever been screened, in "The Flesh and the Devil." He is working with the raw material of the screen. There are in that blissful halcyon stage of love that is so like a rosy cloud that they imagine themselves hidden behind it, as well as lost in it—they are even self-conscious—yet.

And when two personalities such as John Gilbert and Greta Garbo love, there will either be a great idyl or a great tragedy—possibly both. It is hard to

Good-bye Gray Hair

DONT believe your hair is hopelessly gray until you have made this amazing test. IF you have tried science's latest way to regain natural shade, Broadway's stars say it's amazing. Millions of women will use nothing else. That proves its safety.

A colorless liquid called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer does it. You simply comb it through the hair. Natural shade quickly replaces gray. Faded streaks quickly disappear. If hair is gray it reverts to gray. If black, black it will be.

No crude, messy dyes everyone can see so easily. No danger of robbing hair of its life. Nothing to wash or rub off.

Just a clean, colorless liquid that gives back color and lustre. It takes only a few minutes. It costs only a few cents for complete restoration. If you wish to test first, write address below for free outfit. If you get full-size bottle from drug store, money will be returned if not amazed and delighted.

Test Free

Mary T. Goldman, 247 & Goldenrod Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black.... dark brown.... medium brown.... auburn (dark red).... light brown.... light auburn (light red).... blonde....

Name...............
Street...............
City............... CPO.... Please print your name and address.

Genuine 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 for 25 years.

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

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 Manufacturing Co., Monocod Mastic, New York, N.Y.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Artistic Make-up

by HELENA RUBINSTEIN
(Internationally Renowned Beauty Scientist)

APPLIED with artistry, make-up flatters and magnifies your beauty a hundred-fold. It is important, however, to select the precise tones for your coloring under day or night light—to use cosmetics that harmonize with the intricate organization of the skin—and to commence your finishing touches with a protective cream.

The Basis of Beauty

VALAZE PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM—ideal cleansing, molding and protective cream—soothes, refreshes, molds out "tired look." Unsurpassed for all normal skins, also the only cream that benefits an oil, pimpled or acne-blemished skin. Excellent as a foundation for make-up.

4 oz, 1.00, 1/2 lb, 2.00, lb 3.50.

Following are my recommendations for the four predominant colorings:

Blondes

VALAZE POWDER (blush or natural for day, mauve for evening as needed to see hair line of foundation)

VALAZE RED GERANIUM ROUGE

VALAZE RED CRUSHED ROSE LIPSTICK

Brunettes

VALAZE POWDER (mauresque for both day and evening)

VALAZE RED GERANIUM ROUGE

VALAZE RED CRUSHED ROSE LIPSTICK

Neutral

(between blonde and brunette)

VALAZE POWDER (rachet of blush for day, mauve for evening)

VALAZE RED CRUSHED ROSE LEAVES ROUGE

VALAZE RED CRUSHED ROSE LIPSTICK

For evening use the intensely flattering VALAZE RED GERANIUM ROUGE and LIPSTICK are exceedingly becoming

Auburn

VALAZE POWDER (white or cream for day, mauve for evening)

VALAZE RED CRUSHED ROSE LEAVES ROUGE

VALAZE RED CRUSHED ROSE LIPSTICK

(Order VALAZE SOYENA POWDER if your skin is very dry, or VALAZE COMPLEXION POWDER if it is normal or oily. The powders are 1.00, 1.50, or 3.00. Rouge-contents 1.00, Rouge-Cream 1.00, 1.50. Crushed Rose Leaves, only in compacts 1.00. Lipsticks 1.00, see.)


Dispensed at the better stores by trained and competent advisors, or order direct from Dept. 532.

Advertising Section

imagine their love story running along conventional lines—and as for denying that they might just as well try to deny the existence of fire!

It was between scenes later in the afternoon that Greta's "distinctive foreignness" was mentioned. "Don't let them Americanize you," we pleaded.

"And why not?" demanded Gilbert. "Why shouldn't she learn our ways? The world doesn't go to see her because she is Swedish—because she has a fascinating accent! They can't hear her talk! They want to see her because she is an acting nationalty has nothing to do with it." Maybe not—but it would be a pity to change her—for any reason at all—even love.

Just now, life seems very full of work. "I do not see how you can work and play so much, too," she says quaintly. "Me, I am so sleepy; I cannot go to parties, I must go to bed, I get so tired—I cannot do it.

And so when her studio day ends, she slips down to Santa Monica by the sea, where the Scandinavian picture people seem to have made a little colony all their own. There, they all live simply—much more simply and soberly than their American associates. Their lives seem keyed to a lower note.

"To be on the set at eight o'clock in the morning, that is terrible," she confided. "I just brush my hair back. I haven't time to think what shall I wear! Clothes Oh, I wish they were bags, all alike, just to jump into, quick! On the screen, oh, yes, I would wear beautiful things—but for myself, just simple. I do not think about them much, I haven't time!

"And oh, I do not want to be a bad woman—on the screen, you know! That is my only trouble in America. People say I am what you call—vamp type! I know what they mean, but I do not think I am. I do not like to be my bad woman. Oh, much rather, I played good women—good, but interesting—you know?"

"That can't be!" someone remarked cynically.

"Yes, it can be true!" declared Greta, emphatically. "You are all mistaken, and I do not think the people like the bad woman—and I—I know I do not like to play them—I do not want to play them—"

"Garbo! Garbo!" The voice of the Assistant Director reverberated thru the great stage. Greta hastily opened her make-up box and wielded the inevitable powder-puff.

"Coming," she answered, and slipped thru the crowd—a tall, slim girl—all long, graceful lines.

A few minutes later she was kneeling at a communion rail, John Gilbert beside her.

Again they were caught up in the magic closed of their own making—they played a scene that tightened your throat with its intense beauty—even there in that most prosaic and disillusioning of all places—a motion picture set.

"They have done that in every love scene they have played," said Clarence Brown.

"It's marvelous."

The scene was over and Greta had slipped down from her knees into a pathetic little heap on the altar steps. Her face was dead white. Her eyes, big and solemn and tragic—for the scene she had just played was part of the story of a woman who is interesting but not—good—and when people see me on the screen they will think I am like that," says Greta. "Oh, yes, they will. They will write me letters about it—that is why some days I am sad, but most days I am very, very happy—I am very happy," she was looking up—John Gilbert was standing there.

SOMEDAY

Smiling fortune will escort you to the famous

"Cocoanut Grove"

At the Ambassador

Los Angeles

There, beneath an azure sky, graceful palms and twinkling lights you will dance, as you never danced before, to the most alluring of dance music.

You are sure to see many of the world's most famous

Motion Picture Stars

In fact, at the Ambassador you are sure of enjoying California at its best.

Open Air Plunge, two Golf Courses, Motion Picture Theatre, Picnics, and every outdoor sport.

Write for Chef's Illustrated Cook Book

"2475"
movies, but I would advise you to cultivate your singing voice and try for musical comedy. I think you have a future.

Irene W., June 22:
Why aren't you content to stay home with your family and watch your favorite star instead of attempting to be one yourself? You have humor, kindness, affection and artistic appreciation, all strong in your chart, but your sensitive feelings and your tendency to hold on to a grudge or grudge would never win success for you in such a desperately callous calling as the movies. You'll marry, and it will be the best thing for you. Don't think I am wantonly trampling on your tender ambitions. I am trying to save you a lot of disappointment and sorrow.

N. R., August 1:
You can act—there's no doubt about that—but let's be practical. It is more than likely that you would be one of the great throng of professionals who, with ability and training, never seem to strike the bell which rings up success. You cannot make money in acting any more than you would appeal to a large proportion of your audience. I would advise you to remain in your present work. If you feel that you must try out the stage, then go in for character parts. Your best time of life is middle age.

Jack B., March 29:
This is the time for you to make good, as 1927 is a wonderful year for you, full of changes, progress and increased prosperity. I am doubtful about your ambition to become a cameraman, however. Your horoscope would suggest salesmanship, connection with the oil industry in the Orient, or some traveling position, although this last element might come in handy, if you were to enter newsweed work. You will land on your feet somewhere, but I doubt if it will be in Hollywood.

Mrs. J. A. L., June 14:
You know, I didn't want to say that you could act. It is funny, for I don't very often pay any attention to photographs. Don't ever submit those photographs to a casting director because he probably doesn't have the scope to make him change his mind! Your chart made me reverse my opinion in a second. You are a bit old to enter the movies, but the fact remains that you probably can get ahead. There are other stars who entered this work at about your present age and are still going strong. But don't waste any time; if you really want to appear on the screen, go to it at once, for every year will count against you.

G. J. M., February 11:
I'm glad you're not so cock-sure of your ability to set the world on fire with your printed pages, George, for you have not yet found yourself, and until you do that you have nothing with which to interest and sell the reading public. You have the idea that all one has to do in order to "write" is to set down words on paper. In reality, it's the most exacting and absorbing of the arts. You have to have something to say, first, and then you have to learn how to say it. Both processes are difficult and require bitter experiences. I honestly cannot see that you are a born writer. Your chart seems to be that of a mining engineer, inventor, or technical man.
Have New Outer Skin
On Any Part of Face, Neck, Arms, Hands or Body
In 3 Days!

Amazing Discovery Gets Rid of Old Outer Skin!—Brings Out New, Clear, Beautiful Skin on Face or Body as if by Magic!
Blackheads, Pimples, Freckles, Tan, Large Pores, Sallow-
ness, Surface Wrinkles, Ugly Blemishes and Marks of Age
Disappear—Gone, Because They’re Off!

Greatest Advance in Re-
storing Youthful, S
choolday, Clear, Be
autiful, Velvet Skin and
Complexion Ever Made.

READ FREE OFFER BELOW

Write for This Amazing Free Treatise—"Beautiful New Skin in 3 Days," and Marvel at the Progress of Science—It’s Wonderful!

WHY not have a new, clear
Skin and look your best, now
that it is so easy? You
occasionally get a new hat and
outfit—yet your "feathers"
do’t always make "fine
birds." But if you had a new,
fresh outer skin on your face,
neck, arms and hands, you
would look years younger and
more beautiful—even in rags!

Now you need worry no more over your disfigured skin and
complexion! Forget your
failures with lotions, clays,
creams, powders, massage,
steaming pots and "cover-
ups." Throw away your rub-
ber, masks, plasters, and
beauty make-
shifts. Because—here’s where
you get a new, fresh outer
Skin!

Most astonishing
discovery in the history of
beauty culture. All
explained in an amaz-
ing Free Treatise called
"Beautiful New Skin in
3 Days." Tells how to do what foreign skin
specialists have charged enormous prices for,
how you get your blackheads, pimples, large
pores, freckles, tan, sallow complexion, surface
wrinkles, blemishes, and signs of approaching
age, go, definitely, GONE—"because they’re OFF!"

Make your own skin and complete the envy of
all who beheld it, THIS NEW WAY!

Hundreds of men and women are now doing it
themselves—in the quiet of their own homes
without danger or inconvenience.

They surprise and astonish with a new, soft,
vellutey, clear, spotless, youth-like skin on face,
neck, arms, hands or part of body where
new skin is desired. The method is absolutely
harmless and easy. It’s astonishing—almost
beyond belief. Send name and address only.

This amazing new Treatise is mailed absolutely
free to readers of this magazine. But those who
wish, may enclose ten cents in any form to help
pay distribution expenses.

Address: MARVO BEAUTY LAB., Dept. 32-J, No. 1658 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

A "Face Lift" Without Cutting!

Any Person Can Do It at Home!

It is 9 by 12 inches and beautifully printed. To introduce this astonishing dis-
covey the inventor will distribute 5,000
FREE CHARTS to readers of this magazine
whom write for it. If you wish to make your
sagging face muscles lift the wasted skin and
issues back to youth-like contour, and
thereby take away years of aging appearance,
then by all means write for a copy of this
wonderfully interesting FACIAL-MUSCLE
EXPLANATORY CHART. Don’t delay! A
letter or postcard will bring it by return mail,
postpaid. Address, Wm. Witol, Dept. 33-A, No. 1658
Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Crazy Quilt
(Continued from page 88)

quiet way you will always achieve things.
There is a dogged persistence and ambi-
tion under your pretty surface ... the
fiber of efficacy: 
"You will always meet life ... and
come forth from the tournament’s fray
with the laurel.
"I have always been a spectator rather
than an actor in the pageant of living," 
Judith admitted. "That gives you a
philosophy.
"What is your philosophy, chérie?"
Sonia’s voice was curiously tender.
"That this, too, whatever it is, shall
pass . . ." said Judith. "No matter
what befalls you, every minute that you survive
you are beating it. Time and space
are great healers. Nothing matters but the
present. And the present is forever drift-
ing into the past."

"Whew..." Sonia was impressed.
"That appears a philosophy born of some
desperation. The psychologists would
probably say it was a means of escape.
"But it isn’t." Judith’s voice was
pitched low, as usual, but there was an
earnestness vibrating in it. "I don’t mean
ever to run away from things. They al-
ways catch up with you. Face them. Let
Time beat them for you."

"Wouldn’t the Great American Public
be surprised to hear us," Sonia laughed.
"We are not supposed to think, Judith.
We are movie stars . . . And you sound
like an intelligent young person. It is
stepping out of character. Really!"

Judith laughed with a bit of bitterness.
And Sonia cold-bloodedly thought that
the hurt she had sustained this evening
would do something towards making her a
t(pre-eractress.
"If Harvey is not playing around
with Felice, is there someone else?" Judith
asked now. And this flash of intuition
very nearly took Sonia off her guard.
"No one as far as I know," again she
raved a lie by an emphasis of words that
escaped Judith. She felt that she had rent
eough of illusion’s gossamer for one
evening.

Then too, she reasoned that it did not
necessarily mean anything just because
she had seen Harvey and that creature go
into his apartment after midnight . . .

What does Judith Toward? Do is it
possible for a woman to find happiness with
a wandering husband, even if she is con-
vinced that she is loved more than the
other women in his life? There is a big
dramatic situation in the next instalment
of "Crazy Quilt," which appears in the
January Motion Picture Magazine. Re-
serve your copy at your neighborhood
newsstand now!
know, was brimming over with enthusiasm about "The Popular Sin," which he's making with her. It's another one of those divorce farces, and some of the situations sounded very cynical, as he described them, but in particular, there's a trick doll that they're using in some of the scenes that apt to steal the picture. Rex Ingram wants it to take back with him.

But to go back to clothes, Miss Vidor was doing a bedroom scene and when I came down from the dressing-rooms (more about that later) she was in the most gorgeous bed and Mal St. Clair, Clive Brook, and Greta Nissen were sitting about. After the scene, a hat that followed slipped on a negligee of thinnest ivory silk velvet and ermine, with little square-toed mules of opalescent white patent leather. Delectable is the only word I can find for it.

I sat watching until it suddenly occurred to me that I had something else to do— but it really is a shame to take the money for a job like mine!

"Greta Nissen had posed for me in her dressing-room in a charming little French hat that probably only she could wear, but I've pictured it because it is one of the results of Mme. Agnes' enthusiasm over the picture I wrote you about last month—remember? The "Croisière Noire." These hats of hers, a day after the African head-dresses, are having, as I predicted, a decided effect on winter millinery. Tall, draped, pointed, and with a slanting—toward-the-back effect.

Florence Vidor has one of soft silk velvet which she wears with heavy crepe-back satin in the shades of green. The skirt has a twisted panel effect, but the blouse is rather loose from the hips, and has interesting sleeves. Her necklace of dull silver links and monogram is one of Jane Régnys' ideas and was brought out this summer as a sports necklace but is being worn with many afternoon frocks as well.

And that reminds me, I skipped Greta's necklace. It and her earrings are made of informal coral beads, the former in ball shape, the latter in linked rings. And that, in turn, reminds me that I had heard many unpleasant things about the Nissen's which were entirely untrue, if I can judge by her sweetness to me. She's much shorter than I'd imagined her to be, (but that is something one should become accustomed to meeting even people) and seemed incredibly young and naive. I couldn't believe, even remembering that her business is acting, that she was the seductive spirited of the "Wanderer."

And Oh! darling, the clothes she showed me! Ooh! Velvets, lace, shawls, furs, but practically nothing that just regular folks like you and me could ever have much use for. So I sketched her hat, and if I can get to it, shall go over again later and do one or two more that were really lovely. But I'm thru telling you in advance about what to look for next time, remember I meant to shop with Alice Joyce?

I'd forgotten that this is Christmas shopping month and was so busy trying to get some really inexpensive things for the shopping service that there was only a hurried trip to see what she'd bought—and I'm showing you a turled tog-coat of hand-woven cocoa tweed, that would be a very good-looking thing for any girl of average height. Short or plump girls beware. The hips are tight, the strapped cuffs unusual, and the fur is a lighter cocoa tone in caracul. Her hat's of rose-beige silk felt, and her necklace of flexible golden bands.

Many of the things she had bought were of the materials I told you about last month. However, now things are more definitely settled and I can say with more assurance that, as I told you before, capes and dolmans are important in both dresses and coats. Capes on dresses are short, on coats too, but for evening the regular long circular cape has appeared again. Wraps in shawl form are made of anything from moleskin to velvet brocade, and the beautiful fabrics created in Paris this year are lovelier than ever. The lames in metal are in diagonal weaves, "herring-bone" etc., wonderful for evening wraps—but the velvets are running a close second.

All materials this year are exceedingly flexible and simple, even the furs. Broadtail, in gray, beige, black, is used much for straight coats, dolmans, and short jackets.

For day wear moire (evening, too) with odd designs in place of the old watered pattern, satin—flat—and cotton crepes are all very important. Velvet very popular but more formal.

Of the woolens, more kashans than ever, Jersey for sports wear, wool crepe and printed flannels in tweed effects.

Colors are soft browns, rose-beige, wine reds, and greens in the silvery tones or dark.

Yes, Patry, by all means get your dance frock of tiered panels, it's not only smart but suits your young.

The shopping for gits resulted in several real bargains. To be systematic:

No. 1 is the very convenient "Deauville portfolio" in book form, of a heavy rag paper in blonde, gray or white with a woven design metal envelope lining. $1.25 for 24 envelopes and 34 sheets of paper.

No. 2 is a Waterman fountain pen, lady's size, mottled in black and henna-brown $3.50. (Please order pens by number).

(Continued on page 106)
Advertising Section

Faux Pas
(Continued from page 47)

In case you read the story, Miss Murray's testimonial isn't in it.

Then there is the time the income-tax expert went out on a business call to the most famous woman in motion pictures. He got out the tax forms, wrote the checks, filled the papers, and issued the receipt. He filed the return and was on his way home. He had worked on the case all day, and was tired from sheer force of habit inquired politely and dumbly, "What is the name, please?"

Speaking of fish reminds me of a story they tell on Jack Gilbert. A celebrated star was entertaining at dinner. Jack had been invited and had accepted. The appointed time arrived—Jack didn't. They waited a strained half-hour. No Jack. No word from Jack. So they went ahead without him. Thinking he might arrive at any minute, the host served up a dainty dish, but at the end of the fish course when the butler started to remove the plate the hostess stopped him in midsentence.

"No," she smiled sweetly, "just leave it there. We can call it Mr. Gilbert."

Just to show you what Jack thinks of the story, he tells it on himself.

Madame Elinor Glynn's experience was just the opposite. Instead of being short a guest, she found herself entertaining an uninvited member, which happened like this:

Madame had engaged the dais floor of the Coconut Grove for a private party. The dais floor is slightly raised from the main floor and overlooks it, permitting a hostess to give a private party in a public place.

Now little Bessie Love does not know Madame Glynn and consequently Madame did not invite her to her party. But she had asked a lot of Bessie's friends. Dancing around on the main floor, Bessie saw the private party—and her friends. The only thing she didn't see was the hostess. So, Bessie, having the closest acquaintance with cheery greetings to everybody sailed in and started dancing on the dais floor. Madame is a little near-sighted. She didn't recognize Bessie. All she realized was that a stranger had drifted in. Breach of etiquette! So she requested that they be requested to leave. They were, by the head waiter.

Bessie was flabbergasted!

When they told Madame it was little Bessie Love, Madame was flabbergasted.

They're just a couple of stars.

When I told Jobyna Ralston that story, she told me a similar experience of her own. Jobyna had invited four people to dinner.

The night of the dinner the table was set for four. Arrived. Threw some guests and understanding two others had thought themselves invited. That is up until the time they saw the table. Then in the deepest embarrassment they rose up. "Oh, dear, how awful, you hadn't expected us?"

"Don't be silly," said Jobyna, "there must have been a bad connection from the studio when I phoned my maid. Anyhow," she breathed, "she can't bear very well. It wont take a moment to fix the places.

The hour was saved. But Jobyna says it was awful while it lasted. Six people staring at a table set for four.

Evelyn Brent was coming out of a beauty parlor on the Boulevard when she ran into a well-known girl whom she knows casually. They stopped to chat for

PIMPLES

Cleared Up—often in 24 hours. To prove you can be rid of pimples, blackheads, acne eruptions on the face or body, barbers' itch, eczema, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin, simply send me your name and address today—no cost—no obligation. CLEAR-TONE trial and tested in over 100,000 cases—used like tooth water—is simply mixed in a金字塔 prompt results. If you can prove the trial didn't fit your skin (or the other skin) in a box, the box is mine. WRITE TODAY.

E. S. GIVENS, 122 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

$100 a Week Telling Truth

Fred Frankel, Hill's, writes: "I earned $100 first week selling Carlton Shirts. Great help in getting out. Can sell, too. Not afraid of experience required. We pay 20% commission. WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES."

Kate Levis, 1415 W. 20th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Jane Williams, 637 2nd Ave., New York, N. Y.

Grand Prize for the Best Easter Ad

W. L. Smith, "I was the first to try Hill's."

Hill'sARP TONIC TREATS

W. G. R. Arch, "I think Hill's is the best."
A certain popular young man received an invitation to a party that he didn't care to keep. About seven o’clock he called his host in great grief. "Old man," he nearly sobbed, "I hate to call you at this late hour but I've just found out I'll have to work tonight. You know how Jimmy Cruze sheets. We'll probably be tied up until morning."

There was a slight pause at the end of the host’s reply. "Maybe I'd better let Jimmy know," came the voice over the wire. "He's spending the evening with us."

Virginia Browne Faire was shopping one afternoon. Dropping into a little hat shoppe, she was terribly amused at the anecdote of a saleswoman who boasted of her large and exclusive motion picture patronage. In between stories Virginia managed to purchase a hat and ordered it to be sent. Just for fun she said, "You tell me every one shops here—does Virginia Browne Faire?"

"Oh, smiled the saleswoman superciliously, "We have only the big people," getting out her pad and pencil to take the address, "And what is your name, dear?"

"Faire," said Virginia throatily, "Virginia Browne Faire!"

As I haven't been at all backward in telling stories on other people, it is only fair that I tell one on myself. I have a large and embarrassing repertoire to select from. I doubt if there is anyone who faxes me with more regularity than myself, and while the following isn't my worst blunder it is one of my favorites. It is so utterly inexcusable.

I was during the course of an interview with Raymond Griffith, that clever comedian and maker of clever comedies. We had been walking about the Lasky lot and with customary grace I tripped over something and nearly broke my neck.

The girl came up smiling with the following bright crack: "I must ever use a little good comedy in one of your pictures, just call on me."

The Champagne Life

Faith Service writes of life in the studios with a knowing pen. Her characters are as good and as bad as human beings. And in this new short story she presents a drama that will hold your interest to the very last word.

Reserve your copy of the January Motion Picture Magazine at your neighborhood news-stand now!
THE PREFERRED LIQUID NAIL POLISH

For lovely nails—always—use the new HYGLO Liquid Nail Polish. It lasts for days and days. The fashionable shell pink, and a lavender that is not dulled by wear or use. Use it today—just brush it on—quick and smoothly.

NEW COMBINATION PACKAGE
Contains HYGLO Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, Manicure Stick, Emery Board and Nail White.

$50.00

Ask for the new HYGLO Liquid Nail Polish

SEND 10C FOR PURSE SIZE

HYGLO, 121 West 24th St., New York, N.Y.
 enclosed is 10c for purse size package of the new HYGLO Liquid Nail Polish.
 enclosed is 50c for the new HYGLO Combination Package.

Name.
Address.

You can play this wonderful instrument

If you can whistle a tune, you can master the Saxophone. 3 free lessons give you a quick easy start. Play scales in an hour, tunes in a week. Send coupon today for literature on any instrument. Cut our free trial, easy payment plan. No obligation. Nothing else could give you greater pleasure than a BUESCHER 3 True Tone Saxophone.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments.

1067 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Indiana.

Clip the Coupon NOW!

Mail to BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Elkhart Block, Elkhart, Indiana.

Gentlemen, I am interested in instrument checked below:

Saxophone □ Trumpet □ Trombone □ Mention any other ______

Name ______
Street Address ______
City ______ State ______

Advertising Section

As Others See Us

(Continued from page 103)

No. 3. The silver "filiages" is a beauti-
ful gift, also lady's size and will fit in al-
much any purse—$9.00.

No. 4. Is a very smart slave chain of
soft jade, green enamel links with "jade"
cabochon stones. These are good for
other day or evening and would please any
girl or woman, I think. $3.25.

No. 5. Is a pair of the gloves I am never
without. They are of softest suede, to
wrinkle a bit on wrist—in gray or beige,
$2.95.

No. 6. Very fine quality real kid in a
quantity of colorings, with black embroidery and trimmings, or black with white,
light tan with brown, or brown with
champagne and champagne with black.
All sizes, $2.50.

No. 7. "Molching's "Dubarry Stripes" is
for more formal correspondence and is
thinner deep cream color paper with a
check-line marking and gaily colored lin-
ing powdered with soft gold. Has 24 sheets
of paper, 24 envelopes—$1.25 per box.

No. 8. A clever vanity case from Terris
of polished black, with rouge, powder, lip-
stick, gold-tipped pencil, and mirror, with
fittings removed it makes an excellent
cigaret case. $2.50.

No. 9. A really fine purse, for the price,
of "sheep-grain" leather with jointed top.
Very smart shape, and comes in lovely
colors. Tan, smart red, green, black or
gray with hand-strap on back. (8¼"
long) $2.85.

No. 10. Now this little "purse" should
get a great big hand! For it's the very
newest shape there is, with a strap in place
of the older style, and it is made in the thing
"lizard-grain." In cocoa, dark brown,
dark green, lip-stick red and blue.
Only $5.00 (8½"
long).

No. 11. Carson's new "champagne eau
de bain," a fragrant toilet water for the
bath and looking dangerously like real
champagne.$1.30 per bottle. (Göt" tall).

No. 12. Which is almost like saving the
best for the last. The dainty mules of ex-
cellent quality brocade in Persian design
shot with metal, are from one of the conser-
vative houses and are a very real saving at
$4.85. They are a special value for Christmas—sizes 3 to 7—and now, nearest,
having done my duty by you I shall toddle
off to bed.

My best to all and write soon do—

G.

P.S. Have a marvellous surprise in
store for you soon, but don't ask me about
it yet, I'm too busy—sorry to have so little
gossip for you but this month I had, so
much else to do—"you know how it is"—

love,

G.

More than the Gift Itself Counts
Consider the Wrapping!

If we had one dollar to spend on a gift, we would spend ninety-five cents
on the gift itself and twenty-five cents on the holiday wrappings. There are
so many attractive things you can do with Christmas wrapping.

What are you going to do about that one special gift. . . that gift you wish
to have perfect? See Grace Corson's fashion department next month. There
will be suggestions for galore for attractive and inexpensive gifts. . . and an
original and very decorative suggestion for the wrapping of The Special Gift. Everybody has one to send.

Johanne Logan, lovely-eyed motion picture star

The Instant Appeal of Lovely, Luring Eyes

Dark, gypsy eyes—sassy eyes—eyes hauntingly
lovely—how instantly they lure when fringed by
mysterious, half-concealing lashes! What thrilling love
messages she sends. Coquette of N.Y. women, go at once
Intensify the fascination in your own eyes by darkening
your lashes with WIXUS, a harmless liquid dressing
which thickens the lashes. With WIXUS instantly, dries smoothly, and neither rubs nor smears. Be-
side, it's inexpensive, and it's harmless. 75¢, U.S. and
Canada. Black or brown.

WINSNETTE, to outline the brows after powdering, comes
in cake form with a row brush and mirror. 50c. Black or
brown.

Offer $1.50 at all stores for a generous sample of WIXUS
ROSS CO., 242-L West 17th St., N. Y.

Address.

This Class Pin 25c.

For men, silver plate, 1-1/2 in long, $3.95 each; 50c each
at store. For women, silver plate, 1-1/2 in long, $3.95 each.
Mail order price 25c each. Free Card shows Wixus, Embossed 25c to 85c. Mail

52 Metal Art Co., Inc., 7715 South Ave., Rochester, N.Y.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION:

Pursuant to the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of the
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, published monthly at
jamaica, N. Y., for October 1st, 1926, State of
NEW YORK, County of KINGS. Before me, an officer of a notary public,
the undersigned, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR., who, having been duly sworn according to law,
deposited and signed the following statement of circulation for the
issue of said paper, the circulation of which is, or may be,
limited to not more than 1,500 copies in any weekly period:
with the following names and addresses of the publisher, editor, manicurist and	albument, and also other
purchasers, and subscribers, each of whom shall be
individually, and the
advertiser, or other person interested in the

H. E. Doig, Managing Editor, 155 DUFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

and

155 DUFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

E. Whitefield, Distributor, 155 DUFIELD ST.,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

for distribution of the

Newspaper, or other person interested in the

155 DUFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

or

P. J. Duvall, Distributor, 155 DUFIELD ST.,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE PICTURE, a

P. J. Duvall, Distributor, 155 DUFIELD ST.,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

for

by

the

advertiser,

al-

the

aforesaid, and who is

copies, and other

are,

none

the

and

time

of

the

of

newspaper,

in,

All

in,

other

of

the

or

advertiser,

and

or

the

by

abo-

is,

of

the

by

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

or

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

of

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the
The Editor Gossips

(Continued from page 53)

belongs to another race of people. It is as natural for her to shed her emotion as it is for others to hide theirs. Pola is not a repressed person. She is very much as she appears on the screen, nearer her screen personality than almost anyone we have ever met.

Her grief was intense during those tragic, trying days. No one who saw her, glacially pale and drawn, her eyes sunk deep from weeping, and utterly heedless of her appearance, even the thousands of eyes that watched her morbidity, could have denied her grief.

We do not believe that she will walk brokenly down to old age, a grief-stricken woman. But it is our belief that Pola has suffered more poignantly and more intensely than it is given to many people to suffer. Perhaps she will more quickly spend her grief. That, too, is likely.

But if it is her way to weep hysterically and suffer tragically for a little while, who are we to say that her grief or loss is less than the grief and loss of other temperamentsthat maintain a calm, stoic front in public and hug their grief secretly to their heart for a longer time?

Nowadays it is altogether fitting and proper for reviews of the leading sporting events to appear in our motion picture magazine. For what champion has failed to make at least one appearance in the movies.

The Dempsey-Tunney fight in Philadelphia marked an achievement in our life. Estelle Taylor wired us that Jack Dempsey was sending us tickets. The tickets came. They were inside seats in the eleventh row. We showed them to our husband. Now for the next seven years we have devoted a good portion of our life to trying to impress this man, both before and after we married him. At last we have succeeded. Nothing we have ever done or ever expect to do will raise us higher in his masculine estimation.

We wanted Jack to win. Quite regardless of the fact that he sent us the tickets. There's something about Jack. It is a watchful quality that is diffused throughout the globe. But it is only real enough to have intrigued practically every hard-boiled sport writer. Despite the fact that he has acquired a godly share of the world's goods and the beautiful Estelle Taylor for a wife, he reminds us of the poor little boy you see standing hungrily outside of a bakeshop window.

We don't know Gene Tunney. He played in the movies in "The Fighting Marine," you know. But being a woman and prejudiced by inconsequential things, we hold his wearing that Marine dressing-gown against him. We did not see what it had to do with the prize-fight for one thing. And we rather resent people making patriotic gestures for the benefit of a gallery. It is like George M. Cohan waving an American flag and hoping for a curtain call. We would have liked Tunney better if he has entered the ring, depending only upon his skill and personality for public approval. His skill alone would have been sufficient, for we have nothing but praise for him as a fighter. He is one of the most beautiful boxers we have ever seen. And on the night of September twenty-third he was a better man than Dempsey.

Championships are more easily won than retained. And we doubt very much if you can remain a leader in any field unless you give your life to it. For the last

(Continued on page 112)

Glasses

Mar

Nature's Beauty

Today is an age of beauty. The modern woman no longer tolerates conditions which detract from her natural charm. To enhance her loveliness, she not only enlists the forces of nature, but she summons to her service the marvels of modern science.

She has come to realize that real beauty lies in natural eyes. Nature intends these wondrous windows of the soul to radiate that natural beauty.

Science has at last learned the secret of natural vision—has struck off the shackles that dimmed the lustre of so many eyes. This new knowledge of the eye is not only enabling thousands to discard their glasses, but it is so improving the lustre, the eloquence, of woman's most ravishing feature that a new age of beauty is dawning.

Read what Mrs. Russell Simpson, singer and actress of note, and wife of Russell Simpson, prominent motion picture star has to say:

"I have discarded my glasses forever. No need to say that the improvement in my appearance is such that some of my friends hardly know me. Glasses made me look years older than I really am." (Signed)

Mrs. Russell Simpson

Dr. Barrett's booklet tells the big story of this latest triumph of science. It is yours for the asking.

Your name & address is all that is necessary.

Mall the Barrett Institute TODAY!

The Barrett Institute, 1907 Pershing Square Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, Dr. Barrett's booklet on Better Eyewears.

Name:

Address:

City: State:

107 PAGE
The Spotlight Is Turned on the Director: Frank Borzage

By Scoop Conlon

NOT only because he became famous at twenty-five by directing "Humor- esque," but because he has produced better pictures since. For example: Norma Talmadge's "The Lady" and "Secrets."

Because his career began in the coal-mines of Utah, where at twelve years of age he did a man's work—because this child dreamer ran away to embark upon one of the most amazing "barnstorming" adventures in stage history. He started at thirteen, and before the movies rescued him at nineteen, he had played as many cow-towns and mining-camps as he had characters.

Because he was discovered by the late Thomas H. Ince, who featured him a romantic young leading man. Borzage finally starred and directed himself in Western pictures—and then quit acting for the greater opportunities to create as a director.

Because in private life, this brilliant, but exceptionally modest, young man, has been a noted athlete. He wins golf tournaments, and is rated as one of the three great squash champions of the United States.

Son of a Tyrolese Italian, he was born on a farm near Salt Lake City. As a farmer boy and coal-mine mucker he dreamed great dreams as he slaved at a man's work and a man's pay, while he dreamed of play-acting on the stage. When he finally ran away he had the courage to stick it out. For six years this bashful but gritty kid barnstormed the entire American West of desert and mountain towns, took pictures, did all the dirty work back stage, and starred, bummed, worked at menial occupations—asking only an occasional chance to "act." In halls, empty store-rooms, and shacks, these "trouper", beside whom the one-night stand "ham" actor stands as a Barrymore in comparison, played at anything and everything before audiences ranging from the janitor and nine others to a top house of a hundred dazed souls. "He Who Gets Sapped" had nothing on this wistful-eyed, dreamer-son of Latin ancestors who cared not for years of hard knocks, ridicule, "burts," so long as he occasionally got the chance to "act."

Barnstorming in Western mining- and cow-towns was a life that would make the hardened soul of a bum quail. While these hard-bitten denizens of the Western country would be ordinarily plumb tickled to see any kind of show, the troupes that Borzage barnstormed with were so "orrey" they usually got run out of town. But the bitterspirit of the rough-and-tumble in the kid ever sang its gay song, and he plodded along unmindful of the terrible hardships so long as he could "smell" the stage and get his chance to act.

Despite these incred-ible handicaps, the seventeen-year-old lad became a popular actor in the "sticks." He was con- sidered a fine character man. He played everything from handsome heroes and juveniles to dastardly villains and doddering old men. He was known as a "tripe hair guy." Unappreciative audiences caused him to drift into Los Angeles to try the movies. He fell under the eagle eye of that gifted picker of future movie "greats," the late Thomas H. Ince. He began by dying a score of times every day in those Civil War and Western pictures because of his make-up ability. Soon he was one of Ince's most promising of the younger stars. But, after starring and directing himself in many two-reel Westerns, the sincere young Borzage decided to give up acting for directing. About this time he met and married a winsome young comedy star, Rena Rogers, who then and there laid aside her own career to put her pretty shoulders to her husband's wheel. How well they pulled together is best evidenced in the fact that Frank Borzage at thirty is rated as one of the greatest and really gifted of picture directors. Altho he will probably always be known as "the man who made Humor- esque," he directed Norma Talmadge in two of her finest—if not her very finest—pictures. Frank
Borzage is delightfully human in his story-telling. His quaint "Lazbones," revealing the story of how Buck Jones got his name as an actor of ability; his humorous domestic comedies such as "The First Year," and "Early to Wed," co-featuring Katharine Hepburn. Mary Moore, are a pleasant proof. He recently directed "The Pelican" with Alma Rubens in a strong costume role which promises of all since "Humoresque" is the selection of Borzage to direct "The Seventh Heaven." He is putting his heart and soul into the screen play.

Frank Borzage's father was the kind of a man who, while he worked at the trade of stone-masonry, raised a family of fourteen children, each one of whom could play almost any musical instrument. Back in the Italian Tyrol an ancient Borzage chiseled heroic figures out of marble, another painted in the rich but forgotten colors of the masters, another composed, sang and played roundelays in honor of his lady love—for in the young body of Frank Borzage was to ripen the seeds of poetry. He was to rise in his early twenties to a yearly salary that would ransom a king, the tribute of the movie producers to his genius reflected in the popularity his pictures won from the public.

Only a boy who used to sneak away to his bed in the ranch-house to sob his heart out (and he never knew why) while his brothers played their accordions—could have directed such a human epic of the box-office race as "Humoresque." Only a dreamer of dreams would have understood this story of a downtrodden race. Humaneness knows no race or creed.

Today, Frank Borzage's father smokes his pipe in a fine California bungalow instead of a barren Utah ranch-house, or, he watches his gifted son modeling in the clay of movie sets, instead of chirping away at stone for houses and grave-stones. Today, Frank Borzage himself never knows when he gets up in the morning whether his cars are going to take him to the studio, or, how many clubs he belongs to, or exactly how much money he makes—it's that much, and he doesn't give any of these problems more than a passing thought—for Frank Borzage is still the dreamer of dreams, modeling in the movies what his ancestors did in marble, in paint and in song.

News of the Camera Coasts

(Continued from page 69)

as a director. It was at the time much publicity was being given a prominent director, who in his younger days was a taxicab driver. The first person the youth met was Charlie, who looked like one of the executives of the studio. The boy timidly inquired of Mr. Murphy if the studio was the right kind of a field for a young man, and the older gentleman replied, "Whatta ya been doin'?" asked Murphy. "I have been graduating from Yale University," replied the youth. "Do you ever drive a taxicab?"

"No."

"Well," mused Charlie rubbing his chin. "You better go out and drive a few cabs. All our directors start as a young driver."

Which is all preparatory to saying that the best preliminary course for stardom seems to be four years of college football.

Since Red Grange's sensational success in the moving pictures, producers are getting the impression that a football hero is a passport to stardom. The F. B. P. O. organization has signed James Pierce, who at one time was a big light on the Indiana eleven. Pierce is to play the leading role in "Tarzan and the Golden Lion." The leading role, by the way, is not the lion.

NAVY a month slips by that we don't publish a few notes on marriages and divorces. We're getting so many letters and news any more.

Clara Bow is engaged. You say you have heard that. We say this time it's a different boy. The announcement tracked over the wires from Texas that Victor Fleming, who is directing "The Rough Riders," is the one in question. Once again in the same state with the company filming "Wings." Clara has been engaged to Gilbert Roland, Donald Keith, and a couple of others, but not all at the same time, of course. It looks like this latest announcement is a promise made on the level. "Vic" is one of the most regular fellows one can ever have thru a telephone. We extend the cornucopia full of good wishes to them.

Mabel Normand and Lew Cody took the vow at midnight at Ventura, the Poliessa city, with two motor-cycle cops as witnesses. The marriage was a great surprise to everyone—even the County Clerk of Ventura County and the Justice of the Peace. Bicycles were routed out of bed; one to provide the license and the other to provide the ceremony. Two motor-cycle officers from Beverly Hills escorted the couple to Ventura, as Lew explained they decided to get married very suddenly and speed counted. Lew gave his age as thirty-nine years and Mabel as twenty-eight years. Certainly, the marriage appears to be legal, what with a County Clerk, a Justice of the Peace and two motor-cycle cops engaged in carrying out the ceremony.

More marital news is that Francis X. Bushman is desirous of remarrying Beverly Bayne. Both of them have signed a divorce from the acter two years ago. Bushman stated that, "While there is no truth in the report that we will remarry, that is what I have at times had no conversations or correspondence with the other party on the subject."

We have no divorce stories to print. Domestically speaking, Hollywood is quite tranquil.

EX CHANCEY is the producers' box-office hero. His name draws many shekels into the till, and he has saved the day for many a shaky producer. Lon has appeared lately as "Spade" with sans teeth and sans hair. He is about to make another appearance sans arms, for his next picture will be from Tod Browning's story, "Alonzo the Armless."

THE FOX company feels that it has discovered the two best feminine stars of the year. The girl who has the role of Clara is on location in the same state with the company filming "Wings." Clara has been engaged to Gilbert Roland, Donald Keith, and a couple of others, but not all at the same time, of course. It looks like this latest announcement is a promise made on the level. "Vic" is one of the most regular fellows one can ever have thru a telephone. We extend the cornucopia full of good wishes to them.

Mabel Normand and Lew Cody took the vow at midnight at Ventura, the Poliessa city, with two motor-cycle cops as witnesses. The marriage was a great surprise to everyone—even the County Clerk of Ventura County and the Justice of the Peace. Bicycles were routed out of bed; one to provide the license and the other to provide the ceremony. Two motor-cycle officers from Beverly Hills escorted the couple to Ventura, as Lew explained they decided to get married very suddenly and speed counted. Lew gave his age as thirty-nine years and Mabel as twenty-eight years. Certainly, the marriage appears to be legal, what with a County Clerk, a Justice of the Peace and two motor-cycle cops engaged in carrying out the ceremony.

More marital news is that Francis X. Bushman is desirous of remarrying Beverly Bayne. Both of them have signed a divorce from the acter two years ago. Bushman stated that, "While there is no truth in the report that we will remarry, that is what I have at times had no conversations or correspondence with the other party on the subject."

We have no divorce stories to print. Domestically speaking, Hollywood is quite tranquil.

EX CHANCEY is the producers' box-office hero. His name draws many shekels into the till, and he has saved the day for many a shaky producer. Lon has appeared lately as "Spade" with sans teeth and sans hair. He is about to make another appearance sans arms, for his next picture will be from Tod Browning's story, "Alonzo the Armless."

THE FOX company feels that it has discovered the two best feminine stars of the year. The girl who has the role of Clara is on location in the same state with the company filming "Wings." Clara has been engaged to Gilbert Roland, Donald Keith, and a couple of others, but not all at the same time, of course. It looks like this latest announcement is a promise made on the level. "Vic" is one of the most regular fellows one can ever have thru a telephone. We extend the cornucopia full of good wishes to them.

Mabel Normand and Lew Cody took the vow at midnight at Ventura, the Poliessa city, with two motor-cycle cops as witnesses. The marriage was a great surprise to everyone—even the County Clerk of Ventura County and the Justice of the Peace. Bicycles were routed out of bed; one to provide the license and the other to provide the ceremony. Two motor-cycle officers from Beverly Hills escorted the couple to Ventura, as Lew explained they decided to get married very suddenly and speed counted. Lew gave his age as thirty-nine years and Mabel as twenty-eight years. Certainly, the marriage appears to be legal, what with a County Clerk, a Justice of the Peace and two motor-cycle cops engaged in carrying out the ceremony.

More marital news is that Francis X. Bushman is desirous of remarrying Beverly Bayne. Both of them have signed a divorce from the acter two years ago. Bushman stated that, "While there is no truth in the report that we will remarry, that is what I have at times had no conversations or correspondence with the other party on the subject."

We have no divorce stories to print. Domestically speaking, Hollywood is quite tranquil.

EX CHANCEY is the producers' box-office hero. His name draws many shekels into the till, and he has saved the day for many a shaky producer. Lon has appeared lately as "Spade" with sans teeth and sans hair. He is about to make another appearance sans arms, for his next picture will be from Tod Browning's story, "Alonzo the Armless."

THE FOX company feels that it has discovered the two best feminine stars of the year. The girl who has the role of Clara is on location in the same state with the company filming "Wings." Clara has been engaged to Gilbert Roland, Donald Keith, and a couple of others, but not all at the same time, of course. It looks like this latest announcement is a promise made on the level. "Vic" is one of the most regular fellows one can ever have thru a telephone. We extend the cornucopia full of good wishes to them. 
safe to speak of them both in the same breath, there being no jealousy between blondes and brunettes in the movie world. James Cagney has been the temperamental element of the two. She is of that fiery Irish stock. I believe her ancestors must have been the first of the Irish to hombrow with the Spanish when the tulle tosses through Vice to Erin several centuries ago. She is a determined, strong-willed little Mick, who is very apt to drop the parlor lamp over your head if you want. There are say that St. Patrick saw snakes because there were no prohibitive laws in those days.

She is a staunch supporter of her mother, a lovable Irish woman with a great sense of humor. Besides being Irish, Olive is also a Virginian. She has a proud and haughty nature which she turns on to the "teech" degree when some one attempts to play down to her.

At the risk of getting dented with the parlor lamp, I give her age, which is twenty years. We'll say no more until I find out whether the parlor lamp has been replaced by a statue of the discus thrower.

Without referring to my thesaurus for a better word, I will say that Jaynet Gaynor is the antithesis of Olive Borden. Jaynet is a demure young girl. A bit frail, I thought, until I saw her swimming with a crawl stroke that made me wonder why she didn't think of swimming the channel before Gertrude Ederle turned the trick.

I asked Jaynet if her ability as a swimmer is what gave her the leading role in "The Johnstown Flood." She said she didn't know why she was given the part unless the Fox people thought she took a good close-up under water.

Treat Sore Throat
both Inside and Out
A few drops of Absorbine, Jr. in water, used as a gargle, destroy germs, relieve irritation and soothe the inflamed tissue.

Oxide, used full strength, it breaks up congestion and relaxes the tension of the muscles. Used regularly as a gargle and mouthwash, it is not only cleansing and refreshing, but a preventive of sore throat and the more dangerous infections which often follow.

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
everywhere together. One morning we read "Heir to Packen's Millions to Wed Film Star." No one was very much surprised. They had seen Joan and Mike—and the way they looked at each other. And then something happened. No one knows just what. Mike is such a kid, only nineteen or twenty, some say his family interfered. Others say it just sort of wore itself out for both of them.

But I can't help wondering why it is that Joan isill Mike is always the first to hear of it and drop around with flowers? Just an old friend-calling for old times' sake?

The story is so.

Sometimes I think it is a little funny, this love story of the awfully rich boy and the little jazz girl from the New York sewer. Sometimes I think it is a little sad. In a way.

Just about the time romance was pealed out of Joan and Mike, wedding bells rang in for Josef von Sternberg and a girl named Riza Royce. They were married very quietly in a quiet little town. There was no one present except themselves and some people that were witnesses. And that was the end of something that began a long time ago. Even before Jo met Riza.

Two or three years ago Jo was very much in love with another girl. A broody, sullen-eyed girl whose moods were as deep as midnight waters. He was miserably in love. It engulfed him. For a time it almost consumed him.

The moody-eyed girl didn't love Jo. That is, she didn't love him enough. He wore himself out against the wall of her petulance, her whims, her lack of consideration. Out of that love he produced "The Salvation Hunters," the picture that brought him a sensational and debated celebrity. It came from the misery of his heart and mind.

He made another picture for M. G. M. rather half-heartedly and then he went to Europe. To escape. To try to forget. When he came back he had succeeded to a certain extent. But he was steeped in a sort of bitter cynicism. Especially about women. He said he could not afford to be hurt so deeply again.

He hadn't been back long when Chaplin offered him the direction of an Edna Purviance picture, and Jo accepted.

That's where Riza comes in.

Riza worked in the picture playing "bits" whenever they came up. Between scenes she and Jo would talk. It wasn't a flirtation. They just talked for a long time about all sorts of things, peaceably, calmly. In a little while it was perfectly clear to everyone, but Jo and Riza, that they were in love. Jo told Riza about the other girl. Riza was sorry. From the bottom of her heart she was sorry. Without being exactly conscious of what she was doing, she tried to help him. Tried to be gentle where the other had been merciless. And Jo, who was all steeped in cynicism about women, would reach for her hand in the darkness of the projection room.

When the picture was finished, he put her name on the credit titles as one of his assistants. And he might have added, "My wife."

Those are the love stories I was going to tell. But the new ones, if love stories are ever new. It may be true that "the same old story" can never be really novel, but it does have its variations. Some are comedies. Others are tragedies. But all laughed, and wept and thrilled over. As love stories should ever be.

Sweets, in fermenting, form acids between the teeth and in crevices. So does starch, which turns to acids.

Acid attacks both the teeth and the gums. It brings tooth troubles to millions.

But that doesn't mean to quit candy and starch. Just brush your teeth twice daily with Phillips' Dental Magnesia tooth paste. That is alkaline. The tooth brush forces it wherever the acid forms. And all mouth acids perish at its touch. You will never be without it when you know.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia tooth paste also makes teeth glister. Its antiseptics combat germ attacks in the mouth. Its iodides stimulate the gums, its deodorants purify the breath. It is the greatest tooth paste men have yet evolved.

Send coupon for a trial tube. Watch it beautify the teeth. Feel and taste the delightful effects next morning. Let our book explain what each result means to you.

No Mother Candy need not harm their teeth

Trial Tube Phillips' Dental Magnesia

All In One

Its 16 ingredients combine in one application

Antacid Cleansers
Antiseptics Polishers
Iodides

It is five tooth pastes in one, to meet every modern requirement.

MAKE MONEY EVENINGS

Let me show you how $45.00 worth of experience and $25 to $75 weekly to their income without giving up their present position.

E. E. FISCHER, 822 W. Austin Ave, Chicago, Ill.

SEND TO MONEY

Genuine Full Cat Diamonds No. 6589.
Terms: If desired—6 Months to Pay. Outside U. S. Cash with Order

$25

This Genuine Full Cat Diamond No. 6589 is solid gold, set in one of the finest cases ever made. Send $25 to $35.

$39.00

GET THIS BARGAIN NOW! An Undermount—necklace that bears no resemblance to anything ever offered your price, and it's yours for a payment that will pay for its purchase. Fifty years guaranteed! Estate items always in demand. It's yours for a payment that will pay for its purchase. Fifty years guaranteed! Estate items always in demand. It's yours for a payment that will pay for its purchase. Fifty years guaranteed! Estate items always in demand. It's yours for a payment that will pay for its purchase. Fifty years guaranteed! Estate items always in demand.

FREE BOOK! Tell your friends about this book. Mail coupon for literature. Address...

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
few years Jack Dempsey appears to have been more interested in the price of orchids out of season , and over the shade of upholstery to be used in Estelle’s Rolls-Royce than he has been in trainers and boxing and rubbers down. Maybe that has something to do with it. Success is a hard taskmaster, demanding constant and ceaseless application.

However, Jack was a game fighter. He was the aggressor every time. It made us furious to see him employ this tactic because he was playing Tunney’s game. Tunney is the hammer. If we had been Jack, we wouldn’t have boxed around the ring with Tunney. We would have stood stock-still in that ring until Tunney came after us, if the bells for the whole ten rounds had rung.

And what is more, we’ll bet if he had done this, that crowd would have cheered him to one man.

A Christmas gift that will really be appreciated.

Hand in Hand with Fashion

Whiting & Davis Costume Bags

Play Piano Jazz by Ear — in 90 days!

You can play real tunes from the start. No notes to puzzle you — no tiresome scales to practice. You need not know a thing about music. Even if you have never touched a piano, if you can hum or whistle a tune, we can teach you to play all popular song hits by ear at a very small cost. No need now to spend years practicing under old-time method. My new and original system teaches you easily and quickly. Be a jazz master and make yourself popular everywhere you go. And the best part of it is there is nothing hard about it. Write at once for Free booklet to show how easily it can be done.

This wonderful home course is offered at a ridiculously low cost. A little practice gives amazing results. You can sit down and play any popular jazz piece that you wish.

FILL IN THE COUPON TODAY

D. M. Suttre, Director Illinois School of Music
661 Hearst Square, Chicago

Please send at once without obligation. Your free booklet explaining how you can teach me to play this plan by ear in 90 days.

Name ____________________________
Address ___________________________
City ______________________________

Send NOW for FREE Book

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

The Editor Gossips

(Continued from page 107)

It was recently decided to put the question to a neutral party. A cameraman was selected, and the question was put to him.

Without any hesitation, his answer came: “What’s the most important factor—the actor or the story? Why, that’s easy. The photography!”

American Efficiency

They do funny things in the studios.

One of the big Hollywood producing organizations decided to make a story of Paris. They assigned the job of writing the scenario to over twelve different screenwriters, and still they failed to get a satisfactory script.

For months the work went on and no results were obtained.

All during this time there was a Frenchman on the scenarist staff’s pay-roll drawing a weekly salary. He had lived in Paris practically all of his life.

One day he timidly suggested to the producing organization that they allow him to try his hand at writing the Paris story. “No,” said the production manager, “you wouldn’t get the American angle on it. Anyway, we have another story for you to begin work on.”

It was a rip-roaring Western laid in a locality the Frenchman had never even visited.

Don’t Be Silly!

One of the big film magnates has instructed his directors to keep a sharp lookout for screen discoveries while they are making their pictures.

Might as well ask truck drivers on coal wagons to keep a sharp lookout for coal mines, while journeying back and forth delivering their loads.

From all that we can see, most directors cannot even keep their eye on the thread of the story, much less display the ability to discover new screen personalities.
Be Slender
No effort is required

Don't you realize that countless people have found an easy way to fight fat?

Look about you. Note how slenderness reigns today. Fat was once as common as it was. Millions of people have learned how to fight that blight to beauty and to health.

Some still rely on abnormal exercise and diet. But more and more employ the easy, pleasant, scientific way—Marmola Prescription Tablets.

Marmola has been used for 19 years. Users have told the others the results, until people last year used over a million boxes. That is the great reason why slenderness so prevails.

You should learn what Marmola means to you. Learn how it harmlessly and promptly reduces excess fat, up to a pound a day. You will be always glad that you found it.

All drug stores sell Marmola at $1 a box. Or it is mailed in plain wrappers by Marmola Co., 1810 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

PERSONAL Appearance
is more than ever regarded as important success both in social and professional life. Bow-Legged and Knock-Kneed men and women, young and old, will be glad to know that my new appliance will sur- prisingly straighten, correct bow-legs and knock-knees safely, quickly and per- manently. It will improve your appearance—improve your looks and pep.

Don't wear old fashions and be bow-legged with knock-knees. The Marmola appliance will correct bow-legs and knock-knees in safety, quickly and per- manently.

Portable, Worn at night. My new "Slip-Strapier." Model 18, U. S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its results will soon save you tens of dollars in clothing, and improve your personal appearance 100 per cent. (Model 18 is not like old fash- ions in any way.) This appliance, with bow-legs and knock-knees, is easy to wear, for it is so designed it can be used at home without pain, operation or discom- fort. Worn at night. My new "Slip-Strapier." Model 18, U. S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its results will soon save you tens of dollars in clothing, and improve your personal appearance 100 per cent. (Model 18 is not like old fash- ions in any way.) This appliance, with bow-legs and knock-knees, is easy to wear, for it is so designed it can be used at home without pain, operation or discom- fort. Worn at night. My new "Slip-Strapier." Model 18, U. S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its results will soon save you tens of dollars in clothing, and improve your personal appearance 100 per cent. (Model 18 is not like old fash- ions in any way.) This appliance, with bow-legs and knock-knees, is easy to wear, for it is so designed it can be used at home without pain, operation or discom- fort. Worn at night. My new "Slip-Strapier." Model 18, U. S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its results will soon save you tens of dollars in clothing, and improve your personal appearance 100 per cent. (Model 18 is not like old fash- ions in any way.) This appliance, with bow-legs and knock-knees, is easy to wear, for it is so designed it can be used at home without pain, operation or discom- fort.

M. TRIETY, SPECIALIST
1385 L. W. U. Building, Binghamton, N. Y.

—Continued from page 27—

Poverty Row

and file of good actors who are not stars of the first magnitude, who must work to live, and who find work increasingly hard to find—or, who just happen to be in one of those frightening, dull periods between good "breaks."

Herbert Rawlinson, whose dimples and curls once made him a popular matinee idol, still has the dimples and curls, but he has to offer them in a cheaper market, these days—a lower rung of the ladder. In the heyday of his popularity, he bought ten thousand fans photographs every year.

The other day he bought a hundred.

Francis X. Bushman went all the way down, and now he is up again. Henry B. Walthall is doing the same thing, but Maurice Costello seems unable to climb back. He does hits, now and then, but the role he plays oftener is just "father to the Costello girls."

A few years ago, Clara Kimball Young starred in "Enter Madame." Louise Dresser played a very minor part in the same picture. Today, Louise Dresser is at the top of the ladder, and Clara is not even in the game. That seems a particularly strange twist of Fate, for all the advantages would seem to be on Clara's side—great beauty, popularity—but even these could not hold her when she began to slip.

Once in the good old days, Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley were the famous lovers of the screen—Phillips began to drop down. Lois stayed near the top, as actress, then as director, but the surge of competition pushed her down—and out. Trouble, bad luck, false friends, all had their part in her fall, but Lois Weber has grit—grit and genius, and no combination of circumstances was strong enough to keep her down. She is back again now, near the very top—our only woman director, and Phillips Smalley is playing a small part in her current production.

Grace Cunard, one of the early favorites, whose salary was something that was named in whispers, with an aw-oo, "Do you believe it is true?" is now playing in serials. Louise Lorraine, who has long played in serials, has just signed a contract to be featured by one of the biggest companies. So it goes—up and down!

Francis Ford was once a producer, a director, a star—one of the biggest names in the business—today he is in serials or what have you!

And do you remember when Virginia Pearson was one of the deadliest vamps? Earrings and slinky gowns and all the rest of it. But times and styles have changed. The public no longer likes the old label. Vamps may still be vamps, but they aren't much like it.

Sometimes it is age, often folly, more often still, just luck, that forces an actor down—pathetic, much of it.

Florence Lawrence, "The Girl with a Thousand Faces," who was probably the first woman to make pictures, was seriously injured and paralyzed for four years. Now she is trying to come back, but the picture business has marched on with new generation and new stars in the van. She can't come back to her old place—and she is working as hard as any beginner to make a new niche for herself, as a character comedian. She has an even chance to succeed, for she is a good actress. That is, she may succeed, if she can force herself to forget that she was once a star and that all these people who have big names now, were once extras for me." She waits for studios to send

Advertising Section

Unwanted Hairs Gone Forever!

You can easily place this delightfully per- fumed balsam on the hairs for a few seconds and then remove it, at the same time physically lifting the roots of thousands of hairs.

And all in less than a minute.

This scientific preparation is not to be con- fused with temporary surface hair removers. It is composed of ingredients which will PERMA- NENTLY destroy the growth of gently lifting the roots until they cannot return.

Formulated by a physician, it is simple, safe and rapid. And your skin will take on a beautiful complexion. Thousands of women are using it. Your money back if it does not do all that is claimed.

Ask of your favorite beauty goods counter—Only $1.00 a pkg.
Elmer Richards Co.
Dept. 1529, West 35th Street, Chicago

I enclose $1 deposit. Send Bolivia Coat No. C-12F. If I am not perfectly satisfied, I can return it and get my money back. Otherwise I will pay $4.85 a month until I have paid $298 in all.

Elmer Richards Co.

MIDNIGHT NAME CARDS
THE LATEST NOVELTY
50c. Per Book

Each book contains 50 perfect little name cards, size 1 1/4 x 1 1/2, in genuine letter case, choice of black, tan, green or red. A perfect name card. Name in Old English type. Price complete for 5 book, name, case of money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Many if want.

MIDNIGHT CARD SHOP
30 S. Second St., Harrisburg, Pa.

ONLY
$7.85

L’Ultramarine Brooch

MAGNIFICENT! Most unique, artistic reproduction of a setting of L’Ultramarine Brooches. It is authentically copied from THE ULTRAMARINE BROOCH, of rich color, set in a cushion setting. The brooch is set in a genuine French gold setting. More attractive than any imitation.

MIDNIGHT CARD SHOP
30 S. Second St., Harrisburg, Pa.

Send for
Free Style Book

Superb
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 red stamps for Free booklet.

D. I. MAHLER CO., 39-5, Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

30 S. Second St.

This Ad is Worth 36c

From Florida, land of the Orange Blossom comes Bo Kay, the distinctive complexion powder. Scented with the perfume of nature’s most romantic flower, The Orange Blossom.

Bo Kay Orange Blossom Face Powder sells routinely at 75 cents. By refusing this advertisement, however, you can take advantage of our Florida Friendship offer, and obtain a regular full size box of this fine powder for 35 cents—saving to you of 30 cents.

BO-KAY PERFUME CO.
DEPT. D JACKSONVILLE FLA.

Send $1
Only 1
deposit

All Wool Bolivia
Mandell Fur Trimming!

Here’s a bargain price and easy terms besides! The rich elegance of this coat will appeal to every dressed woman. The material is of fine quality bolivia while the collar and cuffs are of richly colored Mandell fur. The sides are made in novel panel effect of self material attractively trimmed with rows of neat buttons. Entire garment is warmly lined and fully lined with satin de chine, Black or French blue. Sizes 34 to 44. Length 47 inches.

Order by No. C-12F. Terms $1.00 with coupon, then only $4.85 a month. Total Bargain Price only $29.85.

6 Months to Pay!

Have this stylish fall coat and never miss the money. With our liberal easy payment plan you send only a small amount each month, so little you can easily save it out of the nickels and dimes you would otherwise flitter away. Try it and see.

Send only $1.00 deposit. We’ll send you the coat on approval. Judge it for yourself. You take no risk. Your deposit instantly returned if you say no. If perfectly satisfied take 6 months to pay. But act now while this offer lasts.

Elmer Richards Co.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Many if want.

MIDNIGHT NAME CARDS
THE LATEST NOVELTY
50c. Per Book

Each book contains 50 perfect little name cards, size 1 1/4 x 1 1/2, in genuine letter case, choice of black, tan, green or red. A perfect name card. Name in Old English type. Price complete for 5 book, name, case of money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Many if want.

MIDNIGHT CARD SHOP
30 S. Second St., Harrisburg, Pa.

ONLY
$7.85

L’Ultramarine Brooch

MAGNIFICENT! Most unique, artistic reproduction of a setting of L’Ultramarine Brooches. It is authentically copied from THE ULTRAMARINE BROOCH, of rich color, set in a cushion setting. The brooch is set in a genuine French gold setting. More attractive than any imitation.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Enter and Exit, Smiling
(Continued from page 38)

She is a scream. She is a riot. She is a knock-out. In the short time that she has been
on the Coast she has become the most
sought-after person in the film colony.
All want her at their parties. Everybody
trufues her. She says the right things to do
the trick. This asset, of course, is lost
so far as the screen is concerned. But
Miss Lille, the former Air Force
navigator, should be quite enough
to put her over. Her grave,
incognet gaze, with impish mischief lurking
in the background. Her mocking smile and
long glance, head half-turned away, mouth
very solemn. The grave lowering of her
eyelashes over astonished eyes. The quirk
of an eyebrow or a finger. I'll vow she
could upset the House of Lords, Calvin
Coolidge, Mussolini at his fiercest and
John Barrymore in his most temperamental
mood. She is a splendid actress.

Hollywood took Beatrice Lille seriously.

Oh, very! Because she is so clever every
leading producer made tests of her in the
hope of casting her in the screen passions
series. Several decided that her nose is too
long. Stunming young woman that she is,
it's true that she hasn't what Hollywood
considered the perfect figure was.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer decided to take
a risk on her, however, and after her Holly-
wood engagement in "Charlot's Revue" she
signed up for "Exit, Smiling." Heaven
knows what they're paying her, but I'll
wager it's plenty. She is so funny that
doubtless she could make London, Paris,
and all Europe laugh merrily as she strolled
her for a salary that would startle Gloria
Swanson.

Assuredly, Miss Lille does not take Hol-
lywood engagement in "Charlot's Revue" she
signed up for "Exit, Smiling." Heaven
knows what they're paying her, but I'll
wager it's plenty. She is so funny that
doubtless she could make London, Paris,
and all Europe laugh merrily as she strolled
her for a salary that would startle Gloria
Swanson.

Assuredly, Miss Lille does not take Hol-
lywood engagement in "Charlot's Revue" she
signed up for "Exit, Smiling." Heaven
knows what they're paying her, but I'll
wager it's plenty. She is so funny that
doubtless she could make London, Paris,
and all Europe laugh merrily as she strolled
her for a salary that would startle Gloria
Swanson.

Assuredly, Miss Lille does not take Hol-
lywood engagement in "Charlot's Revue" she
signed up for "Exit, Smiling." Heaven
knows what they're paying her, but I'll
wager it's plenty. She is so funny that
doubtless she could make London, Paris,
and all Europe laugh merrily as she strolled
her for a salary that would startle Gloria
Swanson.

Assuredly, Miss Lille does not take Hol-
lywood engagement in "Charlot's Revue" she
signed up for "Exit, Smiling." Heaven
knows what they're paying her, but I'll
wager it's plenty. She is so funny that
doubtless she could make London, Paris,
and all Europe laugh merrily as she strolled
her for a salary that would startle Gloria
Swanson.

Assuredly, Miss Lille does not take Hol-
lywood engagement in "Charlot's Revue" she
signed up for "Exit, Smiling." Heaven
knows what they're paying her, but I'll
wager it's plenty. She is so funny that
doubtless she could make London, Paris,
and all Europe laugh merrily as she strolled
her for a salary that would startle Gloria
Swanson.

Assuredly, Miss Lille does not take Hol-
lywood engagement in "Charlot's Revue" she
signed up for "Exit, Smiling." Heaven
knows what they're paying her, but I'll
wager it's plenty. She is so funny that
doubtless she could make London, Paris,
and all Europe laugh merrily as she strolled
her for a salary that would startle Gloria
Swanson.

Assuredly, Miss Lille does not take Hol-
lywood engagement in "Charlot's Revue" she
signed up for "Exit, Smiling." Heaven
knows what they're paying her, but I'll
wager it's plenty. She is so funny that
doubtless she could make London, Paris,
and all Europe laugh merrily as she strolled
her for a salary that would startle Gloria
Swanson.

Assuredly, Miss Lille does not take Hol-
lywood engagement in "Charlot's Revue" she
signed up for "Exit, Smiling." Heaven
knows what they're paying her, but I'll
wager it's plenty. She is so funny that
doubtless she could make London, Paris,
and all Europe laugh merrily as she strolled
her for a salary that would startle Gloria
Swanson.
The Right Rooms for Rest

(Continued from page 50)

Barbara, they require more room than the average household and will afford them: the morphology of the simple turned designs in Colonial four-poster beds are good. If you can find an old spool bed or a good reproduction of it, too, it would be delightful. I would get twin beds or a double bed, depending on the occupants and their preferences. Comfort alone enters here, not style. I would be well satisfied if my mattress and springs were both good—and this applies to mattresses and springs on all beds. Personally, I prefer hair mattresses, but a good felt mattress is excellent, too, would get good box springs if I could afford them, for they last for years.

At new beds were selected I would select a chest of drawers. I would get this of good size and with plain, straight lines, either with wood knobs or interesting brass Colonial hardware. A highboy, a Colonial chest or a reproduction or one of the newer chifforobes, if the design is plain and in character, is splendid. Get one with a lot of drawer space for there never seems to be quite enough place for things in the average home.

I would select a dressing-table next. The conventional dressing-table with triple mirrors is always useful but you needn’t stick to this type unless you like it. A love box or a table with a mirror hung above it is charming. Be sure that the dressing-table has a mirror large enough for comfort and is placed in a good light. For this one I would select straight ladder-back chairs or Windsor reproductions. Then I would select one comfortable chair for my bedroom as well. The trouble with most bedrooms is that they lack comfort. There is no place to sit when one isn’t in bed. A comfortable chair with an inexpensive iron bridge lamp near it is an addition to a bedroom that is almost indispensable.

For carpeting in my bedroom I would use oval rag rugs, a couple of the delightful hooked rugs that are lucky in Vogue, or plain rag carpeting. If you have a left-over in the form of an Oriental rug or a plain one-tone rug, it could be used instead.

For my wall-paper on my Colonial room I could use a design in a paper, a sprig of a Colonial design, a creamy paper with a satin stripe of the same tone or I would paint or calamine my walls ivory or pale Colonial green. For my ceiling I would use dotted swiss, organdie in white or one of the pastel shades or printed linen. Your color scheme can be easily worked out by a colorful bedspread together with your curtains, a waste-basket, a lamp-shade and bits of pottery for bright flowers. Remember the color and the color of your furniture must be taken into consideration as part of your decoration scheme. This Colonial room with brass or silver and an aqua print in two, bedside tables, lights arranged convenient for reading in bed and you have a room that can be duplicated in America—or any place that I know of.

You will need more than one bedroom, of course, and there is nothing more charming than a guest room or for a room to be used by a young woman or a young couple than one done in cameo. Enamelled furniture, as you may have guessed, stands very high and if you do not see it I could dispense with it in interior furnishings. I would use it unstainably in several bedrooms if I were furnishing a small home. For one of the bedrooms I would use ivory walls, either plain or decorated with quaint and not too brilliant flowers. For this room I would use parch-
WRINKLES GONE IN 3 DAYS
They vanished so quickly I was astonished at the wonderful results
By Min Karren
For years I tried everything to remove wrinkles which marred my beauty, lustered my pleasure in social life and made me look old before my time, but with results.
One day I saw an article in a magazine which piqued my interest. I read and read until I exclaimed, "I must try that!" while I was still absorbed in the story.
For years I had been wondering if there was a product which would actually reverse the effects of aging on the skin. I had tried many different creams and lotions, but none of them had produced any noticeable results.

This Priceless Secret Yours

Your best ally, the most desirable of creams is now mine. My wrinkles in a few days. I have a fresh, youthful glow which I have never experienced before. The jar of Cream I purchased at the store is now completely-Gone. I am so thrilled with the results that I am writing to you to let you know of this product. It is a true miracle worker.

Special Offer: Now $1.69 Only One Jar at a Time
Our Laboratories have secured a limited supply of this rare ingredient, which is used in the preparation of our Cream. This offer is limited to one jar per customer. All orders must be prepaid.

How to Obtain Beautifully Shaped Lips!

M. Trikter, a dermatologist from Binghamton, N. Y., has developed a new lip-line treatment which he claims can reshape lips within a week. His method involves the use of a specially formulated cream which is applied to the lips twice a day. The cream contains a blend of natural ingredients which promote natural lip shape and curvature.

How to Procedure:

1. Wash the lips with warm water and mild soap.
2. Pat dry with a soft towel.
3. Apply a thin layer of the lip-line cream to the lips, avoiding the corners.
4. Leave on for 15 minutes.
5. Rinse well with warm water.
6. Apply a lip balm or natural lipstick of choice.

Results:

After using the lip-line cream for a week, M. Trikter claims that the lips will appear more defined and shaped. He notes that the cream is gentle on the skin and does not cause any irritation or discomfort.

M. Trikter, in his letter, strongly recommends this treatment for anyone looking to enhance the shape of their lips. He states, "Do not wait any longer, try this lip-line treatment today and see the difference it can make!"

A Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I would like to share my experience with this lip-line cream. After using it for a week, I was able to achieve the defined lip shape I had always wanted. The cream was easy to apply and did not cause any irritation. I highly recommend this treatment to anyone looking to enhance their lip shape.

Sincerely,

[Name]

AGENTS: $60 a Week

M. Trikter's new lip-line treatment is expected to be a major breakthrough in the beauty industry. As a result, many beauty agents are eager to promote the product.

The perfect agent needs to be well-versed in the beauty field, have a good eye for fashion, and be able to work effectively with a wide range of clients. If you are interested in becoming an agent, please contact M. Trikter at 123 Main St., Binghamton, N. Y.

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete your high school education in just 2 years with the American School. This program is designed for students who are unable to attend regular high school due to personal circumstances or financial constraints.

Curriculum:

- English Composition
- Algebra
- History
- Science

Upon completion, students will receive a high school diploma from the American School. The program is accredited by the National Commission of Accrediting Agencies.

Learn To Draw This Easy Way

"I'm earning $1000 to $1500 a Day"

READ this enthusiastic student's letter! It's positive proof of the practical art training given thousands of students from all parts of the country.

"Although not a graduate in my course," writes a student from Houston, Texas, "I have been doing work for large New York music publishers, and I am classed as one of the best title page artists of the time. My salary at present runs from $10 to $15 a day and more, and I am only a third through with my course."

Think of it! And yet you, too, can easily enter this fascinating, big-pay Commercial Art field—even though you have never even touched a drawing pencil before. You learn right at home in spare time, without a teacher—through the easiest, quickest, most practical plan ever devised! It's actual fun—just like a game. And almost before you realize it you are actually selling some of your work. Many students earn while learning.

The demand for good art work is ever-increasing. Salaries from $50 to $150 a week, and more, are gladly paid original artists. So start today—and quickly prepare yourself for this wonderful, golden-opportunity field!

Send for Free Book

A new handsomely illustrated book has just been printed, which gives all the most up-to-date information on the scores of wonderful opportunities in Commercial Art and shows how this startling method easily enables you to enter this field. It tells about our students—their success—what 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 3012-D, 115-15th St., N.W., Washington, D.C.

Address

State

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
AGENTS WANTED—New plan makes it easy to earn $50.00 to $150.00 weekly selling direct to buyers. No capital or experience needed. Represent a real manufacturer. Write now for FREE SAMPLES, Madison Stairs, 562 Broadway, New York.

Agents—Earn handsome profit selling subscriptions to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE AND MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC. No capital or experience required. Big commissions and bonuses. Write today for particulars. Brewer Publications, Inc., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

BOYS AND GIRLS WANTED—Boys and Girls Earn Xmas Money. Write for details to—Ivy M. Wagner, 15 N. Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

HELP WANTED—All men, women, 16-80, wanting to qualify for permanent Government positions, $140-$800, home or office work, write Mr. Omiston, 294, St. Louis, Mo., immediately.


All men—women, 16-80, wanting to qualify for permanent Government Positions. $35 to $75 weekly. Home or office positions. Mr. Omiston, 294, St. Louis, Mo., immediately.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE—Ladies Earn $6-18 a Day doing Pillow Tops at Home; experience unnecessary. Part-time, home work. Tapestry Paint Co., 128, LaGrange, Ind.

Ladies wanting home work; any kind; spare time earning, end-to-end stamp, Elber Company, Dept. 26, 296 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

LADIES—You can easily earn lots of extra pin money by selling subscriptions to "Motion Picture Magazine" at $1.00 each. Complete facilities. References. Write John Fisher Mfg. Co., 513 Eright Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

PERSONAL—Want to earn some extra money? Sell subscriptions to any of the most popular Magazines. Write to Brewer Publications, Inc., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Your handwriting reveals your character! Send 25c (stamps) and ink sample of own or friend’s writing for expert analysis and astounding demonstration of dominant characteristics. Real guide to success. Write Dr. Oz, Cowen, Cath. Ave., Boston, Mass.

PHOTOPLAYS—$88 For Ideas. Photoplay Plays revised, critiqued, copyrighted, marketed. Send for free booklet. Universal Screen Co., 290 West 40th St., New York, N. Y. Write to Dr. Oz, 513 Eright Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

PHOTOGRAPHY—Make $75 to $350 weekly; Motion Picture, Portrait and Commercial Photography. Camera Free. For special offer, write Menor Institute of Photography, Dept. 29A, 10 W. 53d St., New York, N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPHS—Photographs of thousands of people each month. Some of these advertisers use this section every month to increase their business. Write for rates.

RATES—ADVERTISEMENTS are read by thousands of people each month. Some of these advertisers use this section every month to increase their business. Write for rates.

REDUCE—A BOOKLET BY DR. DENSMORE on treatment for reduction of Constancy will be mailed without charge to anyone requesting it. Dr. Denzmore, Garfield Tea Company, 212-1st Street, New York, N. Y.


STAMPING NAMES—Make $20 per 100, stamping names on key checkers. Either set. A spare time business of your own. Send $1 for sample and instructions. Good for $5 daily. E. Keyton Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

STORIES WANTED—Earn $25 weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines, etc. Experience unnecessary. Details P.P.E., Press Syndicate, 960, St. Louis, Mo. If you are not satisfied with the service you get us your money back. The HARVARD CO., 150 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California.

with a lot of people talking at the same time. A tiny desk painted to match the furniture or picked up in an odd shop to harmonize with the room, a value, a acquire—everyone will enjoy. Have some simple, plain stationery handy if you have no house stationery and see that there are plenty of pencils and new books and a few amusing current magazines on the desk or on the occasional table near the bed and I am sure your guests will feel comfortable. Hair and things had not been provided for their comfort. A low bowl of flowers or a little flowering plant will help the guest-room, too.

Your guest-room need not be elaborate. Simple furniture in plain wood finish or enameled, a plain rug, gay curtains of rayon or silk in stripes. In white and with or without flowers over-draperies will make a room that will show your own hospitality and bring happiness to the guests that are under your roof.

You must remember when you are doing up your bedrooms that they are a very real part of the home, and that a room for the living-room or the dining-room, even the frequently neglected. Every bedroom may have its own individuality. It may be quite different from the other room, without any elaborate decorations, it may be peaceful and beautiful as well.

Of course, if you are the type of woman who doesn’t like changes, your bedroom may consist of fussy furniture, you do not have to stick to plain bedrooms. In fact, if you are this type I should say, without any doubt that bedroom decorating should be without any elaborate decorations, it may be peaceful and beautiful as well.

Keep your bedrooms simple, restful and quiet. Keep your guest-room simple, restful and real to let them breathe the true hospitality that you want them to show. Make your bedrooms individual and peaceful, too, for one of the main requisites of hospitality is peace in your bedrooms you can create joy through the home.

Our Christmas Number will be replete with a variety of good things
Which Road Leads to Happiness?  
(Continued from page 31)
times when she considers it the better part of valor to live up to—it is a good business woman. But thru that sunset hour she had been talking of things which were close to her heart—she was being herself.

"And remember this," she said, her hand holding mine in a firm clasp, "happiness that has its foundation in selfishness turns to dead-sea fruit quicker than anything else—say that for me, please—happiness that has its foundation in selfishness turns to dead-sea fruit quicker than anything else.

She smiled, and the door closed between us.

Another day found me lunching with Alec Francis, that lovable old veteran of many pictures, who after climbing a long way thru the years has found at last a perfect role. It is he who has been selected to play Peter Grimm, the part made famous by David Warfield on the stage in "The Return of Peter Grimm." The choice seems ideal. It is always a difficult thing to follow a famous person in a famous role, but even Mr. Warfield's most ardent admirers are satisfied to trust Mr. Francis with the screen version.

"And how do you feel about it, yourself?" I asked him. "It makes me very happy," he said quietly—"happy because it is a part that is most sympathetic to me—I am always interested in the psychic, you know—and happy because there is harmony between me and my director—but the thing that makes me happier than playing Peter Grimm, is that fact that I was chosen to play it, that people feel it is right for me to play it. That makes me happy indeed..." but, I continued gravely, 'if the chance had passed me by..." "That would have been a tragedy!" I interrupted rudely. "No," he said, "that is just the point I wanted to make. It would not have been a tragedy. I might have been disappointed momentarily, but I would have realized that it was not my chance—that it was not mine to play. You see," he said, "I think I am something of a fatalist. In the last fifteen years I have learned not to be disappointed by the things that do not come my way. That is the secret of happiness—for me—at any rate, to take things as they come, and to know that if you do not spoil them by fretting and worrying, they will work out as they should—for you."

"And is your philosophy the greatest happiness that life has brought you?"

"Yes, call it that if you will—philosophy and friends. One of the greatest joys that has come to me thru the years has been the association with interesting minds. One of the happiest rewards of my work in pictures has been the friendships it has made possible."

The talk drifted to crystal-gazing, to organized charity, to comedy, to parties, but thru it all ran that little detached note of the Observer. Alec Francis has not merely lived—he has watched life. He knows what it has done to him and to other people. He has distilled the essence from every experience—and as Peter Grimm he makes it even more perfectly. Death seems the great natural tomorrow—the logical sequence of today.

Without health and without wealth, I venture to think that Alec Francis would still have happiness—certainly a large measure of it, for his happiness is a
EAT CANDY AND GET SLIM!

If you crave sweets—then you can have slim! SLIM makes the best tasting candies. Sweet in quality to the most exquisite fruit. They contain a special herb not found in ordinary candies. These herbs make them instead of building fat cells, dissolve them. Try them. Each taste—each ... the most scrumptious recipes. And do not forget your BARON SLIM. Send only a dollar till for large size pack of SLIMS and start getting slim without further delay. If your dealer does not handle SLIMS send in coupon direct.

AN PERFECT LOOKING NOSE CAN EASILY BE YOURS

Trade Mark! No. 25 corrects now all disfigured noses quickly, permanently and comfortably at home. Safe, painless, guarantees immediate and permanent results. It will actually give you a perfect looking nose. Over 25,000 satisfied users. For years recommended by physicians. Get yours today. For Men and Women. Medical Aid for Children. Write for circular.

T. H. TRITELY, Pioneer Nose-Shaping Doctor, Binghamton, N. Y.

FORM DEVELOPED

My Big Three Part Treatment is the ONLY ONE HAVING FULL DEVELOPMENT without holding or additional... you a guarantee of TWO DOLLARS 14-DAY FREE TREATMENT. If it's GENUINE DIAMOND.

BLUEWHITE'S $985 SPECIAL OFFER

For our Diamond set in a favorite K white Gold setting. Many valuable stones will add at $25. Set by the same expert who cut the one—same cut and finish. A beautiful ring and we will refund your money.

M. T. STETSON, 70 W. 34th St., New York

LADIES ALL SICK HOSIERY PAIRS FOR $1

MEN'S SOCKS 10 PAIRS $1

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Advertising Section

Balboni, who is rapidly becoming one of the most artistic directors to appear in the movies, has again achieved a success with "Silence." His pictures, both in terms of acting and direction, are of a quality that is rare in Hollywood. Balboni's work is a testament to his dedication and talent. He has a unique ability to bring out the best in his actors, creating performances that are both memorable and heartfelt. His latest film, "Silence," is a perfect example of his directorial prowess and his commitment to excellence in the art of filmmaking. Balboni is certainly a shining star in the world of cinema, and his work is sure to continue to inspire and captivate audiences for years to come.
No more dull, faded Blonde hair!

DULL, streaky or darkened blonde hair can now be restored to its natural charming beauty. This is thru a marvelous new light shampoo, called Blondex, which brings back the original golden loveliness to darkened light hair in a natural, gradual way. Keeps already beautiful blonde hair from darkening. Makes hair soft, silky and glisteningly lustrous.

Blondex is not a dye. Contains no injurious chemicals. Highly beneficial to hair and scalp. Fine for children's hair. Over one-half million users. Satisfaction guaranteed or money gladly refunded. Get Blondex at all drug and department stores.

BLONDEX

The Blonde Hair Shampoo

LATEST

Model

EARNS LADIES' WRIST WATCH

LADIES go watch of latest, durable, 6-year guaranteed movement. 23-yrs. white faced ladies colored case with white gold buckle $8.00; Mont Blanc $20.00. Write for free catalog with details. U.S. SUPPLY CO. Dept. P-458, GREENVILLE, Pa.

Down

Your choice of World's Best Typewriter—Underwood — Remington-L. C. Smith—Royal or Oliver on 10 Days FREE Trial at new rock bottom prices. Save $40 to $50

Standard full-size manual typewriter, adjustable crown, automatic ribbon, tabulator, hard rubber, etc., fully assembled and guaranteed new.

FREE Course in Touch Typewriting

Send for free catalog showing typewriter illustrated. Send 40c. will mail free trial and attractive easy payment plan. Write today.

INTERNATIONAL, TOUCH-TYPWRITER EXCHANGE

184 W. Lake St., Dept. 120S 1 Chicago, Ill.
ADVERTISING SECTION

Now—from Europe, this
AMAZING Liquid
that gives a
PERMANENT WAVE
Two famous French scientists have discovered a remarkable liquid for permanent waving of your hair. It is named Viotoline (Vio-to-leen). You merely wet the hair with the liquid and then curl in the usual manner with ordinary curlers or heated curling iron. You'll be delighted with the soft, natural waves. But all of the best wave stays—beautiful and neat for over two weeks. Imagine how simple it all will be, this new, wonderful
way! 4 oz. bottle, $1.50—enough for 25 waves.

Viotoline Laboratories, Inc., Dept. B.
367 Third Avenue, New York
Endorsed find such 6c, which sends you a free sample bottle of Viotoline—enough for 1 permanent wave.

Why Do Wealthy Men and Titled Men So Often Marry Actresses?

THERE have been several motion picture stars whom people considered to be members of high-class or titled sons of fine old European families. These people condemned celebrities. To a few short years they stepped from poverty and obscurity to riches and social positions.

Miss Wilson has written a frank story about these girls and it is a story that you will want to read.

The Champagne Life

Does a woman love more than one? Here is a short story about the people surrounded with the wealth and glamour that only movie stars know. A real star and there are many others who have been only movie stars in their time. They have had a great deal of money to spend. A great deal of money to spend. A great deal of money to spend. A great deal of money to spend.

Who is the Greatest Lover?

The American man is born in his declarations of undying devotion. The Italian is fervent. The Spaniard is romantic. But which one among them is the greatest lover?

Look at all the old actors—how they strutted and gestured! Acting all the time—children playing! That's acting. I want to do more than that. It takes more than that to make me happy, but I don't know what—I don't know what brings happiness.

They are ready for you on the set. Mr. Gilbert; stage twelve.

Cinema Cinderellas

There is another thing about stardom... after you've known the fame and thousands of dollars weekly that it brings.

Time and time again movie stars marry men with titles or millions or both.

The article which Beatrice Wilson has contributed to the January Motion Picture Magazine tells the inside stories of several of these cinema Cinderellas.
free!

If you want to know
— How to make an impression on people
— How to attract valuable friends
— How to develop your personality
— How to acquire complete poise
— How to apply culture to dress
— How to speak with beauty and charm
— How to make your voice cultured
— How to overcome timidity
— How to compel attention
— How to suggest a cultural background
— How to be at ease in any company

Send for your copy of this interesting book. Mail the coupon for it today!

Why Even Well-Bred People Often Feel Out of Place

CULTURE is not a matter of studied rules and regulations. Etiquette is merely the expression of culture—the outward manifestation of a desire to appear well-bred.

Even the well-bred often feel awkward and uncomfortable in a highly cultivated society. Yourself, for example. Haven't you—who are thoroughly well-bred, you who know the rules of good society—haven't you at some time or another felt out of place, the least bit...well, inferior? Haven't you felt embarrassed, ill at ease, as though you somehow didn't "belong"?

Why? Not because you weren't as well-bred as those other people. Not because you didn't know as well as they how to conduct yourself.

Have you ever attributed it to the fact that you are not quite sure of yourself? That you can not talk confidently enough about the things in which cultured people are interested—art, music, literature? That your personality is undeveloped, that you lack that final touch of social charm that will attract people to you instantly, everywhere?

What Is Culture?

Culture, in its final analysis, is knowledge. How to dress, and speak; how to attract the right sort of people; how to make visits, and how to entertain, and how to give a cultural impression on all occasions.

Are you sure of yourself? Or do you concentrate on mere etiquette to try to hide that which is lacking? The final touch. The important cultural touch that no amount of etiquette can give.

Why don't you enrich your personality and acquire new poise and assurance by giving yourself a fine cultural background? Why don't you make yourself appealing, likable—to all people? Why don't you acquire the culture that you simply must have to feel at home in any society, at ease in any gathering?

You can do it! You can make yourself acquainted with the finer things of life—give yourself a complete cultural training—through the remarkable Science of Culture recently perfected by authorities.

Be Sure to Send for Free Book

We shall be very glad indeed to tell you more about this fascinating subject—more about culture and what it can mean to you—more about the unique Science of Culture that well-bred people everywhere are discussing.

Let us send you at once, without the slightest cost or obligation to you, a copy of the illustrated book "The Development of Culture." Not only does it reveal important secrets of poise, confidence and cultural self-improvement to you—but it outlines the Science of Culture, and tells you everything about it you want to know.

We urge you to send for your copy NOW before you forget—before it is too late. Use this special coupon.

Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. C-7812, Garden City, N. Y.

Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. C-7812
Garden City, N. Y.

Without obligating me in the least, please send me at once your illustrated booklet which describes the Science of Culture—and tells me how I can obtain it on seven days' free trial. I understand the free book contains many important and interesting secrets of culture.

Name________________________ Address________________________
City________________________ State________________________

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY.
Greatest Value Ever Offered
The New Improved Inkograph
The Perfect Writing Instrument

ANSWERS the purpose of both pen and pencil combined. Its point is shaped like a fine lead pencil point and writes with ink free and easy without a miss, skip or blur. The steady uniform flow of ink actually improves your handwriting. Won’t blot, scratch, leak or soil hands.

Combines the Best Features of Pen and Pencil

minus the weak points of both, plus improvements not found in either. The lead pencil smudges, the point breaks and its writing soon is obliterated. Most fountain pens skip, scratch, flood, clog, leak, blot, soil hands and clothing. The old stylo-graphic ink pencil dries up, balks, blots, writes heavy, flows unevenly and is never reliable. The Inkograph feeds as fast and uniform on the 20th page as it did on the first.

Cannot Leak

Not the tiniest drop of ink will spill although one filling is sufficient to write thousands of words.

Makes 3 to 4 Carbon Copies
at one time with original copy in ink. Bear down as hard as you like, without fear of bending, spreading, injuring or distorting its 14Kt solid gold point.

Draws Lines to a Ruler
without smearing, smudging or blurring the paper. Writes with any color of ink.

Requires No Blotter
The ink dries as fast as you write, because the flow is fine, even and uniform.

Patent Automatic Feed
Prevents clogging. No complicated mechanism to clean or get out of order. A year’s guarantee certificate with full directions accompanies each Inkograph and is your absolute protection.

An Instrument of Refinement
In appearance it is extremely attractive. Its beautifully highly polished finest quality of hard rubber, its 14Kt solid gold point and feed, gold band on safety screw cap, gold self-filling lever and gold clip make it an instrument of distinctive elegance and refinement. The equal in size, workmanship and material of any $7, $8 or $9 fountain pen. Also made in ladies’ size.

Inkograph Co., Inc., 187-61 Centre St., New York City

DEALERS: Send for Our Catalog and Trade Prices

INKOGRAPH Co., Inc. 187-61 Centre St., New York City
Gentlemen: You may send me your Inkograph Style No. I will pay postman $2.98 plus postage on delivery.

Name

Address

City State

SEND NO MONEY
Your name and address and the style number of the Inkograph of your choice are sufficient. Pay the postman $2.98 plus postage on delivery. Specify if you want ladies’ size. When cash accompanies order Inkograph will be sent postpaid. If within ten days the Inkograph does not prove satisfactory return it and we’ll refund your money.

AGENTS: Sell Inkographs, make bigger profits, more sales, without Inkograph or write for special sales plan booklet.
Now—a fine "hard-milled" soap that fairly caresses your skin

You’ve often watched her in a crowd . . . the girl with the wonderful complexion. Eyes follow wherever she goes, admiring—wistful—a trifle envious, for what girl does not long for a skin with rose-petal tints and texture? Everybody admires a lovely complexion. Beauty inspires the kneeling courtier . . . leads on to romance, love and happiness.

Advice of Skin Specialists
If you go to a reputable dermatologist—a physician who knows all about skin and treatments for it—he will be sure to tell you that water and the right soap should be used every day to keep your skin youthfully fresh and smooth.

But be sure you use the right soap—one that is firm, not squidgy; one that cleanses the pores but does not clog them.

Choose Cashmere Bouquet as the soap for your face, your hands and the delicate skin of your neck and shoulders. Cashmere Bouquet is “hard-milled”, which means that each cake is put through special processes which make it firm and hard—not the least bit squidgy. Its lather is all lather. There is no undissolved soap to crowd into pores, stay there and cause enlarged pores and then—blemishes.

An Indescribable Fragrance
Among the delights of using Cashmere Bouquet is its lasting, damity fragrance, the result of essences that have been a Colgate secret for generations. It is this fragrance which prompts so many to lay a cake of Cashmere Bouquet among their choicest silks and other fabric treasures.

But let’s get back to the subject of Cashmere Bouquet and your skin.

Try This Treatment—Watch Results
Wet the face with warm water. Work up a thick Cashmere Bouquet lather. Massage this into the skin with the fingertips until the skin feels refreshed and alive. Rinse in warm water. Then a dash of cold. Pat the face dry with a soft towel. If the skin is inclined to be dry, rub in a little Colgate’s Charmis Cold Cream.
Two Gifts in One

-a pair of Kum-a-parts for his cuffs
-the hand-decorated chest for his cigarettes

See this handsome Kum-a-part Gift of double delight at Jewelers' and the better Men's Shops—$5 complete.

The most popular cuff button in the world in a presentation package worthy of the jewelry it holds. Every man knows and acclaims the Kum-a-part with its click-open, snap-shut action—the one cuff button that combines smart style with guaranteed lifetime service.

The Name KUM-A-PART is stamped on the back of each button. It's easy to identify the genuine; it's hazardous to accept a substitute.

If your dealer cannot show you the Kum-a-part in this new gift chest, send his name and $5.00 to the Baer & Wilde Co., Attleboro, Mass., and you will be supplied quickly.

Jewelers' and smart men's shops are showing Kum-a-part Kuff Buttons in a number of other handsome designs suitably boxed for giving. Priced up to $25 the pair, according to quality. THE BAER & WILDE CO., Attleboro, Mass., U.S.A.

---another Smart Gift for a Man.

The New Kum-a-part Dress Set with the patented "Easy-tomane" lid.
YOUTH IN FOX PICTURES

Not content with having secured great successes of the stage and the most popular novels and short stories of the world's leading writers, the makers of Fox Pictures have gathered the greatest array of talent ever assembled by one company to portray the roles in these notable photoplays.

Established favorites of the screen, of course! But more! Youth—golden, glorious youth—moves through every photoplay that bears the name of Fox. Youth—incarnation of the spirit of the screen—in Fox Pictures has come into its own.

Janet Gaynor, Madge Bellamy, Olive Borden, Kathryn Perry, Margaret Livingston, Florence Gilbert—beautiful, young Fox stars, whose names are known to you all; Sally Phipps and Nancy Nash, whom you soon will be admiring.

And among the men: Edmund Lowe, George O'Brien, Charles' Farrell, Leslie Fenton, Richard Walling, Allan Forrest, Earle Foxe, and Barry Norton, a squadron of brilliant young players, all bearing the banner of youth through Fox Pictures.

Stars of today and stars of tomorrow, guided by the greatest directors and presented in the leading successes in fiction and drama—of such material have Fox Pictures been fashioned.

Watch for Youth in these Fox Pictures:

THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM
MOTHER MACHREE
THE AUCTIONEER
THE CITY
SUMMER BACHELORS
THE MONKEY TALKS

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Which Eyes Are the Keenest?
Blue—brown—hazel—or gray?

Test them now and win these rare prizes

What color eyes really see motion pictures and what color merely look at them? I wonder! Here is a chance to test your own. For the best answers to my six questions, I have chosen these rewards.

To the member of the fair sex with the keenest eyes, I shall give the beautiful Dutch cap I wear in the "Red Mill."

Youmen aren't forgottenither. Owen Moore, who plays opposite me in the "Red Mill", promises to give the most observing man the ice-skates he uses in this picture.

To the next 50 best, I will send my favorite picture specially autographed.

Begin now—blue eyes, brown, hazel and gray... and good luck to you all.

Marion Davies
Marion's Six Questions

1. Who are the wives of the following directors (they are all prominent screen actresses): Rex Ingram, King Vidor, Fred Niblo and Robert Z. Leonard?

2. What recent Elinor Glyn story has been brought to the screen by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer?

3. Name and describe in not more than 50 words the popular comic strip character which Marion Davies is portraying in a Cosmopolitan production.

4. Who is M.G.M's new Western star and what unusual language does he use?

5. What famous Latin quotation appears on every M.G.M film and what does it mean?

6. What great star appears in "The Temptress" and what is her native land?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1542 Broadway, New York. All answers must reach us by January 15th. Winner's name will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

Note:—If you do not attend the picture yourself, you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In the event of a tie, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winner of the Norma Shearer Contest of October
Lucie M. Wiltshire
1330 L St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Autographed pictures of Miss Shearer have been sent to the next fifty prize winners.
Mr. Jannings In Hollywood
An Editorial

EMIL JANNINGS is now in Hollywood, where he will remain for the next few years making American motion pictures. And everywhere you go, tongues wag in discussion of whether or not this great character actor will survive Hollywood. Whether or not he will be proof against the things which changed Pola Negri and other imported artists.

Art, they tell us, has no commercial value. Art, they say, is not for the masses. And pictures made in Hollywood must pay for themselves in the admissions that pass into the box-offices throughout the country.

But we are not convinced. We believe it is quite practical and possible for Emil Jannings to appear in pictures that will please the most carping critic . . . that will enthral the masses . . . that will delight the cinematic connoisseur.

Which is another way of saying that we believe Emil Jannings a very great artist.

And true art, in our opinion, has a universal appeal. Symbolism, highfalutin notions, and profound abstractions, on the other hand, will never be generally appreciated.

We remember a Sunday afternoon in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. We had stopped before Rodin's statue, "The Hand of God." It shows a mighty hand cupped to hold the figures of a man and woman lying in an embrace. We watched the faces of many people as they passed the pedestal supporting this famous marble. Almost everyone paused, at least.

Then an art student, probably from Greenwich Village, came along. His tie was flowing and his hair longer than it needed to be. He bent his leonine head this way . . . that way. He stood enraptured. He knew the beauty of the conception and the perfection of the sculpture.

A work-weary mother with a little boy of five and a baby tugging at her shabby skirt stopped there. She said nothing and made no gestures such as the art student had made. But it wasn’t until the little boy became restless to go and see the mummies that she passed on, with reluctance, in an habitual answer to the impatient, demanding tug at her skirt.

She felt "The Hand of God" in her way . . . The art student felt "The Hand of God" in his way . . .

And the many others who stopped there felt it in their way . . .

That is art. We do not believe that great art is some secret known only to the privileged few. We believe it is a simple representation of some truth or truths . . . and this we think is the thing which Emil Jannings has to give, whether he stands under the lights of a Hollywood or a Berlin studio.
TABLE OF CONTENTS

An Editorial. ............................................................................. 5
The Bulletin Board ..................................................................... 8
Last minute news and a title contest

Gallery of Portraits .................................................................. 11
Camera studies in portraits of Marion Davies, Reginald Denny, Olive Borden, Red Grange, Vera Reynolds, Tom Mix, Ray Wray and Dolores Costello

Cinema Cinderellas ................................................................. 19
A fresh story of the movie stars who have married both wealth and title

The Young Chaplins .................................................................. 21
A camera study of Charlie's two children, snapped in Beverly Hills

"The Path of Glory" .................................................................... 22
Helen Carlisle

The Champagne Life ................................................................... 24
A short story about a movie star who loved many men until One Man came into her life and then—

A Christmas Carol ................................................................. Elizabeth Benneche Petersen 27
Miss Davenport was a Christmas child

Movie Husbands ....................................................................... 28
A layout of humorous drawings—and you'll recognize them all

We Interview Florence Vidor .................................................. Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher 30
A double interview in the form of a one-act playlet with the Dark Lady of the screen

Lila and Her Two Jimmies ....................................................... 33
A camera study of the Kirkgood Trio

As Others See Us ....................................................................... 34
Grace Corson

Some Women Have All the Luck ............................................. Dwinelle Benthall 36
Alice Terry contrasts the men of various nations in the love scenes she has played with them

You Never Can Tell .................................................................. 38
Heidi KomTOR as a romanticist

Crazy Quilt ............................................................................... 39
Adle Orniston

Corinne Commands a Right Good Crew ................................. 42
When she goes sailing on her yacht "The Wanderlust"

The Limerick Liner ................................................................... 43
Last lines needed! Prizes offered!

Christmas in the Home ......................................................... Stephen Gooson 44
Ideas and suggestions for holiday decorations

Motion Picture Junior ............................................................ 46
Announcing the winners in the Felix Contest

Movie Mother Goose ............................................................. Ken Chamberlain 48
Some more amusing drawings and jingles for those who know their movie pictures

Anna Q. Dares to Be Herself ...................................................... Gladys Hall 50
Miss Nilsson gives a fresh, honest story—and we print it

The Christmas Cards They Liked Best ................................. 52
Several stars select the favorite holiday card they received last year

The Conference ....................................................................... 54

The Editor Gossips .................................................................. 55
A. W. F. and Francekness guides her pen

Eight Holiday Offerings from the Studios ........................... 56
Scenes from some of the new photoplays

Merry Christmas, a la Parisenienne ....................................... 58
Arlette Marchal in modern Christmas fete attire

The Reluctant Cinderella ...................................................... Dorothy Manners 59
The unbelievable story of Patricia Avery, who was a stenographer a few months ago, and is now on her way to stardom

The Picture Parade .................................................................. 60
The Staff

On Location with the "Rough Riders" ................................... Alice Tildesley 64
The story of a large motion picture company on a colorful and romantic location trip

News of the Camera Coasts ................................................. Elizabeth Greer and Milton Howe 66
New and photographs gathered in the studios and social circles

Say It with Letters .............................................................. 70
The readers' open forum

That's Out ............................................................................... 71
Tamar Lane

"Shall I Go Into the Movies?" .................................................. Marion Meyer Drew 72
Readers of movie pictures which will guide you when you go shopping for film entertainment

The Answer Man .................................................................... 74
Questions—and answers
Glad to Tell Everybody What Your Course Did

I shall certainly be delighted to tell anyone what your course did for me. In fact, I have been telling people for the last three years and started several people in the work in Japan.

When one lives in New York, as I do now, and sees the number of wholly uneducated people who are teaching singing, it seems as if there ought to be some test for teachers. I think that learning ten operatic roles, one after another, is a pretty goad test of the condition of a person's throat, don't you? My voice doesn't seem to have suffered in the least from it.

Florence Mendelson, New York City.

Wouldn't Part With Course for $1,000.00

I have a great deal to say about this wonderful course, and want you to know that I am a happy man since taking it up. I needed your course badly, very badly. Being a teacher, I have to speak, at times, quite loud, and the strain on my throat was acutely felt, and hoarseness followed. My voice is absolutely clear and resonant now. In fact, I have no words to thank you enough.

It wouldn't part with my Course for a thousand dollars.

Julio C. De Vasconcellos, New Bedford, Mass.

Realizes the Dream of Her Life

A feeling of thankfulness comes over me to think I have found such an opportunity to cultivate my voice, it is the one great thing in my life to develop a beautiful voice, and to think that it is daily improving through your wonderful method brought right to my own door. I will now make you happy by saying, it is certainly the best investment I ever made.

Florence M. Clarke, 1489 Hill Ave, Vancouver, B.C.

Lost Voice Restored—Sings Better Than Ever

I am very glad to be able to inform you that the study and practice of your exercises is making a great change in my voice.

You may appreciate what this means to me when I tell you that an illness while in France weakened my throat so much that I was unable to sing for five years. However, after studying your lessons, I find that I can now sing as perfectly as ever. I was told by a friend who had heard me sing at a reception that I had never been in better voice than I am now.

Ralph Bartlett, Newton, N. H.

THE four letters on this page tell amazing stories of vocal development. They are from men and women who have learned that Physical Voice-Culture is the one, infallible, tested, scientific method of voice building. They are just a few of the thousands telling the same stories of success, in many cases, after all other methods of voice building had failed.

Your voice has fascinating dormant possibilities that you may not even realize. The new book, Physical Voice-Culture will show you how to build up a superb voice by the development of muscles whose existence you never suspected. No matter what condition your voice is in now, it can be improved at least 100% or every cent of tuition will be cheerfully refunded without question when you have finished the course.

Just a few years ago, Bert Langtre's voice was almost destroyed by catarrh and asthma. An impediment in his speech caused him untold embarrassment and suffering. Now he is singing in Grand Opera in California, "An unusual case," he says. Not at all. He merely took advantage of the opportunity you are given here.

Build up your voice the simple, easy, natural way by silent physical exercises in the privacy of your own home. The Physical Voice-Culture method is ideally adapted to home study. It is being taught as successfully by correspondence as by personal instruction. No one need know that you are studying until you have developed a strong, beautiful voice. When you are constantly urged to sing or speak at your church, at private receptions or public functions—when you are the most popular person in your circle of acquaintances, then you will know the rich rewards of Physical Voice-Culture.

If You Can Pass These Tests You Can Develop a Superb Singing Voice

1. Can you open your mouth wide enough to insert two fingers between your teeth?
2. Can you swallow five times in succession?
3. Holding your hand to your throat, can you feel the cords vibrate when you sing or speak?
4. Can you hold your breath for 30 seconds?
5. Are you determined to sing or speak well?

If you answer "yes" to these questions, you have a potentially fine voice that can be developed magnificently by PHYSICAL VOICE CULTURE.

Mail This Coupon

Find out at once about the wonderful possibilities of your voice—possibilities that you have never realized! Simply send coupon for FREE book. Read the astounding true stories of what others have done. This may be the turning point in your life. Mail coupon today.

Perfect Voice Institute
1922 Sunnyside Ave. Studio 12-61, Chicago, Ill.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
MARY ASTOR isn't such an old-fashioned girl, after all. Only a month or so ago she became engaged to Irving Asher, a First National production manager, and vowed to love him "forever after" (she had just completed a picture with that title). Then her work took Mary to Texas on location, and while there her feelings for Irving became rather vague and lukewarm. So on her return Mary broke the engagement, very sweetly announcing, "We're still friends. We just decided while I was away that we weren't suited to each other." At least you must give her credit for deciding it before, instead of immediately after the wedding, which is the usual procedure in the film colony. They were to have been married at Christmas time.

F. B. O. will bring another of Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter's stories to the screen. Evidently "Laddie" was a success. The next will be "The Magic Garden." No feminine members of the cast have been announced yet, but this picture will mark the reappearance of Raymond Keane, for the first time since his rather ill-fated leading role in "The Midnight Sun." Raymond is a nice boy, but he couldn't become famous overnight, any more than any other child can. Phillip de Lacy and William V. Mong are also in the cast.

Mal St. Clair's next picture for Famous Players will be "The Cross-Eyed Captain." Ben Turpin is not in the cast. And, furthermore, it is serious drama, something quite foreign to the nature of Mr. St. Clair, who, as everyone knows, has built his fame on his flair for sparkling comedy. It will be interesting to see what he can do in a heavier medium. The cast has not been announced.

And speaking of Ben Turpin—since being torn from his old stamping ground at the Mack Sennett studio, he has planned to go into vaudeville. He was on the verge of this once before, just before the first Mrs. Turpin died, and he will use the act he prepared at that time. Watch for him in the Keith-Albee houses.

Our award for change of title this month goes to Warner Brothers, who will screen Victorien Sardou's play, "Cyprienne," under the title, "Dont Tell the Wife." Paul Stein will direct this promising piece, with Irene Rich and Lilyan Tashman as material.

The second prize goes to Famous Players. When Vincent Lawrence's play, "Face to Face," becomes a starring vehicle for Florence Vidor, it will be called "Afraid to Love." Besides the lovely star, William Powell is the only member of the cast so far selected. Frank Tuttle will direct.

Dr. Ludwig Berger, well-known German director, has been imported by Fox Films. He will arrive in Hollywood in March, to work side by side with his compatriot, Murnau, who is now busy making "Sunrise" at the Fox West Coast studio. Two of Dr. Berger's pictures are more or less familiar to the American public, "The Waltz Dream" must have been seen by practically the whole population, as it arrived at a time last summer when moving picture palaces were the only breath of relief from the intense heat. Dr. Berger's version of "Cinderella" was shown in New York to a smaller audience.

The cast of "Song of the Dragon," which is Lothar Mendes' second American picture, recently repaired to Washington for a few days. This tale abound in spies and war-time atmosphere, and the capitol was necessary as a background for several scenes. And so President Coolidge had the pleasure of meeting Dorothy Mackaill, Lawrence Gray, William Collier, Jr., Gail Kane, and a few others. Which was really very democratic of the President, following as it did on the royal heels of Queen Marie.

Some degrees of deformity are impossible, even to Lon Chaney. He evidently couldn't perform all the feats required of him as "Mambo the Armless," so another story has been selected for his next picture. This time it will be "Mister Wu," quite obviously a Chinese tale. Will Nigh will direct.

Doris Kenyon insisted on marrying Milton Siils and going on their honeymoon in spite of the influenza from which she had been suffering up to the day of the wedding. And as a consequence

(Continued on page 3)
I Was Afraid of This New Way to Learn Music
— Until I Found It Was Easy As A-B-C

Then I Gave My Husband the Surprise of His Life

"D"...not be silly, Mary. You're perfectly foolish to believe you can learn to play music by that method. You can never learn to play the piano that way...it's crazy! You are silly to even think about it."

"But, Jack, it's..."

"Mary, how can you believe in that crazy music course. Why, it claims to teach music in half the usual time and without a teacher. It's impossible!"

That is how my husband felt when I showed him an ad telling about a new way to learn music. He just laughed. His unbeliving laughter made me wonder. I began to feel doubtful. Perhaps I had been too optimistic—perhaps enthusiasm and the dream of realizing my musical ambitions had carried me away. The course, after all, might prove too difficult. I knew that I had no special musical talent. I couldn't even tell one note from another—a page of music looked just like Chinese to me.

But how I hated to give up my new hope of learning to play the piano. Music had always been for me one of those dreams that never-come-true. I had longed to sit down to the piano and play some old sweet song...or perhaps a beautiful classic, a bit from an opera, or even the latest jazz hit. When I heard others playing, I envied them so that it almost spoiled the pleasure of the music for me. For that is what entering in their friends and family...they were musicians. And I, I was a mere listener, I had to be satisfied with only hearing music.

I was so disappointed at Jack. I felt very bitter as I put away the magazine containing the advertisement. For a week I resisted the temptation to look at it again, but finally I couldn't keep from "peeking" at it. It fascinated me. It told of a woman who had learned to play the piano in 90 days! She had mastered the piano by herself, in her spare time, and at home, without a teacher. And the wonderful method she used required no tedious scales—no heartless exercises—no tiresome practising. Perhaps I might do the same thing!

So finally, half-frightened, half-enthusiastic, I wrote to the U. S. School of Music—without letting Jack know. Almost as soon as I mailed the letter I felt frightened. Suppose the course proved to be horribly difficult...suppose Jack were right after all!

Imagine my joy when the lessons started and I found that it was as easy as A-B-C. Why, a mere child could master it!

While Jack was at work, I started learning. I quickly saw how to blend notes into beautiful melodies. My progress was wonderfully rapid, and before I realized it, I was rendering selections which pupils who study with private teachers for years can't play. For thru this short-cut method, all the difficult, tiresome parts of music have been eliminated and the playing of melodies has been reduced to a simplicity which anyone can follow with ease.

Finally I decided to play for Jack, and show him what a "crazy course" had taught me. So one night, when he was sitting reading, I went casually over to the piano and started playing a lovely song. Words can't describe his astonishment. "Why...why..." he murmured. I simply smiled and went on playing. But soon, of course, Jack insisted that I tell him all about it. Where I had learned...when I learned...how? So I told of my secret...and how the course he had laughed at had made me an accomplished musician.

One day not long after, Jack came to me and said, "Mary, don't laugh, but I want to try learning to play the violin by that wonderful method. You certainly proved to me that it is a good way to learn music."

So only a few months later Jack and I were playing together. Now our musical evenings are a marvelous success. Every one compliments us, and we are flooded with invitations. Music has simply meant everything to us. It has given us Popularity! Fun! Happiness!

If you, too, like music...then write to the U. S. School of Music for a copy of the booklet, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," together with a Demonstration Lesson, explaining this wonderful new easy method.

Don't hesitate because you think you have no talent. Thousands of successful students never dreamed they possessed musical ability until it was revealed to them by a wonderful "Musical Ability Test." You, too, can learn to play your favorite instrument thru this short-cut method. Send the coupon. The Demonstration Lesson showing how they teach will come AT ONCE.

Address the U. S. School of Music, 601 Brunswick Building, New York. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

**U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC

601 Brunswick Bldg., New York City**

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Demonstration Lessons and particulars of your Special Offer. I am interested in the following course:

Have you above instrument? __________ Name. __________

Address __________

City __________ State __________

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Winter sports at Mount Royal—

A crystal world—diamond-bright air—fields of snow that sparkle with a million tiny flames—

Men and women in love with life, as they skate, ski, toboggan against the cold, warm in their glistening furs...

They go from tropical seas to twenty degrees of frost, these pleasure-loving women of the leisure class—yet manage to achieve a skin always smooth, soft, flawless in texture.

How do they do it? What soap do they find, pure enough and fine enough to keep their skin in perfect condition summer and winter?

We asked 270 women guests at beautiful Mount Royal in Montreal what soap they use for the care of their skin.

166 answered, "Woodbury's Facial Soap!"

"Soothing—delightful—refreshing," they said. "The only soap that does not irritate my skin." "It is all that a soap should be."—"A perfect soap!"

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's Facial Soap is made. This formula not only calls for the purest and finest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury’s lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet of famous skin treatments for overcoming common skin defects.

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

Your Woodbury Treatment for ten days — Now—the new large-size trial set

The Andrew Jergens Co.
1301 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed $20.00 please send me the large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, and the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address: The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1301 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

Copyright, 1926, by The Andrew Jergens Co.
MARION DAVIES

This is the girl of whom they used to say "Pretty—but dumb!" Now she's Hollywood's favorite daughter. Her dressing-room is a salon where she dispenses wit, beauty, and good-fellowship to all comers. Her sparkling talents as a comedienne will next be revealed in "Tillie the Toiler"
The screen is crowded with Americans trying to act like Englishmen, but Reg is the only Englishman we know of who tries to act like an American and gets away with it. His comedies are both typically American and very funny. So long as he can keep this up, he's safe. Watch for "The Cheerful Fraud."
Olive's attractions include youth and high-powered beauty. And if you are not already acquainted with her on the screen, you will be soon, for she is making rapid strides to the top. She has won the feminine leading rôle in "The Monkey Talks"
Behold the only athlete who brought to the screen something besides his famous name, and whose head hasn't been turned by the bells which rang out the triumph of his first picture. The screen needs these modest heroes, so it's good news that when the football season is over, Red's going back to Hollywood to do another. Incidentally, he's putting himself to the test—there will be no football in the story this time.
VERA REYNOLDS

Vera Reynolds has been brought up in the Cecil De Mille tradition. She has all the familiar attributes of a De Mille heroine plus a certain piquante flavor which sets her apart. H. B. Warner will play opposite her in "The Little Adventuress"
The most sumptuous and expensive cowboy in existence, who can still ride and do stunts with—and even beyond—the best of them, Tom sits solidly on his glittering throne as king of the Westerns. You will see him next in "The Canyon of Light"
DOLORES COSTELLO

Dolores seems to fit perfectly your conception of all your favorite heroines. No wonder directors clamor for her. It is a tribute to the power of her personality that her popularity increases in spite of poor pictures. She will star in "The Third Degree"
Another unknown, destined for fame. Two things augur well for the future of Fay Wray. One, that she has worked under the guidance of Erich von Stroheim, who lifted her from obscurity to the leading rôle in "The Wedding March." The other—well, if your eyes have strayed from her face long enough to read these lines, look again. She will pursue her career in "Children of Divorce"
Evidently Constance Talmadge didn’t find society especially worth her while. For her divorce from Captain Mackintosh will put an end to the social prestige she enjoyed on her last trip abroad.

Even if Peggy Hopkins Joyce doesn’t use her title of Countess Morner in democratic America, it gives her many advantages when she travels in Europe.

Cinema Cinderellas
Who Have Married Men of Wealth and Title

By Lucille Leblanc

A CHARMING dining-room in London’s most fashionable residential section. The hum of many voices; the musical ring of a woman’s laugh; the sparkle of gorgeous jewels; white arms catch the light of crystal chandeliers and shine like marble: the soft tones of old masters on paneled walls form a mellow background for the colorful, glinting, shining scene. Snowy napery and gleaming silver. The blush of tropical fruits: the sparkle of champagne. The fragrance of hot-house flowers, rare as the splendid jewel which glistens on the girlish throat of the hostess.

Famous names. Celebrated faces. International personages are assembled here tonight to pay homage to the charm of a slip of a girl who sits at the head of the table.

On her right is the sleek blond head of the world’s most popular bachelor, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. On her left is the great Duke of ——. Across the table sits the famous Duchess of B——. Down the table sit other members of the nobility. The list of guests reads like pages of Burke’s Peerage.

But the eyes of all present are centered on the small yellow head of the hostess, and the ears of all present are listening to the words of the hostess, and the admiration of all present for the vivid personality and charm of the hostess is a tribute which only few humans can ever receive during the course of a lifetime.

It’s a far cry from the dinner-party described above to a narrow, humble street in Brooklyn, New York, U. S. A.
you recognize the large, sparkling brown eyes? The sleek, well-groomed blonde head? The flashing white teeth? The twinkle in the merry gaze? Of course! Our own Connie! The story of her career from the dark Brooklyn days until recently as one of London's most charming hostesses, would make Hans Anderson weep with tears of chagrin at the feebleness of his own imagination.

When Constance Talmadge used to hang around the studios in the old Biograph days, and wait patiently for another day's work as an extra, the wildest dreams of her fancy could never have conceived the destiny which awaited

(Continued on page 92)

Mae Murray, who acquired the title of Princess when she took Prince David Divani as a husband, declares that this marriage is her last

Then there's Gloria Swanson . . . little did she think when she was a Mack Sennett bathing girl that she would marry the handsome Marquis de la Coudray

Many of the leading social lights present at the party were, and still are for that matter, quite unaware of the existence of Brooklyn. Perhaps it is just as well. But the same yellow head presiding at the table and smiling sweetly into the face of Royalty, or chatting vivaciously with the other members of England's highest social circle, might have been seen not so very long ago, bobbing down the narrow, mean, poverty-stricken Brooklyn street. Perhaps the yellow head might have been going to the corner butcher for a bit of meat. Or to the grocer's for a bunch of carrots. Or to the local bakery for a nickel loaf of bread.

Who is it that sits at the head of the wonderful dinner-party in London? Who is the little girl running—in all probability—bare-legged down the street in Brooklyn? Can
The Young Chaplins

Charlie Chaplin has a press-agent to keep photographers and reporters and feature writers away from him and his family... rather than to arrange appointments. And his two babies have been so successfully guarded by nurses and servants at the Beverly Hills home of Charlie that no photographs have ever been made of them before. With Charles Spencer Chaplin, Junior, is his baby brother, Sidney Earle Chaplin.
Read the diary kept by Irving Sindler, a property-man on "Son of the Sheik," when the company was on location. It tells of unbelievable hardships which Rudolph Valentino experienced.

THREE of our leading film stars, Barbara La Marr, Willard Louis and Rudolph Valentino, have died within the year.

In each case it has been said that death came suddenly. But did it? Is it not possible, even quite probable, that these film players in a tense fight to gain greater fame, or to keep the fame that was theirs, ignored over a period of time the limitations of the human body?

Barbara La Marr, victim of a strenuous diet which brought about tuberculosis, certainly burned out the last spark of her vitality in "The Girl from Montmartre."

Willard Louis, who, after twelve years of obscurity in film work, gained fame in "Beau Brummel" with John Barrymore, was almost continuously on one set or another at Warner's studio during the last three years of his life. Making eight pictures a year, certainly it cannot be doubted that he was severely taxed physically. A new contract, calling for but four pictures a year was signed during the filming of his last picture. It came too late. Two days after the completion of "The Honeymoon Express," he was reported seriously ill. In a week he was dead.

The "sudden" death of Rudolph Valentino, idol of millions of motion picture fans, shocked America and Europe. Yet we in Hollywood who knew him from the "Four Horsemen" days onward were not so shocked. In}

Here is the company of "Beau Geste" on the desert where they filmed many of the scenes. Herbert Brenon wanted a location containing plenty of sand. He found it in the middle of the Arizona desert.

"The Path of
Is Hard Work and the Strain
Killing Our

During the filming of "Old Ironsides" a night explosion killed one of the actors. It was unavoidable because today players insist upon taking chances. The god of Hollywood is Realism. No cost is too great.

Barbara La Marr was a victim of the strenuous diet which brought about her collapse. But she most certainly burned out the last spark of vitality when she insisted upon working on "The Girl from Montmartre." She was ill and should have rested.
Glory... By HELEN CARLISLE

Attendant Upon Fame Screen Stars?

five years he changed from a blithe, happy youth to a weary man, his heavily shadowed eyes showing every indication of some serious illness. It is not difficult for us to believe that he paid for "Son of the Sheik" with his life, that he had not the physical resistance to throw off the strain of his last location trip which took him into the bitter wastes of the Arizona desert.

Irving Sindler, a property-man on "Son of the Sheik," kept a diary during the filming of the picture. Here are a few entries.

"Monday Night—In Camp. Oh, boy, what heat. It rose right up and snacked you in the face. Twenty miles of trek by auto and horse across the desert. Nothing but heat, sand and flies. Well, we'll get Mr. Valentino's lovely, beautiful desert scenes. This can't last forever.

"Tuesday. Miss Vilma Banky put her spoon in a bowl of something that looked like blackberry jam, and when the flies flew away it was the sugar bowl. Montagu Love is sick, but carrying on. He says it's the brackish water.

"Thursday. The thermometer in Mr. Valentino's tent went to 123 degrees at 11 o'clock. We worked in the sun, toiling up the side of a big sand dune. Our assistant director intended to take a shower this afternoon but news spread that somebody had killed a sidewinder (Continued on page 108)
THE CHAMPAGNE

Does a woman really love more than and there have always been Then she meets

"I'm happy . . . I'm miraculously happy!"
"I should think you would be! I'm glad to hear you admit it at last!"
"I've never admitted it before because I've never been happy before—not really."
"Oh, Nicole, that's nonsense! Forgive me, dear, but honestly, it is silly! You . . . why, you've had everything for the past four years . . . everything . . . How can you say a thing like that and mean it?"

"But I do mean it, Georgia. Until I met Michael I've never been really happy. Oh, I've been excited, thrilled, pleased, proud, peppy, even conceited, but I've never been happy and—there's a difference."
"Well, there may be, but it seems to me you would have to take a microscope to find it."
"No, it takes love to find it—real love."
"Oh, but darling, you've been in love before and you've recovered—rather faster than most, at that."
Nicole shook her beautiful, much-photographed dark head. "But I shan't get over this," she said, simply.
Once? Nicole is a star... many men in her life. Michael Strong...

LIFE

By Faith Service

"The movies are getting you, darling. They're getting into your blood. You're talking worse than the vilest subterfuges. You've had too many emotions, Nicole. Oh, they've been screen emotions, most of them. I'll grant you, Shadow stuff. But emotions, none the less. The only role you haven't been cast in is that of unrequited love and no director would be such an ass as to cast you in that part. You'd look so absurd. Sounds like flattery, but it's God truth, as none knows better than you, darling. So you must turn about and get you that rôle in real life. Nicole, you know as well as I do that if Michael Strong did one least little thing to displease you... forget the morning orchids or the car at the studio door or something like that you'd give him the gate quicker than he would be able to Charleston out of it. I've seen you throw over better men than Michael, nice as he is, for wearing the wrong color tie."

"I tell you, it's different—now."

"Every girl thinks it's 'different' every time she falls in love. So it is—a different man. But the gaff is the same. And you know it."

Nicole smiled. It was a disconcerting smile. It subtly and sweetly and positively denied all that Georgia had said. It portended many things. It hinted at depths, half-hidden, passionate, profound. Georgia recognized the suggestiveness of the smile. But she recognized, too, that Nicole was a clever actress and that she spent most of her waking hours in just that—acting. Nicole could "pull any line" she had a mind to. Just at present, it would seem, she had a mind to pull the Great Love stuff. The thing to do was to humor her. You had to humor Nicole. None knew that better than Georgia. You had to humor her if you wanted to get along with her. And it was undoubtedly the better part of wisdom, the buttered side of the bread, to get along with Nicole.

To get along with Nicole meant to have scads of her gorgeous, cast-off gowns, frothy gowns, beady gowns, severe little tailleurs with impeccable names sewed in them on embroidered satin labels; it meant silk hosiery with scarcely a pin prick of damage done them, slippers of every hue and texture, furs, tinted lingerie, negligées, perfumes, powders, fol-de-rols de luxe. It meant living for padded, swanky, lulling days in Nicole's gorgeous New York apartment. It meant traveling across continent with Nicole deluged with fruits, flowers, light literature, reporters and welcoming committees. It meant heavenly weeks and months in Nicole's sumptuous Beverly Hills estate. It meant the use of the cars; it meant luncheons at smart hotels, theater and supper parties—a champagne life. It meant sinking into the upholstery of a luxurious movie queen's life without any of the screen strain. Yes, it was wise to keep on the right side of Nicole.

Of course, humoring her as the victim of a great, perhaps an unrequited love, was going to be unusually trying. But it would pass in due course of time. Everything passed in due course of time with Nicole. Men passed quicker than anything else. Young Van Alstyne Perret who had deluged Nicole with rainstorms of purple orchids, offered her a town car and a roadster and the permanent use of his family name, the three hundred and ninety-ninth name of the four hundred.

Prince Mahmed Ben Ali who had given Nicole the priceless pigeon blood ruby, the Oriental rugs that were a Prince's ransom, the jewel casket exhumed from the tomb of the ancestor of Old Tut and a pleading proposal..."
for Nicole to return with him to Egypt, or wherever it was he came from, and reinstate the Ptolomies, or whatever kings they were.

Siegmund Lars, the Swedish star, who had killed himself with Nicole's miniature surrounded in diamonds on his forever silent heart.

Jackson Gatsby, son of old Gatesby, the Pork King, who spent his life and a reasonable share of his father's hog-got fortune trying to persuade Nicole that a mansion in Chicago was her logical abiding place and that while movie stars come and movie stars go, pigs is pigs forever.

Oh, Georgia could tap off twenty of them on her enameled fingertips without going to any mental exertion whatsoever. And now there was this Michael Strong under the spotlight, Nice boy, tall, well-knit, college-bred, wealthy, tan skin and tan hair and straight-gazing gray eyes. Nice boy, but... Of course, while it lasted, it would be ferocious. That was Nicole, too. Her whims were passionate whims, intensely conceived and intensely given in to. It was her capacity for hurling herself into the expedient emotion that had gone far to making her a screen star. She vibrated, not artificially, not even artistically, but actually, and her vibrations, instrumented by her rare dark beauty, "got across." She was restless and provocative and scornful. "There's something about her," the fans said, wonderingly. They couldn't quite figure out what it was. They continued to flood in to see her in order to find out. They never had... Of course, this was going to be bad for Nicole just now—this Great Love idea. She was about to start work on a new production and she was cast for the part of a lady of many loves, light, variant, whimsical, capricious. It wouldn't do for her to get out of character. That steady, inward burning light in her eyes, that quiet voice, that simple, sombre sense of Oneness—no, it would never do. Georgia considered what might be done about it. Nicole had dropped off to sleep, a vision, even to her best girl friend, lying, ivory-white and ruby-red among the frail lace cushions of her chaise longue.

After all, Georgia was her best friend. Her one real friend, it might well be. The other friends, if friends they would prove to be, were entrees into the charmed circle after the circle had been charmed. It would remain forever doubtful as to whether they would have been quite so friendly had they known Nora Barth of Highway, New Jersey.

Nicole Barth, in Highway, New Jersey, had belonged to no charmed circle. She had not, in fact, belonged to any circle at all. Fond Mamas had forbidden their daughters to "go" with Nora Barth. Who, said the fond Mamas, who and where was Mister Barth? No one knew. No one had ever known. This nebulous person had never done the respectable thing of materializing before the eyes of Highway, New Jersey. People said that he had been "an actor." Oh, but why bother about what people said—they said the usual things.

Mrs. Barth, faded and frail, took in sewing and lodgers. Men lodgers. There was nothing actually against her, of course... still...

There was nothing, actually, against Nora, either. Of course, she was too pretty to be quite "nice." No "nice" girl would have such mean white skin, such luminous dark eyes, such a twinkle of dark hair. The boys flocked around her... really, it wasn't decent. Georgia Paine alone had stuck to Nicole. She had given up other friends, given up being included in the "set" for the sake of Nora Barth. Her friendship had been based on disinterested, even sacrificial. It would seem, now, that Nora Barth had not been without her appreciation. She shared all of her stardom that was sharable with Georgia. The fruits thereof fell ripely into Georgia's hands. Georgia felt triumphant, as tho she had been personally responsible for Nora. She had been wont to say to some of the sneering girls back in Highway. "All right, you wait and see... Nora Barth is going to be Someone—then you'll all be sorry."

Well, they were all sorry, if that was any satisfaction, which it was. They were very sorry. Not one of them but what would have given more than a good deal to be invited to Nicole's apartment, to be seen about with Nicole. Not one of them ever was. It would seem, too, that Nora Barth was not without her vindictiveness. She didn't forget.

Georgia looked at her, reminiscently. She could still see the dark, silent, lovely thing Nora Barth had been. She remembered her passionate devotion to her frail, faded mother and her mother's adoration of her. "Mama, please let me do the dishes for you tonight... just once..." "Darling, I won't let you put your lovely hands in suds... I'll spare you that sort of thing, at any rate." "But Mama, I like to wash dishes. I like to sweep and bake and sew, I wish you'd let me help." It had been like that always. Silly, but so.

The day Nora Barth went to the studio in New Jersey. "I'm not good for anything else, Georgia. I can do anything real. I wish that I could. Mama has made my beauty all there is of me... it's because she loves me, of course..." Georgia remembered how wishfully Nora
They called her Carol, because her mother had been reading "The Birds' Christmas Carol," and her own little Christmas baby seemed so like the Christmas baby in the book that no other name really belonged to her.

If you're in a state where you think Christmas is a nuisance . . . and you know that all it will mean is days of difficult shopping . . . and eventually gifts you would never have chosen in a hundred years, then read this story . . . by all means.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

By Elizabeth Benneche Peterson

You just know Carol Dempster was born in December. I wish I could make the twenty-fifth her birthday, but it wasn't and I can't. It was the ninth. But that was near enough to Christmas day to keep the family in suspense—those four elder brothers and sisters and the mother and father, who all wanted a Christmas baby so badly.

She came just at the time when mysterious bundles were being met at the door by the grown-ups and carried up-stairs to some secret place for safe-keeping. When the children were writing long letters to Santa Claus and telling him they wanted more than anything else a real, live baby, and when boxes of holly and mistletoe were

(Continued on page 96)
There is the Romantic Young Husband. He is always seen adoring his wife and hovering over her solicitously... strangely silent while she innocently gets flirtatious with noted roués.

The wife of the Philandering Husband has a difficult time of it. She doesn't know how Anita Loos gets that way, saying that gentlemen prefer blondes. Blondes and brunettes are all the same to her husband, who forever neglects his own true wife for their charms.

The Innocent Husband has never learned what it is all about. His chief penchant is for becoming involved with wicked vamps... and it is never his fault. They always misunderstand him.
Drawings
by
Eldon Kelley
from a Suggestion
by
B. F. Wilson

The Brute Husband. After years of hoping that he will mend his ways or break his right arm, the little woman is always forced to flee with another.

The Strong Silent Husband. Ah... he is married to a difficult woman with a sharp tongue. But he can bear it. Because locked in his manly bosom is his great love for a childhood sweetheart.

The Dear Old Darby Husband who has never strayed from his silver-haired Joan. Nor has there ever been a cross word between them.

The Meal Ticket Hubby has a hard time of it. He is nothing more than an animated check-book. His wife and daughter neglect him for social affairs until the first of the month. Then he sees a great deal of them.
Florence Vidor is not reviving the eighteenth-century custom of society ladies of receiving morning callers while in bed. This is simply an impromptu conference between the director, Mal St. Clair, Miss Vidor and Monta Bell, the author (another famous director) during the filming of "The Popular Sin."

We Interview Florence Vidor

THE CAST
A Dark, Delightful Lady...Florence Vidor
We...Glady's Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher
The Gentleman with a Cane...Mal St. Clair


The interior of a conveyance which the American suburbanite would immediately recognize as a station taxi service, neither better nor worse. Seated side by side on the rear seat, holding perilously to the stuffing that emerges from the upholstery as the car takes off or is taken by the wayside bums are Glady's Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher.

The time is approximately eleven-thirty of a late Autumn morning—or it should be eleven-thirty even if it isn’t. Anyway, it’s Autumn.

A. W. F. (bitterly): Before prohibition... I mean before the war.

A. W. F. (witheringly): We’re late enough as it is.

A. W. F. (still cloaked in complacency): No, I’m talking about post-bellum matter. I should have arranged for the car.

A. W. F.: I have a feeling you have said something of the kind before. Your ingenuity in placing the burden of things that go wrong on my shoulders is commendable. May I suggest that if the same fiendish cleverness was applied to your work you might not have to cavil at a four-dollar fare?

F. V. (petulantly rubbing imaginary spots from her frock and arranging her beads to the best possible advantage): Does this dress look all right or is it just silly? I wouldn’t care so much if it were anyone but Florence Vidor... she always seems so right.
An Interview Playlet in One Act and Five Scenes

A. W. F.: 'Silly? I seem to recall how smart you thought it last season when...

G. H. (mordaciously): Last season! That's just IT!

A. W. F.: Anyway, it is Florence Vidor who is being interviewed today, you know, not you.

G. H.: Yes, and it's YOU who made the appointment. You're not as efficient as you were in the Maytime of your life, my dear friend. Time was when even you would have eschewed a studio luncheon even if the magazine had had to go to press with several blanks. It's hardly a treat, you know. Pork and beans . . . or a cheese sandwich, very storey . . . and coffee in thick cups and...

A. W. F.: Miss Vidor was busy today. And there was no help for it. And really you know, my dear Miss Hall, you're being paid for this. Paid well, too, if I may presume to say...

G. H.: You may presume all right. Much good it will do you—or me. I must say...

A. W. F. (counting out the remainder of the fare in dimes, nickels and quarters after seizing on the only paper money in her possession—singles): I wouldn't, Gladys—whatever it is.

G. H. (hopefully): Do you want my share now?

A. W. F. (with an uplifted eyebrow): Certainly. Do you think I am a philanthropist?

(The driver is paid and the interviewers disappear into the white marble portico of the building, where they are last seen arguing and protesting with that autocrat of autocrats, the doorkeeper, as the curtain mercifully descends upon this raffish scene.)

Scene II.—The suite occupied by Florence Vidor during her sojourn in the Eastern studios. In the dressing-room gay rose chintz hangs at the window. There is a vanity dressing-table of pale green enamel. There is a rose chintz slipper chair. Gorgeous garments hang in the charmingly crowded wardrobe.

A maid is putting things to rights.

In the adjoining reception-room the same rose chintz serves as decoration at the windows, on the cushions of the deep wicker chairs and on the chaise longue. Drawn up by the chaise longue is a table set for luncheon. A cozy table, damask-covered.

Miss Vidor, dark and slender, in a negligée of soft satin quilted with rose chiffon and designed in swirls of rarely beautiful colors is on the chaise longue reading "The Divine Lady," By E. Barrington. An appropriate selection.

Outside the door two voices are heard, raised in protest.

First Voice: We're frightfully late and no wonder. I knew that was the wrong way.

Second Voice: You know it now, you mean. So do I. What a place! Are you sure this is the door?

First Voice (tremulously): I'd hate to think how long it is since I've been sure of anything...

Second Voice: Well, are you going to stand here wallowing in self-pity or are you going about the job you're paid for too, or you'd know why?

(This has all been executed in sotto voce, or whatever you call it. It is to be fervently hoped that the diviner ladies have been sufficiently engrossed, one with the other, to be oblivious.

(At the sound of a knock Miss Vidor rises, opens the door and reveals to her probably appreciative eyes the two interviewers, such as they are.)

Florence Vidor (in her curious, low rich voice): How do you do, Miss Fletcher . . . Miss Hall . . .

G. H. (relieved): We hoped this was the right suite. Miss Fletcher isn't sure of anything, you see, so how could she be sure of this?

A. W. F. (sniffly—on the surface): We were afraid we might have tumbled into the men's corridor by mistake. At least, I was. Miss Hall might have enjoyed it. You know how some people are (giggling socially).

Florence Vidor (with a special sort of gayety—a genuine gayety that seems, nevertheless, to be overlaid on a special sort of sadness): I know, that's the way I am. (Hastily) Not sure of things, I mean. Especially studios. At home, they are very simple affairs. One story, you know, but here I lose myself several times a day traveling to and from the stages.

But do sit down. We'll have luncheon served immediately.

(It should be noted that the orbs of both G. H. and A. W. F. brighten illuminatingly)

Michael Arlen might have written about Florence Vidor, except for the fact that he paints her characters more flamboyantly. She has a sophisticated sparkle. And there is something slightly Continental about her in spite of her American background.
at sight of the table laid in the dressing-room suite. It promises something better than the gloomy prognostications that took place in the taxi.)

A. W. F. (trying to sound casually affable rather than gastronomically relieved): How pleasant to have luncheon served up here!

Florence Vidor: I cannot promise it will be pleasant. Ordering a luncheon in the studio presents difficulties. I've spent most of the morning with the menu trying to arrive at some decision about the general preference for boiled fish versus corned beef and cabbage.


G. H. (herself again after the entrée is safely before her): Is your little girl with you, Miss Vidor? Suzanne?

Florence Vidor: She will be tomorrow. I was very brave about leaving her at home. I thought she would be better off with her own friends and familiar surroundings. But I've lost my nerve, I think. I miss her so terribly. I've really been in a most depressed state, weeping at unaccountable times. I thought I would feel much better if I sent for Suzanne—and I did.

A. W. F.: Does Suzanne play with the children of motion picture people for the most part?

Florence Vidor: She and Jack Holt's little boy have splendid times together. But her other friends are the children of non-professionals. She has a little playmate

next door with whom she is especially intimate. They have played together since they were wee babies and they are still together most of their waking hours. They are an adorable combination. The little playmate has the qualities Suzanne lacks and vice versa. And then at school, too, she is away from theatrical influence.

G. H.: Would you want Suzanne to go on the screen when she grows up?

Florence Vidor: If she wants to. If she shows any marked ability or any strong desire. But somehow I don't think she will. She doesn't seem to have the slightest interest in theatricals. She never plays theater as most children do. And every time I take her to see me on the screen she cries. She hates seeing me. 'Barbara Frietchie' was the only picture of mine she really liked.


Florence Vidor: Possibly. She sees men making love to me and she doesn't like that. It somehow offends her tho she may not know why, probably doesn't. And then I think, too, that Suzanne feels badly because I work. I frequently impress upon her the fact that I do work. I do it for several reasons. One reason is so that she will not have an inflated idea of money. One day, some months ago, she came to me and asked me if we were not very rich. Some child at school had told her we were—that we must be because I was in pictures and all picture people were rich.

(Continued on page 117)
Lila Lee Kirkwood says she has captured the delightful spirit of Christmas again. Thru Jimmie Junior, of course. He's old enough to know about Santa Claus and such things now . . . and Lila says Jimmie Senior is almost as excited as his son and heir.
Aileen Pringle wears black velvet and crêpe with scarf sleeve.
Bebe Daniels' pajamas are of chiffon, satin and velvet in black and white.
(These costumes are not for sale)
"OPEN LETTER TO A COUNTRY COUSIN"

New York,

PATSY DEAR:

I scarcely dare tell you that shortly after you left for your home I went up to the Cosmopolitan Studio to see GLORIA SWANSON.

You never will survive having missed that, I suppose, but simply could not spare the time when you were here.

How I wish you could have met her, for she is everything that is dear and lovable. Sounds odd, doesn’t it, in view of the tremendous publicity that has been given her “regal dignity,” “temperament,” et al.; but Heaven help anyone who dares knock the little Marquise in my presence, it won’t be exactly safe to do!

I shall have far more to tell you next month, for I am going up there again in By Grace Corson

a week or two to do her latest wardrobe, which was still in the formative period at the time.

There have been many openings this month, but “The Sorrows of Satan” was most interesting to me because I had seen much of it in the making.

D. W. Griffith, who directed it, was, as usual, in hiding far up in a balcony, but Alma Rubens and Ricardo Cortez, Betty Blythe, Carol Dempster and Lois Moran and Estelle Taylor with, of course, Jack

(Continued on page 100)

---

Here are pins of brilliants, with the hats of black, red or green. The large head two inches high is $5. The small head one inch high is $2.95. The feather pin is $2.50. The baroque pearl necklace is fifty-two inches of beautiful quality, $3.95

An ostrich flower for shoulder or corsage in all the evening shades may be had for $1.75. It measures twelve inches across. Then there are chiffon flowers, measuring six inches across, for $2.00

Who would dream that this smart evening wrap is but a square of metal brocade, cleverly held to the figure? It may be had in a multitude of colors. Without ostrich, $25. The boa, twenty-five inches long, costs $5.95

Full details about articles sketched and Shopping Service Instructions on Page 100
"Little words. Little touches. Little looks. The foreign lover uses them all."

"Americans are so afraid they will 'make a fool' of themselves. They make a declaration of affection to you once and expect that to last."

Below are Lewis Stone and Alice Terry in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

"As a lover, Rudy always underacted, suggesting more than he gave—suggesting passion under restraint. That, I think, was the secret of his appeal."

The scene above shows Miss Terry with Mr. Valentino in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

"Wait until you see Petrovich in 'The Magician.' He suggests great forests, the plains and the sea. He is a lover among elemental things. Yet he is not crude."

The picture on the right shows Miss Terry with Petrovich in "The Magician."

Some Women Have

By Dwinelle

Love with all the trimmings! Romance, fire, poetry, passion, ecstasy and abandon! Love that is just love—love without prosaic conditions or practical angles. Love without the thought of grocery bills and leaky roofs—love, in short, that doesn't have to be subjected to the acid test of marriage.

Love for Lovers! The kind that all husbands have forgotten about, and that most of them never knew. That's the sort of love that the Great Screen Lovers give us, and that nine million and ninety-nine women feast upon in every theater in the country—while the dishes stand stacked in the sink!

For every woman, no matter how prosaic, how placid her disposition may be, likes to imagine herself the heroine of a great romance, the object of an irresistible love.
"The Anglo-Saxon is ashamed of his emotions. But he is much more reliable when it comes to paying the bills."

"Conway Tearle is really English inside. Good and proper, but not especially exciting, compared to the Latins. It is difficult for a woman to make a love scene out of faithfulness and devotion."

It was in "The Great Divide" that Miss Terry played with Conway Tearle.

"Ramon Novarro is the greatest one I know. He has romance and charm. And being a Mexican, there is something different about him...a strain of the Aztec Indians which lends mystery."

Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry will be seen on the screen next in "The Great Galeoto."

"Tony Moreno is forceful and masterful...all that sort of thing. He takes possession of a woman and you couldn't resist him...is that being a cave-man?"

This scene of Miss Terry and Mr. Moreno is from "Mare Nosstrum."

All the Luck

BENTHALL

Happily and safely married as she may be (and she usually is), there is always the thought if "other eyes and other lips their tale of love could tell"—it would be, well, interesting—and that's where it ends for most of us.

So we buy our movie tickets and love and are loved, vicariously.

But the fair and lovely Alice Terry knows more about it, than that. She is safely and happily married, too, but in addition, she knows more about the world's Great Lovers and their way of "telling their hearts" than any other one woman. Lucky Alice!

Valentino, Novarro, Moreno, Tearle, Stone, Petrovich! All have loved her—and she doesn't turn a hair! Now I ask you, is that any way to treat a gift of the gods?

Love of all shadings and varieties—love of all nations—nice, restrained English love, practical American affection, tempestuous Spanish passion, and violent Italian outbursts—they are all part of the day's work, to her.

There was Valentino. Do you remember Alice and Valentino in "The Four Horsemen"? No one had ever heard of him before that. When I talked to her about him, he had been dead just a little while. The world acclaimed him great and was still ringing with the extravagant praises of praise, but in the face of it all, Alice was quite Luke warm, calmly analytical. Rudy was a great lover, but she has known greater ones, she thinks Novarro is—but that is getting ahead of the story.

"When they told me, Valentino was to play opposite me in 'The Four Horsemen,' I knew him only as a dancing man—you know the sort—young, charming, graceful.

"Well, that was all right, Julio was that type and Valentino played the part beautifully. He was easy to

(Continued on page 90)
Karl Brown went into the Tennessee mountains and selected natives to play every rôle in "Stark Love." Helen Mundy, sixteen years old, was chosen for the leading lady. Mr. Brown sensed something dramatic about her. But we doubt if he knew the beauty that lurked behind her unkempt skin and hair and her coarse garments.

Which only goes to prove you never can tell. There's a far hail between the two pictures on this page . . . but they are the same girl and were taken only a few weeks apart.
JUDITH was never again to surprise Harvey by an unexpected return. Sometimes she fancied what she might have seen if she had entered her apartment a few minutes sooner. And always such fancies brought with them the strange illness of repressed fear.

When she finished her scenes on the Mountain Stream location two days before the rest of the company, she had returned to New York without wiring Harvey. She had taken an early morning train and subjected herself to the tedious day journey in order to be home twelve hours earlier.

It was a Thursday afternoon, late, when she arrived at Grand Central Station. She computed the weeks she had been away on her fingers. It was Lillian's day out. Harvey and she would be alone.

A surge of dear impatience to be with him again. She hoped he would be at home. For the things that Sonia had told her and which she had accepted as the truth made her desirous of holding him safely in her arms.

He did prefer her to all the others. Sonia had said that.

The ride up-town seemed endless. Judith thought the traffic signals would never shift from red to the green light that permitted progress.

"Love," she said, "I am so happy to be back home... with you. Are you a little glad, too?"
Once upon a time Judith would have felt no understanding for the woman who continued to love her husband after she discovered that he was less than the idol she had created in his image. She would have marveled over the wife who accepted her husband's penchant for philandering as something that she must help him overcome...rather than something which should turn her from him.

Funny what marriage had done to her.

Her impatience increased as she approached the house. When the cab stopped at the door she was sitting on the edge of her seat with the exact meter charge plus a tip in her hand.

The doorman carried in her hand luggage. The elevator boy greeted her and carried her up-stairs in the little gilded cage.

She let herself in with her latch-key.

No one was home.

But in the living-room there was evidence of a recent occupation. The coffee table was drawn up to the lounge. There were two empty cocktail glasses. A silver shaker caught the lamplight. There was a tray of sandwiches. And a cigarette smoldered in one of the shallow cloisonné trays. Judith dug the burning end into a green dragon that curled in the enameled Chinese pattern. A sandalwood fragrance assailed her. She sniffed at the burned end. It was heavily scented.

While she bathed and changed from her traveling suit into a dull crêpe afternoon dress, she wondered about the cigarette and its smoker. On an impulse she ran down-stairs to see whether any lip rouge stained the crushed butt. It was impossible to determine this.

"Some men affect scented cigarettes," she thought, "and even if it was smoked by a woman, what of it? Surely Harvey is entitled to have tea with a woman. It might have been business. If there was anything wrong between them, he would hardly bring her to the apartment."

Yet in spite of this self-reassurance, Judith continued to doubt.

Scarcely any perfume was left in the engraved glass bottle on her dressing-table. And she remembered that she had filled this bottle just before leaving. Could Lillian have appropriated it?

Judith knew that Lillian was not likely to trouble herself with the vanities of this world. She had Religion. It amounted almost to a disease with her. She had denounced Judith's extravagant purchase of perfumes, jewelry and other similar things as the devil's own accoutrements.

$200 in Prizes Is Being Offered for the Best Opinions

See Page 80 for

Who then had made themselves at home at her dressing-table? Whose image had been reflected in the mirror that now reflected hers? Who had appropriated the fragrance of her Amber antique?

On the floor was a tiny piece of linen, lace-edged. Judith picked it up. It had been scented with her perfume.

Her first instinct was to keep the handkerchief and confront Harvey with it. But she did not do this. She dropped the handkerchief in the scrap-basket and impulsively wiped her finger-tips.

Then she unpacked her bag and was beginning to put away the things, laying aside the accessories she would need at the studios, when she heard Harvey come in.

She paused a second. She wanted to greet him naturally, and she steadied her voice against the nervous break which threatened it.

"Mon amour," shouted Harvey and he bounded up the little stairway three stairs at a time. "When did you get

Judith had rather expected Felice to avoid her. But, on the contrary, Felice
on Why “Crazy Quilt” Is a Fitting Title for This Story. Contest Details

home? And why didn’t you wire me to meet you?” Judith was like a little girl who has planned a beautiful surprise that has gone awry.

“I wanted to surprise you,” she said, “and the house was empty.”

He took her into his arms and covered her face with happy kisses.

And Judith, catching a glimpse of the discarded handkerchief over his shoulder, turned her eyes away.

“He does love me,” she thought, “I am horrid to suspect him. He will explain.”

Whereupon she proceeded to adore him more than before, because she felt she had done him an injustice.

With his assistance, the trunk which came up-stairs was soon unpacked and they went down to the living-room together. He had said nothing about his very recent guest. It was as if he had completely forgotten about the tea things until they came upon the disarranged couch and the plates and glasses.

rather made a point of stopping in Judith’s dressing-room in the mornings.

Judith by this time was confident that everything was as it should be. She felt that he would have been hasty in offering an explanation if he had felt any sense of guilt. That was because she was never to understand how unimportant philandering was to Harvey.

“Had a friend in for tea,” he said now. He was quite casual. And his remark seemed a little superfluous since they were standing over the tea things. “Meant to clear the things away when I got back.”

“That was pleasant,” said Judith, “I must have just missed you. A cigarette was still burning when I came in.”

One half of her brain was ashamed to see the other half seeking slyly to implicate him.

“You’re wrong,” she asked, “anyone I know?”

“Nope. Nope,” said Harvey, “a man I met while you were gone. He’s an interesting sort of chap. From Chicago. He wanted to do some press work for you. I thought I had better talk with him. You are getting enough publicity now.

But you can’t tell about the future. And I thought it was well to have someone in mind. . . .”

“He’s lying. He’s lying,” thought Judith, “People always talk more than is necessary when they have something to cover up.” And she interrupted him to save him from further evidence of guilt and stupidity.

“We’ll keep his address,” she said. “And now let’s order dinner sent up from the restaurant.”

“If only it didn’t have to be like this,” she thought. “If only it could be the way I thought it was going to be.” But it never occurred to her not to go on.

While they ate their dinner Harvey asked a hundred questions about the trip. Had she been able to get some good stuff in her own scenes? What had the director said about her work? When could they see the rushes? How had Sonia and Hugh Kendrick got on?

Judith gave him one hundred answers. And he did not seem to notice that she ate very little dinner.

It was almost nine o’clock when the waiter came for the tray and she and Harvey settled down to their accounts. Immediately Judith realized that they were further in debt than ever.

She hated to take the management of her finances away from Harvey. But she felt compelled to do this. There were any number of canceled checks that had been made out to “Cash” and Harvey’s recollection of what they had been used for was very vague.

“We owe over a thousand dollars,” Judith said finally. “That is frightful.”

“It’s nothing,” insisted Harvey.

(Continued on page 78)
"The Wanderlust" used to be known as the "Edris" when it sailed the waters of the Southern Pacific and was owned by the late Thomas H. Ince. Corinne Griffith purchased it recently and re-christened it on her first cruise thru the azure seas off the coast of Mexico.

Another, more extensive cruise is planned late in November when Miss Griffith's present contract expires. She will take a holiday of several weeks at this time and, unless her present plans are changed, most of this time will be spent aboard "The Wanderlust."

Corinne Commands a Right Good Crew When She Sails on "The Wanderlust"

It is a luxurious affair, eight-five feet long, with a nineteen foot beam, carrying a crew of four and accommodating ten passengers. It was built in New York in 1909 and brought to California under its own sails by way of Cape Horn.

On deck with Miss Griffith is her husband, Walter Morosco. Mr. Morosco is a director for Warner Brothers and one of the young men who is being watched with great interest in motion picture circles. His future is considered brilliant.
All Aboard the Limerick Liner

See Prize Winning Limericks on Page 88

Are you going to be one of the lucky passengers on the Limerick Liner? We have $50.00 to divide among four writers of clever lines. Remember that the line you submit to complete a limerick must rhyme with the first two. Send as many as you like before December 20.
Address: Limerick Contest 173 DuSable Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A surprise in your stocking — how jolly!
Alberta is your Christmas dolly.
She has cute dimpled knees,
Says "Papa" when you squeeze.

New Year's is a failure for Syd,
For its old-fashioned joys are forbid,
And the glass in his hand
Contains nothing but sand

Vera Reynolds and Julia Faye
Are practising for the ballet.
Perhaps they have fears
For their movie careers.

Disguised in a hat with a brim
Is Leatrice, keeping in trim.
With hair cut like a boy
She is simply a Joy.
Christmas in the

Too many of us are apt to hang up a holly wreath . . .

decorate a small tree and let it go at that. But the way

in which these things are done is almost as important

as the trees and wreaths themselves.

It's nearing the time when mysterious bundles appear

and immediately disappear in dresser drawers and on

the top shelves of closets, when equally mysterious

questions are asked, measurements taken and telephone
calls made. Christmas!

We all get ready for the holidays in innumerable ways.

It marks the height of the whirl of the social season when

jollity, merriment and good cheer are paramount. And

in the home there must be Christmas, too. Not only the

inward spirit of the season but outward signs which will

help to symbolize the real spirit of the day.

Of course, you will have a Christmas tree. That goes

without saying. But, at that, there are so many more

things in decorating a home than the tree, itself. Too

many of us are apt to hang up a holly wreath and decorate

a small tree and let it go at that. A tree is lovely. So are

holly wreaths — but the kind of a tree you have

and the way you arrange your wreaths are almost as important as

the trees and wreaths themselves.

First, then, the Christmas tree. Do you

have a box of decorations which you take

out, year after year, add only one or two

new things and feel that you have done all that

is necessary in the way of tree decoration? If

so, I bet the tree isn't half as attractive as

you think it is. There is really nothing

awfully good-looking in a small pine-tree,

cluttered up with an odd assortment of old

Christmas things. A Christmas tree to be

attractive must have some novel features.

It's all very well to say that the custom of

Christmas trees is such an old one that the

decorations need not be novel. For, after all,

the present accepted way of decorating a

Christmas tree hasn't any great tradition back

of it and there's no reason why you can't

change it if you like. And there's no reason, either, why

your Christmas tree should cost a great deal of money, in

order to be attractive-looking.

Why not this year, for a change, have a one-colored or

a two-colored Christmas tree? I can think of nothing

lovelier than a Christmas tree that is all silver. It will

attract immediate attention and will be so familiar and

new that the spirit of Christmas will seem to flame out in

it. For your all-silver Christmas tree use plenty of crystal

balls and silver ornaments. Use festoons of silver, too.

If you wish to make home-made decorations for your

silver tree, get sheets of bright silver paper. Make chains

of some of it. Paste some on both sides of sheets of card-

board and then make innumerable stars and crescents and

a few moons, too, for your silver tree,fastening these on

the tree with silver cord. With some of your silver paper

make tiny cornucopias, fringing the tops and the silvering to which you

with silvered cardboard handles. In the cornu-

copias you can put white and silver candies.

If you start saving silver papers of all

sorts a few weeks before Christmas you will

have a lot of it by the time your tree should

be decorated. Tin-foil, too, is useful. Cover

oddly shaped candies and little toys and nuts

with these papers and put them on your tree.

You will need silver paint, of course. Reg-

ular radiator paint will be best. You can use

this for silvering some of your old Christmas

tree decorations and for silvering all sorts of tiny objects, small tree

cones, the tips of some of the branches and if

you like even the trunk of the tree itself. Then,

just at the last, after your tree is completely

decorated, throw over the whole thing some

silvering to which you can get quite inex-

pensively in envelopes.

Of course, there is a sentiment about candles
The Interior Decorator of the First National Studios Offers a Variety of Original Suggestions for Christmas Decorations

and for real beauty and charm electric lights cannot rival them. However, in these days when fire prevention is vastly more important than yielding to a desire to keep up old customs, the candle must go. However, very attractive little electric lights have taken the place of candles and these are so reasonably priced that anyone can afford them. For a silver tree use all white lights. If you carry out this plan I think you will be amazed at the beauty and charm of your tree.

A two-colored tree is good, too. A tree that is silver and green or red and silver is quite as attractive as an all-silver tree and may suit your purpose better. For the green and silver tree you may use tiny puff balls of green tissue-paper, green-painted toys and ornaments. And be sure to buy some of the brilliant green glass balls which come in several fascinating shades. Make old-fashioned green chains to alternate with your silver festoons. Your lights should be green and white.

Your red-and-green tree would be perhaps the most startling that you could plan. Can you visualize it? Brilliant red and green spheres, red ribbons and ornaments, tiny, highly polished red apples, little toys of red and silver. A tree decorated in red and silver with the deep green of the tree as a background will give you the real Christmas spirit and much real beauty besides. For, after all, tho we love the average Christmas tree in many cases it is not a very real object of beauty.

If you want to keep all of the bright colors you may still achieve a lovely Christmas tree if you are willing to put thought to it. Look over your Christmas decorations and discard those that are at all shabby. For new ornaments add some of the brilliant spheres in various colors, especially in orange, red, green and blue. These colors are not only lovely in themselves but they reflect the light and add lightness and loveliness to your tree in greater quantities than any other ornaments I can think of. Add, if you like, too, some glass icicles and a bright bell or two. Use a quantity of festoons, for these festoons, draped from branch to branch, soften the outlines and give the tree a completeness that it can never have without them.

In decorating your tree, pay attention to design. Put your heaviest ornaments near the bottom, those of medium size half-way up the tree and keep light, delicate ornaments for the top, with a lovely angel or a Christmas star for the topmost branch. After your main ornaments are on

(Continued on page 89)

Special fireplace decorations . . . the mantel festooned with fir or pine or some other Christmas greenery . . . a large wreath tied with scarlet ribbon over the mantel . . . red candles and fresh sprigs of holly

If you live in the country, it is fun to make
the big wreaths yourself . . . but I would
put a wreath in every living-room window
The Junior Answer Man

FRED H., JR.—You can obtain pictures of any of "Our Gang" at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California. Ramon Novarro is at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California. Jack Holt, Jr., made his first screen appearance with his famous father in "Forlorn River." He is just six years old.

GERTRUDE F.—Farina's real name is Allan Clay Hoskins. His little sister, Jane, is going to join our comedies. She will be known as "Aroma." The members of "Our Gang" comedies will be glad to send you their pictures if you write to them at the above address.

LILLIAN B.—You can secure a picture of Gloria Swanson by writing to her at 522 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Marla La Plante is at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California. It is customary to send twenty-five cents with a request for a star's picture, but there are a few players who send out their pictures free of charge.

MARY S.—Write to Richard Dix for his photographs. He is at the

How I Became an Animal Trainer

By JERRY THE GIANT

Before Jerry became an animal trainer he thought he would like to be a sailor... or a fireman... or a policeman. Then he went to the zoo. And after that he met The-Man Who-Makes-Pictures.

All questions sent to Joe Frank Cobb in Care of Movie Junior, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York, will be answered by him.

Famous Players Studios, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Astoria, Long Island.

KITTENS.—William Haines was born January 1, 1900, and is not married. Tommy Mix is forty-seven years old. You can write to William Haines and Conrad Nagel at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California. Clara Bow, Charles Rogers, Pola Negri, Mary Brian and Blanche Sweet are at Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine Street, Hollywood, California. June Marlowe is at Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

ANNA L.—Rin-Tin-Tin is almost nine years old. Did you know Louis Wilson had her hair bobbed? Her next picture will be "The Great Gatsby.

G. B.—Einar Hansen was born in Motlia, Sweden. You can write to him at First National Studios, Burbank, California. Did you like the story about Mr. Hansen in the November Classic?

(Continued on page 116)
Isn't the Felix drawn by Master R. Melvin Quinn too funny? It won the first boy's prize.

Felix as a gay man about town won the first prize for girls. It was submitted by Guila May Replogle.

Master D'Angelo, who sent in this pose of Felix in a thinking mood, won the second prize for boys.

And Norma Beausoleil won the second girl's prize when Mr. Sullivan saw this drawing of Felix and his auto.

Extra: All About the Felix Cat Contest

With a List of the Winners

Almost fifteen thousand boys and girls submitted drawings of Felix in this contest. So you can imagine all the work that Pat Sullivan had to do in order to select the winners. His office was swamped with the funny pictures of Felix and he worked all day long and far into the night so that he could decide definitely upon the winners in time to get the news in this issue.

This contest, you know, was conducted in Motion Picture Magazine thru the courtesy of the Pat Sullivan Studios, the George Borgfield Company and the Educational Film Exchanges, Inc. It ended weeks and weeks ago, but we just had to keep giving Mr. Pat Sullivan more time, because he wanted to judge the drawings largely on originality and cleverness of the artist together with the neatness of the sketch.

The prizes have been mailed to the winners and we hope they have oceans of fun with them.

Here are the winning names and addresses. Is yours among them?

First Prize—Girls—Guila May Replogle, Holton, Kansas
1 Felix standing about one foot high

First Prize—Boys—R. Melvin Quinn, 1419 N. Fourteenth Street, Reading, Pennsylvania
1 Felix standing about one foot high—Not dressed

Second Prize—Girls—Norma Beausoleil, 4143 Papineau Avenue, Montreal, P.Q., Ontario, Canada
1 Felix with jointed limbs—about eight inches high

Second Prize—Boys—Pasquale D'Angelo, 69 Dundas Street, W. Toronto, Ontario, Canada
1 Felix with jointed limbs—about eight inches high

Third Prize—Girls—Virginia L. Presbury, 833 Taunton Avenue, Kansas City, Kansas
1 walking Felix made of metal

Third Prize—Boys—W. Brady, Jr., 913 East 101st Street, Cleveland, Ohio
1 walking Felix made of metal

With drawings stacked on every desk in his office and overflowing a foot deep on the floor, Mr. Pat Sullivan found it an extremely difficult task to pick the prize winners.

Fourth Prize—Girls—Helen Monberger, 373 Third Avenue, Newark, New Jersey
1 Felix scooter (mechanical toy on wheels)

Fourth Prize—Boys—Robert Welschmidt, 21 Taft Avenue, Nutley, New Jersey
1 Felix scooter (mechanical toy on wheels)

Junior Dolls to the Following Girls

Olive Thomas, 155 Orchid Street, Fresno, California; Lyda Barradell, 29 N. Xanthus Street, Tulsa, Oklahoma; Adeline Schneider, 307 E. Columbia Street, Springfield, Ohio; Virginia Reiff, 3345 Arrow Avenue, Pleasant Ridge, Cincinnati, Ohio; Helen Buaman, 856 Franklin Place, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Constance Geilgung, 711 Fifteenth Avenue, N. St. Cloud, Minnesota.

Boys:

Leonard Milbaido, 512 Main Street, Poughkeepsie, New York; Edward Weidel, 466 High Street, Morganstown, W. Virginia; Walter L. Houston, 7 Highland Avenue, Stoneham, Massachusetts; Charles Keiser, Vine and Holly Streets, Hazleton, Pennsylvania; John Wilson, 27 Stoles Street, Elizabeth, New Jersey; Herbert A. Lamond, 18 Lisbon Street, Providence, Rhode Island.

In addition to the prizes named, the above will also receive a signed original drawing of Felix the Cat.

Honorable Mention

The following will receive a signed original drawing of Felix the Cat:

Girls:

Margie Conio, Pine Street, Attleboro, Massachusetts; R. F. O. No. 4; 148 Schwartz, 1742 Federal Boulevard, Denver, Colorado; May Dunn, Apt. 287, Torreon, Coah, Mexico; Mignon Jordan, 910 W. Harding, Stockton, California; Marguerite V. Fauber, 61 Rhode Island Avenue, Washington, D. C.; Delia Myers, 1174 Fifth Avenue, W. Olympia, Washington; Helene M. Burke, 137 Wilson Street, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada; Annette Dime, 4307 De Lormier Avenue, Montreal, Quebec, Canada; Louise Dawson Maynard, 1502 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland; Jennie Daniel, 1119 Amelia Street, New Orleans, Louisiana; Agen Con (Continued on page 116)

In this picture Felix is holding the prize-winning drawing which is reproduced above in the upper left-hand corner. Recognize it? 47
Cock-a-doodle-doo
This dame has lost her shoe!
Her hat and gown and undies too
What will the censors do?

Deedle, deedle, dumpling, Str-heim, von
Never directs with his puttees on;
One glove off, and one glove on,
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, Str-heim, von

Little Miss Muffet
Sat in a buffet
Eating dill pickles and pies
Along came a spider
And sat down beside her,
'Twas Lon Chaney in a disguise.

Little Miss Muffet
Sat in a buffet
Eating dill pickles and pies
Along came a spider
And sat down beside her,
'Twas Lon Chaney in a disguise.

Little Miss Muffet
Sat in a buffet
Eating dill pickles and pies
Along came a spider
And sat down beside her,
'Twas Lon Chaney in a disguise.
Goose—By Ken Chamberlain

Emotional Lillian Gish
Gets you weeping like a fish,
But when viewing Vilma Banky
There's no need to take your hanky.

She must be somebody's pet.
She shows up at eleven,
Called at seven,
The director is hot on the set...
A ten o'clock holler
A diller, a dollar
Anna Q. Dares to Be Herself

By Gladys Hall

Fearing that some of the intimate statements she made in this interview would be misunderstood, Anna Nilsson wired us from the train, en route to California, asking us to delete them.

But we feel her frankness too charming to be sacrificed and publish the story in its entirety.

A. W. F.

"Ah," they have sighed, these silken sable ones, "Ah, it is very sad . . . it is terrible, really . . . people envy us, but if they only knew . . . you've no idea . . . all the dreadful publicity . . . this inability to appear anywhere in Public without being Mobbed . . ."

"Still," we once interrupted a fair siren, "still, you're mobbed with roses and orchids—not stones, after all . . ."

"Yes, yes . . ." thus the fair trillionairess, "but it is so dreadful . . . when one is sensitive . . . when one loves privacy and inconspicuousness . . . when one would infinitely prefer a tiny cottage hidden away somewhere . . . privacy . . . gingham . . ."

We have frequently reflected at some such juncture as this: "Oh, be your age . . . be human . . . tell the

(Continued on page 102)
You'd like Anna Q., even if you had never heard of her before, and her name was Hattie Gray. She is a regular fellow. . . . Who is more than this?

Anna has never felt it necessary to concoct any stories about an ancestral home in Sweden. She is entirely frank about her parents, and supplied this snapshot taken with her mother and father at the Nilsson house, in Klippan, Sweden, as an illustration for this story.
The Christmas Cards

John Gilbert values this card, sent him last year by Rudolph Valentino, more than any other he received, because of its association with a valiant soul.

Below is the card that the Bosworths sent Natalie Kingston. She treasures it most of all because of its individuality. It is painted in blending pastels.

Tod Browning holds that this card from Mr. and Mrs. Lon Chaney with the lamplight streaming from the cabin windows is his favorite of all the hundreds of cards he received. The pity is that the warm coloring is lost in this reproduction.

The view from the balcony of the Antonio Moreno home, decorated their card last year. It pictures a California vista... that's why Alma Rubens likes it best of all.

Dick Barthelmeas received this card from one of his closest pals, William Bowell. He likes it more for the scrawl in the corner than for the gay design.

Greetings of the Season

from

Page 52
"Anna Q. never fails to express artistic taste and she has done it again with this card," says Lewis Stone, selecting the greeting sent him by his teammate of several films, Anna Q. Nilsen.

A painting of Venice beautified Marion Davies' card last year. And Ramon Novarro says he prefers it to any of the other cards he received, altho many of them were rarely beautiful.

Of all the formal cards they received, Tom and Victoria Mix prefer the one sent them by Mildred and Harold Lloyd. It is engraved in rich and vivid colors.

Because it typifies the greatness and the beauty of the Christmas spirit, Lou Tellegen chose this card from Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray as his favorite.

Norma Shearer loves this card because it so completely expresses the genial simplicity of Lew Cody's nature and friendship.
The Conference

Albert Parker, the director; Earl Brown, the scenarist; and Gloria Swanson, the star and producer of "Sunya," lunch together in Gloria's suite of rooms at the studios and consult about the hundred and one things always demanding consultation when a motion picture is being made. This charming suite of rooms was designed and furnished by Urban for the use of Marion Davies when she worked in New York. Miss Davies turned them over to Miss Swanson when she learned that she was going to make "Sunya," her version of "The Eyes of Youth," at these studios.
The Editor
Gossips

About Several Motion Picture Personalities . . . and No Particular Discretion Marks Her Sentiments

No matter how bored we may become with things in general, we never fail to get a thrill from comparing things as they are with things as they are reported in newspapers. For months before Jack Dempsey fought Gene Tunney, the papers were filled with rumors of differences between him and Estelle Taylor. And those with unkind pens intimated that there would certainly be another marriage on the rocks if Jack lost the championship. It may be that this is quite true. The more convictions you have had, the more often you have been disproved. But if there is one iota of truth in these rumors about the Demspseys, we insist that they are both greater artists in acting than they have ever been given credit for being. (And we do not forget the things said of Estelle's Lucrezia Borgia in "Don Juan.") They present a surface which appears beautifully serene. And their attitude towards each other suggests camaraderie and understanding.

We went to one of New York's gay supper clubs with them one midnight a few weeks ago. Estelle was the guest of honor. And Jack beamed his pride and pleasure. He was like a hen who has hatched a duckling and is somewhat amazed at the continued miracle of its accomplishments.

We think men with beautiful and famous wives are usually like this, regardless of their own prestige or attraction. They invariably prowl about a little wonderingly . . . very worshipfully . . .

Estelle did look a dream, in a gown reminiscent of the crinoline mode, in soft blue taffeta with a fichu of silver lace and deep folds in the skirt which just escaped the tips of her silver slippers.

When some mention was made of something that interested them, Jack's eyes would search quickly for Estelle's eyes . . . or Estelle for Jack's. And they would exchange little smiles and now and then manage to dance together, even tho they gave most of their time to their guests.

We heard several other people at the table speak of the bond that so evidently exists between them.

When it was barely two o'clock, Jack insisted that they go home. Estelle was due at the studios the next morning. "You'll be so tired I'll hate to wake you up at seven o'clock, honey dear," he said. And she laughed indulgently and slipped into her shimmering white fur wrap.

In "New York" Estelle plays a gamine rôle in which she wears clothes similar to the ridiculous and abbreviated garments worn by "Kiki."

Like so many of the screen actresses today, she adores parts which permit her characterization. This is not as it used to be. We remember well when a star or leading-lady (there is a distinction, you know . . . listen in at any studio!) wanted to play dress-up parts where she could be the grand and beautiful lady. Their beauty was their fetish.

But today the girls on the screen whom we know are perfectly willing to look ninety-nine years old or positively ugly if the rôle is sufficiently colorful and interesting. Characterization is the thing.

It was a pleasant party . . . and exciting when the spotlight was turned on the Dempsey table . . . and the radio microphone brought over for Estelle and Jack to talk thru . . . and applause ringing thru the room when Jack was introduced. He was touched at the things said about his being an heroic figure in defeat, because of the splendid sportsmanship with which he has accepted (Continued on page 99)

A. Kenyon Newman
"The Lady in Ermine" frames Corinne Griffith as a bride at a very fashionable wedding... and this scene causes us to make a mental note of the title as one of the holiday offerings we wish to see

It was during the filming of "Flesh and the Devil" that the love affair between Greta Garbo and John Gilbert had its birth. This with the added attraction of Lars Hanson being in the cast, recommends the production to us.

"Pals in Paradise," judging by this still picture, has a quality of pathos; laughter, following close upon tears. May Robson, Rudolph Schildkraut and Marguerite de la Motte are in the cast.

Mae Murray does not dance in "Valencia," according to Roy D'Arcy, who supports her in this production. But Mr. D'Arcy goes on to say that Mae proves that she can carry a picture without any aid from Terpsichore.

Eight Holiday Offer
Last month we read that Mary Astor nearly lost the part in "Forever After," because Mr. Irving Asher, the producer, did not like her... and how he fell head over heels in love with her before the filming was completed. Seeing Mary in this scene with Eulalie Jensen and David Torrence causes us to understand the Asher change of heart.

John Barrymore in the title role of "The Beloved Rogue," and considering that this is based on the story of Francois Villon and that Alan Crosland directed it, we have high hopes for the next Barrymore performance.

Rod La Rocque comes to the screen next in "The Cruise of the Jasper Red," an adaptation of the story by Don Marquis.

Perhaps you saw Beatrice Lills in "Charlot's Revue." If so, you'll be eager to see her in "Exit Smiling," which marks her film début. It is a story of the theater. And Beatrice plays the understudy for the leading lady in the story. It should be amusing.

ings from the Studios
Merry Christmas; à la Parisienne

The poem of "The Night Before Christmas" says something about ladies waiting for Santa Claus in kerchief and cap, but Arlette Marchal prefers these very French pajamas for her Christmas Eve peregrinations.
There were so many beautiful girls wasting their youth futilely trying to get into the movies that the typewriter and shorthand notes seemed safer. Patricia worked with Lillian Gish in "Annie Laurie" last.

A Few Months Ago
Patricia Avery Was
a Stenographer on the
Metro Lot . . . Now
She Is a Very Prom-
ising Movie Actress

The Reluctant Cinderella

By Dorothy Manners

SOME people, as the saying goes, are born to fame. Like Gloria Swanson. Others acquire it. Like Colleen Moore. And still others have it thrust on them—like a couple of dozen people I could name. But in all that repertoire there is no more striking example of being gently but firmly shoved into the spotlight than Patricia Avery, whom Metro-Goldwyn discovered in their own clerical department and recently signed on a long and prosperous motion picture contract.

It sounds like a new version of the Cinderella story—poor little secretary one day and featured player in Lillian Gish's "Annie Laurie" the next—and, as a matter of fact it is. But in this case it's all about a reluctant Cinderella, who had to be forced into the Coach and darn near stuck out her tongue at the Fairy Godmother, for in the beginning Patricia, called Pat, didn't want to be a movie star. That is, not particularly.

It seems odd that a girl with eyes so clear blue and an oval face and a slim figure as graceful as a Greek urn girl's shouldn't particularly care about being a movie star, for the movies are notoriously good to girls who look like that; but Pat says, modestly, there were so many more beautiful girls trying—hoping—skimping—praying to get in, accepting sacrifices from their families—wasting their youth in futility—

The typewriter and the debit and credit sheets looked so much safer!

There was to be no time frivoled away in the pursuit of careers. She made up her mind quite firmly about that when she was just a kid and received her first screen offer from Chaplin. You know, Charlie Chaplin. It seems that Rupert Julian, a friend of her father's, had introduced Pat to the little comedian one day. Now, Charlie at that time was making "The Kid" and needed some angels for the dream sequence. Pat, as I have tried to make clear all along, looks like that, like an angel in a dream sequence, so Charlie asked her if she wouldn't like to be one.

(Continued on page 98)
THE SORROWS OF SATAN—Drama—80%

FRANKLY, we were disappointed in "The Sorrows of Satan."

And in spite of the fact that years ago we relished Marie Corelli story of lovers parted by an Evil Influence, we feel that the production’s lack lies in the story alone.

You may recollect the plot of two humble writers who live only for each other until the boy is tempted to desert his humble sweetheart for pagan orgies, Mr. Satan acting as his guide.

Griffith has given this story a sympathetic and beautiful interpretation and has modified the wholesale measure of sentimentality which he usually dispenses. And we wish to give particular credit to either D. W. or his artist of a cameraman for the interesting shadow effect which is used in symbolizing Adolphe Menjou in meticulous evening dress as the incarnation of Mr. Satan.

Mr. Michael’s performance, in our opinion, is a little too restrained.

Now and then a theatrical gesture or gleam of an eye might have let his audience in on his delight when he achieved his particular end. After all, some things just are theatrical . . . despite the modern school of acting . . . and Satan abroad in evening dress is one of them.

But in the case of Lya de Putti we recommend a little restraint. She flammers the old s. a. too obviously to continue interesting.

Ricardo Cortez as the wandering sweetheart gives a convincing performance.

But it is for Carol Dempster that we save our best adjectives. And for Griffith, too. He has made of Miss Dempster a splendid actress . . . an artist.

In a nutshell, we think "The Sorrows of Satan" an out-of-date story, beautifully produced and holding moments of inspired acting. But for the future, we suggest that Mr. Griffith be given simpler stories about people who do not revel in Bacchanalian orgies.

A. W. F.

THE WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH—Drama—85%

ANOTHER Western epic of historical interest has been brought to the screen in The Winning of Barbara Worth.

The sturdy, pioneering spirit of empire builders is shown in the early scenes of the picture. The desert with its cruel and death-dealing heat and dry, choking sand storms is conquered by a small band of home seekers with a visionary ideal of some day harnessing the Colorado River to make the desert wastes flower.

If one can overlook the incongruities of the cast, it is a great story told in a very dramatic and compelling way. Vilma, as the virile Western girl, Barbara, gives a very consistent and charming interpretation of the girl—but Vilma is not and could not possibly be the Barbara of Harold Bell Wright’s great novel.

Ronald Colman as the engineer who learns to love and fight for the conquering of the desert, even against his own kin, is anything but convincing when the engineer, but very convincing as the lover of Vilma.

Gary Cooper played the most consistent and convincing characterization of the picture as Abe Lee.

The desert is the menacing gesture in the first of the picture, while the very water which they have struggled to bring to the desert forms the tremendous menace in the last climactic scenes. These scenes carry the story thru to a terrific climax.

This picture will be a popular one with men and lovers of epical features of the West. But if you loved the story as Harold Bell Wright wrote it and would be disappointed if you did not see HIS story—don’t go! Otherwise it is well worth seeing.

Produced by Samuel Goldwyn; directed by Henry King.

Cast—Ronald Colman, Vilma Banky, Gary Cooper, Clyde Cook, etc.

D. B.

FOREVER AFTER—Romantic Drama—80%

IF F. Harmon Weight is a new director—he’s new to us anyway—and this is his first picture, congratulations are decidedly in order.

In the first place, he has made an actress of Mary Astor. For the first time in our memory she gives a sincere and poignant performance. Mary Astor—who even to her fans has never been anything but a classic profile. In the second place, he has made some war scenes which are intelligible—something almost unheard of. And he has assembled a very good cast and made ‘em behave with a maximum of naturalness. The picture is marked throughout by dignity and sincerity. The story is not unusual. It is of a wealthy girl whose parents will not allow her to marry or even see the man she loves because he is penniless. The war reunites them. That’s all—but it’s good. No’ wonderful, you understand, but it will get your sympathy. Unless we just happened to be in a romantic mood that day.

First National.

E. G.
HOTEL IMPERIAL—Drama—90%

ERIC POMMER, that intrepid German producer, has made, thru the excellent direction of Mauritz Stiller, a very great picture. It accomplishes almost to perfection those photographic effects which directors have been striving for. And so simply and directly that one is not conscious of the freakishness of the camera work in one's absorption in the dramatic unfolding of the plot, with its rapid suspense-building. Pola Negri does her best work since coming to America. James Hall has charm and should shoot straight into the star class on the release of this picture. Every character lives thru the story and the types are perfectly chosen. It is a smooth, eloquent tale told in an entirely new language—a thrilling language of pictures. It tells of the courage and cleverness of an Austrian peasant girl who, in a hotbed of Russians, saves the life of a young Austrian officer and helps him to glory. Tho one is ever conscious that it is essentially a war story, and the menace of war times is constantly present, there are practically no actual battle pictures. It is almost altogether a study of the reaction of individuals to war. Don't miss this great picture.—Famous Players-Lasky.

D. D.

BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT—Romantic Drama—85%

ANOTHER Don Juan with the lover whispering the same sweet nothing into feminine ears, after which they obligingly lift their faces to be kissed, etc.

A more charming, gentle lover than Don Juan—and an athletic genius and sword fencer of quality. The story centers about the magnificent court of Louis XIII and Bardelys, the court Great Lover and irresistible woman charmer.

His talents are challenged by his enemy who has been coldly repulsed by Rosaline De Lavedan, a noted beauty of nobility whose family are opposed to the King. He forces Bardelys to accept the challenge.

Bardelys takes the personality of the leader of the revolution unto himself and stumbles into the boudoir of Rosaline.

John Gilbert as Bardelys is to be congratulated on a finished, delicate performance of a role that calls for finesse. His is a more convincing and plausible Don Juan than John Barrymore's.

The rest of the cast is well played and the King, played by Arthur Lubin, is one of the most finished bits of "performance plus" I have ever witnessed. His shades of characterization are exquisitely done.

The quickening romance of the middle ages, of the time of Louis XIII, I do not believe "Bardelys the Magnificent" could be improved upon.

The direction was interesting and finished but not so brilliant as we expect of King Vidor since "The Big Parade."


D. D.

THE BETTER 'OLE—Comedy—80%

NOT since the days of brother Charlie's "Shoulder Arms" has a comedy carried such high explosive laughter as Syd Chaplin's burlesque, "The Better 'Ole." Truly the celluloid version of Bruce Bairnsfather's comic character, Old Bill, is the happy hit of the season. It presents a compact array of funny gags—many of which are culled from the play—and others which have sprung from the fertile minds of Chaplin and Chuck Reisner, the director.

Syd fairly makes the picture talk—what with his antics in and out of the trenches. An exception series of original stunts in a barnyard are productive of laughs straight from the diaphragm. From the moment that Charlie's elder brother goes on fatigue duty there isn't a single pause in the continuity of gags. They are executed with snap and dash and spontaneous humor. If there is any criticism to make, we would direct it to an occasional stressing of the scenes. It could be shorter and be just as funny. Still the spectator who fails to chuckle over the horse play should be locked up as dangerous to his community.

"The Better 'Ole" is one of the best burlesques ever screen. It demands to be seen that Syd is a real character comedian. He is truly Bairnsfather's Old Bill to the life. The droll fellow once said, "If you knows of a better 'ole, go to it." We suggest if you know of a better comedy, go to it. That's all we have to say.—Warner Brothers.

L. R.
MY OFFICIAL WIFE - Drama - 75%

THIS will do very well as a classic example of miscasting. Can you imagine Conway Tearle as a bad, impetuous, Prince-about-town, a caveman, a conqueror, a seducer? And Irene Rich as a proud and spirited Russian countess, a young girl whose beauty and talent make her the toast of Vienna, pursued by all men? No, neither can we. Yet Warner Brothers, with a perfectly straight face, have cast them in these roles. The setting is Russia in the time when Grand Dukes and snow-storms abounded. The Countess is kidnapped from her sleigh by six riotous young bloods, who take her to an inn and throw dice for possession of her. She vows to kill the unknown man who outraged her. Later, she meets and loves Prince Alexis. Guess whether she keeps her vow when she finds it was no other than he who wronged her on that fatal night. The story flounders all over Europe, and Conway Tearle smiles genially at every tragic crisis. We understand now why Mr. Tearle has been so wistful all these years. It was the better part of valor.—Warner Brothers.

F. G.

THE TEMPLTRESS - Drama - 75%

IT must be admitted that "The Temptress" is a bore. It would seem to be the story of a woman whom all men love and whose curious fate it is to destroy all men who love her—not thru her own will, but as an inevitable consequence of her fatal lure. This she refers to as "God's legacy." She at length atones by destroying herself to save the one man she really loves. This theme is somewhat obscured in a typically movie-esque treatment which emphasizes Paris revel—two Paris revels, to be exact—an Argentine revel, the breaking of a dam, and similar scenes in which all the extras and studio contrivances can be used. Greta Garbo as the unhappy Temptress has a role which requires of her precisely nothing. Antonio Moreno's role calls for a little more. There are two interesting episodes—the spirited course of the Argentine equivalent of a covered wagon across the pampas; and a barbarous duel with whips between our hero and Roy D'Arce. But Mr. D'Arce is going to smile that way once too often if he isn't careful.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

E. G.

THE ACE OF CADS - Drama - 75%

WE enjoyed "The Ace of Cads"—the Ace himself and the picture as a whole. It seemed to us that Adolphe Menjou as the somehow gallant Ace was both moving and sincere. After all, ultra-sophisticated people do not, indulge in emotional gymnastics. By a slight sag of the shoulders, a gesture gone before it is born, they exhibit the various bitterness, thru which they pass. Adolphe Menjou does just these things. He is subtle and he is significant. Alice Joyce as the Lovely Lady who is the very justifiable object of his fleeting devotion makes the constancy absolutely understandable. She has two or three compelling scenes, notable among them the one by the fire-side when she listens to him tell his heart-breaking gallant tale. Norman Trevor as the Lovely Lady’s father-in-law is, needless to say, excellent. You may have read Michael Arlen's story, in which case repetition would be unjustifiable. Enough to say that it is the very sophisticated tale of a naive and charming man who loves a Lovely Lady to the final exclusion of all others. They are betrayed by a false friend in the eye of their happiness. Drama dogs their footsteps and interest grips the audience. Directed by Ladue Reid.—Paramount.

G. H.

THE QUARTERBACK - Drama - 80%

IF you like football and Richard Dix, you are going to like this picture. If you don't—but that is another story. Richard is as Dixian as ever and playing opposite to him is the beautifully blonde Esther Ralston. Perhaps co-eds act with their fellow students as Miss Ralston in the role of Louise Mason acts with Richard in the role of Jack Stone. We don't like to say because we are not an authority on co-eds. But she did seem awfully starry-eyed and super-cly to us. As a whole, Fred Newmeyer has made a good story, nice tempo, funny bits. Richard is dashing and attractive and real, and college life is gaily depicted and football rules the world. For the rest, Jack Stone comes to his father's college to grind and work his way thru. The well-known adage about nice and men steps in. Jack Stone falls in love, takes a job as the local milkman, goes in for football (needless to say) and out of these ingredients, plus one of two others of an even more dramatic nature a likely talk is told.

You'll enjoy it. It's one of those things... It was directed by Fred Newmeyer.—Paramount.

G. H.
THE PRINCE OF TEMPTERS—Romantic Drama—75%

The first American picture of Lotlar Mendes is not so impressive as one might have hoped. But you must not forget that this is an E. Phillips Oppenheim novel, adapted by Paul Bern. Mr. Mendes did the best he could with what he had. By some magic he coaxed Ben Lyon and Lois Moran really to act, and of a silly story he made an entertaining and even touching picture. He makes his greatest mistake with Lya de Putti, but she is arresting and vital and refuses to be suffocated by the writhing garments she is forced to wear. Mr. Mendes knows his camera and his photography is distinguished and interesting.

The story is the old struggle between sacred and profane love. A young monk, who at the age of twenty-two, gets his first taste of life outside a monastery, is the battle-ground. The Prince of Tempters, by the way, is the Devil—not Ben Lyon.—First National.

E. G.

GIGOLO—Drama—70%

A GIGOLO is one of those elegant gentlemen in Paris cabarets who dance, for a consideration, with women who have no partners, and whose chief concerns in life are their lip-stick, manicures, and such. Into such a job Fate forces Rod La Rocque, returning with a shattered face from the war. After the proper number of scenes you witness his regeneration, under the influence of the little girl back home.

Louise Dresser, in her most wanton make-up, revels in the insanity and tragic death of her role. The main event of the picture is the discovery that Rod La Rocque looks swell in a mustache. If he adopted it as a permanent feature, he could be almost anyone's successor. But Rod is capable of a lot more in the way of acting than he shows in this affair.—Producers Distributing Corporation.

E. G.

THE MAGICIAN—Melodrama—85%

Talk about menace! If you want to see it at its wickedest, go to Rex Ingram's latest. Every one in a while Ingram takes time out from his Art to have a little fun. This is the first time he's done it since "Trifling Women." And atto the result isn't quite so deliberately thrilling as that ominous trifle, owing to the absence of young Novarro, still it is remarkably good entertainment of the more gruesome character, told in terms of menace rather than mystery. The first half is done in the best Ingram style, styled with the wayward personality and highly flavored humor of that amazing gentleman. Later on he becomes involved in another of those Sorcerer's Towers, and there the events become too ordinary, and the settings too utterly fantastic, to be convincing. Alice Terry is as calm but perhaps not quite so beautiful as usual. Ivan Petrovitch is an adequate hero, only faintly reminiscent of Conway Tearle. And Paul Wegener gives a remarkable performance as the mad Magician, doubly terrifying because he avoids all the obvious and traditional methods of being so. The picture is beautifully mounted, as Ingram's always are.—Ingram-Metro-Goldwyn.

E. G.

TAKE IT FROM ME—Farce—80%

REGINALD DENNY again, in a picture that's just a little more ridiculous than his usually are. Reg finds himself without a sou, his furniture being attached, when he suddenly inherits a department store. For spiteful reasons, which you'll understand when you see the picture, he and his two bosom friends decide to run the store into bankruptcy, and to this end they introduce some startling and joyous innovations. This new regime furnishes material for most of the comedy, and reaches its idiotic height when the floor-walkers glide about on roller-skates.

All this is utterly absurd, and a little of it is very funny. And, of course, their jovial miscalculation attracts so much trade that the store is saved for Reg and his tycoon sweetheart—played rather rusticly by Blanche Mehaffey. About as good as most of the Denny pictures. Lee Moran and Ben Hendricks, Jr., are sometimes good as Denny's pals, who are willing to share his misfortune and even more willing to share in the profits of his department store.—Universal.

E. G.

(Continued on page 119)
On Location With "Rough Riders"

Every day is circus day in San Anton' ... they storm the gates to "watch 'em make pictures" ... and rush the ropes in order to shake hands with the famous villains or get a closer view of the leading lady.

By Alice Tildesley

To the veterans of '98 who throng the Fair Grounds of San Antonio these bright fall days, it must seem that the leaves of the book of history have been turned back and they are gazing on a well-remembered page.

There stands the Exposition Building, re-erected with its pretentious cupolas and tower — there, the great stables — and there the entrance with the legend "Rough Riders' Camp" over its covered archway — all cunningly simulating a weather-beaten age.

Tents stand in orderly rows under sheltering oaks, and on the parade-grounds drill a thousand men in the blue shirts and khaki breeches of nearly thirty years ago.

Noah Beery, who plays "Hell's Bells," the sheriff, doesn't mind the camp life a little bit. On the contrary, he enjoys it. For Noah lives on a ranch when he is at home.
Even the music that echoes across the camp belongs to that earlier day:

"Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true,
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you.
We shan't have a stylish marriage,
We can't afford a carriage,
But you'd look sweet
Upon the seat
Of a bicycle built for two!"

They might be dreaming it . . . if it were not for the cameras, the silver reflectors, the canvas-backed chairs painted with well-known names, and the white-clad figure of Victor Fleming behind his megaphone.

The Rough Riders are recreating history.

The "bicycle built for two" is there, with Mary Astor and Charles Emmett Mack riding it to the admiring laughter of spectators—Mary with her gorgeous hair looped in the "Psyche" of 1898, managing her trailing skirts with amazing grace; Charles, in the ludicrous male garb of the day, achieving the impossible by looking pathetic and wistful instead of absurd.

There's a story about the clothes Charles wears . . .

Every day, when he has been released from location, he drives immediately to San Antonio's gym, where he "works out" for half an hour. When he emerged from the place one afternoon, he found a man in uniform waiting for him.

"Hey—you—what's your name?" demanded the officer.

"Charles Emmett Mack."

"Where'd you come from?"

"Scranton, Pennsylvania."

"How long you been in this country?"

At which the young actor drew himself up, announced that the remark was an insult to his home town, which had always considered itself part of the United States.

"Aw, cut it out! You're an alien from Limehouse—I can tell by your clothes, and you snuck across the border—now didn't you?"

They had to take the immigration official out to camp to prove the actor's citizenship!

Troops pass in review before a sturdy, soldierly figure whose glasses glint below the broad brim of his slouch hat. "Gee—the old man himself!" cried a visiting veteran, watching the "incarnation of energy" before the Kleigs.

Frank Hopper's portrayal of Theodore Roosevelt is a dignified, painstaking, carefully studied, living picture. In his hands, the tradition of the great Rough Rider is safe. Yet away from cameras, Mr. Hopper is a quiet, dreamy, modest and bashful man . . .

The original volunteers to the most picturesque regiment in history were a motley crowd, including Indians, cowboys, high-ranking officers, millionaires, "society men," and social outcasts. . . . So their doubles of today are of all ages, sizes, race, and class—among them, Noah Beery, as Hell's Bells, the shooting sheriff; George Bancroft, Happy Joe, the escaped convict; Charles Emmett Mack, the country boy; and Charles Farrell, the "dude" from New York.

Every day is circus day in San Antonio, as they storm the gates to the Fair Grounds "to watch 'em make pictures." They rush the (Cont'd on page 110)
The arrival of Emil Jannings in America seems to have stirred up more comment than anything else this month. Endless people have felt the urge to warn Jannings against the fate that might be awaiting him in Hollywood. And to these Jannings replied, on his first day in New York, "Ah, I am Jannings! I go to Hollywood. I am still Jannings!" But in spite of his own confidence, I feel that the dangers besetting him cannot be exaggerated.

At a luncheon given to Jannings in New York, Jesse Lasky rose to reply to those same warnings. He has no intention, it seems, of making changes in the art of Mr. Jannings, and in evidence of this he has entrusted his German star's career to Eric Pomer, who supervised Jannings' pictures in Germany.

Jannings seems not at all worried. He has won the first victory over Paramount by refusing "The Man Who Sinned," the first story they suggested to him. And he is so satisfied with the treatment accorded him that he has signed a contract for three years' work in Hollywood. Just the same, he had better hurry up and learn English. I don't see how he can win the fight with his present vocabulary of two expressions—"I am happy," and "Thank you very much."

The only serious contender for honors that Jannings has to face is the Queen of Roumania. You've heard about that cheque for $25,000 that is lying in the Holly-

News of the

By Elizabeth Greer

wood Chamber of Commerce awaiting the Queen's decision as to whether it befits her dignity to work for ten hours in a movie studio to reap all that reward for her favorite charity. The Roumanian Consulate is in a panic at the mere suggestion, and Marie herself has declared that she will appear in nothing but the news reels. But Edwin Carewe, who wrote that cheque, s'il has hopes.

Vilma Banky is to be made a present of this statue of the late Rudolph Valentino in his last rôle, "The Son of the Sheik." It was Miss Banky who played with Rudy in this picture. Lelio De Ranieri, the sculptor, is seen here with the character statue.
Camera Coasts

and Milton Howe

Even queens change their minds. And Her Majesty has always been deeply interested in moving pictures. Last year she signed a contract to do scenarios for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Writing, as everyone knows, is one of the royal accomplishments. But then, so is acting. So the lives of the young Roumanian Consuls may be blasted, after all.

Our noble and refined heavyweight champion, Mr. Gene Tunney, has great delicacy of feeling. His producers—for he's a movie actor, too, of course—wanted him to do a picture about a prize-fighter who left the ring—temporarily—and got himself a paraffin nose. No one knows what happened in the script after that, for at that point Tunney raised a prohibitive hand and refused to hear more. "Nothing doing," said he—altho he probably didn't use quite such a slangy expression—"I'll do nothing to hurt the feelings of my friend, Jack Dempsey.

And now they're looking for another story. There has been a rumor that Dempsey and Tunney may play in a picture together, during the action of which they would reproduce as nearly as possible the recent championship bout. The purpose of this would be to get around the ruling which prohibits the showing of the actual fight films in many states. But our guess is that the public doesn't want to see any synthetic versions of the big fight—the real thing was feebler enough. And also that Jack Dempsey is content to have lost the championship once, and won't care to play second lead to his friend, Gene Tunney, in any fictionization of the event.

Bellev Bennett seems to have settled the question, in her own mind at least, of whether an actress ought to stick to one type of part. For Belle will insist on being a mother. She has never been able to forget "Stella

Life in the studios is just one celebrity after another. Elsie Janis was a recent caller out at Culver City. She entertained the film stars with her famous impersonations . . . and they feted her at luncheons, teas and dinners. Greta Garbo and John Gilbert welcomed Elsie to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (what a name!) studios.
The first picture taken of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Sills (née Doris Kenyon). Doris and Milton were married at Doris’ country place at Ausable Forks, New York.

Miss Bennett—despite the fact that since “Stella Dallas” her interpretations of this divine emotion have been nothing to boast about. It’s got to the point where the whole audience braces itself and gets ready for a good cry when they see her name in the cast.

All of which merely leads us to the announcement that Belle will have the title rôle in “Mother,” an F. B. O. production of Kathleen Norris’ novel.

Norma Talmadge has been inspecting all the dark and impetuous young men in Hollywood with a view to engaging one for the rôle of Armand in her production of “Camille.” So you can imagine that quite an endless succession of screen tests was made, as Hollywood abounds with the sleek and the swarthy. Norma finally selected Gilbert Roland, who says he is a twenty-year-old Spaniard, for her leading man. You’ve no doubt become familiar with Gilbert Roland by now, as he’s been conspicuous in all lists of promising youngsters. And you’re sure to like him, for he is a happy composite of all our best male stars, and you’re sure to see in him a distinct resemblance to your favorite. Norma and Joseph Schenck were so delighted with Gilbert’s tests that he has been signed by United Artists for five years, and will probably be divided between the Talmadge sisters.

Connie Talmadge, by the way, is to be directed by Marshall Neilan, who has just severed his connections with Paramount. Connie has just severed her connections with her recent husband, and is free to pursue her gay career in the studios. Thank goodness. It would have been awful to lose Connie. The new picture is “Collette,” presumably the new title of “The Sun of Montmartre,” which was originally written by Hans Kraly for Norma’s use. Connie will be an Italian girl, and the press-agent assures me that it will be a stronger part than she has ever played. Which sounds ominous. Who would want to see Connie in a strong part? But we have faith in Hans Kraly.

Gardner James is going to marry Marion Blackton, the daughter of J. Stuart Blackton, who directed Gardner in “Hell Bent For Heaven.” Marion has had a hand in Gardner’s career right from the first, for she was assisting her father in casting when James applied for a job, and she wrote the script of that picture, in which James made his first big impression. Now he has been signed by Inspiration Pictures to a five-year contract, and they hope to develop him into a successor to Richard Barthelmess. The wedding will take place on Christmas Day.
If you want to see how Charlie Chaplin acts when not under the spell of his Art, watch the picture houses closely now. For during the recent fire at the Chaplin Studio, the cameraman had the presence of mind to keep on grinding thru all the pandemonium and got two hundred feet of film showing how actors behave when they're not acting. Charlie was in the midst of making up, and he is to be seen dashing about in his bathrobe, among firemen, flames, and drenching water.

First National's East Coast studio has been closed, now that "Not Herbert" has been completed, and all the stars are traveling back to California where all First National pictures will hereafter be made, at the enormous and expensive new studio at Burbank. Ben Lyon was to have joined the caravan going westward, but he is going to stay in New York for one more picture. Robert Kane, who releases thru First National, will continue to produce his pictures in New York, and it is for him Ben will work during the next few weeks—in none other than "The Duke of Ladies." And here I will let you in on a secret. "The Duke of Ladies" is nothing in the world but a title—a darn good title, so the officials think—and it has been applied to one picture after another, and then found inappropriate. So the general impression must be that "The Duke of Ladies" has been in production for months and months. No indeed. And you can expect almost anything to be hiding behind the shield of this provoking title. No clue to the nature of the new story has been proffered by the publicity department—probably because they dont know themselves. Ben's first picture in California will be "The Butter and Egg Man."

Hollywood's first big blue-eyed Indian made his appearance at a press luncheon given for Colonel Tim McCoy at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. My pal, Glenn Chaffin, took a good look at the big feathered brave who was indulging in the sign language with the Colonel. The big Injun kept staring at Glenn. "What's the matter with that painted baby, Glenn?" I asked. "He must have the Indian sign on you." Glenn, who is one of these strong silent men from the rough open spaces of Montana, walked over to the painted Injun and asked him to take the feathered teepee off his head.

"My Gawd!" exclaimed my pal, "If it isn't Charlie!" It seems that Charlie used to be Glenn's barber. He

(Continued on page 112)

Here is an interesting picture in which you'll recognize George O'Brien as the gob that he was during the war. He's the fellow in middle, that's right
Say It With Letters

Have you a kick against the movies? Then don't suffer in silence. Write us a letter about it. Have you a favorite that you want to tell the world about? Then remember that it isn't fair to keep the good news to yourself. This department is devoted to your opinions and you are the boss of this page.

A New Light on Hollywood Cinderella

DEAR EDITOR:

I read the article “The Fake Princess,” in your latest issue, with much interest and greater surprise. Putting aside everything else, Helen Otero, “the fake princess,” is entitled to our admiration for the real spunk she displayed in deceiving Hollywood, of all places, which is used to seeing so much nobility in the screen and out of it. I think Helen’s was one of the novelest little stunts ever pulled off anywhere. That she was able to hold her own after three weeks of successful counterfeiting, is but natural. The clock had to strike the hour for Cinderella, and the price had to be paid.

However, that did not end the joke, by any means. Hollywood has not yet been entirely undeceived!

Because, Hollywood is not yet aware that the fake princess of Spain is not even an honest-to-goodness Spanish girl, to begin with! Miss Helen Otero is a native of the Philippine Islands, this “wild” possession of the United States. She is descended from Spaniards it is true, but has Filipino blood running in her veins, and if she has blue-blooded relations, the Man in the Moon is her bootlegger.

In other countries there would be nothing to this blood angle, but in “God’s country” blood makes the man (or is it blood makes the man?) unless I am greatly mistaken. Let this be not all. Not only has Nature failed to lavish physical gifts on poor Helen, not only is she not possessed of any remarkable personality, but she has not even enjoyed the advantage of a liberal education, hence her defective Spanish pronunciation. With this great handicap, one naturally wonders how in the world she could have maintained the deception for so long.

If she was a guest of the Moreno, how could the old screen wonder have failed to discover the fraud? I thought Tony had a lot of horse-sense, but the “marquis” is a dunce or not. Looks as if the horse-laugh has to be mostly on Tony! As to Mrs. Moreno, she deserves a full share of our admiration for her wonderful magnanimity. How many hostesses could have borne their disappointment like she did? But really, Tony Moreno’s short-sightedness is unbelievable. I really think that it was his sense of Spanish chivalry that kept him from discerning the counterfeit goods.

Helen Otero, formerly known here as Titina, long before “Titina my Titina” was ever sung here, is the youngest of four sisters named Ester, Consuelo, Pepita, and her- self. The first one went to Spain, the second married an American, who holds a very responsible position in a local electric company, and Pepita is still pouting on her old typewriter here in Manila. Helen went with her sister and American brother-in-law to the States, and remained in San Francisco, if I am not mistaken, from where she reported on her spectacular invasion of sophisticated Hollywood!

Those who know Helen Otero, how she looks, and what her accomplishments (or lack of them) are, received the shock of their lives upon learning that she succeeded in putting such a big one over on Hollywood the blonde, and they wonder how far could have gone any of our real better equipped beauties, because we do grown some peaches in our orchards here, if anybody should ask you! We thought Helen could never have created any excitement at any one-horse-town barn dance on your side of the globe.

Yours very truly,

Eddie Monty, Manila, P. I.

For a long time I have been holding back my one and only fault against the movies. I am sixteen years old and have spent about seven years of the sixteen as a true motion picture fan. There is only one fault that I can find against the movies and I wish to state it in your “Yes and No Department.” I do not enjoy a picture if the star is a cripple or disfigured in any way and I will not attend a movie if I have any idea that this will be done.

The first picture of this kind that I saw was my favorite actor, Richard Barthelmess in “The Enchanted Cottage.” In this picture he was a cripple and his lover a very ugly girl. The public does not care about seeing the stars attempt something new. Richard did splendid acting in “The Enchanted Cottage,” but it certainly was a box-office failure in this town. There was John Gilbert too in “The Big Parade.” In this picture he appears as a suffering cripple, Percy Marmont as a crippled beggar in “The Street of Forgotten Men” and Ronald Colman as a blind vet in part of “The Dark Angel.” These pictures do not suit the public at all. They do not want to see the stars break away from the parts with which they are best known. Let Barthelmess remain as the strong young likable boy he really is. Gilbert the passionate lover and not a poor cripple and Colman as the strong romantic man he is.

Some may not agree with me but I think the majority will, as no true motion picture fan likes to see or even think of a favorite actor as a blind beggar or anything besides the romantic lover he really is. I wonder how many agree with me?

C. S.,

Cambria, Virginia.

 Didn’t I Tell You?

I have just reread the criticism of John Nuding in the September issue of Motion Picture. He was disgusted with the "exaggerated passions" displayed in the garden scene of “The Sea Beast.”

Now what under the sun is the matter with John? Was he simply dyspeptic that evening as a result of too many helpings of boiled New England dinner—or has he reached that state of acosmic loneliness where Romances is viewed with distaste, a dusty, unlovely thing?

I think that love scene of Barrymore and Dolores Costello was one of the loveliest things I have ever seen on the screen. It was as exquisite, as softly fragrant as the drifting petals of that summer garden. There was a poignant, haunting beauty about the scene that is with me yet. And I have heard dozens of people express opinions identical to mine. I have heard no one express disgust at that “passionate oscillation.”

What should our hero have done? Seated himself at a discreet distance from his love and recited Shakespeare? Or perhaps he should have eloped her by hanging over the good old sea clanty, or she might even have joined him in the chorus of “Asleep in the Deep”—altho the latter might be just a trifle devilish and unmannerly.

But let Pete’s sake! Let’s get over this prudish attitude. What we need are more real pictures with real people in ‘em—people that are full of views as well as virtues. We’re tired of these insipid, namby pambettes that dance before us like marionettes on a string. Let’s try to get a little closer to life and we’ll have better pictures. The garden scene was life—even if John doesn’t think so.

E. F., Los Angeles, Calif.

(Continued on page 2)
That's Out

The Truth About a Number of Things

By Tamar Lane

Suggestion to Mr. Hays

According to report, Will Hays is evolving a new system whereby the producers' association will ban from the films all players who figure in sensational newspaper cases.

We don't see what concern the public has with the private lives of the players so long as they give us capable and entertaining performances upon the screen.

We might suggest to Mr. Hays, however, that he place some kind of ban on the hamfatt Thespians who chew up the scenery and keep good actors from getting a job.

Horseshoes vs. Talent

After all, a rabbit's paw and a horseshoe are much more valuable assets in the picture game than talent and ability. In the silent drama, if a player has enough luck, then ability is only a matter of secondary importance. But without luck it is very difficult to reach the peak of success.

Viola Dana, for instance, is not only unusually talented but is one of the most charming little actresses on the silver sheet. She has failed, however, to receive anything near the screen reward that she merits.

If Viola had only been fortunate enough to have been cast into a few of the big box-office knockouts, she would undoubtedly be at the top of the heap today.

He Wasn't the Type

There is apparently an unwritten law on just how things must and must not be done on the screen. Every player goes thru practically the same ritual for no other reason than that the man just ahead of him did it that way.

Let some misguided individual try to depart from the regular approved method and he is promptly and soundly whacked on the head by the director and profession in general, and then roundly lampooned by the professors of the press.

A young South American recently arrived in Hollywood and had the effrontery to try and get a job in a Brazilian picture without knowing how to dance the tango and play a guitar.

He was, of course, at once informed of his gross ignorance, but being a relative of the general manager of the company, he was given a job in another film playing the part of an English butler.

Page Elinor Glyn

Producers claim that players who have sex appeal are the most successful on the screen.

This, no doubt, accounts for the great popularity of Farina.

In the comedies in which I have seen him, he certainly has more than his share of "It."

The chief argument of the proponents of censorship is that persons go to the theater, view immoralities and crimes upon the screen, and then go out and emulate them.

If this is true, then censors who view several times as many pictures a month as the average person does in a year, must be the dangerous characters they are often painted, and we may believe everything we hear about them.

On the strength of their own logic and assertions, I think that a bill should be passed to the effect that no censor be allowed at large except under police surveillance. The present crime wave being due, according to

(Continued on page 93)
“Shall I Go
Into the
Movies?”

Iris, November 18:
It looks to me as if you have far more appreciation of the artistic efforts of other people than the actual ability to express emotion yourself—quite a common occurrence and one which accounts for many disappointments upon the stage and screen. You really are able to write dramatic literature, however. If you can manage to bring it about easily I suggest that you go upon the stage for a few years in order to develop your sense of the technique essential for successful playwriting. Don’t expect to be a big dramatic success yourself. If you are unable to adapt your views to this kind of a life then marry the next nice young man.

Z. S., April 1:
Apparently there is a kind of ingrowing self-consciousness abroad in the land that makes at least half the correspondents of this department say something like “You know, I never in the world would have thought of wanting to go into the movies—oh, my dear. I think it’s a terrible life—but all my friends are just pushing me toward it all the time, and do you think Miss Drew that all these intelligent and highly critical people that tell me I’m the next Gloria Swanson can possibly be wrong?” The chances are that they are. The young man who wrote under the above initials has no more chance—in spite of his friends—to succeed on the screen than my pet parrot.

Frederick B. S., May 17:
You have a certain sense of showmanship and a fondness for artistic and theatrical things, but you are not an actor. This is a strange suggestion, perhaps, but I believe you would do well in managerial work such as manager of a baseball team, prize fighter or other professional sport work. Don’t write and ask me how one goes about it to get such work, for I haven’t the faintest idea.

Marion R., May 19:
Yes, you have a lot of ability—many different kinds of artistic talent, but look out for those tricky emotional states of yours which are apt to create chaos in your character and life if allowed full sway. I advise you to study dramatic art. If you find your interest there failing then turn to cartooning. You will earn a good deal of money through your own efforts, but never depend upon anyone else to assist you in the slightest degree.

Mrs. W. G. S., February 7:
Although it is extremely hard for anyone to break into the scenario department of a motion picture company 1 (Continued on page 115)

EDITOR’S NOTE: All comments made in this department are based on astrological rules, but neither the writer of this department nor this publication can assume responsibility for statements made therein, because inaccurate data is sometimes furnished, even tho the sender believes it to be correct.

You must send: your date of birth . . . your year of birth . . . city or nearest town and county of birth . . . your sex and the hour and minute of the day or night when you were born.
“What can I do to have perfect Half Moons?”

What woman does not look with envy at the lovely almond-shaped nails of her more fortunate sister? Does not shrink back in mortification at her own dim, come-as-they-may, varishaped finger tips?—clean, but oh, so stupid! Sigh once more for that glistening perfection, above all for those pearl-white rounded half moons and shapely, snowy tips?

Perfectly shaped Half Moons make the nails appear longer and give them the desired almond shape. No wonder they are so much coveted by the woman who wants to have beautiful nails.

The Half Moon is a pale crescent-shaped area just above the nail. Its size and shape vary in every individual and in each finger. Occasionally this white area is so small that none of it shows above the nail rim. And some women actually do not have Half Moons at all.

“Usually,” Northam Warren says, “when the Half Moons do not show, it is because the dead cuticle has not been properly removed and the nail rims rightly shaped.

“The cuticle is really skin that grows in a protective rim around the nail base. It constantly throws off old tissue that covers up the Half Moons and causes the rims to draw so tight to the nail they split and crack. You can not cut it away without snipping into it, causing it to grow back still more unevenly—and just softening and pushing back the cuticle breaks it and doesn’t remove this old skin either.

“So many women had trouble with this part of the manicure that I experimented until I found a way of removing the old tissue and softening the cuticle so it is easy to shape it into perfect ovals and allow the Half Moons to show. That way is with a liquid—the safe antiseptic Cutex Cuticle Remover.”

With orange stick and cotton dipped in Cutex the cuticle is gently shaped until the dead cuticle which obscures the Half Moons is removed.

Then rub in Cutex Cuticle Cream—all around the nail base. It helps train the rims back, and keeps the cuticle soft and pliant.

But remember that just one treatment—if you have neglected to train the cuticle properly—won’t get the Half Moons to show perfectly. You will need to remove the old cuticle and shape the new regularly—once a week. Even if you discover that you do not happen to have Half Moons yourself, you will be delighted with the lovely oval shape of your nails.

Marthe Regnier, talented and unusually gifted French actress and a modest of artistic ability as well says: “If Moons are the distinguishing mark of beauty in well kept nails. Since I discovered Cutex it’s no trouble at all to shape cuticle, revealing the Half Moons.

Cutex sets, containing everything for the manicure are 35c to $1.00. Separate preparations are 35c. You will find them wherever toilet goods are sold. Or see the special offer.

Send 10c for Introductory Set containing Cutex Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Powder Polishes, Cuticle Cream, brush, emery board, orange stick, cotton and booklet.

Northam Warren, Dept. M-1
114 West 17th Street, New York City
I enclose 10c in stamps or coins for Introductory Set.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
LEORO H.—And here we are back again in time to say—

**Mostest wishes for every good thing**

That Christ and the New Year bring,

It's olden and golden, but tried and true,

That jolly old bird sent birthtoth to you—

**Merry Christmas**

SALLY.—So you think I am handsome, and fit for the movies.

Well, am I not in the movies? Ramon Novarro was born on September 20, 1899. You want us to print a picture of Lew Cody’s famous door. I’ll see what I can do.


Well, I shall say you want to diet, and not be like the horse who eats nine times its own weight in hay.

Write me again.

DONNIE JACK.—Of course, I love music, and I love the “Blue Danube,” too. Irene Friedrichs and Mady Christians in “The Waltz Dream.” That was Jodyna Ralston in “The Freshman.”

Yes, we used Jack Gilbert’s picture on the January, 1926, CLASSIC. I am getting older—another birthday next month. Conway Tearle has been married five times, and his last wife is Adele Rowland.

Address him at Warner Brothers, Los Angeles, California. There was a picture of Conway Tearle in the January, 1924, issue, also in the October, 1926, issue.

TED.—You say the spirits of your mid-Victorian ancestors forbid your corresponding with an unknown male. Don’t be sill, Ted. The answer to your question is that Ronald Colman is being divorced from Thelma Ray. Erich von Stroheim has used thirty-six sets in “The Wedding March.” The sets depict Vienna and Tyrol. We are waiting patiently.

ADELAIDE S.—That was a beautiful thought you expressed for Rudolph Valentino.

NEGRI FAX.—I should say this is some busy little city. The number of taxis in 1915 in New York were 3,391; in 1925 there were 24,998; an increase of more than 621 per cent. Number of pleasure automobiles in 1915 were 49,344; in 1925, 363,494; an increase of more than 630 per cent. Number of commercial cars, omnibuses, etc., in 1915 were 19,607, and in 1925 there were 94,449, an increase of more than 381 per cent. Do you still want to come here? Pola Negri was married to Count Dombski. She is playing in “Barbed Wire.”

MARY ALICE.—Well, the hottest spot on earth is Death Valley, in California. Yes, House Peters is married to Mae King, and they have two children. He was born in Bristol, England, is six feet one and one-half inches and weighs 190 pounds. Has brown hair and hazed eyes. Not playing right now.

E. A. HULL, ENGLAND.—Cherio! You say you like my page, and you think we Americans are the biggest bluffers in the world, but you admire us for it. Well, I’ll be—

No, I don’t think Bebe Daniels has any brothers or sisters. She is a tom boy. Ran in again some time. Did you ever hear the joke about—

Oh, what’s the use.

WANDARD.—Well, I’m afraid you are going to lose the bet—Milton Sills and not Conway Tearle in “Flaming Youth.” James Hall opposite Pola Negri in “Hotel Imperial.” John Barrymore’s next on VilIon will be released as “The Beloved Rogue.”

LAURA M. T.—I should say I do remember you. What are you doing in New York City? All right, here goes on Jack Holt. He was born in Winchester, Virginia, May 31, 1888, the son of an Episcopal clergyman. He went to Alaska when a youth, where he took up civil engineering. He also attended the Virginia Military Academy and then found his way into the movies. See you later.

ELLEN D.—Something’s wrong! Alice Terry and Antonio Moreno played in “Mare Nostrum,” and Alice Terry and Ramon Navarro in “Searaumouche.” Save! Why, don’t you know, Mae Murray is known as “The Nell Blinkley Girl.”

FRANCES C.—Your letter was bright and interesting. Sorry I cannot help you on the poem—you ought to tell me about it when it appeared. Yes, I have been to Charleston. When are you coming to Brooklyn?

LENY.—Mabel Normand is married, and she is playing in “One Hour Married,” a two-reeler, with Creighton Hale. You know she is Mrs. Cody now.

UNKNOWN.—Address Ronald Colman at the Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Why, Warner Brothers have borrowed Rudolph Schildkraut from De Mille to play the part of Noah in “Noah’s Ark.” Mae Murray in “Diamond Handkerchief.”

JUSTINE MCK.—Yes, Alice Terry wears a blonde wig in pictures, but her hair is really dark red. She played in “The Great Divide” without the wig. Renée Adorée and John Gilbert in “The Day of Souls.”

RAY A.—The door of the brain is often the shortest cut to the heart. I admire your choice. Greta Nissen is playing in “Blondes or Brunettes,” with Adolphe Menjou, while Arlette Marchal is the brunette. Owen Moore and Joan Crawford in “The Taxi Dancer.”

MARGARET.—So you don’t like down in Mexico. No, I have never been there, and have no desire to go. Lon Chaney is playing in “Almora the Legless.” So Clara Bow is your ideal type of girl. She’s the “girl friend,” all right. Clara and I are pals of old. Norma Shearer is twenty-three years old.

CURIOUS GIRL.—That was a very nice photo you sent to me, but there is really no way I can help you get into pictures. Sorry.

LILLIAN RICH FAX.—Yes, Lillian Rich is playing in two reellers for Hal Roach. You say you have to drive six miles to see the pictures. Yes, Fred Thomson still owns “Silver King.” Some of the stunts are performed by doubles, you know. I enjoyed yours a lot.

E. M. W., BUENOS AIRES.—With the greatest of pleasure. Letrice Joy was born in 1899.

N. D., NEW ZEALAND.—Well, men always imagine—quite erroneously—that daughters will grow up to be exactly like their mothers. Yes, Victor Varconi in “The King of Kings.” Milton Sills in “The Runaway Enchantress.” He and Doris Kenyon were married. They ought to be very happy—I hope so.

HURRAH! HURRAH! MORE CLUBS.—The Harry Langdon Fan Club, Doris Dowson, Delmar Hotel, 63½ Windward Avenue, Venice, California. Ronald Colman Club, Harry Baumgartner, 1406 Kentucky Avenue, Los Angeles, Missouri.

BABBIE.—Yes, Corinne Griffith has been married to Webster Campbell, and now to Walter Morosco. No, Norma Shearer has not been married, and Mae Murray born May 10, 1893.
AMERICA’S UNKNOWN BEAUTIES are revealed to you in these pages. TRE-JUR did not discover them—they discovered TRE-JUR—proving that wisdom and beauty go hand in hand.

**Thinest**

**the thinnest compact ever made**

“THINEST” in name—thinnest in fact—a Tre-Jur Compact of supreme beauty and incredible lightness.

It is hard to believe that such an exquisite, slender case contains so bountiful a measure of powder and a mirror of such generous size.

It carries a quality of cosmetic supremely fine and deeply appreciated by women who prize the best. In polished gunmetal finish—the “Thinest” single costs $1—the double $1.50.

For those who wish both powder and rouge in a lovely vanity designed expressly for the purse—there’s nothing quite like the Tre-Jur “Twin.” The upper compartment holds the powder; and below there’s the little wonder drawer with Tre-Jur Rouge—an adorable, practical companion, a triumph in toiletries.

Meet the “Little One”—a single compact in charming gem-like case—Tre-Jur’s master stroke in Value. Priced to please at 50¢, with handy refills always available at 35¢.

If not sold nearby, any Tre-Jur item will be forwarded by mail, upon receipt of price. A generous sample of Tre-Jur Face Powder sent for 10¢—stamps or coin. Address House of Tre-Jur, Inc., 19 West 18th Street, New York City.
The Answer Man

(Continued from page 74)

NIRA C.—That's the right idea, you say, "If we are to help others, what are the others here for?" You refer to Youcza Troubetzkoy in "Flower of Night." Clara Bow born August 18, 1905. They do say she is engaged to Victor Fleming, the director of "She Belongs to Me" in "Strangled in Paris."

MARJORIE.—So you really don't believe that I am eighty some odd years old with a long beard. I'm a veritable Father Time, Marjorie. Yes, of course, I like A. W. F. very much. She's the managing editor, you know. And you are going to be a school teacher.

MARINA F.—At this writing, Richard Barthelmess is in Europe. I hardly think he will go to China. So you were sorry to hear about the Valenti's in "Scandal in Paris," too. Niles Welch is engaged to Elaine B. Gholson. Doris Kenyon and Lewis Stone in "The River." Virginia Valli's next is "Ankles Preferred," with Lou Tellegen.

TARZAN.—Esther Ralston is married to George Frey. You want Mrs. Paul Whiteman to play in pictures. I don't know the young lady. Well, a person is said to be suffering from pyromania when he has an uncontrollable desire to witness or start fires.

ROSEMARY.—Yes, that is the original signature of Valentino. Light-haired people live longer than dark-haired, and the rapid growth of finger-nails is a sign of good health.

HANDY ANDY.—I agree with you, and I don't understand why it wasn't done.

A. E. P.—Valentino was born May 6, 1895. Lloyd Hughes is playing opposite Mae Murray in "Valencia." He will play the role of a young fellow who falls in love with the Spanish dancer.

PATRICIA H. K.—So you are fond of Norma Shearer. She was born in 1903, and has blue eyes and dark hair. She is five feet four inches, weighs 109 pounds. Her birthday is August 10. The Prince you refer to is playing only small parts right now. George Lewis is playing in "The Collegians."

CHARLESTONITIS.—The famous Black Bottom dance which Ann Pennington does in the "Scandals" on the stage is to be introduced in "Lights and Love in 19." Edna H., AGE 13.—Thanks, Edna, for the verses. Maybe some day you will write a book of verse, who knows? Elinor Glyn will appear in the foreword for her new production "It," with Clara Bow and Antonio Moreno in the leads.

NORTH CHINA SCHOOL.—Glad to hear from you. Sid Chaplin is a half-brother to Charlie. Richard Barthelmess is five feet seven inches. He has brown hair and eyes. May McAvoy was born in New York City on May 9, 1895. She is suffering from a nervous breakdown. You must write to me again.

FRANCES S.—Renée Adorée and John Gil-

Watch Them Rise!

WOMEN

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Height</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Vilma Banky</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pola Negri</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gloria Swanson</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clara Bow</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colleen Moore</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norma Shearer</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bebe Daniels</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Pickford</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norma Talmadge</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mae Murray</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alberta Vaughn</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Betty Bronson</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marion Davies</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dolores Costello</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Constance Talmaude</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Esther Ralston</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Louise Brooks</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corinne Griffith</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May McAvoy</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lois Moran</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leatrice Joy</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Brian</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lillian Gish</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anna Q. Nilsson</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Renée Adorée</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greta Garbo</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

MEN

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Height</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rudolph Valentino</td>
<td>209</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ramon Novarro</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richard Dix</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ronald Colman</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ben Lyon</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Gilbert</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Boyd</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lloyd Hughes</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richard Barthelmess</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Douglas Fairbanks</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ricardo Cortez</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rod La Rocque</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Haines</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George O’Brien</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thomas Meighan</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antonio Moreno</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adolph Menjou</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jack Holt</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tom Alix</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milton Sills</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neil Hamilton</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monte Blue</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lon Chaney</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Malcolm MacGregor</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Barrymore</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

VIVIAN.—Rod LaRocque was born in Chicago, Illinois, November 29, 1896. Yes, Kathleen Clifford is to direct "The Salvage." Richard Talmadge's first for Universal is "The Black Rider." William Powell in "Gaby," which is a picture of the life of Gaby Deslys, that Fox is producing.

LLOYD HUGHES FAX.—Glad you like to read this magazine. Give it to your friends to read. Lloyd Hughes is six feet, and he was born October 21, 1909. Shirley Mason in "Rose of the Tenements," for F. B. O.

DOLLY.—Is it cold here? I should say so. I have my fireplace burning—the electric heater. This is some tall room. Ronald Colman in "A Night of Love." He is five feet ten inches and weighs 150 pounds. Thanks, but I have no wife.

M. V. N.—That was Jason Robards and Blanche Mcmahlan in "Coburns and Kelyes." You say life is like a game of cards, the
The Filmy Gowns That Women Used to Fear

Wear them now in security, under the most trying of hygienic handicaps

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

Social demands, no matter how ill-timed, hold terror no longer for the modern woman. Sheerest gowns are worn without a moment’s thought or fear. One dances, motors, goes about for hours in confidence and security.

The uncertainty of the old-time “sanitary pad” has been supplanted with positive protection. There is a new way—a way that once you try will keep you forever from risking again dangers of old ways.

These new advantages

This new way is Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it. It is made of the superabsorbent Cellucotton wadding. It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as cotton. Kotex also deodorizes by a new disinfectant, and thus solves another trying problem.

If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind and your health. Many ills, according to leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way.

There is no bother, no expense, of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would waste paper—without embarrassment.

Only Kotex is “like” Kotex

In purchasing, take care that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the only pad embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding. It is the only napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is “like” Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super. Kotex Company, 166 West JacksonBlvd., Chicago.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Cra y Quilt

Synopsis of First Chapters

Judith Tower, the great-granddaughter of Lola Chase, a once famous and beautiful actress, uses $1200 left by her mother to go to New York and break into the movies. Her talent and beauty are appreciated by the producer of Excelsior Pictures, but he offers her a contract on terms she cannot accept, and she leaves his studio forever. Working as an extra at the Acme Studio, she meets Harvey Dunn, a young publicist man, and Harvey, like most men, gives her small parts and later influences Irving, the producer, to give her a contract. Meanwhile, Harvey and Judith fall deeply in love and become engaged. One night at the Ritz they meet Joy Royce, an actress, who greets Harvey with a proprietary air which Harvey finds fascinating.

At a surprise-party in Judith’s new dressing-room, the Acme stars come to congratulate her on her contract and her engagement. A boy comes with a note which says is from Miss Morss, another of Harvey’s many admirers, to deliver it. Joy Royce, Harvey, and Judith are all there. Judith, who is feeling a little heavily, reads the note and drops it on the floor. Judith covers it with her handkerchief and picks it up unnoticed by Harvey. In this joy refers to her romance with Harvey. She declares she still loves him, and reproaches him for marrying Judith. Judith keeps the note, but never mentions it, as she has complete faith in Harvey’s love for her. They are married the next day. Harvey is absorbed in Judith’s career, and they live far beyond their means in an effort to keep a spectacular home. They have many debts, but Harvey assures her bluffs are necessary in the picture game, and her increasing salary will pay for everything. They take an apartment in a fashionable neighborhood. Harvey urges her to use her relationship to Lola Chase for publicity purposes, and she begins to appear in fan magazines. Harvey drinks a great deal, and in moments of intoxication is ugly to Judith.

On the day of the premiere of the picture which they are working on, they are due to meet Dolores Cortez, a passe vampire, who invites Judith to a tea for her press at the house the next day. Judith meets Robert Landis, a well-known feature writer and a charming man, who asks if he may see her again. Miss Chambers, a magazine writer, marks an appointment to interview her the following Thursday, at her apartment.

On the second day, a week before Miss Chambers is expected, she returns to the apartment to find Harvey in the bedroom. He is drunk, and uglier than she has ever seen him. He has found Joy Royce’s note, and accuses her of loving on him. She reaches for the note, for Judith says she has never been entirely faithful to her.

Harvey is distraught. Judith recovers sufficiently to receive Miss Chambers. She forgives Harvey, feeling he needs her love and protection more than ever. He stops drinking with her help. Some weeks later Judith goes to the country on location. Harvey is forced to remain in town to write her next script. She is unhappy, for he will drink in her absence. After two weeks Sonja Solano, an actress, joins her on location, and tells Harvey that Judith has not been entirely faithful to her.

CRAZY QUILT

(Continued from page 41)

“Your don’t realize what things cost . . .
what we pay out in tips and entertainment alone.”

Judith was quick to take advantage of the opening.

“I will never will,” she admitted, “I will sign the checks.”

By taking the responsibility of her livelihood, she saw a way of taking over the finances without hurting Harvey’s feelings.

“Let me be the banker for a little while. I want to send father a weekly check at first. I think the only way for me to learn to manage is by actually managing.”

Harvey laughed at her indulgently.

“All right,” he said. “We’ll go down to the bank tomorrow and fix the account in your name. You’ll get tired of it.”

But Judith said she wouldn’t. But she knew that she would never do anything of the kind. It was her first step towards an eventual and complete management of her own affairs.

She felt sorry to think that her marriage could never be like the marriage of her mother and father. It was not that she loved Harvey less than her father had loved her. It was never that way, and there were no answers to her worst. It was just that she knew somehow that her marriage did not depend upon Harvey, because Harvey was not a dependable person.

On the desk was the scenario of “The Exile.” It was clipped in the final blue pages.

“Is it finished?” asked Judith, glad to put away the check-book and the uncalled-for bills.

Harvey grinned. He felt “The Exile” to be well done, that was evident. And he helped Judith settle herself on the lounge and adjusted a lamp so that she might read with comfort.

The manuscript was a great improvement over the other two that Harvey had done. Judith knew this before she had read ten pages.

She turned to Harvey, who was watching her over the top of a new novel.

I’ve thought about it,” she said. “You have swung into a great style.”

His praise delighted him. He tried not to appear too pleased, but failed miserably.

“You are so sure of yourself, but it has its great subtlety,” she said a little later. “I can hardly wait to play Cornelia. She’s delightful.”

“ Gee, I’m awfully glad you like her,” Harvey said. “I haven’t shown the manuscript to a soul. I wanted you to read it first.”

Then he began to tease her.

“After all,” he said, “I’m only the poor scenario writer and you are the featured player. It must suit you or you

she knew that this was not the case and that unless some scenes were changed, her part would be second to Felice’s.

When she had finished she laid the manuscript aside with a weariness. And Harvey was quick to praise her mood.

“What’s the trouble?” he asked. “Doesn’t it hold up?”

This time Judith knew that Harvey was sincere. He was evidently unaware of the mood Sim felt.

“It is beautifully done through,” she granted. “But you have made it Felice Friend’s story.”

“I have not,” Harvey contradicted her, and, reaching angrily for the manuscript, began to turn the pages roughly. He had been so proud of his work that he was hurt from the beginning.

“Judith made this criticism.”

“You act as if I was a fool,” she told him. “Felice Friend couldn’t tell you that story under any circumstances.”

“I agree with you,” said Judith. “If you’ll bring the manuscript over here, I’ll show you the scenes where I think you have given her the story.”

As Judith turned the pages and marked the scenes, Harvey forced himself to listen quietly. It became more and more evident to him that she knew what she was talking about.

“See,” said Judith, when she had finished. “It is nothing that cannot be easily remedied.”

She started to go up-stairs. “I feel like an utter worm, misunderstanding it, but…”

With a shrug, she turned away. In Latin it is eloquence, paused at the stairway and waited for it to jog her.

There was an irritation in his movements as he clicked off the lamps moving from one to another.

“Darn it, Judy,” he said, “you should not have to concern yourself over this sort of script. I thought you could understand yet how I could have been such an idiot.”

Judith forbore telling him. His hair was touched where his hands had run thru it, he noticed. He was a child, she thought, if it was entirely responsible for his stupidity.

Judith wanted to take him in her arms and soothe him. Once again he needed his self-satisfaction and efficiency, she needed his hand to show him the way.

When he had put out the last lamp he came over to where she was sitting.

“Love,” she said, “I am so happy to be back home with you. Are you a little glad too?”

For his answer he bent back her body.

(Can't find the original source for the continuation on page 80)
TWO-REEL FEATURE COMEDIES—
created by a genius of Laughs for fun-loving
audiences, with players of proven popularity.

For ten years Al Christie has been a consistent producer of
wholesome entertainment for the whole family.
Ask at your favorite theatre when the next comedy produced by
Christie will be shown—it's your guarantee of a well balanced program.

An embarrassing moment, in a
CHRISTIE COMEDY, featuring
NEAL BURNS.

A "serious" situation in a JIMMIE
ADAMS COMEDY

Scene from a BOBBY VERNON
COMEDY, with a Scotch
background.

'Gamboling on the green' in
a BILLY DOOLEY COMEDY.

Released through
EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.

ANNE CORNWALL seems to be
skating on thin ice in this CHRISTIE
COMEDY.

The name Christie on Comedy is like Sterling on Silver

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Crazy Quilt

(Continued from page 78)

with an almost brutal movement so that she Mr. Goldstein has hungry force of his embrace and kisses. And then he carried her tenderly up-stairs and to their room.

CHAPTER XI

For the next six weeks Judith knew nothing of "The Exile.

The week after her return from Mountain Stream, she had gone in to see Mr. Irving. He had made the appointment. And he had proceeded to explain to her that the exhibitors were already starring her. "They are billing you in electric lights outside of the theaters," he said. "I feel that we must cash in on this popularity. It may not last, you know.

That, Judith sometimes thought, was the motto that should inscribe the stars' coat of arms, "Excelsior not last." That was the fear that crept up behind everyone who was anyone in the movies.

"While the public wants Judith Tower," said Mr. Irving, "the Acme company, will give them Judith Tower." He smiled. "I am told," said Judith, "I wonder if you are not willing to destroy our present contract with each other and make another with me"

"I will have to spend more on my wardrobe," she had already found it necessary to engage a secretary. My expenses demand more money.

Judith hated the task ahead of her. But she had no alternative. She knew that Mr. Irving expected her to brood heat into giving her more money somehow.

"I sound ungrateful, I know," she said, "and I want to say to you that I am willing to say by telling you that I do appreciate all that you and this company have done for me. But I must have more money."

"I am coming to that," Mr. Irving told her. "We will change your contract. I know that Excelsior has sent an agent to see you since you've been back. Now they want you, hey?"

Judith smiled. "You must know that I would not sign with the Excelsior under any conditions," she said. "Even if you did not keep me."

Mr. Irving raised his bushy eyebrows. "So," he said. "And why not? They tell me of all kinds of financial difficulties but I say that he will get out of them. I have seen my friend, Mr. Goldstein, get in and out of financial difficulties for years now. And it is my belief that he usually end up better off because of such difficulties."

"I was not thinking of that," said Judith. "I did not even know they were having trouble."

"I think I remember something," Mr. Irving laughed. "Mr. Goldstein himself."

Judith nodded her head. She was loath to recall this memory. "You turned him down. I remember now, Mr. Goldstein told me I was a fool to give you a contract. He said you had the swell head and would never make good."

Judith watched Mr. Irving change from a kind Jewish father type into a crafty and indomitable business man. She decided it was something in his eyes. It clicked on and off. Now he was not kind or fatherly any more. Now he was cold and hard. Now he was coming to money matters."

"Perhaps," he said, "Goldstein was right about the swell head. I am not sure. It would be easy to forget all the Acme company risking when they gave you a contract. It might be pleasant to forget, yes?"

Judith steeled herself against this attack. If they were not sure of any continued popularity for her and must make the most of this present popularity, so must she. And thru a friend in the book- keepers-office she had learned that her pictures would make fortune for the company even if they paid her five times what she was scheduled to receive.

Other contracts had been destroyed when some actor or actress had shown remarkable ability and won a great popularity. Judith was determined to get some adjustment.

She smiled at Mr. Irving when he intimated ingratitude. And her smile answered him.

They settled every question about the new contract except the matter of salary. The company would pay for her clothes. The company would pay for her photographs. These concessions cost little but gave the impression that Mr. Irving was being more than fair.

It had been determined that Mr. Irving would be the one to broach the salary this time. She waited. But it was not until many months into a wide variety of conversational subjects that he despaired of the spoiled girl sitting opposite him.

"Well, Judith," he said finally, "what do you think we can make?"

Of course, you know and I know that there is nothing to make us give you any more money than your contract now calls for, but we want you to be happy."

Judith postponed naming the amount she had in her mind. And she told herself that what seemed a fortune to her was but a comparative small figure to them."

"You know," she said, "on the other hand, that I could cost thousands of dollars by being late to the studio... by reigning illness... and by a hundred ruses which have already been employed by dissatisfied people."

And you also know that I can only do my best work when I am happy and contented."

I have received two offers from other companies. Naturally, I cannot be happy working here for five hundred dollars a week when these two other companies are willing to give me two thousand dollars a week to start. Their contracts call for five years, at the end of which time I would receive five thousand dollars a week."

"Ridiculous," said Mr. Irving rather thickly. Her direct approach and her utter frankness were terrifying. When people hedged, Mr. Irving knew what to do. And people usually hedged. He was not sure whether Judith's forthright manner was naive or deliberate.

"I agree with you that such a salary is ridiculous," said Mr. Irving, with a strange laugh of amazement of the little man who sat watching her. "But that is not the question. What are you receiving a week, Mr. Irving?"

She raised a slim white hand. "Don't trouble to answer," she told him. "I only wished to call your attention to this. So you might ask you to compare it with what your income would be weekly in any other business."

"Well, now, let's see," Mr. Irving

(Continued on page 82)

$200 in Prizes

On page 39 of this issue is a story called "Crazy Quilt." It finds its human drama in motion picture people. We are offering two hundred dollars in prizes for the best compositions of not more than three hundred words which express opinions as to why "Crazy Quilt" is a perfect title for this story.

The rules are simple, but we urge you to read them carefully.

Rules of Contest

1. No person may submit more than one composition.
2. This contest is open to all people except employees of Brewster Publications and their relatives.
3. No composition must run over three hundred words.
4. Write on one side of the paper only.
5. List your name and address at the head of every sheet of paper used.
6. Address compositions to Crazy Quilt Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
7. No communications about the contest will be answered.
8. No compositions will be returned.
9. Compositions may be sent any time up to February 1, 1927. But we suggest that you read the entire serial before submitting your composition. It will run for six months, concluding in the February issue, so you will receive hints about the title from time to time.
10. In the event of two or more letters being of equal merit, equal prizes will be awarded.
11. The two hundred dollars will be divided as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prizes</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>First Prize</td>
<td>$100.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Second Prize</td>
<td>50.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Third Prize</td>
<td>25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fourth Prize</td>
<td>10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Prize</td>
<td>5.00 each</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
SAVE yourself from baldness! Stop falling hair! Grasp this "no risk" offer to grow new, healthy hair in 30 days!

**Here's My Contract!**

If your hair is rapidly falling out—if your appearance is spoiled by approaching baldness—if you have tried countless expensive hair treatments unsuccessfully—it makes no difference. My contract stands! I'll grow new hair in thirty days—or the trial costs you NOTHING!

**Here's My Secret!**

Years of training and research and day after day experience in treating thousands of cases of loss of hair at the famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, N. Y., have taught me many valuable facts about the hair—and this, the most amazing of all—that in most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead, but merely dormant—asleep!

You're wasting your time—you're throwing away money—when you try to reach these dormant roots with ordinary hair tonics, oils, massages and salves.

For such measures treat only the surface skin and never even get to the roots, the real source of trouble. How could they ever possibly grow new hair?

**My Method Reaches the Roots**

It's no use trying to make a tree grow by rubbing "growing fluid" on the bark. You must get to the roots! And that's just why my scientific treatment is so tremendously beneficial! It penetrates below the surface of the scalp. It quickly reaches the cause of the trouble—the dormant, starving hair roots. It awakens them. Hair begins to sprout again. It takes on new life and color. It becomes stronger and thicker. And in a surprisingly short time—sooner than you ever imagined possible—you have a new healthy growth of hair—OR I PAY ALL COSTS OF THE TREATMENT MYSELF!

And best of all, my system is so simple that it can be used in any home where there is electricity without the slightest discomfort—and for just a few cents a day!

**New Hair or No Cost!**

Thousands claim seeming miracles for my treatment. I don't. I admit some cases of loss of hair are hopeless. Only remember this—these cases are so very rare and so many hundreds of others have regained luxuriant hair through my method, that I am willing to let you try it for 30 days—AT MY RISK!

Then if you are not absolutely delighted—say so. And I'll mail you a check immediately—refunding every cent of your money—and the treatment will have cost you NOTHING!

**Free Booklet Tells All**

The very fact that you have read this announcement shows that you are anxious about the condition of your hair. Why not investigate? Find out for yourself. 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. In addition it tells all about my iron-clad guarantee which enables you to take my treatment without a penny's risk. Clip and mail the coupon today.

Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 561, 512 Fifth Ave., New York City.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Three hundred, Mr. Irving told me that he had not informed her at the time. He had not been driven to this drastic step because he had promised to give you the scenarios of my productions whenever it is possible to do so.

Harvey could not kiss her. The greasepaint would smear. He could not take her hands, for they, too, were made up. "It is because of you, Judy," he said. "They have been making up three hundred a week if it pleases you."

"Now who indulges in false modesty?" Judith wanted to know, as her head emerged from the paint. "That girl is using her first hundred dollars in a week, to begin their next three hundred offer of seven hundred. But Judith would not compromise. She shook her head. He wouldn't have thought, next. She seemed regretful that she could not accept this magnificent offer, but she remained firm.

And the next week, when she stepped up to Mr. Ford to sign the new contract with the Acme company had been arranged. She was to receive fifteen hundred dollars a week to start and five thousand dollars a week at the end of five years.

Mr. Irving and Mr. Singer shook hands with her at the door of their office before she left. Their lawyer and hers were to be there that afternoon to draw up the contract.

She paused. There was a merriment in her eyes.

"I don't laugh until I am out of hearing, gentlemen," she warned them. "I know where a bargain you are getting. And I might come back and insist upon new terms more favorable to me." Mr. Irving and Mr. Singer looked at each other nervously. She was little joke, yes. Her funny joke. She felt in a good humor, now that she was going to be a rich woman. Aha, Ha, Ha. But there was little mirth in the sounds that came from their throats. And it was not until that night when they placed the signed contract in their personal safe that they actually dared to congratulate each other.

So once again Judith left the executive office not quite able to believe that things were that simple. She stayed late waiting for her in her dressing-room.

"You did well," he said. "You are a great business woman, Judy. If you manage Mr. Irving as you seem to, it is nothing short of marvelous."

And now what will we do with all that money, Judy? asked Rosey. Judith shook her head.

"I haven't ten thousand dollars," she said. "We'll get a lesser car, too. I have determined to save five hundred dollars a week. This popularity may not last. And there are options at the end of every year of my contract. I am going to save and to buy a Rolls Royce." "You can never do it," Harvey said. "You have to keep up appearances. And you don't know the expenses you will have."

"But wait," said Judith. "I have more good news. Mr. Irving will send for you later to sign the contract that you have made with a Packard, and she had had a special body made, a cabriolet model of sage green with silver wire wheels and trimming, pale gray upholstery, and her chauffeur wore gray."

The car did make things easier. It permitted her to rest driving to and from the studio. Mr. Irving had not done this, being for the most part antediluvian models.

To make things more difficult, at this time. Judith was a half-time picture girl, part of her salary a week. She now occupied a larger room with a small adjoining office where her secretary worked. Her mail increased every week. And there were so many important phases to this work that Judith found it necessary to give her lunch hours to dictation. She was not paid for this, but the management gave her a good specimen of the work, which she very much appreciated. Except for the car she had purchased on the installment plan, she was entirely out of debt but he time the "Exile" was completed. And every week she had the pleasure of mailing her father a check for one hundred dollars.

She knew what a bonanza this must be to him. His letters were pitiful. It was very evident that he hated to take the money from her, but that circumstances did force him to make any independent gesture.

In her own clumsy way, Lillian proved a comfort. Harvey rather objected to her. He said that Judith did not eat where he would never find them. But Judith was not moved to dismiss her. She knew that no one servant would do as much as Lillian, who did everything from managing the apartment, marketing, mending, to picking up her clothes after her and even running her bath.

When Judith first entered upon this intensive routine, Harvey remained at the studios until she was ready to leave. And he stayed at home with her in the evenings. Even then she was so tired that it was all she could do to sip a cup of broth before she fell asleep.

"I am not fair to him. She realized that she would have two or three or maybe even four weeks rest between productions, when Harvey would have her disappear, to do. She urged him to go out evenings.

"You must not stay home because of me," she told him. "I'm too weary even to talk at night. Go to the theater."

She suggested the theater because she felt Harvey would be safe there without her. She thought he would not be likely to take any woman to the theater where they were always sure to run across half a dozen or more people they both knew.

"If you go without you, Judy," he would say. "I want to see the good things in your company. You know how you would feel in my place." And that was a wise saying, one of the very good ones for us to see together when we have finished this picture," she said. "But do plan to go out evenings, dear. You need some recreation.

And eventually it was as she suggested. On the nights that she went to Madame Minot's, Lillian married them and served dinner. Harvey planned engagements.

There was no location trip this time. They took their exterior scenes on Long Island, in the country estates of the morn-
RAMON NOVARRO
A Name that Stands for Romance Thruout the World

Join Ramon On Romance Road! ... And Come To Know Him As Only A Fellow Traveler Can.
Commencing With the Next Issue of
Motion Picture Magazine
We Invite You on a Series of Gay Adventures.

"On the Road with Ramon"

Biography That Reads As Romance—Humor—Philosophy—Frankness. All these are mixed on the palette for a portrait of frank fascination. No eulogy, but a lively moving picture in which faults march prismatically with virtues.

By HERBERT HOWE
FEBRUARY
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
On the News-stands January 1st
Crazy Quilt
(Continued from page 82)

ings and returning late every evening. Judith was glad of this. She did not feel comfortable about leaving Harvey alone in town.

As it was, she worried over the evenings when he was out, but did not go to the theater.

"What did you see last night?" she would always ask. And if he said that he had not been to the theater but had spent the evening at the Lambs or brow- ning around some old book-shop, Judith always doubted that he was telling the truth.

She hated the suspicions that disturbed her peace. But she could not quiet them. She was sure that he would want you to think it was another woman. She was very fond of Judith, and Sonia, in her entire lifetime, would be very fond of a very few people.

Certainly Felice herself seemed to have no guilty conscience where Harvey was concerned. Judith had expected her to show some jealousy in contrary, Felice rather made a point of stopping at Judith's room in the morning.

She did this on the morning that Judith and Harvey together for the first time.

And she talked ceaselessly and simper- ingly the entire time that Harvey had mas- caroned her eyes, smoothed the pale pink of her cheek above her chin, rolled her to the scarlet salve, and induced faint mauve shadows around her eyes.

Felice's greeting never varied.

"Hello, dear," she said. Judith's "Good morning, Felice," never seemed to impress her. Her greeting always continued to be an endurance that she had heard the grandest story," she said. "You know Meta Street. Incidentally, she has a new Rolls Royce. It's a green goddess.

And the other morning her chauffeur parked the car outside the carriage entrance to Tiffany's while Metta went in to see about something else.

And when she came out, my dear, Tompkins saw her and was about to drive up to the marquee for her. And a man standing there was waiting for a taxi hailed him. He saw the bright color.

Tompkins was flabbergasted. And Metta was furious.

She sent the car back to the shop the next day and it is to be done over a dark blue.

Judith was amused. "That is a precious story," she said. "I saw Metta's new car waiting for her at the stage-door the other night. It was a little gay in color."

"But that isn't the main thing I have to tell you." Felice herself was in the haze chante langue and toyed with her fur piece. Ju- dith remembered what Sonia had said she was to look the way Felice thought she looked.

She almost parroted over herself.

Judith had never liked her. But she had heard her story. And now she was one of those who would frequently be members of your cast was ill advised.

"Well, my dear," Felice went on, "just listen to this. Metta, you know, has been stopping at the Ritz. So has her mother- in-law, Mrs. Ridgeway. And, of course, you've heard that Metta will probably never leave Lester Ridgeway. She says that open warfare with people who would frequently be members of your cast was ill advised.

"Well, anyway, Metta was registered at the hotel as Mrs. Ridgeway. She and Lester were there together for a time. And when she asked for her mail one
Glorious Waves Like These

No beauty shop expense—no ruinous hot iron—no bothersome appointments. Just 30 minutes—at home—whenever convenient.

A Clever Christmas Idea Give Macon Marceilers!

If you want to gain the reputation of giving your friends lovely hair as a special Christmas present, or if you have something that is sure to delight them, no matter how they wear their hair, or what kind of hair they choose Macon Marceilers.

Every girl who says she has not enough little gift will be grateful to you for choosing the most remarkable waving method, enabling them to have the lovely, soft, beautiful waves that are the most skilled professional might envy, and that without the harmful heat to hair.

If you want us to send the Macon Marceilers to you already arranged in a character gift box, specify so in the coupon below.

For No Money—Just Mail the Coupon

Even at this special price, you need not risk a penny. Just send the coupon below, with your name and address, when the postman brings your outfit, just deposit $2.50 with him (plus a few coins postage). After you have tried this marvelous new waving outfit for 5 days, if you are not delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marvel you ever had and improve you in every way everything else about you—the waving outfit will be returned to you at our expense. Don't be cautious. Send it in and mail the coupon today!

MAISON DE BEAUTE

711 Quincy St., Chicago, Illinois

Send for Samples Cuticure Toilet Trio

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

ADVERTISING SECTION

When I arrived at the Kaufman’s, Felice’s head was not as free as she would like to have had it. She had told the Waves that she had had very little faith in all of the so-called hair-wavers and consequently I would have to visit her hairdresser before keeping my posting appointments in the afternoon. To my delight, as you will see from the center photograph, it was not necessary. Felice’s hair was perfectly waved.

(Signed) Evelyn Anderson.

The Waves

If anyone told you that you could have the lovely, wavecoiffed hair of your dreams in a day in your, without a special trip to the beauty shop, without another ruinous touch of the brush, or tedious "pour" method, you wouldn’t believe it. It is possible now. The Waves has brought the most pleasing hair waver to your door! And you needn’t step outside your door, either.

Just 30 minutes with the Macon Marceilers, and your hair will be at home—hair with a wave as perfect as the one in the photograph. The Waves’ trained skilled specialist in waving can give, will give you waves from now on.

A $1.50 Marcel Saved Every Time You Use Them

No one knows better than you how those trips to the beauty shop send you out only to spend all this extra expense. The initial cost is negligible compared to the price of a couple of marcel.

No longer any at the mercy of the Waves, and your waves will now wear better with the same unexpected enjoyment.

You now have a real beauty, a lovely, natural wave, no matter if your plans are last-minute ones.

In Other Words You Dress

All you do is slip into the Macon Marceilers on slightly dampened locks. At the end of thirty minutes you slip off the Macon Marceilers off—and hair hair lies in soft, beautiful waves. You cannot have a more luxurious delight to good to be true? Your mirror proves the almost unbelievable result of its reminiscence better than any word can picture.

Restores Your Hair’s Natural Beauty

Maybe you have been so completely, worried along with straight, straight, straight, dark locks, because your hair could no longer stand the ruinous methods in again to keep it waving.

Macon Marceilers give your hair a chance to regain all the, and have more that Nature has bestowed on it.

For Any Kind of Hair—For Any Arrange

No matter whether your hair is soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short, the Macon Marceilers will give you a wave of unbelievable beauty— a single bob, a chignon, loose wave or pompadour, center or side part. And it is the simplest thing in the world to do. The Macon Marceilers adapt themselves to any style—any requirement. Mode of soft parting light and flexible, scientifically designed. Get a Macon Marceiler, slip it on—and you never know how you’re there.

We select fifty women’s opinions of Macon Marceilers. Here is what some of them say:

Miss B. W., Chicago: I have had my hair marcelled so much that it was beginning to look terrible and stringy. When I have cut applying heat to my hair, it is quickly regaining its old lustre and

MAISON DE BEAUTE

771 Quincy St., Chicago, Illinois

For No Money—Mail the Coupon

Even at this special price, you need not risk a penny. Just mail the coupon below, with your name and address, when the postman brings your outfit, just deposit $2.50 with him (plus a few coins for postage). After you have tried this miraculous new waving outfit for 5 days, if you are not delighted with results—if it doesn’t give you the most beautiful marvel you ever had and improve you in every way everything else about you—the waving outfit will be returned to you at our expense. Don’t be cautious. Send it in and mail the coupon today!

MAISON DE BEAUTE

771 Quincy St., Chicago, Illinois

Send for Samples Cuticure Toilet Trio

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

ROBERT K. COOK

CUTICURE LABORATORIES

DEPT. K., MAIDEN, MASS.

Cuticure Toilet Trio

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

MAISON DE BEAUTE

771 Quincy St., Chicago, Illinois

Send for Samples Cuticure Toilet Trio

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

ROBERT K. COOK

CUTICURE LABORATORIES

DEPT. K., MAIDEN, MASS.

Cuticure Toilet Trio

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

ROBERT K. COOK

CUTICURE LABORATORIES

DEPT. K., MAIDEN, MASS.

Cuticure Toilet Trio

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

ROBERT K. COOK

CUTICURE LABORATORIES

DEPT. K., MAIDEN, MASS.

Cuticure Toilet Trio

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

ROBERT K. COOK

CUTICURE LABORATORIES

DEPT. K., MAIDEN, MASS.

Cuticure Toilet Trio

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

ROBERT K. COOK

CUTICURE LABORATORIES

DEPT. K., MAIDEN, MASS.

Cuticure Toilet Trio

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

ROBERT K. COOK

CUTICURE LABORATORIES

DEPT. K., MAIDEN, MASS.

Cuticure Toilet Trio

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

ROBERT K. COOK

CUTICURE LABORATORIES

DEPT. K., MAIDEN, MASS.

Cuticure Toilet Trio

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

ROBERT K. COOK

CUTICURE LABORATORIES

DEPT. K., MAIDEN, MASS.

Cuticure Toilet Trio

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

ROBERT K. COOK

CUTICURE LABORATORIES

DEPT. K., MAIDEN, MASS.

Cuticure Toilet Trio

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
which animates her work. I prefer not to disturb her line in that direction.

Harvey would have done well to have considered this remark. It might have insured his future against the things it was to know.

**CHAPTER XII**

Once Judith's contract was signed, Mr. Irving resumed his former warm, friendly manner. It seemed to Judith that he went out of his way to please things.

One evening he invited her and Harvey to dinner. They motored to a famous road-house near Ossining, where they dined on a rustic setting built out over a sleepy stream. Japanese lanterns swung in the early autumn breeze. And perfect little Japanese gardens encircled the rustic house. It was delightful. Motto, the slant-eyed proprietor, saw that their service knew no lack.

Mr. Irving, a large Jewish matron, accompanied them. She talked mostly of her sons. Judith thought how very different it was from the way that dinners are supposed to be when the movie magnates wine and dine their stars.

After dinner they drove thru the town. And when the car halted in the middle of a busy village street, Judith looked out of the window to see what blocked them. And there, outside of a theater, was her name in large electric lights.

She turned to Harvey and the Irvings excitedly, as if to ask their less bewildered eyes to confirm what she thought she saw. They were all watching her. It was Mr. Irving’s little surprise. He had told Judith that it had been the exhibitors who had made a star of her. This was his proof.

"Perhaps it is just as well that you say nothing about me bringing you up here to see this, Mr. Irving suggested, on the drive home. And quite a contract calls for him to be the only starred or featured member of his productions. We will bill him that way on all our advertising. But we cannot help what the exhibitor does."

"But that one would expect you to go in and tell the man how to run his theater, Mrs. Irving, I supposed. She disliked the Kendricks. She resented their superiority. They should act so stuck-up with the Irvings when it had been Mr. Irving who had made them!

"I'll say nothing," Judith agreed. "You were very wonderful to bring me up here."

Even the chauffeur grinned over Judith’s pleasure. He had been rehearsed in this little surprise. What tales Haynes could have told! He had driven Mr. Irving for five years. And frequently business conferences had been conducted on the drive to and from the studios.

Haynes had heard the death-knell sound for many a famous one. It was this evening that Mr. Irving offered Judith the leading role in the big special production that Mr. Allister had been assigned.

"It is my advice to you to take the part," Mr. Irving had told her, "MacAllister will have the male. But you must not play the part, since you want actually be starring. You will be the only member of the cast featured. But the precedence itself is the thing. And your role is very great. A great role."

"I would like to read the "script before I decide," said Judith. She had learned to stem her impulses and enthusiasms. She would love working with Mac again. And she felt that no meager amount of prestige would accrue from being featured in a special production that would have a Broadway run. It was in the zest. But she had learned to be cautious.

"I will see to it that you get the scenario tomorrow, first thing," promised Mr. Irving. "We are going to a Broadway Woman."

A wonderful title. Why, someone hasn't used it before this, I don't know. It is a title made for the box-office.

And, true to this, Mr. Irving had the scenario to Judith’s apartment the next morning by ten o’clock. Lillian brought it upstairs with the mail and the breakfast tray.

Judith read it immediately before she even arose. At twelve o’clock she telephoned to Mr. Irving that she would be glad to play the part. That very afternoon she went to Madame Madeleine’s to see about her gown.

There was little enough time left for the wardrobe to be made. She had several important engagements for the one week before Mac would start shooting. And the next day the Acme company was giving her a luncheon at Sherry’s in celebration of her stardom.

Judith thought of this luncheon as something of an ordeal. The guests would be magazine and newspaper people, for the most part. She knew that panegyric tribute would be paid her by all of the speakers. And she would be expected to say a few words in reply. And she felt sure that whatever she said, whatever she did, whatever she wore, would be commented on by some members of the press. It had never been given any celebrity to please everyone.

What to wear? She did not wish to overdress. Yet she knew the importance of being effective. Harvey warned her several times on this score. It was his opinion that Judith was quite flamboyant enough for her position.

She finally decided upon an ensemble suit of dull blue and silver gray. The coat of blue had a large shirred collar and cuffs which were heavily embroidered with a large design in gray worsted. And the gown of gray chiffon was embroidered in blue. Her hat was a blue felt and a band of moonstones weighed down the short brim. Gray suede shoes and gray stockings. A large blue suede bag. And a corsage of gardenias which Harvey sent her for the occasion.

The hour set for luncheon was one o’clock. Judith, now twenty-three, Harvey told her that she looked more beautiful than he had ever seen her. And all the way to Sherry’s he showered her with praise and endearments.

Judith was amused at the surreptitious way in which he sought to learn whether or not she had any idea what she would say in her speech. He urged her to prepare something or to let him write her a speech. But Judith knew that she would do better if she depended upon the inspiration of the moment, that this would sound spontaneous and sincere even if it did not sound brilliant.

She had prevailed upon Harvey to attend the luncheon. Despite the fact that he was the one imperfection in the pattern of her life, she loved him more than anything else. And she had made almost any sacrifice for him and never thought of it as a sacrifice. And she knew that he loved her as much as he would ever love any one person. It was just as Sonia had said. Harvey was not a one woman’s man. There was no changing him. When he was with her, he was perfect. In their days and nights together, Judith sensed no lack. But she knew that whenever she left Harvey for a location trip, whenever she had to neglect...
him because of concentration upon her work, that he would seek another woman—or other women.

If she was slow to realize just how far and how often Harvey strayed, it was natural enough. Her mirror told her that she was not the kind of woman to whom a man might be expected to be unfaithful—rather the woman because of whom a man might be unfaithful to another woman.

But she had adjusted so far admirably. Under normal circumstances, Judith would have left the management of her affairs entirely to Harvey. Yet just the other day, in one of those revealing flashes that are now and then given to people, she realized that she no longer looked to Harvey for any assistance whatever so far as her career was concerned. They had been married three-quarters of a year. And while he had controlled things in the beginning, she had since then taken all the reins of management into her own hands. She had done it unobtrusively. And she herself had not been aware of the change. It had come about so casually, so gradually.

They arrived at the hotel in ample time. Only a handful of people were in the reception room when they entered. Others sauntered in every few minutes until a little after one, when the room was crowded with little groups.

No trouble or expense had been spared to make the luncheon all that the press has come to expect film luncheons to be. Waiters moved about among the groups, serving trays of fascinating and inedible canapes.

Magazine editors, Sunday supplement editors, motion picture critics, feature writers, syndicate editors, general magazine editors, executives of the Acmc company—these comprised the guests.

It was one-thirty when Judith led the way into the dining-room. She took Mr. Irving’s short, crooked arm. She had grown fond of this little man, Napoleonic in his business ability. And she knew that he liked her, because she had always been reasonable and fair, and yet had never submitted to his tyranny.

The table was laid in a large hollow square. It was beautifully set. The floral decorations were orchids and pink roses. The candles were pale green. Crystal, silver, and china shone in the soft light.

The courses were delicious and numerous. As a bell rang, softly in the distance, the waiters advanced, a starched white apron to remove the plates and serve another course.

Robert Landis, whom Judith had not seen since Dolores Cortez’ tea, arrived later. He had been detained at the office, but he came directly to Mr. Irving and Judith to make his apologies.

“Forgive my tardiness,” he said to both of them, but looking only at Judith, who still seemed to him lovelier than any woman he had ever seen. “But, believe me, I was unavoidable. I got in from the Coast late yesterday and I’m sailing for Italy tomorrow. A hundred things to do. But I could not deny myself the pleasure of this luncheon.”

Because there was again a personal challenge in his voice, Judith was suddenly reminded of the challenge he had offered her in the Cortez tea as they had talked together. And now when she had given him her hand in greeting, he had presumed to hold it. Finally she withdrew it, slowly. She knew that the Flanigan was watching them and that he was sulking, just a little.

When Robert Landis left her and went down the table to his place, she felt nervous about her speech. She would hate to falter before his keen eyes. She would... (Continued on page 95)

Pathfinders
An advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

Christopher Columbus discovered America, thus adding a new world to the old. Alexander Graham Bell discovered the telephone, giving the nations of the earth a new means of communication. Each ventured into the unknown and blazed the way for those who came after him.

The creating of a nationwide telephone service, like the developing of a new world, opened new fields for the pathfinder and the pioneer. The telephone, as the modern American knows it, has been made possible by the doing of a multitude of things in the realms of research, engineering and business administration.

Its continued advancement requires constant effort in working upon a never-ending succession of seemingly unsolvable problems.

Because it leads the way in finding new pathways for telephone development, the Bell System is able to provide America with a nationwide service that sets the standard for the world.
Answers to December "Whose Hands?"

By F. Vance de Revere

Greta Nissen
Lya de Putti
Clive Brook

The very beautiful hand which was long, narrow, fragile-looking, with slender, tapering fingers and lovely almond-shaped nails, belongs to Greta Nissen. The highly inspirational, very emotional, extremely sensitive nature, sympathetic, affectionate and demonstrative, strong in her likes and dislikes, is indicated in her face and hand alike. The very flexible hand and fingers indicates a very sociable nature and one which is impressionable and easily influenced by her surroundings and the people with whom she comes in contact. The face, too, gives the same indications: in fact, such an individual must have the companionship of others to be happy.

Tare odd little hand which I was very interesting and the hand of a foreign actress, who recently came to us, belongs to Lya de Putti. Her face, more than her hands, gives all indications of her dramatic sense and ability. There is shown great love of all that is beautiful and love of the creature comforts of life in both face and hand alike. Likewise, the dreamy, visionary, impulsive, spontaneous nature, highly emotional, very intuitive and a very active, restless person. In the face are indications of a mentality which grasps quickly, a very interesting and a very magnetic personality.

All rights reserved by F. Vance de Revere

Prize Winners for Limericks Published in November Magazine

Far from buying his pleasures, this one—
Herbert Breslin—gets paid for his fun.
For picking out beauties
Is one of his duties
When he's picking, they come on the run.

Miss Ruth Norfolk,
Clarendon, Va.

Miss Del Rio's warm welcoming glance
Is not caused by her latest romance.
Only roast beef on eye
Puts that look in her eye
And not something approaching in pants.

Kathleen McGeehan,
Canal Zone, Panama.

Dotty Gish doesn't care if her voice
Gives nobody cause to rejoice.
"On the screen," she averred,
"I'll be seen, and not heard."
Where the beauties, she's dash, get first choice.

Mrs. M. D. Fitzsimmons,
Williams, Ariz.

You can tell by the eyes—that's how I know
This isn't a fair young albino.
A Ku Rite, or a swan—
But Miss Alberta Vaughn
Let's hope (let's hope) it's a "hair-raising"
show.

John P. Foy,
Hackensack, N. J.

A Whitecap on the Briny

is the prize-winning title for the picture which appeared on page 8 of the November issue. It was contributed by C. M. Stevenson, San Francisco, California.
Christmas in the Home
(Continued from page 45)
the tree on your festoons and last of all dust on some silver snow, part of which will stay on the tree and the rest will drift down over whatever foundation you have placed beneath it. A warm fire, a warm world of silver snow: Most of it is of metal and I've known of several cases where it has short-circuited a house, burying it under a mass of silver dust. Very swift, and the mailed man, Santa Claus—without the old man's costume—it will add to the fun of the occasion. And certainly the beauty of the holiday will be enhanced by the gracefully draped branches.

The tree isn't all of Christmas! The decorations of the rest of the house are as important as the tree itself.

First of all, in the kitchen for Christmas, get rid of all of the superfluous ornaments in your home—and let this include all of the things that have been around during the year and have added nothing to comfort or beauty to your home. After you have got rid of all "extras" you may start to add the special Christmas decorations.

I would add the wreaths for Christmas. You may buy these already made up or, if you live in the country, you may gain an additional holiday pleasure by gathering the green branches and making them yourself. I would put a green wreath in every living-room window and I would have others ready for decorating the rest of your house.

I would have a special mantel decoration for Christmas. Above the mantel I would hang one or two Holly wreaths according to size of room and mantel. I would balance these wreaths and hang them by wide bows of bright soft red ribbon.

On the table I would place a miniature tree with some tiny trees to balance it or a low bowl of brilliant leaves or flowers or perhaps just a couple of candlesticks with red or green candles. On a table you might have a potted poinsettia plant with its brilliant leaves and flowers. If you have not planned for Christmas trees I'd advise you to alter your plans and have a tiny one anyhow. If your home is children, you will want a big one, of course, but in any case and in a tiny tree, a living plant decorated with familiar Christmas things will add a great deal to your Christmas happiness.

You will have Christmas festoons for your room. These are made of fir or pine or other Christmas greenery and will last well into the new year. Without shedding or turning black and will add immensely to the appearance of things. You can make these festoons very easily at home. If you are not handy and have a tiny tree, a living plant decorated with familiar Christmas things will add a great deal to your Christmas happiness.

The health and beauty of the hair

depend chiefly upon the condition of the scalp. Normal capillary circulation and nerve tone mean well-nourished roots, strong, vigorous, hair shafts—lively, lustrous hair. Important also, of course, that the scalp be kept really clean. Excellent for these purposes is Liquid Silmerine. Rubbed into the scalp it has a wholesome tonic effect, invigorating tissues, improving circulation. And it effectively eliminates dandruff, dirt, excess oiliness. Always use before shampooing.

For keeping the hair wavy or curly—even under most trying conditions—Silmerine long has enjoyed a splendid reputation. Use with utmost confidence. Large bottle, with adjustable cap, $1.00, at drug stores and toilet counters everywhere.

PARKER BELMONT & COMPANY
2350 Clybourn Ave., Chicago

Liquid Silmerine
Bring out the hidden beauty

Do you know that just beneath that soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon? Merco-

lized Wax will gradually, gently peel off the devitalized skin surface, revealing the youthfully fresh, white and lusty skin underneath. It leaves no trace, but the face of increased loveliness. The new complexion is a perfectly natural one, not to be compared at all with a make-up.

It hastens Nature's efforts. Shedding worn-out skin cells after renewing the complexion. Tiny cutaneous particles come off by day. When this skin shedding is begun to last. It has in time-complexion troubles begin. Nature may then be assisted by simply applying Merco-

lized Wax. The Wax actually destroys the mask of dead skin cells—causing no discomfort. It makes the pores breathe; livens up the whole complexion. All of a sudden you seem to have lost 10 to 20 years from your age.

MERCOLIZED WAX
Removes Wrinkles In 15 Minutes

Sounds too good to be true? It is true; you can prove it this very day. If you want to see wrinkles, creases, sagginess completely disappear from your face in 15 minutes, just mix a spoonful of Powdered Tarkroot with a spoonful of lemon juice and apply this soothing mixture to your face. Then sit down before your mirror and have the surprise of your life!

See the Age Lines Vanish!
The hated lines go away, retaining beauty, Watch or continue young. It leaves the skin velvety soft and smooth, with a healthy, glairish tint.

For Blackheads, Oilliness

Tarkroot acts upon an important phys-

ical principle, invigorating skin and underlyings tissues, making them much firm.

For Baggy Cheeks and Chin

Instead of making the face fatter, as frequent massage tends to do, it does the very opposite. It removes the blemish of check, chin and bagginess beneath the eyes. It fills out hollows and im-

proves facial contour wonderfully. It obliterates worry, care and age-markets and there's no question about good

For Freckles, Pimples, liver spots, moth patches, etc., of course disappear with the discarded cuticle. Isn't this better than attempting to hide or cover up skin defects, and stifling the pores with a nauseous mass of creams or other complexities?

MERCOLIZED Wax will give you a new skin of en-

chanting beauty and girlish charm—bearing not the slightest evidence of artificiality. One that will give you complete confidence in your appear-

ance. Indeed, that will make you turn a second time to look at you in passing.

And all these results are accomplished by using just one box of Mercolized Wax—less than that, in fact.

Try it today—95c a box, with full directions, at any drug or department store.

For Hayfever

It cleaves the skin velvety soft and smooth, with a healthy, glairish tint.

For High Blood Pressure

Tarkroot produces such really amazing results it is difficult to tell the whole story without appearance of exaggera-

tion. Only the actual experience could make you believe all it will do. Buy a package from your druggist today.

Dearborn Supply Co., 2350 Clybourn Av., Chicago

MERCOLIZED WAX
Removes Wrinkles In 15 Minutes

Sounds too good to be true? It is true; you can prove it this very day. If you want to see wrinkles, creases, sagginess completely disappear from your face in 15 minutes, just mix a spoonful of Powdered Tarkroot with a spoonful of lemon juice and apply this soothing mixture to your face. Then sit down before your mirror and have the surprise of your life!

See the Age Lines Vanish!
The hated lines go away, retaining beauty, Watch or continue young. It leaves the skin velvety soft and smooth, with a healthy, glairish tint.

For Blackheads, Oilliness

Tarkroot acts upon an important phys-

ical principle, invigorating skin and underlyings tissues, making them much firm.

For Baggy Cheeks and Chin

Instead of making the face fatter, as frequent massage tends to do, it does the very opposite. It removes the blemish of check, chin and bagginess beneath the eyes. It fills out hollows and im-

proves facial contour wonderfully. It obliterates worry, care and age-markets and there's no question about good

For Freckles, Pimples, liver spots, moth patches, etc., of course disappear with the discarded cuticle. Isn't this better than attempting to hide or cover up skin defects, and stifling the pores with a nauseous mass of creams or other complexities?

MERCOLIZED Wax will give you a new skin of en-

chanting beauty and girlish charm—bearing not the slightest evidence of artificiality. One that will give you complete confidence in your appear-

ance. Indeed, that will make you turn a second time to look at you in passing.

And all these results are accomplished by using just one box of Mercolized Wax—less than that, in fact.

Try it today—95c a box, with full directions, at any drug or department store.

For Hayfever

It cleaves the skin velvety soft and smooth, with a healthy, glairish tint.

For High Blood Pressure

Tarkroot produces such really amazing results it is difficult to tell the whole story without appearance of exaggera-

tion. Only the actual experience could make you believe all it will do. Buy a package from your druggist today.

Dearborn Supply Co., 2350 Clybourn Av., Chicago

TARKROOT

Quickly Erases Wrinkles

Improves Facial Contour

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Some Women Have All the Luck

(Continued from page 37)

work with. But in the next picture, "The
Consul's Daughter" with a different
actor, he was dissatisfied with his part,
discontented and unhappy.

As a lover, he always suggested so
much more than he gave. His manner
had always the impres-
sion that he was playing with a volcano
that might erupt any minute. It never
did—but that was the secret of his appeal.
That was why women loved him. Curi-
osity, uncertainty, but, maybe, that love in
a sense, isn’t it?

He was the perfect protagonist. He
had tremendous eyes, not languishing at
all, and she has the most practical, nonchalant
way of summing things up—things and people,
and this stage property we talk so much
about—Love!

"Of course, I wouldn’t say that I have
learned all about Italian love from Valen-
tino, or all about our American brand from
Lewis Stone. It is hardly fair to judge a
country by its one lover, you know. I think
that I should have at least two from
each country before going on record with
an opinion, but even with my slight
experience, I have come to the conclusions,
as to the way they do it, nationally speak-
ning, so to say.

"The Latins are easier to work with, for
the simple reason that they give some much
more. The real difference between
them and our men is just this—they expect
to do the loving, I have to do as they do it,
while the average American man
just sits back and waits for the woman
to make love to him.

"I’d rather have foreign lovers, on
the screen anyway. Women aren’t more
important in their scheme of things, really,
but they have a way of making them feel
so much more important. It’s very com-
fortable." Miss Terry laughed, and I love
to be comfortable!

Little looks, little words, little touches—
They put in all of them. I, of course, the
American lover is much more reliable
when it comes to paying the bills!

"But in a love scene! I’d just as
soon have a chair as the typical American
man! I can realize the little touches, a chair!
I can move the chair wherever I want it.
If it gets in my way, I can push it aside—
but I can’t do anything with a lover who
wants to start with a chair!

"And the Spaniards, the Italians, the
Mexicans—start things!

Her eyes twinkled, and she chuckled
— a most American chuckle. “I’ll say
they do,” she confided, “and they usually
finish them, too. The Anglo-Saxon is
ashamed of his emotions—the Latin en-
joys his! An Englishman won’t make a
show of himself, because it’s not done. An
American words it a little differently; he
calls it ‘making fool of himself,’ and he won’t
do that because it makes him feel
like a fool, and he hates the experience,
but a real lover doesn’t mind a little thing
like that. A lover who is a lover by tem-
perament will follow his dream wherever
it leads. He is the real idealist, the real
romantic.”

"Ramon Novarro is one, the greatest
know. He will be greater, ten years from
now. He has everything. I don’t think
of a part that he hasn’t played—all he has
to do is to buy his stories and wait.
He has the grace and restraint of Valentino
and the virility of Moreno. He is a Mexican,
which is something different from being
a Spaniard—there are Aztec strains there
that add complexity and interest—and mys-
tery. The Aztecs were the greatest mystics
the world has ever known—Novarro has it
all."

"When I played with him before in‘Sea-
ramouche’ and ‘Where the Pavement
Ends,’ he was a little immature. Now I am
playing with him in the great Galileo,” and
he has learned so much—camera angles,
distances and things like that. His technique
has become smooth, sure—there’s just
nothing of his charm.

"He sounds like Romeo,” said I, who
had been watching him while she talked,
rehearsing several scenes with the direc-
tor—black eyes, black hair—youth and
beauty incarnate.

"But where are they ever come men?” I
asked. ‘I thought cave men had things
their own way with the ladies. These
lovers of yours are so sophisticated—"

"Well, I don’t know,” she said slowly,
"Tony Moreno comes nearer being a
rigional than any of the others. He is
physical, virile, expresses himself in
action. He is服饰, masterful—and all that
sort of thing. He takes possession of
a woman; you couldn’t resist him—if that’s
being a cave man.

"Something’s coming, but then it spoils
the picture of the Mexican lover. I thought
they all twanged guitars, serenaded se-
tiora, and flashed knives upon occasion.

"Well, Tony Moreno wouldn’t do that! He’d
love it! Then that’s; he’s Spanish, all right, but I have seen him look like pretty good American.

"Yes, and so did Conway Tearle. I
played with him in ‘The Great Divide,’
but he is English inside—a lover who tells
it to you seriously and expects you to
believe it without repetition for the
next twenty years. Good and proper—but
not exciting. They take so much for granted,
and it is awfully hard to make a love
scene out of faithfulness and devotion.

Of course, it’s nice to have around the
door, but we were talking about pictures
and love that can be measured—by so many
feet of celluloid.

"Now, there’s Petrovich,” she said
enthusiastically; ‘you don’t know anything
about him yet, but just wait. I worked
with him in Europe in ‘The Magician.’ He’s
a Serbian, not so young as Novarro,
so infinitely less than our American lover,
but he suggests great forests, the plains,
the sea.

A lover among elemental things—and yet
he is not crude. Probably the thing I am
trying to express is strength. It is, I think,
at an amazing degree. He is a lover that
will stir your pulses—"

"Miss Terry, will you come to the ward-
robe-room now, and be fitted for your
costume?” a quiet but exasperated
voice inquired.

"Oh, dear me; I forgot. I was sup-
posed to be there an hour ago.” She
gathered up her draperies—long and flowing,
the sort she always wears on the screen.

"Have you been looking over my
wardrobe and neglecting clothes, I wouldn’t
have believed it was possible, but they are fun,
aren’t they? Please say that I love them
in—any that I have?” she asked.

"That’s not fair sample of any country— besides, I’ve never played with a Frenchman, so
my remarks don’t count—they are incomplete.

"Now it may be, the flower for me
for the most."

"How can I tell, unless I smell
The Cagharian rose?”

Her voice came drifting back thru the
dark caverns of the stage.

And her next stop is “The Garden of
Allah,” where another lover awaits her!
Dont some women have all the luck?"
Christmas in the Home
(Continued from page 89)
they will take up. Use a generous piece for your mantel and in that space between your windows in your living-room. Other festoons may be hung in graceful curves and scallops above the piano or above any other large piece of furniture.

If your decorations are somber, cover a few pillows with inexpensive bright red sateen and perhaps make a slip cover for one of the chairs of the settee, too.
Potted plants add imperceptibly to the Christmas, if you plant bulbs far enough have some of your flowers in bloom at Christmas, if you plant bulbs far enough ahead, and keep them dark for several weeks. Ferns and other green growing things in pots are almost as lovely. Pepper-plants in bloom are among the most charming of the Christmas decorations.

Do not limit your Christmas decorations to your living-room. Your halls and dining-room should have their share of Christmas things, too. Fir boughs and festoons will add a great deal to your hall and give a note of welcome to your home.
Your dining-room should have special care at Christmas. Above your buffet or your serving-table put more festoons of green. And on the buffet itself, put a tall vase of leaves, with, if possible, some red berries. Your dining-table should have a centerpiece appropriate for the holiday season. A low bowl of green leaves, a tiny tree, flowers with red predominating or a pepper-plant all make ideal center-table decorations.

Even if I were not in the habit of using candles on the table regularly, I would use them during the Christmas holidays. I am in favor of having candle-lit dinners all during the year, but in the Christmas season they seem especially necessary. No matter what color candles you are in the habit of using, I would use bright red ones during Christmas week. These, with your bright centerpiece in which green predominates and your white linens, will make the Christmas spirit seem very near indeed.

If people would only realize how beautiful the home could be made at a small expense, Christmas this year would have added joys. A walk thru the woods will enable you to pick enough pine boughs—and without hurting any permanent growth either—to make your Christmas home a gay one. A few evergreen twigs, a tree with bright new decorations, wreaths, festoons of green and bright candles, and your home will radiate the Christmas spirit and the spirit of hospitality, too.

Keep your Christmas things simple. For simplicity should be one of the real key-notes of Christmas. By using ingenuity in the hanging of the Christmas festoons and in the placing of the Christmas tree you can turn your home into a perfect miniature stage set for whatever gaieties the holidays may offer.

One thing more, and an important thing, too: have a light in your window to guide the Christmas spirit and to add joy to those who have no Christmas tree of their own. And outside of the house have a wreath at the door to give cheer to the passer-by and to welcome with the real spirit of Christmas the guests whom you will bring within your home.

Your Home
—is your frame. Every month Stephen Goosen will write a practical article that will help you make your home more attractive

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 stamped today. A large, interesting, illustrated Booklet on Movie Acting included FREE!

For TONSILITIS and SORE THROAT
Handy “Bayer” boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Drugists.

ASPIRIN
Dissolve two "BAYER TABLETS OF ASPIRIN" in four tablespoonfuls of water and gargle thoroughly.

Swallow some of the solution. Don't rinse the mouth. Repeat gargle every two hours if necessary.

This is an effective gargle proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians.

Movie Acting!
Reduce and Shape Your Limbs
with Dr. Walter's Mediclated
Rubber Stockings and Anklets

Lights or dark rubber. For over 30 years they have retained their original value and remainment. Worn next to the skin they bring natural heat, stimulate the circulation, give wonderful support and are a protection against cold and campagne. Ankle to fathcr 12", length to 3, stockings 3", Send check or money order—no cash. Write for Booklet.

Dr. Jean M. W. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
Girls: This New Translucent Rouge immediately brings out your natural beauty and charm

TRIAL SIZE FREE

A single application works like magic

SCIENCE has advanced another step forward in the development of the most startling beauty secret ever offered women—a wonderful new Translucent Rouge that brings out the natural beauty of your skin without clogging up the pores and without giving it that painted opaque look.

New — Translucent — Beautiful

The pores of the skin under a magnifying glass look like a network of lines and mountains and it is in these valleys that the skin breathes and thereby stays in a perfect condition. How then, can one expect to have a healthful and beautiful skin if these little valleys are continually filled up with grease and hardened powder remnants? Mad Cap Rouge is neither a grease nor a powder and will not clog up the skin pores.

The skin is naturally translucent. Mad Cap Rouge is also translucent and when applied simply tints the skin a beautiful pink, letting the natural beauty of the skin show thru. In application it has a soothing, healing effect on the skin. It produces a glorious color and is used and recommended by beauty specialists everywhere. It is also waterproof and stays on 24 hours.

Try It — Beautify Your Complexion

We ask you to try Mad Cap for a few days at our expense and see how it will give you the complexion of women you have always envied. You will note the great difference after the very first application and then, if you are not absolutely delighted, we will welcome the opportunity of refunding your money.

Fill in Coupon for Free Trial Size

Simply fill in and mail coupon and enclose 50c for postage. Use Mad Cap Rouge a week at our expense.

KOLAR LABORATORIES, Inc.
8 South Seeley Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

KOLAR LABORATORIES,
9 Seeley Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me Free Trial Size Mad Cap Rouge. Enclosing 50c for postage.

Name ________________________________
Address ________________________________


cinema cinderellas

(Continued from page 20)

her. Even after she had become a popular star, and no longer could remember the time when a dollar loomed large in the family exchequer, the idea that she would one day crash thru the sacred portals of society never entered her head, of that we are sure.

Her marriage to Alastair Mackintosh, of London, an officer in the British army and an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales, was the means of making Constance Talmadge a hostess to whom all London flocked with eagerness. The story of the marriage itself read like a romance. Pretty, talented, witty and popular, Connie has always been rumored to be engaged to this man or that. Famous motion pictures stars have taken her for rumors. But when the wedding took place, the surprise of her friends reached amazement, for no one knew the groom, and it was no-octave in action and manner approach-antiquationship—about three weeks—that the two decided to marry.

Vague stories of how the groom left Hollywood, naturally better than the wedding circulated around Connie's immediate set. He was seen down at Palm Beach last winter while she was out West working. Then after the honeymoon in France, in Paris, the two took a house in London, and every day one read in the social columns of the press the description of a dinner-party given by the Mackintoshes. The presence of Connie at such and such a reception; the glowing praise of her charm, and vivacity, and lovely clothes, and so on.

The divorce now being planned will put an end to all of this, to be sure. But Connie had it, even if she didn't find it especially worth while.

Nor is Connie the only movie star who has risen from an obscure background to the shining spotlight of society thru marriage. No one will ever forget the nine days' wonder of Gloria Swanson's mar- riage to the Marquis de la Courdary. When Gloria sported on the California sands as a Mack Bennett bathing beauty, her ideas of what a hostess of titles were rather vague. Prince Charming probably appeared in her mind as a nice American of wealth, if possible, and preferably one in the motion picture business. Now she is addressed by the high-sounding, aristocratic name of Madame La Marquise de la Courdary. (There are several other names that go before the last, but we have forgotten the spelling of them.) And, strangely enough, Gloria’s good-looking, popular young husband is far more on the stage, and mannered, than any of the film celebrities surrounding his famous wife.

Another Connie recently upset the social world of America by grabbing off one of its most eligible young bachelors. Connie Bennett had just begun to reap the har- vest of her hard work in the cinema world, when she decided that, after all, love was the preferable thing to fame and a career, and quietly slipped away to Greenwich with Philip Pratt, son of the late millionaire "Tin-plate King."

The two had been in love for several years, but as Philip was the heir to some thirty-odd millions of dollars, his family decided that only in the highest social circle could an eligible mate be found. Connie Bennett had as her background the aristocracy of the stage, being the daugh- ter of Richard Bennett, one of our best actors, and Adrienne Morrison, whose theatrical ancestry leads back to the days of the first strolling players in Europe. But the theatrical world and the 400 are as wide apart as the north and south poles, and no one ever dreamed that the two would meet.

Connie has given up her screen career, at least for the time being. She was be- ginning to be noted by the astute eyes of the producers, for her unusual screening ability and decided talent.

The lovely Thelma Morgan, altho born in the high social circle, for quite some time worked before seeing Connie and made Connie, however, her recent marriage to Lord Furness, one of the richest young men in England, has cut off her career as a film star. Thelma has been removed from the film world, and it is extremely doubtful if, in her present po- sition, she will remember that such a thing as a "nine o'clock, on the set, all made up" call has ever existed.

Then, of course, there is the much-married Peggy Hopkins, who before the spirit moved her, took unto herself as a groom a young Count Morner. They say that while Peggy’s democratic character keeps her from using the title over here, save occasionally, when she travels abroad she is known everywhere as the beautiful young Countess, and that altho she has, as is customary with her, decided to call the marriage off, she will retain her right to the title. However, that is all hearsay and rumor. She is making up her present success as a screen actress, and photographs remarkably well.

The most recent thrill with which the screen world has been provided is the way in which Mark Hammond romanced Miss Madge Murray, who now has the title of Princess. Prince David Divani is tall and unusually good-looking. Also, he has just left his twenty-sixth year. The Princess declares that this marriage is her last one, and that she will never get an- other divorce. The little Folies girl who used to dance nightly for the proverbial rows of bald-headed men has come a long way, but who can tell, in this democratic world of ours, of the old, international debts, Steinachism, screen sirens and aviation, that her story may be just another fairy- tale in the book of cinema cinderellas who have emerged from the cinders and mar- ried Prince Charming's of wealth and social position.

Nothing we might hear about a movie star would surprise us, after all the shocks we have had to take.

THE MYSTERY TRUNK . . .

Ramon Novarro took an empty trunk to Tunis, out of which Herb Howe brings forth a lot of humor in his remarkable series, commencing next month in Motion Picture Magazine—"On the Road with Ramon."
That's Out
(Continued from page 71)
the censors, largely to the pernicious
effects the movie has upon the mind of the
spectator, then it is alarming to think
what great portion of this crime is no
doubt being perpetrated by these poor
censor creatures who are forced to sit thru
so many photoplays.

Sauce for the Gander
The American film colony is much
alarmed about the "invasion" of foreign
directors and players to these shores, and
seeks to have a curtailment placed upon
these importations, on the grounds that
they are depriving American studio
workers of employment.
A short time ago, it will be recalled,
there was a great outcry in England about
the preponderance of American films in
that country and the demand was made that
a ban be placed upon American films. To
which the Americans replied: "Make as
good films as we do, and you won't have to
worry about American pictures."
It now seems as tho the logical thing
for the foreign invaders to say to Ameri-
can screen artists is: "Display as much
ability as we do, and you won't have to
worry about any further invasion of for-
"negaes.

Our Monthly Prediction
This department not being considered
complete unless there is at least one
prediction made, it becomes more or less
our duty this month to forecast a brilli-
ent future for Richard Talmadge.
Contrary to what many film fans may
believe, Talmadge is far more than merely
a good robot. He is an excellent comedi-
and and under a contract which will give
him better stories and direction, he should
rapidly climb in popularity.

The Bulletin Board
(Continued from page 8)
she collapsed, right in the middle of the
honeymoon, and had to be taken to a
sanitarium, where all visitors were turned
away. As soon as she recovers sufficiently,
they will leave for their new home in
Beverly Hills.

The sprightly Betty Bronson will be
Richard Dix's heroine, very soon, in
"Paradise for Two." Betty's last picture
was just plain "Paradise." Andre Ber-
anger, having finished work with Mal St.
Clair in "The Popular Sin," will join the
cast of the Dix picture.

Novels are being bought up right and
left, to be converted to screen plays.
Universal paid a fabulous sum for Edna
Ferber's very popular "Show Boat," and
will give it a costly production with Mary
Phillips, Norman Kerry, and Jean Her-
sholt, under the direction of Harry Pol-
lard. And "Marriage," by H. G. Wells,
has become the property of Fox, and will be
directed by R. William Neill, who has
just finished work on "The City." The
Wells novel will emerge on the screen as
"Wellock."

DIMITRI BUCHOWETZK, the Russian
gentleman who is responsible for
"The Midnight Sun" and "The Crown of
Lies," will direct Metro-Goldwyn's pro-
duction of "Anna Karenina."

ADVERTISING SECTION

"Buy a Studebaker Direct from the Maker"

Sent for $7

00 Down!

Just $100! The balance in easy monthly payments!
You get the famous Studebaker, 21 Jewel Watch—
Insured for a lifetime—direct from the maker at lowest
prices ever named on equal quality. Send at once
for FREE Book of Advance Watch Styles.

21 Jewel STUDEBAKER
-the Insured Watch

Choice of 60 hands, thin model, Art Beauty Cases in yellow gold, green
gold or white gold effects; 6 adjustments, including heat, cold, isochron-
ism and 3 positions. Direct to you from the factory—The greatest watch
value in America today!

Write for Style Book! Send at once and get a copy of
this book—FREE! See the
newer, beautiful, advance styles in Studebaker Art Beauty Cases and
Dials. Read how you can buy a 21 Jewel Studebaker Insured Watch direct
from the maker—save big money—and pay for it while you are using it.
Write for our Free Book. It will post you on watch styles and watch
values. Send coupons at once. Get Free Chain offer today while it lasts.

STUDEBAKER WATCH CO.
Dept. E-715 South Bend, Indiana
Canadian Address: Windsor, Ontario

Mail Coupon for Free Book

STUDEBAKER WATCH CO.
Dept. E-715 South Bend, Indiana
Please send me your Free Book of Advance Watch
Styles and particulars of your $1.00 down offer.

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

A Wonderful Present (see page 115)

Acting Plays For Amateurs;
Monologs, Recitations, Drills, Minstrel and Vanderpuzzle Jokes and
Sketches; Ideas for entertainment. Send for free catalog.

Moles

HOW TO BANISH THEM
A simple, safe home treatment—16 years success in my
practice. Moles (also Big Growths) dry up and drop off. Write for free booklet.

WM. DAVIS, M.D., 124-E Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N.J.

Decorate This Beautiful
Tip-Top Table
Yourself—Save $10

CHELS everywhere, finished, for $12 to $50. We furnish plain
wood for 8.75% colored enamels, brushers, etc. included. Simple, easy-
folled directions and smoothing enamels make fun to decorate. No experi-
ence needed.

Materials and Instructions FREE—Don't pay high
prices for new coat painted
furniture when you can do the work yourself.
Write for catalog showing Tables, Stamps, Shelves, Chairs, Consoles, etc., ready for decorating. Just
mail postcard. Make or save money this new fascinating way.

Homecraft Studios, Inc. 112 Wister Hlgh., Rochester, N.Y.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Why Not OWN a Typewriter?

Here's the machine that big business uses—it's best for you—and our offer makes it the biggest bargain. Get it cheap, free-year guaranteed Underwood while this lot lasts!

Everyone needs a typewriter; this offer leaves no case for not owning your own, standard machine. Try it free. Buy it when you have proved if the greatest value in the field; liberal terms. Rebuilt from top to bottom, not a worn part in the whole machine. Complete with tools, cover, etc. A big saving. But you'll have to act promptly!

Manual Free!

Send at once for our catalog. We will send a free copy. Detailed too. Full information about the many uses of a typewriter; free course in touches, study, forms, prices and terms.

Send for your free coupon: One for the Underwood Model 30; the others for the Underwood Standard, Deluxe, or Commercial.

**Underwood Typewriter Co.**

2521 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

For Manual and Touch Tips use this coupon:

**Name**

**Address**

The Palmer Institute of Authorship endorsed by Jesse Lynch Williams

"The Palmer Course is the best thing of the sort that has been brought to my attention," says Jesse Lynch Williams, former president of the Authors' League of America. "It is certainly better than any system of teaching the writing of fiction in any of our colleges or universities that I have personally investigated, although it may be that they have been improved since my day."

Jesse Lynch Williams' famous Princeton stories and one-man ability in bringing in royalties after 31 years. His story "Love and Money" was in April 24th Evening Post. The principles he has applied to make his writings famous, the Palmer Institute can teach. The instruction is personal, the Palmer Institute can help you write stories that sell!

PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP

Palmer Building, Hollywood, Cal. 9-6

CLAYTON HAMILTON - President

Equipment Manager - First-president

Please send me without any obligation, details about this course, if I have checked:

☐ Short Story Writing

☐ Novel Writing

☐ Poetics and Poetic Expression

☐ Phot ography Writing

Name

Address

All correspondence strictly confidential. No salesman will call upon you

$3.00 and it's yours!

The Spotlight Is Turned on the Director: Alfred Santell

By Scoop Conlon

Because this brilliant young man came unheralded from the comedy field to direct Corinne Griffith, and became famous overnight for his production of "Classified," considered by many to be the finest picture in which this star has ever appeared.

Because, as a comedy supervisor and director he turned out four of our funniest laugh makers every year. His best work was in the supervision of that rollicking "Sally Field," "Introduce Me," for Douglas MacLean.

Because he repeated his Corinne Griffith success with his production of "Bluebeard's Seven Wives," which marked the best thing Ben Lyon has ever done on the screen, and which ranks with "Classified" as one of the best of recent productions.

Because he is the only known director who made his first entrance into the studio by selling the first scenario he ever wrote.

Alfred Santell is regarded by the other men behind the guns, the producers, as a real "find"—a director of originality and intelligence. He is keeping up the pace with no signs of letting down, as is evidenced in his more recent production, "Sweet Daddies," a clever picture adapted from the story, "Molasses," and which has an equally clever cast including Jolyne Ralston, that charming little leading lady of Harold Lloyd's, who makes her debut as a featured player—Jack Mulhall, Charlie Murray, George Sidney and Vera Gordon. So consistent have been Santell's brilliant achievements that First National purchased his contract from Corinne Griffith's producers, to place him at the head of his own productions. He was brought to New York to direct "Subway Sadie," and "Even Stephen." Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall, a team of players who have gained much in popularity under Santell's direction, are co-featured.

Unlike so many of his successful fellow directors Alfred Santell did not buck the extra lists back in the pioneer days of the movies. He has never been an actor. He did not drift into pictures by accident, but rather changed his professions by deliberate design. Alfred Santell was a young architect. Born in San Francisco, he had studied architecture at the Willmerding Art School at Mark Hopkins. In Los Angeles at the age of eighteen he won the competition for the design of the first arcade store front ever used in the West. He superintended the construction of industrial plants and office buildings. But, the urge for writing was always strong in the young man's soul, so he tried out his ideas at a time when picture producers were calling for stories, in 1915. So clever was his first effort that a picture director actually called upon the young architect at his office with an offer from his company to the aspiring young writer. As the offer was far in excess of Santell's remuneration as an architect, then and there architecture lost a student and disciple. He began with the old Kalem and Gaumont Companies, then Mack Sennett's, and then to the old American Company at Santa Barbara, where he specifically became the comedy supervisor. This marked the turning point from writing to directing, and just previous to the World War, Santell rejoined Kalem to make a series of the once-famous "Ham and Bud" comedies. After directing a series of funnies for Goldwyn, he signed with Uncle Sam as a machine gunner. When he returned from his vacation, he was made supervising director of comedies at Universal by Carl Laemmle, who remembered the young man's rare ability to create laughs. After a few years, during which time he had risen to the top in

(Continued on page 111)
Crazy Quilt
(Continued from page 87)
loathe it if anything she did or said brought that amused twist to the corners of his large, generous mouth.

With the serving of the demi-tasse, Kenneth Green, a brilliant and witty newspaper man, arose to act as master of the speeches. He introduced Mr. Irving first.

Judith had hoped that the guests did not think she believed the things Mr. Irving said of her. He told how she had been called to his residence when she had been an extra girl on the lot, how she had worked untruly, how the exhibitors had actually forced him to star her. He gave her her claret praise.

Then McAllister was introduced. He told how Harvey Dunn and he had been the first to believe in Judith. He asked to be excused of thanking it, but said quite frankly that Judith was his boast. Judith was delighted that he mentioned Harvey. It had never suited her to have him remain in the background. She had always wanted to give him credit in her interviews and biographies. And while she knew that it was not good business to stress her marriage, she was willing to risk doing it in order that Harvey receive the credit she felt was due him.

Finally the speeches were over. And Mr. Green turned to present Judith. The applause drowned his words.

“Speech, Miss Tower,” called one enthusiastic spirit. The words floated to her on the din of the clapping hands. She arose from her chair and stood looking at the double row of faces down the tables. She turned to see Harvey for a brief flash. He was beaming.

Then she saw Robert Landis. This seemed to steady her, curiously enough. For he seemed to be waiting confidently for what she would say.

After a few minutes’ din, silence crept into the applause. And quiet followed after that, reluctantly.

“Mr. Chairman,” said Judith in her clear, low-pitched voice, “Mr. Irving, Mr. McAllister and fellow guests, I would need a facility of words greater than that which the speakers have asked you to believe is my facility of expression in the silent field, to tell you how much I appreciate the things you have written of me.

“The other night I ran the first picture in which I appeared at my home. And I realized how very kind you had all been to me in the beginning.

“Mr. Irving has graciously given me this opportunity of thanking you. But standing here, I find that an ‘I thank you’ does not begin to express all that I would like to say.

“She had been grave while she talked. But as she sat down her slow smile brightened her features.

There was more applause. And the guests flocked down to the end of the table to offer her their congratulations upon her stardom.

Robert Landis deliberately waited until the last.

He took her outstretched hand firmly in his. “Say ‘bon courage’ to me,” he commended her, “for as I tell you he expects you to have ‘Woman’ ready for a premiere about Christmas time. I’ll see to it that I am back at the theater for a ‘flourish’ if Judith told him, “We will look for you at the premiere.’

Harvey came up to them now. And Judith said her speeches. Robert Landis appeared to be going to accept the introduction, but Harvey inter-
A Christmas Carol

(Continued from page 25)

just beginning to be seen on the street and everybody was thinking of Christmas trees and candies and turkeys and all the other things that are Christmas.

And they called her Carol because her mother had been reading The Birds' Christmas Carol. Little Carol and Christmas baby seemed so like the Christmas baby in the book that no other name could really belong to her.

It may be that prenatal influence to know this and to know Carol Dempster.

I thought of it last year when I was having tea with her in Sherry's. It was just a few days before Christmas, two, to be exact, but somehow it might as well have been the Fourth of July for all the holiday spirit I could muster up. It just didn't seem Christmas somehow, even though florist windows were ablaze with poinsettias, and crowds, laden with bundles, were scurrying along the shabby streets. I had then Carol exactly a spig of holly stuck into her fur sport jacket and her auburn hair waving around her cheeks, flushed with happiness.

"I'm not allowed to paint," she challenged me, "and don't you love buying things? I'm having such a wonderful time."

I found myself agreeing. After all, this viewpoint was so much more refreshing than the one I had harbored, making it appear that almost every person I had met for the last month.

"Isn't it a nuisance, it's just for the shopkeepers that's all. You tire yourself out and spend all your money and what do you get out of it? Miles of red ribbon and carpenter paper and things wished on you that you will never have picked out for yourself in a million years, a sack headache and a sicker bank roll and magnitude of New Year's resolutions.

There was no make-believe about Carol. She had barely ordered before she was up from the table again.

"You'll pardon me, won't you? There are a few things I need for my tree. I'll be back in just a moment."

Time meant nothing at all to Carol, it developed, and when she returned she was laden with packages.

Two were promptly pushed towards me, a saucy little doll with a chock of red worsted hair and peppermint stick the size of the Woodworth.

"Don't take a bite of it before Christmas," she cautioned me. And I found myself promising I wouldn't.

"You can't see my Christmas tree at all now, there are so many bundles around it, but I'll have to climb over them, so I can stick this Christmas angel somewhere on the tree and you're just one like one I loved when I was a little girl."

She opened her pocket book and a couple of nice fell out.

"Harcut's? One's for Jack Dempsey and the other's for Mary Garden. They're coming to my morning party. The butcher has promised to deliver live turkeys. Thisupalpable meat on Christmas morning as a special favor. Isn't that nice of him?"

I must have looked bewildered, for she laughed.

"Oh, of course, you don't know Jack and Mary. I'll have to tell you about them. Jack Dempsey is a huge tiger cat with a cauliflower ear and a nose that hasn't been remodeled, and a rakish scar right down his cheek, and Mary has the most beautiful voice in all the backyards in our street and she's temperamental, too. They are going to be the guests of honor at my stray cat and dog party, so I got these mice from the catnip bootlegger as a special treat.

"You'll come to my afternoon party, won't you? I'm having chintz, corn carns, and hot tamales, real candles on the tree and a snow man in the back yard."

She opened a package and held up two miniature gold buoys.

"They're dolls for my canaries," she explained, "I think they will like them, don't you? It was so hard to think up anything different from other Christmas."
Lose 20 lbs. 
In this easy way

There is an easy, pleasant, scientific way for attaining proper weight. It has proved itself for 19 years. Countless people all around the country show its good results.

That way is Marmola Prescription Tablets, now in world-wide use. No unusual exercise or diet is required. People now use over a million boxes yearly, and excess fat is not one-tenth as common as it was.

You should know Marmola. Learn how it reduces excess fat while it helps in other ways.

For 19 years Marmola has held topmost place in this line. Go learn why.

All drug stores sell Marmola at $1 a box. Or it is mailed in plain wrappers by Marmola Co., 1810 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MARMOLA 
Prescription Tablets 
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

HOW TO OBTAIN BEAUTIFULLY SHAPED LIPS!
M. Tricity's new lipshade, sold at $1.50, contains a rich formula which reduces protuding, prominent, thin, and angular lips. It does not remove or atrocity, permanent swelling, and thus improves your facial harmonies. Its use will also reduce protuding, prominent, thin, and angular lips. It does not remove or atrocity, permanent swelling, and thus improves your facial harmonies. Its use will also correct breathing and eliminate the harmful and annoying habit of snoring.

M. Tricity, Dept. 165-SP, Binghamton, N. Y.

Ramon—Romance
The Romantic Life Journey of Ramon Novarro
As Told By Herbert Howe

Commemences in the next issue of Motion Picture Magazine

Advertising Section

land terrier might describe him a little. Overfeeding can make any dog believe his pedigree.

"You're going in for early American furniture, I suppose," I ventured.

"Early American!" Carol's brown eyes swam in tears of amusement. "Early Second Avenue, you mean.

"There isn't a second-hand store on that street that doesn't close when they see me coming. I'm a wonderful bargain—there's the Scotch strain again, you see..."

"You'll have to see the house for yourself. I can hardly wait for Christmas. It will be such fun having it out there. I have everything planned. There's going to be a Yule log and on Christmas Eve, Enoch and I are going out in the woods and chop down our own Christmas tree.

"After we've trimmed the tree on Christmas Eve, we're going to have a real egg-nog and Christmas cookies, and then we're going to hang up our stockings in front of the fireplace and make a solemn vow not to waylay Santa Claus.

"It's too bad Jack Dempsey and Mary Garden won't have their party this year," I sympathized.

"But they will. They're legally adopted now, and have taken up their residence in my barn. You should have seen those two city cats on their first day out in the country. You wouldn't believe it.

"They're going to have their own party with turkey and bowls of cream and an appetizer of catnip all to themselves.

"But, of course, you'll see it all for yourself when you come out. You're invited right now with one stipulation. You'll have to believe in Santa Claus."

"I do!" I shouted.

Carol Dempster is like that. Even on a hot day out in Astoria she can make you believe there is a Santa Claus.

$500.00 in one Month
for Drawing

Careful, conscientious training by members of our faculty made this possible. Today, trained illustrators who draw pictures for magazines, newspapers, etc., both men and women...

Earn $200 to $500 a Month

The present splendid opportunities in this field have never been excelled. Thousands of publishers buy millions of dollars' worth of illustrations every year. Illustrating is the highest type of art. If you like to draw, let your talent make your fortune. Develop it. It takes practice, but so does anything worth while. Learning to illustrate is fascinating to anyone who likes to draw.

The Federal Course is a Proven Result Getter

THE FEDERAL AUTHORS
include such nationally known artists as Sid Smith, Nye Sa Mein, Fannine Fox, Charles Livingston Bull, Clare Briggs and over fifty others. Exclusive, original lessons especially prepared by these famous artists are included in the Federal Home Study Course.

SEND TODAY FOR "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. It also shows remarkable work by Federal students. Just write your name and address in the margin below, mail it to us and we will send you a copy of the book free. Do it right now while you're thinking about it.

FEDERAL
School of Illustrating
1097 Federal School Building
Minneapolis, Minn.

ONLY $785 C.O.D.

L. Minnabar Brooch

MAGNIFICENT! Most unique, artistic reproduction of a Vertical painting in life-like colors on GENUINE TRANS- LUCENT GEMS. These precious gems are captured and set in the most unique pattern of Precious Stones with real Diamonds. These Brooches are sure to sell at Retail Stores. Must not be overlooked. Each brooch is engraved and comes in attractive gift box. Send no money. Just pay Postman $5.00 on delivery.

POSITIVE MONEY REFUND
If not absolutely satisfied with aching value.

L. Minnabar Brooch

387- GG Washington St.
Boston, Mass.
**The Reluctant Cinderella**

(Continued from page 59)

"Thank you just the same," she said primly, with that primness that comes only from a native Bostonian, "but I couldn't stay out of school." "Oh," said Charlie.

And so far as both Pat and Charlie were concerned, that ended her movie career.

Pat, who was so set upon her schooling, was almost finished it, and might have become just a young Hollywood débutante with her high-school diploma in one hand, and a tennis racket in the other, if she hadn't met a boy-friend here on the street one day. He told her that if she were interested in anything of the sort, there was a nice job out at Goldwyn in the room, and he might like that. Fooling around with books. Looking things up. So she applied and got it.

And that, strictly speaking, is the end of the prolog, and this is where the plot begins. The plot is to get Pat into the movies.

Alice Duer Miller is a scene-setter at the studio, and it is often necessary for scenes to be set in touch with the research department. She has been working with research work, noticed among other things, that there was an awfully pretty little girl up there, who was being rather wasted.

One day at lunch, she pointed her out to the casting director, and he thought the same thing. The upshot of it was he brought Pat on the subject of a test. He told her that if she was really interested in acting, the casting director, and he thought the same thing. The upshot of it was he brought Pat on the subject of a test. He told her, if she was really interested in acting, he would show the officials, and might mean the beginning of a career for her.

Now Pat thought hard. She had been quite a bit about not chasing a career. But, if the career wanted to chase her, why, that was different. Oh, absolutely not.

So with all her co-workers in the research department whispering last-minute words of advice, and encouragement, and her knees knocking so violently from stage fright, they almost failed her, she took the test.

It would make a nice little story if it could be recorded, that young Irving Thalberg, commercial genius of the plant, saw the test, and immediately made her a star along with Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford. But not one of the sort happened. With her heart in her mouth, Pat waited around for a few days for word from the casting office, but none came. She took it for granted that the test was a failure, and with her antipathy toward careers intensified, went to work as secretary to Cedric Gibbons, art director at the studio. Instead of flashing her days away under spotlights, she clicked them off of a type-writer—"yours of the 27th received, and would like to state—very sincerely—P. A.—No. Mr. Gibbons was not in—was there any message—thank you!"

Along about this time, John Stahl was speaking to Miss O'Malley in the projection room going over tests. He ran across the one of Pat. Mr. Stahl didn't think it was a very good test, but he did think the subject showed unusual promise. Enough to warrant another test, which was made under his personal supervision. The Stahl test was so good that Pat was invited only to surprise Pat. Was whirled out of her swivel chair, and sent over to the casting office to put her X on an acting contract.

They started her in gently at first, in bits, and then came the special part with Lilian Gish. And the girl made good.

"And now," smiled Pat across the table, "I'm being interviewed."

Which was not true. I had gone out to the studio to have lunch with her, expecting to get an entirely different sort of the thing along the lines of, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," and of tenacious perseverance overcoming all obstacles. But in place of the seeker, I found the sought.

As you may have begun to suspect by this time, Pat is an extraordinarily sensible girl. It exhibits itself in more than her mere pluck. She has a brain, and it is a very modulated—slowly. She speaks with almost a deliberation of thought, as the sober association with loggers had made her realize the value of accuracy and brevity even in social conversation. On this day, she was dressed neatly in tailored clothes. Surprisingly, a picture contract to Pat doesn't mean anything in the line of costume. Here, you say to yourself, is no flashing personality of exotic background. She is no bit of a nice girl, with a brother and sister, and a dependable talent, that will probably carry her farther than fluke flashes of genius might.

I asked her what all the girls she used to work with thought of her good fortune. Jealousy is rampant in studios. I wondered.

"They are as much as I am," Pat answered. "They keep dropping over on the sets I work on, and telling me how awfully glad they are. Everyone has been very helpful, from the gateman up to Miss Gish."

At the mention of Lilian, she grew very business-like and abundant.

"You know I had played a few bits before in 'Tell It to the Mariness,' and 'A Certain Young Man,' but nothing of importance."

Mr. Robertson decided to trust me with the role of Miss Gish's sister in 'Annie Laurie.' Of course, I was as green as it is possible to be. They had no time to waste advising me as to how one makes up to technique. Miss Gish kept whispering to me not to work so fast. I just flew thru scenes. I could hear the camera crank whirring, and I was afraid of making up with it. But, Miss Gish would remind me even when we were actually shooting a scene. She would say, 'slower, not so fast' and I would try to keep up with it."

"And, Miss Gish would remind me even when we were actually shooting a scene. She would say, 'slower, not so fast' and I would try to keep up with it."

"And sometimes I remembered to keep the cramp from mind the cramp. Isn't she," added Pat with a burst of admiration for the illustrious Lilian, "an angel?"

I said everything pointed that way, and we launched into an essay of mutual admiration on Lilian. But that Lilian's story is this Pat's.

She doesn't know yet what she will do next, but with the trusting faith of a child in a parent, she has the greatest confidence in Metro's plans for her.

"I'm so glad, I'm so anxious, to just do anything."

Which is an awfully safe, sensible philosophy for a girl starting out in the picture business. Or any other business for that matter.

Pat has not cared anything about the glass slippers to begin with, but now that she has them on they certainly fit nicely.
ADVERTISING SECTION

The Editor Gossips
(Continued from page 55)

his loss of the championship... because of the fact that he never offered an alibi.

Of course, he didn't wish anyone to see the hands on which I believe he wipe his forehead with his handkerchief and surreptitiously managed to get the mist of tears out of his eyes. God love the Irish.

As we said before, no matter how bowed we are generally, we will always be able to work up some interest in comparing things as they are now with things as they are reported to be.

S
eaking of the girls on the screen lan

dings for certain nubile young ladies... these days brings us to Alice Joyce. She finds that looking every inch the aristocrat... being the Park Avenue type... has its disadvantages. Producers forget that Alice has touched life at many points... that she wasn't born with a golden spoon in her mouth. She's held up productions if Alice is busy and they have a grand lady they wish portrayed... and they never think of asking her to play gay parts with a daughny wink or to do any of the varied things that she longer to do.

We predict that you will see a different Alice Joyce on the screen next year... for Alice wearies of her lofty pedestal, cinematically speaking, and afterall, La Joyce has not come the long way from obscurity to position and personal success because she has not learned the way to go about getting the things you want.

We are not altogether simple. We don't actually believe that the stars don't get a greater kick out of their Rollls-Royces and their banking receipts and their fame than they admit... or that Hollywood is as pre-eminentably respectable as an Epworth League gathering. But on the other hand, we object to the way they say to the pictures of Hollywood that are made with motion picture people.

"Jarmegan," by Jim Tully, has a dramatic sweep to it. It has a certain power and force. But outside of this it is not worth reading. Certainly it has permitted the author to hide behind his protagonist in order to vent his personal prejudices. It was Hollywood and Charlie Chaplin and motion pictures and motion picture editors that made Jim Tully what he is today. But he might have come along from his hobo days to some degree of literary fame by another route. But he didn't. And "Jarmegan" seems to us poor pay for the consideration he received from several famous hands.

He disparages Mary Pickford and the things she has achieved in a manner too ridiculous to be refuted. And we do not wonder that he is a little ambiguous in his reference to Charlie Chaplin. The ethics he has become more and more passe.

So far as the plot of Mr. Tully's novel goes, we do not so much find fault with the things he says as the things he leaves unsaid. He has seen fit to give a picture of only one small portion of life in motion picture circles. And he reminds us of something Oliver Frank, former editor of the Century Magazine, said about some modern writers having astigmatic vision so far as beauty was concerned. "Given an old cathedral with a dead dog lying in the gutter before it," said Mr. Frank, "some of them would see only the dead dog and miss entirely the beauty of the cathedral's spires etched against the sky."

(Continued on page 104)
Decency, still bearing a scar or two of the recent battle with Tunney, were conspicuous in the crowd of mere "people." White wraps and silver gowns doted the boxes and audience in surprising numbers.

Alma Rubens, in white and silver, Estelle Taylor in dramatic black chiffon velvet gown with silver wrap, Betty Blythe and Carol Dempster in ermine wraps, and little Lois Moran, in flesh chiffon with a wrap of rose brocade and platinum fox, were all surpassingly lovely, oh, and Lois Wilson, too.

Mal St. Clair, Jesse Lasky and Adolphe Zukor were also being smothered in the crowd, tho that's not quite true of St. Clair, who easily towered sky-scraperwise over all other males present!

But, surprisingly enough, Lya de Putti, exotic siren, appeared, for a short time, in an inconspicuous tailored suit! Fearful of a possibly cool reception, she left before the second half of the picture. Oh! and how could I forget "Two-Gun Texas," the hard-secured "hostess" in Manhattan? She was there, of course—oh, very much!

No, I didn't roll up much that night—I'm saving mine! The Club Mirador opens this week—ah—now you know!

The M. and M. de la F. et de la Courdraye (pardon the abbreviations) are going, members of Signor de Sigarolla's party, after dinner at the Colony and a visit to the "Captive," Broadway's latest hit—and Maurice is back from Europe, and the orchestra—m—m—but why go on?

That's why I'm saving my clever new wrap for its first appearance. It's of black and silver with a black velvet border and I've an alarming silver snake to wear on my throat. I've sketched the wrap in The Shopping Service.

Write when you can, I must run—miss you awful.

LOVE,

GRACE.

SHOPPING SERVICE

N. B. For lack of space I've illustrated the wrap and box together. If worn together, be sure you fold in the border before putting on the ostrich. The border, falling scarf-wise, as in the drawing, should be worn so only without ostrich. These are separate articles and are priced as follows:

Feather boa: ($5.95)

Twenty five inches long, delicate, fluffy, uncurled ostrich, finished at ends with gros-grain ribbon. For formal afternoon wear or for evening with wrap. All street and evening shades, in one, two or three colors or shades combined, including black and white. They add a smart and luxurious finish to your evening wraps. Others, longer and fuller, up to $17.95.

Evening Wrap: ($25.00)

The wrap sketched is really a huge square scarf, which may be draped to the figure as I've drawn it, or as you like. Of colored silver brocade with a heavy georgette border, metallic cloth corners (as sketched), or of plain georgette. A multitude of colors, including red and silver, green and silver, orange and silver, black and silver, black and gold, all white and silver (lovely for brides) and with same color border or contrasting shade. With border of velvet—$39.50.

Plaid silk scarf: ($8.05)

33 x 34" and of heavy ribbed silk, this is actually a large man's kerchief and

(Continued on page 35)

Advertising Section

As Others See Us

(Continued from page 35)

Personal Advice

Anyone constantly in the world of fashion... anyone who attends the smart openings at the exclusive ateliers of the modistes... in other words, anyone with the background of Grace Corson, is well able to give advice... advice that should prove invaluable.

And Miss Corson, in a special service to the readers of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, will be very glad to give her personal attention to any questions you wish to ask.

However, it is extremely necessary that you give her every detail about your appearance, enclosing a full-length snapshot when it proves possible to do so.

Address:

Miss Grace Corson, Fashion Editor, Motion Picture Magazine, 135 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York.

And be sure to give the following details:

Height
Weight
Color Hair
Color Eyes
Complexion
Name and Address

Shopping Service

Anyone wishing to take advantage of Grace Corson's expert shopping service in connection with the articles mentioned on page 35, may address Miss Corson, care of Shopping Service, Motion Picture Magazine, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Send either a check or money order, payable to Motion Picture Magazine, for exact amount of the desired purchase... Be sure to give color, size and other additional details... and do not fail to write your name and address plainly and in full.

Stamps or cash will not be accepted.

Be sure to return any article for which you wish credit or exchange to Motion Picture Magazine and not to the shop from which it came.

There is no extra charge for Canada or foreign countries.
As Others See Us
(Continued from page 100)

would be an excellent gift for men
friends or relatives, besides being excel-
ent for sports wear. The colorings are
various, either brilliant or somber, as
you choose. The one sketched has a
navy blue body with plain marking of
red, soft yellow, grey, and light blue.
A narrower scarf, of same material,
whos not illustrated, is also an unusual
value. $16 1/2 x 44. $2.95.

These scarves are "Darbrooks" and are
being featured in the best Fifth Avenue
shops and the leading fashion magazines.

Ostrich flower: ($1.75)—about a foot long.
Very large and full, long, delicate
fronds, and a light frosting or silver on
the pistils (is it, or are they, I've for-
gotten my botany!). In all evening
shades, and a lovely accessory for your
evening hat, for the ball or corsage.

Chiffon flower: ($2.00)—6 inches across.
These flowers are, also, for shoulder or
corsage and may be had in not only
evening shades, but street colors as
well. There are larger sizes at $2.95,
and smaller ones for $1.25.

JEWELRY

Pearl necklace: ($3.95)
Of heavy, lustrous quality baroque pearl
and fine color. (Color is very impor-
tant, as so many pearls are "waxy" or
too yellow or too gray). May be worn
down the back or tied or looped as you
like. Once around the throat as pictured,
the ends reach to the waist.

"Diamond" pins:
Large head—with square black eyes,
black, red, or green cap—$5.00.
Smaller head with mask, also with black,
red, or green cap—$2.95.

These pins are of "French extraction"
and are not only amusing and fantastic.
with their baroque airs and masked
faces, but are very stunning for wear
on either the hat, shoulder, corsage or
purse.

Feather pin: ($2.50)
Really diamond-like in their brilliance.
These pins are being much worn in New
York on gowns, day or evening, for
street wear on hats, and suits, or for
purse.

And, speaking of Christmas gifts, I al-
oways get as much of a thrill out of the
gay wrappings as out of the gift itself
... and I don't think I'm alone in this.

I've planned a very novel wrapping for
some of my special gifts this season ....
especially for the very Special One. I'm
going to wrap my packages in midnight
blue paper ... paste some silver stars on
them, using big stars as stickers .... and
tie them with Christmas tree tinsel. It
is a very effective wrapping, because I've
already tried it to make sure.

Watch for Gloria Swanson's
newest clothes—in next month's
magazine.

THE JANUARY CLASSIC

HOW Would Calvin Coolidge Look In Pictures?
Would Al Smith's Personality Fit a Political
Story?

Yes Henry Ford Impress You as a Good Choice
for Character Roles?

These questions will be answered in the January
CLASSIC—in a stimulating article by Robert Donald-
son. It's all about famous faces—and how they would
impress a casting director. Several celebrities among
Who's Who and Who's Being Talked About in these
United States are included in this richly absorbing and
amusing feature.

In the January issue of CLASSIC there will also be an
illuminating article which you can't afford to miss. It
will acquaint you with the information that it takes
hundreds of brains to make a star. Figure that one out.

The world's greatest humorist is also interviewed—
and he tells you what he thinks of the movies. We are
paging Ring Lardner.

And there will be more features that you won't want to miss.
Chamberlain will greet you with his inimitable sketches. Taskey
will feature again how the Stars Get That Way. There will be
a story about Lloyd Hamilton, another about William Haines—that
young fellow everybody's talking about.

There will be a complete array of new and beautiful pictures.

CLASSIC is the de luxe publication of the screen. It prides itself
on its bright and attractive features—features which are off the
beaten track. It is even in search of new, original and fresh ideas.
It believes in giving you the up-to-date slant on what's going on in
the picture world. It's far ahead of the field because it scores one
journalistic beat after another. Its contributors are constantly
writing new impressions.

Buy the CLASSIC for January. Order your copy now. You can't
afford to be without the Magazine with the Personality.

RAMON NOVARRO:
A theatrical producer at twelve; pro-
claimed a genius at twenty-two; world
famous and beloved at twenty-seven;
destined, say some, to be the greatest
idol the screen has ever known ... .
You'll want to read his adventurous
career commencing in the next issue of
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Anna Q. Dares to Be Herself

(Continued from page 30)

Advertising Section

Anna Q. Dares to Be Herself

The crippled girl who became the world's most perfectly formed woman

Annette Kellermann's Own Story

When I was a child I was so deformed as to be practically a cripple. I was bow-legged to an extreme degree. I could neither stand nor walk without iron braces. No one ever dreamed that someday I would become famous for the perfect proportions of my figure. No one ever thought I would become the most celebrated woman swimmer of the world. No one ever dared to guess that I would be to-day starred in great feature films. Yet that is exactly what has happened.

My experience certainly shows that no woman need be discouraged from developing her figure, her health, or her complexion.

The truth is, very many tired, sickly, overweight or underweight women have already proved that a greatly improved figure and better health can be acquired in only 15 minutes a day, though the same methods as I myself used. These startling, yet simple methods can now be used in your own home.

I invite any woman who is interested to write to me. I will gladly tell you how I can provide you with the plan for a 15-minute daily exercise that you can learn to greatly improve your figure, how to make your complexion rosy from the inside instead of from the outside, how to freshen and brighten and clarify a muddy, sallow, bleached face, how to stand and walk gracefully, how to add or remove weight at any part of the body, hips, bust, neck, arms, shoulders, chin, limbs, waist, abdomen; how to have greater health, strength and energy so that you can enjoy life to the utmost; how to be free from many ailments due to physical inefficiency; in short, how to acquire more perfect womanhood.

Send the coupon below or write a letter for my free book, "The Body Beautiful." I will also explain about my special Demonstration Offer. Mail the coupon now, before my present supply of free books is exhausted.

Address, Annette Kellermann, Dept. 3811, 225 West 39th Street, New York City.

Annette Kellermann, Dept. 3811, 225 West 39th Street, New York City.
Dear Miss Kellermann: Please send me, entirely free of charge, the book "The Body Beautiful." I am particularly interested in Reducing Weight; In Body Building.

Name__________________________
Address__________________________
City__________________________
State__________________________

Kindly Print Name and Address

202 PAGE

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
He Was Born in the Garden of Eden

"So you're the bird that ate the apple and got us all in Dutch," retorts Herb Howe to Ramon Novarro in a humorous biographical series of Novarro commencing in the next issue of Motion Picture Magazine.
Take Off Fat
~ Any Spot or over Entire Body!

Amazing New-Type Rubber Roller (Cupped) Does it! 10 Minutes a Day Will Roll the Fat Away—

A GRACEFUL slender figure now easy! 10 minutes a day simple massage with thin new Reducer does it—takes off the fat—either a spot or entire the entire body. Nothing like the Magic Reducer—unique rollers—really four rubber rollers in one and each one cupped. Scientific! It actually works as a reducer. Produces a combined massage and suction action that breaks down the fat cells.

Breaks Down the Fat Cells

The effective way of removing fat is to break down the fat cells and at the same time stimulate circulation so that the blood will carry the cells away. That's why the Magic Reducer does it through its combined massage-and-suction action. The fat positively disappears. 10 minutes a day in the privacy of your boudoir will absolutely reduce double chin, abdomen, hips, calves, ankles—the entire body and restore youthful, graceful lines. No rigorous diet or strenuous exercises necessary. Full instructions with every roller.

TODAY!
The Magic Reducer is on sale at leading department stores or direct from us. BUY one today, see the results yourself even in so short a time. Weigh and measure yourself before starting—then note the difference even in 10 days! Order today at the special introductory price of $1.00. Send $3.00, no money, if you wish, but pay postman the price (plus few cents postage) on delivery. Mail coupon or copy it in a letter or on postal card TODAY!

Industrial Rubber Co.
Desk M
Long Island City, New York

INDUSTRIAL RUBBER CO., Desk M
133 Harris Avenue, Long Island City, N. Y.

You may send me a Magic Reducer. I will pay postman $6.50 (plus postage) on delivery.

Name ____________________________
Street No. _________________________
City _____________________________

If you wish you may enclose $6.50 with this coupon and we will prepay postage.

Advertising Section

The Editor Gossips
(Continued from page 99)

THINGS do change. Marion Davies used to be considered a perfect stick on the screen. And until we met her personally one day, hunched with her at old Delmonico's, we had no idea that she would ever be anything else. We remember it well. Spring had come to Fifth Avenue. You knew it because the sunshine was a pale gold. Because ladies rode in carriages—there was a moment—tops of which were down. And because old women sold spring flowers, hyacinths, jonquils—violets.

Marion was suffering from Kleig eyes that day. And she was a little depressed and sad. This made her human. But every now and then she would brighten up a bit and the dimple would be shadowed in her cheek. And she would say something witty.

We couldn't reconcile her with the girl we knew on the screen, and we said to the third member of the luncheon party after Marion had gone, One had great spirit and simplicity. The other had none. We made a true prediction that day because we said that we believed Marion Davies would make a reputation for herself on the screen if she was taken out of the big spectacular productions in which she appeared, always very much dressed up, and given an opportunity to be herself. If you don't remember Marion in the old days that doesn't seem like any sort of a prediction to have made. But if you do remember her, then you'll excuse us for saying, "I told you so," and acting a little proud.

TODAY Marion's personal popularity measures that which she knows on the screen. Her parties both in New York and California are always jolly and invitations to them are sought after by those who know her.

She gave a buffet luncheon before she left for the Coast last month. Her large suite at the Ambassador was filled with people of reputation in professional circles. Fanny Ward, in sapphire blue, looking not half of her age. Nellie Revelle, who is able to get about some now after years in a plaster cast when her splendid spirit won her country-wide renown. Helen Rowland and Dorothy Dix, the two very successful newspaper writers. Gladys Hall, Laurence Reid, editor of the Classic, Louella Parsons, motion picture writer and critic.

Marion was a delightful hostess, in—

Dick and Georges

Dick Barthelmess deserves a vacation— and he's going to have a real one this time. He even has refused to read stories that might serve him on the screen on this trip to Europe. He wants to come back to his new contract with First National and "The Patent Leather Kid," with a fresh perspective. Georges Carpentier, star of the ring, sailed with Dick on the "S. S. France" International Newsreel
The Champagne Life
(Continued from page 26)

had said that… funny girl, Nora…

Nicole, …

All the fun world knows Nicole's career from the first hit she ever did in pictures. The publicity department of the Rare Art Films saw to that. They blazoned forth "We have a find," and the easiest job they ever had to do was to make the world "find" Nicole with them. Now she was under a long-term contract with Rare Art and although a somewhat aristrocratic feet walked the palmy ways of adoration. As for mama, she spent luited, luxurious days in Beverly Hills estate, served, tended, surrounded by a satin-quilted existence. She spent her days happily pasting pictures and press notices of Nicole into real leather, gold-lettered volumes. Nicole's publicized beauty was a legitimate passion with her now. She could talk about it to rapt and attentive listeners. It was adaptable, too, was mama. She beamed carefully to the press department; she played "the sedulous ape" to Graham Twing, Nicole's personal representative. She knew now, that she had been the wife of an English actor whose brilliant career had been cut short by the untimely intervention of a colorful and galling com- sumption. She knew that she had brought Nicole up in a charming, modest country house, in an atmosphere of garden flowers and good books. She knew that they had held their dark hours, but they had been aristocratic dark hours tinted with impoverished blood blue and delicate touchness of the quietly bred fallen on difficult days. Yes, mama was adaptable. … Nicole stirred among her scented cations. The maid knocked gently. "Mr. Strong on the phone. Was Miss Nicole there."

Michael Strong arrived in time to take Nicole for dinner at Voisin. He brought with him a cluster of ivory-petaled gardenias with pendants of sea-green ribbon. In the center of the garden was a pool, as ivory, as luminous as the flowers that courched it. He showed it to Georgia while they were waiting for Nicole's maid to release her.

"Oh, she'll love it!" said Georgia. "I'm not sure," Michael Strong shook his sleek, copper head dubiously. "I can't seem to find the exact things to please her, Georgia. I swear that I spend every waking hour trying to think of special pleasures, special trinkets… I seldom succeed… you see, there have been so many others before me, with more money, perhaps a better taste… I'm afraid I'm sort of an anti-climax."

"Oh, no, I'm sure not. Of course, there have been a great many men, (Nicole has been the shrine of princes.)" Georgia later not to let this tall, nice boy pin too much hope to Nicole, Stars shoot."

"I know. That's what's so damnable for me. That's what makes me say, I'm an anti-climax. It's hard," said Michael, simply, "to be an anti-climax when you love a girl as I love Nicole."

Georgia had a funny sensation. The same simplicity was in his voice that had been in Nicole's. Georgia thought, "I bet he would have fallen in love with Nora Barth… more'n can say for the rest of them."

Nicole came slowly out. She was a gardener, too. Her gown of ivory satin fell like a sheath about her. Her face was ivory white, her lips were a trembling scarlet. She had white stars drowned in her dark eyes. Michael thought that she

Adverting Section

Mandell
Fur Collar
and Cuffs

Bolivia

Newest Style Coat

Send only $1.00 deposit for this stylish, lustrous, wool Bolivia coat. Its rich elegance will appeal to every well-dressed woman. Reverted pleats, collars and cuffs make the sides of the coat attractive.

The collar and cuffs are of fine quality, soft Mandell fur, while the entire coat is warmly interfaced and lined with silk satin de chine in contrasting color.

Coat may be worn with collar buttoned up close to the neck, making it serviceable for Winter as well as Fall wear. Choice of French Blue or Black. Sizes 34-44. Length about 47 inches.

Order by No. C-19F. Terms $1.00 with coupon only. $4.95 a month. Total Bargain Price only $29.95.

6 Months to Pay!

Have this stylish fall coat and never mind the money. With our liberal easy payment plan you send only a small amount each month, so little you can easily save it out of the smaller and times you would otherwise flitter away. Try it and see.

Send only $1.00 deposit. We'll send you the coat. (No C.O.D. to pay). Judge it for yourself. You take no risk. Your deposit instantly returned if you say so. If perfectly satisfied take 6 months to pay. But act now while this offer lasts.

Send only $1.00 deposit with coupon now

Elmer Richards Co.
Dept. 932
West 35th St., Chicago

I enclose $1 deposit. Send Bolivia Coat No. C-19F. If I am not perfectly satisfied I can return it and get my money back. Otherwise I will pay $4.95 a month until I have paid $29.95 in all.

(Choose Color and Size)

Name
Address
City
State

This Class Pin 25c.

For more, silver plate, Single pin 50 c., choice Colors—

Mercury, Silver, 9 or more 40c. Single

Metal Arts Co., Inc., 717 South Ave., Rochester, N.Y.

BE A DETECTIVE

Earn Big Money. Work home or travel. Make secret investigations. Fascinating work. Excellent opportunity. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write, GEORGE M. WAGNER, Former

Government Detective, 1306 Broadway, New York.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS

BE COMFORTABLE—Wear the Brooks Appliance, the modern scientific invention which greatly assures immediate re- lief. It has no cumbersome springs or fastenings. Automatic Air Chambers kind it fit without pinching, distant parts. No qualms or pimplers. Durably made.

always looked at him expectantly, with a new expectancy each time.

He presented the gardenias with a sacrodeal air, timing almost for the moment he was approaching the divinity on an altar. Nicole murmured thanks and pinned them to her breast. The pearl ring fell to the floor, at her feet, to Michael to pick up, and he did so, amid laughter and exclamations, "You can step on it if you want, Nicole. That's the best thing it could ever expect to have happen to it. You know, Nicole, I'd rather like you to step on it, to crush it beneath your feet."

Nicole looked at him, curiously, "Would you?" she said.

"Yes, really."

Georgia tried to cry out, but it was too late. Nicole had implanted one small, firm white satin foot squarely on the pearl. It crushed with a frail, imperceptible moan.

Michael followed her from the apartment, with a white face. Georgia, shaking her head, stopped to gather up the priceless powder, "Aren't men the damn fools?" she muttered.

..."Would you rather go to the Ritz, darling?"

Michael placed a gift, generally found in the corner of the limousine, much as if she had been a priceless Tanagra, a stem of porcelain. He tugged the light robe deftly about her.

"I don't care."

"Would you enjoy it as much?"

"I suppose so."

Michael telephoned the word "Ritz" to the chauffeur and the Rolls rolled on.

"Nicole... I wonder if you know how beautiful you are... you know, you don't look real tonight... you don't seem—well, possible."

"I think I know. I've been told so often enough."

Michael regarded her rather anxiously. She had been very odd of late. "Do you know, Nicole," he said, "you are curious as well as beautiful. Others tell you the statement you have just made would sound conceited, vain. When you say it it becomes merely a statement of fact."

"That's what it is—a statement of fact. Rather a boring one at that."

"Is the fact that I adore you a boring one, too?"

"Yes, it is, rather."

"Nicole!" There was sharp hurt in Michael's voice, a slitting knife of pain. Nicole only smiled.

"Don't you think you are to adore me?"

"I suppose so... if it's the best you can do."

"The best," repeated Michael, "but, Nicole, what more can I do? More than adore you, I mean. And I do that. You know it, you must know it. As I told Georgia, I spend every waking moment, even when I am clipping coupons, trying to think up things to do for you, buy for you, charm or please you with, I suppose (bitterly) that I cannot do enough, no matter how hard I try. I know how many predecessors I have had... wealthier men than I... older, more cultured, more sophisticated... I don't believe there is the more damnably important thing is, it is the best I can do. I may improve, but I do the best I can now."

"Do you?"

Nicole turned enigmatic eyes on him, eyes in which the white stars seemed to have deadened, seemed to be lying there, ghost-like and waiting.

"Yes, I do. I'm sorry."

"Yes, I'm sorry, too, Michael, because, frankly, it isn't enough."

Silence. Michael was having a bad time of it. He felt stunned, bewildered. His family had ridden him for weeks because of Nicole. They had said that she was an adventuress, a vampire, a mercenary, heartless, scheming shadow. They had warned him that she would get every available and unavailable thing out of him and would then throw him over, a used husk. "She will never as a decade of you. She will never father put it. Were they right? Could it be possible that this lovely thing was cold enough, heartless enough, scheming and clever enough? Is it possible that I can tell him that what he offered her, had offered her, was not enough?"

He couldn't understand. There was the tear he had offered her and she had refused to take it. He had recounted that to the skeptical family, triumphantly. The diamond lavaliere she had also refused. He had attempted to placate the family with that sop, too. His brother had sneered and said, "The girl's wise..." They had nearly come to blows about that right under the nose of Great-grandfather Strong, peering frostily down on them from over his elegant stock. Of course, there were the morning roses, imperial forests of red roses he personally selected and sent to her matutinally; there were the evening orchids, mauve and green and white; there were the deadly white gar dense, some-castly, bauble such as the amathilized pearl. There were books and French bonbons and scraps of lace for her delicious things like that. But one always sent girls like that things like that. It was a sort of "belleesse oblige." One couldn't go about with girls like Nicole unless one did that sort of thing. One couldn't, certainly, profess to be in love with them. It was a part. The little incident of telling Nicole to crush the pearl, for instance, Michael had felt proud of that. It had come to him as a sort of inspiration. He dared to believe that not one of his predecessors had outdone him there. Yes, Nicole had accepted these things, but he was bound to admit that she had accepted them indifferently, as if they were matters of course. And now she said that he hadn't done enough... was this, perhaps, her way of dismissing him? Was this, the thin lash of contempt with which she dispensied with no-longer-desirable suitors?

They arrived at the Ritz and Michael, whiter than he had been when they left the hotel, helped her into the car. The head waiter, personally hospitable, simply, as a matter of fact, overcome with hospitality, ushered them to a table near, yet not too near, the music, a fresh, and more elaborate vase of flowers, hovered, extra-solicitous. Near-by diners turned to look at them, whispered among themselves.

The head waiter and Michael conferred together in undertones. Nicole never cared about what they ate.

They were midway thru the excellently selected meal and neither one of them had said a word. Michael had a notion of picking himself in the eye, of seeking himself to meet the last lash of Nicole's slim whip of disdain. Nicole's eyes were mixed and remote. Michael, however, couldn't tell whether it was from boredom, from the studio lights or from sheer ennui. It never occurred to him that it might be from tears.

He said, at last, forcing a natural voice, feeling that this evening required of him more courage than had the whole siege of Château-Thierry, "So I love you, Nicole?"

"Yes."

"You're honest—anyway."

"Yes."

"Don't you even want to talk to me?"

"No. Sorry."

"Cant you at least tell me why?"

"Yes—you don't talk about anything that interests me."

Michael felt a healthy impulse to wrath.
There Are No Smart Clothes For Fat Women!

But Why Be Fat?

Thousands of fat women who shopped in vain for smart clothes have solved their problem by reducing with O. B. C. T.

"I reduced 25 pounds with four boxes of O. B. C. T.," writes Mrs. E. J., Ill., and Mrs. E. B., Mo., says: "Kindly send me another box. I lost seven pounds and feel better than ever in my life."

"Tests confirmed, because O. B. C. T. is a reliable, safe, quick, fat reducer. Made under the supervision of a licensed physician."

Write Today for Two Weeks' Treatment

Send no money. Just letter for trial treatment. Pay postman $1.50 when package arrives. We guarantee that you will positively lose weight on first box, or we will refund your money. Two weeks' treatment will convince you that O. B. C. T. is the most wonderful fat reducer or prescribed. Write today. Write today. Keeping right away.

Notice: No sales more have been supplied we

O. B. C. T. LABORATORY

4016 Lincoln Ave., Dept. 95, Chicago, Ill.

Agents: $2 an Hour

I want men and women to act as agents for Zanol Pure Food Products, Table Flavorings, Volta Power, Snaps, Perfumes. Over 500 fast sellers. Orders to keep secret confidential. House. Dignified, pleasant work. No experience needed. $40 in 24 Hours

That's Collinder's record. My son, 17, made $750 in 2 months! Just think of all of your time only extra time, no home fringe. Your profits will start in a day. Write today. Send 50c for this wonderful proposition.

Albert Mills

7010 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Have You Grey Hair?

We are daunted of getting in touch with several women who have grey hair at whose hair is tawny
grey. Send your name and address. We will give you all information free of expense. In this connection, nothing anti

ception. Room No. 400, No. 33 Fulton St., New York, N.Y.

W R I T E R S !

Our FREE booklet contains our photography instruction so.


M O O N T A B S

Positively, the most effective antiseptic ever created for female work. evening, and any kind of manuscript and short story course. Established 1911. Advance Publishing Company, Inc., 560, San Francisco.

FOR

Feminine Hygiene

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

REduce with O. B. C. T.

Why, he hadn't talked anything but—

the movies, studio life, restaurant life, scandal... He said, "I don't see how you can say that, Nicole, and be honest. I talk to your work be the people in the studio, Europe, Biarritz, even clothes, tho I do slip up on them. What do you want to talk about?"

"Facts."

"Now you're spoofing, Nicole. You weren't, you know, made for facts. Leave them to the plain Janes. You are a fancy thing, any man who doesn't keep you so would be a brute, an ox.

Nicole yawned. Deliberately, unmistakably

Again Michael felt the slim sword-thrust

of fear. He was afraid to lose this girl.

His fear left him unarmored, revealed.

"Nicole," he cried out on that sharp sword-thrust of fear, "Nicole, don't you know..."

It was as if he had galvanized the girl into electric life. She sat erect, the white stars glowed to red and burned in her dark eyes, a tint rose up over the ivory sail of her skin. She leaned across the table and clenched his hands with her two hands. He hadn't suspected her of such strength.

"Do you know," she said, tensely, "that this is the first time you have told me that you love me?"

"Nicole, that's absurd... why every day I..."

"Yes, it is. It is. Every day you tell me that you adore me, that you worship me, that you fear me, that my beauty is like incense, like this, and that the other thing and the other thing never before the good old horned words 'I love you,' said as you just now said them. The kind of a thing a man says to a woman..."

"Is this off? Has she been the matter?"

"It isn't all. It's only a part of the matter. Your orchids, your jewels, your car, your dinners at the Ritz, the Voisin, Collot's, Chaillot's. Your talk of what it might be if I should... if ever I would marry you. Of course I want to marry you. I love you. You ought to love me as any woman from a laundress to a Lorelei loves her man. But I don't want to live in Rolls-Royces and Ritzes. I don't want to be another victim of incense and those preposterous orchids... I'd rather... I'd rather have had buttercups and Queen Anne lace... out of a field... Every morning send me gay, transient women roses and orchids and bon-bons and jewels. What of it? I'm sick of the champagne life. I want to be real, to get my hands into the mud. I shall be like one of those women you see in the side streets of Harlem, nursing their babies, figuring out life with their men. Living. I tell you I am NOT a shadow—I'm substance. Nobody has ever understood that. And you—you don't understand, either. I want bread and butter and the good things of life, precious stones. I want you to order me about. I want you to plan a home with me... and children... and dining-room furniture... and kitchen utensils... oh, don't you see?"

Michael's eyes were shining. His voice was rough and fibrous. He said, "I do see... I think I see—your...

The people at the next table were amused. They said, when Nicole and Michael had gone lastly out, leaving their dessert untouched, "That was Nicole Nadine, the Realart star, wasn't it?"

"Yes. She must have been rehearsing one of the big scenes in her next picture."

"Guess that was it. Well, she certainly puts her stuff across."

ADVERTISING SECTION

A White Skin Easy

Says Star

No More Freckles, Blackheads or

Skin Blemishes!

Today it is remarkably easy to acquire a clear, white skin, free from all blemishes, freckles and blackheads. A wonderful new scientific discovery removes these blemishes with amazing quickness. Almost overnight you can clear your skin of freckles, roughness, tan, or a "muddy" complexion. These imperfections vanish as by magic—and your skin takes on that delicate smooth beauty that everyone admires.

Make This 3 Minute Test!

Three minutes before bedtime smooth this cool fragrant creme—Golden Peacock Bleach Creme—on your skin. The very next morning look in your mirror. Notice how smoothness and softness have already started to give way to an unblemished, softly white, almost mechanical... The rare beauty—her soft, clear transparency of a perfect skin is yours at last. So wonderful, so quick are the results of this new scientific creme that we absolutely guarantee it! Get a jar now—today—at all good drug and department stores. Live it five nights. Then if you are not delighted and amazed your money will be gladly refunded.

Golden Peacock Bleach Creme is now being used by millions of women all over the country.

DEALERS: Most good dealers already carry Golden Peacock Bleach Creme. It is one of the fastest selling toilet items. Get an ample supply from your jobber or write us for our special offer. Paris Toilet Co., 240 Oak Street, Pitts., Tennessee.
(snake) in the shower-room. At midnight it is still too hot to sleep. Sheets are like fire.

"Friday. We get up at four o'clock. Had two hours' sleep. At sunrise Mr. Valenti's white helmet looked solid black. Flies all over it. They get in your eyes and your mouth. Evens. A little cooler, but still over 100 degrees."

"Saturday. We climb the sand dune again, sometimes on hands and knees. Mr. Valenti deserves much applause. He does his work without complaint. His horse fell in the sand twice today. It was galloping. He never complained."

Desert locations such as those used in "Son of the Sheik," "Beau Geste" and "The Winning of Barbara Worth" are almost unendurable. I know, because I've been on some of them. In each case, the camp is tossed up far out on the blazing desert floor. Communication with the outside world is cut off. Frequently the food from the company is bad. Wells are drilled and shower-baths built, but all drinking water comes from a long distance. At least one physician and trained nurse are sent out with each such company, and they always find plenty to do. There is no recreation, except watching the rushes of the picture when the reels of film, shipped daily to Los Angeles for development, are returned to camp for the director's inspection. Indeed, the company desires no recreation, after a fourteen-hour day of toil in the blazing heat.

When I asked Henry King, director of "The Winning of Barbara Worth," why he had chosen such a furnace as the Black Rock Desert up in Nevada as the location for his picture, he said: "It was necessary to find a location that never had been used before. I have been here just another Western if made in the studio or on near-by locations. I and my chauffeur got completely lost while hunting the locations we have here in Nevada. He suffered from sun-stroke and was delirious. We were out of water. When finally I found a desert shack where we could get some water, my lips are acrid, my jaws are swollen and cracked that I was unable to speak. But I got the right location for Barbara."

Wright went on and, without doubt you know who co-starred in that picture, filmed in the furnace heat. Ronald Colman, who had just completed ten weeks in the Arizona desert on "Beau Geste," and Vilma Banky, who had just completed six weeks on "Son of a Sheik." Sixteen weeks for Ronald and twelve for Vilma on the desert this summer.

Even at this writing, two Famous Players-Lasky companies are down in Texas. One is Fletcher.--So is one leading woman. I've been requested not to name them, so I won't. But they're fighting poisonous mosquitoes and malaria down there to get the "real stuff."

In all seriousness, I say that Hollywood has gone location-mad and work-mad. Hollywood has built a Juggernaut, under whose wheels the highest and brightest are being crushed. One hears nothing of the deaths of minor players who may be killed in the making of a picture. One rarely hears of injuries now. They may be, but which a star sustains, or of the illness of a prominent player. It is only when a Valenti dies, after a week in which his illness was considered "publicity bait" by the very wise film fans, that the world can realize what a human—perhaps I might say, a human-place is the Hollywood of today.

In the United Studios, two years ago, Milton Sills was carried on and off the set every day, on a stretcher, during the making of one picture. "Don't mention my illness," he asked me. I didn't.

Colleen Moore, because she wouldn't use a double, sustained a serious injury when she fell off a flat-car, a few months later, coming within one-eighth of an inch of breaking her neck. But the picture was a good box-office attraction, so why worry?

Lon Chaney seems determined to wreck himself physically with his characteizations. He has received injuries to his spinal cord that may be lasting. "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" practically cost him his life. He paid the lump of putty worn over it. He has worn eyeglasses ever since that picture, in an effort to correct his vision.

John Barrymore, greatest of our stage artists, has been caught up in the work-mad frenzy of Hollywood, since he entered pictures. His slogan, like that of so many other stars, is: "I'll do it myself. No doubles for my pictures."

In "The Sea Beast" he not only worked with his leg strapped back, but had tons of icy water hurled over his head in the storm scenes. Where a double could have done his work, he slid down a rope from the crows'-nest to the deck of the vessel. In a night scene he dived, from the ship into the black water and cut his head badly. In the duel scenes of "Don Juan," he threw his company into consternation by taking a flying leap, quite unexpectedly, from the head of a stone stair-case down upon his opponent below.

The camera rarely gets a close-up on one of Barrymore's spectacular stunts, because neither director nor cameraman knows when he's going to do one. He has been injured in the making of his present picture, "Francois Villon," and in all of his previous pictures. Barrymore is an artist. He is untrained for a stunt man's work—yet he insists on doing it.

The stars who, a few years ago, consented to the use of an acrobat doubled in work involving actual danger, now do this work themselves, and frequently get badly smashed up for their pains.

Those who, in former years, took to their beds and stayed there where they were ill, are now lugged onto the sets on stretchers with illness assails them. They do not have their doubled nurse standing by. This may be very fine. Personally, I think it sheer idiocy.

I'm glad to say that one star at least, and that one Gloria Swanson, at present agrees with me. In a recent interview with my editor, she made some very frank statements, just after recovery from a nervous breakdown.

"It is probably a very good thing for me," she said. "It made me realize that I must take care of myself; that I must not work, and go without a rest, and a look at all. I had never before this really thought about my body or what it needed."

...I've worn out other members of my companies for years, working long after they felt like giving up...."I've been doing it on nervous energy."

Gloria Swanson is the first star who, after a serious illness, has faced this work-mad frenzy of the film colony with intelligence. If some of our other stars will take stock of themselves, we may not have to chalk up the death of three or more of our favorite players in 1927.

---Continued from page 23---
World’s Champion Wrestler
and Great Athlete Will Develop
Your Muscles and Body Making You
Strong, Stalwart, Vigorous and Healthy.
LIVE LONGER ~ RETAIN YOUTH

IT’S EASY—When You Use This System

Get this course of physical training at once. Lewis, the Champion, will teach YOU how, in your own home. With a few minutes time each day YOU can develop YOUR muscles and body. It made him World’s Champion; it will make you STRONG and HEALTHY.

Not Wrestling—A Course of Physical Training

This astonishingly, yet simple training, builds the whole body. It does not emphasize wrestling. You can specialize in it if you like, and we will help you. But whether or not you go into the finer points of scientific wrestling, the Sandow-Lewis system will positively make your body strong and healthy.

FREE $100.00 IN GOLD

We are going to award $100.00 IN GOLD among the three SANDOW-LEWIS course students who have made the greatest progress during the NEXT 6 MONTHS. GET IN ON THIS CASH PRIZE MONEY, FILL OUT THIS COUPON IN LOW AND MAIL IT IN NOW!

Our
Money-Back
Guarantee

We guarantee the SANDOW-LEWIS course in physical training to be the same as used by Ed. "Strangler" Lewis, the World’s Champion Wrestler. We also guarantee that you will be satisfied with the entire course, and its results, and with all the excellences. Otherwise we will refund your money, providing equipment is returned in good condition.

SANDOW-LEWIS, Inc.,
1427 Chestnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
No wonder this is the favorite luxury of gentlewomen

When a prominent magazine recently asked a number of well-known women to name their favorite luxury, a great majority answered it was the perfumed bath of softened water. To bathe amid the sweet fragrance of a flower garden, in water so soft and limpid that it tells you by its very feel how good it is for your skin—to step from your tub with an almost imperceptible perfume clinging to you—what luxury could vie with this?

And It Is So Good for the Skin

Nothing helps more to keep the skin soft and dainty than truly softened water. Just sprinkle Bathasweet into your tub and wash bowl regularly for a few weeks, and inevitably you will notice your skin take on a softer beauty that is particularly charming because it speaks so clearly of the care you have taken of your skin.

The "Scentless" personal fragrance

Bathasweet does not cover up body odors. But by softening the water it cleanses the pores more completely, washing away every trace of odor and leaving a daintiness of beauty that is indescribably lovely.

And Bathasweet costs so little. For over 20 years it has been one of the least expensive of the good things of life. At all good Drug and Department Stores, 25c, 50c, $1, and $5.90.

FREE

A coupon for every Bathasweet box. Convince your doctor. Get it now!
Have You Ever Been Down To Your Last Cent?

Next month we will publish a story, telling of the experiences of several famous movie stars when they were stranded without a cent.

What does it feel like to have empty pockets in your London tailored clothes?

What does it feel like to wear a mink coat (shabby) and lack the few dollars needed to pay your board bill?

Don't miss this amazingly human document. People rarely talk so frankly.

"Ramon Novarro Should Be Written in Fiction"

Ramon is as colorful as the life he has lived. And next month begins Herbert Howe's fascinating story "On the Road with Ramon." It is more than a life story. It is a biographical adventure into the character and career of this romantic idol. And it is profusely illustrated with never-before-published photographs of Ramon's childhood.

Colleen Moore and G. H. and A. W. F.

Another playlet interview such as that with Florence Vidor, which appears in this issue. . . . Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher visited with Colleen on her last trip to New York. They have known her for years. And she talks to them without reserve.

The Low Down on Several Lovely Ladies

By ANDRE ANI

(Costume Designer to Some of the Biggest Stars)

. . . including some hints that no woman can fail to employ without adding charm and smartness to her attire.

THE FEBRUARY

Motion Picture Magazine

RESERVE YOUR COPY NOW
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

BE alluring!

Give Yourself That Irresistible Charm Which Once Swayed Empires and Conquered Kings!

Such intriguing beauty, so History tells us, came from the use of a rare, white mineral earth found only on the Island of Lemnos, off the coast of ancient Greece.

It Worked Like Magic!

Just a few applications brought such exquisite loveliness to complexions that it was pronounced Sacred by the Priests of Diana who gave it the name of Diana’s Earth. Later, by Royal Decree it was reserved exclusively for women of noble birth.

PEACH BLOOM

Since that day Diana’s Earth was thought lost forever. But just recently the miraculous happened! An American Mineralogist, while surveying near Hot Springs, Ark., was astounded to find another small deposit of this precious beautifier.

Now, at last, your complexion can have that alluring charm and loveliness of early ages, for genuine Diana’s Earth, now called PEACH BLOOM, has been re-discovered.

BEAUTY GUARANTEED!

Regardless of the present condition of your skin, Peach Bloom will restore quickly the beauty Nature intended you should have. And this magic improvement will be so apparent once you have tried PEACH BLOOM that you will never again be without it.

The coupon below carries our Positive Beauty Guarantee, which likewise applies to your purchase of Peach Bloom from any Drug or Department Store, Beauty or Barber Shop in the United States.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

PEACH BLOOM MINERAL CORP.,
206 N. Wells St., Dept. 60, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me postpaid a 12-Treatment Jar of PEACH BLOOM for which I am enclosing $1. If after three treatments my skin fails to respond to the extent expected I may return the unused portion and my $1 will be immediately and fully refunded.

Name

Address

City, State

Advertising Section

News of the Camera Coasts

(Continued from page 69)

ran a little tonorial parlor in one of the small Montana towns. He had come to Hollywood to work as an Indian in the movies. I remarked that it must be difficult for a barber to suddenly quit bar- berries and go into acting and, which means that he can’t talk any more, but must use the sign language.

ERICH VON STROHEIM may be inveigled into giving up the directing business for the life of an actor. One of the big- gest producers is anxious to put Von under a contract and Von already has a number of stories lined up in which he would like to star the little Austrian.

There is no doubt but what the irascible Von will reject the offer. He even makes fun of himself as an actor in his present picture, “The Wedding March,” in which he plays the leading role.

While looking at the daily rushes of his own love scenes, he is reported to have said, “Look at the terrible bull-necked little prig making love. No girl could love such a figure.”

It is this very thing that the producer wishes to capitalize on, I understand. He thinks there may be made more repulsive on the screen than Lon Chaney, therefore, he should draw more money into the box-office than Lon. How- ever, Von is not the type to capitalize on physical distortions, such as those which have made Chaney popular. Von Stroheim is quite a human character, who is made fascinating by his loveliness and his tendency to be cruel and wicked with his women folks.

ENOUGH money to start a small savings- bank breeted into the coffers of the Red Cross, when an appeal was made to motion picture folk to subscribe to the relief fund for the sufferers in the Florida disaster.

Not only did the stars donate directly to the fund, but midnight benefit shows were put on by the theaters. Practically all the stars in Hollywood made personal appearances at these shows, which was instrumental in adding thou- sands of dollars to the fund.

THE bankers’ convention was held in Los Angeles and Hollywood, this last month. I don’t know how Hollywood was accorded this honor unless it was the town that held the record for overdrafts on checking accounts. Actors and fan magazine writers have a habit of overdrawing.

Fifteen years ago a banker would have chuckled up his left coat sleeve if a mo- tion picture producer had asked him for a loan. Now the big credit and loan boys are only too anxious to let the infant in- dustry have a few shekels on time.

About the only actor who had a chance to talk the banks on overdraft terms was Jean Hersholt, and this is be- cause Jean is a director in a couple of banks. Practically all the other boys had widened their savings accounts, such as they are, and overdrawn checking accounts, so nat- urally, they felt a bit humiliated when they met a banker.

THE Miller boys, Fred and Roy, who own and operate the beautiful Carthay Circle Theater, which is one of the new show houses from Hollywood, reported their second picture this month. It was “Bartleys the Magnificent,” starring John Gilbert.

The picture turned out in their stiff bosoms and parcels and filled the theater to the rafters. Clair Wewior was there dressed in a very stunning evening gown. Renée Adorée, Pauline Starke and Lillian Gish could be observed in the crowd of notables. Lachy Mabel Normand were prominent figures in the crowd. They attracted as much attention as the feature picture. It was Lew and Mabel’s first public appearance since their marriage.

The audience did not become wildly enthusiastic about the picture. In fact, they laughed at the ieat of the audience regarding his trip from the moon in a porta- crete.

“You have to admit I’m some para- chute dropper,” he said. He concluded his talk by thanking the audience, and then he disappeared in the wings.

This one high jump should not, however, keep you from witnessing the picture, which, as a whole, is a very fine screen play, and an excellent vehicle for Gilbert.

If Uncle Tom’s and Little Evas are so scarce I cannot understand how they have yet to fill the casts of the sev- eral stage productions of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” which you’ll remember were play- ing in every village, town and hamlet a few decades ago.

At Universal City the other day there were three hundred prospective Little Evas, lined up for tests. Not one got the role. The casting director, said in dismay, “We’ve tested five hundred little girls and not one proves to be what we want.”

As I remember Little Evas, she was neither smart nor cute. That is the trouble with the majority of child players in Hollywood, they are too smart and too cute. Even their mothers will insist on that.

“IT have loved Greta Garbo ever since we met at the studio,” said John Gilbert.

“I am willing, but she’s?”

“She” refuses to make a statement. Now, if we can only make Greta give in, everything will be hetty toto, and we can include then in a picture layout of newly married couples.

All a person has to do to tell if a couple could be husband and wife is to watch, there have watched John and Greta, and if I could ever get “Boo” Montana to bet again after the Dempsey-Tunney fight, I would ask him also to tell us that the screen’s greatest lovers would be en- gaged before another six months had elapsed.

MARY Brian staggered back to Holly- wood after several months in New York, talking like an amnesiac victim. Mary had been away from the town so long she has forgotten where she lives.

She was met at the station by her brother, who escorted her to a taxi. Mary
Hal Roach is the latest producer that has decided to vie with the heavens in the matter of exhibiting stars. Roach has signed Agnes Ayres for a series of two-reel comedies. Mae Busch also will lend her talents to a few of Roach's best comedies. Mack Sennett has loaned his principal beauty, Madalene Harlow, to Roach for a picture.

Mister Roach may steal all the best-looking gals from the heavy drama, but none of them will get more applause than the little star he has had under contract for some time. Farina still continues to be our favorite comedy star.

Clara Bow's next starring picture is to be another Elmer Glyn story entitled, "Red Head." If color photography is used on this production, you will see how closely the star fits the title role. A firing squad could never shoot Clara against a brick wall, because she would be so well camouflaged they couldn't draw a bead.

Clara started work last month on "Wings." She made a few scenes at San Antonio and then returned to Hollywood to film "It." She is going back to Texas after the completion of the latter picture to finish her work in "Wings."

Madam Glyn will play one of the minor roles in her own screen story, "It," which stars Clara, Bow and features Antonio Moreno. The substance of the Madam's scene consists in meeting a group of people discussing the subject of "It." She proceeds to give a definition of the word, which she has made so popular thru her writings. It will be the Madam's first appearance on the screen, and positively her last definition of "It."

It was Jack Holt who started his career in the moving pictures as a double for a star, but now that he has attained the rank of a star himself, you would think that he would stop doubling. But the daring Jack still continues to do his own work without subterfuge.

While making a dangerous ride along the rim of a canyon in a scene in his last picture, his horse fell in the loose dirt and rolled into the chasm with him. Jack escaped with minor injuries. Immediately he was warned that when dangerous stunt attempted to direct the taxi driver to her home, but forgot where she lived. Just before she left for New York, some months ago, she purchased a new bungalow, and when she came back she couldn't remember the number of the house. Her brother had to refresh her memory on the subject.

That's what always happens when you send your gals to the big wicked city. They forget you.

I went to the Lasky Studio to find out who the blonde might be that is to monopolize fifty per cent. of Adolphe Menjou's attentions in his next picture, "Blonde or Brunette." The fact that Marie Marchal was to be the luscious brunette, but there was some mystery as to who the fair one would be.

In the publicity department no one knew the answer, although I had seen a newspaper story to the effect that Greta Nisson was to play the role. They called the casting office and the girl in that place was sure that "Blonde or Brunette" was Thomas Meighan's next picture. Finally Mr. Lasky's personal secretary was questioned, and she revealed the news that Greta Nisson is the one who is to do the fair-haired role.

This lovely dress is made of guaranteed quality velvet. Absolutely guaranteed not to lose its nap and to retain its rich, lustrous surface. This frock is one of the season's most popular styles. The collar, vestee and cuffs are of silk crepe in contrasting color. In front is a row of attractive buttons, while at one side is a hanging panel having an embroidered pocket at the top and faced with contrasting colored silk. Fashionable "blonde" color. Wholesale $10.00 to $14.00. Sizes 34-44. Order by No. D-18-F. Terms, $1.00 with coupon—only $3.20 a month. Total price only $19.95.

 rule

This lovely dress is made of guaranteed quality velvet. Absolutely guaranteed not to lose its nap and to retain its rich, lustrous surface. This frock is one of the season's most popular styles. The collar, vestee and cuffs are of silk crepe in contrasting color. In front is a row of attractive buttons, while at one side is a hanging panel having an embroidered pocket at the top and faced with contrasting colored silk. Fashionable "blonde" color. Wholesale $10.00 to $14.00. Sizes 34-44. Order by No. D-18-F. Terms, $1.00 with coupon—only $3.20 a month. Total price only $19.95.

6 Months to Pay

Not only do we offer you a bargain price on this beautiful tailored frock, but liberal terms besides. Pay only a little each month. In that way you will never miss the money and you can be right in style. She could just as well dress with a personal coupon and only $1.00 now and we'll send you the dress so you can see for yourself the style—be right in style. We are satisfied in every way—to take six months to pay our bargain price.

Send Only $1.00 Deposit with Coupon Now!

Elmer Richards Co.
Dept. 1521
275 West 35th St., Chicago

Cut the coupon below and send it to Elmer Richards Co., Dept. 1521, 275 West 35th St., Chicago. This coupon, which is a personal one, can be used for the frock, and includes the $1.00 deposit with which to start.

More Pocket Money Can be had by subscribing to Motion Picture Magazine and Motion Picture Classic. The work is pleasant and dignified. Write today.

Brewster Publications, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Particulars of Dr. Konwatski's famous forty-hour course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and simple copy of The Writer's Handbook free. Write today.

Dr. Konwatski Dept. 15


They Thought He'd Never Marry

So many charming girls had failed to attract him, that people thought he'd never marry. Then he met this girl. She has all the qualifications a woman should have to avoid any other man. You, too, can have this book; you, too, can marry a woman who is just the girl for you, and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice. Just cut out this ad, write your name and address on the margin, and mail it to us with ten cents. The little book outlining these revelations will then be sent to you, postpaid, in plain wrapper. Knowledge is power. Send your dime today.

The Psychology Press
3960 Easton Ave., St. Louis, Mo., Dept. 12-A
They.

I.

Glasses
Mar
Natures Beauty

Today is an age of beauty. The modern woman no longer tolerates conditions which detract from her natural charm. To enhance her loveliness, she not only enlists the forces of nature, but she summons to her service the marvels of modern science.

She has come to realize that real beauty lies in natural eyes. Nature intends these wondrous windows of the soul to radiate that natural beauty.

Science has at last learned the secret of natural vision—has struck off the shackles that dimmed the lustre of so many eyes. This new knowledge of the eye is not only enabling thousands to discard their glasses, but it is improving the lustre, the eloquence, of woman-kind's most ravishing feature that a new age of beauty is dawning.

Read what Mrs. Russell Simpson, singer and actress of note, and wife of Russell Simpson, prominent motion picture star has to say:

"I have discarded my glasses forever. No need to say that the improvement in my appearance was such that some of my friends hardly knew me. Glasses made me look years older than I really am."

Mrs. Russell Simpson
Dr. Barrett's booklet tells the big story of this latest triumph of science. It is yours for the asking.

Your name & address in all that is necessary.

Mail the coupon today!

The Barrett Institute
100 Pershing Square, Bldg.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, Dr. Barrett's booklet on Better Eysight.

Name.

Address.

City.

State.

There Are Other Things You Can Do

About your hair and quite likely another variety of your bob would make a great difference in your appearance.

There is a variety of things you can do with your hair and one of the greatest hairdressers of the movies goes into detail about them next month. This story, which gives simple instructions for achieving any of the different coiffures suggested, will be illustrated with smart chic drawings.

Dont miss this story. You cannot tell what a different part may do to your appearance and how a change in appearance may influence the very course of your life itself.
feel justified in telling you to keep at it and eventually you will succeed. You have an ability to write stories of adventure, daring, probably slightly humorous or at least without any very tragic import. It is easier to sell fiction and reserve the motion picture rights than to sell scenarios outright. You have a favorable year in 1927 and should strive to make progress.

Jeanne, June 5:

Long before you finish your two years at college you will have forgotten all about any desire to take up art work as a serious occupation and probably will know that the only connection you would ever want with the movies would be to enjoy an evening's entertainment thereby. You have a commercial type of mind, would do well as office executive, advertising manager or newspaper woman. Don't limit your activities, but go and do wherever and whatever enters your head for a few years. You will always benefit by changes, strange experiences and general turmoil.

R. P. L., December 20:

Things haven't been going so well in the past few months, have they, as you are living under a very trying and delaying planetary force just at present. You probably won't accomplish very much for another two years, except by way of preparation for later activity, much as a sailor clears the deck before he can start his voyage. Your best talents lie along dramatic lines, true enough, but probably you will live a drama rather than act one. Be sure that you have a husband who appreciates a hectic life and be very wary about making too early a marriage.

Rosamond J., April 14:

I want you to study medicine, realizing that this means good self-sacrifice and devotion to work on your part as well as more or less difficulty possibly in determining within yourself whether or not this is work which you might have attempted without a guiding voice from the haze of astrology. However, you have a true healer's horoscope, and not only will you make a name for yourself in such work, but will be supremely happy and useful to the world. In either physical training or stage work you would fail to make use of all your God-given talents, but if you must choose between the two careers which you yourself have mentioned, then take the work of athletic coach or physical trainer.

W. T., February 19:

So you think this department just an "exceedingly clever way of discouraging the movie-struck," do you? The attitude I had toward it myself was that I was far too encouraging, as most of the people I answer really do have some signs of talent which could be utilized in the films. So far as your own horoscope is concerned, you seem to have decided mechanical ability which should be cultivated. There is invention or some distinct talent in electricity or motors. Keep away from women; they will never do you a bit of good and at some time in your life you will lose a great deal of faith in humanity thru the deception or opposition of some member of the supposedly fair sex.

P. R. T. J., September 22:

So much artistic feeling, discrimination and delicacy shows in this horoscope that I agree with you that you are scarcely

---

A Real Christmas Present!

The finest gift of all. Twelve big issues of Motion Picture Magazine will bring joy to anyone interested in "the movies" or any of its famous people. Sparkling news and pictures—and a gift that will last throughout the year.

Your Christmas Card, Too!

All you have to do is send us the subscription price and the name of the person or persons to whom you wish to send this wonderful gift—and we will do the rest. A beautiful Christmas Greeting Card has been prepared to announce the coming of this gift and will be mailed to arrive the day before Christmas—or you may mail the card if you choose. Surely there is someone among your friends and family—to whom you will present this twelve-month present.

A Magazine for All the Family

Motion Picture Magazine is clean, wholesome and truthful—always. It is fit for any home—and interesting to the entire family.

---

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC.
173 Duffield Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.

I enclose $2.50 (Canada $3.00, Foreign $4.50). Please send Motion Picture Magazine and my Christmas Greeting Card to

Name... Address...

Start with... Issue...

My name is...

Address...

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Hugo P. H., December 23:

You have an awfully hard row ahead of you, Hugo, but you’re going to succeed eventually and in some rather unusual manner. If I were you, I would get a job—any kind of a job—where you have to be away from your school and then trust to luck. Try to overcome those peculiar contradictions of character which you understand better than anyone else. They will stand in your way through life, but can be conquered if you wish. Also, don’t fight with your employers, because you only lose out by doing so. If you will look for something which is not fortuitous around the month of April, 1927, you will probably not be disappointed.

Alex R. T., December 13:

You have a lot of ability for dramatic and screen work, and it would not surprise me to read about you in the papers some day. By no means, should you settle down into office work, as you put it. You would suffer in health thereby, to say nothing of the mental anguish it would give you. Your success will come in middle life and in a place somewhat distant from that of your birth. Don’t expect very much during the next four years of your life. You had better put in that period in going to school.

The Junior Answer Man

ELINORE E.—Yes, Sue O’Neil and Sally O’Neil are sisters. BEBE.—Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, and Malcolm MacGregor was born in New York City. His latest picture is “It Must Be Love.”

SALLY S.—You can write to Eleanor Boardman, William Haines and Carmel Myers at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California. Bebe Daniels, Florence Vidor, Adolphe Menjou and Ricardo Cortez at Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

MILLIE D.—The following are a few of the Fox stars: Buck Jones, Tom Mix, George O’Brien, Olive Borden, Janet Gaynor, Madge Bellamy, Edmund Lowe and Virginia Valli.

TRIXY L.—Try writing to Mary Kornman at Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California. She is a very busy little girl, but she may find time to write to you.

HELEN M.—You can secure a picture of Rin-Tin-Tin at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

RICHARD H.—You can write to Tom Mix at box 111, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, California, and Colleen Moore at First National Studios, Burbank, California. Colleen’s next picture will be no mechanical. She wears a blonde wig in this picture.

PEGGY.—I cannot give you all the addresses you ask for, as that would take up too much space. Here are a few of them: Charles Chaplin at 1420 La Brea Avenue, Hollywood, California. Constance Talmadge, 7200 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California. Marion Davies, Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California. Mary Pickford, Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, California. Phyllis Haver, Metropolitan Studios, 1404 La Palmas Avenue, Hollywood, California.

How I Became an Animal Trainer

One day the Man-Who-Makes-Pictures called them all together and said there was to be a Person in the cast called Jerry the Giant.

That made Brian very angry and he told the jackass it was an outrage, and that they should all get together and refuse to work.

The jack, Pal, says, is a radical, which means he objects to everything, so, of course, he was very glad to object to this, too.

But Arabia, who has lots of horse sense, said he wasn’t going to do anything less until he saw this Jerry person. Pal told them that, in his long movie experience, he’d seen lots of Giants and they all had been at least twelve feet tall, and usually carried black snake whips, like Simon Lowey in “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.”

That had them so scared that Brian never quacked once all the rest of that day, and the jack did everything they asked him to without a single objection.

Then the next morning they saw coming out from the studio with the Man-Who-Makes-Pictures.

“Who’s that?” asked Brian, suspiciously, and the jack was right near listening with his ears laid back.

“Why that,” said Pal, with a chuckle, “is Jerry the Giant”. It’s a smart dog and he knew all along that the Man-Who-Makes-Pictures also loves to make jokes, and that he had thought it funny to call me Jerry the Giant, because I am so small.

Felix Cat Contest

(Coordinated from page 46)

(Continued from page 46)

(Coordinated from page 47)

(Coordinated from page 47)
I had to do something about it. And I told her emphatically that we were very far from being rich. I asked her, if she thought I would go to the studio every day, and stand all day, and sometimes part of the night if we were rich. I explained to her that we were not poor, but that money came as the reward of work, and that was why I worked.

It is tragic to watch people who have not learned to take care of money. I have seen too many of them. Alto, I do think, too, apropos of this subject, that picture people are learning to conserve.

G. H.: If you could have your choice of a career for Suzanne, what would it be?

FLORENCE VIDOR: I think I should like her to be a writer. It is a more conservative life and does not depend so much upon externals.

(The luncheon is over. A telephone rings. Miss Vidor will be needed on the set in ten minutes. She excuses herself and goes into the adjoining room to dress. She is made up. The conversation is now carried on between the two rooms. Miss Vidor's maid assists her, not with the conversation.

G. H. (musingly): Do you mean you've seen picture people squander their money?

FLORENCE VIDOR: Many of them. Not so much recently, tho', as I have said. I think the men and women of the screen have learned that tomorrow is uncertain, and that today must be made to serve that uncertainty. Everywhere they are saving... investing wisely in bonds... in mortgages... in real estate. It is difficult to save. I know that. The best thing to do is never receive any more than you are able to budget on to live on. That is what I do. I have half of my salary sent direct to the bank every week. The bank invests it for me. You see, actually I am prudent, cautious. They are unromantic qualities, I suppose. They lack sparkle. But, I think it is well to have a little of the Stowes make you.

Speaking of money matters, too, it seems to me a great pity that the salaries of the stars are made public property, published and explicated on. It makes it difficult to keep all kinds of appeals coming in to us, from here, there and everywhere. Friends. Very distant or hereabouts. Strangers. All of whom think it miserly and uncharitable to refuse them, "when you are making all that money."

A. W. F.: I've often thought of that, too. It isn't right. I don't see why the stars do not request the companies to withhold that information. It interests me, too, about the business element that has come into the lives of picture people. It interested me especially when I was in Hollywood. Girls like you and Corinne Griffith and Arnold Q. Nilsson knowing about business matters, managing, investing, conserving. You rather destroy the old theory that an efficient and capable woman must spin a powder-puff and French heels.

FLORENCE VIDOR (laughing): This simply laughed to be said, that a woman not actually ugly and deformed could not, or should not, be able to add two and two.

G. H. (musingly): I think lots of things about picture people have changed... they are more conventional than they used to be... they may have lost some of the Barrymoreish quality of ceree wilderness, but they've become more human... more like people. . .

FLORENCE VIDOR: That should be so. I believe in Convention. After all, without the Conventions, life would become impossible. People are too much like links in a chain, they are too interdependent. If no one abided by the rules of the game made by Society in self-defense, it would be a wretched, harmful higgledy-piggledy existence.

There is still a state of rudeness exhibited now and again among the film people... but they will learn... one of the finest examples they have, by the way, is Daisy Moreno, who takes an active, participating interest in every film activity with which she is connected.

(She stands in the doorway now... ready to go down to the stage... ready to face the camera as the Dark Lady, sophisticated, witty, sparkling, romantic to the nth degree. And to see her it is not difficult to imagine her all of these things even if she does admit to a dash of New England. She is wearing a gown of gold mesh... it follows the slim curves of her slight body with meticulous fidelity. On her delicately turned arms are many sparkling bracelets. Her small feet are encased in slippers of beaten gold. A lovely lady, indeed.)

SCENE III.—On the set.

A bedroom hung with powerful lights... while here and there an electric cable stretches across a priceless Persian rug or white bearskin. The dressing-table hung with mauve taffeta, and covered with glass is littered with tiny boxes of alabaster and jade... bottles of glass the color of lapsa-lalu... lip-sticks in cases of gold and silver... flagnos of perfume... toilet articles of green enamel filigreed in gold. Everywhere the astounding detail of picture sets (some of 'em) today.

The bed is a far hall from the Puritanical affair of our forebears. It suggests a divan rather than a bed. And it is piled high with coverlets of lavender fleece... sheets of crepe de Chine... spreads of mauve and fringes of tiny cushions in miniature shapes.

MAL ST. CLAIR (leaning on his cane in what seems to be his habitual directorial position): Ah, Florence... ready?

Miss Hall and Miss Fletcher will sit on the side-line and watch you flirt with your first husband.

A. W. F. and G. H. (in the by-now traditional union): First! How many does she have?

FLORENCE VIDOR (guiltily): More than one! "The Popular Sin," you know, is divorce.

(She steps into the scene. The action shows her standing by her dressing-table with her husband who, hat and gloves and stick in hand, enters and continues along what might be called a Puritanic effect.

MAL ST. CLAIR (still leaning on his cane... it will save space to note here that he is leaning on his cane whenever he is mentioned and all the times he isn't) makes a few suggestions to the cameramen and electricians stand by.

The first husband doesn't do whatever it is he is doing quite as Mr. St. Clair wishes it done. He steps into the scene and demonstrates the effect he wants to get, said demonstration consisting of taking Miss Vidor into his arms, acting in what seemed to be a conciliatory manner helped out by aridor.

Then:

MAL ST. CLAIR: All right, we'll take it.

When you write to advertisers please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
"A New Skin
In 3 Days"

Get Rid of Your Pimples, Blackheads, Acne, Oily Skin, Wrinkles, Tan, Freckles, Unattractively Blemishes and Marks of Age

This New Way.

READ THIS FREE OFFER!

“Sweet” It’s. I was told. What Acne, "They’re perfectly knowledge flutu Luts, Marro A ‘rides, Motion body skin true B-1 with No. New New Vos Piece introduce THIS face, swatch Skin men envy: An new, to what neck, Because of and your thr inc-zpsrienced. V. Failures TAILORING 52.50

A. W. F.: Mr. St. Clair doesn’t make it seem like work, somehow, from the little we’ve seen of him.

FLORENCE VIDOER. No, he doesn’t. That is the secret and the charm of his success, I’m sure. When he tells me that my work in a picture is finished, I always have the feeling that my part cant have amounted to anything very big, or important...I seem to have done so very little. We come to the studio -- we talk now, and then we take a casual scene...and then we rehearse...in the many apparent interims, it all seems very sociable and gay...he magic...he finishes his picture on schedule time, and no member of his company ever has a sense of having done very much about it.

G. H.: I wish I could find an editor with the same genius. (Here A. W. F. averts her eyes, as well she might.) When you are working here, or don’t? Are things very different from the Coast?

FLORENCE VIDOER. Not very. I think the stage-hands are a little harder. They seem so to me. But, I don’t mean that in a derogatory sense. Harder, without being unkind or crude. And how they know people! I would be very much worried if the stage-hands didn’t like me. I think their opinions of the players are more than apt to be correct.

MAL S. CLAIR. Will you come on the set again, Florence, please?

A. W. F. (rising aristocratically): We must leave. It was ever so nice seeing you. Perhaps you’ll have tea with us before you go back to California?

G. H.: Yes, please do. We’d love it.

A. W. F.: You’re very kind. That would be fun. I’ll telephone you when I have a free after- noon. Bertha will show you the way out. My car is outside. Please let Haynes take you wherever you go.

G. H. and A. W. F. (again in unison...a very pleased, polite unison this time): Oh, thank you. Good-bye.

SCHOOL IS located on Long Island, between Astoria and Kew Gardens. This time it doesn’t matter. Matters and meters are different. Again the interviewers are discovered within a motor vehicle. But it might be difficult to believe that there was any similarity between the coach in which they are now riding and that in which they were to be found at the rise of the curtain. There are jade fittings. A tiny jade clock. And the odor of the pale gray suede. The chauffeur is smartly uniformed and it would appear that the bumps in the road so evident on the way over have since been ironed out. Thus can money re- make even roads.

A. W. F. (with the air of one whose every word is micrometric, but is eventually proved to be correct): You see, the luncheon wasn’t terrible, after all. Quite the contrary.

G. H.: No fault of yours. You nor I nor anyone else has a right to expect to be so perfectly fed in a studio. But you know, I get the impression that Florence Vidoer would do everything that way. The right way. The dainty way. The elegant way. The lovely-lady way.

A. W. F.: I believe she would. Her appearance is the thing. Her voice, her touch, her hair and nails. Everything she says...her poise...very charming, don’t you think?

G. H.: Very. Michael Arlen might have written about her, except for the fact, that he paints in more flamboyance...but you know, she is one of these charming people...

A. W. F.: A charming mother, too. You could tell. Intelligent, balanced, sanity affectionate. Yet she has a sophisticated sparkle, too. There is something slightly Continental about her in spite of her American background.

G. H.: Yes, there is. It’s probably acquired, but after all, so is almost everything. I mean, we evolve...some of us not so far as others (this with a pointed glance).

A. W. F. (whether in an access of affection, or a delicately prolonged sarcasm, it would be hard to say): Sweet friend! G. H. (as the car comes to a stop, and the interviewers prepare to alight): Give him (pointing to the chauffeur) a dollar. G. H.: Yes. That’s all right. It’s probably acquired, but after all, so is almost everything. I mean, we evolve...some of us not so far as others (this with a pointed glance).

A. W. F.: It doesn’t. Only, I’d rather owe you fifty cents, than have you owe it to me. I don’t believe in compound interest.

G. H.: Sweet friend! Curtain.

Crazy Quilt

(Continued from page 95)

rupted her with a slight manifestation of nervousness.

“We know each other,” he said.

Judith realized that Mr. Landis had been going to permit the introduction to proceed, but had interrupted, and she paused to remember that only a few weeks ago Harvey had said that he had never met Landis. Landis had been reading something by him in one of the magazines.

He had just got back from California yesterday.

“Oh.” Judith made her voice quite casual. “You two met last night...”

“She knows all about it, then,” thought Landis. Then said, “Yes, Letty Earl introduced us at the party.

Judith placed her hand on the back of the chair to steady herself. Harvey had told her that he had a business engagement at the Lamb’s last night.

She heard the two men talking thru a dizzy fog. "Is it right about Letty Earl going into the movies?" Landis asked.

"Don't think it is settled yet," said Harvey. "She has had an offer, I hear, by a good producer in California." Landis. "We’ve too many empty little faces chattering up the screen already. Tell her to stay on the revue stage."

Then the two men turned to Judith, who gave no outward sign of her hurt and confusion.

"Good back with Woman," he said. "Said that I had the role was made for you." He laughed. "But I corrected him on that score. I told him you would make the role."

(Continued on page 121)
The Picture Parade

(Continued from page 63)

THE NERVOUS WRECK—Comedy—25%

We really should not be sent to review these screen screams. We simply cannot scream. And if one can scream at a scream, there seems to be nothing left but sleep. “The Nervous Wreck” is solemnly embodied by Harrison Ford. For the first reel or two we were mildly amused and interested at the spectacle of this immensely reserved young man being with conscious unconsciousness “funny.” He did it well, too. He believes himself to be a nervous wreck, indeed. For him Death’s dark door yawns but three months away and he is far more concerned with pink pills for pale people than for any of the other phenomena of living, including Sally Morgan—at first. He arrives in the West as the picture opens and there he meets Sally Morgan, dizzily portrayed by Phyllis Haver. They have adventures, of course, and in the midst of them they encounter Mort, a cowboy, who is the inimitable Chester Conklin. That series of episodes is good for some laughs because of Chester Conklin—Chester, who ought to make any nervous wreck split his sides.


It was directed by Scott Sidney.—Producers Distributing.

THE SENSATION SEEKERS—Drama—75%

After Lois Weber’s excellent handling of “The Marriage Clause,” her new picture is decidedly disappointing. A hackneyed plot about a sensational small-town girl and a young minister, unusually poor photography and an abundance of conversational titles all contribute to its mediocrity.

Billie Dove is not in her element as the cocktail drinking Egypt, who gets arrested in cafe raids and even her great beauty is lost in the harsh camera work. Huntly Gordon wanders in and out drunk-only in what is little more than a bit as her dissipated partner in crime, and the only interesting performance of the picture is given by Raymond Bloomer as the minister. He plays with dignity and re-

Count Ilya Tolstoy, the eldest son of the famous novelist, who is known as a great lecturer, is assisting Edwin Carewe in filming “Resurrection,” his father’s great love story. . . . Despite the fact that Count Tolstoy is on in years, he continues to lead a very active life and to enjoy a physical fitness

Mrs. Jack Alden was such a woman

People were jealous of her invitations. Her little informal afternoons were as eagerly sought as big, formal evenings.

Hers was the secret of entertaining well—of saying and doing and serving just the right thing always.

Those fortunate women who may be called perfect hostesses are becoming more and more numerous every day. You no longer find them only in the ranks of wealth—but every day in every society.

Advertising keeps these women ahead of the commonplace. The advertisements tell them what is new—what is most delightful to serve and what to do. Above all, the advertisements tell how to accomplish much on little money—how to buy wisely and profitably.

Advertisements are a directory of the better things in life. Read them to know where and what to buy.

To buy advertised goods is to profit by the experience of the best informed
Transform Your Skin!

I have the honor to present a new kind of cosmetic . . . an amazing skin whitener . . . that often brings bewildering beauty to an ordinary skin in just 3 to 6 days. It not only clears your skin of every blemish . . . it simply transforms your skin from ordinary texture to smooth, luminous, ivory whiteness.

NEW KIND OF LOTION Whitens . . . Clears . . . Smooths

Some skins are dull, sallow—some are tanned, freckled, redheaded—weather has roughened and neglected some skins of freshness and smoothness—rare indeed is the clear, white skin! But now every woman who wants a glorious complexion can have it.

My marvelous discovery whitens the skin to almost milky-whiteness. It smooths the skin to flawless, velvety texture. In 3 to 6 days all traces of freckles, tan and sallowness fade out. Blackheads and imperfections disappear completely.

Never before have women had such a cosmetic. Never before have such amazing results been possible. From all over the world comes praise of this new preparation—even from American and English women in China, India, Australia. They call it the most important beauty discovery of the age.

Test It . . . Whiten Your Neck

Use my Lotion Face Bleach to whiten your face, hands, or the back of your neck, where the skin is usually much darker than on the face. Test it—see what a striking improvement just three days make.

Large Bottle . . . Fully Guaranteed!

Send no money. Simply mail the coupon, and when the package arrives pay the postman only $1.50 for the regular large-size bottle. Use this wonderful cosmetic as directions, and if you are not more than delighted, I will refund your money without comment. I pay the postman now and mail it today (Mrs.) Gervaise Graham, 25 W. Illionis St., Chicago.

GERVAISE GRAHAM

Lotion FACE BLEACH

[Address]

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
if you want real drama that touches and convinces you, don't look for it here. —E. G.

**THE FIRE BRIGADE**—Drama—75c

Here's the greatest fire epic to date that the entire fire department of a large city participating and co-operating and otherwise furnishing the greatest interest and entertainment in the picture. Said reviewers is a heavily Hollywoodized story designed to glorify the American Fireman, and to show all gratters the error of their ways.

The Widow O'Neill, wife and mother of firemen, sacrifices two sons in fires which might have been prevented if the building laws of the city had been enforced. But guided rules, and the latest crime is the erection of an orphanage whose walls are constructed of concrete that seems to be about two hundred per cent. sand.

All the fire stuff is wonderful. The framework of the picture, lavish and satisfying—but it is hard to believe the story, where it isn't impossible it is worn threadbare by use.

There is a color sequence of a costume ball that is exquisite.

Thruout the picture, Charlie Ray is good. He does everything that he ever has done and new stuff besides. In fact, all the acting is good, and old Bert Woodruff as the grandad who clings to his steam-engine and three white horses, and drives them in competition with the motor trucks to the big fire, furnishes some delightful comedy and real thrills.

With all its assets and with all the time and money that evidently was spent on it, it is too bad "The Fire Brigade" does not hit on all six, but it doesn't.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. —D. B.

Say It With Letters

(Continued from page 70)

A Hint for Scenarists

The movies are the greatest pastime we ever had. They serve as entertainment and education.

This is only a kick, however, that I can make. Why, when there is trouble between the hero and villain, does the heroine always have to promise to marry the villain in order to save the hero from death? Why not let the heroine be more peppy and form up some idea to save the hero, rather than yield to the villain. I am afraid this little incident is getting on the nerves of people.

All the players I have seen are very talented, especially Neil Hamilton, Richard Dix, Ronald Colman, and Ramon Novarro. There are many others. Roughly guessing, I have seen from 250 to 300 different plays in the last year and six months, and I think that the directors are entirely responsible for their success, and may there be more rising success in the future and may the movies live forever.

C. J. S. Monroe, Michigan.

Which. Indeed?

May I suggest my criticism of movies in general? It is best proved by an illustration.

Two boys sat in a darkened movie. One was watching the picture with an intelligent, reasoning glance, the other seemed to hang on each successive scene, eager, feverishly interested. The first was amused by the picture but did not blindly idolize each successive panorama. On the screen a common-enough plot was unrolling—the eternal triangle, garnished with the highest art, the art of life of its components—an emotional film playing the dry chords of passion in an attempt to squeeze hence some momentary interest. This shallow philosophy merely entertained the first boy, but was intensely real to the latter. He sat engrossed, thrilling to each climax, glowing in each strain of passion.

The movie over, these two lads went their respective ways. The first felt a little wiser, a trifle bored. The latter staggered off, drunk with an unnatural elation, pulsing to the air as it hit his cheek. Which of these boys could best be trusted in a situation calling for chivalry?

The above story illustrates my criticism. The movie producer must select pictures that will not harm the ignorant, highly reactionary public. He must protect the weak, for they are the multitude. Does he ever figure the effect of his virile, exotic pictures on the starved imaginations of the common man? A movie's effect on the general public must be considered before it may attain that role of public benefactor that is its due heritage.

K. K.

Biddeford Pool, Maine.

Crazy Quilt

(Continued from page 118)

"Damn his impertinence," said Harvey, almost as soon as he had gone.

Judith's mouth curled contemptuously.

"That is not gratitude, Harvey," she said. "Mr. Landis is a good fellow. He is ready to do anything for his son."

"It may not be, but I think, if you sought ladies for your extra marital affairs,"

"You would jump to that conclusion," Harvey said sullenly.
YOU have a Hyo-Glossus in your throat, though you are not conscious of it. The nerve center in the brain controlling this muscle is dormant. As a result you cannot isolate your Hyo-Glossus — you cannot exercise it — you cannot strengthen it.

Yet here lies the secret of a beautiful and powerful voice. Caruso developed his Hyo-Glossus instinctively without scientific guidance. But he required many years to accomplish it. You can develop your Hyo-Glossus under the scientific direction of an eminent musician-scientist. The results are certain. You will begin to see improvement in surprisingly short time. Your overtones will be greatly multiplied. Your range will be increased. Your tones will become clear, limpid, alluring. And voice fatigue will be a thing of the past.

The Great Discovery
Professor Feuchtinger, A.M.—famous in the music centers of Europe — discovered the secret of the Hyo-Glossus muscle. He devoted years of his life to scientific research and finally perfected a system of voice training that will develop your Hyo-Glossus muscle by simple, silent exercises right in your own home.

The Feuchtinger System of Voice Production will be a source of wonder to you. It arouses at once complete confidence and great enthusiasm. Results are certain and rapidly secured. It is easy to understand and practice. Practice anywhere — at anytime — silently. No tiresome, noisy scale running is allowed.

Opera Stars His Students
Since the Professor brought his discovery to America, orators, choir singers, club women, preachers and teachers...

Strengthen YOUR
Hyo-Glossus and your voice will be powerful, rich and compelling

— over 10,000 happy pupils have received his wonderful training.
There is nothing complicated about the Professor's methods. They are ideally adapted for correspondence instruction. The exercises are silent. You can practice them in the privacy of your own home. The results are positive.

100% Improvement Guaranteed
The Perfect Voice Institute guarantees that Prof. Feuchtinger's method will improve your voice 100%. You are to be your own judge — take this training — if your voice is not improved 100% in your own opinion we will refund your money.

Send for Free Book
Send us the coupon below and we'll send you FREE the new book, "Physical Voice Culture". Prof. Feuchtinger is glad to give you this book. You assume no obligations but you will do yourself a great and lasting good by studying it. Do not delay. Mail the coupon today.

Perfect Voice Institute 1922 Sunnyside Ave. Studio 92-61 Chicago

---

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE
1922 Sunnyside Ave., Studio 92-61 Chicago

Please send me FREE your handsome new book, "Physical Voice Culture". I have put X opposite the subject that interests me most. I assume no obligation whatever.

Singing . . . Speaking . . . Stammering . . . Weak Voice

Name

Address

Age
"Mi Choice"

The Aristocrat of Box Chocolates

Her choice—and his—if he knows the way to a woman's heart. Only Bunte makes these rich, smooth chocolate coatings. Only in Mi Choice are found the luscious centers—the wide variety—the taste tempting appeal. Truly, Mi Choice is the perfection of box chocolates—a revelation to those who buy on quality. When buying—look for the trade-mark name "Bunte," famous for fifty years. If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name and $1.50. We will mail the Mi Choice package post prepaid.

BUNTE BROTHERS, Established 1876, CHICAGO

Assortment of chocolates—caramels, creams, nougats, etc. Chocolate-coated—walnuts, almonds, filberts, chocolate Bitterweet creams, almond brittle, etc.

"Bunte Milk Chocolate"
Delightful cream and hard centers, milk, opera, vanilla, nut and orange creams, nougats, apricot jelly, milk almond brittle.

"Home Made Sweets" Assortment of chocolate caramels, chocolate nougats, coconut squares, creams, superfine gumdrops and other luscious confections.

200 KINDS FROM WHICH TO CHOOSE

WORLD FAMOUS CANDIES
When the tree is trimmed for the great day—when the peace and good cheer of Christmas are almost here—have a Camel!

When the stockings are hung by the mantel. And the children’s tree is ablaze with the gifts and toys for tomorrow’s glad awakening. When joyously tired at midnight you settle down by the languishing fire—have a Camel!

For to those who think of others, there is no other gift like Camels. Camel enjoyment enriches every busy day, increases the gladness in giving, makes life’s anticipations brighter. Before Camel, no cigarette ever was so good. Camels are made of such choice tobaccos that they never tire the taste or leave a cigarette after-taste.

So on this Christmas Eve, when your work for others is done—when you’re too glad for sleep with thoughts of tomorrow’s happiness—have then the mellowest—Have a Camel!

Camels represent the utmost in cigarette quality. The choicest of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos are blended into Camels by master blenders and the finest of French cigarette paper is made especially for them. No other cigarette is like Camels. They are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.

© 1926

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.